

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 161.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"IF I WERE KING."

NEXT WEEK:
The Highly Successful Musical Comedy,
"KITTY GREY."
TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

W. SAWYER & Co.,
HIGH-GRADE COALS,
10 Clarence Street, Cheltenham.
Telephone 0868.

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 190th prize has been divided between Mr. A. C. Higgins, of 6 Jersey-place, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. G. C. Gardner, Barton-street, Tewkesbury.

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

The 101st prize has been awarded to Mr. W. C. Robson, of "Beverley, Langdon-road, Cheltenham.

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

The 85rd prize has been won by Mr. A. W. H. Gibson Taylor, care of Mrs. Davies, Mersea House, Cheltenham, with a sermon preached by the Rev. L. L. Noott, at St. Luke's 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 27th literary competition has been divided between Mr. Richard Gloucester, of 10 Bellevue, Stroud, and Mr. F. Barnett, jun., of 8 Oriol-place, Bath-road, 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.



AT SOUTHSEA.

Two well-known Composers: Edwin Greene and George Aspinall.

Mr. T. J. Davies, of Bryn-y-Parc, Denbigh, writing to the "Field," relates a curious experience. While visiting Colonel Ommanney, at Chilworth, near Guildford (he says), I was fishing with fly in the Tillingbourne, a tributary of the Wey, on the 22nd August, and I landed a fine trout, weighing 2lb. 6oz. and measuring 16in. in length. I found the tail of a rat protruding from its mouth, and could see the hind legs at the far end of its mouth. Upon opening the fish I found a large water rat, measuring 10in., the belly of which was partly digested."

* * *

On Sunday last, says the "Penang Gazette" of the 22nd July. Srimat Murugasa Swamigal, a pious Hindoo devotee, conducted the Kavady ceremony with 12,000 silver arrows piercing his body. He walked from the Amman Temple, owned by the Indian community, to the New Kandaswamy Temple erected by the Jaffnese Tamils. About ten men who came down from Singapore and Penang were engaged thrusting these silver arrows into the Mahamatma's body, and they were at it from 10 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. All being done, the Mahamatma took up the Kavady on his shoulder, and putting on a pair of slippers spiked with iron, proceeded to the aforesaid temple, followed by about 1,000 people, who sang Devarams and other religious songs. At the temple entrance milk and water from young cocoanuts were poured on his feet. Then he was relieved of all the arrows. He did a similar thing in Penang with 10,000 arrows.

A YANKEE ON MATRIMONY.

In the second series of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which is now appearing in "Pearson's Magazine," Old Gorgon Graham gives his son enough good advice to reform a burglar.

In the September "Pearson's Magazine" the old man gives his son, who has recently married, a few tips about matrimony in general.

"There are mighty few young people," he says, "who go into marriage with any real idea of what it means. They get their notion of it from among the clouds, where they live while they are engaged, and naturally, about all they find up there is wind and moonshine; or from novels, which always end just before the real trouble begins; or if they keep on, leave out the chapters that deal with how the husband finds the rent, and the wife the hired girls. But if there's one thing in the world about which it's possible to get all the facts, it's matrimony. Part of them are right in the house where you were born, and the neighbours have the rest.

"It's been my experience that you've got to have leisure to be unhappy. Half the troubles in this world are imaginary, and it takes time to think them up. But it's these oftener than the real troubles that break a young husband's back, or a young wife's heart.

"A few men and more women can be happy idle when they're single; but once you marry them to each other, they've got to find work, or they'll find trouble. Everybody's got to raise something in this world, and unless people raise a job, or crops, or children, they'll raise Cain. You can ride three miles on the trolley-car to the Stock Yards every morning, and find happiness at the end of the trip; but you may chase it all over the world in a steam yacht without catching up with it. A woman can find fun from the basement to the nursery of her own house, but give her a license to gad the streets and a bunch of matinee tickets, and she'll find discontent. There's always an idle woman or an idle man in every divorce case. When the man earns the bread by the sweat of his brow it's right that the woman should perspire a little baking it.

"There's two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second, especially if a woman has it, for she doesn't know what she wants, and so you can't give it to her.

"Happiness is like salvation—a state of grace that makes you enjoy the good things you've got, and keep reaching out for better ones in the hereafter. And home isn't what's around you, but what's inside you."

* * *

The theatrical season opened in London on Saturday night, when Mr. H. A. Jones's three-act comedy, "The Chevalier," was produced by Mr. Bouchier at the Garrick. It met with a friendly reception, although some dissentient voices were heard at the finish.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SOME CRICKET WEEK CHARACTERS.

[BY HENRY F. BARNETT, JUN.]

Perhaps the first man you meet with at the cricket ground is the Athlete. There are plenty of them to be found, they take a great interest in all kinds of sport. He is a well-built fellow of medium height, with a little dark moustache and a not unpleasant face. He watches the players at the nets—he examines the pitch critically and returns to give his opinion to a group of admiring and somewhat ignorant listeners. He knows all the rules—all the players—the umpires—and above all he can tell some good cricketing yams. Every ball that is bowled—every stroke the batsman makes is criticised—even the umpires' decisions come in for a good deal of criticism—the athlete detests an unfair verdict—he lets everyone know it, too! He does not care so much as some do whether his county wins or not—as long as he sees some good cricket he is content. When next you go to a match make a point of sitting by him—he is a very interesting person, as are his anecdotes. A word of warning—if he mentions a cricketer whom he considers a good one, don't name a better. If you do, be wise and move on, for he is short-tempered, and is an excellent fighter.

Quite the opposite to this man is the one who knows practically nothing of the game. He is probably a clerk, and goes simply because his friends go. He sits and stares at his chattering neighbours, now and then interposing with a ridiculous remark. He has had but little time for exercise of any form—maybe he uses the dumb-bells occasionally or takes an invigorating walk—consequently his ignorance can hardly be wondered at. He applauds when others do so—in short, he does his utmost to imitate them throughout the day, and goes home to dream of a gigantic cricketer making Jossopian drives with a pen and using an inkpot for a ball.

Again, there is the cheery individual who greets you with a loud "How d'ye do?" You can tell at a glance he is a farmer. His large form, encompassed in a brown suit boasting roomy pockets—his sunburnt countenance and cheerful smile, and—to go to the opposite extremity—his stout, unpolished boots, indicate a life amongst the cows and crops. He knows something about cricket, although now and then he gets hopelessly confused and tells you confidently "Sewell brought off a wumnerful cotch at the wicket" or that "Rhode is a terrifically fast right-hand bowler." Perhaps these errors are due to the fact that he has imbibed a considerable quantity of a certain liquid of the same colour as his suit, or it may only be that he has spent so much of his time in cultivating his plants and fruit and tending his cattle, and has not had time to bother his head about cricketers. Whatever faults he may have, everyone agrees that a farmer is an ideal companion to have, for, to use his own expression, he will "give you anything you like to ask for," and then he adds, as an afterthought, "bar money."

His opposite is to be found in the sulky person—he is also mean and lean. Don't speak to this man, for if perchance you should ask him who such and such a player is, he will tell you surlily to "find out"! You need not question as to how you may recognise him. A miserable-looking fellow in black, sitting by the side of a mild-looking clergyman—such is the sulky one. If it should chance to rain, how he does go on! He talks of getting his entrance money back, and of what he is going to do to those who postponed play. He quarrels with everyone—even the mild-looking cleric deems it best to retire—it is wrong to sit next to an individual who uses such strong language. The cheery one endeavours to make a conversation, but his reverse sits like a man about to be hung and repels all advances with a stony glare. Be cautious—you will never enjoy the cricket if you are near to him.

Another curiosity on the field is the female. Needless to say she knows nothing of the game—she cannot understand why one man should remain at the wicket longer than another—she says it is a pity such a nice-looking man is "out." She does not know the cricketers by name—she talks of the stout one

or the tall one with the curly hair. Her husband tries to instruct her in the game—he soon leaves off—she makes him look stupid. The dresses of her sex interest her greatly—soon she hurries home to tell her friends of the charming costumes and hats she saw!

A man most deserving of sympathy is the disappointed one. He is a Birmingham tradesman, and reads in the paper "there is likely to be a very interesting day's cricket at Cheltenham." He takes train—at least he misses his proper train, and comes by one which lands him here at lunch time. This is very unfortunate, but to make matters worse he experiences no little difficulty in getting luncheon, and when at last he does succeed, nothing is to his liking—the meat is tough, the vegetables half cooked. He takes a cab to the ground, pays, and enters. He sees a few overs, and then down comes the rain. Again he waits for it to leave off, but no, there cannot possibly be any more play to-day, and he goes back to Birmingham in anything but a satisfied mood.

Of the invalid, the autograph fiend, and many others, there is no space to write. A word in conclusion—if at any time cricket is particularly dreary, just carefully study your neighbours—you will be interested and maybe amused.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL:
A ROMANCE OF RADIUM.

[BY RICHARD GLOUCESTER.]

"If, as you say, there is nothing between you, why do you see each other so frequently?" asked Jack Iredale, as he contemplated, with visible annoyance, the girl who had turned her back on him to look out of the window.

"I have told you," explained the girl, "that we have important business matters to discuss."

"Then why cannot I be present?"

"Your suspicions are mean and unmanly. If you cared for me as you profess to, you would certainly trust me," the girl replied unsteadily.

"But can't you see, Edie?" asked Iredale, stretching out his arms, "can't you see that it doesn't look well?"

The girl's face clouded.

"Oh, why do you persist? I can't tell you now. It really is nothing but business! Went you believe me, Jack?"

The girl placed an entreating hand upon Iredale's arm.

"Your statement that you meet upon business grounds renders your keeping me in the dark more inexplicable."

"There are good reasons for it."

"If you are convinced that I am less deserving of your confidence than Lloyd, we'll leave it so. I reserve the right to talk it over with him."

"Which would be a very unwise course to take."

"That's entirely a matter of opinion. Anyhow," with an assumption of good humour, "the subject's deucedly disagreeable, so we'll drop it, Edie."

Though Edith Tregellis fell in with this, she viewed the future apprehensively, for other meetings with Mr. Lloyd were imperative and urgent. As one of her lover's visits to the county capital would take place on the morrow, prudence led her to fix on that time for her next interview. So directly Iredale had bid her good-bye she sent for Lloyd.

The fates were working against them, however. The old branch-line engine broke down, rendering it impossible to get a connection to the city in time for the business Iredale had to transact. He sent a telegram and returned home.

He called in to acquaint Miss Tregellis of the uselessness of his journey. He passed the sitting-room window, and, a moment later, stood inside the room, his face dark with passion. Side by side sat his sweetheart and the engineer, their heads so close together that her bright, shining curls almost brushed his dark, smooth hair. They looked up from their papers at the abrupt interruption, and, seeing who stood before them, started apart and rose to their feet.

"You back already!" exclaimed Edith.

Ignoring her question, he advanced threateningly upon Lloyd, who drew back quickly, placing a heavy chair before him.

"You are a despicable cad!" he said, confining his anger to words by a strong effort of repression. "The presence of a lady temporarily averts the thrashing you will certainly get on our first public meeting!"

He turned to the girl, and, without giving her a chance to speak, said—

"I am sorry that my intrusion should have broken up such a delightful tête-à-tête. Consideration for me, your future husband, must place you at a disadvantage when arranging these meetings, so, to show my interest in your happiness, I freely release you from all promises you may have given me in a thoughtless moment."

After a short silence he said—"Good-bye, Edie"; but, as he turned away, the girl placed herself between him and the door. Though his sarcastic words had hurt her, his heart had spoken tenderly through his eyes.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried, "don't be so foolish!"

His anger was not so easily appeased. He seized the girl almost roughly and swung her from the door.

"You may relegate me to any position you choose, but I can please myself about occupying it."

"Look here, Iredale," said Lloyd, who had at first retreated from tact rather than fear, "if you insist on an explanation you shall have one, though I warn you it will spell humiliation. If you are open to reason, I give you my word of honour there has been nothing discussed here but business."

"Your word of honour!" said Iredale, with a cynical smile.

"It is as good as my oath," said Lloyd, flushing, "but, since you have monopolised honour, you can afford to laugh at it." He waited for Iredale to reply, then continued—

"Everything can be satisfactorily revealed within a month after your marriage. Now, do you demand an instant explanation?"

"Certainly I do!" was the other's unhesitating response. He began to wish he had not gone so far, but pride stood in the way of retraction.

"You shall have it, and thank yourself afterwards."

"Remember your promise, Mr. Lloyd!" interposed the girl, warningly.

"I do," he said, "also I know that it is just such quixotisms as this that lead to lifelong misunderstandings. Unless Iredale is at once let into the matter, I'll leave everything just as it is—I'll wash my hands of the entire affair!"

He looked to the girl for her answer. "I will explain all," she said, and he, being a man of sense, left the room.

Looking over the papers which they had been examining when he entered, the girl selected a letter and handed it to Iredale.

It was from a celebrated scientific man. The sample of pitchblende submitted for his inspection, the letter said, was much richer in radium dust than any he had previously handled. If the bulk were up to the specimen it would considerably cheapen the precious chloride, as the quantity obtained by treating the same amount of pitchblende would be increased by nearly twenty per cent. Would they please write him at length before placing any of their ore on the market?

"Well?" said Iredale, putting the letter down.

"The mine from which we obtain the pitchblende referred to is the old "Tregellis's Deep," she remarked.

Edith Tregellis was a poor girl, for the mine, which formed the bulk of the little fortune left by her father, was being worked at a positive loss. The yield of iron and uranium from the ore was so small that it did not pay expenses. This was the position when the wonderful discovery on the Continent made of her incubus a veritable mine of wealth. One day Lloyd, the manager of her mine, had expressed the opinion that their pitchblende possessed radio-active power. She had given him a free hand, with the result that she was now in view of comparative wealth.



Photos by G. C. Gardner, Tewkesbury.

TEWKESBURY DIVISION LIBERALS AND THEIR CANDIDATE.

VISIT TO MR. R. A. LISTER'S RESIDENCE AT DURSLEY.

Excursion Committee in "The Towers" Gardens.

Mr. Lister, Mr. Gavazzi King (his agent), with the former's grandson and some members of the Excursion Committee.

All this ran counter to Iredale's wishes. He was an inexperienced young man with a dash of cynicism. He held a vigorous contempt for men who married wealthy women, and scoffed at the bare suggestion of a fortune-hunter in love. The possibility of riches ever falling to the share of Edith Tregellis was so remote that he felt quite safe in delivering his callow dictums in her hearing—he never dreamt of being so cornered by force of circumstances.

"Then you are rich?" he said at length.
 "Not yet."
 "You will be?"
 "It depends on you."
 "How so?"

The girl was sufficiently sensible to see how much less humiliating a show of coercion on her side would render Iredale's surrender. They sincerely loved each other, and both were prepared to make sacrifices.

"How do you regard this change in my fortunes?" she asked.

"You know my views on the subject."

"If you adhere to them I shall sell the mine to Mr. Lloyd for £2,000."

"And it is worth how much?"

"Anything it will fetch over £20,000, so I am told."

Iredale made an exclamation of protest and surprise.

"And you value my love at that?"

"I should have eagerly accepted £2,000 for the mine six months ago," she said evasively, toying with the piles of papers before her.

"I have been a fool," he admitted, stepping towards her. "I have been ignorant till now of how great in the world is the power of love. Forgive me, Edie."

"If I may please myself about the mine," she agreed, placing her hands in his.

"I'll promise not to interfere again."

"But you'll help us to decide which is the best course to adopt. I'll call Mr. Lloyd now—he's been waiting quite a long time."

"A moment longer won't hurt him," he rejoined, stopping her as she moved to the door and drawing her to him.

"You're a perfect tyrant, Jack!" she laughingly declared when she eventually broke away from him. "Just look at my hair!"

But her hair was all right when Lloyd re-entered the room, and Iredale went up considerably in his estimation through a manly apology for his hasty words.

A small boy entered an office in New York the other day, very early in the morning, when the merchant was reading the paper. The latter glanced up and went on reading. After three minutes the boy said: "Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry." "What do you want?" he was asked. "A job." "You do? Well," snorted the man of business, "why are you in such a hurry?" "Got to hurry," replied the boy. "Left school yesterday to go to work, and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time. If you've got nothing for me, say so, and I'll look elsewhere." "When can you come?" asked the surprised merchant. "Don't have to come," he was told. "I'm here now, and would have been to work before this if you'd said so."

A capital story, says the "Club Chatterer" in "To-Day," is going the rounds with reference to the great German artist, Von Lenbach, whose death was announced some little time ago. In character he was a curious blend of the artist and smart business man, for though he seldom refused a good commission, he took very little trouble with a subject that did not interest him. On the other hand, if a man or woman really interested him, he would be very willing to paint his or her portrait at quite nominal terms, so that it came to be said that the less you paid Von Lenbach the better was the portrait. On one occasion a somewhat vulgar parvenu came to Von Lenbach's studio to arrange for his portrait to be painted. The artist looked at him calmly, and then named an extravagant price. Thereupon the patron protested that it was too much, and, with a knowing air, explained that he knew the artist had painted Bismarck's portrait for less than a quarter of the sum demanded. "That is very true," retorted Von Lenbach, "but then it was a pleasure to paint the Prince." The foregoing inevitably reminds one of a Whistler story, which I do not remember having seen in print, and is certainly well worthy of repetition. To say that many of Whistler's patrons were unable to appreciate his work, and consequently dissatisfied with their commissions, is merely to repeat a commonplace, and it is reported that on one occasion a very plain man, whose homely features the master had depicted with uncompromising fidelity, came to him at the end of the last sitting, and said: "Come, come, Mr. Whistler, you can hardly tell me that that is a great work of art." "Perhaps not," said Mr. Whistler nonchalantly, "but then, my dear sir, you can hardly tell me that you are a great work of Nature."



Mr. and Mrs. Lister and Grandchildren

AT FRONT ENTRANCE TO "THE TOWERS."

Mixed bathing, which is gaining ground at our coast resorts, is hardly the Gallic innovation which many people consider it to be. Two centuries ago, when fashion flocked inland and not seaward for its recreation, it was very much the vogue. At Bath, for instance, the sexes mingled daily in a watery promenade, with much merry-making and flirtation. Nor did the ladies forget their creature comforts. In front of them were dainty floating trays of bonbons, cakes, or perfumery. Should such get adrift, then was the beau's opportunity. He would start in pursuit, and, returning it to the lady with many bows and graces, would then, as though overwhelmed by so great a privilege, fall backwards and feign to sink to the bottom of the bath. Full of follies and affectations as was that gay assemblage, one hopes there was something of uncharitableness in the words of a writer, who said of the place that "in a word, 'tis a valley of pleasure, yet a sink of iniquity."



THE CURIOUS SCENE IN ELDORADO ROAD.

THE FORTRESS OF THE FIRST BRITONS.

Under the above title an article appears in the September "Pearson's Magazine" on the Fortress of Grimspound, on Dartmoor, erected by the Ancient Britons, at least 3,000 years ago. It is from the pen of Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, who knows Dartmoor as well as any man, and better than most; he writes:—

"Century has followed century, and left the moor unchanged save for a field or two won from the mires and stone-scattered wastes of ling. The population is decreasing year by year; cottages in the scattered hamlets fall into ruinous decay. But it is from the stubborn face which the moor has turned to the men who would try to fence and drain and cultivate it that it is now the chosen spot for the study of our far-away ancestors who lived in England before the Saxons, before the Romans, even before the ancient British, as we call the Celtic tribes whom Caesar's legions fought and conquered. Undisturbed in the heart of the solitary wilderness stand their huts and walls, their stone avenues and monuments, their circles and kistevens, very much as their builders left them three thousand years ago.

"These builders—whence were they? No one can say with any certainty. They were dwelling on the land when the advance guard of the Celtic invasion—the Ancient Britons of the history books—came over the North Sea. They knew no metal, flint taking its place as hammer and axe-head, as scraper and chisel; yet they had sufficient mechanical knowledge to rear great rocks on end, to build huge walls, and plant long avenues of stone.

"Neolithic men the scientists call them; narrow-headed, dark and agile folk, with great knowledge of Nature and her laws. It was the bronze man who defeated them with his heavy-cutting weapons, which were to the flint as a Lee-Metford to a Brown Bess.

"Perhaps the most remarkable of the remains upon Dartmoor is the fortified refuge camp of Grimspound. Its vast walls and circular dwellings, though ruined, remain to

prove its original design. As to the life of those who lived therein, no man can write without treading on the toes of some learned authority. Yet, despite the fact that some theorist may cry out at the neglect of his assertions, the main facts are sufficiently plain.

"In the lonely heart of the moor, set in a shallow valley to the left of the road from Chagford to Two Bridges, lies the stronghold of Grimspound. If you stand upon Hooknor Tor, above the broad indentation, the circle of defensive walls spreads before you like a gigantic mushroom ring, the grey stones showing clearly against the sombre hues of the stunted heather.

"It is not until you reach the entrance, however, that you realise the labour that its building must have entailed upon tribes whose only tools were of flint, and whose means of heavy transport were rough sledges dragged by the united strength of hundreds.

"The interior, some four acres in extent, was surrounded by two walls, which, by the storms of centuries, have been thrown down and mingled into a low broad mound of granite boulders.

"Some of these rocks are enormous. On the west side is a huge slab 10ft. by 5ft., from 9in. to 1ft. in thickness, and weighing from three to four tons. There are many other stones laid in regular courses that are of equal weight. Such a fortification at the present day with every labour-saving device of the modern contractor would cost at least £3 10s. a yard, each yard requiring the work of four men for a week! And Grimspound had an inner and outer wall, one a little less and one a little more than five hundred yards in circumference!"

There has been caught at the Dalmeny fishings a salmon with a peculiarly shaped head. The fish, which weighs close on 20lb., is a perfect specimen from the tail to the eyes, but the nose, instead of coming to a sharp point, is quite snub, there being a deep depression in the centre. The lower jaw, on the other hand, is perfectly formed. From the markings on the head it is obvious that the deformity is not the result of any injury.

A poet was talking to an editor in the latter's office. "There's poetry in everything," observed the poet. "You're right," replied the editor, "for instance, there's a stove full of it."—"Exchange."

The "Dresdener Anzeiger," of Dresden, U.S.A., is perhaps the only daily newspaper which is owned and published by a city. It was bequeathed to the city of Dresden by its former proprietor upon the condition that all profits should be spent upon the public parks.

No other topic of the day (says the Hague correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph") is exciting so much interest and controversy here as the site of the Carnegie Temple of Peace. The population is intensely embittered against the committee, who have selected a part of The Hague Wood for clearance, with a view to building the temple there. One correspondent of a local paper even suggests that it would be better to return the money and drop the scheme than to destroy the beauties of the wood. It is probable that the Town Council will refuse to give permission for the use of the site selected, on account of the strong popular feeling that has been aroused and the number of petitions that have been poured in upon them.

Something quite unique and exclusively Canadian is the present to Lady Marjorie Gordon Sinclair by the National Council of Women of Canada. It consists of a watch-chain of gold, carrying twelve Canadian stones, and a bracelet with six Canadian stones. The stones are as follow:—Jasper, from Hull, Quebec; microcline, or amazon stone, from Cameron, Ontario; perthite, from Burgess, Ontario; jasper conglomerate, from Bruce Mines, Ontario; pyroxine, from Templeton, Quebec; porcelainite, from Two Islands, Nova Scotia; chert, from Thunder Bay, Ontario; agate, from Partridge Island, Nova Scotia; sodalite, from Dungannon, Ontario; porphyry, from Lake Superior, Ontario; limonite, from Londonderry, Nova Scotia; agate, from Cape d'Or, Nova Scotia.

"SUNDAY"
COMES ON
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Photos by A. C. Higgins, Cheltenham.

CHELTONIANS CAMPING OUT ON THE AVON.

Market Square, Evesham.

"About to Start"
(Eckington Old Bridge).

"Dinner up" at Bridge End.

Village Church, Offenham.

Railway Bridge, Fladbury.

Offenham Village.

Nafford Mill.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

That hardy triennial in the county town, namely the Three Choirs' Festival, is now about to begin, and many persons in Gloucester are preparing to reap in various ways the harvest that comes to them once only in three years. Even some professional people, including clergy, deign to fall into line with ordinary people and let their houses for the week to visitors, and find the rent exceedingly useful for their holidays. Although the musical programme of the Festival cannot be claimed as an ambitious one, it is satisfactory to find that the sale of tickets up to now is encouraging. I think it only requires the customary fine weather to bring a big attendance and ensure the making of both ends meet financially. As regards the new compositions, it is a remarkable and not regrettable fact that native talent alone will contribute to the repertoire, while two of the composers are either past or present organists of Gloucester Cathedral and Festival conductors. It cannot be said in their cases that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." The stewards, who have each to pay five guineas for the honour of being one, are not so numerous as last time, barely 200, as against 213. That is to be regretted, for stewards' donations really form the sheet anchor of the Clergy Charity Fund, in whose behalf the Festivals are held.

There are ever and anon signs of opposition on religious grounds to the use of the cathedrals for these musical festivals, the Bishop of Worcester having some little time ago refused,

owing to conscientious scruples, to give his patronage to the one to be held in his minster. It is evident that the same spirit that animated the Rev. Francis Close, of Cheltenham, in the thirties, and Canon Barry, of Worcester, in the seventies of last century, in their denunciation of the festivals, is still extant, and may yet prove mischievous. The festival at Gloucester, happily, is safe so long as Dean Spence-Jones remains head of the Chapter, although it will be remembered he some months ago put his foot down firmly against the singing in the Cathedral of the "Dream of Gerontius" in its entirety. "Bowdlerising" had to be the order of the day with regard to that. It had been hoped that the county war memorial window in the Chapter Room and the Bartholomew Price memorial clock in the North Transept would have been fixed and completed by Festival time, but the scaffolding is at present the only sign of the former, and the electric wiring still requires to be done to the latter. Time alone will show when the stained-glass will be put in and the clock hands set going.

I happened to be in Painswick one afternoon a few days ago, and, in pursuance of my invariable custom when in that picturesque and prim town, I forthwith inspected the church and churchyard. Since my previous visit there I found, with pleasure, that a handsome marble screen to the memory of Mr. E. F. Gyde, of Ebley House, has been erected, dividing the nave from the floor of the tower. But, to my regret, I ascertained that the substantial sums of money that this deceased gentleman left by his will for the benefit of

the town are still undistributed, and it really looks as if they will go the wrong way of his left to further a railway scheme for Painswick. The quaint yew trees still adorn the churchyard, and I found the tradition ruling strong that they number ninety and nine, but the only person whom I came across who had actually counted them was the oldest native, and this venerable Painswickian assured me that there are a hundred trimmed trees, and one of these cannot be got to thrive as well as the others
GLEANER.

Archdeacon Diggle, of Birmingham, says that the man who does not work is a curse to his country.

The home life of Dean Hole, whose death was announced on Saturday, was a singularly happy one. Speaking of his wife, he said: I dedicated my "Book about Roses" to her because

Where'er there's the love of a true wife,
As bright as a beam from above,
'Tis the rose looking in at the window
And filling the dwelling with love.

A remarkable gathering of Churchmen will be held in London in the year 1908. It will represent every Anglican diocese throughout the world, and its object is to ascertain the feeling of the Church in regard to the problems that constantly arrest its attention, and to make some supremely important advance in the fulfilment of its responsibilities to its members, towards all Christendom, and towards the whole world. It is also proposed to present a thank-offering in St. Paul's.

"SUNDAY"
COMES ON
MONDAY WEEK.

"SUNDAY"
COMES ON
MONDAY WEEK.

"SUNDAY"
COMES ON
MONDAY WEEK.

[By "ARIEL."]

GOOD NEWS.

The tyres are the most expensive parts of a car or cycle to keep up, owing to the high prices charged for them. However, in October next the Bartlett tyre patents lapse, and automobilists will have a chance of obtaining first-class tyres at a more moderate price. A famous Continental tyre firm is already at work establishing a large factory for the production of tyres when the patents expire, so we may expect prices to come down in the near future.

THE PROBLEM OF TRANSMISSION.

The problem of the best means of transmitting the engine power to the driving wheel of a motor-cycle yet remains to be solved. In the recent 1,000 Miles Reliability Trials for motor-cycles thirty-six machines were belt-driven and eight were chain driven. Sixteen of the belt-driven machines finished the trials, and two chain-driven machines, so that the system of chain-driving has by no means proved its great superiority over belt-driving.

THE LIGHT CAR TRIALS.

To-day will witness the last of the one hundred miles daily runs of the thirty-eight small cars entered in the Light Car Trials organised by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. In former years the trials have been held mostly for heavy expensive cars. However, this is the day of the small inexpensive car, and the Automobile Club has been well advised to confine this year's trials to these cars. It is the demand for the cheap light car, not the heavy expensive car, which is growing. The popular car for some time to come will be the light car capable of carrying up to four persons, and which can climb all hills, and can average seventeen or eighteen miles an hour on the level. A car of this type can be afforded by a large number of persons. As regards the upkeep, it is no greater than the upkeep of a horse and trap. There are very mistaken ideas about as to the cost of buying and running a small car. The first cost is really not much greater than the cost of a horse and trap, and if care is used the yearly upkeep is less. An expert has given his opinion that a small two-seated car should not cost more than £15 a year for upkeep if carefully used. I confidently predict that in a few years' time thousands of these little handy cars will be on the roads, giving perfect satisfaction to their owners.

RELIABILITY OF TRI-CARS.

It is rather a surprising fact that only one tri-car succeeded in finishing the thousand miles trial of the Auto Cycle Club. This must have been due to bad driving, as the tri-car is quite as reliable as an ordinary motor-bicycle. Two of the machines were put out of action by the riders attempting to take a turn over a bridge at too great speed. Of course a bicycle can take corners at good speed, and the riders of the three-wheelers evidently thought that the same speed could be adopted—with disastrous results.

A SUCCESSFUL RUN.

To show how reliable a motor-cycle is when it is looked after, I will mention a run I recently accomplished on a tri-car. The chair was detached, and the machine run as a tricycle. I had heard a great deal of the terrible hills to be met with in Devonshire, so resolved to drive down and test the climbing powers of my machine, which, by the way, is fitted with a 3 h.p. De Dion engine. After seeing that the accumulators were well charged, the petrol tank full, tyres inflated fully, and necessary tools and spare parts in the tool-box, I wheeled the motor into the road. It started first push, and I was quickly heading for Bristol, via Gloucester. The day was fine, and the roads good, so that the journey to Bristol was very much enjoyed, and was done in about two hours and a half. It took some time to get across Bristol, and then I made for Taunton, via Bridgewater, distant 44½ miles. The roads were only fair this part of the journey, and very dusty, but the journey was completed in just under three hours—not a bad average considering some of the hills which had to



TIRLEY CHURCH.

be surmounted. I found my De Dion quite equal to all of them. Between Bridgewater and Taunton I made my first stop, to tighten the belt, which, being a new one, had stretched. This was the only time I touched the belt through the journey. Reaching Taunton, I next made for Exeter, my machine seeming to attract much attention as I sped through the villages. Just before reaching Exeter the lamp bracket broke through vibration, and I had to dismount to pick up the pieces. Sixteen miles from Exeter I arrived at Teignmouth, where I stayed for a few days. It requires a good machine to climb some of the hills in South Devon, but by stepping off and giving a push when the machine began to falter I did not meet one that I could not get up. The journey totalled 135 miles. Compulsory stops were two, viz. to shorten belt and pick up broken lamp. I took a longer and more hilly route on returning, and was not quite so fortunate, as a burst occurred in one of the side tyres, which took nearly an hour to repair. The total distance worked out at just under 300 miles, and, excepting the tyre burst, the machine proved to me that it was able to go anywhere without causing trouble.

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

HOW LORD KITCHENER WAS KISSED.

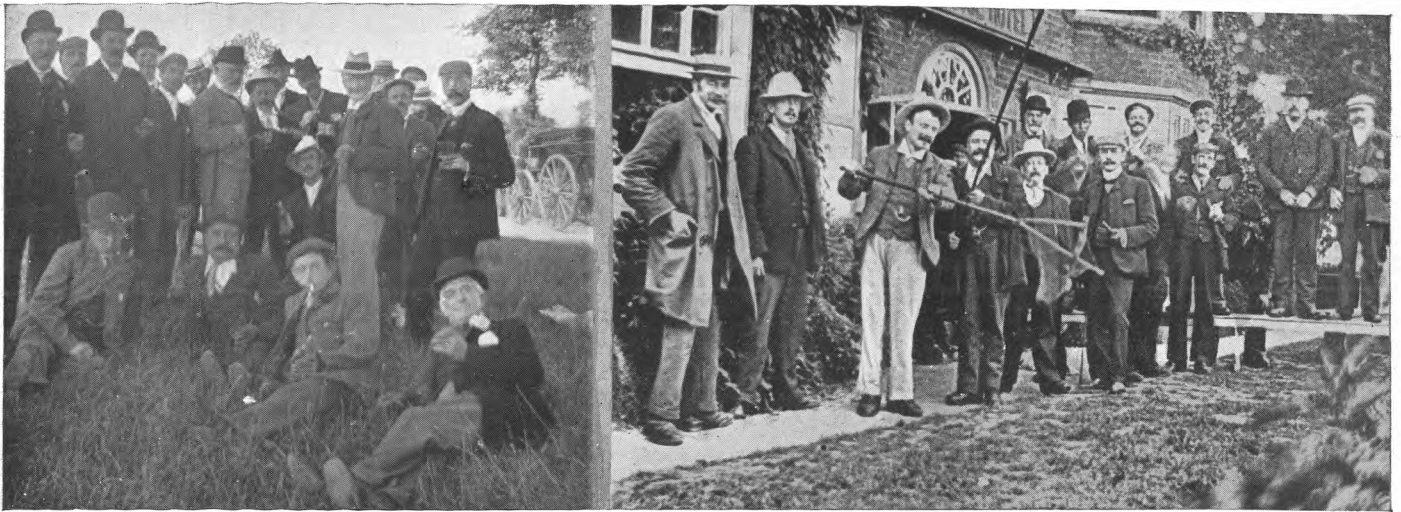
"The story of Lord Kitchener's sangfroid, as related by Colonel Marchand, reminds me," writes a correspondent, "of a Kitchener incident of which I was a spectator. I believe it is one of the few in connection with the South African War which have as yet escaped publication. Lord Kitchener was coming through Capetown at the end of the war en route for England, and the Corporation of the city gave a luncheon in his honour. I received an invitation, and sat in the sixth or seventh place from the General; but, as the table formed an angle between us, I was quite close to him. Sir John French sat near me on the right, and further away was General Sir Ian Hamilton, who made an extremely happy speech on that occasion. In the middle of the proceedings, a little girl, about 12 years old, entered the room at the far end, and, proceeding straight to where the great General sat, kissed him emphatically on the left cheek.

"Now, anybody knows what General Roberts would have done, according to the popular impression of his character, on such an emergency. He would have expressed his utmost delight, and placed the courageous little intruder upon his knee before the entire

company. Lord Kitchener did no such thing. He betrayed no emotion whatever, either of surprise or alarm or pleasure. Sir John French, on the contrary, was visibly amused, and evidently wondered whether it would be his turn next. But the little girl had not finished with the conqueror of the Soudan. She passed to his right hand, and reached him a little album and a pen and ink, with an implied command which was not to be gainsaid. The Commander-in-Chief obeyed with the same stoical demeanour, and the little girl handed him next a piece of blotting-paper, which he passed submissively over the illustrious autograph. Throughout the whole incident, which caused much amusement to the assembled company, the features of the General remained as immovable as an iron mask. The incident was extremely gratifying to many people in South Africa, and to none more so than the High Commissioner, who found it difficult to conceive how Lord Kitchener would comport himself under such an unusual and unprovoked assault."

SOME PROS AND CONS OF CYCLING.

Cycling, like walking, is rhythmical, and therefore gets through much work with comparatively little effort. By getting through work it promotes the metabolism of the body, to express the effect in technical terms—that is to say, it tends greatly to quicken the changes that go on in the body. More oxygen is inhaled. The heart and lungs and the vital processes in general have exercise and are strengthened. More waste-matter is removed through the mouth and nose and skin; and there is a good deal of "metabolism" in the mind also. But, like walking, cycling may tend to lessen the promptitude on foot by the mere fact that it is rhythmical, as well as by the over-development of certain muscles. The more rhythmical you make it, the faster and the more easily you can go. Yet it is just this rhythm which takes away from the value of cycling, rowing, and even ordinary swimming. The objection is easy to answer. Such exercises should be supplemented by prompt exercises like boxing, fives, cricket, and football—that is to say, if you are not so prompt and quick by nature that cycling is unlikely to harm you. In poise and a certain power of adaptation cycling is undoubtedly useful, but it is not complete exercise, especially for the arms. Too many are apt to be content with a vague phrase "exercise," and instead of the whole to take only a part—namely, cycling. Cycling is, to use the neater French idiom, *de l'exercice*, but not *l'exercice*.—"Cassell's Physical Educator."



Photos by C. Curtis, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

OUTING AT LOWER LODGE, AUGUST 27th, 1904.

A REST BY THE WAY AT OXENTON TURNING.

ON THE LAWN (ANGLING FOR A BLOATER).

DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

POLITICS AND POLITENESS.

The other day I received a invitation to peruse a political pamphlet entitled the "Cheltenham Electors' Guide" in the following choice terms:—

"Hither, hither, O ye strangers;
Leave your kennels, leave your mangers;
Make yourselves at home with us.
Come in crowds obscene and fetid
Choke with germs each vacant chink,
Let this isle of ours be treated
As the Universal Sink!"

Ov course, nobody would be so unkind as to refuge to accept such a pressing invitation as that, as were enuff to soften the 'cart of a flint, weren't it? So wot does I do but waste me time in reading through the said "Universal Sink," wick consisted of upwards of 8 collums of unparalleled aboose of the deepest dye against those who 'ave the audacious impudence to dare to place a Liberal candidate in the field, when everybody knows that this pertikler borough belongs to Mr. Agg-Gardner as a sort of divine birthright, and anyone who thinks different is a publican and a sinner, etcetera, and so 4th.

Leastways that's wot some of 'em thinks, as worships the very ground Mr. Agg-Gardner treads upon, and quite right too, if all as we hears be true; but for my part I don't know but wot he's about the same as other people as sits in Parleymunt, namely he does his best for his own side and votes straight for his party, knowing very well there's a right and a wrong to every question, of wick the Conservative point of view is rite and the Liberal's wrong.

Yes, Mr. Agg-Gardner's a excellent sort of a man, and presides as well as a lord at dinners and sich-like; besides, look at that there Recreation Ground as were gave us by him in his younger days as a return for 'aving been so kind as to elect him to Parleymunt!

Still, I don't 'old with they as kicks up sich a violent bother when the Liberals dare to bring in a candidate, perspective, architect, or otherwise. Let both sides 'ave a chance, say I—a fair fite and no favours shown—wick in these present dilemmers of the Licensing Bill, Chinese Labour for South Africa, Passive Resisters, and the Fishal Policy, it looks as if there mite be a very even running, as the sayin' is, for the post of M.P. for Cheltenham.

But about this 'ere paper, 'Tisn't the first I've 'ad crowded into my letter-box, wick only a week or so ago there came one on the other side of the question called "The Cheltenham Elector," price one ha'penny (altho' nobody didn't wait for the money)—and I will say that there wasn't 'ardly a pin to choose between the two for abusiveness, wick Colonel Croker-King—as is always asking for original styles of profane langwidges at the Perlice-

court—mife very reasonably glance through these 'ere political rapsodas if he wants to take lessons in that kind of thing.

I tell you wot it is. It's all they perlitical agents; wick a few weeks ago they 'ad a reglar set-to at each other in the "Echo," and hollered at each other (in print) till that part of the paper was black in the face with it; but never a one of us worried a 'atam about their squabbles, wick everybody knows they're paid to make a fuss, and so don't count.

But—not to be beaten, and determined at all costs to stir up a bit of the devil (beggin' yer pardin') as is always lurking about in perlitikal quarters—they started these precious little bundles of abuse. "Wotever shall we do," said they to themselves, "there'll be an election soon, and, so far as we can make out, there ain't half a grain of hatred about anywhere; wick wot's an election without hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, as the Prayer-book do say." So they sets to work to write down all the nasty remarks they can think of relating to the other side, and if they don't know anythink bad—well, they invents a bit, jest to go on with! Not that I think one side's hardly a bit better than the other in the matter, and it's a wonder to me 'ow they can think of the langwidge as they puts forth for the benefit of the electors, much less write it down and print it.

'Owever, I likes to go to the root of the matter in sich cases, and the root being the Liberals' and Conservatives' respective agents, as it seems, I thought I'd jest interview one of these 'ere violent gents, and see wot were the matter with 'is liver to cause 'im to break forth in sich a style. Not knowing but wot 'e were as uproarious as 'is writings, I took a old cavalry sword as was 'anded down by my great-uncle with me, likewise a good stout umbereller, and asked a member of the perlice force to stand jest outside to come to my existence if I called "murder" or "thieves" down the stairs.

Me 'eart quaked a good 'un as I ascended towards the violent one's hoffice and bumped timidly on the dore with the umbereller, 'olding the sword behind me back for fear of enraging him fust go off, so to speak, wick the dore were opened by a very pleasant-looking individooal, with a non-perlitical smile and a Panama hat, as asked me to walk in and take a seat very affable-like, not a bit like the "Electors' Guide" style; and wot would you believe it, when I come to announce me bizness, it turned out to be the perlitical agent 'imself, and not a sign of pistols, or revolvers, or Gatling guns, nor nothink of the sort, but as nice a gent as you could find in a day's march, fond of literary disputes, and picturs, and photographs, and so 4th.

So I drops that there sword down under the table, so as not to look too silly, you know, and I ups and I says, "Beggin' yer pardin, mister, but wotever made you send out all

that there budget of perlitical aboose, a-callin' Passive Resisters 'Bumbastes Furiosos' and 'bundles of nobodies,' and those who dare to think a bit Liberal now and then 'Radical liars,' 'Clap-trappers,' 'mixed and muddled,' 'mendacious,' 'contemptibly jealous,' in black type? You don't seem that sort of a gent at all, and I b'leeve Mr. Agg-Gardner's more of a gentle man than to agree with sich goin's on in 'is name."

"Well," says the agent, "Mr. Briggs, you see it's jest like this: When the election's beginning to draw nigh, you must stir up some bad feeling between the candidates and their supporters; why, only the other day a gent at a perlitical meeting said that he was willing to admit even that there Lloyd-George 'ad some ability, and when you get a Conservative gent, a deacon in the Primrose League, admitting things like that—well, it's time for us agents to begin stirring up a bit of bad blood, or else nobody won't trouble to vote when the election does come on."

"But," says I, "you don't seem the vilent sort I should 'ave egspected. 'Tisn't very 'andy work to a nice-spokea gent like you to start a free fite with all the onkind and on-couth remarks you can put together, is it?"

"Well, no, Mr. Briggs," says he, "there you has it exactly; we had to buy up copies of the "Pleece News," "The Mirror of Life," and "Sporting Bits," and look up all the chice egspressions before we could get into the proper swing of it; but, above all, we found the reports of the speeches made by Irish members of Parleymunt the most useful; so that now I could write you off a string of aboose as would get me run in for profane langwidge, about our Radical friends, without turnin' a hair, so to speak."

"But do you really hate 'em, same as you says?"

"Bless yer 'art, Briggs," says he, and give me a jovial punch in the ribs. "Bless yer 'art, Briggs. No! We only does it in a bizness sort of a way. Them's the fools as takes notice of it all. Why, some of the very people as we attacks tooth and nail is my personal friends, and we 'as a good 'earty laff over it when we meets."

"Well, well! to be sure!" says I. "Wot a lot of funny things there is in the world; and here I thought I'd 'ave wanted the perfection of the pleec against such a vilent individooal as I thought you must be. And wot a joke we did 'ave over that there old sword when I showed it to him, wick he said he'd never 'eard of sich a thing in his life, as anybody taking all that notice of a perlitical broadsheet, wick wasn't meant to be believed."

Still, there is they as do read and do believe sich things, and I considers, jokim' apart, that both sides—Liberals and Conservatives—mife jest study the following short sentence:—

"Manners, Gentlemen, please."
DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

Gloucestershire Harvest Home Carols

No. 1

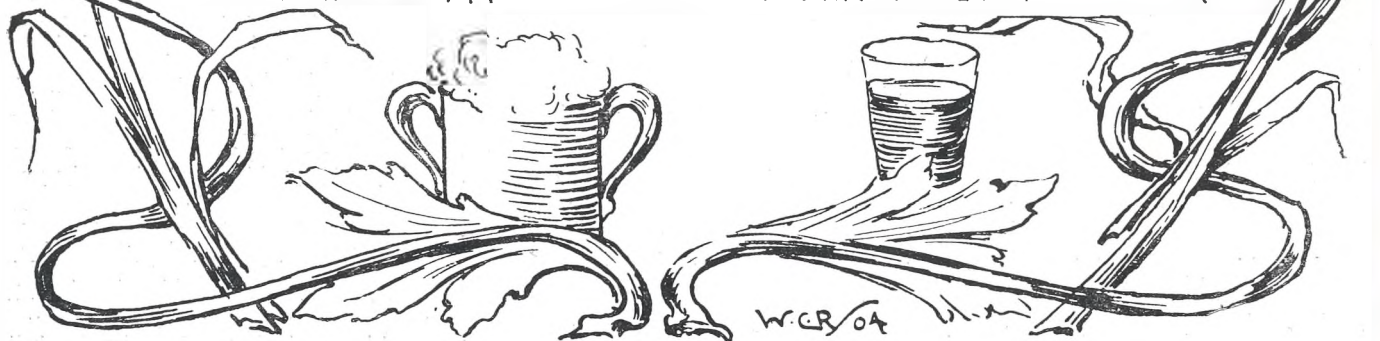
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO OUR MISTRESS,
THE BEST OF ONE AND TWENTY;
HEIGH-HO, IS IT SO, IS IT SO? IT IS SO!
FILL IT UP A LITTLE FULLER, FOR I THINK IT LOOKS QUITE EMPTY,
AND DOWN LET IT GO, LET IT GO, LET IT GO!
AND IF YOU DRINK TOO DEEP
YOU CAN GO TO BED AND SLEEP,
AND DRIVE AWAY SORROW AND WOE.

No. 2

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO OUR MASTER,
THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST;
I HOPE TO GOD W'Y ALL MY HEART
HIS SOUL IN HEAV'N MAY REST!
THAT ALL HIS WORKS MAY PROSPER
WHATEVER HE TAKES IN HAND;
FOR WE ARE ALL HIS SERVANTS
AND ALL AT HIS COMMAND!

No. 3

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE MAN THIS HOUSE
FOR PROVIDING OF US THIS GOOD ^{DO BELONG,}
^{CHEER;}
HERE'S HEALTH TO HIS WIFE ALL THE DAYS OF
LORD SEND HIM GOOD CROPS ^{FOR HER LIFE,}
^{FOR NEXT YEAR.}
AND PROSPER HIS FLOCK, AND ALL HIS WHOLE
HIS FAMILY WELL TO MAINTAIN; ^{STOCK,}
THEN TAKE UP THIS CUP AND DRINK IT ALL UP,
FOR THERE'S PLENTY TO FILL IT AGAIN.



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

Words from "Legends, Tales and Songs in the Dialect of the Peasantry of Gloucestershire."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 162.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



MR. WALNER GREGORY,

Manager "Sunday" Company, which will appear at Cheltenham Opera House Next Week.

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 191st prize has been divided between Miss Wheeler, of Bleak House, Churcham, near Gloucester, and Mr. Thomas Howes, of 15 Serlo-road, Gloucester.

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

The 102nd prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Robson, of "Beverley," Langdon-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, for football cartoons, one of which will be found in the "Echo" Football Edition, which re-starts for the season to-night.

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 country not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 84th prize has been divided between Miss Amy L. Jeffrey, of Leamington House, and Mr. A. D. Jenkins, of St. Tudno, both of Cheltenham, for reports of addresses by

Mr. E. E. Boorne at the Friends' Meeting House and the Rev. J. Butlin at Cambray Baptist 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 28th literary competition has been divided between Miss D. M. Ford, of 32 Imperial-square, and Miss Maud H. Lyne, of Rye-cote, St. Luke's, 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.

Mr. Frith, jun., an Allstock farmer, was reaping, when his horse ran away with the machine, and dashed into a deep pit. The animal was drowned, and Mr. Smith had a narrow escape.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"KITTY GREY."

MONDAY NEXT, FOR SIX NIGHTS, AND
MATINEE ON SATURDAY,

The Success of the London Season:
"SUNDAY,"

By Mr. Louis Calvert's Powerful Company.

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

W. SAWYER & Co.,

HIGH-GRADE COALS,

10 Clarence Street, Cheltenham.

Telephone 0868.

ETON HOUSE, WELLINGTON ST., CHELTENHAM.

Girls' School and Kindergarten.

PRINCIPAL—MISS LLOYD.

Assisted by an efficient staff of Mistresses and Masters. Thorough Education at moderate fees. Term begins on Wednesday, September 14.

Principal at home on the 13th inst.

Boarders received. Prospectus on application.

TINTERN ABBEY.

Tintern Abbey is undergoing restoration by the Crown authorities, who not long ago became possessed of the beautiful ruin, but it is not intended to do anything beyond securing the fabric against the ravages of further decay. Attention at the present time is being directed to the famous east window, some 50ft. in height, and finely moulded on Gothic lines. Nearly all the tracery has fallen from the upper part, little but the arch springs remaining to betoken its former architectural grace, but there still survives the slender central mullion, rising almost the full height of the window, and forking gracefully near the top. An examination has shown that the stone has been so decayed that if it is taken down it is doubtful whether it can be restored to its place. The preservation of the east window is but a part of the scheme of overhauling which is being carried out. The abbey was in many places very unsafe. Stones often fell from the walls and parapets, and the mullions of several of the windows had suffered much from the effects of wind and rain.

While the yacht Seagull was racing off Erith on Saturday it overturned. No one was hurt. The yacht was towed back to the Yacht Club House.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

A VISIT TO OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

[By Miss Maud H. Lyne.]

Though without the historical associations of Windsor Castle, the stately grandeur of Buckingham Palace, or the rugged scenery of Balmoral, Osborne House, the marine residence of the late Queen Victoria, is second to no other in interest.

Its situation is ideal: in the midst of just that scenery for which the island is famed—sunny fields and wooded dales, roads which gleam white in the August sunshine, and everywhere an air of quiet prosperity. Through the trees one catches sight of the spire of the church of the old village of Whippingham—a church indissolubly linked with the history of the Royal Family, as being designed and rebuilt by Prince Consort, as the scene of the marriage of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and, finally, as being the last resting-place of that gallant Prince.

In the opposite direction to Whippingham, beyond the Park itself, can be seen glimpses of the Solent, with its waters dotted with white-sailed yachts. The Palace stands on a slight eminence which faces the sea, views of which are obtainable from all the royal apartments.

As is well known, Osborne is now the King's gift to the nation, and once having entered the grounds by the Prince of Wales's gates, one has visible proof of the practical use to which this gift is being put. To the right are the buildings in connection with the Royal Naval College—class-rooms, dormitories, and covered corridors in course of construction for the boys in training for the cadet ship Britannia.

The whole of the house itself is open to the public, with the exception of those apartments reserved for the officers there on sick leave. Entering to the left of these, one goes straight into the rooms occupied by the late Queen. The Durbar Room deserves a day's visit to itself. Its wonderful Indian decoration and mahogany panelling was designed in 1895 by Ram Singh, whose portrait (by Rudolf Swoboda) hangs in the neighbouring gallery. This room, used formerly for small concerts and entertainments, now contains the Indian and Colonial Jubilee presents. Numbers of congratulatory addresses set with precious stones, beautiful specimens of native workmanship from Hyderabad, Sind, Bangalore, and many other far-off places, are laid in caskets. Passing from this room, the picture gallery claims attention. Almost exclusively Indian are the pictures hung here—portraits of handsome officers of the Indian Army, of Maharajahs in jewel-studded garments, of ancient coppersmiths of Delhi and of young silver weavers of the Benares Market. Here and there smiles from the wall the wistful face of a Zenana girl; and one can imagine the Queen, with the deep interest she felt in her dusky subjects, prizing these souvenirs of people so devoted to their Great White Queen.

Among the china and statuary in the west corridor is a dish of more than ordinary interest. Standing on a small golden pedestal, it is painted with portraits of Prince Consort in several capacities—as (1) President of the Society of Science, (2) Promoter of Art, and (3) Chancellor of the Universities. Round the border is an extract of a speech of Prince Albert in 1849, which is so significant as to bear quoting:

"Depend upon it, the interests of classes too often contrasted are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting for each other's advantage. To dispel that ignorance, to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person."

The billiard-room and drawing-room, which adjoin, are chiefly noteworthy for the magnificent pictures which they contain, most of which are portraits of members of the Royal Families of England and Europe. Landseer's famous picture of the widowed Queen at Osborne in 1865 reading her letters on horse-

back hangs on one wall, and near by are several charming water-colours of Scotch scenes—"Luncheon, 1861, Carn Lochan."

An especially beautiful one is "Evening at Balmoral, 1854," in which the Queen and young Princes, in Scotch attire, stand on the threshold of the Castle when the stags are brought home by torchlight.

The officers' corridor contains some exquisite family souvenirs. In an alcove stands a statue of the Duchess of Kent, with an inscription let into the wall. The late Queen's fondness for animals is testified to by a beautiful marble model of Noble, her favourite collie, who died at the age of 14.

At the foot of the grand staircase stands a statue of Victoria, the girl Queen, bearing in her hands a wreath and scroll. Beneath is the simple but grand inscription, "Victoria Regina." This hall also contains statuary of Prince Albert and the late Dukes of Edinburgh and Clarence.

A visit to Osborne would not be complete without seeing the Museum and Swiss cottage of Princess Henry. A quarter of an hour's walk through the grounds brings one to these buildings, which are in full view of the Solent. The Museum bears witness to the enthusiasm of the royal collector: every piece is of genuine interest and is carefully labelled. Many Jerusalem relics, brought back in 1862 by the present King, a crocodile shot by the Duke of Connaught, Osman Azraka's banner (captured at Firket in '96), and the jaws of a shark caught by the present Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence when aboard H.M.S. Bacchante in 1880 are among the collection.

A present that must have brought pleasure to the young Prince Edward is a box of eggs (puffins, cormorants, and gannets) sent to him from St. Kilda's.

The last visit paid is to the adjacent royal children's gardens. The little thatched tool-house, with its well kept tools hanging in tidy array, and diminutive wheelbarrows, with their owners' initials—"P. A.," "Pess. H.," etc., etc., must have been a great enticement to the small gardeners.

A STORY OF THE STAGE.

[By Miss D. M. Ford.]

It was a chilly, wet evening, fitting sequel to a chilly, wet day.

Bunsen's Travelling Theatrical Company were jogging along towards Nailsbury in the broken-winded omnibus which plies three times daily between that market town and the adjoining village of Maple.

Outside, the rain beat against the window panes, and inside tongues wagged fast and loud. Noisy altercations were freely engaged in, and personal opinions, sometimes the reverse of complimentary, gratuitously exchanged.

Certainly their grievance was no imaginary one! The last three days at Maple had been unsuccessful from a pecuniary point of view, and now, just as Mr. James Bunsen, the burly manager, in order to recoup, had been calculating upon presenting his most thrilling melodrama before the gaping inhabitants of Nailsbury, what does the leading lady—the imprisoned princess—do, but catch cold and lose her voice on the very evening before she was wanted to act!

Fate seemed unusually perverse! Only those acquainted with the several items of the Bunsen "repertoire" could fully gauge the company's despair.

For of all the marvellous dramatic representations, the fame of which preceded the arrival of the actors in each successive town by means of startling posters sown broadcast through the streets, none was so widely renowned, none "brought the house down" more effectually, than that most eloquent of epics, "Don Pedro and the Red-Handed Robber!"

"There's one thing," growled the fat manager, after much preliminary fuss and fume; "Tummas may find somebody at Nailsbury."

Tummas was the company's factotum. He had ridden on earlier in the day with the stage properties, and special instructions to find a substitute for the indisposed Glorienne.

"And if 'e does find somebody, like as not she'll take a week to learn her part. Country folks is so slow in the brain," grumbled Mrs. Bunsen.

"And, anyway, she won't do the screeching properly, and that'll spoil the whole thing," dejectedly added a dark-faced man.

The last speaker was Don Pedro himself. He had a right to be anxious. Tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome, none could "make up" better on occasion than he!

Glorienne, whose private name was Liz, being too ill and weary to lend her tongue to swell the volume of sound within the omnibus, sat patiently by as the discussion proceeded. All the Bunsenites were accustomed to abuse each other when anything went wrong, but the discontent in Don Pedro's last remark struck something of a chill to Liz's heart.

It was not like Dick to upbraid her for no fault of her own. Usually he took her part, for the two had known each other now for some years, and though theirs was not a demonstrative courtship it was generally understood that both parties were laying up a "nest-egg" with which to get married some day.

Liz went off to bed when the company arrived at the Nailsbury country inn, but not before she heard the welcome news that Tummas had managed to procure a very likely substitute to take her part.

An hour or two later, as she lay, feverish and aching, in her attic room, a pert-looking young woman made her appearance in the inn kitchen below. She was decked out in tawdry finery, with a mass of unbrushed yellow hair, and a face full of a certain coarse beauty, but, to the eyes of the company, she unanimously appeared an ideal Glorienne.

Liz lay prostrate for a day or two, aching in every limb. Sick nursing was not much in the company's rôle, and she spent the long hours usually alone. Then she became gradually better. Her voice returned, and her interest in life revived.

"How does the new girl do?" she asked the manager's wife, the next time Mrs. Bunsen poked her head in at the door.

"Oh! well enough," was the answer; "James is always singing her praises. She takes to the actin' like a duck to water."

Liz looked relieved.

"Does Dick get on with her all right?" she asked.

She did not see the broad grin on Mrs. Bunsen's face.

"Oh! ay," was all the other woman said.

"He's busy now, I reckon," continued Liz wistfully. During those days of unwonted quiet, her undemonstrative love had deepened unconsciously.

"Aye, in some ways," replied Mrs. Bunsen shortly. Then her face relented, and she looked at Liz with a kind of pity, as she turned to leave the room.

Liz called after her her intention of getting up.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Bunsen, putting her head in again at the door. "Stop there till to-morrow and get quite well. We are going on to Brockley in the afternoon. It's the last time of Don Pedro to-night." And off like a whirlwind went the manager's wife. That last piece of information decided Liz. A tender longing to see Dick acting again in the part he took so well, and perhaps a certain slight curiosity respecting the capabilities of the new Glorienne, mastered her movements. Wrapped in a warm shawl, she soon found her way out of the house to the other end of the little town where the theatre had been put up.

The play had already begun as she nodded to the man at the box-office and took her place amongst the crowd of rustics inside the tent.

Her heart swelled with pride when Don Pedro, in his slouch hat and heavy cloak, stalked to the footlights and bowed majestically in answer to the prolonged applause.

The fastidiously inclined might have wished to limit the Don's immense powers of gesticulation, or taken exception to the surprising number of aspirates he managed to dispense with in his oratorical bursts, but Liz only saw the beautiful side of it all.

When the play had ended, and the people were streaming out, she sat in her place, long

after the lights were turned down. Then she made her way behind the scenes. Opening a door at the back, she was about to pass down a narrow passage when she heard voices at the farther end. One of the voices belonged to Dick, and with a sudden tender reserve Liz stopped, and waited till she could see him alone.

"I hope Liz won't cut up rough about it, Ada," she heard Dick say.

"Cut up rough about what?" asked a loud, pent voice.

"You taking Glorienne for always," Dick answered.

"Bunsen 'll turn her off if she does," said the new Glorienne.

"Oh! no," replied Dick, "she'll do for another part, I deessay. But you—why, you're made for Glorienne, Ada! With them pretty eyes of yorn, and yer shinin' yellow hair—"

"Oh! indeed, Dick Martin," interrupted Ada's shrill voice; "you've a smooth tongue on yer. 'll be bound you sed all that gammon to the other one, too. I heard you was sweet-heartin' together."

"Don't you believe them now," urged Dick, 'twas only a fancy. But you now—"

He broke out into another rhapsody, followed by giggling protests on his companion's part.

Neither of them heard the soft footsteps of the other woman leaving the tent.

THE RIGHTS OF THE MAN IN THE STREET.

It seems that steps are about to be taken to vindicate the right of pedestrians on the public roads. There is in process of formation a society to be called the Highways Protection League. Its object is to attend to the comfort of those people who pass along our high roads on foot, it being very frequently assumed by the drivers of vehicles that the humble foot-passenger is simply bound to get out of the way, and has not equal rights with himself on the road. There is, undoubtedly, plenty of scope for such a society as is being contemplated, but we hope that it will start on its career without antagonism to any existing society. It would be an easy matter to enlist public sympathy in favour of those whose object is simply to maintain the natural rights of the citizen, but we are sure that this might be done without coming to loggerheads with those whose tastes do not lead them to perform their journeys on foot. It is, undoubtedly, true that walking on the highway, especially in very dry and dusty weather, is not nearly so pleasant as it used to be, and anyone would perform a great public service who could invent a method of dealing with the immense clouds of dust raised by modern vehicles. It would seem to call for an entirely new treatment of the roads. At any rate, it is to be hoped that in the construction of new roads, or the enlargement of those that are old, necessitated in many districts by the alteration of traffic, care will be exercised to render the conditions as pleasant as possible to the pedestrian.—"Country Life."

IS THE ENGLISH NOVEL DEAD?

How fond are our critics of the dismal joy of shouting to the public that we are living in a literary charnel house! The drama is dead, poetry is dead, humour is dead. Hard on the heels of one who complains of "the plague of novels" comes Mr. G. S. Street with "an enquiry," in the current number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" into the question "Is the English novel dead?" Personally, I am persuaded that the English novel is pullulating with life (says "J. A. H." in "The Bystander"). The mere fact that so much rubbish in the guise of novels is pouring from the press just now is proof that the English novel lives: in art, as in religion and commerce, the counterfeit is always most abundant in the presence of the real. It is a safe assumption that whenever hypocrites are rife religion is in a good way. It is then that hypocrisy pays. The novel is to-day a veritable Aaron's rod in our literature, and for that reason an enormous mass of trash is inevitable, but alongside of it, and often overshadowed thereby, is "the real right thing" in no mean measure. It is a poor business this, of parading our arts as so many corpses awaiting burial.

PRINTERS' ERRORS IN THE BIBLE.

The "Periodical," Mr. Frowde's excellently-produced organ concerning books of his own publishing, says:—A good many newspaper paragraphs having lately appeared regarding a guinea reward which is paid for discovering errors in Bibles, and the Bible Society having found it necessary to state publicly the position of that society in regard to the matter, it may be well to give an account of the exact facts. The question was first raised before a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Queen's Printers' Patent—a Committee which sat from July 28th to August 4th, 1859, "to inquire into the Nature and Extent of the Queen's Printers' Patent for England and Wales, so far as relates to the Right of Printing the Holy Scriptures; and to report their Opinion as to the propriety of any future Grant of that Patent." Mr. John Bright was a member of that Committee. In the minutes of evidence taken, we find that Mr. Thomas Combe (who was called as being one of the Printers of the University of Oxford) was asked, "Has the University of Oxford offered any prize for the discovery of errors?" "Yes," he replied, "for a number of years; certainly for the last twenty years, and probably prior to that. We offer a sovereign," continued Mr. Combe, "for every error which is discovered in any one of our books." "Has this prize often been claimed?" "I have only paid it three times in twenty years." "Were they important alterations or errors?" "I cannot recollect what they were, but they were typographical errors overlooked by the reader." How the pound grew into a guinea cannot now be explained; but the rule of the Oxford Press has been for many years to give a reward of one guinea to the first discoverer (not being in the employ of the Press) of a printer's error in the text portion of any Authorised Version Bible printed at Oxford during recent years. It is believed that the other privileged printers—the Cambridge Press and the King's Printers—now follow the Oxford practice; and it is marvellous, considering the extent of the Bible regarded solely as a book, that this reward should be so seldom gained.



THE MYSTERIES OF LHASSA.

Not only by its marvellous situation does Lhasa appear the citadel of fairyland. The veil of secrecy, which has so long enveloped it, gives it, in the eyes of all Europe, a sense of wonder. He who carries before him the exhortation, "Do not look on my back," is sure of an advertisement, and many a reckless man or woman has risked life itself to satisfy a baffled curiosity. Did not Psyche imperil her happiness that she might gaze upon Cupid's face? But the secrecy of Lhasa is the more remarkable because it is rather a superstition than a fact. Though no European army has ever entered its gates, they have not always been closed to the discreet traveller. Warren Hastings, keenly aware of Lhasa's importance, sent an envoy thither—one Bogle—as early as 1774; while Thomas Manning, the friend of Charles Lamb, passed four months within the walls of the sacred city, and left behind him an eloquent description. He was even granted an audience by the Dalai Lama, a boy of seven, whose aspect almost moved him to tears. "He had the simple and unaffected manner of a well-educated princely child," wrote Manning. "His face was poetically and affectingly beautiful. He was of a gay and cheerful disposition. His beautiful mouth was perpetually unbending into a graceful smile, which illuminated his whole countenance. Sometimes, particularly when he looked up at me, his smile almost approached a gentle laugh. No doubt my grim beard and spectacles somewhat excited his risibility. Nevertheless, on another occasion at the New Year's festival (when watching from a corner his reception of various persons), I have seen him smile and unbend freely." Yet smile as he would, he was doomed to an early death, and could no more escape the untoward destiny of priestly kingship than he who guarded the golden bough in the grove of Aricia.—From "Musings, without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for September, 1904.



Photo by A. Baldwin, Cheltenham.

LOCAL CRICKETERS.

Five representatives of Cheltenham Victoria C.C. playing in "Rest of League" against Cup Winners to-day.

HOW THE NEWSPAPER WAS TRUMPED.

A good story comes from Northampton. It is told in "Our County," a work of remarkable interest, published by Mr. Ryland Adkins, the well-known barrister, and a member of the Northamptonshire County Council. A certain gentleman, being a coroner of a large town in that county, was amused at a comment made in one of the local papers that he was too much given to calling the same men as jurymen. The jurymen's fee of a shilling one would hardly imagine was an inducement to men to seek many appearances in court; but that may not be the only consideration. There are some who rather enjoy such exercise of quasi-judicial function as even service on a coroner's jury involves. The coroner took no notice of these suggestions, but waited until an inquest had to be held, which could be conveniently arranged for a Friday. He then ordered that the twelve jurymen should be obtained from the office of that paper. The editor, sub-editor, reporters, printers, and almost the devil were to be sworn in.

Instantly there was the greatest commotion. The coroner was apprised immediately that on Fridays the paper was in "the pangs of parturition" (we quote Mr. Adkins). Finally the strenuous appeals to everything humane and considerate in the coroner proved successful. The paper came out to the public, while other twelve men went forth to serve upon the jury. And newspaper comments on the coroner's practice in jury summoning speedily ceased.—"Stationery Trades Journal."



The games that gutter children play, says "Pearson's Magazine," with buttons, are marvellous and without end. When a boy is discovered without a button to his clothes, it may be taken for granted that they are safely within his pocket, ready for any game that may happen. Every button has its worth. They are divided into three great classes—sinkeys, shankeys, and liveries. Sinkeys are metal buttons with a hollow centre; shankeys are large buttons attached by wire; while liveries are buttons with crests, and are highly prized.

One of the favourite games in which they are employed may be termed "Gutter Billiards," and consists of throwing the buttons against a wall in such a way that they rebound towards a line, or a hole, on the ground. A mysterious instrument, known as a "knicker," a small circular piece of metal, takes part in many of these sports. A supply of buttons, for instance, is thrown upon the ground, the object being to drive them into a certain position, or to pick one off, previously specified by the rival player, by means of the knicker.

The great point in all these games is that every button thus hit may be claimed. The collection of buttons is the main object of life to many a slum child.

POETRY.

SEPTEMBER.

September, thou art like a lady fair
Who, having lately left her youth behind,
Still has a silvery laugh, a witching air,
And still to youthful dreaming is inclined.

September, thou art like a lady who
Has reached the fulness of sweet womanhood,
Whose cheeks are crimson still, who, smiling too,
Still thinks the world is beautiful and good.

September, thou art like a lady fair
Who still may charm with smile or sigh or
glance,
Who, showing here and there a soft gray hair,
Still is the spirit of a sweet romance.

September, thou art like a lady who
Looks forward half in dread and half resigned,
Who fancies that she still is clinging to
The joyous youth which she has left behind.



Photo by W. J. Gardner, Tewkesbury.

Cricket at Tewkesbury—Mr F. H. Healing's XI. v. H. Wrathall's XI.

A. Rix (scorer), A. Barnett (umpire), Thompson, Parker, Woodward, Lewis, Freeman, Mills, Heath, Powys-Keck, Huggins, Steppings, Boroughs, Board, F. H. Healing, Rice, Jackson, D. L. Priestley, Willis, Butland, Dennett, Philpott, Pearson, Davey.

That there are men anxious to die for country and Emperor, no one who has been in Japan and witnessed the universal loyalty could ever doubt (says Murasaki Ayami in "The Bystander"). Neither the Japanese soldier nor sailor entertains any thought of returning to country or home when called off to the front, and from that time his life belongs to his country, and it is an honour to lay it down accordingly. Of the hundreds of proofs I could give you of this, I think I could not do better than quote a little incident cited in a Japanese paper called the "Japan-Russia War":—

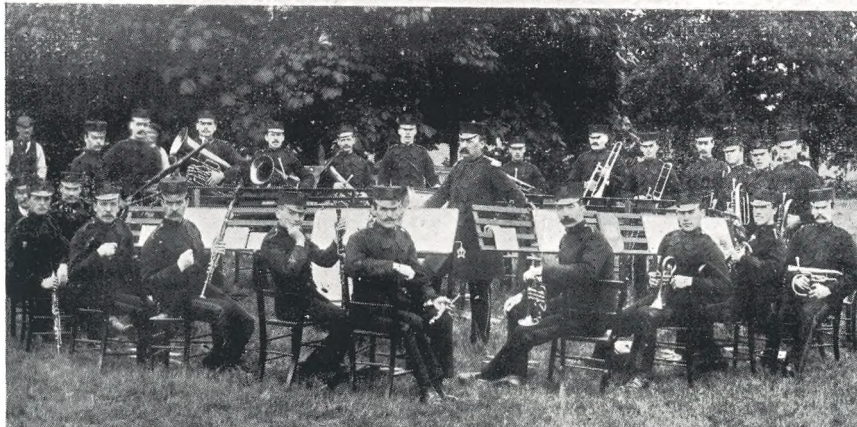
Admiral Togo, Commander-in-Chief of the combined squadron, in his reports regarding the first blockade expedition, stated that, in enforcing his decision to block the mouth of Port Arthur, he proposed to raise "Kesshitai" (a corps of men resolved to fight till death), and immediately received over 2,000 applicants, some of whom sent in applications written or signed with their own blood. A warrant officer named Mompei Hayashi wrote:—

"Commander Hikijiro Ijichi, H.I.M.S. Mikasa. Sir,—I, being most desirous of participating in the volunteer corps now being organised, entreat you to select me, hereby sending in application written with my own blood.—Mompei Hayashi."

His Majesty the Emperor has been pleased to keep this blood autograph.

A good story is told in connection with an election for a county councillor in one of the northern Irish counties. The county in question (says "Club Chatterer," in "To-day") is noted for being one of the finest places in the world for breeding a certain class of hunter, and the electors were mostly farmers and horse dealers. One of the candidates held a meeting in a small village, but, for some reason or other, failed to make any impression upon the audience. The local blacksmith, however, was a strong supporter of his, and, seeing how things were going, he got on his feet, and put it to the meeting this way: "Me friends," said he, "this fellow (the candidate) rides a horse. The other fellow rides a motor-car. You breeds horses an' I shoes them, so what is there to argue about?" This speech won them over.

A peculiar regimental distinction is permitted to the 28th Gloucesters, who are allowed to wear a badge both in the front and rear of their caps. This distinction was conferred upon them because of the gallant stand they made at Alexandria, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, when completely surrounded. The officers of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers are allowed to wear a "flash" of black silk sewn to the back of the neck of their tunics, in commemoration of the wearing of the old military pigtail. Needless to say, each regiment is exceedingly jealous of such distinctions.



Photos by W. J. Gardner, Tewkesbury.

Fruit Growers' Show at Twynning Park, Sept. 1, 1904.

TWYNING PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. B. KNIGHT.
TEWKESBURY CORPORATION BAND.

"SUNDAY"
COMES ON MONDAY
NEXT WEEK.

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Photo by F. T. Merrett, Churchdown.

HUCCLECOTE CHURCH.



Photo by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.

A BUSY TIME AT SHARPNESS DOCKS.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

* * *

AN INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR MOTOR-CYCLES.

Up to the present, motor-cycles have been neglected in favour of cars as regards big international races; but now the Motor-Cycle Club of France has come forward with a valuable cup to be raced for annually. Only recognised motor-cycle clubs can compete, and the Auto-Cycle Club has been invited to nominate three British competitors. It is to be hoped that some of our leading motor-cycle manufacturers will come forward with machines. English motor-cycles are equal to any in the world, and there is no reason why English machines and riders should not secure this new blue riband of the motor-cycle world. The race will be held on Sept. 25th.

THE COMING OF THE TRI-CAR.

The most important advance in the motor-cycle world during the last year or so has been the development of the front passenger attachment for a motor-bicycle, popularly termed a fore-carriage. In the first place, this was only a temporary form of attachment, its chief qualification being the ease of attachment. A 2½ h.p. engine was considered then quite equal to the task of propelling this combination over average give-and-take roads. This was in theory; in actual practice it was very soon discovered that 3 h.p. was the least power suitable, and even this involved pedalling on some hills. Since then advancement has been rapid. Most modern tri-cars are rigid attachments, not meant to be removed and replaced. Powerful engines, with water-cooling and two-speed gear, are fitted, and the tri-car now attains to the dignity of a three-wheeled car. Its popularity is great also. It is a splendid compromise between the motor-bicycle and the light car. It is also the cheapest sociable form of motor vehicle in existence. It has been rather a matter for disappointment that only one tri-car out of nine completed the 1,000 miles trials held recently. Three or four of the machines were eliminated at an early stage of the trials by careless driving on the part of the riders. The others suffered from tyre troubles, which are a matter of luck. It must be very gratifying to the inventor of the fore-carriage that his trumo was the one machine which scored. There is one point which needs attention. The trials showed that the ordinary motor-cycle wheel and tyre is not strong enough to withstand the strain of driving a three-wheeled vehicle. Rims, spokes, and hubs should be on a stronger scale. As to tyres, 2½in. on the driving tyre and at least 2in. on the side wheels should be used.



Photo by T. Howes, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL

CIVIC PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL ON SUNDAY.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

It is a curious fact that most of the newspapers which contained accounts of the motor-cycle trials spoke of the event as a "race." This is very misleading to the ordinary public, who do not read the technical papers, and rely for information on the daily papers. The event was a reliability trial pure and simple. Competitors were strictly confined to the legal limit of twenty miles per hour in the open country, and a slow speed through towns. To call such an event a race conveys an impression of some fifty motor-cycles scouring at high speed through the country. Nothing was further removed from the thoughts of the organisers of the trials than this. A race would never be

allowed, and quite rightly too, in this country.

TESTING A SPARKING-PLUG.

There is no doubt that a good deal of the compression of the engine is frequently lost at the sparking-plug owing to the latter not being gas-tight. It is a good plan to test for this in the following simple method. Inject a few drops of paraffin and lubricating oil into the combustion chamber of the engine, and then run the machine on the stand. If the plug is not gas-tight, smoke will be blown out at the packing joint. Most cheap porcelain plugs will be found to leak in this way. It is a mistake to buy very cheap sparking-plugs. They will seldom be found to be satisfactory. It pays in the end to buy a good plug.

"SUNDAY"
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GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

The 181st meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford is now a memory. The "Fair City," in which it was held this week, blossomed out in its four main streets with the assortment of civic shields and flags that had done duty before on other festive occasions. These were hung on the electric poles, which served in good stead for Venetian masts; and it can be truly said that the coats of arms and devices represented on the shields were of cosmopolitan character—from China to Peru and Fiji to Japan. The chrysanthemum of the latter country, I observed, appropriately enough, opposite the premises of Mr. Sidney Starr, secretary to the Gloucester Root and Chrysanthemum Society. But not a Russian emblem was to be seen. Triumphant arches being impracticable by reason of the running of the electric cars, these decorations, limited to a brace and musical in character, were placed across College-street. The phrase on one of them, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" was responsible for its revival in certain quarters in conundrum form. Various were the solutions hazarded, one answer being "Because the Japs Rush on to victory with undaunted courage." At this Festival no photographing was allowed in the Cathedral, the reason assigned being that the orchestra could not spare time from rehearsal for posing. I remember that it took considerable time on a former occasion, when about a dozen knights of the camera "shot" the orchestra together, and with the result that a large proportion of the plates were bad. I noticed this year that the standing statue of Dr. Jenner was completely boxed-in above the raised seats. This, of course, was not with the view to spare the feelings of any anti-vaccinators.

The Festival commenced auspiciously in fine weather and with a grand free service on Sunday afternoon. I gladly recognise the marked improvement in the arrangements over those of previous festivals for the admission of the numerous ticketless public to the Cathedral: now the presence of about forty of the police force and the formation of the public into queues enabled them to be passed in orderly, and soon the legends had to be displayed "Cathedral full." I must endorse the regret expressed that the Mayor (who has revived the traditions of official hospitality allowed to become dormant in recent years) was unable to attend with the Corporation owing to a prolonged attack of sciatica; also that his worthy wife, who was present, had to be removed in a fainting state brought on by the excessive heat of the sacred edifice. Though there was no transcendent ability displayed in the new compositions that were launched at this Festival, it is highly satisfactory that the meeting still maintains firm hold on the paying public. We shall soon know the actual financial results. Whatever the authorities of Worcester or Hereford Cathedrals may do in reforming their music meetings, I am strongly of opinion that Gloucester is eminently in a position to stand alone and continue on the old lines.

It is almost as good as settled that Mr. M. H. Hicks Beach will be adopted by the Tewkesbury Division Conservative Association this afternoon as its candidate. In him Mr. Lister will have a foe man worthy of his steel, and possessing strength to stand the work of fighting a large constituency. A Beach is indigenious to Gloucestershire, and it would be quite appropriate that one of a third generation should sit for a large portion of the constituency that his father and grandfather represented. It would be unique in the local political annals of the past century.

Shooting over Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson's Broomhead Moor, near Sheffield, on the 24th ult., a party of nine guns bagged 1,371½ brace of grouse, thus breaking the record for a single day's sport.

A FIFTY YEARS' RECORD.
To have worked for one firm for fifty years is a great achievement, greater, perhaps, than many of us imagine. The wage-earners are a majority in every country; they form the largest army in the world. For one of them to have faithfully served a master for half a century is an event that should be made much of. It demands recognition for the worker's sake, and for the master's also, for both must be men or women of more virtue than their fellows.

In Britain we can boast of many such instances of long service, but here we wish to quote part of a tribute paid to such a worker by Mr. Matthews, a master printer of Buffalo, U.S.A.

"For fifty years you have made good printing. That is something for you to be proud of, and cause for us all to be grateful to you.

"But that is not all, nor the best of all; you have made something of more worth than good printing; all that time you have been making good printing—by teaching, by demonstration; with patience, with fairness, with kindness you have brought up generation after generation of boys and young men, and have taught them, above all, by your example to do good work and to be good men. That record is so precious that words can but hint at it. Our relation is this life to our work is a direct duty. When we accomplish that duty, we do a great deal. We justify our existence. Circumstances may fix the reward for a good day's work at a high rate in one branch or position, and at a low rate in another, but the man who has done his work well, no matter what the position, has earned the respect and consideration due for duty fulfilled. His work is successful, he is a success.

"But a man's duty to his work, to his employment, and through that to his employers is not all nor the highest of his duties. That is a duty which, after all, he owes to himself. A man may be faithful, may be worthy of respect; but may not be worthy of love. His duty to his fellow-men, to those nearest to him, may be left unfulfilled. That kind of man fills his place, but does not widen it, does not leave behind him a trail of good will and good fellowship which, after his exertions have ceased, will continue to make for the betterment of all.

"The contents of this loving cup, these golden tokens from the men who have worked under you, are a symbol that you, our dear old friend, are not one of those narrow men; but, as I said before, have accomplished something greater and rarer and more precious than fifty years of good work; great, rare, and precious though it is. You have to your record the proudest of distinctions; for fifty years you have been kind, considerate, courteous, sympathetic, fair and just to those with whom you worked; to those over you, with you, and under you. You have made all with whom you have been associated better and happier from that association."

These are wonderful words, which deserve to be taken to heart by every journeyman printer in the world.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The "Times" made the interesting announcement in its Literary Supplement last week that, by an arrangement concluded with the literary executors of the late Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. W. F. Monypenny has undertaken the duty of editing the Life and Letters of that distinguished statesman. All the papers that passed to the literary executors, and also Lord Rowton's papers, have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Monypenny. It may be remembered that Mr. Monypenny was the editor of the "Johannesburg Star" for some years prior to the outbreak of the South African War, and served with distinction in the Imperial Light Horse through the siege of Ladysmith.

"Lot of beer," said a coloured brother at West Ham Police-court when asked what he had imbibed. "Too much?" resumed the interlocutor. "Oh, yes," was the ready reply.



Photo by H. J. Edgerton, Golden Valley.

IN TROUBLE.

TYRANNY OF THE TIP.

There is little doubt that this question of tipping contains a grave social nuisance; in fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is fast becoming a tyranny. Even the well-to-do are finding that tipping servants is making country visiting an absolute luxury. I heard a lady say lately that where, ten years ago, a sovereign would get you through with the servants, you must now be prepared to give five. There seems to be something against the very root of hospitality in this enforced payment for service. Let us for a moment return to Miss Ramshackle. An invitation to a house ought to mean complete comfort and equality for her. Yet, how can she have either when her host and hostess, cognisant of her means, are also cognisant that tribute will be exacted from her in their house which she cannot afford to pay? Whether she is to blame for being in a humiliating position has nothing to do with the matter. Hosts are under obligations to their guests, and if they cannot protect them from the unwritten laws of the servants' hall, then they ought not to invite them to their houses. The remedy, so far as the exorbitant tips now the fashion are concerned, rests entirely with the masters and mistresses. A rule that the taking of tips was not permitted might be easily promulgated. And if a notice to that effect were displayed for visitors' guidance, it should certainly be supplemented by a special warning to the nouveaux riches. "Millionaires," it might run, "are cautioned that their invitations cannot be renewed if they are found guilty of tipping"; for, it seems, the millionaire's five-pound note is at the bottom of the abuse—Frances in "Five O'Clock Tea Talk" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

RECIPES FOR SUCCESS AT THE BAR.

The recipes for success at the Bar are many and various; indeed, their number and variety may well embarrass the aspirant of the Woolsack. "High spirits," said Mr. Justice Maule; "Not to possess a penny," said Erskine; "Connections," said the great Tidd—"a barrister starting without connections is like launching a ship without water"; "Nothing does a young barrister so much good as a little starvation," said Lord Eldon; "Clear-headed common-sense," said Lord Russell of Killowen; "The young barrister should have a good deal of ambition, very little money, and be very much in love," said Sir Edward Clarke at the recent dinner in his honour. The latest authority to express his views on the subject is Mr. Rufus Isaacs, and his confidence to the interviewer is to the effect that the most important quality is a "wide knowledge of human nature." This is a valuable quality, no doubt; but then it is supplemented in Mr. Isaacs's case, it would seem, by a special gift of "automatic" thinking. He reads his briefs overnight, and lo! when he wakes in the morning "he has the whole of the facts clearly in his memory, with his plan of campaign for each case as lucidly laid out as if he had devoted days of study to it." This is a gift almost as valuable as the machine humorously ascribed by Tindall to Scarlett, by virtue of which he could always produce on the judge's head a motion angular to the horizon—an approving nod.—"Law Journal."

"BUYING IN THE CHEAPEST MARKET."

During a period of discussion such as we are now passing through with regard to the fiscal question, it is well for traders to look into some of the sentences which come pouring out of all the treatises on political economy. The above is one, and we venture to think that these five words are responsible for more adulteration, more sweating, and more out-and-out dishonesty—as well as providing a free advertisement for the foreign manufacturer—than any other five words in the English language. Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest market. The first part is easy enough, but the second part is not so easy to accomplish. With the everlasting drip of this axiom of political economy, commodities have gone through the cheapening process until, in all conscience, there is no profit left in them for manufacturer, middleman, or retail distributor. During no period of British trade has it been necessary to do so much for absolutely no return in the way of profit as is the case at the present moment. This applies not only to the pottery and glass trades, but to every industry. Buying in the cheapest market too often means the cheapening of a commodity by more and more cutting competition. Quality has gone to the winds, in many instances stifled and killed by the mad rage for the low-priced article. Buying in the cheapest market has produced the sweater—that product of modern civilisation who is so often little better than the common thief. Will the reign of quality ever come back, and the day arrive when the best shall universally be looked upon as the cheapest? Perhaps it will when we have abolished such teachings as that now named.—"Pottery Gazette."



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

SPEED THE PARTING—WELCOME THE COMING—GUEST.

Cheltonia: Welcome! And the most successful of seasons to you.

INTELLIGENCE OF SLUGS.

Dr. Horace Dobell, writing from Parkstone Heights, Dorset, to the "Times," says: "It is our custom to put some crumbs night and morning on the outside sill of the window of our library for the birds, who clear all but the smallest away. One morning I observed the silver trail of a slug or snail round about the spot where the crumbs had been. Even the smallest crumbs had been cleared up. But what especially struck me was that the trail came straight up to the crumbs. There was no sign of wandering about in search of them, but an evident knowledge of the exact place at which to find them. I watched the window after this, and found that just before dark a large brown slug came straight up to the spot and ate the remaining crumbs. It was news to me that a slug would eat bread crumbs, but the main question for the scientist is: How did the slug find the crumbs in the first instance, and how did it know the exact spot at which to climb up for them? For two more nights it came again and ate the crumbs as before, being accompanied on the second night by a small brown slug, about half its size. I then washed out the trail, that it should not be guided by it, but the slug continued to come on fine nights. Except on wet nights, when it did not appear at all, it came straight over the edge of the sill opposite the crumbs, and continued to come every few nights throughout July and August. One night it came through the window of another room, apparently by mistake, but finding no crumbs there returned to the other window a few nights later. One night I put out some grains of rice, but the slug left them untouched. "Mind in animals" being one of the foremost problems of the day among scientists, it occurs to me that this apparent example of memory and intelligence in so undeveloped a form of animal life deserves to be publicly recorded."

CATHOLICS AND CHURCH MUSIC.

The "Catholic Herald" announces that a joint pastoral will shortly be issued by the Catholic bishops of England dealing with Church music. The pastoral will entirely prohibit certain masses belonging to what may be called the operatic school, and will strongly deprecate the further employment of women singers in church choirs.

PERSECUTING MOTORISTS.

Baron de Caters, the genial and well-known Belgian sportsman, has been the victim of a novel and curious method of persecution which has been invented in Austria, though it remains to be seen whether it can be substantiated in law. While touring with his friend the Chevalier de Burbure they came upon the village of Theresiensfeld, through which they were passing very slowly. M. de Burbure's car was in front, and the Baron saw him suddenly pull up in face of a hay-wagon which was drawn across the road by a group of villagers. Baron de Caters, of course, stopped also, and supposed that some act of brigandage was intended. The posse of villagers, however, when they surrounded the cars, was found to contain the mayor, councillors, and police of the village named, and they proceeded to demand the names, addresses, etc., of the automobilists with a view to the issue of a proces-verbal. Naturally they enquired "For what?" "For raising 'the dust!'" was the astonishing reply. Attention was even called to the fact that the cars had non-slipping treads on their tyres, and it was alleged that these were affixed for the sole object of tearing up the roads! While one can afford to smile at the ignorant intolerance of the inhabitants of a distant Austrian village, it is impossible to avoid the reflection that the same spirit is often manifested much nearer home, and not only in villages.—"Country Life."

DYING DOG'S FIDELITY.

Wonderful fidelity and intelligence were displayed by the dog which was poisoned by the thieves who broke into the Stepney residence of Major Evans Gordon, M.P. (O.C.) The animal was an Irish terrier and a good watchdog. It must have been poisoned before it was able to give any warning, and the thieves evidently left the dog, believing it to be dead. But, apparently unnoticed by the burglars, the terrier crawled with difficulty upstairs and clawed feebly at his master's bedroom door. From the appearance of the dog, the owner believed it to be in a fit, and was proceeding downstairs to get something for it, when he noticed all the doors at the back of the house wide open, and he realised what had occurred. On returning to his room to arm himself against attack, he found that the faithful dog had already died. No clue has been obtained as to the thieves, who escaped when they heard the master speak to the dog.

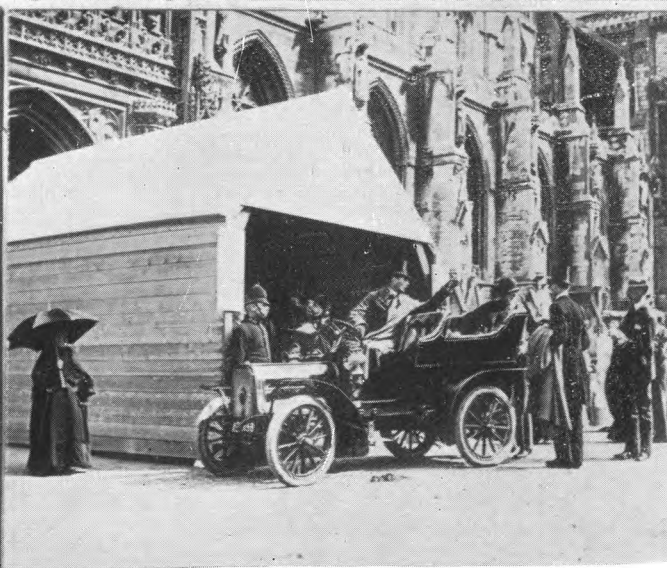
SUMMER HOLIDAYS A NATIONAL DISCOMFORT.

With the majority of people, enforced summer holidays tend to throw them off their balance (says a writer in "The By-stander"). Used to the unvaried routine of their daily lives, a holiday becomes a wearisome task. For a few days all goes merrily; it is delightful to feel that there is no need for a hurried breakfast, no train to be caught; they can read their daily paper in comfort, and smoke, and take a leisurely stroll along the seashore—where the majority migrate for their summer holiday. But how soon do we find that they are slaves to habit, and that this idleness is beginning to pall. The days that are too short when busily occupied become drawn out to an extraordinary length; they lounge about from morning till night, unable to find any occupation to take the place of the work which has become so essential to them. In fact, it is a mistake, these holidays of ours, for they entirely fail to supply the end for which they were instituted. Holidays should be taken, not at one particular time of the year, but a few days now and then all through the year; and never aimlessly, just because it has to be done. There should be a definite object in every man's holiday, something to take the place of his daily duties; he must be able to work as hard at his play as he does at his work, or he will not be happy. I feel certain that I am expressing the wish of the majority when I advocate the speedy abolishment of one of our national discomforts—the "Summer Holidays."

COMPULSORY MOUSTACHES.

There is a hitherto unsuspected grievance in the army—the compulsory growing of moustaches. An indignant correspondent of "Truth" asks why a man is not to be allowed to do what he likes with his own features, and points out that there are plenty of officers clean-shaved. The Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary for War are asked not to bother to lay down rules about moustaches. "Truth" points out that it is impossible to make a regiment of soldiers exactly like a row of ninepins. Nature compels you to enlist dark and fair, and nature also grows robust moustaches or sickly ones.

A Wilford (Leicestershire) hen has laid an egg four and a half inches long, eight inches in circumference, and six ounces in weight.



Photos by Miss Wheeler, Churcham, near Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Corporation Procession to Opening Service on Sunday Afternoon.

Very Rev. Dean Spence-Jones, Mrs. Spence-Jones, and Sir John Dorington in Deanery Gardens after the "Elijah."

Going to Opening Service.

Entering South Transept Door on Sunday.

Leaving after Morning Recital on Tuesday.

Mr. J. Dearman Birchall arrives on Motor-Car on Tuesday.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 163.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:

The Latest London Success,
"SUNDAY."

NEXT WEEK:

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE'S COMPANY IN
"THE DARLING of the GODS."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

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 192nd prize has been divided between Mr. H. Hewitt, of 62 Barton-street, Tewkesbury, and Mr. A. H. Millard, of North-street, Winchcombe.

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

The 103rd prize has been divided between Miss Thomson, of Balbrook House, Cheltenham, and Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlynvillas, 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 country not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 85th prize has been awarded to Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. Denwood Harrison at Holy Apostles' Church.

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

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 29th literary competition has been divided between Mr. Samuel Brooks, of "Khandalla," Sydenham Villas-road, and 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.

A wedding party at Inwood, Far Rockaway, U.S.A., the other day, was astounded at a sudden threat by the bride's father that the ceremony should not proceed unless he were permitted to marry the bridegroom's sister, forty years his junior. The bridegroom protested, but finally gave a written promise.

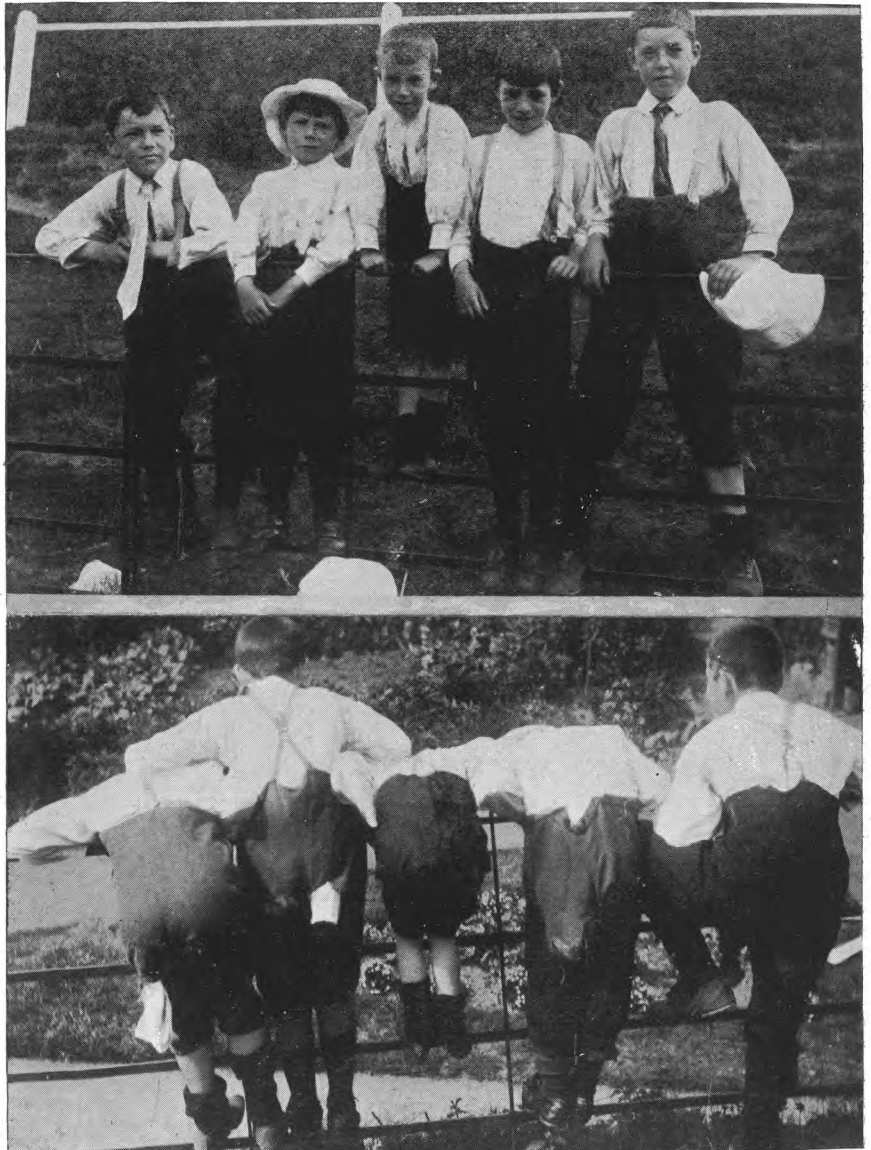


Photo by H. Hewitt, Tewkesbury.

ANTICIPATION AND REALISATION.

1. Anticipating a Slide Down Malvern Hill.
2. The Result.



DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FESTIVAL.

I have been asked to write a few sensations of the Gloucester Festival, wick I do in the following few lines, Mr. Editur:—

The Gloucester Festival is a noble and venerable hinstitootion of the 1st water, 'aving stood thro' storm and stress, as the poets say, for upwards of ever so long. It were originally done for the benefit of the clergy, but the cash is now mostly scooped up by the band on foot, so that the clergy 'ave to be sustained on the loss, and wotever 'appens to be put in the plates at the doors, wick plates is as venerable a hinstitootion as the Festival. On the above system, it pays better to play the bass viol or to sing a piece of solo than to be a poor clergy, as you can easily figger out! The Festival, bein' considered to be chiefly musical, the ancigent and business-like city of Gloucester, wick 'ave never been known to move since the Epistle to the Roman days, becomes moosical for the time bein' in the most thorough and money-makin' manner.

Triumphal arches, with bits of music out of they there Oratorios, adorns every avenue, the tram-bells tinkle in the key of "B sharp," potatoes are only sold by the "score," payments at the hotels are only took up in "notes," and when you tread on your neighbor's corn, or try to argyfie with your cabby, they jest mention the matter to you in "demi-semi-quavers" instead of the usual profanitous abuse.

Of course, it ought to be mentioned rite here that the Festival ain't jest a common ordinary sort of a concert, where you pays to go in. Ho, no! nothink of the sort. You wouldn't be let in if you was to 'offer a million in 3d. bits at the door of the sacred hedifice, becoss, as advertised, there's really nothink to pay wotever; you jest 'as to perchas a ticket at 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., or so low down as 4s., upon showin' wick you can go in absolutely free!

The scene at a Festival performance is beyond description, bein' considered to be the crect thing in sassiety to be there: everybody worth anythink is present, includin' all the nobility, aristocracy, gentry, and—other fellers—of the county. 'Twould only jest want one to go from one seat to the other and take down the names to get the finest directory or Court Guide to Gloucestershire ever put together; on every 'and is the outward and visible signs of dressmakers' bills and the noble art of trimmin' ats; everybody is 'appy and expectin' a nice bit for their money (I mean ticket), the band is tunin' up in first-rate style, the soloists are totting up in their minds 'ow much a minnit they've goin' to start makin' when their turn comes to solo, and the only ones that seems a bit out of place is the clergy, who, all of a suddint, emerge from a hole under the band, and lead off with a few prayers, without wick the whole thing isn't considered to be fit to be gave in a consecrated cathedral.

As to the moosic when it starts, I don't know a bit 'ow to describe it any more than my cousin James did after he'd been thro' a railway collision, and 'ad 3 'and-bags and a portmanteau come down on to 'im out of the 'at-rail; all he could say was that he received a stunnin' blow' and, upon my word, that's all the expression I can give me thoughts as regards the Nashunal Anthem, as led off on Tuesday, the King bein' of course, much more himportant than Elijah. When the band started, with a roll of the kettledrums and a bang as were enuff to break the winders, I really thought it were another of they bomb atrocities, and, if I 'adn't been wedged in between 2 stout old ladies (as took up 'ands of 5 minnits to sit down, let alone standin' up), I should 'ave made a bolt for the door, wick I 'aven't no mind to meet me death in a cathedral, not meself, as is very musty with old bones and remains. 'Owver, the egsplasion ultimately dissolved itself into "God save the King" with considerable uproar, wick I can't think 'ow it were done, not meself, and thro' me bein' up a sort of a side corner behind a pillar (tickets 4s., but no charge for admission), I never got a look at the band to diskiver 'ow they made they noises, and bangs, and egsplasions, as must

be very useful when you knows 'ow to do it.

The Elijah, wick followed, is wot they calls a Horatorio, wick is, so I've 'eard, 1st cousin to Horatio (mentioned in the poem called "Amlet, or Much Ado About Nothink"). It consists of a number of remarks, set to beautiful moosic, sung by well-known people, such as Madame Albani, Mr. Piffrrangcon-Ddddavies, and other distinguished artistes (with an E), at from one penny to 1d. per note, trills bein' thrown in without extra charge. They do say, 'owever, that there's one note wick Madame Albani wants 2s. 6d. for every time she sings it, bein' so 'igh up as to require a very lofty edifice to give it full room to come forth in, and so that egsplines why it is she is only given little bits here and there, as mite bust the exchequer, as the sayin' is, if she was to 'ave a piece to sing with that there 2s. 6d. note coruin' in at every turn.

As to Madame Albani's singing, I guess that that eminent lady has the reputation of bein' the cleverest gymnastic performer on the 'uman voice on the face of the globe; but then, of course, you don't listen to her reputation when you goes to a concert such as this—all you can hear is her voice, wick, after all, isn't—but, stay! stop! avant! cease remarkin'! Where was my herrin' pen running? I ought to 'ave known that it's blasphemy of the deepest dye to suggest that Albani is anythink short of a miracle; pray forgive me! I really didn't know I were committin' sich a crime!

To resume my sensations, Miss Muriel Foster acquitted herself in grand style in her pieces, wick her voice made me dream of angels and gold harps, birds wanblin', and all kinds of lovelinesses, ontill the stout old lady on my left all of a suddint asked me in a loud tone of voice if I could tell her where was the best place to get a hot dinner, with sweets and vegetables, cheap!

The dinner-hour, much as we disliked it, 'ad to come round, 'owever, and the rush, and the waiting, and the charges, was a thing to be remembered "to all eternity," as the song says. At the place where I went the customers did the waiting, and the waiters did anythink and everythink they could lay their 'ands upon, except waiting on the customers! I ordered roast beef and 2 vegetables, also apple-tart with cream; but after the longest wait on record, arrived tomatosoup and mint sauce, with chip potatoes and Gorgonzola cheese, bein' a reglar "mystic chorus" of a dinner—4 parts in different keys! Still, I will say there was many worse off, as didn't get a bit of anythink, as must 'ave been a great 'elp in listening to the famine in the "Elijah," but too realistic for sich as me, as must 'ave the inner man comforted afore the hintellock begins to work. The 2nd part of the "Elijah" was as good as the first, only better if anythink; and I felt a better man after listening to some of they lovely airs, wick seems to egspline the words as they goes along.

But, there! I musn't say much about that, neither; for in good class sassiety, and amongst real eddicated people, it's considered to be awful bad form to admire the "Elijah," wick is too pretty and not good enough style for those who know all about music as it ought to be wrote, but never compose any themselves, bein' too busy in criticizing others, sich as Elgar, who also dares to compose things that ordinary people like!

'Owver, the "Elijah," to me was a revelation of what wonders music can do; I saw in the Cathedral hundreds of ladies, of the usual talkin' capacity, sit for hours without uttering a word; I saw men, who didn't care a rap about music, enduring with a stubborn heroic fortitude through a whole oratorio, because it was the correct thing to do; I saw even stingy people put as much as 3d. into the collection plates, stirred by the beautiful music; and I myself crept home to tea (first-class, with a third-class ticket) a broken man, with a headache beyond words, and a bruised and battered feeling, as if I'd been caught in a thunderstorm and run over by a tram. This turned to toothache on the Wednesday, so that altogether I considers the Festival was a great and stirring success, and, on the whole, of much benefit to the band, the public at large, and the clergy.

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

The approximate financial result of the Gloucester Musical Festival is that the Clergy Charity for the three dioceses will receive about £220 less than it did from the one three years ago. The sale of tickets showed a falling-off of about £300 (no fault, 'owever, on the part of Cheltonians, who came to the front better than ever), but there was a saving of some £136 in the expenditure. From the stewards' subscriptions (£1,028) the deficit on the working of the Festival has to be made up, and this deduction will leave £818 to go to the Charity, which amount, with the collections—£410 14s. 1d., against £430 8s. 3d.—and the usual dividends from Worcester and Hereford added thereto, will make about £1,500 for the widows and orphans, as against £1,721 14s. in 1901. Considering there was a falling-off of a thousand in the attendances and the prevailing bad times, the net result cannot be regarded as other than fairly satisfactory. The total expenditure of the Festival (£3,650) is undoubtedly still heavy, but the big fees paid to a few of the chief artistes soon run up, and seem to be out of all proportion to the scanty allowances to the chorus, who certainly have to work hard for their little money.

I observe that some of the critics have fallen into the same error that Madame Albani has sung continuously at the Festival since 1877. As a matter of fact, there was an interregnum in 1883, when the stewards, for the first time for many years, declined to engage any "star singer" in consequence of the heavy fees demanded; and on that occasion the stewards had to pay 35s. each to settle the deficit. In 1886 they reverted to the old system, and also introduced cheap seats, the result being that the attendance numbered 11,507, or 3,182 more than previously; and yet there was a call of £2 each on the stewards to make up the deficiency of £375. If they had still been responsible for the deficiency this year beyond their five guineas each, the stewards would have had to pay just under a sovereign per head. We have now to look to the future, and recent experience has sustained me in the opinion that I ventured to express three years ago:—"I believe the Festival would have been a bigger success if some of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's matchless creations had been given a place in the programme." And I would supplement this by urging that the oratorio of "The Creation" should be revived next time in substitution for the unremunerative secular concert, and that an abundance of cheap seats should be provided for it in the capacious Cathedral. What has to be faced by the practical-minded managers is this—that the Festival, despite the novelties and various economies effected in the general expenditure, has not been made to pay its way in recent years. The solution of the difficulty, I believe, would be in still further attracting the masses.

Light and heavy railway work will soon be much in evidence in and around Cheltenham, and the voice of the navy will again be heard in the land. The extensions of the Light Railway are well within measurable distance. I hope and believe the authorities will see that some things are managed better here than they were at Gloucester in similar work. There the main thoroughfares were practically handed over to the sole control of the contractor, and a sort of state of siege reigned. I am glad to hear that the extensions will be commenced from the Charlton and Leckhampton ends, and that High-street will not be "up" until the dull times. But precautions must be taken that it is not "up" so as to block the street entirely. I find, in connection with the Honeybourne Railway scheme, that the erection of the Great Western houses at Alstone-lane is being rapidly pushed forward so as to get them ready to accommodate those of the people dispossessed of their dwellings in Lower High-street, provided they can pay the necessarily higher rents. Then the Hatherley loop will be put in hand for completion on October 1st.

GLEANER.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

ON SUCCESS IN LIFE.

By REV. W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," etc.

I wrote a week or two ago on Hustling—that science of the unscrupulous which seems so much in vogue to-day. Some passages of biography which I have recently read suggest to me a kindred subject, the Cult of Success. Everyone desires to succeed in life—at least every young man does. It is a very natural desire, and it may be a quite praiseworthy desire. To the young, life appears to be a great game, with certain dazzling prizes, and the question naturally arises: "Why should not I attain to some of these prizes?" But there is a much more serious question, which comes later: "Is the prize worth the struggle? What is success in life? Is it to get fame or wealth, or power? Is it to die in a larger house than one was born in?" Thousands do this whose lives are very far from successful. Therefore it is necessary to define what success really is, and I define it as the best and highest fulfilment of oneself. It is not in getting something, but in being something. The best rule is to take care of what we are, and to leave what we become to take care of itself. Judged by this standard it is evident that much of what we call success in life is the most abject kind of failure.

Take, for example, one of the greatest lives of antiquity, the life of Socrates. Socrates, judged by conventional tests, was very far from successful. He had no money, and strove to make none. He employed his time in propounding moral conundrums. He cared very little what he ate or drank, or what sort of house he lived in. To the general eye he appeared a shabby old mendicant, with a turn for preposterous philosophic ideas. On the day when he was condemned to die no one but a few intimate friends had any idea that his death meant any considerable loss to the world. His judges went home to their fine houses in Athens, congratulating themselves on the superior way in which they had conducted their lives. And who remembers them now? But who does not remember the old man who said, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to have acted unjustly?" Who does not see that Socrates really got much more out of life than these men, for he lived in commune with high thoughts; he enjoyed complete self-possession and self-satisfaction; he had loyal friends; he was beyond the fear of death. Socrates succeeded in life, if ever man did, yet he died a beggar. He had become what the Kaiser called the other day "a personality," that is to say he had built up the fabric of a great character. And Athens itself has passed away, but Socrates remains—not only the noblest boast of Athens, but one of the most fruitful forces in the history of human thought.

Take another illustration, of a different kind. Did Napoleon succeed in life? Nine men out of ten will probably reply that he did, and after the most dazzling fashion. Here is a youth poorly born, ill-educated, without advantages, who by sheer force of genius becomes the greatest of soldiers, the emperor of a proud nation and the master of Europe. But when you come to examine the real texture of his life, you find it singularly destitute in those qualities which made the life of Socrates so memorable. He had neither self-possession nor self-satisfaction. He certainly fulfilled himself, but it was his worse rather than his best self. His acts of meanness and rancour are many; of magnanimity few. Let any one who would understand the true texture of Napoleon's character read Lord Rosebery's remarkable book, "The Last Phase." Lord Rosebery, while taking the side of his great prisoner, cannot conceal from us how per-



Photo by A. H. Millard, Winchcombe.

"FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

verse, little, and acrimonious he could often be. Misfortune, which reveals the qualities of the truly great man, also brings into glaring prominence the defects of the man whose greatness is the result of circumstances. Thus the last phase is a humiliating catalogue of defects. Napoleon suffers, but it is without dignity. He has gained and lost the world, but he has not won the kind of serenity which distinguished Socrates.

These are capital instances of what I mean by true success in life. The world is full of men who succeed after Napoleon's manner; of very few who succeed after the manner of Socrates. A man died the other day of whose history I knew something. Twenty years ago he was a good, kindly fellow, a sincere Christian taking delight in Christian work and worship, and happy in the simple round of middle-class life. Accident put the means of fortune in his way. By a single shrewd stroke of business he became a financial potentate. From that day the little chapel where his brightest hours had been spent knew him no more. He became the slave of his success. He toiled for a fortune long after far more than an ample competence was his. At length he died, and he was not fifty. He was literally a sacrifice to his own wealth. Will any one venture to call his a successful career? If the truth were told, would it not be that the man was far happier, and much better in every way, in the humble days before fortune came to him?

In the course of a good many years of public life I have known many men who have attained to sudden wealth; but I profess that I do not recall a single instance of wealth bringing with it increased happiness. In every case it brought increased care. In some cases it was accompanied by manifest deterioration in character. The zest of effort was gone, for one thing. Men who can get anything they want by paying for it soon cease to take pleasure in possession. The sturdiness and simplicity of character suffered. Duty was thought less of, and the spirit of restraint was dissolved. Even where the parent did not suffer, the child often did. The son became vain, indolent, careless of good; the daughter became frivolous and selfish. This is a heavy indictment, but let my readers look round upon life as they know it and say if it be not justified. There are honourable exceptions, of course. But in the main I believe it to be invariably true that the kind of success in life which is synonymous with money-getting is almost always attended by deterioration of character. Well might our Lord speak of "the deceitfulness

of riches." There is nothing that promises us so much, and cheats us so often, as wealth.

Therefore it seems to me that there is nothing that needs to be preached so urgently to this generation, and especially to young men, as the true nature of success in life. I count that life alone successful which fulfils a man's best self; which knows how to use the world as not abusing it; which is untouched in its central thoughts and ideals by power of circumstance; which retains honour, peace, piety, serenity, courage, the love of duty, the care of the mind and the soul, the vision of the "things that are more excellent." And I count that life a failure, whatever be the pomp of its outward circumstance, which exchanges peace for haste; which relies on circumstances for happiness; which cares for appearance more than for reality; which possessing much does not possess itself, and, striving for much, does not strive for—

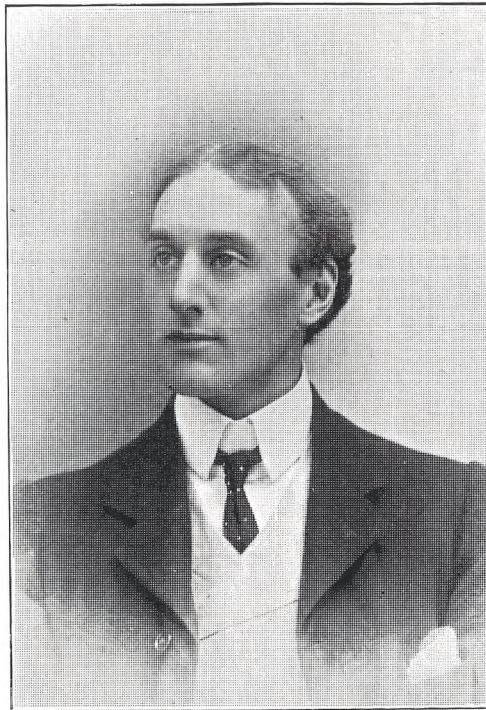
"That content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned."
It is a poor sort of success which prepares a bed of ivory for restless hearts to toss upon; which crowns the brow with gold but drains the heart of peace.

Life is so short for us all that we cannot afford a mistake in the great matter of how it should be lived. Nothing will guide us better in this matter than an honest effort to define what we really mean by success in life. And nothing will expose to us so clearly the real failure of what often passes for success in life as a study of some of the lives of our own day. What sordid tragedies have been the careers of some of our millionaires! How vulgar and empty appear the lives of some of our wealthy merchants! Haste, rush, hurry, ostentation, a brief strutting on the stage of life—and then oblivion. It is no exaggeration to say that many a ploughman gets far more of solid pleasure out of his life than men like these. Certainly, the quiet people, who live contented, and laborious lives, adorned with sober virtues, are much richer in real happiness. For, hard as it is to believe it, yet it is for ever true that "the meek inherit the earth."

It is a pleasant practice on German railway lines to look carefully after children travelling alone.



No fewer than 36,870 persons, according to the census of 1901, are employed by municipal, parish, and other local and county bodies.



"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

NEXT WEEK AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE.

MISS LILIAN STAFFORD
AS "YO SAN."

MR. GERALD KAY SOUPER
AS "KARA."



Photo by Pinnock, Cheltenham.

BENNINGTON UNITED CRICKET CLUB.

WINNERS OF CHELTENHAM AND DISTRICT LEAGUE (2ND DIVISION),
SEASON 1904.

(Played 6, won 5, lost 1, drawn 0 (League matches); runs for 556, runs against 208. In all played 16, won 11, lost 3, drawn 2; 1,478 runs for 161 wickets; against, 928 runs for 166 wickets.)

First row, standing (left to right): G. Harm (scorer), W. Lewis, H. Kilmister, F. Willis, F. Finch, E. Wheatley (umpire).

Second row sitting: A. Fisher, B. Davey, A. Denchfield (captain), P. Bellamy, B. Boyle.
Sitting on ground: T. Moxey, G. Jones.

BEFORE MARRIAGE AND AFTER.

What a husband expends on presents to his wife is, for the most part, wrung out of him. She is married and she should be content. He has to supply her with bread and boots, and other necessities, and this comes to a considerable sum of money, especially if he be a passive resister where new dresses are concerned. The most angelic female on earth thinks it her bounden duty to secure all the clothes and jewellery she can. Before she was wedded a bunch of flowers—from him—was bliss indeed! Afterwards he develops views on extravagance in living, thinks flowers unhealthy and sickly, and recommends his wife to cultivate retrenchment in small things, so as to set a good example to the children.

The flower trade of this country would be in ruins to-morrow if it had to depend upon what is bought by married men for their wives. Many a long-suffering head of a household will endorse my words when she reads this. Where are the button-holes and the bouquets of the courting days when the brute seemed so unselfish and so self-sacrificing, and professed that life would have no attraction for him beyond the goddess of his home? Ah, yes, that was long ago! His resolve to give up cigar-smoking has long since gone with the other paving material of good resolutions, and as he looks at his "missis" darnning stockings or singing the baby to sleep, he thinks it would be for the benefit of his health just to stroll round the town for half an hour before going to bed. When marriage comes in at the door, romance, we are told, flies out at the window. Sometimes, if the wife be a little sentimental, she reminds him of a phrase or expression he wrote her in the golden days. "Did I?" he replies in half-amazement, as though the revelation came as a shock to him. Yet the modern husband is not a bad sort in the main, and the less demonstrative he is, the sounder you may reckon him at heart. Most men will confide to their male friends that they are far better off married than when they were single, and most wives are loyal in their praises of their worse halves.—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

* * * *

CONTRADICTIONARY PROVERBS.

Defining a maxim, or adage, in the columns of the "Queen," Gelett Burgess says that it is "a half truth that, to become truly pregnant, needs to be wedded to its complementary statement." And, he adds, like a happy married pair, each is so wise, so true, so beautiful, that we can scarcely tell which is the better half. He gives some examples of pairs of proverbs to show how difficult it is to derive wisdom from knowledge:—

- "A man is known by the company he keeps."
- "Appearances are deceitful."
- "Honesty is the best policy."
- "The truth is not to be spoken at all times."
- "Too many cooks spoil the broth."
- "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." Or, "Two heads are better than one."
- "Out of sight, out of mind."
- "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
- "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."
- "Penny wise and pound foolish."
- "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
- "Nothing venture, nothing have."

Yet maxims have their place, adds Mr. Burgess, for they are little sermons. We must have our blocks from which to build our little houses, we must have our precepts from which to construct philosophies:—

"Some of the rough facts of life must be compressed into adages in order to conserve for youth the experience of mankind. Children must have empirical rules, but they must learn the exceptions themselves, and it is not until they have done so that they find the futility of attempting to formulate life and conduct into any definite code. We teach them the primary colours, but they must find their own purple in the landscape, and think of it, too, as purple, rather than as a combination of blue and red."

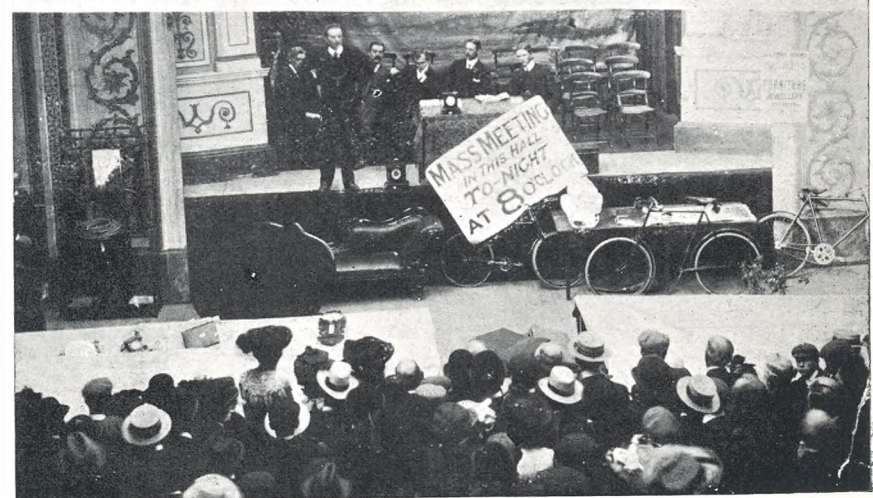
CHOIRLESS CLACTON.

Great Clacton Church on Sunday was again choirless. An attempt which was made to fill the gap by means of a few ladies and boys was not a success. The friction between the vicar and the choir which culminated in the resignation of the latter ten days ago, began when the Rev. James Silvester went to the parish two years ago. A compromise was agreed upon, but the dispute broke out afresh about a month since, when the vicar endeavoured to make drastic alterations in the musical part of the service.

LUCK DOES NOT MAKE SUCCESS.

It is a common thing to hear men talk about luck, to hear the expression: "He's a lucky fellow; everything he touches turns to money." It is a fact, however, that there is very little in it, and that in a good many cases what is termed luck is a positive detriment. The man who relies on his proverbial luck for success may prosper for a time, but seldom is his prosperity of an enduring nature, while the very fact that he has become accustomed to have things come his way without special exertion unfits him for the real struggle of life when his luck deserts him. It is just as true that such men are seldom provident. It is the true old story of "Easy comes, easy goes"; and it generally goes with a rush, too. It is a great deal like money secured by gambling or in any illegal way—a harm more than a benefit. People succeed in this world because they deserve to succeed, and fail because they deserve to fail in the great majority of cases, and luck has mighty little to do with it.—"Tengwall Talk."

His Majesty has no time for the cultivation of the statelier style of letter writing which characterised the early decades of the last century. But he never finishes a word with an unintelligible syllable, and does not observe the practice of referring to people and places by their initial letters, except in family notes, when he would not hesitate to write of "G." or "V." To his relatives in Denmark he refers to her Majesty as "Alix"; to all others as "the Queen," only in exceptional cases as "Queen Alexandra." There are, however, some little time-saving idiosyncrasies which were adopted long ago, and have been perpetuated. Thus a favourite form of subscription consists of the syncopated words, "Yrs. v. sincerely." Of course, much of the King's letter writing is delegated to Lord Knollys, his private secretary (says the "Penny Magazine"). His lordship is a remarkable combination of the old-world aristocrat and the keen and modern man of business. He is a spare man, with crisp, curling white hair, surmounting a refined and thoughtful face. He has a certain picturesque dignity and reserve about him. In his frock overcoat and silk hat he might be taken for a beau of a hundred years ago, spick and span, and bearing the marks of an inborn courtliness and grace. Those who meet Lord Knollys outside his work know him as a man immaculate in dress, precise in manner and deportment. They should see him in his room at Buckingham Palace. He sits there in shirt-sleeves, cuffs turned up, dealing with his Majesty's correspondence and other work with a celerity and an astuteness that would do credit to the keenest man of business in the City. The King's Secretary says little, but when he speaks he goes straight to the point. He is a master of the snub in its various phases, as bores and cranks have found to their cost. And yet he has a wonderful fund of considerate kindness. Some little while ago a London Pressman who happened to be the only one of his craft at a meeting where the King made a little speech, went to Lord Knollys with his transcript and asked his lordship to glance over the copy. Lord Knollys dashed the reporter's hopes by saying he was not present at the meeting. The Pressman was disappointed, for he feared he had made some mistakes. "Come back in two hours," said Lord Knollys, taking the copy. He returned at the appointed time, and found his copy corrected in a strange hand. Lord Knollys had gone to the King himself, and his Majesty had made the corrections.



SALE OF GOODS SEIZED FROM PASSIVE RESISTERS, VICTORIA ROOMS, SEPT. 13.

In the first picture the auctioneer (Mr. George Packer) is reading over the conditions of sale, the group of persons inside the barrier including Mr. James Anderton (secretary to the Passive Resisters' Union), Mr. S. Bubb (who bought up most of the goods), Rev. J. H. Versey, Rev. R. Foster Jeffrey, etc. The second picture shows some of the goods which were seized; and the third the platform speakers at the meeting which followed the sale, the gentleman addressing the audience at the moment being the auctioneer. Others at the table include the above mentioned, together with Mr. E. E. Boorne (chairman) and Rev. W. Hogan (Gloucester).

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

[BY SAMUEL BROOKS.]

"If Katie only keeps her promise, I shall have a high old time," said Tom Boyce to himself as he bundled his papers into his desk. After a turn or two about his office he resumed his soliloquy—

"True, I've only seen her on the stage, but she answered my letter nicely, and it seems all gay."

Although he tried to speak lightly there was a want of "ring" about the last words, and he felt it. Up to the present he had driven his own line, and drove it well, but here was a new element, and an unknown one.

A knock at the door, and his clerk entered—"There are no letters by the mid-day mail, Sir."

"Very well, keep all letters till I return. I have an appointment in the country."

There was a look upon the old clerk's face as he left the room which had never been there before under similar circumstances. Tom felt that he had told a lie, and was detected.

"Once in the train, and with her, and I shall feel myself again," he muttered as he reached for the already-packed bag under his desk, and sneaked rather than walked out of his place of business. Hailing a cab and getting into it, he was soon at the railway station, where he found there was an alteration in his programme which he had not anticipated. A pretty, modest-looking girl stepped up to him and enquired—

"Have you taken both tickets?"

"I have not taken one. The fact is I did not know if you would meet me."

"Not after the letter I wrote you? Cannot you understand that we must catch this train? It is of the utmost importance."

"Yes, of course it is," replied Boyce, who had a vague impression that his charmer was about to break her engagement for the sake of his fascinating self.

As he took the tickets from the booking-clerk the thought flashed into his mind that Katie off the stage was very unlike Katie on the "boards." The one was what is termed "chic," "snappy," the other the reverse.

They had a first-class compartment to themselves, and he placed her carefully opposite him.

"We shall have a good time when we get there," he observed airily, as the train steamed out of the station.

"If we get there in time it will be better, I believe, for you and for me."

"Well, there is not any other fellow on our track, is there? No one else you like a little bit, and who might spoil sport?"

Her bright eyes filled with tears as she laid her fair hand on his, saying—"Oh, Tom, how can you hint at such a thing, when I am doing all I can for you."

With all his faults (and they were not many), Boyce had a tender heart.

"I did not exactly mean that," he stammered, "but of course a fellow thinks all kinds of things under these circumstances."

"Yes, you know all about them. What is the matter with you to-day? Your very choice seems altered."

"But—but have we ever spoken to each other before?" gasped Boyce in amazement.

"This is unkind—this is cruel. How can you speak in such a way?" cried the girl, bursting into tears.

"Are you not Katie?"

"Yes, your Katie, the one who has loved and helped you all these years; and now—and now"—the rest of the sentence was lost in a flood of grief which seemed genuine.

"Wrong girl!" thought Tom. "I wonder who in the world she is, and how she came to mistake me for someone else? The sooner this is cleared up the better for both of us, I think." Then aloud he said, very gently—"My name is Tom Boyce, and I was to meet a lady named Katie —"

The tears stopped for an instant, and the fair face flushed as she replied—"What is the sense of telling me what I know already, when anyone but a heartless hypocrite might know that I want both advice and comfort."

"There's a hideous mistake. I am Tom

Boyce, of Inner Temple, London, and I meant to meet a young girl—lady, I mean—at the station, and I don't know her very well, and you mistook me for someone of the same name and —"

He was simply unable to conclude the sentence, for his companion's countenance expressed so many conflicting emotions that he could only sit and study it.

"And your name is really Tom Boyce?"

"There is my card, and if I can in any way repair the mistake —"

She handed back the card without looking at it, and replied in a firm, steady tone, which showed the restraint she put on her feelings—

"I believe what you say; but this mistake, as much my fault as yours, may lead to lifelong unhappiness for both the man I love and myself. You were so like him that I had not a doubt you were my Tom, till we began to talk in this carriage. His father is dying, and unless he and I can arrive in time to obtain forgiveness, there are sad days in store for both of us."

"Is there nothing I can do?" answered Boyce in a tone of real sympathy.

The answer came, but not from the lips before him, half-parted in reply. The carriage rocked, there was the short, sharp sound of rending metal, and with a splintering crash the train was a wreck. A moment's silence, and then cries and moans for help arose, closely followed by wild shrieks as it was seen that the wreckage had caught fire.

Dazed and bewildered, Boyce staggered to his feet and gazed around. Blood was on his face and hands, but he did not regard his own hurts; his one object was to find that girl.

A cry arrested his attention—

"Help! I am here!"

"I come!" he shouted in response.

Pinned down, amid a mass of shattered woodwork, to which the flames had already reached, was the one he sought; and thrusting aside all well-meant opposition, he dashed through the flames to her rescue.

He dragged at the incandescent wood, heedless of the odour of his own burning flesh and the pain which racked him from head to heel at every movement.

"Safe!" he muttered, as at last he drew her, scorched slightly, but almost uninjured, from the very jaws of death.

Two of the bystanders relieved him of his burden, and only just in time, for they had no sooner taken it in their arms than the burning wreckage fell down and overwhelmed him. He was drawn out and laid aside, but it was plain his race was run.

"Is there no hope?" said a voice he knew full well, after a long interval.

The doctor shook his head sadly, and Tom saw the action.

"I do not mind so long as you are safe," he said to her in something like his old cheery tones.

"Tell him," said the girl to a handsome young man who stood by her side, "tell him that all is right. I mistook him for you, and so told him a little of our story. He has been our good angel."

With a bright smile and a wave of the hand in farewell, Tom left this mortal world to join—the others.

THE ISLAND.

[BY A. T. STAMFORD.]

The Oceanic liner Madeira left Liverpool in the spring of 1856. She had on board a very fair complement of passengers, as usual of all classes, ages, appearances, and characters. Most of them are of no importance as far as this tale is concerned, but two we must specially notice—a mother and daughter. The mother was a little woman, gentle, refined, and kindly in nature, quiet and lady-like in appearance. The daughter was possibly twenty-three years of age, and possessed much beauty and charm of manner. The two soon became appreciated on board, although they seemed to care but little for all the various social amusements in which courtesy compelled them to join. The fact was they had very serious matters to think of. Four years ago their nephew and cousin respectively, a careless, headstrong young fellow, who on this account had been angrily

expelled from the paternal roof, had decided to take the first vessel bound for Australia, there to settle down in earnest to the task of "making his fortune." His intentions and resolutions were excellent, for, as is often the case, his wildness aside, he was a genuine, noble-hearted fellow, and if ever, carried away by the influence of the moment, he had wronged a fellow-creature, he took care to make ample amends for his misdeed afterwards. He had quite won the heart of his cousin, then a girl of nineteen, and she and her mother, together with a few College friends, had been the only ones to wish him God-speed as he embarked on his uncertain quest in a strange land.

"Nora," he had said as he bade her farewell, "wait for me," and she had waited for him. For some time he wrote continually, letters of hope and first successes, and then suddenly they had all stopped. In vain the poor girl waited and waited, day after day, week after week, nay month after month—days, weeks, months, a year passed by, and still no news of him. What had happened to him? What did it all mean? They could not tell, and therefore, rather than wait longer in agonising suspense, they had decided to follow him to Australia, and there try to find him. The first part of the voyage was uneventful; the liner delivered packets at Ascension and St. Helena, stopped at the Cape, where many passengers disembarked, and then proceeded on her way. While crossing the Indian Ocean, however, a terrific hurricane arose, causing a terrible storm. A few minor accidents occurred on the steamer, but nothing of any importance, and all would have been well had it not been for the dense gloom in which everything was enveloped. As it was, drifting a little from the right track, the steamer struck violently upon the rocky coast of a desert island, and began immediately to sink. The captain and officers did their utmost to prevent confusion and panic, and succeeded in getting most of the passengers into the boats. But alas! the sea was pitiless as ever—it dashed the frail boats helplessly to and fro, overturning some and casting others upon the rocks. One boat only succeeded in reaching the shore, and but ten people were in it; the rest had been swept away.

Two months afterwards a well-built steam yacht left Adelaide, in South Australia, for a cruise. It was a private concern, its owner being a young man, perhaps twenty-four years of age, and possessing a courtesy title and nearly a million of money. He was the only passenger, and this was his first cruise in his own boat; the latter he had lately purchased for a good price. About a week after they had left Adelaide the owner was leaning over the taffrail smoking a cigar and silently contemplating the rolling waters beneath him. His thoughts were anything but pleasant, for in spite of his youth, his riches, and his title, he found life very wretched. Men called him an eccentric; some sneered at him as a philosopher; some, while pretending to consider and admire his views to his face, derided him behind his back. The fact of it was he possessed a serious and thoughtful nature, with a strong yearning for goodness, and the society in which he had been compelled to mix disgusted him. Everything was superficial, shallow, and unreal; there was not one of all those who had feasted at his table and drunk his wines whom he felt it possible to make his confidant or adviser; he had sought all his life for a friend, and had never found one. The simultaneous death of his father and mother in an Alpine catastrophe had added gloom to his life, but at the same time left him free to desert the society he disliked, and roam independent and unfettered by their prejudices. Altogether Lord Clanstoun, millionaire, was far from happy.

It was, as we have said, about a week after his departure from Adelaide when he was lounging on the deck, reflecting. Casually raising the glass which he held in one hand, he peered through it and surveyed the horizon. Something seemed to attract his attention, for he gazed fixedly in one direction as though much interested by what he saw. At that moment his captain sauntered towards him, so, handing him the glass, he

directed him towards the object he had been looking at.

"What do you make of it, Jeffries?" he asked. "Land, my lord," said the Captain promptly, "I think I have passed it before. If I am not mistaken it is a little island, quite barren and deserted, but big enough to do for this boat if she came in contact with it." "Well, let us have a look at it, as we pass by," said Clanstoun.

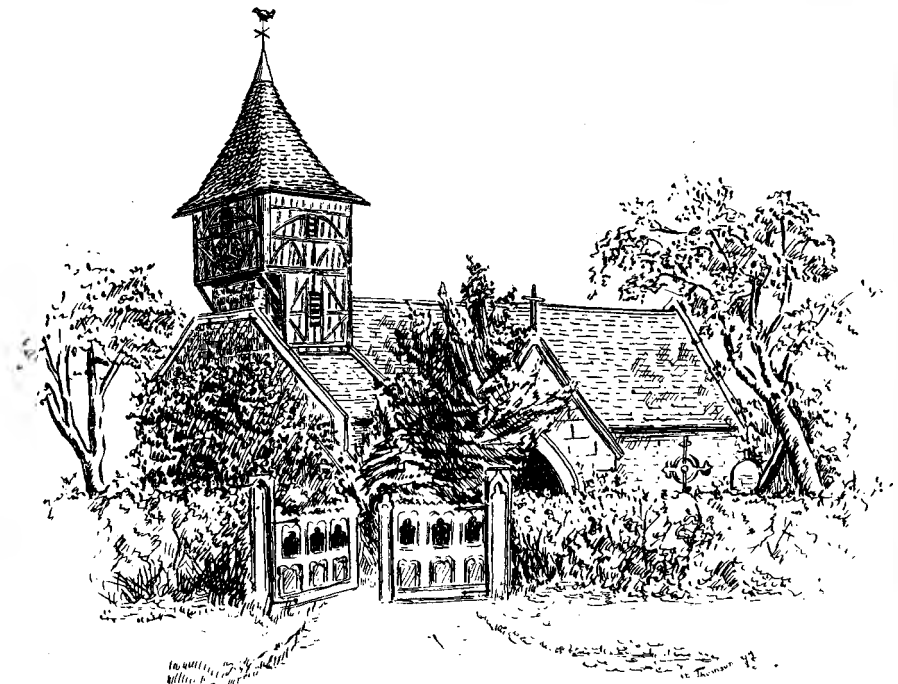
"Certainly, sir," said the Captain, then he added, "it's innocent enough in this weather, but I wouldn't trust it in a rough sea."

They soon bore down upon the island, and discovered it to be as the Captain had said, barren and desolate. It was hardly worth stopping for, and they were just steaming on, when a loud cry coming from the shore arrested them, and, on looking towards the rocks they perceived a man rush out, frantically waving a piece of cloth. Of course they stopped immediately, and Lord Clanstoun went in a boat on shore. The man was almost a skeleton, his clothes hung about him in rags, and he was so weak that he could only point with his finger towards the interior of the island and then sank exhausted into the arms of some of the sailors. Following his direction Clanstoun and the men soon came to a miserable hut, built of rough logs, badly joined together; but the sight inside was terrible, worse even than the exterior prophesied. Lying in all postures on the ground, huddled together almost in a heap, were eight persons, five men and three women. One of the women and two men seemed alive, but for the others all human aid was in vain. Eagerly the rescuing party took the wretched survivors in their strong arms and carried them to the boat. In a short time all were on board the yacht, restoratives were applied, food set before them, and by degrees they recovered their former strength, and at last became quite well again. As the reader will have guessed they were all that remained of the unhappy liner whose fate we described above. The one woman found alive on the island, was the young lady who, with her mother, had been making their way to Australia in search of their lost relative.

Lord Clanstoun, on ascertaining that those he had rescued had been bound for Australia when the accident occurred, decided to "bout ship" and take them there himself. On the way he fell violently in love with his lady passenger; she was indisputably a very different being to those who had so disgusted him formerly, and he felt that she alone could bring him that happiness which he so badly wanted. On the last evening of their voyage, he offered her all that was his to offer, and she, appreciating his goodness, told him the reason she had for not accepting it. Doubtless she might have loved him, had it not been for the other who had been first in the field. The young millionaire said little, understanding how useless it was, but he felt as though a death warrant had been signed for him—perhaps even that would not have troubled him so much.

Next day they landed at Adelaide. As they passed along the quay, they met a man, poorly dressed, palefaced, thin, and wretched, sauntering aimlessly along. As he passed Clanstoun and his party he heard a loud cry, and in a moment someone sprang towards him, threw their arms round his neck, and gazed tearfully into his face. "Nora," he cried, "impossible—!"

He could say no more, for such a mixture of diverse feelings rushed into his mind, that he had great difficulty in restraining himself from utterly breaking down. He had got into bad company, he said, had been swindled of all his money, turned out of his berth in a large office, and disgraced generally. He had been ashamed to write, with such news to tell, and had waited and waited, getting worse, until he felt that he could never write again. He little thought of all the terrible suffering he was going to inflict on the one who loved him in far away England, and who risked all the perils and inconveniences of the journey across the sea, to find him and do him



Drawn by Miss Thomson, Cheltenham.

TREDINGTON CHURCH.

The quaint and rather foreign-looking old tower of Tredington Church is well known to travellers from Cheltenham to Tewkesbury if they take the road via Cleeve and Stoke Orchard. The church possesses a fine example of an old Saxon arch, which separates the choir from the nave, and well repays the trouble of stopping to ask at the Vicarage for the key and the ten minutes spent in looking at the interior, which dates from about the eleventh century.

what good she could.

While they talked together, a sailor came up to them, and gave them a sealed envelope, disappearing directly. Our heroine opened it, and read the enclosed letter.

"Dear Miss Sands,—" it ran, "I understand all that has happened. I sincerely trust your goodness will influence the man for whom you have suffered so much to better things. I earnestly request that you will accept the enclosed little wedding gift from one who truly loves you, and will never forget the few short days you spent with him. With every good wish for your future happiness.

Sorrowfully yours,

Henry, Lord Clanstoun."

The 'little' wedding gift was a cheque for £5,000, and when Nora had explained everything to her astounded cousin, he said, "Yes, Nora, with you to keep me straight, and this money to help me. I will yet, God willing, be the man I intended to be."

PSYCHOLOGY IN GOLF.

The study of the psychological problem in golf is to me a most interesting subject (says Ernest Lehmann in "The Bystander"). I have no doubt that the great majority of golfers do not trouble themselves with such a subtle and elusive thing, and I had better explain what I mean by psychology in golf. It is all that part of golf which lies in the brain and soul of the player as distinct from his mere physical powers. I have often heard men say, "So-and-So is my black beast," meaning that when they come up against that particular individual they know they are beaten before the game commences. I have my "black beast," and although in my case my "beast" is classes above me, yet no possible handicap would enable us to make a match of it. I feel in my bones that he considers me a rotten player, and, in my anxiety to prove the contrary, I flounder from bad to worse under his cold and scornful eye. Many others must be in the same case as myself. We try our best to fight against this feeling, and some, by much prayer and fasting, cast out this evil devil of funk that possesses their souls and un-

nerves their hands. It is my conviction some impalpable and psychic quality exists in the one player which enables him to exert an irresistible influence over his antagonist who lacks the qualities within himself necessary for fighting against his adversary's unseen but soul-compelling powers. What is it but some such unknown power at work that enables one player to fight against adversity and snatch victory out of apparently certain defeat, where another player, the moment he is a few down, gives up the game as lost.

POETRY.

THE CONVENTIONAL HONEYMOON.

They slowly pace beside the rolling sea
In dull accord;
She feels a little home-sickness, and he
A trifle bored.

They haunt the pier, or linger listlessly
Upon the jetty;
At times there flutter from her drapery
A few confetti.

She has a novel with her; when they sit
She tries to read;
His paper, though his eyes are skimming it,
He does not heed.

She wants some womenfolk with whom to share
Small-talk and chatter;
Now they are wed he does not seem to care,
And does not flatter.

He scans the motor-boats with eager eyes—
She simply wonders,
Or haply, if she seeks to sympathise,
Makes hopeless blunders.

He longs for billiards and for Bridge at night,
But to her deeming
The hour of afterglow should bring a light
Of love's fond dreaming.

She sighs: the dawn of wedded bliss is not
What she expected.
He yawns with glances that are scarcely what
Love recollected.

She dreams of all the thousand thousand things
He promised to her;
He dreams of freedoms and of wanderings
Before he knew her.

—"THE BYSTANDER."



EXPLOSION IN CHELTENHAM—WINCHCOMBE STREET SHOP DESTROYED—Sept. 15, 1904.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 164.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
The Great Japanese Play,
"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

NEXT WEEK:
The Successful Farical Comedy,
"THE NEW CLOWN."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

MUSIC.

MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, F.Gld.O., Local Examiner Royal College of Music, Local Representative Royal Academy of Music, London, Local Secretary Trinity College, London, Professor and Teacher of Piano, Singing, Organ, Theory, Harmony, &c.

Professional duties resumed September 19th.

Pupils prepared for all the Local and Metropolitan Examinations.

Address: 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LOCAL MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

THE New Syllabus and Regulations for the Session 1904-5 are now ready. Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve Local Exhibitions in Theory of Music will be open to all comers in the various grades.

Apply to Mr. MATTHEWS, Local Secretary, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham.

It is bad enough when a candidate for a nursing appointment is accepted, or rejected, solely on account of her professions of attachment to a particular religion. But a yet more objectionable test was suggested by one of the Guardians of the North Dublin Union, who at their recent meeting elected a trained nurse for the Protestant Infirmary. Three candidates attended in person, and the Guardian in question proposed that the Board should select a lady whose personal appearance best recommended itself to them. The proposal prompted another Guardian to ask, "Who was to be the judge of beauty?" These pleasantries may be very amusing to Irish Guardians, but they are necessarily offensive to candidates who have to appear before them.—"The Hospital."

The first official public record of the work accomplished by the Discovery Polar expedition will take the form of a lecture to be delivered by Captain Scott in November, at which, it is understood, the King will be present. Captain Scott goes to Balmoral at the end of this week, and the date of the lecture may then be definitely fixed.



Photos by C. F. Dennis, Cheltenham.

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING HANDICAP AT BIRDLIP.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904.

Shooters and Spectators.

Winner (Mr. W. H. Long, of the George Hotel) mounted on prize.



CAN OLD AGE BE CURED?

Mr. Frederic Lees records a conversation with Professor Elie Metchnikoff, in which this entrancing subject is dealt with, in the October number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "There is undoubtedly a great resemblance between old age and a diseased state of the body," said the Professor. "I believe, therefore, that it will be possible in the future to prolong life beyond the limits which it reaches in the present day. Man attained a much greater age in Biblical times than he does now, and the efforts of science should be directed to bringing about a similar state of things nowadays. The human system is poisoned in many ways, and in no way so frequently as by the innumerable microbes which swarm in the large intestine. This organ is one of the proofs of the simian origin of man, and is not only useless in his present state, but positively harmful. Man is very, very far from being perfectly constructed. The existence of that very prevalent disease known as appendicitis is another proof. Like the large intestine, the appendix is a useless organ, and, as frequent operations show, can well be dispensed with. But, as a matter of fact, the human body presents numerous instances of imperfection. Even the eye—that most perfect of human organs—has been proved by a great German scientist named Helmholtz to support the theory that there is a woeful lack of harmony between the exterior and the interior world. In short, we are not as well adapted to the conditions of life as orchids and certain insects, such as those wonderful burrowing wasps, which paralyse their victims in order to store them up as food for their young, by unerringly stinging them in a nerve centre."

Dr. Wachler, of Weimar, has produced Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in a natural theatre on the Hartz Mountains, in which the audience sat on rock-hewn seats.

VEGETABLE BUTTER.

The advance of science is not by any means unlikely in the near future to introduce to the world at large a substitute not only for margarine and such-like products, but also for butter. In France there have been carried out lately somewhat exhaustive experiments with cocoanut oil, with the result that an article has been produced to which has been given the name of "vegetable butter." It is claimed that this product is the nearest approach to butter made from cow's milk which we have yet known from any vegetable oil. It contains, like true butter, seven per cent. of soluble acids, butyric acid, capric or decylic acid, at the same time carrying twenty-five per cent. to thirty per cent. less water. It will keep twenty-five to thirty days without showing any acid reaction, and should, therefore, offer actual superiority over animal butter for the use of dry pastry, biscuits, and such-like commodities. The cocoanut oils are relieved of their fatty volatile and odorous acids as well as their other aromatic principles by means of alcohol and bone charcoal. From a hygienic standpoint, the experiments have shown that this vegetable butter is a far better antiseptic than true butter, and artificial digestion carried out at the Central Hospital, Vienna, has given most satisfactory results, confirmed by experiments in Swiss hospitals. The vast quantities of cocoanuts which could be grown in all parts of the world seem to give a limitless scope for a new article of this kind, the price of which could be far less than true butter when we consider the additional value accruing from the fibre as a textile and the refuse pulp as an article of diet for cattle.—"The Creamery Journal."

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A small picture, reputed to be by Morland, of a "Shepherd Shearing Sheep," was sold by auction for six guineas at Swansea on Monday.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SWASH."

[By E. C.-K.]

"Bill Swash," that was the name of one of the oddest little chaps I have ever come across in one of the large Board schools (now known as the London County Council schools) in Bethnal Green. In checking a register one day I said to the master "What a funny name." "Yes, and such a queer little chap, but a good lad. Swash, stand up." He was nine then, and very under-sized, and, oh, so painfully ragged. He had a very turned-up nose, and a huge mouth, and wee little eyes. His coat was three times too big for him, and he always had on home-made trousers cut down from his father's. "Where do you live, Swash?" I asked him. To my surprise he answered, with a broad grin, "Where you does." I then discovered he meant about one second from my abode, two terrible little rooms over a cats' meat shop. The staircase was on the street, and you had to bend in two to avoid knocking your head. There were eight of them, and the father and mother, and Bill was number two. Having made the acquaintance of his parents, and become "Bill's lidy," he used to join me on every possible occasion, but he never spoke, he just walked beside me and grinned; "Yes" or "No" was all I could get out of him. As he was a very good boy at school and also a medal boy, he used to attend the "Happy Evenings." About 150 boys are present, and rare and wonderful amusements are provided for a couple of hours. The senior boys as a rule have the more accomplished amusements, such as painting and cutting out intricate paper toys, and the little ones play games, and skip or jump. On my first night, having divided up the boys into the different rooms, I had about forty youngsters I was keeping in the hall for games and skittles. Swash approached me, in his father's trousers hanging round him, and his huge coat. "I want to pint," he said. "Have you ever painted, Bill?" I asked. He grinned, and shook his head. "Well, play skittles, you'll like that." "I want to pint." "All right, you shall go in when someone comes out." He waited in calm dignity, with his wee eyes fixed on the painting-room door. I was busy stopping a fight, so did not notice a boy coming out. I felt a pulling at my sleeve, and looked round, to find Bill eagerly waiting. "E's hout," he said. I took him in, gave him a large picture of dresses for Ascot out of an old pictorial, and gave him great instructions not to use too much water, and to wash his brush each time. "Now, Bill," I said, "paint this, and I will come and see it presently." He was very happy now, and had thoughts for nothing but his "pinting." In ten minutes I remembered him, and returned. He was gazing with rapture at his sheet of paper floating in every possible colour. Large pools of yellow, red, blue, in every direction. His face and hands had dabs all over. I poured the mess into the bucket, and gave him a lesson. He soon improved, and was allowed the very special soldier pictures outlined for painting. He never did anything but paint, or skip, or jump. When we started skipping, Swash again came up. "May I take off me coat?" I looked at him and wondered what would happen if he skipped or jumped. "I don't think you can skip in those boots, Bill, can you?" "May I take off me boots?" "Well, yes, you had better." He removed his coat, and was quite sleeveless; his trousers had one big pin in them, which I eyed critically. Nothing daunted, he advanced again, bare feet, very dirty, and clinging to his trousers with both hands. "Are you ready, Bill?" I said. "No, I want a bit of string to keep me bags on!" I admired his forethought, and got him a piece from my private store. I always had it on boys' "Happy Evenings," as they so often wanted it. Then he started in his usual stolid way; he kept up to over a hundred, happiest little boy in the world. The rewards were old Christmas cards, broken toys, a few buttons, anything that appeals to the London street child. At the end of the evening Swash waited to walk me home. Our conversation was always exactly the same. "Have you enjoyed yourself, Bill?" "Not 'arf!" That was all; but

it conveyed volumes. Anxious to help him a little, and yet afraid to do anything against my training principles, I had the happy idea he should clean my bicycle. He delighted in it, and when twelve engaged himself to a bicycle shop for one shilling a week out of school hours. Then came Swash's stroke of luck. I took a friend to one of our evenings. It was a Christmas entertainment, and we had a conjuror. Swash as usual sat near me on the floor. The great excitement was a boy to help. Poor little Swash, a bigger and stronger boy always shoved him back, and he meekly sat down again very disappointed. My friend had been watching him, and was very struck with his good humour. I called him up, and then told her about his home and family. She went to see them next day, and ever since Bill has had a glorious summer holiday. As long as he was a schoolboy I could arrange for him to have a fortnight in the country. The morning he and I went shopping! New shirts, boots, an entire and complete suit his own size, and a cap. All were kept safely by me till the day I took him off myself to the station, a perfectly transformed Swash. Now, as he is over fourteen, though as small as ever, he counts as a "Working man," and has to have full fare paid for him. He is regularly employed at a bicycle shop now for five shillings a week, and works like a little slave. He had his week all by himself at Southend this year. As we went to the station on the top of a 'bus he made one remark to me, "My boss giv' me 'arf-a-crown and lent me this football; I shan't 'arf 'ave a good time," and he laughed at the top of his shrill voice.

A TOUR IN THE NEW FOREST
(STARTING FROM BOSCOMBE).

[By M. S. NESBITT.]

The road to Christchurch is disappointing: ugly red-brick houses are being rapidly built, destroying a scenery which at no time seems to have been beautiful. Entering the town, I bore to the right and reached a quiet street which approaches the famous church—a venerable monument of Norman architecture. At the east end, on the north wall, is the beautiful monument of Shelley. The nave, the work of Flambard, strikes the visitor as imposing, though somewhat heavy with its triforium arches. The choir, separated from the nave by a fine wood screen, presents many points of interest. The oak stalls, thirty-six in number, date from the 13th Century. Here the sculptor has indulged in sarcastic sallies, e.g. at one of the elbows a fox wearing a cowl preaches to a flock of geese, whilst a cock mimics the clerk. But it is the reredos that impresses one on entering, to the exclusion of the rest. Though my knowledge in this respect is limited, I so far believe Professor Parkes's criticism, "The finest in England without exception." The subject is the Adoration of the Magi. The sculpture is grandly executed, and the attention is riveted on the central group of figures, and not (as in the reredos of Winchester Cathedral) distracted by a multitude of statues. On the north is the fine Salisbury Chapel, just as it was when executed about 1541. Its light Tudor style forms a somewhat airy contrast to the solemnity around.

The road to Lyndhurst is full of beauty. As one glides between the trees whose stems seem gracefully to change position, and through whose dark foliage beams of sunlight filter upon the soft shade below, helping to reveal its hidden loveliness, one seems to traverse fairyland; yet, regardless of this scenery of quiet beauty, the hoot of the motor often tears the silence, and a rattle of machinery, with an apparition of veils and goggles, swiftly passes and recalls the dreamer to reality!

Approaching Lyndhurst from the southwest the road turns eastward, and in two minutes the centre of the townlet is reached. The first striking building on the right is a red-brick church on a high mound; it is famous for a fresco by Lord Leighton, painted in his youth. The subject is the "Wise and foolish virgins." In the words of a critic, "Advancing up the nave of the church one is startled with the lifelike and truthful character of his marvellous wall-painting";

but I cannot agree with this criticism. The colouring is rich, but none of the figures stand out and impress with lifelike features, whilst for some of the "watchful" virgins to be reclining seems a false conception of an Oriental "procession." In other respects the church, which was built in 1861, is uninteresting.

On continuing the road I turned sharply to the left (north), and proceeded to visit Cadnam Oak, which was supposed to bud on Christmas Day. Lyndhurst is quite surrounded by the New Forest, but stands in a large clearing, so that it was some time before I sped along with woods on either side.

After about three miles, a pleasant slope brought me to the Salisbury and Southampton road. Here Cadnam is situated. Seeing a boy I asked him to indicate the famous oak. He had never heard of a "famous" oak! A labourer, however, a few yards off pointed out to me the modern representative hidden behind some poles. I had pictured a gnarled and knotty bowl, with strong, wide-spreading arms. I saw a straight-stemmed moderate-sized tree!

A little further I passed the Bell Inn, and bore to my left. The path was stoney and steep, so I was glad to walk. A farm was evidently near, for the green wedge of turf between the road and my path was alive with geese, hens, and a few black hogs. At the top of the rise I was able to proceed more quickly, though as the road was rough and very narrow, and winds and dips unexpectedly, care was necessary. A sudden dip brought to view a stream crossing the roadway. I was obliged to dismount and push my machine over a little footbridge and up a steep hill. I shortly reached another inn, and skirting its outhouses on my left, I turned sharply to the right up a broad walk. I had now left the road, and was in a park, with clear gravel paths.

To the right, in a glen, stands the stone where the oak grew off which the arrow glanced which killed William II. The stone has now an iron casing bearing the original inscription.

A short ride brought me to the main road to Ringwood. Here a different beauty reigns; the woods are only visible some distance away, whilst the road being on one of the highest parts of the Forest, affords one the opportunity of seeing a succession of rolling hills covered with heather or tangled bracken, a scenery that recalls North Devon. The road is suitable for free-wheeling. In particular I remember about midway a grand switch-back piece of road, of which the bottom was lost in a profusion of foliage, whilst far on the opposite slope could be seen a small white ribbon gracefully climbing amidst a beautiful carpet of purple and green. I was able to freewheel again for the last two miles into Ringwood. This town did not please me; what might be called pretty is being destroyed by small ugly brick houses.

The road from Ringwood to Christchurch is generally considered very pretty, but after the grand scenery I had seen it made but a faint impression upon me.

In returning through Christchurch I passed over the bridge which spans the Avon. The afternoon sun was casting a glow upon the peaceful stream; motionless cows stood upon the low banks, or in the water rich in the sombre tones of their reflected forms and of the grand ruins of the Priory behind them.

Mr. John Mathieson, general manager of the Midland Railway Company, has accepted the chairmanship of the Railway Benevolent Institution for the ensuing year, in succession to Sir Charles J. Owens.

There is a cryptic understanding among Unionist members passing through London just now that the general election will take place during the harvest of next year. This understanding has, a London correspondent states, something definite to rest upon.

For the coming winter the outlook for unskilled labour is depressing, as even now the Salvation Army is in receipt of ten times as many applications for relief as they had at the same time last year and the year before.



Photos by E. Bathurst, Cheltenham.

NEW TEWKESBURY-CHELTENHAM WATER MAIN.

LAYING PIPES ACROSS OLD AVON AT TEWKESBURY.

No. 1 (showing Abbey) is the work on first half of river.

No. 2 (showing Water Works, Water Tower for Tewkesbury, and Mythe Bridge) is the work on second portion.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL,"
* * * * *

MOTORS IN THE MANŒUVRES.

Motors have once again demonstrated to the Army authorities their usefulness in military operations. The chief feature was the reliability shown by the majority of the cars. The Motor Volunteer Corps was, of course, much in evidence. The chief umpire, the Duke of Connaught, drove over the scene of operations in a 30-h.p. Napier, which enabled him to keep in touch with all the movements of the troops engaged. The motor has now firmly established itself as indispensable in the equipment of an army, and next year it is exceedingly probable that a great many more cars will be bought by the War Office for the use of officers engaged in military operations.

PETROL REDUCED.

This week the manufacturers of Carless petrol have reduced the price of their spirit 1d. per gallon.

IS WATER-COOLING NECESSARY FOR TRI-CARS?

Up till recently, every motor-cyclist appeared to think that to make the engine of a tri-car a success it would be necessary to water-cool it. But since Hooydonk's wonderful 1,000 miles trial on his air-cooled (by fan) Trimco, the question has arisen—Is water cooling necessary? Of course, each system has its advantages and disadvantages; but taking it all round, the advantages of air cooling outweigh the few disadvantages. The extra weight, complication, and care involved in the adoption of the water-cooling system outweigh easily any advantage it may have. With an efficient two-speed gear, a comparatively small engine is ample for the work, say 3-h.p. For an engine of this size, air-cooling is quite sufficient—that is, of course, if the rider knows how to drive his machine to the best advantage to avoid overheating. Fan-cooling has been proved to be equal to the task of keeping a 3½-h.p. engine cool for hundreds of miles at a stretch. There are several more things to be said in favour of retaining air cooling. Water-tanks, radiators, water-jackets and pipes add a considerable amount of weight to the tri-car. A light tri-car for two persons is supposed to weigh 3cwts—or else it becomes a car, and full car license has to be paid for it. How many of the tri-cars recently placed on the market with water-cooling weigh 3cwts? 5cwts. would be more like the weight were some of them to be tested. Again, space is valuable on a tri-car, and the addition of water-tanks, radiators, &c., leaves little space for parcels, &c. But the chief consideration is price.

There are thousands of people in the country who cannot rise to the price of a car, but who want something more sociable than a motor-bicycle. To this class, then, the well-designed comfortable tri-car appeals; but a modern tri-car, fitted with powerful engine, fully water-cooled, costs quite as much as a car, so that it is fairly safe to say that not much demand will arise for these costly machines. When the price is the same, a man will naturally prefer the comfortable sociable small car, with its ample passenger and luggage accommodation. Therefore, the manufacturers who cater for the man of moderate means should strive to improve the light cheap form of tri-car by rendering it as comfortable, efficient, and cheap as possible, and undoubtedly a large demand will arise.

THE POPULARITY OF MOTORING.

The popularity of motoring as a pastime, and also as a means of increasing business, advances by leaps and bounds. On January 1st, 1904, there were registered 13,521 motor vehicles. Up to April 1st, 1904, 31,421 motor vehicles had been registered, an increase in three months of 17,900 vehicles. The above figures are striking evidence of the all-conquering advance of the motor, the distance annihilator.

AN AMERICAN IDEA FOR RACING CARS.

"With at least four eight-cylinder cars on the track, this is bound," says the "Motor Age," of Chicago, "to be an eight-cylinder racing year in America. What will next year be—16 or 22? Automobile racing began with one cylinder, progressed to two, and then to four. Now it has reached eight, and reports say that sixteen cylinders is a possibility. Every year motor bonnets have become longer, and bodies shorter and smaller. What is the use of a bonnet on a motor anyway? The motor is the essential thing; the body is simply a convenience for the driver. Let the driver hang on, or cut him out altogether, if a place cannot be found for him without wasting wheel base that might be devoted to four extra cylinders. There is a great possibility in the 32-cylinder car."

TYRE VALVES.

If any difficulty is experienced in the inflation of a tyre, it is generally the valve which is the cause of the trouble. Take out the valve and examine the small rubber tube on the stem. It may be cracked, or perished, or stuck to the stem. After cleaning the stem and fitting a new piece of rubber tube it will be found an easy matter to inflate the air-tube. Before attaching the air-pump to the valve, always give it a few brisk strokes. The rubber connection may be full of dust, &c., which it would be harmful to inject into the tyre.

A QUICK METHOD OF WORKING BROMIDE.

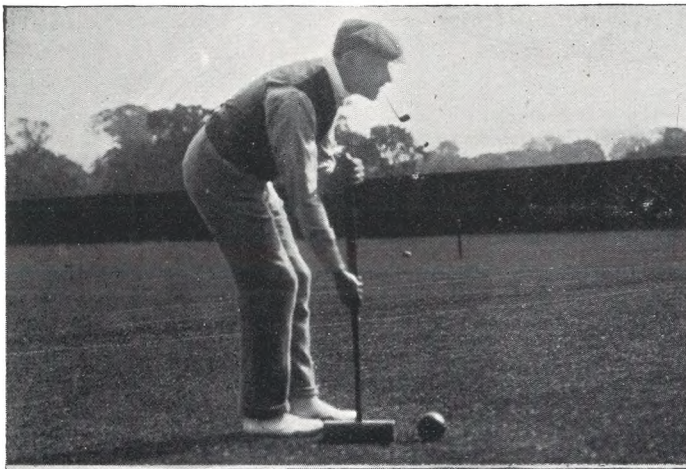
It is sometimes required to produce a print in as short a time as possible from a negative which has just been developed. It may be very easily accomplished, as follows:—A piece of bromide paper of the same size as the negative should be immersed in a dish of water, after which it should be placed on the negative film to film and squeegeed into firm contact. The negative, if speed is essential, need not even be fixed. It is in newspaper work that extreme rapidity is absolutely necessary, and some results are nothing short of marvellous when the number of operations and the time occupied are taken into consideration.

HOW TO KEEP P.O.P.

After the packet is opened it should be placed face down in an ordinary plate box. On the top of the packet a thick sheet of glass should be laid. This glass, by pressure, excludes the air, and preserves the paper.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF MALE AND FEMALE LABOUR.

The girl cigar-maker of the East End, who has been the means of causing a strike that has thrown 650 men and women out of employment, has, at the same time, brought into prominence the much-debated question of the relative value of men's and women's work. The cause of the strike was a simple affair, but it opens up a big question. The facts of the case were briefly these. The girl made a bad cigar, which was not only returned to her to re-make, but the price of it was deducted from her wages, as is customary in the trade. On the other hand, male hands are not fined in this manner, and it is there the grievance is. What the girls demand is to be placed on the same terms as the men. It seems pretty obvious from official reports that women's labour cannot compete with men's. Granted that the girls' work is inferior to the men's, then it is only right that, whilst the man receives 4s. 3d. for 100 cigars, the girls should get only 3s. 6d. It is also proved that the women fail to get through the same quantity of work in the day, and their earnings in proportion are less. In this case the restriction imposed upon them of deducting from their wage is hard, for besides losing time that is precious to them, when they have to re-make a cigar, they are also expected to relinquish part of their week's wages. As this rule does not apply to men, I think the women are quite right in desiring to be placed on the same footing in this regard only.—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."



Photos by Miss G. L. Murray, Cheltenham.

EAST GLOUCESTERSHIRE CROQUET TOURNAMENT, SEPT. 5-17, 1904.

MR. FOLL.
MISS WILLES.
COL. HARRISON.

MISSES BOTT, WEIR, AND FAWKES.
MISS FAWKES.
MISS BOTT AND MISS FAWKES.

CLOTTED CREAM.

From time immemorial Devon and Cornwall have been associated with the production of clotted cream, and it seems notable that many attempts to make the same quality outside of these counties do not appear to meet with much success. The business began in the time of the Phoenicians, who were amongst the pioneer colonisers of the world. From their homes on the coast of Syria, they sailed westward, and took possession of Cornwall, attracted by the metals which exist there. They brought their scalding pans with them, and so introduced the art of clotted cream making on the banks of the Tamar, and the two counties divided by this river have been its home ever since.

Nothing on earth or in poet's dream
Is so rich and rare as your Devonshire cream;
Its Orient tinge-like spring-time morn,
Or baby buttercups newly born;
Its balmy perfume, delicate pulp,
One longs to swallow it all at a gulp;
Sure man had ne'er such gifts or theme,
As your melt-in-the-mouthy Devonshire cream.

POETRY.

MY HAT!

AN AUTUMN ROUNDEL.

Softly I swore, as, gazing at the sky,
With no umbrella (and no coat, what's more),
I thought of my poor "topper," and that's why
Softly I swore.

I had but bought the hat two days before.
Its glossy sheen was dazzling to the eye.
'Twas just my luck that it should chance to pour!
The forecast in the morning had said "Dry."
I vowed that forecasts I would trust no more.
And, lest I should be heard by passers-by,
Softly I swore!

"THE BYSTANDER."

Mr. Russell, who holds one of the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford, will return to Oyster Bay a few days before the election in November solely for the purpose of voting for Mr. Roosevelt, and will return to England immediately afterwards.

Sir Henry Irving opened his farewell provincial tour at the Theatre Royal, Cardiff, on Monday night, to a house which packed the building from pit to gallery.

Saikh Imamudda, serving with the 18th Native Bengal Infantry as chaplain at the age of 130, is the oldest servant in the employ of the British Government.

The following extraordinary story of a fatality to a cow a few days ago comes from Ireland. The cow, a fine animal, belonging to Mr. Moore, a farmer, who resides near Newton Butler, died from some unknown cause. On a post-mortem examination being made, twenty live eels were discovered in the animal's stomach, four of which were fully grown, one of them measuring four feet in length. The others measured from one foot to twenty inches. It is thought, adds the correspondent who tells the story, that the cow in drinking at Mullynagowan Lough, drank the eels in their infant state, as it has been dwindling since January.

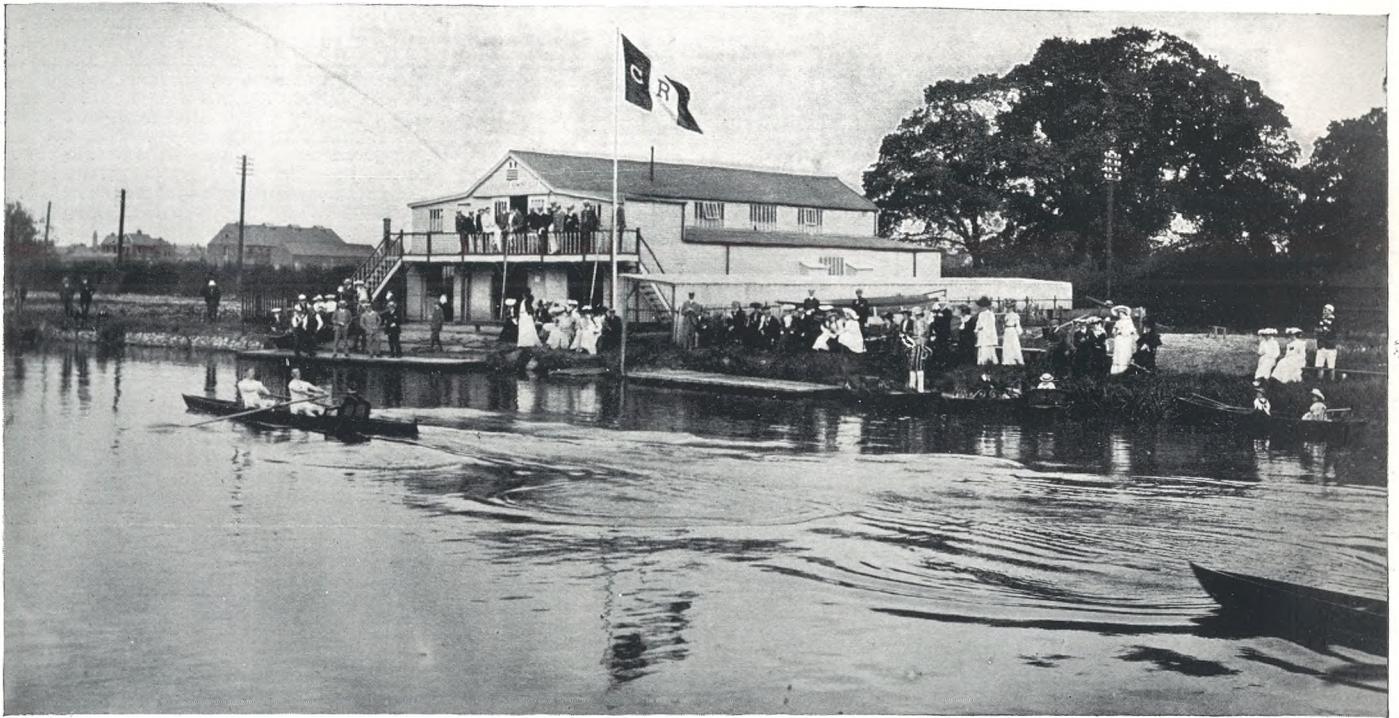


Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER ROWING CLUB REGATTA ON THE CANAL AT HEMPSTEAD.

J. G. WASHBOURN AND L. YEARS WINNING THE PAIR RACE.

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 193rd prize has been divided between Miss G. L. Murray, of Christ Church Lodge, Cheltenham, and Mr. John E. Lewis, of 24 Church-street, Tewkesbury.

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

The 104th prize has been withheld owing to lack of competition.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary 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 86th prize has been divided between Miss Pauline de Pipe Belcher, of Darley House, Berkeley-street, and Miss M. Williams, 12 Rodney-terrace, for reports of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's and the Rev. R. H. Consterdine at St. Mark'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.

The prize in the 30th literary competition has been divided between Miss E. C.-K., 11 Ifley-buildings, Arnold-circus, Bethnal Green, London, E., and M. S. Nesbitt, of 4 Sydenham-villas, 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.

According to Euclid, a point has no parts, and therefore a man of parts can have no point about him.

THE IRON DUKE AND HIS HAND-WRITING.

"As even a trifling detail connected with the Duke of Wellington cannot fail to be interesting, I will here mention," says Lady Bloomfield, in a paper full of interesting reminiscences which appears in the October number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," "a circumstance related to me by Lord Charles Wellesley. At the time my brother-in-law, Charles, fourth Earl of Hardwicke, was in office in Lord Derby's Government, he had occasion to write on business to the Duke of Wellington; but his writing was so illegible the Duke could not read it, so he wrote to Lord Hardwicke to tell him so, giving his letter, as was his custom, to Mr. Arbuthnot, his secretary, to copy. But . . . Mr. Arbuthnot was unable to decipher the Duke's writing, and in despair took it to Lord Charles Wellesley, who in turn could not read it; so there was nothing to be done but to take the said letter back to the Duke, who took it with considerable signs of impatience, looked at it; and then, throwing it into the fire, exclaimed, 'Pon my soul, I cannot read it myself!'"

HOW THE FLY WALKS ON THE CEILING.

Few people, probably, know what it is that enables flies to walk on the ceiling. It has been supposed that their ability to do so was due to the fact that each of their feet is a miniature air-pump. This theory was found to be unsound, and it was then explained that the feat was made possible by means of a viscous substance which exuded from the hairs on their feet.

This theory also was abandoned as being only partly accountable for the facts; and the preferred explanation is that flies are enabled to walk upside down on smooth substances by the help of capillary adhesion. An investigator has found by a series of nice calculations—such as the weighing and measuring of hairs—that a fly would be upheld by capillary attraction were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is. Each fly is supposed to be furnished with from ten thousand to twelve thousand minute foot hairs; these exude an oily fluid, and it is because of the repulsion between a watery surface and this oily liquid that a fly finds it difficult to mount a dampened glass.—"Harper's Weekly."

A snowdrop was found in Northumberland, in the spring, which had its segments yellow instead of white. It is supposed to be a seedling of *Galanthus nivalis*, or a sport from that species, and the flowering of this bulb next year will be looked forward to with great interest. It is possible that the colouring may not be constant, but, on the other hand, it is just likely that it will, and in that case, the "Gardeners' Magazine," who records the curiosity, thinks we have the prospect of the appearance of a race of yellow snowdrops.

A well-known Birmingham tradesman has in his private office a battered tall hat of a style better known half a century ago. It reclines on plush under a glass case, and it has a history. It is the hat in which the owner was married. After he had done with it, the tradesman parted with it to an assistant. About twenty-five years later a tramp strolled into his business premises and offered the hat to him as a curiosity. He explained that he had bought it some years before for a few coppers in Petticoat-lane, and after wearing it for some time the idea occurred to him that the owner, whose name and address was printed inside, would like the old hat as a curiosity. Accordingly the first time he visited Birmingham he called at the shop, and the tradesman gladly bought back his much-used wedding relic.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, whose death was recorded on Monday, was well known in London society as a sometime resident there, and he was a visitor to the lobby of the House of Commons on several occasions in connection with the Anglo-German Convention, which he negotiated. He presented many of the characteristics of the Iron Chancellor. Fleet-street made of him a sort of persona gratissima, but he rejected all overtures to an interview. The police authorities at the House of Commons also proffered the attentions of a detective. "Perfectly unnecessary," said Count Horbert Bismarck, as he then was, "I am quite capable of helping myself." He left King's Cross one night on a visit to Balmoral. A Pressman approached the carriage door. "Go to the devil," was the advice of the traveller. "In that case, we're sure to meet again," was the smart retort.



Photo by W. J. Gardmer, Tewkesbury.
MR. A. W. V. VINE, F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M.
 (ORGANIST OF TEWKESBURY ABBEY).

"THE PUBLIC'S PROPERTY."

In his letter to the Mayor of Newcastle the other day, Lord Charles Beresford summed up the attitude of the Naval Lords (says "To-Day"). In effect, he said that he hoped the taxpayers of Newcastle would visit his ships, as they were entitled to, and that he would take care that they were shown round and given any explanation that they should desire, in order that they might understand the value of their own property. This is the spirit in which to appeal to Englishmen. With them the navy has always been popular, because it has been democratic, because, moreover—and this is a hard saying perhaps—it has been separated from the direct influence of the Crown. It is their own property, and they take a pride and an interest in it—a pride and interest which men of the stamp of Lord Beresford, rightly interpreting the spirit of the nation, try their best to foster. The Army, however, is anything but democratic; it is directed by a policy of social favouritism; it is honeycombed with sinecures, and susceptible to the influence of prominent personages. The public, therefore, are not interested, and pay their military taxes under protest.

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.

It is fairly obvious to the observant that young people are marrying later than ever in life, and that thousands of married couples are leading a sort of bachelor existence. Declining all family responsibilities, indulging in the maximum of pleasure, they become egotistical, luxury-loving bipeds, oblivious of that moral law observed by the conscientious. They live exclusively for their noble selves—sometimes together, often each "on their own." Malthus would regard them as model citizens. What are the causes of their passive resistance to the fascination of the orange blossom? They are numerous and disconcerting—crushing fiscal burdens; an inordinate craze for pleasure; the luxuries of bachelor life; the increase of theatres, clubs, and music-halls. So many people have discovered by observation that early marriages are inimical to the pursuit of pleasure and the cult of complete personal liberty. Reflect, that a baby is more costly than a motor-car, and often less amusing! The cynical father of a little girl of eight—his only child—recently exclaimed: "My dear sir, one child is a luxury, two a burden, and three a crime."—Roland Belfort in "London Opinion."

IS EXTRAVAGANCE A DISEASE?

According to a distinguished West-end physician, extravagance is a disease.

It turns out to be a microbe, belonging, no doubt, to the Anglesey bacilli group. Clearly scientific research is not yet at an end. The news will no doubt be hailed with acclamation in smart circles with which the inimitable "Rita" has lately made the world so familiar. "Her ladyship is confined to her room with a sharp attack of extravagance." One can see the inflexible footman informing anxious callers. One can hear the grave practitioner prescribing "rest and change," or perhaps a draught of some sort—if only on a friend's bank. What a vista of possibilities the discovery opens up. The spendthrift of the future is to be an object for our compassion. Presently we may even hear of a Home for Indigent Bankrupts. And then the origin of the malady, who is going to trace it? Do the victims suck it in at their mothers' breasts, or is it contagious and contracted in after life, like measles, whooping cough, and mumps, and can we safeguard against it by sowing wild oats as a sort of up-to-date form of inoculation? And yet, in spite of the ridicule that the statement is likely to call forth, there may be something in the theory. Dipsomania is now acknowledged by men of learning to be a malady. So is an ungovernable temper. So is the failing known as cowardice, moral as well as physical. And so, last of all, is the weakness that marks the miser, for a scientist declared recently that it was "pure monomania." All these shortcomings are said to be due to "temperament." Regulate the temperament and you lessen or stamp out the complaint. In like manner, then, most assuredly, extravagance is due to "temperament"—more directly due to "temperament," perhaps, than the worst form of stinginess.—Basil Tozer in "London Opinion."



Photo by Harvey Barton, Bristol. (Block from "Official Guide" to Tewkesbury).
TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

**ALTAR CROSS
FOR CIRENCESTER CHURCH.**

An Altar Cross of special interest has been entrusted to the craftsmen of the Artificers' Guild. It is for the chapel of St. Katherine in Cirencester Church, and it has now been finished and delivered to the order of the Rev. Canon Sinclair (the vicar) and Mrs. Sinclair. The whole is an interesting example of what modern artists can do if work is entrusted to them. The upper portion of the Cross is of repousse silver, set with rosettes of carbuncles, lapis lazuli, and a moss agate of great beauty at the intersection of the Cross. The dove, traditional symbol of the third person of the Trinity, modelled in solid gold, forms a finial to the Cross, the motif of the design of the repousse work being the vine. The base is of a solid architectural character, and is of bronze toned to a russet brown, with enrichments of carbuncles and chrysochase. The Cross was designed by Mr. Edward Spencer, and executed by Mr. Charles Moxey. The Guild, which forms the workshop of the new firm of Montague Fordham, Ltd., is now carrying on a department for church work, and has been remarkably successful in the interior metal work of St. Anne's Cathedral, Leeds, all of which was entrusted to them. A Cross has also just been successfully executed by them for the High Altar of the Cathedral at Adelaide, and they are specialising in church work of original design, carried out in accordance with the best tradition.



Photo by Arthur P. Monger, Chancery Lane, E.C.

The phrase "passive resistance" has been claimed as first used by Charles Dickens in "Pickwick," but a much earlier instance occurs in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," chapter 28, when Isaac of York sat in a corner of his dungeon awaiting the visit of Reginald Front de Beuf, "in this humour of passive resistance."

THE LOVE OF DELUSION.

To the majority of men (says Cecil Claridge in "To-Day") the complexity of life is distressingly disconcerting, and they like not to be reminded thereof, requiring it to be simplified for them, however falsely. It is their earnest desire to pigeon-hole mankind into two compartments, labelled "good" and "bad" respectively, so that they may be recognised without difficulty. Any attempt to confuse the two compartments is fiercely resented, while to regard man as an inconsistent being, yielding alternately to good and evil impulses, as to them a bewildering and depraved view of life, subversive of all morality. The commonplace view of humanity is typically exemplified by the commonplace purveyors of fiction to the populace. In these penny and six shilling travesties of life—the difference between them is chiefly a matter of price and binding—monotonously good heroes and heroines are tormented by monotonously wicked villains. To make the hero commit a wicked action, or the villain a good one, would be to risk popularity for the sake of a verisimilitude. As in fiction, so in fact, does the populace ever prefer a rough and ready classification of mankind to a more minute specification of individual types.

THE PERIL OF QUOTATION.

I was once very nearly discharged from a situation with ignominy through venturing to pray a quotation in aid. In a burst of frenzied descriptiveness I imported the lines: "The things we know are neither rich nor rare, but wonder how the devil they got there." Whereupon an elderly lady, who had subscribed to the newspaper "from the first," sent to the editor conveying her intense disgust and abhorrence of the "horrible language," expressing a kindly hope that the author of it would summarily be thrown out upon the world without receiving any of the emoluments lawfully accruing unto him. The proprietor, waxing wrath, lectured me severely upon the gross impropriety of playing ducks and drakes with an old-established family organ, forwarding simultaneously an abject apology to the lady, and assuring her that while the offence was rendered somewhat less heinous by the circumstance of the lines being quoted from a poet who had gained an ill-deserved popularity, it had always been his pride to publish nothing which might not be safely digested by the students of polite seminaries or registered for transmission abroad. After that, to improve my literary and moral tone, I was sent to do a glove fight. I am bound to say that the good nature of the aggrieved subscriber asserted itself a few days later, when she was good enough to forward me a pair of thick woollen socks for winter wear (three sizes too large), a tin of peppermint drops, a copy of "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," and a lurid pamphlet describing the decline and fall of an ill-balanced youth betrayed in his ninth year to the smoking of tobacco through a clay pipe. Since that day I have fully appreciated the awful responsibility of writing for the Press, and I always carefully weigh and sandpaper every word before using it.—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

Journalists will appreciate the humour of a little incident which is still causing laughter in Ireland. The chairman of the Cork County Council not long ago passed a solemn censure upon "The Freeman's Journal" for its alleged suppression of certain resolutions bearing on the Irish situation which had been passed at the New York Convention. At the same time the gentleman belauded the "Examiner" for having published the resolutions in full. On the following morning "The Freeman's Journal" came out with the announcement that the said resolutions had been specially cabled to itself, had been published in full, and boldly "lifted" by the "Cork Examiner" next day without acknowledgment. However, the cut of "The Freeman's Journal" was not yet full. For the "Cork Examiner"—so far from making apologies—printed the irate chairman's denunciation verbatim, and there left the matter! Altogether a very pretty story.

AIR BRAKES.

HOW MADE AND HOW APPLIED.

Every one has heard of the air brake, and references to it are sure to be made when the subject of protection against railway accidents is under discussion, but, like many inventions in common use, it is more or less of a mystery for which an explanation is demanded from time to time.

The modern air brake consists of twelve parts, among which are the air pump, which compresses the air; a main reservoir, in which the air is stored; the engineer's brake valve, regulating the flow of air; the train pipe, which connects the brake valve with the triple valves under each car; the quick-action triple valve, controlling the flow of air to and from the auxiliary reservoir, which is supplied from main reservoir; and the brake cylinder piston rod, which is forced outward, thereby applying the brakes.

The theory of the air brake is the equalization of pressures. When the brakes are not in action the pressure on the train pipe is made such as to prevent an escape of air from the auxiliary reservoir. When the engineer desires to make an application of brakes he turns his brake valve so that there is a moderate reduction of the pressure in the train pipe. This causes the greater pressure in the auxiliary reservoir to force into the brake cylinder, forcing the piston out and applying the brakes.

When it is desired to release the brakes the engineer turns his valve in the opposite direction, permitting the air to flow from the main reservoir, located on the engine, into the train pipe. When the pressure thus restored in the train pipe is increased above the pressure in the auxiliary reservoir, certain valves are moved, communication is thereby restored between train pipe and auxiliary reservoir, the piston is forced to its normal position, the air escapes from the brake cylinder, and the auxiliary reservoir is recharged through the train pipe.

When the train breaks in two or a hose-pipe connection is broken it has the effect of a sudden and material reduction of the pressure in the train pipe, the same as though the engineer had made an emergency application. The sudden reduction of pressure also opens supplementary valves, which increases the pressure upon the brake cylinder about 20 per cent. The brake shoes are attached to rods which are in turn attached to the piston in such manner that when the air from the auxiliary reservoir forces the latter out, a pulling force is exerted upon the brakes.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Those who are familiar with the habits of "Jack" ashore will probably be surprised to learn that it is a high crime and misdemeanour in the navy for a man to engage in conversation with one of the female sex. A party of bluejackets and marines landed at an east coast watering-place the other day to play a cricket match. On their way back, while they were waiting on the pier for a boat to take them off, two damsels enquired of one of the marines whether they could go over the ship, and a little chat ensued, in the midst of which an officer appeared on the scene. The result was that the erring marine was "had up" next day charged with the crime of being in company with females on shore, and punished with a stoppage of a week's leave. To me (writes Mr. Labouchere in "Truth") it is altogether news that they are so particular on this point in the navy, and I am curious to know more about the rules, which, on the face of them, seems supremely idiotic. Is a man supposed to "cut" his mother or his grandmother if he meets her on shore? If a lady asks her way or enquires the time from an officer in uniform in the streets of Portsmouth or Plymouth is he liable to be tried by court-martial if he is caught answering her? Perhaps, in the interests of morality, it would be better that naval officers and men when on shore should be accompanied by elderly chaperons, lest designing females should attempt to get into conversation with them.

MEMORIALS OF THE BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY,
FOUGHT ON SATURDAY, MAY 4TH, 1471.

I don't know whether the actual day has been fixed for the formal opening of the county central range near Gloucester, but, if not, it would not be inappropriate if it synchronised with the 1st of October, which marks the beginning of the pheasant shooting season. The realisation of the hopes of the Joint Committee of the County and City Councils to have the range in use somewhere near that date is dependent on its being passed by the musketry inspector appointed by the War Office, which made a grant of £1,000 for its construction. I trust that this Department will be more expeditious in the final stage than it was during the dreary years that the range scheme dragged its slow length along, hanging fire through one cause or another, not the least being the difficulties thrown in the way by certain landowners.

The promise of Colonel Griffith to ask the Earl of Ducie to perform the range-opening ceremony will, I hope, prove successful, for no better local personage could be selected, as not only was his lordship "a splendid shot in his day" (so the gallant colonel phrased it), but, as the Lord-Lieutenant, he is undoubtedly the "biggest gun" in the county, and, moreover, he has the further qualification that from the year 1868 he has been the honorary colonel of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment. The portrait of Lord Ducie in his uniform as such is one of the few pictures adorning the walls of the banqueting hall of the Judge's Lodgings at Gloucester. During the sixties his lordship was a regular and successful competitor at the great all comers' meetings on the Over range, near the county town, and at Wimbledon, whereat he several times figured and scored heavily in the Lords and England teams. The wearing of glasses did not detract from Lord Ducie's skill as a marksman, neither did it, singularly enough, from the prowess of his kinsman, the late Lord Dunsany, M.P., in the running deer competitions at Wimbledon, and who, I know from observation, could invariably reach the bull's eye. I believe that no one would be more delighted than the Lord-Lieutenant if his challenge cup (never yet absolutely won by a company taking it three years in succession) were won out and out on the new range, whether he inaugurates it or not.

All necessary things point to a very good ensuing fox-hunting season in this county. Cubbing, which is the best index, has been proceeding most satisfactorily for about a month. That there is an abundance of foxes one may gather from reading the reports that the Duke of Beaufort's, Earl Bathurst's, the Cotswold, and the Heythrop Hounds have been killing their double braces and leashes on certain days. The doings of Lord Fitzhardinge's pack have been kept quiet up to now, but I know they are in good form, and giving an excellent account of themselves. There will be only one change in a mastership—that of the Cotswold; and I was pleased to read Mr. Herbert Lord's (the new chief) warm eulogy of the good old sport at the Winchcombe Agricultural luncheon. The Duke of Beaufort has re-arranged his meets with the view to suit the convenience of the farmers at markets, and probably to make them less accessible to the Bristol division. I should not be surprised if Lord Fitzhardinge drops the Saturday meets at the kennels with the same object. There is much probability of Mr. Carnaby Forster adding another day to the meets of the Ledbury Hounds, for he can well do so now through his having last year purchased an additional pack in that one formed by Major J. M. Browne, and which his two sons kept on at Bromyard for some time after their father's death. One ardent sportsman at least of last season will be missing from the local fields. I allude to Captain Cecil Spence-Jones, who will be engaged hunting at Pantglas, on his mother's beautiful estate in Carmarthenshire, his own pack, which he has formed, and which consists of twenty-three couples of hounds, drafts from Belvoir.

GLEENER.

The two photographs we reproduce of scenes associated with the decisive battle fought at Tewkesbury in 1471, and by which the prolonged struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster found an issue, are of special interest to the pedestrian or those who by cycle or motor make their visit to the old borough by road, as both places are situated within about a stone's throw of the highway.



"QUEEN MARGARET'S CAMP."

In the field immediately opposite the first milepost out of Tewkesbury and also directly facing the old farmhouse near the foot of Gubshill Pitch—a point of the journey well known to most cyclists—is a circular space surrounded by tall elm trees and a shallow trench, which tradition has for many generations recognised as the site of Queen Margaret's tent, wherein she passed the hours of darkness preceding the dawn of the fateful 4th of May, when all the fond hopes she had so long cherished and bravely defended were shattered, and her son, the youthful Prince Edward (heir of Henry VI.), and all her principal supporters slain on the field, or shortly afterwards executed on a scaffold erected at Tewkesbury Cross. Readers of Shakespeare will call to mind the courageous words the immortal poet puts on her lips—as delivered on the eve of the battle at this spot—

"Henry, your Sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight."
(Part III., Henry VI.)



Photos by John E. Lewis, Tewkesbury.

"THE BLOODY MEADOW."

About five hundred yards nearer the town than "Queen Margaret's Camp," the Cemetery entrance is reached, and a short distance down a narrow lane immediately opposite, this historical field is situated, and the view (as photographed) may be had of it over the fence which separates it from the lane. Here many thousands of the Lancastrians are said to have been overtaken in their flight from the battle by the victorious Yorkists and slain—so many that it is said the meadow was covered with the blood of the fugitive soldiers; hence the name it has always borne of "The Bloody Meadow."