

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 140.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS EVENING,  
"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART."

NEXT WEEK,  
SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S COMPANY IN  
"MRS. GORRINCE'S NECKLACE."

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.

Eton 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.

GOT A PAIR.

An editor out West told his subscribers to help edit the paper. Said he: "If you get married, send in the particulars. If a baby arrives at your home, send it in." Three days after the paper came out two babies were left in front of his sanctum.—"Melford Mail."

UNIQUE MOTTO EXPLAINED.

There is a newspaper in Kansas whose motto is "Lie, Steal, Drink, and Swear," and it is thus explained by the editor: "When you lie, let it be down to pleasant dreams; when you steal, let it be away from immoral associates; when you drink, let it be pure water; when you swear, let it be that you will patronise your home paper, pay your subscription, and not send your job, work away from home."—"Inland Printer."

The newest fad of the New York smart set is weddings at midnight. Bride and bridegroom in the evening attend a theatre, then a sumptuous supper is given which lasts till near to midnight, when the whole company betake themselves to the nearest church. Last month sixteen weddings were performed in this fashion.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



**GENERAL BABBAGE,**  
ONE OF THE ELECTIVE AUDITORS FOR THE  
BOROUGH OF CHELTENHAM.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

'Lead, kindly light,' which was sung at the memorial service for Lord Salisbury in Westminster Abbey on Monday, is perhaps the most universally admired of English hymns. At the time of its composition its author, the Cardinal Newman of the future, was becalmed in an orange boat on the Mediterranean, and contemplating the religious revival of the Church of England that soon came to be known as the Tractarian movement. Its closing lines—

And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile,  
Have given rise to much controversy, and Newman himself confessed that he had forgotten the precise meaning which he attached to the couplet when he wrote it, pleading that "I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years." The poem was first printed in the "British Magazine" of March, 1834, under the title of "Faith—Heavenly Leadings," but in Cardinal Newman's collected verses, published in 1868, the title was changed to "The Pillar of the Cloud."

The Right Hon. Sir M. Hicks Beach, Provincial Grand Master of the Gloucestershire Freemasons, has promised to attend the meeting of the Zetland Lodge at Gloucester on Sept. 9th.

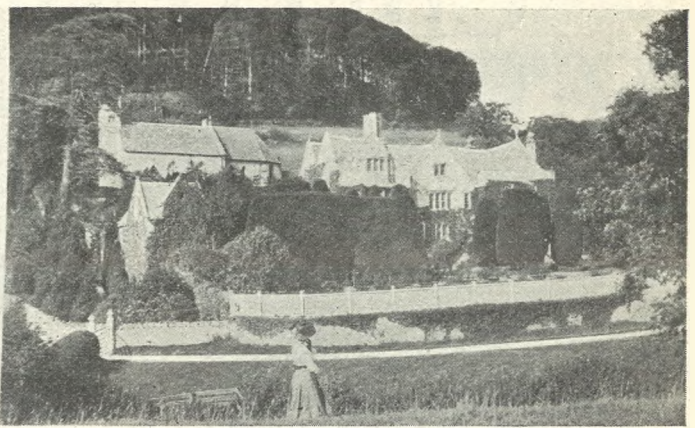
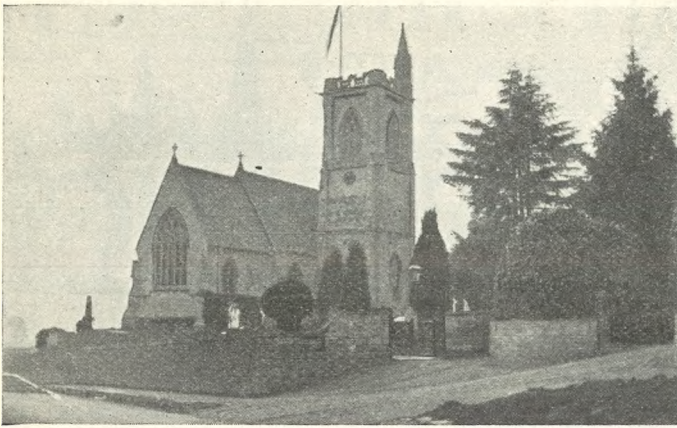
KING EDWARD AS A TRAVELLER.

Everyone knows that King Edward is a traveller of more than ordinary experience, but everyone is not aware of the enormous extent of his wanderings. Writing in the September "Person's Magazine," a "Privileged Subject," whose knowledge of his subject is evidently most minute, writes: "King Edward has travelled far and wide in Britain and Ireland, in his Empire of India, and in his plantations, as his Colonies are quaintly called in the Proclamation. Europe he knows from end to end, having relations in almost every capital whom he has made a point of visiting when on his Continental tours. He has travelled in Northern Africa, though he does not know his possessions in the South, or the great Bantu race, the Zulus, the Matabeles, and others, who feared and loved the late Queen as the mysterious 'Unkulukulu'—The Great White One.' America his Majesty has visited, having toured through the States and Canada. These travels were chiefly undergone when King Edward was still Prince of Wales; but he has been anything but a stay-at-home since he came to the Throne. The latter-day travels of the King of England have been confined for the most part to holidays on the Continent. He has frequently visited the South of France in the winter months, staying at Cannes; he has regularly gone to Homburg or to Marienbad to drink the waters, and travels at home have largely occupied his time since he ascended the Throne. The King's recent and highly-important Continental tour is fresh in everyone's memory, and the King's popular Irish visit is still more recent, and need not be recounted at length here."

LEO TOLSTOY.

Count Leo Tolstoy was on Aug. 23rd seventy-five years of age. He was born at Toula, about 130 miles south of Moscow, and is a nephew of Prince Gortschakoff, commander of the Russian forces in the Crimean War. Tolstoy served as a lieutenant in that war, but shortly after perceived the sin of fighting, and entered the course of living that finally made him "the grand moujik." He is a strict vegetarian, non-smoker, and teetotaler; dresses in the simple manner of a Russian peasant, and makes a practice of taking a daily share in the world's manual labour. In 1891-2 Count Tolstoy underwent great exertions in the cause of famine-stricken Russia, and was entrusted with relief funds from all over the world. This work brought upon him his first great illness, and twice since his admirers have hung with intense anxiety on news from his sick bed. He is at present far from strong, but has just written with something of his old vigour a pamphlet on the need for abstaining from carnivorous diet.

Mr. Balfour is to spend the latter part of September in Aberdeenshire. He will be the Minister in attendance on the King at Balmoral for a week, and is afterwards going on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, who have rented Slains Castle, the Earl of Erroll's seat on the coast near Peterhead.



ULEY PARISH CHURCH.  
Photos by W. D. Norris, Uley.

OWLPEN MANOR HOUSE AND CHURCH  
(Parish of Uley).

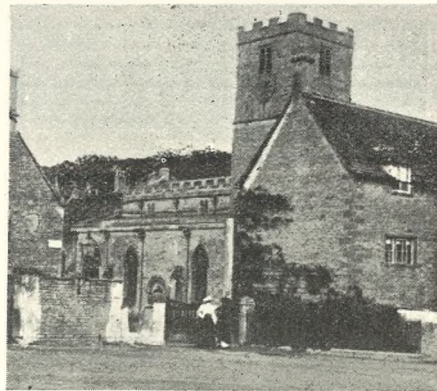
ULEY, NEAR DURSLEY.



VILLAGE GREEN.  
Photos by Miss Angel Kelley, Cheltenham.

BIBURY. CHURCHYARD SQUARE AND SCHOOLHOUSE.

A writer in "T.A.T." who tried the experiment of having everything about him made in Britain, says:—I have kept a careful record, and on the whole, I find it pays me—apart from patriotism—to buy British goods. In nine cases out of ten their reliability and durability more than compensate for their extra cost. But stern justice forces me to admit that in some articles the foreigner is ahead. In the labour-saving devices—such as typewriters, telephones, and all smaller articles, down to the latest thing in cigar-cutters—British firms must yield the palm to American. In some of the cheaper goods, too, I must confess that Britain might learn a lesson from Germany. The British firms are apt to underrate the importance of the trifles that everybody buys—pencils, pens, studs, and a thousand others—and in consequence the Teuton is able to give a good article for a very small price. It pays him to go into small things thoughtfully. Another observation. The British shopkeeper, in my opinion, might do a good deal more to help his native country—and incidentally himself—by stocking British goods. "Made in Britain" is still, I believe, a guarantee of the best workmanship, and purchasers would often be willing to pay a little extra for the sake of this. As it is, times without number I have purchased articles which have been sold me with the shopkeeper's solemn assurance that they were entirely of British manufacture—taken them home and after a close inspection discovered the microscopic announcement "Made in —." For the sake of a small extra profit, the shopkeeper thoughtlessly deals a blow at British industries. I am anxiously awaiting the opening of the first entirely British shop—where nothing that is not of British or Colonial manufacture is sold. There is a future in the idea.



BIBURY CHURCH.

Photo by Miss Angel Kelley, Cheltenham.

**PUBLIC MEN AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.**  
A Manchester City Councillor has had the following circular printed in order to send to certain applicants whose requests for subscriptions are becoming too frequent for any public man to bear:—  
Dear —It is with sincere regret that I am compelled to decline your request to subscribe to ..... This has been absolutely forced upon me. The objects a public man is asked to assist increase every year; no consideration at all being given to the time he spends on behalf of the community. I may say that I give to at least one object every day of my life, and however small that amount may be, multiply that by 365 it becomes a large sum annually. Under these conditions public life becomes burdensome.

**WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.**

Fifty years ago there was an idea that a woman who did the same work as a man should not receive the same payment for it. As a theory of just dealing this notion is fast dying out; but in practice it still obtains. Though it is generally admitted that women teach as well as men do, the average salary of class-teachers in 1901 in elementary schools was £91 5s. 10d. for men, while for women it was £67 4s. 9d. One of the most practical remedies for the poverty of many women-workers is to induce them to learn skilled trades. Girls and their parents are often penny-wise and pound-foolish when, for the sake of a few shillings a week more at first, they choose a trade that anyone can pick up in a few days, rather than one—such, for instance, as dressmaking or upholstery—where an apprenticeship leads to the possibility of making a good income in turn. There is another way in which it would be greatly to women's interest to raise the quality of their work. A manufacturer will sometimes tell you that he cannot afford to pay high wages to his girls, because they cost so much in overseers. They cannot be trusted not to waste time in trifling and gossip, unless they are constantly overlooked. Then, again, many women take up work with the feeling that it is only for a year or two, till they marry, and they do not take the trouble to learn their business properly.—"Chambers's Journal."

The Colonial Treasurer of the Transvaal has sent to England for £10,000 worth of pennies with the view of aiding in the reduction of the cost of living in the Rand. Owing to the dearth of pence matches are at present used as a portion of the currency of the Rand.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

An advertisement appearing in the "Chronicle" and "Echo" discloses further evidence that the Great Western Railway Company is actively engaged in making its preparations to push on the construction of the second and last section of the Honeybourne line, from Toddington to Cheltenham. Official notice is therein given that at the expiration of two months from August 29th (last Saturday) the company intends to remove or cause to be removed the remains of all deceased persons interred in a small portion of the burial ground at St. Mary's, on the west side adjoining Bloomsbury-place. This means that the line will run along the edge of the Old Cheltenham Cemetery on its course into St. James's-square Station. The reverent removal and re-interment of the remains will be amply safeguarded by regulations made by the Bishop. The company is gradually acquiring the necessary property in Cheltenham about which there have been questions as to price. Only on Thursday it was announced at the Board of Guardians that the negotiations for the purchase of the Workhouse land had been settled at the agreed sum of £1,350. I expressed my opinion in April, 1902, that the amount then asked for the 1 acre 17 perches of land (£1,668) was excessive. Talking of the G.W.R., reminds me that its experimental trial of the road motor-car running between Helston and the Lizard has already proved a great success. I trust the company will as part of its set purpose to thus provide feeders for traffic to their main lines, bring motor-cars into this county, and run one from Andoversford Station to the town of Northleach, and another from Cirencester Station to the town of Fairford, for in both of these districts light railway schemes have been mooted, but have, as yet, come to nothing.

It does not seem a year ago that Mr. T. Nevins died, but that time has really been exceeded by a fortnight. His son and colleague in industrial enterprises, Mr. T. A. Nevins is now amongst us again, arranging for the carrying out of the greater portion of the light railway extensions which were sanctioned during the latter months of his lamented father's life. The causes of the delay in the commencement of the work and the intentions of Mr. T. A. Nevins are so fully explained in the account of the interview with him by a representative of the "Echo" that I will not say more than that I think they are entirely satisfactory and that I sincerely hope he will be allowed without hindrance to go "straight" along High-street, and not be forced into the Cambray contortion. I believe that gentleman has desired to go straight in every way in Cheltenham and with its people; but, unfortunately, the same spirit has not hitherto animated everyone in the town in regard to his firm, whose enterprise no one can gainsay has conferred a great boon on Cheltenham.

In view of the walking craze which has seized hold of all sorts and conditions of men, I think it would be in the fitness of things if our local "Deerfoots," in arranging their points of objective, were to select goals with names appropriate to their calling. This county certainly has an ample fund to draw upon in any future walks. Thus the licensed victuallers could make for Aylburton, the hairdressers for Barber's Bridge, and the Y.M.C.A. for Churchdown or Churchham. Then the butchers might go to Cowley or Bulley or Slaughter, the undertakers to Corsco, the farriers to Horsley or Horsepools, the hunting men to Foxcote or Aston Blank, the tailors to Coates or Kingscote, the printers to Prestbury or Preston, the masons to Stone, the saddlers to Saddlewood, and so on almost ad infinitum.

GLENER.



POPE PIUS X.

Drawn by C. W. Harman, Charlton Kings.

### "DRUMMERS" ETIQUETTE.

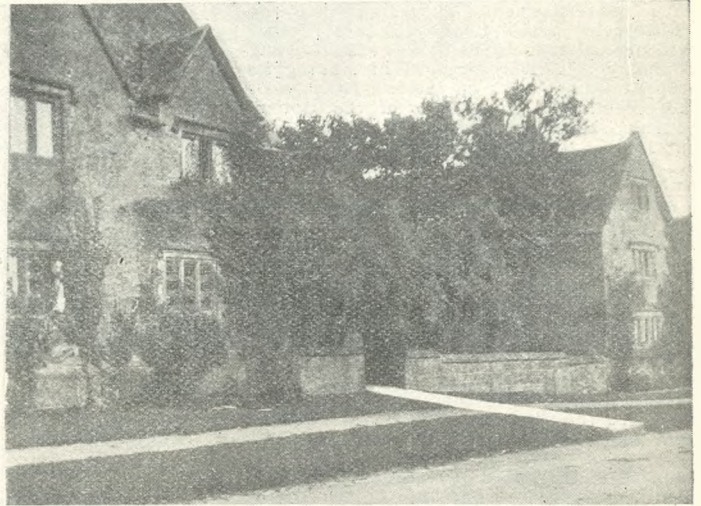
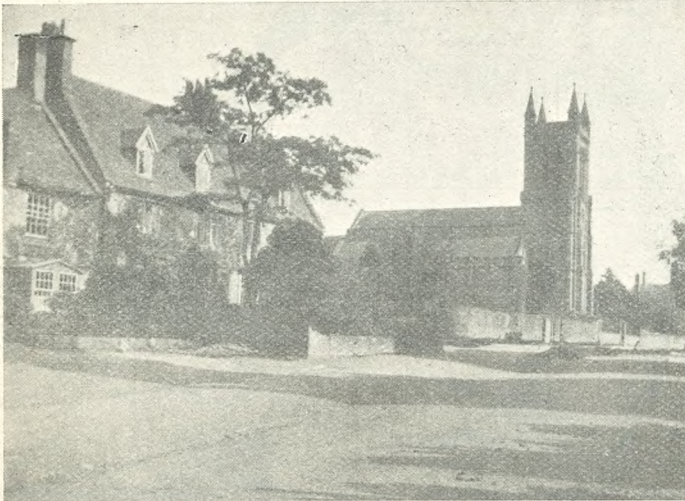
The etiquette prevailing amongst commercial travellers, or "drummers," as they call them in America, is strict; and in the "World's Work" a writer tells with awe his experiences on intruding upon one occasion on a dinner in the sacred commercial room. "After hesitating a moment," he says, "I slipped modestly into a vacant chair. In a few seconds I was conscious that every eye in the room was fixed upon me. Presently the president, a ruddy-faced old man of about 60, said: 'Perhaps the gentleman who has just seated himself is unaware that this is a private room?' This was said courteously, but firmly. Half rising from my chair, I stammered out something about my ignorance. With every desire to relieve my evident embarrassment, and at the same time to uphold the traditions of the table, the president said: 'The gentleman is a stranger, and wishes to join us.' A hearty permission was given at once by all, and I reseated myself. Just at this moment (the writer proceeds) another latecomer arrived, and on entering said: 'Mr. president, Mr. vice, and gentlemen, may I join you? All chorussed in a hearty welcome, whereupon the president said: 'Be seated, sir. There is ox-tail soup. May I serve you?' I afterwards learned that this man was known to almost everyone in the room, and was a prominent official in the Commercial Travellers' Association. I had learned my first lesson, and thereafter never seated myself at a table without first asking permission. Meanwhile

I had not been neglected. I had been served by the president, and my neighbours on either hand spoke to me on general topics, but made no attempt to ascertain my 'line,' nor did anyone talk 'shop.' 'Shop,' politics, and religion are tabooed in the commercial room as breaches of etiquette, and a constant offender is barred from the room. Should a commercial desire to talk business, it must be done in the coffee-room or bar-parlour."

### MOTOR-CAR SPEEDS IN FRANCE.

In consequence of the reckless driving of motor-cars through villages in France, many of the local Mayors issued orders prescribing speeds of only six or eight kilometres an hour within certain bounds. These restrictions have been brought to the notice of the Prime Minister, who has issued a circular to the Prefects, in which he says that, whilst he quite agrees that the speed of motor-cars should be limited in places where there is considerable traffic, he does not think it equitable that the cars, which are so easily handled and pulled up, should be required to travel at a less speed than horse-drawn vehicles. He consequently invites the Prefects to see that the action of the local Mayors is not vexatious and beyond the real requirements of public security, as it is necessary that hostility should not be shown towards the new means of locomotion, which is destined to render great services, and with which the public will gradually become familiarised.

## The Prize Pictures.



✻ Broadway. ✻

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

"MARY ANDERSON'S" HOUSE.

Photo by Miss Olive Dicks, Cleeve Hill.

### "SEVEN LONG YEARS."

"Under present-day conditions, and with newer methods of producing work, my committee are of opinion that it is more than ever necessary that the most careful discrimination should be exercised in the selection of those who are to follow the trade, and who, later on, will become largely responsible for the maintenance of its reputation and well-being."

The above sentence is taken from the circular on the "Training of Apprentices," issued recently by the London Society of Compositors. We print the extract because we are satisfied that a radical change in the system of apprenticeship is necessary before it can be possible to exercise a wise discrimination in "the selection of those who are to follow the trade."

The system of binding boys to any trade for seven years is absurd, because it must mean that boys are "bound" before it can be known for certain whether or not they are suitable. A manager has not sufficient opportunities for finding out a boy—nor does a boy know his own inclinations—at fourteen, nor even at fifteen.

If he is a real boy, he is delighted with printing when he first sees it, as he is with anything that brings relief from the monotony of school life. We have seen boys who were so keen in the exercises that they seemed to have been sent on purpose to adorn a printing office, but who ultimately proved failures because they were not carpenters.

We can hardly pride ourselves on our business acumen when we fail to discount the enthusiasms of an immature experience. When some of us were young, a seven-years apprenticeship was not a hardship, because our opportunities were limited. We had to make up our minds to follow a certain trade and to settle down contentedly to learn it; and perhaps it was well for us that we had to be definite at an early age.

But the modern boy is under no such restrictions. For him the field is virtually unlimited, and upon a satisfactory choice his own welfare depends.

In other countries boys are not expected to develop any particular interest in their life-pursuit until they are sixteen, and the initiatory steps in a business career are connected with their school, but in this progressive country a boy is cut off from school at fourteen, and shortly after is the victim of an indenture. He is shut out at once from the associations of school life, and is brought face to face with the realities of the shop.

A compliment has recently been paid to the technical institutions of this country, which are said to be superior to those of America. But if this compliment is deserved we must be in greater need of "suitable material" than of opportunities for technical tuition. It is generally admitted that the American workman is more intelligent and adaptive than the English, and as his "technical system" is inferior, we must look elsewhere for his superiority, which is due entirely to the fact that his school life is longer, better adapted to the requirements of his life work, and is continued until the qualities of a thinking animal become so ingrained that he never loses the art of thinking.

In the estimate of the average authority, the apprenticeship system is no longer suited to modern needs, but the fact that it is merely wrongly applied is rarely realised. We contend that nothing can take the place of actual training in the workshop. Switzerland has a very complete technical school system, but she finds that she cannot manufacture workmen in her schools. They must be passed through the workshop before they can take their places among the efficient.

But a Switzer would smile at a seven-years indenture. He could learn several trades in that time, because he is so well grounded in general knowledge, and has a mind so well attuned to acute perceptions that no industry, however complex, would baffle him very long.

The fact is, England is the least qualified for long indentures. She is the least educated of all progressive peoples, and cannot afford to cut her sons away from school early enough to drone through a seven-years apprenticeship.

The education available for a "child of the people" in the days of our youth did not stir his young blood to any extent, as it was designed chiefly to remind him of his "proper station in life," and to fit him for it! Our ancestors, the conquerors of Waterloo, did not associate education with labour. An Englishman who could thrash three Frenchmen did not require any other distinction, they thought, and they were careful that he did not get any, and probably would have continued the policy if the Frenchmen had not taken to mental exercises. Waterloo is avenged at last, in the schools of France! We have to sit at the feet of our ancient enemy to learn the art of obtaining real victories in the markets of the world.

It may be urged that Germany, Switzerland, or America can show still greater contrasts. This is probably true; but France

is good enough when the comparison is with England.

The true "fiscal policy" for the country is, more school and less apprenticeship—more attention to the requirements of a productive life, and less to the shibboleths of education.

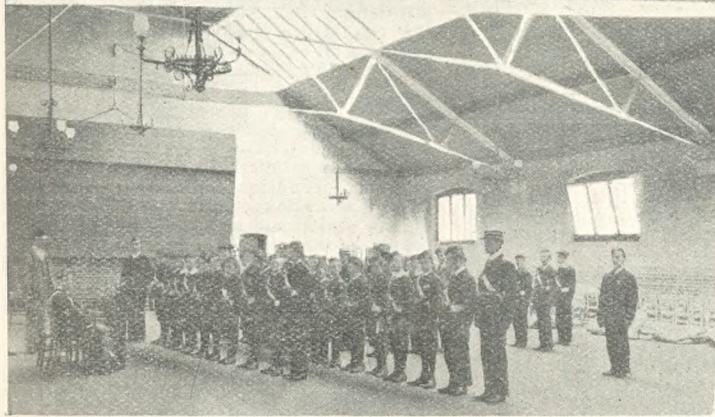
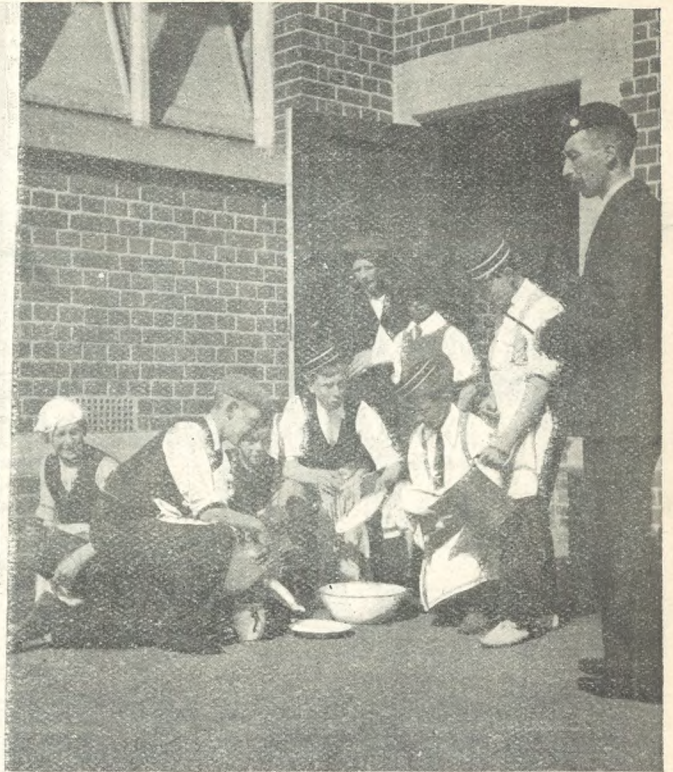
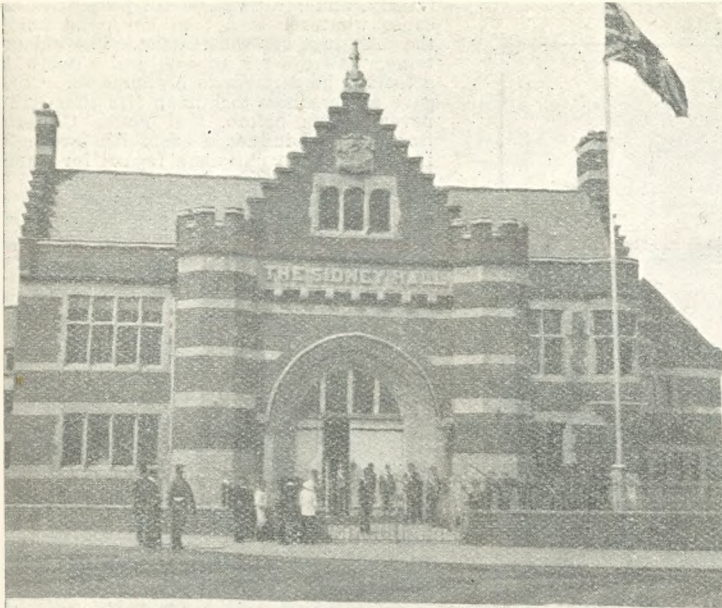
Employers would do this country great service if they declined to apprentice boys under the age of sixteen or for more than five years. Up to that time lads should be probationers. Then managers would have the opportunity of sifting the material, and the boy could escape from an uncongenial employment before it is too late to learn something else.

"Time after time," says the circular referred to, "lads are apprenticed who are totally unfitted for the business, and who, as a result, eventually assist to increase the ranks of the permanently unemployed."

That is the necessary result of their fate being decided before their fitness can be discovered.—"Caslon Circular and Type-Founder."

### PHILOSOPHY OF BALL GAMES.

If one thing could be picked out which has contributed more than anything else to the pleasures, the pastimes, and the sports of mankind, it would be the ball. There are forms of exercise and forms of amusement which claim a large place in modern social history without depending on the ball at all for their attraction. But if we consider either length of time or area of enjoyment there is nothing else that can compare with it. Old age itself cannot materially diminish the happiness it bestows, for when we can no longer play ourselves we have reached the years when our keenest enjoyment is the appreciation—or the criticism—of another's skill. There is, perhaps, some reason, far deeper beneath the surface than we usually look, which may explain the antiquity, the persistence of type, and the infinite variety of games based on the ball; for from a cell we were born; upon a sphere we live our lives; and the phenomena of our universe have hitherto been solely explicable by that type of infinity which is the circle, in all its million of differences of size, of arrangement, and of growth. The rounded pebbles of the shore, the shapes of fruit and seeds, each may in turn have provided the prehistoric child with his primæval plaything, or the palæolithic warrior with a missile for his sling. In any case the ball is firmly established as a factor in human amusement in the earliest human records.—From the "World's Work" for September.



1st Cheltenham (Parish Church) Co. Boys' Brigade.

- 1. The Sidney Hall.
- 2. Divine service in Sidney Hall.

- 3. Washing up—cook's mates at work.
- 4. Inspection by Major-General Horne.

Photos by Miss E. E. Wheeler, Cheltenham.

SUMMER CAMP AT WEYMOUTH.

Fifty-four boys from Cheltenham spent eight days at the Sidney Hall, Weymouth—a splendidly equipped building, built by Sir John Groves at a cost of £12,000, in memory of his son.

The "troops" were inspected by General Horne on the Town Recreation Ground, kindly lent to the brigade by the mayor.

The "camp" was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys, and no untoward incident occurred.

The officers present were Capt. Cave-Moyles (in command), Capt. Singleton, and Lieuts. Wheeler and Wood.



ARTISTIC  
PRINTING



AT THE



"Echo" Electric  
Press.

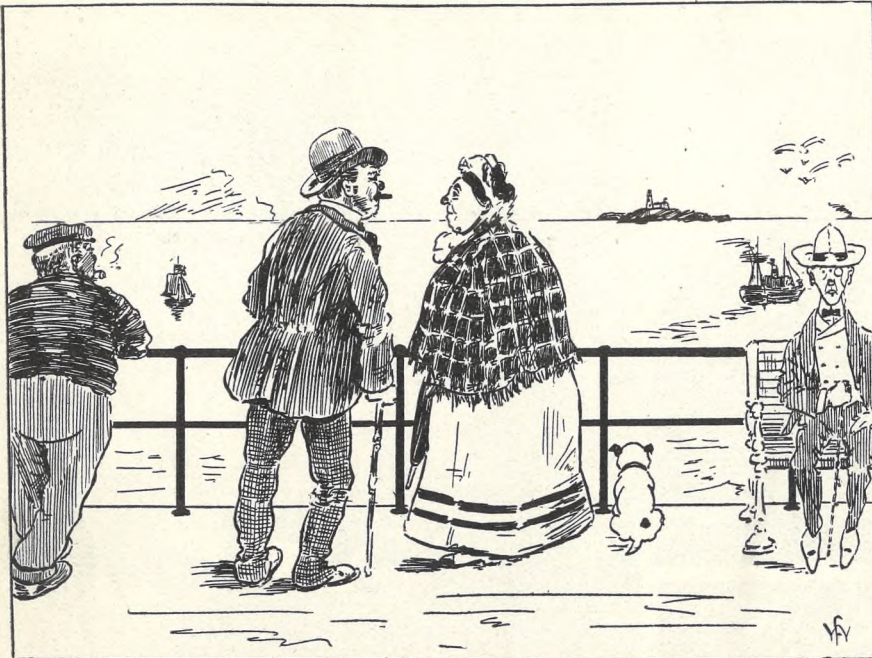
Cheltenham Boys' Brigade at Weymouth.

The Officers—Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyles and Messrs. E. C. Singleton, L. V. Wheeler, and B. Wood.

Sir John Groves and Capt. Cave-Moyles.

Photos by Miss E. E. Wheeler, Cheltenham.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



A thick fog having enveloped the sea one morning at Sloshton-super-Mud, and the fog-horn on the island having exerted itself to its utmost, Farmer Blobbs, of Winchcombe (or thereabouts), on his first visit to the seaside with his spouse, holds forth as follows:—

“ Say Maria, d’ye see ’ow that their fog-horn cleared t’ fog away this marnin’, wunnerful, I calls it! I reckon that’s what we wants shoved up in Winchcombe for they fogs we gets theer!” (Fact).

Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

UNCHRISTIAN CHRISTIANITY.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

The German Emperor is generally regarded as a very astute individual. He has yet to learn, however, that the best way to advertise a book is to attempt to repress it. Perhaps by this time he has realised what a magnificent advertisement he has given to Count Tolstoy’s book, “Thou Shalt Not Kill,” by submitting it to the dignity of a State trial in Berlin. No doubt every curious German is now anxious to read the book which has so stirred the ire of their autocratic Emperor. Possibly that high-and-mighty individual imagined that however much their curiosity might be aroused they would have no opportunity of satisfying it, since the book has been withdrawn from circulation, and the copies that were in existence have been committed to the flames. It is possible, however, that the ingenuity of the reading public may be greater than that of the Emperor and the officers of the law. If people want to read a thing very much they generally get their opportunity sooner or later.

It appears that the Berlin Court had satisfied itself that Count Tolstoy has libelled the German Emperor in representing him as a Lord of Battle. It would seem that according to German law anything said about the Emperor that he does not like is regarded as libellous. With all his bluster and swagger, he appears to be a very thin-skinned individual. Reared from infancy in an atmosphere of adulation and sycophancy, surrounded on all hands by courtiers who fawn upon him, and believing as he does most implicitly in the divine right of kings, he has become so sensitive that the least whisper that reflects upon his august doings touches him to the quick. No doubt, if he could have his way, the great Russian sage and philosopher would soon expiate his offence on the gallows. But German law is

unable to touch the person of Count Tolstoy, though it can condemn his writings—or such of them as have found their way into Germany—to be burnt.

The Kaiser believes enthusiastically in the Christian duty of killing. He is reported to have charged his soldiers when they went out on the China expedition a year or two ago to grant no quarter; and from the accounts that were received later the German soldiers carried out their lordly Emperor’s instructions to the letter. They did show no quarter. Men, women, and children alike fell before the murderous sword of the German Christian soldiers. He is also reported to have said to his soldiers on one occasion that they were not to hesitate to shoot father or mother, brother or sister, if the life of their Emperor was in danger. The old sages and prophets who trusted in God believed that He could save them without the interposition of swords or guns. In storm and pestilence, in earthquake and battle, they moved undismayed, believing that He who had appointed them to their great mission would preserve their lives until their mission was accomplished. But our modern rulers appear to be made of less heroic stuff. While professing to believe that God has appointed them to their work, exalted them to their high positions, and given to them the rule over nations, they do not appear to have much faith in the ability of the Most High to preserve them in time of danger. Moreover, they appear to have a desperate fear lest the rights they stand for will be worsted, and that wrong will triumph. On the face of it, the German Emperor’s fear of Count Tolstoy’s little book seemed puerile and childish. If the doctrines that Tolstoy defends with so much courage and vigour are false they will fall to the ground. “We can do nothing against the truth,” says an ancient sage. Moreover, we ought always to be thankful for truth, from whatever source it may come.

Tolstoy, as a Christian, takes his stand upon the teachings of the Founder of Chris-

tianity, and the right to kill people for any cause whatever is not to be found among the teachings of Jesus Christ. The old doctrine, “An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” he declares to be immoral. Christ gave a sacredness to human life that it had never known before, and under Christian teaching and influence there has grown up in all Christian nations a regard for human life almost unknown to the ancients. To preserve human life to-day, our greatest scientists are engaged in eager and patient research. Infants, when not wanted, when diseased and crippled, are not destroyed, but carefully nursed and tended. To lengthen out the span of human life even by a few months or a few weeks is regarded as a great achievement. Sanitary science and medical science are marching constantly in the same direction. Human life is God-given, therefore is to be guarded jealously; and if the teachings of the New Testament are to be taken seriously, then no consideration of gain or power will justify the taking away of that life.

There appear to be very few people, however, who regard the teachings of Christ on this question seriously—at least as far as governments are concerned. Individuals, it is true, who kill each other are accounted murderers; but what we vaguely term the law can kill as many as it likes, and it is supposed to come under an entirely different category. Two men if they quarrel over a matter of property or territory are not allowed to fight it out with knives and forks, or any other weapon of torture or murder. They have to settle the question in some more rational way. But two communities or nations who quarrel over any matter are allowed to kill on the most extensive scale; and so wedded have Christian people become to this idea that murder on a wholesale scale is considered glory. We hang the man who has killed only one individual, and we give a peerage to the man who has killed 10,000.

The truth is, we accept Christianity as far as it suits our purpose; but when it clashes with what we term our interests, when it runs athwart our desires, then we give it the go-by, or we interpret it in such a fashion that the simple words of Jesus are made to mean something entirely different. The general theory is that the teachings of Christianity are applicable to a state of society that may exist some time in the future, but that does not exist to-day; consequently, society being what it is, Christianity cannot be put into practice except in a more or less halting and tentative way.

There is an old saying that “there can be no Act of Parliament that you cannot drive a coach-and-six through,” and most people appear able to drive a coach-and-six not only through Acts of Parliament, but through the entire philosophy of the New Testament. There is not a Christian Government in existence that makes any attempt to carry out the Christian doctrine in its fullness. War is distinctly un-Christian, it is the very antithesis of the spirit inculcated by the Founder of Christianity. It is opposed to every doctrine and precept that Christ taught; yet there is not a Christian Government in Europe to-day that is not preparing for war, while our Christian generals and officers all over the world are spoiling for the fight, and if war were declared anywhere would go forth with great eagerness and enthusiasm to take the lives of their fellow-men, and in most instances the Christian Church and the Christian ministry would back them up and applaud them in their endeavour. “The millennium has not arrived yet,” said a Christian minister to me the other day, after vigorously defending the Christian duty of killing. A flimsy argument surely, but any argument is good enough to bolster up a bad cause.

## "Selina Jenkins" Letters.

### "SHAM"-ROCK AND FOOD.

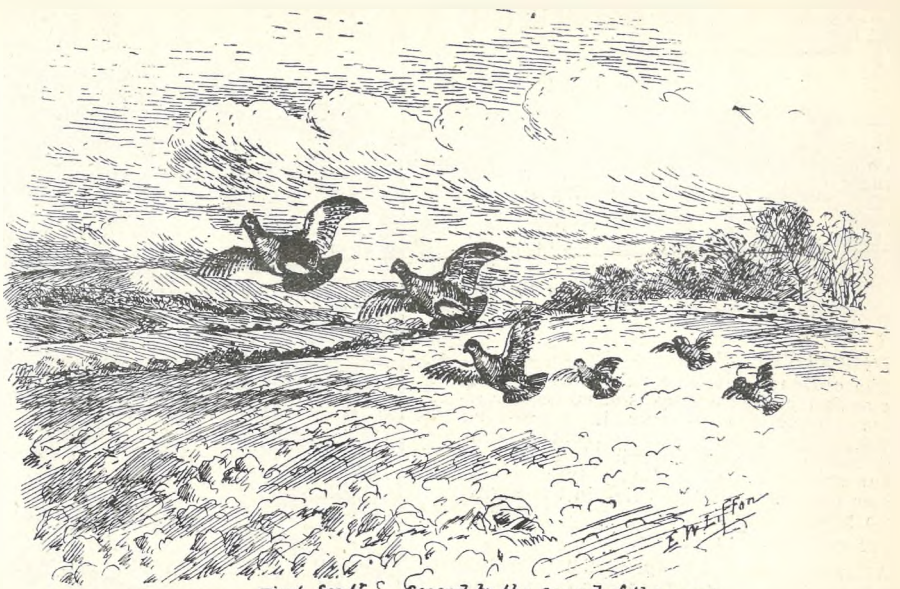
Well, well! How vexin' to be sure! After Sir Thomas Lipton (as I've often patternized for a bit of bacon, not too fat, and marked up "Can't be beat" on a tin ticket on the front counter)—as I was a-sayin', after 'is 'avin' spent 'underds and thousands of pounds over that there yaf of 'is bein' out-beaten by them Yankees once more. If 'twas me I shouldn't place no Reliance in Sham-rocks not for the future, wich bein' Irish is awful oncertain, and can't never be depended on when it come to the point, besides wich the very name of the thing is half a "sham," as anybody can see without their glasses on.

Of course, I don't know nothink about the racing, not meself, 'aving a genuine 'atred of betting and racecourses and the like, since I went to the Derby with a now diseased aunt of mine, and were knocked down and trod upon by a lot of ruffians as were concerned with what they do call a Welsher, as, from his langwidge, were a good deal more of a Jew than a Welsher, that I will say—besides me 'aving me pocket picked of a purse with one and nupence ha'penny in coppers and a token into it while I were strugglin' to get hup, and never saw nothink of no race, not whatever, only a lot of men standin' on tubs and boxes a-ollering like mad, with tickets on their chestes, as were a mercy sure I come'd out of it alive, and I don't want no more, no thank you! But as for Sir Thomas not bein' able to lift the cup, it must be a mitey big one, or else the disappointment must 'ave took it out of 'im cruel, not to be able to lift a piece of jewellery like that; seems to me if he were to rig up that there "Barr" and "Ring" we 'ears so much of, he might be able to lift it with ease.

'Owsomdever, Sir Thomas will 'ave to return to his bacon, as "can't be beat" at 8d. per pound, and leave they Yankees alone, it being a dead certainty they can beat us Britons, "hands down," as the sayin' is, in buildin' these 'ere skimming-dish yats, and sailing them.

Yes, they be a smart lot, they Yankees, and deserves to get on. They works hard and plays hard, besides wich they don't put their religion on the rates, wich is a deal better for religion and the rates, besides doing away with Passive Resisters, wich they do tell me there's about 50 to be summoned to the police-court of Saturday week, wich 'ave pledged themselves to give up their most cherished 'ousehold gods, such as sideboards, hall clocks, carvers, and other useful and ornamental articles to the value of 26 times the amount of the priests' rate, as they do call it, rather than pay for Catechisms and Prayer-books and sich like. You mark my words, I shall be there, if I 'as to be brought out in fragments. Becos for why, I don't 'old meself with religion on the rates, wotever pertikler brand of variety it may be; and altho' you can't espect anybody my age, wich can't see small print without glasses and suffers a tidy bit with the asthmatics, to go agin the law by refusing to pay me rates; yet I've got me feelins, and, wot's more, me umbereller, as mite prove to be a valleyble help to the Passive Resistance Cause if there was to be any disturbances.

But, there I be! drifting along regardless of ink and paper, jest for the world like they two yats. 'Owsomdever, to return to our muttons, as they Germans say, I were talking about the smartness of the Yankees, principally as shown forth in the way they plants their rubbish on to us Britishers. Them as knows will immediately understand I refers to bogey degrees (wich I don't know nothink about, not meself, and therefore won't burden you with any pertiklers relating thereunto), and also to American cooked foods. Accordin' to the advertisement of these 'ere boxes of stuff, the only mistake in creation is that the Creator 'adn't the advantage of knowing the American gentlemen who improve on Nature by digesting the food before we eats it. Not as I considers the results is very edifying, 'ceps in the pictures on the outside of the boxes, etocetry. There's Threaded



First Sept? Scared by the sound of the guns.

Drawn by E. W. Lifton, Gloucester.

Neat Biscuit, f'instance, as were of the nature of dried-up loofah sponge, with a flavour of bran-pie about it, and were guaranteed to be double so feeding as anythink else in the wide, wide world.

Then there's Cake-Nuts, as ain't nothink to do with cakes and even less to do with nuts, being of the nature of baked gravel, with a little sand interspersed. The label do say this food is condensed, and therefore BE MODERATE. I were very moderate indeed the first time I attempted to masticulate Cake-Nuts, as cost me hupwards of sixpence in tooth-picks afterwards, and didn't need no directions to be moderate—not for me, anyway. On the packet it said that 2 weeks' use of Cake-Nuts "for 2 meals a day would produce that feeling of reserve force that is most essential to the successful prosecution of one's work." I don't know nothink about no "prosecution"; what I do know is that I broke off the best tooth in me head trying to chew up the gravel stuff according to instructions, and weeks afterwards, when I went to see the dentist about another one as were rather grumbling, as you mit say, he advised me not to use this 'ere injrubber tooth-stopping, as didn't answer at all, altho' it 'ad done pretty well in my case. And, you mark my words, if what he took for injrubber stopping weren't a bit of Cake-Nut firmly wedged into a happerture in a tooth; wich goes for to show it mite be useful for such purposes, or even, if it were cheap enuff, would make a really egscellent gravel path.

But of all the marvellous miracles of the age—far beyond the dear loaf and the union of 'earts—is the latest monstrosity called Power, being of the nature of small shavings, such as they packs bottles in, and the flavour of linseed meal. They do say that dolls grows and thrives on this food, as adds great strength to their (sawdust) system; and I 'ave 'eard that Mr. Balfour, ever since the dear loaf 'ave been introduced, finds it his settled conviction that Power is the only thing that can settle that and the Passive Resisters and the Macedonian rebels all at one blow.

I considers as my digestive system was made to be used, and I don't 'old with so many fal-dillals, as you don't know the leastest bit wot you be eating, 'ceps the fancy name; and as for feeding the brain and making you intelligent, I spose Shakspeare and Moses did without American cooked foods, and so can I. I 'aven't noticed sich a wonderful display of brain power of the last few years, wich I should think, if the Eddication Act and the War Commission is samples of the effects American cooked foods 'as on British brains, the sooner we goes back to rice pudding and porridge the better.

I don't spose anybody would buy oatmeal nowadays, though, unless it was put up in a box with a fancy name on, and particklers of 'ow it's partly cooked by electricity or magnetism or somethink, wich shows the contrariness of human nature, wich don't mind wot it eats and 'ow nasty so long as it comes from Michigan or Ohio and has a fancy name.  
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 if the 138th competition is Miss Olive Dicks, "Semington," Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham, with her Broadway pictures.

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

The winner of the 49th 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 31st competition is Miss H. Lyne, of Ryecote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham, for her summary of a sermon preached by the Rev. T. S. Tonkinson 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.

At Curlew Green, a Suffolk village, the inhabitants derive their water supply from ponds and ditches, and when it was proposed to spend £100 on sinking a proper well, 99 per cent. of the people opposed the scheme.

## PETROL AND PICTURES.

[BY ARIEL.]

### ANOTHER PETROL COMPETITOR.

It is good news to learn, in view of the possible scarcity of petrol, that a new spirit is being refined which gives wonderful results as far as power and ease of starting are concerned. It also runs the machine a longer distance on a gallon. In one test a heavy rider, riding a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  h.-p. Quadrant, did no less than 177 miles on a hilly route in the south-west of England upon a gallon of spirit. The sooner this spirit is placed upon the market the better.

### REPAIRING PUNCTURES.

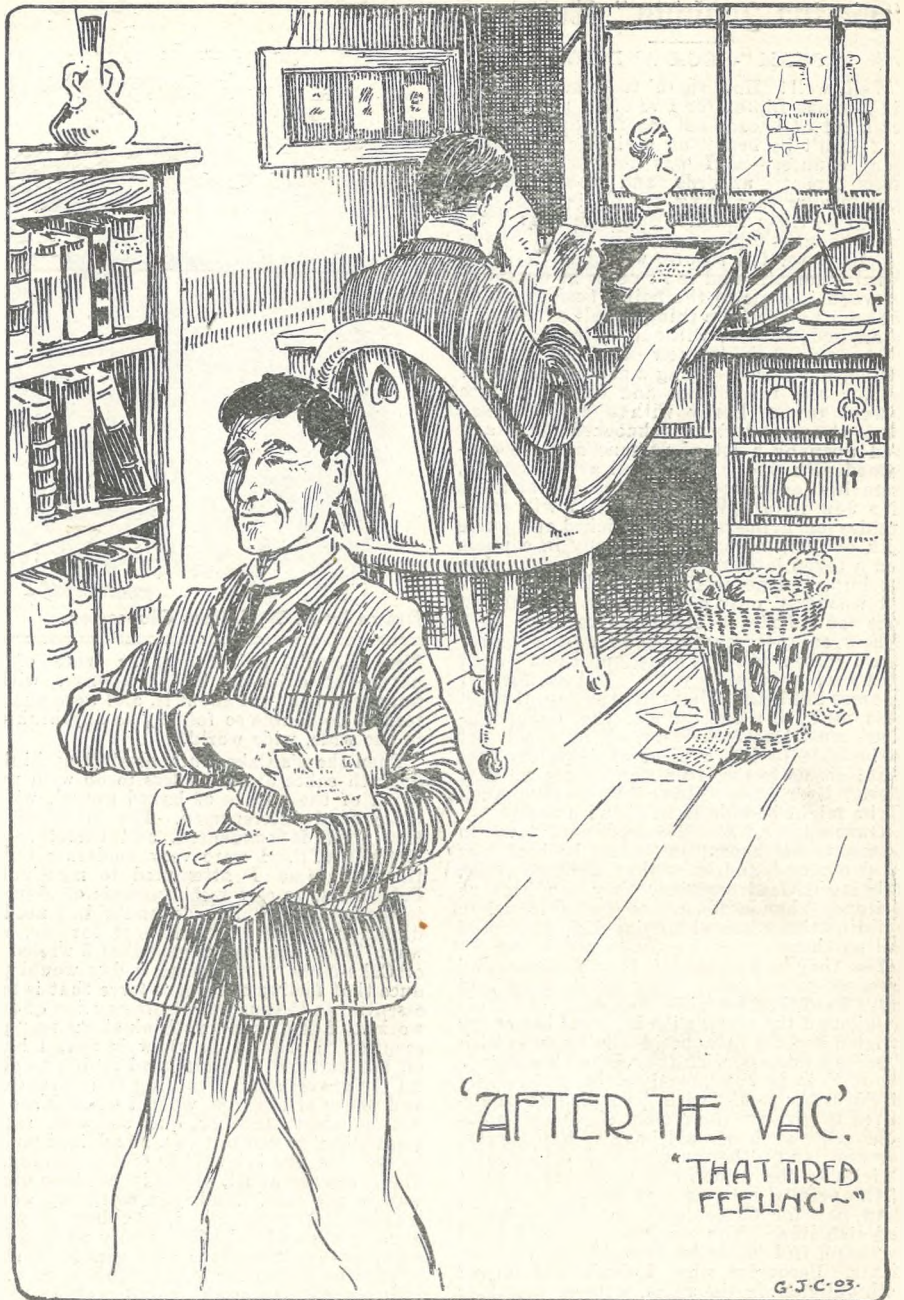
The ordinary patching rubber as supplied for ordinary bicycle tyres is of no use for repairing punctures or cuts in motor-cycle tyres. The motor-cyclist can obtain from any motor supply stores suitable patches of stout rubber for all ordinary tyre repairs. These patches should be thick in the centre, with graded edges.

### OVER-HEATING: ITS CAUSES.

A large number of motor-cyclists complain that they frequently have to stop through the engine getting over-heated. Of course this only applies to the air-cooled variety of engines, as used generally on motor-cycles. Over-heating is caused by a variety of things. First, hillclimbing is responsible for this trouble. In going uphill, with the maximum amount of gas being used, a great deal more heat is given off, and also at the same time the machine is travelling at a much lower speed, owing to the gradient, and consequently does not get a sufficient rush of cold air to cool the engine. A very frequent cause of over-heating is insufficient lubrication of the cylinder and piston. Thus the heat of friction is added to the heat caused by the combustion of the explosive mixture of petrol vapour and air. Only the other day I encountered a dismounted motor-cyclist, who complained that his engine was stuck and would not move. He confessed that, being quite a novice, he had forgotten to oil the engine at all. No wonder that the unfortunate engine refused to put up with this treatment. Luckily, I had a can of paraffin, and a drop of this soon persuaded the piston to move. In machines lubricated with a pump, the motor-cyclist should be quite certain that the engine is getting oil when the pump is in action. Over-heating is also caused by a too generous use of the throttle, especially when running before a wind. In such a case the throttle should be nearly closed, and the spark advanced. This method of driving will keep the engine cool. It may seem very simple to the "man in the street" to simply sit on the saddle and let the motor do the rest, but to skilfully drive a motor-cycle is a fine art, only mastered after much practice.

### HIGH-POWER VERSUS LOW-POWER MOTOR-BICYCLES.

A good deal of argument is going on against the use of motors of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 h.-p.; but pick up any journal devoted to motoring, and one can see hundreds of machines of low power and light weight for sale at low prices. This leads one to the conclusion that the riding public require a machine which will take them over any road without pedalling. A reliable machine of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 h.-p. is not a "freak," but is the only machine which will satisfy the ordinary motor-cyclist, who wants occasionally to take a trailer or push a fore-carriage. A motor-cyclist who is in the know has a machine with ample power, not necessarily to use that reserve of power on the level road, but to feel that it is there when wanted. As long as a motor-bicycle is without a two-speed gear and is air-cooled, such reserve of power will be wanted, and power cannot be held in reserve without a weight of about 170 lbs. I have personally ridden machines of from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  horse-power, and infinitely prefer the high power, even if the machine is heavier. About 2 h.-p. is the



'AFTER THE VAC'  
"THAT TIRED  
FEELING~"

G. J. C. 23.

Drawn by G. J. Cox, Cheltenham.

thing for a rider who never requires to take an extra passenger; but for the motorist who desires to do this, a 3 h.-p. will be found none too much for some of the hills met with on a run.

### TRAILER TIPS.

Before taking out a friend in a trailer, instruct him to lean over on the inside when rounding corners.

### PREVENTION OF SIDE-SLIP.

This is one of the most serious questions affecting the rider of a motor-cycle. It is positively dangerous to drive a motor-bicycle over greasy roads. If the people who argue over the merits or demerits of carburetters, etc., turned their attention to the means of preventing skidding and side-slip, they would be of some service in the motor world. One of the best devices appears to be a non-skidding chain. This device, it is claimed, positively prevents skidding; and although it would appear that the tyres would wear badly, just the reverse is the case. A pair of covers fitted with the chains have run a distance of two thousand miles, and are still

in as good a condition as when the non-skidding device was put on.

### INLET VALVE STICKING.

Some riders may be worried by finding, when trying to make a start, that the inlet valve has stuck upon its seat, probably through excessive lubrication. A good tip is to drill a small hole in the inlet pipe just above the valve for squirting in a drop of petrol to ease the valve. A small plug or other covering, however, should be placed over the hole.

Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen, G.C.B., entered upon his fifty-ninth year on Tuesday. It is nearly thirty-seven years since he joined the then Scots Fusilier Guards, and beside his command of the 1st Division in the South African war, in which he was twice wounded, once dangerously, he has served in the Ashanti War of 1873, the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884, and with the Tirah Expedition of 1897.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 141

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1903.

## Our Portrait Gallery.

### THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE."

NEXT WEEK,

MR. FRED MOUILLOT'S COMPANY IN  
"OLD HEIDELBERG."

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.

#### POST-OFFICE RED TAPE.

A curious instance of Post-office "red tape" has occurred in connection with a burglary at Beckenham. Recently a house was broken into while the occupier was away on holiday. The police desired to communicate with the occupier, but no one knew his address except the Post-office, and the officials there refused to give it, although they had it for the purpose of the re-direction of letters. For several days nothing was done, the house remaining in the same condition of disorder, and it was only through private effort that the whereabouts of the occupier was discovered.

#### THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF GIRLS.

In these days, when the question of physical deterioration is being freely discussed, it is interesting and gratifying to notice that the physique of women is not included—a fact largely due to the greater prevalence of physical training and athletics amongst the girls of to-day. In a recent examination for the National Physical Recreation Society's test medals the following remarkable results were obtained:—Out of thirty students who are being trained as teachers at the Southport Physical Training College, no less than ten obtained the gold medal for rope climbing (60 feet); nine passed the advanced gymnastics test and received the gold medal; and no fewer than eighteen received the gold medal for swimming one mile. The high jumping test was found more difficult, the majority being only able to negotiate four feet, but two passed the gold medal test by clearing 4 feet 6 inches, while a third excelled herself by jumping 4 feet 10 inches. This is, we believe, the highest jump on record for the fair sex. The remainder of the students had the necessary length of training, being prohibited by the rules of the College from competing in the gold medal tests.



Mr. H. W. Harris,

Captain of the Cheltenham Swimming and Water Polo Club, who is to-day playing for England v. Ireland in the international water polo match at Swindon. The popular "Bert" was born at Gloucester, February, 1871, and for many years played for the City Club. In season 1902 he was in the South team against the North, and he captained the Western Counties team against South Wales. This season he also played for South v. North, and he is the first Westerner to secure the coveted international cap.

**CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE.****TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.**

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

A good many magistrates up and down the country appear to be having an uncomfortable time of it. A class of people is being brought before them that does not usually appear in police-courts. It is not often that our magistrates have to sit in judgment upon ministers of religion and other respectable members of the community. Many magistrates have manifestly no sympathy with the law which they have to administer. Some, indeed, have resigned their commission rather than sit upon the bench when their fellow-Christians are being tried for refusing to obey the law as it now stands—and refusing to obey the law is, I presume, technically the same as breaking the law. In one case I see an order has been made out for the committal of a Passive Resister to prison. When the bailiff came to distract upon his furniture it was discovered that he had no furniture; and as he had nothing to distract upon, and he refused to pay the demand, no option was left but for the magistrate to commit him to prison. Under such circumstances the magistrate would no doubt feel that his duty was a very irksome one.

I do not suppose that during the last century the question of the right of civil disobedience has been raised in so acute a form. Generally speaking, we are all agreed that the majority must rule, and that the minority has to submit, though at times the judgment of that minority may be opposed to the law as it stands. Laws are, of course, the expression of the will of the majority. There is nothing particularly sacred about human enactments. The men who make our laws are not usually much wiser than other people. In some instances they are a great deal more foolish. To place power in the hands of some people is a very dangerous thing. They do not know how to use it rightly and wisely. Governments with big majorities at their back are often tempted to legislate not in the interests of the whole community, but in the interests of a few people whom they desire to conciliate. Wise legislators generally try to avoid collision with any considerable portion of the community, for it is recognised amongst all thinking people that minorities have their rights, and that the rights of minorities ought to be considered.

Moreover, we must try to distinguish between justice and mere legality. Many people think because a thing is legal therefore it is just, and because it is illegal it is therefore morally wrong. Magistrates have to administer the law, but laws are not always right; and seats of justice are sometimes little thrones of despotism. "Justices' Justice" in this country is in danger of becoming a byword. People talk about administering justice when they are sometimes doing the very opposite. Justice in the true sense of the term is only another word for righteousness. To pay a man only what he can legally claim is not necessarily justice; and to force obedience to man-made laws may be in some instances outrageous tyranny.

I know it may be said that to refuse obedience to the law is anarchy. Well, there are some kinds of anarchy that are good. A free people ought not to obey immoral and iniquitous laws. Disobedience in some instances is the only way to get redress. We are men before we are citizens, and though in all well-ordered and well-regulated communities the minority has to obey the will of the majority, still to all rules there are exceptions. Moreover, a majority in the House of Commons does not always mean a majority in the country. A Government may be elected on one particular issue, and may use the majority given them for legislating upon quite a different matter. On the question of the war, for instance, the country was appealed to, and the country by a very large majority voted in favour of the war. That

being so the minority who opposed the war paid their contribution to it in the shape of Income Tax without demur. But on the question that is agitating the country to-day the country was not appealed to, and the Government received no mandate on the question.

Hence, in all questions such as that which is now agitating the community we have a right to ask what is the majority? of whom is it composed? how was it obtained? and have they used their power with due regard to the rights of all sections of the community? If a majority, for instance, were elected to power on the question of Free Trade, and directly they got into power they used their majority to disestablish the English Church, there would certainly be an outcry of unfair dealing, and the cry would be just. Legislation that touches the lives and interests and consciences of one-half of the nation ought not to be attempted without a clear and definite mandate from the country, and when unjust and repressive laws are forced through Parliament by the aid of the guillotine and a subservient majority it is impossible that such laws can command respect. There is a sense in which laws are no greater than the men who make them; and when the men who make them happen to be anything but great, when in some cases they happen to be pitifully small, and when it happens, as it does sometimes, that the men who administer the laws are as feeble as those who make them, then it is not surprising that our respect and reverence become diminishing quantities.

Those who are resisting the Education Rate are not the only resisters in the country to-day. There are a number of people—though they are almost lost sight of—who resist the Vaccination Act, and consequently are hauled before the magistrates to show reason why. These people say they have a conscientious objection to having their children vaccinated, and I notice that one magistrate has made himself notorious by refusing to listen to these conscientious objectors. He declared that he had nothing to do with their consciences, what they had to do was to convince his conscience, and so he made an order for their goods to be distrained upon. This certainly is a new way of interpreting the law, and it is a great pity that such magistrates are allowed to occupy their position. The Act relating to vaccination distinctly declares that when people have a conscientious objection to having their children vaccinated they shall be exempt. If conscientious objectors have to convince the consciences or the brains of many of the great unpaid, then it is quite certain the law becomes a dead letter.

I notice that the advocates of compulsory vaccination still declare that all unvaccinated people are a peril to the community. How this can be so I fail to see. They may be a peril to themselves, but if vaccination is a preventive of small-pox, as the vaccinators declare—if when a man has been vaccinated he is immune from that disease—then he is all right, and the fact that his neighbour is in peril of taking small-pox through being unvaccinated cannot in any way affect his personal safety. As a matter of fact, I think we are all convinced now that vaccination does not do what was originally claimed for it. At first it was declared that it was an absolute preventive of small-pox, then it was stated that it simply decreased the liability to infection; then we were told that vaccination must be repeated every seven years or so. Now even that is given up, and for anybody to be even partially immune he ought to be vaccinated at least once a year. On the other hand, the perils of vaccination have been demonstrated again and again, and so the question arises whether it is better to run the risk of small-pox or to run the risk of blood-poisoning by vaccination; and many people in these sanitary days would rather take the risk of small-pox than the risk of vaccination. Hence no member of the great unpaid ought to be allowed to override the conscientious objection of any of these people.

To sneer at the ignorance of anti-vaccinators is not argument. To appeal to the doctors is not much use, for doctors are not agreed. To wade through statistics leaves one as much in the dark as he was before. That vaccinated people take small-pox is certain. That the unvaccinated escape is also true. But even admitting that vaccination lessens the liability to attack there is no denying, on the other hand, that it is often attended by grave dangers. At best it is a balance of risks. No parent knows what his child will get through vaccination, while the chances are a hundred to one that it will never get small-pox. He may reasonably say, therefore, that in the balance of risk he will risk the chance of small-pox. And no Jack-in-office ought to have the power of punishing him for taking that risk.

**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 139th competition is Mr. G. S. Heaven, of 5 Sandford-terrace, Cheltenham, with his Harris series.

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

The winner of the 50th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, with his golf cartoon.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 32nd competition is Miss F. E. Gregory, Norwood House, Great Norwood-street, Cheltenham, for her summary of a sermon preached by the Rev. Percy Nash at St. James's Church on Sunday evening.

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.

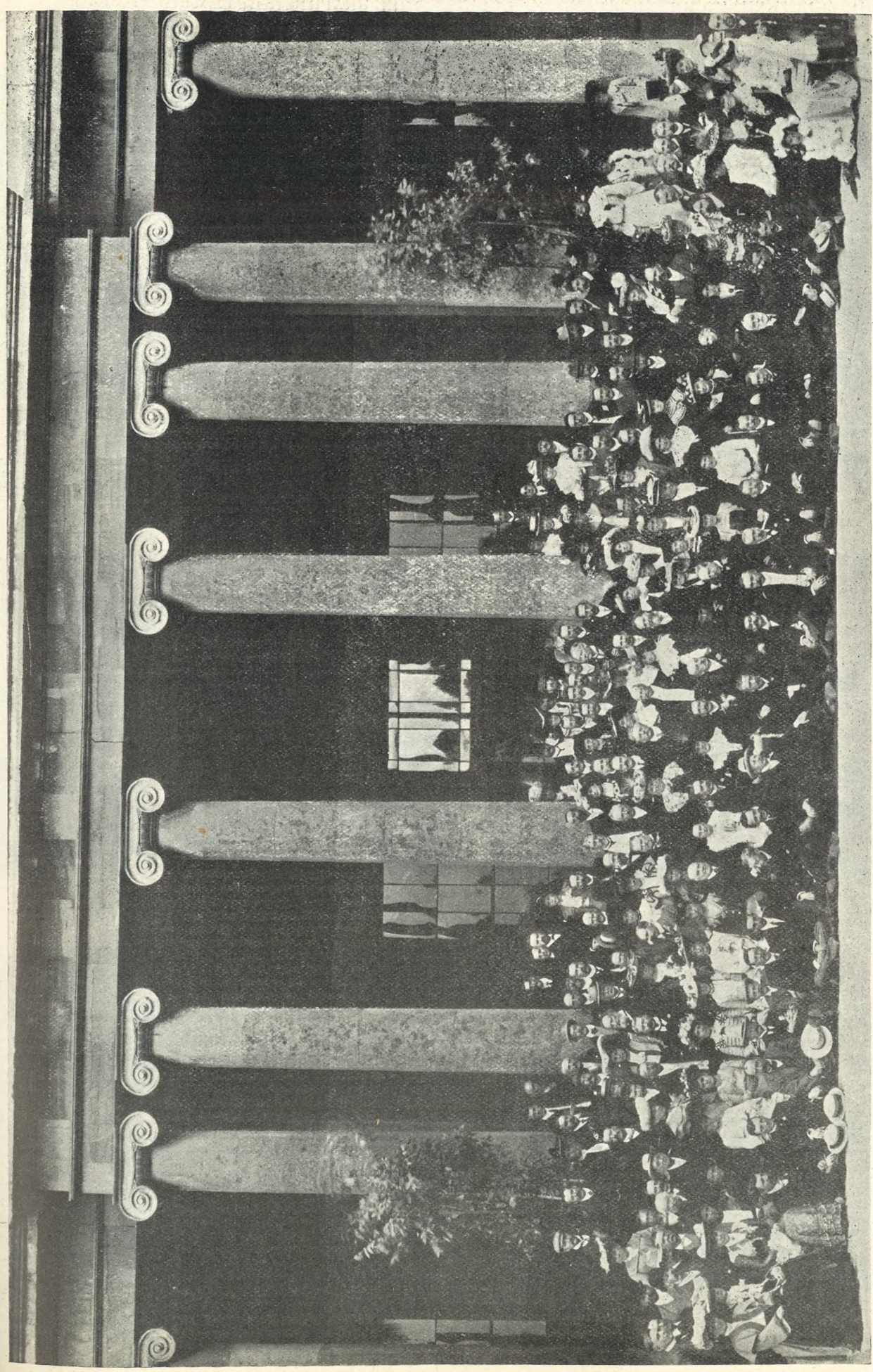
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All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

**THE POPE'S SISTERS.****"JOEY WISHES US TO WORK."**

The Pope's three sisters have just reached Rome from Venice in company with the former patriarch's chaplain, Mgr. Bressan. The railway company honoured them with a special saloon carriage. On arriving at the station these good peasants said in their simple way: "We have come to see our Beppe (in England this is equivalent to the colloquial "Joey"). Poor Beppe, they will kill him if they keep him shut up there." Two of the sisters, who acted as cook and housekeeper to their brother whilst at Venice, will reside permanently at Rome in an apartment which is being got ready for them near the Castle of San Angelo, but the third sister, Teresa Parolin, who is married and keeps an inn and tobacco store at Riese, will return to her honourable calling.

Answering inquiries on this point put by a Brescia priest, who writes in the "Cittadino," Teresa replied: "Ah, no, my husband and I will stick to the business. Joey wishes us to work, and says those that don't work are not worthy to eat; and besides, he says that now he is Pope he has got God's poor all over the world to care about."



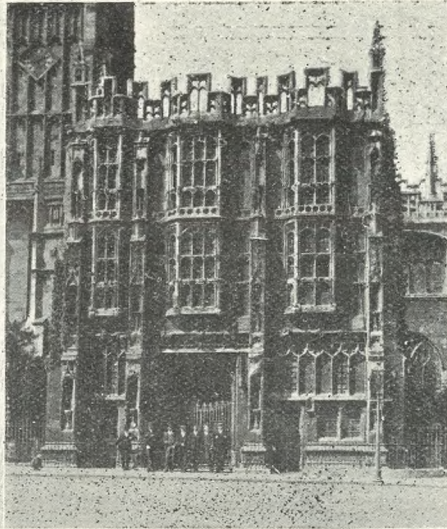
INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.—BRISTOL CONFERENCE, 1903  
VISIT TO CHELTENHAM, SEPTEMBER 4.

Photo by Whaley, Cheltenham.

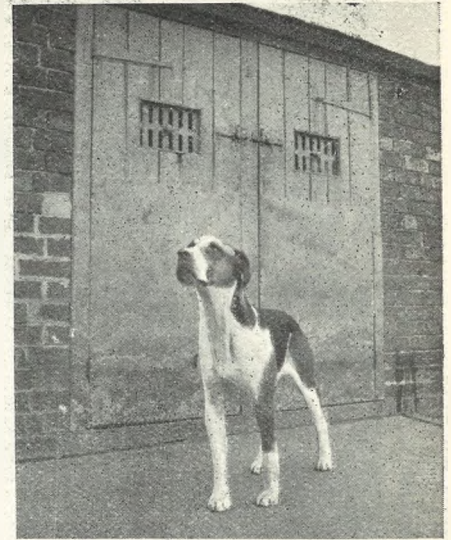


CIRENCESTER CHURCH.

Photo by H. W. Stephens, Gloucester.



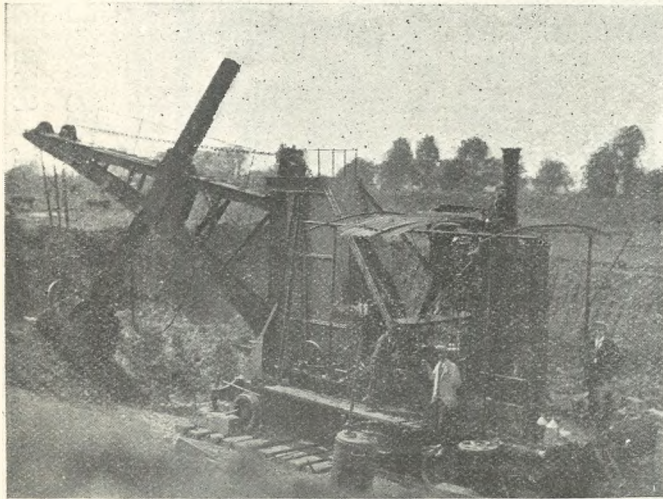
SOUTH PORCH FROM THE MARKET PLACE.



"TRUMPETER."

Prize Dog at the Cotswold Hunt Puppy Show, held at the Kennels on Sept. 3, 1903.

"Trumpeter" by "Warwick Turncoat," out of "Flourish"; whelped March 31st, 1903; walked by Miss Tosswill, The Oaklands, Cheltenham.



STEAM NAVVY.



RAILWAY HUTS AT NEWTOWN.

CHELTENHAM-HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY.

Photos by J. A. Williams, Cheltenham.

CARLYLE'S HOME LIFE.

Further stories of Thomas Carlyle's relations with his wife come from New Zealand. They are sent from Christchurch by the "Standard's" correspondent, who has gleaned some interesting particulars about the "sage" and his home life from Mrs. Larkin, widow of the late Mr. Henry Larkin, who for many years acted as Carlyle's honorary amanuensis or literary assistant. Mrs. Larkin is utterly unable to imagine how Mrs. Carlyle could be called "a jealous neurotic." "She was anything but that," she declared. "She was always the kindest of friends to me. When I knew her, of course, she was rather an old lady. She was tall, and held her head up very erect. She was very chatty, knowing both how to talk and what to talk about. As a housewife she was very clever. She was not bad tempered, but she had a sharp tongue, and occasionally when she wanted to snub anyone she could do so most effectively. I remember when a lady tried to condole with her one day over the loss of her favourite dog, Nero. The visitor said she was surprised that Mrs. Carlyle did not have the animal stuffed. Quick and sharp came the retort, 'Would you have your baby stuffed?' In reference to Carlyle's statement

that the population of the British Isles was composed of 'mostly fools,' Mrs. Carlyle remarked, on one occasion, that they were all fools who came to see her husband."

One occasion Mrs. Carlyle persuaded Mr. Larkin to disturb her husband in order to find out from him the whereabouts of a certain paper, for which she pretended to be diligently searching. Carlyle knew nothing about the document, but his wife derived much pleasure from seeing him hunting high and low for it. After some time she reminded him it was April Fool's Day, and admitted that there was no such letter as they were looking for in existence. The sage is said to have laughed as heartily as anyone at the joke. Carlyle had a particularly hearty laugh. Occasionally, however, he had fits of great depression, and he was then a most dismal companion. The fact was, added Mrs. Larkin, that Carlyle's seeming harshness and his wife's cutting remarks were really only mannerisms of these remarkable people, and each of them understood perfectly how little such displays actually meant from the other. Some people might call Carlyle's behaviour "violent temper" when she (Mrs. Larkin) would be disposed to call it "tantrums."

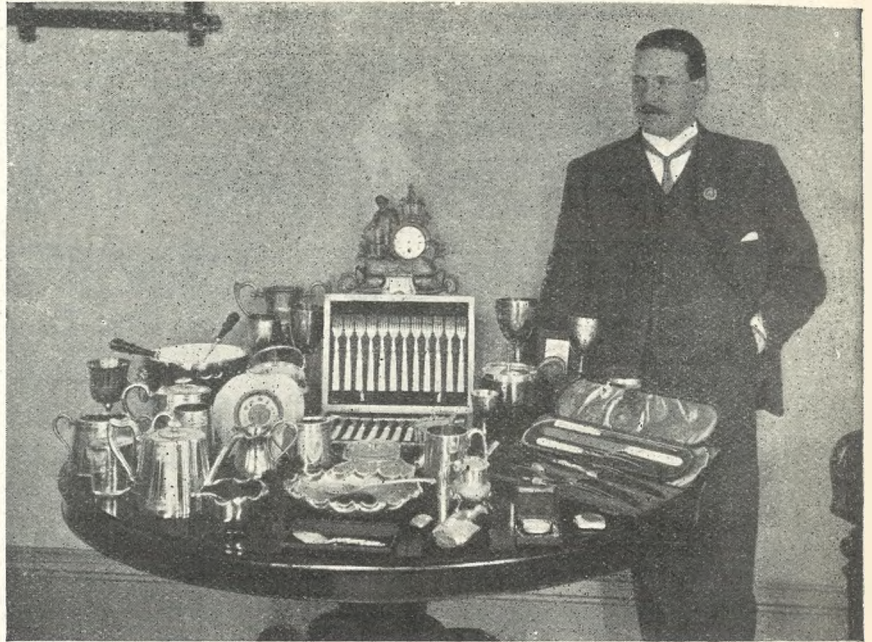
Mrs. Larkin never heard Mrs. Carlyle express any dissatisfaction at seeing so little of her husband's company, and she was not one, in any case, to be dull, except when she was influenced by Carlyle's occasional fits of depression. Mrs. Larkin declares that outbursts of irritability on the part of the great writer were extremely rare—so rare, indeed, that Mrs. Larkin, although closely associated with the Carlyles, could not herself recollect having seen any specific instances. She was convinced that he was always kind to his wife, but he was so much absorbed in his work that it seemed as if he did not have time to consider other people's felings.

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

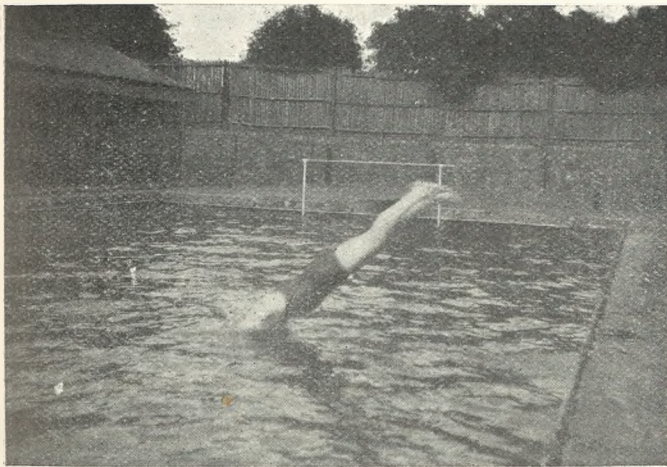
Sunday was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of George Bradshaw, the originator of the railway time-table, who lies buried in the churchyard of Oslo, in Norway. The first issue of Bradshaw was on October 25, 1839; it consisted of twenty-four pages, with some maps of the country and chief towns, and was sold for sixpence—a copy has fetched £27 under the hammer. In five years it more than doubled its number of pages, and has continued to grow ever since.

Illustrated Interview with a  
famous Cheltenham  
Swimmer.

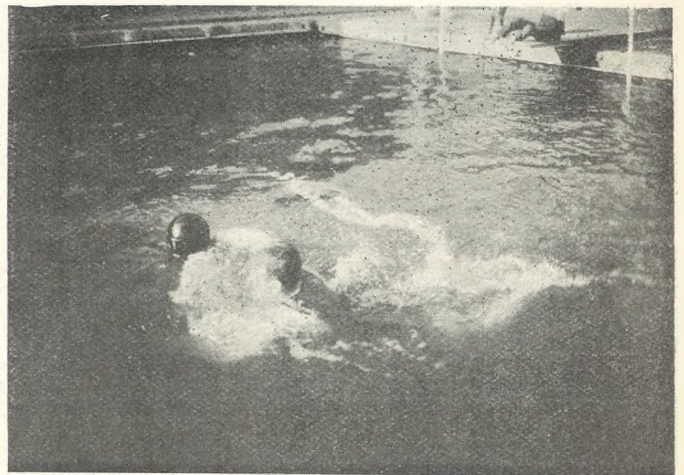
*“Bert” Harris,*  
Captain of the Town Swimming  
and Water Polo Club.



MR. HARRIS AND SOME OF HIS PRIZES.



A NEAT DIVE.

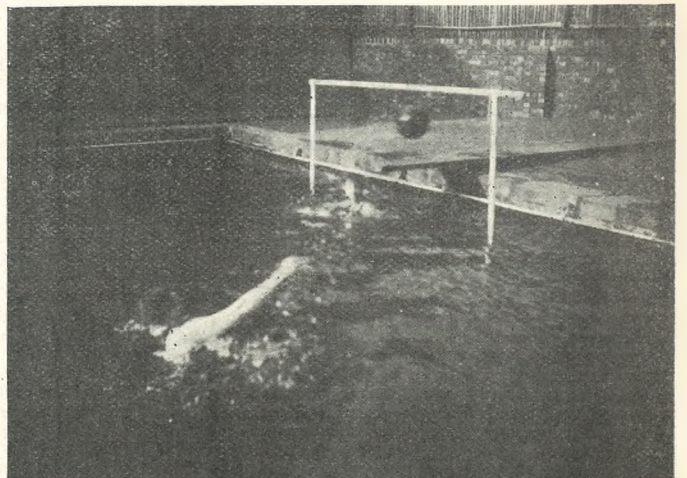


DRIBBLING.



BACK SHOT.

Photos by G. S. Heaven, Cheltenham.



GOOD SHOT, SIR!

## THE SUNDAY CORNER.

When trouble assails, let us not rend the air with complaints and murmurs and impatient words, but call silently upon God, leaving all our cares with Him, feeling assured that He will make all things work together for our good. In our everyday home-life how many things we meet to perplex and annoy! A trifle often causes so much vexation, that coming in an unguarded moment we utter hasty words in return which, on sober reflection, we remember with regret. Let us then study to be quiet and to wait on the Lord. He will never forget to succour and aid. One impatient word from Moses forfeited for him an entrance into Canaan, while the calm patience and quiet of Noah, who plodded 120 years building that grand old ark, was rewarded, when dark clouds arose and pouring rains came, by its floating with him and his on the tidal waves to safety and rest. So it was with Jacob and Joseph and Daniel, and a host of other Biblical characters, and so it will be with trusting Christians always. To wait quietly on the Lord will be to find security, peacefulness, and heaven.

The fair edifice of a Christian character can only be built on the Rock of Ages.

Do not forget that the present becomes the past. Do not cause the gift of memory to be otherwise than a blessing; there is no more awful punishment than memory when it must look back upon the lost opportunities of one's life. Then must come regret, mourning, as the smoke of these lost opportunities rises before our memories, and so we must watch it rising up and up, even as Abraham looked back and saw the smoke of Sodom rising up to heaven ascending for ever and ever.

We never lose so much sleep over the things we don't say as over the things we do say.

Charles Kingsley thus counselled a friend: "Make a rule, and pray to God to help you keep it; never if possible, lie down at night without being able to say—'I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter."

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armour of the soul.

Happiness, according to the laws of nature and of God, inheres in voluntary and pleasurable activities, and activity increases happiness in proportion as it is diffusive. No man can be so happy as one engaged in a regular business that tasks the greater part of his mind. I had almost said that it was the beau ideal of happiness for a man to be so busy that he does not know whether he is or is not happy; who has not time to think about himself at all. The man who rises early in the morning joyful and happy, with an appetite for business as well as for breakfast, who has a love for his work and runs eagerly to it as a child runs to play; who finds himself refreshed by it in every part of his day, and rests after it as from a wholesome and delightful fatigue—has one great and very essential element of happiness.—BEECHER.

If some people would only keep quiet they could gain a reputation for great wisdom.

A man has not the right to do as he pleases with his powers and possessions, even if he does not abuse them. He must use them for others, and not only for his own improvement. They were not meant for himself alone, regardless of what should become of his less favoured fellow-men.

If we lift the latch to temptation, evil will come in

One of the most persistent enemies that a man has to fight with is himself. That enemy has to be fought with at unexpected times, and at all times. Yet, if a man is determined to win the victory, he can be successful even in spite of all the advantages which self has in the contest. And what a victory it is to win in such a fight! Henry Ward Beecher says, forcefully: "No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself." God is with us in this struggle, and through Him we shall have the sure victory.

When in doubt as to power of prayer, pray.

The narrower the mind the more chaos and disaster there is in the world order; to know all is to know only God and the order of the good. The pure in heart see God, and for them the abiding is rich in faith, hope, and love.

It's no use singing "Lead, Kindly Light," if we still keep in the darkness of sin.

The shepherd's staff was the means for expressing the shepherd's will in guiding the sheep, and by it the sheep were led into the path which the shepherd desired. God's staff for us is the manifestation of His will, and those providences by which we are led in the path of duty when we are serving Him. When we come into a valley of darkness and sore trial, it is a great comfort to look back at the clear indications of God's will and leading, which brought us to that place, and which we could not have disobeyed without forsaking what we believed to be God's path for us. We can say: "It was God's leading that brought me into this place of darkness; therefore I will fear no evil." "Thy rod and Thy staff, they shall comfort me."

The learning of the University may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may smoulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days.

The indolent are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labour the brain is not idle. If it does not grow corn it will grow thistles.

Just as soon as the soul becomes freed from sin does it become conscious of the voice of God. God is speaking now to you, but the din of sin roars so loudly in your ears that you do not hear the voice of God. God speaks everywhere. Everything speaks to the sensitive soul; everything in nature is a tongue of God, that is speaking of His love and His mercy. The atmosphere, which is kept in such perfect equilibrium as to sustain life, speaks of God. The coming spring—the flowers—the trees, the murmuring brooks, speak of God, as well as the thunder, which is the voice of His power—all these speak of God. But God speaks to us most of all in the still, small voice within, and through the word of His grace. Listen to Him!

If you would get out of the "slough of despond" it must be on your knees.

A love of good may be cultivated to almost any extent where the original foundation of an unselfish nature exists. A passionate ideal of excellence can so fill the mind that no pleasure is felt in anything but in strong, persistent efforts to realise it.

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour for the service is announced to begin. Then you will not disturb other worshippers. Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics. Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit. As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the service about to

begin. Resolve that you will foster no thought, fix your eyes on no object, utter no word that will tend to divert your mind from the holy purpose for which you have come into this place. As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf. In all the service take an active part, as hearer, as worshipper. At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and goodwill all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.—BISHOP VINCENT.

## MUSIC AND WORSHIP.

On Saturday the Bishop of Worcester discussed the question of church music. It is a matter upon which the most divergent of opinions have been held by the most pious of worshippers. One reason why there was a certain fearfulness of music (comments the "Daily News") has been the practical difficulty that people who have good voices are not always the people who can sing religious words with the greatest sincerity. That is the objection to paid choirs and to performances of oratorios, especially "The Messiah." A highly skilled company of choristers, under an ambitious organist, must be under a continual temptation to give performances rather than to merely lead congregational worship. It was against this tendency that Dr. Gore protested. Dr. Gore's warning is not pointless, especially as coming from a Bishop. The Bishop of Worcester says he is not musical. We greatly appreciate the modesty of the admission. The greatest infliction known to the faithful is a clergyman who only thinks he can intone—a priest with Gregorian inclinations who has no ear. It has often struck us as peculiar that churches where reverence is otherwise carried to an extreme hurry at such a feverish rate through the Psalms. These sublime songs were frequently chanted by pilgrims on their way to the holy city. We can only say that the pace must have been breathless if it had kept time with some of our cathedral performances. There can be no appreciation of the words where such a rate is maintained. Strange to say, the same applies to the recital of the Lord's Prayer. At many a Matins and Evensong the clergyman's "Our Father" is made a kind of signal for the congregation to gabble the great petitions which follow as if time was a real object. The only word upon which stress is laid is the one word which few of the worshippers know the meaning of—"Amen." This is rendered with great deliberation and much expressiveness. Anthems are, of course, frank concessions to the choir spirit. They are not applauded, but they would be in a concert-hall. Some of them are, like Stainer's "Lead, Kindly Light," so brimming with human pathos that to hear them unmoved would be to confess a strong potentiality for crime. Some of the great services written for the English Prayer Book are wonderfully apt, and familiarity with a number of them gradually accustoms the mind to a sense of admiration towards the musicians who, many of them from their own organ lofts, tried each in his own way to express what that light meant which lightened the Gentiles; what, too, was the Power which put down the mighty from their seats and exalted the humble and meek. Descriptive passages abound in such compositions, and they become a kind of ritual in melody, a wordless language which is more than a comment upon the articulate text, partaking something of the ineffable essence of the idea behind it all. This is something which a congregation may be forgiven for listening to in the intervals of an otherwise simple service. But let us never forget the sardonic language of the Prayer Book when it speaks of "Quires and places where they sing." "Quires" are not always places where, in a musical sense of the word, they sing. A choir which tries to sing what it can't is, frankly, an abomination.

Echo "Electric" Press for all kinds of general and artistic printing.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

A report quite out of the ordinary run, by a visiting committee to the Gloucestershire Lunatic Asylums, is that of the Monmouth Board of Guardians. Instead of being of the baldest description, smacking of having been hastily drawn up and agreed to in a railway carriage, wherein, as we have been told, the chairman of one of these visiting committees from Cheltenham was on a certain occasion elected, the report referred to is a prolix narrative of what the committee saw on their inspection, and the impressions they formed, and the conclusions they arrived at. Like the generality of these reports, whether viva voce or written, the management of the asylums is highly commended, and testimonies of those of the patients capable of conversation that they were satisfied with the treatment they receive also acknowledged. Several incidents are mentioned merely to reassure relatives who may imagine their friends are so far recovered as to render further detention unnecessary. Thus one man who had declared he was alright, a minute afterwards asserted that he was worth millions, and offered to lend the medical superintendent £1,500; he also said he had 300 children, which "whopper" led one of the committee to exclaim, "No wonder you are here then!" Then a female patient seriously stated that she rents Buckingham Palace from the Crown at the weekly rent of 2s. Of course, every person who has had to do with lunatics, even casually, knows the very strange hallucinations they labour under. But it is very seldom they are recorded in print.

It is still the fashion for men of note to write their "Recollections," especially if they can find a profitable market for them. Mr. A. C. Plowden, the witty London stipendiary magistrate, is giving his reminiscences to the world; and these are good copy for the newspapers that take them. I shall await the daily appearance of the instalments with special interest, for I well remember Mr. Plowden when he went the Oxford Circuit, and I see that he has already referred to his joining it and to his early experiences. He touches upon a subject to which I have occasionally alluded, viz., the sensible diminution of the business of the circuit and to the continuation of the names of nearly 200 barristers on the list, "notwithstanding this shipwreck of business." And when Mr. Plowden first came the circuit they were comparatively "good old times," for Gloucester was its "washpot." It was then that all civil causes which could not be finished up or reached at the various places were made "remanets" to Gloucester, the last city on the circuit, there to be cleared up. And Gloucestershire jurymen used to grumble loudly at being kept at the Shirehall an indefinite time—often during the haymaking seasons—to try "foreign" cases, say from Staffordshire or Monmouthshire. The Gloucester folk, however, decidedly liked it, as it brought much grist to their mill.

Mr. Plowden is delightfully sarcastic over what he conceived to be the absurdity and even tyranny of the rules of the Bar, particularly of the heinousness of seeking the acquaintance of a solicitor, and of making use of an inn during the assizes for the purpose of robing or sleeping or the duties of his profession except those of an arbitration, and the obligation to travel first-class from town to town to avoid the danger of meeting a solicitor. And Mr. Plowden well says:—"How long the circuit had groaned under these rules I cannot say, but under changed conditions and with the growth of broader views they gradually become unworkable by reason of sheer inability to enforce them." Mr. Plowden has something to tell, and he tells it in a popular way, well to the point. I wonder if his Worship will refer to, and in detail, to the resolution arrived at in Gloucester to exclude from the mess Dr. Kenealey, Q.C., over the Tichborne affair.

GLEANER.



### SUNDAY GOLF!

At a meeting of the Woodmancote Parish Council an "unco guid" majority protested against the "serious inconvenience and annoyance caused by the playing of golf on Cleeve Hill on Sundays," and it was resolved that the Conservators be requested to prohibit the playing of golf on Sundays immediately.

"Inconvenienced and Annoyed" Worthy of Woodmuck: "Now, then, Sir, we can't have nuisances like you interferin' with our Sunday walks; we've 'bought' this 'ill for Sundays."

### A FAMOUS DETECTIVE.

Scotland Yard has just lost a distinguished officer in the person of Detective-Inspector Sweeney, who has been connected with the Criminal Investigation Department for twenty years. An instance is recorded by the "St. James's Gazette" which illustrates the watchfulness of the authorities, and at the same time shows how useful an officer Mr. Sweeney has been. Two anarchists, named Polti and Farnara, had hatched a plot to blow up the Stock Exchange. Mr. Sweeney "got wind" of the intended outrage. He kept Polti under the closest observation for a fortnight, and on the day fixed for the visit to the Exchange he rode in the same bus as Polti, who had the bomb in his pocket. Both men were arrested and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Mr. Sweeney's services have been chiefly devoted to what is known as the political branch of criminal investigation. Under this category come the protection of the Sovereign, the Royal Family, visiting monarchs and heads of States, Cabinet Ministers, and all who from their exalted positions are exposed to danger; also espionage, high treason, and other crimes which are political in character. For a number of years Mr. Sweeney has been prominent in this branch, rising to the position of second in charge under Superintendent Melville, another well-known officer. He accompanied Queen Victoria wherever she went for a series of years, and in the course of his duties was charged with the safety of many of the crowned heads of Europe. To him fell a large share of the arrangements for the protection of M. Loubet during his recent visit. M. Loubet was guarded on behalf of the English authorities by Mr. Sweeney from the time he landed at Dover until he cleared English soil on his return to the Republic. In the measures taken for the protection of a Sovereign the movements of the anarchists of all countries play an important part, and it is one of the many duties of the department of which Supt. Melville is the head to be kept well informed of the whereabouts of every anarchist in this country, and, in co-operation with the Continental police, to obtain information of every new arrival. This work entails a great responsibility and a constant vigilance. It is safe to say that the organisation of this

section of the department was never more effective than it is at the present time. The resource and energy of our officers have produced a wholesome fear amongst anarchists in the Metropolis. Little that they do is unknown to Scotland Yard.

Mr. Sweeney has many amusing as well as sad stories to tell of incidents that have come under his notice while on special protection duty. He was fortunately never called upon to stay a violent hand directed against any of his charges. He has had to stop people with fancied grievances from approaching the royal presence, but he usually ended these awkward incidents satisfactorily to all parties. It is not generally known that Queen Victoria, in pursuit of her musical inclinations used to take a deep interest in strolling players. Very often she would ask itinerant musicians whom she saw playing unusual-looking instruments to be brought to her, and Mr. Sweeney sometimes had to search high and low to find a man in this category whom her Majesty had noticed the previous day.

### FORGETFUL LOVER.

Half a century ago a young Englishman, while travelling, met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her. A few days later he returned home, and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her that he could not be happy without her, and that if she regarded his proposal favourably he would expect a reply by the next mail. To this letter he received no answer, and so disappointed was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them. They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note—the love letter which was written fifty years ago and which the writer had forgotten to mail.

A double-headed snake has been discovered at Half Moon Bay, California. It can crawl backwards as easily as it can forwards. It is about 32ins. long.

## PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By ARIEL.]

### CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The above club will hold a motor meet at headquarters, the Queen's Hotel, on Saturday, Sept. 12th, at 2.30 p.m., and will then journey to Cricklade. There will also be an evening meet at 6.30, the rendezvous being Northleach. Visitors are welcome, provided they come on motor-propelled vehicles. The following day a meet will be held at Burford.

### A SERIOUS STREET DANGER TO MOTOR-CYCLISTS AND CYCLISTS.

I have repeatedly heard motor-cyclists and cyclists complain of the pony-carriage drivers who slowly meander through the streets of the town. This does not in itself constitute a danger, but frequently, without any warning, the driver will turn his vehicle completely round. I have myself had several narrow escapes through this while motor-cycling. The driver should give a sign, by raising his whip, etc., of his intention of turning round. While on the subject I should also like to protest against carters, etc., on country roads driving persistently on the wrong side of the road, and the manner in which, when they hear a motor vehicle, they deliberately move as slowly as possible out of the way, frequently causing the motorist to completely stop his car. It must be something of a novelty to the general public to hear complaints by motorists against other road users. It is generally the opposite way about.

### TACKLING THE DUST FIEND.

A committee has been formed in London for the special purpose of encouraging and carrying on experiments with the object of conquering the dust problem. Sir John Dorington is taking a leading position on this dust committee. It cannot be denied that much of the prejudice against motors is caused by the dust they throw up, to the annoyance of other users of the roads. This committee deserves to be generously supported by motorists all over the kingdom, as it is obvious that the dustless experiments are very costly undertakings. The offices of the committee are at 17 Shaftesbury-avenue.

### MILITARY MOTOR-CYCLING.

A strong feature of the Army Manœuvres this year is to be the employment of motor-cyclists in keeping up communication between the different commanding officers and the umpire. It will render the armies more mobile, by spreading the operations over a much larger tract of country. The motor-cycles engaged will work under the organisation of the popular Motor Volunteer Corps.

### A COMICAL REGULATION.

The following absurd regulation was recently issued by some Belgian authorities: "It is forbidden for two motor-cars travelling at the same pace to pass one another." This is distinctly clever.

### A POLICE TRAF STORY.

The following incident narrated in a motor journal is worth repeating—An organ grinder finding a police trap close to a town placed himself about 200 yards from it, exposing a card with the usual inscription, "Pity the blind." Underneath was printed in larger characters on another card, "Motorists look out for the police; the smallest contributions will be thankfully acknowledged." Needless to say he did not regret his idea. Sixpences and shillings tumbled into his extended hat until the police found out what was causing the motors to crawl through their trap at about half the legal limit.

### SUBSTITUTE MOTOR SOAP.

The motor-cyclist need not now fear to get his hands smothered with oil and dirt if he always keeps a tablet of Rubstitute Motor Soap on hand. Ordinary soaps are of no use for removing grease, etc., from the hands.



Drawn by H. S. Wheeler, Cheltenham.

"Selina Jenkins, Mary Ann Tompkins, and Amos, not to mention Sophie Gwendoline and Eric Bertie," at Symonds Yat. ("Selina's" letter, August 29, 1903.).

"As I was saying, me and Mary Ann Tompkins, and Amos, not to mention Sophy Gwendoline and Eric Bertie, was on the way to Symonds Yat by egscurston. So Amos tells me it's all the fashion now to camp hout by the river under a tent; so we rigs up my umbrella, as is a hextry fine size, the one Aunt Maria left me in her will, and we

gets hout the vittles, spreads a couple of 'andkerchiefs on the ground, and lays hout the bananas and 'am sandwiches and bottles of milk and cold tea, as looks very 'andy and nice under the shade of the trees, with nothing but ourselves in sight for miles—so it seemed."

This soap is remarkably efficient in removing grease, and moreover does not injuriously affect the most delicate skin. It is the best thing of the kind on the market. It can be obtained from the local motor firms.

### AN EFFICIENT REDUCER FOR NEGATIVES.

Negatives with excessive contrast, viz. dense high lights and clear shadows, can be made to give fairly good prints by the use of ammonium persulphate. The peculiarity of this salt in solution lies in the fact of the energy with which it attacks dense deposits of silver without affecting light ones. After treatment the negative must be well and rapidly washed in running water.

A German court has decided that an engagement to marry can be broken off if either of the parties suffers from an illness such as phthisis, but that the case must be really serious.

### AN IDEAL MARRIAGE.

M. Jules Verne, about whose failing eyesight there are so many alarming reports, is in his seventy-fifth year, and up till a quite recent date he never did less than four hours' work a day. His wife, says a writer in this week's "T.A.T.," whom he describes as his dearest friend, has always been of the greatest assistance to him in his work, and he relies on her judgment and advice to a very large extent. The story of their courtship and marriage is a most romantic one. Verne was a shy young fellow, who had a great dislike to the society of women, and it was only his affection for his brother which led him to go to the latter's wedding. Verne, however, arrived too late, and found that the whole bridal party had left for the church with the exception of the bride's sister, a charming young widow, who explained the matter. The friendship thus accidentally begun rapidly developed into a warmer feeling, and ended in a marriage which may be described as ideal.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOSHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 142. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

## Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"OLD HEIDELBERG."

NEXT WEEK,  
THE EVER-WELCOME MUSICAL  
"FLORODORA."

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. THE TERM  
BEGAN SEPT. 15th. -Apply to  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

**CHELTENHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY.**

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL.

Conductor—MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, F.Gld.O.

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MR. MATTHEW H. GRIST,

### DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN YORKSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

The death is announced of the Rev. Canon Charles Sisum Wright, rector of Stokesley, North Yorkshire, and Canon and Prebendary of Osbaldwick, in York Cathedral, since 1885. The deceased had acted as Synodal Secretary to Convocation of the Province of York. He was chaplain to the Archbishop of York in 1884.

Who holds the record of having been elected thrice in succession Grand Master of the great Stroud Working Men's Conservative Benefit Society, with nearly 5,000 members, and which has its annual Church Parade to-morrow. On December 19th, 1902, he was presented by the officers of Central Lodge

with a silver salver in appreciation of the courteous and indefatigable manner in which during 1901-2 he had carried out his duties. Mr. Grist is a member of the Stroud Board of Guardians, churchwarden of Woodchester, a capable public man, and of very genial personality.

## THE SUNDAY CORNER.

To have a great purpose in life is a kind of patent of nobility. It adds strength to the character, makes life intensely interesting, and settles at once all those questions of casuistry that puzzle the brain of the aimless as to whether this thing is good, that consistent, or the other permissible. There is room for everyone to find some sphere of work that is specially his own. There are difficulties to overcome that will "task high and hard" the wisest hearts, but there is also work to be patiently done. There is need of the man with one talent, and need of him who has ten—need that both of them should work with their might. Let them consider what task their abilities, training, and circumstances point to as their own.

A certain Bishop was once asked, "What is the simplest way to heaven?" He replied: "Turn at once to the right and go straight on."

Our tasks are so many, and our time is so brief, that we cannot afford to pause in the work to which we are God-appointed until our little day ends. But we can work better, and are more likely to endure the stress of worthy toil until life's eventide, if we insist on keeping our tempers calm. The overwrought work spirit is nearly as bad as idleness. The "fussy" worker is never the best workman. Neither is he in whom "hustling" is a half-mania. Yet we must not slumber while the day lasts. Restfulness in work, the outgrowth and proof of the peace of the mind that is stayed on God, is the true rule.

God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears in order that they may read aright His providences.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society." "You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughingly. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop." The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at "the old man's notions." A few years later and that lad, grown into manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury which had just brought in a verdict against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things, "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I turned my back upon my home. Temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me into ruin." Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

They who are born with silver spoons in their mouths may die without a bit of the bread of life.

Here are a few thoughts taken from President Roosevelt's address to the members of the Holy Name Society at Oyster Bay:—

A life to be worth living must be a life of activity and hard work.

Example is the most potent of all things. If any man in the presence of young boys and members of your families misbehaves himself, uses coarse and blasphemous language, he can thank himself that those younger boys will follow his example and not his precept.

It is no use to preach acting decently if you do not act decently yourself. The most effective way in which you can preach is by your practice.

It is no good preaching to your boys to be brave if you run away. It is no good preach-

ing to them to tell the truth if you do not. It is no good preaching to them to be unselfish if they see you selfish with your wife, disregarding of others yourself.

The greater a man's ability, if it is not combined with the moral sense, the more dangerous that man is as a citizen. The worse he is as a citizen, unless there is a spirit of honesty in the man and a moral strength to guide him, his courage, strength, and power make him a dangerous creature in our life—a creature to be feared and guarded against.

The fruits of love do not grow from the roots of sin.

Is there anything that brings you nearer to God than the thought of your mother, of her patience, faithfulness, wisdom, love? When all the world is out against you, when everything that you have laid your hand to has failed, when you are the object of the scoff or cold pity of the men around you; when you retreat from the store, from the city, that you may get away from those things which make life unendurable to you, then there is one refuge for your broken heart. Though you have deserved obloquy, and gone down from virtue to the filth of vice, there is one altar where you can be heard, one shrine where you will be acceptable, and one that will throw around you the arms of compassion and love. I mean your mother. The power of her goodness, the sweetness of her heart, her long-suffering, her undying love, give you a chance, and are a charter of new life to you.—BEECHER.

The sincere milk of the Word will never turn sour.

Beauty is to be acquired, but it cannot be won by earth's cosmetics. True beauty can come to one on earth only by reflection from heaven's glory. He who would be beautiful must be made so by the transfiguring light of his soul's saintliness. Christ in one gives Christlikeness to the one who represents Christ. This is the way to grow beautiful.

The only lessons really learnt are the lessons that are lived.

A well-known type of preacher is the man who appears to think he can make up for a lack of deep insight into the needs and condition of himself and his hearers by the use of high-sounding words and phrases. A preacher in Cornwall was once pulled up by a humble member of his congregation in the midst of a prayer, in which in sonorous tones he had ascribed to the Supreme Being all the attributes and titles he could call to mind; and then, after a pause, he continued: "And what more shall we call Thee, Lord?" "Call Him Father, and ask Him to supply our wants!" cried a shrill voice, while all the people said "Amen."

The plan of salvation will never need any improved drawings.

Not what we have, but how we use it, is the measure of our power, and that marks the highest degree of our real service. This measure, and this degree, are possible to us each and all in God's service, whatever are our limitations. The little Hebrew slave-maid, who simply told the truth she knew about the prophet Elisha, did a work in the Royal court of Syria that no money or Royal influence could secure. Thus always in God's service. Doing what we can is doing our best.

The hungry heart is the only payment God will take for the bread of life.

### THERE IS A VAST DIFFERENCE

Between being sorry for sin and being sorry you are "caught."

Between confessing your sins and confessing someone else's.

Between seeing your own faults and seeing some other person's.

Between conversion of the head and conversion of the heart.

Between being led by the Holy Spirit and

led by your own imagination.

Between "contending for the faith" and striving for your own opinion.

Between preaching the Word and preaching some other man's opinion.

## "MUDDLING THROUGH."

### TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" is a proverb of wide application. Individuals and communities rush unthinkingly into great and perilous enterprises, and discover when it is too late that had they given a little more reflection at the beginning they might have been saved years of pain and regret. Unfortunately, repentance does not undo what has been done—the consequences of our haste and foolishness abide. As a nation we appear at the present time to be repenting at leisure the follies of 1899. How confident we were in that pregnant year of the nation's history! How we applauded the man who bluffed and badgered! How we sneered at the little people who loved their country as we love ours! How we gloated over the crumpling up of the little republics! How we maligned the people whose greatness we have since extolled! How the music-halls and the Yellow Press screamed for war long before war broke out; and how the crowd yelled and hurled stones and open knives at the men who in Trafalgar-square pleaded for peace before the war had actually begun!

Well, we have had our war, and we have had many days of reckoning since—and we are likely to have many more. The revelations that have just been published have been, in vulgar parlance, an eye-opener. The Royal Commission that sat to take evidence on the conduct of the war have done their work fairly well; that they have made the best of a bad case there can be no doubt. They were appointed by the Cabinet responsible for the war. No doubt their sympathies lay very largely with those who appointed them; but, being Englishmen and men of honour, they have felt bound to give the story to the public as it has been told to them in evidence. Their own comments are mild enough in all conscience; but the evidence published in those huge Blue-books is left to speak for itself, and a sad and humiliating story it is. No one can be surprised that these volumes were not given to the public until after Parliament had risen. Doubtless the Cabinet knew pretty well what the effect would be, and so they got away to the moors and to their shooting before the storm burst. No doubt they hope that by the time Parliament reassembles the storm will have passed away, and an indulgent public will have forgotten the humiliation and disgrace.

I should suppose that such a revelation of ignorance, ineptitude, and imbecility was never before given to the British public. There appears to have been no cohesion in the Cabinet, nor co-ordination. The military authorities were kept in entire ignorance of what diplomacy was doing. Mr. Chamberlain was blundering his way into the war without inquiring whether the nation was ready for a conflict. The Intelligence Department appears to have done its work reasonably well, but no notice was taken of the facts with which they supplied the Government. In fact, they were deliberately ignored. Gen. Butler, who warned the Government of the danger ahead, was treated on his own showing as though he were a rogue or a fool, or both. And when Mr. Chamberlain had at length succeeded in his mission, when the Government had stubbornly refused to submit the question in dispute to arbitration, when bluff had done its work and Kruger had been stung into flinging down the gauntlet of war, nobody knew what was to be done next. The generals went out to Africa having no plans of campaign; they had not even maps of the country. The soldiers had guns that would not shoot, swords that doubled up directly they were brought into use, and bandoliers that dropped the cartridges on the way,

which the Boers picked up and used. Such things as boots and clothes and ambulances appear to have been left out of the reckoning. Indeed, there was bungling everywhere, in every department; nothing was foreseen, no contingency was provided for. No one in authority appeared to have any conception of what was likely to happen. Had we been engaged in a war with any great European Power instead of with a mere handful of farmers the result would have been conclusive—we should have been smitten hip and thigh. Even as it was, disaster after disaster befell us, and we were within an ace, more than once, of utter and absolute defeat.

What seems clear enough to every open-minded and unprejudiced individual to-day is that there need never have been any war at all; that there was no question at issue that might not have been settled amicably; that from first to last the negotiations were worse than a blunder; that a very powerful party in the Cabinet had made up its mind on the question; that plans were discussed months before the war broke out for taking the two Republics. Mr. Chamberlain had evidently made up his mind to have a feather with which to adorn his cap. Lord Milner and the mining magnates—those patriotic Englishmen with foreign names—were bent on destroying the power of Africanderdom; the whole business was engineered in the most open and vulgar fashion. Almost the entire press of South Africa was purchased by the millionaires and used by them for furthering their designs. The publication of the Blue-books has sadly bedraggled Mr. Chamberlain's feather.

I notice that a number of newspaper editors are busy trying to apportion the blame. Generally speaking, Lord Lansdowne comes in for the biggest share of abuse. Certainly that nobleman is not to be envied in the position he occupies in public estimation, but it seems to me unfair to throw all the blame on any one individual. The Cabinet as a whole must be held responsible for the mistakes and imbecilities that the Commission has revealed. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, boasted that the war was his—declared that it was a feather in his cap. He cannot, therefore, expect to escape responsibility now; nor can the Prime Minister. If he knew no more than the man in the street he ought to have known more. I can conceive of no greater calamity that can befall a nation than to have a number of men at the head of affairs who are unfit to rule. The members of the present Cabinet, judging by the experiences of the last few years, would not be able to earn their own living if flung adrift upon the world. I question if any business house in the country would give £100 a year to any one of them.

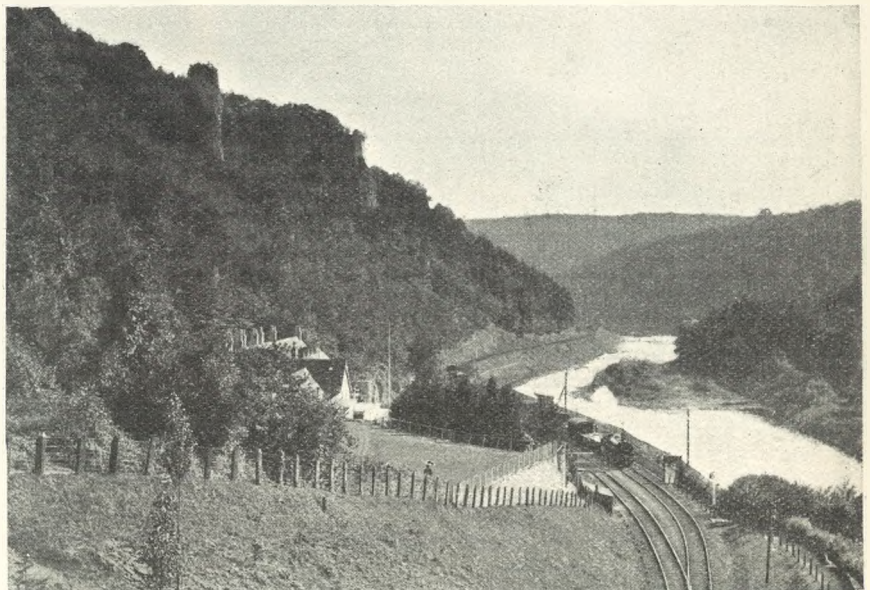
Every day it is becoming more and more apparent that the war was an unmitigated calamity—a calamity for England and a calamity for South Africa. The war unfortunately settled nothing, redressed nothing, removed no abuse, introduced no better form of government, brought no light or comfort into any home. We have succeeded, it is true, in crushing a brave and heroic people, succeeded in destroying their independence, in taking away their country. But of what benefit is it to us, or to them, or to civilisation as a whole? We have added to our territory, it is true, but not to our riches, nor to our strength, nor to our honour. From the beginning of Mr. Chamberlain's war up till now humiliation has followed humiliation, disgrace has followed disgrace. When the humiliating story will end who can tell? Some of my readers, perhaps, have been reading the letters of Miss Hobhouse, who has been making a tour through the conquered states. The story she has to tell is heart-breaking in the extreme. She compares the once prosperous and fertile country to the valley of Ezekiel. Bones are everywhere, while in the desolated and extemporised homes of a once prosperous people there are despair and hunger and pain and unending sorrow.

I wonder if after this revelation the Churches that profess to be followers of the



*Lower Slaughter Village. Spring, 1903.*

Photo by John Davis, Cheltenham.



*Symonds Yat.*

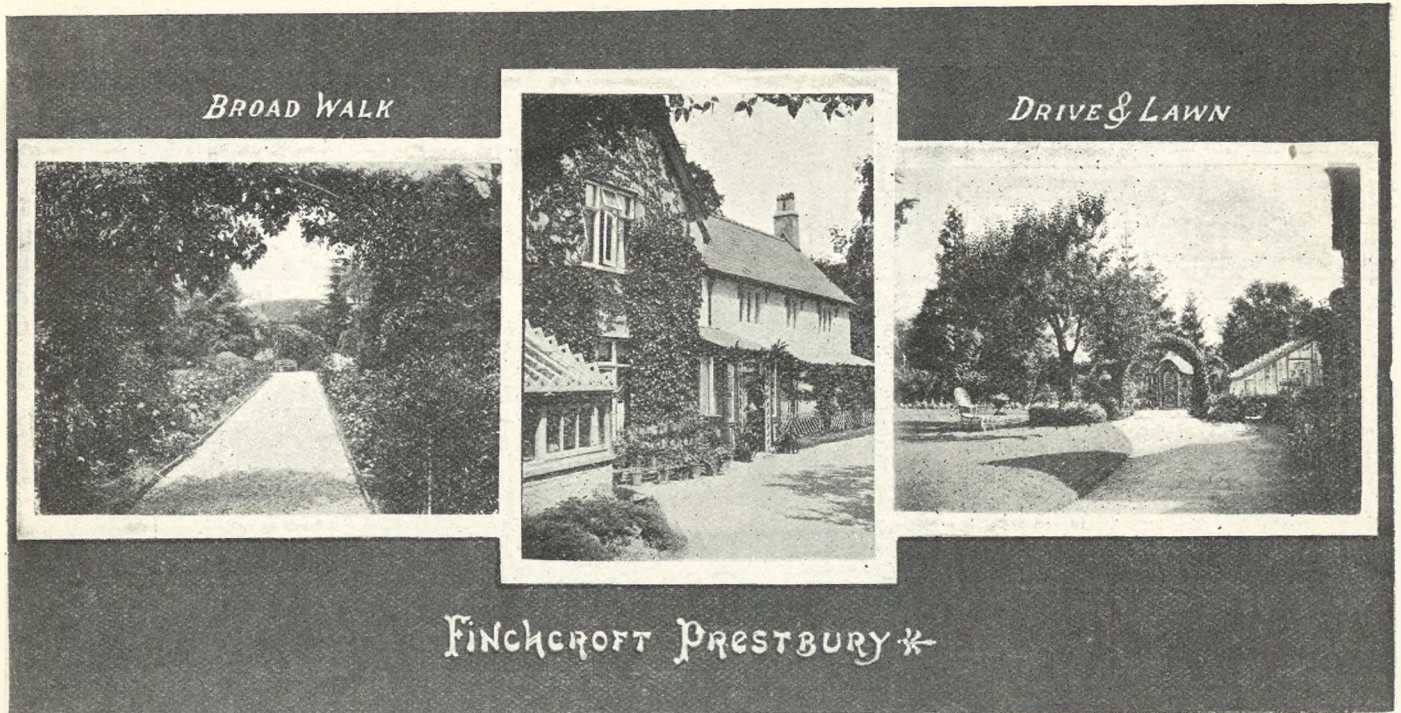
Photo by F. E. Hughes, Cheltenham.

Prince of Peace will give up their worship of the Jingo-god, will learn the lesson which their Master taught, will endeavour to cultivate the spirit of brotherhood and goodwill? Nothing has been so painful in all the bitter and humiliating years through which we have passed as the position taken up by thousands of ministers of the gospel on the question of war. Nothing during the century has wrought so much harm to Christianity. Nothing has given so much occasion for the enemy to blaspheme. It is hypocrisy to profess peace and preach war; to profess goodwill to Naboth and then steal his vineyard. If we are for ever to put our so-called patriotism before our Christianity we might as well put up the shutters at once.

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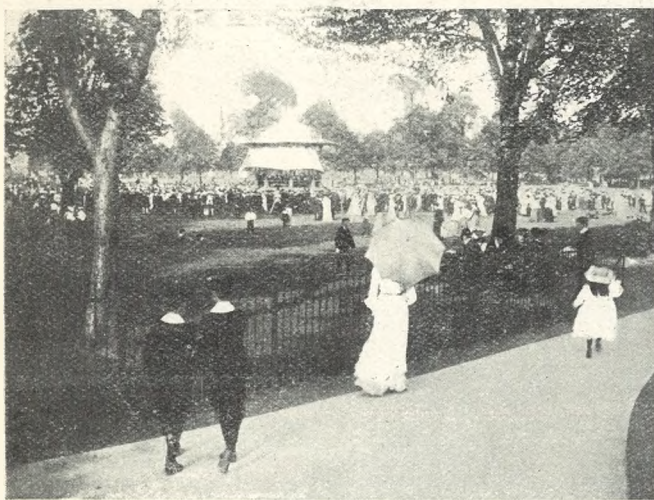
AT THE

“Echo” Electric  
Press.



FINCHCROFT PRESTBURY K

Photos by J. A. Probert, Cheltenham.



Sunday Afternoon in Gloucester Park.

CROWD LISTENING TO CIVIC BAND, SEPTEMBER 6, 1903. Photo by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.



Damsell's Mill, Painswick.

Photo by George Jolly, Shepscombe.

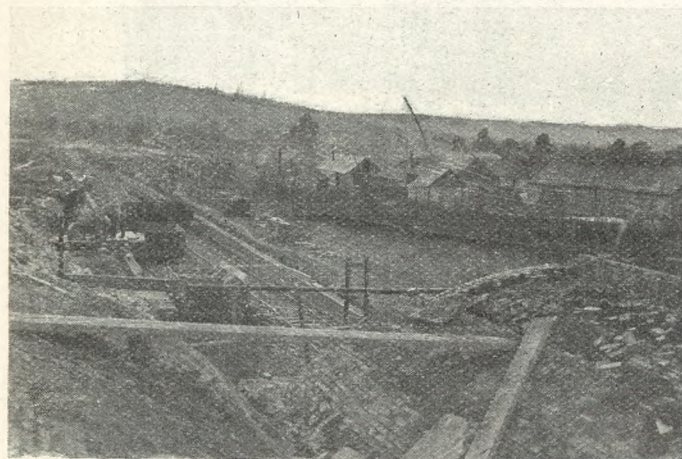
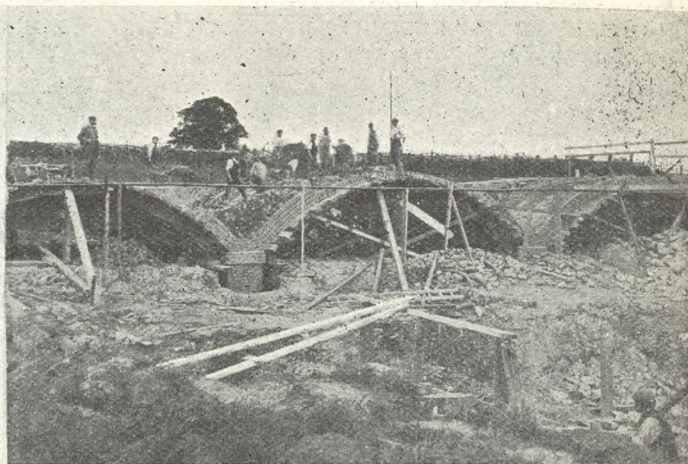
CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S ROMANCE.

Charlotte herself, although her books tingled and throbbled with the force of life, was a delicate, ailing, emaciated, plain little woman, who, according to Mr. Smith, her publisher, would have given all her fame and talent to have been beautiful. The passion of love which she described with such burning force seemed to have passed her by; for, when well on in the thirties, she quietly married her father's curate. To the superficial observer, Charlotte Bronte's life was an exceedingly uneventful one—a life of illness and tears. There were the graves of beloved friends and relatives lying thickly along her path. But in the days of her youth, during her sojourn in Brussels, romance flowered for a brief period in that drear, sad life. Charlotte was one of the women who are not marked out for gladness, and there is a certain sadness even in this romance to which I allude. We cannot even be quite

sure that the romance existed, for the actors therein are dead and silent long ago. We guess at it merely by means of a few letters that Charlotte has left behind, and by one or two significant references in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. Charlotte, together with her sister Emily—Emily, who wrote that wonderful "Wuthering Heights"—were at Mme. Heger's pensionnat in Brussels, and M. Heger, the hero of the romance, was Madame's husband. He is described by Charlotte as a professor of rhetoric, a man of power as to mind, but very choleric and irritable as to temperament. Charlotte was a born hero-worshipper, and there is no doubt but that she idolised the irascible little rhetorician. The fact creeps out in naive sentences in her home-letters, for ultimately she was employed as English teacher at M. and Mme. Heger's school. "I have had two letters from Mary," she writes once. "Her letters are not the letters of a person in the enjoyment of great happiness. She has nobody to

be as good to her as M. Heger is to me; to lend her books; to converse with her sometimes." Charlotte was as good and as pure a woman as ever lived, and probably her admiration for M. Heger passed into a warmer feeling without her ever being distinctly aware of it. The feminine soul is a complex thing. Assuredly M. Heger himself knew nothing of the pallid English woman's admiration. But Mme. Heger must intuitively have guessed something; she suddenly became strangely cold towards her, and altogether Charlotte was made so miserably aware of the silent estrangement between them that she gave notice, and returned to Yorkshire. Poor Charlotte Bronte! Her's was indeed a steep and thorny way to heaven. She never saw M. Heger again, and years after, when Mrs. Gaskell tried to glean particulars of Miss Bronte's life at Brussels, she found out that he had only an indistinct memory of her.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

## The Prize Pictures.



### CHELTENHAM-HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY.

1. The Viaduct.
2. Station at Toddington in course of construction.

3. Bridge at Toddington.
4. Steam Navy.

Photos by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

First in the field among its contemporaries, as usual, the "Echo" has made two special and most interesting announcements, namely that Gloucester Cathedral is to be used about Christmas time for the rare purpose of the solemnisation of marriages. Both the weddings of Miss Dorothy Arbuthnot, second daughter of Col. George Arbuthnot, of Norton Court, and Miss Selwyn-Payne, the only daughter and child of Major J. H. Selwyn-Payne, of Badgeworth Court, are, it appears, to take place in the Mother Church of the Diocese, and I venture to think that the sacred edifice will be none too large to accommodate the congregations that will want to see the gay affairs. The Cathedral being extra-parochial (St. Mary de Lode and College Precincts is the ecclesiastical parish), a special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury will have to be obtained for each marriage, costing about £30 per license. I believe it is intended that Captain H. F. Bateman Champain and his bride (Miss Arbuthnot) shall start a few days after the wedding for Burma, there for the gallant officer to take up his new appointment as aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-Governor.

As showing the rarity of marriages in the Cathedral, I find that only four have been celebrated therein within the past 150 years. And the last three weddings, covering a

period of 41 years, were in each case that of the daughter of a residentiary canon. They were:—April 29th, 1862, Miss Banks, daughter of Canon Banks, to Mr. Philip P. Penant; January 1st, 1867, Miss Laura Maria Culme-Seymour, daughter of Canon Sir John Hobart Culme-Seymour, Bart., to Mr. George Lewis Watson, of Rockingham Castle; and April 27th, 1880, Miss Tinling, daughter of Canon Tinling, to the Rev. R. G. Scurfield. I am informed that for the wedding of Miss Culme-Seymour Dr. S. S. Wesley, the then Cathedral organist, composed a special anthem, "God be merciful unto us and bless us," and it is recorded that Miss Gussie Clarke sang the solo. No doubt at both the forthcoming weddings the service will be fully choral, and I think it would not be inappropriate to sing this anthem then, failing the composition of another for the occasion. A new anthem would certainly be a graceful compliment paid to Mrs. Arbuthnot, who has so frequently given the service of her splendid voice at the popular musical recitals. Returning to the former marriages in the Cathedral, I find that the last actual entry in the Cathedral register is in March, 1754, and then follows this entry, made by a precentor:—"Here the register of marriages ceases in consequence of an Act of Parliament passed about this time, made for the preventing of clandestine marriages, whereby it is directed that henceforth all marriages shall be solemnised only in parish churches or chapels, Cathedral churches being excluded except by special license."

Last week I queried whether Mr. Plowden would allude in his "Recollections" to the expulsion at Gloucester of Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., from the Bar Mess. I find he has done so, in his reference to the Tichborne trial, in the following terms:—"He was a member of the Oxford Circuit, and so grave was the view taken of his professional misconduct that it was felt unless he could clear himself that he was unfit to continue a member of the mess. Among the charges which he was invited to answer was his conduct in asking the jury to believe Jean Luie when he knew him to be a perjured witness, to explain why he felt it right to describe the Tichborne family as Hampshire hogs, the priests as infamous night owls, and the teachers at Stonehurst as wilful corruptors of their pupils; why he charged the owners of the *Bella* with scuttling the ship in order to cheat the insurers, without any ground whatever; why he compared the judges who presided to Scroggs and Jeffereys; and generally why he wilfully misrepresented much of the evidence. Every facility was given to Dr. Kenealy to meet these charges. He declined to face them on the ground that they were too general and not sufficiently specific. There was thus no course but one left open to the circuit. A motion was brought forward that his conduct was unworthy of the Bar and of a gentleman, and being carried unanimously, Dr. Kenealy ceased to be a member of the Circuit Mess."

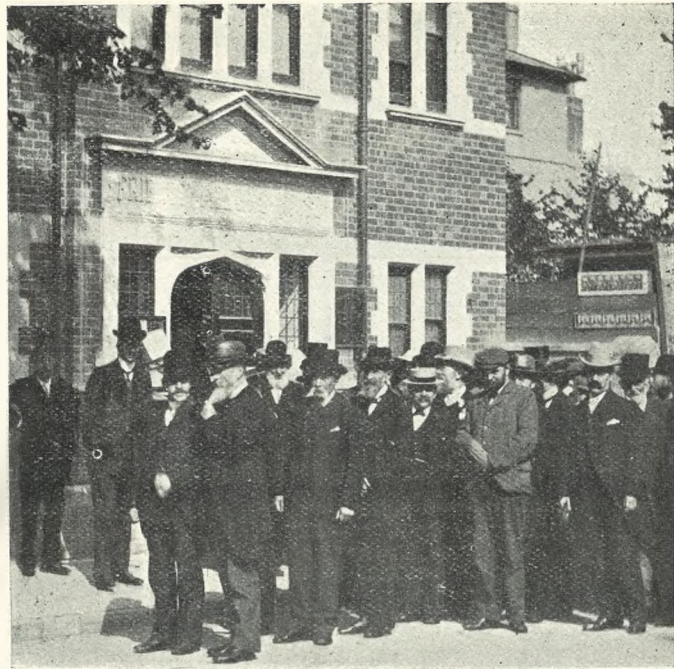
GLEANER.

**"Selina Jenkins" Letters.**

**SELINA JENKINS AND THE PASSIVE RESISTERS AT THE POLICE-COURT.**

Upon my word, now! Dear, dear! What times we be a-living in, as you don't never know wot a day may bring 4th, with storms and fishcal police and passive desisters on the right hand and the left, as you mite say, only that is a bit of a job to discover which is the right hand these troublous times. 'Owever, as pore Jenkins were very fond of remarking, "When in doubt stand up for they as is being put upon the mostest"; and seein' as 'ow the Church of England is a fairly well-to-do organisation, as can be depended on to look after itself, I throws in my sympathies with the passive desisters and brothers, altho' I don't 'old with quarrelin' over religion, not meself; but when I sees a lot of respectable men and women pulled up at the Police-court with drunk and disorderlies and other vagroms—well, there, I feels like desisting meself, but not passive; 'aving said wich you understands why I give hup my morning constitootional, being generally so far as the butcher's shop, and actooally forgot to horder the meat for dinner in me 'aste to get to the Police-court on Monday morning to see the desisters tried and give 'em one of my spesshull smiles, as 'ave been known to do a good few people good when they mite 'ave took to drink, or worse, without it. As Bunyan says, "Wot's the world to a man without a smile," altho' I will say it's very difficult to smile with a bunion this changeable weather.

Well, as I was a-sayin', I sallies 4th on Monday morning and wends me devious way to the Police court, 'aving in me 'and that same trusty umberella wich 'ave stood me in good stead in many a tumult. Certingly, it's a bit gone in the ribs, but I 'ad it recovered the other day, and, without me glasses, it looks as good as new. Well, I gets to the Police-court, and you never see wot a 'ow-de-doo there were a-going on! One side of the road there were 2 or 3 of they phottograffer chaps taking snapshots at the performance; and, altho' there was a mitey big door with a coat of harms over it ready to 'and, there was a compacted mass of struggling human beings forcing their way into a little door on the right, for all the world like the first night at a theatre or Poole's Miriamer. So I hups and I asks a constable wot this is for, wich he says that they there be the passive desisters and their friends, and the magistrates 'ave give orders they be admitted at the strait gate, as being more suited to conscientious people than the broad gage, as the sayin' is. I can't say that I perceived much of a joke in this, not meself, esspesshully when I come to throw meself into the scuffle and 'ad me corns trod upon somethink shameful, not to speak of a very stout elderly gent. very near blinding me for life with the end of his walking-stick, just to show there was no illfeelin'! After a while, pushing and struggling, I were 'alf pushed, 'alf carried along a passage with a strong flavour of tramps about it, and landed part-way hup a flight of stairs, packed from top to bottom with desisters and they as 'ad come to wish them a long last farewell. It were a site, I can tell you; and as for the 'otness of the 'eat and the sultriness of the hatmosphere—why, you could 'ave cut it with a knife. We was scrambled in so tight that when a constable come out from the court-room up above we all dropped down one stair like a solid wave, becos of the extry room he took up on the top landing. One of the desisters near by me were very angry in a loud tone of voice, and demanded, as a free-born Britin, to be put into the dock, wich a good few agreed with 'im that they was determined to be summoned if they 'ad to fight their way up the stairs and into the room. Eventooally the matter and the stairs were cleared up by casting 4th the sisters, cousins, aunts, ministers of religion, and other friends of the desisters, as went away breathing out threats of vengeance at being did out of the last tragic scene. 'Owever, I got over that little difficulty like this 'ere: I notice the constable let everybody pass in who could show the white paper as contained the sum-



**Cheltenham Passive Resisters at Friends' Meeting House.**  
PRELIMINARY TO POLICE-COURT PROCEEDINGS, SEPTEMBER 14, 1903.

mons, so I jest folds half a sheet of writin' paper up the same way, and when he asks me the question I jest shows 'im the bit of paper, wich got me hup to the top landing—on a bogie summons—only to find the door shet in me face, "Standing room only," "Full up to the brim," "Perlice 'aving to put their feet out of window," etcettery, and so 4th, being the remarks wich was 'anded around permiskus like.

After we'd a-stood there in the biling 'eat for upwards of 'alf an hour, several of the crowd began to melt away—I mean down the stairs—but we was again contracted into a small compass by 2 awful stout individooals as come out from the court and very near drove us headlong down the stairs by sheer weight, one of wich pushed his way thro', and down he went, stating 'I'm off! I've 'ad enuff of this 'ere hatmosphere to last me a lifetime!" We wasn't sorry at 'is exit, seein' as 'ow there really weren't room to stand afore he come out, and afterwards—well, there, it were somethink onbearable, and I 'aven't felt nothink like it since I went to London to see the King crowned, and were ill for weeks afterwards thro' being scrambled against a statuary by the hind-quarters of a mounted perleeceman's horse. So we knocks at the door, and sends in word we be stifled and likely to be assfixated, not to speak of the injustice of passing out such stout individooals on to a crowded landing, as were daylight robbery and oughtn't to be allowed in a free and enlightened country like this 'ere, right under the magistrates' nose, as you mite say, altho', of course, their noses was on the bench at the other end of the court.

So after a bit, thank goodness, the door was opened, and we swept in like a reglar Swiss avalanche, and only brought hup by a sort of wooden board thing, within wich was one or two perleecemen, a table surrounded with lawyers and other things, and a kind of a tall refreshment bar, with 2 very distinguished-looking old gents. behind it, as turned out to be the justices, but didn't look like it a bit. Why, they looked as kind as kind, and I shouldn't 'ave been surprised if they'd stood up and give out a hymn, for the place looked remarkable like a Dean Forest Methodist chapel, wot with the sort of pews for the public and the bad ventilation.

Before the desisters was called up there was a nearly all of whom 'ad a excellent excuse for not 'aving paid the rates, such as serious

illness, bad trade, long visit of mother-in-law, etcettery, etcettery, and all promised to pay that day fortune. If they do I should consider it a miracle, so far as appearances goes.

A languid-looking constable 'ad to kiss the Book for every one of these, and the swearing that was sworn for that 50 minutes fairly took my breath away. At last, 'owever, the first of the desisters was called, and amidst a tidy bit of applause and a lot of "Shhhhhh—ing" (that word looks odd, but I don't know 'ow to write it down, Mr. Editor) from the perleece, wich stands in 'oly awe of the sanctity of the court, "Nathaniel James Bloodworth" was called up. Thinks I to meself, that's a good name to start with. Don't I just remember his father, and wouldn't he be proud to be there, as were great on liberty and the like when he were alive. So I bangs me umberella on the chapel—I mean the court—floor till the timbers rings again, and a constable steps up to me and says "If I continners in the way I be goin' he shall 'ave to do 'imself the honner of showin' me outside." "All right, young chap," says I, "if you 'adn't got on the shiney buttons and uniform I'd know 'ow to tackle you; but I spose the law must be obeyed, so you'd better take me umbereller till it's over. That there umbereller belonged to a aunt of mine, as were summoned over and over for Church rates, and I reckon it's Non-conformist every rib of it, and I can't trust it in me 'ands, that's certain, for when I views these 'ere worthy men, brought up like felons becos they won't pay to teach other people's children a religion they don't believe in, it fair makes me blood boil, and—well, there, you 'old the umbereller in case of accidents." He took charge of it, as requested; but, there, you know, I 'ad me feet and 'ands left, and, you mark my words, I used 'em, too, when well-known names was called out, and more esspesshully when father and son refused to pay. Then the women-folk—well, I tell you wot 'tis: I ain't so backward in comin' forward meself, but I shouldn't like to 'ave to be brought up at the Police-court. But there was young ones, as cool as cucumbers, and made the justices feel very awk'ard, you could see, and old ladies, up to all manner of ages, as simply said they knew of the rate, they admitted it, and they wasn't going to pay, that's all. Out of all the lot there was only two wich forgot theirselves; but one and all, in one way or another, told the justices they could sell them up or send

them to prison, whichever was most convenient, but they would not pay the education rate so long as the money is used to further sectarian religious teaching in the State-supported schools. Some had a lot to say, others very little; but 'twas all to one point. One said he were sorry to be there, and just as sorry to see the justices there, too, in wick, I fancy, they all agreed, being a disagreeable sort of a job; but not 'alf so bad as the dirty work an auctioneer will 'ave to be got to do—not from Cheltenham, I hope, becoss I can't trust that there Protestant umbereller at the sale of the desisters' goods, and I shouldn't like to fall out with a Cheltenham man!

After all the desisters had had their say the justices must 'ave been much wiser than when the service started, wick at the end the Chairman gave a very neat little address, remarking that as he wasn't the House of Commons or the King all he could do was to hear what they 'ad to say and then order their goods to be seized to the amount, wick I considered was very kind of 'is worship.

Well, well! I admires they as 'ave the courage to stick to their principles to the extent of a Police-court trial and 'aving their 'earth and 'ome sold up rather than pay wot they considers onjust. Besides, what can you do with people wick will first 'ave a prayer meetin' and then go to the Police-court as 'appy as any lord! 'Tain't politics, that's certain. Politics don't run to prayer meetings or police-courts or auction sales; so, you mark my words, whether we like it or not, whether we thinks they be stoopids or heroes, they there passive desisters will 'ave that law altered sooner or later. It's bound to be! We can't sell 'em up every time the rates are due for ever!

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 140th competition is Mr. W. Slatter, of 1 Rockingham-villas, Prestbury-road, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 51st competition is Mr. W. Thorne, Bafford-road, Charlton Kings.

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.

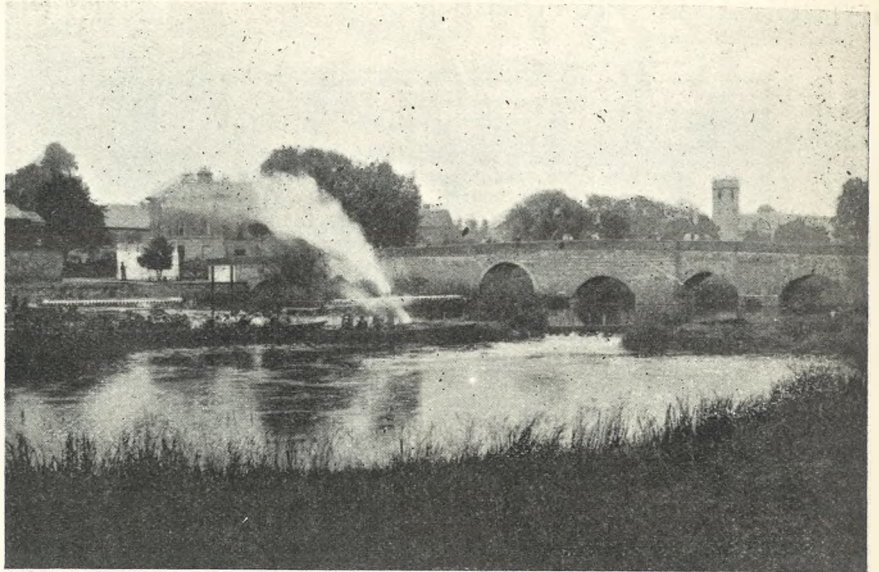
A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 33rd competition is Miss Lucie Peele, of 30 Imperial-square, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Vicar of All Saints', Cheltenham.

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

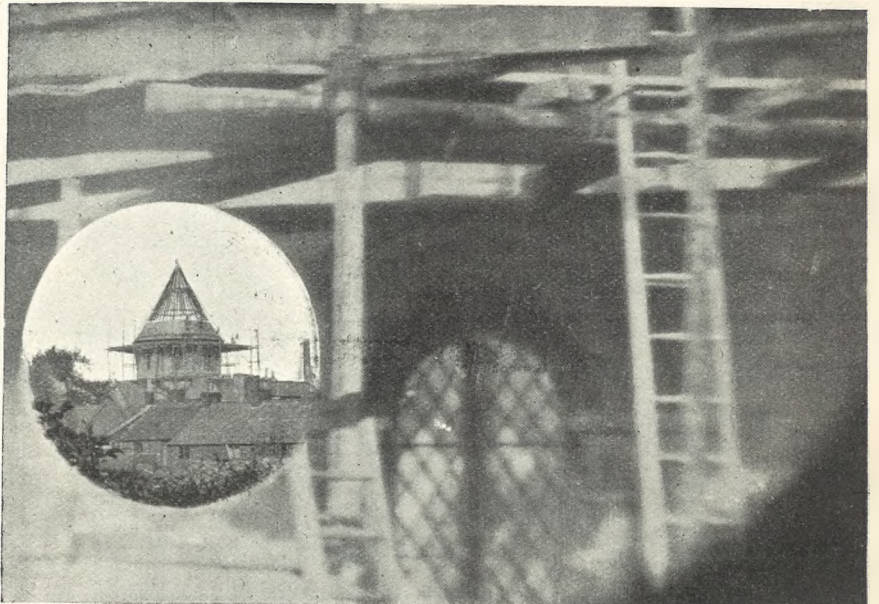
All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Charles Godfrey Massy-Dawson (O.C.), second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Massy-Dawson, of 7 Herbert-street, Dublin, and late of 17 Lansdown-place, Cheltenham, and Miss Wilhelmina (Wilna) Geraldine Haughton, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mr. S. Haughton, Government Agent, Central Province, Ceylon Civil Service, and Mrs. S. Haughton, of the old Palace, at Kandy.



*The Avon at Bidford.*

Photo by R. G. Salmon, Cheltenham.



*St. Peter's, Cheltenham, under repair.*

Photo by Frank Webley, Cheltenham.

### A STORY OF LORD ROBERTS.

Vessels of all kinds were in course of transposition, so as to be available for transferring large bodies of troops and the stores and horses incidental thereto. Madras was, in common with other Indian seaports, busy to distraction. The s.s. Dacca, No. 111, now lying at the bottom of the Red Sea, was one of the vessels fortunate enough to be chosen; fortunate on account of adding a large sum to the company's coffers, and doubly so in affording the jaded heat-worn ship's officers a change of scene and work. One of these officers, up to his eyes in work, superintending the embarkation of a native regiment and a large number of mules, was greatly annoyed by the ubiquitous presence of a short, dried-up man in spotless khaki, surmounted by a huge sun-helmet several sizes too big for him, until he presented much the same aspect as an early mushroom. Fussing here and there

with footrule and notebook, he constantly trod on the coars, both metaphorically and otherwise, of Mr. —, now rendered nearly mad by heat and the not too pleasant smell emanating from nearly 1,600 natives in an oven of steel—as the between-decks of a ship presents under these circumstances. At last, patience gone, the irate sailor demanded, with an embellishing adjective, the little khaki man's business on board at all. But without deigning a reply, the mushroom-helmeted one stepped into the launch awaiting him at the gangway. What was our friend's astonishment, when talking over the day's happenings with his shipmates, to learn that the man with the pocket-book and footrule held the Queen's Commission as Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Madras. To his good fortune, or Lord Roberts's generosity, may be attributed the silence which followed the contretemps.—"V.C."

**PETROL AND PICTURES.**

[By "ARIEL."]

**THE PRIZE DRAWING.**

**CLUB DOINGS.**

Despite the threatening aspect of the weather a very good muster of members turned up at the meet of the Cheltenham and Gloucestershire A.C. at the Queen's Hotel on Saturday, September 12th. Motor-cycles were conspicuous by their absence, being quite unfitted for wet and greasy roads. After a photograph had been obtained by the hon. secretary, the President gave the word to start. The run was to Cricklade, via Cirencester. Some very heavy storms were encountered on the road, but happily the automobilists had made themselves weather-proof, so not much damage was done. The members were successful in obtaining a good meal at short notice at the C.T.C. house, the White Hart Hotel. The journey home was done chiefly in darkness, but no mishaps were recorded. On Sunday the Club held a meet at Burford.

**A NEW RECOMMENDATION.**

One of the best known firms of horse dealers give the following guarantee in their catalogue:—"Quiet with motors and road nuisances."

**THE MOTOR ACT.**

As regards the above, the Hon. John Scott Montagu gives it as his opinion that if automobilism is to win in the future it must be by all sections pulling together, by the dropping of recriminations, by the adoption of a courteous and considerate attitude to other road users, and, above all, by always realising that motorists are a small minority, and that the general public can, if they take a further dislike to motors, crush them out of existence. Whether motor-cyclists or motor-car drivers, the watchword should be moderation and courtesy. This advice, coming from such an authority on motoring in general, is worthy the attention of all automobilists. They should remember also that the present Act is only in force for three years, and that if moderation be used by all concerned the Act will probably be repealed, and better measures secured.

**A PARAFFIN CARBURETTER.**

Owing to the probable scarcity of petrol in the future any device for using other liquids for obtaining the explosive mixture in the petrol engine is worth noticing. The makers of a carburetter that claims to be suitable for paraffin have applied for the prize of £100 offered by a motor paper for a carburetter that will use paraffin. A 9-horse Napier car is to be fitted with one of the carburetters for a trial.

**BLISTERS ON P.O.P.**

Blisters on prints are usually due to using the hypo fixing solution too strong, although they are very rarely met with if good paper is used. Blisters may also be caused by passing the prints from one solution to another of different temperatures. The hypo should be dissolved some time before using, or if this cannot be done, it should be dissolved in luke-warm water. Keep an even temperature in the dark room of from 60 degrees to 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

**FOR NOVICES ONLY.**

In using P.O.P. which is of the glazed variety, the smooth shiny side is the coated one, and of course goes against the negative in the printing frame. In P.O.P. of the matt variety, the side coated with emulsion may be known by its tendency to curl inward.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**

The British Association meetings at Southport were resumed on Monday. The economic science section was engaged in discussing the subject of garden cities, followed in the afternoon by several papers bearing in some measure upon the fiscal problem. The educational science section debated the necessity for more progressive methods in the teaching of geography. The meteorological section was mainly engaged in considering earthquake observations, and the results of kite-flying experiments for scientific purposes.



*"An old fashioned cottage in Leshampton Lane"*

Drawn by W. Thorne, Charlton Kings.

**A BRILLIANT ADVENTURER.**

The death has just taken place of Eugen Pfannestel, ex-secretary of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, which cuts short a remarkable career in a manner almost dismal. Becoming one of Prince Ferdinand's secretaries when a young man of 21, and rising rapidly by the aid of his appearance and address, he soon became the Prince's confidential agent, with a salary that was almost magnificent. His downfall came like a lightning flash. He eloped with an actress, taking a large sum of his employer's money, and when this was exhausted prolonged his vicious career by daring frauds and forgeries at the expense of the Prince, which at last brought him under arrest, though the Prince, hopeful to recover important documents, saved him from conviction. Then he went to Greece, but phthisis had seized him, and he has died at the age of 28.

At a meeting of the Cardiff Town Council on Monday a resolution was passed which will impose a time limit of five minutes each to speeches by members.

**A YEAR'S MARRIAGES.**

According to the sixty-fourth annual report of the Registrar-General, which was issued on Friday, the population of England and Wales at the end of March, 1901, was 32,527,843. The number of marriages during the year was 259,400. Of the marriages, 172,679, or 666 per thousand, were solemnised according to the rites of the Established Church, and 86,721, or 334 per thousand, were contracted otherwise. Of the 259,400 men who married during the year, 234,178, or 903 per thousand, were bachelors, and 25,222, or 97 per thousand, were widowers. Of the 259,400 women who were married, 240,807, or 928 per thousand, were spinsters, and 18,593, or 72 per thousand, were widows.

There were 551,585 deaths, of which 17,312 were by violence; 2,318 men committed suicide, and 803 women committed suicide.

Dr. William Smoult Playfair, the famous physician and surgeon, who died on the 13th ult., at Westgreen Manor, Winchfield, left total estate of the value of £46,262 1s. 2d.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 143.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

## THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"FLORODORA."

NEXT WEEK, THE GREAT SUCCESS  
"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

## Chandos Grammar School,

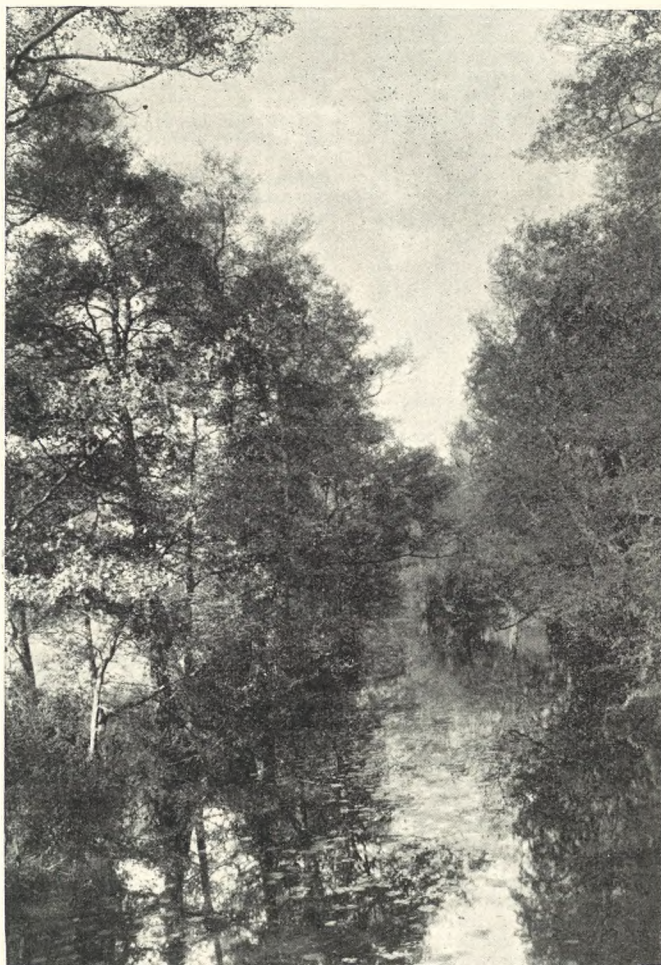
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

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

## FRENCH CRAZE FOR THINGS ENGLISH.

### REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS.

The Paris correspondent of "Pall Mall Gazette" states:—Although the French have for many years past ridiculed English literature, they have at last settled down to reading seriously the work of British authors. Every day the French are getting more and more British in their ideas. They who for years said that the English could neither act nor write plays, are to produce this season Pinero's "Iris" and "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," also a new French version of "Macbeth," and the "Taming of the Shrew." Football and cricket are among the most popular games in France, while tennis is played to such an extent that even the Ambassadeurs and Alcazar d'Ete are turned into tennis courts during the autumn and spring. But not only are the French devoting themselves more and more to English sports, but also to the English mode of living. For instance, it is no longer fashionable to partake of a heavy luncheon in the middle of the day or to go without afternoon tea. As for French houses, nine-tenths of them are furnished by English firms, who are doing a roaring trade in France. One firm alone, which started two years ago with three workmen in their shop, have now no fewer than eighty-five. All this is not likely to please the French tradesmen, especially the upholsterers, as out of the four theatres that were renovated this summer three were done by English firms. And so the English craze, which commenced in Paris about five years ago by the Frenchman wearing clothes cut by a London tailor, and which was predicted to last but a few months, has taken such a substantial footing that it is never likely to cease. Even popular English airs are played here by all the orchestras, although we are a little bit behindhand, for "The Honey-suckle and the Bee" is only just becoming popular.



Stream Near Haw Bridge.

Photo by G. S. Heaven, Cheltenham.

### MILLIONAIRE'S HALFPENNY.

A millionaire and his wife having been specially shown over a famous building within sight of Windsor Castle, the lady put into the attendant's hand a coin which he was surprised to find was a halfpenny. Thinking that some mistake had been made, he went to the gentleman and politely asked him how he would like the money spent. The millionaire calmly replied that he was sorry, but that was the only copper coin they had—they had only silver left.

### HANDSOME GIFT TO GLASGOW.

Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P. for the Trades-ton Division of Glasgow, having acquired the lands of the Thornlie Bank, formerly the property of the late Mr. Alexander Crum, M.P. for East Renfrewshire, has presented 136 acres of picturesque land as a public park for Glasgow on condition that no intoxicating liquors be ever sold thereon.

It is announced that the Bishop of Gibraltar will shortly resign.

**ENGLAND'S MORAL PARALYSIS.****TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.**

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

It is a pleasant boast to indulge in that we are so much better than our fathers, that during the last few generations civilisation has advanced by such enormous strides, and that the evils and abuses which characterised an earlier time have gradually vanished before the advancing light of knowledge and discovery. Sometimes, however, when we turn to the pages of the daily press we experience a somewhat rude shock. In too many instances the advance is more in appearance than in reality. Civilisation has done much, no doubt. It has polished the outside of the platter, it has given a thin veneer of respectability to our general conduct. But the old passions remain, the old animosities are too deeply rooted to be removed by mere social or commercial intercourse, while mutual jealousies keep us, as nations, from doing the good that we might otherwise do.

At the present time the newspapers are full of the terrible doings of the Turks in Macedonia. The old Bulgarian horrors are being once more repeated. At the present time it is said that in one place alone 30,000 men, women, and children have been massacred, while 150,000 more are dying of starvation in the forests, to which they have escaped. The barbarous Turkish soldiers, it would seem, are setting fire to these forests, and as the poor victims try to escape they are cruelly murdered. "But all this is being done by the Turks," we are told, "and the Turks are not a civilised people." But our answer is, What are the civilised countries of Europe doing in the matter? What action are they taking to prevent these terrible atrocities? As a matter of fact, they are simply standing round the ring and holding the clothes of the brutal Turk while he goes in and does his bloody work. It is the sheerest hypocrisy for us to talk about our superior civilisation, and our advance in humanity, while we are consenting parties to this appalling state of affairs.

As a nation we have pledged ourselves to protect our fellow-Christians in the East against the barbarities of the Unspeakable Turk. It is a pledge, however, we have made no attempt to redeem. I presume that if there had been goldmines in Macedonia and Bulgaria, and had these goldmines been owned by such financiers as dwell in Johannesburg, long before this we should have found an excuse for setting aside the authority of the Sultan, and crumbling up his power as we have destroyed that of Mr. Kruger. Possibly long before this time we should have annexed Bulgaria and the neighbouring provinces, and so added to the sum total of the British possessions. But when only the lives of men and women and little children are to be preserved, and no material gain is to come to us through protecting them, we can as a Government forget our obligations, and leave them to the tender mercies of that inhuman monster whose rule is one long and dire calamity. We have forfeited our right to the distinction of being the friend of small nationalities and a helper of the weak. We have committed so many atrocities ourselves, have devastated so many happy homesteads, and spread ruin with such liberal hands, that we have an uneasy feeling that it ill becomes us to interfere with any other Power that is scattering ruin and desolation.

In truth, our escapade in South Africa has smitten us with moral paralysis. We can fight our fellow-Christians readily enough, and destroy them; but when it comes to protecting our fellow-Christians in some other part of the world, that is a very different matter. Our helpless moral condition is enough to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriotic Englishman. We sit smugly at home in our own comfortable dwellings, we have enough to eat and drink and to wear.

We can purchase little luxuries, and take our holidays on occasion. Our ears have never been startled by the roll of musketry or cannon, our eyes have not seen the dear ones outraged, nor watched our dwellings blazing red under the evening sky. Our wives and children have never been penned up in concentration camps or left to fight for life out on the lonely hills. When we have waged war—and it has been often enough, in all conscience—the battleground has always been a long way from home; and because its horrible realities have never come nigh to us, and we have never seen with our own eyes the desolation we have wrought, we find it impossible to realise what the correspondents of the newspapers endeavour to portray in their letters to the press.

One is disposed sometimes to lose faith in all Governments; to believe that they are all bad alike; that they are so mastered and dominated by jealousy, by intrigue, by the lust of power and territory, that no one of them realises the ideal of what a Government ought to be. It is pitiful to think of the Governments of Europe standing round and watching the infernal barbarities of the Unspeakable Turk, none of them lifting a finger to prevent the infamy, each Government being jealous of all the rest, each watching with selfish eye to see how it may further its own interests. The Governments of Europe, if they were not torn by mutual jealousies and hatred, might put a stop to this condition of affairs in a single day, without a solitary shot being fired. But the Sultan knows well enough that the various Governments are so intent on their own affairs, so jealous of all the others, that they are not likely to interfere with him, and so he laughs in his sleeve, and, with his tongue in his cheek, makes promises of all kinds, and goes forth to do his diabolical work, knowing well enough that no Power is going to interfere.

It is pitiful to think how England has fallen from being the friend of the distressed and the champion of the rights of the weak to become the lackey of the gamblers of Europe. During our great war in South Africa the Sultan applauded our conduct, and he was the only Sovereign in Europe who did. Our methods of warfare touched his imagination and warmed his heart. Now he has gone forth to do one better. Perhaps he expects applause from us. At any rate, he is cute enough to see that after our own little affair it scarcely becomes us to admonish him. While our happy-go-lucky Prime Minister is calculating the hazards of a golf course or floundering in the mazes of Philosophic Doubt the poor Bulgarians are perishing by thousands of famine and fire and sword. Perhaps not one of the 150,000 fugitives who are now starving in the forests but has left some friend or sister or child in the hands of the Unspeakable Turk; and they know only too well what will happen to themselves if they fall into the same blood-stained hands.

Perhaps some of my readers will say, "Will you, a peace man, go to war with Turkey?" I answer that no such necessity could arise if only the Christian Governments of Europe would act together in a Christian manner, or if only England would lead the way. The Turkish Government only exists by favour of the great European Powers. The Sultan's own subjects hate him. His soldiers are represented as being naked and half-starved. They loot and murder to save their own lives. If England and Germany and Austria and Russia were to issue their demands the Sultan would yield readily enough. If he refused they might lock him up as a dangerous lunatic without a single shot being fired. I am no advocate of preventing evil by doing evil, or of doing evil that good may come. What is needed to-day is not fire nor sword, but the speaking of a firm and determined word. But alas! our Minister of Foreign Affairs is helpless, our Prime Minister is busy with his golf; while our Joseph is at work trying to convince the English people that a small loaf is better than a big one, and that dear food generally is for our good and for the consolidation of the Empire.

So in all probability England will remain silent and inactive. The punishment of our iniquitous South African war has come home to us in the loss of moral authority. The pulpits that were silent during all the horrors of farm burning can hardly dare for shame to protest now; and how, after the mortality of the concentration camps, can we chide the Sultan for despatching the innocents in a more expeditious way? Was England ever reduced to a more pitiful plight than that in which she finds herself to-day? This is what a feeble and cynical Government has brought us to. This is the harvest of our greed and passion—the outcome of short-sightedness and incapacity. This is the aftermath of the new Imperialism. And the end is not yet.

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The winner of the 34th competition is Mr. J. Allender, Eardington House, North-place, Cheltenham, for a report of the sermon by the Rev. Charles Spurgeon at Salem Baptist Chapel, Cheltenham.

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

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.

**BRIDGEND BAKER'S EXPECTATIONS.**

The following statement is going the round of the papers:—"Great excitement has been caused in the town of Bridgend, South Wales, by the announcement that Mr. Geo. E. Davies, baker and confectioner, of Riverside House, had succeeded to a large fortune. Mr. Davies, who is a man of substance, financially, has been informed by an Australian firm of solicitors that, as one of the next-of-kin to a relative who recently died in Australia, he has come into an immense estate. He proceeds abroad next week with his wife and a solicitor to make further inquiries. A London solicitor, acting on Mr. Davies's behalf, went to the Antipodes and found £100,000 lying in the bank in hard cash and an estate around the city of Melbourne which produces an immense sum ready to be claimed.

"In the course of an interview, Mr. Davies stated that his great uncle, Mr. Edmund Franklin, of Northleach, Gloucestershire, went to South Adelaide, Australia, over 60 years ago. He was a saddler, and was successful in business, making a considerable fortune and becoming possessed of the property of an uncle who had been a settler there before him. About 45 years ago Mr. Franklin died, leaving no will, and since then the property has remained unclaimed, the money accumulating in the bank."

## THE SUNDAY CORNER.

When prayer has preceded trial, says the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the trial turns out to be much less than we anticipated. The women found, when they reached the Sepulchre, that the dreaded stone had been rolled away. When Peter reached the outer gate, that threatened to be an insurmountable obstacle to liberty, it opened to him of its own accord. So Jacob dreaded that meeting with Esau; but when Esau came up with him, he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, and they wept. The heroic Gordon used to say that, in his lonely camel rides, he often in prayer encountered and disarmed chiefs before he rode, unaccompanied, into their presence. None can guess, if they have not tried it for themselves, what a solvent prayer is for the difficulties and agonies of life.

Men would have more faith in God if they saw more works in men.

Religious education is the great principle of the life of society, the only means of diminishing the total of evil and of augmenting the total of good in human life. Thought, the foundation of all good and of all evil, cannot be disciplined, controlled, and directed except by religion.

If man could work his way to salvation God would let him do so, but he can't.

Bishop Galloway, in his book on "Missions," gives this significant illustration: "In the published accounts of the burning of the famous mosque at Damascus, a few years ago, there was a suggestive coincidence, if not a striking prophecy. It was built on the sacred spot where once stood the old Byzantine Church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In building this Moslem temple one of the Roman arches was blended in the superstructure, on which was a Greek inscription from the Holy Scriptures. After the great fire the arch was found in place, bending over the ruins, bearing these words: 'Thy kingdom, O Christ, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.'"

Criticising the sermon may be but digging up the seed.

Be not startled or surprised at the approach of temptation, and give no outward signs of trouble or alarm. We should move forward on our course undismayed by the spiritual storms that rage around us. Even the "whirlwind" has within it a "heart of peace." So should we, though temptations compass about, have within us a "heart of peace."

An icy look often freezes a smile.

Friendship always implies the willingness to sacrifice self for the sake of the one loved. It should never be a main question what our friends can do for us, but what we can do for them. We want to be the givers, like kings; the helpers, like Hercules; the saviours, like Christ. A French writer says, "To love is to be a candidate for sorrow"—he should have said to be a candidate for sacrifices that enable others and glorify oneself. Christ was a measureless lover, and hence glorified above every other. One great advantage of friendship is its tendency to make a person like the one he loves. Even a good book uplifts the character; how much more a good friend! They tell us that love is blind. On the contrary, love sees that to which others are blind, and thus can win the secret of the weed's plain heart. Our friends see the best in us, and by that very fact call forth the best from us. Some writer has said that those who would be best friends need a third object in which both are interested, and then, like radii of a circle, the nearer they come to this centre, the nearer they approach to one another. This object may be God Himself, or any of the great moral causes which belong to God's kingdom.

Things that are too small to pray over may be great enough to sin over.

God in His mercy will have the soul comprehend that His Majesty is so near that it need not send messengers to Him, but may speak to Him itself and not with a loud crying, because so near is He already that He understands even the movements of its lips.—St. Teresa.

Live in the light of the truth and you will not die in the darkness of unbelief.

When a woman's nerves are on edge, when she starts at the sudden ringing of a bell or the closing of a door, when she feels irritated and exasperated at trifles, not comprehending why she cannot easily control her voice and her words, she is in a condition of fuss. She worries over bits of things that are not worth minding, and frets over a scratch on the back of a chair or a spot on the wallpaper as though a child had scarlet fever or a flood had arisen to the second-storey window. Fuss begets fuss. A mother prone to it has fussy and trying children. Fuss in the mistress means fuss in the maid. If ever life is to move serenely and agreeably on, we must renounce fuss and have quiet in our souls. "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm," is a prayer that most of us need to put up every day.

The highest family connection is in being born from above.

A certain amount of money ministers to the proper wants of man, but the man who spends his life in trying to make money is doing nothing more than piling up a mass of brass-headed tacks. What good does it do to neglect your wife, your home, your friends, to make money?

God does not ask us to find time for action, but action for the time.

Writing to a young man who had sought his advice, the well-known street-railway king and millionaire, Mr. C. T. Yerkes, gave the following excellent counsel: "If you wish to make a success in life you must have some direct purpose to labour for. Have your mind continually upon it, and let it be your pleasure. Keep away from the public-house; avoid dissipations; do not think too much about the week's end; avoid all kinds of gambling, either directly or indirectly, and do not work with one eye on the clock. Keep away from bad company, and have your own opinions."

The finest fabrics may be woven out of cross purposes.

God trains His people for service by causing them to pass through struggles. No child of God has ever passed through struggles of any kind that he did not have the presence of God with him.

Wise benevolence is always good business.

Sometimes a crude colloquial expression tells a story better than the most elaborate English. The Rev. C. T. Brady, a missionary in the West, says that he once baptised a little girl in a small town on the border of Indian territory. Her father was a cattleman, the owner of enormous herds. Each cattleowner there has a brand of his own for marking his animals, and the mavericks, or young cattle born on a range, belong to the man who can get his branding-iron on them first. This little girl had to remain away one day from the public school for her baptism. When she returned, the children set upon her with hard questions, and inquired sceptically how she was in any way different from what she had been before. She told them that she had been made "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." Still they gathered about her, and with the unconscious cruelty of children, baited her with puzzling queries. Finally, when she had exhausted all other means, she turned upon them, her eyes flashing through their tears. "Well," said she, lapsing into the



LADY WORKING BALL FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

As she appeared twelve miles from Brighton.

Photo by A. Howard, Cheltenham.

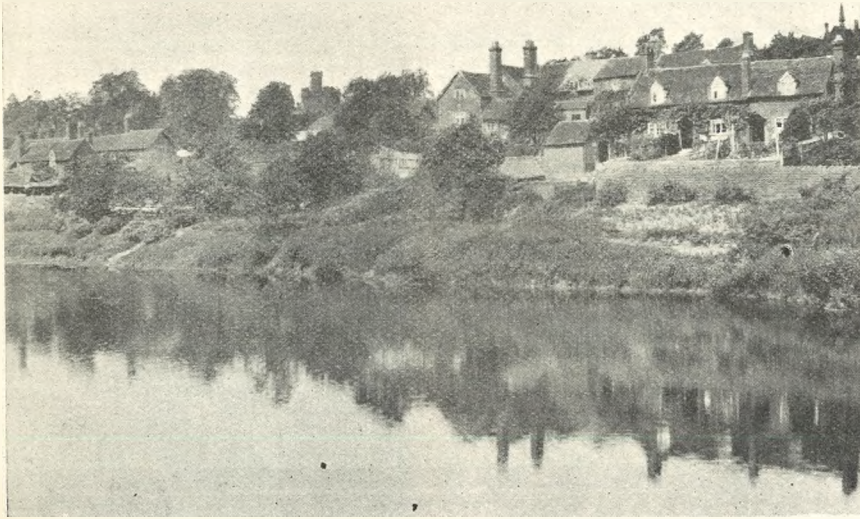
vernacular, "I will tell you. I was a little maverick before, and the man put Jesus's brand on my forehead. So when He sees me running wild on the prairie, He will know that I am His little girl." That conveyed the idea. The children understood, and were respectfully hushed.

### THE DUKE AND THE BISHOP.

Many good stories are told about the Duke of Devonshire, whose future course of action is being discussed so plentifully by the political gossips just now; but none of them, says "Club Chatterer" in "To-Day," is better than one which dates itself shortly after his secession from the Liberal party. The then Lord Hartington, happening to be stopping just then in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, bethought himself of calling upon his old friend, Sir William Harcourt. In the course of a walk up and down the garden, the Marquis began to display a deal of resentment against his new political associates. "They don't treat me," he complained, "with the same consideration as you fellows did." Thereupon Sir William gently enquired what the root of his bitterness might be. "Well," declared the present duke, "I've written twice to Salisbury about one affair, and he hasn't even answered me." "Why, what was your business?" asked Sir William. "Well, look here, Harcourt," said the Marquis, taking his friend confidentially by the arm, and blushing in a modest way, "the fact is, I was recommending a chap for a bishopric." Sir William contrived to keep a straight face, funny though the thought of his friend's interest in Church matters might be. "Who was your man?" he asked, with as serious an air as he could muster. Lord Hartington blushed again with a perplexed look. "I'm hanged if I can remember," he drawled out at last, "but it's some fellow Lubbock and Courtney are always bothering me about!"

The Emperor of Germany on Monday unveiled a statue of his grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm I., at Danzig.

Ex-President Kruger will leave Hilversum about the end of September, and proceed to Mentone, where he intends to spend the winter. He is said to be in a good state of health.



Arley (on the Severn).

Photo by R. G. Salmon, Cheltenham.



View of Cleeve Hill.

Photo by S. A. Iles, Cheltenham.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS A CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS.**

The importance of education and the development of brain power in the national life has been greatly discussed during the past week, and has given impetus to inquiries and investigations into methods of developing the intellect. The "Medical Press" says:—It is no doubt a very desirable detail in the education of the young to develop their powers of self-control, but whether self-control can ever be cultivated to the extent of overcoming nervousness is a moot question. Nothing assuredly is as likely to overcome nervousness in the otherwise healthy child as the rough and tumble life of a public school. The fact that in a minority of instances this life has the contrary effect merely proves that the particular subject is unfitted for ordinary work-a-day life and requires special care and attention.

**NOVELIST AND THE BIBLE.**

Writing to the British and Foreign Bible Society in reference to the Bible, Sir Gilbert Parker says:—"Travelling far into the world, it has travelled with me, if not always the most intimate, still the most faithful and lifelong friend. As history it has fascinated, as literature it has inspired, as a moral guide it has taught me not to call the thing that is good evil, nor the thing that is evil good."

Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, C.I.E. (O.C.), private secretary to Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, will vacate his post at the end of October.

The Government, it is said, have decided not to bring Lord Kitchener back to England to reform the War Office. The chief consideration that weighed with the Cabinet in deciding not to recall Lord Kitchener, and which will, doubtless, be urged as adequate reason, is that he is doing such excellent work in India, has already achieved so much and has so much more to do, and that if he left India now all his work there would go for nothing, and matters would drift back to the old level.

**ARTISTIC PRINTING**

AT THE

**"Echo" Electric Press.**

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

A hackneyed topic of conversation is, we all know, the weather, but the bad samples of it that we had in the past spring and summer and the first fortnight of autumn I think quite justified the continual talk about it in terms of condemnation and almost of despair. The nearest approach to it that I remember was that of the "black year" 1879, when the class which I have specially in view now, namely the agriculturists, were very hard hit by the incessant rains and lack of sunshine not only damaging their crops, but retarding or preventing the ingathering. It is some years, too, since there were so many ricks of hay fied through over-heating as have occurred this season. I often wonder that farmers do not make smaller ricks, as in the north, and keep them detached, instead of having large ricks and all grouped closely together in a farmyard, so that if one of them catches or is set on fire the others go as a matter of course. The harvest opened in this county under most trying circumstances to the reapers, more particularly in the Vale, for although it was some three weeks later than last year, wheat and oats remained in the fields in shocks in many cases for over a fortnight before a sheaf could be carried, and even a month elapsed before the grounds were entirely cleared. Oats deteriorated the most, and I am glad to hear that the wheat put on the market is in better condition than the grain was last harvest and fetches from 26s. to 29s. per quarter, a low enough price certainly. Fruit has spelt "failure." Even blackberries are doubled in price, but this is probably owing to the increasing and natural custom of farmers, seeing that there is money in them, "preserving" them, together with mushrooms, thus stopping poor people from having the run of their fields as of yore. As compensations to farmers stock is certainly healthy, there is an abundance of grass for keep, and roots are plentiful, albeit small in size. The welcome change in the weather during the past fortnight has made a wonderful difference to the face of the earth, and the ingathering of the harvest can now be more fittingly celebrated than it was two weeks ago by some premature people.

The continued falling-off in the number of Volunteer officers throughout the country is a matter of serious concern for the nation. According to the last return there are no fewer than 2,366 combatants necessary to complete the establishment, and the deficiency is chiefly amongst the subalterns. In the six battalions connected with Gloucestershire—one of Artillery, two of Engineers, and three of Rifles—there are 45 officers short, but Bristol is responsible for the great majority of these. I see that the 1st Engineers are put down for five, but there has been, I know, another resignation since the issue of this return, and I should not be surprised to hear of one or two more before very long. The 2nd V.B.G.R. (County Rifles) are also put down as having five short, but the deficiency is not in company commanders. I hear that the B Company (the old crack Gloucester City corps) has its ranks sadly depleted through resignations, and that recruits do not come forward. Still, it is so far satisfactory to find that the A Company in that city (Dock) is going very strong and more than making up for the other's falling-off. But this serious shrinkage in the strength of an individual company and the deficiency of officers generally are not good signs, and are much to be regretted.

Freemasonry is making further headway in the county, as is evidenced by the consecration of the Vassar-Smith Lodge at Lydney last Tuesday. This makes the eighteenth lodge in the Province and the second in the Forest of Dean Division. The names of two Grand Masters (Sherborne and Hicks Beach) and of one Deputy Grand Master (Vassar-Smith) are now worthily perpetuated in the nomenclature of lodges. Gloucester still stands first with three lodges, and Cheltenham and Stroud tie with two.

GLEANER.



The Beeches, Prestbury Hill.

Photo by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.



The Folly, Churchdown.

Photo by F. R. Willis, Cheltenham.

### TINTERN ABBEY.

#### THE CROWN'S PRESERVATION SCHEME.

The Crown is justifying itself in the purchase of the beautiful ruins of Tintern Abbey. Had a connoisseur of the tastes and resources of the late Lord Bute acquired Tintern, it is possible that a complete scheme of restoration might have been now in progress. The Crown has no such intention. Its policy for the most part is to preserve the ruin from falling into absolute decay, and to eliminate modern work where practicable. And this is no easy or small matter in the case of such a huge and elaborate place as Tintern Abbey, which has been exposed to all the elements ever since it was seized by Henry VIII. in the common wreck of religious houses. The work requires money, skill, and patience. Totally insufficient is the revenue arising from the fees paid by visitors to the Abbey (and this season, with all its continuation of wet weather, has, naturally, been a poor one) to pay the up-keep expenses on the present programme. That programme, after all, is rather more ambitious than simple preservation. There is the work of opening up to view parts of the establishment all round the outworks, which had been over-grown by the accumulation of ages or built over by small dwelling-houses.

One of the things which had seriously to be taken in hand in order to preserve the safety of the ruins was the removal of vegetable growths from the walls. Indeed, so persistent and insistent had some of the things grown that it was almost a question of Ivy versus Abbey. Ivy is a very beautiful adornment of walls of many an old building—and modern structures also, for that matter. The "ivy-mantled towers" of poetry, of romance, and of history would be robbed of half their charm were they denuded of the clinging, climbing, and, it must be remembered, assertive and insidious parasite. The experience of those who have now the up-keep and preservation of Tintern Abbey is akin to that of those who have had to deal with ivy in many other places. Where the roots are in the ground outside the walls, then, if kept well under control, ivy is both picturesque and may help to shield an exposed wall from storm and tempest. Even then, however, it needs to be kept under proper control. But should the roots of the growing, pushful tree be embedded in a wall, then it becomes a question of sacrificing one or the other—the ivy or the wall.

A very good example of this difficulty was encountered in, one of the earliest pieces of work taken in hand at Tintern—at the sacristy arch leading into the cloister garth. Here a trunk of ivy, with its roots deeply

embedded in the wall, had grown to a big stem, pushing its way through the masonry, but making no outside show of leaf until it got up over the top of the arch, to a height of nine or ten feet from the ground. It had split the stone work in all directions, and there was imminent danger of the masonry falling down. The place was carefully shored up, the ivy removed, and a new arch was erected in the original position and designed so that visitors can scarcely detect the change.

Ivy was not the only growth which threatened to bring the ruin into a state of peril, though it was the most extensive and insidious. The hazel, and even the elder, had in some cases struck their roots into the walls, and were asserting their pushful claim to supremacy. These in all cases are being properly dealt with. The four beautiful lofty arches looking east—those with some of their window tracery still left in outline—are being treated on preservative lines. The vegetable growths, from the green sward at the lower levels right away up to the tops, are being removed, and in some cases, where the resistance to the pressure of an arch has gone, a buttress will be built to ease off the weight and make the place more secure. There is one very conspicuous instance where this will be needed. At the left flank of the main arch as one walks from the nave to the chancel there is an overhanging pile of stonework, probably of twenty tons, which for a long time has practically rested on nothing. This will be buttressed and made secure. The old mortar, which seems to consist of washed gravel and pure lime poured into the spaces between the stones, is still in most places holding its own against the natural forces of change and decay. But there are some things which, apparently, cannot be preserved. There are detached shafts in the sides of the windows—columns of stone in the thirteenth century work—which are in some cases split from top to bottom, and some are, unfortunately, gone altogether. These are amongst the things which are hopelessly perished.

Some old dwelling-houses—old in a strictly modern sense, but modern as compared with the grand fane itself—have been taken down, and others will soon follow the same process, to allow of a more uninterrupted view of the abbey from almost all sides, and to seek out and bring to light the outworks and precincts of the whole establishment. It seems fair to assume, as the result of such disclosures as have already been made, that there is a great deal yet to be revealed. Many ornamental portions of the old abbey have been found in some of the doomed or demolished cottages.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,"  
was the burden of one of Hamlet's ramblings in the churchyard. There seems to be a good

deal of evidence that the beautiful handicraft of the pious mediæval monks had gone to the more utilitarian use of, perhaps, raising the wind for the Ship Inn, which had been grounded on the corner of the abbey estate; but this is now demolished, and the stonework replaced in the abbey proper. Another very modern cottage with a garden plot which had raised the level of the ground more than a foot above some of the ancient ground work has been dealt with, and the result is that a good deal of interesting work has been brought to light. Notably what seems to be an arched and, perhaps, tunnelled waterway outside the kitchen and refectory, with, possibly, an inlet or outlet to the Anjiddy Brook, provokes suggestion and explanation. Was it part of an ancient drainage system, a piscatorium (where fish was preserved alive for the Friday meals), or the reservoir for the domestic water supply and bath? In time to come, when the work of the demolition of other cottages in another direction is taken in hand, with the attendant excavations, there will, probably, be the opening up of the infirmary and the cellarages. The Crown is being excellently served in the work at the abbey by Mr. F. W. Waller, of Gloucester, one of the Crown architects, and Mr. John Roberts, the Crown keeper.—"Western Mail."

#### LORD ROBERTS'S SATISFACTION.

In a letter to the general officers commanding the 1st and 2nd Army Corps Lord Roberts expresses his high approval of the manner in which the recent manoeuvres were carried out. The marching of the infantry is referred to as "excellent," the condition of the horses was "admirable," the mounted infantry showed themselves "well trained and well handled," the Imperial Yeomanry did "good work," the transports were "in all respects satisfactory," the commanders and staff performed their duties "skilfully," and officers all round showed that they had learned the lessons of the late war.

Leeds has erected a new market, one of the largest in the north of England, at a cost of about £100,000.

Six deacons were ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough at Peterborough Cathedral on Sunday. Preaching the Ordination sermon, the Bishop of Leicester deplored the lack of candidates for admission to Holy Orders.

The marriage arranged between the Rev. Fred W. Worsey, M.A., vicar of Eardisland, eldest son of Mr. F. Worsey, of Woodlands, The Park, Cheltenham, and Irene Gertrude daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woodward, of Daffaluke, near Ross, will take place at Peterstow Church on September 30th.

**NATURE NOTES AND QUERIES.**

**BIRDS AND LIGHTHOUSES.**

Chatting a few days ago with the keeper of a lighthouse on the east coast, I was interested to learn that, in his opinion, far fewer birds dash themselves to death against the thick glass of the light chambers of lighthouses now than was the case when the powerful light reflectors were first introduced. In the early days of his lighthouse-keeping, he said, it was no uncommon occurrence, during the migration seasons, for hundreds of small birds to destroy themselves in this way, and he could remember several mornings on which he had counted over 100 dead and injured birds lying in the gallery around the top of his lighthouse, or on the ground below. This usually occurred during the autumnal migrations, and by far the greater part of the victims were larks and starlings; but tit-larks were often numbered among them, and he could remember having once picked up over a dozen gold-crested wrens. On another occasion a large "hawk"—he could not tell me the species, but from his description it must have been either a peregrine falcon or a honey buzzard—struck the glass and crippled itself. The keeper was standing in the gallery outside the light-chamber at the time, and saw a large bird emerge from the darkness into the light-rays and make a dash at a small bird. The latter suddenly darted downward, and the hawk, either unable to avoid or unconscious of its danger, swooped violently against the glass. The keeper had known an owl, whilst moth-catching around the lighthouse, to meet with a like fate. Only once had he seen a night-jar among the victims of the light, and he could not remember having ever seen a swallow or a martin. Almost every summer and autumn night many moths are lured to their death by the lighthouses. One morning last year the keeper picked up seven large ones, which, from his description of them, I had no difficulty in identifying as convolvulus hawk-moths. But as regards the birds, of late years most of them appeared to have learnt to avoid the lighthouses; at any rate, the victims of his own lighthouse, he believed, did not now number more than a dozen in a year. Another lighthouse-keeper, whom I talked with some months ago, was of the opinion that fixed and intermittent lights claim more victims than those which revolve.

**BRITISH SHARKS.**

It is curious to note how frequently, when a shark is reported to have been caught or seen in English waters, someone, generally with a view to reassuring bathers, writes to the local papers ridiculing the idea of sharks occurring along the English coasts, and maintaining that the so-called sharks are merely large dog-fishes. As a matter of fact, several species of shark occur in English waters. Only a day or two ago I saw lying on a fish wharf of one of our east coast ports a large blue shark which had been captured in a herring-boat's nets. This shark is a very troublesome monster, for it follows the herring shoals, and frequently finds its way into the drifters' nets. Off the Cornish coast it is often abundant, as anglers for whiting know only too well. Even more formidable in appearance is the fox or thresher shark, examples of which over 14ft. in length are not infrequently caught by the English mackerel fishers. This species is easily distinguished by the extraordinary length of the upper lobe of its tail, which, in a 14ft.-long shark, often measures about 7ft. One example, landed at Lowestoft in 1879, weighed half a ton, and the upper lobe of its tail was 10ft. long. This bony lobe is a weapon of offence and defence, and the species is often called the "whale thresher," on account of the flail-like use it makes of this weapon in combats with cetaceans. The fishermen state that a blow from a fox-shark's tail will break a man's leg. Other sharks occurring in English waters are the tope, smoothhound, and porbeagle. The hammer-headed shark is an occasional visitant, as also is the Greenland shark, and the basking shark sometimes strays from its northern

haunts to the neighbourhood of the English coasts, though it is a more frequent visitor to the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. This last-named is a large but sluggish monster: it attains a length of upwards of 36ft.

**FUNGI.**

During a recent visit paid to the little town of Brandon, in Suffolk, I had pointed out to me, in the Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, some interesting notes supplied by Dr. C. B. Plowright in reference to the occurrence in that town of two species of fungi, which had been found nowhere else in Britain save at Rothiemurchus, in Scotland. In 1874 one of these fungi, known as *Boletus sulphureus*, was discovered at Rothiemurchus. Two years later it was found at Brandon. In 1879 the other fungus, *Helvella infula*, was met with at Rothiemurchus, and later in the same year it was also discovered in the Suffolk town. The occurrence of the two species, both new to Britain, in two so far-removed localities, seemed so strange that Dr. Plowright was led to make inquiries as to whether there had been some connection between them. He ascertained that some years previous to the discovery of the fungi a ship named the *Rothiemurchus* had brought to Lynn, the nearest port to Brandon, a cargo of fir wood from the old forest at Rothiemurchus. "It seems," he writes, "highly probable to suppose that this forms the connecting-link between the two stations. Not that any of the wood originally brought by this ship is necessarily now in existence, nor that upon its remains grew either or both these fungi. If the wood in the first instance only contained the mycelium (the absorbing part of fungi), it is easy enough to see how it might have infected wood that in due course came to be sawn up at Brandon, where wood only of British growth is, I am informed, used."

**AVINE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.**

A few weeks ago reference was made in this column to Mr. J. E. Harting's interesting article on "The Fascination of Light," in which the writer asks if it is not possible that certain portions of the heron's plumage are luminous at night, so that the bird is enabled to illumine the water over a small area sufficiently to see any fish that may be near. The idea is not a new one, and Mr. Harting is able to mention some interesting instances, chiefly recorded by wild-fowlers, of apparent luminosity on the part of the great blue heron of America. Commenting on this in his "About Animals" notes, Mr. F. G. Aflalo writes: "Mr. Harting recently discussed in the columns of the 'Field' the old theory touching the phosphorescent light emitted by herons when fishing at night. From Mr. Harting's remarks it would seem that he regards this as possibly serving the dual purpose of attracting the fish and enabling the heron to see them, and he further connects them with the powder-down patches in the breast plumage. Seeing how closely the heron is by its own habits brought under human observation, it is remarkable that there should be any room for doubt on the subject; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Harting's remarks may have the effect of prompting someone in residence near a heronry to make original observations, and thus set a vexed question at rest. The kingfisher, as Mr. Harting points out, has possibly another way of attracting, or fascinating, the fishes, and that is by hovering like a quivering ball of fire over some shallow and then instantly transfixing some unhappy gudgeon, that finds indeed that all is not gold that glitters."

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**

Seaweed.—A correspondent asks if any reader can recommend a "really useful" handbook which will enable her to identify without much difficulty the seaweeds she collects? The books she has seen are either "too general or too technical." Where is to be found the happy medium?

Botanical ("C. D.").—Your plant is *Erysimum orientale*, the hare's-ear mustard. It is a well-established alien in some parts of the country; but it was probably introduced into the locality where you found it with ship's ballast or a seed cargo.

Capercailzie ("H. B. J.").—Your informant was quite right. The indigenous race of British capercailzie became extinct in Scotland about the end of the eighteenth century. Several attempts were made to re-introduce the species, and in 1837 one made with Swedish birds near Taymouth Castle was successful.

**COTTESWOLD NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.**

The last field meeting of the season was held in the Painswick district on Tuesday, when there was a large attendance of members. Although the early morning gave little hope of a fine day, the weather rapidly improved, and the beautiful scenery for which the neighbourhood of Painswick is justly famed was seen under most advantageous conditions. The members assembled at Dudbridge, near Stroud, and at once drove to the gravel pit at Gannicox. Here there is a fine section of well-stratified gravel with occasional clay bands out of which several freshwater shells were obtained, thus proving that the deposit was not laid down under marine conditions. Mr. Charles Upton made some observations and exhibited several specimens of teeth, etc., which he had found here. The drive was then continued and a second pit in similar gravel was seen at Cainscross. Passing through the outskirts of Stroud a short halt was made at the residence of Mr. A. J. Morton Ball to inspect several fine teeth and portion of a tusk of the mammoth which had also been found in the gravels studied by the club. Arrived at Painswick, the party were met by Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, who conducted them to the interesting old house known as the Court House, permission to examine which had been given by its courteous owner. After a detailed description had been given of this house, the members visited the church, where they again had the advantage of Mr. Baddeley's guidance. Although not of very ancient date it has formed the subject of a highly instructive book by Mr. Baddeley, and contains an interesting tomb and double chancel. Lunch was served at the Falcon Hotel. An investigation of the geology and archæology of Kimsbury Hill occupied the afternoon. Mr. Upton conducted the members to certain sections on the side of this hill and on Cudnall Common. He pointed out in the one section (that of Cudnall Common) the basement beds of the inferior oolite which he said were now termed the scissum beds. Above was seen the lower limestone. In the other quarry the lower limestone was exposed capped by the peagrit, the basement bed of which here yields a rhynchonella of the sub-decorata type abundantly. Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley very kindly invited the members to tea, an offer which was gratefully accepted. Amongst those present were Dr. C. Callaway, F.G.S. (president), Rev. H. H. Winwood, F.G.S., Rev. W. Butt, and Messrs. C. H. Stanton, F.R.G.S., and C. Bowly (vice-presidents), Mr. A. S. Helps (hon. treasurer), Mr. L. Richardson, F.G.S. (hon. assistant secretary), Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, Messrs. M. Bellows, W. Bishop, H. W. Bruton, O. H. Fowler, A. J. Morton Ball, J. R. Morton Ball, Major E. F. Becher, Messrs. F. Hanam-Clark, F. J. Cullis, F.G.S., Dr. C. G. Cullis, F.G.S., Mr. C. E. Cullis, Messrs. G. M. Currie, T. S. Ellis, W. H. Jordan, W. Margetson, G. P. Milnes, M. H. Medland, Lieut.-Col. J. C. Duke, Surgeon-Major Isaac Newton, Messrs. J. W. Skinner, Charles Upton, C. A. Witchell, Dr. W. Washbourn, and Deputy-Surgeon-Gen. G. A. Watson.

At a trial on the electric railway at Marienfelde, near Berlin, a speed of 114 miles an hour was attained over a distance of two miles. Last Thursday the velocity attained was 106 miles an hour.

The health of ex-President Steyn, who is at present staying at Reichenhall, Bavaria, is improving. His head and body have regained their mobility, and speech has returned. He can walk a few steps without help. His arms and fingers are still stiff, but give hope of complete recovery. His eyesight, however, is defective.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS AND OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Part 26 of Cassell's "Social England" is devoted to three interesting subjects on which alone volumes might be written, viz. Exploration under Elizabeth, Elizabethan Literature, and the Progress of Commerce. Mr. George Saintsbury provides the section dealing with literature. The illustrations of ancient maps, etc., are extremely quaint.

"The Royal" has found material for another exciting series of short stories in Allen Upward's "Strange Adventures of a Messenger Boy." On the artistic side we have Van der Veer's charming sketches of "Little Folk in the Nursery" and "From the Stalls."

In "The Empire's Salvation: A Sound Fiscal Policy," Mr. F. G. Shaw has summed up in popular language the chief arguments for Fair Trade and an Imperial Customs Union.

Facts, not prejudice, or mere assumption, should be the raw material of controversy; but the difficulty is to get the facts in an interesting and convenient form. Messrs. George Philip and Son have solved that difficulty so far as it relates to the fiscal controversy by publishing on one convenient single sheet 56 coloured maps and diagrams graphically representing "Trade and the Empire," showing where we sell, where we buy, the proportion of dutiable to duty free goods, and all details.

"The Smart Set" for October contains upwards of 150 pages of the lightest of light reading, yet both prose and verse is invariably dainty and clever. Douglas Sladen contributes a pleasant essay on "The Smart Set in Japan." Many of the stories and dialogues afford interesting sketches of present-day manners, and are generally humorous and good natured. "About Town," by the Saunterer, is decidedly piquant in flavour.

As the thoughts of so many people in every rank of life are now turned in the direction of South Africa, the book on Natal compiled and edited by Mr. C. W. Francis Harrison and published by authority, is welcome and timely. It is beautifully got up, and crowded with illustrations, chiefly reproductions from photographs, which are not only attractive from an artistic point of view, but also throw much light on the conditions of town and country life in the Colony. Much attention is paid to the scenery along the trunk lines, as well as to the industries that are being developed. The section dealing with the war district possesses its own pathetic interest, and the pictures of the battlefields bring home to us more than anything else could the difficulties with which our troops had to deal; while the illustrations of the burying places of the fallen remind us of the heavy price that had to be paid to establish British supremacy. The book is as full of information of all kinds as an egg is full of meat, and not a department of Natal activity from politics to industry is left untouched. There is a section devoted to flora and fauna; and the book is also provided with diagrams and maps. Mr. Payne Jennings is the publisher.

The general reader will learn much in a pleasant way of an interesting part of the world from Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's article in "The Leisure Hour" on "The Witchery of the Great Sahara." It is illustrated by photographs, which convey a good impression of the wonders of that vast waste. The same magazine contains a chatty article on "The Five Hundredth Anniversary of the Stationers' Company, and also a practical one on "How to Furnish a Cottage." As the number closes a volume, the serial features are brought to a conclusion; but the usual number of short complete stories, articles, and notes make up an attractive budget of well illustrated reading.

"The Christian Realm" is one of the most useful of our popular monthlies, especially for young readers. It starts a new volume with a serial by John Oxenham, and it is not lacking in wholesome fiction; but its chief attractiveness consists in its well-written and

inspiring articles on famous men and its pleasant literary criticism. For instance, a capital account is given this month of the life work of Dr. Arnold; and the "Mainly About Writers" and "Chats on Life and Literature" keep the reader in touch with modern literary movements.

DUST PREVENTION ON ROADS.

A NEW INVENTION.

A number of press representatives and others interested in the question of dust prevention on the public highway recently attended a demonstration near Windsor, where the roads had been prepared by the sprinkling of a solution called Westrumite. This solution, it is claimed, will economically and effectually settle the dust problem, which has become more serious since the advent of motor-cars. The invention consists mainly of petroleum and water, the process admitting of petroleum being watered down indefinitely. A section of the road was sprinkled with the mixture by means of an ordinary watering cart. The inventor, Herr Van Westrum, claims that a road sprinkled with a 15 per cent. solution will not require further attention for several weeks, and that the subsequent applications need only consist of solutions containing from 10 to 5 per cent. of Westrumite. The cost of Westrumite is £10 per ton, and a 5 per cent. solution, which is stated to be sufficient to keep an ordinary road free from dust, can be applied at a cost of a halfpenny or farthing per square yard. The invention has been tried with success on the Continent, and a stretch of road at Ballyshannon was sprinkled with Westrumite for the Gordon-Bennett race. Although several weeks have elapsed, the treatment of the road was still apparent. There was a complete absence of dust, and the continuous rains had tended to improve the sections. Subsequently racing motor-cars were sent over a section of the old Windsor road that had been treated with a 13 per cent. solution, and notwithstanding the terrific speed at which they were driven, there was a complete absence of dust. When once the cars passed the treated portion of the road they raised clouds of dust which quite enveloped them. The invention is receiving trial by the borough of Windsor, and so far the responsible officials think highly of the preparation.

WORDS THAT GO TO THE BAD.

It may seem whimsical to attribute a quality of original sin to the dictionary (says a writer in "The Academy and Literature"), but there is certainly some tendency in words, as there is in human nature, which makes for degeneracy. A word comes into the world, like the babe, in a state of innocence. Look at it after a few centuries, or even decades, and the chances are that you will find it coarsened, if not actually soiled. To take a very simple and obvious instance: one would say that "knowledge" was an idea so definite and excellent that it could not take on any unworthy significance. Yet to say that a person is "knowing" is not always an unadulterated compliment; it suggests wisdom plus certain other qualities which had no place in the original meaning. Still more sad is the case of the word "cunning," etymologically identical with "knowledge," and now so far removed from it that only the students of language know they are related. Think, too, of our forefathers' euphemism for a witch—"wise woman"—wise with the wisdom, as the "cunning" man is learned with the knowledge, of an inferior world to this. The same debasing principle may be seen at work in such words as "notorious." Many living descendants of Mrs. Malaprop use the word as if it were a synonym of "notable," not detecting that the trail of the serpent is already over it. The word has not yet gone very far on the downward path—not so far, for instance, as "enormity"—but it has long since acquired the specific meaning of fame in the evil sense. You call an anarchist notorious, but not an archbishop. That the

distinction was made in Shakespeare's time is plain from the fact that he applies the epithet to "knave," "villain," "pirate," "liar," and other persons not admitted to polite society. Perhaps—who knows?—it was he who gave it the first push on its downward career. It is only within recent times—probably since the arrival of musical comedy—that that push has been given to the word "suggestive." You may still speak with perfect correctness of a "suggestive" book or a "suggestive" sermon as one charged with thought; and yet when you speak of a "suggestive" play, it is not, as a rule, its intellectual quality to which you wish to call attention. If we are to argue from experience, we must conclude that some day the word will confine itself to that meaning exclusively, and we shall have to find some other term for purposes of encomium. It is merely by the differentiation of spelling—a modern innovation—that the word "holiday" has been saved from a similar, though not so sinister, double meaning. Probably 'Arry will disbelieve you if you tell him that his Bank Holiday was originally connected with religion; so wide has the gap become between "holiday" and "holy day." It is a typical instance of the family quarrels that occur among words.

MOTORISTS' NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Stead, F.R.S., Gold Medallist, of the Iron and Steel Institute, his wife, and two children, and a chauffeur had an almost miraculous escape from a terrible death. On Tuesday, as they were driving in a motor-car from Darlington, a train of trucks reached a level crossing without gates, which they were just about to cross. Nothing but a frightful smash up seemed to face the party, but the chauffeur, with remarkable presence of mind, charged down on a heavy post, and turning the car cleverly up the line, raced in front of the engine. Before the train could be pulled up, however, it ran into the rear of the car, but fortunately, beyond fright and a few bruises, the party was no worse for the mishap. The chauffeur's quick grasp of the situation, and skill, had saved the lives of the motorists.

WHY WE FAIL AT CHESS.

Chess playing has become a craze in the tea shops and restaurants of London, and all over the country clubs are springing up like mushrooms. All this enthusiasm for the game does not, however, seem to produce really first-class players, and the "Tatler" is forced to the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon type of mind is not adapted for chess. "Not 1 per cent. ever rise above mediocrity," it says. The study of chess practically involves the neglect of every other pastime, and herein may be the secret of the failure of Englishmen. Their interests are perhaps too diversified.

REDUCING THE POLICE IN IRELAND.

A significant indication of the views of the authorities in Ireland in respect to the maintenance of order in the future is the decision of the heads of the Constabulary force to reduce the day patrols in twenty counties by one-half. Hitherto two men have always gone together on patrol duty day and night, but henceforth the double patrol is to be reserved for the night only, constables to do duty singly in the daytime. The new patrol system will allow of a large reduction in the Constabulary.

"SKIN-THE-GOAT'S" CAR.

An interesting relic was landed at Liverpool on Wednesday by the steamer from Belfast, and aroused much curiosity. It was the Irish jaunting-car on which "Skin-the-Goat" drove away the assassins after the Phoenix Park murders, enabling them to escape for the time being. The car, which has been in the possession of a Newtownards firm of carriage manufacturers, is being sent to Philadelphia for exhibition purposes.

The existing telephone system between London and Brussels is to be extended on October 1 to Antwerp, Bruges, Charleroy, Ghent, Liege, Louvain, Malines, Mons, Namur, Ostend, Termonde, and Verviers.

**PETROL AND PICTURES.**

By "ARIEL."

**SANTOS DUMONT'S LATEST AIRSHIP.**

The well-known aeronaut amuses himself in fine weather in a small motor airship which he calls "Santos No. 9." It is only able to carry himself. The frame of this airship is made of pine and steel wire. The motor develops three-horse-power, and the propellers are made of silk on a steel frame. With such a small motor the speed is not very great. Santos Dumont has built a racer for the St. Louis World's Fair, and he has also on hand the building of a large ship to carry twelve passengers.

**PETROL LAUNCHES.**

The recent motor-boat races in France have directed general attention to this new field for application of the petrol motor, and many boats can now be seen on our rivers being propelled by these useful little engines. The King, up to date as usual, has acquired one of these launches. It is 33ft. 6in. in length, 6ft. in width, and 2ft. 9in. deep. The motor is of 20-horse-power. On the trial voyage the King went up the river from Windsor to Oakley Court. This launch will be kept for the exclusive use of the King.

**THE 1904 GORDON-BENNETT RACE.**

According to the conditions of the race, the cup must be competed for in the country of which the previous year's winner is a native. Everyone knows that the German driver, Jenatzy, won the 1903 race, which was held in Ireland, consequently the 1904 race should be run off in Germany. The German Emperor has just recently given his consent to the holding of the race in Germany.

**CLEANING GOGGLES OR MICA SCREENS.**

There is nothing better for cleaning the above articles than clean wash-leather and methylated spirit.

**THE LIFE OF A PETROL MOTOR.**

This is a deeply interesting question to the majority of motor-cyclists, therefore the following is worth recording. A motor company have received a letter from a customer in which he states that his 1½ h.p. engine has been 15,000 miles, has changed ownership four times, and yet there is nothing sufficiently worn to require renewing. Proper lubrication plays a great part in the life of the motor.

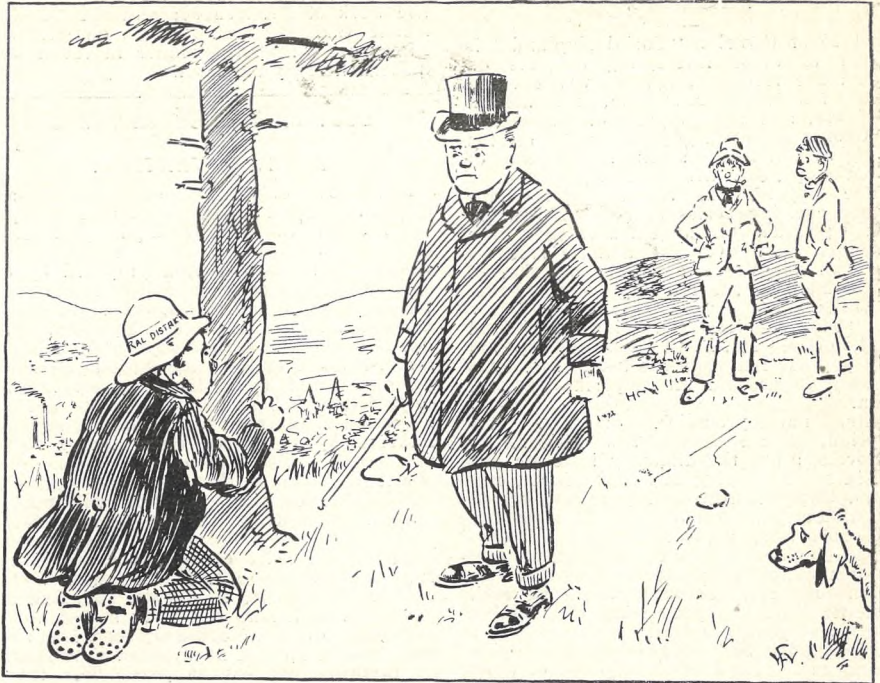
**ROAD WEAR.**

The "Electrical Times" has the following to say on road wear:—Pedestrians grumble at the immense clouds of dust raised by fast-running motor-cars. Motorists choke and swear for the same reason when they happen to be driving in the wake of another car. They also grumble at the rapidity with which their tyres wear out. Action and reaction are equal and opposite, and if the road takes it out of the tyres, the tyres take it out of the road. Therefore it is not surprising to find the highway engineer swelling the chorus of complaint. The rubber tyres extract the small metal from the large, covering the surface with a fine sharp grit and giving the larger stones play to grind, whereby they wear away. On long lengths of road the surface may be perfect in the morning; but if the day is dry and the motor-car traffic heavy, there is quite a coating of disintegrated highway by night. It is really all the fault of the horse. Our present roads are constructed with an eye to his hoofs; and until he becomes an anachronism it will hardly be possible to provide a surface smoother and harder than was dreamt of in Macadam's philosophy.

**INGENIOUS MOTORISTS.**

There is no limit to the ingenuity of the motorist. Persons who go out into the country just at present may find here and there on the roadside a considerable sprinkling of confetti. It is puzzling at first, as it tends to show that there is quite a plethora of country weddings. There is, how-

**THE PRIZE DRAWING.**



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

"At the conclusion of public business at the last Council meeting the members resolved themselves into a committee to consider the whole question of the coming litigation with regard to public rights on Leckhampton Hill. The half-hearted recommendations of the Rural District Council were generally condemned, and the Council decided on an independent line of their own."

TOWN COUNCIL (to R.D.C.): "Thought I could trust you to face the matter boldly. Now I'm going to take up a line of my own in supporting the defendants and maintaining the public's rights!"

ever, a deeper meaning. The confetti is scattered by motor-men as a sign to each other where the police are in hiding. Consequently the trappers are puzzled as to why the motors creep by.

**A DASTARDLY TRICK.**

A friend of mine who possesses a car recently found in the narrow road adjoining his residence two large rough pieces of iron with sharp points driven into the tracks made by the wheels of the car, with the deliberate purpose of ruining the tyres. Fortunately the iron was discovered in time to avert accident.

**MOTOR RACING.**

Mr. Oldfield, the American champion motor-car racer, announces that it is his intention to quit racing after he has fulfilled his promise to take part in the Gordon-Bennett Cup contest in Germany next year. It is his opinion that motor-car racing is too dangerous a business.

**LADY COMMERCIALS.**

Some attention is being directed to the appearance of a lady in the capacity of a commercial traveller representing a large Austrian industry in wicker and basket work, and it would seem to be widely assumed that the enterprise marks the innovation on the part of the sex. This, however, is very far from being the case, and some five or six years the movement of women towards "the road" bade fair to attain appreciable proportions. Some talk with the courteous secretary of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Association, who, by reason of his responsible office, is in touch with the calling in its widest ramifications, elicited the fullest information available on the subject, and from this it would seem that the feminine representative is a diminishing rather than an increasing factor in trade circles. Some few, it is cer-

tain, have established themselves in it, and notably in the sale of corsets, underwear, and baby-clothing, which is perhaps no matter for wonder when it is remembered how often the shops in the provinces dealing in these goods are kept by women who have seen "better days." One energetic lady is well known in the stationery trade as travelling with inks, pencils, and so forth, and another in the service of a large firm dealing in such medical requisites as bandages and aseptic dressings also proved successful. But prejudices die hard, and in unexpected ways they have been too strong for the lady traveller to overcome. Thus, a few years ago, a wholesale grocery house tried the experiment of sending out a number of good-looking young women attired in the latest fashion. The first orders they booked fully justified its calculations, but on the next rounds the fair travellers found themselves received by the wives of the retailers, who did not permit themselves to be cajoled by smiles or smart raiment into launching forth upon extravagances for which there was no local market. Travellers are rather clannish, and at the hotels they frequent the feminine traveller is shown to the coffee-room, not being allowed to join the "commercial dinner." The lady whose journeyings at Brighton and on the South Coast are now being noticed has herself experienced this want of welcome, and admits that she found herself "not altogether popular with the men of the profession."

Count Tolstoi, who has been accustomed to pass a few weeks every year in Moscow, has been prohibited by the Russian Government, whom his writings displease, from visiting that city.

It is understood that Mr. August Belmont has engaged Captain Wringe, who commanded Shamrock III. in the recent America Cup races, for the yachting season of 1904.