

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 174.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:

Mr. H. A. Jones's Brilliant Comedy,
"WHITEWASHING JULIA."

Next Week:—F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Co.
Monday, "Hamlet"; Tuesday, "A Winter's Tale";
Wednesday, "Julius Caesar"; Thursday, "The Oresteian Trilogy of Æschylus";
Friday, "The Rivals"; Saturday, "King Lear."
Two Matinees:—Wednesday, "Richard the Second";
Saturday, "The Oresteian Trilogy of Æschylus."

Usual Times and Prices. Reduction to parties of students at the matinees.

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 MAY 2nd.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

Eton House, Wellington Street,
Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten

PRINCIPAL - MISS LLOYD.

Assisted by an efficient staff of Mistresses and Masters.
Thorough education at moderate fees.
Prospectus on Application.
The Term begins on Tuesday, May 10th.

Direct from Colliery to Consumer.—
HIGH GRADE COALS supplied by
W. SAWYER & Co., Colliery Agents and
Factors. Good Quality and Moderate
Prices. Offices: 10, Clarence Street,
Cheltenham. Telephone 0868. c84

THE UP-TO-DATE NEWSBOY.

Actors frequently receive proof of the realism of their art. This story, which is reported from a Chicago theatre, is like the story of the artist who painted a fire so vividly that his servant threw water on it. "Hamlet" was the play. In the gallery two small newsboys were watching with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the boys from their seats. Before their eyes the Queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the King killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound. In the gallery sounded a clatter and crash as one of the boys bolted for the door. "Come on, Jimmy!" he shouted back to his "pal." "Hustle up! Dey'll be extras out on dis." To him the acting had been at least as real as news.—"Youth's Companion."



Photo by W. H. Hewitt.

Mr. Harry Waghorne, Jun.,
Lecturing on "Radium" at the Original
Imperial Pierrots' entertainment at
Cheltenham, April 23rd.



The Late Mr. Samuel Moreton,
OF GLOUCESTER.

Who was for over 35 years a member of "A" (Dock) Company of the 2nd V.B.G.R., and who was associated with the firm of E. Harding and Co, mineral water manufacturers, Barton-street, in that city, for upwards of a quarter of a century.

THE ART OF RESTING.

Rest and sleep are the Sisters of Mercy who go about to smooth wrinkles away from our foreheads and otherwise repair the ravages of too strenuous days. The idea of constant occupation is all wrong, and the woman who has acquired the art of resting—for it is an art—will be able to show in middle age a face luminous with life and youth when her industrious sister is sere and grey, says a writer in the "Troy Press." This is not a plea for idleness, because whatever her condition in life may be, the woman who has nothing to do is unhappy. The housekeeper who carries the affairs of her household on successfully is entitled to the honours of the general in the field of war. But there are times when she must rest in her tent if she would continue strong and capable of carrying on the long campaign. Then she must go to her room and lock her door upon her cares and her family alike and throw herself down for a sweet, reviving snatch of slumber.

Nature makes no mistakes even if she does shock the community, and no matter what the hour may be, it is time to sleep when one feels sleepy, and a wee nap in the very midst of the morning work will sometimes prove a source of splendid strength for the remainder of the day.

DEATH PREFERABLE TO CAPTURE.

If, as is reported, some of the soldiers on board the Japanese transport that was sunk by the Russians committed suicide before the boat went down, it would be quite in accordance with the traditions of the Samurai. Harikiri, as it is called, is not an aboriginal Japanese custom. It was evolved gradually during the middle ages. The cause of it is probably to be sought in the desire on the part of the vanquished warriors to avoid the humiliation of falling into the enemies' hands alive. And from being a custom of the military class it developed into a privilege, and all gentlemen entitled to carry swords when they were sentenced to death for any offence against a code which was then the most bloodthirsty in the world, were allowed to execute themselves with their own "wakizashi" or dirk.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By ARIEL.]

AN INTERESTING MOTOR CRAFT.

At the present time there is being built on the banks of the River Thames a most interesting motor boat. It is to be used as a war vessel, being a small half-submarine boat, measuring 33ft. in length. Though it is not designed to move under the water, it offers an impossible target to a battleship, the hull being only visible a few inches above the water line. The most interesting thing about this boat from a motoring point of view is the fact that a petrol motor of 75 horse-power is fitted. This motor will allow of a speed of thirty miles an hour being attained. This in itself will render the boat safe from shells. The crew will consist of four men, and the armament will be one quick-firing gun and a number of torpedo tubes. The petrol motor is rapidly superseding the steam engine for small boats and launches.

HIGH NUMBERS.

The numbers issued by the London County Council have now reached 5,000. Where will they end?

A WRONG IDEA.

A good many people who intend ultimately to take up the pastime of motoring seem to have the idea that motor-cars and cycles will, in the near future, be considerably reduced in price. Those people who are waiting for this to happen will, I think, have to wait a long time so far as the better known makes of machines are concerned. The same thing used to be said some years back of the bicycle, but to secure a high-class reliable bicycle at the present day a price in proportion has to be paid. It will be the same in the motor world. Of course cheap and nasty motors are being turned out now at very small prices, but their possession is not by any means an unmixed joy to the owner. The price paid for repairs to these cheap motors will soon equal the original cost. I would strongly advise intending motorists not to wait till the prices come down, but buy a reliable second-hand car or cycle of good make. Much pleasure will be obtained out of it. The man who waits for the perfect motor-car or cycle will waste a good deal of time during which he could be enjoying the pastime. One of the best known firms in the world state that the margin of profit on their cars is very small, and that this profit, small as it is, is only obtainable owing to the fact that all the parts are turned out in large quantities and carefully standardised. No reduction in the prices of well-known motors can therefore be looked forward to in the near future.

SHOULD TYRES BE INFLATED HARD?

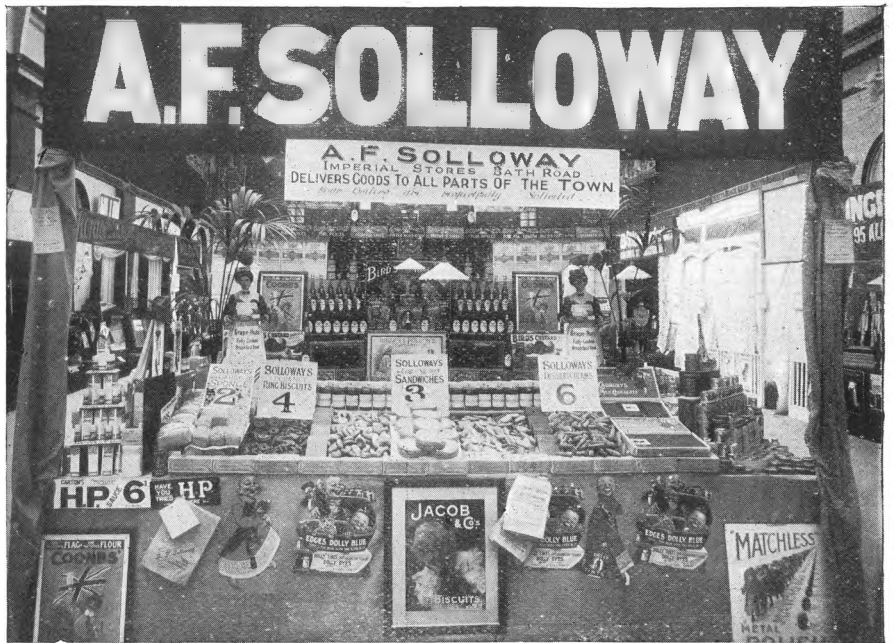
A great Continental tyre expert gives the following sound advice on the proper inflation of tyres: "Do not," he says, "listen to those who say you must let pump up your tyres hard for fear of bursting them. It is always better to have them too hard than too soft. Where the tyre rests on the ground there should appear no appreciable flattening out; it should preserve approximately the same shape as if it were not supporting the weight." This is a much better test than the air-pressure gauge fitted to some pumps. These gauges after a few weeks' wear get out of adjustment.

ROUND AND FLAT BELTS.

Nothing beats castor oil for flat or round twisted belts. It keeps the leather beautifully soft and pliable. Castor oil is not suitable for V section belts, as it has a tendency to rot the cement which holds the layers together. Special dressing can be obtained from most makers of V belts for this purpose.

AN INTERESTING HILL CLIMB.

That energetic body, the Midland Automobile Club, is organising an inter-club hill climb, open to all the members of the neighbouring automobile clubs. It is very probable that several members of the Gloucestershire club will compete. The hill selected is the famous Sunrising Hill, near Stratford-on-Avon. The total length is 1,000 yards; the gradients are very severe in places, the first 200 yards 1 in 10. At the sharp turn in the centre of the hill the gradient is 1 in 9; the worst bit is 1 in 6½. Several bad accidents have occurred on this hill.



A DIPLOMA FOR GOLD MEDAL

was awarded to A. F. Solloway, of the Imperial Stores, Bath-road, for excellence of grocery and provisions at the Borough of Cheltenham Food and Trades Exhibition, held at the Winter Garden from April 23rd to 30th.

CAMERA BELLOWS CUTTING OFF THE VIEW.

Most camera bodies now-a-days are of the bellows pattern, and if they are double or triple extension, care has to be exercised when at work, or it will be frequently found when developing the plates after an afternoon's work, that parts of the view at each end of the plate have been cut off by the bellows. Before the plates are exposed, the camera bellows should be pulled forward. The whole of the plate will then be exposed to the lens.

TOM OF TEN THOUSAND.

Three men have been called "Tom of Ten Thousand." The first was Thomas Thynne, of Longleat. He was so called on account of his wealth. Thynne was murdered in his carriage in Pall Mall, in February, 1682, by three assassins hired by Count Köningsmark, who wished to obtain in marriage Thynne's child-wife, Elizabeth Percy, heiress of the Earl of Northumberland. The murder created an immense sensation, increased by the fact that the Duke of Monmouth had only a few minutes before stepped out of Thynne's carriage. A vivid representation of the murder is sculptured on Thynne's tomb in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey. The second "Tom of Ten Thousand" was Thomas Hudson, a native of Leeds, who lost a large fortune in the South Sea Scheme, and becoming insane wandered the streets of London for years, leaning on a crutch and calling himself "Tom of Ten Thousand." His portrait shows him bare-footed, with a patriarchal cloak around him. He frequented the fields near Chelsea in all weathers, and died in 1767. The third "Tom of Ten Thousand" was Admiral Thomas Smith, on whom this (in his case) heroic title was bestowed by the public after he had compelled a French corvette to salute the British flag near Plymouth in 1728. This trumpery incident somehow caught the public fancy. Admiral Smith is best remembered as the president of the court-martial which passed sentence of death on Admiral Byng.

England always was the happy hunting-ground of the foreign quack. Englishmen enjoy being humbugged (says the "General Practitioner"), and there would be a revolution if the Government were to attempt to put down the vendors of safe cures or prohibit the sale of wooden nutmegs.

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 173rd prize is divided between Mr. W. F. Lee, Stroud, and Mr. Thos. Howes, Gloucester.

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

The winner of the 84th 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 66th prize has been divided between Clara C. Fear, Rose Villa, St. Mark's, and Mr. W. C. Davey, 3 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by Rev. N. D. Thorp at St. Mark's Wesleyan Chapel and the Rev. Denwood Harrison at Holy Apostles' Church respectively.

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 tenth literary competition is divided between W. Sharpe Harle, 26 Victoria-terrace, Cheltenham, for "The King's Escape," and "G. H. B.," Gloucester, for "A Visit to Father Ignatius."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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.

Through the stair carpet being worn, Maud Scorey, the wife of a Stepney labourer, caught her foot and fell downstairs. It was not until some days later that she felt ill, but then peritonitis set in and caused her death.

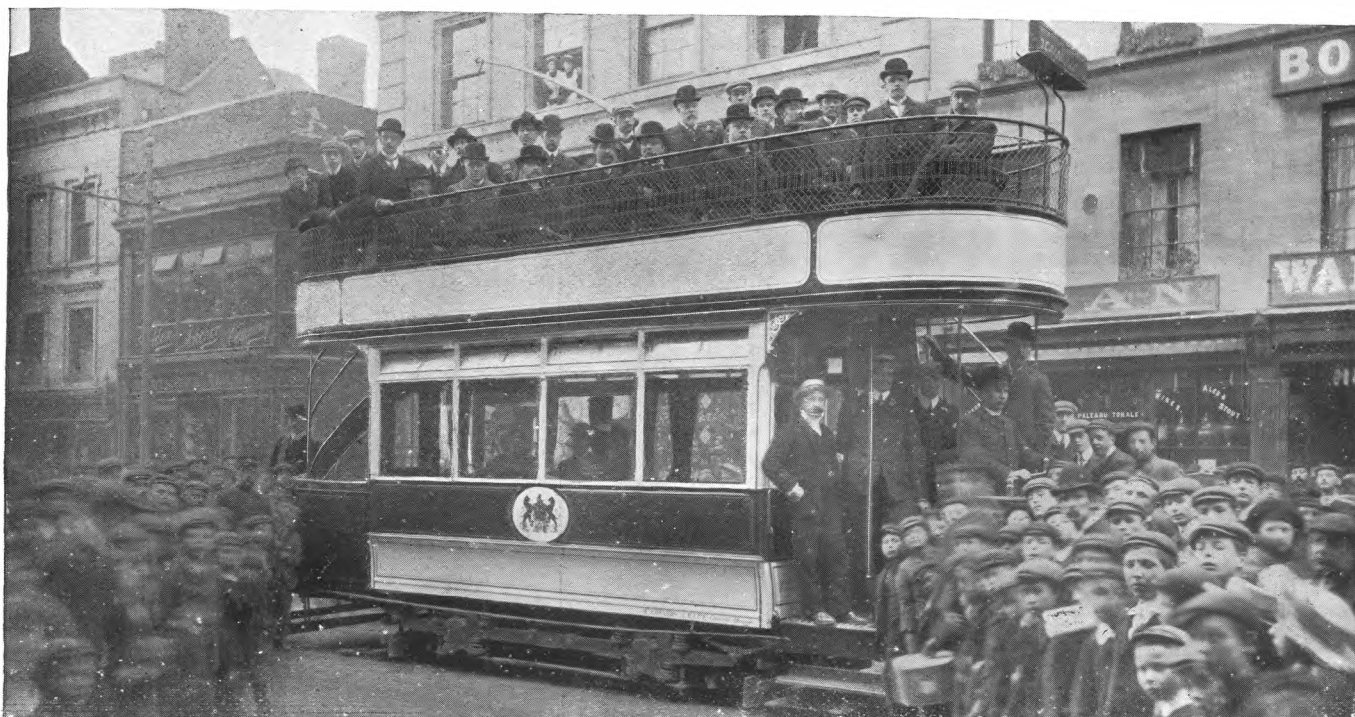


Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

FIRST CAR AT THE CROSS, APRIL 27TH, 1904.

The car was driven by Mr. E. Edwards (manager). On the deck Mr. E. Kenworthy (engineer for Mr. G. Law, track contractor) is standing in front; then, sitting against the side rails, are Councillor Colwell (wearing "Trilby" hat), Councillor Ralph Fream (chairman of Tramways Committee), the Mayor (Ald. T. Blinkhorn), Councillor C. G. Clark, Mr. A. B. Clutterbuck (City Accountant), Mr. G. Sheffield Blakeway (Town Clerk) next but one behind, and Councillor Holbrook. Standing are Mr. S. D. Lang (British Electric Equipment Company) against standard of trolley arm; to the left, Mr. W. H. Bache (electrical engineer), Councillor Packer, and Mr. John Jennings (president of Traders' Association); and Mr. R. Read (City Surveyor) to the right, between Mayor and Councillor Clark.

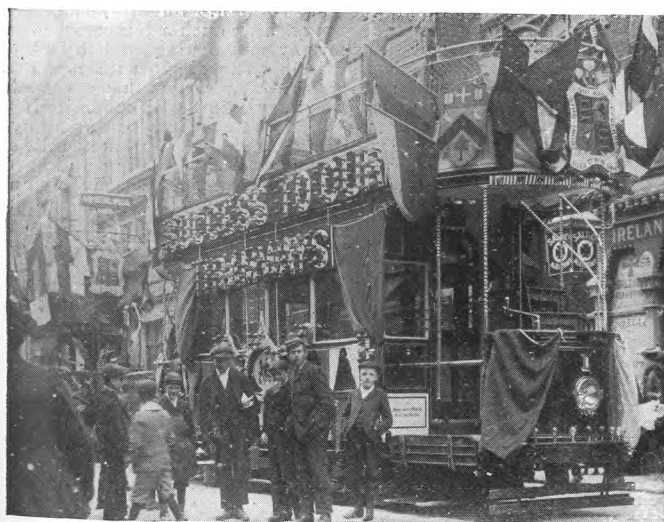


Photo by E. J. Neining, Gloucester.

DECORATED CAR AT FORMAL OPENING, May 3.



Photo by Thos. Howes, Gloucester.

MAYOR DRIVING CAR IN NORTHGATE ST.

A good few years ago, before Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Pottage," had been induced to avow herself on her title pages, a pushful American journalist went to her home to "interview" her. Miss Cholmondeley endeavoured to answer his questions, but refused to supply him with a photograph. "Wal," he is reported to have said, "I guess I shall be redooiced to one of two

alternatives: either to tell my people on the other side to use a stock portrait—and I may say that our supply of beauties is giving out!—or to get an artist to come down and sketch you while you are singing in the choir at Hodaet Church, and that is a time when, I am afraid, you—are—not—looking—at—your—best!" Under this threat (says the "By-stander") her first portrait was surrendered.

A remarkable story of a water rat's escapade is sent from Stroud. A woman was busily engaged with her washing when, it is said, the rodent jumped clean through the open window and landed in a furnace of boiling water. A few minutes, of course, sufficed to end its painful adventure. The house is situate on the canal side, and near the London-road.



A GLOUCESTER IMPROVEMENT BLOCKED.

For long years past the low wooden shanty (situate in the Cattle Market) has been a public eyesore and a standing block to the completion of the very necessary widening and improvement of Saint Aldate-street, one of the high roads from the railway stations and Cattle Market to the heart of the city. Many difficulties have arisen in the way of the purchase of the property by the city.

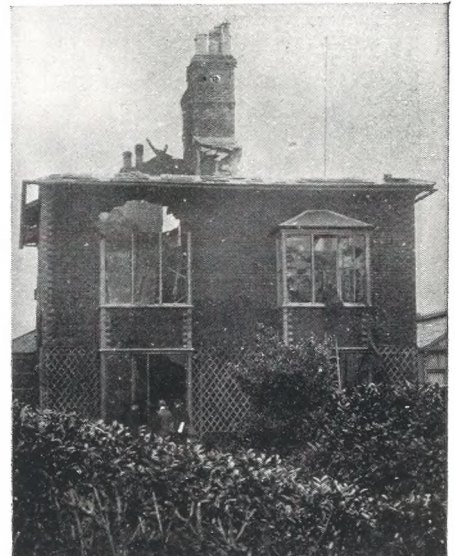


Photo by W. F. Lee, Stroud.

FIRE AT STROUD.

Mr. M. B. Marshall's residence, Northfields, Uplands, Stroud, destroyed by fire April 22nd, 1904.

THE MAKING OF A JOURNALIST.

A remarkably interesting volume has recently been published with this title, written by the late Julian Ralph. Mr. Ralph could not help being a newspaper man. The handling of the types in the country office in which he was early employed set his fingers tingling to make copy for other compositors, and at twenty he was already a sub-editor. He believed that newspaper men are born, and not made, and he describes them in this way:—"He may or may not have creative ability. That is essential to the sketch writer whether he does his work on the editorial page or supplies the character sketches that make too little renown for the men who write beside the news column. But the special correspondent must have such a temperament as to be newborn every morning, and to look on all that he is to write about with new eyes and fresh interest. He must have a made-to-order sort of soul, that will suffer itself to be thrown into whatever he does, as a boy's soul enters into the games he plays at college. He must have at once the broadest and finest power of observation, and the vocabulary and facility that are the basis of expression, and freedom with his pen. He must be as sanguine as a song-bird and as strong and willing as a racehorse.

"This is what the born newspaper man may come to be. How shall he tell that he is qualified for the business?

"First, I should say, by the study of his own inclination, and next by what he knows or is told by good judges of his ability as a letter writer. Whoever cannot freely and easily write a good, readable, informing, or amusing letter cannot write at all; whoever does, with ease and pleasure, write good letters may be able to write for the Press."



They do not mince words on the Aberystwyth Town Council. Here are a few picturesque things from the last meeting:—"Impertinent rot. That is my observation on that. . . . You don't understand the English language. . . . Pardon me, I would not go to you to learn it. . . . You can shake your sapient head until you are blue. . . . You are groaning as if you had had a smack in the mouth. Go on and leave me alone; I have something to say. . . . Well, go on and say it. . . . But you go on and shake your head as if the whole weight of the universe was upon it."

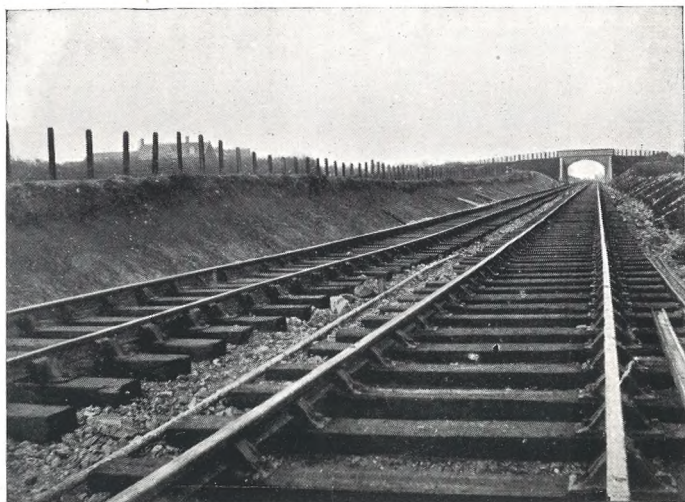


Photo by W. Slatter.

CHELTENHAM-HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY.

SECTION OF PERMANENT-WAY ABOUT ONE MILE BEYOND THE VIADUCT.

CAT'S CURIOUS FAMILY.

A brood of chickens at Wadebridge, in Cornwall, have found a strange but attentive foster-mother. A cat whose kittens had disappeared in the usual fashion discovered in her search for her own offspring several recently-hatched chickens, and immediately appropriated them to her own care. She carried them off in her mouth, and is now rearing them beside the fireplace.

PROFITS OF PIERROTS.

Some idea of the huge profits made by pierrots and other entertainers of large crowds on sands at popular seaside resorts may be gathered from the fact that Scarborough Corporation have just let the two stands for pierrot troupes on South Sands for £170 each. This is an increase of £50 each on the price paid last year.



CLEEVE HILL (QUARRIES ON SOUTH SIDE).



CLEEVE HILL (TOWARDS NUTTERS' WOOD).



Photos by Miss Dicks, Cleeve Hill.
NOTTINGHAM HILL (IN THE WOODS).



NOTTINGHAM HILL (SECLUDED NOOK).

TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

ST. CATHERINE, STAVERTON.

Looking at the parish church of Staverton, a mixture of old and new aggressively forces itself on one's attention. The splendid low embattled tower, built as a central projection on the south side, heavily buttressed, clothed with ivy, and bearing a sundial, is old—probably fourteenth century. The north transept is new, and the chancel and west end contain some modern "restoration" work. Inside, the chancel is well furnished, and around it are some old mural tablets, one rather quaint, but none worthy of particular note. The sittings in the nave and north transept, painted a dark red, are not very pleasing to the eye. Under the tower is a kind of south transept, formerly a small chantry, or chapel. In it is a piscina. The roof of the nave, of oaken boards, with rafters crossway underneath, is good, and is in marked contrast to the painted pews below. Another marked contrast to this roof is the modern ceiling of the north transept, which is a modern ornamental plastering, much like one sees in a gentleman's drawing-room. The stencil ornament, repeated some hundreds of times, with a little variation of colour, on the plaster walls is modern, and anyone liking it must have a queer taste. As the church was restored so recently as 1897 one would have thought that better counsels would have prevailed, and that this sad jumble of old and new would not have been allowed. St. Catherine's is certainly interesting as a study of "how not to do it."

Outside, the ecclesiastical features present the same mixture. There is an old vicarage, inhabited by the patron of the living, and a new vicarage in which resides the incumbent. The first-named house is a splendid old half-timbered building, adjoining the churchyard.

I attended service at Staverton on Sunday afternoon last. I should have gone before, but strangely enough the Vicar refused to tell me the times of his services, unless under conditions to which I could not agree, and I had to find this out from another source. As the parish contains upwards of 400 inhabitants, and the church, as a rule, gives but one service each Sunday, I should have expected to have seen more people there than there were. It has, however, a mission church in the Golden Valley, and that would take some of the parishioners. The Vicar read the prayers, etc., from a stall in the chancel, and the lessons from a reading desk, or rather ponderous lectern. The choir proper consisted only of boys, but grouped around the lady organist in the south transept were some young ladies with good voices. The singing was fairly good, rather slow, and principally in unison. The Psalms were chanted very well, but the congregation did not join in to any extent, and when the writer essayed to take his part in the praise, eyes were turned upon him. The hymns were Nos. 197, 411, 232, and 20 A. and M.

There is no pulpit at Staverton—another strange thing about the place—and the Vicar went to the lectern and announced his text: Colossians iii., 1, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of

God." The preacher then stepped to the centre of the chancel steps, and there, without any book or notes, spoke for some thirteen minutes. He kept strictly to the text he had given out, asking what people meant by being "in Christ," and wondering if they knew or thought what they did mean. St. Paul was trying to encourage the Christians he was writing to, to stand firm and to carry aright their profession of Christianity. They were to consider themselves as already risen in Christ, and to live the risen life. People could not gain this life by living on earth a good and holy life, because they were already risen in Christ. Christ Jesus was the risen Lord, Who became man, "in Whom we live." Christ had risen, and they were risen in Him. The son of a nobleman must live the life of a nobleman, and they who were the sons of God must live as the sons of God. They must look up and live the life of their Lord Jesus Christ. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." That was the call of Easter, and that was the call of the beginning of the chapter from which the preacher's text was taken. When the Saviour died their sinful selves died in Him: from the first Adam they inherited sin and death, from the second Adam they inherited the fullness of life. Their lives were hid with Christ in God, and when He should appear they would be manifested in Him.

CHURCHMAN.

A young lady, Mlle. Nellie Favre, has just been admitted to the Bar at Geneva. She will be the first lawyer of her sex in French Switzerland.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, MAY 7, 1904.
Churchdown's New Church and Some Promoters and Constructors.

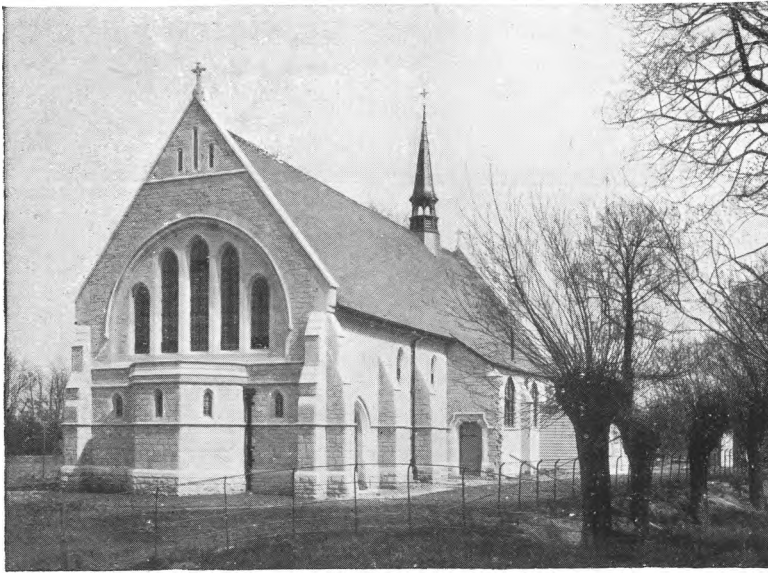
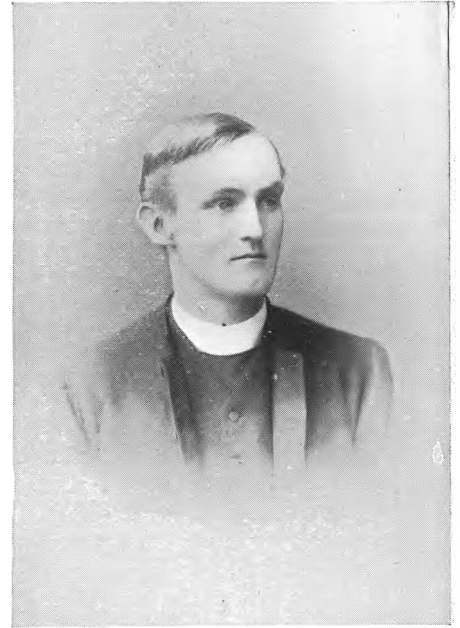


Photo by A. H. Pitcher, Gloucester.

DEDICATED APRIL 25, 1904.
£700 STILL REQUIRED TO PAY OFF THE DEBT.

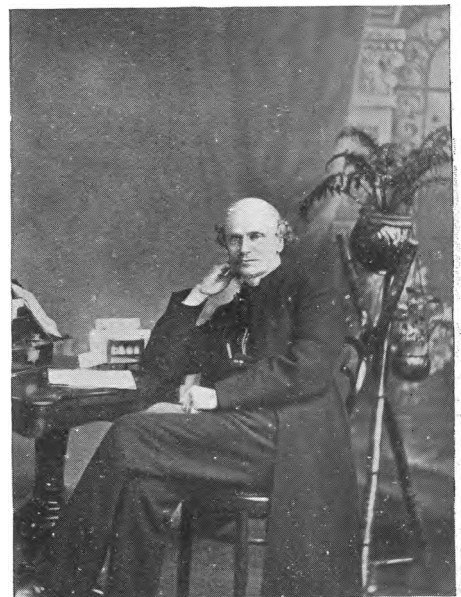


REV. J. J. DUNNE COOKE
(vicar since 1901 and chairman of Building Committee).



Photo by Rev. H. E. Hodson, Churchdown.

INTERIOR OF CHURCH (ST. ANDREW'S).



REV. H. E. HODSON
(organiser of entertainments for Building Fund).



MR. ALFRED J. DOLMAN
(the builder).

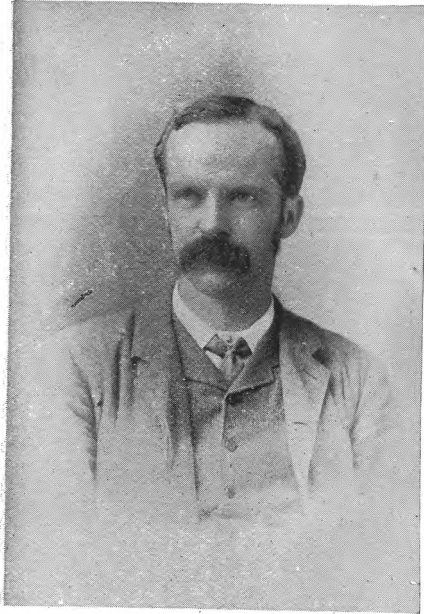
SPECIAL NOTICE.

• • •

Owing to the large number of Photographs, &c., appearing in this week's Art Supplement, the various special articles are transferred to the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Distinguished Irishmen, from Dan O'Connell to Lord Charles Beresford, have honoured Davy with their friendship, and anecdotes about celebrities flow from him like small talk. He is very proud of a letter he has just received from Lord Charles, in which the gallant admiral admits that they are "both beginning to suffer from Anno Domini," but wishes him many happy returns of the day. Lord Charles, he will tell you, is the "merry gentleman," for he once snatched the papers from under Davy's arm and ran along the platform selling them, and Davy admits that he never had so successful a deputy. He is still enthusiastic in the calling, in which, as he reminds you, men like Edison and Gambetta and the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith graduated; and in summer and winter alike he rises at four in the morning, and goes down to meet the incoming mailboat.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, MAY 7, 1904
 Churchdown's New Church and Some Promoters and Constructors.



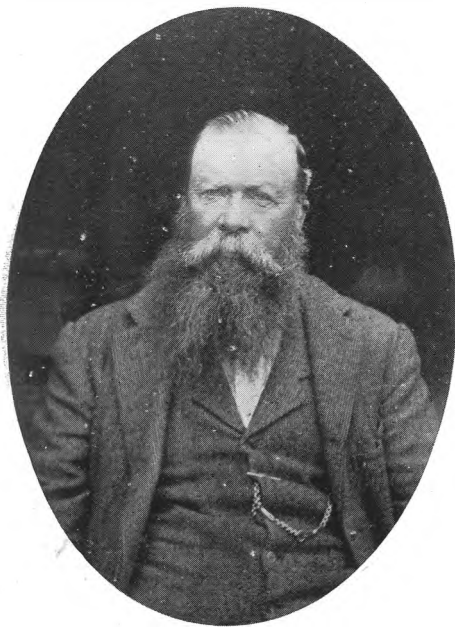
MR. WALTER B. WOOD
 (the architect).



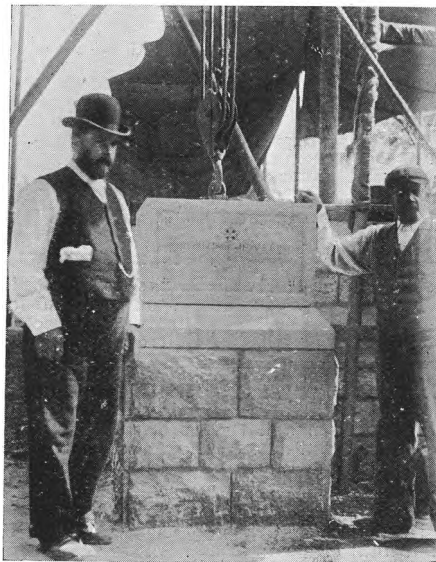
MR. HORACE SMITH
 (vicar's warden).



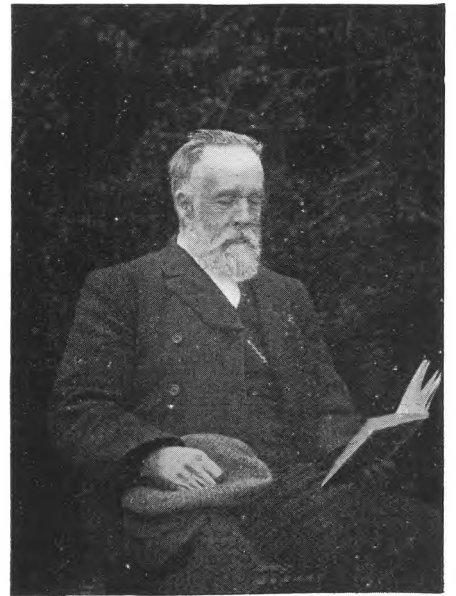
MR. JOHN H. JONES
 (parish warden, and a director of the Land Co., that gave the site for the church).



MR. JAMES NICHOLLS
 (the honorary clerk of works).



FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING,
 JULY 15, 1903.
 Mr. Williams, builders' foreman, on the left.



MR. W. T. SWIFT
 (National Schoolmaster and parish antiquarian).

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE MACHINE.

I doubt if some of my good friends the prohibitionists and the ardent advocates of voluntary total abstinence in all matters pertaining to drinks alcoholic could be made to acknowledge it willingly, but it seems to me that one of the greatest factors in the creation of sober, steady, reliable workmen in the printing office of to-day is the introduction of complicated machinery which makes the mechanical end of a print-shop resemble a factory more than "a place where they print." It takes a man of temperate habits and steady nerves and clear brains to manage a Linotype or other typesetting machine, or handle a two-revolution

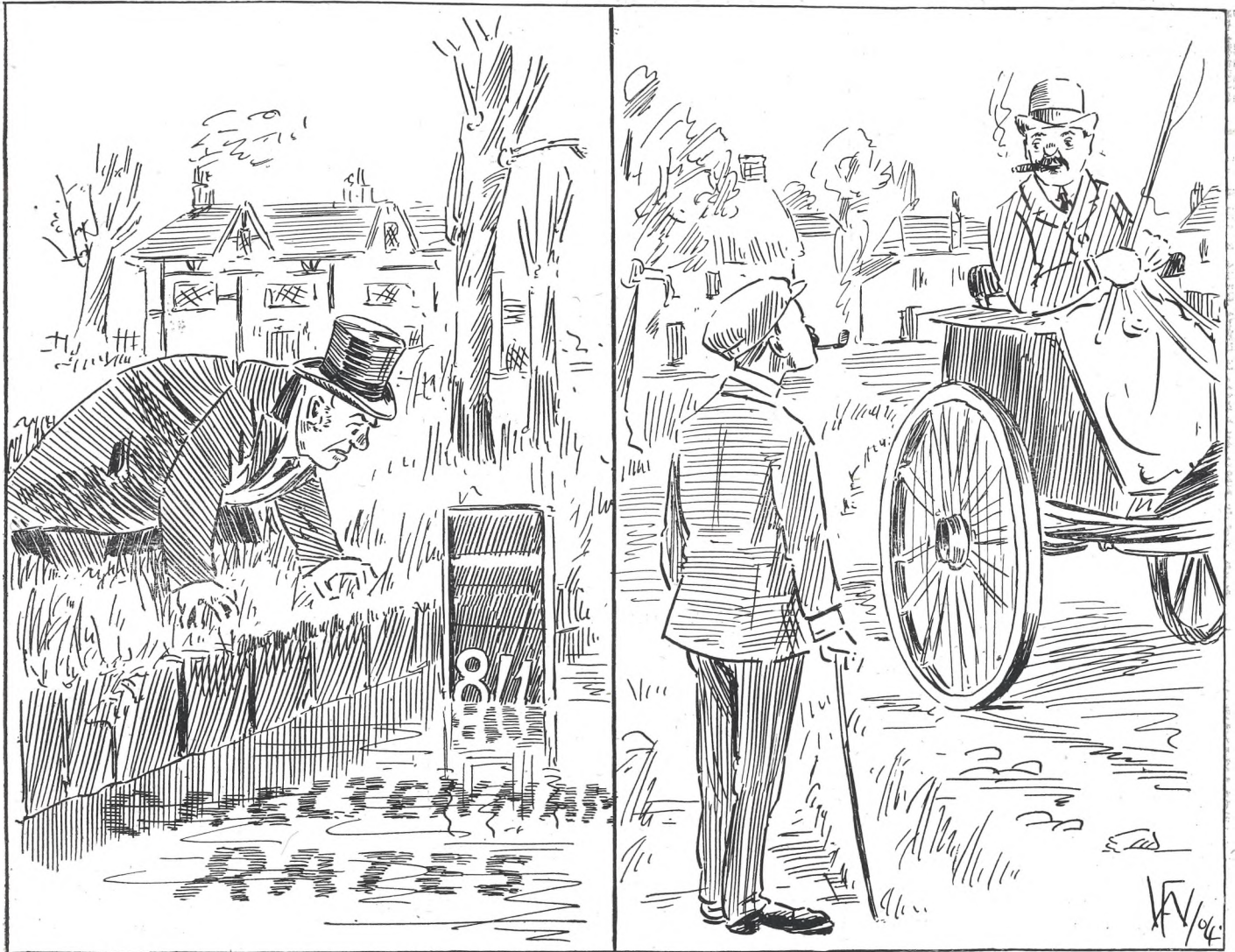
or web press properly—hence the reform that is so widespread and so evident.

No doubt there is something to be said in favour of the purely moral and ethical side of the question. No doubt the tolerance of intoxication and dissipation in the old days was responsible for a great deal of both that might easily have been avoided. No doubt there is still a proportion of men in all the allied divisions of the art preservative who are not and do not pretend to be total abstainers. But the fact seems to be undisputed that it was not until the requirements of the changing trade made it imperative that sobriety should be the rule everywhere did there come a marked change for the better in the morale of the men of

the craft at large. Nor can it now be gainsaid that such a change has been brought about.

Hand-in-hand with this goes the substitution of modern hygienic and sanitary science in the construction and maintenance of buildings occupied as print-shops, whereby the men have incentives to better things unknown to their forebears—things mental and intellectual as well as things merely physical and material. And the outcome of it all is to bring the printer of this age more nearly in line with the best printers of a by-gone age—printers who were more than mere workmen at case or desk, and who were proud to be printers, and to be known as such.—The "Inland Printer."

10d. INCREASE IN THE RATES.



CHELTONIAN: Great Scott! If it rises much more I shall be fairly swamped.

FRIEND (to Cheltonian driving in the country): Hullo! What are you doing out here?
CHELTONIAN: Seeing if there's a house that will suit me, so that I can escape those awful rates.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

I saw that the "Echo," in referring to the operations of a surveying party on the Hatherley loop of the Great Western Railway, queried whether this fact foreshadows the bringing of the loop into use before long. Well, from inquiries I have made, I confidently believe that it does. A number of things all point to this. The G.W.R. Co. is having the doubled line between Andoversford and Lansdown Junction strengthened by the addition of extra sleepers, and it is understood this is in view of the big tank locomotives that will be put on to haul along it the trains conveying the Great Central Railway and other traffic to and from Banbury and South Wales and the West. The reopened loop, which has remained derelict for many years, will furnish the convenient connecting link between the Banbury branch and the joint lines of the Great Western and Midland Companies at a point near Hatherley signal-box, thus dispensing with the necessity of these new trains running into Cheltenham. Of course, this will mean more Great Western trains running on the joint lines between Lansdown Junction and Gloucester, and I should say that when the traffic to and from the Honeybourne branch also comes into play and increases the present large volume over these lines, it would be well for the Midland

Company to lay metals of its own, running parallel to the present iron road between the Garden Town and the Cathedral city. The Midland could not, I imagine afford to have its main line for this length further interfered with by Great Western trains.

I calculate that the nine packs of foxhounds that hunt either in or adjacent to Gloucestershire killed during the past season about 70 foxes more than they did last season. In only one case has a pack's "bag" shown any falling off. The Duke of Beaufort's killed 136 brace, as against 110½; Lord Fitzhardinge's 91½—91; the Heythrop 53—51; the Croome 44—43; the North Cotswold 40½—38½; the Ledbury 32½; the Cotswold 31½—25; and the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) 30½—31½. The figures of the other V.W.H. pack, chiefly confined to Wilts, have not reached me. The average is about one kill per hound in the various packs.

Cheltenham and Gloucester still continue their neck-and-neck race in the "welter weight rate steeplechase," but the former will be a penny in the pound in advance of the other during the coming financial year. Fancy, including the water charge, the rates will be 8s. 1d. in the case of the town and 8s. in that of the city! The rates are rapidly becoming equal to another half of one's rate-

able value, and I can quite appreciate the recent remark of a sententious ratepayer that life is a struggle to find money to pay rents, rates, and taxes. I confess I do not see any prospect of relief so long as the spending propensities of officials are not curbed by members of Corporations collectively and individually giving time and attention in going thoroughly into questions brought before them. And I am disappointed that our local authorities are not living up to the excellent ideal put forward by the Prime Minister in introducing the Education Act—that these larger bodies would be better able than the small school boards to resist the inordinate demands of the Board of Education. It seems to me that meek acquiescence in the never-ending requirements of inspectors for extra school accommodation in some shape or form is still the order of the day. Indeed, officials really rule. GLEANER.

"London Opinion" this week tells a good story. Burke was once annoyed by the repeated interruptions of a member who occupied a position in the Royal Household, and who called upon Burke to remember his duty as a subject of the King. "I am perfectly ready to honour the King," said Burke, "but not constrained, therefore, to honour the King's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and"—fixing his eyes on the member—"his ass."

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

No. 175.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPEAREAN CO.

This Afternoon: "The Orestean Trilogy of Æschylus." This Evening: "King Lear."

Next Week: The New Domestic Drama,
"HOME SWEET HOME."

THE INCORPORATED
SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

Established 1882.—Incorporated 1892.

Local Examinations in Music

will be held in the principal centres of England and Wales in the end of June and the early part of July.

Last date of Entry, May 15, 1904.

Syllabus, with full particulars of requirements and fees, can be obtained on application to the General Secretary, Edward Chadfield, 19, Berners St., London, W.

Telephone: No. 5216 Central.

Telegraphic Address: "SCHERZO," London.

Direct from Colliery to Consumer.—
HIGH GRADE COALS supplied by
W. SAWYER & Co., Colliery Agents and
Factors. Good Quality and Moderate
Prices. Offices: 10, Clarence Street,
Cheltenham. Telephone 0868. c84

The war in the Far East can never become a topic of confident conversation until the Japanese adopt European names with European customs as they proceed. Port Arthur is simple enough, and we can cross the Yalu with them. But beyond that the man in the street has to maintain furious silence, wondering how Fenghuangcheng may be turned into speech.

Readers of the life of Napoleon I. cannot but be struck with the success with which the leaders of the Japanese have laid his maxims to heart. Here are a few of his sayings:—"In war, the moral element and public opinion are half the battle"; "A thing must needs be done before the announcement of your plan"; "In war you see your own troubles; those of the enemy you cannot see. You must have confidence"; "Great battles are won with artillery"; "I have destroyed the enemy merely by marches"; and "Generals who save troops for the next day are always beaten." The importance that he attached to the command of the sea may be judged from another of his sayings: "Masters of the Channel for six hours, we are masters of the world."

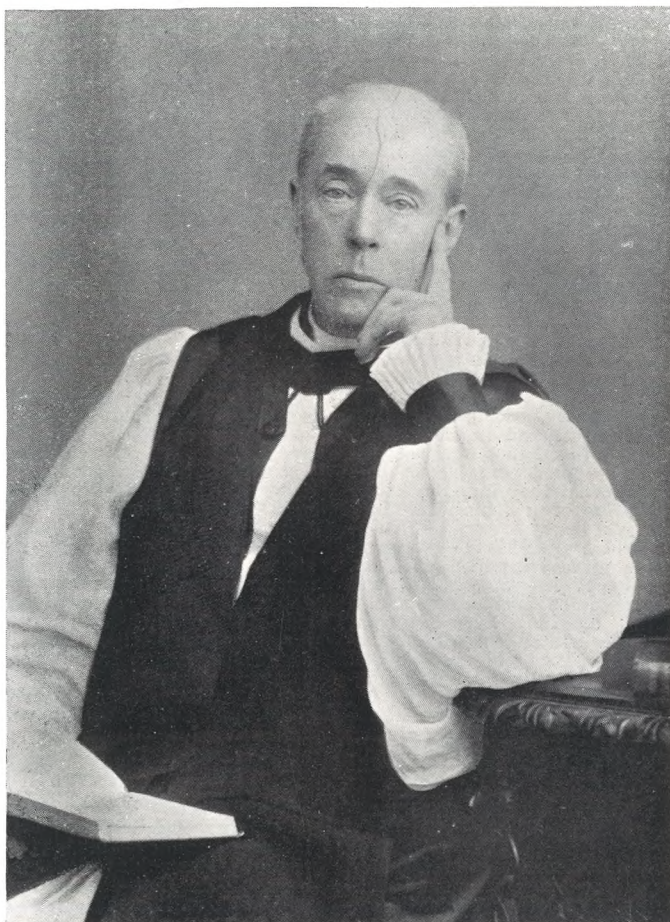


Photo by Debenhams, 12 Clarence-street, Gloucester.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN MITCHINSON, D.D.,
New Assistant Bishop of Gloucester Diocese.

Dr. Mitchinson, who was born in Durham in 1833, had a distinguished career at Oxford University. From 1873 to 1881 he was Bishop of Barbados and the Windward Islands, and was coadjutor to the Bishop of Antigua from 1879 to 1882. He has been Assistant-Bishop in Peterborough Diocese from 1881. On his election, in February, 1899, as Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, he became by virtue of that office a canon-residentiary of Gloucester Cathedral.

May seems disinclined to introduce a seasonable temperature, the latest reports showing that in nearly all localities there is a defect of several degrees. "A hot May," however, "makes a fat churchyard," so that the chilly breezes may after all prove of benefit. There is, indeed, a proverb that says, "For a warm May the parsons pray," the suggestion being that with a rising thermometer their burial fees also go up.

In London on Saturday £20,375 was realised at a sale of Old Masters, including 2,800 guineas for a Gainsborough and 2,000 guineas for a Romney.

- A fortune, estimated at nearly a million pounds, has been left by Mr. George Handyside, a well-known property owner, of Newcastle. By his will Mr. Handyside has bequeathed close upon £100,000 to local charities.

Literary Miscellany.

THE LION AVENGER.

[By A. T. STAMFORD.]

Reginald Somers, of the Cape Town Garrison, was parading one of the principal streets of that city at the time this story opens. By his side walked a young lady of striking appearance and charm of manner, with whom he was gaily conversing. Maude Harrison was the only daughter of a wealthy resident in the town, and her engagement to Lieut. Somers was at that moment the general topic of conversation. It had been very sudden and unexpected, for Somers had only been stationed there a few months before, and most of the early part of his time had been devoted to his military duties. Besides, there was, according to common belief, a decided obstacle in the way. Before Somers's arrival on the scene, another man—no less a person than Leonard Carson, the well-known bank manager—was supposed to have occupied the place that he (Somers) held then. True, nothing certain was known, but Carson had always spread abroad the idea that he and Maude Harrison were intended only for each other; and, as they were seen frequently together, people naturally took this for a fact. They little suspected that the banker's story was entirely deceitful, and that our heroine, in spite of all his efforts, had never been induced to grant him that for which he so ardently pleaded. But with Somers all was different, and thus upon a beautiful autumn morning, he and his future bride were taking a short promenade along one of Cape Town's busiest thoroughfares.

They walked but slowly, discussing the subjects of chief interest and importance to them, and oblivious to all that was going on around them. So occupied were they in their mutual confidences that they failed to notice through the window of a house that they passed a man, dark, heavy browed and wearing a fierce expression upon his face, who was gazing after them from behind the curtains. He watched until they were out of sight, and then, with a snarl almost like that of a wild beast, muttered, "He shall never have her, curse him, never!" And anyone who was acquainted with this man in his affable and business moods would scarcely have recognised him to be Carson, the banker.

The last rays of the setting sun darted through the window of a room at the barracks, and lighted up the interior. To the casual glance this room presented no remarkable features, and appeared to be nothing out of the ordinary. It was a soldier's sitting-room, nothing more; on the walls were hung swords, spears, and various warlike trophies, and on tables and cabinets were numerous curios of one kind or another, evidently collected during a campaign. A closer inspection, however, would have revealed an object of far more interest than all the others. Stretched out at full length on the hearthrug, apparently fast asleep, its head being buried in its front paws, was an animal about the size of a mastiff, and of a yellowish-brown colour. At first sight it would naturally have been taken for a house dog of rather unusual proportions, but a second glance would have speedily altered this impression. The tufted tail, the strangely-coloured body, the great limbs, would be almost sufficient, but one look at the massive head with its fierce eye and majestic aspect would immediately inform the wondering observer that this animal was none other than the monarch of the forest and plains, the king of all beasts—in short, a young lion. It should further be noted that the room spoken of was that of Lieut. Somers, and this most unusual pet was his property. As a cub of a few weeks old, he had found it whilst hunting in Central Africa, and from that time had reared it carefully himself with great success. To him it was tame, sociable, devoted, and certainly perfectly harmless, and although he knew that its destruction would soon, on account of its growth,

be imperative, yet he determined to delay the fatal moment as long as possible, and for the present the lion was safe. A true and constant friendship had arisen between the man and beast, and Somers had often encountered great dangers and difficulties on its behalf, which he fully believed the lion would reciprocate if occasion offered.

As we have said before, the sun was fast disappearing from sight, and, in a short while after, the great Continent was covered with the mantle of night. The noise and bustle of life was hushed, the populace of the habitable portions of the Cape were retiring to rest, and in the forests and jungles of the dark interior the insect world was awakening, and the beasts of prey had come from their hiding places and begun to roam abroad, filling the air with their terrible cries.

About this time Somers returned to his quarters, and entered the room where lay the lion on the rug. Leo, on hearing his master's step, immediately awoke, and proceeded to greet him with the liveliest demonstrations of joy and satisfaction.

The young officer, who was thoroughly tired out, threw himself in an easy chair, and, taking a novel, commenced to read. His eyes, however, soon refused to bear the strain now put upon them, and therefore, throwing the novel aside, he determined to retire to rest. Glancing around the room to see that nothing was amiss, he turned out the light and went upstairs, leaving the lion in his usual place upon the hearthrug.

The midnight hour had sounded from the church steeples, and the first hour of a new day was almost come. Within his bedroom, in happy ignorance of the danger that threatened him, lay Somers, the young lieutenant, asleep. But, was he alone? Was the chamber untenanted save for him? No; for there, at the foot of the bed, hardly visible because of the deep shadows cast by the rising moon, a dim and faintly-outlined figure stood—the figure of a man. In its hand something was held, something indistinguishable at first, but which after a while resolved itself into a dagger, Oriental in design, of rarest workmanship and finest steel. What did it all mean, what was going to happen?

The figure moved with a firm and resolute step. No halting, no hesitation in its manner, everything previously considered and determined. It advanced slowly along the side of the bed, where the unconscious sleeper lay, then stood still, and swiftly raised the dagger in the air. It quivered for a moment, a moment in which all eternity seemed involved, and was about to descend; a second more, and a life would have been ended, a gallant and dashing officer of the British army changed to a worthless corpse, cold, silent, and immovable. But what was it stayed the hand which held the dagger, what caused it to tremble so violently as to almost let the weapon fall? Why was it the gaze of the intruder became suddenly riveted on one particular spot, unable to look elsewhere? Glance but once in that direction, and the reason will be clear. There, in the blackness behind the open doorway, two round and fiery orbs, two fascinating circlets of luminous green, were fiercely gleaming, and as the watcher waited, a low growl arose from the same place. The sound seemed to break the spell that had bound the midnight visitor; he turned, and with a shriek of terror sprang through the open window on to the verandah, and from that descended to the ground. A frenzied roar shook the building, a long, tawny body shot through the air across the bed, and alighted without the window. Another spring and it had reached the ground, and quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Somers awoke instantly, electrified by the fearful noises that were still reverberating in the air, and sprang from bed. He struck a light and looked all round, but could see nothing. Candle in hand, he went downstairs and into the sitting-room, but the hearthrug was empty—its occupant was there no longer.

Next day, the strange and unexpected incident connected with Lieut. Somers, and still more the mysterious disappearance of Leonard Carson, the banker, furnished material for universal excitement and alarm.

It was not until two days after, when the mutilated bodies of a lion and a man were discovered beneath a clump of trees, that people began to understand.

The lion was young and active; it had soon overtaken its victim, the would-be assassin of its master, and he, the assassin, armed and desperate, had fought fiercely in his own defence, and the one had killed the other.

However, six months after, the gruesome affair was all forgotten, and the general interest was occupied with an event of a more pleasant character, namely the marriage of Lieut. Reginald Somers to Miss Maude Harrison, the prettiest bride of the season.

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 174th prize has been won by Mr. W. A. Walton, London-road, Gloucester.

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

The winner of the 85th competition is Mr. H. W. Hartnell, of 8 Carlton-street, 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 67th prize has been divided between Mr. P. C. Brunt, of St. Keverne, Glencain Park-road, and Miss Florence Haywood, of Westfield Villa, London-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively preached by the Rev. A. C. Gabell at Swindon and the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's, 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 prize in the eleventh literary competition has been won by Mr. A. T. Stamford, of 32 Suffolk-parade, Cheltenham.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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.

It is uncertain whether the proposed statue to Lord Salisbury, to be executed at the national expense, will be in marble or bronze. That depends entirely upon the place where the figure is to be erected. If within the Houses of Parliament marble will be used, if outside, where all who run may see, bronze will, of course, be the material. There is a corner in Parliament-square, between Lord Beaconsfield's statue, which faces the Abbey, and that of Lord Derby, which looks upon Palace Yard. In this corner Lord Salisbury's effigy would comprehend the House of Lords. There is certainly no room for it in the great quadrangle between the two Chambers. It might displace the small bust of Oliver Cromwell, however, which Irishmen say ought to be placed in a dark cellar and be hermetically sealed up.

Though we were all unconscious of it, we are said to be fast becoming a race of left-eared people. The telephone is the cause of the trouble. An aural specialist states that he first became aware of the fact through sitting next to business men at dinner. Placed on their left, he could keep up a normal conversation, while if he sat to their right they constantly asked him to repeat remarks, or else paid no attention to what he said. Nine out of every ten (he added) who use a telephone hold the receiver to the left ear, and many find it impossible to hear over a telephone through the right.



Photos by F. T. Merrett, Churchdown.

BROCKWORTH COURT

(Residence of Mr. William Priday, J.P., C.C.)



BROCKWORTH CHURCH.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHELTENHAM.

[BY A YORKSHIRE WOMAN.]

I had often been told of the many beauties and charms of the "Garden Town of England," often assured that there was not another town to be compared to it, and, contrary to past experiences, in this instance at least anticipations did not exceed realisations.

If there is one season of the year when Cheltenham may be said to be at its very best, it is from the middle of May to the end of June. Then, everything looks its freshest and gayest. Great masses of lilac fill the air with perfume, laburnum hangs in golden clusters from numberless branches, pink and white May blossom may be seen on every side, and the trees, in full leaf, show every shade of tender green.

It would indeed be a hard task to particularise as to the many and varied beauties of Cheltenham. "One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old proverb; and everybody knows that "beauty is in the eye that beholds it," so perhaps it will be safer for me to confine my remarks to a few impressions which struck me during a visit to Cheltenham.

Montpellier Garden is a favourite resort of Cheltonians in the summer months. Here may be heard some of the best bands in the country, the best singing, and the best acting. Sauntering up and down the famous garden any evening during the season, when the heat of summer is hanging in a haze over the town, note the smartly-dressed ladies passing to and fro, the stylish men, look up at the fairy lamps hanging from the trees and shedding lustre on everything and everybody, and it is quite easy to imagine yourself transplanted to another region. Presently the seductive strains of a waltz break on the ear, and the noisy chatter of the crowd at once ceases. Outside the garden are congregated large numbers of the "unwashed," of whom even Cheltenham can boast a fair share, and the remarks passed concerning those within the favoured region are both amusing and instructive.

One of the pleasantest places in Cheltenham I found to be the Promenade, where you may sit and watch the gorgeously-dressed crowds to your heart's content. Take up a position near the fountain. The plash, plash of the water falls musically on the ear, ladies flash past in costumes of ever varying hues, motors whizz along, leaving the stench of petrol behind them, cyclists thread their way in and out, and from the hanging flower baskets come many a subtle perfume.

Now turn into the busy High-street and watch the constant stream of pedestrians. It is Saturday evening, and the country people have come in to do the weekly shopping. During the week the classes predominate in the streets of Cheltenham, but on Saturday nights the masses appear to have it all their own way. The numerous shops are packed

with customers; grocers, drapers, and boot-makers are doing a roaring trade. Up Winchcombe-street there is hardly standing room, and the public-houses are well patronised.

At one of the street corners, some officials belonging to the Salvation Army have taken up a position, but the busy crowd has no time to listen, consequently there is but a small audience. One has to keep continually stepping off the pavement to get out of the way of the laundry girls, who parade the streets arm-in-arm, and gangs of boys are puffing away at cigarettes with the assurance of old smokers.

Among the many fine buildings which abound in Cheltenham may be mentioned the Free Library, with its splendid stock of books and newspapers and magazines, the Art Gallery with its pictures and art treasures, and the new Town-hall. The Theatre and Opera House is also an imposing edifice, and Cheltonians have lately had the privilege of enjoying the acting of Miss Ellen Terry and her company.

Cheltenham, certainly, can claim a river, though visitors may readily be excused if they do not happen to notice the fact. The truth is that the river Chelt is little more than a brook; boys paddle in it and sail their toy boats on it, but I fancy the Chelt is called a river purely out of pity for the feelings of Cheltonians who, when you chaff them about the size of the river, reply earnestly, "Oh, but you have not seen it in the winter."

Of course all visitors to Cheltenham go and have a look at the Ladies' College, which now numbers over a thousand scholars, ranging in age from tiny tots fresh from their mothers' arms up to quite young women ready and willing to fight the world on their own account. Then, too, there is the Gentlemen's College, with its fine chapel and large boarding-houses. Cheltenham Gentlemen's College educates largely the sons of officers in the Army and Navy, the boys themselves generally being destined for one or other of the services, and the number of scholars at the college is nearly eight hundred. One beautiful May evening I walked down to the playing fields and watched the boys at cricket. Boys of all ages and sizes swarmed everywhere, "turning to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can." Those who were not playing were busily engaged in watching and criticising their chums, and jokes and chaff were the order of the day. Only a few weeks ago a splendid reredos was unveiled in the College Chapel to the memory of old Cheltonians who fell in the South African war, and no doubt if ever they are called upon the present-day college boys will be ready and eager to fight for King and country, and if need be, to die for the same.

Christ Church is, I think, the only place of worship in Cheltenham that has a square tower, and this fact, combined with handsome pinnacles, renders Christ Church a landmark for miles around. Some years ago, in the graveyard of the Parish Church, old people will tell you there was a tombstone with the

following quaint inscription:—

"Here lies I and my two daughters,
Who died of drinking Cheltenham waters.
If we had kept to Epsom Salts
We shouldn't have been inside these vaults."

Not a very high compliment to pay Cheltenham waters one imagines, but nowadays the custom of taking the waters seems as much honoured in the breach as in the observance.

Among other educational buildings to be found in Cheltenham are Dean Close School, St. Mary's Hall, and the Grammar School.

The noted Queen's Hotel is a very fine building, possessing quite a military air with the two cannons in front that were used in the Crimean war.

I must confess that, taking it on the whole, Cheltenham struck me as being a town where the conventionalities of life loom largely in the foreground—a place, too, where Tennyson's words—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Nonman blood,"
have made little, if any, impression.

Again, in Cheltenham there seem to be no openings for young men and women of the working classes. The girls work at the laundries, go into domestic service, or seek employment in the shops. On these three the changes have to be rung. The boys get into shops, the hotels, and private houses, and there are just a few trade openings; but, generally speaking, neither boys nor girls have much choice of occupation. However, in spite of these drawbacks, Cheltenham is a most beautiful town, and fully deserves its proud title of the "Garden Town of England."

PRISCILLA E. MOULDER.

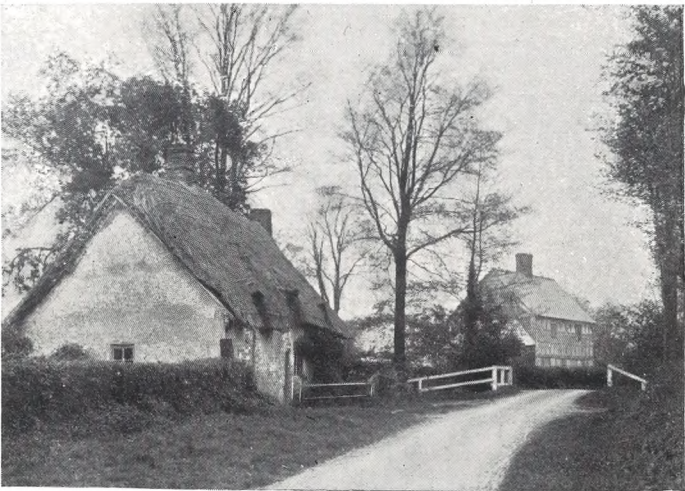
A lady correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," who lived in Honolulu in Stevenson's time, reports that in polite society there his name might scarcely be mentioned aloud. He was ostracised on account of his Bohemianism, displayed chiefly in his fondness for walking about in the warm sands with bare feet. His offence was augmented by his wife's preference for the native dress, which is described as "a Mother Hubbard wrapper, quite decently long and voluminous." To make things worse still, there was grave reason to believe that Stevenson even smoked in bed. Accordingly the local elite omitted his name in sending out invitations to important functions, and he was reduced to consorting with natives and the officers of visiting warships.

At a certain post-office a few days ago a customer presented a parcel which weighed just over 4oz. The obliging assistant suggested that some of the cord should be taken off to bring the weight down within limits. The parcel was handed back, and the customer, after opening the knots, presented it again for re-weighing. He was under the impression that the packet would be lighter without knots.



Photo by W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell.

Sale of Cotswold and North Cotswold Horses at the Repository, Cheltenham.



Photos by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.

CHELT BRIDGES.

1. HAYDEN.
2. BODDINGTON.



Photo by R. H. Martyn, Cheltenham.

Naunton Church (from the Village).

There is the egotism of ignorance and the egotism of knowledge. I once knew a working plumber (writes Mr. Joseph Hatton in the "People") who was just sufficiently familiar with his business to botch a leak while he made room for another. His egotism was enormous. It even affected his work. He held his head high. It was as if his organ of self-esteem kept it up. If fate had driven him with a bearing rein he could not have held it higher. He knew everything, from making out a bill for repairing your water pipe to governing the Empire. But at bottom and through and through he was simply a fool. If he had really known how big a fool he was he might possibly have sought immunity from wounded pride in the slimy depths of the Regent's Canal. He lived on the banks of its silent waters. He reminded me of another egotist of many years ago who rejoiced in the variety of his political knowledge. He was a Bristolian. It was during a general election. I asked him why he did not vote for Mr. So-and-So. "What!" he exclaimed, "Vote for him? He do speak the English language so woeful it do make I sweat to hear 'un."

Publication of some statistics concerning the dimensions of the heaviest man in England has aroused the interest of the natives of the village of South Bluehill, in Maine, who express their opinion that Miss Cassie Carter, of South Bluehill, is the champion heavy-weight woman of the United States. Miss Carter is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 27½ stone now, and is still growing. Her waist measurement is 4ft. 6in. Naturally, all her clothes and boots are made to special order. Despite her increasing bulk, Miss Carter is a society leader in the town of Bluehill.

Wearing a shirt cut out of a copy of the "Daily Telegraph," an East End lad, in conversation with the Rev. Thomas Collings, of St. Barnabas's Church Goswell-road, London, afforded the minister some amusing particulars of the durability of certain newspapers as articles of apparel. "Yer see, guv'nor. I don't get a choice of pypers," said the youngster, "jist sometimes one; sometimes another." A "Times" shirt, he explained, would last almost a week, but when he got one made out of "them Radical newspypers, why, they ain't worth a tinker's cuss for wear."

The very first consideration in purchasing a motor-car, and one that should be definitely adhered to, is that it should be "standardised" and have all spare parts easily obtainable, and this is another strong reason for adopting a British built vehicle, says the "By-stander." In buying a car of foreign make one is left entirely in the hands of the importers of it, and, although these usually keep a good supply, still, there is just the chance that they may not. As is well known, every motorist is just a perambulating gold mine, to be plundered by all and sundry, and if he wants, say, a spare exhaust valve spindle, let him pay for it—through the nose. This article is a piece of ordinary iron about four inches long, about as thick as a quill pen, with a mushroom head as large as a florin, and, if made by the hundred by machinery, might perhaps cost threepence, and so the amateur is quite prepared to pay three shillings for it, or even thirteen shillings, rather than go without it, but when it comes to thirty shillings—as the late rare old Joe Capp used to say, when confronted with any objectionable proposition, "Ere, wheer's my a-a-aat."



Photos by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. At Reservoir-road, Tuffley. | 4. Stroud-road Junction with Parkend-road. |
| 2. From Tuffley Bridge. | 5. On the London-road. |
| 3. Stroud-road Junction with Bristol-road. | 6. On Wotton Hill. |

WINCHCOMBE ENGINEERS' CHURCH PARADE.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

FOR FORECARRIAGE OWNERS.

Owners of forecarriages should remember that rather a large number of bolts and nuts are used in the construction of the bearings and steering gear. It is very important that these nuts should be tried with the spanner occasionally for slackness. This does not take five minutes, and may be the means of saving the driver and passenger from a serious accident. Prevention is better than cure.

A TIP ON OILING.

The best motto for the motor-cyclist regarding oiling is "A little and often." This applies equally to the engine and to the bearings. It is a general practice to flood bearings with lubricating oil, and then leave them severely alone for a month or so. Any oil, no matter how good it may be, will clog under these conditions. Injecting oil at frequent intervals into the engine is a protection to some extent from overheating, with its consequent loss of power.

A DANGEROUS PASTIME.

The Motor Act is responsible for another road danger. Since cars and cycles have carried number plates, it has become quite an amusement for children to stand in the road with a pencil and paper and write down the numbers of passing motors. I have been shown quite long lists by several children. The danger consists in the fact that these children in their eagerness to get the numbers, often get dangerously near to the cars, and become a serious annoyance to the drivers who have to dodge them.

THE RELIABILITY OF THE MOTOR-BICYCLE.

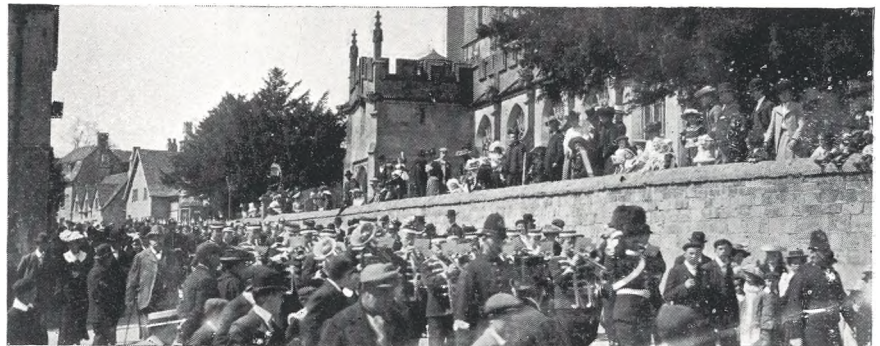
A writer in a contemporary gives as his opinion that in its present form the motor-bicycle will never become popular. He says it gives too much trouble, and is too unreliable to gain much popularity. This might have been the case two years ago, when the best motor-bicycles on the market were mainly experimental machines, but motor-bicycle makers have made great strides since then, and the modern motor-bicycle gives no more trouble than the ordinary pedalling "push bike,"—that is, provided the necessary attention is paid to it in the way of cleaning and lubricating. Some riders exist, however, who expect their mounts to go on month after month with hardly any attention in the way of adjustments, etc. Novices should remember that a motor-bicycle is a delicate piece of mechanism, and requires attention to keep it up to concert pitch. Some riders take a pride in keeping their engines up to the highest point of efficiency. Motor-cycle makers require a fair amount of patience, I should imagine. A novice buys or hires a motor-bicycle; it goes well for (say) a twenty-mile run, and the rider is delighted. Then he stops for a short time, and quite forgetting his instructions as to switching off the current, leaves the interrupter-plug in position and the switch-handle screwed up. In a case like this the platinum points are sure to be in contact, and the accumulator loses all its charge. The motor-cyclist is dismayed to find on trying to start on the return journey that the motor will not "pop." Then ensues an exhausting ride home, the rider providing the motive power. The above has happened several times to my knowledge. Of course the maker is blamed for sending out such a "beastly unreliable thing," and one more enemy is made to the pastime of motoring.

LOSS OF POWER.

A strange loss of power can be frequently traced to the choking up of the exhaust-box with oil or mud. Back pressure on the motor is the result of this occurring, and serious loss of power. Choking of the exhaust-box is frequently caused by misfiring and over-lubrication, or by the use of an oil so stiff that in winter the engine is not hot enough to thin it.



GOING.



RETURNING.



Photos by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.

READY TO DISMISS.

AN INTERESTING CAR.

I had an opportunity of inspecting recently a car of the pattern used by the King. It was in a local works suffering from a broken crank-shaft. The gears and engine of this machine were wonderful pieces of workmanship, and show that cars of British construction are quite equal to those manufactured on the Continent.

HALATION.

Halation is the frequent cause of poor quality negatives. This is chiefly noticeable in the case of photographs of interiors with windows. These windows are more brightly lighted than the rest of the interior, consequently the details of the bright parts are not only lost, but the image of it seems to spread in all directions, quite spoiling the details of the surrounding portions. This effect is not confined to views of interiors. We get the same results sometimes in landscape subjects, such as a picture of dense foliage against a very bright sky. Halation is caused by the fact that the film on the plate or film is not perfectly opaque. The light during prolonged exposure passes through the film, and is reflected from the back surface of the plate or film, producing the familiar blurred image on the film. Backed plates and films are the remedy for halation. Most of the plate makers supply

plates ready backed to render the film perfectly opaque, and they are well worth the small extra charge. Before development the backing should be removed with a sponge.

["Ariel" will be pleased to answer any questions.]

There has just died in Paris, at the age of seventy-five, an American who, besides being almost unique in his own special line, is a fine type of American adaptability to changing conditions. This is Professor Maxwell Sommerville. He first amassed money as a publisher in Philadelphia, and then devoted the leisure acquired by his wealth to make himself one of the very few, even among experts, who could be said to have mastered an absolutely perfect knowledge of everything connected with jewels and jewel carving, ancient and modern. In pursuit of his subject he ransacked Europe and Asia, travelling often hundreds of miles to examine a single stone, and never missing a chance of acquiring fine examples. The result was that he acquired one of the most remarkable collections in the world, which he presented to the University of Philadelphia in 1894, and has ever since held the Chair of Egyptology in that seat of learning.

Books & Publications.

We have received from Messrs. John Bartholomew and Co., the Geographical Institute, Edinburgh, Part XV. of "The Survey Atlas of England and Wales," which they are publishing in a series of eighty-four large plates, to be completed in twenty-one half-crown parts. The contents of Part XV. include the following four districts:—Stratford-on-Avon, Hereford and Malvern, Salisbury, and Bath and Wells. Cheltenham is incidentally included in the first two. By an ingenious system of colouring the configuration of the country may be understood at a glance, all the altitudes above sea level being indicated; roads, railways, and rivers are plainly marked; and not only the smallest hamlets, but also the positions of the wayside inns and chief houses are indicated; and the scope of the work includes physiography, geology, climate, and political and commercial features.

Amongst Cassell's many publications in cheap serial form one of the most attractive to the lover of the homeland is "The British Isles" as depicted by pen and camera. Part 14 has for its subjects two "beauty spots," the Isle of Wight and Dartmoor, the attractions of which are fully set out; while a place is also found for architectural and antiquarian lore in an able and artistically illustrated chapter on Lichfield. The coloured frontispiece is after David Murray's "A Fair Land is England." Part 42 of "Social England" describes with the aid of reproductions of contemporary prints some of the extraordinary vagaries of fashion during the latter half of the eighteenth century, the coloured frontispiece showing what huge headresses were affected by women of fashion. Deeper subjects are also dealt with, and chapters are devoted to finance and the progress of affairs in Ireland and India. The chapter on "Political History" is enlivened by reproductions of a number of contemporary cartoons, those dealing with the French Revolution being exceptionally interesting. Part 5 of Dean Spence's "History of the Church of England" deals chiefly with early monastic life in England, of which a sympathetic description is given, with special reference to the work of the great scholars Benedict, Biscop, and Bede. The narrative is carried down to the time of Charlemagne, whose influence on events in England is considered. Part 27 of that superb artistic publication, the Dante Dore, contains several highly characteristic plates. As the poem is now in the fifteenth canto of the "Paradise," the publication will soon be complete.

The latest addition to Macmillan's handsome "Library" edition of the English classics, edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard (demy 8vo, price 3s. 6d. net per volume), is a splendid reprint in two volumes of Milton's Poetical Works. The first volume is devoted to "Paradise Lost" and the second to "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," "Comus," "Lycidas," the minor poems, sonnets, etc., each volume consisting of some 300 pages. The size of the pages enables large and clear type, with ample margins, to be used, and these advantages, combined with the numbering of the lines in tens, make reading a luxury. Mr. Pollard's bibliographical preface is a model of succinctness, and contains some interesting notes on the first editions. Needless to say the volumes reflect credit on his careful editorship. The text used is chiefly that prepared by Professor Masson, which has stood the test of thirty years. It combines absolute fidelity to the original text, with a modernisation of the spelling, except in cases where the words themselves are archaic and where the old spelling is necessary to preserve the metre or some subtle shade of meaning. Mr. Pollard has also made the capital letters consistently conform to modern usage, and he has abandoned the use of italics for emphasis. As all these alterations are in consonance with modern habits, they preserve rather than injure the meaning of the original for readers

of to-day. The works of the great poet are in this edition placed before the public in a manner which unites dignity with convenience and utility.

POETRY.

THE SEASONS.

When spring has burned
The ragged robe of winter, stitch by stitch,
And deftly turned
To moving melody the wayside ditch,
The pale-green pasture field behind the bars
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When summer keeps
Quick pace with sinewy, white-shirted
arms,
And daily steeps
In sunny splendour all her spreading
farms,
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When autumn lays
Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days
Look backward at the days that went
before,

A pensive company, the asters stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When winter lifts
A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips,
And shapes the drifts
To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's ineffectual brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.
From "Tangled in Stars."

LET CHILDREN USE LEFT HAND.

I have never seen anything but bad results from the attempt to train children to use the right hand instead of the left when there is a decided tendency or habit to be left-handed. Moreover, the attempt is never successful.

The best consequences are poor, and are only awkward mixtures of the two forms, which yield confusions and indecisions during the entire subsequent life. One is that of a naturally left-handed friend, who by arduous and continuous training during his childhood was compelled to write with his right hand. For all other acts he is left-handed, but he cannot use his left hand for writing. Although now past fifty, he has always hated any writing, the mere act of doing so; and he cannot do any original thinking while writing. He is for this purpose compelled to rely on a stenographer and then his ideas flow freely and rapidly. If he tries to think, plan, or devise, and to write at the same time, there is a positive inhibition of thought, and he must make sketches, epitomes, several efforts, copyings, etc., in a painful and most unsatisfactory manner. The attempt at ambidexterity has been a life-long obstacle to him in his professional progress.

The chief centres most closely inter-related in writing and thinking are thus demonstrably better harmonised when in one side of the brain. The mechanics of neurology are plainly less difficult than could be achieved by any foolish and unsuccessful ambidexterity.

(Dr. G. M. Gould, in "Science.")

I came across the other day (a correspondent writes to the "Liverpool Daily Post") a bookseller's list, published many years ago, which contained the following gem:— "Sixty-nine engravings . . . representing scenes of Christian mythology; figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other dignitaries of the Church." It is all very well to talk about entertaining angels unawares, but the enterprising tradesman who tried to slip in a few assorted devils amongst the "other Church dignitaries" was surely going a little too far. And what, by the way, is Christian "mythology?"

A SENSIBLE PROPOSAL.

Few things are more painful to the student of Irish affairs, says the "Christian," than the terrible development of insanity in Ireland. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., dealt with the subject some time ago in one of the reviews; but since then matters have become still more alarming. It is not difficult, however, to trace a large proportion of the disease to its source. In an address to the Conference of Representatives of Irish Lunatic Asylums Committees held in Dublin, the Rev. Dr. Kelly (R.C. Bishop of Ross) said that the Asylums Fund was no longer sufficient, the outlay increasing year by year:—

If they claimed an increase they should claim it through the publicans' licenses, as everybody agreed that drunkenness contributed largely to the creation of lunatics. As liquor contributed to the disease, the liquor trade should bear the expense of curing the victims.

This common-sense idea of compensation for those injured by the liquor trade is the reverse of Mr. Balfour's, but its adoption would relieve the country of a load of taxation, and would help to lift the cloud of disease and death which hangs over the drink traffic.



WILTSHIRE WATER MEADOWS.

There are few spots, says the Hon. Mrs. Hammersley in "Photography," which present more attractive scenes for those who love the quiet beauties of rural England than the water meadows of the South. Hitherto they have remained almost unchanged amid the many innovations. Things do not move fast in Wiltshire when the Wiltshire man is left to himself; but the last few years have seen changes which are likely to alter much of our rural life, and quite obliterate the local peculiarities and ways which were, and are still, so strongly marked in these secluded valleys. In these out-of-the-world spots, some of the larger hatches, known locally as "pills," play an important part in the economy of the meadows. Each riverside village has a sworn parochial official with the lugubrious title of the "Drowner," whose special business it is, not to thin the population, but to superintend the pills and sluices, and apportion the water fairly and justly among the many claimants; for upon due irrigation depends the great value of these meadows to the farmer.

PRINTING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Artistically and
Cheaply Executed
AT THE
"Echo" & "Chronicle" Offices.
Estimates and Specimens
on Application.
TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED

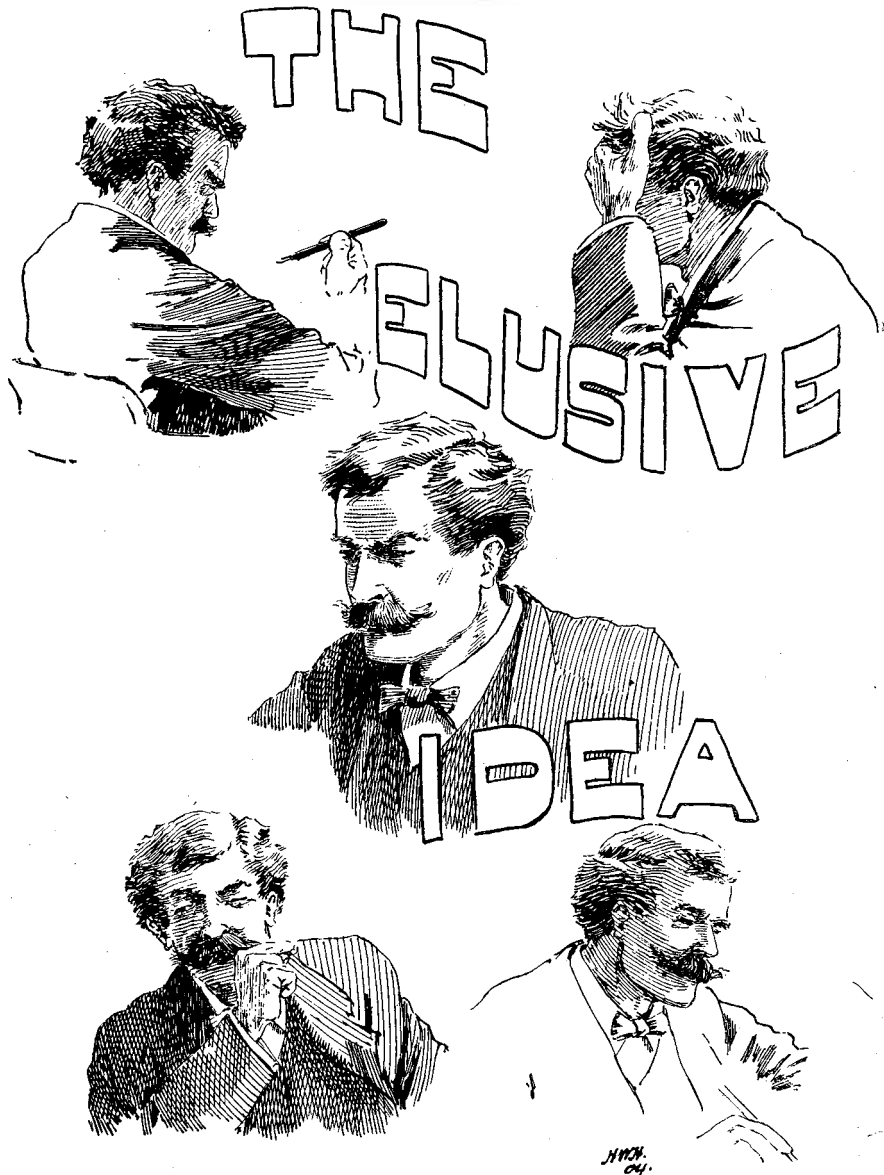
GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Already the year 1904, so far as it has gone, has eclipsed the previous one in regard to substantial sums of money bequeathed by deceased Cheltonians for charitable and benevolent purposes. Nearly £14,000 has been left by four ladies, as against the £3,270 by testators during the whole of last year. Mrs. Ann Rogerson and Mrs. Lucy Helen Thackwell are the latest benefactresses whose names deserve to be inscribed on the local roll of honour. The former, it is true, left her £1,700 to Yorkshire and London institutions, as did the two ladies whose £10,000 between them made so good a start for the year's list of charitable bequests. The £2,950 that Mrs. Thackwell, the other benefactress, willed, goes, as to £1,000 to the poor of Thorner and Searcroft, in Yorkshire, as a memorial of her first husband, Canon Newlove, and as to the remaining £1,950, to eight Cheltenham institutions, the Hospital getting the lion's share, some £1,250 being allocated to endow the "Newlove Bed" there. It is some time since I came across a will in which such handsome provision as that in Mrs. Thackwell's was made for servants. She disposed of no less than £6,350 in the aggregate between eight members of her household, four of them getting annuities absorbing about £5,500. The will was certainly the most interesting one that the "Echo" and "Chronicle" have had for a long time.

Although for the first time in the history of our county regiment of Yeomanry it is now without a Somerset as an officer, the regiment is at present in Somerset, having had to make a new departure by going into that county to encamp for its annual training. I foreshadowed this in February last after the Duke of Beaufort, its then colonel, had objected to go to Salisbury Plain, and sighed for the old training days at Cheltenham. The Yeomen are pursued at Cheddar by the same ill-luck as regards the weather in the "merry mocking month of May." It has been cold, with some severe storms, and though parts of the camp, especially round the cook-house, were for a time like a quagmire, there has been no necessity, like at Badminton, for "bucket parade." The marching-in state of the regiment—some 19 officers and 387 men—was eminently satisfactory, and quite falsified the fears of not a few persons that the recent changes in the personnel of the staff and the different conditions of the annual training would be a death blow to the corps. We have in this muster proof positive that there are nearly 400 local men doing good yeoman service for their country. In looking through the present list of officers I was struck by the fact that there is not a titled man's name in it, and yet I can well remember the time when there were a duke, a marquis, five lords, and a baronet holding commissions. I do not refer to this in any disparaging way, but merely to indicate one social effect of the march of time upon our Yeomanry.

The highly successful manner in which the experimental motor-train service on the Great Western Railway in the Stroud Valley has caught on with the public, inducing many to travel who otherwise would not do so, will, I understand, probably lead to the development of the service upon other branches of the line in this county. I should say that the lengths between Gloucester and Newent and from Cheltenham to Andoversford or Bourton would lend themselves admirably to motor-trains, connecting by automobiles with Northleach and Bibury. Then a car might well be put on to open the section of the new line ready between Honeybourne and Broadway. There is a rumour, not unconnected with the recent visit of Mr. J. C. Inglis, the general manager, to the district, that the G.W.R. Co. propose opening up in the Forest their present lines between Bullo Pill, Whimsey, and Mitcheldean Road with motor-trains. This class of locomotive has undoubtedly come to stay. GLEANER.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by H. W. Hartnell, Cheltenham.
 "Strange how ideas elude one." "Can't for the life of me recollect—"
 "And such a good one, too."
 "Now, wasn't it something to do with—?" "Ah—!"

The pessimism of the East was in the blood of Disraeli, says a writer in "T.P.'s Weekly." In his first novel, "Vivian Grey," written almost in boyhood, and with all the verve and vigour of that age, he writes: "The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth. Let us hope that the heritage of old age is not despair." While he writes thus in youth, with all the world before him, and seen before him as his heritage, in his maturity he says in his finest novel, "Coningsby": "Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret." As a parallel to this, I might cite a fine epigram of the Italian essayist Leopardi: "Our liveliest pleasures spring from illusions; hence it is that, while children find everything in nothing, men find nothing in everything." But, of course, the most exquisite expression of this pessimism is that of Sir William Temple: "When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a forward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

A Great Western special train, conveying the American mails from Plymouth to London, on Saturday, only occupied four hours in the journey.

Writing to the "Field," "Inga Hawkins" says: "A pair of wood-pigeons have built a nest in one of the window-boxes on the fifth floor of the large block of flats on Chelsea Embankment, where we live. They began building on April 14, and on April 17 I saw two eggs, with two twigs carefully laid between them, I suppose to keep them from breakage. On April 30 I saw the hen bird picking feathers from the neck of her mate, and lining the nest with them. One day, when the pigeons were away, two sparrows commenced picking at the eggs. I drove them away by making a noise at the window, which I now keep shut, so as to leave the pigeons undisturbed. When the hen pigeon came back she sat as if wondering who had touched the eggs, and for a moment it looked as if she intended flying away, but she settled down again."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 176.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS EVENING ONLY.
The New Domestic Drama—
"HOME SWEET HOME."

GRAND WHIT-WEEK ATTRACTION.
THE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL COMEDY—
"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN."
USUAL TIMES AND PRICES.

Direct from Colliery to Consumer.—
HIGH GRADE COALS supplied by
W. SAWYER & Co., Colliery Agents and
Factors. Good Quality and Moderate
Prices Offices: 10, Clarence Street,
Cheltenham. Telephone 0868. c84

Another Napoleonic legend has been exploded. Devotees used to aver that among his many wonderful physical gifts the great Emperor possessed the faculty of waking precisely at any minute which he had previously determined upon. So he could, but will had nothing to do with it. He had a secret alarm, made for him in 1810 by the clockmaker Breguet, and considered by the latter to be his masterpiece. It had no fewer than eight dials, indicating true time, mean time, moon's phases, seconds, hours, days of the month, the months, and the years. It also had a small thermometer, and sounded the hours and the quarters. This gem in clockwork was among the treasures of Princess Mathilda.

According to the "Bangkok Times," the proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:—"The news of English, oh crumbs, we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, oh crumbs, we publish it, and in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been colleged and write, oh crumbs, like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisement. Buy it, oh crumbs. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Oh crumbs. Ready on Friday. Number first."

In a Washington street-car the American Senator Mr. Chauncey Depew was riding next to a motherly old lady, who asked him a question. The Senator answered, but found the old lady very deaf. He repeated his answer in a shout, and conversation was thus established. "You are very deaf, aren't you, madam?" bellowed Depew. "I am so," she replied, "and haven't been able to do a thing for it." "Have you ever tried electricity?" asked the Senator. "Yes," she said, nodding vigorously, "I was struck by lightning last summer."



Photo by E. Whatteller, Cheltenham.

MEMENTO OF AN HISTORIC CELEBRATION. LECKHAMPTON HILL JUBILEE BONFIRE, 1887.

Sir William Hart-Dyke, Bart., has been appointed chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, in succession to the late Mr. J. Staats Forbes.

Mrs. Anderson, Mayoress of Newcastle, who before marriage was Miss Lily Heenan, a prima donna of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, sang the Marguerite music from "Faust" for local charities on Saturday.

Towards the establishment of a new ophthalmic department at Norfolk and Norwich Hospital the Duke of Norfolk has contributed £1,000.

While inspecting the Church Lads' Brigade at Stepney, the Bishop of London noticed a lad in the ranks, while standing strictly to attention, snapshot him with a hand camera, and commended his enterprise.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]*

DAUGHTERS AND WIVES.

By ADELINE SERGEANT

* * *

(Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," etc.)

* * *

Speaking as one who has left girlhood a long way behind, and has seen the daughters of her old school friends and contemporaries emerging from babyhood into girlhood and womanhood, I notice a considerable change of type in the modern maiden. In some respects the change is admirable; in others it requires modification. But in all ways the change is extremely marked. I am not going back so far as to the Early or mid-Victorian epoch; I speak now of the girls who flourished in the seventies and eighties, and I think that even in the space of twenty or five and twenty years a great change has come about. The typical girl of the present day glories in her strength. She can play cricket and hockey, she can ride and drive and swim, she can walk ten miles with ease, row a boat with her brother, and enjoy life with the zest of a schoolboy. Very often she is accomplished in some particular line; she has a taste for carving or music, or for managing girls' clubs, and she throws herself into a pursuit of this kind as whole-heartedly as into her amusements. If she is of the wage-earning or salaried class, she does her work in business-life fashion, and makes herself valuable to her employers. She is good humoured, buoyant, generally brimming over with good spirits, a capital comrade, a trusty friend. But she is not sympathetic. People do not feel inclined to confide their affairs to her; and those who are sick or sorry pass her by.

THE OLD-STYLE GIRL.

Still, she is a more complete human being, in many respects, than her predecessor of the seventies, who suffered only too often from insufficient exercise and misdirected energies. Public examinations and crowded high schools were in their infancy; and the education of girls was almost entirely in the hands of private teachers, schoolmistresses, and governesses. In the better class schoolrooms there was an almost exaggerated conscientiousness about small duties, proceeding from the efforts of teachers to follow Dr. Arnold's methods; an excellent ideal if well carried out, but apt to produce a morbid scrupulosity and (in some cases that I myself remember) a positive fear of any sort of enjoyment. "It can't be right, because I like it so much," was a sentence uttered by a girl of my acquaintance in all sincerity.

There was also a good deal of religious and philanthropic activity amongst the girls of that time, in the way of Sunday school teaching, tract distribution, and the carrying of soup and puddings to the poor. Political economy did not, in those days, affect us. We believed that we were doing a great deal of good to others, when, as a matter of fact, we ourselves profited more by our exertions than the recipients of our gifts. Miss Charlotte Yonge has some very well-drawn specimens of girls of this sort in her books. Take, for instance, Ethel May or Amy Morville. In our day, Ethel's classical attainments would be the chief factor of her life; she would have had a coach, and gone to Girton, instead of settling down to keep her father's home and build a church at Cocksmoor. Amy, widowed at seventeen, would most assuredly have made a second brilliant marriage, instead of cutting off her hair, wearing a widow's cap (at seventeen), and "living for" her child. The girls of the present day are not likely to suffer by the sacrifice of their intellectual gifts or the renunciation of all worldly enjoyment at the age of seventeen. They would laugh the idea to scorn.

AND THE NEW.

And yet—is there not something amiss? Ethel May's self-suppression, Amy Morville's abnegation—had they not their origin in some real conception of the divine? These girls had ideals, and did their best, in what we may perhaps think mistaken fashions, to live up to them. I am very much afraid that a large proportion of modern girls have

left "the ideal" out of their consideration. They have plenty of ambition; they want to get on in the world; and most of all they want enjoyment—pleasure—excitement; anything to give them a constant change of sensation and to disguise from themselves the monotony of ordinary life. The modern girl too often leaves out of her life that ever-working leaven which we may call the spiritual sense; she is frankly materialistic. And where this spiritual sense is left out the tendency of a human being is always to become self-centred; to concentrate all its energies on itself, its own advancement, its own happiness, and to fight down any invitation to self-sacrifice; to condemn sentimental as morbid, and self-restraint as feebleness.

The results are strikingly apparent, although we may not have guessed their origin. Impatience of pain, and a great sense of one's own importance, are of course the characteristics of all young people. I am not sure whether the last does not include the first. For most young persons begin life with the firm conviction that they are complete exceptions to all rules; that no one ever had such trials before, or suffered such exceptional agonies; and moreover that fate or Providence is particularly hard, and has some especial spite against them. That they should be laid low by disease, or overwhelmed with misfortune or bereavement, seems to them an intolerable thing.

But why should I have to bear this? they cry; and are not satisfied with the only possible reply: "Why not?"

SHOULD WE BE PUT UPON?

This impatience of pain used not in old days to be very characteristic of women. It was supposed to be woman's place to endure. Often she endured too much; she was foolishly submissive and self-sacrificing; I know of cases where a wife has ruined her health out of compliance with some unimportant fad of her husband's; but self-sacrifice carried to that extent has fortunately been condemned by all reasonable persons. The only danger is that the girls of the present day should carry their lawful desire to be well, to be happy, to be comfortable, to too great an extreme. They talk of "self-development" instead of self-denial; they feel that they are not doing their duty to themselves when they are "put upon," and they very much resent any infringement of their privileges. In theory they are often very right; in practice, only too often extremely selfish.

After all, as I once heard a wise man say—"True Christianity chiefly consists in letting yourself be put upon." Or, as Frederick Robinson said: "Do not talk about your rights, think of your duties." And the modern girl is a trifle too much inclined to fight for her rights, and to neglect some of the most obvious duties of a girl's home-life.

For this brilliant young creature who plays hockey and the violin, or reads Greek and cultivates her intellect, or seeks out and pursues every form of amusement that she can devise, is generally the cherished daughter of two middle-aged people who have spent a good part of their lives in working for her, in thinking about her and planning her welfare. Her father is often a busy man, with whom she has little intercourse; but she can at least meet him with affection, and play a dull game at backgammon with him after dinner, and listen to his tales without a yawn! Then her mother—not clever, perhaps not intellectual—how does the modern girl behave to her? Is it not too true that the daughter constitutes herself the queen of the household, rules her elders, sets aside their tastes, sometimes even actually snubs her parents, and is openly rebellious when they try to exert a little authority? These "revolting daughters" have no charms for the sensible man or woman. Better by far the old days of subjugation, when a girl was taught to reverence her father and to adore her mother; when she believed it to be really her duty to honour her parents; and to treat them with the most delicate respect, the most untiring devotion.

THE SELFISHNESS OF THE MODERN GIRL.

But daughters now-a-days are for the most part too intent on their own career to have

much time in which to study their parents' wishes. "Oh, mother *likes* it," a girl declares, when someone comments upon that mother's tired face at a garden-party or a dance. "Mother likes to look on." But does she? And have you ever troubled to enquire?

"Of course, mother's heart and life are bound up in us; she says she lives her own youth over again when she sees us enjoying ourselves." That may be quite true, but it hardly relieves a daughter from the duty of surrounding her mother with care and consideration. As I said before, the modern girl has not much sympathy; but she might at least cultivate a little imagination. A friend of mine tells me that when she was not much over forty (and she was remarkably young and fresh looking), she found herself in company with some young relatives; and one of them, after gazing at her reflectively for a time, made the following remark: "How strange it must be to feel that life is over for you, and that you have really nothing more to expect! It must be very dreary. I hope I shall not live long!" My friend was a successful writer, with a great many interests and acquaintances; and considering all the irons she had in the fire just then, she could not help a burst of laughter as she replied; but she says it was a revelation to her of the immense want of imagination which exists among young people. It might be as well for girls to remember that all interest does not die out of life at the age of twenty-five.

HER MERCENARY SPIRIT.

Looking at these girls of the day, one thinks of their future with some misgiving. Many of them are to become wives and mothers; and what kind of wives and mothers will they make? Excellent wives, no doubt, in the days of prosperity, but darker hours are certain to follow, and the virtues then required will be those of patience, endurance, self-sacrifice. The modern girl is far more worldly than her mother was in her maiden days. She scorns the idea of love in a cottage; she wants a good house, a good income, and above all plenty of amusement. It is the love of luxury and amusement that seems to be gaining ground amongst us; and it is not a development which promises well for the Empire. The wife who looks on her husband as a mere provider of clothes and meals is not likely to prove a help-meet in the day of trouble. When we note the increase of cases in which husband and wife separate from each other, we wonder whether that terrible "incompatibility" of temper might not have been overcome if the wife had possessed the characteristics of an earlier time. Had she shown herself unselfish, tolerant, patient with his faults, capable of "putting up" with small vexations, perhaps the quarrels would never have been begun, and the rift would not have widened to the destruction of a home. But think of the young wife's training as a girl, and then ask yourself how she could have attained the qualities which would have preserved her happiness? What has she learned?

AND SELF-ASSERTIVENESS.

Well, first of all, she has learned that her own advancement is the chief thing that she must strive for; that her tastes and capacities must, of all things, never go to the wall; that it is her duty not to yield a hair's breadth when it is a matter of individual opinion. She has always understood that one had a duty to oneself, but she expects her husband to sacrifice his inclinations and ideas to hers. She wants him to wait upon her, to work for her, to admire her to the end of time; and she cannot in the least understand that a busy man cannot give all his thought and attention to her as he did in the days of their engagement. Her vanity is offended, and she begins to fret and sulk. The husband is impatient with a wife who cries and grumbles when he comes home at night; and therefore his temper soon matches her own, and domestic strife becomes the order of the day. Happiness has flown out of the window; and whose was the fault?

If the wife is also a mother, matters are worse. The children learn only too early what discord and dissension mean; and the years of their childhood, which ought to be so beautiful, are filled with memories of dis-peace!

HER LACK OF WOMAN'S GREATEST
CHARM—SYMPATHY.

It is well for a man, said the greatest of sages, that he should bear the yoke in his youth. Well for a woman, also. Not a yoke of tyranny or enforced servitude; but the yoke of obedience, humility, faith. If a girl reverence her parents, she will respect her husband and train up her children to the same law of subordination. For we cannot all be equals; we must be subordinate one to another; and there is nothing humiliating to a properly trained mind to feel that we are filling our proper place in the world—some intermediate space, most likely, neither too low nor too high. After all, the old lessons are the best. The young should give all deference to the aged, and the aged should show consideration for the aggressiveness and "cocksureness" of the young. These be trite sayings; but there is good reason in them all.

And so I come back to my earlier contention—that the modern girl should cultivate the power of sympathy if she wishes to resemble those great and wise and lovable women who have swayed the men who rule the world. And quite half of sympathy consists in imagination—in being able to put oneself into another's place. It is only where a girl can do this that she will fill her proper place in the world, and after she has been a good daughter become—if fate permit—a perfect wife!

Next Week: "Cycling in the Alps," by C. F. Simond.

[*Copyright in the United States of America.]

AMUSEMENT A DUTY.

The recognition of the importance of making the most of all that adds more joy to living will come in time. The people themselves show very plainly the dawn of the intuition that laughter and variety ought to have some place in the scheme of existence; otherwise how account for the lengthy queues to be seen waiting (often in rain and mud) night after night outside the theatres and music-halls. And the day when it is acknowledged that the giving of humorous or intellectual enjoyment has as much importance and dignity as the administering of medicine or giving of legal advice will be a good day for the stage—a young actress or actor with degrees, as we may say, will have the best of weapons against the moneyed incompetent, and the surest of rungs wherewith to ascend the ladder of fame. Leaving, however, the "profession" altogether aside, is it too wild a dream to hope that, if some attention were given to the art of acting in our schools, it might be possible when school days were past to form societies where the love of the art of good speaking and good gesture might still further be cultivated? Something in the form of a little playhouse in each village would do much to quell youthful discontent. And that a few of the inhabitants should help to give pleasure to the rest need not mean social upheaval. The peasants of Oberammergau during the period of the Passion Play take a big place in the eyes of the world; but that does not prevent them settling down to their ordinary avocations when their task is done. But perhaps the best example of what can be done in the way of bringing a glimpse of the ideal to gild the prose of life without any paraphernalia of agent or manager, or syndicate or "star," is to be found in the Irish National Theatre. It recently played in London to houses that the most popular stage favourite might envy, yet its only foundation was enthusiasm and hard work—all the members of its company have other avocations.

Frances in "T.P.'s Weekly."



Photos by H. Dyer, Cheltenham.

**Gloucestershire and South Wales and Monmouthshire A.C.'s
Inter-Club Meet at Monmouth, May 14, 1904.
OUTSIDE THE BEAUFORT ARMS HOTEL.**

SHOULD WOMEN EMIGRATE?

I say to the surplus women of England who can find neither home nor work in it, emigrate, emigrate—scrub, sew, bake. "Who sweeps a room to the glory of God makes that and the action fine." Emigrate as sisters if you choose, or wives, as you please (you are bound to have plenty of chances where women are at a premium), but don't be female Micawbers, doing nothing and hanging round waiting for something to turn up, that common sense tells you never can, while your youth fades daily. Every day the labour market grows more congested; each day a marrying man becomes more of a curiosity, bidding fair to become a coveted specimen, exhibited in a glass case at collections, and the women who do not face this fact, and seek pastures new, are bound to be "left."

Helen Mathers in "London Opinion."

Secretaries of tennis clubs complain that lawn tennis seems threatened with extinction. Several important annual tournaments have had to be abandoned this year. Cycling and motoring are held responsible.

THE GENTLEWOMAN.

What makes a gentlewoman? Put the question in another form. Who made the gentlewoman? God made her. To say that He made the society woman, and the club woman, and the sportswoman with her sisterhood, would be not unlike saying that He made the town and the steam cars and green carnations and grey roses. But we may be quite sure that He made the Gentlewoman, and that with every generation adopting the best of things new and keeping the best of things old, she will return in all her sweet dignity to add to the joy of the world.—Harriet Lewis Bradley in the "Atlantic Monthly."



Photo by H. G. Simmonds, Cheltenham.

HOMAGE TO SPRING.

Singing Latin hymn on tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, at five o'clock on May morning, 1904. Listening crowd, consisting mainly of undergraduates.



Photo by F. E. Pearce, Cheltenham.

THE RECONSTRUCTED STANWAY VIADUCT.
FALLEN ARCHES REBUILT, BUT RIBS NOT WITHDRAWN.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION



Neatly and Cheaply

Executed

AT THE

"ECHO" & "CHRONICLE" OFFICES.

Estimates Given.

Trial Order Solicited.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

TO MONMOUTH WITH THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Saturday, May 14, was a red letter day in the history of the Gloucestershire Automobile Club, for on that day was held the first inter-club meet. The club met was the South Wales and Monmouthshire, and the rendezvous was Monmouth. Owing chiefly to the efforts of the club steward, a large muster of members was obtained, some coming long distances in order to be at the meet. I started from Cheltenham at 1.20 p.m., in company with another motor-cyclist and an Oldsmobile car. The journey to Monmouth was made via Gloucester and Ross. It was rather trying "going" through Gloucester, owing to some of the roads being "up." The weather was all that could be desired, but the roads were dusty, and a strong head wind was blowing, which made itself felt on hills. The roads from Gloucester to Ross were in splendid condition, and fast times were made. A motor-cyclist member of the club passed us on the Ross road mounted on a 4-h.p. Kerry bicycle, and he achieved the distinction of being the first to arrive at Monmouth. Several large cars passed us at this point, plentifully besprinkling us with dust; indeed, so bad was the dust, combined with swarms of flies, that goggles were absolutely necessary. The scenery between Ross and Monmouth is indescribably beautiful; and never having been

in that part before, I enjoyed the views thoroughly. Monmouth was reached in good time, and we all made for the Beaufort Arms Hotel, where tea was awaiting us. The majority of the members of both clubs had arrived, and the hotel yard presented a busy spectacle, being thronged with motorists and motors. The machines present were of every size and power, from a huge 22-h.p. Daimler car down to a 2-h.p. motor-bicycle. Two vehicles were attracting a good deal of attention: one was a very pretty Oldsmobile with a new pattern body, and the other was the new Rexette of 5-h.p., fitted with clutch and two speeds. It seemed rather noisy. Most of the vehicles were cars, only a few cycles being present. After some of the dust had been removed the motorists sat down to a substantial repast, presided over by the president of the Gloucestershire Automobile Club (Mr. A. H. Wyatt). After tea short and appropriate speeches were made by representatives of the two clubs, Mr. A. H. Wyatt giving an account of some of the work done by his club. Before dispersing homewards the motorists kindly assembled in front of the hotel for the purpose of obtaining the photographs reproduced in this issue. Several cars were unfortunately crowded out. The proceedings were watched with great interest by the people of Monmouth. The evening was delightful, and the members greatly enjoyed the run home. One or two of the motor-cyclists suffered from belt troubles on the return journey, but Cheltenham was safely reached soon after ten o'clock, all agreeing that the meet had been a great success. This afternoon the home club meets the Herefordshire A.C. at the British Camp Hotel, Malvern.

BACK PRESSURE AND LOSS OF POWER.

Back pressure is a frequent cause of loss of power, especially with small cycle engines. It is caused by two things, viz. (1) Insufficient lift of the exhaust valve. This can be cured

by lengthening the valve tappet which lifts the exhaust valve, or by lengthening the valve stem. I once did this by brazing a small piece of zinc on the end of the stem and then filing the end quite round. (2) A throttled silencer. Most cars are fitted with very efficient silencers, but some of those fitted to motor-cycles do not deserve the name; mufflers would be more appropriate. They only choke the exhaust. Back pressure through choking causes the engine to seriously overheat, and consequently lose power. The gain of power due to omitting the silencer is generally due to the fact that the consequent rapid escape of the exhaust keeps the engine much cooler. It is a very easy matter to make a "cut-off" in the exhaust-box, so that when riding in the open country the exhaust can be ejected straight from the engine into the air. The engine will keep cooler. I would advise the novice to motoring to keep an eye on the space between the exhaust valve stem and the tappet which lifts it. If the space is too great the exhaust gases will not be all cleared out of the engine on the exhaust up-stroke of the piston, and consequently the engine will soon overheat and lose its power.

BRAKE HORSE-POWER.

The brake horse-power of an engine of the internal combustion type is generally estimated from the cylinder capacity and speed or measured by a brake acting on the flywheel. A NUISANCE.

There have been many complaints lately from cyclists and motorists about unrolled metal being allowed to remain on the roads from Saturday afternoons to Monday mornings. It is not so bad for the cyclists, as a track can generally be found for the single-track machines, but cars have to plough through the stones, risking cuts and punctures to the tyres. Motorists can fairly claim some little consideration on this point: they pay heavily enough in taxes.



Photos by J. B. Smith, Cheltenham.

A DAY ON THE THAMES.

1. In Pangbourne Lock.

3. Regatta Course from the Bridge at Henley.

4. A Thames Tributary.

2. A Picturesque Spot.

5. A Thames Steamboat.

Mr. Lyttelton said at Cambridge on Saturday night that he had received letter after letter from South Africa in which the Liberal Party and all that concerned them were consigned to regions which would be indecorous to particularise.

• • •

A correspondent, writing to the "Standard" as to the meaning of hien, yang, tching, and other components of Chinese place-names, says these sounds may stand for as many as a hundred or more distinct words with totally different meanings, and it is necessary to know the particular Chinese character in each case before a translation can be given. Another pitfall for the unwary lurks in the fact that there are several systems of transliteration in use, and that, consequently, teheu and chow may represent one and the same sound. Of course, there is a certain number of frequently-occurring components, such as hsien (or hein), a district; fu, a Prefecture; chou, a department, which can generally be recognised at once; but, as a rule, even one possessing a good knowledge of Chinese is at a loss unless he has the native character before him.

"Wanted, Flats," was, the "County Gentleman" avers, the unfortunately misplaced heading to a moneylender's advertisement in a recent issue of a daily paper.

• • •

Leicester is having a Japanese garden laid out in one of its principal parks. It will contain miniature mountain ranges, clumps of bamboo, the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and a lake with an island in the centre. There will also be a number of stone lanterns, without which no garden in Japan would be considered complete.

• • •

Women of fashion are taking advantage—at any rate in Paris—of the discovery that flowers are sensitive to ether or rare old cognac. Fresh roses, modest violets, rich chrysanthemums, and delicate orchids retain their freshness for an unusually long period when "intoxicated," and the result is that real flowers, instead of artificial ones, may now be worn in hats. The discovery is also responsible, to a certain extent, for the new way of wearing a veil, which is draped so as to fall over the brim of the hat like a founce, allowing a gorgeous real flower to be tucked in its folds.

Mr. John Pennington Thomasson, who was one of the Liberal members of Parliament for Bolton from 1880 to 1885, died on Monday afternoon from pneumonia at the age of 63. The deceased married a niece of Mr. John Bright. Local education had benefited by his munificence to the extent of £30,000.

• • •

Lady Henry Somerset, who is greatly interested in the Bromley Church Settlement, has devised two highly original tableaux for the matinee in aid of the settlement to be given at the Imperial Theatre on June 6th. They are companion pictures, entitled "Bed-time in the Slums" and "Bed-time in the Country."

• • •

Major-General Sir Elliott Wood, K.C.B., general officer commanding Royal Engineers at Aldershot, at a special guest dinner of the Royal Engineers officers, presented the mess with a handsome piece of plate subscribed for by officers of the corps who served in South Africa to form a memorial of those officers who fell in the campaign. The memorial is a replica of the piece of plate presented to the officers' mess at Chatham, except that it is somewhat smaller.

IN WINCHCOMBE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

[By A YORKSHIRE WOMAN.]

To the ordinary visitor, one of the most interesting of the Cotswold villages is Winchcombe, situated about six miles from Cheltenham. The electric trams now run from Cheltenham to the top of Cleeve Hill, and from there it is necessary to catch the 'bus for a three-miles drive if you do not feel equal to the walk.

As far as can be proved, Winchcombe is one of the most ancient towns in England. Indeed, historians tell us that Winchcombe was once the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Mercia. The little country town is near the northern base of the Cotswold Hills, and what was once the abode of royalty is now nothing but a "decayed borough." As far back as 787 Winchcombe was mentioned in English history, and at that date a nunnery was built there by Offa, King of Mercia. As one looks on the old houses and narrow streets, it is easy to imagine that stirring scenes must have taken place in the days when Winchcombe was a busy thriving town and Cheltenham nothing but a hamlet. The Parish Church of Winchcombe is a very fine building of the reign of Edward IV., but it was restored a few years ago. Inside there is nothing very remarkable. Some of the stained-glass windows are beautiful, and a font dated 1655 is still in use. Outside, however, the church possesses ornaments the like of which I have never seen on other sacred buildings. At regular intervals along the walls are placed carved stone heads of a most grotesque appearance. Who or what the heads are intended to represent no one seems to know. Some of the faces are depicted as grinning fearfully, some are scowling horribly, and all of the expressions are hideous. Various theories are afloat as to why the heads were placed around the church, but the most popular seems to be that they were put there with the intention of frightening away all evil spirits. No doubt, as far as mere ugliness goes, the heads have not failed to fulfil their original purpose.

An interesting old legend is associated with Winchcombe. It is said that in the 13th century a prominent lord baron of none too good a repute fell sick. Being, as he imagined, on his death-bed, he wished to make amends for his sins by promising money and lands to the Abbey of Winchcombe. However, it chanced that the baron got better of his sickness, and soon repented of his rash promises. The incident is claimed as being the origin of the well-known lines—

"The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be,
The devil got well, the devil a saint was he!"

To-day Winchcombe is simply a quiet country town, with a sleepy old-world look. Some of the doors in the oldest cottages open in the middle like stable doors, and this appears a very good contrivance for keeping troublesome youngsters inside on washing days. When the inhabitants of neighbouring up-to-date towns want to "get a rise" out of Winchcombe people they make it appear that those who have the misfortune to live in Winchcombe are only partly civilised. In proof of this charge they quote a tale about a certain Winchcombe man who was so elated at hearing a brass band playing through the town that he ran and put his pig on the garden wall, so that the animal might also enjoy the novel pleasure of seeing and hearing a brass band for the first time. But of course the tale is only a libel on the good people of Winchcombe. At any rate, when the new railway from Winchcombe to Cheltenham is completed, the villagers will have as good a chance of becoming civilised as their town neighbours. There is still one ancient custom kept up in Winchcombe. From the autumn fair until the spring fair the curfew bell is rung every night in Winchcombe, and the villagers say that they would not like the old custom to be abolished.

About a mile out of the Cotswold village is Sudeley Castle, a very old pile, and also noted in the history of our country. To my great disappointment, I found that the castle

is not open to visitors only on the occasion of the annual local flower show, but I got a good view of the ivy-covered tower. In modern times the Sudeley Castle estate was for years in the possession of the Dent family, and Mrs. Dent's "Annals of Winchcombe and Sudeley" is considered of great value by antiquarians of the district. As is generally known, Sudeley Castle was once the home of Katherine Parr, at one time Queen of England. After the death of Henry VIII., whose sixth wife Katherine was, she married Lord Thomas Seymour, brother of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of England. At that period Sudeley Castle and the neighbouring estates were in possession of the all-powerful Seymour family. After her marriage Queen Katherine lived quietly and happily with her husband in the remote Gloucestershire village. It was in Sudeley Castle that Katherine's baby girl was born, and it is in the chapel of the castle that Katherine lies buried. On three separate occasions Queen Elizabeth is known to have visited Sudeley Castle, and strangers are shown numerous objects which "Good Queen Bess" is supposed to have used. As the glories of Winchcombe faded away, the glories of Sudeley kept pace. Nowadays Sudeley Castle is one of the "stately homes" of England, with the "light of other days" faintly reflected in its weather-beaten walls and ivy-covered towers.

Also about a mile from Winchcombe, only in another direction, lies the small hamlet of Littleworth. I had dinner in one of the cottages, and then the good woman proffered to show me the surrounding country. It was a hot afternoon, early in July, and the large trees proved a welcome shade from the glare of the sun. We passed through a field of waving corn, and then my guide pointed out the view of the Cotswold Hills in the distance. It was a beautiful stretch of country all around. Hamlets and villages nestled cosily at the foot of "the everlasting hills," and here and there showed a church spire pointing up amid the green.

Some distance away could be seen Stanway, the Gloucestershire seat of Lord Elcho, where the Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, is very fond of staying. The neighbourhood possesses some famous golf-links, so that Mr. Balfour's liking for it causes no surprise. Lord Elcho is a motorist, and may frequently be seen driving about the countryside in company with friends. Presently we passed through a park bordering a small wood, and hundreds of little pheasants were running about in all directions. A man was engaged in going round to every coop to feed the young ones, and they flocked about him like so many chickens. Rabbits were too numerous to count, and when I clapped my hands they scampered away in fine style.

By-and-by I could see a tall chimney, and knew from long residence in the West Riding of Yorkshire that some kind of a factory was close at hand. My guide told me that Mr. Beach, the well-known jam manufacturer, owned the factory, and employed a large number of hands all the year round. Visitors are not allowed inside the factory, but I got close enough to catch a strong smell of boiling fruit. Mr. Beach rents between seven and eight hundred acres of land on the Toddington estate, which has been gradually converted into a fruit plantation. Strawberries, raspberries, currants, apples, pears, and plums, are grown in large quantities, and Beach's jams are known through all the south and west of England.

Every year nearly three hundred girls come from Shropshire for the purpose of fruit picking. The girls are lodged in the village, and while there contrive to make things lively for the inhabitants, who grumble that the place is like a fair every Sunday. Generally the fruit pickers arrive in time for the strawberry harvest, wait for the raspberries and currants, and then most of them go on into Kent for the hop-picking. As we passed between the plantations girls could be seen stooping over the strawberry beds—not very pleasant work one imagines in the full glare of the sun—and the scent of the fruit filled the air.

After such a long and hot walk I felt greatly refreshed with a cup of tea, and then I said good-bye to my guide and her family. I reached Cheltenham safely in the cool of the evening, feeling well satisfied with my day's outing.

PRISCILLA E. MOULDER.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Just two years have elapsed since the death of John Bellows, the philanthropic printer of Gloucester, and "learned lexicographer," which was the apt alliterative description of one his qualifications for the M.A. degree of Harvard University when he was presented there for conferment. And concurrently with the second anniversary of his death there has appeared an account of his life in a form such as I foreshadowed in a note on July 12th, 1902. This volume, edited by Mrs. Bellows, contains "a selection of such of her husband's letters as were available for publication, leaving them, as far as possible, to tell their own story." And from these we get a great deal of knowledge of the true inwardness of the mind and also of the kindly nature of the Friend who made a name for deeds of philanthropy. One interesting instance of the kindly nature of the "man of peace" need only be given: In January, 1900, he had as fellow travellers in the train from Swindon two privates in the South Wales Borderers, ordered to the front and going from Aldershot to wish their families at Winchcombe and Cinderford good-bye, and the result of conversation with them was that he sent them books and writing materials and a letter, in the course of which he said:—"I hope you may all be spared to come back to your homes again, but in case you should be laid up in hospital or anything like that, and you would like me or my wife to go over to Winchcombe or to Cinderford and see your people for any reason, let us know and we will do it." Fate ordained that one of these casual companions of his should die of enteric, and it goes without saying that John Bellows proved himself a friend indeed and succoured the widow and family. From the book one gleans the very interesting fact that it was indirectly through the Factory Act John Bellows met the lady destined to be his wife, she being the sister of an inspector who visited his printing offices and with whom, being a kindred spirit, he became a fast friend.

* * *

It is a singular coincidence that in the month of May, too, Mr. John Bellows's neighbour and friend, Mr. E. H. Percival, has gone over to the great majority. Upton Knoll and Kimsbury House are quite close together, and this is the fair prospect, viewed from these, as described by Mr. Bellows in the book referred to:—"Hundreds of square miles of field and woodland and park and river that I hope will summon into existence a poetry of the Cotswold Hills that shall be a pendant to that of the English Lakes." And it is also a singular coincidence that Mr. Percival passed away in South America when on a tour for the benefit of his health, and that another county magistrate and political colleague of his in the person of Mr. T. Nelson Foster died in that region of the world while on a similar quest in the autumn of 1901.

* * *

The eagerly-awaited decision of Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady in the long-spun-out case of the Leckhampton Quarries Co. against Cheltenham Rural District Council came yesterday morning, and as the Council carried the day there ought to be a celebratory demonstration on the hill top on Whit-Monday in numbers such as have never been seen, and "a wake," on the lines of one kept up on the neighbouring beacon of Cooper's Hill, might, I think, be fittingly introduced. One of the "Village Hampdens" in smock frock could well take the lead. GLEANER.

* * *

Noah is the one figure in history who, because he feared the water, went to sea.

Literary Miscellany.

THE PREMIUM SYSTEM IN GOVERNMENT WORKSHOPS.

In the "Engineering Review" is a "Notice to Workmen," which has recently been placed in certain of the shops in H.M. dock-yards, and which sets forth a premium system of wage earning.

The striking points of this notice are as follow:

The system will enable workmen to earn, in addition to their ordinary weekly wages, extra remuneration for doing work in less time than the fixed time allowed for it.

When a piece of work is given out, a certain time, based on known times taken for similar work done on ordinary time in this shop, will be allowed for it. This time allowance will include all the necessary time for obtaining tools and materials, preparing the machine and lifting and setting the work in or on the machine, any removal and resetting, change of tools, and removing work after completion. If the work is satisfactorily completed in less than the fixed time allowed for it, the workman becomes entitled to a premium varying in amount with the time saved. If, on the other hand, he takes longer than the time allowed, he will still be paid his ordinary wages.

Premium will be calculated as follows: The value of a "premium hour" will be considered to be 1-48th of the workman's weekly wages, and the amount of premium earned on a job will bear approximately the same relation to the ordinary wages due for the time taken to complete it as the time saved bears to the time allowed.

An example is given to enable the workmen readily to calculate the amount of premium to which they are entitled, and the system of time taking and checking is explained.

No premium will be paid should the work turn out defective, and in cases where it does not pass inspection the premium is also forfeited unless the defect can be made good within the time allowance, and only the saving of time still remaining will be counted in for "premium."

In conclusion the hope is expressed:

That the introduction of the "premium" system will lead to the workmen taking an increased interest in their work, machines, tools and equipments generally, and to keenness on their part in pointing out to their officers where improvements may be made and time saved, resulting in better methods of work.



BE UP TO DATE.

An enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a stationer's shop in Newcastle-on-Tyne. He obtained premises next door to a man who also kept a shop of the same description, but was not very pushing in his business methods, preferring to jog along in the old conservative way.

The methods of the Yankee, however, caused the old trader to wake up, and, with the spirit of originality strong upon him, he affixed a notice over his shop with the words, "established fifty years," painted in large letters.

Next day the Yankee replied to this with a notice over his shop to the following effect: "Established yesterday. No old stock."— "British and Colonial Printer and Stationer."



What is written by the heart cannot be read by the understanding—hence sealing-wax.

Dewdrops have been compared to diamonds so frequently that the similitude has become stale. It might lend a touch of originality to the description to liken them to gems of the finest water.



It has been felt in all the ages of the world that the proper habitat of mankind is a garden. Every man should have one and should also have a hand in its cultivation. It is a high and sacramental act to reclaim Nature, and it is, moreover, our specific mission. It is one of the curses of crowded towns that they make garden life impossible.



MAYFAIR MAXIMS.

Show me the horses they drive, and I'll tell you the sort of people they are.

Appearances are deceptive, but disappearances explain a good deal.

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall go to Homburg.

Truth is stranger than fiction; anyway, it is more of a stranger in Mayfair.

A woman is just as old as she thinks the others think she looks.

Love is enough, but I've heard the same said of £10,000 a year.

The magic of first love is that it so seldom leads to matrimony.

Manners have now taken the place of morals, and yet no one is much the better.

Diamonds "cut" Parisian pearls.

Better a cottage in Park Lane where love is than three distinct dramatic successes in the provinces.—"London Opinion."



GIGANTIC RAILWAY FIGURES.

A Parliamentary return issued on Monday shows that the length of railway open for traffic in the United Kingdom last year was 22,580 miles, and the value of the authorised capital thus represented amounted to £1,371,905,000. Exclusive of season-ticket holders, the passengers carried reached the unprecedented number of 1,194,883,000, of whom no fewer than 1,085,325,000 were of the residuum. Within the borders of the United Kingdom 443,830,000 tons of minerals and merchandise were carried. The mileage covered by all alike was 395,703,000.



Members of Parliament and candidates generally are grumbling about the continuous "bleeding" by constituencies. I know some political associations (says a writer in the "World") that will not look at a man as candidate unless he is willing to spend £3,000 or £4,000 a year in what is called "nursing the electorate." This is only a polite name for bribery. There is not a local charity or a half-holiday cricket club, a new church or a new chapel, a bowling alley or a Dorcas society, that does not think it has a claim on the candidate's purse. Foundation-stones have to be laid and bazaars opened, and if a man escapes under £50 a time he does well. Every ne'er-do-weel out of work imagines it the duty of the political aspirant to find him slight employment and good pay, or at least send him a cheque. Candidates pay in silence, for they dread injury to their chances by the suggestion that they are mean. And all this in addition to the usual wire-pulling and electioneering expenses.



There is nothing very remarkable in the report from Japan that a movement is on foot, supported by many eminent men, to found a Church pro-Christian in character but independent in its lines. When Buddhism was disestablished and disendowed in the early "seventies" of last century, owing to the momentary ascendancy of Shinto, which is merely vague ancestor and nature worship, it was prophesied (says the "Daily Chronicle") by acute foreign observers that Japan would either adopt Christianity or become frankly materialistic. It will not be owing to any lack of energy on the part of European and American missionaries if the former course is discarded. Here is one forecast published just fourteen years ago: "To make all Japan Christian by edict some fine morning is not on the programme of the Japanese statesman of the hour. But that something of the kind should happen within the next twenty years is not nearly so unlikely as many things that have actually happened in this land of realised improbabilities."



Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester.

Mr. Edward Hope Percival,

of Kimsbury House, near Gloucester, who died on May 11th last, aged 67 years, at Mollendo, Peru, when returning from a voyage round the world. He was a magistrate for Gloucestershire and formerly in the Bombay Civil Service.

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 175th prize has been won by Mr. J. B. Smith, of 15 Townsend-street, Cheltenham.

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

The winner of the 86th 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 68th prize has been divided between Theodora Mills, Lowmandale, Leckhampton, and Miss F. M. Ramsay, 1 St. Albans-villas, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. J. Fisher Jones at Bayshill Unitarian Church and the Rev. Mr. Cambie, of Felixstowe, at Holy Trinity 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 twelfth literary competition is withheld. There were several contributions, but they were such poor stuff as not to be worth publication.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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.

Mr. J. Walsh, of Otley, Yorks, writes that in reading the Bible recently he found the appearance of the motor-car predicted, and even the presence of the active policeman foretold. He refers us to the Book of the Prophet Nahum, 2nd chapter, verses 3, 4, and 8. The quotations are as follow:—3rd verse: "The chariots shall be with flaming torches," 4th verse: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall run like the lightnings"; also in the 8th verse (the police): "Stand, stand, shall they cry; but none shall look back."

TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



ST. GEORGE, BROCKWORTH.

The excellent photograph of Brockworth Church in last week's "Chronicle and Graphic" may interestingly be followed by a short account of its services.

The doctrine at Brockworth is "high." On entering the sacred edifice a little before eleven o'clock on Sunday morning last, incense was strong in evidence from a celebration of the Holy Eucharist which had just concluded. In the ordinary morning service, however, ritualistic practices are not aggressively thrust upon one's notice, beyond the frequent turnings to the East of the priest and choir, bowing to the altar on the part of some members of the congregation, and the signing of the Cross, rather often made, by the officiating minister.

The church was far from full, but as they would appear to have four services on most Sundays, one could not expect a small village to fill the 250 sittings every time. There was a very fair choir, the members of which, even to the organist and blower, were in cassocks and surplices; but the singing was not more elaborate than one looks for in "Low" Church services. The singing, both of vicar and choir, is more in evidence, I believe, in the Holy Eucharist services. The Venite, Te Deum, and Benedictus were nicely chanted, but the Psalms were read. The vicar has a strong voice, and read the prayers and lessons well; but his gestures were more numerous than one looks for in the Church of England. He offered up a thanksgiving for the fair weather recently vouchsafed to the country.

Ascending the pulpit, he took for his text St. Matthew xxviii., 20: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." He said his subject that morning was to be the abiding presence of Christ. The last chapter of St. Matthew contained, the preacher pointed out, much teaching, much to think about, much comfort. They had brought before them Christ in His risen body, giving instructions to His disciples, and adding the promise contained in the text—a promise full of solemn faith, full of encouragement, full of beauty. What a joy it must have been to the disciples to hear the Master's voice again! Nothing would give people nowadays greater joy than to hear the voice of a departed friend giving his wonderful experience since he left this world. If the promise of the Lord to be with them always was extraordinary, it was none the less true. People who did not grasp what faith was sometimes said "Show us a visible Christ;" but the answer to that was clear and simple: that in the scheme of salvation, in the divine counsels, the fact that Christ was not present in the body was, to a certain extent, far more lasting than if He were; for the reason that all things created must perish, and it would not be consistent that the body that perisheth should abide with them always. The presence of their Lord was more real, lasting, and true than if they could see Him before them. It was an appeal to faith to believe in Him. In making the promise they were considering that morning their Lord looked back and forward: He saw those that had gone before and those that were to come after, and His presence was never to change; He was to always abide with them. The promise applied equally to the congregation as to each individual member of a Church. They were encouraged to pray because they knew 'hat they were in the presence of a near One. Did they realise that? He took up and presented at the throne of Grace the prayers of the faithful and the praises of the true. Was it not encouraging to know that they had a friend "that sticketh closer than a brother;" and that from Him came all the grace they needed to strengthen the will, to purify the soul. They must realise the magnificence, the grandeur of that wonderful truth. If they did not realise it, their lives would be blank and more or less failures.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

COUNCILLOR S—D GOES TO LONDON TO IMPROVE HIS MIND.

"I improved my mind there last week, and hope to do so again this."—Town Council Special Meeting, May 9th ("Echo" report).

The Ancient and Modern Hymn Book was used, and the numbers chosen on Sunday morning were 201, 144, 304—all of somewhat advanced thought.

The interior of the chancel of St. George's is elaborately decorated in gold and colours. Some nice flowers were on the altar. There are some images, a large cross near the pulpit, a banner of St. George, some modern brasses, and a few old mural tablets. A light and rather tasteful iron screen separates the choir from the chancel. The choir sit under the tower, which is supported by Norman arches, with some good work in them. The arcading dividing the nave and north aisle is Early Decorated. There is a small chapel on the south, and the oaken timbers of the roofs are rather good. The East and West windows and two or three side ones are of stained glass.

Exteriorly, the building is a good one, as the picture last week tends to show. Much ivy gives it rather a venerable appearance, but the fabric is in an excellent state of preservation. The central tower is massive, rather low, with embattlements, and within it are said to be six bells, but I did not hear them ringing on Sunday morning.

The incumbent of Brockworth is an earnest man; but this is generally the case where the minister is at all High Church. Whatever our doctrinal feelings may be we must acknowledge that priests of "High" persuasion set their "Low" brethren—at least in the villages—a good example for working. CHURCHMAN.

The latest idea is to substitute an engagement bangle for a betrothal ring. These engagement bracelets are deep yellow golden circles, perfectly plain, and varying in size from the mere narrow bangle to the heavy broad band of gold. The spring, once closed, can never be unfastened unless prised open with a chisel, and the lover has the satisfaction of feeling he has riveted the shackles of his fair fiancée for ever.



A sale of autographs which had been the property of the late Mr. Sholto V. Hare, of Clifton, took place in London on Saturday, and realised about £800. One of the most interesting "lots" was a fine holograph letter written by Oliver Cromwell on Sept. 4, 1650, to his wife, in these terms: "I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; lett that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weake faythe hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marverlously supported, though I assure thee I grow an oulde man and feele infirmities of age-marverlously stealinge upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast discrease. Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success one gil. Pickering will impart to thee." For this letter £121 was paid on Saturday.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 177.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
THE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL COMEDY—
"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN."

Next Week:—The New and Original Melodrama,
"WHAT MEN CALL LOVE."

USUAL TIMES AND PRICES.

Direct from Colliery to Consumer.—
HIGH GRADE COALS supplied by
W. SAWYER & Co., Colliery Agents and
Factors. Good Quality and Moderate
Prices. Offices: 10, Clarence Street,
Cheltenham. Telephone 0868. c84

Several distinguished women noted among London hostesses have a right to the designation "Lady Stanley," but of them all the most sympathetic and gifted is undoubtedly the widow of the great explorer, whose death this month recalled one of the great adventurous romances of the nineteenth century (says "London Opinion"). *Nee* Miss Dorothy Tennant, Lady Stanley is nevertheless in no way related to Sir Charles Tennant, nor consequently to Mrs. Asquith and Lady Ribblesdale. She was the daughter of a Welsh squire, and her mother, Mrs. Tennant, of Richmond-terrace, London, has had for some thirty years a salon rivalling that of Lady Jeune and Lady Burdett-Coutts. Before her marriage to Stanley, Miss Tennant had made herself known as a really fine artist, a constant exhibitor both in the Salon and in the Academy. The finder of Livingstone was immensely proud of his gifted and beautiful wife, who at the time of their marriage looked young enough to be his daughter. Some years ago they adopted a little boy, to whom they soon became parentally devoted, and to whom it is understood that Stanley has left his very considerable fortune.

It happened on the Underground Railway the other day in a third-class carriage, and, as an example of a ready retort, requires some beating (says "To-day"). One corner of the carriage was occupied by a spick-and-span youth of apparently twenty odd years, and the opposite corner by a young lady who was evidently engaged in some capacity in the City, for she had a typewriter case on the seat beside her. The youth, after the manner of his kind, ogled his fellow-passenger with considerable boldness, and at last presumed to address her. "Excuse me," he said, leaning forward, "but your face seems very familiar to me." "Pardon me, sir," answered the other, "but your manner seems equally so to me." The youth retired behind his paper in silence that remained unbroken for the rest of the journey.



Photos by Miss F. Agg, Denton Lodge.

CHELTENHAM GOLF CLUB.

LADIES' SPRING MEETING ON CLEEVE HILL.

1. Group of Competitors—Miss E. Bramwell and Miss Lousada in centre.
2. Miss C. L. Pearce (hon. sec.) and Mr. F. Heald watching putting competition.
3. Watching Approach Competition. Right to left—Miss Griffiths, Miss Pearce, Miss Bellhouse, Mrs. Forster, Miss C. L. Pearce, Miss Tuke.
4. Miss E. Bramwell driving.

In certain localities in Europe and Asia the people still adhere to the exceedingly curious custom of salting new-born babies, notwithstanding its cruelty and danger. The method varies with the differing nationalities of the people using it. The Armenians of Russia (according to an American journal) cover the entire skin of the infant with a very fine salt. The salt is left on the baby for three hours or more, and then washed off with warm water. A mountain tribe of Asia Minor is even more merciless than the Armenians. They keep their new-born babies covered with salt for twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks sprinkle their babes with salt; and even in some parts of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth. The mothers imagine that this will give their children health and strength and keep the evil spirits away from them.

Mr. Francombe (headmaster of Redcliff School, Bristol) was recently presented with a cane, decorated with flowers, and bearing a tablet with the words:—"In thankful remembrance of many just punishments received."

The last remaining privilege of the private member of Parliament (says S. L. H. in "The Bystander") is that he cannot do anything. He gets very few chances of saying anything. The two front benches regard him as less than nothing. But though the good man can do nothing himself, he is still able to see that no one else does anything. He experiences the subtle joy of knowing that he has "stymied" the whole House. Thus the one reason why Parliament does nothing is this—the only men who do anything do something which makes it impossible for the others to do anything else. The block system is admirable on a railway, and it has been found to be a great success as the permanent way in Parliament. But it is still in its infancy, and a member the other night confided to me that on the first day of next session he means to hand in a motion about calling attention to the general state of affairs, "and then, my boy," he said with a chortle, "no one can say a word about anything, and I shall get my peerage."

Literary Miscellany.

LADY BETTY'S RIVAL:

A ROMANCE OF OLD CHELTENHAM.

[By Miss D. K. BOILEAU.]

"Egad, sir, you have a pretty wit, but I'll not concede the palm of beauty to anyone but Lady Betty Dalrymple, however fair she be. A toast, gentlemen, a toast! To my Lady Betty's black eyes!"

"Faith, my Lord Hartsby, I'll drink with you. 'Tis a bold man that would deny Lady Betty the right to be reigning toast," and Mr. Clifford drained his glass with an airy wave of his hand in the direction of the last speaker.

"You speak boldly, sir," said a tall, quiet-looking man who had not yet spoken, throwing back his long lace ruffles from a be-ringed hand white and delicate as a woman's, "but methinks I can name one at least who would dispute your claim."

"You mean my Lord Courtrie," laughed Clifford. "Ah! yes, his infatuation for the pretty play-actress is well known, and as Hartsby can testify, not much approved of among the ladies!"

Lord Hartsby echoed his laugh.

"Sure, sir the dear creatures like not to see so pretty a gentleman entangled by Mistress Marjorie's blue eyes."

Here another voice broke into the discussion. "Think you he will try to introduce her into the Assembly, or bring her here to drink the waters?" asked young Mr. Hendrie.

Several heads were shaken dubiously at such a proposal, but Clifford laughed.

"The poor youth's so infatuated by his devotion to the lady that there's no telling where it may lead him."

"Or where she may lead him," observed Mr. Hendrie rather maliciously.

"I pity the poor girl if he does attempt it, but sure he'll not be so foolish," remarked Sir Arthur Villiers, ignoring the last speaker's remark.

"The ladies, led by Lady Betty, will not countenance her introduction among them for a moment, more especially if it is through him."

"Faith, they'll give her a hot time of it among them," answered Lord Hartsby, more seriously than he had yet spoken. Then, springing up, "But surely I heard Mistress Lydia's charming voice; let us forth, gentlemen, to greet the queens of wit and beauty."

The gentlemen, one and all, set down their glasses and streamed out of the Pump Room into the sweet June sunshine, and a few minutes later might be seen escorting the ladies on their morning promenade.

Soon the Pump Room was again filled with a merry chattering crowd, the ladies smiling, flirting, and sipping the waters as they leaned on the arms of their attendant cavaliers.

"La, sir, you do me too much honour," and Lady Betty's eyes flashed coquettishly at Mr. Clifford, who bent towards her with an easy familiarity.

"I protest, Lady Betty, it is as I say. Look at the number of happy victims your beauty has brought captive. The hardest heart melts in the light of the sweetest eyes in the world."

"Say in Cheltenham, sir, and I deem myself fully complimented," and again Lady Betty's soft eyes peeped roguishly at him from under her long silken lashes. Then, blushing charmingly and extending a dainty hand as Sir Arthur was seen advancing towards them, she exclaimed, half proudly, half shyly, "I am honoured indeed that 'Prince Arthur' deigns to salute a poor girl like myself."

"Nay, madam, say rather a vassal salutes his queen," replied Villiers, dropping gracefully on a silken knee and raising her small fingers to his lips as he spoke. Then, rising, he placed himself on her other side, leaning with careless grace against a pillar, though he did not attempt to join in the petty war of words that went on between the two.

Presently the lady paused, and glancing

round the room said a trifle sharply, "I do not see my Lord Courtrie here this morning. 'Tis not his usual custom to absent himself from the morning promenade."

Before either of the gentlemen had time to answer her, a slight stir was heard amongst the group nearest the door, and a murmur of "By heaven, Courtrie and his play-actress!" ran round the room. Then, as they fell apart in sudden consternation, the figure of a tall slender young gentleman, very dark, and undeniably handsome, upon whose arm hung the daintiest of little figures, clad in shimmering blue and cloudy lace, appeared in the doorway.

The young man, glancing round imperiously, made as if he would enter, but hardly had he advanced a step into the room when several hands were outstretched to stay his progress, though as yet no word had been uttered by either party. The lady, who was indeed little more than a child, and whose golden curls, unpowdered, fell in charming confusion round her sweet baby-face, drew back in alarm as she saw the cold and threatening faces round her, and with tears filling her blue eyes, besought him in low and piteous accents to withdraw, clinging with both hands the more closely to his arm. He, however, paid no attention to her entreaties, but glancing round with an angry flush on his cheek he clapped his hand on the hilt of his sword, crying furiously,

"Death and fury, sir, do you refuse to allow this lady to pass? Stand aside, or by gad—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Sir Arthur, who had quietly left Lady Betty's side and made his way round the outskirts of the crowd, laid his hand on the young man's arm, saying in a low voice,

"Harry, lad, be not so rash. Do you not see that you are but subjecting the lady to insult by trying to force her here. Spare her their unkind criticisms, if you will not spare yourself."

Lord Courtrie, however, paid little or no heed to his friend's kindly warning. Brushing him impatiently aside, he muttered, "I care not, Arthur, I'll have her acknowledged by them all, including that proud beauty yonder who thinks no one good enough to kiss her shoe!"

Then advancing, this time without hindrance, to where Lady Betty, in the midst of her group of attendant cavaliers, stood coldly and haughtily surveying the proceedings, he said, in clear high tones,

"Lady Betty, allow me to present to you this lady, Mistress Marjorie Treherne."

No change, however, came over Lady Betty's proud young face. It only grew if possible a shade colder, as she replied in her iciest tones, "And I, sir, refuse the introduction."

"Then, madam," answered the young man angrily, "allow me to present my future wife."

For an instant Lady Betty's white lids fluttered over her dark eyes; then, turning with a haughty gesture to Mr. Clifford, who had been watching the little rencontre with a careless, half-sarcastic smile, she said frigidly,

"The air of this room is somewhat close, methinks; may I beg the support of your arm into the Gardens?"

"Madam, I am vastly honoured," replied Clifford, offering his arm with a bow, at the same time contriving to throw a glance of amused meaning at Mr. Hendrie, who stood near him.

No sooner had Lady Betty gone than a storm of scornful remarks broke forth, bitter on the part of the ladies, and amused on the part of the men, in which such words as "pert miss," "creature of low origin," "forward minx," were plainly audible. Lord Courtrie stood for an instant glaring round on the whispering groups; then, bending down to the sobbing, trembling little figure still clinging desperately to him, he said in a low voice, "Come, sweet Marjorie, look up and dry those tears. Let's show a brave face to all the world. Come forth into the air, sweetheart, and we will forget these ill-tongued folks."

The pair turned to leave the Pump Room, when, as ill-luck would have it, a tall, lanky, ill-favoured gentleman lounged across to

them, and tapping Lord Courtrie lightly on the arm said maliciously, "Take my advice, sir, and make no more ill-adviced attempts to introduce your mistress into company that's too good for her."

The speech, together with the leer by which it was accompanied, acted like a match to gunpowder. Drawing his sword Lord Courtrie sprang upon him, crying furiously, "You hound, how dare you insult the lady? Draw, sir, draw, or I will run you through where you stand."

Here several of the gentlemen, who had run up hurriedly on seeing the encounter between the notorious Captain Stinger and the furious young nobleman, struck up their swords, exclaiming, "Sirs, sirs, would you fight before the ladies?"

Sir Arthur, seizing Lord Courtrie by the arm, said to him sharply, "Stop, Harry, you must be mad; you shall not fight Stinger, he is no fair match for you." Then turning to the others he said earnestly, "Gentlemen, this duel must be prevented. I protest against Lord Courtrie's fighting with Captain Stinger. He is but a youth, and has had little practice in duelling; while Captain Stinger's reputation is well known."

But Harry Courtrie was not to be thus set aside.

"Leave me alone, Arthur; I tell you I will fight. This gentleman has insulted me and my lady, and nothing but his blood or mine shall wipe out the insult. Captain Stinger, sir, what do you say? Will you fight me here and now?"

Captain Stinger bowed his assent, with an oily smile, "Certainly, sir I shall be most happy. Mr. Wetherby, may I intrust your services as my second? Thank you. At your service, Lord Courtrie."

Lord Courtrie turned to Sir Arthur.

"Arthur, you will stand by me, I feel sure. Gentlemen, you are all witnesses of my challenge given and accepted. Shall we adjourn to a retired part of the Gardens and settle this affair?"

Meanwhile Marjorie had withdrawn her arm from Harry Courtrie's, and with a face white as snow and blue eyes dark with terror, had darted through the swing doors and out into the Gardens. Here for a moment she paused and looked round her. Then, seeing in the distance the objects of her search, she flew along the graveled pathways, her breath coming thick and fast, her skirts fluttering, her fair curls flying in the wind. In a very few moments she had reached the part of the Gardens in which Lady Betty and Clifford were walking, but so out of breath was she by her run that she could only sink down at Lady Betty's feet, crying frantically,

"Madam, Lady Betty, oh save him—"

Lady Betty hastily shook off the clinging fingers.

"La, girl! What do you mean by assaulting me in this fashion? Save whom? Get up, you fool, and answer me properly, or I'll not hear a word."

Thus adjured, Marjorie rose to her feet and stood panting before Lady Betty, her fingers clasping and unclasping nervously as she spoke. "Madam, I implore you—'tis only you that can stop them—Harry will be murdered—they are about to fight—Lord Courtrie and Captain Stinger, I mean—Stinger insulted him, and Harry swore he would have his blood, and he will be killed, for sure, O dear! O dear!" and a burst of sobs ended this incoherent appeal.

In the face of this disaster Lady Betty's pride and jealousy gave way.

"Heavens, child," she cried, seizing Marjorie's dimpled arm, "Harry Courtrie is not going to fight with Stinger? Why, 'tis monstrous, 'tis rank murder! The foolish boy will be killed at the first thrust. Captain Stinger's the very fiend. Run, Mr. Clifford, I beseech you, and put an end to this absurd affair."

Then, forgetting alike her dignity and anger in her anxiety, she seized Marjorie's hand and set off running at the top of her speed to the scene of the duel. They were barely in time. The gentlemen had already thrown off their satin coats and waistcoats, and were taking up their positions with their seconds, when the two ladies, breathless and dishevelled, followed by Mr. Clifford, burst into their midst.

"Stop, sirs," cried Lady Betty imperiously, "I command it. Heavens, gentlemen, what were you thinking of to let this occur? Lord Courtrie, what folly is this? Captain Stinger, put up your sword."

At this moment Marjorie, whose nerves had already been tried to the uttermost by the events of the morning, fainted dead away at Lord Courtrie's feet, and he, springing forward, lifted her insensible form in his arms and bore her away.

Lady Betty saw her opportunity in this timely interruption. She stepped forward with her most winning smile, and laid her hand persuasively on Captain Stinger's arm. "Captain Stinger, I beg of you to take no further notice of this hot-headed boy's folly. To kill him would create such a scandal, and I should be vastly sorry were such a thing to happen. Do, I beseech you, write a note of apology and explanation, and do not stain your reputation by causing the death of this young gentleman."

Here she looked up at him with an irresistible glance of appealing supplication. Two large tears gathered on the long lashes, and the soft hand still resting on his arm trembled slightly.

Captain Stinger could resist no longer. "Madam, your wishes shall be my law," he cried, dropping on one knee and raising her little white hand to his lips. "I will hasten home and write the letter to my Lord Courtrie, though I confess I could find it in my heart to wish the matter had been settled by our swords, and so, I'll warrant, will he!"

"Sir, I am vastly grateful to you for yielding your wishes to mine in this matter," cried Lady Betty, dimpling and smiling. Then, as she saw Mr. Hendrie approaching, "How fares Mistress Marjorie? I trust 'twas nothing serious."

"She is recovering fast, Lady Betty. 'Tis but a swoon, and we have persuaded Harry Courtrie to postpone the duel and take her to her lodging."

"It has fallen out most opportunely," returned Lady Betty, "but my nerves have been somewhat shaken by these occurrences. Mr. Clifford, will you oblige me by calling a chair; and Mr. Hendrie, may I have the support of your arm to the Pump Room. Gentlemen, you will, I feel sure, hasten to relieve the anxiety of the ladies."

In a few moments the green was once more deserted, and quiet reigned over the scene which had been so animated but a short time before.

Early next morning a chair was set down before the door of Lady Betty's house in Pittville, and a small figure, closely hooded and masked, stepped out. No sooner was she shown into Lady Betty's presence, however, than she threw aside her wrappings and revealed the slender figure and lovely face of Mistress Marjorie Treherne.

She was dressed in the palest of rose-coloured brocades over a petticoat of sea-green satin. A brilliant colour flushed in her cheeks beneath the snow of her powdered hair. She ran forward with a little cry when she saw Lady Betty, and seizing her hands cried softly, "Oh, madam, how can I thank you for your kindness yesterday. I thought, in very truth, Harry Courtrie was a dead man. Captain Stinger's the most dangerous swordsman; Harry could not have withstood him for a moment. His letter of apology reached Harry last evening. 'Twas most kind, most generous of you to interfere and stop them. Never can I repay my gratitude," and again seizing Lady Betty's hands she covered them with fervent kisses.

"La, child, cease your foolish chatter," cried Lady Betty, not ill-pleased, however. "Tis my place to cry your forgiveness for my rudeness to you before the company. I behaved like a jealous fool, and 'twas right I should make some amendment. Come, say no more, but kiss me as a token of forgiveness and reconciliation, and we will go together to the Pump Room, where I'll warrant 'twill not take long for our esquires to find us out," and with the words Lady Betty, who was nothing if not generous, pressed a very warm and friendly kiss on Mistress Marjorie's glowing cheek, and together the two descended the steps and disappeared within their respective chairs.

WILD ORCHIDS.



[BY THEODORA MILLS.]

Do all Cheltenham people know that paradise of wild orchids, Cobenley Wood? There are other flowers in plenty—hyacinths, popularly known as "bluebells," and looking blue enough by contrast with the royal purple of their neighbours; great patches of cowslips, too, strewn here and there in among the green of wild garlic leaves and its pearly-white buds; and anemones just fading to their death; but supreme over all are the tall magnificent spikes of bloom which spring up from the spotted orchid leaves.

We went the other day to seek and to find these treasures. The weather was perfect—hot sunshine, a hazy blue sky, a light southwest breeze. One did not feel fatigue in mounting the long steep pitch of Leckhampton Hill. There was little view to reward us; the mist shrouded everything beyond Bredon, Bredon Hill itself looming softly through. The long line of Bushcombe, Cleeve, Hewlett, and Charlton hills showed plainly to the eastward, but all subdued by tender haze, which gave promise, taken with a rising barometer, of warmth and settled weather for that day at least. Broadway Hill was nowhere to be seen, and Tewkesbury and all the plain in that direction were lost in vague greys and blues.

We went on at a brisk pace, coming to fresh peeps of beauty as Crippetts Hill revealed itself below us to the right, the ever-charming view from the little wicket gate opposite "Bartlow" inviting to pause and rest. Further still came the winding ascent through tall dark trees at the point where used to stand "Boodle's Folly," a house foolish only in construction, but most wise in the choice of its situation, one of the loveliest nooks on all our lovely hills. Just above this, as we emerged on to the open uplands, we cast a respectful glance at the entrance to Salterley Grange, the home of the beautiful horses with flowing tails and cheerful, blinkerless eyes, which are the pride of Cheltenham.

Turning presently to the left, past another large estate, with lake and park-like grounds, we soon gained the Coberley-road, and leaving it bent again to the right, a quiet highway that brought us speedily to the wood. It does not look very much from the gate, and a careless observer might pass on and possibly yield to the temptation of trespassing on the doubly-fenced fields opposite, where a luxuriance of cowslips riots in the long grass. But it is wiser not to do so, not only because trespassers (if caught) will be prosecuted, but because there are richer spoils to be had within the sanction of the law (apparently) in the wood. Follow the path as it leads from the gate into the heart of the trees; where it divides take any branch you please, for all lead to paradise, but one is a paradise on the hill top, among great sombre pines, looking like a bit of the Black Forest, wedged in among softer foliage, while the others lie along gentle slopes and are crowded with nut bushes, beech trees, and stumps of huge kinds of the forest, all surrounded with young emerald shoots, with ferns and many wild plants domesticated in their crevices, fit to grace any velvet lawn.

Well, here were the orchids in abundance. Glancing under the light boughs of the bushes, one saw their purple splendours glowing from afar, and had but to part the underwood and push through a few tangles in order to stand among them. Wonderful trusses of blossom growing up the stem to a length sometimes of nine inches, and supported by long thick stalks which give quite a different idea of the plant from that one receives from the smaller specimens often found in cowslip fields. These are worthy a place in any garden, and, could one but cultivate them, how fine would be the effect of a narrow border or little bed of them, relieved with rich yellow and pure white! They are of all shades, from a dark regal purple to a pale heliotrope, almost pink, and in some of the dark ones the white centres are more marked than in others, and the effect is very striking. Our only difficulty was how to stop picking. Of course a handful or so of cow-



Photo by H. C. Hayward, Stow-on-the-Wold.

STOW FAIR, MAY 12, 1904.

slips must be added for the sake of contrast, and then the hyacinths, although not harmonious, were so fine and of such a beautiful blue-purple, that it was impossible to entirely resist them. What was to be done when both hands overflowed with the wealth of flowers? We observed that the scent of the orchids, not usually considered very sweet, was far from unlike that of the varied species grown by a certain great personage in his hothouses, just as, to the acute nostrils, there is a faint reminiscence in the perfume of the wild hyacinth of that delicious but slightly enervating odour which delights us in the conservatory.

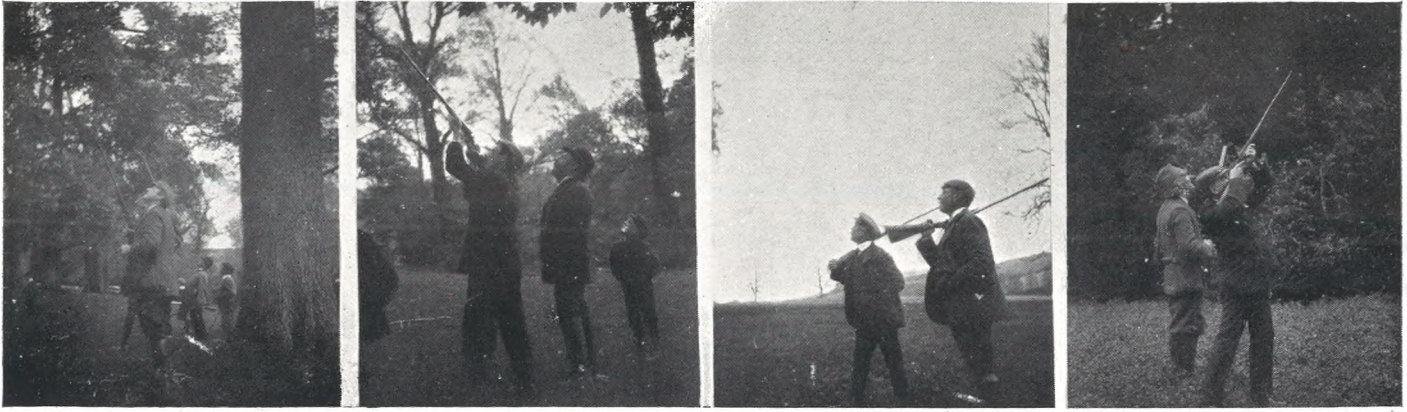
The afternoon was well advanced when, having wandered in many paths and rejoiced in all the beauties spread so lavishly on every side, we emerged from the wood by another gate, and set out to return, bringing our sheaves with us—yes, armfuls and basketfuls. The breeze had freshened and there was less sunshine, but to compensate for this, much of the landscape had emerged from its misty veil, and we could see many miles of fertile plain, like one vast garden, new-leaved trees and snowy orchards mingling with the soft greens and browns of fields, and houses, farms, and villages set here and there, giving the required touch of habitation, till Cheltenham itself came into view with all its suburbs and its grand amphitheatre of hills, one of the loveliest of English towns.

"Soon there will be no one left to till the fields," was the opinion of a party of 7,000 Croatian and Hungarian labourers who, unable to live on their low wages, recently left Trieste for America.



In size, at least, we have Thackeray's prototype in the French author, Alexandre Dumas, unlike him, perhaps, in every other way (says Mr. Harry Furness, in an interesting article, entitled "Some Great Big Men," in the May "Windsor Magazine"). This great author—great by reason of his prolific output, even if he had possessed no other title to the epithet—was one of the most extraordinary men who ever held a pen. He lived the life of a prince, in a house built like a palace. Engaging a score or more of assistants, he turned out his novels as a manufacturer would turn out machine-made goods. He made several fortunes and spent them; and towards the end he actually became an advertisement for a tradesman, sitting in a shop window to attract a crowd. Perhaps even his own son came to look upon him as a show, for there are many anecdotes told of him that would seem to point in this direction.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



UPWARD, EVER UPWARD.

WILL HE SUCCEED?

GONE AWAY!
(C. T. behind for once).

A PRETTY RIFLE SHOT.

Photos by J. Edwards, Colesborne.

HUMOURS OF ROOK SHOOTING, May 13, 1904.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

A melancholy, as well as patriotic, interest is attached to the list of the officers and men belonging to Cheltenham who volunteered and served in South Africa, including those of the Regulars, who lost their lives in the war. This list is the record officially put forward by the municipality as the provisional one intended to constitute the roll of honour that is to be placed in the Town-hall. Well, the most cursory perusal of it satisfied me that it is anything but a full and complete and correct one, and I was glad to note the accompanying intimation that any additions or corrections should be sent in forthwith. In all only 106 names are mentioned, whereas I well remember that on September 27th, 1902, the dinner that the townspeople gave at the Winter Garden to the returned Reservists, Yeomanry, and Volunteers was attended by 165 men. And as there are the names of 37 deceased officers and men down on the list in question, there would appear to at least be 202, instead of the 106, Cheltonians qualified to have their names locally immortalised. At all events I would advise that the "Local History of the War" which appeared in the "Echo" and "Chronicle" should be carefully consulted by the authorities before they finally draw up and close the list. I observe that on the bases of the Russian cannon at the top of the Promenade the names inscribed thereon are of twelve officers and fifteen men "connected with Cheltenham" who fell in the Crimean War. The point seems to be whether "belonging to" and "connected with" Cheltenham are synonymous; but I understand that in the present case domicile within the borough boundaries has been the ruling factor in the inclusion of names. While on the subject of memorials I may mention that I hear it is confidently hoped that the county war memorial, in the shape of a stained-glass window in the Chapter Room of Gloucester Cathedral, will have been put in its place and ready for unveiling before the Musical Festival next September.

The vital statistics by the Registrar-General, though generally dry reading, are not without points of interest locally, if they are carefully dissected. We can at least see whether we are going forward or backward in the balance of births and deaths. I find that for last quarter, ending March 31st, the birth rate in these places was:—Cirencester, 32.1 per 1,000; Westbury-on-Severn, 30.6; Gloucester City, 24.0; Tewkesbury, 23.7; Stroud, 20.6; and Cheltenham, 19.4. The fluctuations are curious. For instance, in the previous quarter commercial Gloucester was the lowest, with 19.3, being under Cheltenham, with 20.6. As regards deaths, it is a remarkable fact that the rate was exactly even in Cheltenham with the birth rate, being also 19.4. This is certainly higher than in the previous quarter, when it was only 15.4, or second lowest in the county. The abnormal

number (135, or the highest in any single registration district in the county) of deaths of persons over 60 years is largely responsible for hitting up the rate, while those whom the gods love (the young) also assisted by adding 29 deaths, second only to Gloucester, with 34. Cheltenham has the unenviable notoriety of 13 deaths, including one in Charlton Kings, by violence, as against 5 only in Gloucester city, and an extra 4 in the Union.

The return home of our Yeomanry from Cheddar Camp, where they spent a very instructive time in generally fine weather, again induces me to raise the question whether it is necessary or desirable to send them out of this county for training when there are eligible camping places in our midst. And I wonder if anything practical will eventuate from the visit, some little time ago, of several high officials of the War Office to the district between Birdlip and Painswick Beacon, which was carefully surveyed and the common land duly marked on maps, with the view, as I understood, to the possible selection of this large tract of country for a big permanent camp. I trust, in the interests of Gloucestershire that the high ground there will become the locus in quo of a camp and perhaps of barracks as well.

GLEANER.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN ?

He is a man who is gentle in thought, word, and deed. He is a good son, husband, father, friend, and is generally true and just in all his dealings. "He back-biteth not with his tongue," as the fifteenth Psalm says, "nor doeth evil to his neighbour, but maketh much of them that fear the Lord." He is a foolish and vulgar person who is easily provoked, touchy, and prone to take offence; the Christian gentleman is not provoked at all, or, if he is, he manages to hide it. "Charity thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity." Sometimes we are surprised to find people with no advantages of birth, money, or position exhibiting in their manner the sympathetic tact and delicacy of feeling that belong to real gentlefolk. They may well be called God Almighty's gentlemen, for it is He who has made them what they are. We hear much now of schemes for refining and beautifying the lives of the dim millions, but nothing can really do this except true religion. Christianity aims at making them all gentlemen in the proper sense of that much-abused word. If anybody says that it is absurd to expect the masses ever to attain to such refinement and elevation, we reply by asking—Is it absurd to expect that they may become Christian, and, if Christian, can they be anything else than true gentlemen and gentlewomen?

Rev. J. E. Hardy, M.A., in "London Opinion."

WALKING EXERCISE.

"Walking," said an old physician, "is of little or no use as a form of exercise while the mind of the walker is on his work. All the good effects of the fresh air and exercise may be neutralised by the preoccupation and anxiety.

"For this reason, where physical exercise is necessary, I am more inclined to recommend bicycling, or any other form of pastime which calls for some amount of active interest on the part of the person pursuing it. I especially favor those sports which involve pleasant companionship, for solitude is not a good thing in recreation, however helpful it may be in some forms of work.

"The fact is that in this, as in other matters, the mind is the important thing in keeping the body in health. When a man ceases to take an interest in his pursuits—whether work or play—the benefit he derives from them disappears. Many people, by the way, think they need exercise when they really need rest both of body and mind."

WHY BIRDS ARE EASILY POISONED.

Birds seem to have no discrimination whatever in regard to poisons, probably because they have almost no sense of smell and swallow their food without masticating it. They are terrified to paralysis by the appearance of a poison snake (unless the terror be due to dread of the appearance of the serpent rather than to an inherited knowledge of its venomous power); but such intelligent birds as rooks will pick up and eat poisoned grain, and crows and ravens readily eat poisoned eggs or meat. Chickens will eat the poisonous seeds of laburnum and die from its effects. Whether birds such as tits and greenfinches ever do so does not seem to be known. But wild birds are frequently found dying in gardens, though apparently they have been in good health a few hours before, and their death may be probably due to the consumption of poisonous seeds.—London "Spectator."

The "bronze lady's watch" and the "leather gentleman's pocket book" we all know. The "Morning Post" now advertises the loss of a "thin lady's gold hunter watch."

The "Evening News," in reporting the return to this country of a certain prominent statesman, says his wife "was attired in a travelling jacket, lace collarette, black hat, and blue veil. She chatted animatedly with her husband"—probably, suggests the "Master Printer," to keep herself warm.



VIEW OF VILLAGE.



THE MILL.



ANOTHER VIEW.



THE CHURCH.

Photos by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.

STOKE ORCHARD.

A German missionary long resident in Japan sends home some statistics of general interest. We learn that in 1902 there were in Japan 55,324 Roman Catholics, 26,680 Greek Catholics, and 46,634 other Christians. But as many Protestant Churches do not include baptised children in their reports, the total number of Christians is estimated at about 200,000. The growth of baptism is proportionately more than three times the increase in population. Many of the Churches are self-supporting, and he says that "the quality of the Japanese Christians and preachers is such that Japanese Christianity would have abiding permanence even if all mission help were withdrawn." Although numerically weak, Christianity exerts great influence and power in Japan, and in

some departments has an acknowledged leadership. Few modern books fail to show its influence. It has affected the whole moral and ethical vocabulary. "It is remarkable how many of the prominent men of Japan are Christians. To this creed belong one member of the Imperial Cabinet, two judges of the Supreme Court, two presidents of the Lower House of Parliament, three Vice-Ministers of State—not to mention a host of officials in the lower ranks. In the first Parliament, out of a total membership of 300, there were, including the president, twelve Christians, or a proportion nine times greater than that in the country at large. In the present Parliament the president and thirteen members are Christians, and this number includes some of the most

influential men in the assembly. In the army there are 155 Christian officers, or fully 3 per cent. of all, and the two largest battle-ships are commanded by Christians. No less than three of the great daily newspapers of Tokio are edited by Christians. The most successful public and charitable institutions are managed by men of the same faith." Altogether, he finds the outlook for Christianity in Japan most promising.

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommaney on Sunday reached his ninetieth birthday at Portsmouth. Admiral Ommaney is the sole survivor of the battle of Navarino, and is the oldest living British admiral. For weeks past he has lain insensible, and there is no hope of his recovery.

Identification by finger prints is no novelty. The Rev. Mr. Collyer, a returned missionary, states that the practice has existed in Corea for many centuries. He has seen deeds dated 1,200 years ago in which it was employed. Slaves who were being sold were made to place their hands upon a sheet of paper, and the outline of the fingers and thumb was traced, after which an impression of each of the fingers was taken.

Lady Decies, whose fondness for cats is so well known, owns one of the most valuable Chinchilla cats in Europe, besides many others of the rare Siamese variety. If you wish to see "Catteries" with every modern arrangement, says the "St. James's Gazette," a visit should be paid to Beresford Lodge. Each room boasts of a fireplace and a cork carpet, and the beds for the cats were specially designed by Lady Decies, also the ladders used by these favoured animals for their exercise. A woman and a boy are also kept to attend the many wants of these animals.

At the suggestion of the Wandsworth Traders' Association, the London County Council is considering the question of fixing a commemorative tablet on Holly Lodge, Wandsworth, where "George Eliot" lived for a time in 1859 and 1860. The house—a plain, unattractive, semi-detached residence of dingy, grey stone—stands in the Wimbledon Park-road. In the garden there is a tree said to have been planted by the novelist. Herbert Spencer and Charles Dickens dined more than once at Holly Lodge, and it was there that "The Mill on the Floss" was written.

The quaint account just published of a stationless railway lately opened in a picturesque part of Staffordshire, passengers being free to enter and alight anywhere en route, reminds a correspondent of a very quaint line opened some years ago in the south-west of Scotland, and known as the Wigtownshire Railway. The only station was at the terminus, in a little seaport town; and it consisted of a bathing-machine, with a hole cut in the door at the back, through which tickets were distributed. The engine-driver and guard, by mutual arrangement, halted the train whenever they saw a likely passenger. Once this was done in response to the frantic waving of a somewhat ragged individual in a field a couple of hundred yards distant from the line. The train stopped, but the passenger showed no signs of advancing to board it. On nearer inspection he turned out to be a scarecrow! This little line has since been absorbed by one of the big Scotch railways, and is now, no doubt, thoroughly up to date.

An American lady has very opportunely and judiciously, though with what measure of success may be doubtful, delivered a thesis on the difference between Reading and Reading Well (says the "Connoisseur"). There is no doubt whatever that the indiscriminate and superficial perusal of literary and journalistic ephemerides is too widely diffused, and is at the same time the almost exclusive mental nutrition of a large majority of persons of both sexes and of all ages. There are, broadly speaking, two classes of readers: that which reads on special subjects for study or pleasure, and that which reads to keep itself in touch with current events. Perhaps the latter can hardly claim to be reading at all; it is little more than examining the weather-glass or noting the quotations on the Stock Exchange. Of the first category, the readers for study or pleasure, a considerable proportion, again, merely go to certain textbooks to qualify themselves for a business or a profession, rather than to improve their minds, and when we have winnowed out all who look on books from a utilitarian or fashionable point of view, the residue, which treats them as aids to serious reflection, if not even to the production of superior material, is the slenderest of minorities. In other words, we apprehend that as a community Great Britain, in common with the United States, has not yet risen to a correct idea of what Reading actually is.

Mr. Briggs's first article on "Our Village" will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."



LECKHAMPTON HILL PUBLIC RIGHTS DEMONSTRATION, MAY 25, 1904.



MR. WM. BROOKES, Master of Ceremonies at Cooper's Hill Whit-Monday "Wake," remarked of the shortened sports this year: "I never got the job off so quick before in my time, owing to the wet, and I've been master over 20 years and amongst it all my life."

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 176th prize has been won by 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 87th 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 69th prize has been won by Miss Edith Weaver, Repton, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John'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 prize in the 13th literary competition has been awarded to Miss D. K. Boileau, Cheltenham, for the short story "Lady Betty's Rival: A Romance of Old Cheltenham." We received a large number of really excellent contributions this week, and had some difficulty in making the award.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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.



LECKHAMPTON HILL PUBLIC RIGHTS DEMONSTRATION, MAY 25, 1904.

Picture Post-cards.

The Six Illustrations in this week's Graphic of the . . .

Leckhampton Hill

Demonstration

will be published as Picture Post-cards, and be on sale at the "Echo" Offices on Monday Morning at . . .

Six for Threepence!



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

THE LAST STRAW.

A letter appeared in the "Gloucestershire Echo" of May 16 from a Cheltonian, offering, if the ratepayers find him sufficient funds, to enter an action in the Court of King's Bench against the Mayor, etc., of Cheltenham, for illegal expenditure.

"Whistler is known to have been an affectionate son, an affectionate husband; but, for the rest," says Max Beerbohm in the "Pall Mall Magazine," "all the tenderness in him seems to have been absorbed into his love for such things in nature as were expressible through terms of his own art. As a man in relation to his fellow men, he cannot, from any purely Christian standpoint, be applauded. He was inordinately vain and cantankerous. Enemies, as he has wittily implied, were a necessity to his nature; and he seems to have valued friendship (a thing never really valuable, in itself, to a really vain man) as just the needful foundation for future enmity. Quarrelling and picking quarrels, he went his way through life, blithely. Most of these quarrels were quite trivial and tedious. In the ordinary way, they would have been forgotten long ago, as the trivial and tedious details in the lives of other great men are forgotten. But Whistler was great, not merely in painting, nor merely as a wit and dandy in social life. He had also an extraordinary talent for writing. He was a born writer. He wrote, in his way, perfectly; and his way was his own, and the secret of it has died with him. Thus, conducting men through the Post-office, he has conducted his squabbles to immortality."

Sufferers from toothache who have "tried everything" will welcome the "infallible" cure contained in the report of the British Consul at the Chinese town of Kiungchow. This is his recipe:—"Procure a fresh coconut, cut it in half, place one half, with the concave side upwards, on a cup containing a little cotton wool, and place some live charcoal in the coconut. When the oil exudes on to the wool, place it in the cavity of the tooth." Those who try the remedy are warned that the oil raises a painful blister on the skin.

Office-boy wanted; polite, attentive, quick; one who does not whistle "Hiawatha" preferred.—Address, etc.

A City man to whom this advertisement was shown, and who has twenty clerks under his supervision, every one of whom whistles "Hiawatha," declared, says the London "Evening News," that the advertiser will never find what he is after. "Hiawatha" has penetrated to every corner of the Continent, and a few remote corners in Somerset and Cornwall which have not yet been hypnotised by the weird strains will be popular as summer resorts this year.

Some interesting statistics are published as to the number of Japanese newspapers. The total is about 4,000. In this matter, as in others, the advance of the "Newest Civilisation" has been rapid. The first newspaper was published in 1852. In 1879 there were 266 newspapers in the country; in 1886 these had increased to 2,000, and in the last eighteen years this number has doubled. Tokio alone has 120 newspapers. The journal enjoying the largest circulation is stated to be the "Dsissi Skimno" (New Times), which has 400,000 subscribers.

•••••

Joseph Haydn's house, in the Sixth District of Vienna, 9 Haydn-gasse, is in danger of being pulled down (writes the correspondent of the "Standard"). Haydn bought it in August, 1793, from the profits of his first visit to London. It was here that he composed "The Creation," "The Seasons," his "Hymn to the Emperor," &c.; and here he died on May 31, 1809. The present owner of the house declares she must sell it; and the Vienna Haydn Society, which established a Haydn museum in the house five years ago, appeals to the public in the hope that the Town Council may be induced to intervene for the preservation of this interesting relic.