

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 149.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Next Week: Second Visit of

"Sherlock Holmes."

Mr. Julian Royce as the Great Detective.

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.

ETON HOUSE,

Wellington Street, Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten

Thorough education at moderate fees. Prospectus
on application to the Principal.

Half-term, Tuesday, November 3rd.

It is said that the late Mr. Nathaniel Smith came to Cheltenham some three or four years before the accession of the late Queen Victoria, that is some seventy years ago. The town was a busy coaching centre at the time; and Mr. Smith, a young fellow who had his way to make in the world by his own exertions, first saw the town of which he was to become a highly-honoured and well-to-do citizen, from the top of the Worcester coach. He is not the only old citizen who from small beginnings has built up a respectable fortune in our favoured town. Few men remembered more of local evolution and progress in the last century, as he came to the town when its population was but 30,000 and its affairs were administered by a self-elected body of Commissioners, superseded in 1852 by representative Improvement Commissioners. Seventy years ago the town was beginning to assume the main outlines of its present form, though the Colonnade had been left unfinished and the Sherborne Promenade (now the Promenade) was described as a "rus in urbe" leading to the once more famous Well Walk.



Photo by Lafayette,

London.

THE LADY BATTERSEA,

PRESIDENT NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN WORKERS, CHELTENHAM AND
GLOUCESTER CONFERENCE, 1903.

"Selina Jenkins's" Letters.

WOMEN WORKERS AND FIREWORKS.

Truly this 'ave been a woman's week, 'ere in Cheltenham, and proud am I that we 'ave done so well for ourselves, wich if it 'ad been a Hoddfellows's Congress or a British Medical Doctors' Conversation it would 'ave been nothink but talk talk all the time, and very little business done; whereas the "Women's Workers" 'ave grasped pretty well every subject as is to be found lying about in sight, and 'aving took it in their lily-white hands 'ave wrunged every morsel of useful information out of it, for the benefit of they as 'aven't no time to be "Women Workers." Not but wot I will say there's a tidy few like meself as couldn't get hup and speak afore a haudience not nohow, and don't know nothink about hideals and sich like, as is considered to be very good taste to 'ave 'em amongst the "Women Workers," so I'm told. Yes, there's a tidy few like me, as is women workers with a vengeance, and 'aven't never known wot it is to be anythink else, from lighting the fire the first thing in the morning to raking it out at night and puttin' out the milk-jug, with a saucer on it to keep the cats away. They do say "there's no piece for the wicked," wich I don't know that I be extry wicked, but I know's there 'ain't no piece for sich women workers as I be; but there, you know, some of the speeches as 'ave been made this week is very near so good as Jenkins when 'e were at 'is best, wich I 'ave a-knowled of 'im at one of these 'ere Debatin' Classes rise to sich 'eights of heloquence as were a treat to 'ear 'im talk, on to sich subjects as "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Stands England where she Didn't?" and so 4th.

If there's one thing more than another, 'owever, wich I considers is to the advantage and the credit of they there Womens Workers it's that they 'aint corrupted with politicks, wich is the curse of the men folk, as can't say ten words without droppin' into Fishcal Police and Big Loaves, and sich forth, wich don't come hup to hideals for somethink to talk about, not in my hapynion.

Lady Battersea said in 'er speech that "wives should not talk too much of their ideals to their 'usbands; it would only bore them," as is a very wise remark, 'cos for why—I've known women wich fairly talked their 'usbands to the drink 'abit by always goin' on to them about vegetationism and highgeen and sanitary laws, and sich like, wich is all very well to read about in advertisements for pills and American foods, but 'ain't so hinterestin' as a bit of gossip or the police-court news out of the "Echo" when a man comes 'ome torn and weary; besides wich—if hideals means 'igh and noble things as you feels you would like to do after you've 'ad a good cooked dinner and is jest a-toastin' yer knees in front of the fire 'afore washin' up the dinner things—then, with my long and hextensive hegspenience of married life with pore Jenkins, it's my hapynion that them sort of things is best kept to yerself; men is only men, after all, and I know the only time I really let meself go on the hideal question Jenkins went sound off to sleep—and snoring—'afore I'd got to the focus of my argyment, wich was about the foolishness of women keepin' their 'ats on in church jest becoss it 'ave always been done so, and I know I made a horatorical heffort fit for a Dutheess afore I noticed that there man were dropped firm off. After that, when the hideals come on, I kept 'em to meself, or ontill Mary Ann Tompkins give me a look in, as is very strong on hideals, that she is, and'll talk for 'alf an 'our at a stretch about the beautiful marble brow of the curate she sits under, and all the wonderful garments and things as 'e do wear durin' the service, bein' of a Ritooalistic persuasion, and full to brimmin' with "hancient usages" and the "Early Fathers," and the like. I never took a curate for my hideal, not meself; but, of course, there's no accountin' for tastes, and Mary Ann's very sentimental-like.

Talkin' about Ritooalism and Romanism, 'owever, Eric Bertie come rushin' 'ere a-Thursday with a lot of things in coloured

paper, as turned out to be six-pennorth of bang-rackets, to let off in memoriam of the 5th of November, wich 'e told me about a Hanarchist fellow called G. Fox, as 'ad a hideal to blow up the 'Ouse of Commons with dynimity upwards of thousands of years ago, bein' of the firm hapynion as this were the only way to wake 'em hup; as I consider mite be a good hideal for now-a-days—wot with the Dook of Devonshire always snoozing, and rifles that wouldn't shoot straight, besides sich slumbrous blunders as the Heddication Bill, and this 'ere Fishcal Fizzle. Well, this 'ere G. Fox, so it seems, were a Ritooalist of the deepest dye, and so, 'is hideal not 'aving succeeded, the 5th of November is set apart by firework makers as a remnant sale day, in horder to oblige the buddin' youth of England's massive shore's, as the sayin' is, and to bang a few bangs to the memory of the Fox as were caught red-'anded in the act of applying a wax vesta to the dynimity, and were tortured until 'e confessed wot 'e were about! Like Chamberlain, only a bit before-hand, this 'ere Fox considered the country were in danger, and that the best way to put it right would be to shatter his own party so well as the hopposition!

Well, Eric Bertie waited until the hevengin', and then fixed hup one of the bang-rackets to the area-railin's, wich 'e said when it were lighted it would sore away to the 7th 'Eavings, as the sayin' is, jest like a bird, committin' sparks and coloured stars all the way; but, you believe me, if that there boy didn't light the 'rong end, and the pesky thing simply chased me and Eric and the neybor's dog, as 'ad looked in to see the fun, all round the area and hup the steps, jest huff the ground, and then went huff with a noise like a cannon-ball, as made heverybody hup and down the street throw up their windows and enquire wot 'ad 'appened! The next one 'e tried 'e certingly sent it huff all right, as went hup bootiful, but the stick as were tied hon to the thing dropped thro' the bit of a cucumber frame next door, so I give orders that no more G. Fox's wasn't to be kept up on my premises.

That weren't the end of it all, tho', for that there boy, fearin' the damp hair mite 'ave got into the chemicals, actooally went and put a thing they calls a Jack-in-the-box, and 2 or 3 more bang-rackets, on the kitchen stove to dry, wich I didn't know a syllabus about it ontill, as I were jest 'aving a crust of bread and cheese for supper, there come sich a terrific hegsplosion as fairly shooked the 'ouse to its foundations, and, in the twinkling of a heye, the kitchen was full of blazin' crackers and coloured stars, and all the hinferrallest huproars as you ever set heyes upon. I should think there was a 100 weight of soot come down the chimbley, and a spotted dog as were on the mantel-piece were simply blowed to powder, not a hatom left.

As for me, I should 'ave fainted, only there wasn't no chance, with all they things flyin' about, so I jest throws hup the winder and yells for dear life "Elp! Murder! Thieves! Fire! We be blowea hup!" The next-dore neybor's was very kind, as come rushing in, and poured 3 buckets of hicy-cold water over me, afore they would listen to a hegsplication, bein' 'ard of 'earin' and not properly understandin' that I wasn't 'urt, not meself, only the kitchen, as looked afterwards like the siege of Mafeking or a reg'lar Bulgerian atrocity.

Wich I puts it all down to that there Ritooalism, wich if there 'adn't been nothink of the kind, there wouldn't 'ave been no G. Fox to keep in memory, and so we shouldn't 'ave 'ad Eric Bertie frightenin' me and singerin' 'is own eyebrows for life, as 'e 'ave done, jest to keep Fox in memory, not to speak of 'aving lost me my spotted dog, as were a very hartisticle hornment in his way, alth' 'e 'ave been mistook for a lion sometimes.

SELINA JENKINS.

The Dean of Bristol says that in a Bible class one day a boy was asked, "What is meant by sowing tares?" The bright little fellow replied, "Please, sir, mother mendin' my breeches."



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Local President National Union of Women Workers, Cheltenham and Gloucester visit, 1903.

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 147th competition is the Rev. E. Travers Clark, of the Vicarage, Newham-on-Severn, for his Gloucester Cathedral series.

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

The winner of the 58th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, for his "Fiscal Problem Made Easy."

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 40th competition is Miss Isabel Thornton, of Exeter Villa, Cramham-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. P. Cave-Moyles at St. John's, Cheltenham.

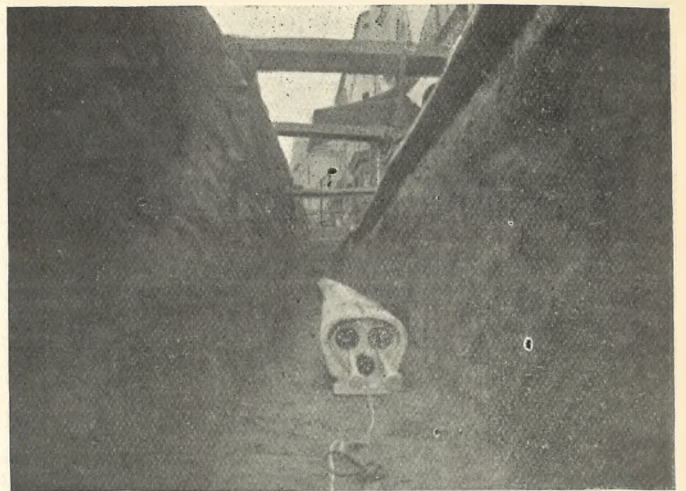
The sermons will be found in the man sheet of the "Chronicle."

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, 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.

An "English gentleman," advertising in a Church paper, tells the world that he wants a "Protestant gentleman, under 30 years of age, as residential companion secretary about six hours daily." He also wants that gentleman to be "well educated and thoroughly reliable, trustworthy and temperate, quick and mentally energetic, healthy, cheerful and companionable, and agreeable temper; quick and distinct writer, good speaker and reader, quick and accurate at figures. Comfortable, but very quiet home in the country by the sea. Gentleman with knowledge of and interested in boats preferred. Applicants are requested to state remuneration required, age, height, nationality, qualification, religious persuasion, age at leaving school, and previous appointments held." He proposes to pay this paragon from £52 to £78 a year, with board and lodging. In this world one seldom gets all one wants.



Photos by T. C. Beckingsale,

Cheltenham.

TELEPHONE CABLE LAYING IN HIGH-STREET, CHELTENHAM.

CANARIES.

NOTES ON BREEDING AND MANAGEMENT.

[By GEO. A. POWELL.]

PURCHASE AND CARE OF THE STOCK.

This brings me to the purchase and care of the stock. In purchasing canaries, either for breeding or song, it is advisable to eschew street vendors and birdshops, whose stock (often the refuse of bird-rooms, and kept under insanitary conditions) are frequently unhealthy and unsound, while it is not an uncommon practice amongst those who offer trained (?) songsters to palm off German hens, which sing a few notes, for cocks, at the price of the latter. Place your wants before a genuine breeder, visit his place if possible, listen to any advice he may give, and pay a reasonable price for what you require. In every town visited, I have ever found breeders most courteous, and willing to impart an insight into their methods whenever such was required. In canary breeding, as in other matters, you will learn something new at every place you may visit, which it is often advantageous to adopt in your own individual case.

In selecting a bird, handle the same firmly, yet gently. Listen for signs of weakness in the respiratory organs, and reject any specimen that makes a wheezy noise or with partly open beak and ruffled plumage sits melancholy upon its perch.

Having selected the stock—and this should be done by Christmas at latest, to give the birds time for settling down and to become thoroughly acclimatised to their new home—the eager and enthusiastic fancier will need to exercise patience lest he be tempted to pair too early in the season, for this variable climate is often very treacherous. From Christmas supply egg food twice a week. A hard-boiled egg and four tea biscuits well incorporated together in the mortar will quickly make this food; add a handful of boiled German rape, which has been well strained, and it is complete. Throw daily three or four hempseeds into the cages, and cut short the tails of all varieties, and by April let your birds should be in admirable breeding trim, and which date, sad experience has taught me, is quite early enough to pair the stock.

Procure a supply of clean well-dried moss and doe hair, which can be purchased of any working saddle-maker; and having all in readiness place the birds directly together, ignoring the twaddling nonsense which used to be impressed upon us in early youth, viz. that it was necessary for a courtship to take place, by viewing each other from opposite sides of a large room before pairing. Skirmishes may occur, but the birds will soon

settle down to business, and then there is need for careful watching. Some hens lay upon a mere framework of a nest. In other cases I have known the cock busily engaged in pulling the nest to pieces. Should this occur, he must be admitted to the hen's company each day for, say, twenty minutes, and must then live apart. Luckily, most hens, if necessary, will readily rear their own young. The eggs must be removed daily, and china ones substituted, until the third egg is laid, and then placed under the hen. A draper's gummed label affixed to the cage front gives the date when they are due to hatch, viz. fourteen days from the date of setting. The sitting hen need not then be disturbed.

When the tiny nestlings make their appearance, give a dish of egg food twice daily, and ripe seedy chickweed; or, failing a supply of the latter, lettuce, free from wet, may be employed, and given every morning. Those who have a garden, by sowing a pinch of seed at intervals, can maintain throughout the season a plentiful supply of lettuce for their pets. Chickweed, however, is a far better salad for the stock, being less soporific; while the exercise gained by walking out into the country gathering this weed should not be overlooked by the fancier who has the necessary leisure. While the young are in the nest an occasional sprinkling of pyrethrum powder will keep down the red-mite, which is the bane canary breeders have to contend with during the warm weather. A dish of cracked hempseed, when the birds leave the nest, will induce them to peck and crack seed for themselves, but they will require a little egg food, given sparingly, right on until clean moulted. Experience will teach the novice how soon the young canaries may be separated from their parents; but should they appear unable to feed themselves, and the hen, nesting again, prove at all spiteful, or the youngsters amply her, by removing the cock and his young to a separate cage the difficulty may be overcome.

A vigorous cock may be bred with two or three hens, simply by introducing him daily for an hour to each of his partners. The hens may safely be left to rear their broods alone.

To pass to the consideration of

SICKNESS AND DISEASE.

In a well-ventilated, cleanly-kept bird-room illness should be a somewhat rare visitor; yet it must never be forgotten that canaries are very susceptible to sudden changes of temperature, and it is well to have a few simple remedies at hand in case sickness shows itself. The general symptoms of an ordinary cold are a puffy appearance and wheezy respiration. For this, and as a simple tonic to increase the singing powers, procure twopennyworth each of paragoric, syrup of squils, and oxymel of squils. Mix in a medicine bottle, and fill up with best Scotch

whisky. Dose, a teaspoonful in the drinking tin with their water thrice weekly.

Inflammation attacks both old and young, especially the latter after getting well upon the perch, and usually arises from the sudden approach of cold damp weather. The abdomen presents a knotted inflamed appearance. This complaint is easily overcome by painting the abdomen with a camel-hair pencil dipped in spirits of turpentine. Two strokes of the brush are sufficient. The remedy may be, and doubtless is, most painful, but it is very reliable, and has saved many promising birds which would otherwise have died.

Egg-binding, which is prevalent in some seasons when easterly winds prevail, and is best obviated by pairing as late in the spring as the patience of the aspiring breeder will permit, is often a source of much loss and anxiety. The symptoms look more appalling to the beginner than they really are, and taken in time many a bird may be saved. A hen due to lay, and found panting in a corner of the cage, should be held gently in the hand, the abdomen bathed for twenty minutes with warm water, afterwards dried and painted with olive oil, the camel-hair pencil dipped in the oil, introduced slightly into the vent, and the bird placed on the floor of the cage. She will then probably lay her egg, often getting as far as the nest to do so. [Note.—Castor-oil is often fatal to canaries, and should never be employed for this complaint; olive oil is far safer.]

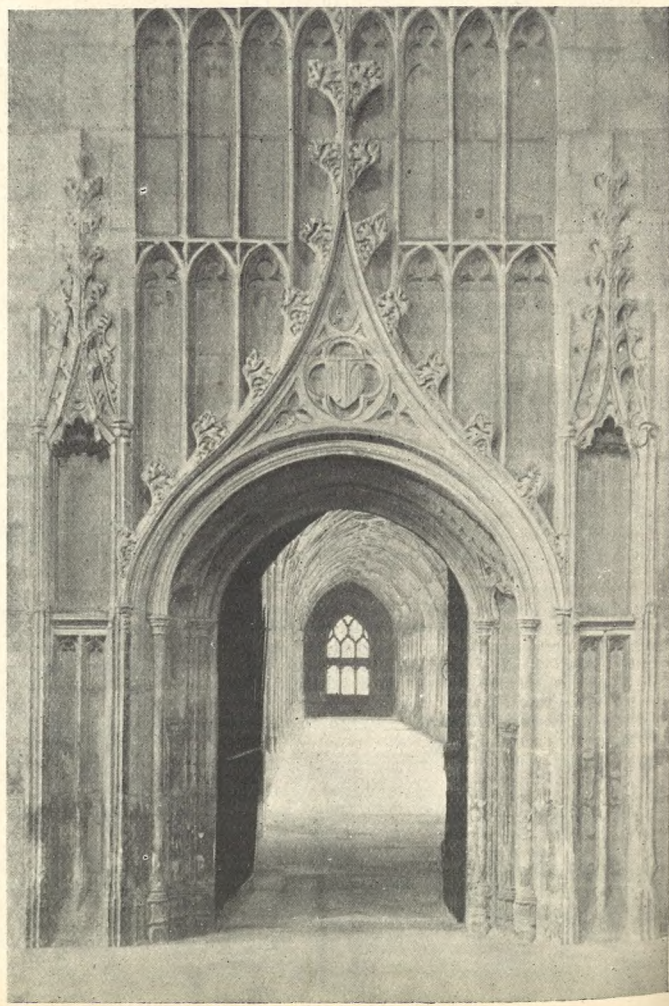
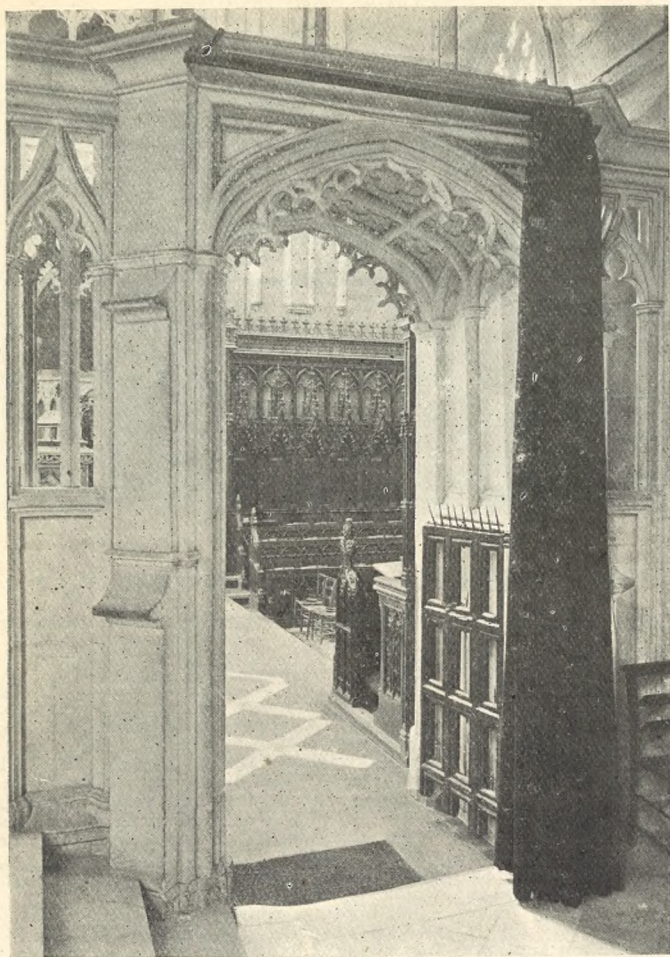
Scouring in young or old will rarely happen when boiled German rapeseed is used in the egg food; but, remember, all food should be perfectly fresh, and in every cage a piece of cuttlefish-bone, fixed to the wires, serves to keep this disease away. Stale green food will induce it to appear. Powdered chalk has been recommended in the egg food, but I do not think this remedy of much use in severe cases, and luckily the complaint is seldom encountered where strict attention and cleanliness are observed.

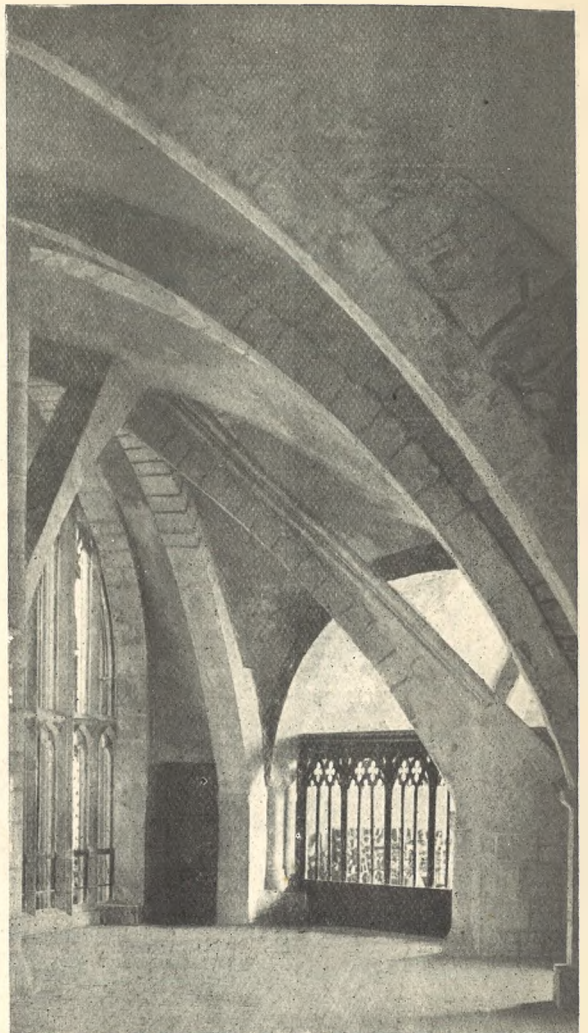
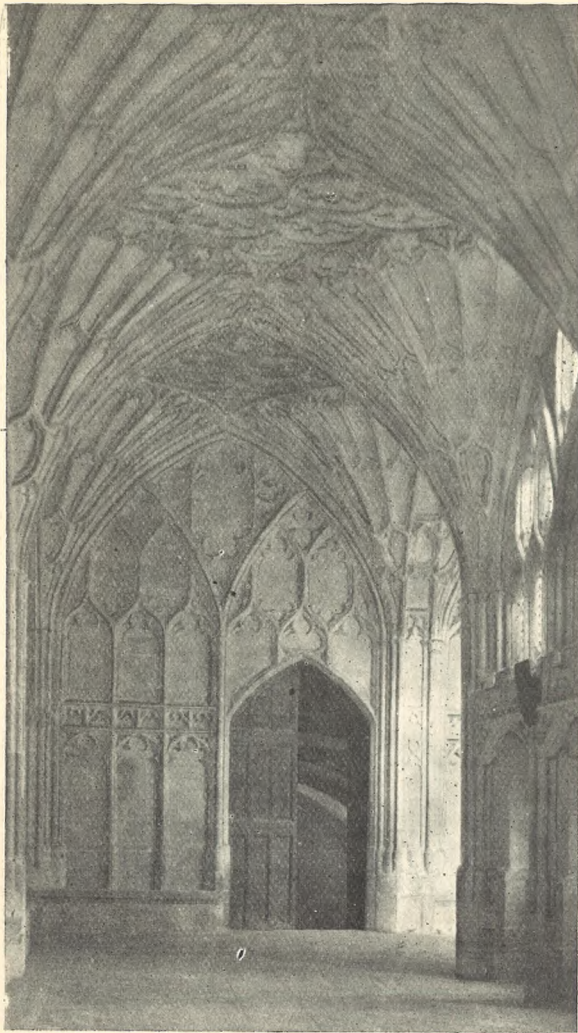
For weakly birds Parrish's chemical food has been found beneficial, given in the drinker; but the breeder should not worry over "wasters." They usually "go off" at the beginning of the breeding season, and if relied upon to improve in health and breed, will often linger or die, and put out of gear the plans for matching the stock.

(To be concluded next week.)

Leading Free Churchmen express doubts as to the success of the education compromise conference proposed by the Primate.

The "Book Monthly" says a beautiful story is being told of Mr. John Morley and his great book on Gladstone. He was asked, when he had finished it, whether he did not feel relieved. "Yes," was his answer, "I am very thankful—and very lonely."





Photos by Rev. E. Travers Clark,

Newnham-on-Severn.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL INTERIOR

(THE PRIZE PICTURES).

1.—ENTRANCE TO THE CHOIR.
2.—THE LAVATORIUM.

3.—THE NORTH AMBULATORY.
4.—THE CLOISTER DOOR.

5.—THE CLOISTERS.
6.—THE TRIFORIUM.

The following advertisement appeared in "The Public Advertiser," March 28th, 1796:—"To be sold, a black girl, 11 years of age; extremely handy, works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English well.—Inquire of Mrs. Owen, at the Angel Inn, behind St. Clement's Church, in the Strand."—The Angel Inn is one of the old landmarks which is being removed for the new street improvements now being effected in the Strand. The inn was at the bottom of Wych-street in 1554. Bishop Hooper was taken from the Angel Inn to Gloucester to be burned at the stake.

A recent paragraph with reference to hats as clues to the detection of crime recalls a famous triumph of O'Connell at the Bar. He was defending at the Cork Assizes a man on his trial for murder, and was cross-examining the principal witness for the prosecution, who swore positively that a hat found near the body of the murdered man belonged to the prisoner. O'Connell took up the hat and entered on a careful examination of the inside. Then turning it round slowly and carefully spelling out the letters J-A-M-E-S, he said to the witness, "Now, do you mean to tell the Court and jury that this name was in the hat when you found it?" "I do on my oath," replied the witness. "Did you see the name then?" "I did, surely," "Now," said O'Connell, "you may leave the witness-box." "My lord," he said, addressing the judge, "there is an end of this case. There is no name whatever in the hat."

An amusing story is being told at the expense of a certain London Board School manager, before whom and his fellow-managers the parent of some persistent truants was summoned. "I know your face well enough," said the manager. "Have you been here before?" "No, sir." "Do you attend — Mission Church?" "No, sir." "Have you seen me before?" "Yes, sir." "Often?" "Yes, sir." "What is your trade?" The father of the truant got red, and looked round vainly for a way to escape. Then he blurted out, "Why, sir, I'm potman at the King's Head."

The following extract from an interview with a tramp throws some light on the methods of the professional beggar: "I'm the inventor o' the idea of a man carryin' a baby in the street with another kid a-hangin' on to him an' that there bit o' crape what I told you. It takes well with a wistful look an' a tender smile for the young 'uns. 'Tain't always so easy to keep up the kind smile, though," he reflected, musingly. "Recollect one kid what I hired for a day off a fishwoman in Mount Pleasant. Never knew his business a bit. Brought sweets in his pocket he did, an' would eat 'em, an' laughin' all the time, an' callin' me Mister—er—Jones, out loud. I said to him, 'I'm smilin' at you, 'cos if I frowned it might injure the receipts. But if you don't be'ave now I'll fetch you sich a lick in the lug you'll think it's your bloomin' birthday.'"

"Rita" makes her third attack on the "smart set" in the current number of the "Gentlewoman." This attack is directed against the insensate extravagance of smart women who cannot afford what they order and who do not pay their bills. Women, "who are in debt 'all over the shop,' to use their own expression, who insist on being 'everywhere,' whether they beg, bribe, or steal for it, to whom charity appeals only as a 'costume masquerade' and religion as a park 'trot round' on Sunday, or the 'rippin' fun' of a confession to some ritualistic 'Father.' They must be seen, must be known, must be advertised, must be notorious in some shape or form," says "Rita."

"I wish," writes a correspondent who spends a great deal of time on the railway, "there were some means of telling at sight when ladies in railway carriages object to smoking and when they do not. I had a rush for a train at the Waverley Station at Edinburgh the other day, and scrambled in to find myself the vis-a-vis of an old woman who was the only other occupant. I was pining for a smoke, and was cogitating how I should broach the subject to the old lady, when she leaned across and said to me in the most insinuating tones, "Ye'll no hae sich a thing as a licht about ye?" Joyfully I produced my matchbox. A minute later we were both puffing away like old cronies." Perhaps all the ladies who intrude in smoking carriages really want to smoke, only they do not care to.

Gloucestershire Sossip.

The commands of two of our county battalions have just fallen vacant through the retirement of their respective colonels after many years' service. First in point of seniority is Colonel William A. Hill, who from October, 1886, had commanded the 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment (Royal South Gloucestershire Militia), in succession to the late Colonel J. Pitt Bontein. Colonel Hill, who for many years resided in Cheltenham, and is on the commission of peace for the county, was associated with the battalion from the latter sixties, and he obtained his C.B. while in command. During the Boer War the battalion was embodied from May 15th, 1900, to July 13th, 1901, but did not leave the country. The gallant colonel is credited with—and I believe rightly—having paid the cost of preserving the colours of the Gloucestershire Regiment from utter decay. They hung in tatters in the Chapter Room for many years, but, thanks to his liberality and patriotism, they were deftly restored, and now hang in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral. To Colonel Hill succeeds Lieut.-Colonel Christopher Guise, several of whose ancestors have commanded the battalion, and of which his brother, Sir William Guise, has been honorary colonel since February 10th, 1897, he having for many years previously served in it. Colonel Christopher Guise took part in the Boer War, being attached to the Rhodesian Field Force under General Sir Frederick Carrington.

The other colonel who has taken his farewell is Colonel Richard Rogers, V.D., from the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineer Volunteers, which command he had held since June 15th, 1889. He has practically been a life-long Volunteer, for he joined the force in London in 1859 on its formation, as a reply to the blustering of the French colonels. He was present at the first review of the Volunteers that the late Queen Victoria held in Hyde Park on June 23rd, 1860. The connection of Colonel Rogers with the Engineers dates from June 6th, 1876, when he joined it as a sub-lieutenant, and now, on ultimate retirement, after three extensions of his command, he has the satisfaction of leaving it, as he says in his farewell order, thanks to the loyal co-operation of the officers, rank and file, and permanent staff, in the high esteem of the superior authorities. The fine permanent memorial of the gallant colonel's regime is to be found in the drill-hall and headquarters of the corps in the Swindon-road, for he was mainly instrumental in providing this desideratum. I don't know what the Engineers will do without Colonel Rogers, or what he will do without them. The least honour, I should say, that he is entitled to is a Companionship of the Bath. I hope the "sappers" will soon recover their full complement of officers, for I regret to see that two more combatants were gazetted out last Friday.

Many of the All Saints' people at Cheltenham still continue to take a kindly and practical interest in the work of their popular curate, the Rev. Leonard A. Lyne, as vicar of St. Mark's, Gloucester. The rev. gentleman is making great headway in that parish, and I am glad to frequently see in his magazine acknowledgments of contributions in money or kind towards various works and objects from Cheltenham. His new parish hall will shortly receive the organ which the Rev. George Gardner has generously given to it from All Saints' Mission Room. It is peculiarly appropriate that this instrument should go to St. Mark's, for it was brought to All Saints' from St. John's Church, Gloucester, and therefore it will in reality be returned to the church of the ecclesiastical parish carved out of St. John's parochial parish.

GLEANER.

Worcestershire now has a Public-house Trust Company, and business will be commenced with a house at Cakemore, Hales-owen.



Photo by Gertrude Humpidge,

Swindon.

FLOODS AT SWINDON, NEAR CHELTENHAM

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by G. J. Cox,

THE FISCAL PROBLEM MADE EASY.

Cheltenham.

JOHNNY BULL: I say! they've got better motors and boats than I have, and they say I'm slack and can't make things like they can.
UNCLE JOE: New Johnny; I'll build you a nice little Tariff Fence, and then those nasty boys won't be able to come and sneak all your best industries and worry you.

POETRY.

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

[By J. L. RANDALL.]

Published in his "History of the Meynell Hounds."

A.D.19.—An old farmer sings to the accompaniment of the rattle of the express rushing through the Midlands.

We lamed the nags, we maimed the men, we rolled them in the mire,
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire.

Can it really be November? Can winter have begun?
There's the usual loss of verdure, and the absence of the sun.

Oh yes, there are the common signs; but one I find we lack—
The huntsman's horn, the cheering cry, the music of the pack.

Oh, dull and drear's the time of year when nothing gives relief
From the settled gloom which follows the falling of the leaf.

Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire?
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire.

Oh, what were trampled pastures? And oh, what was damaged wheat?
Or poultry raised and fattened which the foxes used to eat?

Oh, what were broken fences? What was stock all gone astray?
Great houses bought our produce then; great stables used our hay.

There was stir and animation, the country side was gay
With all the pomp and glitter and pride of a hunting day.

Who mangled them, and tangled them, and rolled them in the mire?
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire.

The halls are all deserted now where gentry used to be;
There's no one left but t'doctor, and t'rector, and Hodge, and me;

There's no one rides about the land, and I miss the friendly nod
I got on hunting mornings, though the horse hoofs cut the sod.

Though many's the time I've grumbled, yet now I should rejoice
To see a smiling countenance and hear a cheery voice.

Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire?
We killed the goose with the golden eggs with the thrice-accursed wire.

There are tons of hay uneaten and lying in the mow.
Is the meadow grass worth cutting at the price it fetches now?

The towns are full of loafing men who used to earn their bread—
All idle since we farmers knocked fox-hunting on the head.

The blacksmith's in the workhouse, and the saddler's ruined, too;
We little thought all this would come of what we meant to do.

Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire.
And killed the goose with the golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire?

The whippers in are in the House, the huntsman's breaking stones,
The doctor's lost the goodly job of setting sportsmen's bones.

While us as stays must pay the rates—there's no one else to pay.
It's twice as hard upon the rest now they have gone away.

And parson say there's no one now to help the poor in need.
Dad! All the world looks black at us—the men as done the deed;

As lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire,
And killed the goose with the golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire.

The shires are quite a desert now the quality has fled,
Their homes are still and silent as the dwellings of the dead.

There seems a blight upon the land. Accursed be the day
That spoilt their sport, that robbed the land, and drove their wealth away.

When the gold they spent with us went with them across the sea.
Ah, well, 'twas our own doing—that's as p'ain as rain can be.

Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire.



Drawn by Foster Waite,

Cheltenham.

SON: I say, Guv'nor, we shall be loite fer that troine if we doan't step it owut a bit.

FATHER: Yis; I reckon we shall. That's what comes of waitin' fer that thear trem.

And killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire?

Where are those stalwart riders? Where those forms of winsome grace?

Gone! Ay, and gone for ever! Who will fill the vacant place?

They're off to Pau and Zanzibar, to Paris and Peru,

To Nice and California; there was nothing else to do.

You can't expect a sporting race to stay when sport is dead.

They've taken flight, and with them, too, prosperity has fled.

We mangled them, and tangled them, and rolled them in the mire.

And killed the goose with the golden eggs with thrice-accursed wire.

Writing in the "Police Review and Parade Gossip," Mr. J. Challen, Chief Constable of Newark, enters a plea for that somewhat hardly-used class, the unemployed on tramp.

If, he argues, the police were instructed to issue to genuine working men applicants who intended starting on the road in search of work a certificate bearing the name, address, trade, or profession, and a full description of the applicant, the victim of circumstances would then always have easy access to a reliable certificate of character and identity.

Nor could this passport be readily obtained by or transferred to the professional tramp.

The visitors at the casual ward might then be divided into

two classes, and the holders of the certificate should be exempt from the imposition of task-work or detention.

As for the professional tramp, the man too lazy to work, his treatment would remain unaltered.

What this "roadster's" sentiments are may be found expressed in the following trifle, which some poet unknown to fame left behind him in the casual ward:

The sailor loves his good old ship,
The soldier loves his camp;

But give to me the good old road,
To live and die a tramp.

If Viscount Boringdon, eldest son of the Earl of Morley, intends making a book out of his present tour of the Empire, the chapter on Norfolk Island and the sensational sequel to his visit to that lonely spot will be interesting reading.

It is not every noble tourist whose steamer catches fire, explodes, and leaves not a trace behind.

Lord Boringdon and his fellow-passengers are to be congratulated on their narrow escape from a frightful disaster.

Lord Howe Island, which the burning Ovaiau reached just in time to enable passengers and crew to save their lives, is a little dependency of New South Wales, six miles long and one broad, with a population of a hundred souls.

It is 150 miles from Sydney, and was once renowned for its turtles.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

WIDE HANDLE-BARS.

All motor-cycle makers should fit wide handle-bars on their machines. There is no doubt that a wide handle-bar on a motor-cycle is a great advantage, as it renders the steering much easier, and also undoubtedly lessens the vibration from the front wheel. The handle-bars on my own machine measure just twenty inches across, and I consider this is about the right width. When ordering a motor-cycle always insist on having a wide bar fitted.

A SMALL BUT IMPORTANT DETAIL.

A well-known journal gives some sound advice on the use of the screw wrench. Even in so simple an affair as that of loosening or tightening up a nut, there is a right way and a wrong way of setting about it. The right way is always to have the jaws of the wrench pointing the same way as you are pulling. The reverse has a tendency to prise the jaws of the wrench apart, while at the same time giving you a weaker hold upon the nut, with a greater liability of taking the corners off it. By the way, it would be an excellent thing if manufacturers would fit square instead of hexagon nuts. The latter are a continual source of annoyance through the edges becoming burred. Always screw the wrench tight to the nut before applying power to it. It is the abuse of the wrench, not the use of it, that ruins nuts and bolt-heads on the engine and the machine. The motor-cyclist should remember that the ordinary cheap common wrench is of no use whatever for motor-work. It pays in the end to buy good tools. In the majority of the wrenches offered to the confiding cyclist, the jaws are too soft for the work. A little attention to the foregoing may prevent some trouble.

SIDE-CARRIAGES.

Whether a motor-cycle side-carriage is liable to duty or not is an extremely important question. Mr. Staplee Firth (solicitor to the A.C. of Great Britain and Ireland) states that a side-carriage is not liable to duty, and gives the following reasons in support of that view:—"It is not a carriage, as it is incapable of running or being used on the road except when so fitted as to form a part or parcel of another machine, namely it is not a carriage which can run upon its own wheels unsupported. Upon this basis the Inland Revenue people have decided that a trailer behind a bicycle becomes part and parcel of the bicycle or motor bicycle, and therefore there is only one license required."

TAXATION UNDER THE NEW ACT: HOW THE MOTOR-CYCLIST STANDS.

All motor-cyclists are already aware that the license to keep and use a motor-bicycle or motor-tricycle is 15s. per annum. The new Act, which comes into force next January, imposes two new taxes. The first is a registration fee (numbering) of 5s. for motor-cycles. The second is the fee of 5s. for the driver's license, which all motorists must obtain. So that it will be perfectly clear that the owner of a motor-bicycle or tricycle has next January to pay—(1) 15s. for carriage license; (2) 5s. registration fee; (3) 5s. for driver's license, thus making a total of 25s. This includes the use of a fore-carriage or side carriage. There is one very important thing to remember in dealing with the foregoing, and that is that a motor license does not run for twelve months from the date of being issued. It begins Jan. 1st and ends Dec. 31st.

TONING P.O.P.

It should be remembered that the results obtained by toning (which consists in the substitution of finely-divided gold for the silver of the print) will depend more on the quality of the negative than on the particular toning solution used. With thin, weak negatives perfection in toning cannot be obtained.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Cheltenham.

SEATS FOR VISITORS!

"Early this morning a tramp was to be seen seated on one of the benches in front of the Winter Garden, attending to his toilet, including the combing and brushing of a heavy mat of dirty hair!"—"Gloucestershire Echo," October 27th, 1903.

Motorists possess dual powers in politics, those of voting and motoring. Not only can they withhold their suffrages from candidates of anti-motoring tendencies, but they can exercise even greater influence by refusing the use of their cars to convey opposition voters to the polls, and, as recent contests have shown, no less up-to-date method of locomotion will serve for the modern elector. The influence of the motorist's vote has been regarded with scepticism even by automobilists, but in Brussels the communal elections have put the matter to a practical test. M. de Mot, the burgomaster, achieved celebrity by his regulations, which limited cars in certain streets to three miles an hour, an infinitesimal speed that caused them to become an obstruction to other traffic. However, the turn of the motorists has come with the elections, and although M. de Mot is not deprived of his seat on the city council, the automobile influence has brought him from the top to the bottom of the list. The incident is encouraging to motorists harassed by local authorities, but it is not worth while to speculate whether fiscalitis or petrolitis would have the preponderant influence on English Parliamentary elections.

All names originally had a meaning, though in the course of ages the significance of most of them has lapsed from the memory of mankind. Many surnames come from old Christian names that have now gone out of use, or are very little used, such as Anstis, Bennett, Colman, Dodd, Hesketh, Harvey. It is impossible to fix the time when surnames began to be used in England, but it seems to have been about the end of the tenth century. The practice had certainly begun, both in Normandy and in England, before the Conquest, but it gained ground slowly, and had not become general till the fifteenth century. The oldest names are those bestowed originally on account of some peculiarity of figure, feature, character, deed of prowess, eccentricity of dress, speech, or carriage. Many names are from towns or villages. The practice of borrowing names from the various occupations of life is of high antiquity. In this class is of course that of Smith. In old times the term was applied not only to the smith who forged at the fire, but also to any kind of artisan or mechanic. It has been estimated that out of every 10,000 persons in England and Wales there are 138 Smiths, 151 Joneses, and 87 Williamses.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 150.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

NEXT WEEK (First Time in Cheltenham), the
New Musical Comedy:

"The Medal and the Maid."

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 Festival Society.

Conductor—MR. J. A. MATTHEWS.

THE PLAN of Numbered Seats is now ready
for the FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT
of the Season, on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov.
17th, 1903, at 8 o'clock, in the Victoria Rooms.

"THE CREATION," Part I. (*Haydn*).

"STABAT MATER" (*Rossini*), &c.

SOLOISTS—

MISS ESTELLE LINDEN,

MISS MARGUERITE GELL,

MR. CHARLES KNOWLES,

AND

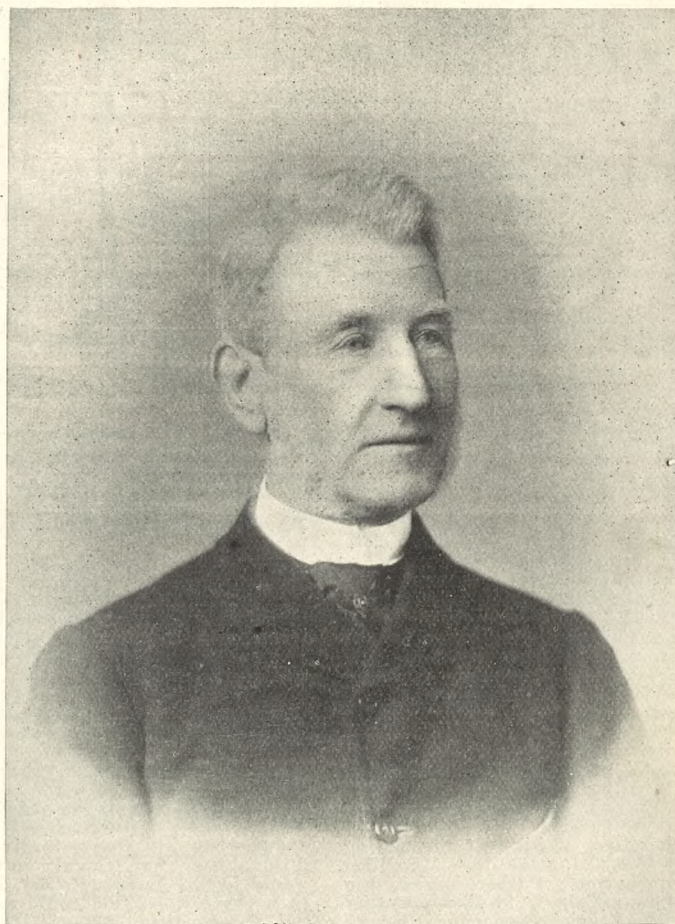
MR. PHILIP NEWBURY,

The celebrated Australian Tenor.

COMPLETE BAND AND CHORUS.

Tickets, 1/-, 2/6, 3/-, 4/-, & 6/-.

Tickets and Programmes at Westley's Library.



NATHANIEL SMITH,

CHELTENHAM'S OLDEST TRADESMAN,

Died Oct. 31st, 1903, in his 90th year.

The legacy of his own body to a hospital school made the other day by a man who died in a Bloomsbury boarding-house has raised again the curious question whether it is legal to make such a disposition of one's remains. Most people probably think it is; but the fact is (as has been legally decided several times) that a corpse—whether one's own or anyone else's—is not a testamentary article, and cannot be bequeathed or disposed of by will. A dead body, in truth, is not property at all, nor does it pass legally to the heirs of the dead man; and (stranger still) it is not felony, nor any crime at all, to steal it from a grave, though it would be felony to steal the shroud in which it is wrapped. There was much public interest in these questions some years ago, when the robbery of the remains of the late Lord Crawford from the family burying-place in Scotland was the sensation of the time.

Tour of our Churches.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN, BODDINGTON.

Boddington Church is situated a little way off the Tewkesbury-road, and is approached by three pathways through fields. When you get to it you feel compelled to say that it is a poor looking building—plain, almost primitive, and uninteresting. It is, however, well preserved, and has been sympathetically restored. It consists of chancel, nave, with ordinary slate roofing, south porch, and low western tower, with pyramidal roof of very simple character. On the tower is a sun-dial, with date 1719. A rather unusual feature is a stoup, perfectly preserved, in the porch. I was looking at this before entering the church and a native came up and stood to see what I was at. "Curious to put this here," I said; "what is it for?" (This I said to prove him, for I myself of course knew its meaning.) "I don't know what it was for," the young man replied, "unless it was to put in the collection moneys for the poor." The bucolic minds at Boddington have evidently not been educated in ancient ecclesiastics.

The interior of the building is plain. There is some fresco painting of simple ornaments on the walls of the chancel, but the nave shows the old masonry carefully pointed. Several tablets are on the walls. The chancel is well lighted, but the nave is dark. There is a queer window at the west end, put up under the eaves of the roof, evidently to light a west gallery which, in common with most churches, was originally there. The sittings are plain, but comfortable. The font is insignificant.

A relief to the plainness is the pulpit; but it is a relief not in very good taste. It is a memorial to a barrister-at-law and his wife, I believe, and was probably executed by some sculptor who had never seen the church. Even in an ordinary house of prayer the sculptured stone bosses of projecting floral devices upon it would look rather overdone; but in a plain building like St. Mary Magdalen's the design is much too elaborate and inharmonious. Near the pulpit is a highly coloured small window bearing a figure of St. Phithppus.

The dual parish of Staverton-cum-Boddington was originally under the jurisdiction of Deerhurst, to which well-known priory the churches were probably indebted for their early ministrations. Later on the advowson was granted to Tewkesbury, and the burying ground at Boddington was consecrated by the sanction of the Abbot of Tewkesbury in 1469.

I worshipped under the Rev. G. A. F. Pearson on Sunday morning last. The sittings were not a quarter filled, and some lads who preferred the extreme end of the church close to the belfry seemed away from everybody. The minister quietly read, though at a rather rapid rate, the opening exhortations and prayers. The Venite was chanted, but in unison, the choir consisting principally of female voices, and a lady too was at the harmonium. The Psalms were read. A young layman came from his seat in the nave and read the Lessons in a good voice. The Te Deum was chanted, but not so successfully as was the Venite. The Jubilate was fairly well sung. In the Communion Service a pleasing kyrie was used. The hymnbook was the Ancient and Modern collection, and Nos. 217, 260, and 235 were sung.

The preacher took as his text the closing words of the Gospel for the day: "So likewise shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses," and he preached a short and interesting sermon on the duty of forgiveness. St. Peter, the Vicar said, asked our Lord "How oft shall my neighbour sin against me and I forgive him; until seven times?" and Jesus replied, "I say not until seven times, but unto seventy times seven," thus enjoining unlimited forgiveness. Our Saviour spake the parable of the unmerciful servant; that parable went to the very gist of the subject, and our Lord would have all practise it accordingly. They had here the whole Gospel of God in miniature—the chief feature of the Gospel was forgiveness. If they forgave not their brethren,



Drawn by W. C. Robson,

Cheltenham.

The Higher Grade!—What we must expect.

FIRST BOY: I say, kid, I'll play thee marbles, twosies up!

SECOND BOY: I could not think of doing such a thing. I go to Christ Church Schools.

then God's forgiveness would be taken away from them—they would lose what had been given to them. So the religion of the Gospel was conditional, even as they prayed "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." was conditional. They prayed for mercy, and that same prayer taught them the duty of mercy to each other. Christians were often making confession to God. How sincere was that confession? If it was sincere, they knew they had from God the assurance of forgiveness. It then came about that all God's forgiveness was conditional—as they forgave others, so God would forgive them. If they did not forgive each other, then God could not, and would not, forgive them, because He wanted them to embrace His Spirit, the spirit of the Gospel. They must learn that they could not count on God's forgiveness unless they were prepared to do their part and forgive others.

CHURCHMAN.

The King, on receiving a letter from a school-boy quite unknown to him, requesting the photograph of a prince, and by way, possibly, of a bribe, writing: "He didn't like Kruger," replied: "Forget what it is to dislike. Learn to love," and also sent the boy his photograph.

The "Musical Times" gives an interesting account of the Evening Hymn of saintly Bishop Ken, rightly said to be one of the most beautiful in the English language. The remorseless hand of time has not dimmed the lustre of its devotional expressiveness, with the result that this time-honoured sacred lyric is one of the most treasured contributions to the worship-song of the people. Thomas Ken, born at Little Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, in 1637, was educated at Winchester College, of which foundation he subsequently became a Fellow, and at New College, Oxford. In the year 1674 he published "A Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College." The first edition of the "Manual" contained no hymns, but the inference is that the famous Morning and Evening Hymns written by the good Bishop were printed or written out on separate sheets for the use of the youthful Wykehamists. Their first appearance in print, however, was in a later edition of the "Manual," issued in 1695, of which we give the full title:—"A Manual of Prayers for Use of the Scholars of Winchester College. And all other Devout Christians. To which is added three Hymns for Morning, Evening, and Midnight; not in former editions: By the Same Author. Newly Revised. London. Printed for Charles Brome at the Gyn, at the West End of St. Paul's Church, 1695."

CANARIES.

NOTES ON BREEDING AND MANAGEMENT.

[By GEO. A. POWELL.]

CANARIES FOR SONG.

While a limited, though yearly increasing number, breed this bird, there are thousands who love him for his merry disposition and song who purchase one or more for their sitting-rooms, and I regret to say quite one-half of whose purchases prematurely die or cease to sing owing to mistaken kindness on the part of their owners—in some cases shall I say forgetfulness and neglect. With proper treatment, a canary will remain in song for from eight to ten years. No bird is hardier if given a little care and attention. He should not be exposed to draughts by hanging his cage close to an open window, and if he must live in a room in which gas is burning at night, remove him on to a table below the gas-jet when lighting up. This plan is preferable to removing the bird and cage to the different temperature of another room—the too frequent cause of a weakening, premature, or “false” moult, and a cessation for a time of his singing powers.

The diet of canaries should be plain canary seed, clean and plump. A few hempseeds given twice a week by way of variety is all-sufficient, and cheap mixed seeds are not only wasteful, but the bird, scattering them about, picks out those of an oily nature, which he prefers, waxes gross, and develops scrofula or dies of an apoplectic seizure. Lettuce, chickweed (and apple in winter) may be daily supplied. Some form of green food is most essential, and fat bacon placed once a week in the wires for the bird to peck at will greatly improve his singing powers.

A desire to give “birdie” a lump of sugar should be suppressed. It causes surfeit if persisted in, with consequent partial loss of feathers.

When moulting, a little egg food or sponge cake will help him considerably during this trying ordeal, through which every bird has to pass or die.

Cages for song-birds are better if all metal. They can be dipped in boiling water now and again, and insect pests thereby destroyed.

Under these conditions, not forgetting an occasional bath, the “wee birdie” should be happy and contented, and live long to gladden his hearers with a merry song.

A description of the many varieties of the canary as bred at the present day; exhibiting and exhibitions; together with artificial feeding for increased colour; hardly falls within the scope of an article written mainly for beginners in canary breeding.

My readers will scarcely desire to study these subjects until they have gained sufficient knowledge in breeding the correct thing to exhibit or colour feed.

Before concluding, however, I must crave attention for a few remarks upon clubs and societies almost everywhere existing for the instruction and friendly rivalry of exhibitors of this and other feathered pets.

We as breeders are proud of our many clubs, both local and specialist, and the budding amateur breeder would do well to join one; for despite many blunders, petty jealousies, and mistaken notions of our own knowledge which crop up amongst fanciers, as with others, we meet with hearty greeting from fellow-clubmen in every town we may happen to visit, who are most willing to assist the beginner, of necessity not well versed in the daily routine of a bird-room, pigeon loft, or poultry yard, as the case may be, with an insight into their methods or instruction in pairing, or other items in the management of their mutual hobby. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,” and these bands of fanciers, linked together by a common love for one or another of the many domestic hobbies, the little song canary included, will prove better workers, better relatives, and better acquaintances than they who have nothing to divert the mind from the monotonous struggle for daily wants and necessities.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Cheltenham.

“DROPPING THE PILOT!”

Col. J. C. Griffith has been appointed Mayor of Cheltenham (vide “Echo.”)
COL. ROGERS (ex-Mayor): Pleased to leave the good ship in your hands; a successful voyage to you.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR WINCHCOMB.

View of the Viaduct before its Collapse.



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 148th competition is Mr. Jesse J. Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, with his “Bit of Mrs. Craik’s ‘Nortonbury.’”

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

The winner of the 59th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, for his “Fiscal Problem Made Easy.”

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.

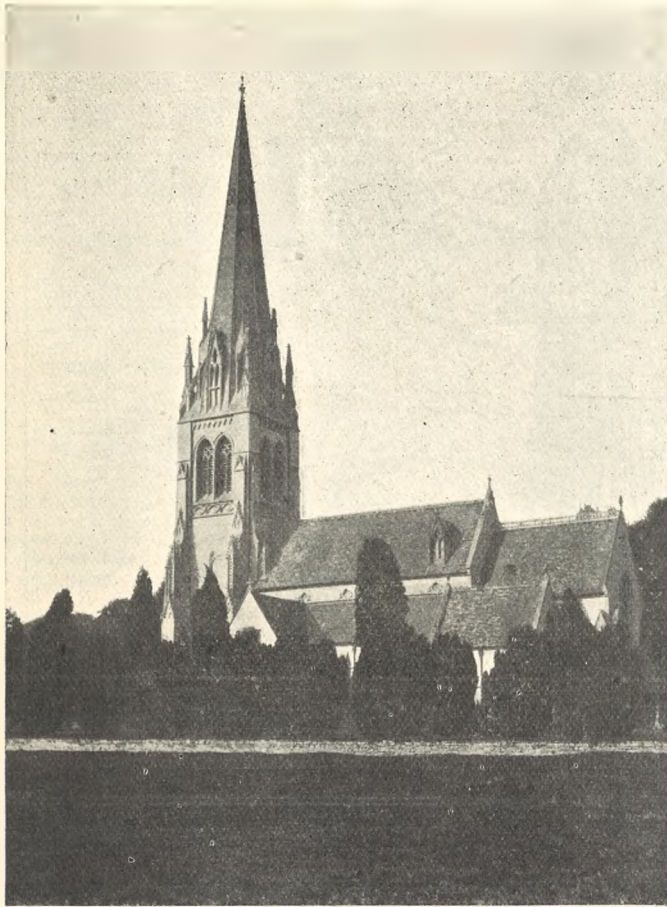
The winner of the 41st competition is Mr. R. Arthur Godman, 25 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon on Social Reform at Highbury Congregational Church by the Rev. A. C. Turberville.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, 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.



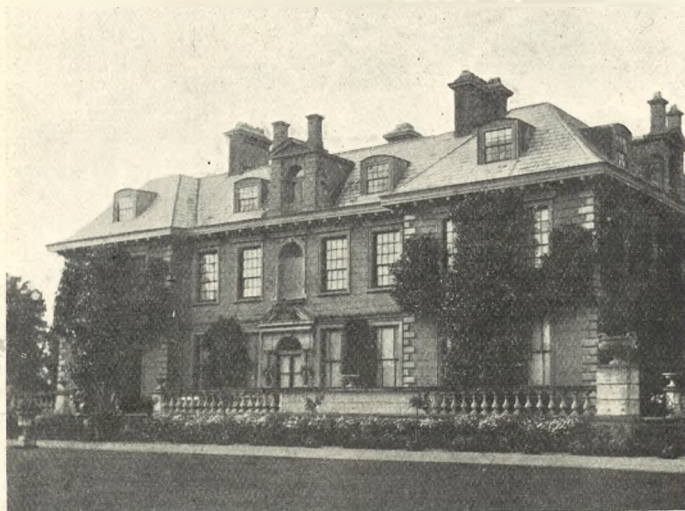
Photos by H. W. Stephens,

Highnam Church, near Gloucester.



Gloucester.

Highnam Church Porch.



Highnam Court (residence of Sir Hubert Parry).

M. Jaubert, director of the Paris Municipal Observatory, has made the welcome announcement that for a time the rainy spell is over so far as France is concerned—displaced by an anti-cyclone, which we are glad to learn may be relied upon to bring in its train dry weather in England and a considerable part of the Continent. One of the features of the change is an enormous rush of air from the north-east regions, producing strong winds and a fall in temperature.

"Wanted, a red-haired boy." So ran an advertisement in a Toronto paper recently. When questioned as to his preference for office boys with ruddy locks the advertiser—manager of a cocoa company—said he found that red-haired boys were always much quicker to learn; smarter and more trustworthy than boys with the black, brown, or straw-coloured varieties in hair. Also, a red-haired boy running in and out of an office gave it a certain "tone"!



The most curious mayor elected in Britain on Monday was the mock Mayor of Worston. Worston is a tiny Lancashire hamlet of some dozen houses at the foot of Pendle Hill. Its residents are all humorists, and they have a standing entertainment by masquerading as the "ancient borough of Worston" and annually electing a mayor. With splendid seriousness the candidates issue addresses, and all the residents of the neighbourhood are supplied with voting papers, the women voting as well as the men. The duly elected mayor always assumes the style of a Privy Councillor and the rank of a knight. The holder of the office for several years has been "the Right Hon. Sir William Bulcock," a labourer. He has his robes of office, a gorgeous cocked hat, and huge brass chain and badge. The corporation meet at the village inn, and there ponderously discuss such moving questions as the repainting of finger-posts. At the Coronation this mock borough had its civic rejoicings, and forwarded an address to the King, who acknowledged it as courteously as he did the congratulations of London or Edinburgh.

The time is now approaching when ladies will ride motor cycles in appreciable numbers. No doubt some are still a little timorous at the thought of the initial pedalling of a machine weighing over 100 lbs., and the eccentricities of the mechanism in general. A writer in the "Motor Cycle" was rather pleasantly surprised, however, one day last week in Coventry, to see a tall but rather slender lady emerge from the yard of one of the hotels wheeling a motor cycle. Almost without effort she gracefully slipped into the saddle, and, pedalling firmly, but not laboriously, for a few seconds, she started the engine and soon disappeared from view, exhibiting a remarkable control of her machine.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The appearance of the Fog Fiend on a succession of days and nights in the early part of this month was an unwelcome reminder that his murky Majesty is still a power to be reckoned with. He certainly seizes everyone out and about in his clammy clutches, and delights in disorganising railway, water, and road traffic, more particularly the former. Elaborate precautions have to be taken by the responsible officials to ensure that the trains shall be run with something like punctuality and absolute safety whenever and wherever a fog comes on. At the first sign of it a certain number of permanent-way men, who have been told off for the duty, either appear on their own initiative or are called up at their homes by a rounds' man and take up positions where they are in touch with the signals and can put detonators on the metals so as to warn approaching trains. Warm refreshments, chiefly tea or coffee, are taken to them at intervals, and the "Red Collar Brigade," as they are known on the Great Western Railway, also get extra pay for night duty, which they well deserve. The cost of dealing with a prolonged fog to railway companies is very considerable, for I remember that Earl Cawdor, the chairman of the Great Western, at the half-yearly meeting of the proprietors held in February, 1902, told them that the heavy and long-lasting fogs of the previous December had run the company into an extra expenditure of £3,200. This is not to be wondered at, I think, seeing that each fog signal, or detonator, exploded costs a penny farthing.

The G.W.R. motor-train between Stonehouse and Chalford is still running strongly, and it does not do to be behind time if one wants to travel. It's a case of "Wait for the car, and we'll all take a ride." The company is erecting rough platforms for the passengers at the stopping stations. The cars do not run on Sundays, so there will be no opposition to them on that score at the shareholders' meetings. By-the-by, I have just observed some interesting statistics in regard to traffic on the Midland Railway necessitated in conveying theatricals on Sundays from one town to another. Mr. Charles B. Cooper, for twelve years the company's theatrical traffic agent, states that the Midland alone runs thirty special trains. Touring companies are allowed to travel at three-fourths of the ordinary fare. During last year the Midland carried 70,840 passengers, the receipts amounting to £32,000—an increase over the previous year of 51,000 passengers and of £11,000. The largest trucks owned by the Midland (they are 44ft. long) were first built three years ago specially for scenery. For five hours' journeys luncheon cars are provided. For companies numbering from ten to thirty members a free truck for luggage is granted, while for those from thirty to fifty two such trucks (each 21ft. in length) are allowed.

Not the least interesting of the items on the varied programme of the N.U.W.W. was the visit of the ladies on the last day to Gloucester Cathedral, ciceroned by Dean Spence. They could not have had a more erudite guide round the grand old Minster than this head of the Chapter, who has at his finger ends the history of its storied walls and chief architectural features. He was particularly eloquent in the crypt, "down amongst the dead men," and he told the visitors that in and after the twelfth century the saints were no longer buried in crypts, but taken "upstairs," behind the high altar in churches.

That was a queer meeting round the Nelson Foster Memorial Fountain at Gloucester last Saturday night, probably unique in the annals of the ancient city and certainly so at this new locale. The ostensible object of the gathering was to consider the proposed selection of the aldermen, but in reality it was to protest against the appointment of one particular person. The object of the protesters was attained in so far as stopping this appointment, but the alternative list that they ventured to send in to "the powers that be" was ignored at the fountain head. It was decided to confer the gown on a citizen who has some business connections with Cheltenham.

GLENER.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Photo by J. J. Price,

Tewkesbury.

A Bit of Mrs. Craik's "Nortonbury."

ABEL FLETCHER'S MILL—THE ABBEY—OLD MILL COTTAGES.



Photo by J. Brown,

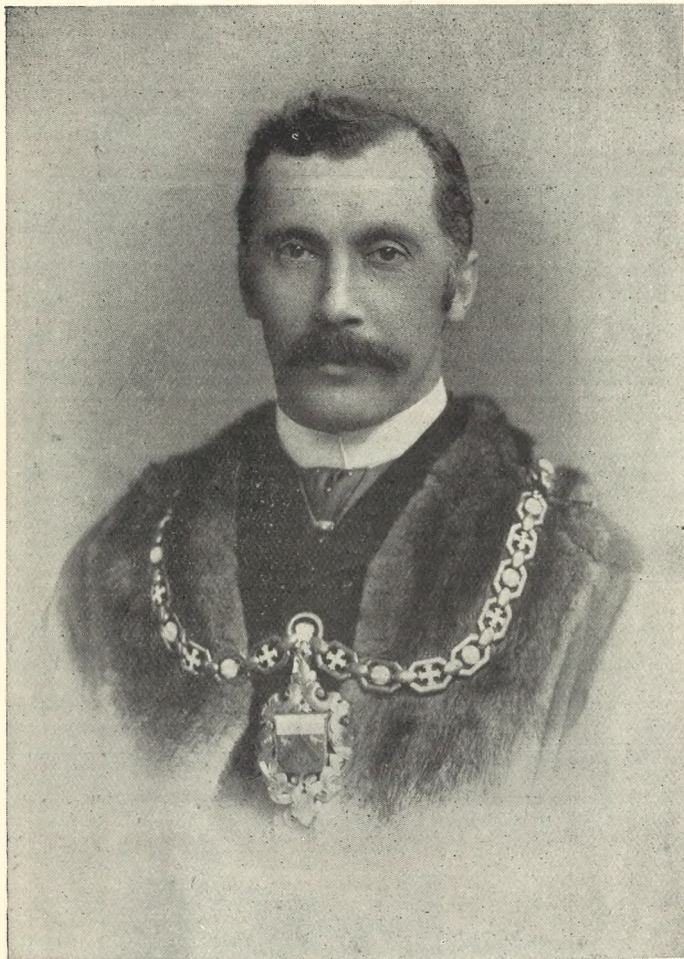
Cheltenham.

Thatched Cottage at Shurdington.

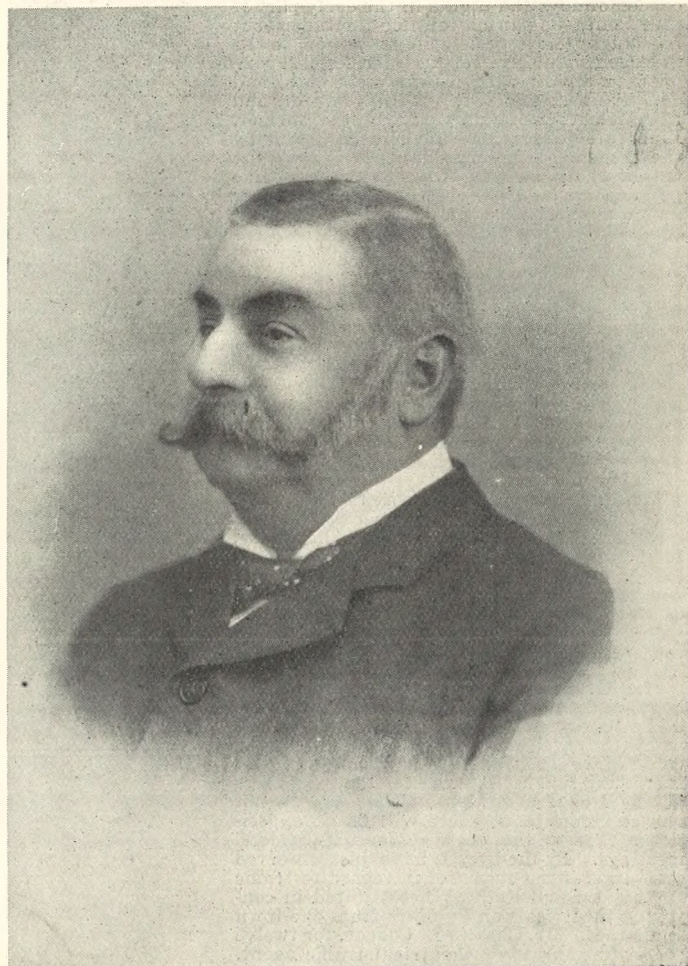
If the apple crop in England this year has been a failure, the supply of apples from abroad has been unprecedented. We learn from "Country Life" that last week no fewer than 250,000 bushels arrived in our ports. Of this total, about 150,000 came from Canada, which, like the United States, has an extraordinarily fine crop. From California, from Cape Cod, from South Africa, from Italy, Jamaica, Canary, Florida, and Australia apples are pouring in, and the result is that, in spite of the scarcity in Kent and Hereford, fruit looks as though it would be cheap during the whole winter.

With his characteristic enthusiasm, the Kaiser's newly-acquired smoking habit is absorbing his attention, and he is forming quite a collection of pipes of every shape and nationality. One of them is a veritable jewel. It has been made by a Berlin artist, from designs furnished by the Kaiser himself. The bowl is of meerschaum, while the stem is of Turkish wild cherry. The pipe is ornamented with a W., on which is perched a bird, the whole in silver. A carved branch also winds round the bowl. In this pipe the Emperor smokes only Havana tobacco, prepared according to his taste.

LOCAL CIVIC DIGNITARIES.



COLONEL J. C. GRIFFITH, C.C., J.P.,
Mayor of Cheltenham.



ALDERMAN P. A. PIKE,
Mayor of Tewkesbury.

Alderman Penstone A. Pike, who is in his 48th year, was born at the Mythe, Tewkesbury, and was elected a councillor of the borough in 1886. He retired in 1892, but in 1897 was made an alderman. After serving in that capacity for two years, he resigned in favour of Alderman Charles Harris. In 1901 Alderman W. Hayward died, and Alderman Pike was appointed his successor.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

NEXT YEAR'S MODELS.

Amongst the features of next year's machines may be very probably found the following:—Engines will be placed forward of the bottom bracket, and will in a great number of cases be placed vertically. The wheel bases will be found to be longer; also the wheels will be shod with larger tyres, probably 2½ inch. The 2 inch tyres have been proved and found wanting. They were very suitable for the light machines made last year, but now makers are increasing the power, and consequently the weight, of their machines, they must increase the size of the tyres in proportion. Another improvement which has been fitted to one make of motor-cycle for some time will consist of the fitting of two accumulators and a two-way switch, so that either accumulator can be used at the will of the rider.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

After January 1st, 1904, it will be advisable for motorists to remember that it will not be necessary for a policeman to stop the machine, or even to take any notice of the speed of the machine. All that will be necessary is for the constable to take the registered number of the machine when travelling an alleged

speed of 21 miles an hour. The summons will then be issued, with the usual result.

AN INTERESTING COMPETITION.

A well-known journal devoted to motor-cycling has arranged a novel competition. Competitors must send in the best original design for a motor-cycle, consisting of two, three or four wheels. The first prize for the best design will be a 3 h.-p. motor-bicycle.

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The local Automobile Club recently held a meeting to consider the proposal put forward by the Reading Automobile Club as to the advisability of forming an Automobile Federation of all the provincial clubs. The meeting was unanimously in favour of a conference being held of delegates from the provincial clubs to consider the question, and suggested that Birmingham would be the most suitable place to select for the holding of the conference. From information received from the hon. sec. of the Reading club, we learn that the proposal has been received with great favour by the majority of the provincial clubs, so that it is safe to assume that the conference will be held at an early date.

IDENTIFICATION OF CARS.

A draft of the regulations of the Local Government Board under the Motor-Car

Act has been received. Among the regulations are the fixing of two identification plates on cars, etc., etc., with letters and figures, each being three inches in height and one inch in width. To each county borough an index letter or letters is to be assigned, while the local authorities will give numbers to the cars, etc., owned within their areas. I shall deal more fully with the matter of identification next week, and shall hope to give illustrations of the plates that will be issued.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

Every earnest amateur photographer should keep a note-book in which to enter various useful tips and formula. In the various photographic journals there are to be found many original articles and answers to correspondents, embodying much useful information. Much of the ease with which the book can be kept up will depend on its method of arrangement. A good plan is to select a favourite photographic text-book, have it interleaved and rebound, and enter notes as events occur opposite the corresponding items in the text-book. Another plan is to have an ordinary thick exercise-book and keep one end of the book for cuttings from journals or papers and the other end for written notes.



A LEADING STALL AT THE CHELTENHAM ROOT, FRUIT, & GRAIN SHOW.

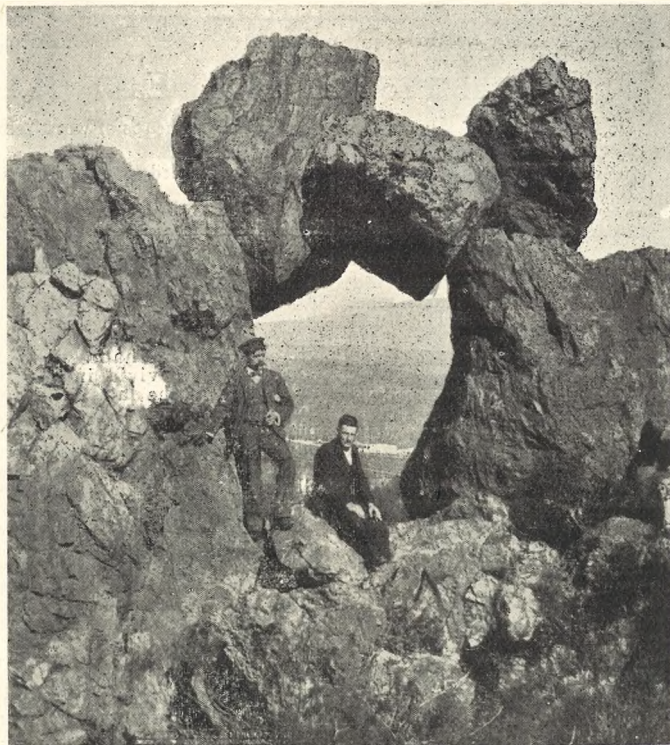


Photo by Hugh S. Olive (age 15),

Cape Town.

Nature's Picture Frame.

THE VENSTER ROCK (THE WINDOW ROCK) AT CALEDON, CAPE COLONY.

Adelaide, on which the eyes of all cricketers have this week been centred, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest municipality in Australia. It was named after the Queen of William IV., in whose reign it was founded, and its principal thoroughfare still bears the name of King William-street. Its oldest newspaper, the "South Australian Register," was first published in London as the organ of the South Australian Association, the body under whose auspices the pioneer settlers and founders of Adelaide were dispatched from England. This was the first experiment under the Gibbon Wakefield scheme of scientific colonisation, and for a variety of reasons it was not a success. The pioneer colonists were in sore straits, when valuable copper mines were luckily discovered near Adelaide. The late Sir George Grey, who was appointed its Governor at the early age of twenty-nine, materially helped to pull the place out of the slough of despond and rescued the infant settlement from imminent bankruptcy.

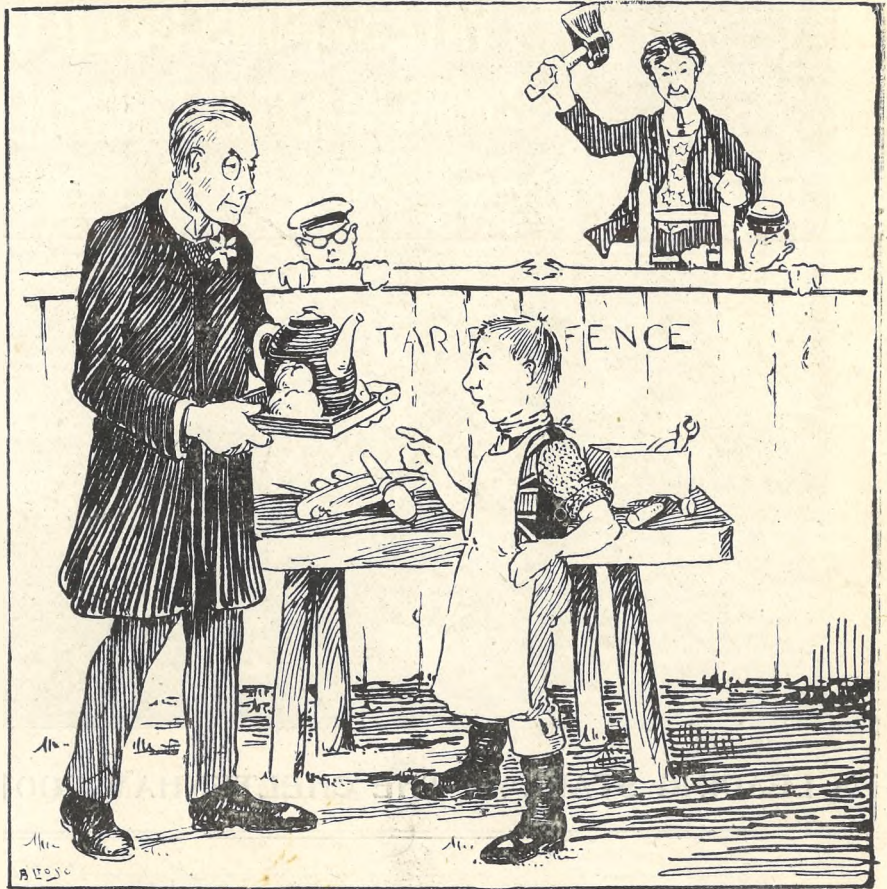
Madame Patti, who, according to a private telegram, gave last week in New York the first two concerts of her farewell tour, has, says report from that city, managed to insure her voice for the trip. If she cannot sing at any one concert she is to receive £1,000—that, by the way, being the minimum for which she is to be paid for each appearance by Mr. Robert Grau, with a contingent bonus if the takings exceed £1,500. She has also, according to the same authority, insured her voice for the whole trip in the sum of £10,000, the money to be paid only in the not very probable contingency of total and permanent loss of voice—a point which, one would say, would be hard to define. It is understood that the manager has also insured the health of his costly prima donna for the trip, and, in fact, in case of the illness of the "star" he stands to lose even more than the eminent singer herself.

BOOK CHAT.

OLD ENGLISH COMEDIES.

A debt of gratitude is owing by the general reader to Professor Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D. (University of California), editor, and to the other American and English professors who have assisted him, for the volume of "Representative English Comedies: From the Beginnings to Shakespeare" (Messrs. Macmillan and Co., extra crown 8vo, 6s.) The handsome book of nearly 700 pages contains a series of plays whose titles at least are more or less familiar to most readers, but which have rarely, if ever, before been presented in such a compact and convenient form, thus enabling the general reader to study for himself at first hand, instead of relying entirely on the expert delvers amongst old folios and specialists in literature, the evolution of the classical English drama which found its highest form of expression in the reign of Elizabeth. The introduction by the general editor is itself a historical survey of the beginnings of English comedy, the evolution of which is traced in detail from the grotesque side of the early saints' and miracle plays and parodies. A wealth of literary illustration and criticism is also employed in considering the many influences and movements, poetical and ethical, by which comedy was affected; and the care and scholarship shown in the introduction are reflected in the explanatory essays and the copious annotations by the other editors on the examples from the playwrights with whom they severally deal, the result being a veritable mine of critical, historical, and biographical information. Seven playwrights have been laid under contribution, viz., John Heywood, Nicholas Udall, William Stevenson, John Lyly, George Peele, Robert Greene, and Henry Porter; and while everything possible has been done to assist the reader by clearness of type, the numbering of the lines, and the explanation of archaic terms and of forgotten proverbs, etc., yet the old spellings and inflections have been retained, and an additional touch of quaintness provided by reduced facsimiles of the original title pages. John Heywood, musician jester to Henry VIII., and playwright, is represented by two of his broadest and liveliest farces, to wit "The Play of the Wether" ("a very merry enterlude") and "A Mery Play between Johan Johan, the husbunde, Tyb, his wife, and Syr Jhan, the preest," critically edited by Professor Pollard (British Museum). Entirely free from the occasional coarseness of Heywood is Nicholas Udall's boisterous "Roister Doister," a sort of Tudor knockabout comedy, written by the schoolmaster dramatist for performance by the boys of Eton. Following it is "A Ryght Pleasaunt, Pithy and Merie Comedie, intytuled 'Gammer Gurton's Nedle,'" now attributed to William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ's College from 1559 to 1561, but of whom very little is known. The play gives a realistic, though occasionally revolting, picture of rural life in "Merry England" in Tudor-times, and is of course famous for its foul-mouthed village gossips, and for the immortal Hodge, since taken as a type of the English farm labourer. It also contains the drinking song "Jolly Good Ale and Old." The two foregoing plays are respectively edited by Professors Flugel (Stanford) and Bradley (Oxford); while Professor G. P. Baker (Harvard) deals with the fantastic John Lyly, whose "Alexander and Campaspe," performed before Elizabeth in 1584, is the example given. To Professor Gummere has been allotted George Peele; and he has ably edited "The Old Wives' Tale" of that ingenious deviser of pageants, from whom Milton is said to have taken his Comus. Professor Woodberry (Columbia University) contributes a monograph on the reckless and unfortunate Robert Greene; while Professor Gayley edits that poet's "Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay," in which the devil himself is brought on the stage to carry off a conjuring friar. Henry Porter's "Angry Women

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by G. J. Cox,

Cheltenham.

The Fiscal Problem Made Easy (II.)

UNCLE JOE: Now, Johnny, with that fence up, you'll have heaps of work rebuilding your industries; and, by the way, here is your new diet.
 JOHNNY (doubtful as to his need of work, but with very settled convictions on the food question): But what a small loaf, Unkie!
 UNCLE JOE: Aha, yes, a trifle small; but see what a lot of tea you are having instead.

of Abington" (also edited by Professor Gayley), with its termagant matrons, henpecked husbands, and free-spoken lads and lassies helps us to realise how "full-blooded" was the humour of our Tudor ancestors. Of Sister Mall, on whose adventures the plot turns, Professor Gayley says "There is no coarser-minded girl in Elizabethan comedy." The work closes with an essay on "Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist" by the well-known Shakespearean scholar, Professor Dowden. Apart from its interest to students of literature the collection helps us to realise the vast difference in the Tudor conception of humour, with its love of boisterous and rollicking incidents, its ridicule of physical deformity and affliction, and its guffaws over coarseness of speech, and that which generally obtains to-day.

THE FANTASTIC IN FICTION.

The age in which we live has many characteristics in common with that of the Renaissance. Now, as then, men's minds are receiving the constant stimulus of new discovery; now, as then, the human imagination, fed by strange realities, wanders beyond the pale of the actual into a region of even stranger possibilities. To some minds it may sometimes even appear that we are on the verge of the knowledge of the unknowable; that the great mysteries of time and space, existence and non-existence, will in the course of time be mysteries no longer. It is to such a frame of mind that Mr. H. G. Wells appeals in the majority of his new series of "Twelve Stories and a Dream," wherein the turns and methods of exact

science are often curiously associated with the wildest flights of imagination—an association the results of which are in turn humorous, grotesque, and terrible, but always fascinating. In many of these stories are embodied the half serious half fantastic workings of a vivid imagination fed by a knowledge of the latest marvels of scientific discovery. The possibilities of psychology, physics, chemistry, and medical science are oddly—sometimes terribly—suggested in "The Stolen Body," "The Inexperienced Ghost," "Filmer," and "The New Accelerator;" in "The Magic Shop" and "Mr. Skelmersdale in Fairyland," we have imagination pure and simple; while in "Mr. Ledbetter's Vacation" and "Mr. Brisher's Treasure" the author shows his ability to invent and narrate a purely mundane story in which a racy sense of humour is the predominant element. Mr. Wells has mastered the art of writing a short story with balance, restraint, and well-sustained interest. ("Twelve Stories and A Dream," by H. G. Wells; Macmillan and Co.; price 6s.)

ARTISTIC PRINTING

AT THE

"Echo" Electric Press.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 151

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"THE MEDAL AND THE MAID."

NEXT WEEK

RETURN VISIT OF THE GREAT ACTOR,
WILSON BARRETT,
AND HIS LONDON COMPANY OF 100.

Monday, 21st Birthday of "THE SILVER KING"; Tuesday, "THE MANXMAN" (by Special Desire); Wednesday and Thursday, Grand Revival of the Great Spectacular Play, "CLAUDIAN"; Friday, Wilson Barrett's Latest Play and First Comedy, "IN THE MIDDLE OF JUNE"; Saturday Afternoon and Evening, "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Prices for this Engagement—Private Boxes, £2 2s.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Dress Circle and Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 6d.

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.

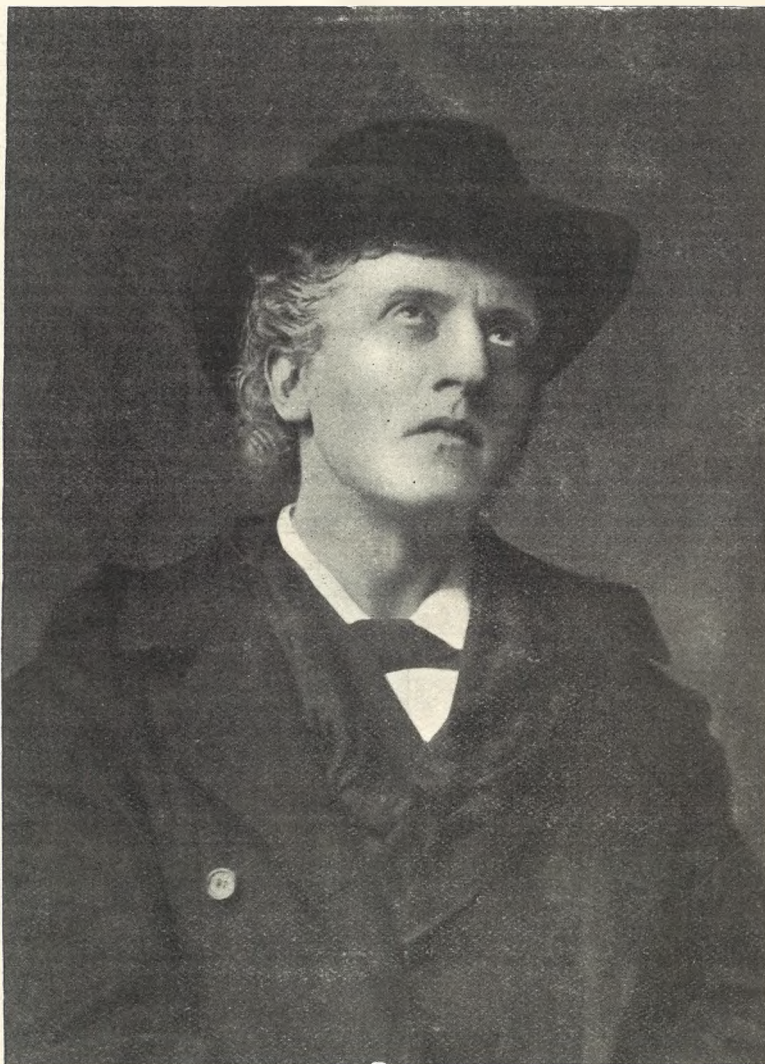
A good story of an old crofter who appeared before the Commission to apply for a reduction of rent has just been told at a meeting in Glasgow. The number of cattle on the farm led Sheriff Brand to observe that surely the croft could not be in such a bad way as its owner would seek to show. "Och," replied the old fellow, "you should see the bit beasties." "What like are they?" queried the Sheriff. "They're as lean, sir, as Pharaoh's kine." "How lean was that?" pawkily asked the Sheriff, doubtless thinking that he had cornered the applicant. But had he? Not a bit. Like a flash came back the answer, "So lean, my lord, that they could only be seen in a vision."

A local clergyman some time ago advertised for a general servant. A good many replies were received, and one was so favourable that they asked the applicant to call at the vicarage that they might have a personal talk. Amongst many other questions the mistress asked:

"And have you been confirmed?"
After a somewhat lengthy pause, the girl replied:

"Yes mum.
"Now, you're quite sure?" urged the lady.

"Yes, mum, and I'll show you the marks on my arm, if you like!"



WILSON BARRETT AS "THE SILVER KING."

The event of the local theatrical season is promised next week, when Wilson Barrett pays a welcome return visit to Cheltenham Opera House, and is already assured of the heartiest reception in a round of his greatest parts and particularly happy selection of his most popular plays. He will be supported by his entire London Company of a hundred artistes, including Miss Lillah McCarthy, who is a native of Cheltenham. Monday will be made memorable in the history of the Opera House by the fact that "The Silver King" will then celebrate its exact coming-of-age, the play having been born precisely twenty-one years ago to the day, or night, at the old Princess's Theatre, London.



Wilson Barrett in Cheltenham.

1.—AS "PETE" IN "THE MANXMAN."

2.—AS "CLAUDIUS."



3.—AS "HAMLET."



4.—MISS LILLAH McCARTHY (THE LEADING LADY).

ARTISTIC PRINTING



AT THE



"Echo" Electric
Press.

It is said that beards and moustaches are disappearing rapidly and the clean shave is now coming to be identified with smart business life. Perhaps, because, when men are too old at forty, most of them wish to look younger than they are. Old age is a luxury few can afford.

The Wiltshire people are rather proud of their nickname of "Moon-rakers." In the olden days, so the story goes, says "T.A.T.", they were noted smugglers, and once, seeing the excisemen on the watch, they sunk in a pond a quantity of smuggled whisky. Afterwards, when they supposed the coast was clear, they employed rakes to get their goods to land again, but were surprised in the act by another excise patrol, who demanded what they were doing. "Oh, only trying to rake out that cheese yonder," came the reply, pointing to the reflection of the moon in the water. The officers, thrown off their guard, laughed heartily at the "simplicity" of the "moon-rakers," and went their way, since when the term has come to mean a person of a ready and none too scrupulous wit in an unpleasant emergency.

WILSON BARRETT
SUPPORTED BY
His Company of World Renowned Players
Will present his **NEW PLAY** in four acts, entitled
IN THE MIDDLE OF JUNE
*"For Love's more in tune in the Middle of June
Than when Daffodils blow in the Springtime"*

THE SCENES
ACT 1..... OUTSIDE THE INN OF THE PERFECT WOMAN.
ACT 2..... INTERIOR OF MASTER RINGDOVE'S BARN.
ACT 3..... EXTERIOR OF LIZRETH'S COTTAGE.
ACT 4..... BY PARSON GAVELL'S GARDEN.
The first, second & third Acts take place in Warwickshire in the beginning of May 1500.
The fourth Act in Hertfordshire in the Middle of June of the same year.

ask me wot it were about, it seems that one of the black negro people in his district so far misbehaved himself as to die when the reverend gentleman were away from home, and actocally allowed himself to be buried by a ordinary Wesleyan minister, wich also took upon 'imself to christen a child while he were on the spot!

When the pastor returned there was a great row, so it seems, and at Monday's meeting the Bishop of Gloucester and other anxious learners were told that "although he never tried to belittle another religious organisation whilst these men wore a round collar and a large hat and called themselves 'reverend,' a churchwarden had more right to administer the Sacraments than any number of these gentlemen in the Wesleyan body."

Wich makes a pretty little sum: If one black churchwarden is equal to any number of Wesleyan ministers (not forgetting the hats and collars), how many Wesleyan ministers would it take to christen a Kaffir? Seems to me that the pore blacks must get a bit muddled as to who's who and wich is why when they gets about 16 different variations of the same gospel preached to them, and more espesshully when they be told that they 'aven't no right to die or get christened when their parson's away.

My feelin's is with the Wesleyans, wich I considers 'ave so much right to bury a black man as any Church of England parson, altho' I can't for the life of me see where's the need for competition in the burying perfession, as is a line of business I shouldn't care for, not meself! Any'ow, I hear's the Wesleyans don't take they few remarks so 'umbly and dutifully as they ought, being mere men and not parsons, so that there's likely to be more said about it in a loud tone of voice! It do look as if the passive desistance dispute 'ave reached Africa, only that Wesleyans don't do sich low things!

'Ave you 'eard of the little dispute at the Gloucester Workhouse between the master and matron and Nurse Lightfoot, wich 'ave took the House Committee of the Guardians half their time for the last 2 years tryin' to settle, and wasn't no better at the end than when they started? It must 'ave been a tidy little business if it's true that it took 260 pages of foolscap (as is a suitable sort of paper, I considers) to writ down in shorthand all the for and against and in favour of and contrary to these 'ere 3 people, besides 'aving a lawyer in to cross-examine them, and no end of egsense and trouble.

It seems that the master didn't keep his authority and the matron lost her temper and Nurse Lightfoot used bad language to the master; at least that's wot the committee reports! A nice cup o' tea this, don't you think? as must 'ave been very instructive to the workhouse inmates for the last 2 years!

It looks as if they all three of them are good people, but don't know 'ow to keep to their own departments of work—overlapping, that's the fault; and the moral is—"Too many cooks spile the broth."

'Ave you 'eard that Sir Michael Hicks Beach, when he comes to open the new Town-hall, is to be presented with a small-sized loaf and a illuminated address thanking 'im for his gallant sacrifice of his Free Trade principles at Bristol, with the 'eading 'rote on top—"Peace with Honour; Politicks before Conviction?"

'Ave you 'eard wot's goin' to be done now those who are holdin' out for the people's rights on Leckhampton Hill 'ave been walked off to prison? I 'aven't; but I want to know!

SELINA JENKINS.

Referring to the several paragraphs which have appeared in the public Press recently reporting the progress of the Semi-Teetotal movement, a correspondent writes:—"Semi-teetotal" is a bad name for what is probably a very good thing. But if we allow 'semi-teetotal, we may have coming into existence a 'Social Semi-purity League,' or a 'Society for the Encouragement of Occasional Honesty.' Would the semi-teetotalers be willing to have a name found for them by John Leech's classic gardener, and be known as 'The Slightly-sober Society?"

Selina Jenkins's Letters.

"CURRENT GOSSIP."

'Pon my word, things is lookin' very bad all the way round when you comes to think of it, wot with that there German Keyser not allowed to speak above a whisper and Mr. Chamberlain with the gout and the Dook of Devonshire can't be woke hup, not to speak of me 'aving a severe cold in me 'ead, as can't do nothink but sneeze, wich, I will say, is a very pleasant feelin' jest when you be on the brink, so to say, and is sent by Providence, as I considers, to take hoff the keop hedge of the cold in the 'ead, being known as hinfuenza nowadays, but really nothink more nor less than a cold in the 'ead when I were a gel. 'Owever, they christens things by sich 'ard names now as it seems quite artistic-like to 'ave the complaints, altho' I don't s'pose it 'urts any the less to 'ave tick dollaroo than it did to 'ave the old-fashioned tooth-ache, but sounds more tidy-like, same as hinfuenza sounds more decent than a cold in the nose.

'Owever, I won't waste no time in writing about me ailments, 'cep's to say that of all the things wich is advertised for colds there ain't nothink to be compared to a good dish of onions, took 'ot, jest afore retiring to your virtuous couch; not but wot the perfume is rayther telling if you wants to be out and about the next day. But, there, it ain't 'alf so bad as to smell of sperrits, and is a site more 'olesome; wich I 'ave knowed onion broth so strong that children 'ave been brought up on the smell of it, and thrived so well as a landlady on the smell of the malt; as is a splendid thing for the constitution, is onions, and ought to be encouraged, and 'ave often moved me to tears, more in sorrow than

in anger, as the sayin' is, when I've been a-peelin' 'em!

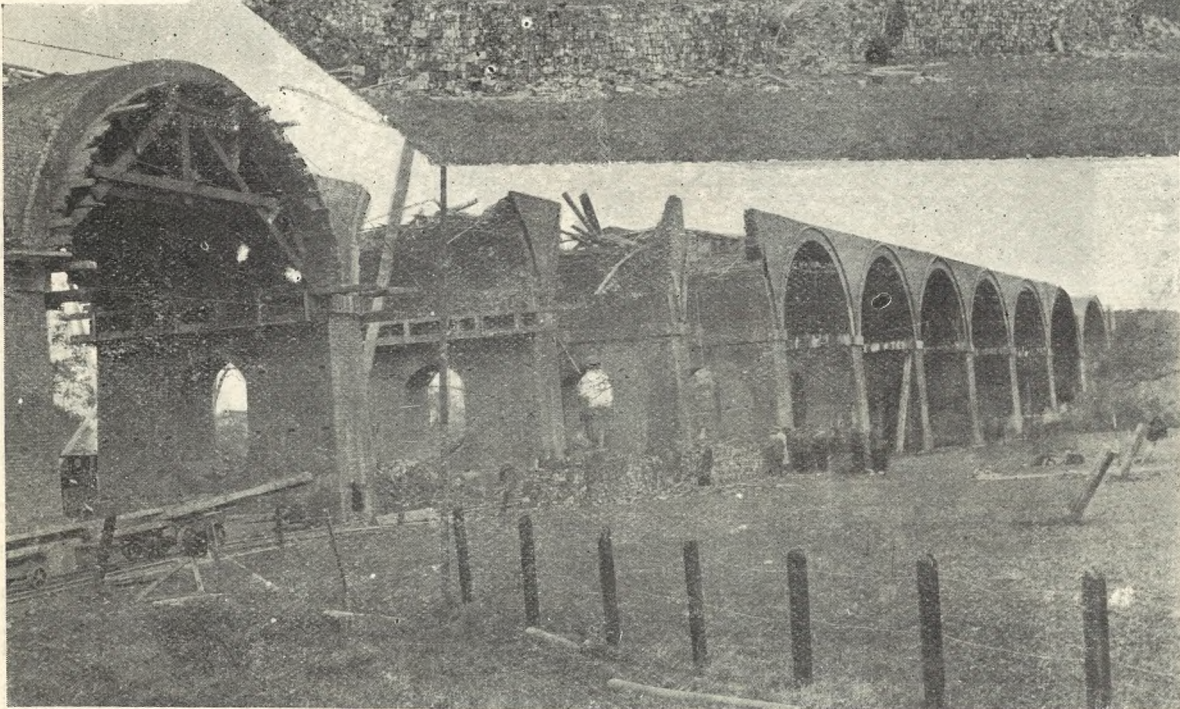
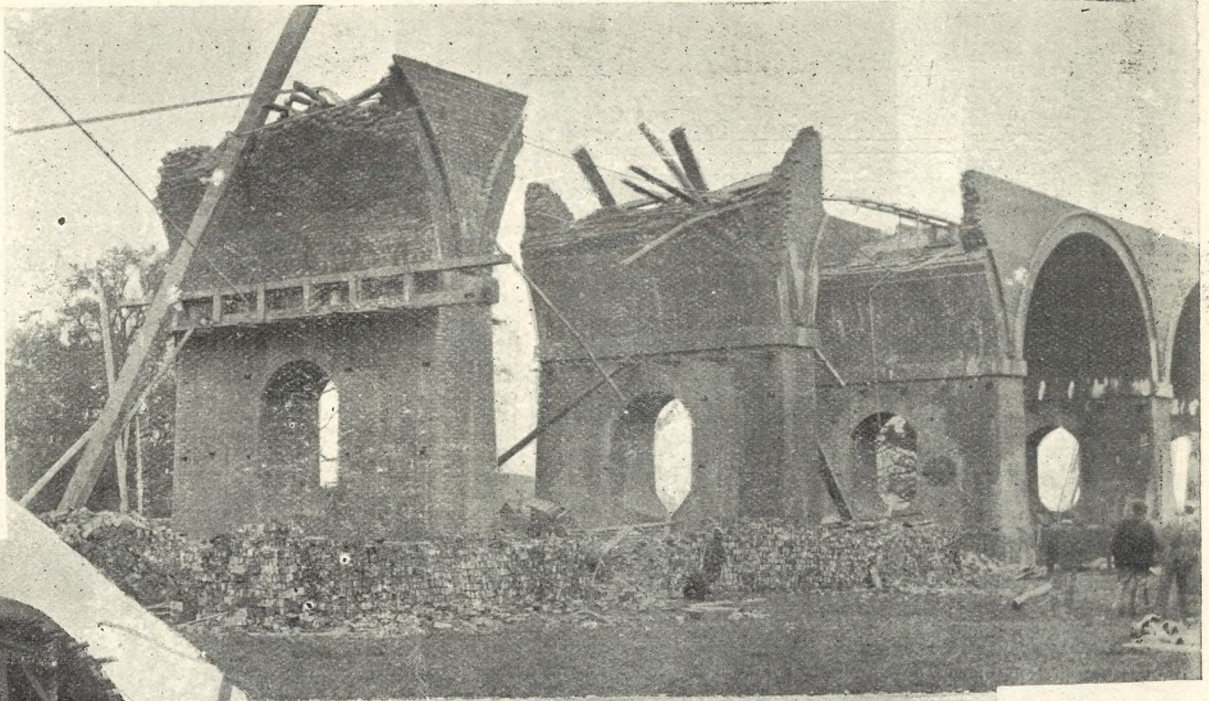
But wot I were about to remark when they onions come across me track were jest this: if I were asked wot was the most important 3 words in conversation I should say "'Ave you 'eard?" as always leads up to a bit of gossip; and dearly I loves to be on the seen when they 3 words is the text of the sermon.

Of course, I knows 't isn't considered "all fay," as the Hightalians do say, to gossip; but, there, you know, we all does it, from the dutchess at her reception down to the old women at the workhouse, and 'ave done ever since Eve 'eard the first bit of news from the serpint's tongue; and, speakin' for my own sect, whether it comes out in back-door chatter or in Women's Workers' meetings in lovely 'alls, it's the same sort of hinstinct, as you mite say—the sort of desire to be 'eard, either to improve other people's characters or the hoppersite. But, there, there! wot's the good of preachin' about it when we all does it; wich

'Ave you 'eard about that there petition as were left lying about in the shops and banks, etcetera, asking the Prince of Wales to come and open a sale of work here on behalf of the Why Hem Sea Hay? And 'ow it did read that if the Prince of Wales 'appened to be out to tea or at a Free Food banquet on the day, Lord Roberts or some other clergyman should be asked? Wich, as it turns out, is, after all, to be opened by th Mayor of Cheltenham, and to be held in the Imperial Rooms, the Winter Garden, as first announced, not being large enuff! Moral: Look before you leap.

'Ave you 'eard 'ow indignant the Wesleyans are at wot was said at the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Furrin Parts last Monday afternoon by a missionary from South Africa by the name of Stenson? If you

THE . . .
VIADUCT
DISASTER.



The Disaster occurred on the morning of Nov. 13, 1903, on the railway from Cheltenham to Honeybourne in course of construction for the G.W.R. Co., and in which four arches collapsed and four men were fatally and several others seriously injured. These photos were taken before the fall of the fourth arch.



WATCHING THE RESCUERS.

Photos by H. G. Clarke and R. E. J. Lane,



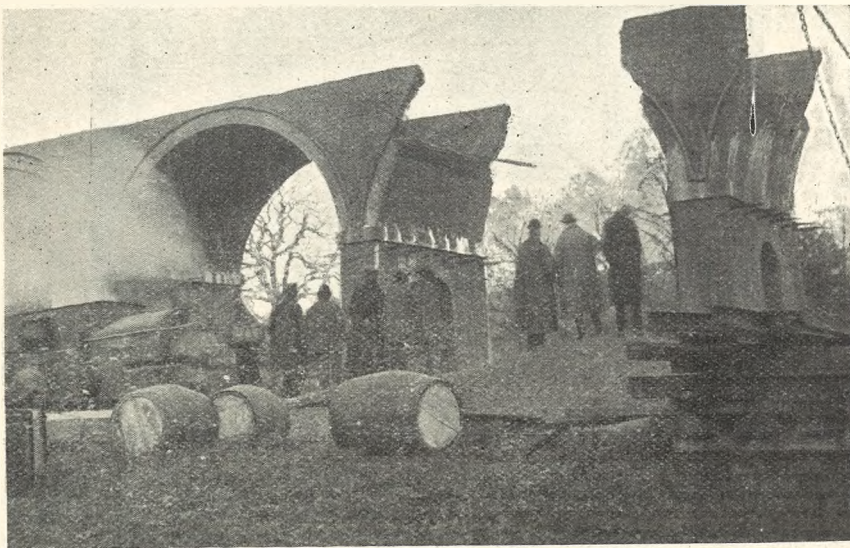
WORKMEN FILING PAST BODY FOR IDENTIFICATION.

Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



FIRST ARCH TO FALL.



FOURTH ARCH TO FALL.

Photos by H. Dyer.

Cheltenham.

One of the London newspapers noted its very strong opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, on Monday acknowledged without comment the receipt of a postcard. It contained in red a picture of Mr. Chamberlain. It also contained the following words: "What saith the Scriptures? Genesis, forty-first chapter, fifty-fifth verse, says: 'And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto JOSEPH: what he saith to you, do.'"

On Saturday tribute was due to the motor-car, which, if not born exactly seven years ago, came into legal being on November 14th, 1896. As the "Autocar" reminds us, it marked the day with a number printed in red. But it was a wheezy and groggy lot of machines that started on that memorable morning from London for Brighton, freed at last from the man in front with a red flag. Thirty-five cars started, but only thirteen reached Brighton in time for the commemoration dinner. Things have changed since that day, and it is now quite easy for the automobilist to leave London after breakfast, lunch in Brighton, and return in good time for dinner in London, without exceeding the legal limit of speed.

"In children the habit of writing diaries should be sternly discouraged," says a writer in the "Ladies' Pictorial," "lest the practice should become inveterate. Only the other day, calling on an acquaintance, who is the proud possessor of 'clever' children, I found a young gentleman in the act of taking leave of his hostess. No sooner was the drawing-room door closed on him than I saw the two children busy with note-books in a corner. Asked what they were doing, the little dears replied that they were 'recording their impressions of the last visitor.' I never called again."

Women are growing quite embarrassingly frank about the basis and the crown of their charms. A pretty young married woman, with her five-year-old son—so much one could infer—jumped into a first-class railway carriage. After her came three friends, two girls and a man. "Yes, I'd never be without my wig," said the pretty woman. "It isn't as if I hadn't enough hair of my own, Celia can vouch for that." Celia nodded. "Why, the other Sunday we were lunching at Wimbledon, one of those damp, muggy days. Margaret was there—with her fringe all over her eyes. Mine was al' right; and yet Margaret has a maid and I haven't. I've worn a wig for three years, and I don't care who knows it."

The recent visit of General Sir John French to Colonel Percy Marling for a few days' shooting over the Sedbury Park coverts reminds me that several of the most prominent generals in the Boer War have come to this county within the last year or two for sporting purposes. I have noted from time to time the visits of General Baden-Powell to hunt with the North Cotswold Hounds, of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts to follow the Duke of Beaufort's, and of Gen. Lord Kitchener to have a day or two's cubbing with Lord Fitzhardinge's. And this season Gen. Sir William Gatacre, who has taken a residence at Stroud, has already been out with Lord Fitzhardinge's and the Cotswold packs. On one particular day last week at least two officers who took part in the battle of Stormberg were hunting with the Berkeley pack, and it is now a very common occurrence for the field with these hounds to include officers and representatives of the rank and file who saw active service in South Africa. Yes, fox-hunting is to an extent a democratic institution, and one to be warmly encouraged in the national interest, if for no other, as we cannot have too many men who can ride well, and straight, too, ready to obey their country's call, as did the first draft of Imperial Yeomanry, at a time of national emergency.

Mr. E. Boyce Podmore is showing some good sport with the Cotswold Hounds, and the hunting of a fox into the town of Stroud on the 11th inst.—it was near Trinity Church, as the song says, he "met his doom"—is a feather in the cap of the Master. With the exception of the incident of this fox having jumped on to the shoulders of a man in a garden, the chase was not unparalleled in the history of the Hunt, for some twenty years ago the pack ran a fox into the Leazes. And on December 17th, 1856, Earl Fitzhardinge's Hounds ran a fox from Frampton-on-Severn for 3½ hours, and the varmint ultimately gave up at the back of the old workhouse, Parliament-street. I, myself, well remember the Cotswold Hounds, during the mastership of Mr. Hicks Beach, killing a fox on November 4th, 1891, in the city of Gloucester, just beyond the tramway terminus at Wotton, after a forty minutes' chase from Down Hatherley.

Never since February 9th, 1883, when five men were killed in the Severn Tunnel during its construction, has such a terrible calamity occurred in local railway making as the one which took place at Stanway Grounds on the 13th inst. Then four men were killed and eight injured through the collapse of two arches (followed at intervals by two others) of the brick viaduct which is to carry the Honeybourne-Cheltenham Railway over the Grounds. Having motored to the scene of the disaster, I was there in ample time to witness the work of rescue proceeding, and I must testify to the calm heroism of the rough navvies who toiled on underneath the ruined arches, having faith that their masters were doing all that was possible to avert further danger by shoring them up.

The vital statistics for the past quarter prove that Cheltenham maintains its position in the county as regards a low rate of mortality, for it is second, with 10.7 per thousand, or 1.7 less than in the previous quarter. Cirencester stands lowest with 8.8. Cheltenham has also a low birth-rate—19.0 (or second lowest), being an improvement of 4 points on the quarter. Matters are mending at Charlton Kings, for this time it has the lowest, instead of the highest, rate of infant mortality. Stroud, Honsley, and Tewkesbury had the highest rates.

GLEANER.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

POLITICS AND MORALITY.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

Is there any necessary antagonism between politics and morality? We are all agreed, I think, in the abstract that there ought not to be. There used to be an axiom, common enough in political quarters, that what was morally wrong could never be politically right. I am afraid it is an axiom which is not very much in vogue at the present time. During the last few months I have read a great many political speeches, delivered by men holding very diverse political opinions, and what has struck me in most of these speeches is the entire absence of any appeal to moral considerations. Appeals to greed, to cupidity, to race hatred, to prejudice, to what is termed patriotism, there have been in abundance; but with very few exceptions there has been no appeal to the higher moral instincts which are supposed to dwell in all men.

This it may be assumed is in some measure symptomatic. Our politics in a large degree are the expression of our life. We can rise no higher than our own level. In every democratic country the Government is bound to reflect the moral tone and standard of the people as a whole. A highly moral people is bound to have a highly moral Government; but if the moral sense has become obscure, if high ideals have been relegated to the background, if the absorbing passion is for riches or territory, if commerce is the people's chief concern, then we may be quite sure that what we term politics will express the ruling passion. Where representative Government exists the representatives of the people cannot go much in advance of the people. They have to express the popular will, the popular desire—they are to a certain extent the embodiment of the popular ideals.

Let me take a simple illustration. Suppose in any borough council election a particular ward in that borough should elect three or four, as the case might be, publicans to represent them on the council. That ward, we will suppose, could only send three or four representatives, and all those representatives were connected with the trade. There would be no necessity whatever to inquire as to the quality of that particular ward. We might assume, of course, that there were temperance people in it who were opposed to the drink traffic, people who were labouring to break down the monopoly, for we find earnest, enthusiastic minorities everywhere. But the popular will would be expressed by the representatives. We should know that the people as a whole in the district favoured the existence of the public-house, believed it was a very necessary institution, and objected to any limitation of its influence or power. And precisely as local feeling and sentiment and ideals express themselves in their representatives, so is it true of larger affairs. Our House of Commons is the reflex of the national mind and the national will. If that national will is enthusiastically for righteousness, for brotherhood, for goodwill, for peace, legislation will express those sentiments, and the tone of the people will find expression on public platforms.

What are we to assume, therefore, from the apparent absence of appeal to the higher instincts and emotions of the populace in the political harangues which are addressed to them to-day? Is it commerce alone that we are concerned about? Has greed of gain taken such a hold upon us that every other matter is treated as of secondary importance? Has the keenness of competition destroyed our feeling of brotherhood and our sense of humanity? Is race hatred to be kept alive in the hope that it may contribute in some way to commercial prosperity? I can remember the time when our greatest statesmen suffused their political utterances with the warm glow of religious fervour and enthusiasm, when every great question was brought to the touchstone of the supreme ethics of the New Testament, when the passion for righteousness rather than for party lifted their political utterances out of the low swamp of greed and passion and cupidity; and when

the listener felt that after all our greatness and our strength did not depend upon our wealth or our intellect, upon our armies or our navies, upon our aristocrats or our capitalists, but that it depended upon the righteous tone and character of the people as a whole—that justice was the foundation of our strength and righteousness, the secret of our prosperity.

As far as I am able to gather to-day retaliation is one of the most popular cries throughout the country. We are exhorted on all hands to hit back again; that if in any way our neighbour wrongs us we must pay him back in his own coin; that we must use his weapons, and if possible have weapons bigger and stronger than his. "If thy enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink," is a sentiment that has no place whatever in the politics of to-day. "In all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," appears to be regarded as a worn-out shibboleth unworthy of consideration by the men of light and leading. On the Golden Rule may rest all the Law and the Prophets, but it seems to be assumed that if the British Empire were to attempt to rest on the Golden Rule it would fall to pieces in a moment. We are not told in so many words that the Beatitudes are fly-blown shibboleths, but it appears to be assumed in most of the political utterances that find their way into the newspapers to-day.

Take again the drink traffic. All social reformers, and, indeed, most religious reformers, are agreed that the drinking habits of the people are our greatest social curse, that there is nothing that is working so much havoc to the nation as this traffic; that it is

eating away the very foundation of our greatness and power; that it is destroying a very considerable portion of our religious work; that it is rendering null and void a good deal of our Christian enterprise; that it is putting to shame our best endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the masses; that it is undoing all, and more than all, that our religious teachers and missionaries can accomplish. And yet, directly we bring the trade into the political arena, moral considerations seem to be at once thrown aside, and the question considered simply and solely from the point of view of political opportunism. The question is no longer, "Is it bad for the nation?" but "Is it good for the party? Can it be used for party ends? can the wealth and influence of the brewer and drinkseller be utilised for the gaining of votes or the winning of constituents?" Now, I cannot help saying that such political traffic with the drink interest is distinctly immoral. There ought to be no parley with such a trade, either by the one party or the other. It is a national question affecting national interests, and if the nation does not strangle it it will strangle the nation, to quote the words of a well-known statesman.

Take, again, what I may term internationalism. Our Christianity recognises no geographical distinction nor racial boundary. We are taught to believe that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, that every man is our brother, and that we are brothers to every man. Our duty to our neighbour has been made clear enough to us, and the question who is our neighbour has been answered by the Master Himself. But the modern drift and tendency of English politics is certainly not in the direction of internationalism, but in

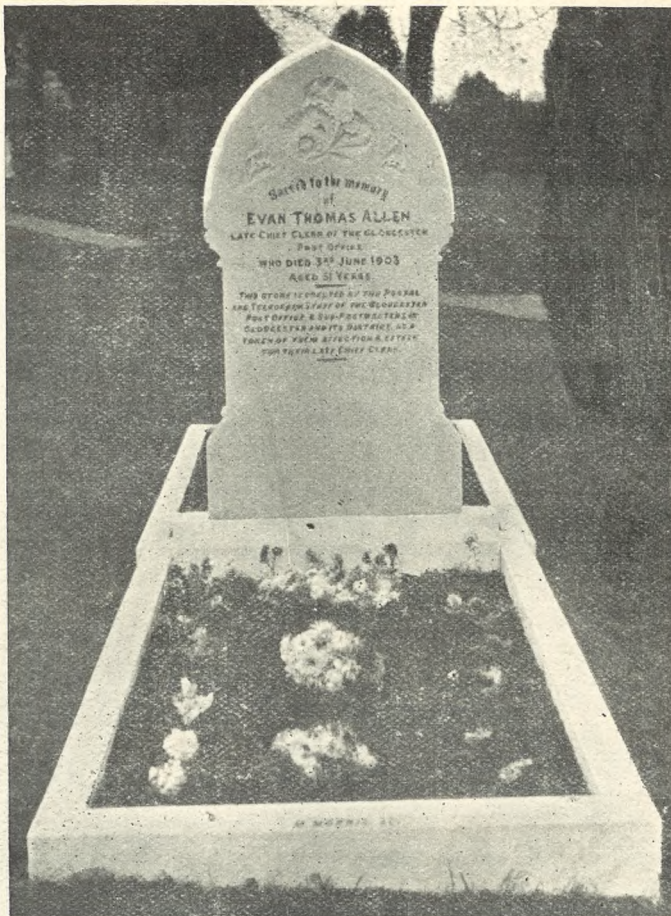


Photo by F. Davey,

Gloucester.

Post-office Memorial in Gloucester Cemetery

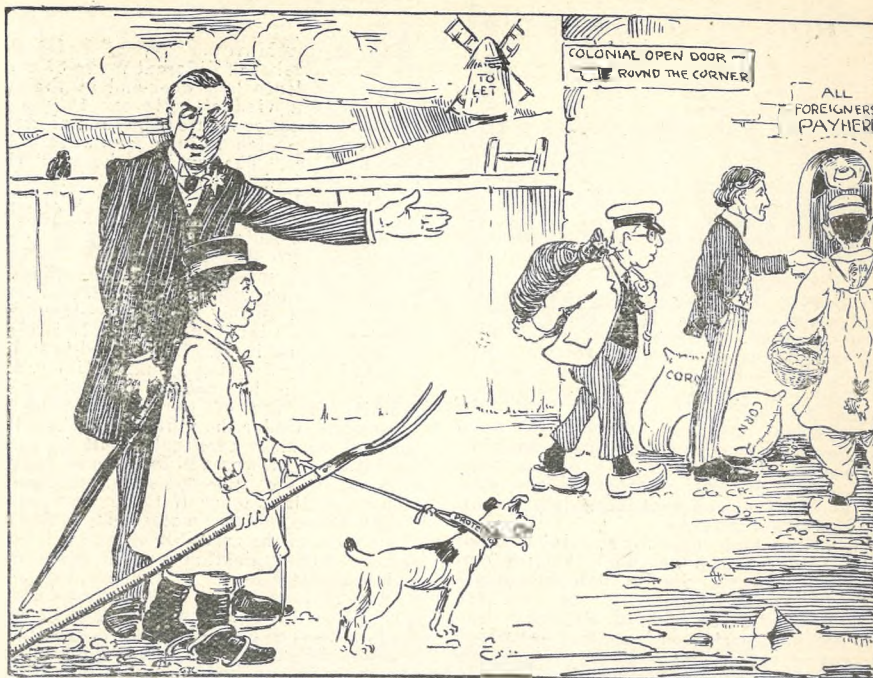
To Mr. E. T. Allen, late Chief Clerk of Gloucester Post-office.

the direction of sectionalism, Race hatred and race animosities instead of being decreased have been very considerably strengthened. The movement that was favoured and encouraged by the late Prince Albert, and which found its expression in the great exhibition of 1851, the movement towards closer unity and friendship and amity, has received a very decided check in the last few years. It appears to be the ambition of some of our modern statesmen not to cultivate friendship but to stir up race hatred, and to appeal to brute instinct instead of to moral instincts. The foreigner, who after all is only our brother, has become an object of scorn and dislike. On moral and religious grounds this is exceedingly to be regretted. It means putting back the hand upon the dial, it means the check of missionary enterprise, the damping down of missionary enthusiasm; it means wiping out the glorious work done in the past, it means the stirring of strife, and possibly the shedding of blood. The sooner we can suffuse our politics with morality the better it will be for us.

BOOK CHAT.

BY THAMES AND COTSWOLD.

Within the past few years the Cotswold country has been receiving quite an unusual amount of literary attention. To say nothing of several magazine articles, we have had the late Mr. Gibbs's "Cotswold Village," which has done much in the way of arousing interest in the district, especially among those within cycling distance of its "high, wild hills and rough and uneven ways;" then Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, in a little collection of studies of singular daintiness and charm anant his own "Travels in England" dealt largely with desultory rambles amid Cotswold hills and valleys; lastly we welcome the impressions of the Reverend Dr. William Holden Hutton, whose series of studies "By Thames and Cotswold" form a volume more ambitious in both bulk and matter than that of either of the writers above mentioned. It is one of the charms of the Cotswolds that all who love them may do so after their own individual fashion, there being, happily, no recognised standard of appreciation with regard to them. To some it is the unique historic interest of the district that appeals most strongly; to others, the atmosphere and traditions of an older England lingering about its unspoilt towns and villages; to others, merely its bracing air and wide open spaces. All these are reflected in Dr. Hutton's leisurely and delightful studies, but the historic interest predominates, and we realise at the outset that the author has brought to his congenial task much knowledge and love of the past joined to a pleasant fancy for lingering amid its quaint by-ways and forgotten corners. The roads, camps, and villas of the Roman occupation; the work of the Norman builders; the impress of the fifteenth century wool merchants in Chipping-Campden, Cirencester, and Stow; Burford, with its echoes of the Civil War; traditions of the old coaching days; forgotten family histories, gathered here and there from tombs and brasses and parish records; in matter such as this Dr. Hutton has delighted; and about it all is the fragrance of the Cotswold country. In several chapters, Dr. Hutton has passed beyond that altitude limit of 400 feet which scientific precision has recently laid down as the frontier line of the hill district. There are many delightful pages concerning towns and villages of the Upper Thames, whose names are for many of us full of poetic and historical significance; Lechlade and Shelley; Kelmscott and William Morris; and, beyond the young Thames, a district eloquent with the memory of Alfred the Truth Teller. In another group of studies, our thoughts are directed to the yet more famous shrine on the northern limits of the Cotswolds where "Shakespeare lies by Avon's side these thrice a hundred years;" to Evesham and the Avon valley; to the Saxon church of Deerhurst; and to Winchcombe with its shadowy Saxon kings. There is nothing of



Drawn by G. J. Cox,

Cheltenham.

The Fiscal Problem Made Easy (III).

Johnny, tired of an artisan's life, turns to agriculture.

UNCLE JOE: These boys pay the tax, and you can farm at a big profit.

JOHNNY: That seems all O K; but you must not stop there—I want a prohibitive tariff on rain.

the "guide-book" either in Dr. Hutton's scholarly and graceful studies or in the hundred pen sketches by which they are illustrated. It is a book to read at one's leisure, thereby to revive old memories, to revisit familiar places, and to form pleasant resolutions for a speedy acquaintance with others as yet unvisited. ("By Thames and Cotswold," by William Holden Hutton, B.D.; Constable and Co.)

You may search Ceylon or Scotland,
Europe, Asia, cold or hot land,
But as long as green is green and grass is flesh
You will never see a sight
To amaze you and delight
Like the fascinating Fresher who is fresh.
—"The Isis," Oxford.

"We are impatient of the colossal conceit of pampered novelists," says the "Times" in its literary supplement, "weary of their talk about themselves, their trade, their cosmic influence. Except in a very few cases, they have no influence; they only fill with their preachments the minds of some women who know not their right hands from their left in matters intellectual."

At the close of his character sketch of the Duke of Devonshire in the November "Review of Reviews," Mr. Stead says:—"If we are not to have a Home Rule Cabinet next year we might do worse than accept a Devonshire Administration, pledged to Free Trade, peace, retrenchment, efficiency, social reform, and the amendment of the Education Act. Of course this is put forward not as a thing desirable in itself, but as a 'pis aller.' What we hope for is Lib.-Lab. majority, which will install a Lib. Lab. Ministry, with a mandate to effect much more radical changes than the Duke would ever sanction. But if we are to be shut up to a Liberal Leaguer anti-Home Rule Jingo-and-water Administration, might we not find the Duke a better Prime Minister than any of the others whose names are before the public?"

Poetry.

THE OLD FOSSE WAY.
A SONG OF THE COTSWOLDS.

There's a brave old road in Gloucestershire, each step of it I know,
Frim Cister to Bourton, from Bourton up to Stow.
In summer and in winter, in sunshine and in rain,
I've trudged along it cheerily beside my timber wain.
Oh, the green and pleasant valleys with their clear streams gliding by;
The breezy upland pastures that seem to touch the sky;
The hawthorn hedges smiling in the merry month of May;
And the throstles gaily singing on the old Fosse Way.
On far-off Sabbath evenings (ah, the memory is sweet),
My little laughing Susan on the brave old road I'd meet;
In the old, old lover's fashion, at the old, old lover's stile,
With the bells of Colne St. Denis chiming sweetly all the while.
The world holds many maidens who are grander far than she,
Fair faces, tender glances, but their charm is not for me;
For I've never seen another since her blue eyes closed for aye,
Like the little lass I courted on the old Fosse Way.
I've travelled far in many lands, I've felt the mystery,
The beauty, and the glory of the ever-changing sea,
The glamour of the golden East, the wonder of the West,
But I love the hills and valleys of the Cotswold country best.
The evening shadows lengthen. Shall I ever more behold
The pleasant hills and valleys of the happy days of old,
Or hear the throstles singing in the merry month of May
In the gleaming hawthorn hedges of the old Fosse Way?

A. PARSONS.

At the close of a noisy Liberal meeting at Tenbury (Worcestershire) on Wednesday, Lord Beauchamp told the audience that he was sorry that "Tenbury had lost its reputation for good manners."

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

PLATE-SUNK MOUNTS.

There is no doubt that plate-sunk mounts look very effective. They can also be easily made by anyone at home. This is done by placing a thick mount with rounded corners the size of the plate-mark required on the mount to be operated upon, and putting the two under a strong press. This is best done when the print is nearly dry.

BELT FASTENERS.

To users of flat belts I can honestly recommend a fastener known as "The Jackson," to be propelled. It consists of a flat plate with a hole at each end to receive a bolt and nut. A hole is punched in each end of the belt to receive the bolts, which are pushed through the holes in the belt and fastener and then secured by nuts. This fastener has given me great satisfaction even with the weight of a fore-carriage. The beauty of this fastener is the simplicity of its attachment and detachment.

SURFACE CARBURETTERS.

There is no doubt that for starting a motor during cold or damp weather the spray carburetter gives better results than the surface type. Although this is the case, yet, if a simple precaution be adopted, not much difficulty will be experienced in getting the necessary petrol vapour for starting. I should always have a surface carburetter fitted to any machine I might have in the future. Having ridden a machine fitted with one for the last eighteen months, I can safely say that the carburation has never given me the slightest trouble, owing to the extreme simplicity. Now, as regards the starting of the motor, the plan I always adopt is to finish up all the petrol in the carburetter just as I arrive at my destination; and from continually practising the above, I can now tell to a nicety the petrol required for a certain distance. When it is required to start again, a fresh supply of petrol can be introduced into the carburetter from the reserve tank, therefore ensuring a good supply of vapour. Of course, spray carburetters have their advantages over the other form; but for the novice in motor-cycling who requires his machine to run with the minimum of trouble I should say "Have a surface carburetter fitted." The only point requiring attention is the valve leading from the supply tank to the carburetter; this may leak, and fill up

the whole space, thus leaving no room for vaporisation.

THE HANDY MOTOR.

A large number of different forms of motors were in evidence last week-end at the scene of the recent viaduct collapse. It was certainly the most convenient method of getting to the spot, which is in a somewhat out-of-the-way place. The cyclists who went there must have had a hard time of it "mud-plugging," the roads being in a frightful condition, sometimes making even the trusty and powerful motor tire.

THE ROAD AND MOTOR PROBLEM.

This is undoubtedly one of the most serious problems which will have to be faced in the future. This is the motor age—the age of speed—both on land and water. It is useless to fight against it. To limit speed is to limit human life by limiting human activity. Laws will have to be passed prohibiting the promiscuous use of the roadway to foot-passengers. Under the influence of these laws, which I consider eventually will be passed, our cities and towns will cease to be enlarged villages, where the pedestrian promenades along the highway as if there were no carriages, trams, horses, motor-cars, cycles, and other users of the road. Everyone will be the gainer; communication will be more rapid and less dangerous. If the law would but request mater familias to discourage her offspring from camping out in the middle of the road, as they so often do, what a blessing the law would confer on humanity! The people and the rights of the people are all very well; but one does not live in these days to stop at home, and short of an airship there is no practicable method of getting about with rapidity under present conditions. The chief complaint, mark you, against the motorist is not that he causes accidents but that he may cause them. Restrict the pedestrian to the footpaths, and the motorist becomes at once harmless. Another serious question is—Were the highways constructed for dogs, fowls, etc.? These constitute a grave danger. It would do a great deal of good, too, if the police, instead of wasting their valuable time in organising "motor traps," were to keep some of their attention for the drivers of wagons, carts, etc., on country roads. It is no uncommon thing to meet vehicle after vehicle on the roads showing no lights. If the motorist or cyclist dares to ride during prohibited hours without lights he is pulled up at once but drivers of other vehicles appear to do so with impunity. A very pleasant incident occurred to myself and a

passenger last Saturday evening when we were returning from Stanway. We were bowling along at about ten miles an hour, when suddenly, without any warning, we ran into a drove of loose horses. The driver, some distance behind, was apparently half asleep. One shudders to think of the consequences had those horses taken fright in the darkness at the sound of the motor and charged down upon us. A Belgian motorist says—"In order to be run over there must be two parties—the one who runs over and the one who is run over. Eliminate the latter, and you do away with the former."

THE NEW REGULATIONS.

I give an illustration of the number plates (identical as regards size, etc.) which all motorists will be obliged to carry next year for the purposes of identification. It is shown on the front of a Cadillac.

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 prize in the 149th competition has been divided between Mr. H. Dyer, St. Mark's, and Mr. H. Clarke, 33 Brunswick-street, Cheltenham, for their viaduct pictures.

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

The winner of the 60th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, for his "Fiscal Problem Made Easy."

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.

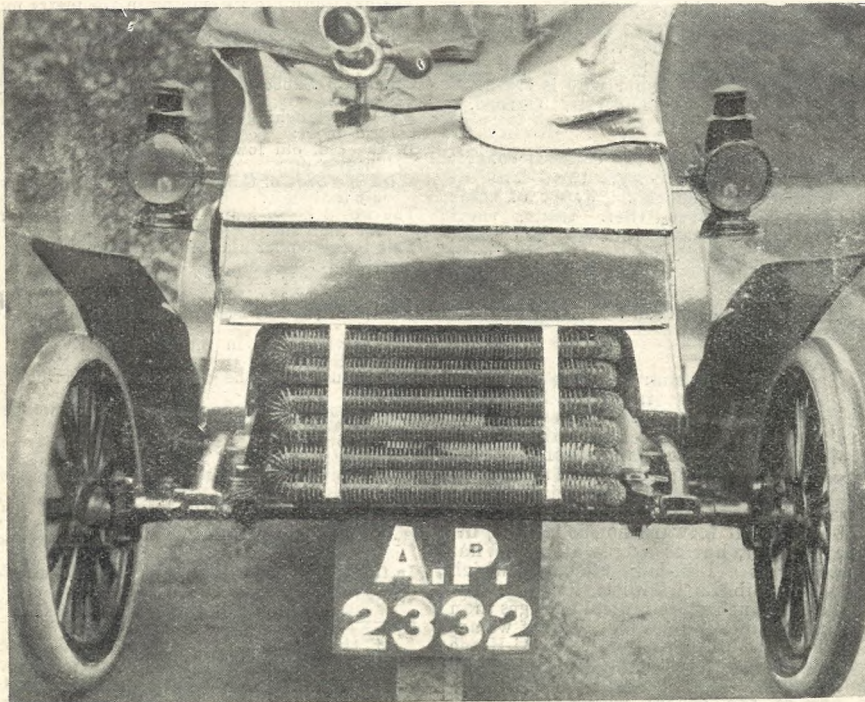
The prize in the 42nd competition has been divided between Miss Jessie Edwards, 36 Montpellier-terrace, Cheltenham, and Miss Humpidge, of Swindon, for their reports of sermons by the Revs. A. C. Turberville and C. Spurgeon respectively.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, 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.



Women in recent years have invaded so many of the professions which in the past have been considered "sacred" to men that it does not come as a great surprise to find a female bootblack in the streets of London. The lady in question is the wife of a well-known bootblack in Euston-road, outside Euston Station, and she cannot be said to have fully graduated to the profession, since she only acts as her husband's understudy. One interesting feature of her appearance has been the spectacle of ladies having their boots and shoes cleaned on the box, and not unnaturally the female shoeblack believes that there is a distinct opening for her labours in this direction. She has, however, already come into collision with the police, and her career as an outdoor worker may come to an abrupt termination. It appears she must have a license, and there is some doubt as to whether one will be granted to her.

This joke is fresh from Edinburgh; it should be swallowed slowly. "As the members of the Edinburgh Corporation were marching in procession from St. Giles's last Sunday, decked in their robes of office, an onlooker was heard to observe: 'What a lot o' vermin!' It was not till after refreshments were served that the explanation of the expression dawned upon them, and their countenances relaxed into a broad grin. And yet people say that Scotsmen are dense."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 152.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:

Wilson Barrett & Co. in
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

NEXT WEEK

FIRST VISIT OF THE NEW SUCCESSFUL
PLAY,

"MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE."

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.

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 150th competition is Mr. William Walton, of London-road, Gloucester, with his tramways pictures.

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

The winner of the 61st competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 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 43rd competition is Miss Daisy K. Boileau, of 6 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. Mr Hornby at Cheltenham College Chapel.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, 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.

Our Portrait Gallery.

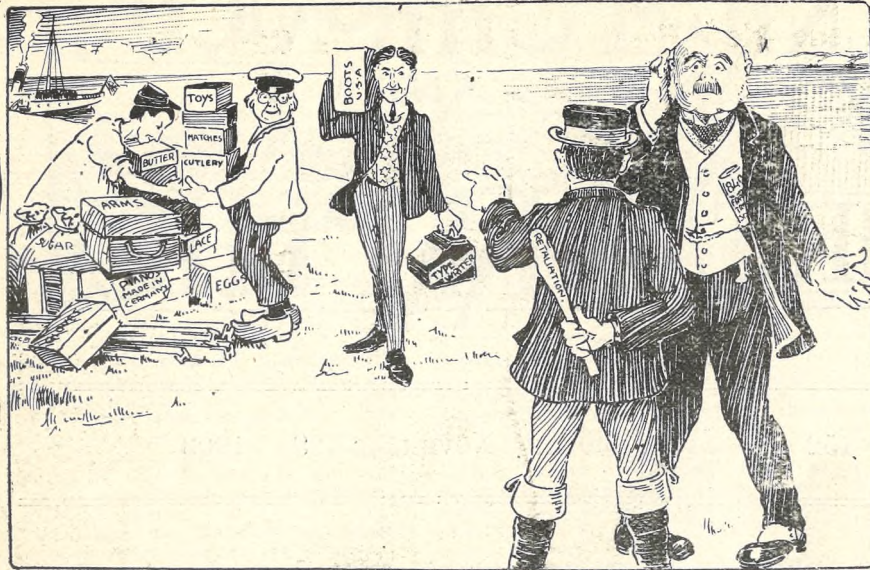


THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE CHELTENHAM MUSICAL
FESTIVAL SOCIETY—

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., M.V.O.,

Organist of Westminster Abbey.





Drawn by G. J. Cox, Cheltenham.

The Fiscal Problem Made Easy (IV.)

JOHNNY (who decides to consult a few of the Opposition): Now, why can't I retaliate, and prevent them "dumping" on our ground?

SIR H-N-Y C-B.: Preposterous! What would Mr. Cobden say? Besides, you would offend those boys, and then I don't know what would happen.

"Selina Jenkins's" Letters.

"THINGS YOU SEE IN THE PAPER."

I knows there's they as considers it's waste of time to read the advertizements in the paper, and is very cross about it if they gets begiled into pondering thro' a very hegsaiting heppisode about a railway guard as fell asleep on duty and met with a severe railway accident as upshook 'is hinteral system so bad that 15 doctors, 2 chymists, and a veterinary wasn't able to cure 'im and never knowed a day to pass without some complaint or other a-breakin' out all over 'im until 'e saw Paul's Purple Pills advertized, as cured 'im by only lookin' to the lid of the box.

I thinks, meself, 'owever, as we ought to be very thankful to them as puts in these 'ere story-hett advertizements, wich is very good readin' till you comes to the pill part, and I've often dropped a tear by the wayside, as you mite say, to read the 'arrowin' hincidents as is set 4th sometimes (afore you comes to the pill part!)

Well, I'll tell you 'ow I reads me "Echo." I always reads the Births, Marriages, and Deaths first, being a sort of a heppitomy of general news, as you mite say, becoss them as isn't born or married or dead 'ain't of much account, so I thinks; besides wich, it sets a body hup with useful hinfornation about who's who, and who isn't who, as is very awk'ard to meet a young married couple out with the first in the bassinette and to speak of it as a 'E when 'e's really a 'ER, as you mite 'ave easy discovered from the "births, marriages, and deaths" department. There is folks as 'ave sich a bad memory, too, that unless they keeps their heye on the deaths column they be certain sure to ask a widow who she be in mournin' for, or some sich "contrary tom," as the French says, altho' if we gets Chamberlain's Protection brought to pass, French remarks 'il 'ave to be taxed, so I've 'eard, and "contrary tom" 'il 'ave to be gave hup in favour of "awkward hincident"; wich there was old Mr. Williams, as were a helder to a Presbyterian Church, as never met me in the street after pore Jenkins diseased without askin' me "'ow my dear 'usband were," wich were all rite for once or twice, but after a bit I got tired of hegsplinin' to 'im in a loud tone of voice, 'e bein' stone deaf in one ear and 'ard of 'earing in the hother, so about the 6th time of askin' I hups and I says to

'im, in the street, too, and well I remembers the time, bein' jest in front of the butcher's, wich Elder Williams were leanin' against the meat with 'is best black coat on all the time we were talkin'—so, as I were sayin', I shouts at 'im, says I, "Elder Williams, I'm surprised at you not rememberin' as pore Jenkins 'ave been took from us, wich 'is end was piece, and only a fortnite ago come Saturday I told you all about wot a lovely funeral it were, done in the best of style; all I can say to you, Elder Williams, is—whenver you askes me sich a question again—pore Jenkins died 12 months ago, and 'e's still dead!" Wich would all 'ave been saved if only F'der Williams 'ad read the births, marriages, and deaths carefully.

After the Births, Marriages, and Deaths, I always looks thro' the advertizements, as is very hinteresting and hinstructive, many of 'em, altho' I don't know as people makes theirselves so plain as they mite do in their meanin's.

Frinstance, I sees in this week's "Echo" "Wanted, a strong young man as second porter, to live in," as is very remarkable. Now, wotever do people mean by advertizing for a strong young man to live in? If they'd asked for a small cottage or 2 clean rooms with attendance I could 'ave understood it, but 'altho' I knows young men is very enterprisin' now along, I don't ritely see 'ow they can let theirselves out as furnished apartments. 'Owver, live and learn, says I, and I'm open to be showed 'ow it can be did!

The other day Amos Wilkins brought me in some copies of a country paper, and of all the announcements as you ever see'd—well, there. I'll jest give you one or two.

The Parish Clerk puts in the first: "No person is to be buried in the parish churchyard except those living in the parish. All persons wishing to be buried there are requested to apply personally to the Parish Clerk!"

Then there's the announcement of a meetin' at the local Young Men's Christian Association: "Miss Smith will give an address in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association on Friday evening at 7.30, her subject being 'Follow me.' Young men cordially invited."

In the church notice as to who was to preach next Sunday: "The preacher for next Sunday will be found nailed to the church door, to which application should be made for seats."

A gardener advertizes like this:—

JACOB PARSONS,
Bulbs and other Wall Fruit
Direct from Holland in our own trucks.
Gardening in all its branches.
"Branches" is a very good word, don't you think?

A draper, who 'as 'ad one of those little haccidents that do 'appen when trade is bad, advertizes like this, more truthful than he means to be, I reckon:—"In consequence of the recent fire our business will be continued as usual!"

But the following is, I consider, the prize off-drop of the whole lot as you mite say, bein' a gentleman of a great many accomplishments, and a reglar genius for departments, for all the world like a second-edition of a Boots' or a Lipton's stores:—

ROGER GILES,
Grocer and Undertaker,
Beg respectfully to inform ladies and gentlemen he sells perfumery and snuff in all its branches.

Stationery, cocks, hens, pigs, and all kinds of poultry.
Blacking brushes, herrings, coals, treacle, micetraps, bathbrick, and all kinds of sweetmeats, including potatoes, sausages, and other garden stuffs.

Tobacco, cigars, lamp oil, and other liquors.

Fresh fruit in season, hats, buckets, hair-oil, antibilious pills, and other eatables. Tripe, pickled onions, Epsom salts, senna leaves, and all hardware.

Eggs, gutta percha soles, and singing birds—such as owls, lobsters, and peacocks.

A donkey kept.
Wich I considers the last few words goes without sayin'!

I've started to collect advertizements like the above, as is jest so good as collectin' pictur' post-cards, so I considers; so perhaps some as reads this may be able to send along a few of the same to the "Chronicle," carriage paid, per goods train, to add to my collection!
SELINA JENKINS.

POETRY.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break:
The sound prolong.

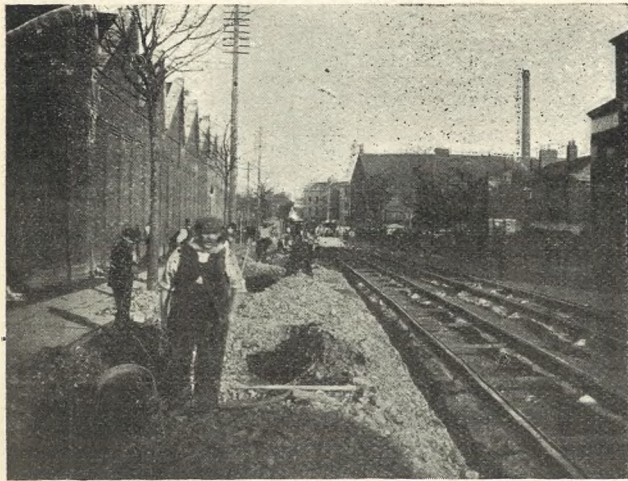
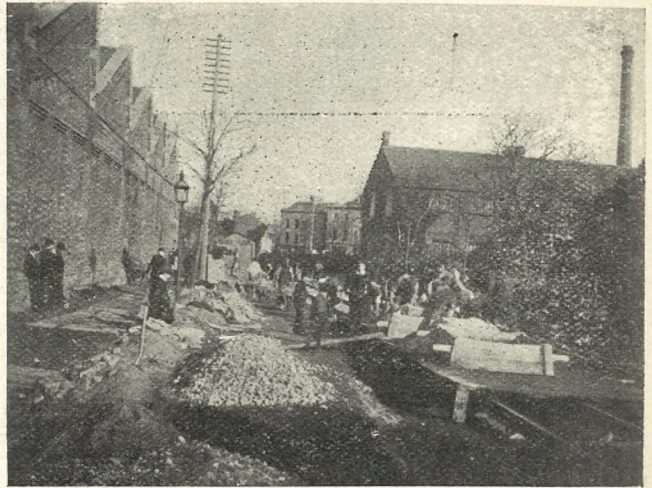
Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

A bad winter for the unemployed has been foreseen, but, judging from an article in the "Social Gazette"—the newspaper of the Salvation Army's social organisation—it will be even worse than has been expected. A newspaper representative has appeared in person in reply to a number of advertisements, and found in each case a crowd of applicants. For two places as carpenters at 35s. a week 110 men applied; for a clerk's situation at 25s. appeared eighty-seven men. Fifty-one waited in the rain for a liftman's berth, and sixty for a stoker's at a salary of 25s., with long hours; while, as a culmination, no fewer than 150 men of all ages between twenty and fifty, some being dressed in frock-coats and silk hats, applied for a post as a warehouse porter—at a guinea a week.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.
THE PRIZE PICTURES.

A Week's Progress on the New Electric Tramways for Gloucester.

Bristol-road Section.



AN OLD HORSE CAR.
RAILS LAID READY.

MIXING CONCRETE.
CONCRETED READY FOR PAVING.

Photos by William Walton,

Gloucester.

The fact of the existence of the Whiteway colony near Stroud is still "news" to some papers. The latest issue of the "Anglo-Russian" summarises the rules of the colony thus—That no animal flesh must be consumed, no money used for the buying or selling of commodities, which must be exchanged, that all manufactured articles and imported food must be discarded, and that true marriage is a result only of true love and needs no ceremonies.

The Prince of Wales has just purchased a novel motor-car the like of which has not yet been seen on the roads. It is of unusual length, with glazed windows at either end connected by a canopy, and it can be completely enclosed. In front there are seats for the driver and chauffeur, and immediately behind there are four arm-chair seats, with accommodation for three more persons in the rear. It has been built by the Daimler Company, and is most luxuriously fitted up. The motor is of 22 horse-power, but the car has been designed more for comfort than speed, and when enclosed is as snug as a brougham.

The Western Union Telegraph Company employ girls as messengers in Boston, and when the Mayor begged that the boys might be reinstated, the superintendent replied: "The girls are giving us better satisfaction than the boys, and so long as this condition prevails they will continue to carry messages in the Boston service." It is hard to think of any employment which will not be invaded by women labour shortly, unless it be that of rat-catching. A woman can't catch rats until she forgets how to scream.

A contributor to "Notes and Queries" says that "all readers of Shakespeare are aware that punning was with him a favourite form of fun." He has discovered 39 puns in the immortal plays. Punning, within the memories of middle-aged playgoers, was the backbone of burlesques, pantomimes, and the lighter forms of entertainment, but it was practically killed by Gilbert and Sullivan, though the answer of Patience to the question, "Do you ever yearn?" "I earn my living" is an instance of the pun that is rooted in the realities.

A family of twelve—seven brothers and five sisters—named Thompson, with an average age of sixty years each, has just been photographed at Bedlington. The eldest is sixty-nine, there is a pair of twins, and the total ages amount to 720 years. The seven sons are all miners, and one of them came over from America to take his place in the photograph. All twelve are hearty and hale.

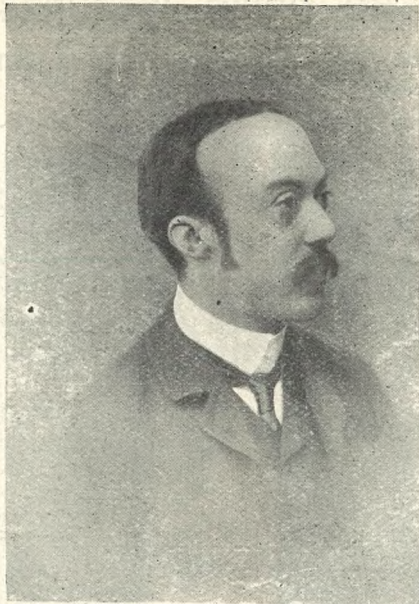
The sum of £12 5s. has just been paid in London for the "National Hymn of the United States" written entirely in the hand of the author and signed by him (the Rev. S. F. Smith). The poem begins:—

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

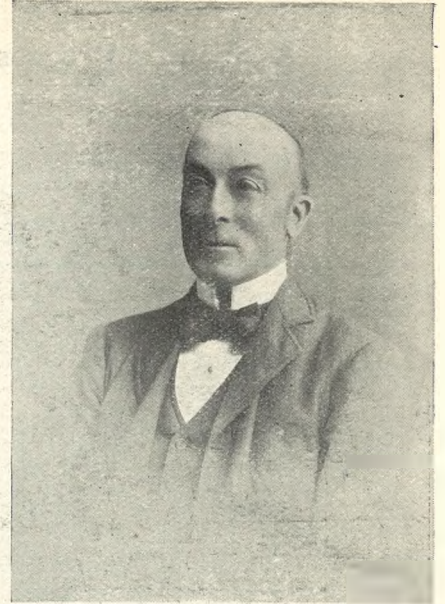
At the same sale one shilling was the first and last bid for the manuscript of a speech by the great Free Trader, John Bright. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*



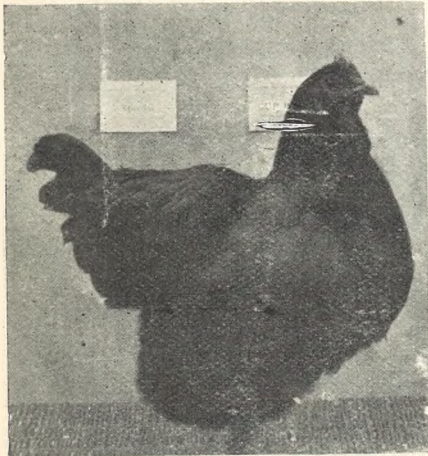
J. H. BOULTER
(Vice Chairman of Committee).



E. ATTWOOD EVANS
(Secretary of Cheltenham Fanciers' Association).



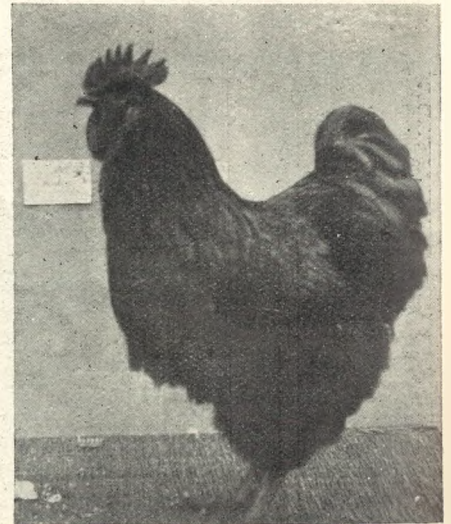
J. H. EVANS
(Chairman of Committee).



V. B. JOHNSTONE'S PULLET CUP
WINNER.

Cheltenham
Feather and
Fur Show,

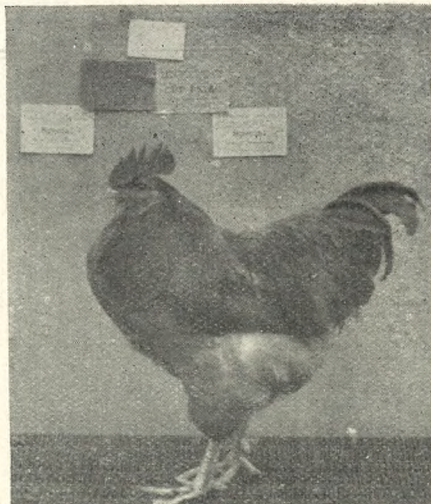
Winter Garden,
Nov. 18 and 19,
1903.

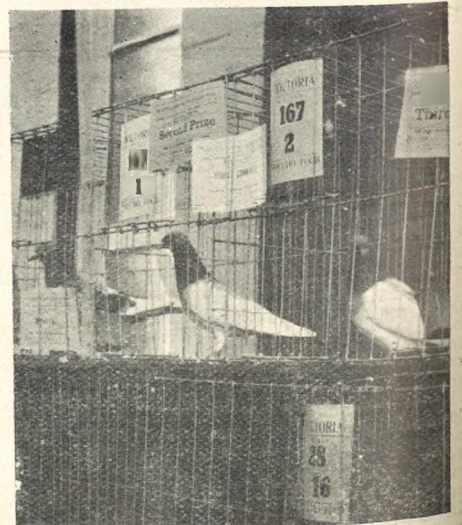
MORRIS SMITH'S FIRST PRIZE BLACK
ORPINGTON
(Purchased by V. B. Johnstone for 22gs.)



MR. LLOYD'S CHAMPION-BRED RED
SADDLE FANTAIL.



H. CANNON'S (CHELTENHAM) BUFF
ORPINGTON.
Cup Winner for Best in Show (Members'
Classes).



PIGEON SECTION.

Photos by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.

Cheltenham Feather and Fur Show.



JUST A FEW HEADS.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BUFF AND BLACK ORPINGTON CLUB.



MICE AND RAT SECTION.



RABBIT SECTION.



PIGEON SECTION.

Photos by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.



CANARY JUDGING.



CAT (Short Hair, any Variety).

CHAMPION JAMES II., the property of Mrs. Collingwood, of Leighton Buzzard.

First Prize at Cheltenham, 1902, and Cup Winner for Best Cat in Show.

First Prize at Cheltenham, 1903, and Cup Winner for Best Cat in Show.



TOODLES, his daughter, 4½ months old.

Winner of First Prize at Cheltenham, 1903.



Feather and Fur at the Winter Garden.

THE SECRETARY AND THE SHOW.

It will perhaps be interesting to our readers to know what the secretary (Mr. Attwood Evans) has to say with regard to the show held at Cheltenham Winter Garden last week:—Well, yes, muses Mr. Evans, there was a lot of work to get through in a short time, and all after the ordinary day's business; but experience and system set it going well, and I had the best help from a few good fellows. The clerical part of the work was enormous. For instance, four thousand postal wrappers were ready addressed before the schedules were printed, and altogether eighteen thousand entry forms and five thousand schedules were sent to known exhibitors and applicants throughout the kingdom. Besides that, there were a few hundreds of letters and postcards written, so you may gather some idea of the quantity of stamps used—pound after pound's worth went in no time; in fact, the post-office must have reaped quite a little harvest, for one night alone two hundred and seventy-six letters were received, nearly all containing postal orders. Oh, there's a mass of detail connected with a big show like ours of which the casual visitor has no conception. The arrangements of the show, the staff, visiting clubs, and the press were carefully planned on paper, and apparently worked smoothly, judging by the press opinions and the congratulations we have received. Grumblers? Well, a few inconsistent people tried their best to irritate, chiefly over the most trivial things; but the older exhibitors, instead of giving trouble, gave assistance, so that compensated. Yes, the show was a big success—as a show—because men who follow up all the big shows have told me so. Mr. W. J. Golding, secretary of the Buff Orpington Club, and Mr. V. B. Johnstone, secretary of the Orpington Club, gave us nothing but praise, and if you can find room for a few words of thanks from me to those two gentlemen for their valuable assistance, I shall be glad, for they were workers.

Several people have asked if it's true that we get the Winter Garden for nothing! Please tell them no. We have to pay full price, and extra for lighting and heating. Last year the bill for light and heat was £24 3s. 9d.

As to my share of the work? Well, you and the London papers have given me credit

for too much. The show would not have been such a success had it not been for the work of a few, and I should like Messrs. J. H. Evans, J. H. Boulter, H. Cannon, G. H. Hooper, and H. Strang to receive a full share of the credit, for the many nights of work they severally contributed. My best thanks are due to them, for without them I should have been nowhere. Will the show pay is a question to be answered later, when accounts are made up; but I fear a big loss. The gate money was less than last year by pounds.

Before the thanks are all used up, do please add the Fanciers' Associations. Next thanks to all the donors of special prizes for their generous response, which gave us what one paper described as "the most lavish display of specials they had ever seen offered." Last, but not least, especial thanks are due to the whole staff for the splendid work they put in. Each one has earned my gratitude, and I should like the opportunity to publicly record that.

Then there are the Vice-Chairman's views—About the cats—well, there I am quite at home. They were strong, both in numbers and quality—but there, that's another story, because my wife's were amongst them. It may interest some to know that I had the pleasure to meet Mrs. Collingwood and Mrs. James, both renowned in the cat world. Mrs. Collingwood's James II., who won our Challenge Vase for the second time, is without doubt the best short-haired cat living, but will probably be ousted from this enviable position by his beautiful daughter "Toodies," which was on view, and elicited much admiration. Mrs. James would have exhibited but for the fact that in her classes the sexes were mixed, which she held to be a great objection with many prominent exhibitors. Another lady well known in the cat world, Miss Beal, of Romaldkirk generously supported us, but was unable to be present. Mr. Witt, too, had a splendid silver tabby on show, and it speaks volumes for the quality of the exhibits when I tell you he was cardless. One other feature must be recorded, that is the excellence of the penning and staging, the double pens, I believe (without extra charge), is an innovation, at any rate in exhibitions of cats, and on all sides earned well-merited praise. Now a truce to cats, and about the show generally. Well, it was a show, and we had a Secretary, whose praises have been lauded in many of the fanciers' papers, but not one whit too much, for he is indeed a pearl without price to any show committee. Punctuality, order, and

discipline are the key-note to his success in this direction; and had it not been for the fact that we secured his services and were backed up by an enthusiastic and hard-working committee the show would not have achieved the enviable reputation it has throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In a chat with the chairman, he said:—Our show has done an immense amount of good for Cheltenham. Visitors came from all over the kingdom, and were loud in their praises of Cheltenham and the Winter Garden. In all the years that I have visited shows, I've never seen such a grand array of exhibits, the finest specimens of every variety being benched for the judges' decision. The judges themselves were the very best experts of the several varieties they adjudicated upon. I should have liked to see a better attendance, especially on the second day, for that is where we lose so much money, the second day's attendance being so very poor that I'm afraid we shall be at considerable loss. The expenses of such an exhibition are enormous, and unless well supported by subscriptions and attendance cannot fail to spell financial loss. It is to me a great honour to be chairman of so energetic and honourable a band of officers who work with the determination that the Cheltenham show shall rank second to none; but even with all this, without an able secretary no show can be a success. In Mr. E. Attwood Evans we have one who combines business tact and method with a genial temperament, and the way in which the whole management was arranged was in my opinion masterly, and to our secretary we owe in a great measure our success in being able to cope with such a gigantic undertaking without confusion. May he be spared for many years to continue at the helm of the Cheltenham Fanciers' Association.

Mr. John Burns always has a great stock of good stories. One of the best he tells, in "T.A.T.," concerns a visit he once paid to a London lunatic asylum. He was taken all over the establishment, and finally arrived at the gardens, where a number of the patients were working. Mr. Burns espied among these a man with whom he had had some slight acquaintance, and was about to speak to him, when the lunatic suddenly exclaimed: "Well, I never; you, too!" The very last person I thought to see here."



MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY,
A NATIVE OF CHELTENHAM.

Leading Lady in the Wilson Barrett Company.



MR. F. C. TAYLOR, of Cheltenham.
Died Nov. 12, 1903, aged 30 years.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

FOR OWNERS OF STAND CAMERAS

Although a large number of amateurs pack up their cameras during the winter season, yet, owing to the better lenses fitted of late years, photography can be carried out under almost any conditions of weather. During damp weather the dark slides—which are amongst the most important accessories to the camera—should be occasionally opened out and stood on their edges in a dry room, so that they may be thoroughly aired. Not much trouble, however, will be experienced if the amateur keeps each slide in a stiff protecting case of cardboard or some other material. This case should be lined with soft material to avoid scratching the slides. The numbers on the slides which each case contains should be marked on the slides. Slide cases can be purchased at very cheap rates, fitted with small ivory plates for this purpose.

ANOTHER CAMERA HINT.

It is sometimes most annoying to the photographer to find, on arriving at his destination, that he has, when packing up his camera satchel, forgotten to put in some important item, such as tripod top, etc. It is

a very good plan to write on a stiff luggage label a list of everything which should be packed in the satchel, and sew the list inside the flap of the satchel. The photographer can then, before setting out, run his eye through the list and see that his bag contains each item.

FOGGED NEGATIVES.

A fair number of amateurs appear to suffer from fogged negatives. There are many well-known causes for these, but in several cases which have come under my notice light fog was traced to the camera itself. Through continual use the black had worn off the inside of the frame and bellows, giving a shiny appearance to the interior. This shininess causes fogged negatives, and the unsuspecting amateur closely inspects his dark-room for traces of light leakage, and frequently abuses the makers of the plates, instead of making a close inspection of his camera. The interior of the camera should be a dull black.

INTERESTING TO LOCAL MOTOR-CYCLISTS.

At a recent general meeting of the Cheltenham and Gloucestershire Automobile Club, it was decided to form a motor-cycle section at an annual subscription of half-a-guinea. No doubt there are many motor-cyclists who will be pleased to support the

new section of the local club. Motor-cycle members will enjoy exactly the same privileges as the car owners who pay a guinea subscription. Members can join now for the season 1904. Any of the club officials will be pleased to forward full information to any one interested.

MOTORISMS.

"Ladies who take to motor-cycling," says the "Motor," "evinced no lack of enthusiasm for the pastime. A lady who recently purchased a Singer motor-bicycle waxed eloquent in truly feminine fashion in the following extract from a letter which she has addressed to the firm:—'I reached ——— all right, and had no mishaps. The motor simply flew. Part of the way the fog was dense, but the roads improved. The motor confided in me, and told me why she would not start at——. Temper, at being left out in the cold, while we went and had such an excellent tea. I comforted her, gave her some nice thick oil, and she has promised to be good! I cleansed her before (8.30) breakfast this morning, so you see I was not a bit tired after our glorious ride. I really must 'retard the spark and turn off the petrol.'" The above lady has undoubtedly caught the "motor fever" badly.

MILITARY MOTORING.

The recognised growing importance of the automobile in warfare is evidenced by the fact that for the first time in history—in this country, at any rate—a question has been set in a military examination concerning the use of the automobile for reconnoitring purposes.

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

Gloucestershire Gossip.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

The autumn assizes at Gloucester lasted two full days, but extended over three. It is worthy of note that of the eight prisoners for trial five were charged with offences against the person. Business was again bad for the Bar, as six barristers shared the briefs between them. It is some years since so much interest and excitement centred in a case at these assizes as it did in the alleged abduction affair at Gloucester. The unseemly demonstration of approval in and out of court which greeted the city jury's very deliberate verdict of acquittal of the accused person betokened, at least, a low conception of morality on the part of the demonstrators. There was no Assize Sunday forthcoming, but the Mayor and Corporation went, as arranged, to the Cathedral, though they did not draw the sightseers in force like "a big judge, a little judge, a judge of assize" would have done, with attendant pomp and ceremony. My readers may remember that in regard to the last summer assizes I drew attention to the unique coincidence that the Judge and the County Sheriff both bore the same name (Bruce). Now I can direct notice to another coincidence, namely, that the Sheriff and Under-Sheriff of Gloucester have identical surnames (Langley-Smith). These two parallel cases, occurring in the same year in this county, are, I should say, unparalleled.

The notices given of Bills relating to private legislation in this county for the ensuing session of Parliament come chiefly from the Bristol end of it, and refer to the extension of the borough boundaries and tramways and the making of junction railways to the Avonmouth Docks. The Tramways Co. are going for extensions representing a road mileage of about 12 miles, and these, when authorised, will bring the company's route mileage up to about 40. The only railway company seeking new powers is the Great Western, and these include the acquisition of meadow land at Over for extra siding accommodation outside Gloucester; and, also, the widening of the railway bridge carrying Icknield-street at Cow Honeybourne and Church Honeybourne. I am disappointed that there is no published notice of the new light railway scheme from Witney to Andoversford, in lieu of the abandoned one; but I presume the non-appearance is because the promoters are not ready to proceed before next May, at the earliest. Talking of light railways reminds me that the contractor is pushing on with the one in the southern quarters of Gloucester city, and that there are significant signs of the times forthcoming in the facts that a Liberal Corporation have stipulated that British-made rails alone should be used in its construction, and that some electioneering Liberals are clamouring for a preference being given to local labourers in employment.

What the Dean of Gloucester says in regard to the use of his Cathedral is generally law; therefore after he had expressed himself so firmly at the recent meeting of Festival Stewards, that the "Dream of Gerontius" would never be sung in its entirety there while he is Dean, I am not surprised to find that the Standing Committee have made a virtue of necessity and decided to perform Dr. Elgar's new work, "The Apostles," instead. However, the public were treated at the first of the free recitals in the cathedral this season to a perfectly unobjectionable bit of "Gerontius," namely, an organ arrangement by Mr. A. Herbert Brewer of the prelude and the Angel's Farewell to it.

GLEANER.

A popular clergyman named Whale, who died in Brisbane the other day, said to his congregation once, as he mounted to the pulpit, "I am well named: my skin is thick, and I always come up to spout."



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Cheltenham.

"Economy was the keynote of the new Mayor's address."—"Cheltenham Chronicle," November 14, 1903.

COL. J. C. GRIFFITH, Mayor (to Young Town Council): Now, we've got to keep expenses down this year, my boy, so be content with what you've got for the present, and no more costly affairs till the Money Market is improved.

Any lady who contemplates going out to Australasia as a domestic servant would be well advised to wait awhile. The "profession" is passing through a critical period just now. The female cooks, housemaids, &c., of the province of Canterbury, New Zealand, have just banded themselves together as a union, and have drawn up demands and a scale of pay. The latter will doubtless make the mouths water of English domestics, and probably induce them to invest their savings in passages to the Antipodes. Nursemaids, parlourmaids, housemaids, and kitchenmaids ask for 14s., 15s., and 16s. per week; cooks from 15s. to 20s. There are other requests. A week is to consist of 63 hours, with a half-day off, and an annual holiday of a fortnight is asked for. If the demands are not conceded the union will apply to the Arbitration Court, where the employers, not being organised, cannot be heard, and should the wages rates be agreed to they will become compulsory on everybody, with heavy penalties for non-compliance on the part of both employer and employed. That is the law of New Zealand, and consequently it may lead to the wholesale dismissal of domestics. Labour legislation is responsible for this state of affairs.

The girls of Florence, a town in Wisconsin, have formed themselves into an association to conserve and amend the morals of the young men, so that in the course of time they may be fit for matrimony. The young men of whose behaviour the club does not approve, or of whose reformation it despairs, will be boycotted, and all young women warned not to marry them. The scheme is magnificent, but it must fail. "Better a bad husband than none at all" seems to be the motto of most women; and thus most men are rewarded beyond their deserts.

In "The Smart Set" Mrs. Edwin L. Sabin has some suitable verses for those who happen to be in love. There is a reference to "her little hand," etc., and then:—

"How silly!" laughed the grass and breeze—
And kissed each other over;
"How silly!" scoffed the honey-bees—
And straight caressed the clover;
"How silly!" piped the feathered tribe—
And fell to billing sweetly;
"How silly!" quoth we all, in gibe—
And envied them, completely!