

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 153.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

NEXT WEEK, (Matinee on Saturday):—

MR. EDWARD TERRY,

The Celebrated Comedian, in the following:—

Monday, "Sweet Lavender"; Tuesday, "A Motor Marriage" and "The Passport"; Wednesday, "The House of Burnside"; Thursday, "My Pretty Maid" and "The Telephone"; Friday, "Love in Idleness"; Saturday Matinee, "Sweet Lavender"; Saturday Evening, "You Never Know" and "Bardell v. Pickwick."

PRICES AND TIMES AS USUAL.

Chandos Grammar School,

Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training. Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders. Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from 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 151st competition did not fill, but we have awarded a 5s. honorarium for his South African pictures to Mr. Heafford, who is not qualified to receive a prize.

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

The winner of the 62nd 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 44th competition is Mr. William C. Davey, of 8 Moreton-terrace, Brookway-road, Charlton Kings, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. Denwood Harrison at Holy Apostles' Church.

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.

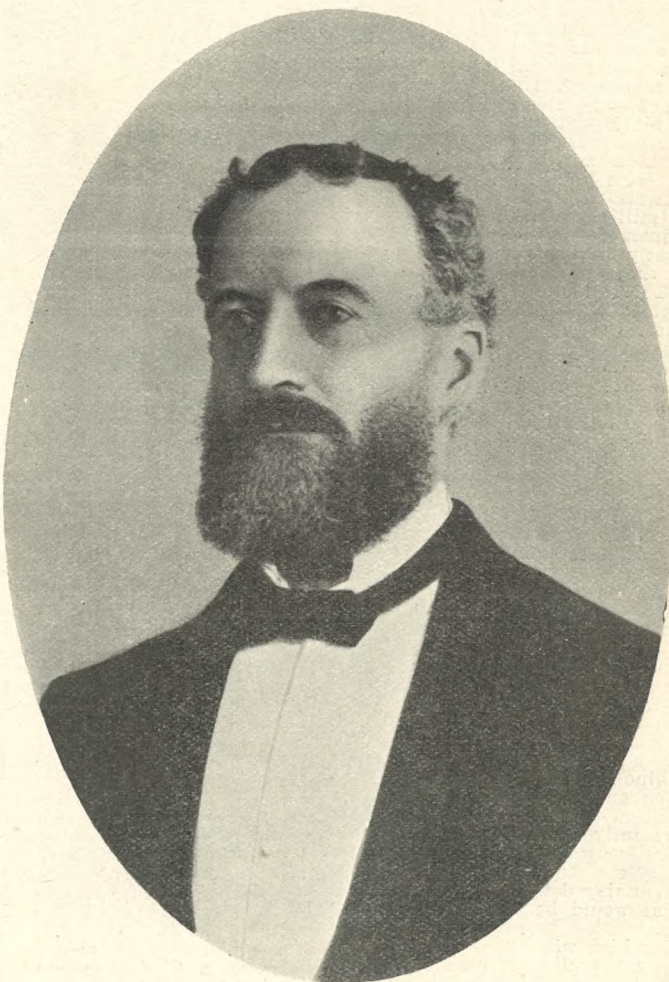


Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

RIGHT HON.
Sir Michael E. Hicks Beach, Bart., M.P.,

Who to-day Formally Declared the
New Town Hall Open.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

A SEASONABLE ACCESSORY.

In the present season the passenger in the trailer or fore-carriage frequently complains of cold feet after a spin. A London firm has brought out a special line in foot-warmers for use in motors, etc., which should make it much more comfortable for the passenger during some of our weather "samples." No water or charcoal is used in these warmers, therefore leakage and fumes are impossible.

ROAD WIDTH UNDER THE NEW ACT.

According to the Local Government Board regulations issued last week, the closing of roads not exceeding sixteen feet in width to motor traffic has been defined to mean sixteen feet between the hedges or rails, and it is further pointed out that only roads of very exceptional character can be taken as being referred to. This statement will clear away many conflicting statements which have appeared on the subject.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MOTOR-CYCLE?

In the Local Government Board regulations the motor-cycle is defined as a machine having not more than three wheels and weighing unladen not more than 3 cwt. There are several concessions to motor-cyclists as regards numbering, etc. The letters on the number plates will be 1½ in. high by 5-16 in. thick. Each letter must be 1¼ in. wide, the space between each letter ¼ in., and at each end ¼ in. The letters must be white on a black ground. A back as well as a front number must be carried, but the rear number need not be illuminated at night.

MOTORS FOR MILITARY PURPOSES.

The French military officers who attended the recent manœuvres in the south of England were greatly impressed with the conspicuous part the motors played during the operations. The result is that a movement has been started in France for forming a Motor Volunteer Corps.

THE SHOWS.

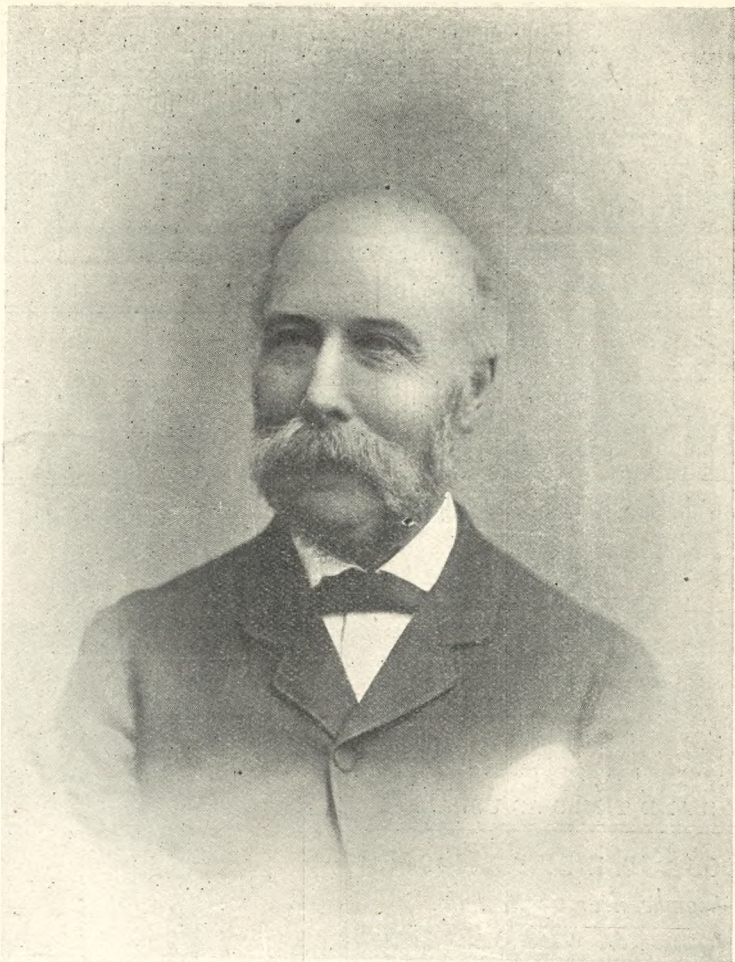
The most remarkable thing at the motor shows from the motor-cyclist's point of view was the large number of machines fitted with fore-carriages. These little vehicles are becoming increasingly popular amongst motor-cyclists, owing to their increased sociability and comfort, and also for their remarkable stability in grease. With the carriage removed the machine makes an ideal winter mount. I shall have further to say on the subject of fore-carriages next week.

ANOTHER REASON WHY THE ENGINE SHOULD NOT BE USED AS A BRAKE.

The engine should not be used to give braking power because: (1) The greater drag and wear on driving tyre. (2) It does not give the cylinder and combustion chamber a chance to cool, the rapid compression generating a large quantity of heat in the cylinder. Brakes of ample power should be fitted to every motor-cycle. It may not be generally known that it is against the law to ride a machine fitted with only one brake. It is not often one finds a machine not properly fitted with brakes, but I came across one recently which had only one brake, and that one was a "plunger" acting on the front tyre. If the tyre punctured when swiftly running down a hill, the rider of the machine would be entirely helpless.

LOOSE PEDALS.

The following hint will appeal to cyclists equally with motor-cyclists. When a pedal persists in coming loose, despite all efforts to fix it, it is best to remove it entirely from the crank, and thoroughly clean both the pin and the crank-slot with benzoline. If after this has been done the surfaces look particularly smooth, and after a trial the pedal comes loose again, the flats on the pin should be cleaned with emery cloth, which will cause a slight roughness. Sometimes, however, the fault lies in the fact that the locking nut does not screw sufficiently far on the pin, owing to the thread on the latter not having been cut far enough, and when this is the case an extra washer inserted between the crank and the nut will often hold the pin tight until such time as the thread can be cut to a proper distance.



MR. G. BROUARD WILLIAMS,
OF CHELTENHAM.

Died November 21, 1903.

A TEMPORARY SCREWDRIVER.

Should the motorist find, when looking for a screwdriver, that his tool-bag does not contain that very necessary article, a very good substitute can be made with a coin and an ordinary screw wrench. The coin should be inserted in the slot of the screw it is desired to tighten, and then the screw-wrench should be used to turn it.

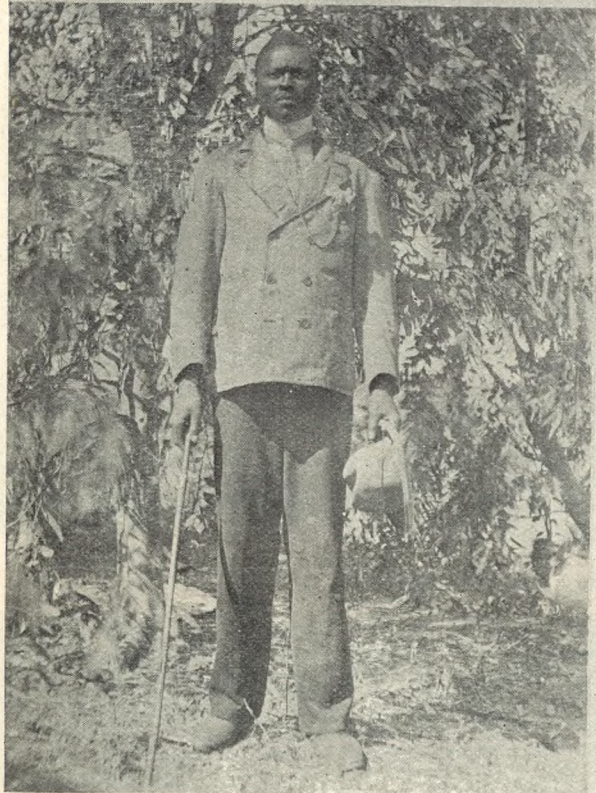
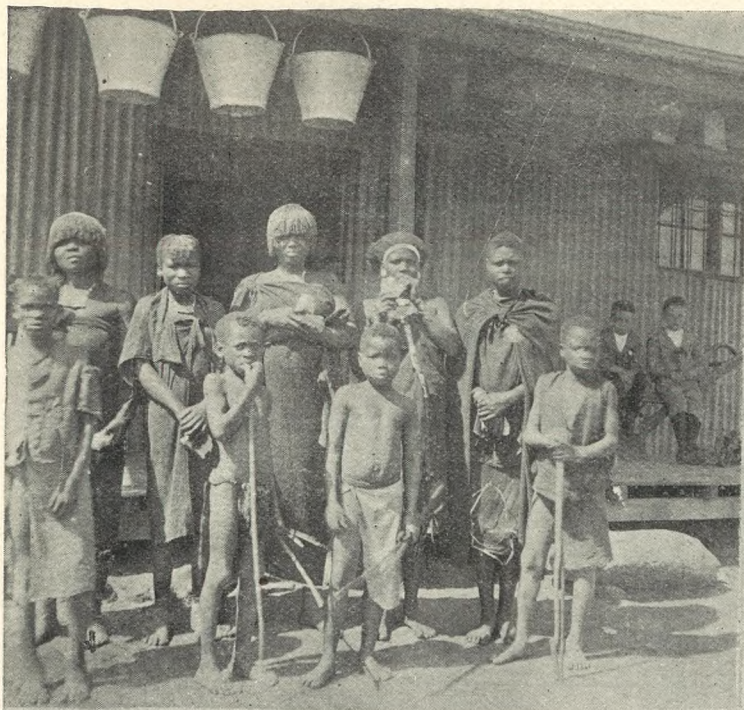
PICTORIAL POST-CARDS.

There is no easier, cheaper, or more certain way of pleasing one's friends than by giving them records of holiday trips to put in their post-card album. Within the last year or two the interest in picture post-cards has grown so extensively as to have become one of the necessities of the day. In this country the sale of the cards has not reached the proportions attained on the Continent, but according to our postal authorities it is soon likely to do so. One of the greatest uses of the picture post-cards is when made to serve as a Christmas card. One of the simplest ways (to the amateur photographer) of producing the cards is to use one of the many brands of self-toning cards now on the market. These, as their name implies, require no toning, since the necessary amount of gold is incorporated with the emulsion at the time of coating. It is only necessary to place the prints as they come from the printing frame into a bath of common salt for five minutes, then to put them in the ordinary hypo fixing bath, wash them, and hang them up to dry. A warm sepia colour is obtained by the use of these cards. But these cards can now be obtained so cheaply that a good many amateurs do not think them worth the time spent in making them. Whilst writing on the subject, I cannot re-

frain from saying a word in praise of the very artistic photographic cards issued from the offices of this journal. From an artistic point of view they should please the most fastidious.

"G.K." has an appreciative note in this week's "T.P.s Weekly" on Seaton Merriman, just deceased. Almost his earliest work was "Young Mistle," a wonderful study of frontier life in India, which was published originally and anonymously in the Tauchnitz series, and has now been long out of print. "Merriman's" father had a strong objection to his son taking up a literary career, a desire for which he believed was responsible for his son's aversion to the routine of Lloyd's. Once the elder man spoke strongly about the uncertainty of the literary career, and its demand for special gifts, and pointed his argument by taking up a novel, "Young Mistle," and saying, "Now, if you could write like this man, Hugh, it would be another matter altogether." Even under this temptation the young novelist refrained from claiming the authorship of the book, and for his own good reasons he maintained the same repressive policy throughout his career. "Merriman" would never allow the veil to be drawn aside.

The unholy alliance of the compositor with the proof-reader continues to furnish these islands with a good deal of shocking entertainment. Thus a contemporary, in reporting a speech by Dr. Chadwick, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, says: "There are people who will strain at a goat and swallow a canal."



A CHELTONIAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. Some of his customers (most of them with a slice of bread given as an inducement to "stand").
2. His Nearest Neighbour (a Native Witch Doctor named Ngonyama, or Lion, a man of few wants and some wealth).
3. His Kaffir Porter (a civilization change).
4. His Children (Young Colonists, aged respectively 23 and seven months).

Photos by F. W. Heafford, Unzumbi Rail.



❖ ❖ CHELTENHAM TOWN-HALL. ❖ ❖

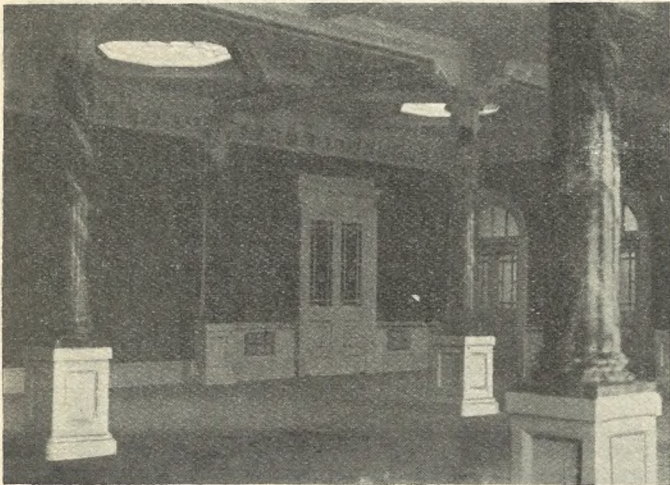
OPENING CEREMONY TO-DAY.



EXTERIOR VIEW.



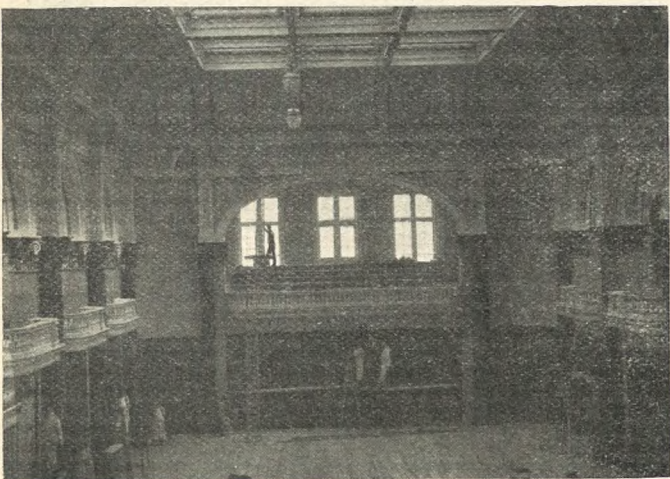
DRAWING-ROOM.



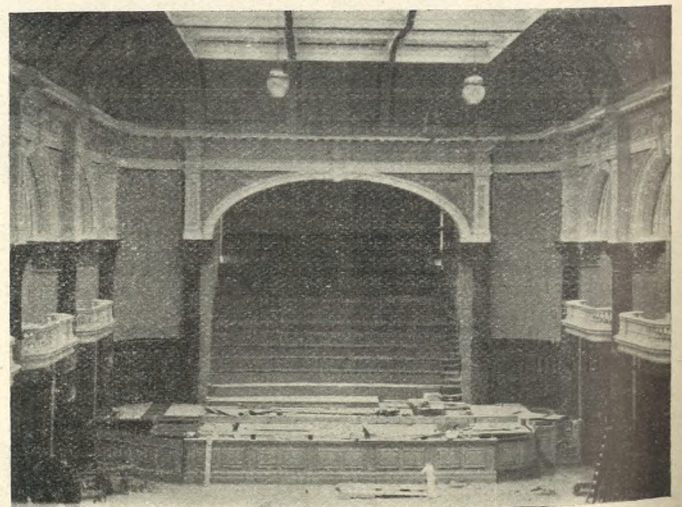
SUPPER-ROOM.



UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR.



BALLROOM (GALLERY END).



BALLROOM (ORCHESTRA END).

The Large New Showroom Just Opened as a Christmas Bazaar,

TO WHICH YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED BY—



DICKS & SONS LTD.,
172 to 176 High Street, Cheltenham.

Early this month the "Montreal Herald" instituted a competitive inquiry as to who were the greatest men of Canada. The result of the ballot in the Dominion was as follows:—1, Sir Wilfrid Laurier; 2, Lord Strathcona; 3, Sir Charles Tupper; 4, Sir Gilbert Parker; 5, Sir William van Horne; 6, the Hon. Edward Blake; 7, Sir Percy Girouard; 8, Sir Louis Jette; 9, the Hon. W. S. Fielding; 10, Lord Mount-Stephen.

Asked by a Paris "Herald" interviewer how the Salvation Army work will go on after his death, General Booth replied, "My going will not affect the Army. There will be some regret, I hope. But you know the cry: 'The King is dead; long live the King.' My successor is already chosen. I have the right to appoint my successor, just as he will after me. Who will it be? No one knows but me. Not even the lawyers know. His name is sealed up in an envelope and the lawyers know where to get it. When my death is announced, the envelope will be opened and the new general proclaimed."

The stories told of the Welsh collier are as wonderful as they are impossible. Listen to this from "T.A.T." At certain times of the year some of the Welsh miners in the Rhondda Valley earn big wages, and during these times of prosperity throw their money about very freely. Some miners, when "flush," delight to spend all the money they draw before going home on Saturday night. A little while ago a miner found himself still with a few shillings in his pocket, after having made all necessary and unnecessary purchases. He had even bought a whole barrel of beer for Sunday's consumption. As he was leaving the butcher's shop, he noticed his dog looking hungrily at the joints. An idea struck him for getting rid of his surplus cash. "Eh, lad," he said to his dog, "I forgot thee. Look you"—to the butcher—"weigh us up a nice leg of mutton for my dog, about seven or eight pounds. That will have to do him for a bit, and if the missus don't cook it nicely for him, I'll make her eat it herself!"

An intimation published to-day is of interest to lovers of literature as well as politicians, to the effect that Mr. Lucien Wolf has been entrusted with the editing of Lord Beaconsfield's works, to be published next year, the centenary of his birth, and that the first volume dealing with the Disraeli family will be a biography of the statesman, concerning whom and whose family Mr. Wolf has discovered many items of information. Mr. Wolf is already well known by his magazine contributions over the signature "Diplomaticus," as well as by his work in daily journalism; and he may be regarded as so thoroughly in sympathy with the Disraelian idea as to be certain to make a more than competent biographer. Such a one for so striking a personality was assuredly desired; and it will to a large extent end a protracted period of suspense which had been threatened to be prolonged still further by the recent death of Lord Rowton, once Lord Beaconsfield's principal private secretary and afterwards his literary executor.

BOOK CHAT.

A LIFE OF FANNY BURNEY.

Among the famous books of the world which the majority of students of literature are content to "take as read" may be classed the "Evelina" and "Cecilia" of Fanny Burney. Most people whose reading extends beyond the modern novel and the daily newspaper are, thanks to Macaulay's brilliant if somewhat one-sided essay, tolerably familiar with the outlines, at any rate, of Fanny Burney's career; but how many, we wonder, possess a first-hand acquaintance with the "Diary," "Letters," and novels of the little lady who was honoured by the friendship of Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and whose works, widely read and admired in her own time, were the forerunners of those of the inimitable Jane Austen? Perhaps it is not too much to say that had Jane Austen's novels never been written, those of her predecessor would now be much more widely read, at any rate by the student of manners in literature; as it is, they are rightly voted somewhat dull and archaic beside the sparkling pages of the more famous writer. Yet "Evelina" and "Cecilia," if not Miss Burney's later works, possess charms and excellencies of their own which will reward and perhaps surprise the reader who courageously resolves to peruse them; while the "Diary," containing as it does the genuine impressions of a clever and observant woman of the later eighteenth century, ranks second only to Boswell's immortal "Life of Johnson" as a vivid and faithful picture of the times in which it was written. Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful little monograph on Fanny Burney, recently published by Macmillan and Co. in their new "English Men of Letters" series, will serve to rekindle an interest in "little Burney" and her works. Those who desire good company in literature, no less than in life, will rejoice in the chapters dealing with the fascinating Burney household, as well as in those wherein they are brought face to face with the leaders of English thought and literature at the close of the great Johnsonian age. Even the story of Fanny's five years' residence in the dulllest Court of any age or country becomes fascinating in the hands of Mr. Austin Dobson. In dealing with this episode, he has adopted a tone somewhat different to that of Lord Macaulay, who, it will be remembered, is scathing in his condemnation of that senseless adulation of royalty which, in his opinion, led to the arrest of the literary career and mental development of an unusually gifted woman. Mr. Dobson argues, with much reason, that many other causes contributed to the deterioration of Miss Burney's later work. Her intercourse with and great admiration of Dr. Johnson, which led her to adopt a style utterly unsuited to her genius; an ambition which prompted her to attempt work of a kind in which she had no chance of real success; and a keen interest and participation in the public affairs of her time; combined to arrest her successful cultivation of a literary form, the chief essentials of which are minuteness, delicate humour, and lightness of touch. To contrast the full and varied life of Fanny Burney with the leisured seclusion of Jane Austen is to arrive at a tolerably clear explanation of the deterioration of the one and the imperishable success of the other.

"Fanny Burney," by Austin Dobson; "English Men of Letters" series. Macmillan and Co. Price 2s.)

THE "GOLDEN TREASURY" SERIES.

To Macmillan's "Golden Treasury" series there has recently been added a selection from the sayings of Epictetus, translated and arranged by Mr. Hastings Crossley, M.A., who has been careful to select such passages from the "Discourses" of the Stoic philosopher as are most in accord with modern habits of thought. Seeing that two of the chief vices of the early Roman Empire—love of riches and love of pleasure—are, if possible, even more rampant in our own time, many of the "golden sayings" of one who always preached simplicity, sincerity,

courage, and self-denial are not without their application to-day. Some portion of the bracing literature of the Stoic School should find a place on the bookshelf of every thinking man and woman; and the present little volume presents the wisest thoughts of one of its greatest teachers in a handy and pleasing form. The text is accompanied and explained by a graceful and scholarly introduction and an admirable series of notes.

("The Golden Sayings of Epictetus," translated and arranged by Hastings Crossley, M.A. Macmillan and Co. Price 2s. 6d.)

"THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN."

Among the numerous contributions to the devotional literature of the day is a little volume of studies by Miss Jessie Coombs, entitled "Thoughts on Heaven." The book should be acceptable to many thoughtful Christian people, inasmuch as the authoress, in setting forth, simply and devoutly, her

conception of the life to come, has drawn neither upon her own imagination nor upon that of the long series of poets and painters who have treated the subject in a more or less visionary manner; but has dwelt solely upon the promise of the Kingdom of God as revealed in the Scriptures. Miss Coombs' style is simple and unaffected, and her work bears evidence of a long and close acquaintance with the Old and New Testaments.

("Thoughts on Heaven," by Jessie Coombs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Price 2s.)

The old 28th (Gloucestershire Regiment) earned the name the "Slashers" for their gallantry at the battle of the White Plains and at the passage of the Brunx River in 1777; though it is also said that the name was derived from some of the officers disguising themselves as Indians and cutting off the ears of a magistrate who refused shelter to the women of the regiment during a severe winter.



Drawn by R. Robson, Cheltenham.
 FIRST GENT: I be goin' to get a job from the Tramway Company when they start their "stenshuns."
 SECOND GENT: "Garn." You'll get yer old age pension afore then.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

As no member of the Royal Family or the Commander-in-Chief could make it convenient to accept an invitation to perform the ceremony of opening Cheltenham Town-hall, which is to take place this afternoon, I must say that I do not think there is a more qualified man among our county magnates than Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who has so kindly and willingly stood in the breach, to undertake the pleasing task. Apart from the fact that the right honourable baronet represented in Parliament uninterruptedly for 21 years the Eastern Division, of which Cheltenham formed an integral part, Sir Michael has had considerable experience in foundation-stone laying and completed building opening, with or without Masonic ceremony, in this county. To instance but a few of these events, I may mention that on August 7th, 1883, he opened the Gloucester Conservative Club, and on December 2nd, 1887, the Redesdale Memorial Hall at Morotton-in-Marsh; on December 14th, 1887, he laid the foundation-stone of Cheltenham Grammar School; and on April 24th, 1889, opened the Cheltenham Free Library and School of Science and Art. Therefore, both in operative and speculative masonry Sir Michael seems to be a past master.

It does not seem two years ago since the site of the large and imposing Town-hall was a bowling-green, yet so it was, for December 2nd, 1901, was the day that Messrs. Collins and Godfrey took possession of it and commenced building operations, with the highly creditable results that we can now see. Fortunately no serious personal accidents have occurred; indeed the only contretemps was the burning of a rough shed about a fortnight ago. It is a singular coincidence that Sir Michael's last previous visit to Cheltenham was to a Masonic festival on September 30th, 1902, the day before the laying of the Town-hall memorial stone; while his presence to declare this building open is on the day after another Masonic festival that was held in the town. The fancy sketch in the "Graphic," in which the ex-Mayor was represented as expressing a hope that on the next occasion Sir Michael came among us the Town-hall would be ready for him, has turned out to be truly prophetic after all.

One month has now gone out of the hunting season, and on the whole the sport has been good, though a plenitude of foxes has frequently resulted in hounds dividing. The Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Fitzhardinge's packs have both lost several days' hunting through the death of his Grace's father-in-law in the one case and the passing of his lordship's sister in the other case. Two Masters have been temporarily put hors de combat—Mr. E. Boyce Podmore, the Cotswold chief, through being knocked off his horse by a gate that was slammed against his leg; and Mr. R. Carnaby Forster, the Ledbury M.F.H., whose horse fell at a rough fence and rolled over him. Accidents have not come singly, for the huntsman and the first whip of the Duke's Hounds were laid up together in consequence of injuries received in the chase. Runs out of the ordinary were the one by the Cotswold on November 11th, in which they killed a fox near Holy Trinity Church, Stroud; and that on the '8th ult., in which the Heythrop forced a fox on to a housetop, whereupon a single hound followed and tackled him until Sturman, the huntsman, ascended and drove Reynard out through a bedroom window into the jaws of the pack below. The latter case reminds me that Jim Hill, of the Heythrop, used to chaff Harry Ayris about the "squirrel sort" of foxes that abounded in the Berkeley country by reason of their being tree-climbers so as to get out of floods' way. Were these two mighty huntsmen in the flesh now, Harry might retort on Jim that the Heythrop had a "monkey" fox.

GLEANER.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.
FIRST DOWNTRODDEN RATEPAYER (to second ditto): Bust me, Bill, ain't some people kind; haectshoolly agoin' to let we 'ave a look at what we be a payin' for?

POETRY.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

Not high-rai'd battlement and laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride:
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endur'd,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel gold rocks and brambles rude:
Men, who their duties know;
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain:
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a State:
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

—JONES.

"Can you play Rugby? If so, come at once." A telegram worded in this way was sent by Mr. F. R. Benson, theatrical manager, to a man in London, whom he wanted to play Rugby in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The man replied, "Arrive 3 p.m. Played half-back for Stratford."

Sir John Gorst recently visited Halifax, and after lunching with Mr. J. W. Whitley, the Liberal member for Halifax, walked away with his host's umbrella from the hall-stand instead of his own. Accordingly Sir John wrote to apologise —

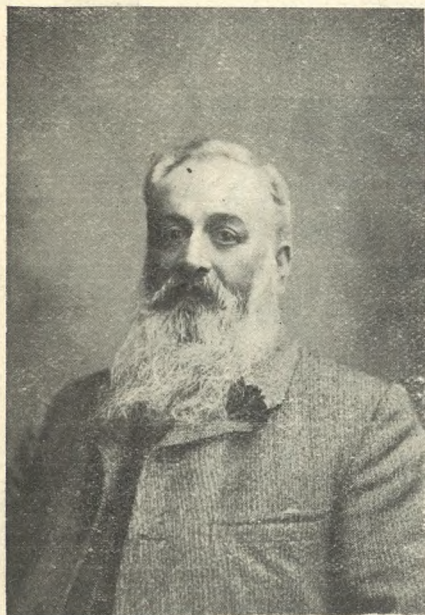
"Dear Mr. Whitley,—I regret to say that I rewarded your hospitality by stealing your umbrella and leaving my own behind. Do not trouble to send it by post. When you come up to London we can exchange."

Finding that Sir John had left behind a new silk umbrella and taken a very dilapidated one, Mr. Whitley made a fiscal joke of the affair:—

"Dear Sir John.—As I find that the value of my imports vastly exceeds that of my exports, I have no inclination to retaliate, and will in this case take it lying down."

The most peculiar feature of Panama, about which there is so much talk just now, is, the "German Times" thinks, the strange spell of the place. Though the climate is pestiferous, and the rainy season is chronic, and venomous creatures make it an inferno except for the enthusiastic naturalist, yet there is an indescribable fascination about this "land of the cocoa-nut tree." A kind of witchery draws you back to its combinations of the beautiful and the loathsome. The panorama of Panama Bay alone would suffice to account for this sensation of enchantment.

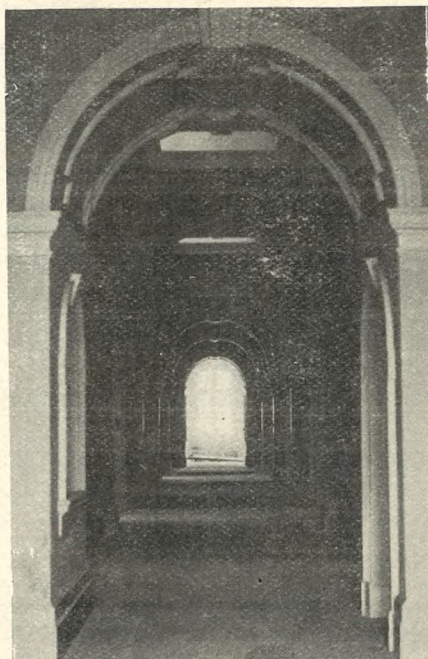
✻ CHELTENHAM TOWN-HALL. ✻



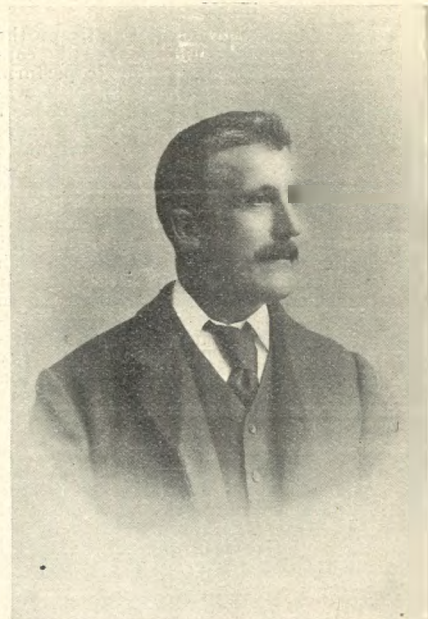
MR. WILLIAM WIGGALL,

Clerk of the Works.

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



DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR.



MR. W. MEALING,

Contractors' Foreman.



MR. EDWARD TERRY,
WHO VISITS CHELTENHAM NEXT WEEK.



MR. EDWARD TERRY,
As ROBERT FANSHAWE, M.A. "MY PRETTY MAID."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
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No. 154.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

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IN

"SWEET LAVENDER."

THIS EVENING AT 7.45:

"YOU NEVER KNOW" AND
BARDELL v. PICKWICK.

NEXT WEEK:

"The Admirable Crichton."
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T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

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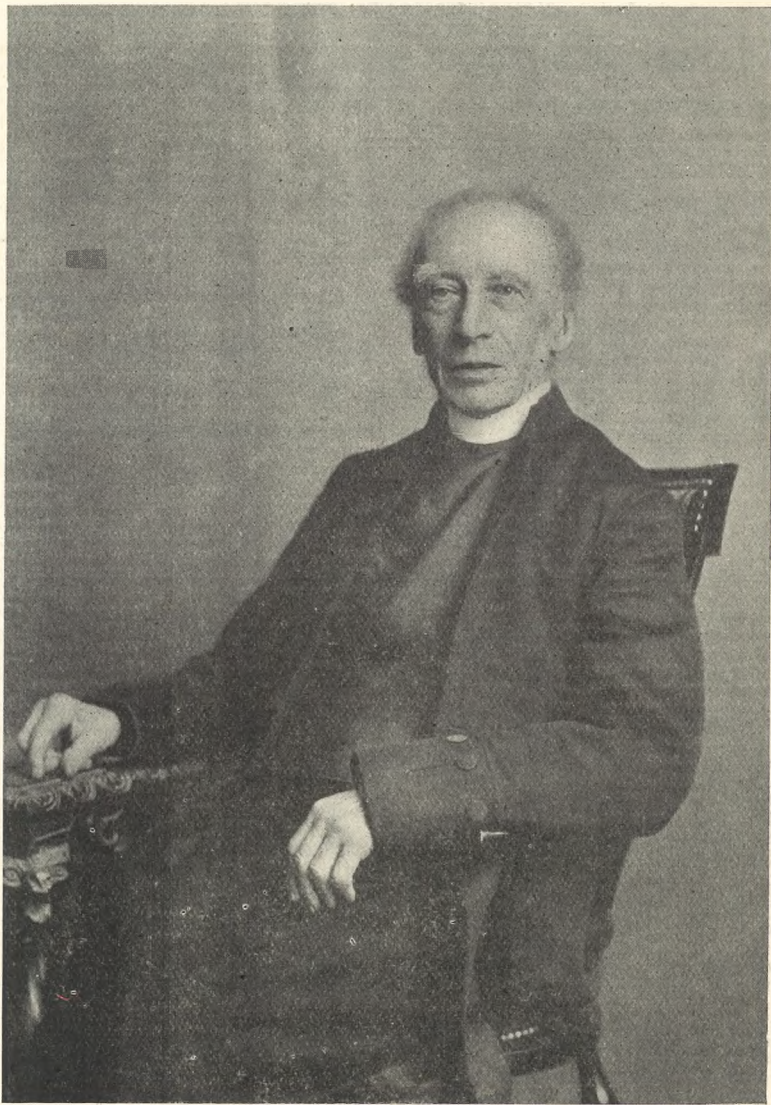


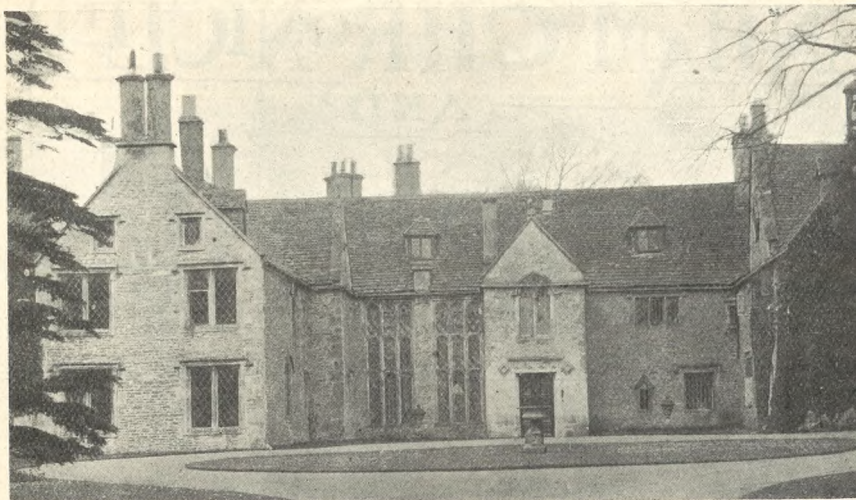
Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham.

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER

(CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, D.D.)

Born April 25th, 1819; Consecrated to Episcopacy, Lady Day, 1863.



CHAVENAGE HOUSE.

OLD GLOUCESTERSHIRE MANSION.

CHAVENAGE HOUSE.

Gloucestershire, as is well known, is rich in old country mansions. There they are by the score, dotted here and there in obscure out-of-the-way corners—old, grey, lichen-covered—venerable relics of by-gone days. Among these, not the least, if not the most, remarkable is Chavenage House. It is not a mansion of palatial proportions, and it certainly is not famous throughout the county as a show house; but, in its way, as a quaintly picturesque and perfect example of the country mansion architecture of Elizabeth's time, still in a good state of preservation, and as still the happy home of a young and highly-respected county family, it claims and deserves attention, not only from the archaeologist, but from all lovers of "the stately homes of England."

And where may Chavenage House be, do you ask? If ever you should find yourself in the equally quaint, old fashioned country town of Tetbury, a walk of a mile or so westward will bring you to it. It is a charming walk. For the first half-mile you may saunter musingly along an ideal English country lane, bordered with high banks, tangled hedge-rows, and the greenest of water meadows; then the ground ascends, and you have to breast a stiffish acclivity to reach the top of the high ground on which the house stands. As you stroll on, with a high ivy-bound wall on your left, you come upon the house all at once. Not a chimney-top or a gable-apex has been visible before; the trees and shrubs of the surrounding grounds have effectually hidden all traces of the house from you.

As you abruptly come upon it, I venture to say you will pull up, stand stock still, and gaze meditatively at the sight before you. Anyhow, I know I did years ago when I saw it for the first time. There, back from the roadway, some fifty yards or so from you, the old house stands, looking soberly peaceful and sleepily quiet in its venerable old age.

The building, you will notice, is of low elevation—only two storeys, with roof dormer windows. The walls are of that rich grey-brown colour—time's matchless colouring—otherwise in all essential features you see it as left by the sixteenth century builders. The facade facing you is the main front entrance. In accordance with a pretty architectural conceit of the time, its wall line is, as you will notice, in the shape of the letter E, probably complimentary to the virgin Queen, the porch forming the centre projection of the letter. On the labels of the hood-moulding on either side of the door are chiselled the initials of the founder, Edward Stephens, and those of his wife Joan, together with the date 1576. The tall, narrow windows on the left of the doorway (see illustration) are those of the hall, of which more presently.

A walk round the exterior will discover, on the north side, the oldest portion of the house, retaining no doubt in every particular all the original features of the structure; on the south, modern alterations, perhaps by some deemed improvements, will be evident. The old windows of the drawing and dining-rooms have been replaced by deeply-recessed bay windows, no doubt adding to the lightness and pleasantness of the interiors of those rooms, but in their modernity somewhat out of character with the building as a whole. A few yards from the mansion, a conservatory intervening between the two, stands a quaint little ivy-clad church, surmounted with a western tower and turret. The little sanctuary, handsomely and tastefully appointed ecclesiastically, and scrupulously kept, is the domestic chapel of the mansion. There are several monuments in it which deserve attention.

The south side of the house overlooks the lawns and pleasure-grounds. From these latter, looking south, is a charming panoramic picture. Immediately in the foreground are the pasture and wood lands of the manorial demesne; a little further a-field shoots upward like a tapering finger the exceptionally graceful spire of St. Mary's, the parish church of Tetbury; while miles away in the distance rise the broad uplands and chalk downs of Wiltshire. No fairer sight for an English home could be desired than that from the lawns or the drawing-room windows of Chavenage House.

Before adding a few particulars of the interior features of the house, the briefest sketch of its history would perhaps be not out of place as we (in imagination) stand here with the house on one side and the beautiful view commanded by its site on the other.

As we have intimated, the manor house of Chavenage was built in the reign of Elizabeth, in the year 1576, by Edward Stephens, a member, Debrett says, of a "very ancient and honourable Gloucestershire family," who then owned the manor." The family of Stephens "claimed descent from one Fitz-Stephen, the captain of the vessel which brought William the Norman to our shores."

From the family of the Stephens, through successive generations, Chavenage passed into the hands of the late Mr. Holford, of Westobirt, father of the Captain Holford of to-day, and by him was sold in 1891 to Mr. Lowsley Williams, its present holder.

This, in the proverbial nutshell form, is Chavenage's history.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned, while talking of the history of the place, there are, as usual in such cases, certain stories of a rather ghostly and creepy kind connected with its past life: stories in which mourning coaches, shrouded apparitions, and a headless coachman prominently figure. But of course Chavenage, like every house laying claim to a respectable antiquity, must have its ghost.

Queen Elizabeth, Queen Anne, and Cromwell are popularly believed to have been visitors at Chavenage. Within, Cromwell's room and Queen Anne's bedstead are shown; but, so far as is known to the best historical authorities, neither Cromwell nor Queen Anne were ever there. Other rooms, too, are marked with the names of Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Leicester, and General Ireton; whether as having been on occasion occupied by these distinguished persons I will not say.

Inside, the house retains all the characteristics of the age in which it was built. There are the low ceiling apartments, the devious labyrinths of passages and stairways, the noble fireplaces, the black deftly-carved oak panelling, and the quaint little nooks and corners, models of domestic snuggeries.

Of course far and away the main feature of the interior of Chavenage House is its uniquely fine entrance-hall, entered immediately on the left after passing through the front door porchway. This, with its lofty height, its fine architectural proportions, and its splendid baronial fireplace—once no doubt showing an open hearth furnished with the well-known irons for the support of huge burning logs, but now furnished with an ordinary grate—is indeed a noble apartment. It is lit by the two tall narrow lights observable from the outside. These windows are emblazoned with escutcheons—family and otherwise—in coloured glass. Over the doorway admitting to the hall is a minstrel gallery, and it is easy in imagination to people this splendid hall with the gaily-dressed courtly-mannered ladies and gentlemen of generations ago assembled there on a great feast or dance occasion—say, of an old-fashioned Christmas celebration—while the minstrels discoursed sweet music in the gallery overhead. In some of the upstairs rooms the walls are hung with old and valuable tapestry, and in other parts of the house some good paintings adorn the walls.

Here, out of regard for available letter-press space, and not because our interest in and acquaintance with the place are exhausted, our description must end.

Altogether, considered in itself, both without and within, as well as in connection with its historical interest and the charming site it occupies, Chavenage stands as an admirable and perfect specimen of a country manorial residence of a gentleman in Queen Elizabeth's time; and well deserves to rank as such among Gloucestershire's famous old country manor houses.

We may add that across the fields, about a mile from Chavenage, stands the now crumbling and dilapidated pile of Beverston Castle. This was old and hoary when Chavenage was founded, but in the vicissitudes of fortune, the times of storm and stress, as well as of joy and prosperity, it has seen since the sixteenth century, there is no doubt that Chavenage as a near neighbour was a sympathetic sharer.

Chavenage, though only about a mile from the old Town-hall in the centre of Tetbury's market-place, is in Horsley parish. G.B.

London fashions for December, as published in the "Times" a hundred years ago, included a walking dress described as "a short round dress of white muslin, with a rife dress of dark green velvet and a rife hat to correspond." "Full dress" was "a dress and petticoat of white crape; the bottom of the dress sloped very high before; the bosom trimmed with broad lace, drawn to form a tucker; the sleeves very short, trimmed with lace." Headdresses included "a dress cap of yellow silk and black lace, a bunch of yellow flowers in front," "a morning cap of fine sprigged muslin," and other caps and hats of muslin and lace and black velvet. "The dresses are made very short-waisted and very low in the back; and in almost every part of them there is lace."

An announcement of the betrothal of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to one of the daughters of the Duke of Cumberland may, a Berlin correspondent says, be expected shortly.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I should say that the busiest people in Cheltenham last Saturday afternoon, the result of whose work came immediately before the public, were the staff of the "Echo." To come out with a full and complete report, running into four and a half columns, of the Town-hall inaugural proceedings within an hour after their conclusion, as that journal did, is a journalistic feat of which any newspaper office might well be proud. But then the "Echo" is nothing if not first in the field and up-to-date. The inauguration of the building must be written down as a great success, with the exception of the failure of the cloak-room arrangements. Having regard to the very wide publicity that has been given to the event, it cannot fail to be a good bold advertisement to the town. The chief actor in the function, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, made a reminiscent, weighty, and useful speech. He did not indulge in mere platitudes, as too many speakers often do, but gave his hearers, and the public, too, something to think about. It is satisfactory that the right honourable baronet, in his pertinent criticisms of the increase of municipal expenditure throughout the country and the depreciation of the credit of public bodies, pointed out that the return to high credit of municipal loans would be quicker if authorities were chary about undertaking any new work. Sir Michael was careful to make it clear that his remarks concerning expenditure did not apply to "this beautiful hall, which is an absolute necessity to Cheltenham." The Mayor, I think, was exceedingly happy when presenting Sir Michael with a Town-hall key of solid silver, richly gilt, in his remark that it was suggestive of "the open door."

It is not a little singular that the very first occasion on which Mr. J. E. Sears, the Liberal candidate for Cheltenham, appeared at a non-political gathering here was at the opening of the Town-hall, especially in view of the fact that he, himself, is a practising architect. We have not yet had an opportunity of hearing his views upon the architectural qualities of the building, and I shall await with interest to see if he has anything to write about them in the "Compendium" that he periodically publishes. I understand that opinions vary as to the acoustic qualities of the great hall for concerts, but I believe there will be no challenge of Sir Michael's statement that it "might be called one of the finest ballrooms in the kingdom." Fortunately there is the Winter Garden adjoining to fall back on for those special concerts which require an audience of several thousands to make them profitable to the promoters. I wonder which party will use the Town-hall first for a political meeting. It would not do for Mr. Chamberlain, who would, I should think, certainly want an auditorium at least the size of the Winter Garden to speak in on fiscal reform. If the right hon. gentleman could be induced to make Gloucestershire one of his educative centres next autumn, this would be the largest room for a county meeting; besides, Cheltenham is very central and accessible.

On Wednesday afternoon next the fifth marriage in Gloucester Cathedral during the long period of 150 years will be celebrated there. It is, as I mentioned in a note on September 10th last, to be the wedding of Miss Selwyn-Payne (only child of Major Selwyn-Payne, of Badgeworth Court) and Sir Percy Cunyngame. It will be a very fashionable affair, and the reception is to be held at Gloucester Guildhall. I have no doubt that the fair sex will muster in swarms to get some view of the wedding party at the Cathedral. The marriage in another county family that was fixed to take place in the Cathedral on the 30th inst., has unexpectedly had to be postponed, I understand, for a few months, owing to the bridegroom being unable to get leave of absence from his regiment, now in India. GLEANER.

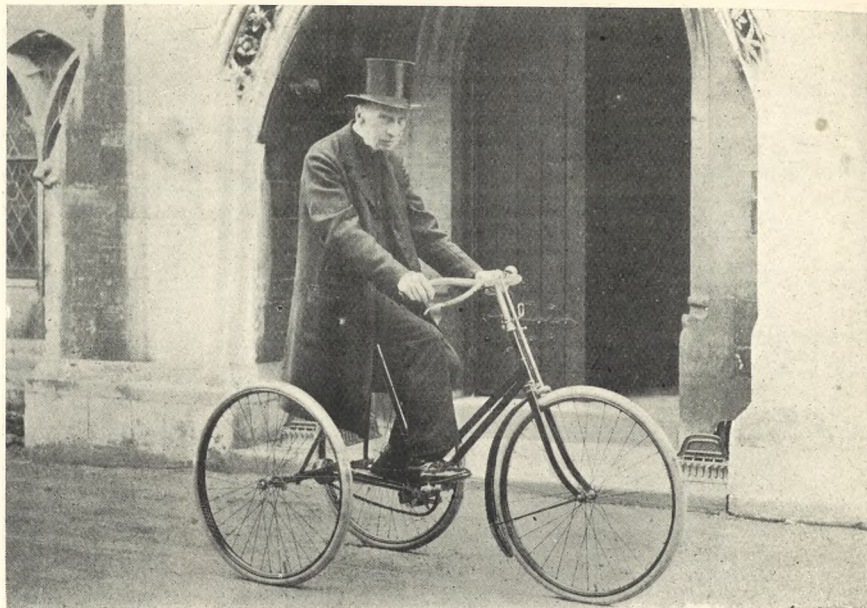


Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham.

BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER ON HIS TRICYCLE.



Photo by Rev. E. T. Clark,

Newnham.

— RAGLAN CASTLE. —

Mr. Andrew Carnegie tells a story of an American in Scotland to illustrate the imperturbability of the Scottish temperament. The American, a cyclist, came in his journeyings to the shore of a lonely lake, and saw in a boat a man examining the depths of the water with a water telescope. The man conducted this examination languidly. He would pause every little while to light his pipe and converse on the weather or some such indifferent subject with a friend who sat upon the bank, now reading a newspaper, now tossing pebbles idly into the stream. The American got off his bicycle to rest, and in an interval of silence he said to the man seated on the bank, "What is your friend looking for? Oysters?" "No. My brother-in-law!" was the reply.

A singular law suit, which resolves itself into the realisation of beauty as an appraisable asset, has just been tried before a Belgian court of law. The Comtesse d'Argenteau was a deck cabin passenger on the Ostend-Dover mail boat, when owing to some accident the cabin was wrecked, and the Comtesse was covered with debris, of which she retained permanent traces in a permanent scar on the forehead. An action for damages has been the result, and it has been decided in her favour, with costs. The Comtesse, however, modestly refrained from herself assessing the money value of the blot on her features, which are reputed to be very handsome. This has been left to a committee of doctors, whose decision is being awaited with interest.



Photo by Arthur E. Selwyn,

Nailsworth.

A Corner of Old Nailsworth.



The Old Town Hall, Painswick.

(Built 1628, Demolished 1840.)

A Bit of Bygone Painswick.

The picture in to-day's "Gloucestershire Graphic" of the Painswick Old Town-hall is of considerable antiquarian interest. The building was erected in 1628 and demolished in 1840. A crude sketch, representing the structure as it appeared in 1813 was formerly in the possession of the Gyde family, a member of which made it the basis of a rather more rigid-lined and architectural drawing immediately after the demolition, so as to preserve a trustworthy view before the details were blurred in the memory. But for his care the pictorial record would have been lost to posterity. Many years later, to make assurance doubly sure, another member of the Gyde family photographed the drawing and gave a few prints to personal friends. One at least of these prints has survived, and is reproduced here to illustrate these notes. Besides this drawing there also exists a contemporary description of the old premises and a "Statement of Title" therein written by Thomas Ward and revised by W. H. Hyett. This document is dated May 16th, 1839, and it was drawn up for the expressed purpose of recording facts which might otherwise pass out of man's memory. An exact copy in full of this statement was printed in a Stroud paper of February 10th, 1893, a fortunate reproduction, perhaps, as the original document passed into the hands of Goths and Vandals. Many interesting items concerning the property in question will be found in the minutes of the parish meetings held in Painswick during the transition period of 1837 to 1840. In the picture the Town-hall proper, or "Stockhouse," as it was popularly called, is the gabled portion to the right with a covered balcony communicating with the street by a short flight of steps. Around this were seats, faintly indicated in the sketch, and to the left of the steps stood the old wooden stocks. At election times this balcony did service as a hustings, and from it Lord John Russell's eloquence stirred the parish fathers.

It is almost impossible to look at this quaint annexe without being reminded of Hogarth's election plate—"The Polling." The building was the administrative focus of many functions: Town-hall, Parish Offices, Workhouse, Manor Prison, and Free School. To the left of the Town-hall and adjoining the churchyard was a house with a raised portion in the rear which nursed one of Painswick's infant industries—one that has struggled on to the present day, viz. pin-making. The "pin-knobbing" factory blossoms above the other part of the building with a delicate aroma of Adam Smith and the division of labour—the "knobbing" being at that time one of a series of operations necessary to the making of a pin. These premises were the property of a Mr. Pointer, from whom (vide minutes of parish meeting, Jan. 14th, 1837), they were purchased for the purposes of public improvement at a cost of £200. The site of the buildings shown in the picture was cleared in 1840, and since that time the area of clearance has been extended from Stockhouse-place to the new lich-gate. The "improvement" made consists in removing a large block of substantial buildings for the benefit of a few houses of the aggregate rateable value of about £150. Scottish farms have been "improved" into deer parks on the same principle; and seeing the pressing need of the place for more house accommodation, it is a wonder the people do not rise in their might and insist on the site being either turned into a really ornamental feature of the town with convenient access, or applied to some productive use for the benefit of the inhabitants generally. When the Stockhouse was demolished the old stocks were "degraded from their high estate as a pillar of the constitution and mainstay of civic jurisprudence into a prop of the church," or, lower still, into a buttress for the churchyard wall. The curious visitor will find them, or rather an iron substitute, under the south-east wall of the church. The late W. H. Hyett caused this metallic instrument to be erected as a sort of cenotaph

in conjunction with a deliciously cool stone seat, and there it stands staring one out of countenance and keeping ever alive the name by which it became immediately known—"Squire Hyett's Spectacles."

A pretty custom, dating from the wedding of the late Queen Victoria, will be seen at the forthcoming marriage of Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Francis of Teck. A sprig of myrtle which formed part of the late Queen's bridal wreath was carefully cultured, and in due time planted out. When the Princess Royal was married sprigs were cut for her bridal wreath from this myrtle tree. The Princess, following her mother's example, had one of the sprigs cared for till it became a full-sized tree, which served for her daughter-in-law's wreath at the wedding of the present German Emperor. The custom was observed in the marriage of the Prince of Wales and all other of Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. There is already as the result of this charming custom the making of a grove of myrtle trees. Other customs attached to marriages of the Royal Family relate to the bouquet and the wedding cake. Ever since the marriage of Queen Victoria a firm of Windsor florists have had the honour of presenting the one and a Chester confectioner of finding the other, neither accepting payment.

English fire brigades might do well to study the example of Capetown, Valparaiso, and St. Louis (Mauritius), which have or are about to acquire "first-aid" motor-cars for their service. From a description in "Motoring Illustrated," it appears that the cars have 15-h.p. petrol engines, carry eight men, 1,000ft. of hose for use with street hydrants, and the necessary stand and branch pipes for making connection. The cars will travel up to 30 miles an hour on the level, and will ascend a gradient of 1 in 8. Such a vehicle would be very handy and speedy in reaching the scene of an outbreak, and might be of great value in stopping a fire at its beginning.

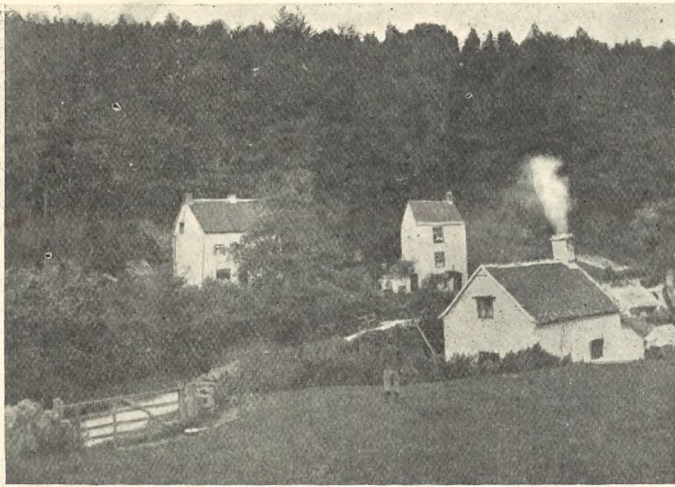


Photo by Arthur E. Selwyn, Nailsworth.
VIEW AT HARTLEY BRIDGE, NEAR NAILS WORTH.



Photo by F. R. Willis, Cheltenham.
A VIEW AT GRETTON.



Photo by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.
FARM ON PRESTBURY HILL.



Photo by G. L. Martyn, Cheltenham.
A SECLUDED SPOT AT CLEEVE.

An interesting experiment with the primary object of testing the usefulness of motor-cars in the instruction of modern methods of military reconnaissance has just taken place. The reconnaissance was organised and conducted by Colonel Bosworth under the supposition that an enemy was advancing from Portsmouth, and that the officer commanding the defensive force required a rapid survey of the country about Cobham, on the main Portsmouth road. The actual work of reconnaissance was carried out by six of Colonel Bosworth's military pupils in three motor-cars, which left Cedar Court, Roehampton, at 11.30 a.m. On reaching Fairmile at 12.30 p.m. the ground to be reconnoitred was quickly divided into three sections, two young officers, with a motor-car, being detailed for work in each section. The work then commenced after orders had been issued for rendezvous at two p.m. The several reconnoitring parties having reached the rendezvous at the appointed hour, the sketches and reports were collected and later "joined up," with the satisfactory result that in three hours from the start a piece of ground about three square miles in area and fifteen miles distant from the starting point, had been sketched and reported upon with sufficient accuracy to enable the officer in command of the defensive force to select his positions.

Writing to the "Field," Mr. F. N. Curzon says:—"While out partridge driving lately in a gale of wind I noticed a single bird detach itself from a covey, fly back over the heads of the beaters, and strike the projecting bough of an ash with such force as to kill itself. Though I have seen grouse killed by flying against telegraph wires, the above accident seems an unusual one, and I have no doubt was caused by a sudden gust of wind."

The following fable, dealing with the fall of M. de Witts, the Russian Finance Minister, is related in a recent brochure entitled "A Glance at the Secrets of Russian Policy," published in Vienna:—The Czar dreamed the following singular dream. He saw three cows, one fat, one lean, and one blind. The next day he sent for the Metropolitan Palladius, and begged him to explain the dream, but the Metropolitan declined. The Czar then sent for Father John of Kronstadt, and made the same request to him. Father John stroked his long, curly hair with his hand, and made reply in the following words: "Your Majesty, I understand your dream in this way. The fat cow is the Finance Minister, the lean one is the Russian people . . . and the blind one—" "Don't be afraid; go on," said the Czar. "The blind cow is—your Majesty!"

The "Western Mail" gives a curious illustration of legal red-tapeism and waste of public time. A charge of perjury is hanging over the head of a Swansea accountant, and the local police-court will probably devote at least five whole-day sittings to having the evidence of the accountant's bankruptcy examination read over by the shorthand writer and copied down verbatim by the magistrates' clerk. A copy handed in and testified by the witness as being correct would be absolutely the same thing, but as the notes have not been signed they have to be given in evidence.

A lady teacher at the Llandaff Deaf and Dumb School, Cardiff, has discovered a misprint in an edition of the Bible, in which "confirmed" is spelt "comfirmed," in Hebrews vi., 17. She has been awarded the guinea given by the British and Foreign Bible Society for the first notification in such cases, but has returned one-half of it to a special fund of the society, and the other half to a Macedonian relief fund. Many people do not understand what constitutes a biblical misprint. None of the remaining instances of archaic spelling come under this category; correspondents have been troubling the authorities with discoveries that "axe" is spelt "ax" and ceiling "cielng" in the Bible.

"Selina Jenkins's" Letters.

AT THE OPENING OF THE TOWN-HALL

(1ST FRAGMENT).

Wich of course I were invited to be present at the hinhauguration of the new Town—all last Saturday, bein' the hopenin really, only sounds better to be called hinhauguration; and a very lively time it were, wot with Sir Michael and the Mayor and Corporation and all manner of distinguished people, including me and Amos Wilkins, as went under my ticket, bein' made out to Mr. S. Jenkins and lady, and Amos considered he mite as well take the place of the late pore Jenkins for the nonce, as the sayin' is; and I 'opes you won't let it go no farther when I shall you, quite in private, of course, that I shall very like be Mrs. Wilkins afore many weeks is over, the bands being about to be called for the 1st time next Sunday week.

'Owever, to come to the pint, wich is, so to say, the done of the Town—all, last Saturday, when we arrived hup there, we finds a string of hundreds and thousands of people, 2 by 2, for all the world like the hanimals going into the Ark, as is called a Q, so I 'ave 'eard tell, by they as knows Latin and sich like. We tries to squeeze in near by the dore, but it weren't no use at all, as were very onbecomin' behaviour to a respectable fieldmale, I will say, to make me and Amos go right down to the tail of the Q, as you mite say, as reached very near all round the Wintry Gardings. There were a talkative gent. just in front, as knowed all about everythink, and stated that they 'adn't yet finished bilding the hinside, bein' the cause of the delay. 'Owever, to make matters worse, hup comes the Fire Brigade, with a band a-tootling and a-bangin' away for all they wos worth, and draggin' a pair of fire-hose behint them. I clings to Amos, I can tell you, thinkin' as it were a terrible fire on somewheres, altho' I donno' as I ever seed the firemen go hout to a fire with a band afore. 'Owever, it turned out they were jest turned out in place of the millingitary to 'old the fort, as the sayin' is, and to put out hennybody as 'adn't a ticket with the hose, so Amos said; but the talkative gent. in front would 'ave it they were brought on the scene to quench out Sir Michael or hennybody helse as mite 'ave the contrariness to drag in the Big Loaf confersery on sich a 'appy hopenin—I beg parding, hinhauguration. As soon as the band and the pair of hose 'ad disappeared round the corner, somebody pops 'is head out the front door of the Town—all and shouts "Tickets, please! Show yer tickets, please!"—jest like that, as reminded me powerful of the squash to go into Poole's Pannerammer of a 'alf-price afternoon, and didn't seem to be over-dignified, as you mite say! After some considerable time Amos and me manages to get inside the dore; and, you mark my words, the entrance 'all were a site to behold, wot with firemen holdin' hup the marble walls, and palms, and churchwarden chaps with long sticks to keep order, and, over and above all, a very 'andsome and costly smell of paint, as couldn't be beat for its quality nowheres. Amos wanted me to take hoff me shawl and bonnet, but I weren't a-goin' to do that, for you never knows, do you now, and, as it turned out, Amos mite jest as well 'ave kept 'is 'at and stick in 'is hand as trusted it to the cloke-room, as were a reglar fiasko, so it seemed, and large numbers of 'ats were deposed there 'as 'aven't never been seen since.

So we marches along a corridor, still in 2's, with a gent. a-shoutin' "Mind the carpet, please!" bein' a hadvertisement, I don't doubt, for the pertikler make of carpet; not that I seed a lot in it, altho' I nearly went tip-and-tail over a fold in it, and only saved meself by a mirakle; wich soon we comes into a very 'andsome place, with the Mayor, in a long red dressing-gown, in the middle, and the Mayor S at 'is side, beeming and shakin' 'ands with all-comers. When they called hout our name as Mr. and Mrs. S. Jenkins I reglar blushed pea-green to think of the artfulness of it all, and Amos winked 'is heye to me; but we was shocked and passed on before you could say Jack Robinson, without haccident fort'nitly, as would 'ave been very awk-ard to

hegspline, wouldn't it, now? When we emerges into the main 'all I were struck dumb for up'ards of 5 minutes, a thing as I've never known to 'appen to me afore, at the beautifulness of the place. Talk about "The 'arp that Ice threw Clara's halls," why, it wouldn't 'old a candle to our new Town—all, as Amos said beat St. Paul's Cathedral and the Crystal Pallis into fits, and were nearly so smart as that there 'Ippodrome in London, where they shoots rapids and other things as real as natur'. He knows, 'cos he's been to it.

There were a sidesman with a stick showin' people up into seats behind the platform, as beckoned to me and Amos, and told us he would very much like me to sit hup there, being set apart for noted characters and 'andsome faces, but we wasn't on no account to step on the forms; but this were rather 'ard on a helderly fieldmale, there not bein' no way of getting into a seat 'ceps by steppin' over the back of a form, as mite be considered worse form than steppin' on a form, I thought, and did accordingly. But, so it turned out, that there sidesman were quite right, for, you believe me, if I 'adn't shifted me position every minute or 2 I should be on they forms now, or until I were sawed hoff, the varnish bein' that outdacious sticky, as spoilt my best silk skirt, as it were, and the marks can't be got hout, altho' I've spent hupwards of fourpence in benzoline oil since to do it with; and sich things oughtn't to be allowed, not at hinhaugurations—they might do for hopenings!

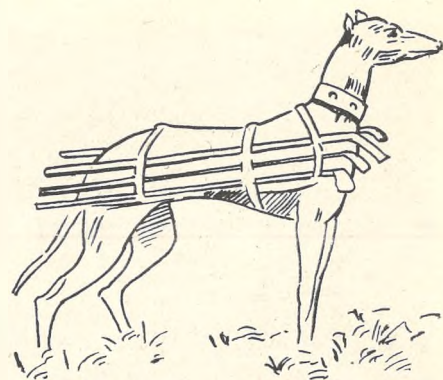
After a time the Councillors and their Corporations took their seats on the platform, and the Mayor strode hup, a fine millingitary figger of a man, to the little table reserved for him, some of the people standing up and some sittin' down, not bein' quite certain if it were a service or a ceremony. Then Sir Michael took his place—a slender, tall, dark man, like a dean or a bishop in general build—and I 'ad sich a hexcellent view of the back of his head I could very near draw it from memory, that I could; as carrys his age very well, that he do, and looked younger than a good many of the helderly men on the platform. I looked everywhere for that "little loaf," as they did say were to be placed on the table before 'im, but it weren't nowheres to be seen, and a very good job, too, bein' quite a relief to get away from fishcal reform, if only for a hour or two.

The Mayor, to hopen the proceedings, called upon the Rector to say a few prayers, wich he did very nicely, bein' jest the ones from the Prayer Book as is best suited to ask a blessin' upon the finest dancing floor in England, without doubt, so they do say, being intended to revive the winter balls and dances as used to make the name of Cheltenham famous up and down the length of the—hemisphere!

The Mayor then spoke a piece in a loud and powerful tone of voice to the effect that as we had colleges and schools, Cleeve Hill, electric trams, Cotswold Hunts, golf lynx, and other attractive items, the only thing necessary to make this a paradise below was a Town'all (being the finest ball-room in England). Also he mentioned that income-tax had gone up in Cheltenham, wich showed 'ow well we were gettin' on; and also a 1d. rate produced 150 pounds more on the thousand than it did 10 years ago. But Amos tells me that the income-tax receipts 'ave gone up, and the revenues from rates, too, becoss they income-tax fellers and the overseers keeps increasing the assessments, as mite be asked to give the tax and ratepayers a little breathing space for a change now times is so 'ard and money so scarce thro' that there fishcal policy.

Follering the Mayor, the Architect, who looked rather worried at 'avin' to give an address to so many higgerant unarchitectural people, stood forward, after 'avin' asked Sir Michael's kind permission to turn 'is back to 'im, and gave a long description of the size of the bilding, stating that if they was packed like sardines or oranges in a box 2,900 people could be got into the bilding! 'Owsomdever, he didn't think it well to squash in like that; and, if you was to ask my hapnyion, you mite get 2,900 in, but you'd never get 2,900 out again alive.

There was a lot of figgers, too; but ever since I tried to read up the fishcal policy speeches I be fair sick of figgers, and I can't a-bear the



DOGS AS "CADDIES."

The latest suggestion for realising the ideal in the golf caddie is the employment of a well-trained dog, equipped as shown in the sketch. Might not a good sporting dog be also trained to overcome by means of its scent the difficulties of the lost ball?

site or sound of 'em, so I jest let 'em go in one year and out of the other.

Still, I give the Architect a tidy bit of applause and called out "Angcore" when he'd done, for I consider he's put us up a very tidy place, and without the perpetual drafts and roarin' ventilators and sparrows flyin' about, as is peccoliar to the Wintry Gardings, as must, in doo course, be a bigger White Elefant than before, now we 'ave this beautiful 'all to take its place (bein' the finest ball-room in England, bar none!). The Mayor thereupon, with pride quiverin' in his manly voice, called upon our guest, who "throughout the whole of his distinguished career had shed a lustre on his honoured name and the county of Gloucester—Sir Michael Hicks Beach—to declare the bilding open."

Applause thundered round the massive building, shouts rent the air in twain or thrain bits, a clapping of hands like patent fire-lighters on a frosty morning echoed round the marble 'alls; everybody, nearly, rose to their feet, thinking it were the best thing to do under the circumstances ('ceps two or three as was held down to the forms near me by the varnish); and suddintly the electric light was turned full on as SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, BART., M.P., stepped lightly from his chair, first placed his left hand on the table, and then on the lapel of his coat, and said:—

[TO BE COMPLETED IN OUR NEXT.]

Anent the "spinthariscopes," several of which little instruments were handed round amongst the audience at Dr. Hampson's lecture on "Radium" on December 1st at the Cheltenham Winter Garden, a London contemporary says:—"We may give a free advertisement to the spinthariscopes of Sir William Crookes, now that many different firms are equally at a loss to supply the demand. It is a little metal tube about an inch long, with an invisible speck of radium placed opposite a fluorescent screen at the blind end. You hold the thing to your eye in the dark, and see the tiny particles from the radium as they bombard the fluorescent screen. The result is an incessant series of sparks flying in all directions, and it may be calculated that a spinthariscopes is safe to outlast the human race; there is no fear of the thing wearing out in a thousand generations. The particles are shot out at the rate of about 30,000 miles a second, and Sir Oliver Lodge says of them, 'One hundred times faster than the fastest flying star, they are the fastest moving matter known.'"

Great Britain is the only Great Power which has not recognised the Panama Republic.

The Imperial Government has given its sanction to the imposition of a hut tax of £1 per annum in Southern Rhodesia, being an increase of 10s. yearly. The present rate in the Transvaal is £2.

POETRY.

IF I WERE FATHER CHRISTMAS.

If I were Father Christmas, and Christmas he were me,
The "gay and festive season" should still more festive be.
I would not go where plenty was reigning over all,
And where I'm always welcome, but give the poor a call.
I might, as I was passing, just give the rich a nod,
To show that my behaviour was not so very odd;
But where the slums were thickest, and folk were in distress,
I'd settle down and struggle to make their troubles less.

In every house that wanted a sign of Christmas cheer—
And goodness knows how many are even worse than drear—
I would not waste a moment, but give the magic cue
For "Exit all that's dreary, and enter all that's new!"
In fact, the change in slum-land should be so all complete,
That one would think a genie had wandered down the street.

Ah! just for one day only, how jovial it would be,
If I were Father Christmas, and Christmas he were me!

—Christmas Number of "Men and Women."

THE DAISY AND THE SUN.

A Mouse that found a Daisy, one dull day
In winter, thus addressed it: Why display
Your paper petals, red-tipt by the blast?
'Twere best to hide till wintry chills are past.
The Daisy answered: I have seen to-day
A glimpse of that which loads each balmy spray
Of summer roses; scents the violet, too—
A glimpse of God to me, if not to you.
Then pass on, Friend, to plunder and annoy;
Content am I with unobtrusive joy
That gilds my heart, my lowly world to make
The brighter, sweeter, for that glory's sake;
For I shall know, while day to day may run,
For life, for death, I've seen, I've seen—the Sun!
C. A. W.

Lady Leigh writes from Stoneleigh Abbey to the "Times":—Tastes and habits are formed between the ages of eight and twelve years. Should not boys of eleven be out in the fields forming habits of endurance and attachment to the land, and acquiring the adaptation of their muscles to agricultural work, rather than at twelve or thirteen stammering through accounts of the eagle, the Eddystone Lighthouse or of Queen Elizabeth? These are all wonderful in their way, but the end is that the boys who have most to say about Lake Regillus and the Spanish Armada are off to the towns, having neither the health nor the taste for the cold fields, leaving the dolts of the village to the farmer, who is crying out for good labourers and cannot get them. Let the night schools be made as attractive as possible, but let the boys of eleven be got out on to the fields. Good early impressions are beyond price. I am aware that the study of nature and the observation of common objects of the country are now being most wisely encouraged in our schools, but these will not take the place of the practical training of the minds and muscles of the boys.

Lord Iveagh's gift of £50,000 to the Dublin hospitals, in commemoration of their Majesties' recent visit to Ireland, has been apportioned, and all the hospitals will receive their cheques before Christmas. The recommendations of the committee were approved by his Majesty. All the hospitals received large grants, and some are benefited to the extent of over £2,000.

The King has appointed Lieut.-Col. Sir John Lane Harrington, K.C.V.O., to be his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor Menelik II. of Ethiopia. Previously Col. Harrington had been British Agent and Consul-General at the Court of Menelik.



HIGH STREET OF CHELTENHAM FROM THE ROYAL HOTEL
(from an old engraving).

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Photo by W. E. Drinkwater, Cheltenham.

WATCHING ARRIVALS AT CHELTENHAM TOWN-HALL
OPENING CEREMONY, DEC. 5, 1903.

The rector of Woolstone, the Rev. Gilbert G. Coventry, has just told a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of a wild rock-dove which one of his stable-boys had reared from the nest. It slept in the open, however, and had full liberty. Soon the good things on the rector's table attracted it, and it would appear through the open window at meal-times, take hot soup with much zest, and even sip sherry from the wineglass. At night it often slipped in and slept in the rector's bed, on its back, under the coverlet. One Sunday morning during the reading of the lesson the dove flew swiftly through an open window into the church and settled on the rector's head. Broad smiles spread over the faces of the elders, and audible titters came from the youngsters. A gentle touch sent the bird down to the edge of the clerk's desk below, where it sat undisturbed. This clerk is now officiating in that church for the seventy-fourth year. He was only sixteen when first appointed, and is now ninety years of age, still hale and strong, and one not to be upset

by so slight a matter as a perching dove. The dove has lately died from over-eating and drinking. A laughing dove of Barbary which was given to a sister of Mr. Coventry, lived in her town house for twenty-eight years. It was "of age" when she first got it, and it has been with another sister at Duffield Park now over two years, living in a sunny room, having a blind old canary as companion. It will not suffer another dove to be in the same room, but is a friendly, beautiful creature, full of cooings and laughter if its friends enter the room.

Mr. William Derry, who was thrice Mayor of Plymouth, has left £138,000 gross estate. This money was made out of the wine trade.

The Rev. A. S. Waterfield having resigned the head mastership of Bromyard Grammar School, the Governors on Tuesday appointed Mr. W. Henwood, head master of Needham Market Grammar School, to succeed him. There were 90 candidates.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

[By "ARIEL."]

THE CORRECT WAY TO USE A DARK-ROOM LAMP.
 Although it may practically be considered that the photographic dry-plate is not sensitive to the red light of the dark-room, this is only relatively true—for, give it time, and any red light will affect the plate. This being the case, the red rays from the lamp should not be allowed to fall directly on the plate during the filling of the dark slides or development. A good many workers seem to think it absolutely necessary to have the lamp placed right in front. It is a much better plan to turn the lamp so that its back is towards the dish, and place a piece of white cardboard in front to receive the light, which will be reflected to the dish. This method of using the lamp will be found to be more pleasant to the eyes of the worker, as well as safer for the plates.

ENLARGING THE IMAGE.

It very frequently happens that in landscape work it is found that when the camera is set up and the view focussed the image of the object on the ground glass screen is extremely small. Of course every photographer knows that the nearer the camera is to an object the larger is the resulting image on the plate. It may be possible to move the camera nearer, and so obtain a larger image. But suppose this is impossible, as is frequently the case, what is to be done? If the worker possesses several lenses, the one with the longest focus should be selected for use, because the size of the image is in direct proportion to the focus of the lens. If only one lens is available, and that one a rectilinear, the front combination can be unscrewed, and the lens becomes a single one of double the focus, giving an image of twice the size. It should, however, be borne in mind, when thus doubling the focus, that the aperture remains the same, and therefore the exposure is quadrupled.

THE ACID FIXING BATH.

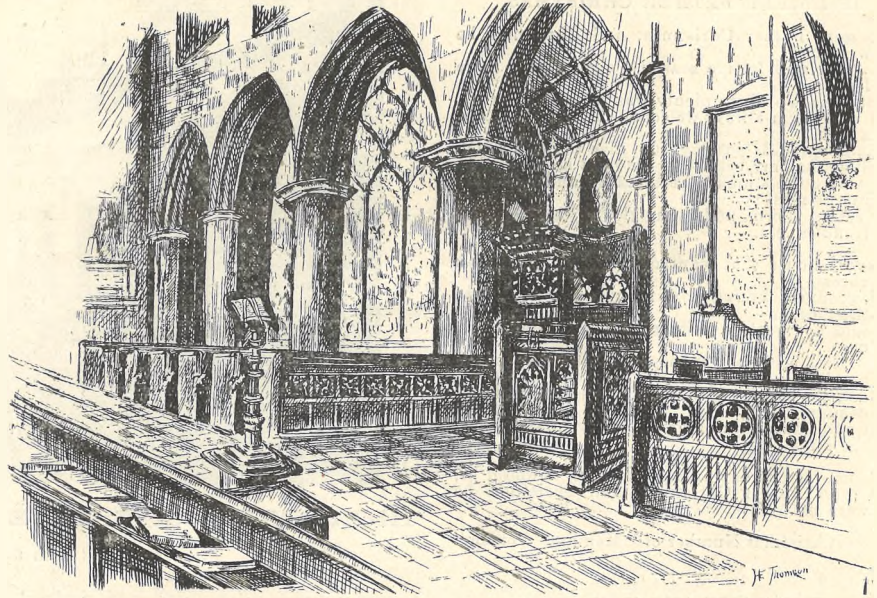
A fair number of photographers prefer when fixing negatives to use the acid fixing bath. This bath keeps clean longer than the hypo bath, and it also prevents the negatives from becoming stained. It is very suitable for use in summer, because it hardens the film and prevents frilling and blistering. The above bath can be made up as follows:—Dissolve ½oz. of citric acid in 1oz. of hot water, ½oz. of sodium sulphite in 1oz. of hot water, mix the two solutions, and add the mixture to one pint of hypo solution made by dissolving 5oz. of hypo in sufficient water to make one pint. It will be found to be more convenient in every way to use the upright grooved dishes for fixing. More plates can be fixed at once, and dirt and dust can be kept out more effectually.

CHELTENHAM AND GLOS. A.C.

Last week the delegates of the club attended the Conference of Provincial Automobile Clubs, held in London, under the auspices of the Reading A.C., and took a leading part in the debate. The members are just now receiving a good many benefits from their membership of the club. Owing to the prompt action taken by the officials, all the worry of applying for numbers and licenses and registration forms has been taken off the shoulders of the club members. Also owing to the club being first in the field as regards application for numbers, not a single member will receive a number consisting of more than two figures. All local motorists will join me in congratulating Dr. H. P. Fernald, the esteemed president of the club, on securing No. 1 in the county. The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has invited the club to send two representatives to a conference which it intends to hold in February, 1904, to consider by what means all the motor clubs in the British Isles can be united in one powerful body. Any motorist can join now for the season 1904.

KEEPING THE ENAMEL IN GOOD CONDITION.

The enamel of a machine may be kept in good condition by always washing off mud



Drawn by Miss H. E. Thomson,

Cheltenham.

INTERIOR OF CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH.

before it is allowed to thoroughly dry. The water should be applied with a soft brush, and should the mud have become hardened, it should be allowed to soak for a few minutes before any attempt is made to remove it. Never attempt to rub off mud when it is dry, as doing so will be certain to scratch the enamel off the machine. Particular care should be taken when washing a motor-cycle or cycle that the water does not enter the bearings, and if it be found to have done so, oil at once with rather thick lubricating oil.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS WITH A FORE-CARRIAGE.

Not having been accustomed to the riding of a three-wheeler, I must confess that when I first mounted my Tri-car it was with the idea that I should find it much harder to drive and steer than my motor-bicycle. I was agreeably surprised. The steering was perfection; indeed, on a straight level road there is no need to keep the hands on the handle-bars. When riding a motor-bicycle in "greasy" weather I was always tormented with the fear of side-slips. Grease has now lost all its terrors; and as for tramlines, I can ride between them or hop across them with no danger whatever. The greatest impression the Tri-car made on me was the absence of vibration to the arms and body. The steadiness of my machine and the way she rounds the corners was a great surprise to me. Traffic can be negotiated easily, for if a block occurs all you have to do is to shut off the power, sit still on the machine, and wait for an opening. In my opinion the fore-carriage is a big step in advance of the motor-bicycle. The comfort is increased enormously. The only disadvantage would be in the case of a man with limited stable-room. To him the easily detachable trailer will still appeal. The absence of vibration and the increased comfort I attribute to the design of the fore-carriage itself, which beats anything I have previously seen. The fore-car is attached to the bicycle part of the machine by two side tubes, which run right to the back wheel of the machine. Four short stays run from the two long tubes to the head of the machine, making a perfectly rigid connection. The carriage part is mounted on long Cee springs, which insulate the passenger from all road shocks. The carriage being well upholstered, as much comfort is attained as in the tonneau of a large car. The steering is done by the medium of the front forks, only the wheels moving. To my mind the Tri-car solves the motor

problem for the man of moderate means. A small car to carry two persons costs from £150 to £200. The running expenses are three times the amount of the Tri-car's, also the cost of licenses and accessories is more. As a proof of the increasing popularity of the fore-carriage, nearly every motor-cycle manufacturer had on exhibition (at the recent London shows) one fore-carriage. I had hoped to be able to give an illustration of my machine in this issue, but could not get it ready in time, so it will appear in next week's issue.

RISKS OF MOTOR-CAR LIGHTS.

Public attention is being increasingly directed to the lights carried by motor-cars, which are causing serious risks to other traffic on the roads. Horses which are perfectly trained to pass cars in the daylight will not face the bright acetylene lamps in use on some of the large cars. Some of these lamps are really searchlights. On dark country roads the sudden appearance of a car carrying lights of such intensity is almost as startling to drivers as to their horses, while the eyes of persons meeting the cars are so blinded by the glare that they cannot see objects in the road after the cars have passed, and considerable danger is incurred from other vehicles following the cars closely. This was the cause of a fatal accident only recently. A remedy would be to have some kind of veil which could be slipped over the lens from the driver's seat. This arrangement would dim the brilliance of the lamps in traffic, and then on dark country roads the full brilliancy of the lights could be used. If motorists did this, I think they would be acting not only in the interests of the public, but in their own interests as well. One anti-motor paper indeed suggests that the Local Government Board should take up the matter and issue regulations governing the power of the lights carried. Speaking from personal experience, I can say that it is a positive necessity to carry good lamps when travelling at night on dark country roads, but there is no need to carry two searchlights or more.

BOARD OF TRADE AND MOTOR-TRAINS.

On Saturday morning Col. Yorke, R.E., the Chief Inspector of the Board of Trade, who was accompanied by Mr. Dawson, of Paddington, and other Great Western Railway officials, travelled by the motor-train between Stonehouse and Chalford, and inspected the various stopping places.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 155

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"The Admirable Crichton."

NEXT WEEK:

Tuesday (2.30 & 7.45)—

MR. REDFORD'S BENEFIT,

"NIOBE" ("ALL SMILES").

Saturday (2.30 & 7.45)—GRAND PANTOMIME,

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

PRICES AND TIMES AS USUAL.

Chandos Grammar School,

Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE NEXT
TERM WILL BEGIN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from
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 153rd competition is the Rev. J. E. Walker, of Hilcot, Battledown, for his picture of Sierford Mill.

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

The winner of the 64th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, for his "Legend of St. Margaret."

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 46th competition is Miss Ada Constance Begbie, of Brightleigh, Charlton Kings, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. Philip Upstone at Holy Apostles' Church, Charlton Kings.

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 9in. by 7in. 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 become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.



MR. R. A. LISTER, J.P., C.C.,
*Liberal Candidate for the Tewkesbury Division
of Gloucestershire.*



"Selina Jenkins's" Letters.

AT THE OPENING OF THE TOWN-HALL.

(2ND FRAGMENT).

Well—as I was about to remark last week when I were interrupted by—To be completed in our next—Sir Michael Hicks Beach rose to 'is aristocratic feet, and without more ado come to the subject in 'and, bein' a discourse on Town-'alls and extravagance, with pertikler reference to the extravagance of Corporations, and so forth.

With anti-fiscal tears in 'is voice 'e sorrowfully referred to them days of long ago when the old Assembly Rooms in 'Igh-street was opened by the Dook of Wellington, in the intervals of fightin' that there Boneyparte. He went on to say 'ow 'e was afraid we 'ad lost a good deal of our angeint faith in the Cheltenham waters, but 'ad made up for it by perviding a eggscellent hedddication for Cheltenham daughters, etcetera, meanin' the Ladies' College and other places of the kind, as is a site better than saline waters, and brings more money to the town, so I considers; not but wot we could do with a bit more, some of us; but there! 'taint no use to grumble.

Then the gallant men as 'ave served their Empire and ruined their livers over to Hindia and other furrin parts was referred to as coming 'ere to end their days in well-deserved rest, meanin' of course, becoming churchwardens and presiding at Tramps' Missions and sich like; wich its a wonderful thing 'ow very religious these 'ere millingitary gents do get when they do come into the Cheltenham hatmosphere; every kurnel works like a Christian 'ero at all sorts of committee meetin's and Church Congresses to break the power of they himpident Disenters and other onbelievers! There was a lot more, too of harraprobation, as they do call it, for the Town Council, and the Mayor, tellin' them not to take no notice of all they as says things and writes denonimous letters to the papers signed "Indignant Ratepayer," "Observer," or sich, wich bein' all personal abuse consequently isn't any of it true, altho' I don't exactly see 'ow that follows, do you now?

But then come the tasty bit of Sir Michael's speech—where 'e lectured that there set of councillors right and left, for all the world like a sanitary inspector talkin' to a lot of schoolboys or a magistrate to a court full of Passive Desisters—all about publishing clear accounts of every penny as were spent, so as the ratepayers could understand it (wich I will say I can't make no 'ead or tail of the accounts, not meself, thro' not bein' able to manage the 0's, as is perfectly bewildering even with yer glasses on, and I couldn't never rightly tell the difference in the 0's atween a million and a thousand).

So Sir Michael said Corporations, present company included, must draw it mild for a bit, as the sayin' is, thro' money bein' so short, until, I 'spose, that there Balfour makes up 'is mind wich side of the fence to come down on, or else until Chamberlain 'ave settled the old age pensions question; till wich 'appy time its jest as well for heverybody to save their ha'pennies and wait till 'e clouds rolls by.

Hon pass on, as the French says, Sir Michael made a remark about we fieldmales as wasn't altogether over and above perlite, 'ad to mention its bein' a ontruth, to the effect that we be rash in the way we spends our savin's, wich I know as I've put by a bit reglar every week for the last 5 year, come wet come shine, towards me own "old age pension" scheme, as you mite say, in a old teapot, as I carries hup and puts under the bed every nite, for fear of burglars, 'cos you never knows, these times, sich 'orrible things do 'appen, don't they; wich I don't 'old with banks and bilding societies and the like, as 'ave been known to go to smash and lose a body's 'ard-earned cash, like Mary Ann Tomkins, as bought 2 shares in a Co-operative Pool, wich were going to pay 'er 5s. interest in the pound every 3 months, and only paid one month, and then the pool dried up, and Mary Ann were like a mazed woman with the



Drawn by W. C. Robson,

Cheltenham.

SATISFIED RATEPAYER: The Town-hall is a beautiful building, James, isn't it?

DISSATISFIED RATEPAYER: I dunno; I haven't seen it. I was only hustled round by some men in blue, contiually saying "Move on gently, please." I suppose my only enjoyment over this business is to pay up and keep smiling as usual; but, there, I mustn't expect too much.

calamity for months, and 'aven't never really been the same since, wich 'aint to be wondered at, is it now?

Well, now; where was I? Oh, yes! about the ladies bein' rash with their speyklations; wot foolishness, to be sure. They thinks a good deal more afore they lanches out than the men folk, that I knows well, wich pore Jenkins couldn't never read one of they papers all over oughts and crosses as comes from 'Amburg or somewheres furrin, without 'avin' a temptation to plunge to the extent of a lot more than he'd let me 'ave to buy a new bonnet, or a lace tie, or anythink really necessary and useful.

But, you believe me, I were 'ardly able to trust me ears (altho' I 'aven't never been accused of 'ardness of 'earing, not meself) when that there Sir Michael said, amidst thunderstorms of applause, that the Town-'all, in which we were at the moment stuck on the seats, was OPEN!

"Well, well, now," says I to Amos, "sure-alie he must be a-forgettin' of 'isself; 'avent we been 'ere, a-settin' in the 'all, a-listenin' to 'im and others for the last I dunno 'ow long, and now 'e says its open! 'Ow the goodness did we get in, if it's only jest open! Are we dreamin', or is it the Fiscal Policy 'ave upset Sir Michael's Beach?"

"I dunno," says he, bein' a man of very few speech, wich on the Q.T. is the very reason I've took to 'im; I 'ates a man as chatters, wich if a woman can't talk for 'er 'usband, 'avin' so much to say, life's a reg'lar feasco, as the sayin' is! I leaves it onthought out, 'owever, as I don't rightly understand 'ow the mistake arose, but I can't think why the papers didn't take the matter hup, they bein' so smart with murders and so 4th, but I suppose they was afraid to tackle Sir Michael.

After the above 'ad ensued, a young party in the gallery sweetly warbled "God save his Majesty" with the band, followed by the band in 4 weakly parts, after wich we was permitted to join in, but very near everybody 'ad forgot the 3rd verse, and in spite of the boy with the drum bangin' away like old

boots up in the gallery, and me and Amos singin' for all we was worth (the 1st verse, 'cwever, as I 'aven't no knowledge of wot the 3rd is), it didn't go with a bang, as you mite say, and were the tamest sort of a Natural Hanthem as ever I 'eard tell on. Next time, perhaps they'll be so good as to give us the words, if they wants us to do the thing to rights! All after this mite be summed up in the word, in capital letters, "THANKS TO SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH"! Come to think of it, that's 6 words, but there, you knows what I do mean! Everybody said they wouldn't waste our valleyble time, and then went on to waste it. Mr. Winterbotham, of course, said a bit of poetry, as I allus enjoys, becoss its so different to the usual thing as you gets from councillors and the like, although I don't understand it a bit.

The key of the door was then 'anded to Sir Michael, for fear 'e mite 'ave to leave early, being made by the Renaissance school, wherever that is, and studied with precious stones, such as gold and medallions.

The Mayor finally asked us all to tea in the supper-room, wich was very kind of 'im, that I will say, wich Amos 'ands me down off the benches like a dook and he makes for the refreshments, but you mark my words there weren't no gettin' within 20 yards of the tea, wot with the crush and the crowds of people of all ranks, nationalities, and sexes; wich I did see a cup of tea in the distance, and I did long for a cup, me 'ead bein' nearly splittin' with the egcitement of lookin' at the back of so many important people for so long. 'Owever, it couldn't be did, nohow, so we decides to wend our way 'ome, where our own kettle—or mine, at all events—was singin' on the 'ob. But that weren't to be all, for Amos left me to go into the gent's cloak-room for 'is 'at and coat, and, altho' 'e's generally of a very patient disposition, 'e come out, after a while, in such a fume as you never seed, wich I thought 'e would 'ave been took with a fit, almost, somebody 'avin' gone off with 'is 'at, and left a sort of a shabby-genteel one, as looked as if it 'ad been rolled across the road of a muddy day, and



Drawn by Wilson Fenning.

Cheltenham.

"COME UNDER MY UMBRELLA!"

At a meeting in connection with the Cheltenham Habitation of the Primrose League Mr. G. Lane Fox likened the League to a man standing upon a large rock with a very large umbrella, capable of covering all those who came under it—at least as far as the fiscal question was concerned.—"Gloucestershire Echo," December 10, 1903.

not properly cleaned off, wick 'e said the arrangements in the cloak-room was very bad, and that the langwidge pervoked on all they as 'ad to go and identify the remains of wot 'ad been their 'ats and other garments was somethink awful.

'Owever, this were only jest like the fly in the milk jug, as the sayin' is, as can be easily got over another time; and on the whole I considers the openin' of the Ball-room (I mean Town-hall) were very well done, and a credit to all concerned, 'ceps the Natural Hanthem and the 'ats.

'Avin' said wick, I signs me name,
SELINA JENKINS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The Rector of Cheltenham (Canon Roxby) evidently believes in and practises the preferential policy of conferring the livings in his gift upon curates of his town. And on the three possible occasions on which it has fallen to his lot to exercise his right of patronage he has, I think, discharged it well and wisely. The most recent example—that of his preferment of the Rev. Thomas H. Cave-Moyles to the vicarage of St. Paul's—will receive an interesting accompaniment, for the new vicar will associate with himself as curate his brother, the Rev. Philip Cave-Moyles, who, owing to the impending change of vicars at St. John's, will be giving up his present curacy there. If there is no precedent for this dual arrangement of brothers as vicar and curate respectively of a parish, I am very glad that one has now been created. I certainly know of one case (in Gloucester) where a rector's son is his father's curate, and in which this clerical collaboration works well.

Weddings in Gloucester Cathedral are so infrequent that I may perhaps be pardoned

for again referring to the subject of the marriage of Miss Selwyn-Payne with Sir Percy Cunynghame, duly solemnised in the Grand Old Minster of the city last Wednesday afternoon. A December day, even though it was not dark and dreary for the nonce, was not by any means an ideal one for a fashionable wedding; but then the Cathedral, which I once heard a preacher describe as "warmed with the prayers of a thousand years," was kept as free from draughts as possible—the big, and often offending, west door not being opened at all—and the many hundred people, outside the invited guests to the choir, who were in the nave and heard the singing of the wedding hymns and the music, and saw the bridal party pass along the centre, must have been amply repaid for any little trouble or inconvenience that they might have experienced. They can at least say they revelled in the sight of a fashionable and very pretty wedding procession, certainly the smartest that has ever been seen in the Mother Church of the diocese. And thousands of others will be content to read the descriptive accounts in the "Echo" and "Chronicle" and to gaze upon the portraits of the bride and bridegroom and other appropriate illustrations that I understand will appear in the "Graphic" to-day. Dean Spence's first wedding in his Cathedral must be written down a great success. Dean Law, I find, had four weddings during the 23 years of his regime, but the present head of the Chapter may yet run equal with him, for he has only been in possession 17 years, and already there is another marriage fixture pending. "One often brings many" has much truth in it.

The paragraph in the "Echo" to the effect that Mr. W. Maxey, secretary to the National Mouse Club, who judged the sixty tame rats exhibited at the recent Feather and Fur Show in Cheltenham, has sustained blood poisoning from a rat bite on the middle finger of the right hand, reminds me that it has just come to my knowledge that a local lady

who exhibited at the same show four beautiful blue Persian kittens has lost them all, they having died from gastritis, which they contracted during the exhibition there.
GLEENER.

POETRY.

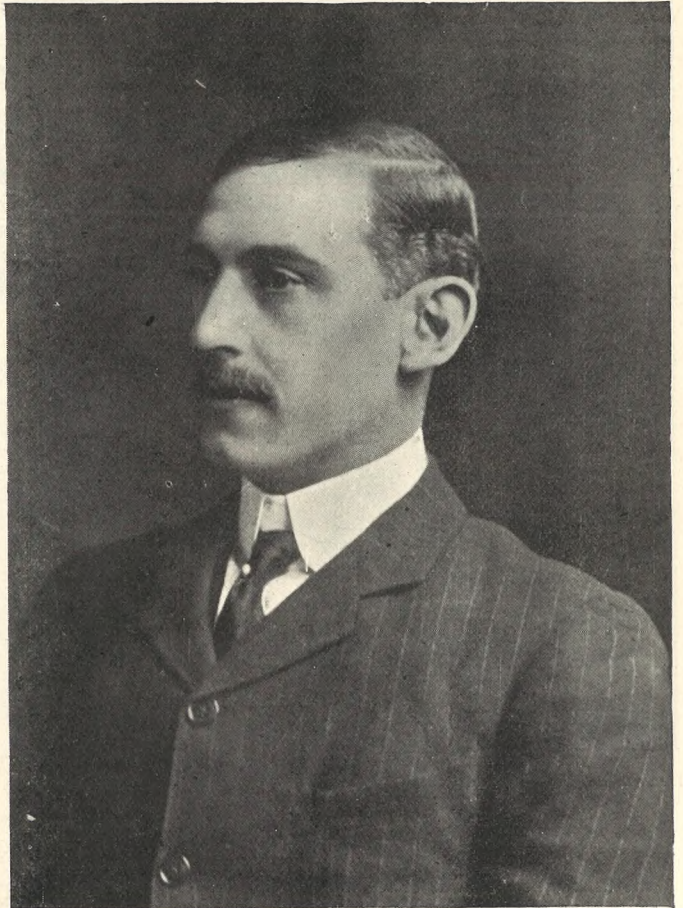
GOING TO PRESS.

["The 'Ads' are all right; lock up the formes, and let's go to press."—The last words uttered by the Foreman of the Composing Room of the "New Orleans Times" a few moments before his death.]

Fellow man! a moment linger
On the dying printer's speech,
For it bears a weighty lesson,
Our unheeded hearts to teach.
Day by day thou art composing
What a universe shall read;
Type to type art ceaseless setting,
As thou addest deed to deed.
Ah! how surely life's full columns,
When the hand that set them lies
Fixed in an unbroken stillness,
Their composer advertise!
Soon the formes are locked for ever,
Changeless shall th' impression be;
Scan the proofs in time, O printer,
Thou art near Eternity.
Are the "Ads" all right, composer?—
Art thou standing justified?
Ready now for death and judgment,
Their unfoldings to abide?
So shall thou, as night advances,
Greet the unstaying Pressman's call;
Then await the morn eternal,
Publishing thy life to all.
—Typographical Circular.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, honorary secretary and treasurer, has received an anonymous donation of £1,000 for the general funds of the National Anti-Vivisection Society. A gigantic screw, 85ft. in length and weighing nearly 18 tons, was on Saturday completed at Haywood's forge, Halesowen, and as a forging holds a world's record.

WEDDING IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

MISS SELWYN-PAYNE.

SIR PERCY CUNYNGHAME, BART.

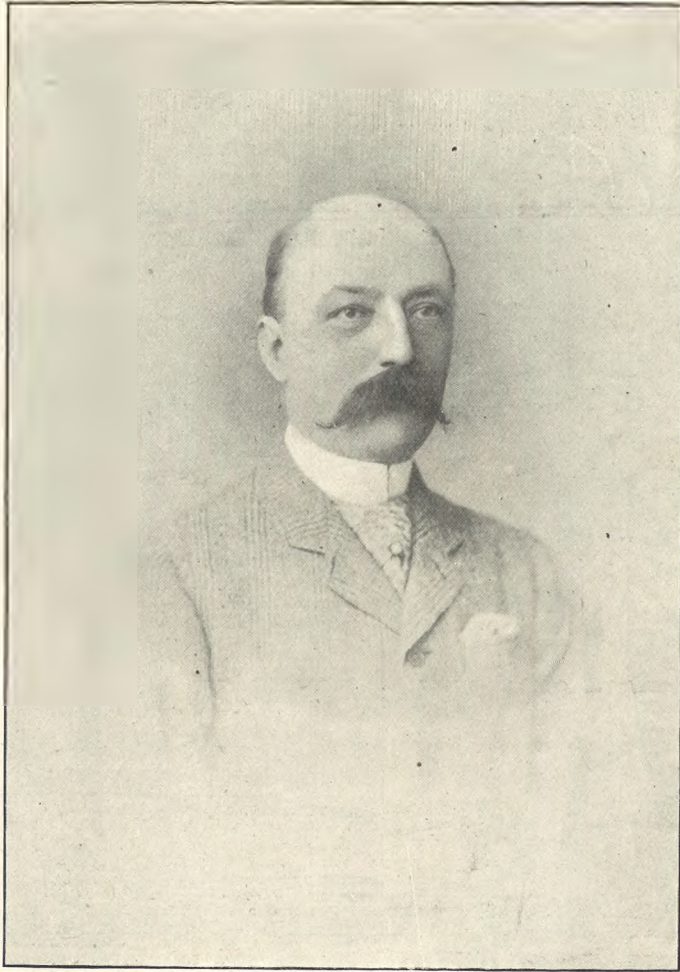


BADGEWORTH COURT.



Among the many suggestions for the reform of War Office methods now being discussed with avidity in the Service clubs, one which will command universal sympathy is that we should be less lavish in the facilities which we afford to foreign Powers of becoming acquainted with the work of the army. On the Continent every effort is made to prevent outsiders gathering knowledge of what is taking place to improve the army and make it perfect as a fighting machine—but no spies are necessary to discover what England is doing. Permission is readily granted to foreign representatives to see our army at work, and only last week a number of French officers visited Aldershot and were allowed to watch the balloon corps at work. On the Continent visitors to barracks, forts, and the like are entertained with a showy parade and other things which are unimportant, and whilst the utmost courtesy is shown no opportunity is afforded them of taking away anything useful.

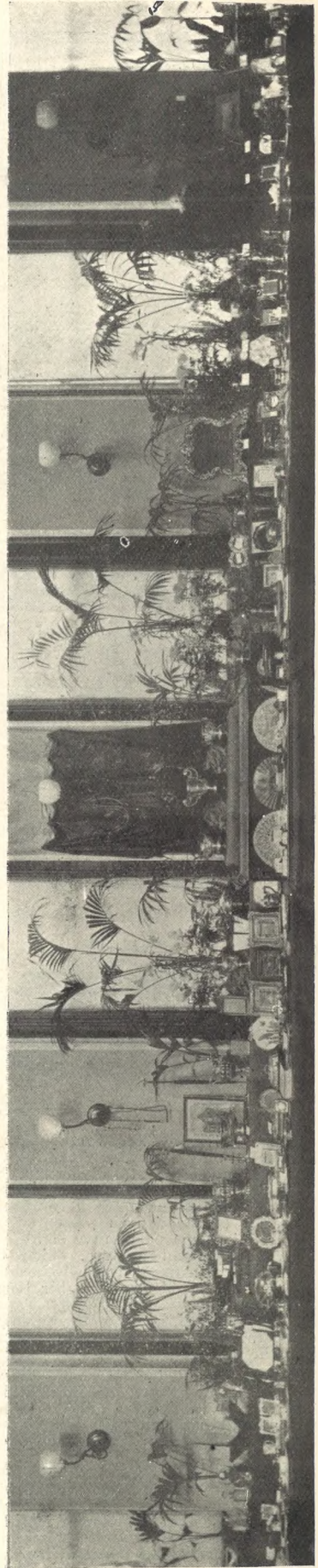
A strange story comes from Abinger, near Dorking. The squire's retriever started a rabbit, which headed straight for a pond, and plunged in, followed by his pursuer. Amid shouts of admiration and surprise "bunny" struck out bravely, keeping well ahead of the enemy until, with merciful generosity, the dog was called off. Still the rabbit paddled on until he arrived at the middle, when he proceeded to tread water, his nose just above the surface, until his pursuers had withdrawn. He then struck out for land, and dragged himself away to hiding.



MAJOR SELWYN-PAYNE, J.P.,
OF BADGEWORTH COURT
(FATHER OF THE BRIDE).

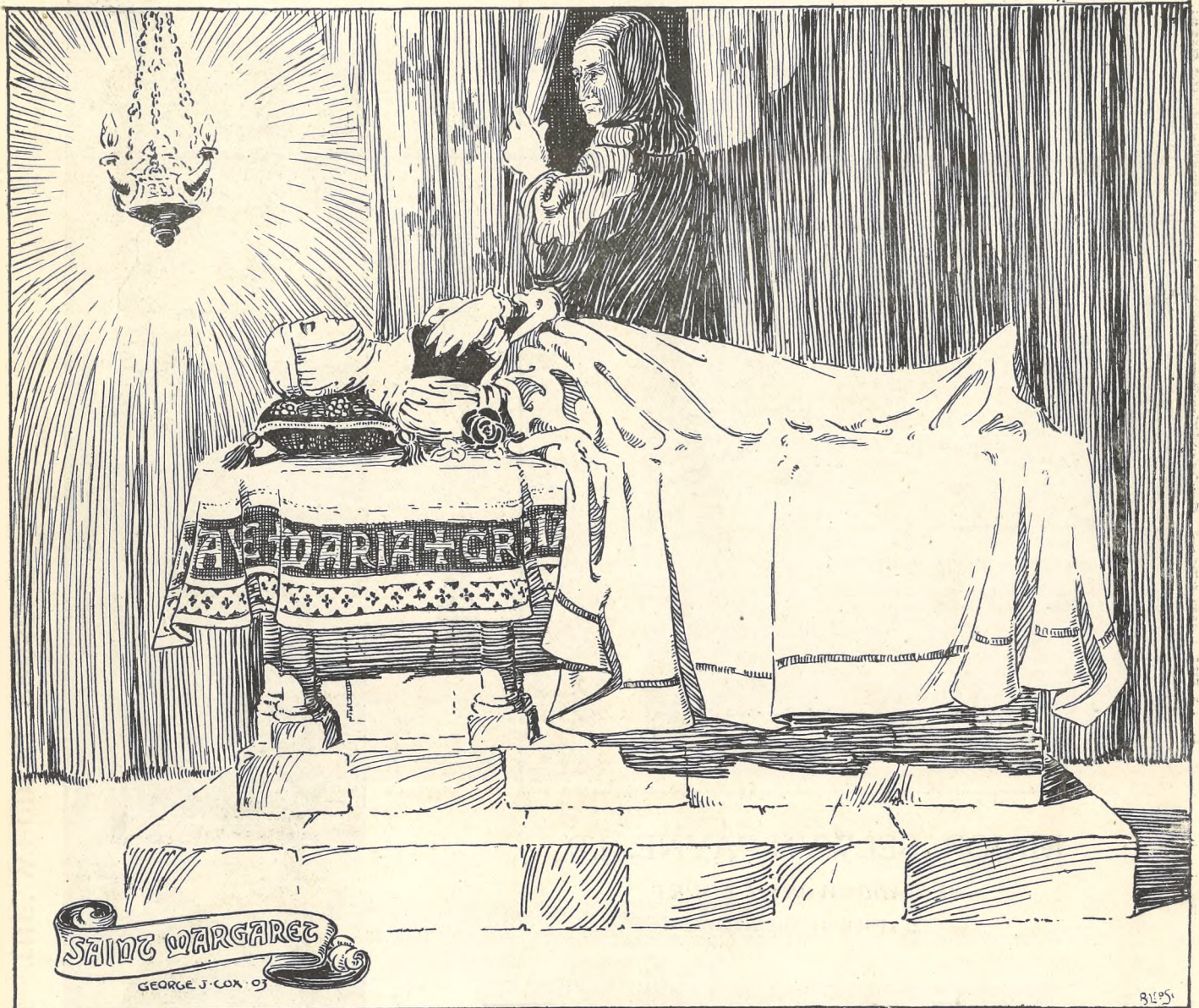


GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL
(Scene of Marriage Ceremony).



THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by G. J. Cox,

Cheltenham.

Legend of St. Margaret of Badgeworth.

In mediæval times Badgeworth Church looked down not only upon the straggling village, but also upon the stately hall of Sir Hugh de Spencer and a noble monastery wherein dwelt monks and many holy nuns.

The interior of the church presented, on festivals or Saints' days, a brave sight. In one aisle, cowed and austere, stood the monks; serfs and yeomen crowded the body of the nave; and to the front sat Sir Hugh, with knights, esquires, and ladies. Tapers illumined the chancel, heavy with the fumes of burning incense, and pale sweet nuns chanted the office.

But the fairest sight by far was Margaret, beloved by serf and knight, the only child of old Sir Hugh. Now many a gallant knight and baron had sought in vain to woo her. Secretly she loved, a youth of the village—one

scholarly, and moreover a poet. But there came a luckless hour wherein Sir Hugh discovered their trysting place. Horrified at the possibility of such a mesalliance, he banished the poor youth from out the village, and sternly bade his now disconsolate daughter marry a suitor of his own choosing. Visibly she pined, and the day before the distasteful ceremony she fled from her father's hall, and was seen no more in the village, wherein none bewailed her loss more than the poor and needy.

Time rolled on, and Sir Hugh, broken-hearted and full of years, was gathered unto his fathers, and the stately hall left to decay.

About this time, through the frailty of one of the nuns, a young monk, handsome and of fascinating address, was suspected of breaking his vows and incarcerated in a dark and

noisome cell, there to repent of his crime. Yet, despite the entreaties of his holy brothers, he remained obdurate, and confessed not; and his will outstaying his strength, he wasted away. When nigh unto death he begged absolution of the Abbot, and with the last breath confessed, not to the imputed sin, but to being a maid—indeed none other than the last of the De Spencers. Tenderly the remorseful nuns clothed her in a maiden's robes, and laid her in the sanctuary, whilst many masses were said for her soul.

The guilty monk, covered with shame, fled, shortly to meet the fate of all evil-doers.

Now the rest called her Saint Margaret, and erected a shrine to her memory.

This is the Legend of St. Margaret.

Sir John Gorst said at Malvern on Saturday that he thought it a remarkable thing that a Government who had so egregiously failed in foreseeing the result of the war, should ask people to accept their predictions with regard to fiscal policy.

The Duke of Rutland celebrated on Saturday, at Belvoir Castle, his eighty-fifth birthday, his Grace having been born on December 13, 1818. He is the oldest of living ex-Cabinet Ministers, and, notwithstanding his age, enjoys good health.

The senior members of the choir at Harpenden Parish Church have struck, in consequence of a disagreement about the "Te Deum" music. The rector, the Rev. A. N. F. Keogh, has decided to let a committee and the choir settle the dispute between them.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

LICENSES.

It is worth while for the motorist to observe, when taking out a license to drive under the new regulations which come into force on January 1st, that though a license to drive a motor-car also includes the right to drive a motor-cycle, on the other hand a license to drive a motor-cycle does not also include the right to drive a car. It should be also remembered that no one under the age of seventeen is permitted by the new regulations to drive a car, and no one under the age of fourteen a motor-cycle.

AN UNNECESSARY ACCESSORY.

Last year's shows were remarkable in one point for the number of spark-gaps or intensifiers shown. They have, however, completely failed to catch on with the motoring community. It is very rarely now one meets with a motor fitted with one of these unnecessary articles.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Motor-cars form a very prominent feature of the Christmas toy collections this year. They are priced from 6d. upwards, and should distinctly appeal to those of moderate means.

GOOD NEWS.

The tension in the motor spirit trade is now somewhat relieved, and good supplies of .680 and .700 spirit have arrived in this country. The future outlook appears more favourable than it did a few months ago, but the price remains the same, and there is no present prospect of a reduction.

FITTING TWO ACCUMULATORS AND TWO-WAY SWITCH.

It is becoming a practice for manufacturers of modern motor-cycles to fit two small accumulators and a two-way switch, so that either accumulator can be used at will. Motor-car practice is responsible for the above. The practice has its advantages and disadvantages. It has the disadvantage of extra weight and bulk, both of which are great considerations on a motor-cycle, although they may be neglected to a certain extent on a car. Also a careless motor-cyclist may use the accumulators indiscriminately, and find some day when twenty miles from anywhere that both accumulators are run down. It should be made a rule to always use one accumulator until it has been found to be run down, and then, and not till then, should the other accumulator be used. But if the above rule be implicitly followed, the twin accumulator will be found an undoubted improvement. The consciousness that not only have you an accumulator containing sufficient current for some hundreds of miles, but also a reserve accumulator which can be switched on should the other run down, must be a source of thankfulness to the motor-cyclist who has experienced the vagaries of the accumulator. The motor-cyclist should remember that, however secure the accumulator may appear to be in its case, yet special attention should be paid to the packing. It must be remembered that when running on the road the machine is subjected to considerable vibration, tending to shift the accumulator in its case, perhaps causing the terminals to touch the metal sides or top, causing the electrical contents to be discharged with great rapidity. The accumulator can be safely considered to be the most important part of the machine, as it is the life of the motor. It is a case of "No spark, no go." If only some motorists would pay more attention to this very essential feature of the machine there would be fewer machines met with by the roadside undergoing tinkering.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Premier" writes asking where he can obtain a list of the registration marks for cars and cycles of the counties of the British Isles.—A complete list of all the registration marks for the counties in the United Kingdom is given in the circular sent to councils of counties by the Local Government Board. Separate regulations are issued by the Local Government Boards of Scotland and Ireland. The list of registration marks could doubtless be obtained through the secretaries.

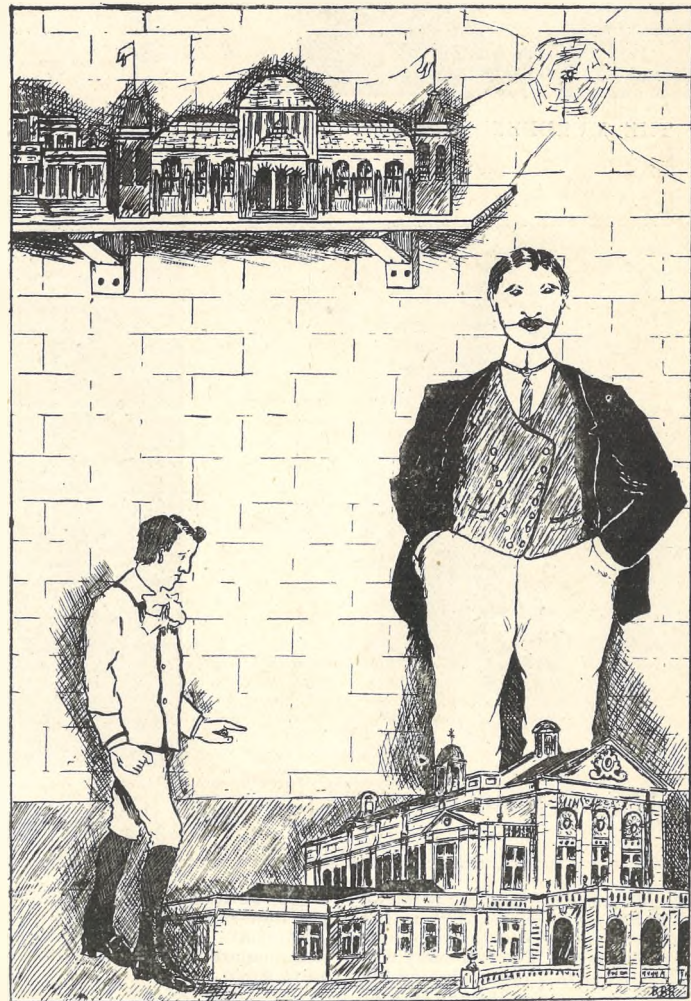
THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Photo by J. E. Walker,

Cheltenham.

SIERFORD MILL, ANDOVERSFORD.



Drawn by R. Robson,

Cheltenham.

YOUNG CHELT: Say, dad, are you going to put that on the shelf with the others?

OLD CHELT: No, my son; there's plenty up there now without any more.

THE CHELTENHAM TRAGEDY.



THE MURDERED GIRL.



MRS. SKINNER,
The Neighbour who Discovered the Tragedy.



THE ALLEGED MURDERER.



BUBB'S COTTAGES, YORK STREET
(Scene of Tragedy, house in left-hand Corner).

At midday on Wednesday the King received at Buckingham Palace the newly-appointed Bishop of Manchester, who did homage and took the accustomed oath. The ceremony was very brief. The Bishop of Ripon, wearing his robes, was present in his capacity as Clerk of the Closet. Mr. Akers Douglas (Home Secretary) also was in attendance, and remained at the Palace for some time after the ceremony.

Mr. F. R. Benson has again been selected to undertake the performances in the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, in commemoration of Shakespeare's birthday, next April.

Two Irish porters were quarrelling on an American railway platform, and on parting one cried, "And bad luck to ye!" The other replied, "And good luck to ye, and may neither wish come true!"

The King went to Sandringham on Saturday and warmly complimented Miss Knollys on the presence of mind she displayed on the occasion of the recent fire at Sandringham.

Another journal has its grievance against a theatre. "Truth" did not receive an invitation to the Adelphi last week, and consequently made inquiries. It was informed that "tickets were only sent to the important papers."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 156.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

GRAND RE-OPENING, BOXING DAY.
Every Evening at 7.45 to Saturday, January 10th,
inclusive.
Mr. G. Brydon-Phillips's Christmas Pantomime—
"The Babes in the Wood"
Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday,
and Saturday at 2 o'clock.
Early Doors at 1.15 and 7, Ordinary Doors at
1.30 and 7.30; commence at 2.0 and 7.45.

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 NEXT
TERM WILL BEGIN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from
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 154th competition is Mr. A. Bamber, of Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, for his hunting series.

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

We have increased the 65th competition prize to a guinea, and divided it between Messrs. J. Probert, W. Fenning, and G. J. Cox for their Christmas cards, which are all very good.

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 47th competition is Mr. F. J. Wilcox, of 2 Selby-cottages, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray 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 9in. by 7in. 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 become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.



[If the blanks are filled in, postage One Penny.]

Christmas Carolling and other Reminiscences.

[BY AN OLD VILLAGE ORGANIST.]

A "brown study"—we all drop into one occasionally. The youngest will weary of their flitting about, butterfly-like, here, there, and everywhere, and will curl up on the couch or easy chair and sit pensively musing and castle-building; and the old will sit in the roomy comfortable arm-chair, and run over in the mind scenes and times of "long long ago," and recall faces and familiar tones of voices long since hidden and hushed in the grave.

So, as in this latter case, it was with me last evening. The fire in the grate glowed warm and bright, the raindrops pattered outside against the casement, now and then the footfall of a passer-by was heard on the way under the window, and from the distance the sound of the Christmas practice bells floated—now loud and clanging, now soft and dreamy—down the street.

There I sat statue-like gazing into the fire. I was in a "brown study;" and here you have the leading outlines of it.

My first church service: the moment when my trembling clammy fingers first pressed down the keys while a rustic choir and congregation were listening. I well remember it. Ah! it was many years ago—considerably over fifty—but the moment and its strange emotions live in my memory as fresh and green as ever. I know full well the chant and the hymn tune I played. Was not the former the still good old double, "Langdon," and the latter the then popular but now discarded "Devizes"?

Previous to the setting up of the "organs," as the villagers called it—the homely handiwork, by-the-by, of the young village blacksmith, son of old Joseph the village clerk and sexton—in that rustic Wiltshire sanctuary, the church psalmody was conducted, as in hundreds of other country parishes, by the old west gallery orchestra of flute, fiddle, clarionet, bass-viol, and "all kinds of music," while a few voices of "young men and maidens" did their best to be heard above the surging strident flood of harmony (sic). The "new version" of Tate and Brady was the only hymn-book then known to this and to ordinary village congregations; old Joseph, as precentor, ruled "zingers," "pa'son," and parish, as the veriest autocrat, and with a rod of iron; and on high days and holidays—notably Whitsuntide club-day—full and amazing were the strains, vocal and instrumental, that pealed around the oaken roof rafters and pointed arches of that village church. As a boy I heard, listened, and wondered. There were the germs only the germs of a love of musical sound in my soul, and, although in this rough and primitive fashion, the western gallery music of these simple but hearty performers had a certain charm for me.

Stories of those days and people!—I could tell them by the dozen—aye, by the baker's dozen.

One very dry, and moreover absolutely true one, I must rehearse, though for the hundredth time.

Be it known, it was the custom at Oakleigh Church for one of the choir—generally it fell to Tom Long's lot—to chalk on a board in big figures the number of the metrical Psalm selected, and hang the said board over the front of the gallery for old Joseph's special advantage, he being ensconced until singing time in his little box sanctum under the parson's nose. One fine Sunday morning it so happened that, the number duly chalked and hung (as it was thought) over the gallery, and the prayers being over, Joseph stood up and prepared, by way of adjusting his spectacles and clearing his throat, to give out the psalm to be sung before "Sarmin." Then, in his deep drawing monotone, he announced in the old well-known formula, as he cast his eyes gallery-wards, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God—the—the—"

Quizzing more intently at the board, he repeated "Let us sing—Let us sing—the—the—" The congregation were beginning to wonder what and when they really were going to sing, and a smile could be seen playing on the face

of the elders, and a distinct titter could be heard amongst the girls and the youngsters at the figure old Joseph cut in his peering attitude and hesitating tone of voice.

Readjusting his goggles, the old man once more enquired "Let us—let us." Then the face of the situation burst upon him, and he shouted indignantly at the top of his voice—"Tom, turn t' board, oot!"

Tom had done his marking faithfully enough, but had hung the board over hinder part before, much to the good old clerk's discomfiture and the congregation's surprise and amusement.

There are a string of similar stories stored up in lavender in a snug corner within my cranium, but this one must suffice as a specimen.

Must suffice—for really I am forgetting the main theme upon which I set out to write in this paper:—Christmas Carolling.

The near approach, almost the sniff, of another Christmas has brought my days of Christmas carolling to my mind.

My Oakleigh life as a child, big boy, and raw lad had been left several years behind when I found myself the organist and choir-master in a largish village in a south-western county. I was pleased with and proud of my position; but that is neither here nor there for my present purpose.

I found in the parish, fully established and, as I was informed, of time immemorial usage, the custom of Christmas carol singing, and I was anxious to do my best that the, as I think, good old custom should not suffer in its observance during my regime.

Carol singing; there is carol singing and carol singing. There is carol singing in the house to the piano or the harmonium, in the kitchen, and in the drawing-room. Family or domestic carol singing you may call this. Then, nowadays it has become the consuming fashion to have carol services in churches and chapels. Both are all very well in their way, but neither is the mode of carol singing with which my experiences, or what I have to say about them, are concerned.

To my mind the carol loses half its sweetness and more than half its Christmas flavour by being sung indoors. Out in the open, under the star-lit sky, and in the keen, frosty, silent December air is the real home of the carol; and these are the conditions under which you hear it in its native beauty.

Think of the environments of the first Christmas carol—"Glory to God in the Highest," etc. But on this I must not here enlarge.

Well, in our village, which, if you please, we will call Elmleigh, we—that is myself, boss, the boys and men of the choir, augmented by a few good girl voices of the parish, making altogether a good round party of some thirty odd, used to begin our carol practices fully a month before Christmas. The rector, unmusical to a degree though he was, delighted to be present at these practices. I have known him "trapse" with us nearly all round the parish of a Christmas Eve.

The practisings over and the last touch having been put to our rendering of the carols a night or so before Christmas Eve, the eve itself saw us assembled at the school ready for our perambulation of the parish. Our meet would be fixed for eight o'clock. Our opening sing was at the big house—the Hall—and this was fully a mile away from the village, and we did not want to get there until the Squire and his family had finished dinner.

We presented the appearance of a motley lot as you would see as assembled in the schoolroom—men in great coats, girls in mothers' scarlet or grey cloaks, boys wrapped up to the eyes in their mothers' shawls. The night air in the park and in the lanes and about the farm homesteads would be keen and searching. Sometimes we had to wade through snow, or worse, snow-slush, and it would be the small hours of the morning before any of us would be in bed. One or two carried lanterns with a supply of candle ends in pockets, but nearly all knew their words and music by note, and candle-light for them was not needed. The "old 'uns," however, though duly "practized" beforehand and duly spectated for the expedition, were not safe without the friendly horn lantern and the smoking guttering candle-end.

At last, after no end of final arrangements, confabulations, and last directions, we set out. The villagers, as we pass them, give us a cheery word of hearty recognition and encouragement, with the inevitable "A Merry Christmas" greeting.

We arrive at the Hall. By prearrangement with the gardener the terrace gate is left unfastened. That terrace, and the spot just under the drawing-room windows, is our objective.

"Now, mind, all on 'e," are the portentous words of bass Huggins, as we enter the terrace enclosure—"mind, all on 'e, to tread soft and quiet like; else, mebbe, they 'ull 'ear 'e, and then the game 'ull be sp'iled."

We creep stealthily along like so many burglars. A halt is made opposite the windows, from which through the chinks of the shutters can be seen the warm glow of the light within. We can hear the hum of deep voices and the laughter and giggle of tiny voices also within. They are—at least, so we are hoping and believing—all unconscious of the dark-looking intruders outside, and of the surprise soon to burst upon them.

I hum the key-note; one or two of the basses solemnly "ba-a-h" in an undertone; I lift my hand, and as it descends there bursts forth on the silent night the first chord of our most vigorous and liveliest carol. In a moment the shutters are opened, the curtains withdrawn, and at least one of the windows thrown up, and the Squire himself and the younger members of the family—curly-headed girls, boys from Eton, a young graduate from Oxford, and the eldest daughter, the chosen bride of a neighbouring baronet—stand grouped within, their faces beaming with pleasure and gratitude for the seasonable treat afforded them by their church choir and villagers.

The whole programme of carols is gone through, the audience standing and attentively listening to the last note. Then cake and wine and paper parcels of goodies for the boys and girls are handed out of the window. The Squire says a few kindly words to the carollers, finishing up with the usual formula of good wishes for the season.

"And a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, Squire," bawls out Jim Coates, head carter at the Home Farm, and leading tenor of the choir.

"And to your lady," chimes in another. "And many of them," by way of parting salute, adds another voice—a bit cracked and shaky it is—for it is that of no less a personage than the old clerk and sexton, who always accompanied us as far as the Hall, and who had known the Squire from birth upwards to mature manhood.

"Thank you—thank you"—comes in hearty friendly tones from the drawing-room; good-night farewells are waved from all the family party; window and shutters are closed, and we carollers are off on our rounds for the night.

Wait a minute, though. Some hot toast and ale is waiting for the men in the Servants' Hall. Men and servants know this, and the men are not going to miss the grateful warm-up of a pewter dish posset of the good stuff, nor the servants the old customary carol or two, "all for themselves," as they say.

This Servants' Hall function takes another half-hour and brings on quite ten o'clock or later.

Then for the outlying farm-houses, and the village in groups of cottages, and the Rectory. Everywhere a bright hearty welcome awaits us. We give pleasure, and we get pleasure in the giving—the gift is mutual.

Certain it is Christmas Eve would not be Christmas Eve at Elmleigh with no carol singing.

At the first house at which we sing after the clock has struck twelve, and at every house afterwards up to the finish the singing is wound up by Jim Coates delivering in broad monotone—"Marnin' Mr. and Mrs.—and family; a murry Christmas and Happy New Year." Sometimes a voice half-stifled by the sheets is heard shouting "Thankee, thankee."

At midnight we had a snap of supper at a cittance of one of the choir men: bread-and-cheese and beer for the men, bread-and-cheese

or bread-and-butter and hot coffee for the young ones. Thus refreshed we can go on for another hour or so. Then by two o'clock the carol singing for that Christmas is over, and the carollers are safely tucked up in bed awaiting the Christmas greeting of the bells from the village steeple as the grey dawn of the winter morning is breaking into the light of day; and with their glad sound the sweet message of glory, peace, and goodwill is borne in upon every heart under every thatched and tiled roof of Elmleigh.

G. B.

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SLUM.

When the Christmas-tree is loaded with its show
Of tinselled toys and fairy-lamps aglow;
And happy little people of "The Hall"
Greet crowds who gaily answered to their call;
And servants, even, are allowed to share
The pleasures that they, mostly, must prepare;
And merry prattle rises to a hum;
Compare it all with Christmas—in the slum!

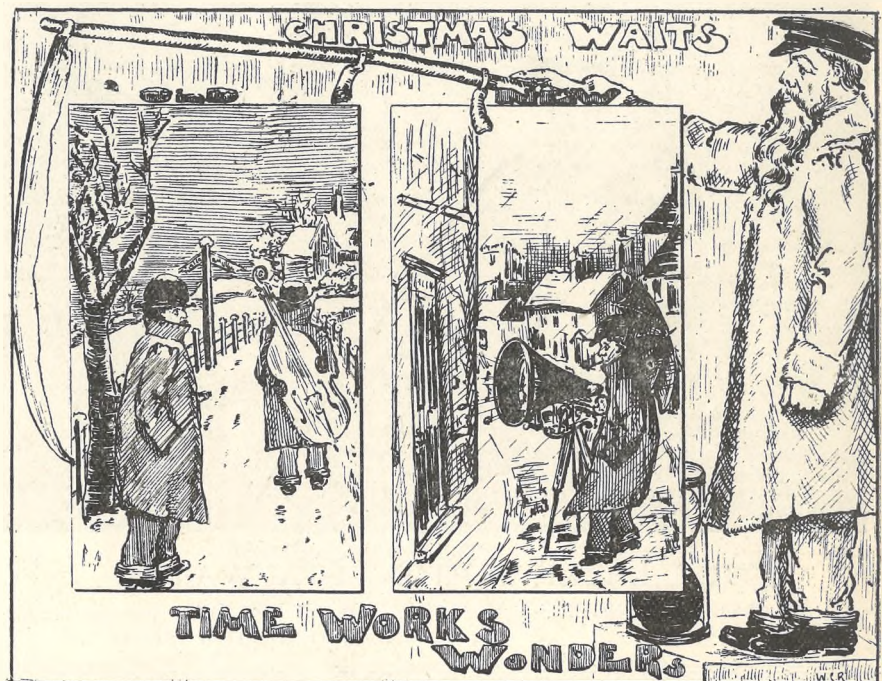
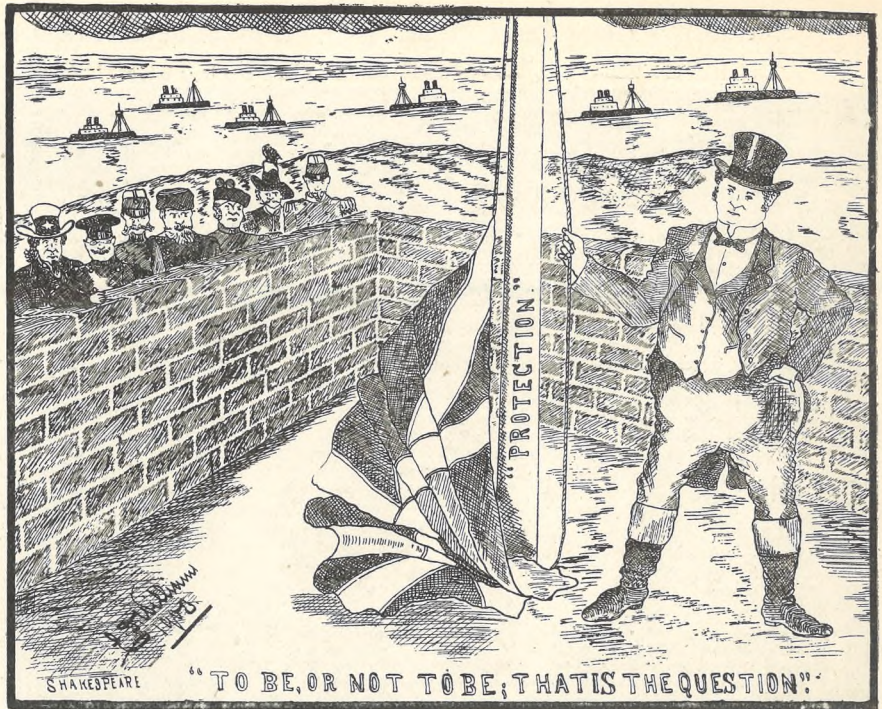
O was it all his fault he could but get
Half-a-crown per day of toil; or yet
That others would not give him more—for they
Required the surplus for their own display?
Himself and wife, and three or four—the hum
Is not of happy people, in the slum!
Xmas, 1903. C.A.W.

A live lion is not a frequent object in an auction room. But one has just been "put up" in Vienna. The animal, 7½ months old, was a superb specimen. The first offer was £16. Then there was a pause during which the hammer fell. Three minutes afterwards an offer arrived from Linz, the director of a menagerie there offering £28. This second offer was, of course, useless. The lion goes to a menagerie at Schoenbrunn.

'THE DEBTORS' PARADISE.'

THE FINE ART OF LIVING ON CREDIT.

Judge Emden's latest dictum that England is the best country in the world for people who want to get into debt is borne out by business experts, who emphasise the ease with which it is possible to obtain credit in this country. The manager of Messrs. Stubbs's debt-collecting agency expressed on Saturday entire agreement with Judge Emden. "One reason why debtors find England so profitable a place," he said, "is because of the facilities they have for evading payment. The county court procedure here is slow and cumbrous compared with the more summary methods of other countries. A man who makes up his mind to do so can often avoid payment altogether. A man can obtain the necessary credit with ease. Keen business competition has much to do with this. The great advertising firms who sell everything from furniture to jewellery on the instalment plan are partly responsible. The man who wants goods on credit goes to local tradesmen, who must supply him or be cut out by the instalment firms. Eventually come the county court proceedings and the knowledge that there are no goods to distrain on. Many advertising firms sell on credit, merely asking for a small deposit and making little or no inquiries about the customer. I know a man now staying in Kent who has provided himself with both the necessities and comforts of life for years on credit. The upper and lower classes find it easier to get into debt than the middle classes. An army of peddling travellers sell goods, varying from tea to jewellery, to the poorer people on credit, while in the West End nearly every great business is conducted largely on the credit system. Aristocratic customers must not be offended by requests for cash. The businesses that suffer most in the West End are those of jewellers, tailors, dressmakers, wine merchants, batters and provision dealers, while every firm that advertises extensively is victimised." Another business expert bore out this view. "A professional debtor," he said, "can make quite a decent living if he is prepared to take some risks and knows the ropes. As to the West End credit system, its full extent is well-nigh incredible to those not in the swim."



Drawn by W. C. Robson.

Cheltenham.

THE ALIEN NUISANCE.

In fining a filthy-looking Russian Pole (described by the police as "a perfect nuisance, who had been fined before") for causing obstruction with a barrow, a London magistrate on Tuesday said he knew the fine would have no effect, but unfortunately there was no other way to deal with these cases. These people come here in hundreds, and stick like slugs, and nothing at present could move them.

MUNIFICENT CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By way of a Christmas gift, Mr. James Elliman has intimated his intention to give the town of Slough twenty acres of land for use as a recreation ground, to spend £5,000 in laying it out, and to invest a further sum of £10,000 as an endowment fund for its maintenance. Mr. Elliman had previously given a drill-hall and club to the Slough Volunteers at a cost of about £10,000, besides other generous gifts.

GERMAN INCOMPETENCE.

SCATHING DENUNCIATION OF ARMY OFFICERS.

Capt. Claussen, an ex-officer in the German army, has published a book, "Stationary," in which he gives reasons why the Emperor's troops remain at the same standard of efficiency instead of, as he asserts, improving in proportion to the armies of other Powers. Captain Claussen mentions love of luxury, effeminate dislike of the hardships of military life, social snobbery, and the contempt of well-born officers for the common soldiers, whom they regard as cattle, as the weak points of the German officers' corps. He refers to the systematic cruelty to soldiers, and denounces with great vigour many military abuses. He concludes with the assertion that two-thirds of all the German officers are incompetent young men unfit to enter any other profession.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

While for certainly fifty years past Cheltenham can claim pre-eminence in the county in the realms of piety, charity, and benevolence, by reason of the very substantial sums of money that certain residents gave or bequeathed to the town's institutions for these purposes, she is not yet so fortunately situated as her ancient neighbour Gloucester in regard to the possession of large almshouses and pensions, provided by pious benefactors of bygone ages. There the Charity Trustees administer and dispense large sums annually. And the latest charity trust is that of the Freemen, who, having come into the £7,095, with back interest at 4 per cent., that was awarded them against the Corporation for the extinction of their grazing rights on the bulk of the common meadows, have through the Statutory Committee of their body recently made a first distribution of accruing income on the invested funds among their necessitous brethren and relatives. The committee awarded £264 for the year, this amount including an annuity of 7s. 6d. per week to twelve aged and infirm Freemen. These old-age pensions, I believe, have been a God-send to the recipients, several of whom always stood up for the Freemen's rights. Now they have come into some of their own.

What a falling off there was in the number of candidates at the Ordination in Gloucester Cathedral last St. Thomas's Day to what it was in the palmy days of the Theological College, where parsons were trained. Now there were only two presented to the Bishop, whereas before this College died of inanition his lordship frequently had to lay his hands on the heads of some dozen or fifteen. It is an unfortunate sign of the times, as showing the tendency of young men to fight shy of the Church ministry, that there was not a single candidate for the diaconate. And one of two deacons made priests was the new minor canon of the Cathedral, not long come from the North. I only remember one former occasion when no deacon was ordained, and that was Trinity Sunday, 1902. Referring to ordinations reminds me that last Sunday Bishop Mitchinson performed what I should I say was unparalleled duty. He preached in Hereford Cathedral in the morning and in Gloucester Cathedral at night. It was the Great Western Railway that enabled him to do this.

The Cathedral is to have another clock—one presented by the family of the late Rev. Bartholomew Price, Master of Pembroke College and a canon residentiary by virtue of that office, as a memorial to him. This will cost nearly a thousand pounds. I cannot congratulate whoever is responsible for the site for its selection. It is to be placed—the outer case of carved wood, with the hours, is already there—in the enclosed north transept, on the wall space between the William Philip Price memorial and the quaint monument to John Bower, on which he and his wife and nine sons and seven daughters are painted. As to the date when the clock itself will be added to the frame, time alone will tell; but it strikes me that delivery should not be allowed to stop so long as it did with the tower clock.

The probable candidature of a Surrey squire, Mr. Frank Holme-Sumner, Unionist, for the Stroud Division has a personal interest to Cheltenham and the county. He is the son of a Gloucestershire woman, a daughter of the late Col. T. H. Kingscote; and his father, the late Capt. A. Holme-Sumner, was Master of the Cotswold Hounds from 1873 to 1885. He is a nephew of Sir Nigel Kingscote and of Lady Fitzhardinge, wife of the late lord, while one of his sisters is married to Sir George Jenkinson. Mr. Holme-Sumner is also a vocalist, for at the introductory meeting at Stroud he sang, unaccompanied, "The Bassoon." The Gothamites were so delighted with him altogether that they called for him "to come back again," and this he promised to do. GLEANER.



THE LECKHAMPTON STALWARTS.

WALTER BALLINGER.
G. H. LANE.

W. F. HEAVEN.
GEORGE TOWNSEND.

Now that the season is approaching when the price of poultry becomes a serious consideration to the housewife, the summary way in which the market was dealt with in Elizabethan times may be worth quoting. "The poulterers of London having greatly enhanced the value of poultry," says Harrison in his "London," "the lord mayor and aldermen on the 4th of April this year (1572) ascertained the prices of the various sorts of birds as follows:—The best goose at 1s.; the best wild mallard at 5d.; the best capon at 1s.; the second sort at 10s.; the best hen at 7d.; the best chickens each 3d.; an inferior sort, 1½d.; the green plover at 3d.; blackbirds, per dozen, 10d.; the best eggs, five for 1d.; the best butter, per pound 3d." The disqualifications of the "inferior sort" are not mentioned, but we suppose they would be in the same category as those which regulate the sliding scale of the modern egg.

In the "Stratford Express" we find the following announcement:—

GENERAL wanted; good character indispensable.—cost £7; nearly new; loud and distinct; will accept £4 10s.—E. S., 68 Creighton-avenue, East Ham.

The finest royal sturgeon ever landed at Grimsby has been bought by a Birmingham firm. This giant fish weighed 45 stone, and was eleven feet in length.

Boston terriers are fashionable in New York, and a pair of them have been sold for £400. The breed dates back, says the "Queen," for less than twenty-six years.

Mr. W. Johnson Galloway, M.P., intends to introduce in the House of Commons next session a Bill for the repression of musical piracy.

The "practical" Englishman is a myth (says the Frankfort "Zeitung"); everyone who lives among that amiable but conservative nation can endorse this. In general John Bull is anything but practical, but this does not exclude the fact that many things are better arranged in his country than in Germany.

During the Franco-German War of 1870-71 the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen lost a saddle in which he had hidden 85,000 francs in notes. The search made at the time was futile; but some days ago (says the Berlin correspondent of the "Standard") the saddle, still containing all the money, was found amongst the property of a butcher who has just died at Orton, in Luxemburg.

"Selina Jenkins's" Farewell.

I dunno, Mr. Editor, whether or no you'll be able to read this for the blots and things caused by me hemotion and tear-drops and sich-like, as 'ave watered down the hink till it's only of a bluey-black disposition, and can't 'ardly be seen for faintness. 'Owsomdever, 'ere I sits, with a pen in one 'and and a pocket 'andkerchief in the hother, alternately wipin' me eyes and dotting me "i's" in the 'rong places, wich it's my painful dooty to herewith bid a last long "howdo," as the sayin' is, to the British publics, thro' me being goin' to become twain one flesh a Christmas Day, in the mornin', with Amos Wilkins, as you've so often 'eard me tell on.

Amos, as you must know, is a man with one idee, wich is that his wife isn't to make a public exhibishun of 'erself in the papers by 'riting to 'em, as I've a-done this 2 year come Christmas; so, ov coorse, I ain't goin' to lose me chances of a hegccellent 'usband, with a tidy little buzness of 'is own in the plumbing line, for the sake of expressing me hapynuns. Not but wot I should 'ave liked to 'ave 'ad a tidy bit more to say about that there Fishcal Policy and the Heddication Question, and so 4th; but them as wants to 'ave a chat with me must jst give me a look in of a Thursday afternoon, atween 3 and 5, being my "hat 'ome," which means I ain't hout that day, wich shows I be goin' to do the thing to rights, as the sayin' is, after we comes back from our 'oneymoon, as is to be spent at Charlton, bein' considered very 'ealthy, and lovely seenery, onequalled in Cheltenham.

'Owever, kind friends and readers dear and otherwise, I wishes you 1 and all a happy joval Xmas; and if I've brought the festive smile to yer lilly-white browse and drove the lines of care from off yer countenances once in a while, I feels well repaid; and if I've ever 'rote anythink a bit sarkastick--well, bless yer 'art and sole, it were meant as kind as kind, and I wouldn't 'urt a fly, not meself, if I could 'elp it.

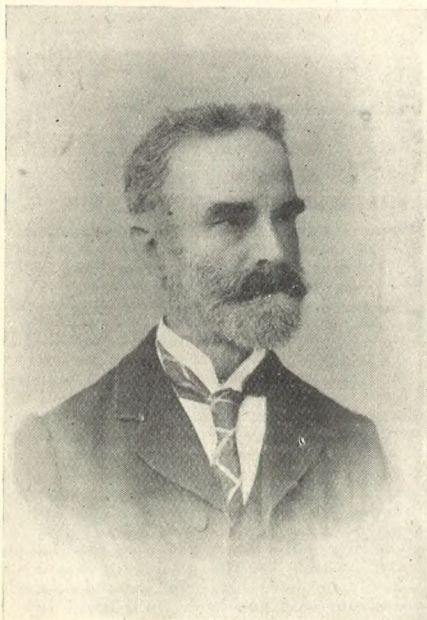
So GOOD-BYE, all, and whether life treats you ill or fair (and these is me last words in print),

KEEP SMILING.

SELINA MARY JENKINS

(shortly to be Mrs. Amos Wilkins).

On the second Saturday in January will appear the first article of a "Mr. Briggs" series—"Mr. Briggs introduces himself: Striking Events in his Career."



MR. JAMES CROFTS.

Recently presented with a gold watch and chain and illuminated address by past and present boys at the Sir Thomas Rich School, Gloucester, to commemorate his 33 years as headmaster.

Meet of Cotswold Hounds

at Rising Sun, Dec. 2, 1903.



Photos by A. Bamber,

Cheltenham

ARE NONCONFORMISTS DISLIKED?

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

[By SILAS K. HOCKING.]

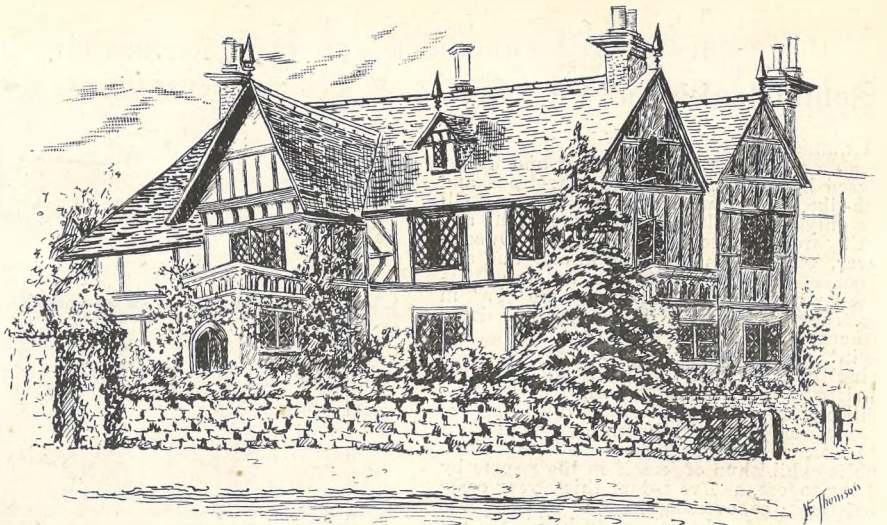
At a ministerial fraternal in Birmingham a number of Wesleyan ministers have been discussing with great seriousness the question why Nonconformists are disliked. The title inevitably suggests the story of that waggish king who propounded the riddle to the learned men of his court as to why a dead fish weighed more than a living one. All the wise men puzzled their heads for long over the question, all sorts of theories were propounded, and a number of most learned explanations given, till in the end a simple-minded man ventured to ask the question whether it were true that a dead fish weighed more than a living one, when, of course, the joke came to a sudden end. Are Nonconformists disliked, and, if so, by whom? Considering that they form at least one-half the nation, it is a somewhat large order to assume.

I suppose it is true that Nonconformists are not disliked by Nonconformists, therefore if they are disliked it must be by the Church-people. But do Church people as a whole dislike Nonconformists as a whole? and if there be any dislike at all, may not the dislike be as much on the one side as on the other?

The Rev. T. H. Mawson, the Governor-elect of Headingley College, introduced the subject, and spoke, we are told, for three-quarters of an hour without a note to a critical but thoroughly appreciative audience. Mr. Mawson seriously believes that Nonconformists are disliked as a body, and he thinks there are strong reasons why they are disliked. Some of these reasons he gave in the address before his fellow-ministers. He suggested at the outset that "divergence in Church creed and mental indolence had much to do with the popular dislike of Dissenters." This is a somewhat cryptic statement. That divergence in Church creed may cause men of different ways of thinking to dislike each other is true, but that would apply as much to Dissenters' dislike of Churchmen as to Churchmen's dislike of Dissenters. To whom the charge of mental indolence is levelled I do not know, for I think that Dissenters are not more guilty of mental indolence than others. Indeed, I think they are more mentally active. If the ordinary curate is more mentally active than the ordinary Nonconformist minister, then I am bound to confess I have been labouring under a huge mistake for a long time past. In my judgment there is no community of people in the country more mentally alert to-day than the Nonconformists are. Young Nonconformists through our universities, crowd the learned professions, make their mark in Parliament, take high places in the scientific world, and are well to the fore in literature and in art.

Mr. Mawson reminded his audience that the anti-Puritan sentiment was not modern. "Dissenters had always been the butt of successive generations of society wits." Well, that is true enough. Nearly every man of calibre was the butt of society wits, who, having no brains of their own, loved to make feeble sport of their intellectual superiors. Mr. Mawson contended that certain forms of truth were humiliating to the average man, but he admitted at the same time that there was something objectionable in the Nonconformist or Puritan type of character. But unfortunately for his argument, Nonconformist and Puritan are by no means synonymous terms. There are scores and hundreds of men to-day who have in them the genuine Puritan spirit, yet they are popular with all classes and with all sections of the community.

Mr. Mawson reminded his audience that there was the same note of Puritanism in Mr. Gladstone. "He could not unbend, and seldom entered the tea-room of the House of Commons. The late Queen preferred Disraeli because, she said, Mr. Gladstone spoke to her as if she was a congregation." Well, of



BADGEWORTH END

(Modernised by Major Selwyn-Payne).

Drawn by Miss Thomson.

Cheltenham.

course there is no accounting for tastes. Mr. Disraeli was a Jew, and in spirit an Oriental, and if she preferred his Oriental glitter to Mr. Gladstone's English solidity and love of sincerity one pities the Queen and does not love Mr. Gladstone any the less. Mr. Mawson contended that "men as a rule did not like the best and the loftiest. This was true in music, in art, in philosophy, and in religion." In my judgment that is a statement that needs a great deal of qualification. But let it pass. The essayist went on to show that in his judgment there was a certain dislike of Dissenters which was justifiable. "Were we not too narrow in our judgments and sympathies? Did not our horribly ugly buildings and discordant music account for some of this dislike? Had not the idea prevailed that much of nature belonged to the devil? A young undergraduate, on being invited to enter the Methodist ministry, had said: 'No; I have noticed that Wesleyan ministers don't grow.' Had not our views of nature and God and human life been too narrow? There were no Nonconformist artists. We had not given art its true place."

I sincerely hope that Mr. Mawson did not endorse the opinion of the young undergraduate. But let us look for a moment or two at these points. No doubt a number of Dissenters are narrow in their judgments and sympathies, but that is equally true of other classes of the community. The Roman Catholics are sometimes narrow, the Episcopalians are sometimes narrow, and people who make no profession of religion at all are sometimes exceedingly narrow in their judgments and sympathies. The charge is not one that can be levelled at Dissenters only; and as for horribly ugly buildings and discordant music—well, Dissenters had to get what they could; they had to build their own sanctuaries and pay their ministers out of their own pockets. Considering the resources at their disposal they have done wonders. They would have had the best if they could have paid for it, but they did not believe in going into debt any more heavily than possible. When Mr. Mawson says that there are no Nonconformist artists it seems to me that he should have inquired into the matter before he made such a sweeping statement.

Then the essayist went on to suggest that "we had gone too far in condemning sports. His own experience on a farm and in the ministry had convinced him that sport was sacred in the eyes of working men." One might ask what kind of sport—whether the sport which was sacred in the eyes of working men was the kind of sport that any patriotic Englishman

could commend. Down in Lancashire cock-fighting and dog-fighting and even man-fighting are very favourite kinds of sport; but surely he would not ask us to favour sport of that kind. "And nothing rouses their antagonism more quickly," he says, "than an attempt to put down certain forms of sport." I can only answer that by saying that there are certain forms of sport that good men of all classes of the community attempt to put down; and there are other forms of sport that men of all denominations and of all shades of thought do their best to encourage.

"It was the Nonconformists who had compelled Gladstone to expel Parnell from public life," says the essayist; and the 'British Weekly' had driven Lord Rosebery from political life because of his racehorses." Well, I will leave the 'British Weekly' to answer for itself on that question. I have long held the opinion that the 'British Weekly' was the champion of Lord Rosebery. It shows how two people may read the same paper and come to entirely opposite conclusions. Perhaps it was true that Nonconformists helped to drive Parnell from public life; but the real truth is the national sentiment against Mr. Parnell was so strong that his continuance in public life became an impossibility. I am not sure that it is right to say that Gladstone expelled Mr. Parnell from public life. In those days there was a lofty moral tone in the nation. The national conscience has been debauched since then. I don't think anyone will accuse me of being a bigoted Nonconformist. I mix a good deal with all sections of the community, I have friends in all Churches and in both political parties. A man's Nonconformity has nothing to do with his being liked or disliked. What the average man does like is sincerity, and the thing the average man dislikes in all the Churches is the failure to apply the principles of their faith to the failures of everyday life.

GREGORIAN CHURCH MUSIC.

The approaching 13th centenary of Gregory the Great is to be marked by an important Papal Encyclical having for its object to restore plain song to its ancient dominant position in the Roman Catholic Church music. Theatrical and florid music is to be strongly deprecated. The encyclical will also distinguish between spurious Gregorian, founded on certain supposititious compositions of Palestrina which came into vogue about thirty-five years ago, and the real plain chant, which by the efforts of the French Benedictine body has been cleared of modern accretions and has been introduced into the Vatican choir by Perosi.



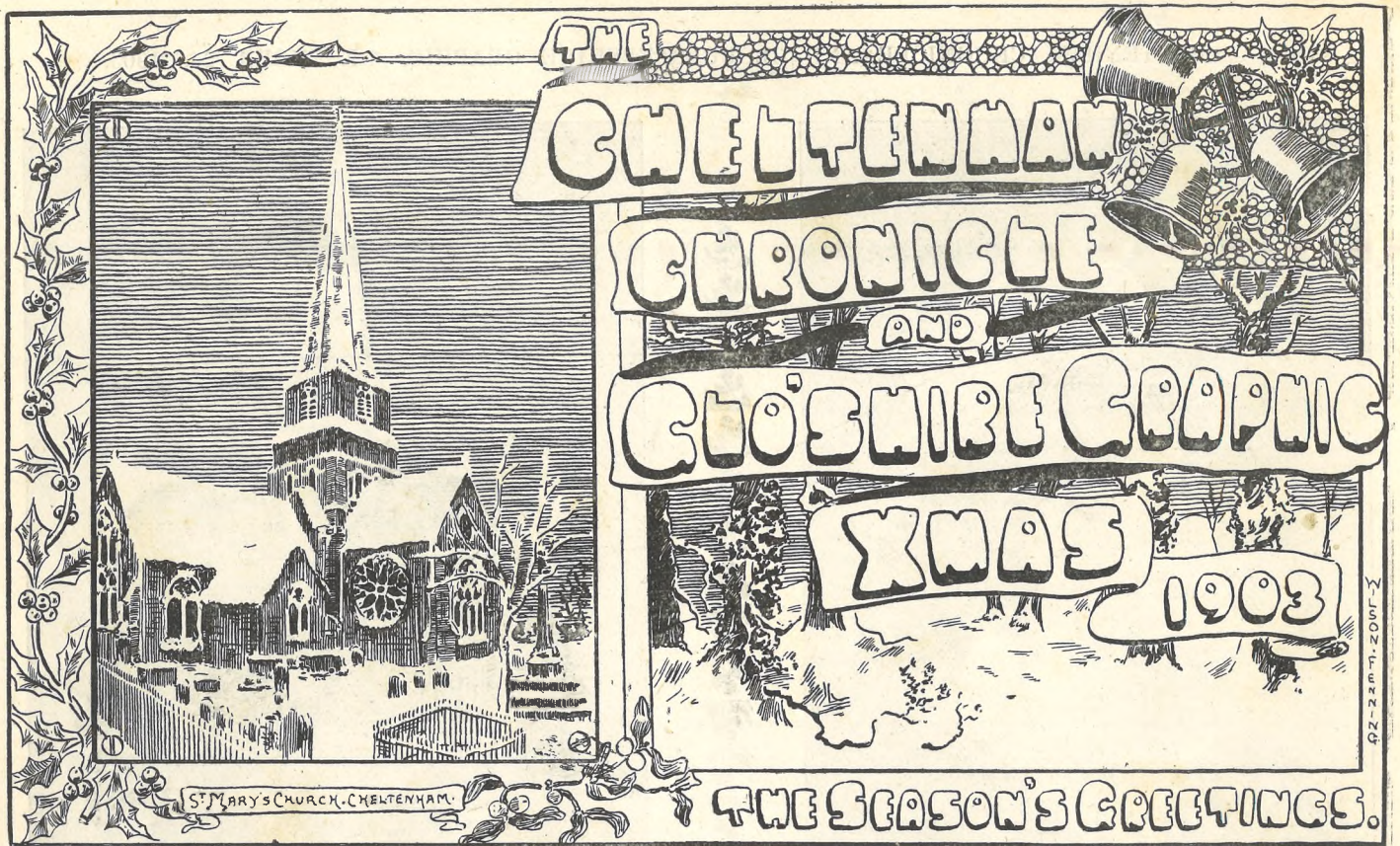
Some of the Pierrots
who open
Cheltenham's New
Town-Hall

on

Boxing Day:—

- (1) MR. DOUGLAS RANDALL (pianist).
- (2) MR. OLLY OAKLEY (banjoist).
- (3) MR. W. G. SUTTON (comedian).
- (4) MISS EMILIE TAIT (vocalist).





PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

COPYING PHOTOGRAPHS.

The following is a novel method of copying photographs:—The print should be placed face downwards in an ordinary printing frame with a glass front. A sensitive plate should be put on it (of course in the dark-room), and then the frame should be exposed to gas or lamplight. Exposure varies with the intensity of the light, etc. A weak developer should be used. A negative can also be made in the same way by using a piece of sensitive paper instead of a plate, and the paper negative made by this method can be used for printing positives.

A USEFUL DEVELOPER.

One of the most useful of modern developers is Metol. This developer can be obtained in two forms—an oxalate and a sulphate. One of its most useful qualities is that it can be used over and over again without losing its efficiency. It keeps unchanged for a considerable time. Its greatest usefulness is for plates which are known to be under exposed. When these plates are developed with the ordinary pyro-soda developer, the high lights take on great density, while the half-tones will not come up. The result is a harsh negative. Metol acts more evenly on the high lights and half-tones: the high lights do not get too dense while the half-tones are appearing, and therefore Metol is a splendid developer for the manipulator of a hand camera, for practically the large proportion of hand camera negatives are under exposed. Complaints have been made as to the injurious action of Metol on the skin. It is a good plan to rub the fingers with common salt immediately after using Metol, and then wash them in warm water.

THE TEMPERATURE OF SOLUTIONS.

At the present time of the year developers are less active, and consequently the negatives are liable to be hard. The developer fixing bath and washing water should be warmed to about 60deg. F. Some of the newer de-

velopers are almost inert when very cold. The dark-room also should be kept at the same temperature, viz. 60deg. F. It is a good plan to place an ordinary oil stove in the dark-room a short time before operations are commenced. The room will then be found to be sufficiently warm. Amateurs trying this will be surprised at the difference this will make in the resulting negatives, etc.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF PETROL.

Messrs. Carless, Capel, and Leonard have reduced the price of their petrol 1d. per gallon. A notice has been sent out by the Anglo-American Oil Co. stating that they have reduced the price of Pratt's "A" motor spirit 1d. per gallon, "B" grade 2d. per gallon.

A WET WEATHER TIP.

A good tip is given in "The Motor-cycle" regarding care of plating on machines. Although we now and then get a favourable day for a run, we know that muddy roads and dreary weather are likely to be the rule for another two or three months at least. To preserve the plating on a motor-cycle or cycle which is ridden in all weathers, make a concoction of tallow, resin, and paraffin, being careful when amalgamating these constituents to add the paraffin only when the mixture is practically cold, and being sparing with the resin. With the result of the manufacture coat well all the bright parts of the machine, especially such things as the pedals, cranks, front fork crowns, etc., which are particularly exposed to the mud and wet. Then, never mind how much mud gets on the plating, do not trouble to clean it, for if left alone the whole of the dirt and grease can be taken off together when the better weather comes again. The plating will be found uninjured, and will compare more than favourably with the plated parts of a man's machine which have been constantly rubbed and scrubbed throughout the winter.

RACE TRACKS.

Owing to the fact that nearly all the danger of track racing consists in the turns, the foremost American driver, Barney Oldfield, has made a suggestion that a D-shaped track be constructed, to do away with two of the

curves of the oval. On such a track Oldfield reckons he could do a mile in 50secs. A width of 125 feet at the turns is suggested as a minimum.

THE CASE FOR THE MOTOR-CYCLIST.

Motor-cyclists are grumbling, with reason, at the amount they have to pay before they have a right to ride a motor-cycle. It is all very well for the car owner to say "Five shillings for a license to drive and five shillings for registration is small compared with what I have to pay for registering my car"; but, even comparatively, this small amount is out of all proportion to the cost of the motor-cycle. It is all very well to argue that if a man can afford £50 for a motor-cycle he can easily afford 25s. a year for licenses; but a large number of present-day motor-cyclists ride second-hand machines, which can be bought at from £15 to £20. This is only the price which had to be paid a few years ago for an ordinary bicycle with solid tyres, and therefore a second-hand reliable motor-cycle is within the reach of a large number of people who cannot afford the price of a new machine. But suppose a man purchases a motor-cycle for £20. Before he can ride it he must pay a registration fee of 5s., and also provide himself with two number plates; then he must take out a license to drive, and also the usual carriage license for a two-wheeled vehicle of 15s.—thus having to pay another 25s. before he can try his purchase. It will undoubtedly prevent the rapid growth of the motor-cycle industry.

ARTISTIC PRINTING

AT THE

"Echo" Electric Press.