

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE  
AND  
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC  
ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 162.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

TO-DAY AT 2.30 and 7.45.  
THE LATEST LONDON MUSICAL COMEDY  
"MY LADY MOLLY,"  
WHICH HAS EVERYWHERE PROVED  
AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

Times and Prices as usual.

OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

Monday, Feb. 8th, 1904,

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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."

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Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

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Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.  
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BEGAN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

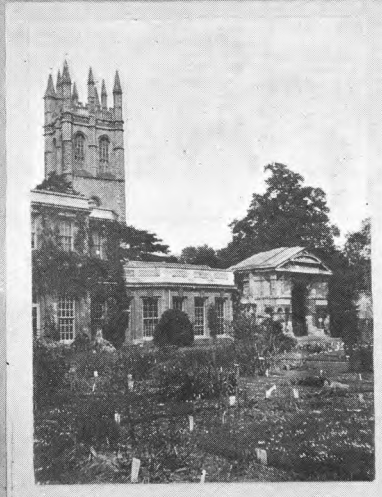
Here is a pretty little story, hitherto unpublished, of the favourite contralto who celebrated her birthday on Monday. Some years ago, before she married Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mme. Butt (says "M.A.P.") used to charm the friends whom she entertained in her London ~~flat~~ on Sunday afternoons with music and song. One summer day, when the windows were wide open, a crowd collected outside the house, attracted by her deep, stirring tones. There was quiet, rapt enjoyment on every face. At the end of a ballad, however, a harsh, stern voice was heard to shout from somewhere in the street, "Respect the Sabbath!" Mme. Butt, far from being offended at the narrow-minded absurdity of objecting to a light-hearted song because it was sung on Sunday, responded to her unseen critic's request by instantly singing "Abide with Me" with simple and unaffected earnest-



MR. C. J. PHILLIPS,  
Conductor Cheltenham Philharmonic Society.

THE PRIZE PICTURE

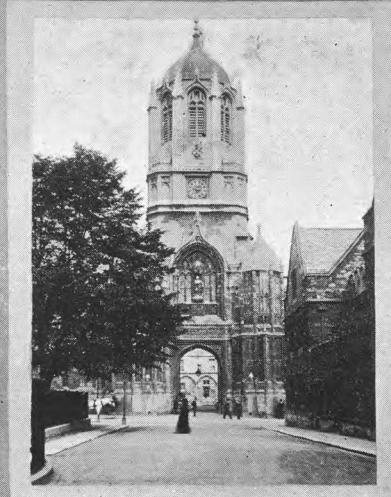
*A Ramble round Oxford*



1. In the Botanic Gardens



2. The Radcliffe Library



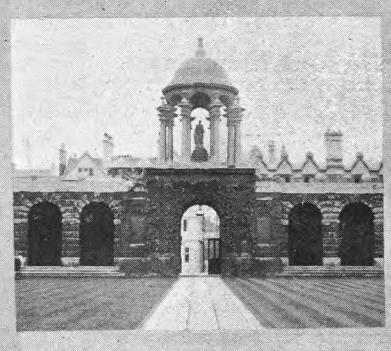
3. The Tower Christ Church



4. Queen's College



5. Christ Church



6. Part of Quadrangle *Queen's College*

Photo by H. P. Cannock, Cheltenham.

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**HISTORIC SCENES IN THE COMMONS.**

By HENRY W. LUCY  
("Toby M.P." of "Punch").

The first time I chanced to be present when the ordinarily still waters of the House of Commons were broken up by sudden storm, happened about thirty-one years ago. Mr. Gladstone was in the course of his first premiership, and the historic Parliament elected in 1868 was slowly dying. On what should have been a quiet Tuesday sitting Sir Charles Dilke rose to move for an enquiry into the Civil List, the extravagance of which he had a short time earlier denounced at a public meeting. Sir Charles, standing at the corner seat of the Front Bench below the gangway, since occupied by him under varied circumstances, got along well enough. He at least managed to make himself heard. But what he said got the back up of a loyal majority, and when Mr. Auberon Herbert rose to second the motion he was greeted with persistent cries of "Vide, vide, vide."

He had, however, come to stay, and meant to deliver a carefully prepared speech. As he stood and shouted the beginning of sentences, the crowded House now in for a lark, persistently bellowed. This was the occasion when, as was written at the time, the late Cavendish Bentinck "went out behind the Speaker's Chair and crowed thrice." Certainly cock-crowing was added to other more familiar Parliamentary observations. After the row had continued some ten minutes, a member jealous of the reputation

of the House, spied strangers. The galleries were cleared, and when they were re-opened it was announced that Sir Charles Dilke's motion had been negatived by two hundred and seventy-six votes to two.

**MR. PLIMSOLL MAKES HIS MARK.**

Three years later, having succeeded to the Premiership, Mr. Disraeli found himself confronted with a scene even more dramatic than that which distressed Mr. Gladstone in 1872. August was at hand, and the usual statement of Bills thrown overboard was made. Amongst them was the Merchant Shipping Bill, in charge of Mr. Plimsoll. In those days it was open to an aggrieved member to dislodge ordered business and arbitrarily occupy the time of the House by moving the adjournment. Mr. Plimsoll availed himself of this privilege, beseeching the Premier, in a voice choked with emotion, not to consign some thousands of men to death. The Merchant Shipping Bill was designed to check the practices of a class of men whom Mr. Plimsoll described as "ship-knackers," who bought at a low price unworthy ships, insured them, sent them to sea, and when they foundered, as they usually did, pocketed the spoil. Mr. Plimsoll's excited demeanour, his scarcely veiled accusation of a particular Member, wrought the House to a high pitch of excitement. The Speaker repeatedly calling him to order, Mr. Plimsoll darted forward, waving aloft a piece of paper, and standing in the middle of the floor he gave notice of intention to ask the President of the Board of Trade whether certain ships, the names of which he read from the sheet of paper he held in his hand, "are owned by —, and whether that gentleman, — is a member of this House."

Amid the uproar Mr. Plimsoll's voice was heard shrieking, "I am determined to unmask the villains who sent these men to their graves." The Premier, showing disposition to rise and say a few words, Mr. Plimsoll, still standing in the middle of the floor, shook his fist at the right honourable gentleman, and said something that was drowned in the uproar. The member for Derby was suspended. But before the Session was terminated, the Merchant Shipping Bill was added to the Statute Book, and to-day the Load Line skims over every sea on which a British vessel floats.

**THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.**

In the Session of 1878, at the full tide of what was at the time known as Jingoism, the House of Commons was one February night stirred to its profoundest depths. The Government had asked for a Vote of Credit for six millions, avowedly a menace to Russia, at the time at odds with Turkey. Mr. Forster, on behalf of the Front Opposition Bench, moved an amendment equivalent to refusing the Supply. On the seventh of February the House met amid rumours that the Russians had occupied Constantinople. Questioned by Lord Hartington, nominally leading the Opposition, with Mr. Gladstone fuming on his flank, Sir Stafford Northcote, Leader of the House, read a telegram just received from Mr. Layard, British Minister at Constantinople, stating that the Russians were pushing on to Constantinople, and had compelled the Turks to evacuate important defences. The House recognised in this announcement the sound of the war trumpet. Mr. Forster recognising that the aspect of affairs in the East was one of profound gravity, asked leave to withdraw his amend-



## GLOUCESTER ELECTRIC TRAMS.

Photo by Sydney Pitcher, Gloucester.

TRACK LAYING AT THE CROSS.

ment. Whilst conversation was going forward a letter was passed along the Treasury Bench till it reached the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Profound silence fell on the excited House as Sir Stafford rose. In faltering tones he said he had received from the Ambassador of Russia official intimation that there was not a word of truth in the statement of which Mr. Layard had made himself the communicant. The state of tension relaxed, members fell into a state of merriment, not wholly free from suspicion of hysteria.

The first session of Parliament elected in 1880 was marked by a series of unexpected entrances and tumultuous exits by Mr. Bradlaugh. Banquo wasn't in it with the member for Northampton. In the course of a month or so. members grew quite accustomed to see him enter, walk swiftly down the floor, take his seat, to be presently hailed forth. On the 22nd of June a motion to permit him to take the oath was negatived by 275 votes against 230. On the next day Mr. Bradlaugh walked up to the table and demanded to have the oath administered to him. After some discussion it was agreed that he should be heard at the Bar. There he stood for twenty minutes addressing a crowded silent House in terms that frequently rose to the height of passionate eloquence. Having made an end of speaking he bowed to the chair and withdrew, whilst the House considered his application.

### BRADLAUGH IN POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE.

The majority being inexorable, the Speaker directed Mr. Bradlaugh to be summoned in order to bear its decision. Called by the Sergeant-at-Arms he walked up to the table, and stood there, whilst the Speaker remaining seated communicated what had passed, and ordered him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh was the only person in the House who showed no sign of excitement. "I beg respectfully to insist on my right as duly elected member

for Northampton," he quietly said. "I beg you to administer the oath, and I respectfully refuse to withdraw." The Speaker, rising to his feet as he addressed the House, asked to be clothed with authority to deal with this new turn of affairs. Mr. Gladstone being deserted by a section of his followers, sufficient to make the Leader of the Opposition master of the situation, Sir Stafford Northcote moved a resolution investing the Speaker with such power as was requisite to the enforcement of his authority. The House dividing, there was presented the unique spectacle of a person officially declared to be a stranger standing solitary in a House emptied of members passing through the Division lobby.

Authorised by an overwhelming majority the Speaker, addressing the Sergeant-at-Arms standing by the Bar, commanded him to remove Mr. Bradlaugh. Captain Gosset, approaching, touched the burly figure on the shoulder and invited him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh, his mind ever full of nice distinctions, consented to retire as far as the Bar, the Sergeant-at-Arms trying to keep pace with his long stride. Having reached the Bar, he suddenly turned, dashed back to the Table, and demanded to have the oath administered to him. Captain Gosset gallantly seized him by the arm. But an antelope might as well have attempted to arrest an elephant. After some more waltzing up and down the floor a motion was carried committing Mr. Bradlaugh to the Clock Tower, whither to the great relief of the House he quietly withdrew. Nine years later, when the member for Northampton lay dying, the resolution entered in the orders of the House ordering his expulsion was "nemine contradicente" itself expunged.

### WHOLESALE IRISH SUSPENSIONS.

The suspension of thirty-seven Irish members—"What! all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop?"—was the climax of obstruction against the earliest

Peace Preservation Act. Mr. Dillon began it. The business of the day was the moving of a new batch of Standing Orders designed to clip the wings of obstruction. Mr. Gladstone rising to move the first resolution found himself faced by Mr. Dillon, who refused to resume his seat when called upon by the Speaker. He was forthwith named, and ordered to withdraw. This he refused to do until a posse of messengers under command of the Sergeant-at-Arms approached. Thereupon he surrendered. On his withdrawal Mr. Parnell moved that Mr. Gladstone be not heard. A scene of indescribable tumult followed. Mr. Parnell was named, ordered to withdraw, and, respectfully refusing, the reserves were again called cut. Four venerable messengers, whose united ages probably was not a day less than two hundred and fifty years, advancing to the charge, the Irish Leader surrendered at discretion. The farce was carried out till the whole thirty-seven were expelled, a process which occupied an appreciable period of the sitting.

These were the good old days, of which we see no more under the prosaic operation of the latest batch of Standing Orders.

HENRY W. LUCY.

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There has been a steady decrease in the number of births in Germany during the last few decades. From 1870 to 1880 the number of births was 40.7 for every thousand inhabitants; during the following decade it fell to 38.2, and from 1890 to 1900 it was not more than 37.4, or about as much as in the fifties. In Berlin the decrease in the birth-rate has been especially marked, the total number of births in the capital being 1,700 less in 1903 than two years ago.



WEDDED IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, FEB. 3rd, 1904.

Capt. Hugh J. Bateman Champain.

Miss Dorothy Gertrude Arbuthnot.

### Gloucestershire Gossip.

One half of the hunting season is now over, and if the sport and weather in the moiety to come prove as good as they were in the one just over, fox-hunters will be indeed fortunate. The days on which they have been stopped by frost or fog can be counted on one's hand. There were several long runs in January, with kills, the Ledbury taking the palm with one of 115 minutes on the 15th January and another of 125 minutes on the 27th. The Croome Hounds killed a leash of foxes near Tewkesbury on the 7th and a mangey fox in 90 minutes on the 23rd. Notable bloodless runs were the following:—Earl Bathurst's on the 5th, when they had foxes in front of them for five hours, and on the 6th, a nine-mile point then finishing up at Turck-dean, in the Cotswold country; the Cotswold Hounds on the 5th, when two foxes occupied attention for 165 minutes; the Duke of Beaufort's, three hours on the 16th; Lord Fitzhardinge's, 110 minutes on the 12th, from Frampton-on-Severn to Cam; and the Ledbury, 145 minutes on the 30th. The Berkeley pack also had two runs after tree foxes that swam the Gloucester Canal. An unfortunate fire at the Cotswold Hunt stables on the night of the 21st must be recorded. The damage by it to the building was infinitesimal, but the smoke inhaled and subsequent exposure to bitter cold were responsible for the death of Solomon, one of the favourite hunters of the Master, and of Swift, a whip's mount. One interesting item of the month's news was the purchase by the Master of the Ledbury Hounds of the hounds with which Messrs. Browne, of Bishop's Froome, have hunted an adjacent part of Herefordshire, with an arrangement under which they will continue to act as huntsman and whip respectively.

It is incomprehensible to many that the Cheltenham Corporation have adopted such an unaccommodating (to use a mild term) attitude towards

the Great Western Railway Co. in regard to its property as affected by the construction of the Honeybourne line through the town, an undertaking which must bring very material benefits here. They insisted on having their pound of flesh for the little bit of Alstone Baths required, and they also asked and pressed for an amount more substantial than the £10 per month which the company was willing to pay for the permission of laying temporary lines in Market, Bloomsbury, High, and Whitehart-streets, Carlton-place, and St. Paul's-road for the purpose of facilitating the construction of the railway. And I am not surprised that the company considered this demand unacceptable and that its engineer quickly notified the Corporation that, as they could not come to terms, the company had no other course but to proceed with the work from the Honeybourne end of the line. The effect of this decision is not at once seen; but it means the shifting of the base of operations, with all its prospective pecuniary advantages to the town, to a spot miles away; in fact, that instead of working from Cheltenham in the construction of the last length of the line the contractors will proceed to it by stages from Winchcombe. The loss in money not circulated in Cheltenham will, I think, run into thousands.

In a note on January 18th, 1902, I ventured to express my opinion that the price of £26,000 which the Gloucester Corporation had agreed to give the Tramways Co. for its undertaking, "lock, stock, and barrel," was excessive, having regard to the fact that the owners had been losing money for years. I have therefore waited patiently for the realisation of the tangible assets taken over of this "going concern," and from time to time the prices have fully justified my opinion. The first draft, sixteen, of 100 horses, valued in at £25 each, sold by auction at a loss of £10 10s. each to the ratepayers. Now, at the last Council meeting two councillors, ever enthusiastic over the purchase in question, with smug satisfaction congratulated the city that after 18 months' hard work it had only dropped £2

or £3 (the amount should be £4 10s.) per head on the 2<sup>d</sup> horses recently sold, and that the buses had averaged £12 15s. and the charabancs £25 10s. Instead of congratulations it should have been condolences offered, for, as matters of fact, the valuation in to the city of these vehicles was £85 each; and all the hard work of the horses had resulted in no profit to the city, while the cost of the animals' keep—at least 7s. 6d. per week each—represented so much loss. I hope that as soon as all the assets are realised, including the tramway track, put in at £9,300, some independent member will move for a comparative return showing the prices obtained for the various items and their valuation amounts.

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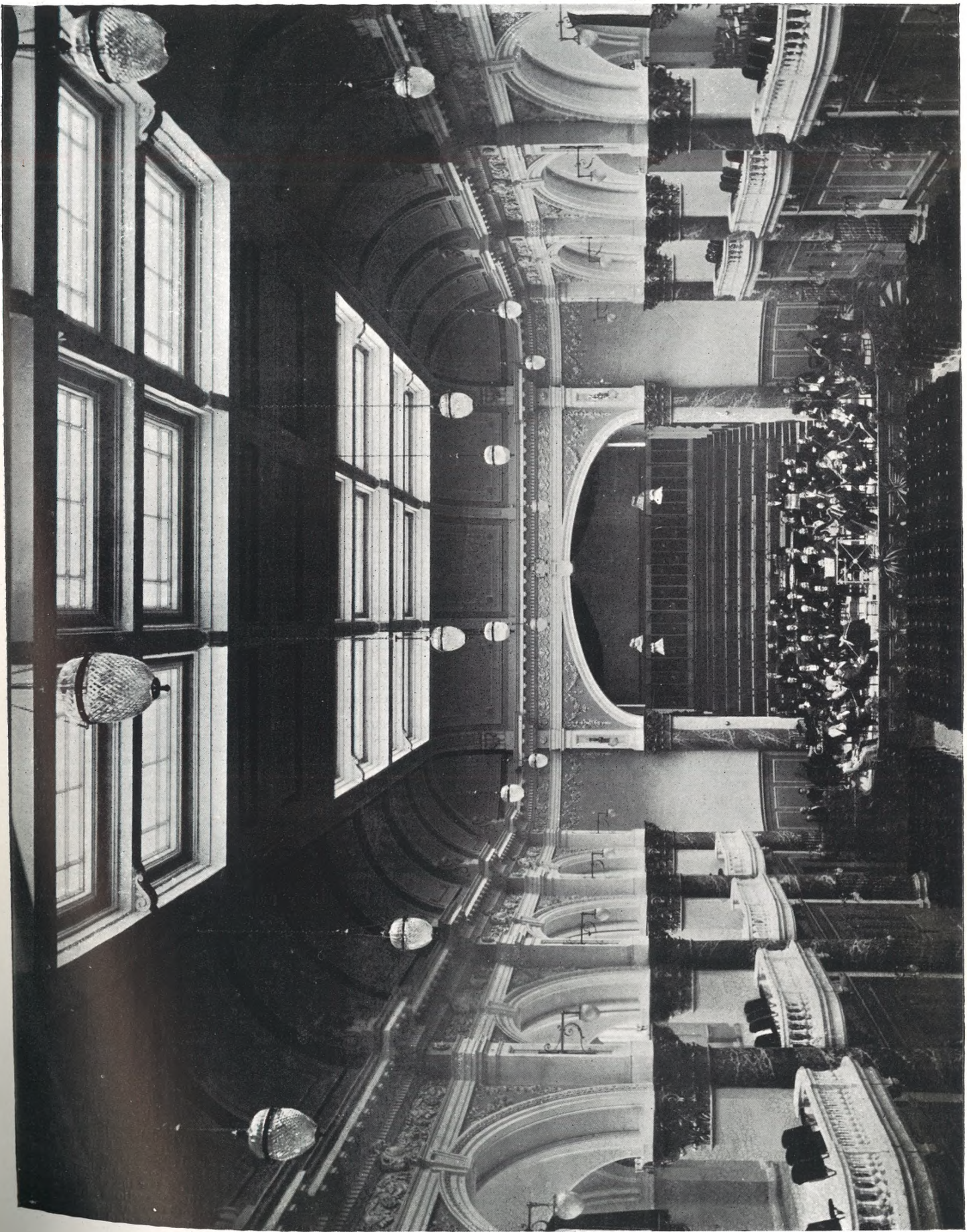


Photo by H. W. Watson, Cheltenham.  
**Cheltenham Philharmonic Society Concert in New Town-Hall, January 28th, 1904.**



The Prime Minister of England.  
(RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.)

**MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.**  
"Mirth is God's medicine."—Ward Beecher.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL DILEMMAS.**

If there's one angcient and 'onnered hintootion more than another as I respecks and turns to when in need of a little hinnercent and hintellectooal amoosement,—its the correspondence collumn of the paper, as always contains somethink interesting, whether its the dog nuisance, the sucking sweets at Sunday School grievance, or the rise in the rates.

I've often thought 'ow I should like to be you, Mr. Editor, to 'ave the names of all they as signs theirselves "Justice, Fair Play, A Resident, Another Ratepayer," and so forth—and fifth, and so on—jest 'id away in a drawer so as you can put yer finger on anyone of 'em and say that one's Mr. So and So, and this is—no, you wouldn't believe it if I was to tell you, so I won't say the lady's name!

Come to think of it, I begin to 'ave glimmerin's now why it is women don't edit newspapers; 'cos for why—they wouldn't never be able not to 'old the names not for 5 minits without goin' into a ragin' fever of egscitement, wich the editor would tell the sub-editor, and the sub-editor, under a hawful hoath of secresy 'd tell the sub-sub-editor, and so it would leak all down by "subs" till it reached the front door and then off all over the town and county in a brace of shakes, as you mite say! Which is evendually why even "'Ome Chips" and "Fashion Bits," as is femail in get-up and the things they talks about from the Cadbury's Cocoa advertisement on the corner of the front cover to the Beecham's Pills on the back—is nevertheless, notwithstanding, done entirely by men of a femail turn of mind.

Durin' the last week I've studied the correspondence collumn in the "Echo" with great hinterest, upwards of 25 per cent., compound interest, more expeshully the Sunday School sweet sucking incident, which threatened at one time to develop into a very serious dilemmer, wich I guess the renowned Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, never contemplated, or else he wouldn't 'ave dared to take the risk of starting the Sunday school system. So far as a hordinary fellow like me can make out, the upshot of the whole thing is that extry strong pepermints was passed round a Sunday school class at Pilley, from mouth to mouth, as the sayin' is, and the

teacher, bein' new to the job, was so hupset by the flavor and the circumstance as to demand that said sweets should be spit out by said mouths, or said teacher would give said class bad marks all round—at least, I may be 'rong, but that looks like the rites of it, 'owever! Still, circumstances alters cases, as we all knows, and it turns out that one of the sweet-suckens was a youth wich 'ad never done anythink 'rong for 7 years (at Sunday school), and was only carried away for the momint by the sweet-sucking wave wich 'ad swept like a war fever or a outbreak of measles over the school. Wich of course egsplines the fuss made, and the letters wroten, when seven years' good behaviour is cancelled by a temporary sweet-sucking indiscretion.

Seems to me, tho', that its a very delikut point to decide—as to wich is the most virtuous thing to do, to swallow the sweet and 'ave done with it—or to expectorate the same, bein' more respectabler a egspression than the other—wich I've 'eard of straining at a 'nat and swallerin' a camel, but nothink relating to strainin' or swallerin' a extry strong peppymints, and I feels for the teacher a good deal, bein' placed in the perstition to 'ave to decide sich a weigthy matter strait hoff the reel, so to say, the more so as the smell from a hextry strong is very good as a disinfectant, so I 'ave 'eard, but terrible irritating to the nerves of them as 'avent acquired the taste to appreciate the hodori! These 'ere dilemmers is very awk'ard things, that I will admit, and I would say to every yung man or woman, whether startin' in life as a pleeceman, or a undertaker, or a Sunday school teacher—be prepared for dilemmers and the ordinary times 'll take care of themselves. That's a sound maxim, as safe's a gun, and warranted never to go hoff, but to remain fresh and true thro' all life's meandering ways, "Be prepared for dilemmers," wich is sure to come, sooner or later, probably the former. There was a dilemmer arosed once, wich I well remembers, at the Sunday school of wich I was a lively member in the days of me youth. Bein' a speshull collection for the Propagation of the Jews or somethink I was gave a new 3d. bit to put in the plate, and, if you beleeve me, James Grinter, who sat next to me, went and swallered this 3d. bit while he were showin' me durin' one of the hims 'ow electrical magnets or somethink could be felt in the human tongue by puttin' a silver coin a-top of it and a ha'penny under-

neast. Of coarse, I ups with me 'and and tells the teacher, out of regard for (1stly) my 3d. bit, and (2ndly) James Grinter's state of 'ealth; and 'ere was a nice cup of tea to decide! The dilemmer 'ere was thusly:—Was James Grinter dishonest for appropriating my money?—if he was 'ow could be put it rite?—and what about the Propagation of the Jews? I can tell you that there teacher were in sich a quandery as you can't think, and made the mistake as I considers of accoosing James Grinter of dishonesty in makin' away with other people's money, and give him a extry bad mark according, as didn't seem not exactly fair to me. What do you think? I know when the superintendent came along to see wot the disturbance was, bein' a kind-'earted jovial sort of a man, he said to the teacher "Well, Mr. Jones, if you want yer money you'd better take Grinter to the minister; they do say that if there's money anywheres about he'll draw it out of a body with one of them stirring appeals of his!"

However, to this day I've never 'ad that 3d. bit refunded back to me by Jas. Grinter, who is now a respectable furniture-broker of the deepest dye, and the father of a fambly. Whenever I meets 'im in the street, or he has me over a bit of furniture, I always thinks of that missin' 3d. bit, and wot a stain upon 'is character it 'ave been, and always will be!

But then—there—puttin' laffin' on one side for a moment—Sunday schools is for other purposes besides sucking or expectorating sweets and swallering 3d. bits. And if Sunday school teachers was to look more at the camel and less at the 'nat, I guess the scholars would learn more and of a better variety than they will from the newspaper correspondence collum squabbles.

Sunday school teachers should jest consider 'ow much they are trusted by the parients of the scholars, as sends their children, without charging a cent. to take religious instruction from those who wishes to impart it. Mostly the teachers thinks they'm doin' the parients a favor, but in my hapynton the boots on both legs, and one of these days the parients 'll be askin' the Sunday school teachers to furnish certificates of their aptitude for teaching and for facin' dilemmers sich as to whether "a peppymint in the mouth is worth two in the hand," and so forth.

The best Sunday school teacher, no doubt, are parients themselves, as they knows jest where moral suasion leaves off, and the buckle strap comes in, in daily life; accordingly, I should advise all teachers who are not parients to become such at the earliest opportunity! I was about to say a few remarks on the dog newssance, but dogs must wait till another week, if they don't mind.

DANIEL BRIGGS.



While we rejoice to receive evidence that investigation concerning cancer is being actively pursued (says the "Hospital"), we greatly question the desirability of bringing the successive steps of the process under the notice of the readers of newspapers, who, as a rule, will be absolutely incompetent to understand their nature or to appreciate their value. At the present stage of the inquiry, it is surely sufficient to say that it is being pusued with care and diligence, and that it may be taken as nearly established that the disease is not due to any invasion from without, to any parasite or bacterium, but solely to a perversion of the ordinary course of nutrition in the body of the subject. In the way of any direct remedy, other than that of early removal, the tendency of modern work is not encouraging; and so far, at least, there seems no reason to suppose that either radium or any of the new "rays" which are constantly being provided by science will be more useful than the surgeon's knife in cases in which the size and situation of the growth will permit the latter to be applied. We have nothing but praise for the efforts which are being made in these directions; but, until they are more advanced than at present seems to be the case, we should be glad to see them excluded from any but professional journals.



Photo by H. N. Barton, Gloucester.

**Mr. Henry B. Chandler,**

Hon. sec. to the 6th Annual Ball of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution held at Gloucester Guildhall last night. Mr. Chandler, who lives at Norton, became local hon. sec. for the institution in 1892, and over £2,000 for its benevolent purposes have passed through his hands. The first ball realised £78 15s. The next two found the hon. sec. laid up with broken ribs and a broken arm, and they only realised £45 3s. and £69 6s. respectively. But his restored energy was reflected in the 1902 and 1903 gatherings, when the profits were £92 8s. and £102. Mr. Chandler is also secretary to the Gloucester Shire Horse Society, a judge to leading agricultural societies, and a keen sportsman.

Sunday was the anniversary of the birth of Franz Schubert, who was born in Vienna in 1797 and died of consumption thirty-one years later, leaving the world some six hundred songs, and many other pieces, besides the "Unfinished" Symphony and the Rosamunde Overture, which were played in memory of his birthday at the Queen's Hall on Sunday. We owe our possession of much of Schubert's work to the perseverance and self-denial of Schumann, who went through the rubbish in Schubert's house years after his death and published many of the pieces he found, though he himself was in poverty and his own works were unheard.

Admirers of Mary Ann Evans ("George Eliot") have had their interest aroused by the announcement that there is shortly to be offered by public auction, in Birmingham, the Hall Farm at Corley, on the main road connecting that village with the town of Nuneaton. It is a picturesque old dwelling, and figures conspicuously in the great authoress's masterpiece, "Adam Bede," as the house of the immortal "Mrs. Poyser," and her unfortunate niece, "Hetty Sorrel." The buildings stand amid typical Warwickshire surroundings, and has undergone considerable renovation since "George Eliot" brought it into prominence. The auctioneers' notice of sale commences: "A freehold dairy farm, known as Corley Hall Farm, occupied by Mr. Thomas Knowles, immortalised by 'George Eliot' in 'Adam Bede' as the Hall Farm, occupied by the 'Poyser,' which is still in existence, containing in the whole 253 acres or thereabouts." "George Eliot" was born within three miles of the place, and no doubt often through the woodlands found her way from the South Farm, Arbury, to the home of the "Poyser."

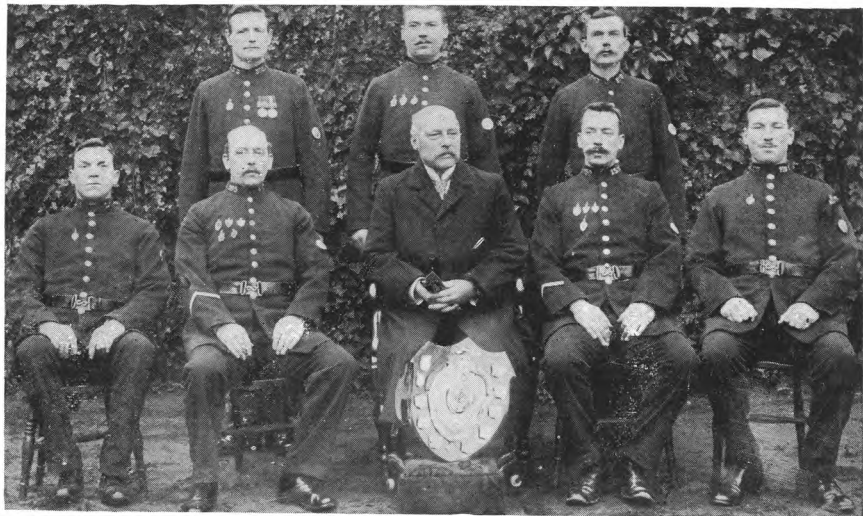


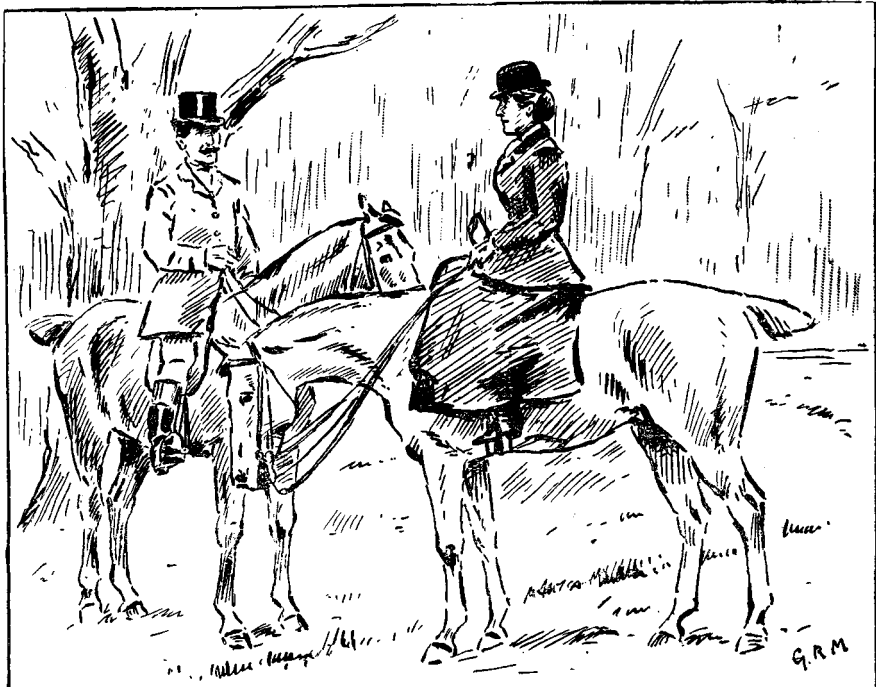
Photo by Smith, St. Aldate-street, Gloucester.

**Gloucester City Police Ambulance Team.**

WINNERS OF THE SHIELD, 1896, 1897, 1900, 1902, 1903.

Top row (standing): P.C.'s E. C. Jackson, J. Newman, and J. Hayden.

Bottom row (sitting): P.C. J. Davey, Acting-Sergt. Wm. Yeates (captain and instructor), Mr. W. Harrison, (Deputy Chief Constable), Acting-Sergt. A. Welchman, and P.C. J. Dyde.



Drawn by G. R. Minett, Cheltenham.

SHE: I hear our Master intends resigning—and he has only been here such a very short time.

HE: Masters of hounds won't stand humbug or interference any more than other people—that is if they intend to be master.

The most celebrated fox-hunting parson of modern times was the famous Rev. "Jack" Russell, who acted as huntsman to his own pack of hounds in Devonshire. The Bishop of Hereford once remonstrated with him on the ground that the position of huntsman might tempt him to use unclerical expressions which would scandalise his parishioners. "Your lordship need have no apprehension," replied Parson Jack, "because my parishioners ride such shocking bad cattle that they can never get near enough to hear what I say." Parson "Jack" Russell was a great friend of King Edward when Prince of Wales, and frequently visited and preached at Sandringham.

The death is announced at Bath of Gen. Sir Edward Lechmere Russell, who commanded the Northern Division of the Bombay Army from 1871 to 1875. Deceased, who was 86 years of age, had a distinguished career in the Indian army, serving with the field force in Scinde and Afghanistan. He also served in the Abyssinian War. He was knighted in 1868, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Mr. McGroary, the reputed millionaire who drove in a carriage and pair to Donegal Workhouse, where he lived for some time, paying a guinea a week, has died in hospital at Paisley.

**PETROL AND PICTURES.**

[By "ARIEL."]

**ELECTRICAL BREAKDOWNS.**

In nine cases out of ten when the motor strikes work it will be found to be due to some detail of the electrical system going wrong. I frequently pass motors on the road which are most obviously "missing fire." Under these conditions of working the motor will not carry you any great distance, and it will most certainly refuse to climb hills. When the motor commences to "miss fire," dismount and look to the adjustment of the trembler. A half-turn of the platinum screw will in the majority of instances cure the trouble. A trembler blade is perfectly adjusted when it vibrates rapidly and causes a long, blue spark to appear at the end of the high tension wire when held close to the engine. The points in the electrical system which should be looked after are:—(1) The accumulators. These are the life of the machine, and should be kept well charged up. On no account allow an accumulator to stand discharged. When exhausted, have it charged up again at once. The terminals on the accumulator should also be frequently examined. A little vaseline kept on the terminals will prevent the acid from corroding and rendering them immovable. Make certain that a single strand of wire is not become detached from the rest of the wires and is touching some metal, and short circuiting the current. (2) The switch should be examined occasionally. (3) Contact-breaker. The platinum screw and trembler should be kept scrupulously clean from oil and dust, and perfectly adjusted. The platinum contacts should be kept bright. (4) Wires. All wiring should be overhauled occasionally, and any worn places in the insulation should be covered with rubber tape. (5) Sparking plug. The points should be kept clean and adjusted to the proper width. The shell of the plug which screws into the engine should be kept clean to ensure a good connection. When misfiring occurs, and it is known that the accumulator is nearly exhausted, the trouble may be cured for a few miles by closing the points of the sparking plug nearer to each other.

**THE MOTOR-CYCLE TAX.**

The Auto Cycle Club has taken up with the Inland Revenue authorities the question of a reduction in the tax for motor-cycles, in view of the additional fees that motor-cyclists are now called upon to pay under the new Act, but the authorities have informed them that the license is claimed under the provisions of the existing statute law, and the Board have no power to modify those provisions.

**THE DRIVING LICENSE.**

This license, which everyone who wishes to ride a motor must possess, is simply a farce. There is no examination as to the competency of the applicant for the driving license. Provided only that the applicant is over seventeen years of age, in the case of a car license, and over fourteen years of age in the case of a motor-cycle license, and also that he possesses the fee of five shillings, he is licensed to drive, although perhaps he has never driven a car or mounted a motor-cycle in his life.

**LIGHTING THE MOTOR-CYCLE NUMBER PLATES.**

I have had submitted by a local motor-cyclist a very simple, and at the same time effective, method of lighting the front number plate of a motor-cycle. This method I shall hope to describe and illustrate in next week's issue.

**THE BEARINGS OF MOTOR-CYCLES.**

Although most wheel bearings are nowadays advertised as oil retaining, they are seldom up to expectation, as the thickest lubricating oil will work its way through. The motor-cycling novice in his anxiety for the proper lubrication of his beloved motor forgets sometimes the ordinary wheel bearings altogether. Owners of cars lubricate the wheels of their cars with grease, and it is a good plan for the motor-cyclist to do likewise. A grease injector should be obtained, the lubricator removed, and then the grease should be injected until it comes out at the ends of each bearing. After one application the bearings will not require further attention for some months.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

"Rates must be paid on or before February 2, 1904, or summonses will be immediately issued, without exception."

CHELTONIA (who has received the "final notice"): Now, I wonder if I turn "Passive Resister," will some kind person pay this for me?

**RUST.**

The present damp weather has the effect of causing a deposit of rust on the radiators of the cylinder and combustion head. A little household black-lead comes in useful, as a coating on the rusty parts makes them look quite new again, and also prevents rust forming. The black-lead should be applied with a brush.

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 53rd sermon competition prize has been divided between Miss J. R. Bicknell, Burslop Villa, Grosvenor-street, Cheltenham, and Miss D. K. Boileau, of 6 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons by the Rev. A. B. Phillips and the Rev. F. B. MacNutt respectively.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, and should not be larger than 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.

**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 160th competition is Mr. H. P. Cannock, of 41 Duke-street, Cheltenham, with his Oxford series.

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

The winner of the 71st competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 163.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1904

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS EVENING AT 7.45.  
MR. AND MRS. KENDAL AND COMPANY IN  
"THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM."

MONDAY NEXT, for Six Nights and Matinee,  
Mr. George Dance's Company in the new Musical  
Comedy,  
"THE SCHOOLGIRL."

TIME AND PRICES AS USUAL.

### Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

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

### INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

ESTABLISHED 1882. INCORPORATED 1892.

LOCAL PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS  
will be held in all the Principal Centres in  
ENGLAND AND WALES at the end of JUNE  
and the beginning of JULY, 1904.

New Syllabus and Music for the present year  
now ready. LAST DATE OF ENTRY, MAY  
15th.

A THEORETICAL EXAMINATION  
will be held at all Centres on MARCH 9th.  
LAST DATE OF ENTRY, FEBRUARY 15th.

Copies of Syllabus, Form of Entry, and all  
information on application to  
EDWARD CHADFIELD, General Secretary,  
19 Berners Street, London, W.

The old, but ever elusive art of making  
"limericks" is being revived in one of the  
London papers. Here is an example:—  
Said a maid in a train overdue,  
"How long do they give us at Crewe?"  
"Four minutes, they order;  
You're timed," said the porter,  
"From two to two unto 2.2."

Mr. W. H. Massingham, in this week's  
"Spectator," tells a story from the veldt:—  
"When Mr. Chamberlain travelled to  
Delarey's country he found that the only hall  
available was very small for the audience he  
wished to address. 'Let me offer you my  
parlour,' said Delarey. Mr. Chamberlain con-  
sented, but when he reached the ruins of  
Delarey's house he found a platform built out  
on to the open veldt. 'But where is the par-  
lour?' asked the Statesman. 'That is the only  
parlour you have left me,' replied the soldier."  
De Wet, by the way, according to Mr. Mas-  
singham, refuses to rebuild his dwelling.  
"He desires it to remain a perpetual  
memorial."

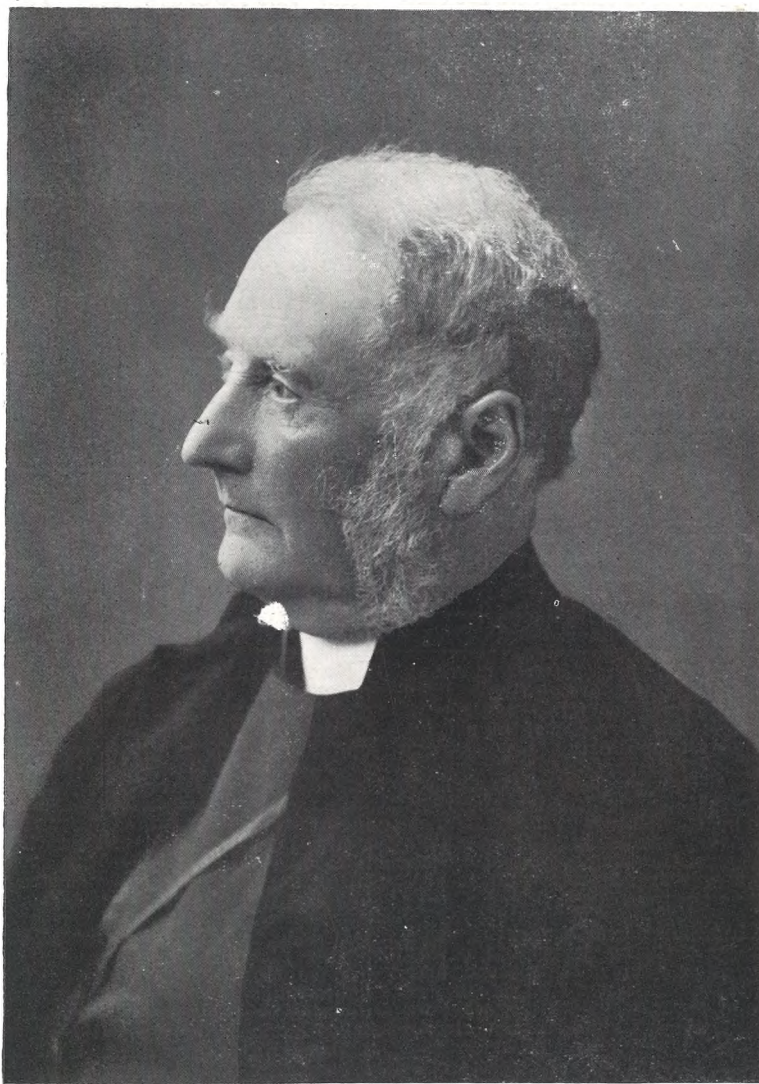


Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester.

### THE VENERABLE J. W. SHERINGHAM.

Sixty-one years a clergyman, forty-one years in Gloucester Diocese, Archdeacon 1882-1902,  
Canon Residentiary 1889-1904. Died February 6, 1904, aged 83 years.

[All Rights Reserved.]\*

**THE GENTLE ART OF FOOLING,**

BY HELEN MATHERS

(Author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," etc.)

To fool properly, I take it, in a purely physical sense, requires two persons, young, slim, long-limbed, and light of heels and heart, not necessarily of opposite sexes, as two girls or two youths can fool together with equal felicity, sometimes even better than when love interferes to make too serious their frolics, and end them.

Yet, to watch two graceful young lovers in the initial stages of courtship is a pretty sight—the swallow-like character of their advances, flights and retreats, the half-averted way in which they glean hints of each other's characters and predilections, till gradually the circle narrows and by imperceptible degrees they draw nearer to each other, and, the sport over, the fooling done, they sit hand in hand, dull human fashion, and we know that unless one of them is wise and keeps the game up after marriage their happiest days are over.

For the gentle art of fooling does not comprise fooling another person—it means that you yourself have a great capacity for playing the fool, and with wise discrimination admit another person to share your pleasure—it means that you have a gift for seeing the light side of Nature, and human nature, instead of the dark; the humorous instead of the tragic; and this is less a gift than an art that can be acquired, if you resolutely set out to learn it.

**BE CHEERFUL.**

And, primarily, I say that none of us fool sufficiently, but grizzle far too much; that if for only an hour a day we tied up memory and our worldly and domestic troubles in a bag and dropped them somewhere out of sight, then did something that without hurting anyone else most particularly pleased us, our tempers would improve vastly, and we should make much brighter companions to those with whom Fate or circumstance has jailed us. The heart of youth is light, because pure, and fooling follows inevitably; but as years advance it inevitably gathers weight, feels that it cannot rise; and this is where art should come in, to teach us that if we will throw overboard the useless lumber we have piled on it, that heart will spring light as air to meet the thousand joys of life, aye, and enjoy them consciously, as in careless youth it did not.

I have seen some exquisite fooling between quite old people when they thought themselves unobserved—persons in whom an innate gaiety of heart and a happy knack of seeing the bright side of things has outlived all the pain and disillusionment of life—and I have been fain to ask them the secret of this art, for is it not an art to retain in middle and old age a privilege peculiar to youth? They must have analysed this precious quality, have tracked it to its source, finding out what qualities of heart and brain go to its making; or is it that they have emptied their wallets of all grievances, throwing overboard malice, selfishness, acquisitiveness—above all, fear?

**BE BRAVE.**

It is the bogie man Fear who extinguishes in us that joy of living which is the very essence, the *raison d'être*, of our presence here—fear of the future, fear of the past, fear of death, fear of losing what we love, what we have amassed; though, since we know clearly the conditions on which we hold existence—that we are as torches lit, only to be sooner or later extinguished—why fear? Death must come. Well, let us meet it with decent dignity. Loss of what we love must come. That, too, is in the bond. Being human, we must more or less often, according to the strength of our humanity (it is not the strength of our will but the feebleness of our desires that most often gives us the victory over them), do things that make us regret the past; but the future? Avault, fear! We mean to do our best with it. If we fail, we shall still have tried. Fear makes our defeat a foregone conclusion. We will have none of him.

Loss of worldly goods. If the brains and will to work are there, these may be replaced. The only real calamity to be dreaded is loss of health, and that very state of things is oftener than not brought about by the fear of it. Fear is an artificial condition of mind that Nature knows nothing of in its chronic state—her children only experience it in moments of acute physical danger, when their racial enemies are near—and if we also reserved our energies for meeting the inevitable bad moments of our life, instead of anticipating them, we should have considerably more time left over for enjoyment—in a word, we should fool more and grizzle less.

**BE JUDICIOUSLY FORGETFUL.**

Just as our houses contain numbers of perfectly useless things, so do we insensibly allow our minds to become receptacles for disagreeable, tedious, unprofitable thoughts, regrets, and desires, that wander aimlessly to and fro like ghosts, and, like them, vanish into mist. If we resolutely set ourselves to enjoy moment by moment the much that life has to offer, facing our misfortunes with equal courage, and forgetting them, would we not add enormously to our own and others' store of happiness? How few of us dare say "I am happy." Yet the reasons are purely artificial that prevent our being so; and when we realise this, when we climb up and look over the paling that man has raised to fence us off from God and His works, we are ingrates indeed if we do not take of the feast so bountifully set before us.

All nature rejoices in its own way and at proper seasons, all but man, who, even when neither hunger, thirst, nor sickness threaten him, looks about for trouble and stores it in his mind as a bee, with more wisdom, stores honey in the hive.

He is always expecting something to go wrong. He completely misses the moment of enjoyment in fearing or expecting it will be snatched from him. Surely if, as a recent brilliant writer suggested, a school for happiness should be founded, a school for cheerfulness is even more necessary, with teachers who would diligently point out to us our blessings and occasions for rejoicing instead of reviling. By comparing what we might have been with what we are, physically, mentally, commercially; by counting up the misfortunes we have just missed, the occasions when luck or circumstance has saved us from ruin of one kind or another, by forcing ourselves to measure our paltry grievances with those of the really afflicted and heartbroken—how many of us would not then sit down to reflect soberly on our advantages, feeling ashamed of our perpetual grumbblings?

**BE ACTIVE.**

Over much reading, especially of society papers, with their idle tattle of rich folk's doings, is responsible for a good deal of mind-vapouring, especially among women, whose minds are confused by a variety of matters not in the least essential to their comfort or happiness. But let them fix their attention rather on the wants of those beneath than the extravagance of those above them in the social scale, and they will end by hugging themselves rather on what they have than desiring what would probably make them no happier than that does which they now possess.

It may be taken for granted that those having great possessions cannot fool lightly, for even as the soldier with the lightest knapsack steps out quickest, so are the rich weighed down to earth by the gold taken out of it, or rather the overwhelming responsibilities attached to their position.

They may be the cause, and often are, of others' light-heartedness, but seldom of their own. It is the moderates who inherit the earth—those who have known neither starvation nor a plethora of good things of life—and it is among them that we must look for the "merry" men and women who take the sunshine with them wherever they go, and who, whatever may be their faults, are loved accordingly.

To turn always a bright face to the world may at first be difficult, but how quickly it becomes a habit; how great the reward! To call the diseased mind out of its self-built dungeon, to blow like a clean wind through

the dust and morbidity of the four-walled life lived by most unhappy humans; such is the mission of the cheerful, the gay of heart—more glorious by far than to go about preaching and teaching—and though they may have their own wry moments (where the light is brightest the shadow is deepest), they are using up their "ounce of cheerfulness" with which to serve God royally.

Do not we all more or less hypnotise each other, impress our own moods on those near to us, elevating or depressing their spirits and forcing them to look through our own spectacles, rose-coloured or blue, as the case may be? May not we even narrow and vulgarise their mental vision, even as we have power to inspire them with that larger humanity which throws its weight into the scale of pity, not condemnation, of its fellow men?

**BE CONSIDERATE.**

We can make them see the strong undercurrent of fun that runs through life, the gleams of pathos and humour that illumine the most sordid and unlikely subjects. In a word, each one of us is a maker of sunshine or a producer of gloom in himself and others, and loved or disliked according to the role he elects to play.

To be "merry and wise" is not given to all; but to cultivate the bright side of things, to get a laugh out of unpromising material, is open to everyone; and it is astonishing how the habit of laughter, once indulged in, grows on us, till at last we come to recognise it as one of the great sweeteners and purifiers of life, while from the physical point of view its value is untold. The veriest grumbler and misanthrope alive might be improved by a laughter treatment supplemented by plenty of fresh air, for in addition to brooding far too much over imaginary troubles, we are all too much indoors for our spiritual and bodily health. The gentle art of fooling does not permit stagnation of man's mind, but rather makes it quick-moving, keen to observe the humours of the crowd, of Nature, and, lastly, of oneself, for not to be able to smile at our own peculiarities and foibles is to be entirely bereft of that sense of the ridiculous which encroaches so nearly on humour and is so priceless a belonging to its possessor, keeping him armoured against all the minor misfortunes and accidents of life.

**BE APPRECIATIVE.**

It is a good world, a beautiful world; it is man himself who makes most of the trouble by indulging in purely fictitious desires and sorrows. Turning his back on all the glories of the universe, he fights tooth and nail for the one bit of coloured glass that has caught his fancy, only to discover its worthlessness when seized. Meanwhile he is blind to all most worth having in life, for are not his the sky, the earth, the sea; his also the parks, the treasures of picture galleries and museums, such as the richest men alive cannot bring together?

It might do some of us good if we deliberately set ourselves to count up the amount of pleasure we can take for nothing. It would not hurt us, indeed, to be vain-glorious and strut about, vaunting the joys so freely provided for us. We might even in time come to patronise the multi-millionaire, who has not a tittle more right in a superb sunset, a rosy dawn, and the recrudescence of spring than we have.

If we come to measuring our personal happiness with his, he might be the loser by the comparison; but in any case it is a fine thing to stand up to wealth, not be cowed by it—to say "A man's a man, for a' that, and a' that." And when we are able to do this we are far on the road to a serenity of spirit that begets the desire to fool discreetly at a fitting opportunity.

"There's always a little something; she can't abide the mon," said one old farmer to another when bragging about his daughter's married happiness; and while not unduly rejoicing over those whom the world envies, it may console poor folks to reflect that there is always "a little something" to discount the happiness of fortunate people, who, if we only knew it, deeply envy us, the obscure and happy.

(Continued on next page).



Drawn by G. J. Cox, Cheltenham.

**FEBRUARY—A LANE NEAR SHURDINGTON.**

**AND BE HAPPY.**

They may have all the desire to fool that we have, feel impulses as eager to take life rather as a picnic than a solemn feast, but they cannot escape from their surroundings, or rather from the circumstances that make them famous or remarkable. Let us, then, more happy, learn to fool gently, fool wisely, and laugh while we fool, encouraging others to a like pursuit, only taking care that such fooling does not degenerate into sheer folly or worse; but to the honest and pure of heart, to whom I especially address myself, the practice is more likely to tend to their ennobling than to their deterioration.

[Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

There appears to be no end to the birth of the new "fashions." It is the fashion to kill disease, or to try and do so, by that thing that produces it. In Mayfair the fashion is to ward off cold by walking across Hyde Park in the morning half-clothed and with bare feet. This is a very popular form of hygiene, with ladies in particular. The bare-feet cure comes from the hills of Switzerland, and it is being extended. The latest device is the foundation of a bare-foot colony, which is to partake of the higher science culture. Here, however, we are to have a combination of bathing, bare-feet exercise, athletics, and treatment by electricity. It will be in part industrial and artistic. Mr. Maconochie, M.P., has a similar colony in Aberdeenshire.

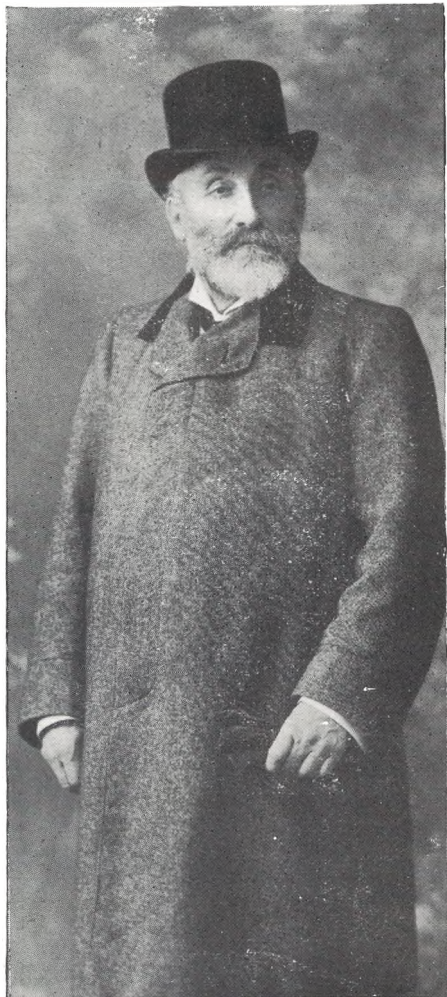
In 1903 there were some 150,000 British emigrants to Canada, including 160 from Gloucestershire.

The London West End stay shops are doing a brisk trade in men's corsets this year, and the majority of smart tailors now provide their clients with stays. Army men are the best customers, but, with the introduction of waisted overcoats, nearly all society men are adopting the fashion. Many of them are as fastidious as a girl about shape and colour. Most of these corsets are made to measure, and cost from three to six guineas. Actors are especially good clients, while portly old gentlemen, who still cherish a waist line, are excellent customers. It is related of a certain noble youth that he wears corsets even when hunting.

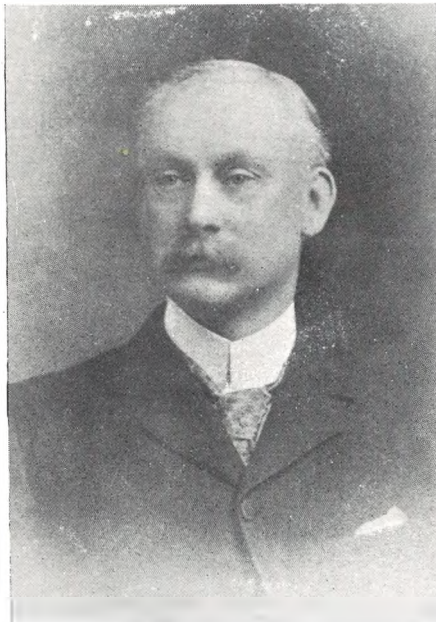
In the course of his lecture upon the characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, delivered on Saturday night to the students of the Passmore Edwards Settlement at Tavistock-place, London, the Rev. H. Boyd Carpenter declared that the poet's simplicity was the secret of his power and influence. His accuracy and his rhythm were commanding factors, but his artistic simplicity, combined with his grasp of the eternal verities and the power of expressing them, had decided his position among the immortals. Tennyson was, he said, essentially an artist by nature, by genius, and by training. The good, the true, and the beautiful comprised his poetical creed, and in no poem that the Laureate wrote was that faith more splendidly confessed than in "Crossing the Bar."

Mr. A. Henry Savage-Landor, in his book on Corea, tells a good story of the telephone. A foreigner had visited the King soliciting orders for installations of telephones. The King, being much astounded, and pleased at the wonderful invention, immediately, at great expense, set about connecting by telephone the tomb of the Queen Dowager with the royal palace—a distance of several miles. Needless to say, though many hours a day were spent by his majesty and his suite listening at their end of the telephone, and a watchman kept all night in case the Queen Dowager should wake up from her eternal sleep, not a message, or a sound, or a murmur even, was heard, which "result" caused the telephone to be condemned as a fraud by his Majesty the King of Corea!

Commander W. J. Colquhoun, an officer in the Australian Navy, applied to the Commonwealth Minister of Defence for leave of absence to proceed to Tokio to act as correspondent of the "Times" in the event of war. The application was granted, and the commander has sailed from Sydney for Japan. Mr. Deakin, Prime Minister, stated that the commander would also act as Australia's naval representative, and the special knowledge he would acquire in actual naval warfare would be of great service to the Commonwealth on his return. Commander Colquhoun served with the Naval Brigade in South Africa, was present at Paardeberg, received the D.S.O., and was twice mentioned in despatches.



MR. ALFRED APPERLY, J.P.  
(Minchinhampton Division).



MR. MARK BELL MARSHALL, J.P., C.C.  
(Stroud Division).



REV. G. D. TRUSS  
(Eastington Division).

Gloucestershire ❁ ❁ ❁  
County ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁  
Council ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁  
Candidates. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Sunday last was a memorable anniversary—the birthday of Charles Dickens. Had he lived till now to be ninety-two, he would, one fancies, be young in spirit still, as men of genius have generally been found to be to their last breaths. To a friend he wrote: "This is my birthday. Lord bless my soul! Twenty-seven years old! Who'd have thought it? I never did." That attitude of surprise, almost of incredulity, in face of the calculations of the calendar, was his to the end. Perhaps it is a common attitude, after all; for man, as Dickens used to say, is a sanguine beast. Even his photograph Dickens would not accept as a witness to age. One that was taken late in life he instantly rejected, suggesting to the disappointed photographer that "it perhaps might be made useful as a portrait of the Ancient Mariner." And, true enough, Dickens is always alive and young.

We have been hearing a good deal about Japanese vessels lately, and we are, perhaps, fated to hear much more about them in the near future. The observant reader will have noted that at the end of the name of every ship occur either the termination kan or maru, and he may have been puzzled to know what they meant. For all practical purposes they have come to be the equivalents of our "H.M.S." and "S.S.," and, in accordance with Japanese usage, come after instead of before the title of the vessel. "Kan" is a Chinese word, meaning "war vessel," and is attached only to the ships of the Emperor's fleet; "maru" literally means "round," and even a Japanese cannot tell you how it came to be applied to merchant vessels.

POETRY.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?  
In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize thy fire?  
And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand framed thy dread feet?  
What the hammer? What the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?  
When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?  
Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

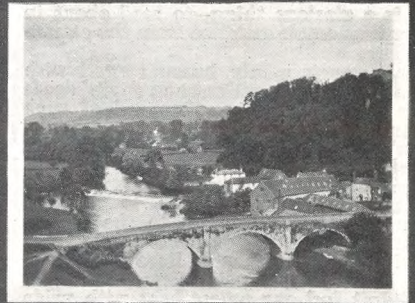
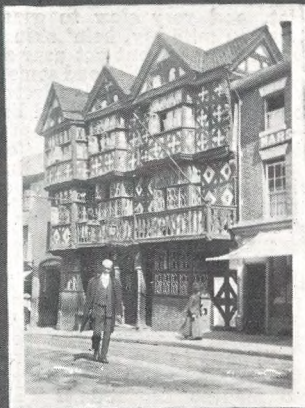
AMBITION.

A quart of peas will not fill three pint pots;  
And (not attempting shares in equal lots)  
If two are filled completely to the brim,  
The third will empty be: there's none for him.  
For "peas" read "wasteful joys," and so it's clear  
That those with most make others' lives most dear.  
O, happy I! A dozen toil amain  
For foods for those who work both hand and brain  
Perfecting—what I leave upon my plate!  
A hundred labour, dressing me in state.  
A score must roll my chariot down the street;  
Yet rascals say they've not enough to eat!  
I look across my empty fields, to know  
Of huddled houses in the town below.  
I doze among the balmy blooms, yet think  
Of squalid children round their open sink.  
How'er I try the horrid thought to ban,  
I still must think of toiling hungry man,  
So often thrust into the fetid ditch  
To make more empty space for wasteful rich.  
Am I to flutter out my snap of life,  
Or dare I wield a sabre in that strife?  
Shall I wait always on some other's nod,  
Or strike a blow myself, for Man—and God?  
February 8th, 1904. C. A. W.

A passenger on the American liner Philadelphia, just arrived at Plymouth, left New York, leaving a £20 bill unpaid. The American Line paid the debt by wireless telegraphy, and collected the amount from the passenger on the ship.

Hundreds of petrol cabs will shortly be put upon the Paris streets.  
Herr Kubelik, the celebrated violinist, has purchased the estate of Bychow, near Kolin, Bohemia, from Prince Hohenlohe for the sum of £22,400.

THE PRIZE PICTURE



Photos by Jesse Price, Tewkesbury.

Holiday Souvenirs of Ludlow.

LUDLOW CASTLE.

FEATHERS HOTEL.

DINHAM BRIDGE.



Photo by Comley, Stroud.

His Honour Judge Arthur Becher  
Ellicott, M.A., J.P.,  
County Court Judge for Gloucestershire.



RODBOROUGH MANOR.

Rodborough Manor, near Stroud, is the seat of his Honour Judge Arthur Becher Ellicott, M.A., J.P., County Court Judge for Gloucestershire and part of Wiltshire.

The situation of this historic house is one of the most pleasant in the whole county, commanding as it does a delightful view extending many miles right away over the valley to the timbered hills beyond.

The approach to the house, standing well nigh on the top of the breezy Cotswolds, and backed by a grove of cleanly-grown beech trees, is from the Stroud-road, the drive being of tremendous length.

The fact that Rodborough Manor was at one time the seat of the late Lord Russell at once makes it a house of interest. It was here, too, that the present Earl Russell spent a portion of his childhood. This fine old mansion, too, once sheltered no less a personage than George III. on the occasion of his visit to the neighbourhood to open the Thames and Severn Canal. The room in which the Royal guest slept is still known as "The King's bedroom." The floor in the centre of this room is—for a floor—very uneven, and this is supposed to have been caused by the weight

of the bedstead his Majesty used to carry about with him. The story in itself is pleasing; but we have of course not got King George's *ipsi dixit* for it, and his Honour would certainly at once aver that he is not in a position to speak authoritatively on the point.

There are windows galore in the house, and locally there is a legend to the effect that, all counted, they number as many days as the year contains. But this, again, is more or less apocryphal—probably more than less.

Rodborough Manor is furnished throughout with great taste, some of the pictorial representations wrought in the tapestries which adorn the walls being particularly rich and pleasing. His Honour possesses some valuable paintings as well, including one or two genuine Raphaels. The antique fireplaces and overmantels are in themselves quite a study; indeed, the prominent connoisseur in the art world would with the greatest reluctance have to turn away from the many charms which the house possesses.

The Judge, who is the only son of the highly-respected Bishop of Gloucester, is an ardent cyclist, and has accomplished some fairly long rides.

"Gentlemen," said a certain candidate fervently in advocating Protection the other night on a Northern platform, "I will even go a step further—." He did, and fell among the reporters, amidst great enthusiasm.

## MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

## THE WAR.

"Like Kings, we lose the conquests gained before  
By vain ambition still to make them more."  
—POPE.

War is a glorious thing—to read about in the papers at a safe distance from the casualties.

It makes one's manly buzzum swell with pride to think of the gallant and darin' deeds wich is done during war-time, all of wich mite 'ave been wasted in diggin' potatoes or sweepin' the roads if there was nothink but peace all the time.

We all thought it were glorious to wave flags and blow squeakers, not to mention escorting our brave reserves to the station and bustin' in the station doors to see them off, during the late lamented Bore War; and, as for bravery and patriotism, well—who of us didn't feel our pulses beat with pride as we considered 'ow Old England and the Colonies were a-rising to the occasion and enlisting in countless numbers to fite for King and country?

Of coorse, we didn't enlist for King and country, but it were glorious to think of all them others doin' it the whiles we were a-settin' over a comfortable fire readin' out the casualties from a "Speeshul War Echo!" And when you come to think of it, there must be here a one and there another 'to stop at 'ome and look after the shop, ectcetera, even in war times, as can discuss the sitiuation and say what we should 'ave done if we'd been some of the generals, even if we ain't much in the filing line. Besides wich, I puts it to you, as a 'onest reader, wotever would be the use of a war if there weren't no one left at 'ome to fite about, or wot would be the use of speeshul editions of newspapers without no one to read 'em? Wich eggplains why a few of us gave the young chaps wich enlisted our choicest blessings and so forth, together with ½ a lb. of tobacco a-piece, but decided to remain at 'ome and read about it in the paper instead of goin' 'to the front, being a good deal better for the 'ealth, so we considers.

Talking of this 'ere Rusho-Japanese contraptums, as the sayin' is, they do tell that the Japanese, after 'aving read some of our London ha'penny papers, was quite persuaded that they'd really been at war for over a month past, and so just started in to make the newspapers good, not wishing to belie the fiting character they discovered (in the papers) they possessed! Well, I don't know about that; but this I do know—that when a newspaper takes it into its head (if it has one) that a war is needed to stir up the trade in tinned meat and collapsible mules a trifle, it beats even the renowned Joseph in its perseverance for the good cause. Out come maps of the seat of war (months before there is any war), pertiklers of whereabouts every battle is to be fought, pictures of the new war ships cleared for action, forecasts of what will happen in case either or both sides are defeated or bankrupt, or both, and what will be taken as a peace-offering after it's all over; wich is good for the papers, but bad for the pore fellows as spills their life's blood in the struggle.

I 'ave been asked wot I thinks of the two combatants in this present war—are they fairly matched? As for the Japs, I've always looked upon them people as more suited for ornaments on vases and to lounge about in pictures on fans at 1d. each or 10d. per dozen, rather than as prime fitters and men of blood and muscle. But they tells me that the Japs 'ave copied us in our religion, education, and method of fiting to a button, as you mite say, with the idee that we, bein' the most favored nation on the globe, would make a good copy-book from wich to take a leaf.

That's all very well so far as it goes, but the Japs 'aven't descended direct from William the Conqueror and Robin 'Ood, Cromwell, and all they chaps, so that they can't expect to get that bull-dog grip wich we admires so much in ourselves.

As for the Rooshians, there never 'asn't been any good-feelin' runnin' to waste between them and us for the simple reason that they runs us very 'ard in wot we considers to be our own pertikler line of bizness,

namely in planting a flag on any piece of waste ground lying around and claiming it as their own—a sort of policy wich sooner or later always means a stand-up fite.

Also, moreover, they Rooshians is a very stubborn lot, and very slow to grasp the situation, as you mite say, bein' akin to the Boers in general 'abits, but not near so slim in their intellects as De Wet and some of the other leaders, as are now giving lectures to the public at large on "How to hold England at bay"—'oping to retire on the proceeds. Rooshia is sich a huge big place, 'owever, that I can't see no call for spreading, not meself, wich they do say that in some parts of the country, out to Siberry and the like, they 'aven't yet 'eard of the Boer War, nor even of the upset we 'ave 'ad thro' the fisheal question, wich I see by the papers that our renowned Govimint is Free Trade for the week only—or until Mr. Chamberlain comes back from 'is well-earned 'oliday in Canaan and Egypt—when, of coorse, the perliticol pertision will 'ave to be re-considered and Protection brought to life once more. 'Ow-ever, for 3 months England is "Hout of danger," and the "Decline and fall of the British Hempire" will be taken off the stage until the leadin' star returns, there bein' no understudy to sich an "orkid" part!

But, to speak again of the war wich 'ave broke out, it's a dead certainty that, wichever side wins, they won't either of them get any advantage out of it. The Rooshians can't expect to take Japan, and Japan can't expect to take Rooshia, whiles as for Manchooria and Korea, the Yankees will get most of the benefit, wichever side wins.

Wars nowadays is very much like goin' to law—the two parties concerned spends a mint of money, and it's difficult to say wich is the worst off, the one that wins or the one that loses his case; but the lawyer, well, there—whoever loses he stands to gain, and so it's to his interest to set the parties by the ears so much as ever he can.

There's another way in wich wars is very like law cases, too—the people as is actooally concerned is generally pretty much in the dark as to wot all the feathers is flyin' about. I know once, when Peter Dunk were indebted to me in the sum of 7s. 6d. for a fowl's-house as I sold 'im cheap (wich he swore were only lent in return for the use of 'is garden roller), and I were fool enuff to put it into a lawyer's 'ands, why when the case come on at the County Court I were that mazed with all the lawyer chaps said about that these fowls'-house—as to its bein' of a pertikler Renaissance style of arkiteckur, and 'avin' the latest sanitary improvements, and so 4th—that I clean forgot wot to say, and gave evidence against meself instead of for meself, as were most awk'ard, and cost me a pretty penny, not to mention Peter Dunk a-tellin' of me afterwards that he'd 'ave willingly paid the 7s. 6d. rather than let it go to coort, only that 'is lawyer said not on any account were he to think of givin' away a good case thuswise!

So in this 'ere war, wich 'ave sprung upon us at a time when we wanted all our brains to think out the fisheal question. I s'pose there isn't above one in a thousand of the Japs or the Rooshians as knows wot they be fiting about, 'ceps that they 'ave orders so to do. It's certain that I don't know wot they be on about. All I knows is that 'uman natur' bein' sich as it is, and the Christian religion not 'avin' succeeded in provin' that peace is better than war, wars there will be for some time yet. But we all 'opes that nobody else as 'aven't nothink to do with the quarrel in hand will be drawn into the malay just for practice. At any rate, WE can't afford no more wars till the little bill for the last one is paid off. That is the 'umble opinion of  
DANIEL BRIGGS.

The Lor! Mayor of Manchester says that when he was a lad he earned only 1s. 6d. a week, 1s. 5d. of which he took home to his mother.

A man named Goridge, one of the oldest residents at Fforestfach, near Swansea, has just died at the age of ninety-six years. He had been sackmaker, miller, butcher, sailor, farmer, smuggler, and he took part in the Chartist Riots.

## 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 161st competition is Mr. Jesse Price, Bank House, Tewkesbury.

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

The winner of the 72nd competition is Mr. G. J. Cox 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 54th sermon competition prize has been divided between Miss Myfanwy Wood, St. Mary's Hall, Cheltenham, and Miss F. Winter, 15 Cambray, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons by the Revs. A. Poynder and P. A. Nash respectively.

The 53rd sermon competition prize has been divided between Miss J. R. Bicknell, Burslop Villa, Grosvenor-street, Cheltenham, and Miss D. K. Boileau, of 6 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons by the Rev. A. B. Phillips and the Rev. F. B. MacNutt respectively.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, and should not be larger than 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 have been taken from the small advertisement columns of several daily papers:—

Wanted, by respectable girl, passage to Cape Town. Willing to take charge of two children and a good sailor.

Mr. Smith, furrier, begs to announce that he will make capes, jackets, &c., for ladies out of their own skins.

To Let.—Furnished apartments suitable for gentleman with folding doors.

Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same.

To be disposed of—a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with movable head-piece, as good as new.

Lost in Kensington an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib.

Two sisters want washing.

Annual Sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

Our women of to-day are clever, are intelligent, are even learned, but somehow or other they are seldom cultured. It is difficult to define the term exactly, yet we all know the difference between culture and cleverness. Books alone do not give it: Universities cannot provide it; it cannot be taught, neither can it be precisely learnt. It is, indeed, an atmosphere, and it is in this we are so sadly lacking to-day. Perhaps it is that in the rush of modern life we have no leisure for thinking, no time for real human intercourse, no taste for conversation worthy the name (says Esther Longhurst in this week's "Hearth and Home"). We read, or rather skim the latest book—novel, theological discourse, scientific treatise—discuss it superficially at the dinner-table, and forget it—perhaps the best thing we can do with it. We have no time to read any one thing thoroughly, for fear of being considered *demode* if we cannot converse on the very latest problem play or novel, and so real culture is impossible. It is somewhat melancholy to think that in spite of much real progress we have failed to produce a race of cultured women, and that in this particular respect we have still much to learn from our often disregarded grandmothers.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

LIGHTING THE NUMBERS.

A simple and effective method of illuminating the front number-plate of a motor-bicycle has been devised. No special lamp is required, as any ordinary bicycle lamp can be easily altered to effectively illuminate the plate. The majority of motor-cyclists have had the front plate permanently fixed to the head-lamp signpost fashion. There are several disadvantages to this method. It does not add to the appearance of the lamp, and in addition the lamp has always to be carried. With the method under notice the lamp can be removed in the daytime without disturbing the plate. The back of the lamp has been extended for the purpose of fixing a piece of glass at an angle, so that the light from the lamp can shine upon the plate. Above the glass is a metal top, so that no rays of light shine up into the face of the rider. Another advantage of this method is that the full power of the lamp is used for illuminating the road. Having the plate fixed to the front of the lamp undoubtedly affects the light.

A USE FOR THE EXHAUST GASES.

Everywhere we hear talk of how effectively to cool the small cycle engines without resorting to water-cooling, with all its further complications. Especially is some method of cooling necessary in the case of fore-carriages. The engine on my "Trimo" being placed behind the bottom bracket, I do not find any over-heating effects; but as in the majority of machines the engine is hung on the down tube in front of the bottom bracket, it is naturally shielded by the fore-carriage from the current of air, and consequently frequently overheats. There are several methods of cooling resorted to, such as "wind-scoops" (which are of no use, in my opinion) and "fans" driven off the engine. Fan-cooling should prove to be successful, but adds complication. Everything which tends to further complicate the motor-bicycle should be avoided. The beauty of the motor-bicycle compared with a car is its simplicity. Every cyclist accustomed to a free-wheel cycle can, after a few minutes' tuition, successfully mount and ride a motor-cycle. I have seen it suggested that the exhaust gases from the engine should be used to cool it. This may seem rather paradoxical; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that if the hand be held in the rush of exhaust gases from the motor, it will be found that there is a distinct draught of cold air. This fact is made use of on an American motor-bicycle for cooling the engine. I am about to try the idea on my machine (when we get some dry weather), and will then give the results. If any local motor-cyclist has tried the above, I should be pleased to receive his opinion on the subject of cooling generally.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. R. G. Knowles's book of reflections and stories contains the following gem:—"When a motor race is in progress do not cross the track. You may hurt the feelings of a chauffeur, and die before you have time to apologise."

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

A correspondent of the "Autocar" writes that a friend, who is the happy possessor of a very antique, short-based car, with a marvelous propensity for pirouetting on grease, had the following amusing side-slips:—"One day, when the old machine had surpassed itself by turning three complete circles on a greasy tramline, bringing up in unpleasant proximity to an electric tram, the driver of the car proudly remarked to the tram driver, "You can't do that."

THE DE DION TREMBLER.

When properly adjusted, the De Dion form of contact-breaker takes a lot of beating; but, like a good many other things, it requires knowing to get from it the best results. Frequently the owner of a car or cycle of which the contact-breaker is the De Dion type sets the trembler to fall to the bottom of the notch in the cam. This setting of the trembler starts the engine at low speeds, such as when starting. However, as the engine gets up speed, mis-firing commences, of which the motorist frequently cannot find the cause. The reason is that when the trembler is set



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

ANXIOUS PARENT: My son is ready to start in business, and I don't know what to put him at.

SARCASTIC RATEPAYER: Why not try and fix him in the Municipal Offices? He would be right for life, with an ever-increasing salary.

to fall to the bottom of the notch, it must go right to the bottom in order to touch the platinum screw. When the cam is turning slowly the trembler acts well, but when the cam turns quickly the trembler, not having the time to drop right to the bottom of the notch, jumps simply from one edge to the other, without touching the platinum screw. The consequence is that a great deal of annoyance is caused by mysterious misfiring. The trembler should be set so that it only requires to drop about one-third of the depth of the notch in the cam. This is the best distance for the high speeds at which De Dion engines run. I have used a De Dion trembler for eighteen months; and have tried all possible adjustments. The above method I have found best in practice. The platinum points should be kept quite clean and smooth, and should meet exactly in the centre.

THE USE OF THE RISING FRONT.

In most stand cameras the front board which carries the lens is capable of an upward and downward movement of several inches. This is a most useful quality in a camera, and the amateur should look for it when purchasing. When tall buildings are being photographed, it is a very good plan to raise the lens front before tilting the camera. This will obviate probably the necessity of using the swing back of the camera. For every subject the photographer, before withdrawing the shutter of his dark slide, should observe that the swing back of his camera is absolutely perpendicular. Especially is this needful in architectural photography. When

photographing landscapes, it is sometimes required to include more foreground after the camera has been levelled. Here the falling front comes to the photographer's assistance, and saves the trouble of moving the whole apparatus.

An interesting ceremony took place recently in Grasmere Churchyard, when a memorial-stone was unveiled by Mrs. Fisher Wordsworth, of Rydal Mount, to commemorate Capt. John Wordsworth, who on Feb. 5th, 99 years ago, perished in the calamitous shipwreck of the Earl of Abergavenny. He was the favourite brother of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, and himself a passionate lover of the Grasmere Valley, to which he had intended to retire. Wordsworth's poems referring to his brother John are "The Brothers," a passage at the end of "The Prelude," "The Fir Grove Path," "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by the picture of Peel Castle in a storm," "The Daisy," "Elegiac Stanzas in memory of my Brother," and "The Character of the Happy Warrior."

Miss Carolyn Wells, an American author, wrote the following ingenious "limerick," in which "tutor" is pronounced "tootor":—  
A tutor who tooted the flute  
Was teaching two tooters to toot:  
Said the two to the tutor  
"Is it harder to toot or  
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

I wonder whose will be the next wedding in Gloucester Cathedral. We have now had six marriages there within the long term of 42 years, but two of them occurred in a space covered by six weeks. And they might have happened on the very same day, for I understand that the parents of the brides, without any collusion, had originally applied to the Cathedral authorities to make arrangements for the respective weddings there, and, curiously enough, they named the same day, December 30th last. But as it happened the one came off on December 16th and the other on February 3rd. I must say that certain experiences of the two affairs have impressed me with the necessity of having no chairs in the nave at future weddings, and it would be as well if the congregations were admitted by ticket only. Then there would be no danger of a recurrence of the unseemly scenes of the 3rd inst. of women and children, not entirely confined to the lower orders, scrambling over and standing on chairs in order to get a peep at the bridal procession. But, despite the irreverent behaviour of some units of the congregations, both weddings were extremely picturesque, and not the least effective sight was that participated in by only a few spectators, namely the signing by the bride and bridegroom and witnesses of the register of the parish church of St. Mary de Lode at a table in a side chapel, the "dim, religious light" being furnished by two wax candles burning upon it. And now that two county families have set the ball rolling in the marriage line at the Cathedral, I trust that the service that begins with "dearly beloved" and ends with "amazement" will be more frequently heard in this extra-parochial church henceforth.

Eight days after the gay wedding in the grand old Minster there was a totally different in character service held in it, fortunately one also of rare occurrence. I allude to the funeral service over the body of the Ven. J. W. Sheringham, which was brought there before being conveyed to and interred in Standish churchyard, wherein lay the remains of the partner of the joys and sorrows of the deceased cleric. The death of the late Archdeacon—for he was still known by that title—was attended by somewhat remarkable circumstances: he had been sinking for a month or two, and he died peacefully as the Cathedral clock was striking four and evensong had commenced, and in the course of which prayers were offered up for him in ignorance of the fact that he had already passed away, the first intimation of this being conveyed to the congregation by the organist (as soon as he had received the sad tidings, which happened to be just as evensong ended), playing the Dead March. And the outer world soon knew of it by the tolling of the bell and the announcement in the evening papers. In the Ven. J. W. Sheringham the Church has lost a loyal and devout minister of 61 years' standing, the Diocese one of its senior, hard-working clergy—for his service was only a year short of the nearly 41 years' episcopacy of Dr. Ellicott, his cousin—and the Cathedral and Tewkesbury Abbey a successful collector of funds for their restoration. It is not a little singular that a canon of Gloucester and one of Bristol should be lying dead at the same time.

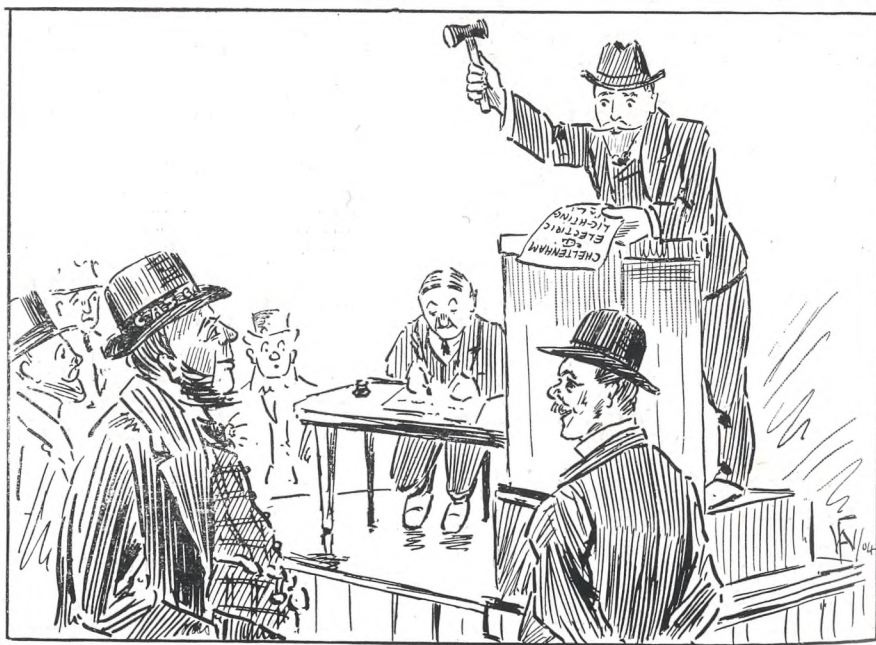
The Rev. C. E. Dighton, who can well claim to be the chaplain of the Gloucester True Blue Club, told at its recent 114th anniversary dinner of an unknown incident communicated to him by an old and honoured townsman, Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor. It was to the effect that he had been surprised to find that another prelate to Bishop Hooper had been burnt in the city, for in the diary of a gentleman, under date October 31st, 1831, was this entry:—"In consequence of the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Monk) having voted against the Reform Bill his effigy was carried through several of the streets of Gloucester, accompanied by a large concourse of people, and hanged in Littleworth, near the Spa Gates, and afterwards burnt." The writer implored all who commit this to their scrap books not to omit the word "effigy."

GLEANER.



### ECHO OF A RECENT CASE.

GUBBINS (to his better half, who is engaged in Saturday night's shopping): Maria, I am going on Cleeve Hill to-morrow; and as them dratted police may be watching, I'm going to pop in here for a bob's worth of them there German "consecrated" beer tablets.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

### NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, WHAT OFFERS?

At the last meeting of the Town Council, Col. King-Harman stated that if the report of an expert engineer on the electric light undertaking should be unsatisfactory, he would bring forward a definite motion in favour of the property being disposed of to the highest bidder.—"Gloucestershire Echo," Feb. 2, 1904.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 164

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### COUNTY COUNCIL CANDIDATES.

### THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
The Latest London Musical Success,  
"THE SCHOOLGIRL."

NEXT WEEK,  
The New Farcical Comedy,  
"GLITTERING GLORIA."

TIME AND PRICES AS USUAL.

### Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

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

### INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

ESTABLISHED 1882. INCORPORATED 1892.

LOCAL PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS  
will be held in all the Principal Centres in  
ENGLAND AND WALES at the end of JUNE  
and the beginning of JULY, 1904.

New Syllabus and Music for the present year  
now ready. LAST DATE OF ENTRY, MAY  
15th.

A THEORETICAL EXAMINATION  
will be held at all Centres on MARCH 9th.

Copies of Syllabus, Form of Entry, and all  
information on application to  
EDWARD CHADFIELD, General Secretary,  
19 Berners Street, London, W.

Mr. James Trewin, of Eldersfield Court, Tewkesbury, formerly of Holways, Whimble, Devon, who died on the 7th January last, has left estate of the gross value of £2,360, and probate of his will has been granted to his son, Mr. Thomas J. Trewin.

Mr. Augustus Frederick Whatley, of Watermoor, Cirencester, who died on the 24th January last, in his 81st year, has left estate of the gross value of £1,205, and probate of his will has been granted to Mr. John Mullings and Mr. Richard J. Mullings, both of Cirencester, solicitors.

Japan is a novel writer's elysium. The people are voracious readers, and the literature is rich in fiction, but on a scale that would probably appall the British public. There is one very celebrated work, "The Story of the Eight Dogs," that runs to 106 volumes, printed or written on only a single side of the page. Then, again, Japanese writers introduce into their stories a number of characters so confusing as to bewilder even the authors. Another peculiarity is said to be that no self-respecting Japanese novelist ever leaves a single personage alive at the end of the book. This leaves the British "penny dreadful" miles behind.



MAJOR H. G. RICARDO, J.P.

(Nailsworth Division),

President of the Mid-Gloucester Conservative Association.



MR. R. W. WICKHAM

(Stonehouse Division).

### LORD STRATHMORE DEAD.

News was received at Dundee on Wednesday of the death in Italy of the Earl of Strathmore, Lord-Lieutenant of Forfarshire. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Glamis.

Lord Strathmore had been ill for some time, but his death was quite unexpected. He was in his 80th year.

### £2,000 NECKLACE LOST AND FOUND.

A pearl and diamond necklace, valued at £2,000, belonging to Lady Mountstephen, of Brocket Hall, Hatfield, was lost on the day of the recent royal wedding, and a reward of £50 was offered for its recovery. It appears that a young man found the necklace in pieces in the Great Western Station yard at Windsor, and gave it to a young lady in London. The necklace has been recovered and restored.

### ANOTHER M.P. DEAD.

Mr. James McCann, M.P., who represented the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin since 1900, died on Tuesday afternoon. Commencing his business career as a bank clerk, Mr. McCann became a wealthy stockbroker, and recently purchased the town of Navan, County Meath, where he was establishing industries at the time of his death. In politics he was a Home Ruler, though he was not a member of the Irish party.

### PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR SCHOLARS.

To produce a strong and healthy community, the Northwich Urban Council has decided to give to a number of selected boys and girls in school in the district free gymnastic and physical training after school hours. On entering, the children will be carefully measured, and records kept of their physical development under the training. It is hoped that the scheme may develop into a much larger undertaking sanctioned by the Board of Education.

### END OF A ROMANCE.

Being a widower, George Scolah, steward of the Central Oddfellows' Club, Burnley, eight months ago advertised for a housekeeper. A tall barmaid answered the advertisement, the steward was favourably impressed, and the result was a marriage. On Wednesday the eight-months bride appeared in the police-court to answer the husband's summons under the Habitual Drunkards' Act. He explained that her intemperate habits, coupled with the purloining of bottles of beer, caused her dismissal from the club. He found her drunk on the floor, and she threatened to throw herself from the club window. She also split his head open with a plate. An arrangement was come to for a separation order, with 10s. a week to the wife.



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

### OUR PATRON SAINTS.

St. George, about the year 303. Celebrated April 23rd.

"The extraordinary devotion of all Christendom to this saint is an authentic proof how glorious his triumph, and name have always been in the Church."

"According to the account given us by Metaphrastes, he was born at Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents. After the death of his father, he went with his mother into Palestine, she being a native of that country, and having there a considerable estate, which fell to her son George. He was strong and robust in body, and, having embraced the profession of a soldier, was made a tribune, or colonel in the army. By his courage and conduct he was soon preferred to higher stations by the Emperor Diocletian. When that prince waged war against the Christian religion, St. George laid aside the marks of his dignity, threw up his commission and posts, and complained to the Emperor himself of the severities and bloody edicts. He was immediately cast into prison, and tried, first by promises, and afterwards put to the question, and tortured with great cruelty; but nothing could shake his constancy. The next day he was led through the city and beheaded."

"St. George is usually painted on horseback and tilting at a dragon under his feet: but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting that, by his faith and Christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse."

St. David, Archbishop Patron of Wales, about the year 544. Celebrated March 1st.

St. David, in Welsh Dewid, was son of Xantus, Prince of Ceretia, now Cardigan-shire. He was brought up in the service of God, and being ordained priest, retired into the Isle of Wight, and embraced an ascetic life, under the direction of Paulinus.

"He founded twelve monasteries, the principal of which was in the vale of Ross, near Menevia, where he formed many great pastors and eminent servants of God. By his rules he obliged all his monks to assiduous manual labour in the spirit of penance; he allowed them the use of no cattle to ease them at their work in tilling the ground. They were never suffered to speak but on occasions of absolute necessity, and they never ceased to pray, at least mentally during their labour. Their food was only bread and vegetables, with a little salt, and they never drank anything better than a little milk mingled with water." Their habit was of the skin of beasts."

"As for St. David, Giraldus adds that he was the great ornament and patron of his age. He spoke with great force and energy; but his example was more powerful than his eloquence, and he has in all succeeding ages been the glory of the British Church. He continued in his last see many years; and having founded many monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints, both British and Irish, died about the year 544, in advanced age."

St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor, Apostle of Ireland, A.D. 464. Celebrated March 17th.

"St. Patrick was born in the decline of the 4th century, and as he informs us in his confession, in a village called Bonaven Tabernia, which seems to be the town of Kilpatrick, on the mouth of the river Cluyd,

in Scotland, between Dunbriton and Glasgow. He calls himself both a Briton and a Roman, or of a mixed extraction."

"In his 16th year he was carried into captivity by certain barbarians, together with many of his father's vassals and slaves, taken upon his estate. They took him into Ireland, where he was obliged to keep cattle on the mountains, and in the forests, in hunger and nakedness, amidst snows, rain, and ice."

"Some years afterwards he was again led captive, but recovered his liberty after two months. When he was at home with his parents, God manifested to him, by divers visions, that he destined him to the great work of the conversion of Ireland."

"He took nothing from the many thousands whom he baptised, and often gave back the little presents which some laid on the altar. On the contrary, he gave freely of his own both to Pagans and Christians. He always gave till he had no more to bestow, and rejoiced to see himself poor, knowing poverty and afflictions to be more profitable to him than riches and pleasures."

"St. Patrick took that name only when he was ordained bishop, being before called Maun; he continued his missions over all Ireland during forty years. The popular tradition attributes the exemption of their country from venomous creatures to the benediction of St. Patrick. He died and was buried at Down, in Ulster."

St. Andrew, Apostle. Celebrated Nov. 30th. "St. Andrew was a native of Bethsaida, a town in Galilee, upon the banks of the lake of Genesareth."

"Several calendars commemorate the feast of St. Andrew at Patræ, in Actraia. It is

agreed that he laid down his life there for Christ."

"The body of St. Andrew was translated from Patræ to Constantinople in 357. When the city of Constantinople was taken by the French, Cardinal Peter of Capua brought the relics of St. Andrew thence into Italy in 1210, and deposited them in the Cathedral of Amalphi, where they still remain. It is the common opinion that the cross of St. Andrew was in the form of the letter X."

"The Scots honour St. Andrew as principal patron of their country, and their historians tell us that a certain abbot called Regulus brought thither from Patræ in 369, or rather from Constantinople some years later, certain relics of this apostle, which he deposited in a church which he built in his honour, with a monastery called Abernethy, where now the city of St. Andrews stands."  
("The Lives of The Fathers, Martyrs, etc.," by Rev. Alban Butler.)

## 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 162nd competition is Mrs. Ernest Turner, of Shipton Manor, Andoversford.

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

The winner of the 73rd competition is Mr. William C. Robson, of "Beverley," Langdon-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 55th sermon competition prize has been awarded to Mr. W. M. Dicks, of Semington, Cleeve Hill, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. J. Hankinson at Cleeve Hill 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.

## POETRY.

### A DEBT.

For light and breath and food, our bodies give  
Response in thought and action, while we live;  
Though ev'n the best can hardly justify  
That miracle enduring till they die,  
When fit return for this exceeds control,  
What can we give for that which feeds the soul—  
Aye, feeds, and fires it by a holy light,  
And bids us dare and die for what is right?  
What give? Why, what it teaches, all our best,  
Without one selfish hope to shame the breast,  
In that unearned glow the longest life  
Appears but dross, if spent in selfish strife,  
And death, or hell? What hell so flamed about  
But one pure flash of love would put it out?  
O blasphemy! From heaven at first we came,  
Like raindrops from the ocean, sparks from flame;  
And back we fall within that living lake,  
Whatever from our atmosphere we take,  
Who tries to pay that greatest debt aright  
(Above suggested) keeps that glow alight,  
And lives his heaven or hell, in right or wrong—  
The chord, or discord, in his spirit's song.  
12th February, 1904. C.A.W.

The Hon. Talbot Rice, vicar of Swansea, says that if he had more money he could preach better sermons, as begging letters for Church work now occupy a lot of his time.

Organised barbers in Manchester have opened a shop where hair-cutting and shaving are done free of charge, the idea being to defeat the barbers who give penny shaves. The shop has been besieged, but the "penny" barbers say they have not suffered.

## SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

### DESDEMONA.

Desdemona is one of the sweetest and at the same time one of the most pathetic of Shakespeare's heroines. Her loveliness, her youth, her purity, and above all her cruel and untimely death, have vested her with a charm and interest above that which surrounds most of Shakespeare's heroines.

Without going back to picture in fancy her early life in the old house at Venice, we recognise that the surroundings into which Shakespeare introduces her sufficiently reveal her character as girl and wife. A celebrated artist has represented her seated in an old carved chair, her small white hands resting on the arms, while she is bending slightly forward in a listening attitude, gazing out of the picture with dark wistful eyes. Her face is fair, with a clear creamy pallor, and from the broad white forehead ripples back brown hair tinted with gold, enhancing the loveliness of her delicate features.

We first see her in her father's house at Venice, gliding about the rooms like some fair silent spirit, listening with parted lips and shining eyes to the tales of hairbreadth escapes and perils by land and sea as told by the gallant soldier of fortune who has won her girlish affections. Her father says of her that she was a "maiden never bold, of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushed at herself." She had shrunk from the "wealthy curled darlings" of her own nation to twine the clinging tendrils of her love round the noble-hearted Othello. Judging from the extreme timidity and gentleness of her character, small wonder is it that she chooses rather to practice a momentary deception on her father with regard to her marriage with the Moor than tell the fiery and impatient old man of her love. When, however, she is forced to publicly acknowledge it there is no shrinking back, no hesitation, but with a charming frankness she declares "the consecration of her soul and fortunes" to Othello.

When we see her newly arrived in Cyprus, jesting with Iago, previous to the coming of her lord, the contrast between the fair purity of her innocent soul, and the blackness of the devil-incarnate with whom she jests so playfully and unconsciously, strikes us with painful force, knowing as we do the sinister part he was to play in the subsequent tragedy of her life.

Her rapturous meeting with Othello on his landing marks the brightest season of their happiness so soon to be overcast by the clouds of jealousy and suspicion. Even now in Othello's mind there seems to be a vague foreshadowing of evil to come, but she, with sunny trustfulness, can only pray that their "loves and comforts may increase even as their days do grow." Alas! when they are next together, when Desdemona pleads for Cassio, Othello's trust in her has already been shaken by Iago, and there are the first mutterings of the storm shortly to break over their heads.

The first indications of trouble begin to show themselves in the incident of the lost handkerchief, which by the irony of fate had last been used to bind up Othello's own head by Desdemona's loving hands, and thus the instrument of her kindness became a means of her destruction, being used by Iago to proclaim her guilt to Othello. She herself will not believe the handkerchief to be really lost, and indeed denies the fact to her husband when he asks for it, thinking that she has mislaid it. His repeated demands for it she believes to be only subterfuges to prevent her from asking him to pardon Cassio, and so insists the more eagerly on her petition.

But however Othello may be changing in heart and manner towards her, her love for him can know no change. We see this when she is talking of her conduct with Emilia; she will not believe him to have been wilfully unkind to her. Again, when adding to brutal insult he actually strikes her before the Embassy, she, escaping terrified, but still loving and obedient, will not believe that he, and not she, is to blame for his infuriated outburst.

We cannot look upon the scene in which he overwhelms this pure-souled tender maiden with abuse, the foulness of which her innocence cannot grasp, but which leaves her bewildered and half-dazed. Still she believes the fault to be in herself, crying, "'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet," though she cannot refrain from wishing that his chiding had been gentler, for she is but "a child to chiding." However, she will remain true in her love to him—"his unkindness may defeat my life, but never taint my love."

It is, however, in the last scene with her maid, when with "eyes ripe for weeping," and haunted by the old song of "Willow," she prepares for her last sleep so soon to be changed into the long sleep of death, that her innocence and her child-like nature show themselves most vividly. Of such a scene it is impossible to write, the pity and the pathos of it touch us far too deeply. Nor can we bear to draw out the horror of the last scene, in which she is so terribly done to death. Suffice it to say that in death, as in life, her love was as faithful as it was self-forgetful. More truly even than the maiden of classic legend she dies, "Splendide mendax et in omne virgo nobilis ævum."

SIC IMUS AD ASTRA.

## AN ITALIAN ROMANCE.

### COURTSHIP IN SWITZERLAND THAT LED TO A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The matrimonial misadventures of an Italian named Giannetti occupied the attention of Sir Francis Jeune in the Divorce Court on Monday, when a young Scotch lady, Esther Bradshaw Grant, asked for an annulment of marriage on the ground that Giannetti had been sentenced by a Swiss tribunal to three years' imprisonment for bigamy. The real Mrs. Giannetti, an attractive-looking Italian, told how she was married at Florence, first at a church and subsequently in a civil court. After a time her husband was called upon for military service. He did not return to her, and until he entered the court on Monday she had not since set eyes on him. Light was thrown on the absent husband's subsequent movements by the petitioner, who explained that she met him in Switzerland, where she was staying for the benefit of her health. He made himself agreeable, and persuaded her to marry him. After a time she mentioned the marriage to her friends in England, and it was in consequence of inquiries which they set on foot that Giannetti's antecedents became known. It transpired that there were two children of the second marriage, and on learning that the mother was anxious to make some pecuniary arrangement for the benefit of Giannetti, who was said to be without means, the Judge said he would reserve his decision.

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An illuminated address, in the form shown above, richly ornamented in gold and colours, and mounted in green and gold, together with a cheque for £100, has recently been presented privately to the Rev. G. Phillips Pearce, M.A., vicar of St. Paul's Parish, Cheltenham, by parishioners and friends, on the occasion of his resignation. The address is the work of Mr. A. R. Pigott, and the photo is by Norman May and Co., Cheltenham.

**THE MISCELLANY.**

Probably few days in the year can claim the somewhat sinister distinction of February the seventeenth, on which four great men, in past ages, have breathed their last. On this day, in the year 1600, Giordano Bruno, the philosopher, was burned as a heretic; in 1673, Moliere died; in 1827, Pestalozzi, the great educationist and forerunner of Froebel, the inventor of "kindergarten"; and in 1856 Heine, in whom the Jewish race showed at this late day something of the literary genius that irradiates in the pages of the Old Testament.

We have all heard of the young lady of Riga, who smiled as she rode on a tiger. It seems that the adventure did not end so fatally for the young lady as the famous poem declares; for now we read the news that "A young lady of Riga, the daughter of a colonel, has addressed a written request to the Czar, asking that she should be received as a soldier in the army." There surely cannot be two young ladies in Riga with so pronounced a taste for eccentric and perilous adventure.

From the proverbs and popular sayings of a people we gain much insight into their character and thought. As might be expected, the proverbs of the Japanese people are full of allusions to the value of perseverance, endurance, and courage. Here are some of them:—  
 To reach the cub you must go into the tiger's den.  
 Carelessness is a great danger.  
 Sufficient dust will make a mountain.  
 Many captains drive the ship on to the rocks.  
 Fall seven times and stand the eighth.  
 In evil times the hero appears.  
 Those who know the ropes can do most hauling.  
 The frog in the well knows nothing of the high seas.  
 Poverty cannot outrun industry.  
 A friend at hand is better than relations at a distance.  
 Adapt yourself to the place you are in.

Tuesday was the centenary of one of the most remarkable sea-fights in the annals of British warfare. It is just a century ago that Sir Nathaniel Dance, on his way home from Canton with a fleet of eleven East Indiamen, encountered the French squadron under Admiral Linois off Pulo Aor. Dance, with remarkable pluck, showed evidences of a desire for an engagement, and

arranged his merchantmen in line of battle just as though they were men-o'-war. The French Admiral made the extraordinary mistake of believing them to be what they pretended to be, and, conceiving himself in the presence of a very superior force, after a few badly-directed broadsides he hauled his wind and fled! Dance made the signal for a general chase, and for two hours enjoyed the marvellous spectacle of a powerful squadron of ships of war flying before a number of merchantmen. Needless to say, the gallant commodore and his crews were much belauded on their arrival home, and Dance received a knighthood and other substantial rewards for his memorable victory.

In a recent story Mark Twain inserted, of malice aforethought, a purple patch of rustic description, concluding with the words: . . . The sensuous fragrance of innumerable deciduous flowers rose upon the swooning atmosphere; far in the empty sky a solitary osophagus slept upon motionless wing; everywhere brooded stillness, serenity, and the peace of God. This brought the author letters as the sands of the sea for multitude, praising the passage in warm terms, but inquiring what an osophagus was. After some time a reply was published, to the effect that the phrase about the osophagus made just as good reading as anything else in the descriptive paragraph, which had "not a vestige of sense in any detail of it." As for poetry, he declares that he has several times had the "something-creeping-up-your-back feeling" which is peculiar to poets. It came to him with special force on seeing a kangaroo for the first time.

Mark Twain has a delightful story in this week's "Bystander," and the following is a specimen of his humour:—"It is almost a fortnight now that I am domiciled in a mediæval villa in the country, a mile or two from Florence. I cannot speak the language; I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The 'help' are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair, I throw in an Italian word when I have one."

On Shrove Tuesday the time-honoured custom of tossing the pancake was observed at Westminster School in the presence of a considerable number of visitors. As in previous years, the ceremony took place in the large hall. Shortly before one o'clock the scholars were assembled under the direction of the Headmaster in the hall, those selected to compete for the prize of one guinea, which goes to the boy who secures either the whole or the largest part of the pancake, being drawn up in order at the entrance end of the hall beneath the bar over which the pancake is tossed. The other boys were stationed on the far side of the bar, and eagerly followed the proceedings. At one o'clock the school cook in his white apron and cap, and bearing in his hand the pan containing the pancake, entered the hall, preceded by the Dean's verger. Marching to the far side of the bar, and taking careful aim, he threw the pancake over the bar to the other side. A stern struggle took place for the possession of the cake, and eventually it was secured by H. F. Saunders, of the Science Sixth, who emerged from the scramble with the largest piece in his hand. He was loudly cheered as he was led away by the Dean's verger to receive the guinea which he had won.

After a lapse of nearly six years there is a proposal to revive the annual festival of the Church Choral Association for the Archdeaconry of Worcester, which for a decade was held mainly through the instrumentality of the Precentor of Worcester Cathedral (the Rev. H. H. Woodward) within the cathedral. There are in the archdeaconry seventy choirs, and it is proposed to limit the voices to 1,200.



**LEDBURY HOUNDS AT BARBER'S BRIDGE, NEAR GLOUCESTER, FEB. 5th, 1904.**

Mr. R. Carnaby Foster, the Master, is central figure, with the Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton, his step-daughter, in front of signboard.

Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

**THE PRIZE PICTURE.**



**COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT DOWDESWELL, FEB. 1st, 1904.**

Photo by Mrs. Ernest Turner, Shipton Manor.

While out with the Warwickshire Hounds on Monday, Browns, the huntsman, had the misfortune to fall and break one of his legs.

Mr. H. P. Maybury, surveyor for Malvern urban district, was on Wednesday appointed surveyor to the Kent County Council, at a salary of £750 per annum.

Eight glasses of port wine was what George Shearing, who called himself a teetotaler, admitted having had when fined 20s. and costs on Monday at Stratford for being drunk and disorderly.

**A DETECTIVE'S CLAIM.**

Great interest was shown at Dover County-court on Wednesday in a case arising out of the recent election petition, ex-Detective-Sergt. Hanson bringing an action against Mr. Edward Chitty, the unsuccessful Liberal candidate, who brought the petition, for payment for detective services alleged to have been rendered. Mr. Chitty denied having engaged Hanson. A number of witnesses were subpoenaed; but during the hearing of Hanson's evidence Judge Sir W. Selfe stopped the case, and gave judgment for the defendant.

**SLANDER ON A GIRL.**

**£50 DAMAGES FOR A CRUEL STORY.**

Before a special jury at the Bristol Assizes on Wednesday, Miss Kathleen Musselwhite, aged twenty-three, a professional musician, of Wilton, near Salisbury, brought an action for slander against Sidney Henry Beckett, proprietor of the Bell Hotel, Wilton, and ex-mayor of the town. Mr. Radcliffe, K.C., explained that the plaintiff, who is a daughter of a sanitary inspector and rate collector of Wilton, was just starting upon a promising professional career, being an Associate of the Royal College of Music. Last year Miss Musselwhite became engaged to a Mr. Racker, who was at the time assistant to a doctor at Wilton, and had since qualified as a medical man. On November 6th her father went into the Bell Hotel, where the defendant said to him, "Have you heard the tale there is about you?" Mr. Musselwhite replied, "No; what tale?" and Beckett said, "About your daughter, Kathleen." Other details were gone into, and Mr. Musselwhite, who was very fond and proud of his daughter, was much upset. Miss Musselwhite, who is a good-looking girl, gave evidence that since the slander got about she had been jeered at in the streets. Mr. Emanuel, the defending counsel, said that he did not allege that the slander was true, but he maintained that the repetition of it to the girl's father did her no harm. The defendant stated that the story was "all over the town." It was talked about at the carpet factory. Mr. Justice Gramtham: Is that the great disseminator of scandal?—It is. The jury awarded the plaintiff £50 damages.

**WOMEN LEGISLATORS.**

Sir Charles Dilke's Franchise Bill seeks to establish that every man and woman of full age, whether married or single, shall be qualified to vote at Parliamentary and local elections. It aims also at removing the sex disqualification which at present prevents women sitting in either House of Parliament. It is supported by Mr. John Burns, Dr. Macnamara, and others; but its prospects for this session are practically non-existent.

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**MY GREATEST SUCCESS IN GOLF.**

By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

Now that the amateur championship has enjoyed a flourishing existence for seventeen years, so that it may be considered of the time of life of a promising debutante, ready to be presented at a drawing-room, I am asked to write the story of its beginnings, that is say of the earliest amateur championship. And this is rather a delicate matter, because it so happened that by the mysterious workings of fate I won the first two championships of the amateurs, so that it almost is necessary that the first personal pronoun will figure much in the narrative. It shall be as little obtrusive as my natural pride will permit. I can say no more. And yet, in saying that I won the first two amateur championships, I am not altogether certain that I am right, for there was a kind of an amateur championship, or a meeting that was equivalent to it, and was in fact the origin of the more fully recognised thing, held at Hoylake in the year preceding any winning of mine. That was in 1885—a fearfully long while ago now; and Mr. Macfie was the winner.

**THE ORIGIN OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP.**

It is not a bit too much to say that the amateur championship entirely owes its institution to the Hoylake Club, which is more correctly and magnificently called the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. So far as I remember, the beginning of it was a kind of circular note sent round to myself and one or two others by Mr. Potter, at that time honorary secretary of the R.L.G.C., asking us to form a committee to look after a big tournament—the word championship was rather left out of it, just at first, until it should receive official recognition and become an annual thing to be held in the Hoylake medal week. We formed the committee—we did not look after the tournament a bit, because Mr. Potter and the committee of the R.L.G.C. did all that. The only question that came up, so far as I remember, for our decision was whether Douglas Rolland should be allowed to play as an amateur. I was much in favour of his playing—he was a plasterer then, or something of that kind—but it was found that he had carried clubs for hire lately (I think that was his offence), and so he was not allowed to play.

When the time came, we set to work and played merrily. Exactly what happened all the way down the lists it would be wearisome to set down, even if I could remember it. Besides, are they not written in the chronicles? One of the things that frequently happened was that Mr. Macfie and Mr. Walter de Zoete kept halving their matches. The rule could not then have been, as it is now, that people who halve shall not play on till one wins. At that time both halves, so to speak, must have gone into the next round. Eventually Mr. Macfie won, chiefly, if I remember right, by doing the short hole (the Rushes) in one. In the meantime I do not think I had any discomposing matches until I met Mr. "Johnnie" Ball in the semi-final. Mr. Macfie had a bye—they did not have the Bagnall-Wyld play, as it is called, in those days—so in the morning Mr. Macfie walked about, like a gentleman, while "Johnnie" Ball and I had one of the worst matches ever played. I remember that I fluked a three at the "Cop" hole, after being in the bunker off the tee, and I also remember that he was two up on the way home. How I managed to beat him I do not know, but it happened; and in the afternoon I had to play Mr. Macfie, whom I expected to beat. I had not expected to beat Mr. Ball. I think Mr. Macfie beat me by seven up and six to play. It was something quite as satisfactory in the way of a beating—that I do remember. He played very well, and I very badly—that is a fully adequate explanation of how it all happened. It is a more common explanation of the result of a match than people seem to suppose.

**THE FIRST RECOGNISED CHAMPIONSHIP.**

This tournament started the amateur championship. Rules were drawn up, clubs appointed delegates, everything was arranged in the most beautiful manner, and the first formally recognised championship (though

all the honours of champion rank belong to Mr. Macfie) was played at St. Andrew's in the year following. Naturally one's own fortunes are those that come to mind most forcibly in the retrospect of these tournaments. The first regular championship at St. Andrews excited us all a good deal—I think chiefly as being some new thing, and an occasion for measuring swords such as had not been known before. I forgot who was my first opponent, but recollect being told by my caddie that if I defeated him I should have to meet "a man Fogey" (more correctly and courteously, Mr. Foggo) frae Earlsferry—an awfu' fine player, an' dinna' mind the gallery wan bit." Whether much of a gallery would have bothered themselves about Mr. Foggo and myself I do not know, for when I came in from my round I heard, to my vast relief, that "the man Fogey" had been beaten in the first round by Dr. McCuaig. This was all very well, but if Mr. Foggo was all that my caddie said of him the defeat of him cast a lurid light on the prowess of Dr. McCuaig. And the light grew more lurid when it was reported to me (probably quite falsely) that Dr. McCuaig had said that night that he would beat Horace Hutchinson, who, though a good, was a young player! It seems impossible now to think that this last could ever have been true, but no doubt it was once. However, Dr. McCuaig did not beat me. In fact, he played much below his game, and gave no trouble. There was comedy in those days, as well as tragedy.

I do not remember all my matches of that championship, but one was with Mr. Mure Fergusson, and he was two up and eight to play. Then he pulled his approach to the short hole, altogether away to the left of the big bunker. Certain shots one remembers. I remember my own to that hole—a fluke, half-topped thing, skidding over the low bunker, just running up past the corner of the little pot bunker and actually striking the back of the hole, at which poor old Mr. Bethune, of Blebo, was standing, holding the flag. It was as lucky a shot as ever was played, and might have been in either of the two bunkers; but after that luck went all dry way.

**WORKING THROUGH TO THE FINAL.**

Mr. "Johnnie" Ball and Mr. "Johnnie" Laidley were the two one had to be especially afraid of in those days. I do not know what happened to the latter, the Scottish "Johnnie," in any of these first three championships. I think he played in all of them, but he never looked dangerous. But "Johnnie" Ball did look dangerous. In the semi-final of that 1886 championship he had to play poor Mr. Henry Lamb. It was just about this time that Mr. Ball was being a sore trouble to his friends at Hoylake. He always could win their medals there, always could bring in an uncommon fine score, was really (except by a kind of fluke) unbeaten when he was playing his game on his own green, but he never could succeed in doing himself anything like justice when he went away from home. It was most distressing and disappointing. He has done such wonderful things since that one does not mind recalling these early failings. He has avenged them cruelly. But in 1886 that was how matters stood. It was said that on the night preceding this semi-final with Mr. Henry Lamb he went to bed at nine o'clock. On the next morning, whatever he did overnight, he played as if he never had been to bed at all. Mr. Lamb, playing steadily, beat him by a vast number of holes. Again, as in the case of "the man Fogey," this was a great relief to me, for, good player as Mr. Lamb was, I would a great deal sooner have met him than Mr. Ball. I have a distinct and painful recollection that we both played heinously badly for the first hole or two of that final match. Then I happened to find my game first, and Mr. Lamb never finding his, I beat him at the heathery hole coming in.

It is rather dreadful to have to write so much about oneself, but I was prepared for that at the outset; and, after all, no one need read it. The next championship of the amateurs was held at Hoylake, in the year following. In this encounter I have a most vivid recollection of a very terrible battle with Mr. Gregor Macgregor. I believe that we ended the round all square, and by the recognised rules which had come into force

the previous year, played on to settle the matter. The matter settled itself, against Mr. Macgregor, mainly by bad luck at the nineteenth hole. Mr. John Ball, sen., with his singular style, was a very dangerous player on his own green of Hoylake in those days. He was fond of issuing a challenge that he and his son would play any two; but there were not many takers. I ran against Mr. Ball, senior, in the semi-final of that championship, and was never more badly frightened. The play was good too, I believe, on both sides. We either were all even, or Mr. Ball was one up and two to play, coming to the seventeenth hole, which then was much the same as the present nineteenth. Mr. Ball made one of his few bad shots for the round—topped his iron approach into the little ditch bunker guarding the green (I think the gallery bothered him), and the last hole I won, and so the match. Then, having done with the father, it remained to reckon with the son—a heavier reckoning—in the final. No doubt I had made just the right libation and invocation to St. Andrews before that championship began, for I defeated Mr. Macgregor, as aforesaid, chiefly by accident, then Mr. Ball, senior, by misadventure, he happening into the bunker in front of the last but one hole, and finally Mr. Ball, junior, when we were going along very evenly, had the excellent good luck, for me, to break his brassy. Then, when we were all even and one to play, he topped his tee shot to the last hole into the bunker, which was not very far in front of the tee. Even after that he might have had a putt for a half of the hole and of the match if I had not happened to put in a rather good one, the two previous strokes being weakly played.

**A GOLF STORY.**

That is the end of the story of the championships so far as I had any ado with winning them, and high time that a story so much about oneself came to an end. In the next year's meeting, which was held at Prestwick, I was knocked out by Mr. "Andy" Stuart, who beat me by the simple and obvious means of playing a good deal better than I played. But, in the course of that match, I played a shot that no other probably has played in any championship. At the hole after the Himalayas going out I played a lofted shot from behind the sand hills west of the green, after slicing the second, and the ball alighted in the breast pocket of the late Mr. James Kirk, who died at St. Andrews only the other day. And what was even more curious is that neither Mr. Kirk nor any of the thirty or so spectators had seen the ball come over and go into his pocket, for I was out of sight when I played the shot. Only, when my caddie and I asked where the ball was, the ground being perfectly open, we were assured it had not come over the hill. Of course we knew better, and finally Mr. Kirk said, "I did feel something tug at my pocket," and, looking in, there was the ball. There are people living who can vouch for this story. I should not tell it but for their confirmation. After that it seemed but a small matter to lose the championship. That year was the beginning of Mr. Ball's victories, the beginning of his breaking the spell of ill-luck that had seemed to beset him and make it impossible for him to do himself full justice away from home.

Hoylake, that is to say the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, deserves the thanks of all of us who are interested in golf for starting this amateur championship, and the same club, in 1902, took the initiative in what is pretty sure to become no less popular as an annual fixture, the International match. Hoylake is just at the right place, geographically, for taking the lead in affairs such as this—just a good half-way house between Edinburgh and London—and the Royal Liverpool Club always does it in just the right way, never arrogating any authority to itself in virtue of being the first to start these movements, but referring to St. Andrews and all recognised authorities as by law appointed. There is not always this sweet reasonableness about the golfer.

Next Week: "Behind the Bars,"  
by J. J. Duggan

[\*Copyright in the United States of America  
by D. T. Pierce.]

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

Whatever disastrous material effects the excessive rainfall of last year brought in its train throughout the country, it certainly made for the health of the population, as statistics show. The Medical Officer of Health for Cheltenham is able to report the gratifying fact that the death-rate in the borough was the lowest yet recorded, namely 12.7 per thousand of its inhabitants. And the Registrar-General's return for the quarter ended December 31st last, just published, gives 15.4 for the Union during the three months, or only 1.2 below Tewkesbury, the lowest in the county; while Cirencester was the highest, with 23.5, although it was the lowest in the previous quarter, with 8.8. Cheltenham takes third lowest place in the birth-rate list, with 20.6, Gloucester, curiously enough, being at the bottom, with 19.3. Largely-rural Westbury-on-Severn had the highest, with 26.4. No infantile deaths were registered in Horsley, Painswick, Minchinhampton, or Tetbury, but Cheltenham, Charlton Kings, and Bisley had the highest rates. A hundred persons of 60 years and over died in Cheltenham. Whooping cough took off 5, fever 2, diarrhoea 1, and violence 4. In the latter category Gloucester had 6, Stroud 5, Winchcombe 5, and Westbury-on-Severn 5.

I question if Mr. Coroner John Waghorne ever before had such a remarkable series of requests as the five (all on male adults) in Cheltenham in which he had recently to act within the short space of a week. For four of these were up the Bath-road district, and death in each case was due to a fall in one way or another. It is, moreover, a further strange coincidence that on the very afternoon that one of the men was killed by falling off a ladder another man fell off a ladder in a different part of the town, happily, though, without sustaining fatal injury.

The Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire has induced the Lord Chancellor to make more magistrates for the county, the last batch being another small one, consisting only of Lieut. Col. Cuthbert Baines and Capt. L. E. H. M. Darell. There is no question of the fitness of these gentlemen for the office. By a curious coincidence Col. Baines was adjutant of the 2nd V.B.G.R., while Capt. Darell is at present adjutant of the R.G.H.I.Y., both county regiments. And by their appointments I find that the purely military and naval element on the bench is increased to some 54 members, or about one-sixth of the entire acting magistracy. This is, of course, leaving out those justices who are holding, or have held, commissions in the Militia or Volunteers, the reckoning in of which would give a still larger proportion. By an analysis of the magisterial list, I have been struck with the very large preponderance in the Stroud district of justices who stand in the relationship of father, or son, or brother, or cousin, or to another. And on a certain bench a father, his son and his brother frequently sit and adjudicate at the same time.

If it had not been for the "Echo"—as usual first in the field—very few Cheltonians would have known that the wills of two deceased maiden lady residents of the town had been proved last week, and that their estates aggregated some £75,000, also that they had bequeathed to charitable institutions nearly £10,000. It is true that all of these bequests, save £200, was bequeathed to societies away from Cheltenham, these being chiefly in London, Yorkshire, and the North. The explanation, I believe, is that one of the ladies had given liberally of her means during her long residence in the town, while the other lady was a comparatively new-comer here. At all events, both, being Yorkshire women, remembered the needs of their native county. The late Mrs. M. Hay and Mrs. Eleanor Thorp still hold the palm as the munificent lady donors of recent years.

GLENER.



Drawn by Constance Smith, Cheltenham.

## TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

### THRILLING STORY OF THE SEA.

#### CREW'S MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

A telegram from Corunna says that a thrilling story of the sea has been brought there by the survivors of the British steamer Diligent, a steel screw steamer of 2,184 tons, belonging to Mr. J. Westoll, of Sunderland. She was bound with a cargo of copper ore from Huelva to Rotterdam, and was abandoned on Monday morning north of Villane owing to her shaft breaking. The crew of the ship had a marvellous escape from death, due entirely to the gallant conduct of the captain and crew of the Venedotian, a steamer of 1,100 tons, belonging to Cardiff. The latter vessel attempted to tow the Diligent, but twice the ropes parted. The Diligent being then helpless, nothing was left for the captain to do but let go his anchor, the vessel then being close to the rocky shore. The Venedotian stood by and did everything to save life. The seas were running mountains high, and no fewer than five boats were lost in the attempt to save the crew of the ill-fated Diligent. Two seamen of the Venedotian distinguished themselves by jumping overboard in the heavy seas in order to save members of the distressed vessel. Finally all hands were saved and brought on to Corunna. The salvage steamer has left in the hope of being able to tow the Diligent to Corunna. The British crew of the Diligent were too distressed to go with her. They are being well cared for at Corunna.

A conger-eel six feet long and weighing over 42lbs. has just been caught at Walton-on-Naze.

A great licensing reform demonstration was held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on Monday night, to protest against any legislation restricting the absolute discretion of magistrates to refuse licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

### REMARKABLE SCHOOL RECORD.

A remarkable school attendance record is furnished at Donington near Spalding, where Miss Emily Harrison, the daughter of a well-known local farmer, has attended school 2,781 successive times without a single absence, being every time the school was open during seven years. Miss Harrison lives two miles from the school, and to accomplish the attendance has walked between 5,000 and 6,000 miles. She has just been presented with a gold watch in recognition of her remarkable record.

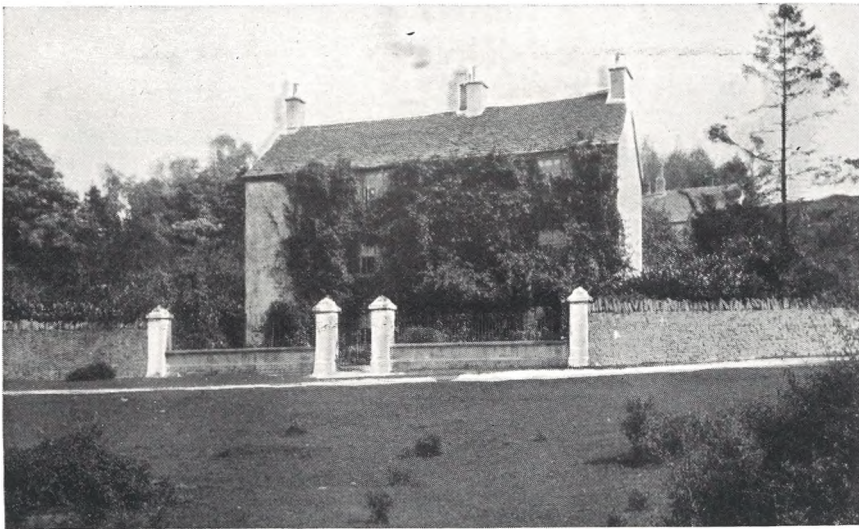
### A GOOD, BRAVE BOY.

"You are a good, brave boy," remarked a juror to William French, at an inquest in Hackney on Monday. Hearing a child scream at 27 Benn-street, Homerton, French, who is only twelve years of age, rushed upstairs and found a three-year-old girl, named Rhyder, enveloped in flames. He burnt his hand badly in trying to rescue the child. The little girl died subsequently from her injuries. Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner, awarded French an extra 2s., and remarked that he was a useful sort of boy to have in a house.

### £1,160 LIBEL DAMAGES.

Judgment for £1,160 and costs was on Friday given in favour of Messrs. E. Underwood and Son, hay and straw merchants, in their libel action against the "Daily Chronicle." The newspaper commented adversely on a shipment of hay supplied by the plaintiffs to the War Office during the South African war. As the result of representations to the War Office several tons of this hay were thrown out of a transport at Tilbury. The jury found that the greater part of the hay was of good quality. It suffered some damage on the quayside from causes not under the control of the plaintiffs.

WHERE A FAMOUS NOVEL WAS WRITTEN.



ROSE COTTAGE, AMBERLEY, NEAR STROUD,

The house where the late Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik wrote the popular novel "John Halifax, Gentleman," in which frequent reference is made to the cottage, and Amberley is re-named "Enderby."

It was in just such a delightful, quiet country house as he himself always loved—according to his character portrayed in the story—that John Halifax, Gentleman, first saw the light. Amberley Cottage is an old-fashioned house, with large rooms whose ceilings are somewhat low; its windows are of the rural rectory type, and it can boast three stories in height. Best of all, from John's point of view—we can fancy Kim saying—"There is, Phineas, a beautiful garden, wherein grow all kinds of lovely flowers, and where roses of every sort and shape may be seen." Then the house itself is nearly covered by its ivy, climbing roses, and such-like plants, which add much to its exterior prettiness.

these tubes, and has never experienced a puncture. Surely this is convincing proof of their reliability.

HOW TO GET A HIGH GLAZE ON SMOOTH PAPERS.

Various substances can be used for obtaining a glossy surface on smooth papers; but for best results procure a fair-sized piece of good plate-glass. When purchasing this, be careful to reject a piece which shows scratches. A solution should be made with 25 grains of yellow wax in loz. of turpentine. The wax should be melted first, and then the turpentine added. It is very important that the sheet of plate-glass should be perfectly clean. To do this rub it with a damp cloth, and then polish it quite dry. Pour a little of the waxing solution on the middle of the glass, and rub it all over with a soft linen pad. Keep on rubbing till most of the solution is removed, and it shows no marks. The glass should now be left to dry for a few minutes. The prints should be placed in a tray of clean water, and the glass slipped into the water underneath them. Bring the prints one by one into contact with the glass, hold them with one hand, and lift the glass out of the dish. Place the glass on a table, and squeeze the prints into close contact with the glass. Then leave the prints to dry. Never attempt to strip the prints until thoroughly dry. This will only result in failure.

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

SUICIDES IN BERLIN.

The number of suicides in Berlin is alarmingly or the increase. In 1900 the number of suicides was 434; in 1901 it was 525; in 1902, 564; and in 1903, 661. Whereas the population in this period has risen only 3½ per cent., the number of suicides has risen 58 per cent. In 1900 there were only twenty-three suicides to every hundred thousand inhabitants, while in 1903 the number was thirty-one.

SHOP'S REMARKABLE COLLAPSE.

Great alarm was caused at Margate on Wednesday night by the sudden collapse of a large draper's establishment situated at the corner of Mill-lane and High-street. The building was being modernised, and at the time a new front was being put in. The men had only just left the premises when, with a terrific crash, the whole structure fell, and the two thoroughfares above-mentioned were completely blocked. There were several narrow escapes. It is thought that the foundations had been affected by the recent heavy rains.

The fourteen-months-old child of an Italian chestnut vendor at Deptford had been fed on chestnuts, icecream, and macaroni. A coroner's jury on Wednesday found that death was due to improper feeding.

Mr. Victor Henry Bowring, who was on Tuesday married to Mrs. Hanbury, widow of the late Minister of Agriculture, will, according to an advertisement in the "Times," now assume the name of Mr. Bowring-Hanbury.

Ireland is far ahead of America in the education of women, asserts the Rev. T. Finley, of the Mosely Commission. "Here in America," he said, "you have such a universal higher education for woman that you unfit her for lower spheres when she is not capable of filling higher ones."

A notice of the recent death of four daughter of Mr. John Polsue, of Tywardreath, Cornwall, whose united ages total 320 years, leads a correspondent to point out that it is on record that a former member of the Polsue family is said to have died in the sixteenth century aged 132, and a kinsman aged 112.

It was stated at Wednesday's meeting of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce that if the coal annually exported from the district could be concentrated into one train, such a train would be 7,000 miles long. If the engine were at Cardiff the brake-van would be near Tierra del Fuego.

The magistrate at Marlborough-street on Wednesday decided that the Ham-yard soup kitchen and hospice, Great Windmill-street, W., where deserving men are given free accommodation, came within the scope of the Common Lodging-houses Act, and imposed a fine of 1s. for keeping that institution as a common lodging-house.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL"]

LOOK TO THE BEARINGS.

It is quite necessary to give the above advice, for I have found that the majority of motor-cyclists pay so much attention to the engine and its accompanying fittings that no time is bestowed on the ordinary parts of the machine. This lack of attention is also due to the fact that, the engine giving the motive power, the motor-cyclist does not notice when the bearings require attention. On one occasion especially a motor-cyclist complained to me that his machine had for some unaccountable reason lost a great deal of its power. I tried the compression—good—the spark was, in motoring language, a "fat" one, and when run on the stand the motor showed good power. Accidentally I turned the front wheel round, and then the cause of the loss of "go" was discovered. The motor-cyclist confessed he had not oiled the wheel bearings for months. Although I like to see a motorist giving great attention to his engine, wires, accumulators, etc., he should not forget that the ordinary bicycle bearings require some of the lubricating oil which is lavished on the motor. One of the most important bearings on a machine is the "head," and it is frequently the most neglected. This bearing works under different conditions from those which apply to the other bearings, for the motion of the steering column is constantly reversed, and a complete revolution is never made in riding. It follows from this that the strain is taken up by the same wearing parts, viz. the balls do not get changed as they do in the other bearings of the machine. It is important therefore, especially in the case of motor-cycles, that heads should be adjusted with no trace of shake, as the least amount of looseness will cause the balls to wear oval. When this occurs a perfect adjustment is rendered impossible. A parting word of advice: Do not interfere with the bearings of a machine unless you thoroughly understand them.

A SURFACE CARBURETTER TIP.

There are still a large number of machines about fitted with surface carburetters. Some of these are undoubtedly not perfect in action, and frequently fail to supply "gas" when it is most required. It is an excellent plan to fix a round box to act as a receiver in the induction pipe between the carburetter and the engine. After each induction stroke of the engine, the box will collect a large supply of mixture in readiness for the next suction stroke. The mixture of petrol vapour and air will also in this way have more time to blend together.

METHOD OF ADJUSTING A FLAT BELT.

The following novel method of adjusting a flat belt appears in the correspondence column of a motor journal:—Cut the belt about six inches short, and cut the spare pieces you may have by you, each one about a quarter of an inch shorter than the other, so that the shortest one will be about two inches, and join up the belt in two pieces. All that is required to adjust it is to take out the piece fitted and insert one a trifle smaller. When the smallest piece is reached, cut about four inches off the large piece, and commence by fitting the large extra piece again.

SKILL IN DRIVING.

The expert motor-cyclist always drives on the minimum supply of gas. This is a wise policy, as it economises the petrol, keeps the combustion chamber free from deposits, keeps the points of the sparking-plug cleaner, and, last but not least, prevents overheating of the engine. All motors should be driven on the "spark."

SELF-SEALING AIR TUBES.

I have heard cyclists disparage the value of self-sealing air tubes because they take off speed. With a motor driving the machine, the speed value of very light air tubes is of no consequence. What the motor-cyclist requires is freedom from the puncture-fiend, and good hard-wearing qualities. A good testimony to the value of the self-sealers is the experience of a friend of mine, who has self-sealers fitted to the tyres of his machine. He has ridden over four thousand miles with



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 165

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1904

## COUNTY COUNCIL CANDIDATES.

### THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
The New Farcical Comedy,  
"GLITTERING GLORIA."

MONDAY NEXT FOR SIX NIGHTS AND  
MATINEE ON SATURDAY,  
MR. TREE'S COMPANY from His Majesty's  
Theatre in

"THE ETERNAL CITY."

TIME AND PRICES AS USUAL.

### Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

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

### Winter Garden, Cheltenham.

Saturday Afternoon, March 5th, at 3 p.m.,

MADAME

**MELBA**

AND DISTINGUISHED PARTY.

Box Office at Wesley's Library.

LADY (S.K. certificates) teaches oil-painting, pastel-painting, marqueterie, wood and chip carving, parquetry and decorative work, silk painting; classes 11 to 3; ten lessons, £1 1s.—Address Miss B., Umbria, Kensington Avenue, Cheltenham. c989

People other than the Poet Laureate, it seems, are asking whether the taste for poetry is declining, and a correspondent to the "Spectator" this week asks:—How many average middle-class people under thirty years of age have read "Paradise Lost" through, or the "Essay on Man," or Thomson's "Seasons," or "The Task," or "The Excursion," or (to come lower down) "The Princess," or "Sohrab and Rustum," or "The Ring and the Book," or "Atalanta in Calydon"? I do not know a dozen who have read any one of these, or who know anything but what they have read in newspapers and reviews of Yeats, or Bridges, or William Watson, or Henley, or any other of our living poets but Kipling. Perhaps the exception is the saddest feature of all this! Even Kipling is not read much for his purely poetical qualities.



Photo by Norman May and Co., Cheltenham.

**MR. ROBERT GRAY.**

(Northleach Division).

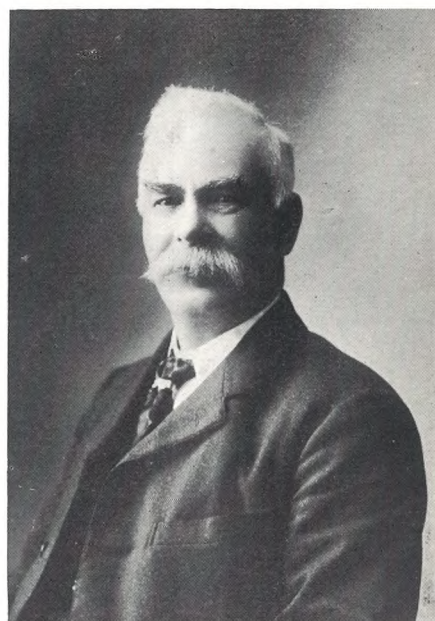


Photo by H. J. Comley, Stroud.

**MR. J. C. C. KIMMINS.**

(Stonehouse Division).

### HEREFORD TRAINING COLLEGE.

It has been definitely decided to open the Hereford County College as a training college for female teachers in September next, the Herefordshire County Education Committee having received the provisional sanction of the Board of Education to the establishment of the same.

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### OVER £26,000 FOR CHARITIES.

The late Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Halifax, left £26,300 for charitable purposes, including £7,000 to Abbotts' Ladies' Homes, Halifax; £3,500 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution; £3,000 to St. Jude's Church, Halifax; £2,000 to Halifax Infirmary, and £1,000 each to various missionary societies, and £500 each to certain philanthropic institutions.

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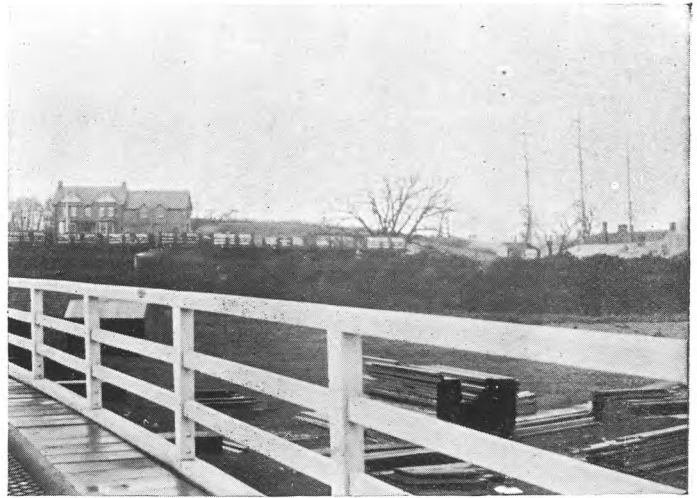
### WORKHOUSE REFORM.

The Central Poor-Law Conference re-assembled on Wednesday at the Guildhall, London, Sir J. D. Llewelyn occupying the chair. The subject of combination and classification of workhouses was discussed, Mr. Harry P. Cleaver, clerk to the West Derby Board of Guardians, contributing a paper strongly advocating reform. Finally the whole subject was, by a special resolution, referred to the several district conferences and the Poor-Law Unions' Association.

"The towns that are now served with London papers at an early hour in the morning were a hundred years ago more isolated from news than are the country towns of Japan to-day. Suppose the adventurous Londoner wished to journey to Cheltenham. After paying his guinea he mounted the coach that drove from the 'Bold and Tun,' Fleet-street, or by disbursing an extra three shillings secured a place in the diligence from the 'Swan with Two Necks' in Lad-lane, after a cold drive along the bleak exposed road from Naunton or Northbeach, had to calculate on being set down at Frog Mill, while, after a change of horses, the more favoured travellers to Gloucester were carried on by the road leading through Cubberley Wood, and past the Seven Springs. Unless a private carriage was placed at his disposal there was a risk of the wayfarer having to trudge on foot, for though the landlord of the Frog Mill Inn kept twelve horses in his stable, he very seldom had any at home when they were wanted by visitors. And after arriving it was not quite easy to live there, for provisions were all dependent on the irregular country carriers. On Sundays it was not unusual for the arrival of creature comforts to be announced in church after the benediction. Letters arrived very irregularly, and were delivered after dark by a tall woman in a red cloak and black hat, who added to this function the duties of bell-woman, and of crying the hours of the night, thus forming a picturesque addition to the other details that help us to realise the conditions of English provincial life a hundred years ago."



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AND POST-OFFICE  
IN THE DISPUTED ROAD.



THE NEW AND OLD SHANTS.



THE GATE THAT WAS BROKEN OPEN  
TO ENFORCE RIGHT-OF-WAY.

The "Battle" of  
Sharpness Docks.



Case Heard at the  
Recent Gloucester Assizes.



HOTEL, WITH MR. ABEL EVANS, "THE  
FIELD-MARSHAL," IN CENTRE.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

Another assize at Gloucester is now a matter of history. The recent Winter Assize to which I refer lasted longer than its more immediate predecessors, as it took up five full days, the civil causes occupying one day more than the criminal cases. There were twelve of the latter in the calendar, but two of them (alleged murders) went off. Eight barristers only were briefed in the ten cases tried, and two of these counsel had four briefs each. In the four law cases entered, two only were fought out, and eight members of the bar were retained, one King's Counsel having three briefs. I never scan the formidable Oxford Circuit list that is hung in the vestibule of the Shire-hall, and note the 180 odd names on it, without being impressed by the fact that in Gloucester at least a very large proportion of the Bar "have got no work to do." An echo of the riot case near Sharpness, tried at the Summer Assize, was forthcoming last week in the civil action that the Sharpness New Docks Co. brought against certain dockers and their "field-marshal who kept in the rear," for forcing the dock gates open and trespassing upon the premises when a strike was on. Plaintiffs gained the day, and I think very properly, too, by the verdict of the jury. I observe that a great deal of evidence was given pro and con in regard to the existence of a public right of way from Lugg's Farm to the Pleasure Grounds before the formation of the docks, and that the late Lord Fitzhardinge was cited by one witness as having expressed himself to him in "an extremely earnest way" that the

road was his own private property. I can well understand this, for when the construction of the docks was proceeding I heard from the lips of one of the surveyors that, so resolute had his lordship been in warning persons off his land for surveying purposes, he and his assistants had to lie out in ditches often at nights, so as to snatch opportunities, when the coast was clear of gamekeepers, to take the levels, and that he himself contracted thereby an illness that permanently crippled him.

A Great Western Railway official has stated that for many years Reading, Gloucester, and Acton were three of the ugliest stations on the G.W.R. At all events, I know that Gloucester is one of the longest, and I well remember an amusing illustrative incident at the time it was a one-sided station, before the up-platform was put there in Queen Victoria's Jubilee year. At a Conservative demonstration in Pittville Gardens, Mr. Reginald Yorke, the accomplished representative of the old Eastern Division, explained his late arrival there by the fact that he had found there were two sides to everything but the G.W.R. Station at Gloucester, for he had that day taken his seat, as he thought, in the Cheltenham train, but soon found himself being wafted in the opposite direction to Grange Court Station, he having, so it appeared, got into the end carriage of the Hereford train, which used to be backed close up to the Cheltenham one. Still I have known, even recently, a footballer getting into a carriage for Hereford, and soon finding himself going in the opposite direction, his carriage having been taken to the platform on the other side and coupled on to the Cheltenham train.

I am not surprised that the authorities of the Great Western Railway Co. took some time to consider the tenders that were sent in by January 19th last for the erection of 42 houses in Alstone-lane, in place of the sixty odd ones that will be pulled down near Lower High-street in the construction of the Honeybourne line. There was a good competition—some 40 tenders—by builders in all parts of the country, and I understand from various tenderers that the amounts range from £16,000 to about £20,000. Even taking the lowest figure, that would work out at about £400 per house, exclusive of the cost of the land, giving a stiff price for a workman's domicile, and certainly putting it quite beyond the renting reach of the dispossessed occupiers of the much inferior houses to be demolished. But then, I remember, these new houses are sanctioned by the Local Government Board, which, as a rule, require model dwellings. The contract has gone to a Cardiff firm of builders.

GLEANER.

It was a Scotsman—as might have been guessed—who founded the first real newspaper in Japan, just over thirty years ago. Like many other European inventions it seemed to me a "felt want," so that in 1894 there had come into existence as many as 814 newspapers and magazines, with a combined circulation of more than a third of a million copies. It may further be noted that, despite appearances, the "yellow press" would be a misnomer in this connection. The Japanese papers, or most of them, have been distinguished for their moderation and self-control in the present crisis.



MADAME MELBA,

WHO VISITS CHELTENHAM ON MARCH 5TH.

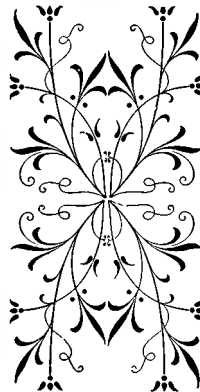


Photo by H. C. Morse, The Cross, Tewkesbury.  
**INSPECTOR SELWOOD,**  
Superintendent Tewkesbury Police Force,  
formerly of Winchcombe.



**PETROL AND PICTURES.**

[By "ARIEL."]

**RACING COLOURS OF THE GORDON-BENNETT CARS.**

The colours for the various cars competing in the great International Automobile Cup Race have now been selected. They are as follows:—Germany (holder of the Cup) white, France blue, America red, England green, Belgium yellow, Italy black, Austria yellow and black. The colours for the Swiss cars have not yet been selected.

**BOROUGHS WHICH HAVE APPLIED FOR THE TEN MILES LIMIT.**

Out of all the Borough Councils in the Kingdom, only fifteen have applied for the ten miles an hour limit. These cautious Councils are Blackpool, Winchester, Newport, Stockport, Preston, Oxford, Dover, Deal, Wycombe, Ealing, Newbury, St. Helens, Wallasey, Leigh, and Moseley. With one exception they wish to apply this ridiculous limit to all their roads. Motorists will no doubt observe that no less than six of these boroughs are in Lancashire. It might be advisable to give Lancashire a wide berth.

**SPRING FRAMES.**  
There is sufficient evidence to show that this season spring framed motor-cycles will be in demand. A few steps have been taken during the last season to secure more comfort for the motor-cycle rider, including the spring handle-bar, spring seat-pillar, and on a few machines spring forks. The demand for a spring frame by cycle riders has not been great; but with the advent of the space-amihilating motor-cycle, the need of some form of insulation from road shocks is apparent to all. There is one very successful machine on the market now which has a spring frame. With the small powered motor of 1 1/2 h.p. the vibration was not excessive; but as each season arrives we see manufacturers fitting motors of more and more power, till one wonders when the increase of power will cease. There were at least two motor-bicycles at the show of 5 h.p. each. Now that manufacturers are turning their attention more to the comfort of the rider, it is very probable that the present season will see several practical resilient-framed machines on the market.

**LOCAL CLUB NOTES.**

The local club has altered its title to "The Gloucestershire Automobile Club." The club has now affiliated with the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland and the Motor Union. The first annual general meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 1st, at 7.30 p.m., at the Queen's Hotel, at which the officers and committee for 1904 will be elected. Gloucestershire motorists not already members are invited to attend. For the future motor-cyclists will be admitted members of the club at the reduced subscription of half-a-guinea. This also covers the affiliation capitation fee. The motor-cycle members enjoy the same advantages as the car owners who pay the full subscription. Every motor-cyclist knows the absolute desirability of being a member of the Motor Union, the subscription to which is one guinea. So that if he joins the Gloucestershire club he gets not only the great advantages of meeting and discussing motor subjects with other motorists, but also the satisfaction of knowing that, if prosecuted unjustly under the new Act, his case will be taken up by the Motor Union. A very interesting public announcement will be made shortly by the club.

**OVER-PRINTED P.O.P.**

It is very frequently the case that a printing frame is accidentally left out in the light too long, with the consequence that the positive on the P.O.P. is over-printed. No doubt some amateurs throw these over-printed positives away as useless. There is, however, a cure. The prints can be reduced by immersion in a solution of hypo and cyanide of potassium. The hypo should be fresh and perfectly clean.

**DARK SLIDES AND FILMS.**

To expose films in an ordinary dark slide, a film carrier is most conveniently employed, or the film may be placed in the slide with a piece of stout black cardboard at the back. When filling the slide, the face of the film should be carefully dusted with a clean camel-hair brush, or preferably with a small piece of washleather, kept in a stoppered bottle expressly for the purpose. Care should also be taken to have the slides and the camera free from dust. Spots on negatives often result from inattention to these details.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**REGISTRATION MARKS.**

"Amateur."—The registration marks you require are the following:—Oxfordshire B.W., Worcestershire A.B., Worcester F.K., Durham J., Hastings D.Y., Flintshire D.M. You have made a slight mistake over the other registration mark. It should be AD—B. AD is the Gloucestershire mark and the other letter is the general identification mark of a member of the motor trade. You could obtain a complete list of registration marks from the Secretary Local Government Board, Whitehall.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions on these subjects, but such questions should reach him not later than Monday in each week, so that replies may appear in the succeeding issue.]

A Pretoria correspondent telegraphs that Sir Arthur Lawley's announcement that the Government intends to enfranchise the country districts immediately for the election of divisional councils has given great satisfaction among the Boers.

The Japanese have their popular war songs; but they appear to be somewhat different from ours of the "We don't want to fight" order. The following is a literal translation of a song which has greatly stirred their patriotic enthusiasm:—

"The treaties have been broken. The extremely discourteous conduct of the barbarous and stubborn Russians, failing to recognise the value of peace in the East, causes teeth to be set and arms folded, while public sentiment is sorrowful and angry.

"To break this dream of barbarism by the power of the Japanese soldiery, our reinforcements are continually advancing with flags floating bravely.

Human life is only fifty years. If we are reluctant to lose it we become disloyal to the Emperor for generations.

"Two ways lie open before us; the loyal way is to die. Let our motto be to continue fighting until we fall exhausted.

"This is the most satisfactory solution. How desirous. How joyful."

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

# CHELTENHAM SWIMMING and WATER POLO CLUB, 1903.

WESTERN COUNTIES WATER POLO CHAMPIONS, 1901 and 1903.

Alan Lewis E. W. Smith. G. Fouracre. F. S. Tytherleigh. A. Andrews. T James. T. W. Halliwell T. Halliwell. G. Kibblewhite.  
(Hon. Secretary). (Hon. Treasurer).



W. Lewis  
(Vice-Captain).

S. S. Harris.  
A. F. Waite.

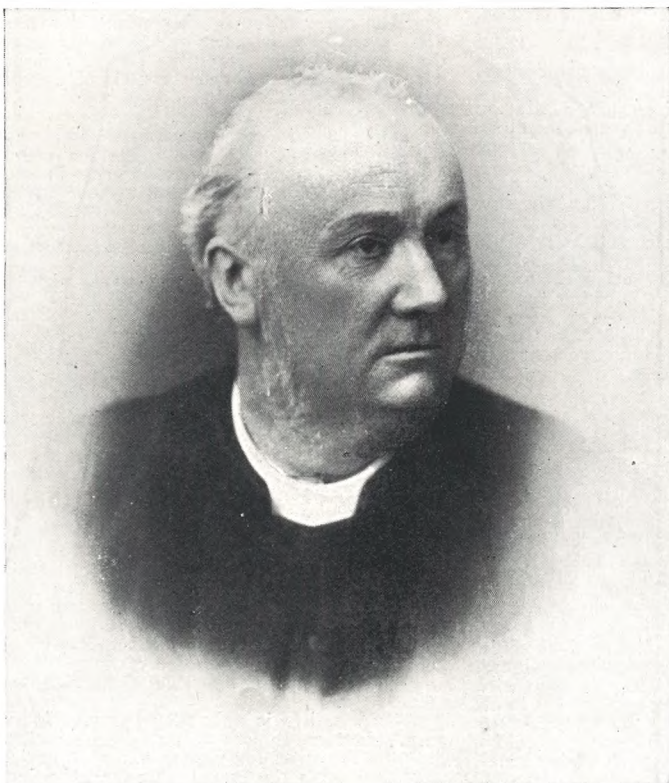
F. Fry.

H. W. Harris  
(Captain).

R. V. Webb.

C. Lewis.

H. A. Harris.



Dighton's Art Studio, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

**REV. ANTHONY COCKS LAWRENCE, B.A.**  
Rector of Whittington 1868-1904. Died February 17th, 1904,  
aged 60 years.



Dighton's Art Studio, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

**MR. WILLIAM READ PORCHER, M.A.**  
Assistant Master, Military and Civil Department, Cheltenham  
College, 1863-98. Died February 19, 1904, aged 70 years.

**CHELTENHAM "A" POLO TEAM, 1903.**

Alan Lewis  
(Hon. Secretary).

L. W. Hayward.

F. S. Tytherleigh.

W. Halliwell.

T. W. Halliwell  
(Hon. Treasurer).

G. Kibblewhite.



G. Fouracre.

H. J. Higgins.

T. Halliwell  
(Captain).

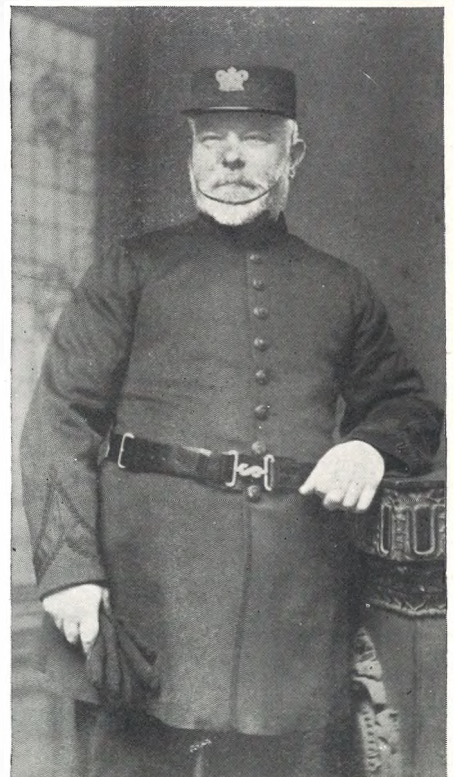
T. Waldron.

H. Meek.



MR. J. H. WEBBE (late of Cheltenham),  
Died February 19, 1904.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM PIFF,  
of the Gloucestershire Constabulary from  
1861 to 1891, when, as an inspector, he was  
superannuated. For courageously arresting  
a notorious burglar, who attempted to shoot  
him, he was complimented by Justice Piggott  
at Gloucester Assizes in 1868, and awarded a  
gratuity and promoted as sergeant by the  
Chief Constable.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM PIFF.

PRINTING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

*Artistically and* ☉☉

☉☉ *Cheaply Executed*

AT THE

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Estimates and Specimens  
on Application.

TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photos by Thos. C. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

THE CHELT IN FLOOD (Barrett's Mill Grounds).



WORKING IN THE WET (Regent-street).

OUR CHIMES.

We should be lost without our church bells—"The people up in the steeple," as somebody has called them. There are eight of them. Fine, full, resonant toned fellows they are, each with its quaint historic motto affixed to it, and each taking its part in the merry or sombre choruses we hear issuing from their loft, or, as soloists, one or the other proclaiming its own message to a listening parish.

Set a-going as a full peal, their merry clangour inspires joy, hope, thankfulness, and so on, as the occasion of their music may require. Then, again, as they sound the deep muffled funeral note, we are filled with solemn thought or awe-inspiring pathos.

Singly they have a variety of functions to discharge. That fire bell—the fifth, I think it is—what power its strident tenor tones have to strike panic and alarm into every heart in the town, notably at night time, and to set every tongue and eye on the *qui vive* of where, what, and who! The old curfew bell—now for some years (as I think unfortunately) discontinued—with its solemn announcement of the close of another day and the on-coming of another night, exerted its own peculiar influence in kindly thoughts of solemn reminder and suggestiveness. Of the deep solemnity of the passing knell or funeral bell—this with us is always the tenor's office—I need hardly speak. The most childish and indifferent ears are affected by its grave tones.

There is one more bell soloist I used as a boy in my native town to hear. I write on Shrove Tuesday, and the day reminds me of the old memory. At eleven o'clock in the morning every boy's and girl's ears in the town were on the alert for the pancake bell. At that moment the third bell of the peal—rung by "Old Keys," as we called the sexton—would clang out to the townfolk below, and especially to the youngsters thereof, the reminder (as we fancied the bell to say)—"Pan, pan, pan-hot!" "Pan, pan!" etc. And at the sound of it we boys and girls expected (sometimes futilely) to be let loose from school that we may go and "clip the church": that is, join hands and form a ring—without a link missing—to encompass the exterior of the parish church. This was a great juvenile business of Pancake Day. The church was a very large building, and whether we ever actually succeeded in forming an unbroken ring around it or not is quite an open question. We fancied we had, at least, after a good deal of noise and mutual commandeering over the job, and that was quite sufficient.

This traditional and, as we conceived, bounden duty performed, we hied us home for the real pan, pan-hot performance. Deary

me! Here, I started writing under the title I prefixed to this paper, "Our Chimes," and here I am at the fourth page of my MSS. without having said a word about them. I apologise.

Well, peal music, in its way, as suggestive of sentiments of joyous hilarity or of local or national congratulations, is all very well; but its influence depends upon its intermittent and only occasional use. We could not endure the daily or even weekly clanging and clamour of the joy bells.

The daily and several times a day troling of the more homely and pensive chime music is a pleasure and delight. True, we get so accustomed to it that nine times out of ten we do not heed it. Only, however, let it stop, say, for a day, or the greater portion of a day, and every tongue is inquiring what has become of the chimes.

Yes, in our heart of hearts we love the old homely familiar tones, though it may be that in their case, as in so many others, the old copy-book dictum "Familiarity breeds contempt" is too often verified. Or perhaps "indifference" would more truly describe the true state of affairs than the more blunt "contempt."

Our chimes were founded some 155 years ago by a former vicar, whose memory for this, as well as for other munificent gifts to the town, is greatly venerated amongst us. They are set to the tune known as the Old 113th—a good, solid, though not popular, piece of old Church chorale music.

For nearly 150 years, day in and day out, they trolled every twenty-four hours the old melody six times—that is to say every four hours. Some years ago, at the rebuilding of the tower, they were renovated and re-set; and the generous provider of the means for doing this stipulated that they should ring only during the hours of day. Through the night hours they were to be silent; and their times of ringing were to be from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., at intervals of three hours.

This boon of regard for the quietude of the night hours is no doubt greatly appreciated by the sick, the old, and the weary, as they lay in bed restless and sleepless. Their nerves are keenly sensitive and their brains extremely vigilant, and the regularly recurring (perhaps painfully watched for) sound of the bells would be disturbing, perhaps irritating, to them. For this reason I can easily understand that many a midnight benison has been breathed on the head of the thoughtful restorer of the chimes.

I am more than sorry that the tune our chimes play, although good musically speaking, is suggestive of no religious sentiment or aspiration. In this way the chimes lose, in my opinion, one of the most useful features of their functions. Pious aspiration or loyal

and patriotic sentiment may just as well as not be fostered by the tri-hourly bell music issuing from the steeple. To many, I am willing to say to most, the sentiment would be as unheeded as the sound would be inaudible; but not to all. A responsive humming of the tune and an answering echo in the heart of the sentiment enshrined in the words associated with the tune would be no rare occurrence among the listeners, and especially among those of them who, from habit or force of circumstances, are less busy than others.

Chimes and carillons may be reminiscent of sacred associations; may, in effect, repeat words and phrases to us which, though old, we are never tired of hearing repeated, and may thus administer solace and comfort to some and give a new direction of thought to not a few. They speak to us during our busy hours, whether we will hear or whether we will forbear; they come promptly and punctually, though without unbidden, and gently deliver their message. Leaving sacred airs as suitable for chime-playing out of the question, a loyal or patriotic melody, or even an Old English ditty, would alike be gratefully suggestive each in its own way.

Chimes or carillons which appeal to the public ear should, like public pictures and statues, which appeal to the public eye, be suggestive of what is innocently pleasing and instructive, or of what is high, pure, and noble. They may, in fact, from the humblest village chimes to those of Les Halles, at Bruges, said to be the finest in the world, be public teachers and preachers, and thus fulfil one purpose of their existence amongst us.

With us our chimes are more useful as time indicators than perhaps in any other way. Thus, 9 a.m., the first note of the "Old 113th" denotes breakfast time for the labourer, office time for the clerk, school time for the boys and girls. For these latter—the school children, I mean—the 12 noon chimes come as the sweetest music, for do they not mean the cessation of lessons and the advent of liberty and play. At this point, too, they mark high noon, the mid-day meal for many, and the working day's climax for all.

Then, again, at chime sound at 6 p.m., in many a case of out-door, and in some of indoor labour, the tool is dropped or the machine stopped, and a sigh breathed of thankfulness for something having been attempted, something done, and of welcome for the evening hours and the relaxation, perhaps recreation they may bring.

Ah! there they are again—3 p.m.—the same old ding-dong strain; and, as I write, there goes the grocer's boy by the window, merrily whistling the tune in unison with the chimes. They cease, and here shall cease my chiming garrulities.

G. B.

SHAKESPEARIAN SKETCHES

“OPHELIA.”

Ophelia can scarcely be reckoned one of Shakespeare's heroines. Weak where she should have been strong, obedient where she should have disobeyed, foolish where she should have been wise, there is little that we can find to praise or admire, and much, very much, to pity.

To her weakness of character and lack of influence was due in large measure the failure of Hamlet's life. It may be questioned whether, if fate had sent him a Beatrice or a Portia, it would have saved him and strengthened his infirmity of purpose; but she could not have chosen one more utterly unfitted to be his mate than Ophelia. She failed him at the crisis of his existence, and he, seeing in her no less than in his guilty mother the type of all her sex, cries bitterly, “Frailty, thy name is woman.”

Yet, poor child, her failure was due rather to her environment and the circumstances in which she was placed than to her faults of character. Under happier conditions and in a life of sheltered calm, it is easy to believe that this tender and fragile flower might have come to a full and sweet perfection; but she withered and drooped in the heat and stress of Court life, with its scandals, its intrigues, and its follies.

We can picture her as a child, blue-eyed, golden-haired, wandering with happy careless feet in the fields round Elsinore, weaving bright day-dreams of the future, so mercifully veiled from her sight, as she picked the flowers she loved so well, and all unknowing of the storms which were to sweep over her and overwhelm her ere many years were passed. Early left motherless, she clung with an increased intensity of devotion to her father and brother. For the young Prince Hamlet she cherished a girlish adoration, hardly to be dignified by the name of love. She was flattered and pleased by his “tenders,” but gave them up unhesitatingly at her father's command. When both father and brother caution her against him she pleads timidly in his favour, but when actually forbidden to hold any parley with him she promises instantly to obey. She is no Juliet to cast off her own people and her father's house for the sake of her lover; she yields herself humbly and unquestionably to all their wishes, and even consents to act as a decoy while her father and the King watch Hamlet from behind the arras. The “wild and whirling words” flung at her by the half-crazed Prince we may believe to have been principally intended for the hidden spies. They could hardly have been addressed to so meek and timid a maiden as Ophelia in sober earnestness. But at length we come to the final tragedy of her life. Hamlet's madness has had little effect on her beyond a few sighs and tears; it is her father's death that crushes her life and snaps the frail thread of her will. Hitherto she had leaned utterly on him, and round him had twined all the fibres of her being. Now that she is left helpless and unprotected in the midst of a careless and hostile Court, small wonder is it that the feeble mind gives way and leaves her a wandering voice, toying with the flowers she had loved as a child and conscious only of the loss of him who was all in all to her. Piteful beyond tears is the sight of the swaying slender form, with hair unbound and wild wistful eyes, offering her rue and rosemary to the pitying Queen, and sighing because “I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.” We cannot regret her peaceful and painless death when, chanting “snatches of old tunes, as one incapable of her own distress,” she sinks to her dreamless sleep beneath the waves. She is beyond the reach of the wild and stormy voices which rage round her even in her grave. The harsh condemnation of the priest, the fierce struggles of Hamlet and Laertes—all are powerless to cost her one sigh or tear. So we leave her—

The young and sleepless eyes are shut at last;  
The untwisted golden hair falls over her;  
The soft hands are folded like a child's that lies beside its mother. You can hardly see whether she breathes or not, she lies so still.  
If there be any violent bruise or streak,  
The shadow of the violets smooths it down.”

SIC IMUS AD ASTRA.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

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 163rd competition is Mr. Thomas C. Beckingsale, High-street, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 74th competition is Mr. William C. Robson, of “Beverley,” Langdon-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 56th sermon competition prize has been divided between Miss J. Edwards, 36 Montpellier-terrace, Cheltenham, and Miss E. Maude Jeffrey, Leamington House, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons by the Rev. A. C. Turberville at Highbury Congregational Church and the Rev. L. A. Lyne at All Saints' Church, Cheltenham.

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

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, 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 other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the “Chronicle and Graphic,” who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

A young woman who applied on Monday at the Thames Court for a summons for assault against a young man, to whom she was formerly engaged, had several long pins projecting from her hat. Mr. Mead: I shouldn't think you want a summons. You are protected like a porcupine.

A curious superstition concerning external and visible ailments of the body has just come under the notice of surgeons at the Vienna hospitals. Quite recently a child was taken to the hospital with a malignant growth upon one of its toes, which was tightly bound round with a thin but strong cord of hair to “prevent the internal disease from passing to the foot.” A similar incident happened again the other day, the child's toe being so tightly compressed as to seem almost severed. The surgeon found it necessary to perform amputation, partly on account of the violence used in binding.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

THE DOG SHOW.

Dogs is a very useful and ancieint insti-tootioon, specimens of which may be seen in our streets, highways, and public thorough-fares at any moment of the day leadin' in chains ladies, old and young, but mostly the former, and conductin' themselves as a general rule in a very 'igh-anded manner in respects of pushin' ordinary 'uman beings, as ain't privileged to 'ave been born dogs, off the pavement.

As to manners, well—the least said, soonest mended; but I will say that for driving a coach and horses thro' the 10 Commandments and the 39 virtues, give me a dog, any time! Of coorse, when I says "Give me a dog," I only means it in a sort of figger of speech, like Mr. Joseph with his hold' age pensions, and not meant to be took literal, seein' as 'ow I ain't so gone on dogs since I 'ad a fox terror gave me in a young and frisky form some years back, the fagaries of wich will last me for a lifetime, I guess.

Before this 'ere puppy dog 'ad been in the 'ouse 30 minnits he'd torn the 'earthrug all to atoms, chewed up one of my slippers in mistake for a bone, broke 3 plates and a saucer, and 'bit the postman, as was so im-pudent as to deliver a letter or two, in three places, as said he should go straight 'ome and 'rite to the Attorney-General and the Prime Minister, wich sich things oughtn't to be allowed in Christian England, as was a dis-grace to 'umanity to keep sich furious blood-'ounds a-seekin' whom they mite devour im-mediately the door was opened.

The same pupp dog ('is name bein' Jack—I don't know his other name—and I rather fancy Jack were a kind of a nomdeploom, as the French do say, seein' as he never wouldn't answer to it)—this same puppy dog seemed to 'ave a taste for gardenin', too, and so soon as ever we turned 'im out to grass, so to say, set to work and tored up 4 rose trees jest comin' out to bloom, besides diggin' a hole big enuff to bury 'imself in right in the middle of a grass plot as I'd been cultivatin' for years to get a good crop and only jest began to look a decent green. After this, Jack 'ad the mange, wich is a very awkward thing to tackle, excepts for a vet., not bein' wich I gave 'im away to a relation of mine wich I 'ad rather a grudge against, since wich we've never spoken to each other, not even when we meets at perlitical meetings and so 4th.

Still, I will admit that dogs has their uses. F'rinstance, wotever would all the dog biscuits be done with if there wasn't no dogs to eat 'em. They mite, of coorse, be served round in the Royal Navy, but I doubt whether they'd increase the efficiency of the same, not unless they was used as missiles or the like.

Then there's the scavengers! They do say that if dogs as a public insti-tootioon was done away with to-morrow that upwards of one-half of the worthy gentlefolk wich sweeps our streets so terr'ble clean would be thrown out of employment, wich would be direckly put down to the evil effects of Free Trade, and accordingly eggsplines why so many ardent souls belongs to Lulldog societies, dandiedinmont clubs, chow-chow conferences, etcetera, feelin' that it's their bounden duty to keep up the supply of dogs to the level at all costs! Also and moreover, there's "Glittering Gloria" and the dog show! Where would they be without that faithful animal the dog, wich I understand is the chief man of the party in "G.G.," and 'olds the audience spellbound with 'is ma'velloous performance? I 'aven't seen 'im, as I prefers 'uman performances, but I understands that the dog—"Yours truly, Onicn."—is a reg'lar Consul-General!

But we must all admit the dog show wouldn't be nothing of a success without dogs, and the Winter Garding nothing without dog shows, not now the Town Hall's stopped being new and 'as settled down to a long and mingled career of usefulness and pleasure.

I went to the dog show on Wednesday, after having been duly disinfected with a tin of G.'s fluid, and found the Winter Garding just one great bark from end to end, from double bass to miles above Sister Mary's one top



Photo by T. Cook, Cheltenham. CHELTENHAM HARRIERS. COMPETITORS FOR UNWIN CUP, FEBRUARY 13, 1904.

note, as the sayin' is, and the whole of our beautiful Crysthull Pallis turned into a series of pens, in the midst of wich were dogs in great variety, to suit all tastes, even the most fastidious, from Great Danes, as big as a donkey, down to a toy spaniel in case, with a magnifying-glass front, wich couldn't be seen with the naked eye becoss of its smallness of character, and 'ad to be carefully watched by its proprietress for fear of losing site of it for a moment.

As I glanced along the line of ladies sitting waiting to minister to the every want of the little doglets—some not much larger than a good-sized insect—I thought to meself, looking at the silk cushions and the blue tie-ups with wich their J pens were adorned, "Ho! would I were a toy dog!" Talk about the unemployed and the distress amongst the poor! 'Ow can sich things be when every one of these dogs is allowed to live in the lap of affluence and luxury. But, there, of coorse 'uman bein's are so ordinary, and ain't capable of gainin' prizes for their smallness or the length of their ears! I think if I was to keep a dog again, I shouldn't go in for one of the insect variety. I should have one of them great door-mat kind of things, the wich would answer two purposes admirable, viz. to lie across the front door to be used as a door-mat by friends, and to frighten off foes, such as tramps, with a well-directed snap at any old rags that may be hanging about.

Speaking of this, Peter Dunk keeps a dog always on his doorstep, bein' rather worried with "Beggin'-yer-pardon-Misters," and he tells me that this 'ere dog pretty well lives on the odd bits he secures from tramps' coat-tails, as comes very economical in his keep, besides 'elping on the Charity Organisation somewhat!

There was a number of dogs of the Old English sheep dog variety—very Old English indeed, I should think—with a fine assortment of long fur all over, entirely obliterated their noble features. So much so, that I caught meself jest about to pat the wrong end of one, only that I jest spotted his nose a-shinin' thro' the gloom at the other extremity, as mite ave looked rather silly. But, there, you know, they ought to 'ave their 'air cut now and then, wich must be a site 'ealthier, only I s'pose 'twouldn't be Old English enuff!

There was a large number of dogs, too numerous to mention 'ere, such as dashhounds (with bandy legs at each corner of a extra long variety of body, including a very sad look in their eyes, as if life were a reg'lar failure to them), British bull dogs (with a extry strong British expression on their wrinkled brows, and exhibiting several teeth outside to show wot mite be found inside), pugs (looking as cross as 2 sticks at 'aving to be looked at by a lot of nobodies like me), collies ('andsome creatures, as beautiful as a fine lady), and other varieties wich is beyond 'uman speech to dilate upon.

There was also a number of 'uman bein's of both sexes, wich must 'ave been gratifyin' to the secretary of the show; likewise a very 'eart-stirrin' and elegant dogged perfume, wich must be felt to be admired. On the whole, I consider, from wot I can see of it,

that the dog show was a remarkable success. Each visitor, as he or she or it passed out, was presented with a very fine headache of 10 horse-power proportions; and my impression of the whole thing was of equally divided between a barking headache and a feelin' of gratitude to the secretary for 'aving provided sich a good show and preventing the wild animals from breaking loose, at any rate while I was there.

Needless to mention, the dogs were all fed on sprats straight from the pontoons, together with a plentiful supply of non-intoxicating disinfectant. DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

POETRY.

A FORGOTTEN TREASURE.

About seventy-five years ago the old "Morning Chronicle" published this now almost if not quite forgotten poetic treasure, and it immediately created much interest. Every effort, even to the offering of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair, readable hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and colour, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle." These are the lines:—

Behold this ruin; 'twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full;  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat;  
What beauteous visions filled this spot.  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor hope nor pleasure, joy nor fear,  
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at the dismal void—  
If social love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the crows of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be for ever bright  
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;  
If falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And, where it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke,  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can little now avail to them;  
But if the path of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod  
These feet the path of duty trod;  
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,  
To seek affliction's humble bed;  
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to Virtue's cot returned,  
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.