

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 166

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
MR. TREE'S LONDON COMPANY IN
"THE ETERNAL CITY."

Next Week: MR. ERNEST R. ABBOTT'S
COMPANY in the NAVAL PLAY,
"THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND."
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.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the Irish Whip, was caught the other night in a hot bath at the House of Commons by the division bell. Springing to the ground, he got into a bathing towel, donned a coat, rushed upstairs, reached his corner against the wicket in the "aye" lobby, where, thus strangely garbed, he "told" for his party, to the surprise of his compatriots, who came in convulsed with laughter at the thought of "Paddy being boiled again."

♦ ♦ ♦

Writing in the "Observer" on the reception given in the House of Commons to the Prime Minister on his return from his illness, Mr. H. W. Lucy says:—"It was well enough a matter of course that the Unionists should cheer their captain. Significance lay in the fact that the applause was not less hearty above and below the gangway on the Opposition side. It is in truth a long time since a leader of the House of Commons reached the pitch of personal popularity enjoyed by Mr. Balfour. In much the same degree the House liked Palmerston and Disraeli, wishing them well in enjoyment of their late-earned honour. Mr. Gladstone commanded the admiration, sometimes the loyalty, of his own party. But he never won over the Opposition, even to the point of decent assumption of delight in his presence. Mr. W. H. Smith was in his quiet, unassuming way admirable as a leader, popular as a man. But he never evoked personal enthusiasm. Mr. Balfour possesses in large degree the indefinable quality that works that end. He has the true House of Commons instinct, and has carefully trained it during eight years he has sat by the brass-bound box guarded by the shades of Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone."



Photo by J. Comley, Stroud.

HIS HONOUR ARTHUR BECHER ELLICOTT, M.A., J.P.,
JUDGE OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COURTS AND CHANCELLOR OF
THE DIOCESE OF GLOUCESTER.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

HOW I NIGH BROKE THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S JAW.

A TALE OF THE FORTIES.

(IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE DIALECT.)

[By W. B. COOPEY.]

Wall, Willum, as I was a gwain to zay, you know, I was married in forty, and went to live at the smith's shop, by the big pool. Wall, the young squire—aw, you did'n know 'n, he died young avore your time—wall, a was a gallus dog, aye that a was auwaver. Wall, Hannah an' I was married on a Zaturda' mornin', an' of course knowing how things were done in them days, we laid in some bread and bif, some plum pudden, and a barrel of zider, so as if any on 'em turned up they med' a summut to take. Wall we had a veaw vriends, an' enjoyed 'erselves purty comfortable like till to'ards 'leven o'clock, and then they wished us good night an' good luck, an' goed away. No sooner was they a gone when there was the 'fernallest row you ever yead—owd pots, kittles, fryin'-pans, an' cay-trays all a-bangin' at once, an' of all the howlin' as they called a-zingin', why I never did hear. Wall, I ses to Hannah, "Hannah, my wench, this 'ere 'a got to be stopped," so out I goes, an' I ses, "Naw then, who be ye, come vorrads an' show yourself, an' if you wants to drink Garge's health, why come on an' do't." Wall, when they come into the light, who shu'd be the ringleader but the young squire. So I ses to 'n, "Savrice to ye, measter; glad to see ye." And he ses, "Garge," ses he—just as I ses it to you now—Garge, I 'a brought the booyas to drink thy health and the missus's." "Quite welcome yo' be," ses I; "come on as many on ye as can vind room, an' you as can't stop outside." Wall, they crowded in, an' stopped there a-zingin' zongs an' jokin' till I called their notice to the clock, zo bein' as it were Zunday mornin' they all went off quiet an' orderly, an' I thought I was well shet on 'em. The morrow bein' Zunda' nothin' happened, but Munda' night, Tuesda' night, an' Wednesda' night there was the same hullabaloo vrom about midnight to cock-crow in the marnin'. Wall, you know, Willum, I was young and strong then, an' did'n mind being kep' awake a night or two, but, dang it, all I thought was—Be'n't 'em never a-gwam to stop? So about one o'clock on the Thursda' marnin' I opened me bedroom winda', and I calls, "Now, Measter Willum, do ye taake the booyas away, vor you knows as I 'a got to be up yarly, an' a fine old row there 'ull be if thy vather's 'osses be'n't shoed in time." Wall, arter they vund as I was a bit cross about it, they was wuss than ever, an' the bangin', and the caterwaulin' went on longer than any night avore, an' it was just the same o' Thursda' night. So then I ses to Hannah, "Vrida' night 'a got to zee the finish: o' this." Hannah ses, "Don't 'ee do nothin' rash, Garge." I ses, "Oh no, nothin' rash; but I shall spwile Measter Willum's feace vor 'un." Wall, Vrida' night we puts the lights out, an' Hannah went to bed, but I went out under that old oak tree what stands beside the path as comes from the Court, an' waited; an' by-an'-bye I hears Measter Willum a-untin' up the booyas to "Come an' give 'Owd Garge another rousin'." Well they was a-comin' along, about twelve or vourteen on 'em, when out I steps vrom behind the tree, an' I ses, "I think you'd better let 'Owd Garge alone to-night, vor I thinks there 'a bin about enough o' thick 'ere little game." But Measter Willum, ses he, "Oh, come along booyas, we'll make Hannah sit up to-night." So I ses, "Very well then, if that's yer way o' thinkin', pop up your proops, and lets zee whos' best man on us, and you chaps zee fair play." "Twere no sooner said than done; an' at it we went, an' I was down o' my back sooner 'an you could say Jack Robinson. This put my blood a-risin', an' up I jumps—yo' know, I was young an' strong them days, an' my vist was as hard as a pavior's bittle. So when Measter Willum was prancing round, I next time, I just up wi' my left, sort o' unexpected like, an' landed him one under the jaw, an' over he went like a pole-axed bullock. "Oh! Garge," a ses, "you 'a broke my jaw. That's enough, bwoys, we'll leave the



Photo by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.

COTSWOLD HOUNDS IN QUEEN WOOD.

bloodthirsty villan alone now." "No hard names, Measter Willum," I ses; "you 'a asked for all as you 'a got, an' now p'raps you'll let Hannah an' I have our naterul rest. But if there's any more on ye as wants a tying-up, I thinks I can manage it." Wall, they didn't want any more, any on 'em, but went off quiet and comfatable like. Poor Measter Willum, I didn't mean to 'a hit un quite so hard; but, by gum, 'a had to yeat spoon-vittles for nigh a month arter; aye, that 'a did, auwaver. But, Willum, this wasn't the ind on't. Oh, no. Come dree days arter a message from the owd squire—a wanted to zee me very partikler at nine o'clock in the marnin'. Wall, at nine o'clock up I goes, an' was had on the caarpet, Willum. Oh, yiss, had on the caarpet, I was. "Good mornin', Squire," ses I. "Good marnin', Garge," ses he, a-lookin' glum and grim as ever I seed un, for 'a was generally a very pleasant sort of an owd gen'laman. "What reason had you for a-striking my son in the way you uid and nigh breaking his jaw?" ses he. "Wall," ses I, "I am very sorry I nigh broke his jaw, but I ain't sorry I hit un, for I have had a good night's rest since, which I 'adn't 'ad for that wick afore." "Eh! What?" ses the Squire; "but what had my son to do with your loss of rest?" So then I up an' tell'd un, just as I told it to you; an' the owd Squire says: "Garge, I don't know as thee bist very much to blame, but I wish you 'adn't 'a hit un quite so hard," ses he, for he can't take much, an' you 'a pretty well a-loosened every tooth in his yead vor un; but I hope this will put an ind to this rough music at weddings, for it's a very stupid piece of business." But, you know, Willum, it didn't, for down to now, whenever the bwoys takes it into their yeads, why a rough-bandin' they goes, an' nothin' 'ull stop 'em; but I ain't yead o' many broken jaws since then, and that's sixty-four years agone.

THE STORY OF HER RING.

[By WALTER WARNER.]

The storm had passed and left on the backbone of iron rocks that ran far into the sea a splintered ship. At intervals bodies and wreckage from it were flung by the still furious waves at the feet of the watchers on the beach.

The spot was away from the path of ocean-going vessels, and possessed no life-saving apparatus. The little boat they had dared to launch had been hurled back at them by the angry sea like a matchbox. Though powerless to help otherwise, they strove hard to restore animation to those washed ashore, but they were seldom successful.

"There's something moving on Signal Rock!" cried one.

Ted Lawson looked seaward through the falling gloom.

"It's a woman," he said, quietly.

"God help her, then, for she'll be washed off when the tide comes in!"

Walking up and down the beach Lawson wondered what chance there was of reaching

the woman. A stock-rider, attempting to reach the same point on a similar errand two years ago, had nearly won to his destination when he was caught on the crest of a fierce wave and hurled with his horse upon the rock a huddled, lifeless heap.

Suddenly, cutting through the tumult like a knife, came a woman's terrified cry for help. Lawson hesitated no longer. He fastened a rope securely to his saddle, tightened the girths, and mounting, turned his horse's head to the breakers.

"Remember Black!" shouted one of his comrades. "It's certain death, man!"

Their warnings were unheeded, and a moment later he felt his horse swimming. The people watched the pair with a breathless anxiety, as they fought their way through the raging waters of this Australian Cape Race. It was a giant's task, and only a beast as brave-hearted as its rider would have faced it. At last they were as near the fatal rock as Lawson thought safe, and he at once made an attempt to throw his rope. Time after time it fell short and was sucked down by the leaping waves. Once, when it dropped close to the woman, she was too frightened to move, and it was swept away again.

Lawson's hopes failed him as he saw how wildly she clung to her rugged shelter. No voice could be heard above the hoarse diapason of the turbulent waters. More than once the gallant pair were swung away from the rock, and had to beat their way back.

The sickness of despair was growing upon him when, to his great joy, he found that she had grasped the rope. She sensibly passed it over her head and tightened the noose beneath her arms. Her courage faltered as she approached the edge of the rock, but, at an impatient sign from Lawson, she sprang clear, and was pulled towards the saddle. As a beautiful girlish face came into view out of the sea-mist and the gloom, the rescuer gave a quick cry of recognition.

"Good God! You, Milly?"

The exhausted girl looked up at the words, and, despite her suffering, smiled.

Lawson turned his horse to the shore, then lifted the girl up before him and kissed her pale, wet face with a lover's intensity, though she had sunk into unconsciousness. He was now more solicitous than ever to reach the land safely with his precious burden.

From the beach longing eyes gazed. A shudder went through the crowd when he was momentarily hidden from view, and a sigh of relief when he came again into sight. Though often buried in the rolling breakers, they ultimately felt the earth beneath them. As he was giving his charge into willing hands he caught the gleam of a ring. His brown face paled a little. He looked again before allowing the ready helpers to take her away. Yes, there was a plain gold band—a wedding-ring—on her finger. Then they took her away; and he rode silently through the crowd—rode away with a heart of stone into the loneliness of the Australian bush.

Back beyond lay the work of years—a picturesque home on which he had toiled from



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

SEVERN FLOODS AT GLOUCESTER, FEBRUARY 15, 1904.

dawn till dark. A home to which his sweet-heart had promised to come. "I'll come when you've built the nest," she had said when he sailed away. To-night she had come on the wings of the storm—a married woman!

Two days later he was sitting before his house. Work was distasteful now. He hungered to know about her; but he was schooling himself to crush tender sentiments under the heel of his bitterness. "Let her go," he said; then he thought how bright the garden would be when she came up the path.

There was a sound of hoofs, a buggy came round the house, and before he could quite realise it all he *knew* how the garden would look when she came up the path.

"Oh, Ted, I feared you were ill," she said, with a tremulous voice and happy face.

"Were you afraid?" he harshly asked.

"Didn't you want to see me?"

"Perhaps you thought I wanted to see that"—he pointed to her hand.

"I told you all in the letter."

He rose and stepped towards her.

"I've had no letter. But what does that mean?" he passionately demanded.

The girl looked away to the distant hills.

"She wanted me to wear it—it's mother's."

There was a pathetic quiver in her voice, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Your mother's? I don't understand."

"She—she—Oh, Ted, can't you see!"

Her broken words enlightened him.

"Not, dead, lass?" he said softly, putting his strong arms round the slender form.

There was no reply; her face was hidden on his shoulder.

"I wore the ring because the men on board were too kind," she said. Then, "I must go on to-morrow to my uncle."

"And I may fetch you soon?" he asked.

"If you want me."

Looking up through her tears she received an answer that banished every doubt.

[THE END.]



A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

(Taken, by anticipation, from "The Chronicle" of 25th April, 1904).

[By CHAS. A. PROBERT.]

It has seldom been our pleasure to witness so delightful a scene as was enacted in the Promenade on Tuesday afternoon. It will be remembered that following on the correspondence in the "Echo" a short time ago with reference to the flower-sellers, and in response to urgent representations from various quarters, the Corporation took up the question, and, after a heated discussion, voted a sum of money to enable them to deal with the matter. The Improvement Committee was empowered to use this fund to the best advantage, and to frame suitable regulations in order to abate the nuisance complained of. In the end it was decided that the flower-sellers should in future be required to take out a Corporation license and be arrayed in picturesque costumes provided for them. They were also to be known by suitable names selected by the committee, such as Strophon, Corydon, Flora, Phyllis, and Phebe. Arrangements were

entered into with professors of singing and dancing, by which the Idyllic Florists (as someone has called them) were to devote their mornings to voice production and the terpsichorean art, so that the charms of singing and dancing might be added to their other accomplishments. The dresses having been ready in good time, it was decided that an inaugural ceremony should take place on Primrose Day, the Mayor and Corporation agreeing to give eclat to the proceedings by their official presence. At 2.30 sharp on Tuesday the flower-sellers, decked out in all their bravery, and carrying ornamental baskets filled with nosegays, started in procession from Cumberland House, followed by a large and admiring crowd. On reaching the Promenade they were greeted with enthusiasm by an excited and densely-packed throng; and soon after they had taken the various stations allotted to them the Mayor and Corporation, in their robes of office, accompanied by the member for the borough, were seen to be wending their way through Clarence-street, preceded by the Town Band playing a lively air. We understand the Liberal candidate would also have been present had it not been Primrose Day. Whilst awaiting the approach of the Corporation procession, one of the lady florists sang with charming effect "Will you buy my pretty flowers?" and it is confidently anticipated that in a very short time she and one or two others will be quite equal to something more ambitious; in fact, it is said that a gifted local composer has kindly offered to provide them with one or two specially-written songs. The crowd's enthusiasm knew no bounds as the Mayor approached "Phebe" (Miss Jemima Smith) and purchased the first bunch of primroses, at the same time adding a few graceful words expressive of his sincere hope that the event would mark the dawn of a happier era for town and flower-sellers alike. There were some cries of "Give her a kiss," but the hint did not appear to reach his Worship's ears. Some fears had been expressed that the Ratepayers' Association might mar the proceedings by a hostile demonstration; but all anxiety on that score were soon set at rest, for if any dissentients were present they were quite unable to make themselves heard. One gallant officer (a relentless critic of the Corporation), who had come with the intention of protesting, like Balaam, stayed to bless; and as he purchased a smart button hole from "Flora," he was heard to express the hope that ere long he might have the privilege of treading a stately measure with the fair charmer. Shortly afterwards, in reply to a question from our representative, the same gallant gentleman scouted the idea of surcharging the sum voted by the Council, so we hope no more will be heard of that. The ceremony being over, the Corporation returned to the Council Chamber, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, people vying with each other in a mad endeavour to secure the coveted nosegays. There were disquieting rumours of accidents; but we are glad to say that on enquiry at the hospital our representative was assured that nothing was known of any serious case. It

only remains for us to congratulate Cheltenham on the splendid success of this novel scheme, which places the town in the very forefront of municipal enterprise; and we are pleased to hear that the result is likely to encourage our civic fathers to extend their operations to the organ-grinders and ice-cream vendors, who, we are sure, would be only too willing to submit to a similar treatment.

EXHIBITS AT CHELTENHAM DOG SHOW.



Photos by T. V. Morris, Cheltenham.

From Toronto comes a cablegram to the effect that there is such a shortage of skilled labour that a locomotive firm is importing men from Scotland



One of the engine-men on the turbine cross-Channel steamer, the Queen, had his arm torn off by the propeller shaft on Saturday.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.

CHELTENHAM DOG SHOW.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



SAMOYEDE SLEDGE DOGS.



Photos by Mrs. Ernest Turner, Shipton Manor.
"SANDRINGHAM MOSCOW,"
 The Queen's Borzoi.



"LUSKA,"
 The King's Siberian Sledge Dog.

If Britain is to be sound at the core, if her sons and daughters are to play their parts in the world in a manner worthy of their imperial heritage and the great name they bear, the "Sanitary Record" submits that she must look to the lot of the children, not forgetting the children of the poor.

Lord Hugh Cecil sent the following protest to a London paper:—"My free-food tastes are not porcine at all. They are intensely human." It is pointed out that this is the first known case in which a Cecil has openly confessed to cannibalistic tendencies.

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 164th competition is Mrs. Ernest Turner, Shipton Manor, Andoversford.

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

The winner of the 75th competition is Mr. J. Pounsett, 22 Naunton Park-terrace, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 57th competition is Miss Marie Noyes, 15 Lansdown-crescent, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon at Christ Church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. James A. Owen.

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.

The first week's result of our new Short Story or Essay Competition has been on the whole encouraging, though one or two of the attempts at "story telling" were somewhat crude in both matter and manner. Mr. C. A. Probert and Mr. Walter Warner, between whom the prize has been divided, are considerably ahead of the other competitors in the matter of literary expression, but Mr. W. B. Coopey's rural yarn gives a capital reproduction of the Gloucestershire dialect as spoken in the Vale district. Miss M. Williams sends a neatly-written account of her descent into a coal-mine; while the story of "The Discovery of Enamel" is very clearly told by Mr. William C. Robson. Among the short stories received, one of the best is Mr. Samuel Brooks's humorous tale of the dog show.

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.

The old-fashioned yellow primroses have now a competitor, called the buttercup primrose. It was introduced by Mr. W. K. Harris, a Philadelphia nurseryman, and will be sent into this country shortly. It grows freely from seed, and makes a famous pot plant. In 6in. pots the plants bear hundreds of blossoms about an inch in diameter. Being carried on spikes, like the flowers of a strawberry plant, they are very effective. The floriferous properties of the new primrose are so remarkable that the weight of the blooms often depresses the stem.

A new and thrice excellent Roosevelt yarn has just cropped up. It relates to the American President's early years in politics, when he sat in the New York State Legislature. He was a member of the Committee on Rules, and from time to time had some lively rounds with his colleagues. One of them, a typical "ward heeler," at last became so abusive that Mr. Roosevelt walked up to him one day and said, "I want you to understand, sir, that your conduct is offensive, and I shall hold you responsible for what you say unless you apologise to me at once." The "heeler" apologised, and Mr. Roosevelt immediately noticed a change in the behaviour of his colleagues. At last one of them came to him and said, "I want to tell you, sir, that we all like you. You ain't the same sort of a chap as those other chumps is. The fact is you ain't so much of a gentleman."

PERFORMERS IN ETON HOUSE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.



"MRS. JARLEY'S" WAXWORKS.



SNOW QUEEN OPERETTA.

Photos by J. Holloway, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Only two months are now left of the hunting season. The soddened state of the Vale in February kept the packs chiefly confined to high ground. The Ledbury had the longest runs, they having a couple of two hours' chases on the 19th, with a kill in the second; while on the 22nd they killed a brace, the first in 40 minutes and the second in an hour. Lord Fitzhardinge's had a bloodless run of 2½ hours on the 16th, with a kill in a short second spin. Among the notable Cotswold runs were one on the first, when the pack divided, each killing; and those on the 10th, when they accounted for two foxes near Lord Eldon's mansion and afterwards ran another for 90 minutes, partly in Earl Bathurst's country. The North Cotswold had hard luck on the 10th in having to give up after running two hours, the fox being afterwards seen dead beat. The Duke of Beaufort's killed the most foxes on one day—two brace near Marlborough on the 13th. Both his Grace's and Lord Fitzhardinge's huntsmen, Will Dale and Will Rawle, were put hors de combat for several days by falls. Most unfortunately Rawle on February 27th, the second day of his re-appearance in the saddle after recovery, sustained a broken collar-bone.

I see that a few days ago the King honoured Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., with a sitting at his studio, Chelsea Lodge, London, for the state picture of the Coronation scene in Westminster Abbey, which he is painting for his Majesty. This fact reminds me that the eminent artist has done a great deal of detail work on the precious canvas at his country seat, Morgan Hall, Fairford, in this county. So that Gloucestershire will be one of the scenes of the execution of what will undoubtedly be a historic picture.

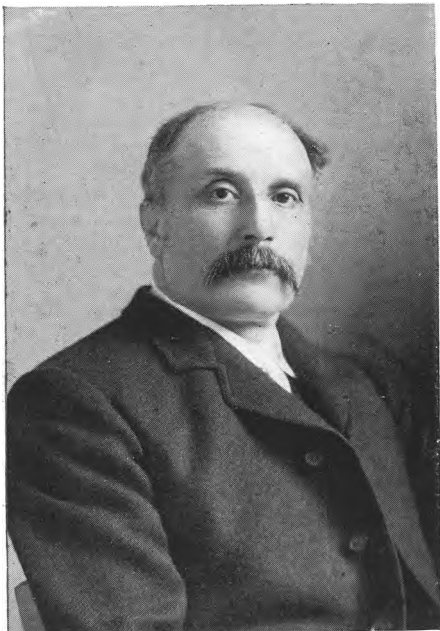
Gloucestershire frequently figures in some way or other in current events or books. Only the other day I happened to pick up the latest number of the "Encyclopædic Dictionary," and therein I saw that the tower of Gloucester Cathedral is immortalised among the various kinds of edifices classed under the generic title of "tower." The illustrations also include a Japanese pagoda, Pharos (light-house), and the Campanile at Venice.

"Daffodil Land" is the title of an article in a London evening paper a few nights ago. I was much interested in it, for once or twice I have referred to the daffodils that grow at Dymock, a village standing in a promontory of West Gloucestershire between portions of Herefordshire and Worcestershire. The article draws a vivid picture of the "lilies

of the field" that grow in great profusion in the woodlands and in the water-meadows of Dymock, in the picking of which during the Lenten season numerous women and children are employed, for there are ready markets for these pretty yellow flowers at Covent Garden, Glasgow, and other towns, whither they are forwarded by railway.

I observe by the scheme of the camp training periods for the Imperial Yeomanry of the Home District for the present year that only one of the eight regiments affected will go to Salisbury Plain, and that is the Middlesex, booked from July 22nd to August 6th. Five other regiments will train within about the same periods, but the Bucks and Oxford assemble in May in camps in their respective counties. I gather that there is nothing settled yet with regard to the Gloucestershire. The kicking by Col. the Duke of Beaufort against going to Salisbury Plain, and the sighing of his Grace for the old Cheltenham days, appear to have had some effect, for staff officers have been prospecting Cleeve Hill as an alternative site for a camp, but I regret that they put their veto on it because of transport difficulties and lack of water. I should not be surprised if the gallant Gloucesters are ordered to the Mendip Hills, to be brigaded with the North Somersets.

GLEANER.



MR. EDWARD PLAYNE, C.C.,
 Chairman Stroud Guardians and Rural
 District Council
 (Minchinhampton Division).



MR. C. E. CLARKE
 (Bisley Division).



MR. WALTER MADGE, J.P.,
 Chief Secretary of Gloucester Conservative
 Benefit Society.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

AT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER.

"Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose."
 If there's one thing I enjoy it's a dinner—
 yes—by George—unlimited in its scope and
 refreshing in its variety, from the clear
 mulligatawny soup to devilled sardines—and
 I don't care how much Latin sauce and
 French and German jellies there is on
 the program, so long as there ain't no pol-
 licticks about, wick is very bad for the diges-
 tions, and oughtn't to be took with dinners,
 'ceps by very powerful systems as could in-
 terjest anything.

So you can quite understand that when I
 received a "kind" ticket, wick is, I think,
 the commercial way of putting it, for the
 Chamber of Commerce dinner last Monday,
 with the remark that politticks was to be
 hoff for the hevening, I immediately arranged
 my classick and statuesquary form inside the
 whitest of shirt fronts in my wardrobe—with
 other articles of raiment needless to mention
 —and sallied forth eager for the fray, like a
 war-horse scenting a dinner afar hoff, and an
 appetite I wouldn't 'ave sold for 15 shillings,
 cash down, becoss it couldn't be replaced, not
 nohow.

I had previously rote a note to the secretary,
 Mr. Rickerby, *pro. tem.* (which is a sort of a
 degree, I s'pose, in the commershull line, bein'
 always printed behind his name), stating, in
 my best commershull langwidge, that "I was
 in recipe of his kind note, and I 'oped to do
 myself the esteemed plessur of being present
 at his esteemed dinner, and that I should
 'ope to enjoy the esteemed goods to wick we
 were to be interdooced, in company with his
 Esteemed Worshup the Mayor and other com-
 mershull gentlemen and cettery, and
 awaiting his esteemed commands and assur-
 ing him of my hevory attenthuns, I beg to
 'ave the 'onour to be, your obedient servant,
 DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS." I enclose 5 shillings.
 (I knowed very well this was the way to rite
 commercial, becoss I 'ave a book called "The
 Ready Letter-Riter for Busy Men," in wick
 there was a sort of a similar note, about
 orders for groceries and so 4th. Arrived at
 the Town Hall, wot a scene of fairyland and
 beauty was there set 4th for our amusement!
 Talk about Tarara's marble 'alls! 'Twasn't
 nothink to our noble supper-room, with its
 corniced sealings, and art-blue walls, and
 shiny pillars, wick, as is proper for a supper-

room, look remarkable like corned beef, the
 sort you get in glass tins, but very appetising
 and 'andsome, that I will say.

On hevory 'and was to be seen nothink but
 shirt fronts—square miles of 'em—and here
 and there amidst the glitter of the candles
 and the buzz of conversation, one could
 snatch a glimpse of well-known faces, sich as
 His Grace the Mayor, Kurnel Rogers, Kurnel
 Cardew (who is now a D.V. I'm pleased to
 see), Mr. Agg-Gardner, and a lot of noted
 folk, such as me and others, quite willing to
 be commershull for the hevening for the sake
 of a Hudson's Bay menoo of the 1st water.

The menoo was very kindly in English for
 the occasion, as commershull men don't as a
 rule speak more than 1 or 1½ langwidges
 (reckoning bad langwidges as a half, accordin'
 to the new Metric System). 'Owever, for those
 as was out and out Free Traders, there was
 just the sauces in the French dialect,
 dumped on the menoo free of charge.

The tables looked very 'andsome, leastways
 as much as could be seen of them, and
 groaned under the weight of large numbers
 of candlesticks, flower vases, pineapples in
 full blossom, nuts, oranges, knives and forks,
 and other eatables too numbersome to men-
 tion.

The whiles I were gazing at the feast of
 beauty and the array of snowy shirt fronts,
 a little bustle took place, a few stood up, and
 somebody said somethink up to the nobility
 table wick we applauded all down our end
 until the word went round that we'd encored
 the "grace before meat," as you mite say,
 unbeknownst! Still, that didn't spoil our
 appetites, not in the least—not nearly so
 much as the difficulty I always eggsperunees
 in keepin' that there little white bow in
 c'rect persition, wick 2oe durin' the hevening
 wandered hoff round to the back of me collar,
 and could only be brought back by coaxing;
 but there—when you gets speakers wandering
 into politticks at a commershull non-
 polittickal meeting, you can't be surprised at
 a mere tie wandering a trifle!

The dinner was very eggscellent indeed, and
 so illigantly arranged that everythink looked
 like somethink else, it bein' considered bad
 form to let mutton cutlets be seen in a un-
 adulterated state—undressed, shall I say?—
 as might be anythink from a parsnip gone
 brown to a unwashed carrot, including the
 bit of 'erbage on its brow—as it appeared at
 the commershull dinner. 'Owsomdever, it
 were remarkable nice; and—by George—as
 usual! I noticed that the whole thing being
 in Lent didn't appear to upset the company;

but, there, considerations of the "Fast" set
 don't apply to the commershull gentlemen
 of our forward town.

After dispoing of the pineapple and grapes
 and a thimbleful of black coffee, jest to take
 the taste out of our mouths, the speeches
 began, and we, with our manly buzzums
 swellin' with pride and a noble dinner, sang
 in 7 or 8 parts the first verse of the National
 Anthem, illigantly performed on the piano-
 forty with a artistic trill at the end by Mr.
 Waite. This was followed by "Queen
 Alexandra and the Rest of the Royal Family,"
 wick, not bein' the thing to sing to, was
 received with unmusical honours. "The Im-
 perial Forces" was down to be took now, but
 it was thought well to give "The Cheltenham
 Chamber of Commerce," as the next toast, as
 it was thought possible the Imperials would
 'ave more time to collect their forces for the
 attack.

So the event of the hevening stood hup, in
 the shape of Mister Nathaniel Cohen, of Lon-
 don, a gentleman who was also eventually
 a Jew, and wore the same features and the
 same large growth of watch chain ornaments
 wick 'ave becme endeared to us in 1,000 ways
 on the canvases of our most noted artists.

My next-door naybor chucked to me,
 "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no
 guile"; but as to the latter part time was
 about to prove.

Mr. Cohen started in a very innocent and
 partly nice manner to pat the Cheltenham
 Chamber of Commerce on the back and to
 say that on no account—wild horses, I think,
 was the eggspression used—would he con-
 descend to drag the taint of politticks across
 the unsullied purity of the commershull
 dinner-table—and straightway went on to do
 it with a vigorous bang on the table wick
 made the president jump and the glasses
 rattle, interdoocing that there fishcal fiasco
 once more, with kilograms and centipedes of
 figures and a torrent of remarks, wick, if
 they was supposed to be non-perlitical, was
 really the very best imitation of a perlitical
 address I ever come across, and 'ardly to be
 distinguished from the real article. As the
 address went on so it grew in volumes, tii' it
 broke loose into a reglar 50 horse-power
 avalanche, sweeping all before it, including
 a champagne bottle on the table, wick fell
 over amidst mingled murmurs of applause
 and dissent, amidst which interlude the stal-
 wart and smiling form of our greatest chan-
 cellor, Mr. David Lewis, tried to get in a word
 of rebuke on the other side—the Free Trade-
 side—first long-ways, and then edge-ways.

them half a word at a time; but all to no purpose. The avalanche still went on—and on—and—ON, until a gent on the opposite side of the table became so violently excited that he actooally filled up his glass with pure water and drank it neat!

'Owever, there was an end, aitho' a long time coming, and we breathed once more. A truly great speech, indeed—in the sense of its length and sound and the great impatients caused by it. But the Fishcal disease is a very sad ailment, as tak s a man that suddint, he ain't really responsible for his actions, not even if he's a Israelite of a Imperial British frame of mind.

There was a good few other toasts, but after the above most of them were very ordinary and courteous remarks, of the 1st water—toast and water. Mr. Hudson—beaming with satisfaction at the illigant way the dinner 'ad been did—by George—made a few remarks, 'oping that the Metric System would soon come into play; and also mentioned—wich made some of us smile—that he knew of 4 or 5 different ways of weighing bread and flour. So do we, but we don't talk about it. The rest of the toasts were somewhat obscured by the smoke and by the greatness of Mr. Cohen's sermon, and as they can be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle," well and good—I won't repeat them. But I must say a word for the singers, etcettery, who sweetly warbled between the acts, including several of our best known and most virtuous virtuosi, not forgetting Mr. S. Howard, who, I think, hauls—in cold weather—from Bath, otherwise rains supreme as a humorist of 10 talents
D. I. BRIGGS.

SHAKESPEARIAN SKETCHES

JULIET.

Hardly a stronger contrast to the weak and timid Ophelia, fair-haired child of the North, can be conceived than Juliet, child of the South, dark-haired, passionate, loving, the warm quick blood of Italy flowing in her veins.

She rises before us a fair vision indeed, her eyes dark as midnight, glowing star-like out of a small face in which the rich colour comes and goes, her long dark hair covering her slender childish form as with a silken veil. We see her first a child in heart and years, untouched as yet by that inspiring fire of love which was to animate her being and change her at once from gay and careless childhood to strong and heroic womanhood.

When her mother first suggests to her the thought of marriage she receives it coldly and without enthusiasm, "It is an honour that I dream not of"; and even the glowing description of the young Count Paris fails to rouse her to anything like interest or eager anticipation of seeing him.

Very different is her bearing when her eyes first rest on Romeo's handsome face. "If he be married, my grave is like to be my wedding bed." But her ardour is quickly damped by the discovery that Romeo belongs to the hated house of Montague.

"My only love sprung from my only hate,
Too early seen unknown, and known too late," Juliet, however quick and passionate in her loving, is steeped in a maidenly pride and reserve, which prevent her from confessing even to herself the depths of her love till she is alone in the privacy of her room. Then, standing on her balcony, and looking out across the garden sleeping beneath her in the moonlight, she pours forth her rapture of devotion to the night, all unconscious that Romeo is listening to her words. When, however, she is aware of his presence, though covered with a natural and maidenly confusion, she will not withdraw the confession thus surprised from her, but with words of exquisite self-surrender she yields herself to him.

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
"My love as deep; the more I give to thee
"The more I have, for both are infinite."
She quickly realises the only course open to them, and declares herself ready to wed with him on the morrow, and then "I'll follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

Yet the joy of finding that her love is returned is strangely overshadowed by the pre-
"I have no joy of this contract to-night; it is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden." The foreboding passes, however, and full of tender passionate joy is their parting, different indeed from the one that follows later. Love stands beside



Drawn by Cecil Rickards, Longford, Glos.

WATER, WATER, ALL AROUND!"

FIRST GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARMER: And how's the land looking with you, Mr. Perks?
SECOND Do.: Land! Why, bless you, there aint been no land round our way this six months.

them with his ruby cup, and as their young lips touch the intoxicating draught their souls are lifted up together in rapture unspokeable.

The next day sees their hurried bridal, but while Romeo's joy finds vent in a torrent of highly-strung phrases, Juliet's leaves her dumb, in a sacred happiness too deep for words.

Not far off events are taking place which are fast hurrying upon them the woes the shadows of which clouded their first happiness. A brawl between the followers of the houses of Montague and Capulet shortly results in the death of Tybalt and Mercutio and the banishment of Romeo.

A few hours later Juliet, all unwitting of the tragic episode which is to plunge her into an abyss of trouble, stands again at her window, and pours forth her bridal hymn, passionate and pure as her own stainless maidenhood. She calls upon Night to come and hide the scarlet flaming in her cheeks, for she half fears the new strange passion which has taken possession of her being. Her soul yearns to her beloved like a bird that is calling to its mate. Then with tidings of woe upon her lips the old nurse bursts in upon her reverie. For a moment she "chides at him," but at the first word of agreement from her nurse she cries shame upon herself for speaking ill of him even for a moment. Over the next scene between husband and wife Shakespeare, with tender, reverent hand, has drawn a veil, and we see them only at the moment of parting, in which they feel "at once love's quintessential rapture and its infinite sum of pain."

As Romeo's feet touch the ground, Juliet, with tear-dimmed eyes, cries to him in anguish, "O thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?" then as the brooding sense of evil to come again sweeps over her,

"O God, I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."
No sooner is Romeo gone than in comes Lady Capulet, full of her scheme for Juliet's

marriage with the rich young Count Paris. Scarcely has the unhappy girl time to answer that she will none of him, when her father enters and storms at her in terms of no measured abuse for her decision. Her piteous appeals are swept aside, and even the sight of his sweet young daughter on her knees before him only moves him to mock at her "tallow-face." Even her mother spurns her, and with a tortured cry of "O God, O nurse, how shall this be prevented," Juliet, spent with suffering, flings herself into the arms of her last friend.

The fiery trial she has just passed through has in a moment changed her from a clinging, tender child into a resolute, heroic woman, and with a face white as the driven snow, but eyes which burn with a high and lofty courage, Juliet goes forth to take counsel with the Friar.

At the door of his cell she meets with Paris himself, but with marvellous self-control she answers him in words of playful badinage; then, as the door closes behind him she turns with outstretched hands and the cry of agony quivering on her lips of one "past hope, past cure, past help." The next instant, however, her courage has returned, and she grasps eagerly at the phial which is to save her, "Give me, give me, O tell me not of fear." When the critical moment arrives she again falters for a brief space at the thought of the horrors which her fevered fancy conjures up in the charnel-house which awaits her. Then, nerved by the memory of him for whom she suffers, she drains the phial to its last drop.

Next day, with loud lamentations, her fair young body is borne to its last resting-place in the tomb of the Capulets. On the bitterness of her awakening we shrink from dwelling. Her husband, indeed, lies in her arms, but in the sleep from which no agonised cry or tear of hers can wake him. In a moment her resolve is taken. With one long, passionate kiss on the dear dead lips, Juliet has given herself the fatal thrust and has joined her lover for ever beyond the stars.

SIC IMUS AD ASTRA.

POETRY.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

THE RIGHTS OF LEAP YEAR.

Ye bachelors of England
Who live at home in ease,
And revel in luxurious clubs
Just when and where you please,
And boast no difference you can tell
If times be good or bad,
For when your hat and coat are on
Your family is clad.
Little ye reckon that Leap Year and
Saint Valentine combined
Can rob you without your consent
Of all your peace of mind.
But know, vain man, that woman's rights
Are paramount this year,
And midst your selfish luxury
Demand a listening ear.

When lady fair, demurely clad
In petticoat or red,
Deigns to select you for her mate,
And says, "With thee I'll wed,"
The happy mortal so addressed,
With feelings half divine,
Exclaims, "I'm thine, my fairest fair,
So help me, Valentine."
But should his heart be pre-engaged
Or steeled 'gainst woman's charms,
He must refuse in such a way
As woman's wrath disarms;
And not alone in gentle tone
Make his refusal known,
But send the slighted, ill-used girl
A handsome silken gown.
Now you must know my case is this,
And you the truth must hear,
Whether you like it now or not,
For this is our Leap Year—

We spinsters met at dead of night
Around a sacred shrine,
To celebrate the mystic rite
Of good Saint Valentine.
Oh! with what stealth we wrote the name
Our inmost hearts preferred,
Then in a base we cast our lot,
Nor breathed nor uttered word,
With trembling hand and beating heart
Our future fate we drew;
And who can tell what joy I felt
On finding I drew you!

And now I feel I have secured
The one that is most dear;
There's nothing that I seem to want;
And yet—I'll make it clear—
That if I am mistaken, and
You greet me with a frown,
Oh! then, dear friend, please don't forget
The handsome silken gown!!

B. C. L.

According to Mr. Hugh Clements, the weather prophet, March promises to give us slightly better weather than February has done. In his forecast he anticipates windy, unsettled, and wet weather from the 1st to the 5th; on the 8th the barometer will be high, and it will be fine for a few days. About the 15th we must expect a low barometer again, and after a slight rise it will fall between the 20th and 21st. Recovery about the 24th will be followed by a further depression on the 28th and 29th, but the end of the month will be fine.

• * •

An amusing incident occurred recently, which has given rise to a rumour that the octogenarian Cardinal Mocenni has been ordered by Pius X. to quit his apartments in the Vatican. The old Cardinal, who has been confined to his rooms for some weeks past with rheumatic gout, is subject to violent fits of irritation, somewhat trying to the patience of his servants and visitors. One morning, towards mid-day, his Eminence, who is an inveterate smoker, lay on a divan in his study puffing away at a pipe of Turkish tobacco, and deeply absorbed in a French novel. Presently a gentle knock was heard at the door. The Cardinal, paying no heed, continued to read. A louder knock followed, but the old gentleman budged not. A third knock was very loud and prolonged. The Cardinal raised himself in wrath, flung the yellow-back to the floor, ejaculating in stentorian tones, "Who the deuce is this bothersome rascal? Come in!" The door swung back on its hinges, and, half laughing, half shocked, in walked the white-robed figure of Pius X., who had come to pay an unconventional visit to the infirm old prince of the Church.



Drawn by J. Pounsett, Cheltenham.

SKETCHES AT CHELTENHAM DOG SHOW.



A FAIR FANCIER'S PET.

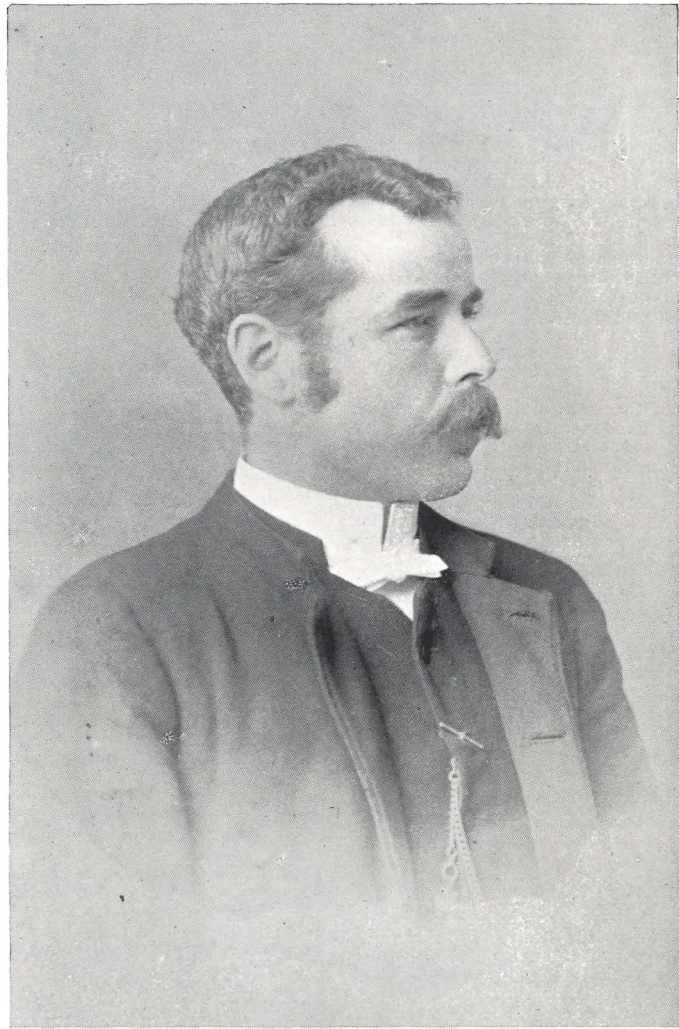
THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 167

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



REV. WILLIAM CLIFFORD ASTON, M.A.,

LATE CURATE-IN-CHARGE OF LECKHAMPTON,

Died February 13th, 1904, aged 45 years.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

TO-NIGHT, AT 7.45,
THE GREAT NAVAL DRAMA,
"THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND."
NEXT WEEK.—FIRST WEEK OF THE
RECENT HAYMARKET SUCCESS,
"COUSIN KATE."
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.

WALKING v. CYCLING.

A Cheltenham correspondent writes:—
The readers of the "Graphic" may possibly
be interested in the enclosed few lines which
I chanced to discover the other day. These
lines were evidently written at the time
cycling was coming into general use, and it
is rather interesting to note the difference
between the walker of a few years ago, as
depicted in these lines, and those gentlemen
who participated in the walking matches of
last season:—

Walking helps in numerous ways
To lengthen man's allotted days,
While cycling lays on men the ban
Of rend'ring shorter life's short span.
The walker roams through fragrant fields,
And reaps the joys which nature yields—
The stream, the copse, the wood, the dell,
To him alone their secrets tell.
The cyclist, when on wheels astride,
Turns life to one long furious ride;
And if by chance he coasts down hills
Reaps broken bones and doctors' bills.
The first by aiding nature's plan
Ensured an upright frame to man.
The last soon brings distorted shapes,
Injured spines, and forms of apes.
And tho', dear friend, Society says
'Tis "form" to follow this monstrous craze,
If you desire to keep in health,
Leave these steel traps for fools of wealth.

E. M.



A report has been sedulously circulated
that the Prince of Wales has accepted the
presidency of the British Association for the
meeting at Capetown next year. It had been
announced that the Prince would then visit
South Africa, and that he would probably be
accompanied by the Princess. There never
was the most remote prospect of the Prince
of Wales going to South Africa (says "Truth"),
and he has definitely declined the invitation
of the Council of the British Association to
accept the presidential chair for 1905.

Mr. Chamberlain continues to profit from
his stay in Egypt, and he is reported to be
looking younger and keener than ever.

Mr. W. T. Stead has arrived at Capetown,
having thoroughly enjoyed his voyage. He is
much improved in health.



For the Three Counties Musical Festival
(Berks, Bucks, and Oxon) this year, under the
presidency of Princess Christian, Sir H. Parry
has composed a madrigal entitled "In Praise
of Song" expressly for the festival.

The authorities at Washington have at last
given their decision with regard to the case of
Mrs. Maybrick. They rule that Mrs. May-
brick's claim to be an American citizen is
valid, and she will therefore be allowed to
land in the United States.

SHAKESPEARIAN SKETCHES

●||●||●
BEATRICE.
●||●||●

"Then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

Curly brown hair, with just a glint of gold, lovely mischievous brown eyes laughing out of a charming piquant face, and full soft red lips set in a bewitching pout, such is Beatrice, one of the most fascinating, as well in some ways one of the most modern of Shakespeare's heroines. The lively, light-hearted girl who has foresworn marriage till "God make men of some other metal than earth," and who is so proud of her independent state, has more in common with the maidens of to-day than perhaps some of the more ideal characters—the Desdemonas, and Cordelias, and Isabellas.

I have called her one of Shakespeare's heroines, though in truth there is nothing heroic about Beatrice; she is just a gay, irresponsible, keen-witted, sharp-tongued damsel, but a very loveable one for all that, who has danced through life without a thought or care to dim the sunny brightness of her sky. Her uncle Leonato says of her: "There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not even sad then." She is endowed with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and she speaks out of the exuberant and overflowing gaiety of her heart the keen witticisms and sharp caustic remarks that often, though she knows it not, wound more deeply than she thinks. She would not wilfully inflict pain by the sharpness of her tongue: "I was born," she says of herself, "to speak all mind and no matter."

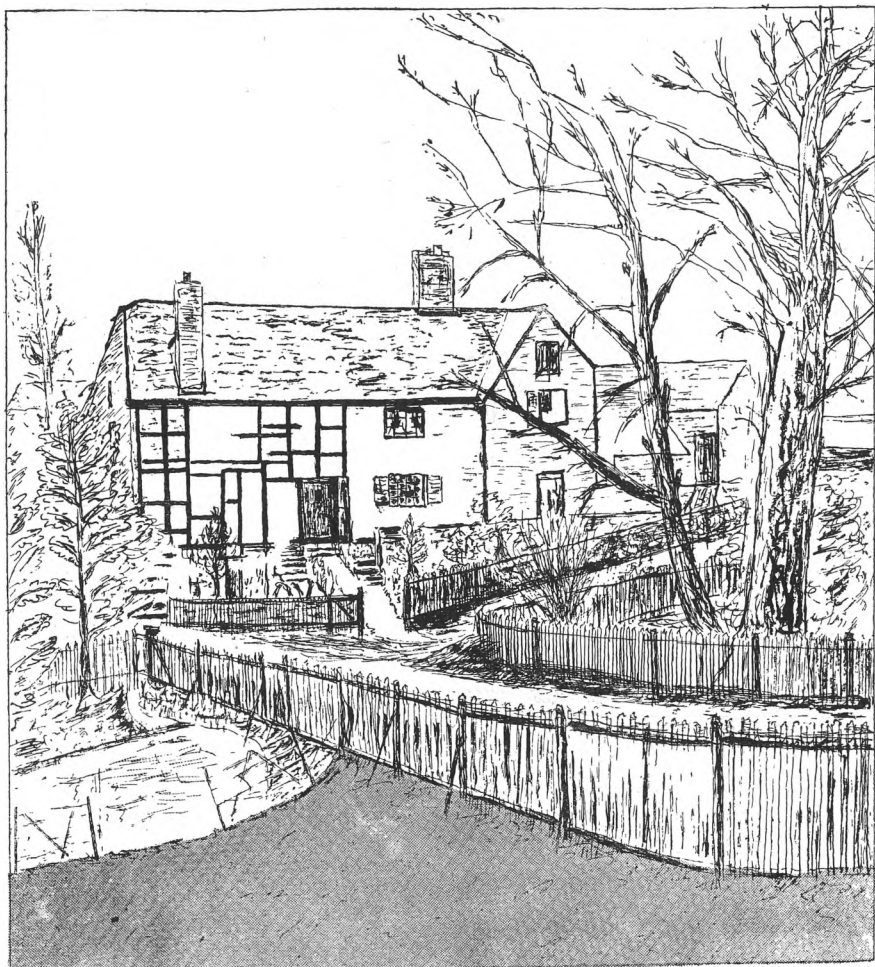
The meek and gentle character of Hero throws into all the stronger relief the sparkling brilliancy of her cousin's.

When the play opens we see her pushing into the group round the messenger newly returned from the wars, to enquire eagerly, yet with a would-be carelessness, as to the safety of "Signior Montanto," as she rockingly calls him, the handsome, witty young soldier with whom she is already, though unconsciously, in love. At present all she confessedly likes him for is to fight with; as her uncle says, "There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them." Yet the pains she takes to make light of her interest in him, and the suspicious haste with which she afterwards declares herself to be "of his humour" with regard to love and marriage, show her to be at least not insensible to his attractions. She is piqued by his indifference to her sex, and she is perhaps secretly resolved to bring him captive to her feet.

Benedick's entrance at this moment gives us a clearer insight into the relations between this well-matched pair than would have been apparent from Beatrice's caustic remarks concerning the young gentleman in his absence. He, however, affects not to see her, till, with a merry scorn, she calls to him, "I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, nobody marks you." But he turns on her instantly with the quick retort, "What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?" Then follows one of the delightful skirmishes between the pair, till Beatrice ends it with the cutting remark, "You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old," and again we fancy the little pout and the charming toss of the proud young head which accompanies the words. Towards her uncle she shows a very warm and real affection, for underneath the gay butterfly exterior is hidden a very tender impulsive loving heart, which shows itself later in her passionate defence of her slandered cousin, though she masks it so closely in ordinary life.

We feel that it is she, rather than the gentle Hero, who is the head of her uncle's household. It is to her that he turns with the request, "Niece, will you look to those things I told you of," and she, with the daintiest of curtsies and a "By your grace's pardon" to the Prince of Aragon, in excuse for her withdrawal, goes instantly with a sweet readiness to do his bidding.

Meanwhile their friends have been laying deep plots to bring the two duellists into a very mountain of affection for one another. In this they have partially suc-



Drawn by G. L. Martyn, Cheltenham.

BAFFORD FARM, CHARLTON KINGS.

ceeded, though it is not until the tragic scene in the church takes place, and the latent and hidden vein of tenderness in Beatrice shows itself, that either of them realises how far their affections are engaged. The sight of Beatrice, the joyous laughing Beatrice, in tears over her cousin's insensible form, and full of a hot and righteous indignation against poor Hero's accusations, can have but one effect on Benedick, and in answer to his confession, "I do love nothing in the world so well as you," flashes back through her tears the smiling answer, "You have stayed me in a happy hour, I was about to protest I loved you." After this, however, her indignation again flames up, and in response to Benedick's request, "Come, bid me do anything for thee," she cries, "Kill Claudio," beside herself with passionate fury that he should have "slandered, scorned, and dishonoured her kinswoman"; and not until he agrees with her in thinking Claudio to have cruelly wronged Hero will she consent to consider herself engaged to him.

The end of the play sees Beatrice once more the merry, joyous, teasing Beatrice of the earlier scenes. To the last a merry "war of words" is going on between the two, but we need have little fear that their married life will prove an unhappy and quarrelsome one. Rather, we may hope that day by day Beatrice will find a sweeter happiness in submission to a nature with as strong an individuality as her own, and Benedick realise ever more and more the beauty and "blessedness" of the sweet joyous nature of the woman he has won for his own.

SIC IMUS AD ASTRA.

Believing that uniformity in the dress of the choir tended to decorum and reverence, the Rev. R. J. Campbell stated at the City Temple on Sunday night that he intended to robe the members of his choir.

MY FIRST STEEPLECHASE.

●||●||●
[BY SAMUEL BROOKS.]

"Ride you for the girl, and the winner gets her!"

That was my challenge in the days of the old Cheltenham Steeplechases, when one could not move ten yards near Plough Hotel without meeting a man of mettle.

"Same old course?" said I, with fire in my eye and the spirit of dare and do strong within me.

Tommy wished to have her for his very, very own, and so did I; but she declared that she would marry no one but a good sportsman, and we must prove ourselves to be so.

"Same old course?" replied Tommy. "And, to prevent mistakes, Phyllis shall be starter and judge."

"So be it," I replied. "It's a circular, very circular course, quite a ring, and we shall have the fewer spectators."

We were desperately in love, and she was the only one of the fair sex in all the world for one of us.

"As to our 'mounts,'" he said with a sneer, as he flicked an ash-plant against his legs, "catch as catch can."

No! It did not mean the weights; it meant the "mounts." Our parents were not inclined to provide 'chasers for boys to do as they liked with.

He was seven years and a half old, and I was nearly eight, but at that age the fair sex sheds a halo around us, which, alas! diminishes in after life.

"She's coming!" whispered Tommy to me the next day. "She quite agrees with our ideas, and I've given her half an apple and a ginger-bread nut."

"Mussn't bribe the judge," I retorted, with a fist well doubled.

"She isn't a judge yet, but she will be when she takes me," he answered, looking me straight in the eye.

Very early next morning I was up to find anything on four legs which would win me the race—and Phyllis.

There were only two quadrupeds in the field from which we were to start, a gipsy's donkey and a cow. I appropriated the moke, thinking my rival could not get a better "mount."

Phyllis arrived through the hedge with a very torn frock, and we were just becoming really affectionate when Tommy arrived on foot, and in a bad temper.

"You take the cow!" was my salutation from a position across the donkey's back, as I proceeded to mount.

His answer was painful and practical, but I felt inwardly that the game was mine, though I smarted outwardly.

Phyllis giggled (girls do at her age), but when he requested her to help him to the "saddle" she became quite cross. Like all her sex, she hated cows; so Tommy had to chase the brindled beast half a dozen times round the field before he could corner and mount her.

"Now, I will start you," she cried, waving a red scarf in the air as we got into something like line.

"Put down that red thing!" I yelled in an agony of fear, but too late. The brindled cow cared nothing for the cord over its horns by which Tommy sought to guide it, and simply went straight for the starter, while the animal I bestrode expressed its delight by throwing its heels in the air and trying to stand on its head.

"Off off! It's a race!" cried Phyllis, getting clear just in time.

"False start!" I ejaculated, as Tommy and the cow went away with a strong lead, and the brute I was upon bore me away from my charmer.

My rival had a distinct advantage in the fact that Brindle knew the country, whereas my quadruped did not, so I allowed him to take the lead, hoping to beat him on the post.

Crash he went right through the first fence, teaching me for the first time that a cow can jump if it likes. His expression of elation nerved me to attempt to follow, and I did, but my donkey remained behind, and I had to crawl back and remount, thus losing much ground! The pace we made over the next two fields was, no doubt, slow enough, but the exertion to keep going made it seem terrific.

"Kim up! kim up!" hissed Tommy, as my (ignoble steed caught up and passed him, at a very shakey canter, and there was concentrated venom in his glance.

"Now for Phyllis!" I retorted looking eagerly towards the winning-post, where my prize should have been standing, but alas! she was not there to encourage me with her smile.

"Who's these chaps?" shouted Tom, plodding along in my wake.

Regardless of consequences I looked over my shoulder, and beheld a very stout and irate farmer and a half-tipsy gipsy running to head us off, and take possession of their misused animals. My involuntary action brought about disaster, though the race for a few moments beat anything ever seen before or since over the old course. The donkey put his foot in a hole, and we came an awful cropper, which was bad enough; but before we could rise again, Tommy and the cow came crash on top of us.

Farmer and Gipsy were promptly on hand, and with unpleasantly supple ash-plants they impartially belaboured boys and beasts with a total disregard of the Rules of Racing.

Bruised, sore, and stiff we returned home; and close to our front gates met our beloved fathers and Phyllis's mother, who had come to enquire about the torn frock.

"What does this mean, you young scamps?"

"What have you done, sir? Out with it!"

"My girl shall go to a boarding-school tomorrow, out of the way of such young ruffians."

This was our reception, and we found it rather difficult to explain matters. While we were endeavouring to do so, a smile, a chuckle, and a burst of laughter encouraged us, so we escaped further punishment.

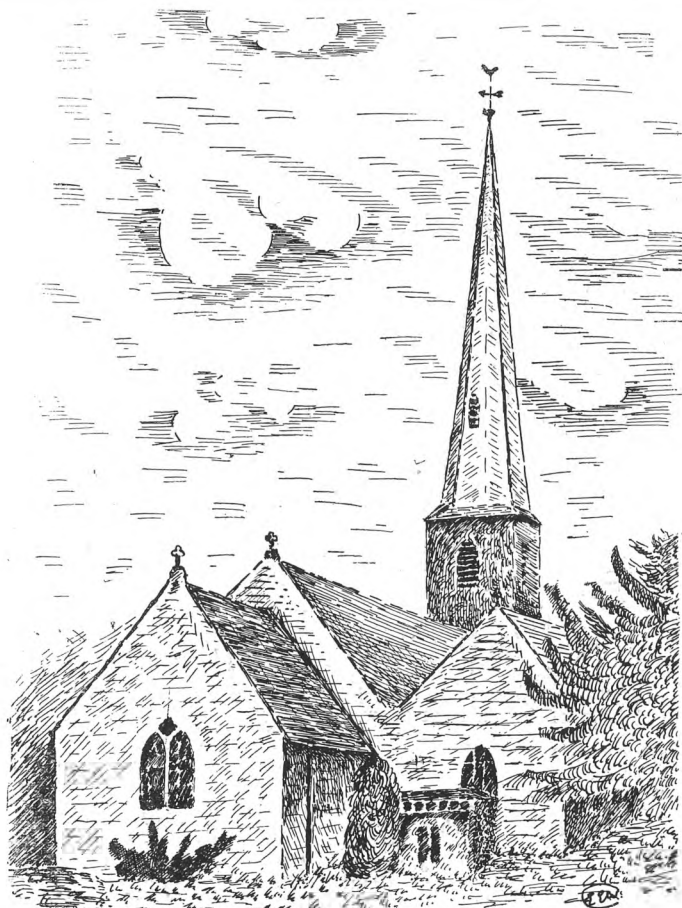
Nowadays, when I hear people talk of racing, my memory reverts to my first steeplechase, which was scarcely a dead-heat, and yet neither won; for Phyllis was lost to us both for ever.



Photo by H. C. Morse, Tewkesbury.

TEWKESBURY DIVISION POLICE FORCE.

Back row (standing).—P.C. Kenny, P.C. Fluck, P.C. Broad, and P.C. Griffiths.
Front row.—P.C. Robinson, P.C. Jones, Inspector Selwood, P.C. O'Rourke, P.C. Hallett.



Drawn by E. E. Welch, Shurdington.

SHURDINGTON CHURCH.

A calculation by an employee of the French Finance Ministry shows that Leap Year Day, as an extra working day, has cost the State £385,000.

Dr. Karl Muck, the well-known musician, has accepted an invitation to conduct the performance of "Parsifal" at the Bayreuth festival this year.



Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester.

Mr. John Rudge Lane,

who enjoyed on March 3rd last the double distinction of being re-elected unopposed as County Councillor for the Wotton Division and unanimously elected Grand Master of the Gloucester Conservative Benefit Society.



Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester.

Mr. Herbert Harger Scott, LL.B.

the new clerk to Gloucester Rural District Council. He is 31 years old, and the younger son of Mr. Charles Scott, solicitor, and official receiver, of Gloucester. Admitted a solicitor in April, 1895, having passed 1st class in honours and taken two prizes. A Bachelor of Laws of London University. Under-Sheriff of Gloucestershire during shrievalties of Mr. J. Horlick and Mr. S. Bruce.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

AT THE MELBA CONCERT.

Such is life, thought I, after narrowly escapin' being tored in twain by that 'orrible collaposcopic door at the Wintry Gardings last Saturday. "Such is life, 'tis but a vapor," as the sayin' is, wich but a few days back I was privileged to see the whole of the noble and spacious arena filled with dogs of all shapes and sizes, whereas now, in the words of the poet,

"Ho! what a change was there"; not to speak of the hundred weights of small change taken at the doors—all for to hear, and, what's more, to see, our greatest songster next to Pate, whose voice is so expensive and choice that they say she earns upwards of half-a-sovereign for every note.

Arrived inside such a assemblage you never see, "like the waves of the ocean, rollin' from shore to shore," as the sayin' is, were the audience, and 'ad it not been for the kindness of Mr. Baring, Esqr., in "persona grata," that is 'imself, 'aving piloted me to a good seat, I should have lost me place, I were so struck with the numbers of people as will turn out at 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and so 4th a-piece, to hear—and see—a noted singeress. But there, of course, I s'pose others, like meself, 'ad been egsccited up to concert pitch by yards of remarks in the "Echo," and all amongst the news, too, about Madame Melba, where she was brought up, and full details of 'ow her voice was made, not to mention several telegrams respecting an alleged cold she had fortunately been suffering from.

But as another poet—W. Shakspeare—says, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement"; and there we all were, egspectin somethink great, and staring at the noble array of scenes across the platform, bein' of the Japanese variety, showing our sympathies for gallant little Japan in a practical manner.

The two sides of the stately hedifice were labelled, in huge, letters, "RIGHT" and "LEFT"; becos, of course, the Cheltenham people are so silly, and Mr. Baring Brothers don't take no risks.

After 11 gentlemen and 2 ladies had gently trod on my feet as they passed by, Mr. Roan Cleanser and Mr. Frank Mummary kindly

obliged with a suite little bit on the violin and the piano, composed by a German name, with 2 dots over the u, like this ü, being, I s'pose, a specimen of dumped foreign products, as we dots our British heyes, but not our hues! The piece was a movement in "Allegro Risoluto," wich was, I consider, a very fair estimate of it. Miss Carrie James then came forward with an "Area," wich, I regret to state for the benefit of my temperance friends, was about "the Profit on My—er—Beer," amongst the rest bein' a tidy few remarks about "Mong veal" and "Sore Benny," the same bein' a very 'andsome piece of singin' in a furrin tongue.

But of all the dreams of loveliness give me Senorina Sassoli, with 'er 'arp of 1,000 strings; talk about hangels and cheribbins and sich like and so 4th—if you looked at that young Senorina a-settin' at her bootiful golden 'arp, and listened to the lovely strains wich floated 4th, in spite of the angry roring of the electric fan and the chirping of the aviary in the glass roof—well, you couldn't help but feel wot a power moosic is. I could 'ave grasped the 'ands of Mr. Baring Brothers in mine, and said, between the sobs wich shook me framework, "Thankye, Sir, as a Publick Benefactuary, for 'aving gave me the opportunity of dreamin' of 'eaven for 10 minutes at the paltry charge of 3s., being only about threepence hapenny per minnit."

A gent by name of Mr. William Green then said a few things, interspersed with violent remarks by the piano to the tune of "Lend me your Aid"—I would 'ave lent 'im anythink I 'ad about me, but while I were thinking it hover there was a 'uge huproar, the helectric light was turned on regardless of hegspence, and the great hevent of the afternoon—being Madame Melba herself—stepped on to the platform, clad in a beaming smile and a very 'andsome dress, and gave us the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet," a very difficult sort of gymnastic feat with her voice, wich I considered meself was more clever than agreeable; 'owever, there was a method in the madness—a Melba method—as was considered to be very good by they as are authorities on lunacy and sich like. The applause followin' this effort was so loud and prolonged that you could hardly hear the electric fan buzzing, wich is sayin' a good deal. Miss Kathleen Chabob, with a small v

upside down ove' the o, gave us the Wedding March next as a piece of physical exercise on the piano of a very 'igh order; in fact, I 'aven't never 'eard it doned so well not since it were played on to the American horgin when me and Mrs. Bri--- were hunted in 'oly matterimony. But, for downrite rollicky skittishness, give me Mr. Bob Radford, as followed with "I am a roamer, bold and gay," the wich I never 'eard the like of. One minnit his voice were down in his boots and the next up amongst the sparrers in the roof; and very cleverly done, being a voice with a reg'lar magnetick compass, as you mite say. Once again we were treated to a Melba selection at this junction, wich, of course, as befits the season, was a sacred meditation on the violin, harp, and American organ, with voice accompaniment by Melba herself. It were rather of a ritoolistic turn, 'owever, with a great deal of "Sancta Maria" in it; and one gentleman of the Protestant persuasion was took so ill he got up and went out. Still, I s'pose we didn't go there for a service, and so the words ought not to matter, 'ceps to them as is very partikler. Just here I should like to remark that there was a good deal of the sacred element in the program. Later on Miss Carrie James gave us "Weary of earth and laden with my sin," and sang it very nicely, too; but I will say she didn't look very weary or laden, in a bright red hat and as well-set-up a young party as you could find in a day's march. Also and moreover, the piano was a "Chapel" one, so that you mite 'ave imagined yourself at a Sunday evening for the people now and again, 'specially with all them "Lent" screens on the platform. Amongst other choice items of the rest of the program, Mr. William Green sang a nice little "somethink with a chorus to it," entitled "I see thine eyes before me"; you knows the sort—one verse goin' smooth, with a bit of chorus; then a sort of break-off into a sad minor kind of theme, as they calls it; and, as a finish up, the same old chorus, extry loud, "fffff," being the Italian for as loud as you please. You can get this kind of song now very cheap, so I am told, as it isn't considered good form. Madame Melba also sang again in a Italian waltz, wich was pretty indeed, and wonderful 'ow it were done, without turnin' a hair, so to say. When she had completed this the audience hinsisted on 2 hangcores, wich was graciously accorded, and just as graciously received, the nicest bit of singing of the performance coming as one of these, in a "Good-bye" song, wich fairly moved me to tares, altho' not of a soft disposition as a general rule. We had, too, a Himperial Chamberlain song—"The Song of the Sons Oversea"—but Joseph being away in Egypt, after 'avin' been left in a hole by his brethren, and kidnapped by the merchants, the song fell flat. Besides, "the tea-bell of 'unger was peeling thro' our soles," as another poet saith, not to speak of the Wintry Gardings being about 245 degrees in the shade, and the 'otness of the 'eat somethink onbearable, so that I consider we was very amiable to sit quietly on thro' the rest of the doings right up to the piano and violin voluntary at the end.

Altogether, wot with one thing and another, I should think we got our full money's worth, including the hot-air fan and all; and we passed into the outer world of non-moosical folk with the impression of a P. Saturday A. of the first water.

Before leaving the subject, don't you think it was a habject hinsult to our majestic Wintry Garding to sing these words within its classic shades:—

Hideous and vain it standeth,
A dwelling for luxury,
A temple fit for pride,
Hardly worthy of man,
All nobleness a-wanting,—
This they call building for all eternity!
Wich the place referred to couldn't possibly be mistaken, nohow!

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

The Prince of Wales has been invited to open the new Ambulance Drill-hall at Accrington, Lancashire, said to be the largest hall in the United Kingdom in connection with the ambulance movement.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photos (from old prints in the possession of Mr. F. Welsh) by W. Hayward, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE, 1847.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I dare say we shall all soon get used to addressing the Dean of Gloucester, or hearing him addressed, as Dean Spence-Jones, the double-barreled name that the King has been graciously pleased to grant unto him and his wife and the issue of the marriage. There were property and proper reasons for the assumption of this extra surname, as I ventured to point out in a note on October 31st last. And this has been accomplished by royal license, instead of by the more ordinary process of a deed poll, duly advertised

There has been much cry and very little wool over the County Council elections, and the manufactured opposition has fallen very short of its purpose, the Moderates (I don't recognise politics in this body) still remaining in a majority. As to its personnel, there are 15 new councillors, and these form not a bad proportion of the 57 popularly-elected members. The county authority retains its quota of titled men, for, although it has lost a baron and a baronet, it gained an earl and another bart. We have often to go from home to hear news, but the jubilation of a London Radical paper to the effect that "the Tory party had been smitten hip and thigh in the Gloucestershire County Council election" was quite beside the mark, for Sir John Dorington and Mr. Colchester-Wemys were not defeated, as alleged by this "leader" of men.

It is fervently to be hoped that at least another 32 years will elapse before a Cheltenham man is "sent to Gloucester" never to return, for that was the period that expired between the execution of Frederick Jones, the first private one, in 1872, and of Sidney

George Smith, last Wednesday. And I will go farther and say that it is much to be desired that even 86 years will pass by, as it did previous to the case of Jones, without a Cheltenham crime being expiated on the scaffold. That "Echo" list of 134 criminals hanged at Gloucester within the past 118 years, containing as it does only the names of two Cheltonians, speaks volumes in favour of the law-abiding character of the town, for even when burglary, horse and sheep stealing, and highway robbery were capital offences, it was immune. Gloucester stands in the same category as Cheltenham, with two executions.

I have detected a few curious coincidences in a casual analysis of the execution cases within the last thirty years. Both the murders for which the three criminals were hanged in 1874 were committed on August 17th, 1873; Edward Hewitt, who murdered his wife, whom he had bigamously married, on April 18th, 1886, was hanged on June 15th, the City Sheriff, who had charge of the execution, bore a similar surname to that of the executioner of the previous city prisoner, whose death on the scaffold was on April 18th, 1818; and June 15th, 1837, was the date of the murder for which the second next county prisoner (Enoch Wadley) was brought to the gallows on the following November 18th. Some of the hangmen who "officiated" at Gloucester within the last forty years have been remarkable men. Calcraft, for instance, bowed to the crowd and wished them good morning when they hooted him at the last public execution. And the gentleman who was entrusted with the engagement of Calcraft for the triple execution told me that when he retained him in London that functionary explained that he could not himself attend, owing to his great age, but he would send "a perfect gentleman" as deputy,

he proving to be an eccentric but efficient Welshman, one Anderson, of Llanstephan, a person of independent means. And what shall I say of James Berry, the public executioner, whose professional card had on it a design of green fern and was gilt-edged, with one corner turned down? Well, nothing. GLEANER.



"OLAF-OUSSA," Mrs. Ringer's Samoyede dog, which took 1st prize at Cheltenham Dog Show.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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TALES OF WITCHCRAFT.

[By W. B. COOPEY.]

What, measter? You dwont b'leeve in witchcraft; o' course you dwont; none o' yo' book larnin' voke do. But what do the Bible zay, eh? Warn't there a Witch o' Endor who rose Samiuel vrom the dyud, an' I do know myzelf as there be witches, aye an' none so long dyud ayther.

Daint yo' know owd Betty Binns, as lived at Little Brinton; wall, 'er was a witch, sure enuff, that 'er were, au wever. Why, I 'ad dree of the best little porkers as ever you zeed. Wall, owd Betty, 'er come an' looked averter the sty wall, an' sez 'er, "W'en be ye gwain' to kill one, eh, Measter Swallow; I shu'd like to a' half a one w'en yo' be?" "Wall, Betty," I ses, "I be a-gwain to zell al on 'em to Butcher Phillips." Wall, 'er looked at 'em main longin' like wi' 'er owd cocked eye, an' 'er ses, "Think middie un be the best on 'em, baint 'er?" "Oh, oye, 'iss," ses I, an' then we both on us comed away. Aye! aye! but what 'appened? Why, bless my sowl, 'o the morrow marning thick there best pig were purty nigh dyud, an' a was all speck't an' measley, an' I 'ad to kill 'um an' bury 'un, aye, that I 'ad, au wever.

WHAT! That 'ad nuthin' to do wi' Betty! Wall, why didn't tother 'uns die then, eh?

But let I tell 'ee zome more. Yo' knaws my Bon Creshun per tree, dwont 'ee? Wall, th' same year I 'ad a good crap, an' zelled 'em to Walter Grinnin' vor a suvrin. O' the morrow marning arter, along comes Betty. "Good marnin', Measter Swallow," ses 'er; "what a lovely crap of pers yo' a got. I shou'd think yo' med sper me a peck or two." "Aw, Betty," ses I, "yo' be jest too late. I a' zelled they pe's to Walter; but I dare zay he 'ell let 'ee a peck." Wall, 'er looked at I out o' 'er owd cocked eye, an' ses 'er, quite snappish like, "Iss, 'iss, an' pay vor 'em droo' the nose, too." Wall, ag'en 'er goed away, an' what do 'ee think 'appened? Why, thick very same night all they pe's went, every one on 'em, an' there was no futstep, no marks 'uv a ladder, no nuthin', but every 'ere and there a little round ole, like as if a broomstick 'ad a bin stuck in. Aye! aye! The marks u' a broomstick, an' yo' knaws what that myuns. [N.B.—A pair of stilts, an active boy, and a bright moonlight night accounted for the Bon Creshuns.]

WHAT! That 'ad nuthin' to do wi' Betty! Wall, what brow't 'er around then, a pokin' arter my per's? But let I tell 'ee zum more. W'en I was cauter vor owd Varmer Davis, o' the Green, owd Betty come an' looked over th' stable door, an' 'twere a bitter coud marnin', I can tell 'ee. 'Twere jest about Crismuss time in sixty-one, the year my poor Tom died, an' everything in the ouse vroze; aye, my missus was a-makin' a Crismuss pudden, an' 'er went upstairs to poor Tom vor about vive minits, an' w'en 'er come back the stuff to make the pudden wer' vroze on the table in front o' the kitchen vire! Wall, as I was agwain to zay, owd Betty come, arter 'er 'ad bin to the 'ouse an' they 'ad blowed 'er out wi' bread an' cheese an' zider, an' I dare zay a bit o' summat else as well, an' 'er ses, "Measter Swallow, gi' us a drink out o' yer bottle, will 'ee?" "Naw," ses I, "yo' cadgin' owd hypocrite; yo' a got a skinful now, an' yo' knaws as we be 'lowamed, an' yet yo' wants to come a-cadgin' to we." Wall, the bwoy an' I luffed at 'er, an' 'er looked as evil as owd Scratch out uv 'er cocked eye, an' ses 'er, "I shall remember 'ee, I shall remember 'ee," an' then 'er goed away. Wall, what 'appened o' the morrow marnin'? Blest if my 'osses' manes an' tails was'nt all tied up in knots so 'and as it tuck I an' the bwoy nigh two hours to loosen 'em, an' the measter sed as 'twas witchcraft sure 'nuff. [I am afraid the before-named boy was responsible for the knots in the manes and tails.]

WHAT! Owd Betty 'ad nuthin' to do wi' it! I tell 'ee 'er 'ad; an' w'enever 'er looked at anythin' or wished for anythin' as 'er cou'd zee as belonged to anybody, an' cou'dnt 'a it, zumat or other 'appened to 't. An' I used to tell 'er, "Dwont yo' let I catch yo' a-luckin' at nuthin' o' mine, Betty, vor if I do I shall

draa blud out on ye as sure as iver yo' was born, aye, that I shall, laa or no laa, vor I shall take the laa into my own 'ands."

YOU dwont b'lieve it! I never expected yo' to, nor yo' dwont b'lieve in gwhostes nayther, o' cwise yo' dwont. Yo' young volk do think as yo' knows everything; but wait a bit, wait a bit, an' yo'll zee what yo' 'ool zee!

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DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

[By Miss M. WILLIAMS.]

I was staying a few years ago with some relations in Staffordshire in the very heart of a great mining district, and one day in the course of conversation I had happened to say that I should like to go down into a mine and see for myself what the pits were like. My host thought I was joking, and took no notice of this remark, but on my repeating it on a subsequent occasion he said, "Would you really like to go down the shaft?" "Yes, indeed I should," I replied. Whereupon he wrote to the manager of a neighbouring colliery, whom he knew, stating my desire, and asking permission to gratify it. The manager very kindly gave consent, said he would himself accompany us, and fixed ten o'clock the following Friday morning for our expedition. But when the morning dawned I confess my heart rather failed me, for it was a nasty, cold, rimy, raw atmosphere, and I fervently wished I could stay in the house and make myself comfortable with a book at the fireside. Miners and coal pits faded into comparative insignificance. But I was not going to show the white feather, so I plucked up my courage, said nothing about my feelings, and donned a waterproof cloak and the oldest hat I possessed. Thus equipped we sallied forth. At the pit's mouth we were met by the manager and his pupil, both of whom were going down with us. A lantern was handed to each member of the party, and we entered the "cage." The signal was given, and down we went, down, down a quarter of a mile into the bowels of the earth! It was an odd sensation, somewhat resembling a see-saw in quick motion. As to whether I was going up or down I could not possibly have told. The speed at which we were going nearly took my breath away, and the rush of cold air ascending the shaft was like a strong sea breeze. I suppose we could not have been more than two or three minutes making the descent. I remember I felt very glad it was safely over—only, we should have to be hauled up again! Well, there I was at last actually inside a mine! I got out of the "cage" somehow, but was so giddy from the rapid motion that I was glad to take my cousin's arm to keep myself from falling. So far as I could make out, we were in a passage about 4ft. wide, arched over for some little distance with brick, black walls of coal on either side. At the end of this passage was a small square room, which reminded me of a lift, with seats all round and, if I remember rightly, a small table in the centre, and here the manager invited us to sit down till our eyes had become a little accustomed to the darkness. Just think of the life the men live in this world of their own, a life of hard toil often attended with danger. Yet no doubt they love it, and would prefer their occupation to any other. Many of them are doubtless brought up to it from their childhood, and have always looked upon coal-getting as their natural vocation. Day by day these brave fellows go calmly to their work, taking, we might almost say, their lives in their hands. Now and then we are startled and shocked by the news of some terrible disaster reported in the daily papers: it may be a rush of water into the mine; sometimes it is an explosion, caused occasionally by carelessness; some miner, perhaps, disregarding the strict injunctions laid upon him and his fellows to avoid all risk, has carried a naked light or opened his lantern or struck a match, and a dreadful catastrophe is the result. On such occasions our hearts are thrilled by the stories of heroism that reach us, and we are filled with admiration for the brave, true-hearted fellows who unselfishly strive again and again to rescue their comrades from an awful death. There are many such, and some of whom we never hear; men whose noble histories have never been told, and will never be known till



Mr. H. FLETCHER MINCHIN,
NEW CLERK TO GLOUCESTER BOARD
OF GUARDIANS.

Mr. H. F. Minchin was born at Prittlewell, a suburb of Southend-on-Sea, in 1870. He was educated at Sir Thomas Rich's School, Gloucester, being one of the first pupils there on its re-constitution from the old Blue Coat School. He served for eight years with Messrs. Philip Cooke and Son, and for five years with Messrs. Champney and Long, both solicitors. In 1895 he was invited to become assistant to the late Mr. L. G. H. Mayer, clerk to the Board of Guardians, and held this office until he was, last Tuesday, without competition, promoted to the clerkship. Mr. Minchin has for thirteen years been organist and choir-master of St. John's Church. He is an ardent Freemason, being an officer of the Zetland Lodge and hon. secretary of the Lodge of Instruction.

the Great Day when all things shall be revealed.

Led by our guide we traversed several long passages, and in our perambulations came across a pony in its tiny stable. Very contented and comfortable the little creature seemed and no doubt quite reconciled to its lot, but I could not help thinking that the poor animals must suffer considerably from the strong light when they are first taken above ground, after having been for so long in semi-darkness, for we were told that they sometimes remain in the mine as long as seven months at a time. We did not see the actual coal-getting, for visitors are not allowed in "the workings," but at the end of our tour of inspection a pickaxe was called for and handed to me, being the only lady of the party, and I successfully broke off a few small pieces of coal as a memento of my visit and carried them off in triumph. We retraced our steps to the bottom of the shaft, our guide sounded a bell, which was answered from above, we took our places in the "cage," the signal was given, and we were rapidly hauled up. I was homestly glad to see again the light of day and to breathe the fresh air. It seemed almost like a dream, from which I was awakening. But it was in truth no dream; I had had a glimpse of a world which I had scarcely realised before, and had been forcibly reminded of the perils that are faced daily by brave men in order to supply us with a very necessary article.

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THE DISCOVERY OF ENAMEL.

[By WILLIAM C. ROBSON.]

Enamelled goods are in such common use that we rarely give a thought as to their origin. Not only do we get perfection in



A Cotswold Pleasaunce—"Southfield," Painswick.
(A fine old property that is shortly coming to the hammer).



Drawing-Room, "Southfield," Painswick.

glazed pottery, but iron goods are extensively enamelled, and are in great demand. The art of enamelling was practised at a very early date by the Etruscans, who, not being satisfied with the rough common vessels made of clay known to most ancient nations, invented and practised the manufacture of enamelled earthenware. This art was afterwards lost and not re-discovered for many years. Luca della Robbia, a Florentine sculptor born in the year 1400, a man of indefatigable perseverance, seems to have been the first to interest himself in the re-discovery of the lost art. Producing sculpture in marble did not bring him enough money to live comfortably, so he bethought himself of the idea of using clay instead of marble. After repeated trials he succeeded in producing articles from clay covered with a material which, when baked in a furnace, became converted into an almost imperishable enamel. This he improved on by discovering a method of imparting colours to the enamel, thus beautifying it. Many of these articles were sent into France and Spain, and were greatly prized. He died 1482. The invention of white enamel was discovered by Bernard de Palissy about the year 1535. He was born about 1509, of very humble parents. They were too poor to give him any education; he learnt, however, the art of glass painting, to which he added drawing, and afterwards reading and writing. Owing to the decay of the glass trade he was forced, at the early age of 18, to go out into the world to seek work. For the next ten years he wandered about from place to place, sometimes working at his trade, and at others doing a little land measuring. He now married, settled in the South of France, and eked out a scanty living at his trade. Children being born to him, he found his responsibilities and expenses increasing alarmingly, whilst his earnings were insufficient for his needs. Just at this time he came across an elegant cup of Italian manufacture, most probably one of Luca della Robbia's make. The sight of this determined him to discover the enamel with which it was glazed. He could only guess the material of which the enamel was composed, and he proceeded to try all manner of experiments. He pounded all the substances he thought likely to produce it, spread them on pieces of broken pots, and subjected them to the heat of a furnace which he erected for that purpose. His experiments failed, resulting in great waste of fuel, time, and labour. These efforts reduced him to poverty, and thoroughly disheartened his wife, who had no sympathy with his views. At intervals he was bound to resort to land measuring to provide means to carry on the experiments. After repeated failures he resolved to make a final effort. More than three hundred pieces of pottery covered with compound were put in a furnace. Out of these one only had melted, and it was taken out to cool. As it hardened it grew white and

polished. Palissy describes this white enamel as "singularly beautiful." This partial success renewed his efforts. Borrowing money from a friend, he built himself a glass furnace near his dwelling to enable him to experiment in secret. He accumulated a great store of fuel. He fashioned vessels of clay, which he covered with compound. All being ready, the fire was lit. Six days and nights did the unbeaten Palissy watch eagerly for the melting of the enamel, but still it would not melt. His fuel began to run short. The fire must be kept up. The garden palings were thrown on. Still the enamel does not melt. Ten minutes more heat might do it. Fuel must be had at whatever cost. A crashing noise was heard in the house amidst the screaming of his wife and children, who now feared Palissy's mind had given way. Tables were broken up and thrown into the furnace. All in vain. He next tore down the shelves and threw them in. Wife and children rushed through the town crying out that Palissy had gone mad. For an entire month his shirt had not been off his back, and he was utterly worn out. He was in debt, and on the verge of ruin, but he had at length mastered the secret, for the last great burst of heat had melted the enamel. The common brown jars on cooling were covered with a white glaze. Another eight years he plodded on perfecting his invention. After that time he was able to call himself a potter. His wares quickly sold, and his ornamental pieces are now valued as rare gems, and sell at fabulous prices. His sufferings, however, were not at an end, for a religious persecution of Protestants broke out in the South of France, his potteries were smashed, and he was cast into a dungeon at Bordeaux to await his turn at the stake, but through the influence of a noble his life was spared. After some time he was allowed to return home, but finding it in ruins he returned to Paris, where he carried on his work, by order of the Queen Mother being lodged in the Tuilleries. Besides carrying on the manufacture of pottery, he wrote and published several books on the potter's art. He was later re-arrested for his religious views and imprisoned in the Bastille.

In forty-nine countries the Salvation Army now has 7,500 separate societies, 14,000 paid officers, 451,730 unpaid officers, and 17,170 bandsmen.



The controversy on the relative antiquity of our Public Schools has received a fresh impulse through the discovery by Mr. A. F. Leach, assistant secretary to the Board of Education, that the term was applied to the foundation at Kingston-on-Thames by Bishop Edington in 1364. This he believes to be the earliest known instance in which the actual phrase, a public school, was employed.

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 165th competition is Mr. W. Hayward, 9 Bloomsbury-st., Cheltenham.

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

The 76th competition has been divided between Mr. W. C. Robson, "Beverley," Langdon-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. W. J. Thorne, 11 Pumphrey's-road, Charlton Kings.

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

The winner of the 58th competition is Miss M. D. Watson, of 17 Lansdown-parade, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. Poynder at St. Stephen's 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.

The 10s. 6d. prize in our second literary competition, which called forth a considerable number of short tales and essays, has been divided between Mr. Samuel Brooks, "Khandalla," Sydenham Villas-road, Cheltenham, for "My First Steeplechase," and Mr. W. B. Coopey, Bentham, for his humorous sketch in the county dialect entitled "Tales of Witchcraft." Amongst the other contributors, Marie West, Northwick Villa, Bath-road, deserves commendation for her essay on "Self-Reliance," and E. M. Humphris, "Avening," Leckhampton, for a bright description of a brief visit to Colombo, in "The Land of the 'Cinghalee.'" Mr. T. R. Parker also pleasantly describes his first attempt to win a prize in our drawing competition. Some of the competitors would stand a better chance if they paid greater attention to punctuation; and it would also facilitate judging if they wrote only on one side of the paper and pinned their slips together at the left-hand corner.

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.



FOX RUN TO GROUND.

Photos by A. Bamber, Cheltenham.

COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT AIR BALLOON INN, FEBRUARY 24, 1904.

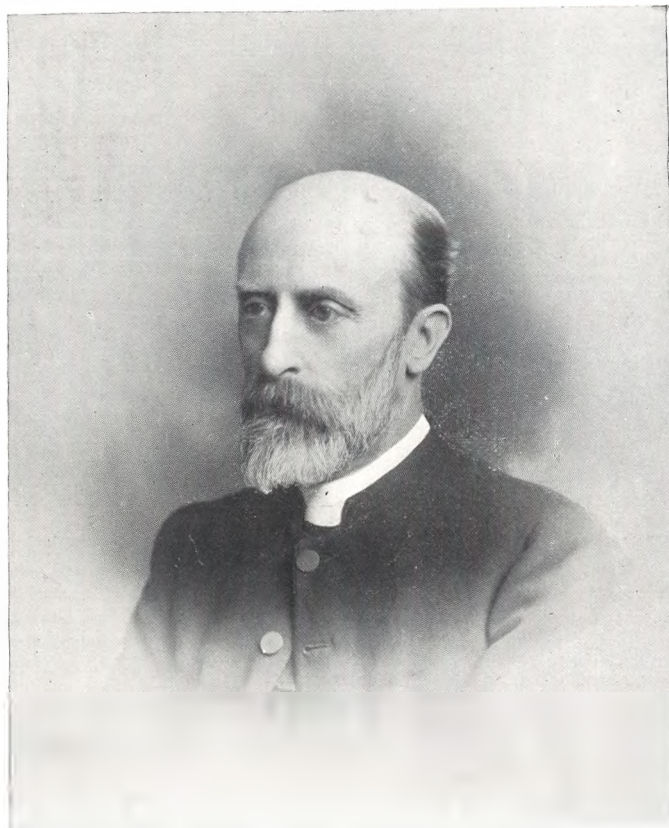


Photo by A. H. Pitcher, Gloucester.

REV. HENRY PROCTOR, M.A.,

NEW CURATE-IN-CHARGE OF LECKHAMPTON.

Ordained in 1875, curate of St. George 1875-9, vicar of Coleford 1879-91, principal of Fishponds Training College 1891-5, vicar of St. Luke, Gloucester, 1895-1902, an hon. assistant member of the Diocesan Mission Staff since its formation, and chosen representative of the whole of the clergy of the diocese as proctor in the convocation of Canterbury since 1895.



Photo by J. S. Oliver, Cheltenham.

ELMLEY CASTLE.

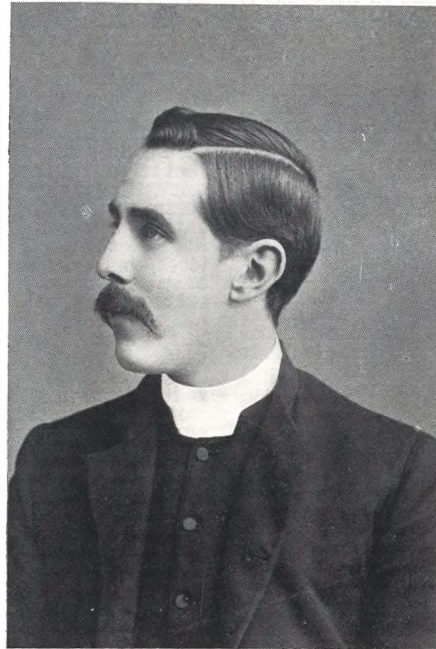
THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 167.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



REV. T. H. CAVE-MOYLE, M.A.,
THE NEW VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, CHELTENHAM

(The church is now undergoing restoration at a cost of £1550, and services are being held meanwhile in the Engineers' Drill Hall, Swindon Road).

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
THE LATEST HAYMARKET SUCCESS—
"COUSIN KATE."

NEXT WEEK:—
MR. TREE'S COMPANY IN
TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION."
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.

There are some amusing criticisms in the "Novoe Vremya" (St. Petersburg) on the English Press. In a slashing article headed "Daily" it says: "Many newspapers are published in England whose titles begin with the word 'Daily.' The majority of these dailies are distinguished by only one thing—that they publish daily a mass of lies about Russia." London has four daily papers which lie." Then follows a list in order of merit. The only difference between the papers is that some "lie with illustrations and some without them." Then the articles proceeds: "Harmsvort was created by Chamberlain, but malicious tongues allege that, may be, it was Harmsvort who created Chamberlain. Harmsvort came here last summer 'to study Russia.' He spent three days in St. Petersburg, two in Moscow, and one in Warsaw. From a conversation with him at the time we learnt that Government and Parliament have lost all influence in England. 'The Press has all the power,' said he. 'We do what we like, hold all the threads in our hands, and make our own political tribunes.' 'And Chamberlain?' 'Without 'The Daily Mail' he would not have done half what he has done. Without 'The Daily Mail' the Boer war would not have been fought out, and the English would not have annexed South Africa.' It is hard to conceive the things printed by 'The Daily Mail' and other papers, especially 'The Daily Express.' Not single canards, but whole flocks of them, barbarous idiotic, and ridiculous."

Queen Alexandra, who has occasionally used a motor-carriage at Sandringham, is said to be displaying keen interest in motoring, and to be about to acquire a new car.

"Can't you make it less, your worship?" said a man to Mr. Gillespie at West Ham on Monday on being fined £10. "Yes, I can," said the magistrate, "but I'm not going to."

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 166th 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 77th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

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

The 59th competition has been divided between Mr. R. Arthur Godman, of 25 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, and Mr. Edgar W. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons respectively by Dr. Forsyth at Highbury Congregational Church and Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

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.

The prize in the third literary competition has been won by Mr. Arthur T. Stamford, 32 Suffolk-parade, Cheltenham, with his short story "The Cry of the Hawk." Amongst a number of other interesting contributions, mention may be made of another of Mr. Coopey's clever rural sketches in the Gloucestershire dialect, Mr. C. W. Robson's essay on "Drink," and E. M. Humphris's description of Hobart under the title of "The Enchanted City."

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LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE CRY OF THE HAWK.

[BY A. T. STAMFORD.]

The night was dark and wild; the howling wind swept everywhere with unrelenting fury, dashing the boughs of trees, the foliage, the loosened undergrowth in all directions. The rain beat mercilessly on the fields of grain, committing wholesale havoc and destruction for miles around, and drenching to the skin any belated traveller whose misfortune it was to wander abroad at that time.

The universal blackness was, however, broken to some degree in one spot, namely the part where stood a little wayside inn, from whose windows shone a stream of welcome light, illuminating all the immediate neighbourhood. The parlour of the inn presented a great contrast in its peaceful homeliness and cheerful simplicity to the raging tumult of the mighty forces without. A fire blazed brightly on the hearth, its ardent glow assisting the oil lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and the two candles standing on the counter, in their duty of lighting the apartment.

Around the fire, each with his pipe, from which vast clouds of smoke were incessantly ejected, in his hand, was seated a varied rustic assembly. Some were young men and some old, some farmers or their labourers, others mechanics or tradesmen. The inn was their common rendezvous, and many a heated discussion had taken place within its walls, many a cloud of smoke had risen to the ceiling, and many a hearty laugh had resounded among the rafters at some uncouth yet well-intended jest.

One of them, still wearing the old coat of red, and still bearing on his breast the glittering silver medal, and the duller, yet infinitely more precious, cross of bronze, a man who had gallantly served his country and Queen, and survived many a stirring incident and strange experience, he it was who was accustomed to delight his companions with such recitals as only a soldier can make, and who had always been foremost in humour and wit.

But yet on this night he was strangely silent, and his example affected the whole gathering, so that the tempest without alone broke the stillness of the interior.

Upon the knee of the old soldier, gently swaying to and fro, a strange looking bird of the hawk tribe was standing. Its keen, intelligent eyes swept the room, first one side and then the other, and it responded in an affectionate manner to its master's frequent caress. Its presence seemed to be a matter of course to all the rustics round the hearth, and aroused no comment.

All the while silence had reigned in the room, then suddenly an equal silence fell without, the tempest, as often happens, abating its fury for a moment as though to take a brief rest. The hawk seemed to become unusually agitated, and, after hurriedly darting its beak a number of times in various directions, raised its head, and uttered a shrill, piercing, and discordant cry.

It was a weird, almost unearthly sound, and, heard for the first time, very alarming; but to the villagers it conveyed no fears, no astonishment, and, having heard it many a time before, it produced no impression on them. Not so with the soldier. Scarcely had the echoes died away in the roof when, appearing for the moment transported with some passion, he carefully placed the bird on the ground, then, to the surprise of all present, buried his face in his hands, and allowed great tears to trickle slowly through his fingers.

Some time he sat thus, while the astonished onlookers waited in silence, then lifting his head, and apparently recovering himself, he said:—

"Friends all, I do not wonder that you look surprised. Seldom does the time occur when Adam Barclay behaves thus before you. But pardon me this weakness. I am but a feeble old man after all, but the shade of a former self, and the bird's cry recalled to me such memories of times departed that I forgot my manhood awhile."

He paused, and gazed around him, then, before anyone could speak, continued:—

"Memories, did I say, ay many memories;

memories of early days, when the happiness that has since departed from my life was all around me. It was just forty years ago to-day, just such a night as this, when it happened—but I will tell you about it, and you shall judge whether I am right or wrong in giving way before the force of recollections. Just forty years ago—ah! what an eternity it seems—forty years ago when I, but twenty-eight years old, was still a corporal, and longing for any period of service which should afford opportunities of showing what was in me, and thus secure promotion, and, above all, glory, fame, renown. I was ambitious then, my friends, and thought for great things, but India appeared steady, calm, and peaceful, that fatal tranquility that always prefaces a mighty tempest, and the storm hovering over us was still unnoticed—undreamt of.

"The colour-sergeant of the regiment had an only daughter. I saw her often, I spoke frequently to her, and—I will be brief, my friends—the day came when she promised to become a soldier's bride; and I was completely happy. She was all that a dashing young soldier—as I was then—could possibly desire, and my companions, while congratulating me on my good fortune, secretly envied me. We were united one day, a day that for ever remains engraved on my mind, and for six months—ah! how short a time it seemed—for six months we lived as lovers ever do, and all went well.

"Then by degrees, I noticed many things that set me thinking, many strange events interrupting the even course of our work, an inexplicable change in the manner of our natives, in short, all the preliminary rumblings of the great eruption about to break forth, and these things troubled me greatly. Then the storm burst—I had visited some outposts, and was returning late at night alone and unattended to my quarters. The night was like the present, wind howling, rain beating down, leaves and twigs filling the air; just, in fact, as it is now; and I, from beneath my great coat, shuddered many a time, and quickened my step, hoping soon to be within shelter. Then, my friends, when I was scarce a hundred yards from our station, when the lights were clearly discernible through the gloom, a strange calm, such as you just heard, fell all around. The storm abated for a short time, and on my ear fell fresh sounds; sounds far more fearful than the howling gale, sounds which by their very mystery froze the blood in my veins, for I could plainly hear shouts, shrieks, cries of all kinds, and, above all, a clang of weapons and successive sharp reports. I stood still in utter amazement, and then a fresh cry sounded, a shrill, hoarse cry such as you have just heard, and, looking up in the direction whence it came, I saw a bird—of whose brood this is one—flying toward me. It had always been a favourite pet of my poor love, this bird, given her by her brother—a sailor—and cherished for his sake, and it seldom left her side even for a short time. When, therefore, I saw it coming toward me my heart stood still with apprehension. It soon drew near, and I perceived fixed on one claw a narrow strip of white. A moment more and I had seized and opened this strip, and read thereon a short message: 'The Sepoys have rebelled, and are murdering everybody. They are now at my door, and I am doomed. Fly for your life, you can do nothing.'

"My friends, I stood many minutes in a state of stupefaction, my senses were benumbed, I knew not what I was doing. Then gradually I noticed many dusky forms moving in my direction, and realised my danger. It was death to stay. I could do nothing then; only could I live on and avenge her. I stayed no longer, but turning, fled headlong from the scene.

"How I have lived since then, how I have wrought a terrible revenge upon her murderers, these, and these (he pointed to his medals and the stripes on his arm) will show.

"It is just forty years ago—forty years this very day—when it all happened; and to-night it came back to my mind with irresistible violence when I heard the cry of the hawk, just as I heard it forty years ago."

The veteran rose. "My friends," he continued, "I will leave you now, for I feel dispirited to-night, and long to be alone. To-

morrow I shall be myself again. I wish you all good night."

Amid a general silence he left the inn parlour, and walked into the night.

SELF-RELIANCE.

[BY MARIE WEST.]

In these days of advance and competition, there is one qualification necessary, if we are to gain success, viz. that of self-reliance. Every person has two educations: one which he receives from others, and one which he gives himself. The secret of all individual growth and vigour, and the master-key that unlocks all difficulties in every profession or calling, is the determination to be one's own helper. "Help yourself, and heaven will help you" would be a good motto for all who would make a mark in the world. Help from within strengthens us, while simply looking to others for support is very enfeebling. There are many instances given to illustrate the principle of self-help. A lobster when left high and dry amongst the rocks has not energy or instinct enough to get back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it fails to reach him he remains where he is, and dies, although with a very slight effort he could have gained the waves. There are many in the world who are waiting for a tide of "good fortune"; perhaps in the form of a rich relation or some benevolent friend. This may be well so far, but "Put your own shoulder to the wheel" should be the starting-point of all. We can read the history of rich and poor in all ages and countries, and we almost invariably find that the "lucky ones," as they are called, began life at the foot of the ladder; while many of the "unfortunates" have simply been propped up by others. The world, though rough, gives the best education, for it teaches us to persevere, for it is the obstacles, not the helps, that give stamina to the character. Beethoven said of Kossini that he had the stuff in him to have made a great musician, if he had only been well flogged when a boy, but he had been spoiled by the ease with which he composed. It is true we cannot all be *me* Raphaels or Shakespeares, but in every mind there is a germ of influence for some good in the world if properly developed. We have many instances in which this has been true. Kepler was the son of a publican, and a very obscure man, who by his invention of printing revolutionised the whole intellectual aspect of society! Clarkson was a man of no mark or promise, who, by the accidental reading of a pamphlet when slavery was at its height, was led to devote himself to its extinction; and, though very much scorned at first, lived to accomplish that for which he had laboured. Many are apt to complain that under "happier circumstances" they would do great things. The "circumstances" under which so many faint-hearted people dwell should be looked upon as tools with which one may work; for they may be the very stepping-stones to success. It is well to have faith in one's self and to take an earnest hold on life, independent of all props and crutches, and to work with one's own weapons, ever mindful of the Providence over us to help us to succeed in that which is right.

A LION STORY.

[BY MISS M. LEE.]

An English officer who was stationed in South Africa left the camp one evening to kill a man-eating lion, which was the terror of the neighbourhood. Having searched till it grew dark without finding it, he returned to his tent and lay down on his mattress, where he was soon asleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by the lion, who seized the arm that lay outside the bedclothes. The officer clutched the opposite side of the camp-bed with the other hand, and the lion, giving a tug, upset the whole over them both. In order to get a firmer grip the lion for a moment released the officer's arm, and then seizing the bolster by mistake, he walked contentedly out of the tent.

THE LAND OF "THE CINGHALEE."

[BY E. M. HUMPHRIS.]

The passengers of the R.M.S. Oravia had been in a state of simmering excitement for days. They asked the captain, the mate, the

chief engineer, the doctor, the quartermaster, and the three captains of other liners (who were homeward bound to take charge of ships or on leave) the same question: "When shall we get into Colombo?" and every man gave a different answer. The mate's answer to an inquiring lady was, "Twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, and we coal all night, and sail at six in the morning." "Next time he tells you that," said one of the three old captains, "tell him they'll take her into Colombo at night, if they can." For the Oravia is an old boat, and does not rejoice in a twin-screw. She is more comfortable and less agile than the company's newer ships. At six o'clock on Monday morning those foolish passengers who ventured into their baths were conscious—not of "spicy breezes," but of water which to their horror-stricken minds seemed to seak with fever germs. They hurriedly left off their ablutions, dressed in their few remaining clean clothes, and went on deck—and into wonderland. There around them lay the Fairy City, with its golden domes and minarets, clear cut against the cloudless blue of an Eastern sky. Nearer, on the left, was the breakwater, where clouds of silver spray broke up against the background of the golden city. On the other side lay a beautiful Japanese man-of-war and an English gunboat. Farther off lay the Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd monstrosity, which the Oravia had followed into every port. All round the ship were boats of all shapes and sizes, filled with jabbering Cinghalese, who clambered on board with wonderful wares for sale—many of them made in Birmingham. On the lower deck was a snake-charmer. On the taffrail stood five or six animated bronze statues, waiting to dive and shouting "Moo-nee, moo-nee." Others, in the water, dived for threepenny bits or shook their fists at parsimonious passengers who had thrown in coppers.

Another attraction was a "Graduate of Melbourne University," who squatted cross-legged on the deck surrounded by his stock-in-trade. Sapphires and moonstones for the wary traveller, blue and opaque glass for the novice. Men, with long hair done up like a woman's, and coquettish combs crowning their careful coiffures, jumped over on deck or climbed up from below with baskets of limes and shaddock and bunches of bananas and many other weird fruits. But the more enthusiastic passengers were already leaving the ship—a pair of lovers in a catamaran had nearly reached the landing stage. The great Asiatic scholar, who knew Colombo well, but was usually in the clouds, and the clergyman from the Back blocks, who thought he could conduct a party to Mars if necessary—went off in a boat with a party of ladies. The wiser passengers went off in twos or threes, knowing that it is hard to keep a large party together in the crowded streets of Colombo. The old hands began with breakfast at Mount Lavinia—a beautiful drive some miles out of Colombo, along a beautiful red road bordered with lakes and temples and palm trees, and thronged with natives, some with little other clothing than an umbrella, others with saris of gorgeous colours. Occasionally they saw a pretty Salvation lassie in native costume, which seemed to harmonise better with her tambourine than does the red and blue of civilisation. Rich and poor walked with the swaying panther-like grace which the English passengers had once beheld personified in Ranji, and the Australians in the Indian hawkers who haunt stations and get credit for many of the bush fires. Here and there a Buddhist priest walked, stately in his yellow robes, or a smart young Cinghalee in incongruous European clothes went by in a "rick shaw." Crowds of beautiful bronze-coloured children ran after the carriages, addressing the younger passengers as "My old grandmother," "My father," "My dear old mudder," and airing a choice collection of English slang as they pelted the visitors with wreaths of lovely flowers. One girl, who had given away all her money to these engaging beggars, shook her head as one boy asked for money. "You no ask that lady for money," he said (turning round to the panting crowd of children with a dramatic gesture). "She very poor lady." Mount Lavinia is a hotel, like a palace of the Arabian Nights, where in a pillared hall one may feast on prawn curry

with nice and various fruits and little thin cakes and desiccated cocoa-nut, all brought on separate little dishes, excellent bacon and eggs and marvellous fruits of all kinds. In another great room, with a verandah overlooking the ocean, are men selling wonderful silver buckles and umbrella handles and brushes and such like, and marvellous silks, chiefly white and pale blue; moon-stones, ivory elephants, and, of course, picture post-cards. In those days the Boer prisoners were one of the sights of Colombo; indeed, I believe many of them have settled there altogether. Their camp was not far from Mount Lavinia. Some of the passengers went in rick-shaws to the Cinnamon Gardens and saw the markets, where strange fruits were being ground into curry powder; and on to the Buddhist Temples, where courteous yellow-robed priests showed the strange paintings on the walls and the shrines and displayed the images of Buddha, who sits cross-legged in the high places of Colombo watching with his inscrutable smile the generations of impertinent tourists, who stare at him as if he were a wax-work figure at Madame Tussaud's, instead of the great God Buddha, of whom the priest speaks with bated breath. Children follow the visitors into the very courts of the temple, selling them cobwebby Cinghalese lace. Then there are the shops to be seen, where the passengers buy rainbow-coloured saris and gold and silver embroideries and lengths of white washing silk. In one shop the dignified master makes his assistant put on a sari, and the bronze statue wakes into indignant life, "Me not a woman—me not put it on," but he is over-ruled and the six yards of silk become the most beautiful dress in the world. Then there are the tea-rooms, where one can have real Ceylon tea with real milk, which is doubly delicious after the ship's tea of long standing, with its detestable condensed milk. In other shops are models of little waggons drawn by the curious native oxen, tortoise-shell rick-shaws, ebony elephants—curious enough to stock a bazaar in every little shop—wonderful lace, which is really almost the most satisfactory purchase of all. Then one wends one's way down to the wharf. There are some of the Colombo passengers taking away their luggage. The ex-officer and present tea-planter is there, whose squabbles with the head steward have enlivened the voyage. "You forget," the indignant steward said to him once, "that you haven't got your black here to order about." There is the big Irishman, too, the smallest of his family, and he is 6ft. 4in., and the officer tea-planter's charming wife. The passengers sadly bid them farewell, as they have all been pleasant companions, even the pugnacious cur. Back to the ship go the boats and catamarans, and on deck they meet several strange objects who are not Cinghalese—they are much too black. They are the passengers who have stayed on board while the ship was coaling, and they have got cheaper lace and better moon-stones than we have bought in Colombo.

THOMAS BEAMISH, MAYOR, ANCIENT BOROUGH OF BEGGWORTH, 1846 to 1876.

[By W. B. COOPER.]

Yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, Mayor o' the anshunt an' loyal boro' of Begg'uth, elected thereto by universal sufferance of her Majesty's pipples.

D'ye zay there 'bain't no universal sufferance? Wa'll, never mind; every mon, 'ooman, an' child voted I in mayor, an' they as didn't, ought to a' voted, an' if that bain't universal sufferance, what be?

Oh, yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam; an' laws and regulations I a' made, an' I be a-gwain' to zee 'um carried out, too.

Law one.—No mon to pay his debts till 'e a' got the money.

Law two.—No mon or 'ooman to ate till they be hungry nor drink till be dry.

Law dree (an' this 'un a' got to be carried out very partikler).—No 'ooman to get married till 'er can make 'er mon a shirt, bake 'um a loaf o' bread, brew 'un a drap o' beer, an' knit 'un a stockin'.

Yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam; there won't be many weddin's i' Begg'uth, I be thinkin', when law dree comes into vull force, vor all as the young men do think on now is smokin'

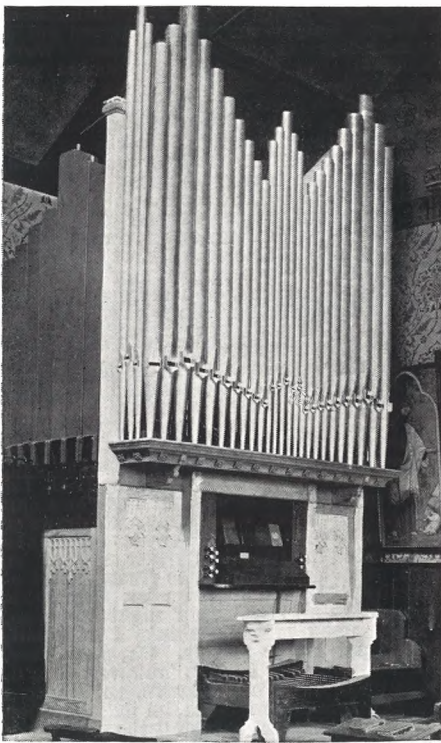
an drinkin' and the young 'oomen a toggin' themselves out to look smart. I a' got ever so many mwore laws, but I can't think on 'em all now. But, I zay, d'ye hear what I tell'd the passon to'ther day? Now, didn't ye? Wa'll, I goes to the passon's 'ouse to get paid vur zum 'ount catchin' as I'd a' dome vur 'un, an' 'twer vur an' vippence as it come to. "Here yo' air, Beamish," ses 'e, "but wot a lot yo' do charge." "Aw, well," I ses; "zame as I do other vokes, a penny a 'ed," an' then I takes a good look round, an' I ses to 'un, "Your plaace, zur, do mind I o' the kingdom o' 'eaven." "Kingdom o' 'eaven, Beamish! Kingdom o' 'eaven! Wot, my poor plaace; 'ow cam that be?" "Wa'll," ses I, "in the kindom there is to be nayther 'atin' mor drinkin', nayther be there at your plaace seemingly." Now, wou'd ye b'leeve it, 'e turned short round on 'is 'eels an' went in to the 'ouse, lookin' as glum as ever a' cou a. Yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, that a' did, au'waver; but 'twere a broad 'int for a Christun gen'lemun, wan't it, an' a' didn't take it, so there?

D'ye 'ear about the bit o' fun I 'ad wi' th' owd wurrior to'ther day? My owd wife, I myuns. Oh! I calls her the "wurrior" becoss 'ers allus ready to pitch into I. Wa'll, I went into town to'ther daa, an' comin' 'ome I met owd Joe Brown, an' went into the Russell Arms to 'ave a pint. I wa'n't there ten minnits when droo' the winder I spies the wurrior a comin', so I ses to Brown, "'Ere comes the wurrior. I'm on vur a spree." Zo I tells 'um to tell 'er as I was tight in town wen 'e zeed me, an' most likely by now bein' introduced to Super. Knight, an' then I slipped out o' the back door. In comes the wurrior. "Wer's Tummas? er ses. Owd Joe looked very sarious indeed an' ses, "'Wen I sin 'im last 'e was a drinkin' purty 'ard, an' mebbe by now the bobby a copped 'im." "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" ses the wurrior, "I must go an' look a 'ter 'im," an' off she trudges 'droo the mud, dree miles into town. Oh, yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, that a' did, au'waver. Wa'll, I come back, an' we 'ad another pint, an' then whoam I trudges, an' off wi' my cwoat, an' slips into the work like a rum'un. Abowt dree 'ours arter I sees the wurrior a-comin' along the lame main tired like, so I zings out to 'er, "'Ere, where a' you a bin a-cawkin' off to, an' never a bit nor a sup got ready vur mon wen 'e comes tired an' dome up?" But the wurrior never spoke a word; an' that darn'd owd Joe, why 'e must a-rouned on I, vur I'll tell ye 'ow it went on arter. Oh, yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, that I 'ool, au'waver. The wurrior sot down in a cheer, but never a word 'er spoke, an' I thowt as 'ow 'er was tuk bad, so as I were a bit sorry vor the trick I'd played on 'er, I zet to work and got 'er a cup o' tay. Wen tay was ready, 'er draws'er cheer up to the table, an' 'er ates an' drinks purty middlin' like, but never a word 'er spoke. So then I know'd as 'twere a sort o' contrairey fit 'er ad got on 'er. Now, this ere went on all the day an' night arter; zo, o' the morrow mornin', thinks I to mezelf, I must put a stop to this. Oh, yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, that I must, au'waver. Wa'll, I goes up to owd Patty Clark's, an' I buys a bran new beesom, an' takes 'im indoor. Then I gets the poker an' pokes all the vire out o' the grate, an' then piles the cheers an' things all on top o' the table, an' starts a-zwippin' all auver the plaace wi' the beesom, an' a lookin' about mwost keerfully on the vloor. The wurrior stood it as long as ever 'er cou'd, thow I cou'd zee 'er was a-bustin' to spake, an' all at once 'er busts out, "'You silly owd fool, w'atever be 'ee azwippin' an' a lookin' vor?" I jumped up purty migh to the ceilin', an' ses I, "'I a vund it! I a vund it! But never did I think to vind a 'ooman's tongue among the dirt on the vloor!" Wa'll, 'e 'ad a veaw words then, but arterwards we made it up, as we 'ad a' done many times afore, an' a drop o' spooter as I sent for to the Russell Arms sealed the peace. Yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, that it did, au'waver; an' I dwon't member the wurrior, mayoress of Begg'uth, ever losin' 'er tongue agen; tho' wen 'er click-clack be a-gwain, zumtimes I do wish I'd never a' bowt that there beesom; but, there, I'll be bound 'er tongue ud a bin vund afore long watever I'd a' done. Yuss, yuss, yuss, be gam, aye that a' 'ood, au'waver, or 'er 'oodn't a bin a 'ooman.



Photos by S. J. Oliver, Cheltenham.

VIEWS OF ELMLEY CASTLE.



Organ built by Mr. A. J. Price, organ builder, Cheltenham, for All Saints' Mission Room, and opened Friday, March 11th, 1904.

The following are some of the organs built and erected by the above firm in Gloucestershire within the last few years:—Trinity Church, Cheltenham; Holy Apostles' Church; Bethesda Wesleyan Chapel; St. James's, Suffolk-square; Up Hatherley Church, Cheltenham; St. James's Church, Gloucester; Tyndale Congregational Chapel, Gloucester.

What is "pretty Fanny's way," to which Lord Rosebery likened Mr. Balfour's methods? That is, we learn, a quotation from Thomas Parnell, the Irish poet, who was a friend of Swift and the ancestor of the great Irish leader. The line "We call it only pretty Fanny's way" occurs in "An Elegy to an Old Beauty," and it has passed into the vocabulary as an explanation of otherwise unaccountable conduct.



Photo by M. C. D. Cordeaux, Cheltenham.

COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT SOUTHAM DE LA BERE.

"Fishes that tipple in the deep" are rarer than the poet Lovelace imagined; but here is an authentic case. On Saturday, a 3lb. roach, caught in the Colne, near Wraybury, by a member of the Piscatorial Society, was put in the creel with other fish, and on London being reached three hours later it showed signs of life. The roach was placed in water, half a tablespoonful of whisky and water was poured down its throat, and on Sunday the fish was swimming about as though fish-hooks had never been invented.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, who speaks from experience on journalism, and is always entertaining, gave an address in London on Saturday on "Women Journalists." He acknowledged that he had studied ladies for some years, and necessarily his researches had included lady journalists. Once as an editor he was praised for the brilliance of articles (which he had never written) by a lady journalist, who wanted him to accept her "copy." Then came the American girl in quite another style. "Come off your perch, birdie," she said, after hearing him talk mildly; "you can't sing at all." He was told some of the most remarkable figures published in the fiscal controversy had come from ladies. This was only part of a movement going on in the world by which man was going to be superseded by woman everywhere.

Mrs. Mary Menzies, of Dalton-in-Furness, a widow who celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday on Monday, has one son aged seventy-eight, two daughters aged seventy-two and seventy, twenty-two grandchildren, over seventy great-grandchildren, and a number of great-great-grandchildren.

There has been much amusement at a club (says a writer in the "Bystander") over a piece of salient witticism on the part of a member of that august body. It appears that some time since, a certain erudite member, a man well known in London, had the misfortune to lose a cherished umbrella. Whereupon he caused the following notice to be appended to the board of green baize: "Will the nobleman who took a brown silk umbrella with stag-horn handle, kindly return it, care of the hall-porter?" The committee communicated with the aforesaid member, and inquired, with considerable severity, why he had traduced the peerage. To which the accused retorted that his announcement was framed in accordance with the rules of the club, for (as he proceeded to point out to the committee) by Rule I.: "This club is formed for the membership of noblemen and gentlemen." "Now," said he, "no gentleman would have taken my broil; so it must have been a nobleman."



STEWARDS' "LOFT" AND SOME OF THE CROWD.



BOOKIES IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND.



Photos by "Gloucestershire Graphic."
THE WINNER (FUNCHAL) OF SECOND RACE.
NATIONAL HUNT AND CHELTENHAM STEEPLECHASES.



SOME OF THE KEEPERS OF THE COURSE
(Master Bob Podmore on right).

✻ THE PRIZE PICTURE. ✻



Photo by Mrs. Turner, Shipton Manor.
National Hunt and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
VIEW OF ENCLOSURE BETWEEN THE RACES.
Master Bob Podmore, on grey pony, in foreground.



"PRIORY QUEEN."

Yorkshire terrier, property of Mrs. R. Whiting, Cheltenham, winner of four firsts and three specials at Cheltenham Dog Show, February, 1904, and winner of over thirty firsts and seven seconds in open competitions in different parts of the country.

The King and Queen on Monday night attended the first of the festival performances in honour of Dr. Elgar, the composer, at Covent Garden Theatre, and there was a large and brilliant audience.

At a sale in Edinburgh on Monday a letter dated 1766 and signed by Prince Charles Edward, acknowledging a message of condolence on the death of his father, sold for seven guineas.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

Sketches at National Hunt and Cheltenham Steeplechases, March 10, 1904.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Church people in the Cathedral city cannot understand the delay that is taking place in the filling up of the canonry vacant by the death of the Ven. J. W. Sheringham. Many of them have settled it to their own satisfaction that an archdeacon to an archdeacon will succeed. But I am not sure that any appointment to it will be made by the Lord Chancellor at present. From information received, I should not be surprised if the canonry were suspended for some time to come. There are now four canons, including the missioner, and each could well do the necessary and not exacting three months' duty per year as canon residentiary. Funds, I understand, are urgently needed to keep the fabric of the grand old Minster in repair, and the Dean and Chapter are at their wits' end, in face of the continual shrinkage of the net revenue from land and tithes, owing to the depreciation in their values and to increased rates, to find the wherewithal for this purpose. And certainly the application of the £400 a-year, which about represents the stipend of a canon, to this material purpose, would to a great extent solve the pressing difficulty. We can, I believe, well get on without a fifth canon, but we cannot allow the Cathedral fabric to crumble and decay. Canons may come and canons may go, but the historic fane must be preserved to go on for ever.

The regrettable impending retirement of Sir William Harcourt from public life has set me thinking how many times I can remember his having been in this county. They are not many. From personal knowledge I know that he was the chief speaker at a big meeting in Gloucester Shire-hall on December 20th, 1887, held under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation, and that he was present in that city under very remarkable circumstances about midnight on July 16th, 1895. The facts were that just after Lord Rosebery had "lost two Derbys in one day" at the Midland Railway centre Sir William Harcourt was offered a safe seat in West Monmouth by Mr. Warmington, Q.C., and that when proceeding on his railway journey there from Paddington to commence his campaign Sir William's train had to stop at Gloucester for a brief period, but the worthy knight did not leave the carriage, with blinds drawn down, and then he must have plainly heard the shouts of victory of a few Tories who happened to be on the platform over the defeat of Mr. Arthur Spencer Wells, one of his private secretaries, who had stood in the Liberal interest for Gloucester that day, and was unaware that his chief was passing through. And Sir William paid at least one private visit to his old friend, Sir M. Hicks Beach, at the Manor, Coln St. Aldwyns, that occasion being from October 19th to 22nd, 1900, just after the general election, and when Sir Michael had divested himself of the cares of office.

Major James Organ, R.E., writes as follows from the Forth Corinthian Yacht Club:—I see that "Gleaner" and others, referring to past executions at Gloucester, make mention of the late Mr. Calcraft being hooted on the occasion of his appearing on the roof of the prison at the hanging of Lewis Gough. I was present in the crowd and well remember that they did not boo, but shouted derisively "Hang Townley!" one Townley having been let off with penal servitude for killing a person in, I think, London. The said Townley (who afterwards committed suicide in prison) was, I think, a man of good connection, and the man in the street at the time thought it was due to this that he was let off. How my "townies," however, should get it into their heads that Calcraft was to blame, I never could follow. Anyway, they would not hear his offered speech.—The gallant major is perfectly correct as to cries about Townley.

I don't believe the late Lord Salisbury was very far wrong when he bluntly said that he believed country people would much prefer a circus to a parish council, meaning thereby that they would get more excitement and amusement out of the former than the latter. Certain it is that ever since the novelty of the initial stand-up fights in 1895, when the Local Government Act first came into operation, wore off and country folk realised that there was really nothing worth quarrelling about, things have been very tame generally at the three succeeding triennial elections.

GLEANER.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

MOTOR-CYCLISTS AND THE DRIVING LICENSE.

I have been asked several times by motor-cyclists as to whether the motor-cycle driving license also permits the holder to drive a car. A good number seem to think so, because the cost of the license is the same. The regulations state quite clearly that a motor-cycle license does not include the right to drive a motor-car. A car license enables the holder to drive any type of motor vehicle. Therefore, if the motor-cyclist sometimes drives a car, or hopes to do so in the future, he should specify for a car license.

TERMINALS.

Very simple, and yet at the same time effective, terminals can be made with small strips of copper. Slots should be cut at equal distances in the strips, and the wires threaded through them. Small holes can be punched at the ends of the strips to slip over the end of the plug, etc.

CORROSION OF THE TANK.

Motor-cyclists occasionally find that the acid from the accumulators has splashed out and corroded the inside of the tank. To prevent this, the inside of the tank should be painted with Brunswick Black. It would be an improvement if makers could make the tank to hold the accumulators of sheet steel plated with lead. A tank made like this would be almost acid-proof.

COOLING THE ENGINE.

Recently, I suggested that the exhaust gases from the engine could be turned to account for cooling the combustion head and cylinder. One firm, which makes a speciality of the fore-car, has adopted this method of cooling the engine. Their method is as follows:—The exhaust gases, after passing through the silencer, are brought through a funnel and directed on to the combustion chamber. A goodly number of makers are experimenting with some form or other of fan-cooling.

THE IDEAL SUCTION INLET VALVE.

The ideal atmospheric inlet valve should have the following features: (1) A positive and instantaneous opening immediately the pressure in the cylinder falls to that in the induction pipe, and a positive closing at the end of the suction stroke at all speeds of the engine. (2) Impossibility of the working parts becoming disarranged by use. (3) Automatic adjustment of the time of opening according to the speed of the engine. (4) Inability to "stick up" on its seating through over-lubrication.

The mechanical valve scores over the suction valve in several of the foregoing points. One of the greatest disadvantages of the automatic inlet valve is that, as the valve only opens after the piston has completed a part of its suction stroke, a full charge of gas is never drawn into the cylinder, and owing to the fact that a strong spring cannot be used, the valve does not return to its seating positively at the end of the suction stroke, with the result that a certain portion of the gas in the cylinder is discharged out again through the valve, thus causing a loss in the quantity of mixture and in the compression. The time at which a suction valve opens varies with the pressure of the exhaust gases left in the cylinder. It should also be remembered that bad compression in the cylinder will cause slower opening of the valve.

FOR SLIPPING BELTS.

A motor-cyclist adopts the following method to prevent the slipping of his belt:—Take some thick lubricating oil, pour some into a saucer, and add powdered resin until you get a paste about the thickness of butter-milk, and rub it into the belt with a cloth. He finds this a cure for slipping.

UP-TO-DATE TOYS.

Apparently, children are getting tired of tricycle horses, and must have motor-cars in miniature. Passing the windows of a local cycle establishment recently, I noticed several of these "cars" fitted up exactly like the real thing, with wheel steering, bonnet, etc. The driver sits in the car and propels it by means of pedals, which are hidden from view inside the body. Will these "cars" have to carry a number plate?



MISS FRANCES DILLON,
who plays "Katusha"



MR. HENRY RENOUF,
who plays "Prince Dmitry Nehludof"

in Mr. Tree's production of Tolstoi's "RESURRECTION."



Drawn by Miss Verrer, Cheltenham.

Gentleman from Lansdown (as per letter in "Echo") hastening back with stalwart policeman to protect Glencairn-road.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND MOTORING.

The motorist, if he be also a photographer, will find many items of photographic knowledge of use to him in the management of the motor. For instance, hypo, which has been used for fixing negatives, is a splendid cleanser of dull lamp reflectors. A piece of chamois leather should be used to apply the hypo to the metal. The old hypo will also silver any surface of copper on which it is rubbed.

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

A tramp, admitted recently to the Yeovil Workhouse, declared he had done no work for 50 years, and did not intend to do any as long as he lived.

The Rev. M. F. Peterson, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Addison-street Congregational Church, Nottingham, has decided to enter the Church of England and to take orders.

The Wiltshire estates of Sir Christopher Furness, who intends to increase his holdings in the north, are to be sold. They extend over 11,000 acres, and include several villages.

SHAKESPEARIAN SKETCHES

PORTIA.

Among all Shakespeare's beautiful women, Portia stands pre-eminent, unrivalled in her beauty, her purity, and her intellectual charm. Her praise is in the mouths of all men. Bassanio, the rapturous young lover, describes her to his friend Antonio as being "fair and fairer than that word; of wondrous virtues." The Prince of Morocco calls her "this mortal-breathing saint, fair Portia," and Jessica asseverates that "the poor rude world hath not her fellow." Life has been very full of sunshine for her, and the sunshine irradiates her being and finds voice in her cry—"Let me give light."

We first see her in her stately home at Belmont, herself the fairest thing in that palace of delights. Tall and slender, with golden hair—"a golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men" imprisoned in a snood of pearls, and deep sweet eyes which yet have a certain wistfulness of expression, as if their owner had not yet tasted the cup of life's fullest joy, she stands before us, the "very crown and pearl of womanhood." Her character as revealed in the play exhibits the most varied qualities combined in the most exquisitely balanced perfection—rippling gaiety, modesty, humour, soundness of judgment, poetical sensibility, quick enthusiasm, loving sympathy.

A very pretty wit displays itself in her conversations with Nerissa, with whom she discusses her various suitors, and her sense of humour is shown in the ring incident; yet how quick she is to see when the joke has gone far enough and how tactfully she puts an end to it. Her two first suitors she greets with a stately reserved courtesy, for which we admire her no less than we love her for the shy sweet blushes which mantle in her cheeks at Bassanio's coming. Her sense of honour and justice is very strong. Though sorely puzzled and chafed by the terms of her father's will, she does not seek to influence Bassanio's decision by so much as a word or hint though she is in a tumult of excited apprehension which finds vent in a string of highly-wrought phrases; and the music which she calls for is more to soothe the riot of her own beating heart than that Bassanio may make "a swan-like end."

Nothing could exceed the beauty of her speech of exquisite self-surrender when with a deep and tender seriousness she yields herself to Bassanio as to her lord, her governor, her king." With charming modesty she describes herself "as an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd," and like a true woman wishes herself "a thousand times more fair, ten thousand more rich" only that she may stand high in his account. At this moment, when they have reached the culminating point of their joy and ecstasy, comes the dread tidings of disaster from Antonio. Instantly and with a rare self-forgetfulness and sympathy, she urges Bassanio to hasten to his friend's aid. "O love," she cries, "dispatch all business and be-gone."

Her sunny playfulness of character again shows itself when she is planning the journey to Venice, disguised as the young lawyer—

"I hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace."

Yet combined with this is a resourcefulness and commonsense which shows itself in her sending to Bellario for his opinion on the case. It is, however, in the great Trial scene that we see her at her noblest and best. Though possessing a strong sense of justice, she stoops to plead with the wretched Jew whom everyone else has abandoned as utterly implacable and heartless, in a speech of majestic eloquence, whose echoes will sound through the ages of all time. Clear and strong the young sweet voice rings through the crowded court, as she speaks of the mercy "which droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," rising like a trumpet-call in "'tis mightiest in the mightiest," and again sinking low and reverently with the words "It is an attribute to God Him-



Drawn by Miss V. Jopp, Cheltenham.

SIGNORINA SASSOLI AT MELBA CONCERT.

self," then winding up with the soft earnest note of pleading, "we do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy." In her masterly summary of the case she again displays her magnificent intellect and incisive wit.

The close of the play sees her once more in the character of the joyous young girl-wife. The scene in the hot and crowded court-house is left far behind, and sweeter than the strains of the distant music comes the ripple of Portia's silvery laughter to us, across the moonlit garden. The hour of dawn is approaching, in which "Day in a breathless passion kisses Night, and neither speaks." SIC IMUS AD ASTRA.

A codfish caught at the mouth of the Warsbeck, Northumberland, had in its stomach a gold disc, engraved on which was the name of "William Drysdale, Dudley." The disc seems to have gone through quite an adventurous career. Mr. William Drysdale, Gosforth, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, has written to the possessor, a Blyth gentleman, claiming the disc. It is, says Mr. Drysdale, the centre part of a medal that he has, and that was won by his father at Dudley Poultry Show close upon thirty years ago. Mr. Drysdale, jun., lost the disc whilst on a visit to Ashington ten years ago. He surmises that the centre was carried out to sea with refuse, and swallowed by the fish.

POETRY.

LAI D IN LAVENDER.

How many years since, who can say,
These old letters were laid away?
Laid in lavender, stained with tears,
Sweet love-letters of long-lost years,
Somebody wrote them—a maid of old,
A story of love their leaves unfold;
The first one is love's confession shy,
The last one ends with the word "Good-bye."

I fold them up tenderly, lay them by,
Their lavender fragrance breathes a sigh;
I place them again in their lavender-tomb,
And think of their story in Summer's gloom,
Tied with your ribbon of faded blue,
Who was the maiden who treasured you?
Whose was the story and whose the tears
Is hidden behind a veil of years.

ALFRED H. HYATT.

This is the most recent song set to music by the composer of "Sing me to Sleep," Mr. Edwin Greene.

In recognition of his services during the Taff Vale strike, Mr. Beasley, manager of the Taff Vale Railway, has been presented by various employers of labour with a cheque for £1,000, a pair of candelabra, and a brooch pendant studded with diamonds and pearls for Mrs. Beasley.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 168.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING—
TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION."

The Theatre will be Closed Next Week, but will re-open on EASTER MONDAY with the engagement of

MISS ELLEN TERRY & COMPANY

In a round of Shakespearean and other plays.
For details see bills.

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.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

The last days of entry for forthcoming Examinations at the CHELTENHAM CENTRE are as under, viz. :—

MAY 25th for M.K. (Theory), June, 1904.

JUNE 20th, for "Practical," July, 1904.

Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham, from whom the Current Syllabus may be obtained.

PICKINGS FROM "PUNCH."

A Discord.—He: "Ha! absurd things those 'Battledore Ballads,' eh! what?" She: "I'm sorry you think so—my sister wrote them!" He: "Er—of course, I don't mean the words—they're rippin'. I mean the music—poor stuff—spoils words—composer ought to be kicked. Who wrote it?" She: "I did."

"Flying the Kite."—An official denial has been given to the rumour started in connection with the Japanese war loan, that the Mikado has decorated several leading financiers with the Order of the Golden Kite.

Overheard at a dance.—He: "Ripping floor this. 'I love it!'" She (drily): "Then why dance on my feet?"

Another Eastern Atrocity.—Why are there so many risings on the Turkish frontier? Because the Sultan is the sick man of the Yeast.

A Clerical Error.—A long sermon.



MOTOR BEATS AN EXPRESS.

By covering the distance between Biarritz and Madrid on his sixty-horse power motor-car in eleven hours ten minutes, Mr. George A. Kessler, of New York, has beaten all previous records. His time is faster by four hours fifty-six minutes than the scheduled time of the Sud express train.



MR. HERBERT OWEN LORD,
THE NEW MASTER OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

CHINESE LABOUR.

I propose this week, Mr. Editor, to say a piece on the Chineses, the Fishcal policy 'avin' been laid on the shelf to dry a bit while the Rite Hon'ble Joe's out for a change of air, and the Japanese war not bein' in a sufficiently forward state to make no remarks one way or the other.

Becos, for why? I ain't like a lot of these 'ere politicians by trade, wich is a very good bizness to put growin' lads to, there bein' money in it, and far better than the grocery, and very nigh as good as sellin' pictur post-cards, so they says. No! I ain't like these 'ere politicians, as flies at each other's throats without the slightest revocation, over things wich you can't see the end of, and is, after all, only matters of hapynion, mixed or biled down.

Now the sense of it seems to be, as far as one like me can make it out, that they there Kaffirs in South Africa 'ave done so well out of the late war that they've each of 'em took to 'is Hearth and 'Ome upwards of 6 wives, and retired to live a life of affluents and gin in the laps of his family circle edition for the rest of his natural; wich of course all goes to prove that the war was an excellent thing and ought to 'ave been supported by the pro-Boers more than they did, 'avin' benefited the pore brother Kaffir to an enormous hextent! Of course, there is discontented and never-to-be-satisfied folks as mite remark jest there that it 'ave cost us a good deal in money and fishcal policy and brave lives; but still, we don't mind a bit of sacrifice, do we, now, if it's really gave the hinnercent Kaffir 6 wives when he could only afford to be kept by upwards of 1 before!

The awkward part of the hole job, 'owever, is this: that our friend the Kaffir was jest the man required to do gold diggin', wich is considered to be one of the 'adest kinds of work on, or neally under, earth, worse than diggin' extr' deep taters of a 'ot day. If I was to say that gold diggin' is as 'ard work as gold earnin', well, you'll grasp my meanin' rite straight off, without further remarks. 'Owver, the Kaffir and 'is 6 wives being hoff the job of goin' round collectin' gold for other people to spend, the hordinary or white variety of labourer was hoffer'd the place, at a hincreased salary.

Turnin' hup 'is lordly nose in disgust, 'Is Warshup the Workin' Man stated as follows: "Wot, me! a free-born citizen, to do work of that subscription, as is the leavins of a Kaffir? Not for Joseph!" meanin', of course, Milner and they lot.

So now you see the deadlock wich arises. South Africa owes the dear old Motherland a little donation of 35 millions of money, and if the mines don't work—well, a summons'll 'ave to be took out for the amount by the old Lady, and I don't suppose any fair-minded County Court Judge 'ud do more than make an order for 5s. a month to be paid, as mite last beyond Mr. Baxter's calkulations of the hend of the world, and be very tiresome to collect.

But a 'appy thought suddenly come bustin' out of the mind of some smart hindividoal, like a bomb hegplosion at a Poole's Myriamer. Hof course, the CHINESE!—hundreds of millions of 'em jest a-runnin' to waste, so to say, over there to Hong-Kong, Shang-Tang, Ting-Tang, Sing-Sung, and a few other sick-like names. Jest the very thing, and evidently created by Providence to work in gold mines and other dirty work! What a blessed hainspiration the thought seemed to be!

But, then, you know, that there 'Eathen Chinees as 'is drawbacks, like all second-hand bargains, bein' of such a ontruthful disposition that they say the three kinds of liars are: (1) liars, (2) awful liars, (3) Chinese! This egsplains why so many of 'em or called Li somethink, such as Li Hung Chang, Li Still, and so forth. I 'ave 'eard of a Chinese who did once speak the truth, but it were only in his sleep, when he 'adn't all his wits about 'im.

Then, again, the Chinese isn't at all pertikler about sich trifles as cleanliness and morals, wich 'ave been by accident dropped out of the Chinese religion, and so don't count,

white as bizness men they could give a German Jew 10 miles start, and beat 'im 'ands down in cheating tricks of upwards of 2,500 varieties, wich comes as natural to the Chinees as ducks take to water.

So 'twouldn't never do to let loose a few thousands of Chineeses in South Africa with all the above start over ordinary individoals, burdened with the usual share of regard for decency, cleanliness, and honesty; and wot do the mine magnets do but decide that if the Heathen Chinees ain't fit to rub shoulders with brother white man, Brother Boer, and the others, why—then he shall be brought over and kept in a cage, for all the world like a jackdaw, or a performing squirrel, and not allowed outside, not even for a packet of cigarettos or a half-a-pound of tea for the Missis Chinees. As it would take a huge great high wall to keep them Chinese from poppin' over and out amongst respectable human folk in the outer world, it was thought well to make a hordinance that any Chinese goin' outside the cage, or compound, as they calls it, should be fined 25 pounds; or if .C. (wich of course stands for John Chinaman, and not England's Greatest!) didn't appear to 'ave saved 25 pounds out of his 2s. a day pocket-money, 2 months in goal; and an unfortunt and benited creature from the 'uman being side of the wall that should give J.C. a lee over to the outside world would be favoured with double the dose of the same kind of punishment! All this goes to prove wot a bad lot J.C. must be to 'ave to be kept locked up like this. 'Owover, there's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and some of the missionaries say that it will save us pounds in bein' able to go and talk to the Chinees thro' the bars of 'is cage, and show 'im the evil of his ways, and 'ow he ought to be a good and 'onest and truthful man, like all we Christian people are, every one of us, so long as he didn't start no nonsense about all men, yellow and white, being equal, and 'ow brotherly love, sich as we see between Dissenters and Churchmen and Roman Catholicks, ought to possess his soul, rather than on-Christian bickerings; all of wich will be very sweet and nice for the Chinees, and worth as much to them or more than the wages they mite get if they were white men.

In order to make it quite clear that the Chinese isn't to be asked to do more than mite be egspected from other animals, the land of China is to be placarded with show-bills, setting 4th the wonderful advantages of bein' kept in a cage, over a loose egzistence, and 'ow high wages ain't no object in (Chinese) life, besides 35 directions and rules as to 'ow the gent is to behave after he has allowed 'imself to be carted over sea from China, and wot salary he will receive, to be hincreased by 3d. a month ontill the mines bust up, or somethink lower than a Chinese is discovered to do the work.

There are those, even amongst the Conserva-tive gents, who, studying the hole thing with a 16 'orse-power magnifyin' glass, say that they really can't see the difference between the above and SLAVERY! Well, of course, that's a hugly word, and oughtn't to be applied to anythink done by the great British Hempire. If it was Amurrica, now, or say Russia, or any of them other people, it would be downrite onmitigated slavery; but 'aven't we always been in the 'abit of singin' "Britons never, never shall be slaves," and is it likely now that we, Britons as we are, and a Christian people to the backbone, is it likely, I ask myself, that a publican-spirited nation of our capacity, as is engaged almost to a man in putting down the drink—is it, now IS IT—likely that we should do a wrong thing or drop into the same errors that we've put rite in others, meanin', as you knows, the slave traffic? No; let them as likes to do so run down the Government; and I don't like to talk politicks, but I should like to ask you, Mr. Editor, the wonderful increase we've 'ad under the present Government—increase in the Army, in the Navy, in the income-tax, and in our views on the Fishcal policy—where could a more cleverer lot of men be got together than our present leaders; or where would it be possible to find out a more settled policy than they have on the Protection bizness? Where would the Passive Resisters be if 'twasn't for our Government, wich gave them just the chance they wanted? Where

would anythink or anybody or anyone be weren't it for the ———!

But enuff. Wot I 'ave said, I 'ave said, as the sayin' is; and if I don't say no more I shan't 'ave to worry about wot I did say. But there, there, you know! SLAVERY—under the British flag, too. Anybody can see 'ow redicklas it looks and sounds. I reckon, 'owever, that it's somethink like the pilferin' 'abit—if a lady does it, she's a kleptomaniac; if a tramp, he's a thief. So the long and the short of it over these 'ere Chinees is jest this—If the United States does it, it's "slavery"; f the great British Hempire does it, it's "necessity," wich is very nice to know!

D. I. BRIGGS.

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 167th competition is Mr. J. Edwards, Colesborne, near Cheltenham. A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 78th competition is Mr G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham.

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

The 60th prize has been divided between Miss M. Williams, of 12 Rodney-terrace, Cheltenham, and Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for their respective reports of sermons by the Rev. Canon Roxby at St. Matthew's Church and the Rev. Denwood Harrison at Holy Apostles' Church.

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.

In awarding the prize for the fourth literary competition it was somewhat difficult to decide between the rival merits of E. M. Humphris's short story, "Down the Illawana Lime," Mr. J. R. Dixon's anecdotal paper on "Football Mad," and Mr. C. A. Probert's humorous essay on "Two Local Battlefields." The prize has been given to the short story because it seems to be the most generally interesting. Mr. C. W. Smith's alliterative short story, "Simon Short's Sorrow," displays ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

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.

Sir Donald Currie, who has given £100,000 to develop London education, knows the value of it, for he had very little himself of a conventional kind. He began his commercial career at the age of 14 in a shipping office, and there gained the basis of knowledge which he has since turned to such good account, for he is now one of the richest shipowners in the world.

There is no chapter of his long life which gives him more pleasure than his friendship with Mr. Gladstone, which even a difference of opinion on Home Rule did not destroy. On four occasions the great Liberal leader was Sir Donald's guest on one or the other of the liners belonging to the Union-Castle Line, for pleasure excursions to the northern seas. It was on one of these that Tennyson was prevailed upon to accept a peerage. Sir Donald might have had a peerage for the asking, but he preferred to remain a commoner.



Photos by W. Walton, Gloucester.
IN THE LONDON ROAD.

GLOUCESTER TRAMWAYS.
DRESSING OLD STONE SETS.

A CUP OF COCOA IN THE MORNING.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

It was purely a coincidence that the late Duke of Cambridge's town residence was called Gloucester House, which building, I understand, will ere long be demolished. I don't know for certain how many times his Royal Highness actually visited Gloucestershire, but I do remember all the occasions on which I saw him here. And they were when he was Commander-in-Chief. The first occasion was on July 16th, 1876, when H.R.H. visited the camp of the 3rd Division of the 5th Army Corps, mobilised on Minchinhampton Common, under the command of his Serene Highness General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The other three occasions were in Cheltenham—on June 25th, 1885, at the College Speech Day; and on May 16th, 1886, and May 24th, 1894, reviewing the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars. On the latter day it "rained cats and dogs," but the venerable Duke stood the elements gamely, and when the time came for him to compliment the regiment on its smart appearance and efficient manoeuvring that day he found a stiff breeze was blowing in his face. This induced him to order a fresh formation of the regiment, and when that was done he would not start his speech till the reporters present had been invited forward and allowed to stand at his stirrup. Then he proceeded with his remarks, conscious that if his voice did not carry to the furthestmost rank, his words would be taken down by the "recording angels" and given forth to the world. I do not remember the first and only other time that the Duke was in the Garden Town, for that was as far back as the year 1835, when, in September, he came, as Prince George of Cambridge, and made a short stay.

The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry without a Somerset in it will be, metaphorically speaking, like "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark. For that is now the regrettable position of the regiment since the Duke of Beaufort's resignation of the colonelcy appeared in the "Gazette." It is true that Mr. F. de Tuyll, one of the Duke's stepsons, recently took a second-lieutenancy in it, but the continuity of the Somersets' connection with the crack "sling-jacket" Yeomanry is now broken, though it is to be hoped only for such time till the Marquis of Worcester has grown up and can follow in the footsteps of his immediate ancestors. The Duke's resignation was no surprise after his speech at Chipping Sodbury on January 12th last, in which he kicked at the regiment being ordered to Salisbury Plain, saying that he would not be going there, and feared that he would be thought a "jibber" in consequence. His Grace looked back with regret to the Cheltenham days, when the men turned out with perfectly

clean kits, but said that could not be expected now, when they were encamped in a sea of mud. Their smart uniform had been taken away that they might be dressed like a lot of convicts in khaki. I am afraid that the Yeomanry, in common with the Army system as a whole, is on its trial, and I hope they will emerge from the ordeal with extra efficiency and not much diminished in strength. My vaticination that the regiment would be brigaded with the North Somersets somewhere on the Mendip Hills for the annual training has been justified by the official fixture for Cheddar from May 4th to 21st. I regret that my attempts to stimulate the authorities to secure a camping ground near Cheltenham have fallen on barren ground.

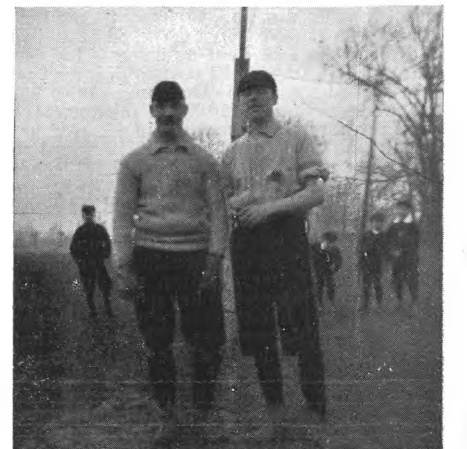
The Cotswold Hunt has again found it necessary to be on with the new love before it was off with the old. I doubt not that Mr. Herbert Lord, who was the nominee of Lord Fitzhardinge and was unanimously and cordially elected as the new Master, will fully justify the choice made. The Hunt has only had seven masters since, in 1858, the late Earl Fitzhardinge gave up from the Berkeley country to the Cotswold a territory some seventeen miles long from north to south and fifteen miles wide from east to west. With the exception of Sir Reginald Graham, who held the reins from 1871 to 1873, the hounds have not had a titled master, but if the Franco-German war had not broken out H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale would have succeeded Mr. Cregoe Colmore, the first master. I confess I should have liked Mr. E. Boyce Podmore to carry the horn for more than one season. Still, it is satisfactory that he will remain with us for the present at the least, as he has declined the offer of the Earl of Huntingdon to become gentleman huntsman of the Ormond Hounds in succession to Col. T. E. Harrison.

The war has advanced a stage further. Admiral Alexeieff reports that a Russian horse has been shot by the Japanese in Corea. Reprisals are threatened.

Where the law bears so harshly on the motor bicycle or tricycle dealer (says the "Motor-Cycle") is that when he has screwed his customer up to concert pitch, and a trial run would probably make a convert, he has to tell him that he cannot ride or try the machine until he is licensed. If this licensing proved the capabilities of the driver we should have nothing to say, but the license is a farce, and proves nothing beyond the fact that the person holding it is over fourteen years of age. A blind man can and has procured a license to drive a motor-car, and no doubt the armless wonder would be provided with the same document if he applied for it.



Photo by Miss Griffiths, Cheltenham.
Duke of Cambridge
in Cheltenham in 1894.
Taken near the M.R. Station as the Duke was returning after inspection of Yeomanry.



BRADSHAW (CAPTAIN) AND PREECE,
Of St. Paul's United Association Football Club.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Hildyard, accompanied by Lady Hildyard and Capt. Hildyard, the latter acting as A.D.C., left Southampton on Saturday to take up his new appointment as commander-in-chief of the troops in South Africa.



Photos by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.

COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT SOUTHAM DELA BERE.

MR. PODMORE AND MR. GIBBONS.

THE NEW MASTER (MR. H. LORD) AND HIS CHILDREN.

Cheltenham Lady's Big Estate.

The will, dated November 26th, 1896, with codicil, dated August 4th, 1903, of Mrs. Margaret Young, widow of Mr. Alexander Young, who died at her residence, St. Ronans, Cheltenham, on December 27th last, has been proved by Mr. Thomas Nevett, of Preston, estate agent, one of the executors, power to prove being reserved to Mr. George Archibald Wallace Young, the other executor, when he comes of age. The gross value of the estate was sworn under £251,194 19s. 7d. The testatrix appointed Mr. Nevett guardian of her three children until they are 21 years old, and left him a legacy of £100 for his executorship. Her property is left under a large number of trusts. Her real estate in the county of Lancaster and under the will of her late father, Mr. George Hargraves, is devised to her eldest son, George. St. Ronans and contents otherwise not disposed of, which she desires shall be kept as a home for her children until they are 21 years old, is devised to her second son, Leslie Gordon. As to her personalty, including £10,000 in railway stock settled on her by her mother in view of her marriage, testatrix directs it shall be applied in the payment of an annuity of £1,500 to her daughter, Irene Gladys Margaret, to be increased to £2,000 in certain eventualities, and the residue to go, as to one-half to her son George, and the remaining half equally between her son Leslie and her daughter Irene. In the event of her children not living to secure a vested interest in her personal estate, she directs that her trustees shall apply the same to charitable purposes. She desires that her children may have a thoroughly sound and good education, and that if they show special talent it shall be encouraged and developed by skilled tuition, also that her sons shall be brought up to some profession or occupation, so that they may not become idle members of society.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston, wife of the Viceroy of India, gave birth to a daughter on Sunday morning. This is their third child—all girls.

The Rev. John Polycarp Oakey, M.A., curate of Dudley Parish Church, has been presented to the vicarage of St. Peter's, Bengeworth, Evesham.



Photo by Company-Sergt.-Major C. Moulder, "C" Company.

ROSE BOWL PRESENTED TO COLONEL ROGERS, V.D., J.P.,

By Non-Commissioned Officers 1st G.R.E.V. on his retirement from the command.

An amusing scene has taken place in the Austrian Reichsrath. Before the opening of the sitting a man appeared at one of the entrances and asked the janitor where he could find President Vetter von de Lillic. The man carried a parcel containing muzzles. A facetious member of the Reichsrath, evidently of opinion that several of his colleagues should be muzzled, had written for the muzzles in the President's name.

The Indian Budget Estimates for 1904-5 show a surplus of £918,700. The anticipated revenue is £80,148,600, and the expenditure £79,229,900. The surplus on the current year is expected to realise £2,711,200.

At the annual meeting of the National Education Association in London on Wednesday, Mr. Acland was re-elected president. The Government's educational enactments were condemned.

✧ THE PRIZE PICTURES. ✧



WE TALK IT OVER.



WE MOVE OFF.



ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS"
(Lady Carrington in pale coat).

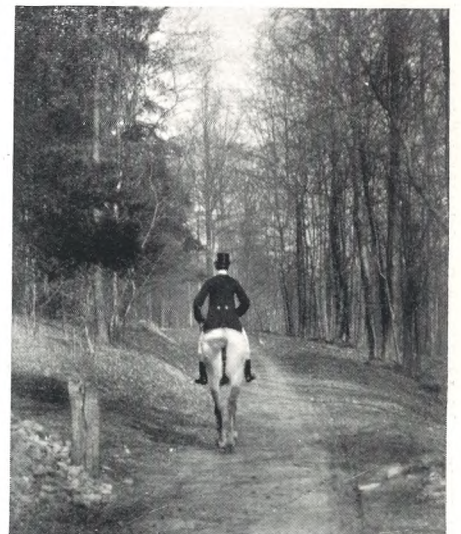


THE MODERN STYLE.



Photos by J. Edwards, Colesborne.
UNDER WEIGH.

With the ❁ ❁
Cotswold ❁ ❁
Hounds ❁ ❁ ❁
at Colesborne,
❁ March 12, 1904. ❁



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

• * •
DRINK.

[By WILLIAM C. ROBSON.]

Heavy drinking, as known some years ago, is fast dying out, although the revenue collected from the intoxicating liquor traffic is steadily on the increase. This is probably due to the generalising of the drinking custom, and also to the increasing population. There was a time, not so many years ago, when it was considered very bad manners for a guest to leave his host's table sober. It was also considered very poor hospitality if the host did not supply sufficient liquor to intoxicate all his guests. Happily this custom has almost become extinct. The reason of this decrease is accounted by some to the depression of trade. Others aver that the wines as now sold are mostly such villainous concoctions as to soon ruin the system. Notwithstanding this decrease there is a good deal of hard drinking among the poorer classes which ought to be prevented. During haymaking and harvesting times it is the common custom of the farmer to supply all his employees, male and female, with an allowance of cider or other intoxicating liquor. Oft-times the quantity is far in excess of the real wants, but these men and women are forced to accept it as part of their wages. Why the farmer cannot increase their money and let the workers supply their own drink is a mystery. I once asked a farm labourer a question on this subject, and received the following reply:—"We couldn't get enough drink with the money we should be allowed extra. The master would only allow us the wholesale value, whilst we would have to buy at the retail price." This allowing a set quantity of drink for a person seems a very wrong way of doing things. Some days we all feel able to drink more than others. Should a man, however, have more than he requires one day and return it to the farmer, the probabilities are that he would have less the next day and want more. The resulting consequence is that a man drinks it all and is often overcome. Bad as it seems to see a drunken man, how much worse a drunken woman. I was once staying in apartments in a quiet country cottage for a few days. My landlady to all appearances was a steady, hard-working woman, and always had been. Like most women, she thought the best way to make me comfortable and at the same time be agreeable was to talk. Soon the ordinary remarks anent the weather, etc., were exhausted. It was then I received some information concerning her earlier life. I was deeply interested on learning she had been a heavy drinker. My views being once a drunkard always so, I was curious to learn as much as possible about this case. It appeared that directly her schooling, such as it was, finished, she went as a general servant in a nobleman's family. She had never tasted intoxicating liquor to this time, belonging, as she did, to a bigoted temperance family. One evening the master and mistress were away from home. The servants, thinking it a good chance for a jovial evening, invited a few friends to supper (at the master's expense of course). A bottle of wine was opened and everyone requested to drink. There was but one dissident. After numerous attempts on the part of the majority, temptation became too great, and the obstinate one fell in with the rest, as it was such a trivial matter and need not recur. Most big things have a small beginning is a true saying, and this case did not prove an exception. There were more jovial evenings and more wine sipping. Gradually the pressure necessary to make my landlady (for she was the dissident) drink became less, until she began to like it. Eventually her position was lost owing to her master missing wine and finding her the worse for drink. Several situations were left for the same reason. She was fast descending life's ladder, when she met, in a casual way, her future husband. Being a very steady, sober man, and having fallen desperately in love with him, it was necessary for her to become a changed woman before becoming his wife. Her love proved strong enough to overcome her weakness (drink). They were married, and were living together a happy, hardworking, steady,



MR. GEOFFREY T. UNWIN,
CAPTAIN OF THE CHELTENHAM RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.

"G.T." is one of the most popular and capable exponents of our winter pastime, and under his leadership the Cheltenham club has during the present season enjoyed great success. As a boy, the subject of our photograph went to school at Mr. Waldich's, in Sussex, and it is interesting to note that the gentleman named now has a school at "Inholmes," Cheltenham. Association was Master Unwin's game then; but when he arrived at Marlborough College he took up Rugby, and got into the Fifteen as centre-three-quarter. Later on he went to Oxford, and played in the Freshmen's matches at both Rugby and Association. "Rugger" was his game, however, and so well did Mr. Unwin perform that he four times got into the Dark Blue team, twice at full back and twice at half. The only goal ever dropped for Oxford against Cambridge stands to his credit. After leaving the Varsity, the Blackheath club claimed Mr. Unwin's services for three years, and during this period he played for the South against the North four times and obtained the coveted international cap against Scotland. He also represented the Midland Counties in several matches. Then Mr. Unwin's family came to live at Dowdeswell Court, near Cheltenham, and he was induced to throw in his lot with the Red and Black Brigade. With his experience to help them, the Chelts at once began to make a name for themselves, and last season they beat all their previous records both in attack and defence and in games won. So pleased were the members with the old international's play that they unanimously elected him captain of the Cheltenham club for the present season, and that their confidence was not misplaced is shown by the brilliant record which now stands to the credit of Mr. Unwin and his team.

loving couple. This was when I lodged with them. Some years after I chanced to be in the same village. Thinking I should like to renew my acquaintance with Mrs. —, I called at the cottage. What a contrast to when I was there before. Disorder in place of order in every conceivable manner, even civility was missing. Everything gone. What could be the reason of this change? Simply this. The husband had been taken seriously ill during the previous winter. To help him regain his strength the doctor ordered wine. Through lack of money, food was short. Feeling that a drop of wine would do her good the wife had a small drop. How terrible was the result of this small drop. Her old craving got uppermost. She made frequent visits to the beerhouse. Her husband, being worried through her return to her old ways, had a serious relapse, from which he never recovered. The woman still goes on drinking. Thank God, she has no children to follow in her footsteps. When will this miserable tale end? Perhaps not until her evil ways bring her to the workhouse a miserable wreck of humanity.

Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G., Governor of Newfoundland, has been appointed Governor of Mauritius.

The recent pronouncement of a Sussex Bench to the effect that in future licenses would not be granted to holders of public-houses refusing to supply tea or other non-alcoholic drinks, may, in conjunction with several similar warnings from other Benches, be regarded with satisfaction by bicyclists and motorists, says a writer in the "Field." The observant traveller who notices on what squalid buildings are displayed the legends "Teas" or "Cyclists' Rest," will often have cause to wonder whether the dweller in the City who rides into the country for health does not often carry back with him from some of these places the germs of disease, the source of which will be a puzzle to his doctor. The increase in the number of non-licensed caterers in the neighbourhood of great towns has been very marked, and is still proceeding, while it seems not unlikely that the great London companies, which have so profitable a business in the purveying of light refreshments, will find it worth their while to extend their activity to some of the more popular bicycling resorts. The Innkeepers' Bill, which was introduced last session, is again to be put forward. It lays no new duties on innkeepers; it only provides an expeditious and effective means of ensuring that they discharge duties which have been theirs from time immemorial.



MR. J. CHANDLER,
One of the North Ward Candidates for the Board of Guardians.



MR. HARRY ALEX. MATTHEWS
(U.S.A.),
COMPOSER OF "THE SONG OF THE SILENT LAND."

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]



REMOVE THE BELT.

When the machine is not in use it is a good plan to take the belt off the pulleys. It is surprising what a difference this makes to the life of a belt. It gives the leather a rest, so to speak, and thus gives the belt a chance to regain its elasticity. I always make a point of taking the belt off after a long ride, clean of the mud and dust, and then rub both sides over with a rag moistened with castor-oil. Consequently I have no belt troubles.

ANOTHER TERMINAL HINT.

It is not an uncommon sight to see on a motor-cycle the high tension wire hanging loose, and fixed to the sparking-plug by a very weak terminal. This is just the terminal which requires to be strong. A strong one can be made from a thin strip of sheet brass, rolled up into tube form, into which the high tension wire will fit about half-way through, having left bare an inch or so of the wire. The end of the brass strip should be flattened, a hole drilled, and the corners filed round. The result will be a terminal which will last as long as the motor.

A CURE FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

The bystander who meddles with a stationary car or motor-cycle is a nuisance. Mr. Fedden, of the Sheffield Automobile Club, has invented a simple means of "Shocker" to keep off trespassers. His device consists in coupling up to the ordinary battery a small so-called pocket induction coil. One end of the primary coil is in connection with the framework of the car, while the other end is earth-connected by means of a length of copper wire, terminating in an ordinary iron meat skewer stuck into the ground. When the nuisance comes along and touches any of the metal work, he completes the circuit and receives a most satisfying shock.

A WONDERFUL SPEED RECORDER.

A Birmingham firm is placing on the market an instrument which not only indicates to the driver the speed of a car to the extent of a fraction of a mile per hour, but also permanently records the speed at which

the car has been travelling during any minute of the day. Immediately the speed limit is reached the driver is warned by a bell, which automatically commences to ring, and continues to do so until the speed is reduced. Besides all this, it is claimed that the device registers the velocity of the car independently of the revolution of the car-wheels. If this statement is correct, the indicator will be the finest in existence.

THE MOTOR-CYCLE AND SOCIABILITY.

When the cyclist first becomes the proud possessor of a motor-propelled bicycle, he is quite content to roam about the roads with the engine as his only companion; but after a time this begins to get monotonous, and he begins to look out for some means by which a passenger can be taken to share his joys and sorrows—mostly sorrows for the first few weeks. He has the choice of five different attachments by means of which a passenger can be carried, viz. the trailing-car, the fore-carriage, the side-car, the rear seat attachment, and lastly the coupling-rod for attaching to an ordinary free-wheel cycle. Each of these attachments has its advantages and disadvantages. Taking them each in order, we have first the trailer, as it is popularly called. This was for some time the only form of attachment on the market, but now it has several rivals. It has many advantages, which out-weigh the disadvantages. Amongst the advantages may be mentioned the following:—

- (1) Ease of attachment and removal.
- (2) Small power absorbed in propulsion.
- (3) Small storage space.
- (4) No extra license.

Its disadvantages are:—

- (1) Unsociability. It is very difficult to converse with the passenger.
- (2) Dust. When the roads are dusty, the occupier of the trailer becomes covered with the dust thrown up by the driving wheel of the motor.
- (3) Dangerous in grease. Some motor-cyclists claim that the trailer gives an extra steadiness to the machine. My experience has been to the contrary, especially at corners. Now we come to the popular fore-carriage, which is the most popular rival of the trailer. With the improved Trimco at-

tachment the bicycle can be transformed in a very short space of time into a comfortable carriage for two. I have before enumerated all the advantages possessed by the Trimco, so will not repeat them here. I should like to add, however, that the engine should be of ample power, with two-speed gear, fan-cooled, and hand started. Next we have the side-car—a more recent innovation. I have not had a practical experience of this form of attachment; but it has been very favourably commented on. The rear seat attachment is not of much use, in my opinion. The rear driving wheel has quite enough strain on it without having the weight of another person pressing on it.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions on this subject.]

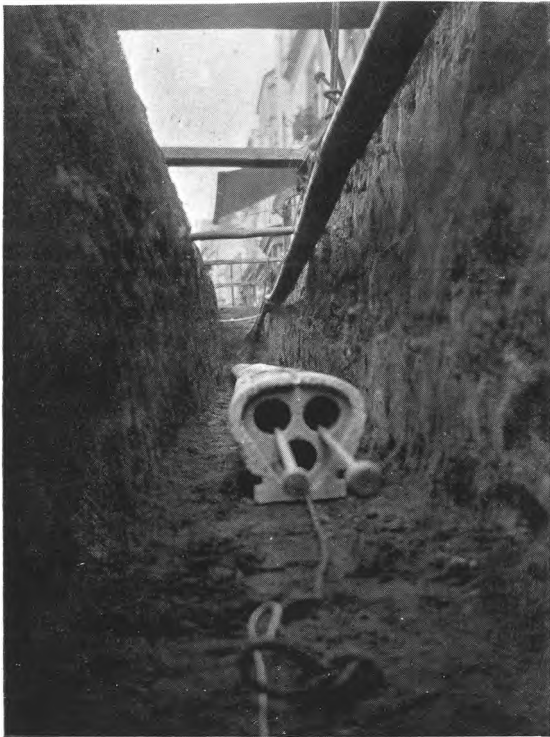
The estimated cost of training pupil teachers in Worcestershire under the new regulations is £15,000, which represents a 2½d. rate. Additional school accommodation is recommended in the county.



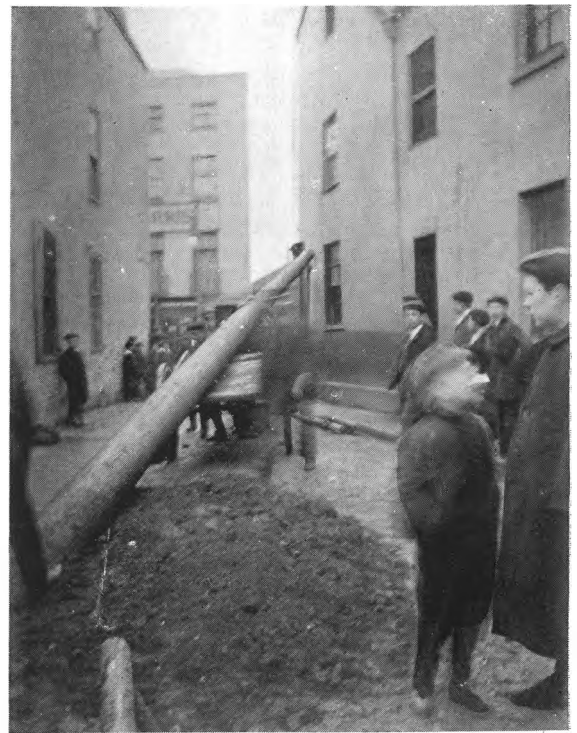
An interesting relic of the boy and girl affection which existed between the Duke of Cambridge and Queen Victoria is amongst her late Majesty's books which the King has placed with the exhibits at Kensington Palace. It is an illustrated German story-book, and on the fly leaf is inscribed in a round boyish hand: "To my dear cousin, Victoria.—George. Hanover, 1826." The Duke passed his early years in Hanover, where his father was Regent.



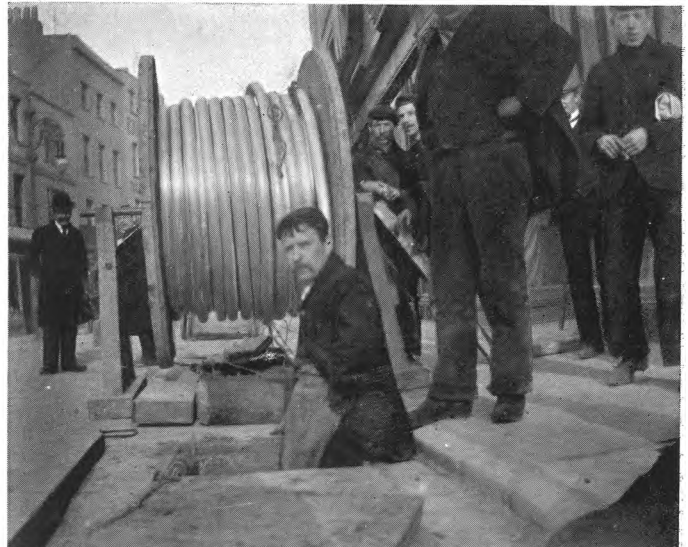
The "Spectator" this week points out that we spend over £1 ls. a week on each soldier, and yet cannot get recruits because the soldier does not realise what he is getting, and will not regard money spent on him, but not by him, as his own money. If we will only offer £1 ls. a week and his clothing to the soldier, which we can afford to do, and tell him, except when under canvas or abroad, to house himself and feed himself, just as does a policeman, we shall, we believe, get as many recruits as ever we want.



THE NEW STYLE OF CARRIER.



THE OLD TELEPHONE POLE OR CARRIER.



Photos by Thos. C. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM UNDERGROUND TELEPHONES.

PUTTING THE CABLE IN UNDERGROUND TUBE,
which in this instance is 233 yards long and weighs 2 tons 9 cwt.
204 pairs of wires.

DRAWING THE ROPE THROUGH.
Total length of underground tubes nearly seven miles.

The account of the Boer War compiled by the great General Staff of the German army is not likely (says "Truth") to cause profound satisfaction among the most prominent officers of the British service. The criticisms are, moreover, made in such a perfectly judicial manner—based in fact, solely upon the evidence and without the smallest sign of prejudice—that their effect upon those whose operations are unfavourably commented upon must be all the more severe. It is, however, satisfactory to find that so competent a court entirely acquits Lord Kitchener of the ridiculous charge, made against him by an ignorant section of his own countrymen, that he committed a strategical

error in assaulting Cronje's laager on Sunday, February 18th, 1900. The German Staff, being sound judges, applaud the decision to attempt a coup de main, and even go so far as to assert that another should have followed; but they naturally condemn the want of order and method in the attack itself. Strategically, Lord Kitchener was undeniably right; but tactically he made a sad mess of the affair; he personally commanded units, instead of being content to command the army—with the usual chaotic result.

Lord and Lady Sherborne have left England for Cannes.

It is quite clear (says Major Matson in his "Automobile Notes" in the current "Bystander") that British coachbuilders, as well as engineers, will have to wake up if they are to compete with the foreigner. If a Frenchman can turn out a good-looking body for £40, which is, moreover, quite comfortable to sit in, why should everyone wish to pay £80 for a similar article made in this country? Patriotism is a noble sentiment which actuates the whole of us; but it is a question if it extends to these financial fights. So long as there are so many rich patrons knocking at the coachbuilder's doors, so long will he give anyone else but scanty attention.