

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 157.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

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 1.30 and 7, Ordinary Doors at 1.45 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.

Eton House, Wellington St., Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten. Thorough Education at Moderate Fees.

The next term begins on Tuesday, January 19. Principal
at home on the 18th.

A few boarders received. Prospectus on application.

An essay on the snake, described as written by a small boy in a fairly well-known school, is printed in the "County Gentleman":—
"The snake is a worm that has lived a happy life and grown fat. If you see a snake go where you can't see it as soon as possible. An adder is a snake, but a lightning calculator is not a snake. The Americans say that the rattlesnake is 'great shakes' at killing. Also the boa constrictor opens its mouth and stares at birds and small animals, and they are bound to hop down its throat very soon, and once down it's all up with them."

A correspondent in "Country Life" relates an engaging story of the cunning displayed by a certain member of the Reynard family. He says:—In a small covert that I know well there was always a fox. A fine big fellow he was, and he never seemed to mind being seen. When the season opened he gave us one or two capital runs, on the second occasion only just saving his brush by scrambling into an unstopped drain in our neighbours' territory; after that he was never to be found when hounds came. Yet he was seen about as usual at other times. One day, walking near the covert, one of the terriers, who knew all about foxes, took a line to an old tree in the hedgerow, and began to whimper and scratch at the roots. The tree was not difficult to climb; it proved to have a hollow trunk, and there, at the bottom, was my friend curled up fast asleep. His mask smiles on me as I write.



Photo by W. Slatter,

Cheltenham.

MONKEY PUZZLE TREE (Araucaria)

In grounds of Foss Bridge Hotel. No other tree of this kind has been known to bear fruit, which is similar in appearance to the ordinary cocoanut. At time photo was taken ten nuts were on tree, and can be seen in picture by careful observation.

I do not like the acts some folks
Perform with, far too little rarity,
Nor can I cherish Christmas jokes,
That savour not of Christian charity.
But chiefly those remiss I find,
And deem their actions reprehensible,
Who at this season deem it kind
To dole out gifts that they call "sensible."
"Town Topics," New York.

This incident happened in an elementary school in Wales. The headmistress was about to conduct prayers, when an inspector walked in, and informed the mistress that he required something done. "It shall be done as soon as prayers are over," was the reply. "No, no," observed the inspector; "it must be done immediately." "Very well," said the mistress; "the Almighty must wait."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

There are still large quantities of gold in Gloucestershire, as proved by the wills of those deceased persons connected with the county that have been admitted to probate during the past year. Only estates of a thousand pounds and upwards are taken into account here. Cheltenham again stands first, the 44 estates there aggregating £944,527. It is true that this is some £262,117 less than in the previous year, but that was when the total was swollen to an abnormal extent by the big estate of the late Gen. A. W. H. Meyrick, valued at £343,962. Now the two estates of the late Mr. and Mrs. McLachlan make up £340,677, or over a third of the whole total. The county will show an advance on the previous year's total—£600,121, against £479,484, and Mr. W. H. Harford's will accounts for the largest sum, namely £101,072. Even leaving the will of Mr. W. K. Wait (£157,427) out of account, for I should say that the bulk of his money was made in Bristol, Gloucester city has a big advance—from £101,070 to £160,052. Mr. E. Viner Ellis's estate of £61,825 was the largest of the twelve there. Estates of testators formerly living in the county, as noted, total £493,206, or an increase of £195,396. The grand total of the wills dealt with is £2,551,282, or £266,185 above the aggregate total of those in the previous year. If other counties show a proportionate increase the State must have derived extra benefit in the way of estate duties.

I regret to observe a falling off in the amounts bequeathed by local persons to charities and benevolent institutions. But Cheltenham heads the list, as £3,270 out of the £4,170 in bequests that I can trace came from there. It is, of course, a great drop from the £23,000 that three testators alone left between them in the previous year. About a half of this £3,270 was left to Cheltenham institutions, the largest amounts being £1,000 by Mr. H. W. Stubbin to endow a bed in the Hospital for other than anti-vaccinators and unvaccinated persons, and £500 by Mrs. Agnes S. Thorp to the Cheltenham Branch of the N.S.P.C.A.

One third of the hunting season term has now passed by, but sportsmen have nothing to grumble at either in the quantity or quality of the sport. The two months have certainly been open ones. December was marked by some clinking good runs. The Ledbury can claim the longest bloodless run, namely 3 hours 10 minutes on the 21st; while the Cotswold comes next with one of 3 hours on the 15th, from Stoke Orchard to Bredon Hill. Both the Duke of Beaufort's and Earl Bathurst's Hounds ran for 2½ hours and killed their fox, the former on the 16th and the latter on the 8th in the Cotswold country at Frog Mill. The best completed run with Lord Fitzhardinge's was also on the 8th, when a tree fox gave a chase of 1 hour 20 minutes from Cape Hall to Stockend Wood before it was rolled over. On the 11th the Ledbury ran a fox for 1½ hours and killed it on the boundary wall of Hasfield Churchyard, while on this same day the North Cotswold had a kill in Chipping Campden town after a gallop of 1 hour 20 minutes. The latter pack had a seven-mile point on the 16th and points of five and four miles on the 18th. Interesting incidents out of the ordinary run were the fining on the 19th of the field £1 each by the Master of the Heythrop for their trespass upon the Italian gardens at Blenheim Palace, into which the fox had run; the suffocation of one of Lord Bathurst's hounds and a fox in a drain at Crudwell on the 4th; and the killing of two of the V.W.H. Hounds (Mr. Butt Miller's) on the Great Western Railway near Purton on the 22nd. As evidence of the abundance of foxes and of the systematic way in which they have been accounted for by the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, his Grace stated at a dinner on the 16th that he had hunted on 93 days and killed 93½ brace this season, and that he hoped by the end of the year to make them up to a hundred brace, which would be a record in any hunt.

GLEANER.



DESIGN FOR A NEW YEAR CARD.

The figures are contained in an outline in the shape of an hour-glass. The upper lobe shows Father Time retiring with the Old Year. The lower lobe contains (1) A mailed figure holding "two-edged sword of spirit" and "the shield of faith"; and (2) figure holding the censer of prayer.

Unfortunately both artist and poet are passing the New Year in the "great beyond"! With all reverence, "Peace to their ashes!"

"My French is very bad," he explained. "I have no doubt it is as bad as the English of a Frenchman whom I met in Paris once."
 "I had told this Frenchman that a young lady whom we both knew was ill. He became sympathetic."
 "'She is ill?' he said. 'Eet is too bad. And what is ze mattress?'"
 "'What is the mattress?' said I. 'Oh, I see; you mean 'What is the matter?'"
 "'Ah, but,' objected the Frenchman, 'is eet not of ze feminine gendaire zat we speak?'"

A correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" who has just returned from a visit to the Dorsetshire village of Kirriemuir—which is "Thrums"—finds the place sadly altered. Affected by the books of Mr. Barrie, the "natives" have convinced themselves that they are "characters," and that in the presence of stranger; they must do something to live up to their book reputation. The correspondent was in Kirriemuir for a week, and during that period he heard more attempted jocularities than he had heard in the rest of his life. Not one of them was a success.

The Sunday Corner.

God within us! Not only ever with us unseen, not only watching us in our secret moments and reading the very thoughts of our hearts, not only covering us with the shadow of His wings and lighting us with the light of His countenance, but within us—our bodies His temples, our hearts His home. Oh! if we could but grasp the thought we should live lives nobler and more beautiful.—Farrar.

Learn to govern yourself and to be gentle and patient.

It is well to have a high standard of life, even though we may not be able altogether to realise it. Whoever tries for the highest results cannot fail to reach a point far in advance of that from which he started.—Smiles.

You cannot follow the Good Shepherd and forget the lost sheep.

There are three parties always concerned in every sin; first, God, Who is outraged by the disobedience of His children; second, some other human being, who is touched by the act of transgression, for no sin was ever committed that did not harm some other besides the one who committed it; but, third and greatest of all, the man who sins hurts himself more than he hurts God or his neighbour. For the stroke which he has imparted to the injury of either God or man may be swiftly healed; but the injury he has done himself, in his own soul, is of longer continuance than the evil he has wrought to God or his neighbour. Let us not fear to emphasise this fruit of sin. The transgression has dulled and deadened the man's own perception of righteousness, and every additional sin committed without repentance adds to the unconsciousness, until, like Israel, he does not know, he does not consider.

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean.

The more we look at the world with intelligent and loving eyes, the more the world means to us. The more we look at each other's faces with intelligence and love, the more human beings mean to us. The more we think of the fathomless depths and the lofty heights of being, and of the Being that fills being and is the source of it, the more will it mean to us.

Sunshine in the sky is not so bright as sunshine in the heart.

It is our week-day life, under the stress and strain of temptation, far more than our Sunday life, under the gentle warmth of favouring conditions, that really tests our religion. Not how well we sing and pray, not how devoutly we worship in church, but how well we live out in the stress of affairs, how loyally we do God's will, how faithfully we carry out the principles of religion in our conduct—these are the things that tell what manner of Christians we are.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as in body.—Ruskin.

The employment of heaven is the service of Jesus.

Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and for others. That which is done for self dies. Perhaps it is not wrong, but it perishes. You say it is pleasure—well, enjoy it. But joyous recollection is no longer joy. That which ends in self is mortal. That alone which goes out of self into God lasts for ever.—F. W. Robertson.

The "strait and narrow path" would not be so narrow if more people walked in it.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse gives this forcible illustration of the greatness of the insigni-

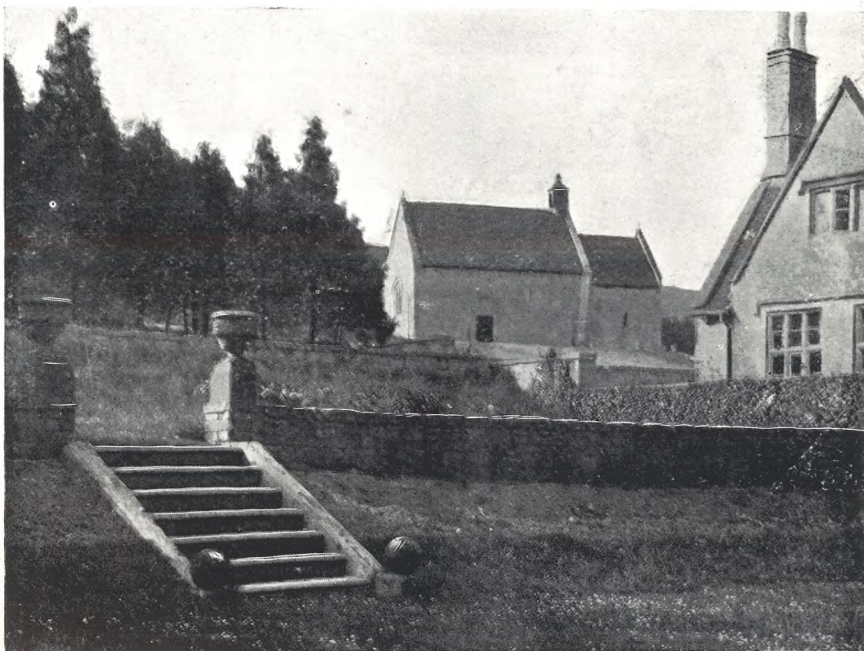


Photo by A. H. S. Colquhoun,

Cheltenham.

POSTLIP CHAPEL FROM HALL GROUNDS.

ficant: "It is said that once, when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner said within himself, 'In all this din it matters not what I do,' and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, fung up his hands, and all was still—and then he cried aloud, 'Where is the piccolo?' The quick ear missed it, and all was spoilt because it failed to take its part. O my soul, do thy part with all thy might! Little thou mayest be, insignificant and hidden, and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the music of His great universe is made richer and sweeter because I give Him thanks. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

The harmony of heaven is the praise of Jesus.

Wherever the work of the Lord is to be carried on, that is my place for to-day; and we live only for to-day. It is not our part to take thought for to-morrow.—Wesley.

The theme of heaven is the work of Jesus.

The natives of India had a saying about Sir Henry Lawrence, "When Sir Henry looked up twice to heaven and once down to earth, and then stroked his beard, he knew what to do." If we may utilise the saying, it seems to express the attitude of mind with which all life's work and study should be done. The reverence which looks up, and the observation which looks around, combined with the judgment that can reflect, become safeguards against extremes, and invariably lead to success.

Only the man who belongs to this world will think that this world belongs to him.

All fear and love, hope and awe, sense of sin and helplessness and longing to be other than we are—all should have one issue—to draw us more closely, yet more reverently, to Him in Whom alone awe and fear can be hushed, helplessness stayed, sin blotted out, infirmities be healed—He, the one source and aim of all holiness and hope and love.

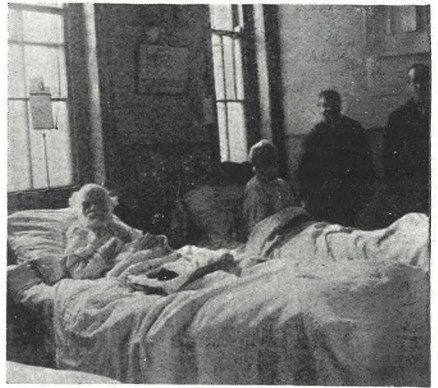
The joy of heaven is the presence of Jesus.

There are numbers of men that are not willing to do anything for Christ because they can't do some great thing. Now you will find that the men that have accomplished a great work in this world have always begun by doing some little thing; they have been willing to bring forth some little fruit.—Moody.

The melody of heaven is the name of Jesus.

We may know a person without having seen him. We may love his character, his amiable qualities may be well known to us, we may be acquainted with his acts of kindness to others, we may have been constantly and largely partakers of that kindness ourselves. We may know him by frequent correspondence, letters may have often passed between us; we may have told him our wants, difficulties, trials, and have received help, advice, and assistance from him in reply. True, we may not "know his face in the flesh," but still we know him; and when, after many years perhaps, we meet him at last, we say, "I have long known you, you are no stranger." For the man is not so much the frame in which his soul lives as the being that tenants that frame; the spirit that animates that body, and stamps its character, and sets its own peculiar and individual mark upon the man. Will the Christian meet a stranger when he meets his God? Is Christ, though he has not yet been seen, unknown? Have we not experienced that love ourselves? Have we not daily sent up letters to Him, and told Him of all our wants and difficulties and trials? Has He not answered those letters by relieving our wants, advising and guiding us in our difficulties, and sending "help in every time of need." Has He not been a tried Friend to us? He is, then, no "unknown God" to His people, who will meet no stranger when they are summoned to meet their God.

A keen appreciation of the peculiarities of his parishioners has led Archdeacon Brooke to recall one or two capital stories on his resigning his living at Halifax. One of his best stories related to a woman who walked into the church, found the vicar, and exclaimed, "Eh, vicar, ye were good to me a fortnight ago. Ye tied t' knot for me and Sam. An' ye said if ye could do anything for me in t' future ye'd do it. An' so I've coom to ax ye to untie it."



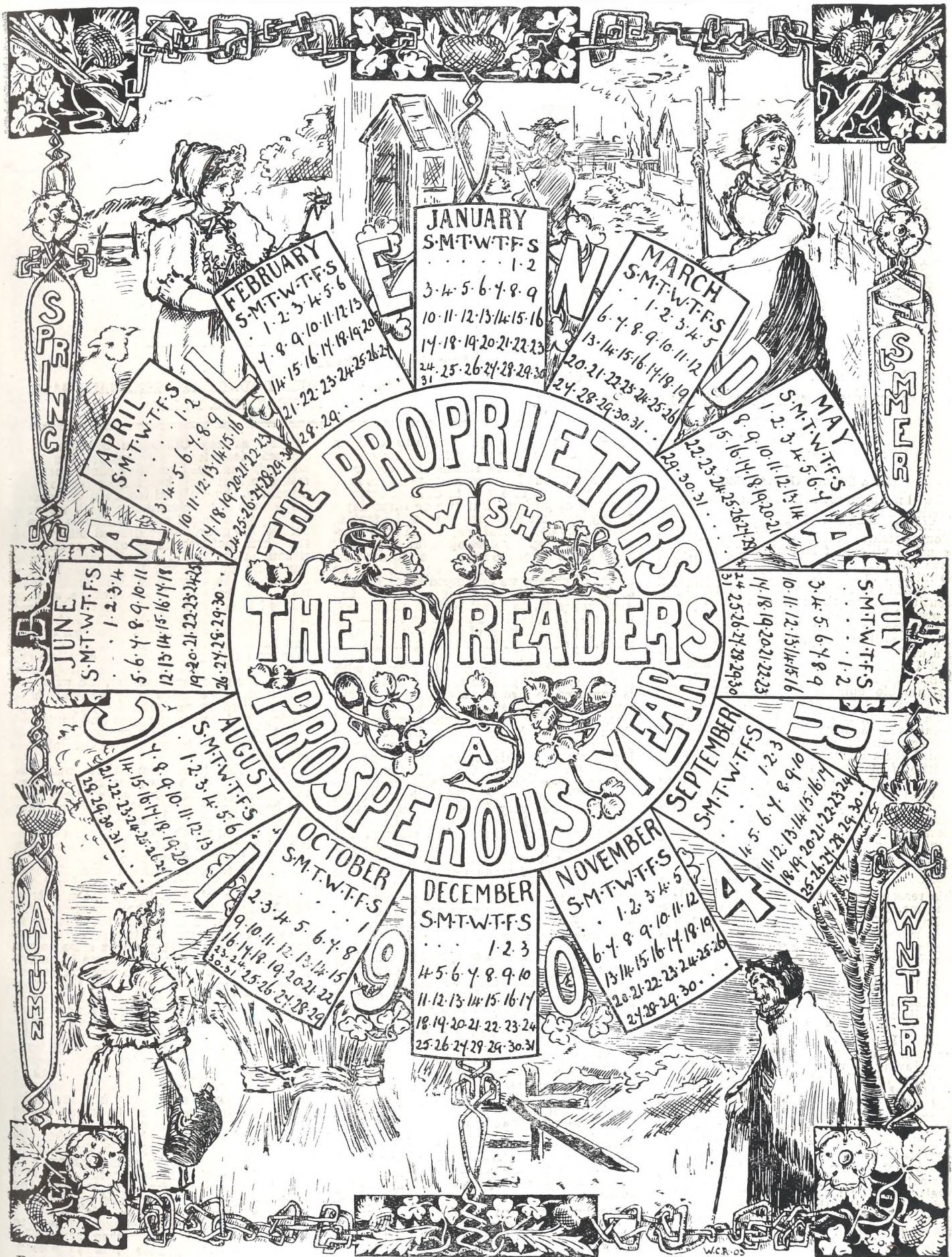
CHRISTMAS AT THE WORKHOUSE.



ROUND THE INFIRMARIES.



1. Fireside Chat. After Dinner in General Ward, Female Infirmary.
2. A Part of the General Dining-room. Master and Helpers.
3. Male Convalescents at Dinner.
4. A Corner of a Ward. Nurses and Orderly.
5. An Old Inhabitant.
6. Female Convalescents at Dinner.



**THE PROPRIETORS
WISH
THEIR READERS
A
PROSPEROUS YEAR**

JANUARY
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
1-2
3-4-5-6-7-8-9
10-11-12-13-14-15-16
17-18-19-20-21-22-23
24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31

MARCH
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
1-2-3-4-5
6-7-8-9-10-11-12
13-14-15-16-17-18-19
20-21-22-23-24-25-26
27-28-29-30-31

MAY
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
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8-9-10-11-12-13-14
15-16-17-18-19-20-21
22-23-24-25-26-27-28
29-30-31

JULY
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SEPTEMBER
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18-19-20-21-22-23-24
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NOVEMBER
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DECEMBER
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
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18-19-20-21-22-23-24
25-26-27-28-29-30-31

OCTOBER
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
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2-3-4-5-6-7-8
9-10-11-12-13-14-15
16-17-18-19-20-21-22
23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31

AUGUST
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
1-2-3-4-5-6
7-8-9-10-11-12-13
14-15-16-17-18-19-20
21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31

JUNE
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
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12-13-14-15-16-17-18
19-20-21-22-23-24-25
26-27-28-29-30

APRIL
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
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3-4-5-6-7-8-9
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FEBRUARY
S.M.T.W.T.F.S
1-2-3-4-5-6
7-8-9-10-11-12-13
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21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29

Drawn by W. C. Robson,



Photo by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.
LIFE WITH THE CARAVAN—LUNCHEON TIME.



Photo by A. H. Hayward, Cranham.
MEET OF COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT PRINKNASH GATE,
MONDAY, DEC. 14, 1903.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SACRED CITY OF LHASA.

(BY A STROUD GENTLEMAN.)

I will not open my article with a long introduction, but will cut it as short as possible. I think it sufficient to tell you that I am a Gloucestershire man, and belong to the beautiful village of Minchinhampton. As I have left that place some years, it will add no interest to the account of my journey to the outskirts of Lhasa if I withhold my identity. When the events recorded below happened I had been in China seven years, but not for pleasure, neither as a missionary, naval or military man, but as representative of a well-known North of England firm. So that I knew as much about China and the Chinese as most men ever get to know, and my humble opinion is that the educated Chinaman takes a bit of beating. At the time I am speaking of I was very friendly with a certain very wealthy Chinese merchant who sent caravans into Tibet, and often accompanied them himself. Being anxious to see a little of that most mysterious of all countries, I approached him with a view of taking a journey with him into Tibet during my next holidays. At first he would not risk having me with him, but after considerable persuasion he agreed to take me. Of course many of my readers who have read similar articles are already aware how jealously the Mongols and Tibetans guard the mysteries connected with Lhasa; but it was not for this reason my friend at first hesitated to take me, for he himself, although masquerading as a follower of the Great Lhama, was in secret a believer in the Christian faith. It was because he knew the searching examination I should have to be subjected to on the way; and if my disguise were detected, I should be beyond human help.

Tibet is a huge tableland on the map of Asia directly north of India, the bordering countries being, on the north part of the Chinese Empire, east China Proper, south the Indian Empire, and west Eastern Turkestan. Having given the position of the country for those who did not know, I will give you an idea of the caravan, and afterwards proceed with it on its way to Lhasa. Our caravan consisted of five of the ordinary Chinese apologies for carts, drawn by a pair of mules each, and several pack mules not harnessed. These were convoyed by two men to each cart, besides the merchant and myself. Our cargo was made up of an assortment of Western hardware, tea, and opium. So, after fitting myself with the native dress of a mandarin, including the wig and cap, everything was ready to start.

We left Canton in high spirits—at least I

did—but after a day's journey in one of those Chinese carts all the enthusiasm I had shown deserted me. I have ridden in a coal cart before now, but I can assure my readers that coal carts are quite mild to Chinese carts in the way of jolting. But two or three days' riding made me hardened to it, and I took it like a baby does soothing syrup. I soon commenced to keep my eyes open for mysteries, but I could never see any. In a few days we reached a city named Fung Hai, and as a sort of change we encamped there instead of by the roadside—I must not insult the word roadside, so I will call it mud track instead. In this city I noticed a number of small parties—Chinese of course—loaded with all sorts and sizes of bags. On enquiring what the meaning of it was I was told they were pilgrims making their way to Lhasa with their offerings of gold dust, for every believer is supposed to give as an offering a certain amount of gold every year to the Great Lhama. Every few minutes numbers of them would kneel down before some demoniacal-looking image and make a most horrible row. This of course was another rule of their religion. We finished our business early the next morning and moved forward. The track we took led us through some of the finest scenery I ever had the pleasure to gaze upon. One hour we would be travelling through beautiful wooded scenery, and the next over wild steppes or prairies, but both were put to the shade when we had to cross a chain of mountains, for the passes were cut in some cases out of the solid rock, and must have been the work of a generation, or perhaps two. They were perfectly easy to climb or descend, and were far more safe than any I have crossed in Europe.

As we got farther on our journey, I noticed every few miles a sort of blockhouse or small camp, which contained, so my friend informed me, a guard of men, whose duty it was to protect pilgrims and caravans from the robbers which infest the country, and also to detect and stop any foreigner who may possibly try to get into Lhasa. Some of these blockhouses were larger than others, and in these there was a sort of small worship place for travellers, and a Lhama (priest) who checked the amount of gold pilgrims had with them, and if not up to the priest's weights they were not allowed to proceed till it had been made up. I suppose we had passed nearly a hundred of these outposts before we were challenged. I commenced to wish I had not started when I knew we were stopped, for of course I knew that if discovered I should not only have to suffer untold tortures, but my friend would also. Naturally I am a ruddy-faced man, and to hide this I had powdered my face; but I believe it was my fright which really saved me, for I turned

as pale as any Chinaman breathing and escaped detection. Of course had they minutely examined me they could not have failed to spot me; but taking me to be a mandarin, they saluted me, then withdrew.

We were not molested again till we were within two hundred miles of Lhasa, then I noticed the guards were dressed different to the others that stopped us, and were shorter, although more hardy. The blockhouses were much closer, too, and larger guards were mounted; there was also more traffic than we had met before. As I said above, we were stopped the second time about two hundred miles from our destination, and in this case our goods were examined, the number of men and horses jotted down on a slab of wood; then we were again allowed to continue the journey. After that we were more frequently stopped; but, strange to say, we were not examined, only counted; they seemed to have been advised in an unknown way of our coming, and how many men and mules we ought to have, and if on comparing figures we were found to be correct we were allowed to go on.

These Thibetians (for that was the nationality of these new guards) were armed to the teeth, and were dressed in a loose tunic and baggy knickers of a khaki colour. They carried amongst their weapons a sort of curved sword, which they used when attacking with terrible effect. That they were merciless brutes no one who saw them could doubt, and to prove that such was the case, I witnessed the first piece of cruelty I had ever seen in or about China while I was there, and I sincerely hope I shall never see such a thing again. I had given instructions to the men of our company to secure whenever possible any curios they might come across, offering them a little recompense in return for their trouble. As these men did not receive much in the way of wages, they sometimes became daring in their endeavours to get what I usually gave them. On one occasion one of the men happened to see a sword of the sort carried by the guards lying on the ground at what he thought a safe distance from the blockhouse to allow him to pick it up without being detected. Although I watched the man from the cart I was on, and could have sworn no one saw him taking it, yet hardly had he started to return before he was seized by four of the soldiers and carried away in triumph on somewhat the same principle as the English frog march. For the benefit of those of my readers who do not know what a frog march is, I will explain. There are four men to carry the victim, and each man has hold of either an arm or a leg, allowing the poor fellow's body to face towards the ground and his head to hang without support; they then march off a quick step, causing intense pains in the head.

We decided as soon as we knew they had our man to stay and see the last of the poor fellow, and we had not long to wait to see the beginning of the end. Later in the same day my attention was drawn to a group of these human devils putting up what from a distance appeared like the framework of a door in a house. I felt convinced, however, that this frame would turn out to be some sort of instrument of torture upon which we should shortly see our late driver. My conjecture was correct, for as soon as they had satisfied themselves that everything was in working order, they brought out from one of their dirty skin tents the man they had seized. They led him up to this torture post and tied his wrists to the cross piece of the frame separately, keeping them about half a yard apart. And as the man was shorter than the height of the frame, his body was suspended. Not content with this, they fixed to each ankle a cord, which was connected with two rollers or pulleys fixed underneath the frame on which the man was hung. Therefore when they tightened the cords from below they stretched the man's body, causing dislocation of his arms and legs. The more the poor fellow howled for mercy the more the devils put the strain on. He must have suffered the most intense agony before he finally fainted. I thought that as they had had all the fun they could get from witnessing his agony they would leave him to die. But not they. Instead of leaving him, they brought restoratives and revived him from time to time, till at last they feared he would succumb before they could experiment further with him, so they cut him down. Although they kept him bound, they did not harm him again for some hours; in fact, they must have given the fellow some sort of strong stimulant, for, judging from a distance, he appeared quite refreshed and perfectly conscious. They did not allow him to stay long like that, and I was not surprised to see the guards carry him to a rough wooden bench, strap him down to it, then give him a taste of a very well-known Chinese torture. When they had securely tied him to the bench with his face upturned, they commenced to tickle with feathers the most sensitive parts of his body, eventually sending their victim mad. This was sufficient for the scoundrels, who left him bound to the bench the whole of the night. In the morning we discovered he was dead.

Of course as an Englishman I resented this cruelty, yet I could not have helped the Chinaman in the least, as in doing so my nationality would have been discovered, and not only would my fate have been sealed, but that of my friend too.

We left the camp the next morning, and once more got on the road to Lhasa, arriving outside the city wall two days later. What a disappointment it was for me. Nothing beyond the usual appearance of an Eastern city met my gaze; just the same old walls and towers which we had seen all the way along. We encamped about half a mile from the main entrance to the city, this being as near as we were allowed to get. From the high position on which we happened to be I got a splendid view of the chief mosque or temple of the Great Lhama. Although I found it had no dome of gold, nor yet silver, it was a magnificent specimen of an Eastern building. Beyond that it was nothing, and all the tales of untold wealth and beauty of Lhasa seemed a fable to me. That there were great mysteries connected with the place I do not doubt, but I do not believe the Tibetians know the uses of electricity at all, although many have said they do. In my opinion they have developed the science of magnetism to such an extent that some of the peculiar things which happen in and around Lhasa can on reflection be traced to magnetism. The one extraordinary thing I witnessed was to my mind simply another form of table tipping. I was invited with my friend to what I will call a dinner to meet all the other merchants who were encamped near about at the time. A Lhama, or High Priest, from the city who did all the buying, was also there to bless us; and to prove that the spirit of their god was with us he made the wooden bowls out of which we ate hop about



A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Absent-minded Old Gentleman (to "Chronicle and Graphic" boy): Hi! boy! I want you to call at my house, No. 26, every Saturday with the "Gronicle and Chraphic"—I—I mean the "Chraphic and Gronicle." No! Bless me! I mean the "Chronic and Graphicle." Hang it! I—I—

Boy: I knows what yer means, sir; I'll call right enough; then yer'll 'ave a Yappy Noo Year.

the tent. As almost everyone knows, that was simply magnetism. But to the ignorant Chinese who have always been schooled up to the idea that it is the spirit of their god, it seems a miracle.

One other thing I should like to mention, and that is the peculiar headgear which the Lhamas wear. If any of you have seen a picture of the god Bhudda, you have an exact copy of the masks and headgear which the Lhamas wear. This in itself is enough to cause an impression to sensitive minds.

During the last two or three days we stayed near the city I witnessed two more executions on the same principle as the one already mentioned. I did not see one person excepting the Lhamas enter the city to come out again, and I can hardly believe that any man possibly could succeed in escaping single-handed.

We left Lhasa after staying there eight days, and our journey back was accomplished

in nearly half the time taken on the forward journey. When we arrived in Canton once again I felt glad, for although I had seen what very few have seen, yet I was sorry my ideas of the sacred city had undergone a change for the worse.

NOW READY.

Volume III. of the "Gloucestershire Graphic," beautifully printed on special art paper, and bound half calf, in green and gold. A splendid New Year Gift. Five Hundred Illustrations of Local Events; Scores of Portraits of Local Celebrities. The issue is limited. Order at once at "Echo" Offices. Price—One Guinea.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

"THE OLD YEAR'S OUT, THE NEW YEAR'S IN,
OPEN THE DOOR AND LET HIM IN."

Cheltenham.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

THOUGHT IT WAS A STEAM CAR.

A spark from a cigar set fire to some straw at the bottom of a country cart, but the two Londoners in the vehicle noticed nothing until their attention was called to the blaze by a countryman driving behind. "I've been noticing the smoke this long while," said Hodge. "Then why on earth didn't you tell us before?" demanded one of the travellers. "Well," replied the countryman, "there's so many of these new-fangled vehicles going about that I didn't know but what you was going by steam."

REGISTRATION.

No. 11 for the County of London under the new registration arrangements has been secured by Earl Russell.

P.O. AND MOTOR-CYCLES.

Several motor-cycle carrier tandems have been supplied to the Post-office. They are proving a great success, and can be seen flitting about London in fine style.

FORE-CARRIAGES AND NUMBERING.

The question of lighting up the numbers on a fore-carriage is a rather important one. On a machine of this description it is better to use three lamps—one good gas lamp for lighting up the road in front and two smaller oil lamps at the sides with the lenses turned slightly inwards. The numbers can be fixed on each side of the carriage, and then the light from the two side-lamps will illuminate them at night. An alternative method is to place one number behind. My own is fixed to the back of the saddle. A special lamp can be obtained at a moderate price fitted with a small bracket on the front of the lamp to receive the number-plate sideways. Thus both sides of the plate will be illuminated at night. A friend of mine is using two side-lamps, fixed on the mud-guards, to give light for driving, and places

his number-plates one at the rear of the machine and one in the front of the fore-carriage. To illuminate the front plate he uses a small oil bicycle lamp fitted in such a manner that the lense is turned inwards, thus lighting up the plate.

AT THE SHOWS.

A fair proportion of the motor-cycles exhibited at the shows were fitted with engines in which the cylinder and combustion-head are cast in one piece. This is as it should be. Engines that depend on ground surfaces between cylinder and combustion-head to keep the gas from leaking out have caused a fair proportion of the novice's troubles. Unless the joints in these engines are a dead fit, a loss of compression is sure to follow, and this is fatal to the speed of the machine.

ACCUMULATOR TESTING.

I was shown recently a very neat and efficient little apparatus for testing the amount of current in an accumulator. It consists of simply a glass tube, with a sucker on one end, by which the acid is drawn in from the cell. Inside the tube are two beads—one yellow and one purple. The acid from the accumulator is drawn in, and if both beads sink, the accumulator is discharged. If the yellow bead rises, this indicates that the accumulator is only slightly charged, and not sufficient for sparking. But if both beads rise to the top, then the accumulator is fully charged. This little hydrometer is wonderfully cheap, and every motorist who does not possess a voltmeter should secure one.

CROSS-GRAINED MOUNTS.

Very effective cross-grain mounts can be made in the following manner:—First damp the upper surface of the mount to be operated on, and then leave it till surface dry. Now lay a sheet of fine tissue paper on the mount, and then a sheet of coarse glass paper. Place the whole under a strong press and leave for an hour or two. Prints can be treated in the same way.

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 155th competition is Mr. W. Slatter, of 1 Rockingham-villas, Prestbury-road, for his photo of the Monkey Puzzle Tree.

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

The winner of the 66th competition is Mr. W. C. Robson, of "Beverley," Langdon-road, Cheltenham, for his New Year card.

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 48th competition is E. Jenkyns, "Oakhurst," Charlton Kings, for her 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 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.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 158

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1904

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-night last of Pantomime.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11th,

Mr. Frank Fenton and Company will present
"Still Waters Run Deep."

Times and Prices as usual.

Chandos Grammar School,
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE NEXT
TERM WILL BEGIN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

Eton House, Wellington St., Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten.
Thorough Education at Moderate Fees.

The next term begins on Tuesday, January 19. Principal
at home on the 18th.

A few boarders received. Prospectus on application.

Correspondence.

THE MONKEY PUZZLE TREE. (ARAUCHARIA).

We have received the following letters on
this subject:—

There is a very fine specimen of the Chili
Pine, 40ft. in height, on one of the lawns of
Shurdington Lodge. This tree produced
fruit last year, and it was exactly like a
large globe artichoke. Towards the autumn
it got rather a seared look on, and during
the high winds in November the leaves or
spikes of the cone were scattered on the
grass, leaving the core of the cone quite
bare. It had no resemblance to the cocoa-
nut, like the one mentioned in your paper
of last week.

Swindon, Cheltenham.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Slatter's araucaria is not
so unique as he supposes. There is at
Southfields, Woodchester, just such another,
and with, I think, the same number of nuts,
if such they are. We were much excited
when they appeared last spring, but after-
wards heard they were rather general
through the season. Perhaps so much rain
may have been the cause.—Yours truly,
A. G. HUMPHREY.



A Champion Company.

Left to right: Ptes. Bishop, Green, Walsh, Turner, Lieutenant A. K. Ford (Cambridge University), Pte. Morgan, Corpl. Pugh, Pte. White, Colour-Sergeant Say, Sergt. Averies, (hon. sec.), Ptes. Maslin, Perry, Norman, Lance-Sergeant Milton, Ptes. Beard, Holland, Hartley, and Monk.

Sergt. W. Averies, Gloucester Company, 5th Regiment M.I., Kroonstad, O.R.C., South Africa, writes:—"Would you be so kind as to insert the photograph of our Rugby team in your valuable paper. We are winners of the Kroonstad Rugby Challenge Cup, 1903, and as we are only a company, and had to compete against a regiment and three local teams, we are proud of our company team. Several of the faces no doubt will be recognised by your readers. I should also like to say that Griffiths, Goulding, Barnes, and Collins (of Gloucester), Bridgman (of Stroud), and Bartlett and Rowlands (of Wales) played in the team during the season, but through different causes were unable to be present when the photograph was taken."

When the public reads that a hundred millions of yen have provisionally been set apart by Japan for war purposes it may perhaps put an exaggerated estimate on that amount. Although Japan has a gold standard the yen is silver currency, and fluctuates with the price of silver, so that at the moment a hundred millions of them means scarcely more than ten millions sterling. But even this is an immense amount in a country in which the wages of a skilful artisan are often not more than three yen a week. The Japanese currency system is decimal. Thus the yen or dollar is divided into 100 sen or cents, the sen into ten rin, the rin into ten mo, the mo into ten shu, and the shu, finally, into ten kotsu. Government accounts do not take notice of any value smaller than a rin, but estimates by private tradesmen often descend to mo and shu, which are incredibly minute fractions of a farthing. No coins exist, however, to represent these liliputian sums.

Lady Biddulph of Ledbury, the wife of one of last year's new peers, is an enthusiast for temperance reform. She is engaged at present in an effort, which deserves entire sympathy, to get temperance teaching introduced into every school in the land. She urges that all children should be taught these five things:—

1. Alcohol is not a food.
2. It is not necessary to health and life.
3. It does not increase, but decreases, vital force.
4. Excessive use of it predisposes the body to disease and makes recovery more difficult.
5. The drink bill of England stands at £180,000,000 a year.

Lady Biddulph is an aunt of Lord Hardwicke, and was the widow of Henry Adeane, M.P., before she became the wife of Mr. Michael Biddulph in 1877.

A FRESH START.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

As the old year has closed and the new year dawned, I would like to say a word or two on the advantages of a fresh start. Life to most people is monotonous enough at the best. The majority of folks toil from year's end to year's end at the same kind of work, with scarcely any change or variation. Were it not that our life were broken up into fragments, and we take just one fragment at a time, and make a fresh start when we have done with it, the monotony of existence would be appalling, and almost overpowering. I know that cynics sneer at festivals and anniversaries, at Christmas festivities and new year's greetings, and ask with an air of superior wisdom why one day is better than another, and what reason there is in science or in philosophy why the year should begin with the 1st of January and end with the 31st of December? Such questions, however, are altogether beside the mark. No one contends that one day is better than another. Whether the new year commences with the 1st of January or the 1st of June or any other date in the calendar would not make the slightest difference. Dates and seasons, fresh starts and new beginnings, are necessary to us in order, among other things, to break the monotony of existence, and stir our hearts to new hopes and new impulses.

The mercy of this great division of time into days and years we have never yet measured. If life were unrelieved existence, if I may use the term, we should scarcely be able to bear the strain—our brain would give way under the constant pressure, the dull routine, the unrelieved monotony. One of the old Puritans compared the troubles of life to a bundle of sticks, the united weight of which no man could lift and no man could bear; but says he, "God mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us one stick at a time—a bit to-day, a bit to-morrow; a portion this year, a portion next; and so by this division we are able to bear all the sorrows of life." This is equally true of its work and worry and temptation, we live a day at a time. Our yesterdays slip away from us and are in a measure forgotten, our to-morrows are hidden from our eyes. We trudge across the great Sahara of our lives without realising the vast monotony of the desert, and with the close of each day hope stirs our heart with the thought of something better for to-morrow.

Moreover, with the beginning of every year we make a fresh start on a larger scale. This is a new month to us, the opening of a new volume, the beginning again of life's campaign. Very wise men may sneer at the idea, may say it is all sentiment, and very poor sentiment at that; that there is in reality no start at all; that we just take up our ordinary work as on other days—jog along in the old ruts, just do the same things this year that we did last, and in precisely the same way. The man who has not learnt that sentiment and imagination play a very large part in every individual life has yet a great deal to learn. But apart from sentiment the closing of the old year and the start of the new are very real facts. Every business man balances his accounts at the end of the year, and from that point makes a new departure, and it is very important from all points of view that he should do so. It is very possible, I think, that many business men felt a sense of relief when the old year closed, and experienced a thrill of buoyancy and hope when the new year began. It may be that from a business point of view prospects are not very bright at the present. One thing is quite certain, that last year to a great many men of business was a very trying time. We are in a state of political unrest. The present revolution in the fiscal policy of the country is having its effect. Men are afraid to speculate, afraid to look far into the future. No one knows exactly what is going to happen, whether the old condition of things is going to obtain or whether a

new condition of things is to be imposed upon the country. It is very possible that the prospect of a change brings a new hope. People often hope great things from changes, even though the change may prove in the long run to be for the worse, and they are saying to-day that they are not sorry that the old year is over, that they know the worst of it, that it has been a bad time for them on the whole, that there was a good deal of struggle and anxiety and toil, with little or nothing at the end of it. The new year meant a fresh start, a clean page, a new beginning.

Well, after all, there is something to be said for the new hope and inspiration that a fresh start gives. A new interest comes into our work, though it may be precisely the same kind of work that we did last year. Anything that will relieve life's monotony, anything that will lift us out of our despondency, anything that will stir our hearts to hopefulness and enthusiasm, should be welcomed and cherished. This is as true of our religious life as it is of our business life. The great bugbear of all moral effort is monotony. It is easy enough to start an enterprise, the difficulty is to maintain it. New undertakings, new ministries, new organisations are often ushered in with a great flourish of trumpets. People flock from all points of the compass, the crowd grows enthusiastic, the glow of a fresh start quickens the pulse, stirs the energies that have become sluggish and stagnant, and for a while you would imagine that the millennium were about to dawn. But after a while the novelty wears off; the music, however sweet, begins to pall, the fire of enthusiasm begins to smoulder, and ashes take the place of flame. The shallow, emotional people drop off, and the crowd hears of a fresh excitement somewhere else.

The ancient Greeks have been caricatured and ridiculed for centuries because they were so eager to rush after every new thing, but for my own part I do not think they were any different from what people are to-day. It was the natural and inevitable revolt against monotony. However good a thing may be it palls in time, hence we need these new beginnings, these fresh starts, these changes of programme, if I may so speak. And so we sing the doxology over the close of the Old Year, and then turn right about face and sing with a more hopeful thrill in our voices, "Come, let us anew our journey pursue." We are beginning again; we have left the past behind; we have closed the old ledger, and with a brand new one in front of us we are going to do better. Do not let us say it is mere sentiment, because it is sentiment that may be translated into actual fact. Of course there is danger lest we think that mere change in itself is good. Monotony is better than disaster. It is well to be hopeful, no doubt; but it is not wise to imagine that a fresh ledger will bring fresh business, or that our name repainted over the door will bring us fresh customers, or that the great law of supply and demand can be altered by the findings of a commission, or that the harvests of the world can be affected by Acts of Parliament. We should be as hopeful as we can; but if we set our hopes too high, especially if our hopes are built on merely human things, we are in danger of being disappointed.

Of course there are people who take extreme views on all questions. There are some who tell us that we do not want any new programme, or new method, or new beginning—that what we want is to keep to the old beaten track, do just what our forefathers did, and do it in precisely the same way; to keep to the old landmarks, to the old style of work, and never concern ourselves about what is termed the spirit of the age. But such people in the nature of things can only speak for themselves. It is not every man that can follow the same routine without change or variation and yet keep up the old enthusiasm, nor even if he could follow it is it always wise to do so. The same work is sometimes better done by a change of method. The same message sometimes comes

with more effect when delivered by a fresh voice. I hear the complaint sometimes that people go from church to church, a few years at one and a few years at another, and I candidly confess that I do not greatly wonder at it. Almost any minister grows stale in time, and the result is if a church does not change its minister it changes its congregation.

Perhaps what is needed most is a change in ourselves. We not only need a new hope, but we need a new enthusiasm; not merely a fresh desire, but a fresh purpose. To change the method of our work may be good, but in some cases it is more necessary to change the spirit. Most people want to get on without effort, to grow rich without toil or trouble, to share the spoil without taking part in the battle. It would be well for us to remember that the reward of work is not merely the material wages we get, but that which is built into our life, which is woven into the texture and into the fibre of our character. The gold and silver we win through honest and earnest efforts are but a very small portion of the reward. We are better for effort, stronger for conflict, nobler for sacrifice. So we should begin the new year with a fresh determination to do better, to be more patient, more heroic, more faithful to our ideals, more loyal to our conscience, more true to those great principles that lie at the foundation of all greatness and of all abiding success. If we start in that spirit the year will be fruitful and prosperous in the highest and noblest sense of the word.

POETRY.

GOOD BUSINESS.

To "get on" here, advantage we should take
Of others' sharp necessities, and make
Their lack of pennies bring us pounds, and so
Have money for our social needs below.
The threadbare clerk who earns five pounds per
week
Receives but one: The reason would you seek?
It is: He has a wife at home, "and six";
His master thus can hold him "in a fix,"
He has no horde; he spends his all to save
(The fool!) his wife and children from the grave.
With such cheap aid the master keeps a show
Of social obligations, don't you know.
The man would die his hungry home to bless;
He dare not "strike": then why not give him less?
C. A. W.

THE FERRYMAN.

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.
Then, in this same boat, beside
Sat two comrades, old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.
One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.
So, when'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,—
Friends who closed their course before me.
Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul which soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore!
Let us walk in soul once more!
Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!
—UHLAND.

A correspondent sends to a contemporary a story of canine instinct which is not a little remarkable. The owner of a fox terrier dog, who lodged in Wells-street, Gray's Inn-road, London, removed to Bedford. He left the animal in charge of his late landlady, who made a great pe. of it. Two weeks ago he claimed the dog, and it was sent by train from St. Pancras to Bedford. In the small hours of the other morning the dog was found barking outside the house in Wells-street. It was hungry, travel-worn, and footsore. It had made its way from Bedford by roads which it had never before seen

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Coming events, we are told, cast their shadows before them. And so it is with the proposed Honeybourne Railway in Cheltenham. The various preliminary steps taken by the Great Western Railway Company, in the acquisition of the required land and houses and the publication of the statutory notice of intention to remove the remains in about fifty graves in the Old Cemetery, have pointed to an early commencement of the line. Now further shadows betoken that the beginning is not far off. I allude to the negotiation of the terms between the company and the Corporation for the laying of the temporary lines in Market-street, Bloomsbury-street, High-street, Whitehart-street, Carlton-place, and St. Paul's-road, for the purpose of facilitating the construction of the railway; and to the invitation to builders to send in tenders for the erection of 42 houses. The latter are to be erected in pursuance of a scheme submitted by the company, and sanctioned by the Local Government Board, to replace some of the dwelling-houses that will have to be demolished on the site of the track. The construction of a railway in these days through populous towns is often a blessing in disguise in leading to the substitution of up-to-date and healthy houses for insanitary and confined buildings. The present indications point to the new railway and the extensions of the tramways being proceeded with concurrently, to some extent at least. Big works of construction mean the circulation of much ready money in a district, and this kind of "digging" by navvies in the Garden Town will yield a good crop of gold.

Usually staid Gloucester unbended on New Year's Eve and frivelled at the Shire-hall in a fancy dress ball both for juveniles and adults. We are used to this sort of thing in Cheltenham, but not so in the county town, where public balls out of the ordinary run of evening dress are few and very far between. I think it would have melted the icy heart of the most hardened of opponents of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in whose behalf the ball was set rolling, if he could have seen the pretty kaleidoscopic sight and noted the unfeigned high spirits among the actors and actresses. There was a commendable diversity of costumes, and "duplicates" were rare. It was a happy thought of the Mayor to announce at the witching hour of night that, as Leap Year had set in, the ladies might avail themselves of the privilege of choosing their partners for the next dance. And this many of the fair sex did with alacrity, and with perfect propriety. I am sorry that the chair on which his Worship stood slipped and that he fell down, though happily without injury. The Cheltenham Corporation were evidently well advised in not going to Gloucester for chairs for the Town-hall. I have heard great and well-founded complaints of a breach of faith on the part of the committee in keeping a number of persons, including many ladies, waiting in a draughty lobby for nearly an hour and a half before they would admit them to the orchestra for a shilling, despite the fact that they had advertised "After 9 o'clock admission to vacant orchestra seats 1s." and that there were plenty of empty seats. This attempt to force persons to pay another 1s. 6d. savoured of Barton Fair show tactics.

We are now within measurable distance of March 3rd, on which date the triennial election of the County Council will take place. Up to the present political activity is with the Liberals in precipitating contests, but it is mainly confined to the Forest of Dean, where they have candidates, including Earl Beauchamp, ready in all the divisions to work the Education Act for all it is worth against those members who support it. In the Cirencester Division several changes are impending, notably in South Cerney, where Colonel Chester Master retires, as he is coming for-

The Prize Drawing.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Cheltenham.

ward for Almondsbury; in Cirencester, where Earl Bathurst will stand in place of the late Mr. Wilfred Cripps, C.B.; in North Cerney, where Mr. Cumberland Jones is a candidate for Lord Bathurst's vacated seat; and in Northleach, where the anomaly of representation by a lawyer from Stroud is to be ended. GLEANER.

A new problem in life has been started. Is the motor cycle a bicycle or a carriage? The Recorder of Bristol says it is a bicycle, but the "Motor-Cycle" plumps for the carriage notion. "In our opinion," it says, "a motor-cycle clearly comes within the definition of a carriage contained in the Customs and Inland Revenue Act of 1888, and is liable to the annual duty of fifteen shillings for a motor-cycle and fifteen shillings for a trailer."

In the year 1902 Germany published of books and pamphlets nearly 27,000, and the United States only about a third as many. On the other hand, the United States published 21,000 newspapers and periodicals, and Germany only a little more than a third as many. In creative works, novels, romances, and works of pure imagination, England leads the world; Germany is ahead in educational and theological works and books for the young. France runs copiously to history, and Italy to religion. Fiction mainly rules in the United States.

The first cultivated rose is said to have been planted in Belgium in the year 1522. The damask rose was brought from France in 1573, the moss rose about 1724, and the China rose some fifty years later. Wild roses are, however, natives of all parts of Britain. In Wethering's "British Botany" only five distinct species are said to be indigenous, but in Hooker's and Arnott's "British Flora" nineteen species are mentioned, but some writers on botany raise the number to as many as twenty-four.

The Bishop of Worcester writes:—"When I was a boy a famous cricket club used to have—and probably still has—a threefold fundamental rule for its members—Keep your promise; keep your temper; keep your wicket up." I have always thought these three very healthy and fruitful rules for life. In other words (1) to be absolutely trustworthy in regard to all undertakings, solemn and trivial; (2) to be self-controlled, and not to suffer either exasperation or disappointment to upset one's equanimity; (3) to defend the position entrusted to one, secular or religious, like a faithful soldier on guard from all attacks, with loyalty, vigilance, and the best skill of which one is capable, and to give one's whole mind to the work with courage and hope; that is to be a good and useful member of society. I wish you a very happy New Year, and God's best blessing on you and yours."

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 9, 1904.
FANCY DRESS BALL AT GLOUCESTER SHIRE-HALL.

Selection of Prize Winning Characters.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.
MISS ELSIE NORMAN
 ("STUDY IN CRINKLED PAPER"),
 A Cake-Walk Prize-Winner.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.
MISS "JACK" NORMAN
 ("COON GIRL"),
 First Prize for 2s. 6d. Costume.



Photo by H. W. Watson, Cheltenham and Gloucester.
MISS MAY BRAINE
 ("GIPSY"),
 A Cake-Walk Dance Prize-winner.



Photo by Sydney A. Pitcher,
MISS LAILEY ("CLEOPATRA"),
 First Prize for Adults.
 Gloucester.

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

MISS GWYNETH M. STARR
("FIELD DAISY"),

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney S. Starr,
First Prize for Best Costume worn by
girl under 16 years.



Photo by H. E. Jones,

MISSES DOROTHY ("CONVENT GIRL"), "JACK" ("COON GIRL"), ELSIE ("STUDY IN CRINKLED PAPER"), and MADGE ("FISHWIFE") NORMAN,

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Norman.

Gloucester.

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 156th competition is Mr. C. T. Deane, of 5 Ormsdale-terrace, Cheltenham, with his three pretty panorams.

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

The winner of the 67th competition is Mr. Wilson Penning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 49th competition is Miss J. R. Bicknell, Burslop Villa, Grosvenor-street, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips.

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.

The following advertisement recently appeared in the columns of a Glasgow contemporary:

Bal Masque, St. Andrew's Hall, Door A, Berkeley-street, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Professor —'s Grand Christmas Pete and Fancy Dress Carnival. Best Orchestra! Latest Music! Newest Dances! All must wear gloves. Dress optional. One is almost inclined to wonder why the line was drawn at hands!

In an address delivered in America on the labour question W. Bourke Cockran told a story of his boyhood. "I was born in Ireland," he said, "and in Ireland I obtained a part of my education. I remember well the school I attended, and I remember well a school-fellow of mine named Michael, a lad who was always talking about trouble and always looking for it. We are on the question of trouble now, and therefore in Michael's experience it may be that there is something to profit us. Michael boasted constantly that the master was afraid to flog him. Why? Oh, because his father had said that if a hand was ever laid upon the boy there would be trouble. But one day Michael misbehaved, and the flogging due was not long in coming. The boy went home indescribably enraged. He sought out his father. 'Father,' he said, 'didn't you say that if the schoolmaster ever licked me there would be trouble?' 'I did,' the father answered. 'Well, I was licked to-day, and only for throwing paper pellets about the room.' The father frowned. 'I never fail, my son, to keep a promise,' he said, 'there is going to be trouble. Fetch the strap.'"

A little book has been published for ladies who are anxious about their personal appearance. It claims to give sensible, practical directions about diet, dress, and exercise, illustrating its calisthenics with photographs. The work should certainly prove serviceable to those who find themselves involuntarily re-echoing the lyric of despair in Mr. Gilbert's opera:

"Stouter than I used to be,
Still more corpulent grow I;
There will be
Too much of me
In the coming by-and-by."

Senders of caricature post-cards abroad must be careful. The niece of a lady who is wintering at a certain town in the South of France sent her a pictorial card which included a harmless caricature of Mr. Chamberlain. The young lady added to the picture the simple and affectionately-meant word "Joey!" The card got no further than the post-office, the addressee receiving a letter from the postmaster requesting her to call and explain the offensive communication. To her amazement and amusement she found that the caricature and the word "Joey" had been taken as an insult to the mayor of the town, whose name was M. Joey, and was, therefore, a political offence. It having been shown that the worthy mayor was not the gentleman referred to, monsieur would hand over the card on payment of five francs, the penalty for writing more than the address on one side of the card, as is now permitted in England. As the card had brought about such an amusing contretemps over the word "Joey," it was secured even at the cost of five francs.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

MR BRIGGS INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

In responsiveness to your request, Mr. Editor, for a few pertiklers of my career, here 'tis.

I were born, in doo course, of pore but 'umble parients on or about 3 p.m. in the morning or hafternoon of the 8th of June, Anno Dominoes, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, from wich circumstance you can figger out my age on a bit of paper all fer yerself.

Bein' rather yung at the time, I don't know no details. 'Tall events, I was born—that I'm sure of; and when you comes to think of it, this is jest one of they things as you can't ezakly prove, altho' you was present at the time. A babe's memory, like that there Chamberlain's, don't 'old things, wich everythink drops like dust thro' a sieve; so all the pertiklers of my 1st few weeks in this vale of wo' 'ave been gleened from outsiders, and not from personal observashun, as you mite say.

Amongst other remarks, it seems that I were took to be chrissened in doo course, and the curate, bein' very yung and not used to the job of 'oldin' hinfants, let me fall, as were a reglar providence I weren't damaged fer life with the collision on to the floor, not to mention his being so flurried with the accident as to get mixed in the names of me and another hinfant; and they tells me hif my Aunt Maria Jane 'adn't 'ove in jest at the critical junction, as you mite say, why I should 'ave been disfiggered for life with the name of Amelia Ann, instead of Daniel Isaac, as would 'ave been a nice cup o' tea for a respectable hindividooal like me; and they tell me it couldn't 'ave been altered, not without a new Hact of Parleymunt and all the bishops and things a-settin' for hours and hours and passin' resolutions to put me back as a boy baby again. Wich eggsplins why ever since I've took wot's called a antopathy to parsons in general and curates in pertikler, altho', of course, there's egeceptions to every rule. But we all 'as our likes and dislikes, wich now I've told you me feelin's on the matter, you'll hunderstand why I votes for disestablishment and disendowment and a lot of o'ner disses too numbersome to mention.

Shortly after the above interlood I went to skool to learn to 'rite and spell krectly. I learnt to spell very quick, that I will say. The only thing was, and continners to be, that I don't spell the words same as other ornary folks does. My spellin's a sort of a Pitman's short'and, as they do call it, seein' as 'ow my great uncle were a pitman in the North for many years, and earned a 'onest livin' at it, too.

One of the painfullsset reklections of me child'ood's (so-called) 'appy hours was of bein' took out of petticoats, etcetera, and lunched 4th on the stormy billows of life's ragin' blast in trousers. Said trousers was the Free Trade style—no sort of Protection to the legs wot-ever, and only reachin' jest to the knees—and so tight that if I dropped anything out of me 'and I 'ad to get another boy to reach it up to me! I couldn't bend without breakin'!

Still, spite of all this, them was 'appy days; and after I'd got over the egecitement of bein' bullied and knocked about by boys as was bigger'n me, I was able to enjoy the fun of bullyin' and knockin' about boys as was smaller'n me, wich all goes for to show as life 'aves its compensations, if the publicans and sinners don't!

At skool I learnt many things, sech as marbles, 'rithmetick, joggerfy, tag, rounders, 'ow to play a Jew's-harp, and other accomplishments; also dates, of wich the only one I recollocks is William the Conkeror—ten sixty-six; rained ten years—wich must 'ave been a terrible wet time, be Jove. This I 'ad to 'rite out a thousand times for a punishment; hence it sticks.

When I comes to hanalyse meself, as you mite say, the only things that my brain holds tight to is this here William the Conkeror episode. And views! Yes; I holds views on most everythink; and if I can't always tell you why I holds sich and sich a hapynion, I knows its rite. 'Cos for why? Becos I says it is; and even Mr. Chamberlain can't say more than that.

On some subjects I holds strong views—16 horse-power straight from the main, 96 over-proof, 22-carrot views; on other matters I

THREE PRETTY PANORAMS.



THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY.



LECKHAMPTON HILL.



PITTVILLE SPA.

Photos by C. T. Deane,

Cheltenham.

'ave middlin' views—of a milk-and-water disposition; but on everythink known to religion, science, and the fiscal fiasco I 'ave views of some sort, wich I 'ope to make these few meandering remarks in the space graciously and benevolently accorded me by the Editor week by week—an album of views, the views bein' me own, and not to be obtained elsewhere.

Now and again I mite p'raps drop into a vein of humour, unless by accident I should fall into a sarkasm, wich is a fault I'm rather li'ble to, meself, so I'm told. But the only way to kill out some of the humbug we sees on all hands nowadays is to lash them with the little stinging whip of ridicule, so I thinks; and seein' it don't cost very much per gallon, ridicule shall be poured out regardless of expense jest where it's required.

But there! I'd well nigh forgotten all about the stirrin' events of me life. Let me consider awhile. Oh, yes!—illnesses. They come under the stirrin' events department. I've contracted for measles, whoopin' coff, tick, and scarlatina; also I was once took very bad with the poetick instinct, and 'rote poetry entitled "The old kitchen kettle that sings on the hob," besides lettin' me hair grow long and wearin' a slouch hat and a mackintosh in the height of summer so as to look like Tennyson or Ruddy Kipling. I only recovered from this by the skin of me teeth, as you mite say, being a lawful complaint, a'most as bad as the fiscalitis, and nothink known to relieve it—must run its course, so it seems.

Amongst other stirrin' events of me life wich ought to be mentioned is the most extraordinary thing I ever 'eard tell of, wich 'appened to me 5 years ago come next Saturday. I was walking down the street as quietly as could be, when a friend of mine

came rushing up to me, and (you'll scarcely believe it, altho' it's a fact) that man actually paid me half a sovereign I'd lent him 6 months before! If you can tell me any more astonishin' thing than that that's 'appened to anyone round about here I'll take a back seat. As it was it were upwards of 10 minutes before I come to meself, with the shock, enuff to remember who I was and whether I were on me head or me heels. There was just one more climack, wich is still 'appening to me, and wich is per'aps too incredible to be true. I've carried the same umbereller for upwards of 15 years, and never once lost it, altho' I've 'ad it recovered for me many a time and often! Before that I used to 'ave to reckon a shilling a week all the year round to make up for lost umberellers; and I shouldn't think there's a decent shop in Cheltenham but wot 'ave come into a free umbereller from me at one time or 'nother. But I won't tell no falsehoods about it, not being a George Washington; so it's only fair to remark that there's a neat little plate on the nob of my present umbereller, wich stateth: "Stolen from Daniel Briggs"; and I've real tried to lose that there mechanism now and then, but it always comes back to me, as sure's sure!

Well, now, I considers I've told you all the stirrin' events of a stirrin' life. Wait a minute, tho'. I was a'most forgettin' to mention the stirrin' fact that I possess 1 wife, 1 family (consisting of 3 children, half of wich are boys and half girls), from wich you can gather that I am a married man!

I think that's all that I can remember; but, as I said before, I'm much greater on views than biograffs, so this'll have to do for now.

DANIEL BRIGGS.

[Next week—Mr. Briggs's Prophetic Annual. Forecast and Hieroglyphic for 1904.]

The Sunday Corner.

To do good simply because it is good to do it, and not in the hope of reward, is the evidence of Christian purpose.

Let us be quite sure that we do every day just set ourselves simply to serve God, to live as His children and servants, doing the right thing, crushing down the evil and clinging to the good; it assuredly means growth, a development, a getting further on and higher up, step by step, nearer to the Divine ideal. There are no milestones on the way to heaven by which you can tell how far you have come, or how far you must go. But being in the right road, you do know where it goes to.

The light of heaven is the face of Jesus.

We may overcome depression by duty. It is a blessed thing to have something to do. Some disaster overtakes us, or a great sorrow swoops down on our spirit, and it seems as though life can have nothing in store that is desirable. But life still has its wants, it still has its humble duties; and we take them up, almost mechanically at first, but before long we find that they are medicinal.

The fulness of heaven is Jesus Himself.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only, the iron in God's sand is gold.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The duration of heaven is the eternity of Jesus.

It is given to the clod to climb to the grass, it is given to a rose bough to burst into bloom, it is given to a cloud storm to hold the rainbow; to the night is given a star. But the most wondrous thing in creation is the soul, carried up to beauty of character, made wise by the truth, made pure and sweet by Christ's love, made righteous and holy by God's cleansing grace.

No one can live without being a debtor. No one should live without being a creditor.

Christianity centres, and will centre for ever, in allegiance to a Person. Christians do not worship a Memory; they love and honour and follow a living Leader. The Leader of the Church of Jesus is never absent, never lost; He is always in the midst; and men living who have served their time most unselfishly have done it because they were laying their gifts of obedience at His feet, and it was unto Him. We do not live our lives as we do because Society expects it of us. God forbid! We do not give our money as we do because we should not be much thought of in the world if we did not. God forbid! We do not offer ourselves to the cause because there is fame or wealth to be won thereby. God forbid! Not we do it unto Him. He has sublimated all our charities, and transfigured all our philanthropies.—Rev. C. S. Horne.

A man who is destitute knows how to pray. He needs not any instructor.

It is the struggle, and not the attainment, that measures character and foreshadows destiny. Character is not determined by faults and weakness and periodic phases of life, nor by limitations and accidents of present existence; but by the central purpose, the inmost desire of the heart. If that be turned towards God and his righteousness it must at last bring us thither.



Drawn by W. C. Robson,

Cheltenham.

Thank God for something to do! The depression of an active spirit frequently arises from enforced idleness.

Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth, because love is born of God and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.—A Kempis.

Circumstances may be beyond our control, but it is always within our power to determine how we shall face them. Sudden adversity overcame one man. He fell into a heap, weeping, and has ever since been beseeching other people to come to his help. A neighbour was at the same time visited by like misfortune. He smiled and said, "It is, perhaps, the stirring of the eagle's nest," and went bravely forward to overcome his difficulties. Hardship after hardship visited him in pitiless succession; he never complained to his nearest neighbours, neither relaxed his smile nor abated his Christian activities. Only the look in his eyes deepened, and his tenderness towards men became more marked. Who shall say that that man is not a conqueror of the world, even as his neighbour is one who is being defeated by the world, though adversity is still equally the lot of them both?

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers Him no place.—Ruskin.

We never realise how much we hate interruptions until we hear the voice of conscience.

A beautiful statue once stood in the marketplace of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl. It represented the slave as tidy, well-dressed, and handsome. A ragged, unkempt, forlorn street child, coming across the statue in her play, stopped and gazed at it in admiration. She was entranced and captivated by it. She gazed long and admiringly. Moved by a sudden impulse, she went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Another day she stopped again

before the statue and admired it, and received new inspiration. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended. Each time she looked at the statue she found something in its beauties, until she was a transformed child.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars.

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds that he is doing, when there is not for ever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.

Even an evil may become a good to us when we make the best thereof.

The power of love to transform life is described as follows by the Rev. R. J. Campbell: "No one doubts Peter's love for Christ; Christ never did. He loved his Master, and the very fact that he could love changed him. We are like him. You are very poor if no great love has ever come into your life. You are the better if you have ever given yourself in love to anyone. What difference has it made to you? You are wiser, kinder, nobler, sweeter. It is a great thing to have loved. The experience is built into your soul. God supplied you with a key to the meaning of life when He made you capable of loving somebody. Never wish the experience undone; it has helped to make you. Think of anyone who is incapable of such an affection. How much of life such natures miss! They remain in the lower stories; there is a vast landscape hidden from them. They are able to mount higher just in proportion as they are able to give themselves an ideal."

In one of those large shops which include a dozen different businesses under one roof a new department for the sale of music and musical instruments was recently started. A prominent attraction was a "line" of violins at unusually low prices. A customer was struck by them, and, after inspecting them closely, turned to the assistant and inquired of him: "What sort of people buy these instruments? Musicians, or who?" The assistant expressed his profound contempt in every line of his face. "Musicians!" he exclaimed. "Good gracious, no! Just plain fiddlers."

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

BROKEN SPOKES.

Owing to the great strain on the wheels of a motor-cycle, and especially the driving wheel, it sometimes happens that a spoke breaks and the wheel is pulled out of truth. To continue riding the machine when in this condition will ruin the wheel. It may be made rideable by bending the broken spoke into a loop from the rim. Some fine cord should then be tied round the hub, and passed between two spokes on the opposite side of the wheel, the ends being brought up on each side of the hub centre, outside the flange carrying the spokes. They should then be tied as tightly as possible to the broken spoke, and a short piece of stick passed between them. Turn this round. The cords will be twisted and a good tension obtained. When tight enough the ends of the stick should be placed behind the spokes on each side of the broken one, and firmly tied to them. The above, of course, is only a temporary makeshift, and the wheel should visit a competent repairer at the first opportunity.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

I take this opportunity of wishing fellow motorists "A Happy New Year," with the sincere wish that the season 1904 may be favourable as regards the weather, so that we may be able to enjoy our grand pastime on dry roads and under favourable skies. May the New Year be free from breakdowns, punctures, and other worries which sometimes afflict the motorist, however expert he may be.

THE MOTOR IN JAPAN.

Now that public interest is centred round "The Land of the Chrysanthemum," it is interesting to observe as a proof of the rapid advance in civilisation of the Japanese that more than twenty automobiles are in constant use, and the demand is constantly increasing. The heavy duty of 25 per cent. on all motor vehicles has acted as a bar to their introduction. The roads, unfortunately, are anything but good. Japan, however, is so progressive that doubtless the roads will soon be greatly improved.

ENTERPRISING FIRMS.

Although comparatively very little time has elapsed since the regulations of the Local Government Board in regard to motors under the new Act were known, it is astonishing the number of firms who are already in a position to supply numbers, lamps, etc., specially designed to meet the requirements under the new regulations. Some of the devices are extremely ingenious.

NUMBER PLATES ON MOTOR-CYCLES.

Several of the leading daily newspapers in the country have been publishing some very misleading statements regarding the number plates to be carried on motor-cycles. The "Daily Mail" states that, providing the front plate has the registration number marked on both sides, a rear number need not be carried. This is utterly wrong. No matter where the front number is carried a rear number plate *must* be carried. It is very difficult to discover the best place to fix the rear number on a motor-bicycle. My own is fixed at the rear of the saddle, but I have found out that it is frequently covered up by my coat. The plate can be fixed on the rear mudguard, but in this position it will require frequent cleaning from splashes of mud thrown up by the rear wheel. The most practical method of fixing the front plate for illuminating it at night, as required by the regulations, appears to be by using the ordinary headlight, with special fittings to carry the number in a vertical position against the lens of the lamp. The number will be marked on both sides of the plate, and the lamp will illuminate both sides equally.

ENLARGING ON BROMIDE PAPER.

Users of bromide paper would do well to act upon the advice of the manufacturers. They advise that the paper should before using be soaked in clean cold water for at least a minute, and that then the water should be poured off and the developer ap-



BILL: What's smatter with thee, Jim?

JIM: Oh, dear! I b'lieve I be a-dyin'. I feels awful bad.

BILL: Thee'st got some'ut on thee stomach. What's had fer dinner?

JIM: I jest had me some meat which was killed in a private slaughter-'ouse, and I 'ear as the medical ossifer sez as 'ow yer can't never tell that it's diseased or no.

[It was impossible to inspect all meat killed in the private slaughter-houses, and the seizures of diseased meat were practically limited to the public abattoir.—Medical Officer's report, vide "Echo," Jan. 1, 1904.]

plied. It is a very curious fact that while this is so important to ensure even working of the developer and freedom from airbells, it is only the case with bromide paper, and that with plates precisely the opposite holds good. With the latter the developer should be poured upon the unwetted surface of the plate, a preliminary soaking in water being very prone to cause airbells.

A TIP ON FIXING PRINTS.

When fixing prints in the hypo bath never allow them to float on the surface. If they do this, markings will probably result from

the combined action of the hypo and air. An easy method of keeping the prints below the surface of the solution is as follows:—Put the print face downwards in the dish, and on the top place a small ebony dish partly filled with water. This small dish will just cause the prints to stay underneath the surface.

Two sparrows' nests containing newly-laid eggs have just been found in the garden of the rectory at Pulham St. Mary, in Norfolk.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 159.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1904

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
"Still Waters Run Deep."

NEXT WEEK (First Time in Cheltenham)—
"BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR,"
By Mr. Charles Frohman's Co.

Times and Prices as usual.

Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE NEXT
TERM WILL BEGIN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

Eton House, Wellington St., Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten. Thorough Education at Moderate Fees.

The next term begins on Tuesday, January 19. Principal
at home on the 18th.

A few boarders received. Prospectus on application.

A paragon advertises:—"Young man, with immense ability, immense ambition, immense versatility, immense tact in correspondence, immense experience in book work, immense originality in advertising, immense ability and experience in selling, desires to make a change and to secure a position wherein to display the afore-mentioned immensities; but he requires a proportionately immense remuneration for his services.—Any enterprising firm in town or country having such a position to offer should write Wake up England."

There is a rumour in Berlin, which has found expression in a highly sensational form in New York, that an estrangement has taken place between the Kaiser and his eldest son owing to an infatuation for an American musical comedy actress, and that the Crown Prince has declared his intention of resigning his right to the throne rather than not be allowed to marry her. The truth of this story may well be doubted. There have been Princes—one of them a member of the present Royal Family of Sweden—who have made personal sacrifices of this kind for the sake of the women they loved; but the Hohenzollerns are not of that kind. The German Crown Prince is a very proper, sensible young man (says the "Daily Chronicle"), and hitherto he has been as little touched by the tongue of scandal as was his father before him.



FRANK M. STOUT,

Captain of the English Rugby Football Team which drew with Wales at Leicester, on Saturday, January 9, 1904; each side scoring 14 points. Mr. Stout is a native of Gloucester, and formerly played for the city club, whilst he is now acting as captain of the Richmond (Surrey) club. He comes of a "sporting" family, his late father being a crack oarsman of the London Rowing Club, whilst several of his brothers, notably Percy, who has gained international honours, are also expert football players.
Photograph by Mr. Paul Coe, of Gloucester.

Extravagant expenditure by public bodies (says the "Local Government Journal") militates against the welfare of the poor in a much greater degree than we imagine. . . . The more we increase the number of municipal dwellings the more we shall realise how hard the burden of increasing rates bears upon the poor, and how needful it is for public bodies to realise that they are spending the money of the poor.

It has long been known that the Czar of Russia possessed a musical gift, and his Majesty has recently essayed his power as a composer of music to his own verses. In these verses the predominant note is one of religion. They extol the glories of the Orthodox Church and its saints, and exalt the virtue of Christian self-sacrifice and renunciation of worldly goods and prosperity. Literary and musical judges speak well of both verses and music. The compositions are dedicated to the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich.



Corpl. GEORGE MILLER,

A Company (Gloucester Dock) 2nd Vol. Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment, died January 4th, aged 43 years. Taken in a group with his dog that drilled with the company.



It is one of the curses of the industrious man that he cannot be properly idle. This arises either from inborn incompetence or want of practice. The possibilities of idleness as an art are still insufficiently appreciated.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that he never received a knock-down till, espying a labourer walking along with the old familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him, and pointed out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, and earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle, and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said, "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public-house and spent the sixpence in beer. The liquor he had thrown away was cold tea.

MACEDONIA.

THE REPOSIBILITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By HUGH LAW, M.P.

A great change has passed over English thought and feeling with regard to the Near Eastern Question within the past twenty-five years. It seems now almost incomprehensible that popular clamour should have raged violently against all the Prince Consort not excepted, who were even suspected of a desire to avoid the Crimean War; or that twenty-five years later, notwithstanding the Bulgarian atrocities, a large part of the nation should have enthusiastically supported Lord Beaconsfield in threatening Russia with war failing her abandonment of the greater part of the fruits of her dearly-bought victories.

Few voices are now raised in outspoken advocacy of Turkish rule; and the atrocious maxim that English interests require the strengthening of the Turkish Empire at whatever cost to its subject Christian populations is now seldom heard, at any rate from official lips.

There has, however, succeeded a very general feeling of indifference towards the whole subject. "What are the Macedonians to us, or we to the Macedonians?" seems now to express the attitude of the majority alike of politicians and people. Had this attitude been consistently maintained in the past it might have been no great matter. Twice over, within a space of twenty-five years, the Christian subjects of the Porte would have been freed had England merely remained neutral; and nothing we can say can now obliterate the fact that if Hilmi Pasha and his troops, if the whole monstrous brood of tax-farmers and zapties and Bashibazouks who made Turkish rule everywhere stink in the nostrils of the world, are in Macedonia to-day, it is primarily to England that that result is due. In 1854 the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, and the evident superiority of the Russian armies, menaced the Turkish Empire with extinction.

"Let us never forget," wrote the late Duke of Argyll, last survivor of the Cabinet which waged the Crimean War, "that it was we—the British Government and people—who rescued Turkey from this immediate danger and this otherwise inevitable fate." "The Treaty of Paris," he continues, "which terminated the war of 1856, was a concentrated expression of the whole policy on which that war had been undertaken. It made us foremost as a nation in a joint responsibility—by irrevocable deeds and by definite transactions—for the very existence of the Turkish Government as a Power even pretending to independence." Nor were these transactions entered into under misapprehensions as to the nature of the Government which was thus given a new lease of life and power over the Christians of the East.

General Sir Fenwick Williams, that gallant soldier whose wonderful defence of Kars rolled back the tide of Russian conquest in Asiatic Turkey, in the course of his despatches, which were laid before the Cabinet, denounced the whole machinery of Turkish government as "an engine of tyranny perhaps unequalled in the world," described the Turkish police as men the "infamy of whose life and character no language can portray," and described himself as "convinced that the Allies who have fought and bled to keep the Russians out of these fertile countries could not allow this triumph to be a barren one to the unhappy and oppressed Christian, nor to his fellow-subject, the Mohammedan cultivator." Unhappily the Allies, with England at their head, did allow their victories to be barren in this respect. Reforms were indeed mooted, and set out in the Treaty of Paris with all the flourishes of the diplomatic draughtsman; but the execution of them was left to the Turks. The inevitable result followed. Turkish government proceeded along its accustomed paths, the Powers made

the usual diplomatic protests whenever from time to time something more than usually scandalous occurred, and the subjects of the Porte suffered all manner of oppression and outrage as before.

The respite of twenty years which the blood of French and English soldiers won for Turkey was absolutely barren of reform. At last more than usually atrocious abominations in Bosnia precipitated the Russo-Turkish War of 1878. The Turks were utterly beaten, and the Treaty of San Stefano was dictated under the very walls of Constantinople. Again the Turkish Empire lay in ruins, and again England set herself to rebuild it. She did not, it is true, declare war once more in its defence, but her Ministry threatened hostilities against Russia, and the majority of the nation were undoubtedly at their backs. The well-known lines, which have enriched the language with a new word:

We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,

We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too, and which are part of a popular music-hall song of that time, expressed the feeling of the man in the street.

Russia, after the immense expenditure in blood and treasure which the campaign just concluded had cost her, was in no condition to face a new Crimean War. British diplomacy triumphed, and the Treaty of San Stefano was submitted to the consideration of the Congress of Berlin. Into that Congress the British representatives went, as is now well known, bound hand and foot to Turkey by secret agreements. Not, indeed, that the policy of England was ever in doubt. Just as Lord Palmerston a quarter of a century before had said, "We support Turkey for our own sake and for our own interests," so now Lord Beaconsfield roundly declared, amidst the enthusiastic applause of Englishmen, that "everyone ought to have known that it was the policy of England to strengthen Turkey as much as possible."

It is true that the Treaty of Berlin, substituted by the Congress for the Treaty of San Stefano, is a very different document from the earlier Treaty of Paris. The Turkish Empire in Europe was not restored in its integrity, for a new free principality was permitted to be established in Bulgaria, whilst in Eastern Roumelia the direct rule of the Sultan ceased. But what British diplomacy could do to rehabilitate Turkey it did, and the results were considered sufficient to secure the British envoys a magnificent reception on their return to England. It is quite beside the point to inquire whether the policy pursued by English statesmen in 1854 and in 1878 was justifiable or not. It does not matter in the very least what view we take as to this. But it must be abundantly clear that these transactions and the policy upon which they were founded did inevitably create an immense national responsibility for the welfare of subject populations living in all and every part of the dominions of the empire which was thus twice over saved and set up again by British intervention.

But one particular feature of the Treaty of Berlin requires special notice. The Congress restored to Turkey the larger part of those very provinces of Macedonia which have been the scene of recent disturbances and massacres, and which had won their independence, and would, by the Treaty of San Stefano, have formed part of a greater Bulgaria.

Surely this is a fact of tremendous importance! But for the Congress, in which England took the leading part, there would not to-day be a single Turkish soldier in those, the most considerable, portions of Macedonia. The murders, the torturings, the rapes which are ordinary incidents of Turkish rule over subject populations—these horrors (and not those only committed since the insurrection, but those also which, since 1878, have been preparing the way for insurrection)—these lie at our door!

We cannot evade responsibility for our past deeds. For twenty-five years the people of Macedonia have suffered for our action at Berlin, as for the twenty-five years before



MISS EDITH LAVINGTON.

A promising Gloucestershire vocalist, who gave her first concert in Cheltenham on April 16 last, but who contracted enteric fever in a Manchester theatre while on tour with a leading opera company, and died on January 7th. She was buried two days later in the churchyard at Didbrook, near Winchcombe, her native village. She was only 22 years of age.

they had suffered for our action in the Crimea. If ever one people owed a debt of honour to another, the people of England owe it to the people of Macedonia.

At the present moment an opportunity seems, in God's providence, to be extended to England to retrieve the blunders of the past with regard to these unhappy people. Surely she will recognise her responsibilities towards them, and will not be satisfied with paper reforms, the execution of which is committed to the Turk in the comfortable certainty that they never will, and never can, be carried out by him. All the Macedonian peasant asks is the elements of a tolerable government, security for life and property, and the honour of his womenkind. Surely that, at least, we owe him whom we have so long treated as a pawn in the game of international interests.

Over and above the national responsibility there are, of course, those proper to us all individually. In both respects our honour is surely engaged to protect fellow-Christians who to-day, as for generation after generation, suffer persecution for the faith, whose churches are defiled, and whose children are forcibly converted to Islam. Nor can we individually feel without responsibility towards men and women and little ones who are now suffering the very extremes of cold and hunger and nakedness, as they huddle together in the hills, or under poor roofs of hasty thatch among the blackened walls of their homes—people, too, with whom we are united by the triple cord of humanity, national obligation, and common faith.

Taxing lawyers' bills sometimes proves unprofitable to those who resort to the operation in the spirit of economy. The Hammersmith Borough Council have had experience of that kind recently. They submitted the accounts of lawyers who opposed Bills for them last session to the taxing officer of the House of Commons, who deducted £1 from one of them and £7 6s. 6d. from another, and charged £18 19s. 6d. as his fee for doing it.

THE SUNDAY CORNER.

It requires a well-kept life to do the will of God, and even a better-kept life to will to do His will, said Henry Drummond. To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do, and must only be willing to wait; and it is easier far to be doing God's will than to be willing to have nothing to do—it is easier far to be working for Christ than it is to be willing to cease. No, there is nothing rarer in the world to-day than the truly willing soul, and there is nothing more worth coveting than the will to will God's will. There is no grander possession for any Christian life than the transparently simple mechanism of a sincerely obeying heart.

When our hearts are full of Christ a very little of this world is enough.

Our hunger and thirst after righteousness are from heaven, not of the earth: both "cease from us" as soon as the dew from on high ceases to still the one, and the bread of our spiritual life to satisfy the other.

Love for God never begins until we begin to trust Him.

"It's all in a day's work!" exclaimed a tramcar driver one day not long since when, after having gallantly rescued a timid old lady who was crossing the road from imminent peril of being run over, he was modestly deprecating the compliments which bystanders were bestowing upon him for his personal bravery. "My hands are engaged," he said to passengers who wanted to shake hands with him. "It's all in a day's work!" "It's all in a day's work!" That is the right spirit in which to approach the duties of life. Take the tasks that God sends you gladly, and perform them faithfully. The day's toil may be wearying in its relentless round, but the evening with its soothing shadows will presently bring rest.

Religion is goodness. To love God and to love man is Christianity; all else is only husk and shell.

It is a noble thing to seek God in the days of gladness, to look up to Him in trustful bliss when the sun is shining. But if a man be miserably if the storm is coming down on him, what is he to do? There is nothing mean in seeking God then, though it would have been nobler to seek Him before.

Christ's Cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour.

Though we have a sure and certain hope of progress for the race, still, as far as man is individually concerned, with advancing years we gradually care less and less for many things which gave us the greatest pleasure in youth (wrote Lord Avebury). If our strength become less, we feel also the less necessity for exertion. Hope is gradually replaced by memory; and whether this adds to our happiness or not depends on what our life has been. For us with the close of the day, so with that of life; there may be clouds, and yet if the horizon is clear the evening may be beautiful.

The man who lives to God cannot live too long or die too soon.

Nothing else gives such deep and inmost satisfaction as the consciousness of striving earnestly day by day to conform one's life more and more to the principles that are everlasting, that are embodied in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Day by day we receive unnumbered blessings; but what is given in the majority of cases in return?

To-morrow is hid from us. Now alone is seen, and now is enough. The grace that guides us safely in and through the little



[At a meeting of the local companies of the 2nd V.B.G.R. (Cheltenham Rifles) at their headquarters on December 3rd it was announced that the annual camp in 1904 would take place at Minehead, and that recruits were wanted.]
SEEDY No. 1: O! shouldn't moind joinin', but I shouldn't loike to camp at the seaside!
SEEDY No. 2: W'y not?
SEEDY No. 1: Well, they moight 'spect you to 'ave a bath; you never know!

present will shed the same light upon the distant future, when we reach it, and even to our journey's end. Life is made up of moments, and a journey composed of steps; and the love that directs us how to place our feet aright on a single spot will not fail us till the journey is over, the home reached, and the traveller at rest.

When God tells us to give, it is not to lose our riches, but that we may put them in a safer place.

A number of men on one occasion were talking about the burdens of duty, when one of them declared that they were sometimes too heavy to be borne. "Not," said another, "if you carry only your own burden, and don't try to take God's work out of His hands. Last year I crossed the Atlantic with one of the most skilful and faithful captains of the great liners. We had a terrific storm, during which for thirty-eight hours he remained on the bridge, striving to save his passengers. When the danger was over I said to him, "It must be a terrible thought at such a time that you are responsible for the lives of over a thousand human beings." "No," he said, solemnly, "I am not responsible for the life of one man on this ship. My responsibility is to run the ship with all the skill and faithfulness possible to any man. God Himself is responsible for all the rest."

Kindness is the music of goodwill to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

There is a new science coming to its birth, the scientific study of the nature and the value of religious experience, said Archdeacon Wilson, in the "Contemporary Review." What is to be the attitude of religious men towards this new science? A saying of Agassiz is the best indication what that attitude ought not to be. He said that the reception of scientific discoveries generally passed through three stages—first, men said, "It is not true"; next, "It is contrary to religion"; and then, "Everybody knew it before." It may be hoped that the effect of scientific training on us all will prevent our receiving this new science in this old spirit. We may be sure that so far as our faith is in correspondence with truth and reality, it may be able to absorb all new truth which may be laid open to us; and it cannot be in the interest of the truth to avoid examination, nor in the interests of light to prefer darkness. No scientific training and no scientific results can ever obscure our main conviction of the need of righteousness, and of the supremacy of the moral law; and if scientific training tends to enthrone this law as supreme in our lives, we may welcome it as a great educator of the mind of man for the reception of religious truth.



Photo by H. E. Durham, Cheltenham.
FIRST WATERFALL ON THE THAMES.
 Situate in grounds at Seven Springs at end of first lake, about a hundred yards from reputed source of river.

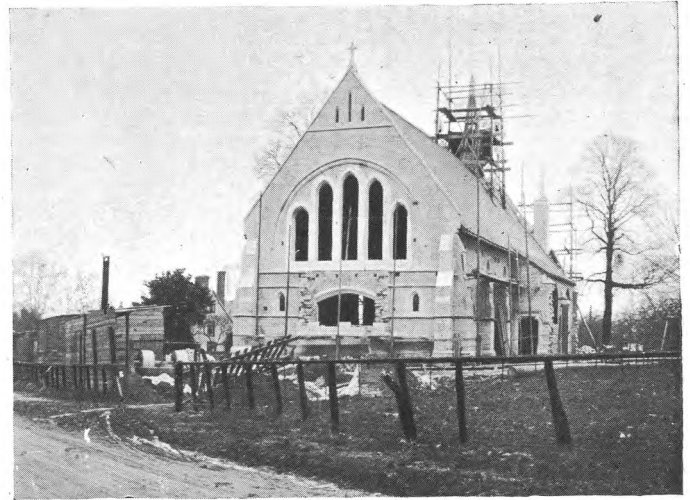


Photo by F. T. Merrett, Churchdown.
CHURCHDOWN'S NEW CHURCH.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The promotion of Lieut. W. H. V. Darell to a captaincy in the Coldstream Guards, as notified in Friday's "Gazette," reminds me, among other things, that his father, Sir Lionel Darell, has dedicated his three sons to the service of their Sovereign and country, and that there is no other baronet in this county who has proved so good a recruiting officer in his family for the Army. Sir William Marling certainly has three sons who hold his Majesty's commission, but one only of them is in the Army, the two others being in the Reserve Forces; while a fourth son is in the diplomatic service. Captain Darell, who is one of the tallest and smartest-looking of our officers, entered the Coldstreams as second-lieutenant on September 8th, 1897, and got his next step on January 18th, 1899. He served all through the Boer War, and happily came through it unscathed, although he was in no fewer than thirteen actions, from Belmont to Koomati Poort; and was signalling officer to the mobile columns after July, 1901. And when the war was over he returned, in August, 1902, to his home at Fretherne Court, and had a right hearty public welcome. Captain Darell's younger brother, Guy Marsland, also belongs to the Coldstreams, to which he was gazetted as second-lieutenant on January 18th, 1902. And it is only recently that his eldest brother, Captain L. E. H. M. Darell, of the 1st Life Guards, was appointed adjutant of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry, a regiment in which his father and uncle (Mr. Edward Darell) were both officers in the days of yore at Cheltenham.

The announcement by Mr. Russell Kerr of his intended resignation as chairman of Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions at Easter, on the ground that he could not expect to live much longer, will be received with unfeigned regret by a much larger circle than the magistracy; and I, in common with many others, hope that a return to better health may be vouchsafed to him and induce and

justify him in retaining the position, but shorn of the exacting duty of presiding in the First Court for the trial of appeals and prisoners. Why not revert to the arrangement of offices that existed when Sir John Dorington was County Chairman, Mr. C. Sumner chairman of the First Court, and Mr. Kerr chairman of the Second Court? An arrangement with Mr. Kerr or Sir John Dorington as County Chairman would enable Mr. F. Adams Hyett to be moved up to the First Court, and Mr. Erskine Pollock, K.C., or such other legal and competent magistrate as might be willing to take the position, to be appointed to preside in the Second Court. At all events, there is not much likelihood of a repetition of the exciting contest—the only one within living memory—for the County Chairmanship that resulted in Mr. S. S. Dickinson, the unseated M.P. for Stroud, being elected to it by a bare majority of one vote. That election took place at the Midsummer Sessions, 1874, a vacancy in the office having occurred by the death of Mr. Curtis Hayward. The Lord Lieutenant proposed and Lord Sherborne seconded Mr. Dickinson. Mr. Reginald Yorke, M.P., was proposed by the Rev. the Hon. G. C. C. Talbot, in the absence through illness of the Duke of Beaufort, and Sir James Campbell seconded him. The votes were 60 for Dickinson and 59 for Yorke, so that had his late Grace been able to have been present as he had intended there would have been a tie between the two candidates.

The fact of the new draft order of the proposed Witney and Andoversford Light Railway having been laid before the recent meeting of the Northleach Rural District Council, which appointed a committee to safeguard the public convenience in the way of bridges and level crossings, is a certain indication that the promoters are moving in the amended scheme, and also confirms my previously-expressed opinion that they are waiting till next May in order to give the notices of their application to the Light Railway Commissioners. There are other indications that certain remote districts on the Cotswolds are to be connected with existing railways

by means of a fast service of motor-cars. The experiment of the M. and S.W.J.R. in this line from Cirencester to Fairford and Lechlade will be watched with interest in view of the probabilities in many other directions in the county. I should have thought that the G.W.R. Co. would have themselves "coupled" up Cirencester with Fairford by motor-car.
 GLEANER.

The dance which promises to take the place of the "vulgar romps and grotesque gyrations" is said to be the new veil dance. This dance, says the "World," gives the dancer the opportunity to be both graceful and gay, and to indicate her mood or character, "since she can either display therein dignity and stateliness or a spirit of mischief and coquetry." The veil can, it is added, be made dangerously fascinating for unwary bachelors.

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THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photos by E. W. Lifton,

Gloucester.

✧ FROM COTTAGE TO CASTLE. ✧

The cottage on the Barnwood road at Gloucester in which Mary Cole (afterwards Countess of Berkeley) was born is being demolished.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

BRITISH ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR GORDON-BENNETT CUP.

The entries for the English competitors for the eliminating trials closed on the 31st of December. Fourteen cars have been entered. The trials will be under the direction of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my readers may not be aware of the reason for holding the trials. They are for the purpose of ascertaining the three most suitable cars to represent the country in the International automobile race to be held in Germany. The cars entered are five Napiers, three Huttons (the engines of which, by the way, are said to develop 150 h.p. at 1,200 revolutions a minute), three Wolseleys and three Darracqs. The trials will be held during the latter part of April. The cars have to be in the hands of the club by April 16th.

PLAYED OUT.

The number of riders of motor-cycles who have possessed machines without taking out the Inland Revenue license would probably come as a shock to the revenue officers. But all that is over now that the revenue officials have the right to look through the County Councils' registration lists. Every owner of a motor-cycle, etc., would be well advised to take out the necessary license without further delay.

PROTECTION FROM MUD.

Now that the days on which we are blessed with fine weather and good roads are exceedingly few and far between, it is a good plan to fit a broad leather flap to the front mudguard. I have recently had two fitted to the mudguards on my forecarriage, and

they have proved an effective preventative of "mud-slinging." Without the flaps the driver on muddy roads becomes splashed with mud and water. Especially is a leather mud-flap desirable in the case of a motor-bicycle fitted with an engine in a low inclined position.

THREE ESSENTIALS FOR SUCCESSFUL RUNNING.

A well-charged accumulator, first-class coil, wiring, and plug, and a well-designed engine. Novices should be careful re the latter point. A large number of engines advertised for sale are mainly experimental. Engines such as Minervas, De Dions, or Asters enjoy a world-wide reputation, and can be trusted to give satisfaction.

A CONCESSION.

The Inland Revenue are making what is certainly a sensible concession to car owners and others who hire out carriages. In future, carriage hirers are to pay duty only on the greatest number of vehicles which they have let out on hire at any one time during the year, provided that they will permit the statement to be verified, if desired, by allowing the Board's officers to inspect their books. As, of course, every hirer out of carriages usually has a certain number of reserved vehicles, and as it may rarely happen that his whole stock is out at once, this arrangement will be of distinct advantage to the trade.

THE A.C.G.B.I. AND PROVINCIAL CLUBS.

Following the conference of provincial clubs which was held at London under the auspices of the Reading A.C., the A.C.G.B.I. have invited the provincial automobile clubs to send delegates to a conference to be held in February for the purpose of discussing and deciding on the terms of affiliation to the parent club. At a recent general meeting of the Cheltenham and Gloucestershire Auto-

mobile Club, Mr. A. Arthur Dale was unanimously elected to represent the club at the conference. I should like to remind motor-cyclists in the neighbourhood who are not already members that they can join now for the 1904 season at the reduced subscription of half-a-guinea. There are many advantages to be obtained by membership of the club. Probably a club-room will be obtained this year with suitable garage arrangements for members' motors. Great help is afforded to novices, particularly by meeting other motorists and discussing the many interesting points connected with the sport. More information can be obtained in ten minutes' conversation with an expert motorist than hours spent in perusing motor papers.

FOCUSSEING ENLARGEMENTS.

When enlarging is being done with an optical lantern the sharpness of the image which will appear on the bromide paper can only be examined on the projected image. It is a very good plan to cut an opening in the centre of the board upon which the bromide paper is to be attached. A piece of clear glass should be fixed in this opening, so that the front surface comes level with the surface of the bromide paper to be used. The image can be examined through the glass by means of a focussing eyepiece.

In a letter to the Press, Mr. Edmund Gosse explains matters to our French friends who have been scandalised by our supposed indifference to the fame of Herbert Spencer. The charge is almost universal in the Parisian Press. The "Débats" says that if Spencer had been "un jockey heureux, un cricketer, ou un footballeur distingué" his death would have excited ten times more notice than it did.

MR. BRIGGS' LETTERS.

MR. BRIGGS' OWN PROPHETIC CALENDAR AND HIEROGLYPHIC FOR 1904.

At one time the prophetic bizness used to be rather a good thing, and showed as good profits as a brewery or a tinned-meat factory, but of late years the supply is more than the demand, so it seems, and we have about 6 or 8 prophetic messengers or guides to the stars, or prognostications of the dim and distant future, each of wich professes to 'ave a spesshul wire laid on to the stars, where everythink that we are going to eat for dinner or talk about for the next 12 months is laid up in sections, so to say, and can be obtained free gratis for nothink by buying Zadkiel, or Old Moore, or Raffle, or somethink, bein' all members of the Prophetic Instoot, at from one penny to sixpence, according to the quality of the prognostics.

Altho' the prognostics as a bizness isn't so good as it used to was, still there's money in it yet, so I'm told, and to those that 'ave sons and daughters a-growin' hup, and wants to find a genteel, moral, and 'igh-class occypation for 'em, my advice is—put them to the prophetic bizness; it's as profitable as anythink goin', and so long as you don't prophesy things you can't fulfilment to, it's as safe as Raffles, or puttin' money on 'orses, and a lot more respectable.

F'rinstance, it's gone out of fashion altogether to prognosticate the end of the world; I s'pose that's chiefly becous there's a tidy few things, such as Fischal Reform and Compensation to Publicans to be got in before closin'-up time, and even the "Christian 'Erald" as gave us an extension of time to permit of this. 'Tall events, there's still the weather left to prognosticate about; and that can be managed as easy's easy by jest buying a eighteen-penny planchette and askin' it to oblige with details of the weather for the next 12 months! A very obliging thing is they planchettes; only you must be careful to treat 'em in a gentlemanly fashion, wich I knew one as would only write in French for a week becous of 'aving been put away in a drawer with some old dusters instead of in the cheffoneer, where 'twas usually kept; very 'iky things they are, that I will say, if you puts 'em out a bit!

'Owever, to cut a long matter short, I've been out and 'ad a good look at the stars and the moon from the point of advantage of the top of the coal-house in the back garding, and I 'erewith places before you my very 1st attempts at the prognostics. I hope you'll like them; they're as truthful as—all the others you buy; and perhaps truthfuller. As to their being reliable to go upon—well, the warnings are reliable, and I can give a written testimonial from Lord Roseberry and Mr. Winstone Churchill that the prophecy for the last day of each month is strictly according to facts; but if you was to ask me, if, say, it was goin' to snow at Midsummer, I should say it was highly probable; if a young party was to ask me if she should allow herself to 'ave the question popped to her on the 1st of April, I should say, I think, "I should, or I shouldn't, jest as you think proper—yes or no, as the case may be," wich is wot is called a guarded remark, and is to be found largely in letters wroten from "Dear Chamberlain" to "Dear Devonshire," and backwards, being the political way of wrappin' up a thing so that you can't tell whether it's meant to be a hinsult or lovin' sympathy.

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS,

Prophetic Messenger.

Predicaments for Anno Dominoes, 1904.

BRIGGS' ANNUAL ADDRESS

(Wisdom 'Cheap!!!)

Each succeeding year seems to pass swifter. Only 12 months ago I was a year younger, and now I am a year older!!!! Verily, as one gets older we get farther and farther from our birthday!!!!

Very roughly speaking, nearly 2,000 are born every hour and 1,800 die every hour; and, as the inhabitants of the world increase, so will their number get larger!!! And the day will come when the population will no longer be able to cling on. As this will not be for another 2,347 years 3 weeks and 2 days, there is time to think it over; but there is no doubt



Drawn by W. C. Robson, A TUG OF WAR. Cheltenham. A ratepayer's thoughts after reading account of Council meeting in the "Gloucestershire Echo" of January 4, 1904.

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 157th competition is Mr. Edgar W. Liffon, of "Fairmount," Barnwood-road, Gloucester.

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

The winner of the 68th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 50th competition is Miss Maud M. Lyne, "Ryecote," St. Luke's, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Middleton at St. Luke's Church, Cheltenham.

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.

A clergyman of the Church of England was addressing a company of more or less unfortunate men in a shelter. He told them that the public-house was not in itself to blame, but that they—the people who resorted thither—ought to know how to use the tavern wisely. The curate was accosted, at the conclusion of his address, by a tramp, who bluntly explained, "All that you tell us is a lie." The cleric, who was young, resented this language, and asked who his critic considered himself to be. "I am a clergyman of the Church of England," replied the tramp, "who, one year ago, was placed in charge of a model public-house. My duties made me what you find me."—"Daily News."

A correspondent sends the following appalling fiscal problem:—In the United States a Mexican dollar has an exchange value of only 90 cents. In Mexico a United States dollar has the same value. On the frontier of the United States, where Texas joins Mexico, are two drinking saloons—one on each side of the frontier. A man buys a ten-cent drink of whisky at the American saloon, and pays with an American dollar. He receives in change a Mexican dollar. Therewithal he goes to the Mexican saloon and buys a drink of whisky, receiving an American dollar in change. It is evident that the limit to his purchasing power is merely the length of time he can continue on his feet. He wakes eventually with a bad headache and the original American dollar with which he started. The puzzling question is—who paid for the whisky?

that Fiscal Reform will put this small matter right!!!

N.B.—If you want to live to see the above, take Bones's Rackache Pills; price 1s. 1½d. per box; honestly worth 1s.!!!

JANUARY.—In this month there will probably be 31 days. N.B.—The 31 days include 31 nights.

January 1.—About this date great attention may be expected from tradesmen—re accounts.

January 7.—Little Jim born.

January 28.—This is a very fortunate and favourable day on which to be born. Those interested please note.

January 31.—“Your food will cost you more.”
—Signed, Rosebery, W. Churchill. “Nonsense.”—Signed, H. M. J. C.

FEBRUARY.—The weather in this month will be stormy occasionally; sometimes fair, but often unfair in the extreme, including snow, hail, sleet, and other missiles.

February 1.—Beware of gas bills, Council meetings, the Education Act, mad dogs, and the measles.

February 16.—Shrove Tuesday—Beware of indigestion, liver complaint, pancakes, and other eatables. N.B.—For pancakes as light as a feather, use Daisleigh Flour. Used by the Government to inflate war balloons and raise the wind. Saturn and the new moon being in conjunction with Venus this month, Shrove Sunday falls on St. Valentine's Day. Pancakes will therefore be accepted for transmission by ha'penny post as Valentines, if not written upon.

February 29.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

MARCH.—As everything in this month is “Lent,” it is advisable to be careful to make an accurate “return” to the income tax assessor.

March 10.—Court, marry, buy, speculate, and keep very quiet before 12 a.m.

March 17.—Eclipse of the sun; invisible at Charlton Kings.

March 31.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

APRIL.—It will be noticed that Good Friday falls on April 1 this year, through Scorpio being in difficulties with Thanus. This is only another sign of the shameful way in which Church festivals are being treated by the planets since the Education Act came into force.

April 1.—Good Friday.—All Fools' Day. Beware of tricks and improbabilities; also of hot cross buns.

April 4.—Extension of tramline postponed to July 7.

April 6.—Beware of crossing the street, motor-cars, and other speculations.

April 10.—An electric tram arrives punctually at foot of Cleeve Hill. Serious indisposition of Mr. A. H. Smith.

April 30.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

MAY 1.—The first of May.—Sweepers' holiday. Beware of smoky chimneys and influenza.

May 3.—Rooks arrive in Promenade. Caws unknown.

May 31.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

JUNE 1.—1 invalid arrives to drink the Cheltenham waters.

June 3.—Sudden death of the invalid.

June 5.—A fish caught at Pittville. Escape of ditto.

June 30.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

JULY 7.—Extension of tramline postponed to August 14.

July 15.—Snow, rain, hail, and sea fair.

July 23.—Duke of Devonshire born, 1833. Great annoyance of Mr. Chamberlain.

July 31.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

AUGUST 1.—Bank Holiday. Beware of long railway journeys, sandwiches, infants in arms, oranges, cold tea, and sea bathing.

August 14.—Extension of tramline postponed to Nov. 14.

August 31.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Eclipse of the sun. Invisible at Prestbury. Special trains from all parts. Steam-roundabouts and all the fun of the fair, concluding with a special service at the church.

September 22.—Sultan of Turkey born, 1845. Bad for Armenians, Macedonians, and others.

September 30.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

OCTOBER 1.—Pheasant shooting commences. Beware of bad shots and keep behind the guns.

October 14.—Be very careful.

October 16.—Ditto, only more so.

October 31.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

NOVEMBER 1.—All Saints' Day.—Beware of candidates and their ways; also motor-cars, and avoid polling stations.

November 2.—Mr. Bradfield elected to Town Council—1,243 majority.

November 9.—Mr. Bradfield elected Mayor. Termination of the Passive Resistance Movement.

November 10.—Strike of the Town Council en bloc.

November 11.—The stars are so mixed here I cannot see the solution.

November 14.—Extension of tramline postponed to 1905.

November 30.—“Your food will,” etc., as before.

DECEMBER 23.—Publication of borough accounts up to June, 1902.

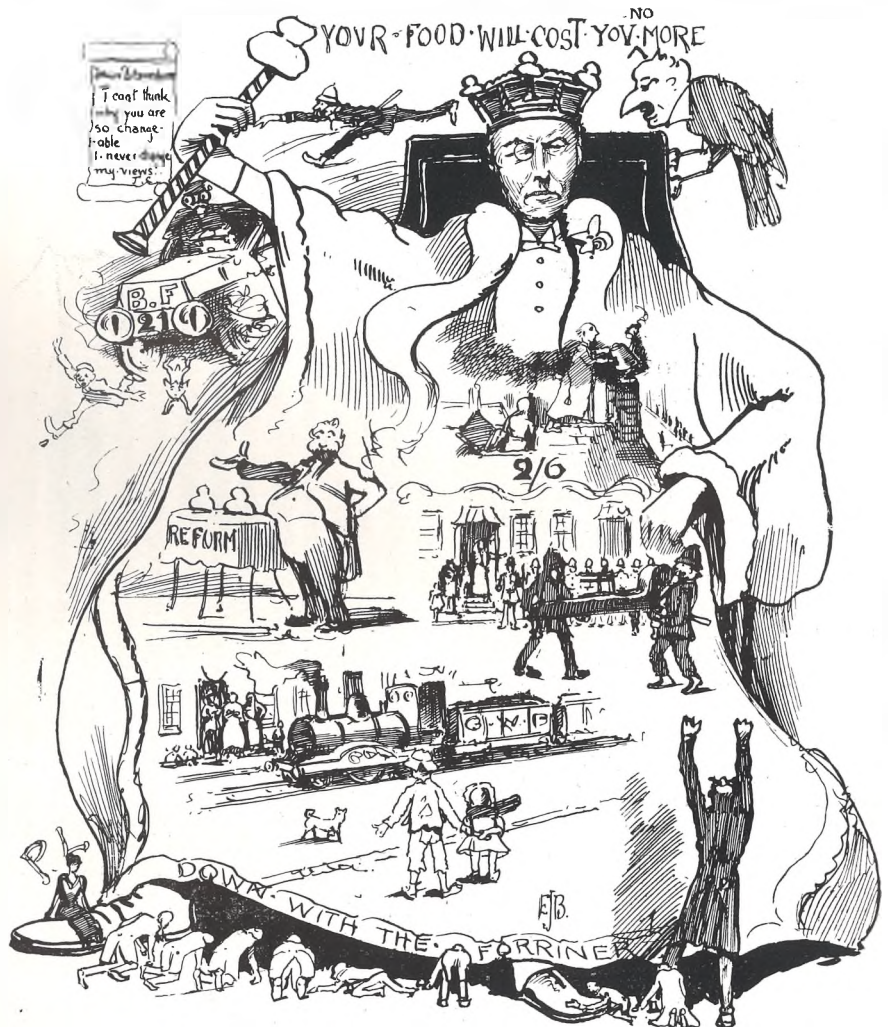
December 25.—Beware of pudding and mistletoe. Court, marry, and ask favours after 7 p.m.

December 31.—Settle up quickly, as “Your food will,” etc., as before.

The Free Food League is responsible for the last day of each month above.

HIEROGLYPHIC FOR THE EVENTFUL YEAR 1904.

Drawn to order at great expense by our artist.



“Herein the aspect of the heavens learn,
And of the times the mystick signs discern.”
By Daniel Isaac Briggs.

On the left, from the top downwards, is the motor fiend, careering on his mad career; on the right is the patient householder, extinguishing his eruptive chimney, with 2s. 6d. fine in view; below, again, are to be seen a squad of our trusty “Roberts” removing a sofa and chair from a passive resister's house for the glorious cause of religious liberty and free education; and at the foot is the unwonted spectacle of a train running in Cheltenham streets, which the stars tell us will not come to pass for a time.

Everything, however, is bound up in the King, who sits enthroned, with humble admirers worshipping at his feet. The features seem familiar, but the stars give no names. An eyeglass and an orchid are all the clues we have to his identity.
And so the world goes round.

N.B.—If your health is not satisfactory, send particulars of your ailment to me and 1s. 1½d. for a box of my Heliotrope Pills. Mrs. H. writes: “I took one dose of your pills last year; since then I have never wanted to take any more.”
BRIGGS.

Next Week—Mr. Briggs on the Cheltenham Education Fiasco.

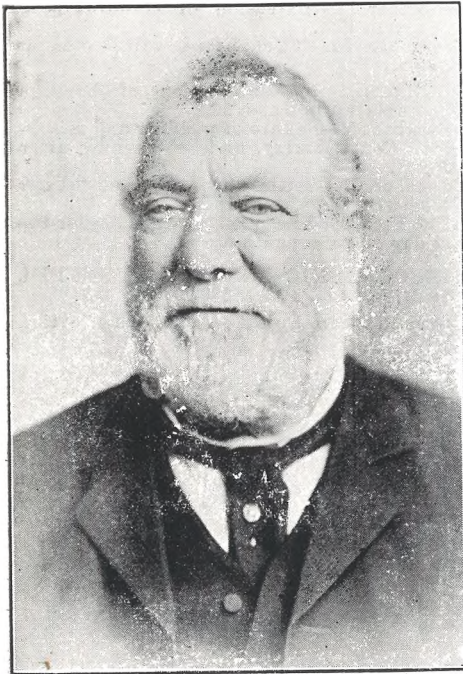
The Mormon Church, according to a telegram from Salt Lake City, has condemned the use of alcohol, coffee, and tea.

“A lot of young women marry who are unfit to take care of a kitten or a canary,” said the West Middlesex Coroner on Tuesday.

Leeds Corporation tramways receipts for last year show an increase over those of 1902 of nearly £20,000.

A Norwich canary breeder has a pair of birds which during the season have hatched and reared thirty-two young birds.

The Prize Drawing.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS COLLINS.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL IN TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

It is pleasing to note that Tewkesbury is being moved to the provision of a fitting memorial to the memory of its late eminent townsman, Mr. Thomas Collins, who for over half a century was head of the well-known building firm of Collins and Godfrey. He died in January, 1899, and had for the last thirty years of his career bestowed an important portion of his time and means to the improvement and benefiting of Tewkesbury, where he was born and had resided for a lifetime. In great measure to his skill and concern is due the preservation of several of the best and most interesting of the ancient half-timbered houses which make the thoroughfares of the old borough so attractive to visitors, and in several instances he bought the old houses so as to thoroughly restore them. The housing of the working classes of the borough also was a great care of his, and chiefly for their accommodation the one end of the eastern side of Chance-street—now known as Cotteswold-road—was secured as a suitable site for the erection of the handsome blocks of buildings which stand between the railway station and the road, and where also the Rev. C. W. Grove—another of the town's worthy benefactors—erected a new block of almshouses to the memory of his deceased wife. In addition to all this, Mr. Collins was one of the Abbey's best benefactors during the progress of the restoration. As contractor for the great work, at his own risk and cost he never allowed the progress of the work during its early stages to flag for the want of means, and when the funds in the hands of the committee did not seem to justify the execution of much work which it was desirable should be done, he did it himself, and his last special work in this direction was the beautiful restoration of the ancient sculptured doorway which led from the Cloister to the Nave, and the erection of a new bay of the demolished Cloister as an example of the style of its ancient construction and as a protection from the ravages by the weather of the beautiful doorway. This latter work was in progress at the time of his decease, and is being completed by his nephew, Mr. Godfrey. Mr. Collins was for fifteen years an elected councillor of the borough, and five times filled the office of Mayor. His portrait, in commemoration of his occupation of the civic chair, is amongst those which adorn the walls of the Town-hall Assembly Room.



Drawn by G. J. Cox,

Cheltenham.

Many years ago, even before men fought over education schemes or fiscal policies, out of the West came a weird sea monster and made itself a lair in the banks of the Severn, near Coombe Hill.

From thence it foraged daily—sheep, babies, milkmaids, poultry, and such small game being its chief prey. Panic seized the peaceful and bucolic inhabitants of that region, and the land was deserted; yet were none found bold enough to attempt its capture or death.

Then one Tom Smith, of Cheltenham, a blacksmith by calling, being in his cups, swore a large-sized oath that he would slay the pestiferous monster. Girding his loins, he seized his best chopper, and set out for Coombe Hill. A cheering crowd accompanied him until the quarry was sighted, when their several businesses were found to be most urgent. Tom, left alone, paused to think, and quickly decided that strategy alone would overcome the forty odd feet of wriggling bone and gristle.

Next day, with a nicely-roasted sucking-pig in his arms, he approached the lair, placed the dainty on the ground, and retired hurriedly as the serpent rushed forth to seize it.

This process he repeated, varying the menu daily until the deluded serpent would feed from his hand.

That was enough for Tom, and as it was growling over a marrow-bone he smote it suddenly over the head, so that it died.

He returned to Cheltenham, bearing the gruesome head, and stalked up the High-street to the plaudits of the crowd, which stood him unlimited beer, whilst the Poet Laureate of that period composed a three-volume epic in his honour.

"In most schools salaries are totally and miserably inadequate. . . . If the work of the teacher is to be done by able men there must be better pay," said the retiring chairman of the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools on Saturday.

Mr. W. H. Smiles, son of the author of "Self Help," died in the club-room of the County Down Golf Club, on Saturday, while dressing for golf. He was managing director of the Belfast Rope Works Company, with which he has been connected for over a quarter of a century.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 160.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
"Billy's Little Love Affair."

NEXT WEEK (Matinee Thursday and Saturday), new Operatic Fairy Pantomime—
"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

Times and Prices as usual.

Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE 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 158th competition is Mr. W. Ornsby, of 2 Durbin-cottages, Folly-lane, Cheltenham, for his picture of Bredon Tithe Barn.

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

The winner of the 69th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 51st competition is Mr. Arthur B. A. Llewellyn, 27 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for his report of the sermon by the Rev. Norman D. Thorp at Wesley Church, Cheltenham.

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.

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DR. H. BOYD CARDEW,
OF CHELTENHAM.

Died January 9th, 1904.





Photos by W. Slatter,

FRAMPTON-ON-SEVERN VILLAGE GREEN AND CHURCH.

Cheltenham.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

RELIGION IN THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOLS.

Upon my word if I 'aven't been a most a-feared to open the "Echo" for the past week or so becous of the egsterordinary remarks on the religious difficulty in the letters there contained; wot with that there Mr. Bradfield a-statin' that Herod never lived, and somebody else a-sayin' that Hanna Dominoe is 5 or 6 years out of reckoning, why it's worse than the fishcal policy, wich if the numbering of the years is out of jint we must be all older or younger than we are, or somethink; I don't hold with all these 'ere new-fangled ideas and hire criticism and sich-like, wich is very similar to the hire-purchis system—it's all rite when you starts on at it, but you never knows whereabouts you be goin' to stop, as reminds me of a History of England I were once let in for, in monthly parts at 1s. a month, and didn't seem not so very much of a burden until I actooally discovered that I'd been let in for 4 years of payments, unbeknownst, thro' me aving signed me name to a paper as I thought were jest a matter of form, as you mite say, but turned out to be a legal dockyment, with a witness and everythink else, and as binding as the Magnet Charter.

But, talkin' about these 'ere letters and so forth on the religious question, I'm bound to say that when there's a quarrel on in wich texes of Scripture is used as missiles, I always finds bizness elsewhere; texes is like bricks, and hurts when they be thrown about careless, besides wich there is a old tex as I feels bound to remark at this junction, namely, as follows, that the "Devil himself can quote Scripture to serve his own purposes" (I don't rightly know if there ought to be a capital H to himself, some does it and some doesn't, but for my part I don't consider sich a person is worth a capital, not meself!)

'Owever, puttin' the texes on one side, there seems to be a tidy little bother over the pertikler brand of religious instruction to be taught in the schools, now that me and you and the rest of us 'ave took 'em over, and are goin' to run them in the interests of better eddication, as free as the ocean wave, and a deal more to the point, for I couldn't never see what the waves wants to come rollin' in for every twice a day, just to go out again. 'Owsomdever, to come to the kurnel of the matter, there's two forces at work (or play, as the case may be), namely: the parsons and others of the same gender, wich considers that the Bible is a very good book, but 'aint to be took neat, as you mite say, but should be jest boiled down with the Prayer-book and the Catechism and other condiments, in order to fit it for the tender pallets of the budding youthfuls; wich, after all, isn't wot you may call a compliment to the Bible, as 'ave been able to 'old its own for a tidy few years up to

now, without the kind 'elp of the other books.

The other side of the battle is took up by those who won't 'ave any eggsplinations or other improvements tacked on to the Bible wotever, and if the readin' of a bit of the Bible and a hymn ain't sufficient, well—then they won't 'ave anythink, but jest let the young hopefuls get wot they require from the Sunday School.

When you come to think of it, there's the parients of the scholars, too; but, there, they don't care a 2d. rap if their children is taught Christianity or Hottentotism, so long as they're out of the way, and don't keep fallin' into the washin'-tub as they do in the 'olidays.

The dilemma is for all the world exactly like the Japanese and Russian fiaseo; here's Japan on one side and Russia the other, armed to the nose, and ready to fite to the bitter end, altho' wich end isn't rightly known; and yet Corea, the very place they're tryin' to fite about, isn't a bit interested, and don't care very much wich wins, so long as it's the best man!

I will say that it's very kind of the parsons, and curates, and Nonconformist ministers, etcettery, to quarrel so 'ard about my children, and I feels inclined to say, "Thank'ee, gents," all the way round. All the same, I don't know that it advances the glorious cause of eddication, at the ratepayers' expense, not very much.

Some of these 'ere forrin' nations as is runnin' us pretty 'ard now would be a bit struck if they was to know that we was more concerned over ' wich was our godmother, N. or M.?' than 'ow to figger out 372 articles at Four Three, less 5 per cent. for cash. I s'pose really the 39 Articles comes into the arithmetic line and there's a great deal of eggscellent grammar and logic in the multiplication table that begins "A man must not marry 'is grandmother," being a sort of thing I shouldn't 'ave considered was worth while remindin' tender hinfants of; still, you never knows wot they may do, when you 'ears of 100's of silly folk out lookin' for a sovereign or two, and diggin' up all the valleyble turf for miles and miles with penknives and garden-trowels, at the beck and call of a 1/4d. newspaper, as is jest as bad as puttin' money on 'orses or Monte Carlo, in my estimation.

'Owever, I don't know eggsackly whether you grasps the great fact by the handle, so to say, that the schools as used to be Voluntary, that is, Church schools, 'ave been now taken over by me and you and the other ratepayers! We pay everythink, salaries and all, so I s'pose the parsons and so forth (whose schools they used to be) will forgive our owdacious presumptuosity when we say that we should like to—jest now and again for a treat—be allowed to 'ave a voice in their management.

But, being' of course only ordinary ratepayers, and only of any consequence as being the parients of the scholars, we are jest

allowed to look on whiles the managers and the Eddication Committee spend our money. Still, of course, we 'as some brains, and we thinks, and we thinks, and we thinks again—and the more we thinks the more we comes to the conclusion that if these schools are our schools—the people's schools—there ain't no call to Churchify or Chapelify the children.

We don't send 'em to school for that sort of thing; I guess if they 'ave jest a bit of a Psalm and a hymn mornin's they'll thrive on it, jest so well as we wants 'em to wotever. Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic is the chief things in the people's schools, kept up out of the rates, and if the Prayer-book 'as to be taught, why let it be a hextra, like the washin' at a boardin' school, and then they as wishes their children to be accomplished in that direction can pay for it, and put up with the consequences! But not at other people's expense!

Them's my sentiments on the matter; they say there's no sects in heaven, and if I had my way there shouldn't be none on earth, not in the people's schools, 'tall events. If some of the sects, such as the Wesleyans, Church of England, Unitarians, or Mormons, want to teach children to grow up in their pertikler line of sectism,—well—let them build schools for the purpose, at their own expense, and nobody will be a penny the worse off; but if I should 'appen to become a Jew to-morrer—'aving 'ad serious thoughts of such a thing, Christians do fite amongst themselves so—I should still 'ave to keep on payin' to teach other people's children that I was a rank outsider and not fit to breathe the same air! Wich is, as they say, reduction absurdum, or somethink like that! I saw it in the paper about the fishcal policy, so I knows it's rite.

So far as I can make out—altho' it's as tangled as a ball of wool after the kitten's been at it—the parsons 'ave kindly consented to permit the teachers in our schools to allow the parents to withdraw their children into another room, if they wish, while the 39 Articles and so forth is bein' took, in order that they shan't be contaminated by sich. In the other rooms the pore children are to be taught to be good little Nonconformists by the (Church of England) teachers! For all this I says "Thank you for nothing, sirs, and many of them." We don't want back-handed favours of that sort, and, being the People's schools, the People 'ave the rite to say "Outside" to ALL sects: Established or otherwise!

DANIEL J. BRIGGS.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Major Frederick W. S. Stanton, Royal Artillery, son of the late Major-General F. S. Stanton, R.E., and Louisa Maud, eldest daughter of James T. Stanton, of The Leaze, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Really it does not seem nearly a year ago that Mr. E. Boyce Podmore was elected by acclamation master of the Cotswold Hounds by the subscribers to the Hunt, at their annual meeting held at the Plough Hotel. But, as a matter of fact, that space of time has almost passed by, and now, when the hunting season is scarcely half over, the Hunt, owing to the resignation of Mr. Podmore, has to seek a master for next season. I confess I am not surprised at this determination of Mr. Podmore, having regard to the tenour of his speech on acceptance of the office, in which he said he intended to be the master, and to certain events that subsequently happened, and to significant remarks that I have heard in public from time to time. Therefore I can quite appreciate Mr. Podmore's candid statement to the "Echo" representative that his "position was made impossible through the unwarrantable interference between the M.F.H. and his servants by certain people in the country." It is highly satisfactory to read, what I believe is perfectly true and sincere, Mr. Podmore's assurance that he could not wish to be supported by a nicer lot of gentlemen than the Hunt Committee, and that if it were a matter between them and himself they could settle it in five minutes. I fear that subscription packs of hounds in general and the Cotswold in particular are suffering much in the same way as limited liability companies often do from the ever-grumbling "small shareholders." I have come across such, emulating the parrot-ery of "Your food will cost you more," complaining that one master did not buy his forage in the country and that another mounted his servants badly. Still, I have never heard such things suggested against Mr. Podmore, for, to his credit be it said, his Hunt establishment has been quite sufficient and up-to-date. But the fact remains that the intriguers—more's the pity—have gained their ends.

That happy conjunction of pictures, "From Cottage to Castle," in last week's "Graphic," is a reminder of the most interesting romance of one of the peerages connected with this county. The "Cottage," in which was born Miss Mary Cole, who afterwards became the wife of Frederick Augustus, 5th Earl of Berkeley, is now a thing of the past, for it has been razed in order to cut a road through its site, to open up a building estate that Mr. Albert Estcourt, J.P., is developing on the outskirts of the city of Gloucester. I have always understood that it was in this cottage, then the "Butchers' Arms," that Lord Berkeley first met Mary Cole when he used to go up that way with his Militia regiment to drill on one of the fields now to be built upon. The "Cottage" has gone, but Berkeley Castle remains, and I wonder whether the old saying "All's well that ends well" will be exemplified by this historic building passing into the possession of the present Earl of Berkeley after the death of the last of the Fitzhardinges, who have held it since the demise of their progenitor, the 6th Earl of Berkeley. I should not be surprised if this were to be the case.

While on the subject of the Fitzhardinges, I may mention that I was much interested in perusing the report of a paper read at the Royal United Service Institution a few days ago by Admiral Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay. The speaker said that to the late Admiral Lord Fitzhardinge belonged the credit of first inducing the State to train boys for the navy. There were now 9,900 boys whose training was completed in about two years and two months, and at 18 years of age they entered the navy to serve for twelve years; they might then re-engage until they are 40. This is not altogether news to me, for I have heard old inhabitants of Gloucester talk of the days when this Lord Fitzhardinge (the second son of the first marriage of Miss Cole) was commander of H.M.S. Thunderer, as Captain Maurice Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P., and how he used to willingly find berths on her for those of the sons of his freemen constituents eager for a life on the ocean wave,



Drawn by Frank H. Keveren,

Charlton Kings.

CHAPPIE (who has just stepped into the mud left by the horse-sweeper): Oh! Good gwacious! Look at my patents! Why evah don't our Town Council have a thing—ah—to—ah—sweep the woad and—ah—pick up the mud at the same time. I weally must w'ite them about it!

but most of whom after the first voyage, with the strict discipline, could appreciate the song of the late A. G. Vance, "I never was meant for the sea."

Referring to my note of last week about a proposed motor-car service between Cirencester, Fairford, and Lechlade, I am authoritatively informed that the vehicle is to be a steam omnibus, to carry 16 passengers, that it will be worked by a private firm, and that both the Great Western and Midland and South-Western Junction Railway Companies have willingly granted access to their stations.
















GLEANER.

Overheard at a trust public-house:—Big Navy, who is asked to pay for the pint of four 'arf he has ordered and drunk: "Wot! Wants me ter pay now. Is that wot yer calls a Trust Public 'Ouse?"

A weekly paper recently asked its readers in the Colonies to indicate the twelve cities and towns in the British Isles which they would most like to visit. In the response pride of place was of course given to London, and the other towns and cities were in the following order:—Second, Edinburgh; third, Dublin; fourth, Glasgow; fifth, Liverpool; sixth, Manchester; seventh, Birmingham; eighth, Belfast; ninth, Oxford; tenth, Aberdeen; eleventh, Portsmouth; twelfth, Brighton. Next in order came Sheffield, Bristol, Cambridge, Cork, York, and Plymouth.

One of the most peculiar kinds of hobbies now in vogue is at present exercising quite a fascination over certain ladies in society. It is the collection of all kinds of empty liqueur bottles for the decoration of drawing-room what-nots and cabinets. The Dutch Delft ware, in which the liqueur brandy of Holland is stored, is especially pretty and artistic.



Some of the   
 Costumes    
 at the    
 Fancy Dress Ball,  
 Friday, Jan. 15th.  

Colonel Rogers, V.D., J.P., as a courtier of George III., and Mrs. Rogers (poudrée).

Dr. G. B. Ferguson in Levee dress, with Convocation habit M.Ch. Oxon; and Mrs. Ferguson in Spanish fete dress.

Mr. H. P. Stables as the Maharajah of Mooch Bahar.

Miss Greenwood as "Phyllis" from "Iolanthe."

Captain Sir William Stewart-Dick-Cunyngham, Bart., in Highland dress, and Lady Stewart-Dick-Cunyngham as "Lady Betty Cunyngham" (1746).

Miss Muriel Pope as a toreador.

Photos by Norman May and Co., Cheltenham.





THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Photo by W. Ornsby, Cheltenham. BREDON TITHE BARN (said to be the largest in England).



Photo by C. F. Dennis, Cheltenham. Meeting of Parishioners at Leckhampton on Sunday, January 17, 1904, to protest against the apportionment of the Parish Charities. Mr. Sparrow addressing the meeting.



The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry will have their training this year at Salisbury Plain, commencing on May 16th.

Confirmation has been received of the defeat of the insurgents in Uruguay, and the back of the revolutionary movement is now said to be broken.

Sergeant Williamson, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, stationed at the depot, Phoenix Park, Dublin, has been dismissed for tampering with official examination papers.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

TYRE TROUBLES.

The tyres are a very important part of a motorist's machine or car. It is essential to avoid trouble that only the very highest grade tyres are fitted on a motor vehicle of any description. It pays a great deal better to give a higher price at the outset than have to be always sending the tyres away to the repairer's, to say nothing of the annoyance caused by punctures, bursts, etc., which will inevitably follow if the tyres are of the cheap and nasty variety. Pneumatic tyres, if carefully used and well looked after, will prove far more durable than the solids used to be. Provided the motorist gives some of his time to the welfare of his tyres, he will find them quite as reliable an item of his car as any other fitment. If the motorist has been a cyclist he will have learnt in the school of experience how to mend punctures, which occur occasionally to the best of tyres. It is a good plan to carry a spare inner tube, which does not take up much space, and then, when a puncture occurs, the tube can be replaced by the spare one, and the puncture mended at leisure. This of course refers especially to the tyres of a car, quad, or forecar, where the tube can be easily removed bodily. A far more serious accident to which pneumatic tyres are sometimes liable is bursting, though this does not now very frequently occur. The principal cause is through the tape which encircles the rim in some kinds of tyres slipping on one side. This allows the air tube to become depressed into the spoke holes, and so the rubber becomes chafed, and finally bursts. Most manufacturers now entirely enclose the inner tube, but some of the wired-on tyres have this defect. The remedy is to keep the tape perfectly tight. Another form of burst is caused by the strands of the canvas or fabric giving way. One company have got over this difficulty by using a special kind of cord instead of canvas. The sign of the strands giving way is a bulge in the tyre when pumped hard. Should a bulge ever be noticed in a tyre, it should be deflated, the cover removed and turned inside out. The weak place can then be repaired by solutioning canvas to the inner side of the cover. The cause of the canvas or fabric backing loosening from the rubber is dampness. This trouble cannot arise in the case of vulcanised tyres. The wet gets in through small surface cuts, and causes the backing to rot. A tyre expert recommends examining the covers at least once a month and filling up any small cuts with one of the many forms of tyre-stopping on the market. I shall give some more notes on the subject next week.

THE SIDE-SLIP TRIALS.

These trials are postponed till April. This is a great mistake, as by then we may expect drier roads, and most of the interest will be lost in the subject. Now is the time for holding tests for devices intended to prevent the motorist's bugbear, side-slip, when it seems an impossibility to get dry roads.

PETROL FOR POTATOES.

An American has discovered that petrol has a remarkable effect in causing the potato to sprout. He replaced the cork of a petrol can one day with a potato, and the next day it was sprouting vigorously. After continuing the process for a few days it withered away. He has repeated the experiment with a number of potatoes, and finds that the effect of the petrol in this respect is unquestionable. Whether petrol could be employed, considering the rapidity with which it evaporates, to promote the growth of potatoes from an agricultural point of view, must remain doubtful; but if success is ever attained in using petrol in agriculture it may do something to correct the hostility of farmers towards the petrol vehicle.

TESTING ACCUMULATORS WITHOUT REMOVING THEM FROM THE CASE.

It is not at all necessary to take the accumulator out of its compartment to see if it contains a good charge. Place the 4-volt lamp or voltmeter between the frame connection and the platinum screw of the make and break, and have the platinum tips out of contact. The switch must be screwed up.



MR. L. G. H. MAYER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND CLERK TO GLOUCESTER BOARD OF GUARDIANS
FOR 32 YEARS,

DIED JANUARY 14TH, 1904, AGED 54 YEARS.

Photo by H. W. Watson,

Gloucester and Cheltenham

TONING LANTERN SLIDES AND BROMIDE PRINTS.

A very simple and convenient method of toning lantern slides and bromide prints is by the use of Copper Ferrocyanide Toning Compound. The method is simplicity itself. One tabloid is dissolved in each ounce of water used. The lantern slides or bromide prints to be toned may have been developed with any ordinary developer, but must be well cleansed from hypo, otherwise they will be liable to stain. If dry, they should soak a minute or two in clean water to ensure an even action of the toning solution. The best tones obtained on bromide paper by the use of this solution are those which occur at the beginning and the end of the process. If toned for about six minutes a fine red chalk colour will be obtained. It is best to start with vigorous prints. It is of no use to fry and tone glossy bromide paper by this

method. The solution produces a remarkable range of colours on lantern slides. A fine red chalk tone is obtained after about six minutes' toning, whilst different shades of browns, purples, and reds are obtained by varying the length of the toning. All the colours show up well in the lantern. It is a good plan to coat the slide after the toning action is completed with some negative varnish. As soon as the desired tone is arrived at the slide or print is washed in the ordinary way for about ten minutes. One great benefit of this method is the permanency of the prints or slides.

During service at the Well-street Chapel, Coventry, the electric light suddenly failed, and the congregation sang the hymn "Eternal Light" with the aid of a few gas jets.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Cheltenham.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"

During the past week the edges of the paths in Leckhampton-road have been re-turfed.

THE IDLER: What yer puttin' that down there for?

THE WORKER: Dunno!

THE IDLER: H'm! Suppose yer've got some of them trip-em-up notices yer don't know what to do with, and goin' to plant 'em 'ere and watch 'em grow.

The question "Is beauty a boon to hospital nurses?" is raised in the following letter which appears in the "British Journal of Nursing."—Those of your correspondents who have suffered from a superfluity of good looks should just be a right down plain woman, such as I am, if they wish to taste the dregs of disappointment when applying for work. I am thoroughly well-trained, a skilful nurse, have travelled, and am cultured. I know I am a good manager, and could do the work of a matron thoroughly well if I could get a chance, and yet when I have applied for posts I have over and over again been passed over for a younger and better-looking woman without my good qualifications, indeed, I quite despair of ever having promotion. Once, having good local interest, I hoped to succeed, but did not, and unfortunately overheard the governors chaffing as they left the committee-room. "Why did you not vote for Miss —?" (that was I), inquired one. "She had excellent recommendations." "Why? Well, all things being equal, why vote for a gargoy?" the other laughingly replied. (That also was I).—Yours, etc., Plain and Passed Over.

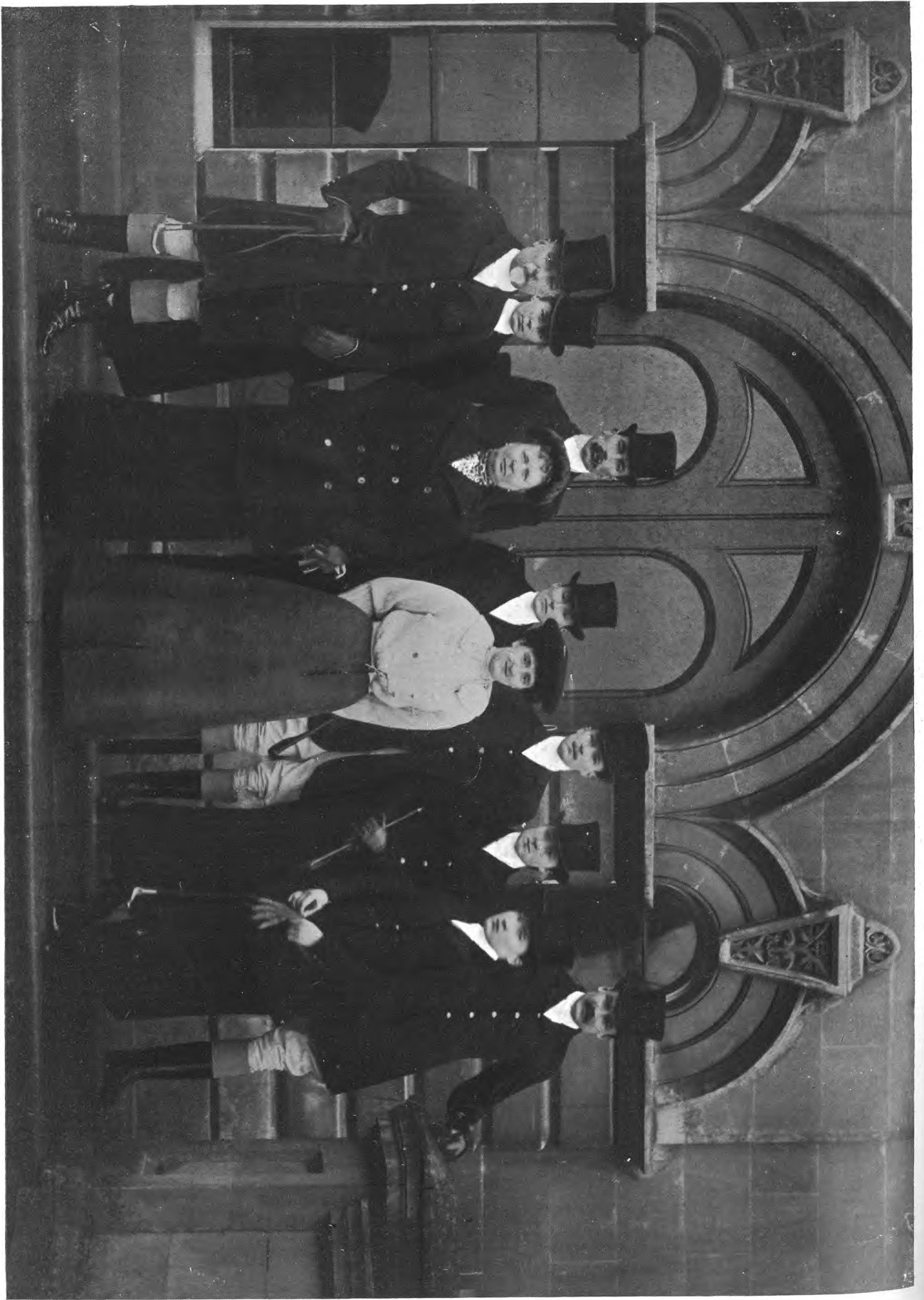
Though Japan be the latest country to enter the circle of world Powers, her Emperor surpasses all Sovereigns in the length of his pedigree. He is the 122nd member in direct, unbroken descent of his family who has sat on the throne of Japan. The founder of his House was, in Japanese legend, a goddess of the sun, and contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 666 years before the Christian era. On the other hand, the Romanoffs have been royal only since 1601, when they succeeded to the sovereignty of the then extinct House of Rurik. As for other European rulers, King Edward can go back to Cerdic, 495 A.D., the Hapsburgs to 952 A.D., and the Hohenzollerns to the eighth century, but as kings only to 1701.

At Yarmouth Police-court there has arrived a mysterious postal order for 5s., bearing only the name of Walter Wilim Zig, written in pencil. The clerk examined the records and discovered that in October, 1902, a person of that name applied for relief and was furnished with 5s. to get him shipped off to Hull. This remittance was clearly his way of showing gratitude.

"Birmingham needs this mission. We are tremendously commercialised; we are deeply materialised. . . . We are considerably athleticised," said the Rev. J. H. Jowett at a meeting welcoming two evangelists to Birmingham on Monday.

Lovers of music will be pleased to learn that there has just been brought to light a lost and hitherto unpublished composition by Bizet. The author of "Carmen" was known to have composed a new work entitled "Patrie," which he had several times played through among friends, who greatly admired it. Then came the composer's unexpected death, and search among his papers failed to give any trace of the MS. of "Patrie." Only the overture could be found, and this is well known in the concert room. For all the long years that have elapsed since Bizet died, it has been the accepted theory that his prodigious memory, that enabled him to play through an entire work without notes, had cost the world one of his finest compositions. The unexpected discovery of the score has at last placed it in the possession of the public. The piece is soon to be produced.

SIR LIONEL AND LADY DARELL AND FAMILY AT FRETHERNE COURT.



Front Row—Sir Lionel E. Darell, Bart.
Back Row—Miss Violet Darell.

Lady Darell.
Captain W. H. V. Darell
(Coldstream).

Miss Rita Darell.
Miss Evelyn Darell.

Lieut. G. M. Darell
(Coldstream).
Miss Gladys Darell.
Miss Dorothy Darell.

Capt. L. E. H. M. Darell (1st Life Guards,
Adjutant Royal Gloucestershire Hussars
Imperial Yeomanry).

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 161.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

← OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. →

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

TO-DAY AT 2.0 AND 7.45.
THE GORGEOUS JUVENILE
PANTOMIME,
"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."
NEXT WEEK (First Time in Cheltenham): The latest London Musical Success,
"MY LADY MOLLY."

Times and Prices as usual.

Chandos Grammar School,
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM
BEGAN 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 159th competition is Mr. Fred Littley, of "Holditch," Naunton-road, Cheltenham, with his Shepscombe pictures.

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

The 70th competition prize has been divided between Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. F. H. Keveren, of 2 Hambrook-terrace, Charlton Kings, for their cartoons.

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 52nd competition is Mr. A. R. Pigott, Clare Villa, Cheltenham, for his report of the Rev. P. Cave-Moyle's farewell sermon at St. John's, Cheltenham.

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.



Photo by Waite and Pettitt,

Cheltenham.

Rev. Philip Cave-Moyle, M.A.
(Late Curate of St. John's, now Curate of St. Paul's, Cheltenham).

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

"Mirth is God's medicine."—Ward Beecher.
GOLD-HUNTING.

Gold-collecting is a very interesting form of amusement, wick 'ave been 'anded down to us from our remotest ancestors, sich as Adam, Croesus, and other Jews. The Jewish race of people is considered to be rather good at the bizness, and several of them I 'ave 'eard tell on 'as so much of the "filthy luker" that they're obliged to hire men to figger up for them whether it's 2 or 3 hunderd a minnit comin' in or whether, becous of panic on the Stock Exchange or a war or somethink, there mite be a fallin' off of perhaps £50 a minnit for half a 2nd or two. Others, again, has to engage men to spend their money for 'em. I 'aven't seen no advertisements of vacancies in the post, 'owever, or I should be on the spot in 2 twinks, as the sayin' is. Jest the man for the post, I am, and can spend money with the best; it's the savin' as comes so 'ard on a man of my persuasion and constitootion! I should consider, meself, 'owever, that gold-collecting's a very nice 'obby, bein' now brought to our very back yards, as you mite say, by the kind benevolence of some of the London papers, as jest buries a tin full of sovereigns on the edge of a bit of grass or in a disused shed for the very first gold-collector as feels that way inclined to 'elp 'imself to, regardless of expense, and intended, I s'pose, to advertise the newspaper as gives the few useful 'ints of the whereabouts of the tin of sovereigns.

O coorse, sich a concern 'as its drawbacks. 'Cos for why—if you gets about 375 people, 78 boys, and 4 plectemen a-treadin' down the turf on a bit of grass wick wasn't never meant to be served so severe, and upwards of 250 of these diggin' away for all they're worth with trowels, pocket knives, tinned meat openers, corkscrews, and other garden utensils, it's a moral certainty that in 3 hours the bit of grass will be gone for ever; wick I remember well Farmer Johns, where I were brought up as a lad, as were a clear-headed customer, that he were, 'ad a field all over thistles and thorns and wot-nots—a reglar wilderness. Wich wot do you think that there man did? Why, he jest knew the nature of boys and the contrariness of the same, so he started a tale round our village that there were a buried treasure in this 'ere field, wick grew so much in the telling that when it come to my ears it were supposed to be up'ards of £100 in 3d. bits. Well, you mark my words, 'twasn't very long after the tale about the treasure went the rounds but every hatom and corner of that there field were digged and scraped and raked over, until it were the cleanest bit of ground on the Blackdowns; but never a treasure wasn't found, 'eeps a empty salmon tin, with nothink in it, and a rusty horse shoe in one corner of the field. 'Owver, Farmer Johns, he got us all together and told us 'ow much obliged he were at us 'aving digged and 'arrowed up his land so generous and free, 'e 'aving a-started the tale a-purpose, and give us a sort of sermon about the evils of tryin' to get money and fortune by short cuts for nothink instead of by workin' for it, like as he and all his folk 'ad 'ad to do, as were rather nasty of 'im, but good for we, ne'ertheless, and taught me a lesson I've never forgot, namely as follows: That 'onest work is better for the man and the country than putting money on 'orses or raffiin' at bazaars or gold-collecting as a advertisement for newspapers.

Still, so long as there's so many fools in the world, so long will there be a tidy few to get up at midnite and sally forth to green fields and pastors new in search of buried coopons and chancing being arrested by the perlice or shot down as burglars or somethink equally dreadful. And when they do find it, wot's the good of it to most of 'em? Why, there was one man, a tramp by trade, as struck on one of the £10 lots almost by a miracle, wick he went off to a public-house and never stirred from the place till he'd treated 'imself and every poor and needy as came in hailing distance to the tune of 4 pound 16 and 3 pence, after wick he were taken in charge for being incapable of pullin' 'imself together, and dropped every penny of the remainder in the road on the way to the lock-up for fear of



Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el! Prythee, canst thou Mary tell Why thou claim'st in language fine



Voluntary schools as thine! Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el, Dost thou wicked stories tell!

To Mr. Daniel Briggs, from Mary Kirk, on his writing that the Voluntary Schools are the property of the ratepayer.

Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Prythee, can'st thou Mary tell
Why thou claim'st in language fine
Voluntary Schools as thine?
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el,
Dost thou wicked stories tell?
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Seems to me a horrid sell,
When I've spent some million pounds,
And enclosed in playing grounds
Buildings that I thought were mine,
Thou, O Dan, to call them thine.
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Some folks say there is no h . . l;
Where, then, go those thieving fools*
Who bone other people's schools?
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el,
Where's that place, I pray thee tell.
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
In my youth 'twas taught me well,
"He who takes what isn't his,
Buildings that he never riz',
Doth, when cotched, to prison go,
Haunts, when dead, Gehenna low."
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Mark my words, I know full well,

Hades is a place of bliss,
Not for those who do amiss;
They to dire Gehenna go—
† Liddell and Scott ' this clearly show.
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Though these lines are writ pell-mell,
Surely 'tis but common-sense
To teach youths, however dense,
Lore to serve when time and place
Shall have vanished into space.
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Dost thou understand so well,
And no explanation need
Of what's writ in Holy Deed?
Why, then, foist on babes in mind,
Rules so horribly unkind?
Dan-i-el, O Dan-i-el!
Mary bids thee now farewell.
Since eternal sons of bliss
Compass—need I tell thee this?—
Many a three score year and ten,
Length of life for mortal men,
Shall this mere half-hour now spent
From divinity be rent?

* Poetical license.
† Editors of the and the only Greek Lexicon.

being charged with thieving the money.
Result: 7 days and a bad 'eadache!

There was another individooal, again, as I read about, as were lucky enough to find a sort of metal tin thing near a barracks, and considered some of the treasure game must 'ave simmered around there, altho' he 'adn't read no directions to that effect in the papers; wick he takes this thing 'ome and sets to work on it with the wood-chopper to disinterest the 'idden treasure, when all of a suddint bang! —ker-blosh! went the whole thing, takin' off two of 'is fingers and the end of 'is nose "on root," as the sayin' is, bein' a cartridge, as it turned out, and not no 'idden treasure wotever! wick is a moral to all concerned. The above 2 gents we will leave to the lock-up and the 'ospital to think over the vanity of riches!

I don't know, 'owever, but wot it must be a very nice feelin' to be one of these 'ere millionaire fellows and give away libraries and 'ospitals and dogs 'omes and the like. That there Carnegie is a fair off-drop for free libraries; wick, if he jest 'appens to drop 'is eye on a bit of waste ground anywheres in the coorse of 'is travels, immediately to onct he daps a free library on to it to cover it up and make things look tidy and so forth. I was readin' the other day in "Ome Chips" (wick Mrs. Briggs takes in reglar for the paper patterns as is gave away—things I don't understand, not meself, 'owever) that it is computed, wotever that may be, that Carnegie 'ave put up 7,642,343 tons 3 hundredweight 2 stone and a quarter of free libraries in the coorse of since he've took to that line of thought, and that if he goes on as he is goin' there's a risk that the earth'll get so top-heavy with the weight of all these 'ere literary Mporiums that it'll drop into the moon or something, wick I 'opes I shan't live to see the day, not meself—unless it's a goak! If it is, I don't agree with goaks! and if it isn't, well, then I don't agree with literature, not to that extent; wick you can't reform this sinful world with givin' 'em books to read, not entirely. Still, 'tall events, they mite be doin' worse than readin', as, f'instance, out diggin' for 'idden treasure and sech tomfoolery.

They tell me that Mr. Carnegie 'ave registered a 'uge Vow at Stationer's 'All that on no account will he pass away from this vale of tears until he's disposed of all 'is property, either in libraries or other useful and ornamental operations. I should like to

know the gent, that I should. I should jest take 'im by the 'and and lead 'im to my 'umble dwelling, and I should say: "Onnered and American Sir! Unaccustomed as I am to meetin' gents who 'ave millions runnin' to waste and are on the look out for somethink to spend their surplus cash on, I 'ardly knows 'ow modest or 'ow forward I ought to be in approaching the subject; but I can't a-bear to see you sufferin' on account of not bein' able to get rid of your cash, and nothin' would gladden my 'eart more than to relieve you of your trouble. Dinna fash for my feelin's, my brow and Hieland laddie; wick, I guess, you can deposit a million or two right here. I can find a use for it. No, thanks! I wouldn't care for a library; but if it's a case of cash, I've caught right on, and I'd put the hospital on its legs till the Millennium and ease off all the poverty within 25 miles of my doorstep in a brace of shakes with it." But, there, wot's the good of dreamin' about wealthiness and Carnegies; not even my bit of real butter-Scotch and American wouldn't catch sich a old bird, so I'll jest peg along with my bit as afore, and be content with my lot.

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

P.S.—Did I say content with my lot? I meant content with my little, for I never 'aven't 'ad a lot, and ain't likely to.

A LOVE TALE IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.
A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather,
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk
Together.

VOL. II.
A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious.
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!!

VOL. III.
You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure.
And both repent
This rash event
At leisure.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ABIEL."]

SOME FURTHER NOTES ON TYRES.

Great care should be used when repairing punctures, etc., in a pneumatic tyre, that no dirt or grit gets inside the cover. Should even a very small amount of dirt get lodged between the air-tube and the outer cover, it will cause no end of annoyance. Small lumps frequently appear on the covers, caused by dirt making its way through cuts in the outer cover and getting between the rubber and the canvas or fabric. These lumps in the cover should be watched for and treated at once. "There is no time like the present" is a good motto to use in respect to the repairing of tyres. To remedy these lumps the rubber should be lifted from the fabric, and a very little petrol applied with a brush. This will allow of the dirt being got at. Every particle of grit should be removed. Next, the hole in the rubber through which the dirt entered should be covered on the inside with a thin rubber patch. Allow this to dry, and then coat the fabric or canvas and the rubber with the very best solution obtainable. Allow this to get tacky, and then stick the fabric and cover together.

MOTORING IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Motorists in the Channel Islands, as regards the numbering regulations, are not so badly off as in England. Motors are only made to carry a number at the back. The plate is only 2½ inches wide. The lighting of numbers is not required, an ordinary tail-lamp on cars being considered sufficient for all purposes. The authorities must look on motors with very friendly eyes, for there is no record of any prosecution having yet taken place. In Guernsey alone there are twenty-four cars and motor-cycles. A club is in process of formation.

A.C.G.B. AND I. CONFERENCE.

Over twenty provincial automobile clubs have accepted the invitation of the A.C.G.B. and I. to the conference of clubs to be held on February 15th in London, to consider in what way organised bodies of automobilists can combine to form one powerful body to advance the position of the automobile movement. The Cheltenham and Gloucestershire A.C. will be ably represented at the conference by the president (Dr. Fernald) and Mr. A. Arthur Dale.

TONING P.O.P.

To the beginner the operation of toning presents difficulties. He finds it easy enough to follow the instructions of the manufacturers of the paper with regard to the mixing of the solution, but then he is left to his own judgment as to the length of time the prints he has made should be allowed to remain in the toning solution. He is apt to judge the required tone by the surface colour of the prints. This is very misleading. To estimate how far the toning has proceeded, lift up a print by one corner. It may be as well to remind beginners that prints should be handled as seldom as possible, and then only by the extreme corners. Hold the print up to the light and look through it, not at it. If the high lights (such as the sky in a landscape photograph) show brown and the deep shadows yellow, the print if now taken from the toning solution would be of a bright brown colour. If the shadows are deep red, the result would be a brownish purple. To obtain the beautiful purplish tones so familiar to us in the works of professionals, the toning should be continued until the shadows on the print show purplish. The above is the only satisfactory method, as far as I know, of estimating toning. It should be remembered in connection with the above that the beauty of the results obtained depends to a large extent on the quality of the negative from which the print is taken. It is impossible to obtain satisfactory results with incorrectly exposed or fogged negatives. A novice's first attempts at toning frequently show traces of staining from contamination with hypo. It has been well observed that "hypo is a good servant to photographers, but a bad master." The beginner should make a good rule from the outset of his



Drawn by F. H. Keveren,

Cheltenham.

THOSE DREADFUL TEST MATCHES.

WIFE (to husband, engrossed in the "Echo" report of the Australian test matches): Jack!

HUSBAND. Yes, m'dear!

WIFE: Are you listening?

HUSBAND: Eh? Oh! yes, m'dear.

WIFE: Baby actually commenced to run to-day!

HUSBAND: How many runs did he make?—I mean—er—was he out? I—er—What did you say, m'dear?

photographic labours that on no account shall the hypo fixing bath be touched until every print is toned.

How to TEST THE DARK-ROOM LIGHT.

If the beginner in photography finds that his plates, however carefully used, show on development traces of fog, he should test his apparatus for light leakage. Before testing the camera and slides it is a good plan to test the security of the dark-room lamp. There are several methods of doing this. One of the best is to put a plate into a dark slide and draw out the shutter half way. The slide should be exposed to the light of the lamp for about five minutes. After this exposure the plate should be developed, and it can then easily be seen by the appearance of the plate whether or no the light exerts any action on the plate.

Sergt.-Major Barwell, of Northampton, who fought at the Alma and Sebastopol, and who holds one of the 25 medals issued by the French Government for special service in the Crimean War, has this week celebrated his golden wedding at Northampton.

OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

Monday, Feb. 8th, 1904,
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY!

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL

AND THEIR COMPANY.

Monday, Thursday, and Friday:—
"DICK HOPE"
(For the First Time in Cheltenham).
Tuesday and Saturday:—
"THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM."
Wednesday:—
"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

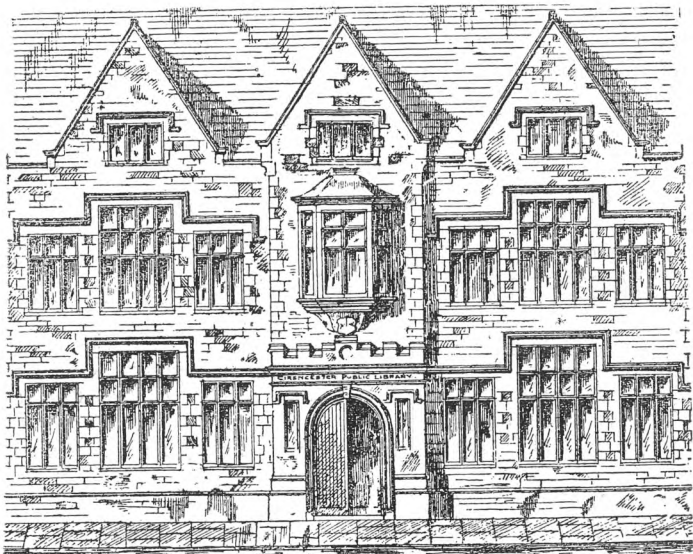
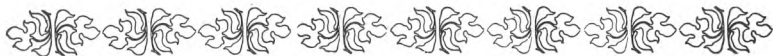
SEATS MAY NOW BE BOOKED.



MR. W. BURTON STEWART,
CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR STROUD.



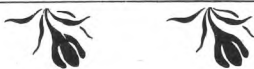
M. YSAÏE,
The Great Violinist.



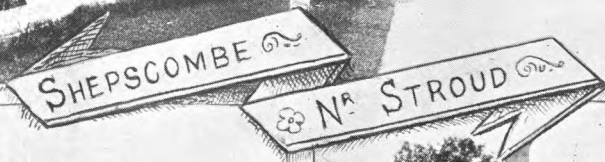
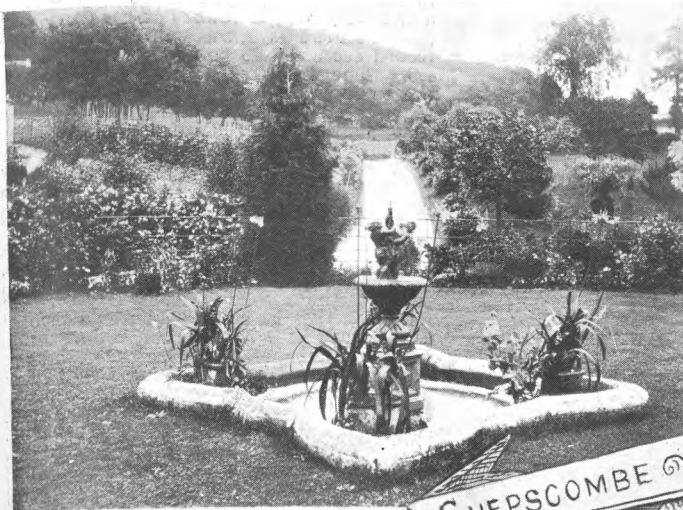
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MARK HAMBOURG,
The Celebrated Pianoforte Virtuoso.



THE PRIZE PICTURE



Photos by F. Littley,
BROOKLANDS LAWN AND FOUNTAIN.
THE FLOCK MILL.

CARRIAGE DRIVE.
THE BROOKLANDS.

Cheltenham

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Fog is a bad thing both on sea and land, for it impedes navigation on the former and locomotion on the latter, and adds a great element of danger to the traffic on them. The Fog Fiend also entails considerable expense upon the railway companies in effectively dealing with him, so that he shall not completely paralyse the movement of trains on the line. I remember that Earl Cawdor, the chairman of the Great Western Railway Co., told the shareholders at the half-yearly meeting in February, 1902, that the heavy and long-lasting fogs of the previous December had cost the company £3,200. And I can easily understand this, having regard to the extra pay and refreshments that a large number of men specially told off for "logging" must have received on the extensive system and to the total cost of the detonators used, each of which runs into a penny farthing. Although we have had a spell of fog this month, fortunately it has not been anything like so dense or prolonged as the one already alluded to. It is, however, very tantalising to read that, while we, living in the vale, were, as it were, in Cimmerian darkness on Friday, the 22nd inst., there were six hours of sunshine that day on Cleeve Hill, and that the Cotswold Hounds had capital hunting on the high ground from Prestbury to Dixon,

whereas the Ledbury pack had to go back from Barber's Bridge to Ledbury town because of the fog. I hear that along the Cotswold range it was all bright the very same day. The moral appears to be that those persons who cannot stand the fog and are happily able to flit from town should tram it instanter to adjacent Cleeve Hill, there to get certain clear light and, very frequently, sunshine. Even the sight of the wide expanse of country lying between Cleeve Cloud and the Malvern range enveloped in fog like as a billowy sea, as sometimes occurs, is a spectacle that the most abstemious of bonafide travellers might love to dwell upon, to say nothing of revelling in the beauties of the rising sun when looking eastwards very early in the morning.

There will be the rarity of another exceedingly-interesting wedding in Gloucester Cathedral next Wednesday—not that of a daughter of one of its residentiary canons, which capitular body for forty years furnished the only four brides therein united in the holy bonds of matrimony; but that of Miss Dorothy Arbutnot (second daughter of Col. George Arbutnot, of Norton Court, near Gloucester, formerly of the Royal Artillery, and for some years Conservative member for Hereford) and Captain H. F. Bateman Champain, of the Gurkhas (second of six sons of Lady Bateman Champain, of Lypiatt House, Chel-

tenham). The wedding was originally fixed for December 30th last, but it had to be postponed owing to the inability of Captain Champain to re-turn from service in India in time. I doubt not that there will be quite as much anxiety on the part of the general feminine public to see something of the ceremony or of the gay procession as there was on the occasion of the previous wedding there, on December 16th last.

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Those were significant official figures that the "Chronicle" gave last week in regard to the number of passengers carried by the Cheltenham and District Light Railway last year—the prodigious number of 1,307,033, showing an increase of 138,821 in the twelve months. This question naturally suggests itself—"Considering that this increase was forthcoming in a year of execrably bad weather, what is the number likely to be when it is so continuously fine as to tempt the masses to go to Cleeve, and to Leckhampton, when the extension is made there?" I trust that on his next visit here Mr. T. A. Nevins will be able to find an even more satisfactory state of affairs than he did on August 29th last, when he told an "Echo" interviewer that the tramways had more than come up to his expectations financially, as the receipts just then made up showed an increase of £2,000 on those of the previous year. GLEANER.



A Famous Volunteer.

Our photograph was taken during the Bisley Meeting, 1892.

We are able to give to-day the portrait of Quartermaster-Sergeant Worth, who has just retired from the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineers (Volunteers) after a voluntary service of 29 years, and to accompany it with some particulars of his career as a Volunteer, obtained from various sources, which cannot fail to be interesting to the many Volunteers, both past and present, throughout the county.

Walter Henry Worth was born in 1856, and has always resided in Gloucester. His father was one of the leading tradesmen in that city, but died when the object of our sketch was six years old. At the age of 15 he commenced an apprenticeship to the printing trade, and in seven years graduated through the various branches of that business, and was afterwards engaged upon a leading journal for some years. His enterprising spirit then prompted him to engage in a venture of his own, and he has for the last 25 years been established as a coal merchant and factor. Long before this time, however, he had joined the ranks of the Volunteer Engineers, and having a natural aptitude for matters military he made rapid progress. Promotions in the Engineers have always gone by examination, and it was not long before Mr. Worth worked through the various ranks of corporal to sergeant, which rank he held for six years, and the more responsible rank of company-sergeant-major for eight years. He was then promoted to staff rank, first as orderly-room clerk and afterwards quartermaster-sergeant. Drill, military engineering, signalling, and ambulance work were made special subjects by Mr. Worth, and he was frequently employed as instructor in engineering, while he had charge of the signalling class from its establishment. But

the quartermaster-sergeant will be best known to the public as a rifle shot. During the whole of his career he has maintained his position in the first flight of scientific rifle shots all over the kingdom. After becoming the best shot in his company and in his battalion he went to Wimbledon, and soon became prominent in the ranks of the "stars." The big prizes quickly began to fall to his rifle, the "Duke of Cambridge" at 1,000 yards being one of the first. He tied with the highest possible score for the "Daily Telegraph Cup," valued at £60, and it must have been a consolation to him, on losing the tie, that the cup was taken by a man of his own county (Capt. Pottinger). The following year he did a remarkable performance. Tying for the "Perinet et Fils" prize at 500 yards, he had to make a series of 28 consecutive bulls eyes before he won, and we believe this stands as a record to-day. Mr. Worth was winning many prizes in all competitions from 1880 to 1890, and as he tied for the championship of the English Twenty Club in 1888 he first obtained his place in the International Team. About this time he was shooting with the short Snider, the long Snider, the Martini, the M.B.L., and the Match rifle, and the quick changing from one class of rifle, ammunition, and sighting to another must have been very embarrassing. He now commenced to devote himself much to long-range shooting with the Match rifle, and soon forged ahead, his form being so good that in 1891 he obtained his place in the English Eight in the contest for the Elcho Shield, and upon four subsequent occasions he had the same honour. Once he found himself in the unique position of representing his county in the English Eight with the

Match rifle, and in the English Twenty with the Service rifle in the same year! In 1891 the long-range championship, shot at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, 15 rounds at each range, repeated on two days, was won by him with the record score of 423 points out of a possible 450. The following year he was third for the same prize, and, with an interval of a year, again won the championship. The next year he was third. Quartermaster-Sergeant Worth had a very successful year in 1892. At Bisley he won the "Bass" at 900 yards, making 74 out of a possible 75 points; the "Secretary of State for War" prize at 800 and 900 yards; was second for the "Albert," shot at 900, 1,000, and 1,100 yards; and he was unfortunate enough to lose the "Prince of Wales" prize and £100 by one point. The second prize was £20. The following year he had a memorable shoot for the "Any Rifle Association Cup." Five International shots tied with the highest possible score at 900 yards. When they met to decide, half a gale of wind was blowing, but Mr. Worth was fortunate enough to make the right calculations, and won the prize of £25. "Our hero" somewhat neglected the Service rifle at Bisley for a few years, but he several times obtained his place in the second stage of the "Queen's Prize," and took sums of money in many competitions. He did not confine himself to Bisley, however, but shot at the national meetings of Ireland, Scotland, and Belgium. At Belfast he made the remarkable score of 99 points with the Martini rifle, and, after an exciting tie shoot, won the championship. At the same meeting a competition was advertised for Match rifles at 1,000 yards, 10 shots, military rifles being allowed 3 points start. Mr. Worth scored 49 points with a military rifle, and that added to the allowance made his score two points more than the highest possible! The conditions were changed the following year. At the Scottish National meeting at Darnley, near Glasgow, he missed the championship by three points, but obtained the national and grand aggregate badges. Shooting on the Continent is carried on somewhat differently to the English mode. At Brussels competitors are ranged in a long building, and shoot out of the windows! The noise is deafening. Here Quartermaster-sergeant Worth made a yearly pilgrimage, and took prizes in each competition, culminating in the championship, open to the world. Clocks, watches, forks and spoons, and money prizes are the rewards given, added to much hospitality. Mr. Worth was once the guest where a menu of sixteen courses was handed round! His duties in his regiment have kept Quartermaster-Sergeant Worth from the ranges during the last few years, but the County Rifle Meeting has never been missed, and there, during his long career, he has won the championship upon nine occasions. Looking up the records we find that during the last seven years, and taking all competitions, fine weather and foul, he has averaged over 94 points per competition. The following are the figures, and they speak for themselves:—

1897.—1ST POSITION.				
Competition.	200	500	600	Total.
Volunteer	32	30	34	96
County	31	35	32	98
Members	32	33	30	95
*1898.—1ST POSITION.				
Volunteer	34	34	32	100
County	32	31	32	95
*1899.—2ND POSITION.				
Volunteer	33	34	31	98
County	30	35	31	96
*1900.—1ST POSITION.				
Volunteer	31	35	34	100
County	32	33	34	99
1901.—4TH POSITION.				
Volunteer	30	31	28	89
County	31	32	28	91
Members	32	32	26	90
1902.—1ST POSITION.				
Volunteer	34	31	28	93
County	33	34	31	98
Members	33	29	27	89
1903.—3RD POSITION.				
Volunteer	31	27	22	80
County	35	30	28	93
Members	35	33	25	93

* No members' prizes in these years. In addition to shooting, he has been captain of the county team, of his battalion team, and coach to the Cambridge University team. Add to this that he was honorary secretary to the County Rifle Association for

13 years, and Superintendent of Gloucestershire for the English Twenty Shooting Club, and it will be admitted he has had a busy time. As a result of all these years of fine marksmanship he has a magnificent collection of trophies, including International, national, county, and regimental medals, jewels, and badges that can hardly be surpassed. During his career he has been honoured by many public and private bodies. Upon ten occasions he has dined at the Mansion House by invitation from the various Lord Mayors of London; at the Town-hall, Glasgow, by the Lord Provost; at Brussels by the *Administration du Tir National de Belgique*. He has also had the honour of presentation to our present King and Queen (then Prince and Princess of Wales), the King of the Belgians, and other notabilities.

Amongst its numerous and unique accomplishments, radium possesses the power of immediately enabling one to distinguish between diamonds and paste. The real gem responds at once, and takes on a beautiful luminosity in the dark, whereas paste remains dull. Two observers have recently gone over 13,000 different kinds of minerals with radium, the Rontgen rays, and ultra-violet light, and it is plain that the mere application of only a few pounds' worth of radium in the dark constitutes the simplest, and, in the long run, the cheapest test for genuine diamonds yet discovered.

Here is the horoscope for 1904, made at the moment the sun entered the sign of Capricorn. It indicates a year of great evil in London. The Viceroy of India abdicates. The United States has great quarrels with Russia and Germany. Roosevelt falls sick, and a conspiracy is hatched against him. Serious financial disasters in America.

The Emperor of Japan has a grave accident. An attempt on the life of the Emperor of China.

Volcanic shocks in Constantinople, Chili, and Philippines.

A year of unhealthy literature and unlimited materialism.

The French Cabinet falls between April 7th and 19th.

A panic in a music hall, grave accidents and popular disturbances in Russia. An attempt to poison the Czar. Serious dissensions between Russia and Austria.

England loses prestige. The campaign in Tibet falls through.

Tremendous failures in Calcutta and the Transvaal.

Anarchist troubles in Spain; the Government threatened.

In China women massacred. Everywhere crimes of passion, mysterious deaths and strange phenomena.

Finally:—

1904 is an anagram of 1409, the date of the birth of Joan of Arc. This year a wonderful child will be born with a high destiny, showing its power in 1924, an anagram of 1429, the date of the apogee of Joan of Arc.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's popular paper this week gives some interesting anecdotes concerning Brunel the younger, the designer of "The Great Eastern" (or, as she was originally called, "The Leviathan"). Brunel began his career, at the early age of seven, in his father's office, during the building of the Thames Tunnel. He took an active part in the work, and he had numerous narrow escapes, the details of which will be found in his "Life" written by his son (published upwards of thirty years ago); but his narrowest "shave" was at Bristol. During the construction of the Clifton Suspension Bridge an iron bar one inch and a half in diameter and about 1,000 feet in length was hung across the valley from Clifton Rock to the Somerset side for the purpose of facilitating the work. The bar was traversed by a basket pulled by ropes. On one occasion when Brunel was in the basket the mast of a ship coming up the river struck the basket. In order to save himself from being suddenly crushed to death Brunel had to scramble up the counter-balance and get up on the bar itself.



The Battle of the Schools!

The ratepayer bears the burden, and the scholar waits (and grins) while the Churches fight it out!

"Spy," the famous caricaturist of "Vanity Fair," has been making some interesting confessions to an interviewer as to the work which has made his nom de plume a household word. Asked who was the toughest subject he had ever tried, Mr. Leslie Ward replied, "Well, in a thousand of these cartoons I have met a good many, but I should say Mr. Chamberlain is as difficult as any. I've watched him at meetings, and I've scrutinised him in the Commons; I've taken flying sketches of him in a hundred attitudes, but somehow they never seem to expand into the finished sketch. You make it Chamberlain, of course, and nobody else; but you feel it will never give others a tithe of your own ideas of the man. Then you decide to give him a rest, and take up something else, and all the while the man is growing harder every day." Alongside of this it would be interesting to hear what Mr. F. Carruthers Gould thinks of the ex-Colonial Secretary as a subject.

"Graft," the American technical term for blackmail, bribe-money, and other forms of dishonest money-getting, has assumed many strange forms in the great Republic; but surely a variety recently brought into the light of day would be hard to match. One George Bishop, of Buffalo, who in summer made a living by serving as a sailor on the Great Lakes, has been relating his experience as a professional prisoner during the winter months. "I get into a town," said Bishop, "and I go to a cop and says, 'Say, how are you fixed for a little time?' And he says, 'How much do you want?' I say, 'Oh, about five or ten days.' Then him and me fixes it up. He takes me before the justice, and I pleads guilty and down I goes. Time up, I get a tip and skip over to other parts, where the officers are all right, get a little time off them, and back I comes under a new name; then down again, out again, and so on."

The Pope's edict forbidding the use of pianos, drums, and cymbals during service in Roman Catholic churches reminds us that not so long ago we had a variety of instruments playing in our own churches. The organ, or "kist fu' o' whistles," as an old Scottish divine used to call it in contempt when declaiming against "hunkering" and other prelatial inventions, has been exclusively used only for a short time. In some of the high churches other instruments are in use to-day, and readers of Mr. Hardy's early, and best, novel, "The Woodlanders," will remember the interesting account given there of the rustic choristers and the many different instruments played by them. In principle (comments "Country Life") we cannot see that any valid objection lies against one form of music more than another, although it is quite true that our northern neighbours differentiated between what they call sacred and secular music for use on a Sunday afternoon. The only thing in favour of the organ is that it has a natural solemnity befitting the offices of the Church; but otherwise there seems no reason why a hymn-tune should not be sung to a fiddle.

We learn (says the "Athenæum") from a private source that the health of Henrik Ibsen, which has been deplorable during the last two years, has greatly improved this winter. The poet's physician, anxious to complete the good work of restoration, still prevents him from undertaking correspondence or seeing many visitors. But we hear that permission has just been given to him to superintend, in a measure, the approaching performance of his "Pillars of Society," with which Mr. and Mrs. Fahlstom will make a jubilee appearance in April. This involves much more mental exertion than for many months past it has been thought that Ibsen could support.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Cheltenham.

"BEESWAX!" OR "AFTER THE BALL."

(THREE IMPRESSIONS).



Drawn by E. A. Slim,

Cheltenham.

A "PASSIVE RESISTER" AT CHELTENHAM WORKHOUSE.

It was reported in the "Echo" that the stone-breaking task prescribed for casuals had been increased from 4cwt. to 5cwt.

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There is something delightfully characteristic in the answer given by a schoolboy to a school inspector a short time back. The inspector asked him if he could give any explanation as to why a crab goes into its hiding-place backwards. The boy answered, "So's he shan't have the trouble of turning round when he wants to go out again."