

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 195

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
The Latest Farical Comedy.

"THE NEW CLOWN."

NEXT WEEK—MR. LAWRENCE
IRVING,

Supported by an Exceptionally Powerful Com-
pany, in his new play.

"RICHARD LOVELACE."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

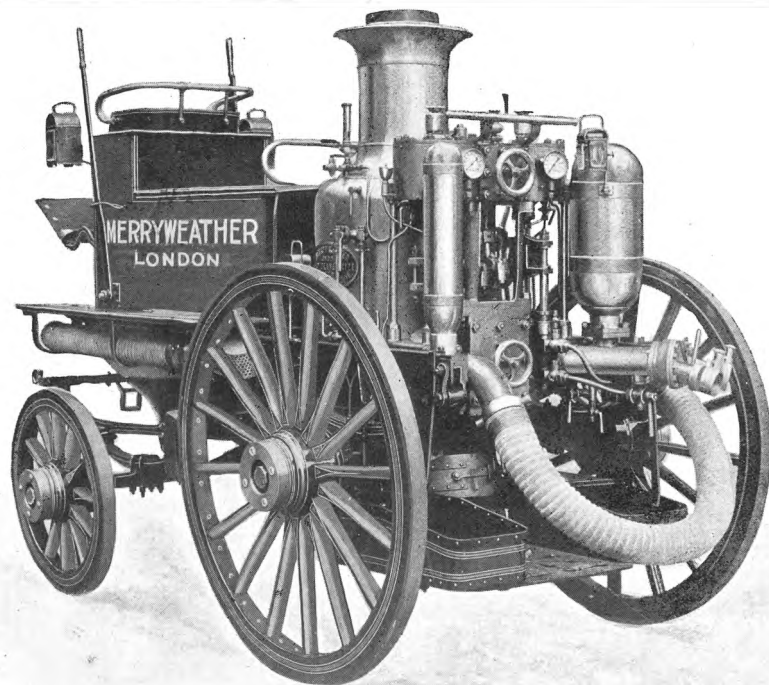
LOCAL MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

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.

The news (published on Monday) of Professor Finsen's death recalls a curious fact about his discovery of the remedial value of light. In one respect it was a striking example of the scientific return to a superstitious practice. His researches led to his theoretical conclusion that red light would reduce the suffering in small-pox and prevent permanent marking of the skin. Experiment has confirmed his theory. But the curious thing is that mediæval doctors prescribed for small-pox and fever patients seclusion in rooms hung with scarlet cloths, and in books little more than a decade old this treatment is ridiculed as an example of the quackery from which modern medicine had delivered us.

Unique in several respects, the Servian Government is also singular in the banquet which it gave at the Foreign Office, Belgrade, the other evening to the Press correspondents in honour of King Peter's Coronation. A decided power behind, or, rather, in front of the throne in every country, the Press nevertheless rarely receives such official recognition as it has just received in Servia (says the "Daily Chronicle"), and in England at least no such honour was ever paid it. It is only where one would least expect such an honour that it has been accorded. At the Coronation of Alexander III. of Russia, for example, the journalists were actually invited—not to an entertainment apart—but to the banquet itself in the Kremlin which followed the grand ball in honour of the event. Following the custom of the Russian Court, the newly-crowned Czar left his seat in the middle of the meal, and made the round of all the tables, inquiring of his guests, in set terms, whether they had enough to eat and drink.



**CHELTENHAM'S NEW STEAM FIRE ENGINE,
OF THE "GREENWICH GEM" TYPE,
TO BE PUBLICLY PRESENTED TO THE TOWN TO-DAY ON BEHALF OF
MRS. THEOBALD.**

The member for Mid-Devon, Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C., has during the last few weeks been enjoying his hobby of "caravaning" on Dartmoor. The hon. member lives and sleeps in the van, and it is not an unusual sight to see him seated on the front step beside the driver of the two farm horses that draw the van. When on these expeditions, Mr. Eve does his own cooking and van cleaning.

Following up the interesting results attained by the railway coach propelled by a 100-h.p. petrol motor, which is in use by the North-Eastern Railway Company, the Wolseley Company, designers of this vehicle, have produced a tramcar driven in like manner. The car weighs ten tons, and will carry thirty passengers at a speed up to twenty-five miles an hour. It has a change-speed gear like the road motor-car. All four wheels are driven, as in locomotive practice, to ensure sufficient grip. The motor is expected to consume two gallons of petrol per hour when working under full load. The development of the petrol motor tramcar will be carefully watched to see how it compares with the expense of constructing, maintaining, and running the electric tramway.

A poll taken of the burgesses of Dover has decided against the running of the municipal electric trams on Sundays.

During the past week Mr. John Morley has been the guest of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Highbury. While in Birmingham Mr. Morley was taken by his host to see the new Birmingham University buildings at Bournbrook.

A new terror has, the "Sheffield Independent" says, been added to the life of the telephone user. A gentleman of the cutlery town has made the discovery that whenever he uses his telephone he is assailed with details of conversation carried on by others using similar instruments in the neighbourhood. While waiting for an answer from the Exchange a few days since he was regaled with particulars of the idiosyncracies of a certain public man, whose wife, miles away, was talking over the wires to a lady friend elsewhere. Other domestic matters not intended for print were included in the good lady's confidences. The explanation is, and it does not tend to reassure the public, that somewhere two wires are in accidental contact.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.



"Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close."—Lectures on Art (Ruskin).

SUNSET.

[By MISS CONSTANCE BEGBIE.]

Dear reader! Are you one of Ruskin's "hewers of wood" and "drawers of water," or are you one of the dreamers of life? In these days of rush and activity, I suppose there are few who get much time to watch a sunset. There are even some, I suppose, who would scoff and say "Watch a sunset! Not I!" For these I feel a great pity. True, the world would get on very badly if there were no practical people in it, but still what a lot do we lose by not going out sometimes quite by ourselves, into some lonely country place and forgetting everything except God and Nature. God and Nature, I said, but, after all, are not the two terms synonymous? To all except the very young, surely a sunset must appeal. There is something in the close of day which speaks of heaven. Most of us know how Rosa Carey, in her novel "Wooded and Married," tells of the young clergyman who died in his prayer-desk while the choir were singing those well-known words, "Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary." To me that always seems so pathetic, and yet sublime. He had "fought the good fight," he had bravely struggled with a love which he knew must not be cherished, he had worked himself to death for his flock, but surely that was a sunset which was lit up by glorious rays. Most of us think life's close sad. Is it? Have you watched the man who, though his shoulders may be bent and his steps tottering, still has a kindly sparkle in his eyes, and the ready smile on his lips? Reader, can you pass that man without saying "May my last end be like his."

Of such a one I wish now to tell. His had been a chequered life. He had seen active service in the Crimea, but no medal had ever adorned his breast. None, but one, knew how, though no soldier's cross was his, how brave and true he really was. He and she had met in the little village. He knew that she loved another, and that that one was not worthy of her. In the battlefield the two rivals fought together for their country. It was the fierce onslaught at Inkerman. The younger man's heart failed him, and in another moment he would have fled, but the older and truer, coming forward, said "Lad, remember Jess. She is waiting for you at the old homestead. Lad, drink this and be brave. I will never try for Jess's hand again." There was a quiver in the manly voice as he said the last words.

Soon, in the fierce turmoil of battle, the two were parted. Fred Allen, for such was the favoured rival's name, nerved by these words, was the foremost in the fight. A conspicuous act of valour—the rescuing of a fallen comrade—won for him the Victoria Cross, but it was long months before he reached home again, as he had received a dangerous wound. The other man, Ernest Bryant, returned with the rest of his regiment when the war was over. Many and many a time did he and Jessie Bruce meet, and the latter, like the born flirt she was, gave him every encouragement. But, no, he remembered his promise to his absent comrade, and even went so far as to send some of his wages out, so that the poor sufferer might get some luxuries. To Jess he always spoke well of her absent lover, and always kept him well in her mind. After a time Allen returned, with only one arm, his right. He soon married Jess, and at first all went well. But, alas! dark days were soon to come. He had never quite recovered from his privations and sufferings in the Crimea, and when their first boy was born he fell seriously ill. During that dreary time one kind friend was always at their cottage to cheer them. He was Bryant, and, unknown to both of them, he frequently left little delicacies at their house. In the last dark hour, it was he who held the Crimean hero in his arms. After Fred's

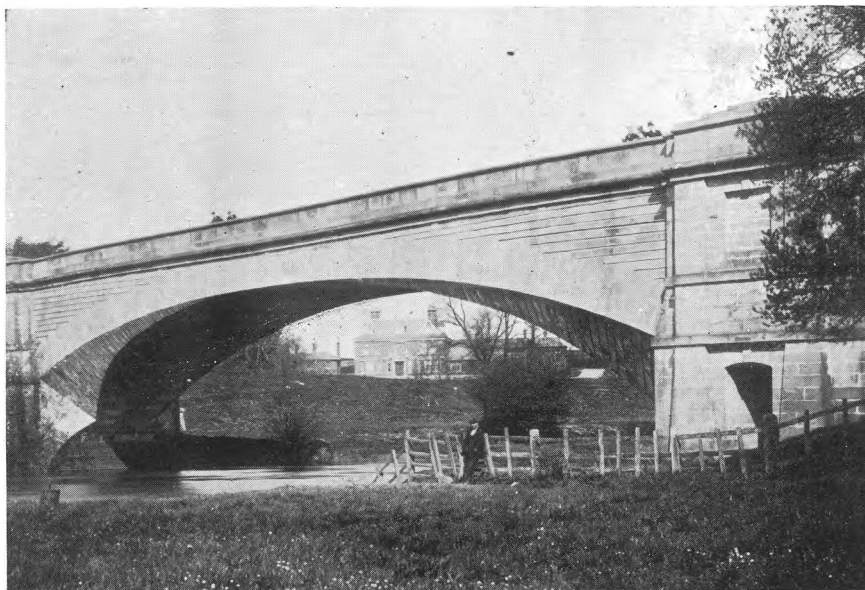


Photo by A. C. Powell, Gloucester.

OVER BRIDGE, GLOUCESTER.

This bridge spans the western arm of the river Severn at Over, and was built in the year 1827 by Thomas Telford, at a cost of over £43,000, and is considered to be one of the finest one-span stone bridges in the kingdom, the span being 150 feet.

The bridge was erected on a rigid centre on piles driven in the river bed. When these piles were removed the crown of the arch dropped ten inches through the sinking of the eastern abutment.

The building seen through the arch of the bridge is the lodge of the Infectious Diseases Hospital, belonging to Gloucester Corporation.

death, Jess was quite heartbroken, and seemed to care for nothing, not even her child. Bryant it was who washed and looked after the baby—for Jess was an orphan now, and had never had any sisters—and who told Jess it was wrong to give way so. "There's the little 'un to live for," he said, "and look here, Jess, if you do not brighten up a bit, I'll go a-soldiering again." "You," she said, trying to laugh, "why you are too old now."

Bryant sighed a little. He was not so old as he looked, but Jess had always objected to him on the score of his age.

"That don't matter," he said, "I be going if you doesn't hearten up a bit."

His words had a good effect. Jess loved him as she might have done her father, and did not want him to go.

For two long years the man struggled with his love, which he knew would never die, and then he asked Jess, tenderly, to share his home. She was somewhat surprised, but also firm in her refusal. "No," she said, "I only really loved Fed, and he has gone now, but, there, Ernest, you and I can always be friends."

Bryant accepted his fate, and became, in after years, to Allen's boy, the model of all that was true and manly. None but Jess knew of his love, and when people asked him why he had not married, he would reply "Marriages is made in heaven," and "I be an old man now, and are waiting for the sunset." Then there would follow a jovial laugh, and some youngster would be hoisted up on his shoulders to get a better glimpse of the sky. All the children in the village loved him, and there was never a quarrel that he did not patch up.

It was the close of one lovely autumn day. People had noticed how feeble Bryant had seemed lately. He had gone to Jess's cottage, and said, after tea, that he wished to watch the sunset from her garden. A chair was placed for him. Later they went to find him, and noticed he seemed very quiet. Yes, he had passed peacefully away with the sunset. A sweet smile was on the lips, and the hands were quietly folded. Who shall say there was something sad in his death? He was not one of the world's heroes, but surely "When the roll-call is called up

yonder," there is One whom he served so modestly who will say "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

POETRY.



THE VALE OF CHELTENHAM FROM CLEEVE HILL.



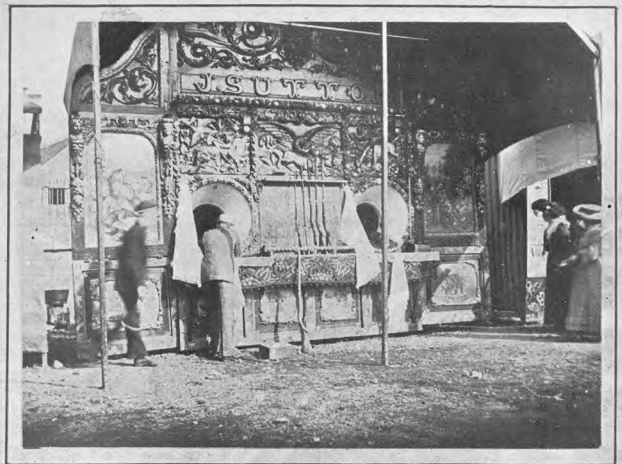
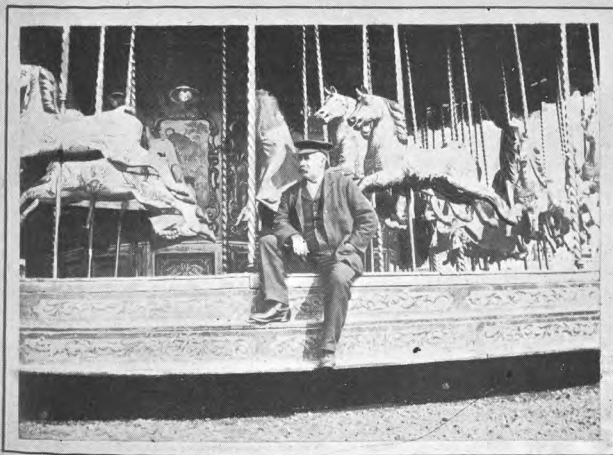
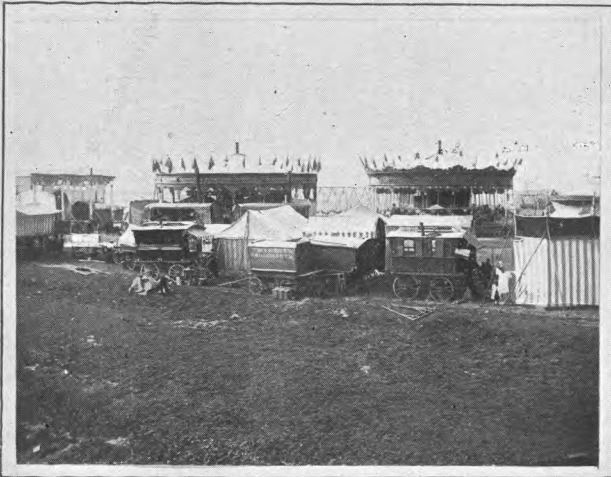
[By M. JEWELL.]

Upon these breezy hills celestial sound vibrates,
 Drawn from Heaven's harpstrings, swept by
 unseen hands;
 Its music charms the ear, the soul elates,
 While eyes enraptured look on fairest lands.
 Far as the eye can pierce the vale is spread,
 Untill arrested by the sister heights
 Of Malvern, from whose top the sight is led
 To shadows bathed in sunset's golden lights.
 Is there a vale which can with this compare
 In peaceful beauty and serene repose?
 A thousand fields and lanes and foliage rare
 Present their beauties 'ere Heaven's sunlight
 goes.
 Fair Tewkesbury's fame and Gloucester's sacred
 glory
 Add fascination to the beauteous scene;
 Dumb witnesses to our great Empire's story,
 Mingling their ancient gray with Nature's green.
 There, too, the spires of Cheltenham point to
 Heaven,
 Fair symbols of the upward path of life;
 They fade away into the mists of even,
 Like weary toilers when night ends their strife.
 A scene to sooth and deepen contemplation
 And purge dull sense of low ungracious aim;
 To raise the mind to purest elevation,
 And give the soul a sweet and priceless frame.



At a Church of England gathering in Birmingham on Tuesday, the Bishop of Worcester declared that Anglicans were frequently too parochially minded, whilst Archdeacon Diggle stated that the clergyman's wife should give no assistance in the parish until her duty was done to her husband and children.

Gold to the value of £602,000 from Bombay, consigned to London, was landed at Plymouth on Monday.



Photos by Miss Lily Wheeler, Churcham, Gloucester.

OLD AND NEW BARTON FAIR, GLOUCESTER, 1904.

New Site of Corporation Fair on Oxleaze, from Westgate Bridge.
 Horse Fair, Cattle Market.
 Mr. Jacob Studt taking a ride on his Roundabout.

Tram running through Barton Street under eye of "law and order."
 Children's Roundabout, Oxleaze.
 "Bisley," but no King's Prize for a Local Artist.



Photos by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM GOLF CLUB AUTUMN MEETING.

DARTMOOR LANGUAGE AND SUPERSTITIONS.

The Devonshire talk—dying out, alas, elsewhere—lingers, rich and expressive, on the Moor. Occasionally, but rarely, you strike what may be a trace left behind by the French prisoners who were drearily confined here during the great war. A left-handed person, for instance, has to bear the weight of the strange adjective *coochy-pawed*, and it does not seem unlikely that *gauche* a pied may be responsible for the term of reproach. There is an unexpected flippancy about their name for the devil, *Tantarabobs*, and one wonders who gave “uncle” the meaning to cheat and deceive. But the old words are being pushed out by the inexorable march of education—so inexorable even here, that you will daily meet small children walking their six miles to school and back—it is to the old Moor dwellers you must turn if you wish to hear them in their wealth. Their ignorance and their knowledge remain as firmly fixed as their granite posts. What they have they hold, what they have not they do not desire. “Where does that road go?” “Doan’t know. He’ve bin theer so long as I can mind.” They do not travel, they do not read; in their hearts still lingers a lurking belief in pixies, a lurking hope that should fog or snow bewilder them, the little grey man will come—no one knows from whence—to their help. But the poor pixies or pickies—whose worst sins seem to have been mere Puck-like mischief—are being scared away by the sound of the church bell. The Cobble-dick still haunts his hill, and more menacing and terrible are the Yeth-hounds, Wish-hounds, or Hell-hounds, as they are called, whose baying is sure to bring misfortune to those who hear. As in Brittany, the great stones dance, and the fear of witches may yet afflict some wild spots. In one or two places on the Moor you will

find stuck on an old iron stand a picturesque-looking cresset, no doubt once used as a beacon, and still called a witch’s beacon. Such beliefs die hard, and are not dead here, but they are slowly retiring, and hiding themselves in shamefacedness. The moormen will not talk of them, and are aware that the parson would disapprove. The parson himself shares the universal change. No longer is there the chance of a non-resident and seldom-visiting minister being warned from entering his pulpit because “th’ awld hen hev’ bin a sittin’ theer on a brude all the week,” or of another parson describing his curate’s ministrations in the words “I keeps a boy to du the work. I sits in the vestry and heers un tell.”—From “Autumn on Dartmoor,” in the “Cornhill Magazine” for October.



FRANCE’S MILLIONAIRES.

According to M. Neymarck, the noted French statistician, the number of French citizens possessing estates exceeding £2,000,000 is under thirty, while those possessing estates over £500,000 but under £2,000,000 in value is about one hundred. Between five hundred and six hundred persons possess fortunes averaging from £200,000 to £400,000. Some 4,000 persons in France possess fortunes of between £100,000 and under £200,000. About 13,000 French citizens are “millionaires” in the French sense of the word—namely possessing over £40,000 and up to £99,000. Going lower down the scale, it is estimated that 262,000 Frenchmen possess a capital of between £2,000 and £4,000, and 1,548,000 hold between £400 and £1,000 each.—“St. James’s Gazette.”



A hollyhock 9ft. high, with a flower 4ft. in circumference, is growing in a garden at Sketty, Wales.

SPECTACLES SUPERSEDED.

There is a better way of remedying defective sight than by prescribing spectacles, according to Dr. Stephen Smith, M.R.C.S., surgeon to the Eye Department of the Battersea Park Hospital. “Twelve months ago,” he said to a gathering of oculists and others at the hospital on Saturday afternoon, “I should have thought it impossible for any person suffering from myopia (short sightedness), astigmatism (cross of sight), or hypermetropia (long sight), to be able to throw away their glasses. By the system which I have discovered, however, I have been able to cure a number of persons.” One by one the patients were then called into the room, and, without glasses, they read printed matter which they had not been able to read previously with glasses. Dr. Smith’s treatment is a process of manipulation of the eye, the method varying with the affection. The details of the process are, of course, Dr. Smith’s secret, but some of the patients described it as a form of massage. “The doctor worked my eyelids gently with his fingers,” said one, “and afterwards he used a soft leather covered instrument.” Dr. Smith claims that, through his treatment, men hitherto debarred from entering the Army by short sightedness will be able to undergo the necessary tests satisfactorily.



In six months 500 gallons of beer and 1,900 ounces of tobacco were consumed in Bedford Workhouse.



“I have examined many samples of actual sewage of greater purity than this water,” reported the Monmouthshire county analyst on a sample of drinking water supplied to some cottages at Aberbargoed, where cases of enteric had occurred.



No. III. SECTION F COMPANY 1st GLOSTER REGIMENT
(NOW STATIONED IN INDIA, AND COMPRISES SOME WELL-KNOWN CHELTENHAM MEN).

WAR'S DISASTROUS EFFECT.

According to a Consular report which has just been issued, the industrial and commercial life of Odessa is feeling the effects of the war. There has been a general curtailment of credit, and in a country such as Russia, where business is so largely dependent upon it, the result is easy to see. Firms accustomed to receive large credit now fail to obtain it, and have been forced to reduce the scale of their operations; factories are working short time, and few branches of industry remain unaffected. In order to mitigate to some extent the first effects of the crisis, many creditors consented to defer their right to payment for a further six months. But the time for settling is now at hand, and firms are not in a position to pay, while it is impossible for them to count upon any further extension of time. Notaries' offices are flooded with protested bills, and it seems as if the commercial failures which have already occurred are only the precursors of others yet to come. A few banks have suffered in a greater or less degree, while smaller undertakings have in too many cases entirely collapsed. The bad harvest in South Bessarabia forms an additional item in a situation which was serious enough before, and has contributed its quota to the number of the unemployed. Those industries directly connected with the Far East were naturally the first to suffer. Before the war began there was a large Eastern trade in foodstuffs and other goods, but this has been greatly curtailed. At the beginning of the war the export of flour from here to the Far East ceased almost entirely, as vessels could no longer run to the Pacific, and the Siberian Railway (which, indeed, formerly carried comparatively little) ceased to take any at all. Now that the railway is once more open for goods traffic, a certain small

amount of flour again finds its way to the East overland. The tanning industry, though a purely local one, has been adversely affected, and during the course of the war three tanneries have been closed, though one is expected shortly to resume work. It is perhaps only fair to add that previous to the war (in December of last year) an important tannery stopped work, and a large order has been placed by the Government with one of the firms still in activity. One direct result of the war, which has very generally affected the economic life of the country, though less in this Consular district than in some others, is the scarcity of labour caused by reservists being called to the colours to take the place of men who have gone on active service. It is scarcely necessary to remark that an apparently disproportionate dislocation of trade may result from the withdrawal of a comparatively small number of skilled workmen in industries where skill and experience are essential factors in production. The grain trade and that in agricultural implements are among the very small number of industries upon which the war has had little if any effect.

Writing in the October number of "The World's Work," Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., says that those who envy an M.P. would be amazed if they knew how often in the smoking-room members say to one another: "What on earth am I here for?"—"Unless things change here a good deal I can do better with my life outside."—"What a waste of time it all is!" It is a plain fact, adds Mr. Norman, that the House of Commons can no longer do its work, and the people of the country cannot be told too often that the reform that is most urgently required is the reform of Parliament.

PERFUMES, HOW AND HOW NOT TO USE THEM.

"The dinner appears to be excellent and it is well served; the wines should be good; but taste and smell are alike subordinated by the horrible admixture of scents you women affect." So spoke an irritated, latter-day epicure, and I proceeded to explain (says Mrs. Jack May in "The Bystander") that it was the quality rather than the quantity of scent that annoyed. If it could possibly be made a law now that the only permissible perfumes comprised the pure extracts of flowers, how different a matter it would be. No one could possibly object to a refined mingling of violet, lily-of-the-valley, rose, lavender, and the like, but the evil is wrought when, torn by a desire to be extraordinary, insidious concoctions, such as Treflé Incarnat, Hasu-no-Hana, etc., are mingled in the *mélée*. Used alone, and with infinite discretion, there is really nothing to be said against even these concoctions, except that they are disposed to be a little intoxicating. Also, where the majority of women make a mistake, is in saturating a handkerchief, an influence that is entirely lost one minute, while the next it literally chokes everyone sufficiently unfortunate to be in its vicinity. Directly a scent ceases to soothe, it ceases to please; and really nothing is worse than to have the senses rasped by irritant odours.

At the annual conference of the National Federation of Assistant Teachers, held at Liverpool on Saturday, Mr. Pritchard, of Birmingham, in his presidential address, urged the abolition of religious tests for the appointment of teachers in rate-aided schools; and predicted that until the federation's claims were more fully recognised the scarcity of teachers would remain the weakest point in our educational armour.



Photos by Cyril Kemston, Cheltenham.

PRETTY WEDDING IN CHELTENHAM.

MR. HAIDON AND MISS "RAY" BRUNT, AT WESLEY CHAPEL, ON WEDNESDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER, 1904.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]



CARE OF TYRES.

In a recent lecture, a tyre expert gave some very useful notes concerning the care of rubber tyres, which form such an important part of the equipment of cycles, motor-cycles, and cars. The tyres should be kept in a temperature of about 60 degrees in a dark place, and, if possible, out of a draught, and should never be exposed to the rays of the sun before they are used (the sun has not so much effect upon tyres after use); if they are so exposed they will lose their elasticity and become brittle, and small cracks will appear, which will gradually grow larger. Immediately after use, pneumatic tyres should be cleaned from wet and mud, and cuts in the cover should be closed, so as to prevent water getting in and rotting the canvas, which is the cause of many burst covers. Oil or grease should not be allowed to get on the rubber, as it destroys the nature of it. The pump for inflating the tyre should always have a pressure gauge upon it, and the tyres should be pumped sufficiently hard if they are to last any reasonable length of time; on bicycles about 30lbs. to the square inch; on light cars about 75lbs. to the square inch. All wheels should be of the same size. All the tyres thus being interchangeable, not so many spare covers and tubes are required. The larger the diameter of the wheel, the less wear and tear there is on the tyres.

FOR THE WINTER.

Now that the wet weather is with us, some motor-cyclists will no doubt store away their machines until the fine weather comes again. But a large number ride their machines in all weathers. If a few precautions are taken, the motor will work just as efficiently in wet weather as in fine. Short-circuiting frequently occurs during wet weather at exposed points in the ignition system, notably at the porcelain of the sparking-plug. This can be completely shielded from wet by smearing some ordinary rubber solution on the porcelain, and then covering it over with some patching rubber. On most modern machines the coil is fixed in a compartment in the tank, where no wet can reach the terminals to cause a short-circuit; but some machines still have the coil clipped by bands to some part of the frame. The terminals should be covered over with several windings of rubber tape.

TAKE CARE OF THE ENGINE.

It speaks well for the work put into the majority of the small cycle engines in use on motor-cycles that they stand for indefinite periods the treatment they receive at the hands of some motor-cyclists. It looks easy enough to drive a motor-cycle, and so it is in a certain sense, but to get best results from an internal combustion engine under the varying conditions of road surface met with on a long run, requires much experience. A point where beginners often make a mistake is in hill-climbing. When the motor begins to slow up, they frequently advance the spark, with the consequence that knocking commences, and the engine soon gives up the ghost. Advancing the spark does not add to the power of the engine when it is labouring on a hill. The spark must always be adjusted to the speed at which the engine is running; thus, on the level, under favourable conditions, the spark lever can be advanced to its full limit, the gas lever shut nearly off, and then the machine will romp along. On approaching a hill the speed of the engine should be maintained by opening the throttle, that is, admitting a greater supply of mixture to the engine. As the speed of the engine drops, the sparking should be gradually retarded, and the throttle opened wide. As soon as the top of the hill is reached the gas should be cut off, the exhaust valve lifted, and the machine allowed to descend by its own momentum. It should always be borne in mind that to be continually altering the sparking knocks the engine about considerably, and advancing the spark too far on a hill may mean a bent or broken connecting-rod.

WINTER LUBRICATION.

A thinner engine lubricating oil can be used with advantage in winter. Thick oil will probably gum the piston and rings after a prolonged stop, and render starting difficult.

HOW TO KNOW IF THE EXHAUST VALVE IS WRONG.

This can be told easily. Dismount, and wheel the machine along without opening the compression tap or raising the valve-lifter. If the valve has gone wrong, the machine can be wheeled along quite easily, there being no compression.

HOW TO STORE PLATINOTYPE.

Contact with moisture spoils platinotype paper, therefore it must be kept in an airtight case or tin. Such tins consist of a tube, into which the paper is placed, covered by a cap, the joint being covered by

a broad rubber band. Separated from the tube by a small piece of zinc pierced with several small holes is a second small space filled with calcium chloride. This is very greedy of moisture, therefore it keeps the tube dry, and preserves the paper.

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

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 194th prize has been awarded to Miss Lily Wheeler, Bleak House, Churcham, Gloucester.

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

The 105th prize has been divided between Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

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 87th prize has been awarded to Miss Mary Davies, Mersea House, Cheltenham, for the report of a sermon by the Rev. G. Gardner at All Saints' 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.

The prize in the 31st literary competition has been divided between Miss Coustance Begbie, of Brightleigh, Charlton Kings, and M. Jewell, of 3 Exeter-place, 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.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

So the central rifle range for the county is to be formally opened on Thursday, October 6th, and not on the 1st, as I opined it might have been. The Lord Lieutenant has kindly acceded to the request to perform the opening ceremony, and I understand his lordship will shoot straight from the shoulder and not with a rifle set on a stand and sighted for a certain bullseye score after the trigger is pulled with a cord, as has usually been done when ladies have inaugurated on similar occasions. A goodly number of military men and official civilians are invited to the function, so the road to Sneedham's Green will doubtless be as gay next Thursday as it is when meets of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds are at Matsou and the field goes off to Piccadilly. I hope no roving fox from there will rush across the range when the marksmen are practising, or the temptation to take a pot shot at it might prove too great to those who do not know that it is very bad form to shoot a Reynard.

Last October, in referring to the pleasure adjunct of the celebrated Gloucester Barton Fair, I expressed my opinion that the City Fathers were not likely to be as complacent as the old Tramways Company were and to tacitly allow their statutory right to run tramcars down Barton-street to remain dormant on fair days. I also said it would be strange indeed if the death blow to the pleasure fair in this street were dealt by science in the form of the electrified tramways. This has really come to pass, for the Corporation gave due notice before the recent fair that the overhead equipment and working of the tramways would render it impossible for shows to stand in the street. They resolutely guarded against the danger of the surface of the roadway being again broken up, and secured that a sufficient width of the street was kept open for the car and vehicular traffic. The considerate Corporation, with a keen eye to business, also provided an alternative show ground on Oxleaze, just alongside the west terminus of the tramways. Thus the pleasure fair was held in two places at once, for that on Wildman's ground, close to Barton-street, was in full swing. The tramway formed the easy connecting link. Will the future show that it is a case of "United we stand, divided we fall?" Without venturing to offer an opinion on the legal question involved as to whether the Corporation have acted legally in over-riding the Royal Charter under which the fair was held, I must say that their policy has had immediately the desired effect. Oxleaze fair has caught on wonderfully in the favour of the masses.

Those charming photographs of "Queen Margaret's Camp" and the "Bloody Meadow" that appeared in last week's "Graphic" remind me of the well-merited rebuff that Mr. J. S. Sargeant gave the Tewkesbury Town Council when, last year, they applied to allow the town refuse to be deposited on his low-lying land near the Lower Lode. Mr. Sargeant answered that he could not comply for several reasons, of which he would only mention one (and, I think, a crusher): "The proposed site for refuse lies next to the Bloody Meadow and forms part of the battlefield. To mark by a scavengers' heap the scene of the decisive battle of the Wars of the Roses would not only offend the feeling of all students and lovers of history, but would be justly resented by those inhabitants of the borough who have any regard for its old associations."

I have occasionally alluded to the longevity of inmates of public institutions, induced to a great extent by the warmth and attention, regular and wholesome food, and freedom from care and worry that they have. A recent case has come to my knowledge of a mother and a daughter at present in a local workhouse. The mother is over 90 years old, and her daughter was confined of a child 53 years ago in the same institution, but it did not live long.

GLENER.



Drawn by J. A. Probert, Cheltenham.

OLD CHELTENHAM.

The shop shown in the drawing was opened in the year 1810 by Mr. Wilson, hairdresser, perfumer, etc., from Bond-street, London. It was situated opposite Wincombe-street, and the style of window-fitting was an up-to-date one of that period. Mr. Wilson also had a branch shop at the corner of the Colonnade, where the London City and Midland Bank now stands. In later years the branch shop was carried on by Mr. Hanford, hairdresser.

The School for Industry was founded by Queen Charlotte in 1806 for the purpose of supplying poor persons with needlework and housing female orphan children. It is now the Female Orphan Asylum.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

LETTERS BY WIRE.

Everything will apparently be done by machinery fifty years hence. Such puerile inventions as the typewriter and telephone pale into insignificance by the side of an invention mentioned by the "Pall Mall Gazette's" Rome correspondent.

Engineer Gregorio Pansa has a new invention which, if it fulfils all he claims for it, will revolutionise the postal service. He says:—

"My system unites in one the telegraph, the telephone, and the means of reproducing handwriting, by a wireless apparatus. The instrument, using the conventional Morse alphabet, reproduces perfectly the writing of the sender of the letter, with the rapidity of an ordinary telegraph instrument, and with the reproduction of 1,200 words an hour.

"This is all automatic, even the putting into and sealing the envelope at the receiving station, so that no indiscreet human eye can by any possibility know the secrets of the letter. Thus, from London to New York, or any other long distance, an autograph letter will be received and delivered on the same day that it is sent, with the same secrecy as at present, in the same way that one will be able to hear at that distance the voice of a friend.

"The great quantity of words which can be transmitted in an hour, by my apparatus, will render possible a low tariff, less than the telegraphic."

ORIGINAL "BILL BAILEY."

At the moment when the streets are crowded with amateur singers imploring one "Bill Bailey" to return to his home, and the gutters are lined with vendors of "Bill Bailey's" marriage-lines, while sober-minded people are demanding, between confusion and irritation, to know "who Bill Bailey is?" the "Westminster Gazette" triumphantly produces documentary evidence which casts grave doubt on the genuineness of the hero of the popular ballad. The problem is simple. If it can be proved that Bill, or more properly William, Bailey is a character dating back to the eighteenth century, it is clear that the twentieth-century Bailey is quite unauthentic, in which case many myriads of disgusted songsters may be expected to cease clamouring for his return. The evidence on this point appears to be conclusive. If we turn to the "Tales of the Hall," by the poet Crabbe, the true and complete life-story of William Bailey at once confronts us. When the poem opens "honest William and his spouse" are found to

dwelt in plenty, in respect, and peace,
Landlord and lady of the Golden Fleece.

But it had not always been thus, for, in the earlier days of their plighted troth, William had wandered far from home, for the reason that his Fanny had eloped with a wealthier swain. Hence the young lover

stray'd because he wished to shun
The world he hated, when his part was done;
Thus careless, lost, unheeding where he went,
Nine weary years the wandering lover spent!

But, although

it seem'd not that he knew
How he came home, or what he should pursue,
the original William Bailey, after travelling all over the kingdom, ultimately agreed to "come home." He accidentally met his Fanny; she was repentant, he forgiving; and thereafter

This pair, our host and hostess of the Fleece,
Command some wealth, and smile at its increase:
Saying and civil, cautious and discreet,
All sects and parties in their mansion meet;
And there the sons of labour, poor but free,
Sit and enjoy their hour of liberty.

It seems a pity that so much melody, humour, and mystification should be suddenly evoked over the disappearance of one who has not only already "come home," but must have spent the better portion of the nineteenth century in the least desirable part of a churchyard—the underneath part.

"Wanted, a red-haired stenographer, who does not wear long skirts or use perfume," is an advertisement inserted by a prominent firm, says the "New York Herald," in the Sioux City newspapers.

A Vienna society has been formed to aid persons with short memories. A card is issued, upon which the purchaser writes the date of an engagement and posts to the society's office. By the first post on the day of his engagement the card is received by the purchaser.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 196.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
MR. LAURENCE IRVING AND COMPANY
IN
"Richard Lovelace."

NEXT WEEK.—Messrs. F. H. de Quincey
and Sime Serva's Company in—
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,

"THE RED LAMP."

Wednesday and Friday, "RICHELIEU."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LOCAL MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.
Last Day of Entries in November.

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.

HOW RAILWAY RATES ARE BASED.

The great difficulty of railway management on the commercial side, says the "Windsor Magazine," consists in the impossibility of getting at the actual cost of any single operation. Most manufacturers can gauge the cost of their products with sufficient accuracy to know for certain whether the price they are getting for each brings in a profit or entails a loss. In the railway business actual cost is an unknown and undiscoverable quantity. No compilation of statistics can ever enable a railway manager to know accurately what it has cost him to transport over any given distance "Mrs. Brown and her luggage" or a ton of coal. All the figures he has to guide him as to how much he ought to charge "Mrs. Brown" or the coal merchant are average figures—may, they are not even real averages; they are averages based very largely upon estimate, which is only a polite name for guess-work.

To quote Sir George Gibb, the general manager of the North-Eastern Railway: "A railway is worked as a whole; and although many items can be separated in the accounts are allocated to particular services, the residue, which no knowledge and no ingenuity can allocate, is so large that the result must always be a very distant and doubtful approximation to actual fact. This is not surprising when it is considered that the fact itself is of the nature of a metaphysical abstraction. There is no such thing, in fact, as the cost of moving a passenger by himself or a ton by itself. It is impossible to ascertain the separate cost of working passenger, goods, and mineral traffic on a railway, because these kinds of traffic are not separately worked, except in regard to some items of the service."

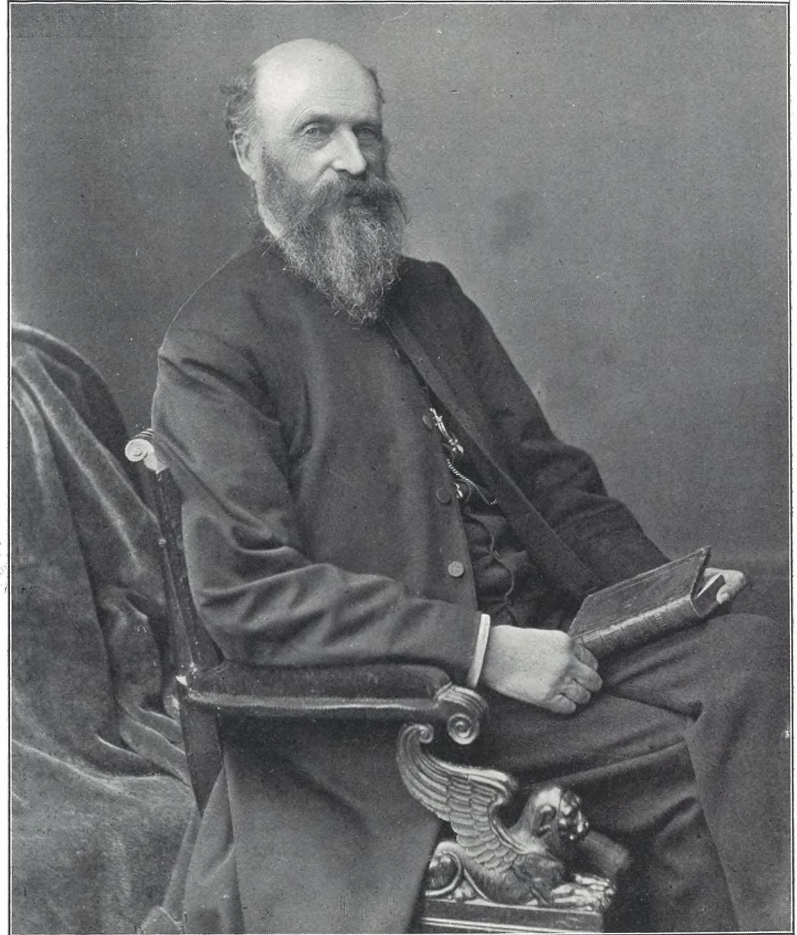


Photo by E. E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, 4 Dovedale Villas, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

REV. ARTHUR ARMITAGE, M.A.

VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, CHELTENHAM, 1863-1903.

DIED SEPTEMBER 28, 1904.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The 195th prize has been awarded to Mr. H. Clarke, of 33 Brunswick-street, Cheltenham.

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

The 106th prize is withheld through 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 88th prize has been divided between

Mr. R. Dodds, 53 St. George's-place, Cheltenham, and Miss A. Despard, Leckhampton, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambay Church and the Rev. R. H. Consterdine at Emmanuel 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.

The prize in the 32nd literary competition has been divided between Mr. Arthur T. Stamford, of 32 Suffolk-parade, Cheltenham, and Mrs. W. H. Hartnell, of 8 Carlton-street, Cheltenham.

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LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE WAYS OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

[By ARTHUR T. STAMFORD.]

"Have you considered, young sir," said Cromwell, "the full significance of your request?"

"I believe so, sir," answered the young man before him.

"He who would command in my regiment must first be able to obey. Can you do so?"

"I can, sir."

"In every respect, blindly, without question, without hesitation?"

"In this way, certainly, sir."

"Again, he who would join my Ironsides must in all ways show himself as worthy of the name as they. He must be firm, brave, and gallant to his foes, and kind and forbearing to his friends, thus avoiding all unseemly quarrels. He must put aside such things as drunkenness and other vice, all overbearingness of conduct, treating other men as he would be treated, and yet withal in constancy, courage, and devotion be ready to yield his life for the country he is serving."

"All this I am determined to do, General. Give me but the opportunity of doing it."

Cromwell ceased to interrogate him. His piercing eye was fixed upon the face of the young aspirant, and apparently his scrutiny satisfied him. Turning to a drawer on his right, he opened it, and took therefrom a plain gold ring, bejewelled with one stone only—a large square one of a brownish hue.

"Thou shalt have thy opportunity, Master Travers," he said. "See this ring; methinks 'twill fit you well. Try it, young sir; try it."

The young man whom Cromwell had called Travers, although astonished at the order, immediately complied with it, and found the ring to fit well on the middle finger of his left hand.

"'Tis but a mighty plain ornament, Master Travers, and yet in truth 'tis better than many which have a grander appearance. Do but press the under part with thy thumb and thou shalt see my meaning."

Travers did accordingly, and to his surprise the stone of the ring sprang back on a hinge, revealing a neat little case, wherein was deposited a many-folded piece of paper.

"Hear, now," said Cromwell, "your commission. Our Colonel Ormsby is lying about three miles from the town of Coventry with a large force. Do you make straight for him, and on arrival desire him to set out directly to the plains of Naseby, at which place we will await him. Our more particular orders are contained in the ring, which thou shalt present to him as thy guarantee. Set out at once, young sir. Be cautious, diligent, faithful, and true, and be assured thou shalt not lack reward. Thy appointment as officer shall be given thee immediately on thy return."

Travers bowed low before the great General and kissed the hand that he held out.

"I will be faithful unto death," he said fervently, and then turned and departed.

In the evening of the next day a man, mounted on a splendid steed, whose glossy black coat shone in the light of the setting sun, was making good way along the road to Coventry. His face was beaming with joy, and he was talking excitedly to himself, although ever and anon he cast careful and cautious glances towards the fields on either side and the road in front of him and behind. Young Travers, for it was he, had safely passed, with varied adventure, through the most perilous parts of his journey, and had now come to within a mile of his destination. It was on this account that the care and anxiety which he had felt at first had given place to feelings of joy and exultation. He would soon be among friends, he thought, his commission well discharged, his much-coveted appointment in the Ironsides gained. But he remembered the proverbial "many a slip," and therefore still proceeded with great caution.

All of a sudden he reined in his horse with a violence that almost threw it on its haunches, and remained perfectly still and motionless, with ear strained in a certain direction. A sound had caused him to do this—a sound of hoofs clattering on a hard road—and as he listened he perceived that he was not mistaken. Someone was certainly galloping towards him from the Coventry side. Doubtless some of Ormsby's men, and therefore just what he wanted. On the other hand,



Photo by W. H. Harding, Winchcombe.

WINCHCOMBE A. F. TEAM AND OFFICIALS.

Back row.—E. Drinkwater, H. Hughes, A. Bennett, E. Mathews (vice-captain), Sergeant Littlejohns, H. Sykes.
Middle Row.—E. Jackson, W. Roberts, G. C. Griffin, A. Hall, J. King, F. Roberts (captain), J. C. Grace (hon. secretary).
Front Row.—A. Belcher, C. Forty, H. Franklin, J. Mason, and R. Minett.

there was a chance that they might be enemies, and he therefore determined to await them there. The sounds drew nearer, and after a while round a bend in the road swept a body of men in glittering apparel and armament, and wearing plumed hats and long flowing hair. This latter settled the question at once. No soldier of the Parliament wore such an ornament, and therefore Travers, turning his horse, was about to trust to the limbs of this animal to take him out of the way of danger. His commission was not yet executed. He could not afford to run the risk of fighting. But he had scarcely started, when he became aware of the approach of another party of horsemen from the opposite direction, and in a few minutes he was able to see that they also were Royalists. He now saw that flight was impossible. His only alternative was to cut his way through and reach the camp of the Parliament at the top of his speed. He once more turned in the direction of the first party, and, drawing his sword and a loaded pistol, charged furiously upon them. Unfortunately he had miscalculated his strength. There was a short, fierce encounter; but it was soon ended, and the young soldier was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. His arms and legs were tightly bound together, his eyes were bandaged, and he was lifted from the ground and carried along he knew not whither, all the while inwardly cursing his fate. When at length he was set on his feet and the bandage removed, he found himself in a large, gaily-decorated room, surrounded by a brilliant group of Royalist officers and soldiery. One of the former addressed him.

"Prisoner," he said, "you are taken in arms against the King's Majesty. What say you to that?"

"It is true," said Travers, abruptly.

"For this," continued the officer, "you are worthy of death at our hands. But we would be merciful. You have been charged with a commission by your leader Cromwell, and this you carry about your person. Deliver it to us now, and not only shall your life be spared, but you shall have instant liberty to depart."

It seemed that the prisoner was hesitating—that the offer, the temptation, was too strong. In reality he was collecting his thoughts, which had wandered considerably during the officer's speech. When one is about to die there is much to think of.

"And if I refuse?" he asked.

"Then you will die instantly."
There was terrible earnestness and reality about this reply. It carried conviction and decision with it. It was one of those remarks which seem to close conversation with an iron door, impossible to open. It forbade all argument.

"I will not give it you," said Travers, conclusively.

The officer shrugged his shoulders as though indifferent. After all, it was only one Round-head puppet the less, he thought. Turning

to a soldier who stood behind, he took from him a silver goblet.

"Well, lad," he said, "thou shalt die easily. Do but say a short prayer, and thou wishest, and then drink to the health of thy leader—aye, and thy party. We will not grudge thee the toast."

It was terrible, this short notice, this indifference, and even jocularly, on the part of his judges. His hand trembled as he took the cup, which apparently contained pure wine; but— He murmured a prayer, confiding himself to the God who had made him, and then, shouting "Long life and success to Cromwell and the soldiers of the Parliament," he drank the wine and dashed the cup to the ground. For a moment he stood still, upright as ever.

"Ye have chosen a strange way of killing me," he said, "but yet an easy one. I do forgive ye."

Two minutes after the body of the brave young soldier was stretched on the ground, silent and motionless.

Some hours passed by, and during that time the body was conveyed to another place and laid again on the ground. In a little while a watcher might have observed something unusual—the corpse moved one of its arms. A little longer, and more movements were observable—the chest began to heave, the head move, the eye-lids quiver—the dead was returning to life again!

A few minutes more passed, and then, with an effort, Travers rose to his feet, dazed, trembling, astonished, and gazed around. He was again in a room. Still the officers and soldiers were standing by him; but who—who was that seated at a table before him? He passed his hand over his eyes, thinking he was dreaming. But no, everything was still there; everything the same; it was all real.

"Am I alive?" he gasped. "What does it mean?"

The figure at the table rose, smiling.
"Come," he said, "it is time this masquerade was ended. Friends, reveal yourselves."

In a moment the soldiers around removed their gay trappings, their jewels, and their false hair, and stood in their natural guise, showing themselves to be some of Cromwell's most devoted followers. The man at the table was Cromwell himself.

"Julian Travers," he said, "you have been tried and found true to death, and therefore worthy to be our servant. Here, sir, is your appointment as captain of my horse. Take it; you have well deserved it."

Then Travers understood that the commission, the journey, the capture, and the death were all a farce—what he had taken for poison in the wine was merely a drug—and realised that this was one of the ways in which the future Lord Protector tested the fidelity and courage of those who wished to enrol themselves in his favourite regiment, the Ironsides.



Photos by H. Clarke, Cheltenham.

THE FIRE ENGINE DEMONSTRATION.

1. Major Boyce Podmore and Captain Such, with other officers.
2. Mr. J. H. L. Courtenay controlling demonstration at Montpellier, with Mr. Walter Theobald immediately behind.
3. Mr. Theobald watching operations.
4. Some members of Cheltenham Fire Brigade Band.
5. Mr. J. H. L. Courtenay snapped on arrival at headquarters, in act of buttoning glove.
6. The Mayor and officers of visiting brigades watching operations.
7. Mr. Rushforth (representing Merryweathers) getting ready to stoke up.
8. Band discoursing music on arrival at Gardens.



Photo by P. L. Parsons, Cheltenham.

CHELTHENHAM'S STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

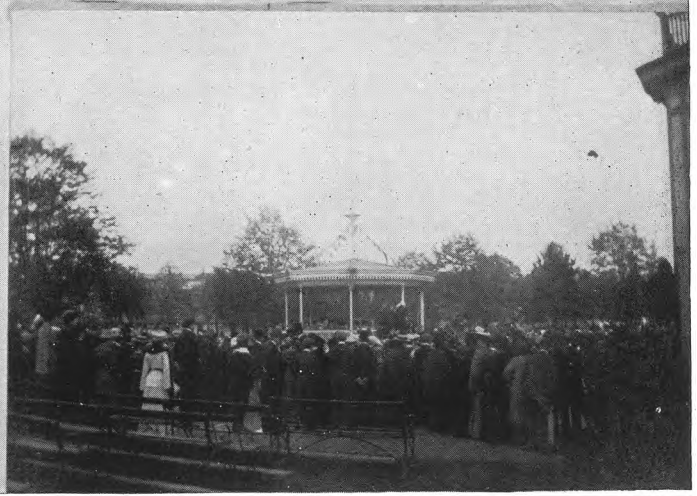
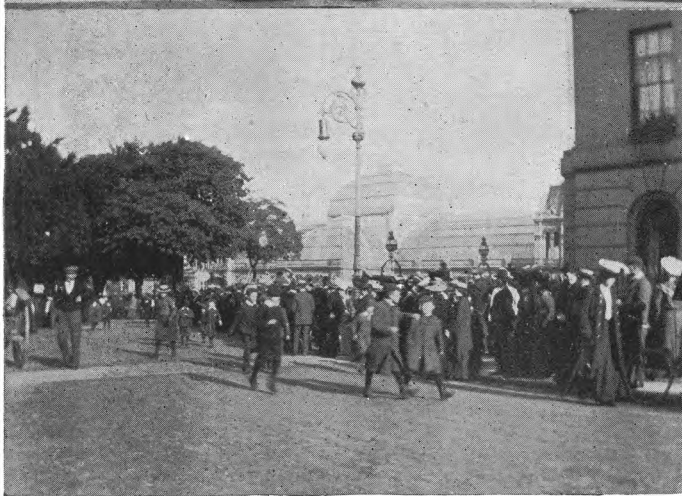
PRESENTATION DEMONSTRATION AT MONTEPELLIER GARDEN, OCT. 1, 1904.



Cheltenham Rugby Football Club: Season 1904-5.

Top row:—W. Sawyer (hon. sec.), G. H. Lane, A. F. Hasling, S. G. Such, W. J. Moore, E. Gridley, E. W. Moore.
Second row:—H. Elmes (teams' secretary), C. Bennett, G. L. Martyn, F. Fry, H. Pike, A. Carr, G. T. Urwin (captain), A. Ford, F. Boite, G. T. Cottrell, C. Craddock.
Third row:—A. Goddard (sub-captain), C. Clifford, J. Charlottes, F. H. Bateman, Champain, F. Jacob.
Fourth row:—G. Cossens, L. Cook, W. N. Unwin, J. O. T. Powell.

Photo by Messrs. Norman May and Co., Promenade Studio, Cheltenham.



Photos by H. C. Waghorne, Cheltenham.

THE FIRE ENGINE DEMONSTRATION.

PROCESSION ENTERING MONTPELLIER GARDEN.
SOME OF THE CROWD.

THE ENGINE.
SCENE IN GARDEN DURING PRESENTATION.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Everything comes, it is said, to those who wait, and so has been the experience of the patient public in regard to the extensions of the Cheltenham and District Light Railway Company, which were actually commenced on September 28th. Many difficulties were thrown in the way of the company even after it obtained, not without a sharp fight, its construction order in the spring of 1902. Having myself never doubted the bona fides of the company, I felt confident that the turning of the first sod was only a question of time, and so, I am glad to say, this has proved to be. Quietly it was begun, without ceremony, and I doubt not, judging by the business-like and expeditious way in which the track—"light" railway seems a misnomer for it—is being laid, that Charlton and Leckhampton will soon be linked by another iron rail, but more direct, with the Garden Town. We can, I think, also await with confidence the speedy commencement of the Honeybourne Railway. I hear that the tenants of the still occupied houses near St. George's-road bridge have received notice to quit by December 31st next, and that about a dozen of the 42 houses that the Great Western Railway Company are having erected in Alstone-lane are nearly ready for occupation. These things all denote preparation for the contractors. What with railway works (including those on the Hatherley loop) and the extensions of certain educational buildings, and the laying of new sewers for the Corporation, the labour outlook for some time to come in Cheltenham is decidedly rosy. And it may

be anticipated with thankfulness that the great bulk of the money that the men will earn will be spent in the town.

The sudden and lamented death of Sir William Harcourt revives in my memory the two occasions on which I saw him in this county, to which his visits were few and far between. The first time was on December 20, 1887, when he was the principal and most trenchant speaker at a meeting in the Shire-hall under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation. And, again, on July 16th, 1895, when he was passing incog. through Gloucester by the mail train to Newport to take up his candidature for the safe seat in West Monmouth which had been offered him after his defeat at Derby a few days previously. And, strangely enough, it was Sir William's fate to hear from his closed carriage the shouts of victory on the platform consequent on the defeat that day for the Gloucester Parliamentary seat of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Spencer Wells, who happened to be the private secretary of Sir William, and even did not know that his chief was for some time within a few hundred yards of his hotel. As the "Echo" has mentioned, Sir William once spoke at a Liberal meeting at Cirencester, and also paid a private visit to Sir M. Hicks Beach at Coln St. Aldwyns in the early autumn of 1900, just after the general election had reinstated his political opponent, but friend, in office. I have heard that when Sir William practised at the Parliamentary Bar he addressed meetings in this county in furtherance of certain local railway schemes.

The Rev. Leonard A. Lyne, vicar of St. Mark's, Gloucester, whose very good work in All Saints' parish will be gratefully remembered by Cheltonians, makes an interesting announcement in his parish magazine for this month. It is that he is going to visit Jerusalem; that a ticket was offered him by a friend a few years ago, but, as the tours then took place in Lent, he did not feel able to leave his work at so busy a time. Now, however, that a tour has been arranged at a more convenient period, he feels he can avail himself of the kind offer; and, therefore, he proposes to leave on November 7th and to return early in December. Mr. Lyne believes that a thorough change will enable him to take up his work with renewed vigour, and that a visit to the Holy Land will have an educational advantage which should prove very helpful to him in his ministry. I sincerely hope that both the anticipations of the rev. gentleman will be fully realised.

GLEANER.

Mr. Leslie Probyn, the new Governor, was enthusiastically greeted upon his arrival at Sierra Leone on board the Elder Dempster liner Biafra. Mr. Probyn is a son of the late Major Edmund Probyn, of Huntley Manor, near Gloucester.

Sir Isambard Owen, who was on Monday appointed principal of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, was long identified with the University of Wales, the University of London, and other learned bodies. He was formerly a pupil at King's School, Gloucester.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]



A NEW MOTOR SPORT.

Motoring on railway lines is the latest pastime of the motorist. Mr. Glidden, the famous long distance motor record holder, who has been touring across the railways of the United States on his high-powered car, fitted with railway wheels, has been charmed with the experience. He seems to regard motoring on rails as delightful in many respects. The speed of the car is greatly increased, and by enlarging the sprockets of his car, Mr. Glidden was able to keep up speeds of from fifty to sixty miles an hour regularly, and considers that fifty miles an hour is as easy to make on rails as thirty-five miles an hour on macadam roads. The consumption of petrol was considerably reduced. Altogether Mr. Glidden has run some two thousand miles on the railways of the United States. Of course, not every country in the world would allow its railways to be used in this manner. Some day, perhaps, in the distant future, special lines may be laid for the use of high-speed passenger automobiles. Meanwhile, any motorist who wishes to try this new sensation must go out West.

TWO NEW IDENTIFICATION MARKS.

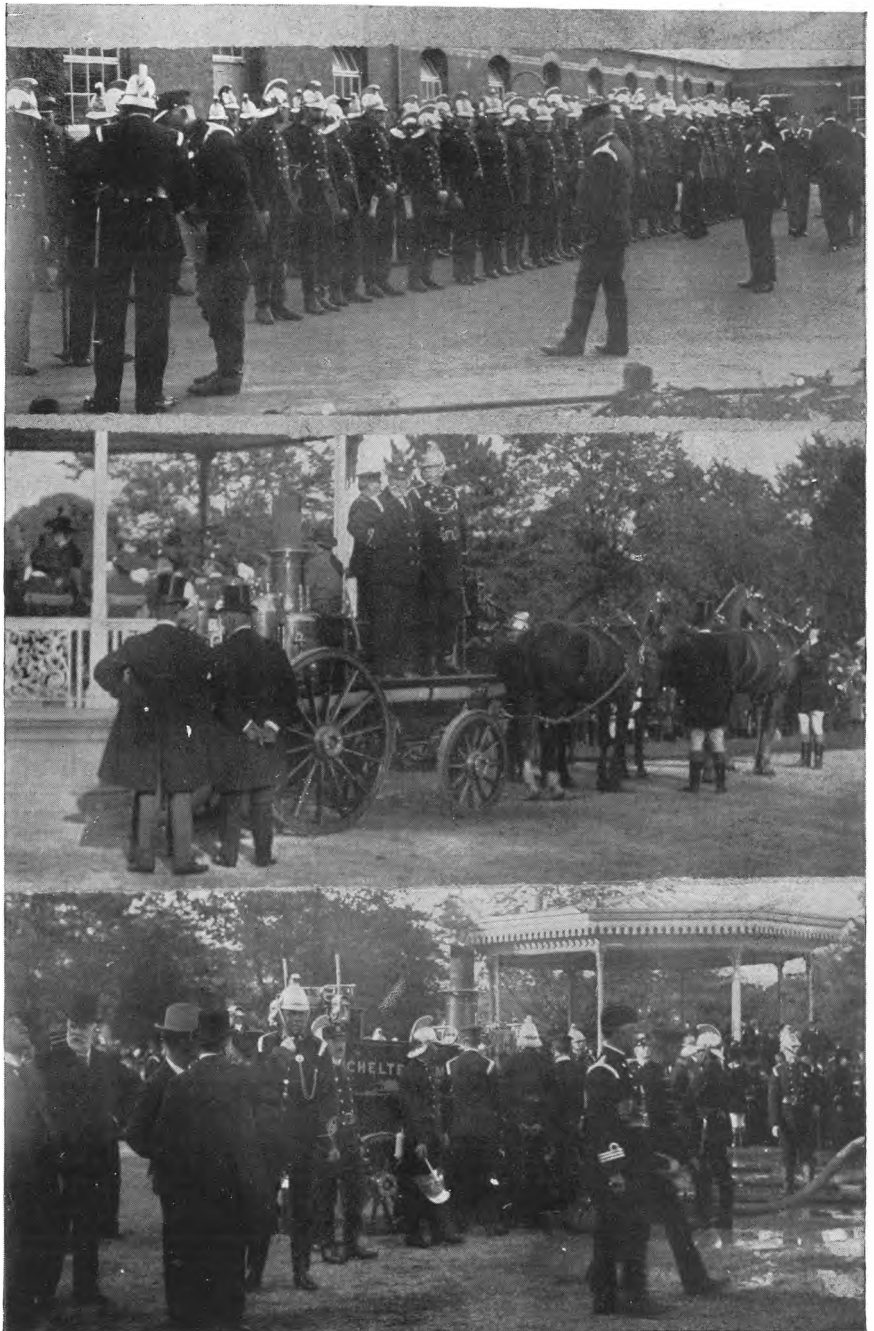
Last Saturday the boroughs of Blackpool and Tynemouth were each constituted a county borough. In consequence of this they have been allotted their special index marks. These identification marks are:—Blackpool, FR; Tynemouth, FT.

WHY THE SPARKING CEASES.

The following list of causes may perhaps be useful to the novice to motor-cycling:— (1) Contact breaker needing adjustment. This is frequently the cause, especially with contact breakers of the de Dion trembler type. (2) Battery exhausted. This is vital. The battery should always be kept well charged up. (3) Short circuit on wires. With good insulated wires, this will very seldom occur. Care should be taken that the insulation does not get worn through by contact with sharp or rough metal on the tanks, etc. (4) Broken wire. This also does not often occur with good stranded wire. (5) Oil or dirt on platinums. The two platinum points should be kept quite smooth and absolutely clean. After about three hundred miles' running they should be very carefully filed smooth. Not much force must be used, as the platinum is not generally very thick. (6) Oil on points of sparking-plug. This arises from over-lubrication. The oil is thrown up on the points, and gets charred with the intense heat, generally filling up the gap between the points; consequently, the sparking ceases. (7) Loose wire in plug. The centre wire frequently works loose, and moves about whilst the machine is running, causing erratic firing. A cure for this is to push a pin right up to its head into the porcelain. This will fix the wire tight. (8) Porcelain of plug cracked. This is of frequent occurrence, generally through over-heating owing to inconsiderate driving. I know from sad experience that it is often a puzzling ordeal with a cracked porcelain. Frequently the crack is so minute that, although the current escapes through it to the shell of the plug, it is not visible to the eye unless very carefully inspected. (9) Too much space between the points of the plug. This is not so observable with a well-charged accumulator, but having the points too far apart with a weak battery will stop the firing. (10) Too little space between the points. Should the points be too close together, the least little particle of soot settling on the points will stop the sparking. The thumb-nail test is not bad for judging the space. It should be easy for the nail to be inserted and withdrawn.

HORNS ON CYCLES.

Up till a year or two ago the horn was the recognised means of warning other users of the road of the approach of a motor vehicle. It is now quite a common sight to see ordinary bicycles fitted with horns large enough for motor-cycles or cars. This is to be greatly regretted. The warning is now often totally disregarded, and it is quite a common thing to hear people exclaim "It



Photos by H. Clarke, Cheltenham.

THE FIRE ENGINE DEMONSTRATION.

1. INSPECTION AT CORPORATION DEPOT.
2. ARRIVAL OF STEAM-ENGINE AT MONTPPELLIER GARDEN.
3. PREPARING FOR DEMONSTRATION.

is only a bicycle." In the interests of every user of the road, cyclists should be prohibited from using the signal which has been characteristic of the motor since its introduction in 1896. The bell has always been quite ample for all the requirements of the cyclist. The thing should be taken in hand at once. Modern cars as now constructed are so extremely silent that they do not make enough noise to give warning of their approach.

DEVELOPING BROMIDES.

The "Book of Photography" gives some good notes on bromide work, and especially as regards the important operation of development. It says: "Bromide prints must not be developed in the same way as negatives, which are merely a means to an end. Generally speaking, the time to stop development is when the deepest shadows

just begin to veil. If a bromide print is properly exposed, it will hardly over-develop. That is to say—a few seconds longer in the bath will hardly affect it. Development must be stopped directly the detail commences to show in the highest lights; remembering that the print will be somewhat darker when dry. The time of development influences the result, both as regards colour and contrast. When development is slow, the contrasts are weak and the colour inclines towards brown. When development is rapid, the colour is blue-black or black and contrasts are strong. The aim should be to have the development as rapid as possible, whilst still under control. A freshly-prepared developer always possesses greater strength than one made some time before, particularly if the latter has been used.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

Holy Apostles Schools Prize Giving and Treat, July, 1904.
(LATE REV. DENWOOD HARRISON IN CENTRE).

A correspondent of the "Times" points out that the table of apothecaries' weights, which educational authorities persist in driving into children's heads, has been in disuse for over a quarter of a century.

P.C. Crowford, of the Hull Police Force, was on Wednesday presented with the medal of the Royal Humane Society for having gallantly rescued a man at midnight from drowning in Queen's Dock.

BEAUTY—A CAREER.
And a very fine career, too, lucratively. Is there an ambassador, a King's Counsel, or a physician, who earns the twentieth part of a well-advertised beauty's revenue? (writes Mme. Frances Keyzer in "The King"). Impresarios fight for her; the public crowd to see her; she is neither a great artist nor a philanthropist; she benefits the world at large not at all. But she is a beautiful woman, the finest creation of the great Creator, and she is a sensation. Thirty thousand pounds are paid for a Titian, a painting few see and fewer understand. Why, then, wonder that the theatre fills night after night, with its thousands of spectators, for the pleasure of seeing beauty in the flesh? It would be strange reading to describe the way these ladies spend their money, but it would lead us too far. Some have a passion for jewellery; others for the year's sensational exhibits at the Salon; others for horse racing. But in one respect they are all alike—they are governed by superstition, and bend towards religion. They attend mass regularly, and the Church has no stauncher supporters. In their yearly expenditure charity figures for a large sum; but whether given discriminately is another matter. It is a common belief among them that money passing through the priests' hands helps them in their salvation. Destiny having placed them in an irregular position, they strive to counter-balance their irregularities by liberal donations. May it work out as they hope!



Mr. George Edwardes opened a season at the Comedy Theatre, London, on Saturday night with "His Highness My Husband," an adaptation from the French of "Xavrof and Chancel," by Mr. William Boosey, which was very favourably received.



Suite of Furniture, AS ILLUSTRATED.

Stained Walnut and upholstered in Tapestry, good looking and reliable for wear.

PRICE - - £2 19s. 6d. the suite.

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Persons about to marry can find everything they require for Furnishing a home at this establishment and at Popular Prices.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 197.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING ONLY:

"Richelieu."

NEXT WEEK:

FIRST VISIT OF THE LONDON SUCCESS,
"QUALITY STREET."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LOCAL MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.
Last Day of Entries in November.

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.

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 196th prize has been divided between Mr. A. C. Powell, of Langholm House, Lansdown-road, Gloucester, and Mr. T. S. Howes, of 15 Serlo-road, Gloucester.

The 107th drawing prize has been awarded to Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham. This series of prizes is suspended for the present.

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 89th prize has been divided between Miss M. S. Corke, Wilsford Lodge, St. Mark's, and Theodora Mills, Lowmandale, Leckhampton, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. A. P. Cox at St. Mark's Church and the Rev. J. Fisher Jones at Bayshill Unitarian Church, Cheltenham.

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

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay.

The prize in the 33rd literary competition has been divided between Miss F. M. Ramsay, of St. Alban's-villas, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, and Stuart Gilbert, Powisland, Tivoli, Cheltenham.

In the photograph competition 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 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. AND MRS. JAMES B. WINTERBOTHAM,
WHO CELEBRATED THEIR SILVER WEDDING ON SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 8, 1904.

THE MODEL SCHOOLBOY.

Personally, without being a pessimist, I am inclined to doubt whether a wholly angelical boy, were so unnatural a creature existent, would be quite as much in his element in even a Preparatory School as a boy with a spice of devilry in him is commonly found to be. True it is that in these modern forcing-houses the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb in a remarkable—here and there, perhaps, too remarkable—degree. But in all society, human society at least, there must be little rough corners to be negotiated one way or another, and an angel's wings might be crushed against the wall. On the playground, shall I say, where good temper and patience in adversity are wholly admirable if not invaluable qualities, exaggerated equanimity or excess of charity might tempt a boy to stop and pick up the fellow he has just knocked down when he might have been kicking a goal and winning the game for his side. What cricketer has not had occasion to rue the act of good-nature which prompted him to drop an easy chance offered

by a friendly opponent who, after having had a run of bad luck, has so far profited by the escape as to play a big innings and change the whole complexion of the match? The spirit of emulation may not be wholly and entirely angelical, but a boy who goes to school without it is seldom likely to come to the front. If faint heart never won fair lady—this, by the way, being a truism of which I misdoubt the truth, and on that score not quite a sound protasis—an undue amount of humility or modesty is calculated to keep man or boy too much in the background. There is, however, no need to discuss at length the impossible or unnatural specimen of the Boy tribe. Boy ordinary is a sufficiently large subject to grapple with—one, in fact, that, to quote Count Smolstork, "surprises by himself." The full and true history of Boy extraordinary may be found in his mother's letters to her intimate friends or in the works of that most prolific writer, the late G. A. Henty.—From "Boy in the Preparatory School," in "Blackwood's Magazine."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



The formal opening of the central county and city rifle range, near Gloucester, on the first Thursday of this month must be scored as a great success. The goodly muster present included the heads of the two proprietary authorities and all the commanding officers but one of the auxiliary forces which are likely to use the range. I had wished to have there seen once more the Earl of Ducie in his uniform as Lord-Lieutenant or honorary colonel of the 2nd V.B.G.R., but his lordship preferred to appear in mufti. It struck me that the noble lord was too depreciatory of his merits as a marksman, having regard to the facts that he was once captain of the English Eight at Wimbledon, and used to have a private range at Example Farm, on his estate. That his hand has lost but little of its cunning was speedily demonstrated when, as the result of his lordship "letting off a rifle," an inner was signalled as his score on the target. Lord Ducie would have struck his man, if he had been aiming at one, with the shot. His shooting certainly compared most favourably with that of the majority of the younger men who followed him. Lieut.-Colonel Metford has the distinction of making the first bull, which is all the more creditable considering that he was suffering from broken ribs, of which injury he was at the time ignorant. The general excellence of the pool firing that followed is proved by the circumstance that so many competitors made bull's-eyes that the money divided every hour ranged from 1s. 10½d. to 10½d. per man.



Gloucester Cathedral still continues to get costly gifts. The latest one is a carved oak lobby, erected inside the ancient iron door of the south porch. It bears, as seen in the nave, the initials A.C.E., which are those of the Rev. A. C. Eyre, who has in this very acceptable way commemorated his appointment to an honorary canonry in 1903. The unique family memorial clock to Canon Bartholomew Price, in the north transept, remains in an incomplete state, the most recent attention given to it having been the removal of the gilded hands and the emblematical face. Time has yet to tell when the hands will be electrically wired to the other clock in the tower and thus set going. The east window in the Chapter Room is silently awaiting the reception of the stained-glass memorial to the Gloucestershire men who died in the Boer War. There is a rumour of a private gift of another stained-glass window for the Lady Chapel, which has recently had presented to it a dorsal for the communion table, to hide the mutilated reredos.



It does not seem a twelve-month since the Great Western Railway Co. put on a motor-train for passenger service in the Stroud valley, but it is so; and the traffic results have more than justified the experiment of which this county was made the locale. I fear its success has completely knocked on the head the scheme for road tramways in the district, for which Parliamentary powers were obtained by private promoters. And, unfortunately, too, we hear nothing of the rail-less motons. It looks like a case of "Wait for the motor-car and we'll all take a ride." At all events, I hope that, failing the advent of the rail-less cars, the Great Western Co. will see its way to run a service of road motors to Painswick and on to Birdlip. The company has selected this month to put on another motor-train on the new line on the north-eastern boundary of Gloucestershire, namely between Church Honeybourne and Broadway. Winchcombe, and perhaps Cheltenham, may see this train when the whole railway is completed. Eventually it will be possible to run ordinary or motor trains in a circular tour from Worcester to Cheltenham, and back through Gloucester and Malvern, and in other circles.

GLEANER.



Photos by T. S. Howes, Gloucester.

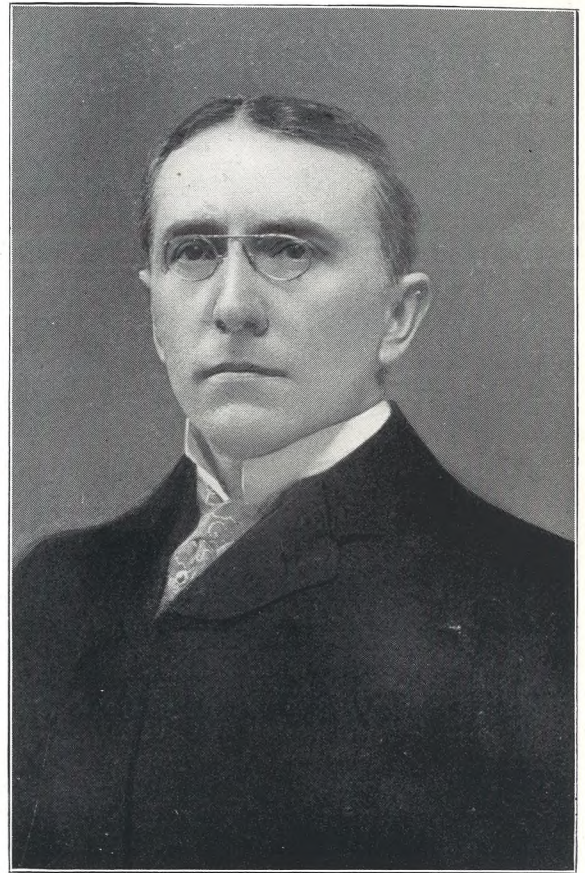
GLOUCESTER MARKET AT BARTON FAIR.



Photo by A. C. Powell, Gloucester.

THE SEVERN BORE.

(TAKEN NEAR DEVIL'S OVEN, BELOW LOWER PARTING, GLOUCESTER).



**"QUALITY STREET" AT CHELTENHAM
OPERA HOUSE, NEXT WEEK.**

MISS FLORENCE JACKSON, WHO APPEARS AS
"PHEBE THROSSELL."

MR. GEORGE A. BRANDRAM AS "VALENTINE
BROWN."

ADVICE FROM A MILLIONAIRE.

The American millionaire pork-packer, who keeps writing letters to his son in "Pearson's Magazine," in the October number distributes free a lot of good advice on engaging clerks, and managers, and office boys. He writes:—

"In hiring new men you want to depend almost altogether on your own eyes and your own judgment. Remember that when a man's asking for a job he's not showing you himself, but the man whom he wants you to hire. For that reason, I never take on an applicant after a first interview. I ask him to call again. The second time he may not be made up so well, and he may have forgotten some of his lines. In any event, he'll feel that he knows you better and so act a little easier and talk a little freer.

"Very often a man whom you didn't like on his first appearance will please you better on his second, because a lot of people always appear at their worst when they're trying to appear at their best. And again, when you catch a fellow off guard, who seemed all right the first time, you may find that he deaconed himself for your benefit, and that all the big strawberries were on top. Don't attach too much importance to the things which an applicant has a chance to do with deliberation, or pay too much attention to his nicely-prepared and memorised speech about himself. Watch the little things which he does unconsciously, and put unexpected questions which demand quick answers.

"If he's been working for Dick Saunders it's of small importance what Dick says of him in his letter of recommendation. If you want Dick's real opinion get it in some other

way than in an open note, of which the subject's the bearer. As a matter of fact, Dick's opinions shouldn't carry too much weight, except on a question of honesty, because if Dick let him go he naturally doesn't think a great deal of him; and if the man resigned voluntarily Dick is apt to feel a little sore about it. But your applicant's opinion of Dick Saunders is of very great importance to you. A good man never talks about a real grievance against an old employer to a new one; a poor man always pours out an imaginary grievance to anyone who will listen. You needn't cheer in this world when you don't like the show, but silence is louder than a hiss.

"Give the preference to the lean men and the middleweights. The world is full of smart and rich fat men, but most of them got their smartness and riches before they got their fat.

"Always appoint an hour at which you'll see a man, and if he's late a minute don't bother with him. A fellow who can be late when his own interests are at stake is pretty sure to be when yours are. Have a scribbling pad and some good letter paper on a desk, and ask the applicant to write his name and address. A careful and economical man will use the pad, but a careless and wasteful fellow will reach for the best thing in sight, regardless of the use to which it's to be put.

"Look in a man's eyes for honesty; around his mouth for weakness; at his chin for strength; at his hands for temperament; at his nails for cleanliness. His tongue will tell you his experience, and under the questioning of a shrewd employer prove or disprove its statements as it runs along. Always remem-

ber, in the case of an applicant from another city, that when a man says he doesn't like the town in which he's been working it's usually because he didn't do well there."

**PICTURES IN THE HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT.**

A writer in the "Windsor Magazine" says the story of the pictures in the Houses of Parliament forms one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of British art. When the Palace of Westminster was rebuilding after the disastrous fire of 1833, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire in what way the decoration of the new structure could be carried out with a view to the promotion of the interests of national art. This was in 1841, and in due course the deliberations of the Committee resulted in the formation of a Royal Commission of Fine Arts, authorised to spend a sum of £4,000 a year in the employment of British artists on the work of adorning the walls of the two Houses. The Prince Consort became president of the Commission, and throughout its career was its moving spirit, assisted by Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A., as secretary. The Commission's first step was to offer eleven prizes, amounting together to £2,000, for the best designs or cartoons of pictures illustrating the history of the British people. Among the prize-winners were C. W. Cope, G. F. Watts, and E. A. Armitage, and these artists were afterwards given commissions for pictures in the scheme of decoration actually adopted.

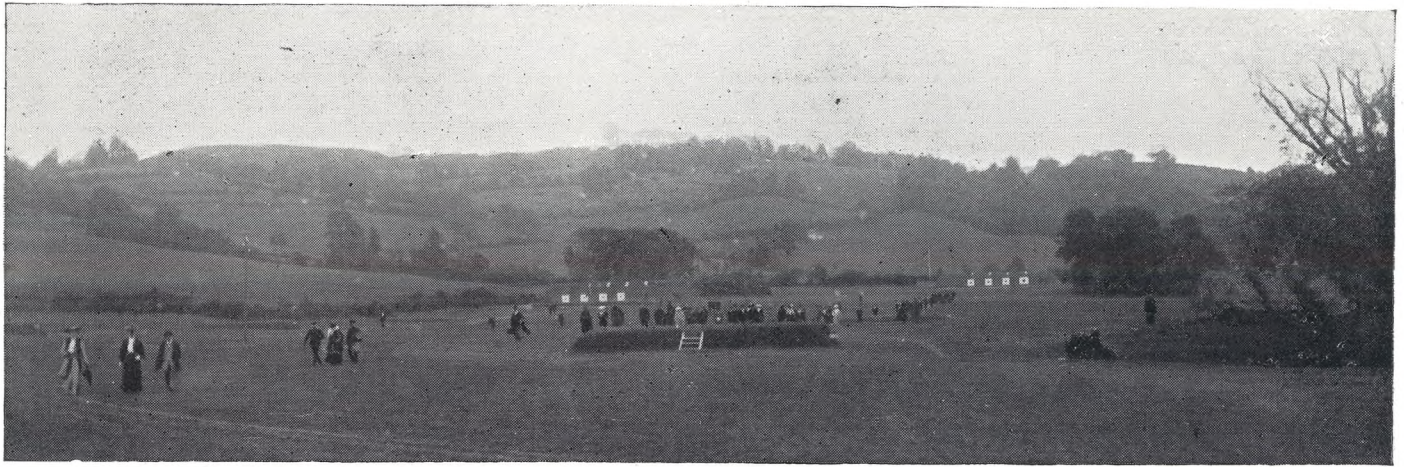


Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester.

NEW CENTRAL RIFLE RANGE AT SNEEDHAM'S GREEN, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

PROVIDED BY GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND GLOUCESTER CITY COUNCILS.

FORMAL OPENING, OCTOBER 6TH, 1904.



THE LORD LIEUTENANT (EARL DUCIE) FIRING THE FIRST SHOT (An Inner).

To the right—Mayor of Gloucester, Ven. Archdeacon Scobell, Col. J. C. Griffith, V.D. (Mayor of Cheltenham, and chairman of the Rifle Range Joint Committee), Major Blood (2nd V.B.G.R.), Col. Watson (28th District), Major Hext (2nd V.B.G.R.), Col. Hedley Calvert (R.G.H.I.Y.), Mr. Walter Stanton, and Capt. Darell (Adjutant R.G.H.I.Y.)

To the left—Sergt. Guy Gurney (loader), Col. Cardew (1st G.R.E.V.), Major Fyfe (28th Depot), Capt. Davy (Adjutant 2nd V.B.G.R.), Capt. John Talbot (R.G.H.I.Y.), and Capt. Jordan (Adjutant at Depot).



THE MAYOR OF GLOUCESTER (ALD. TOM BLINKHORN) FIRING (An Inner).

To the right—The Right Hon. Sir John E. Dorington, Bart., M.P., Lord Ducie, County High Sheriff (Mr. St. John Ackers), Col. Watson, Col. Griffith, Major Blood, Col. Calvert, Mr. E. T. Gardom (County Clerk of the Peace), Mr. W. Stanton, and Capt. Darell.

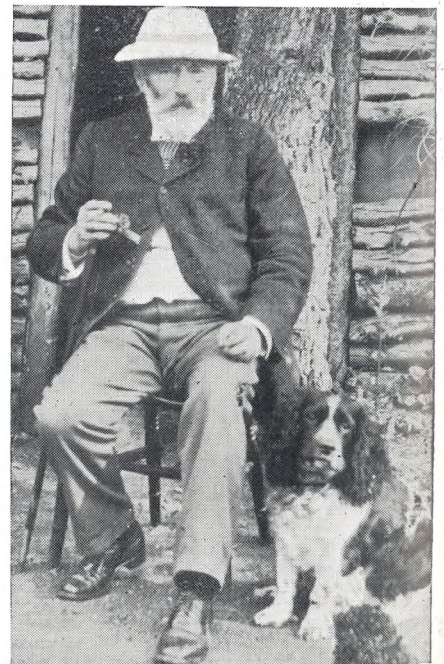
To the left—Col. R. Rogers, V.D., and Gen. Sir Wm. Gatacre (in mufti), with Canon H. C. Foster (chaplain) on the level.
Photos by Mr. G. Sheffield Blakeway, Town Clerk, Gloucester.

PORT ARTHUR'S NAME.

The connection that exists between Port Arthur and a peaceful village in Devonshire is little known. Half a century ago the rector of Atherington was the Rev. James Arthur, the father of Lieut. W. Arthur, R.N., the great uncle of the present rector, the Rev. W. W. Arthur; and Lieut. Arthur was, somewhere about 1859, sent in command of the gunboat "Algerine" into Chinese waters. The "Algerine" was attached to a surveying expedition prior to the landing made by the English and French in 1860; and when the flagship "Acteon" was disabled Lieutenant Arthur towed her into the then unnamed harbour, which was henceforth known as Port Arthur. Lieutenant Arthur afterwards attained the rank of rear-admiral.—"Westminster Gazette."

* * *

In a letter to Sir Thomas R. Dewar, M.P., Mr. Chamberlain says the facts and arguments upon which he based his proposals for a change in our fiscal system remain absolutely unrefuted.



MR. WILLIAM MERCER.

A Frequent and Welcome Cheltenham Visitor, and a well-known Litterateur.



Photo by Walter Macfarlane, Cheltenham.

ALSTONE BATHS LIFE SAVING CLASS, 1904.

Top row:—Mr. G. Fouracre (hon. instructor), A. Rogers, H. Cowley, F. Waite, T. Smith, H. O'Connor, G. Conn.
 Second row:—J. Cook, H. Giles, F. Vernal, C. Maisey, F. Beacham. Sitting:—W. Conn, G. Cadle.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL,"]

A STARTING TIP.

Before starting a motor, always carefully observe that the ignition lever is as far back as it will go; that is, the sparking should be retarded to the utmost. Starting the motor with the ignition too far advanced may cause a back-fire, with perhaps disastrous consequences to the engine.

THE HIGH-TENSION WIRE

Short-circuit troubles caused by the high-tension or sparking-plug wire can be avoided by arranging the wire so that it does not touch any part of the frame. This can be done by suspending the insulated wire from the tubes of the frame.

CARRY AN EXHAUST VALVE.

The mushroom head of an exhaust valve frequently burns off in time owing to the extreme heat generated. When going on a long run, therefore, it is advisable to carry a spare exhaust-valve. Before setting out it is a good plan to test the new valve for the way in which it fits. Frequently a new valve will be found a bad fit. The stem may be too long or too short. In the first place, the engine would not work; in the second, half the power would be lost. The necessity for testing will therefore be obvious to all.

FOR COLD WEATHER.

Motor-cycles fitted with surface carburetters frequently have a difficulty in starting in cold weather, owing to the petrol not vaporizing freely enough. Several methods are given for remedying this state of things. About the simplest and best is

to pour hot water from a kettle over the outside of the petrol tank. This will ensure a quick start.

BATTERY WIRES.

It saves a good deal of time when attaching or detaching the wires from an accumulator if the positive wire is marked in the same manner as the positive terminal on the accumulator. This is usually coloured red. The positive wire coming from the coil should also be coloured red, and then a good deal of time is saved when attaching the wires after re-charging the accumulator.

A DETAIL IMPROVEMENT.

The motor-cyclists who have not at some time or other lost nuts from various parts of their machines, owing to the vibration, are few. It is not a matter for wonder, either, that these very necessary little articles should be lost. When the vibration set up by the engine, and the vibration from rough roads, is considered, the only wonder is that the machine can be kept together. Some manufacturers have not as yet grasped the fact that lock-nuts are indispensable if the motor-cyclist is to be spared the annoyance of continually replacing nuts and bolts. The loss of one bolt and nut may cause an accident, so that for safety a second nut is imperative. This second nut should fit the thread a little on the tight side. The slightest looseness is fatal to a good fit. It is an additional safeguard to drill a small hole through the end of the bolt and run a split pin through it. Then, even if the nuts do work loose, they cannot come off, and perhaps cause a serious accident. Owners of tri-cars should especially look to this important point.

MAKE YOUR OWN RUBBER SOLUTION.

Petrol has a great solvent action on india rubber. Pure rubber strips or cuttings dissolved in petrol will make a splendid quick-drying tenacious rubber solution for repairing punctures, etc.

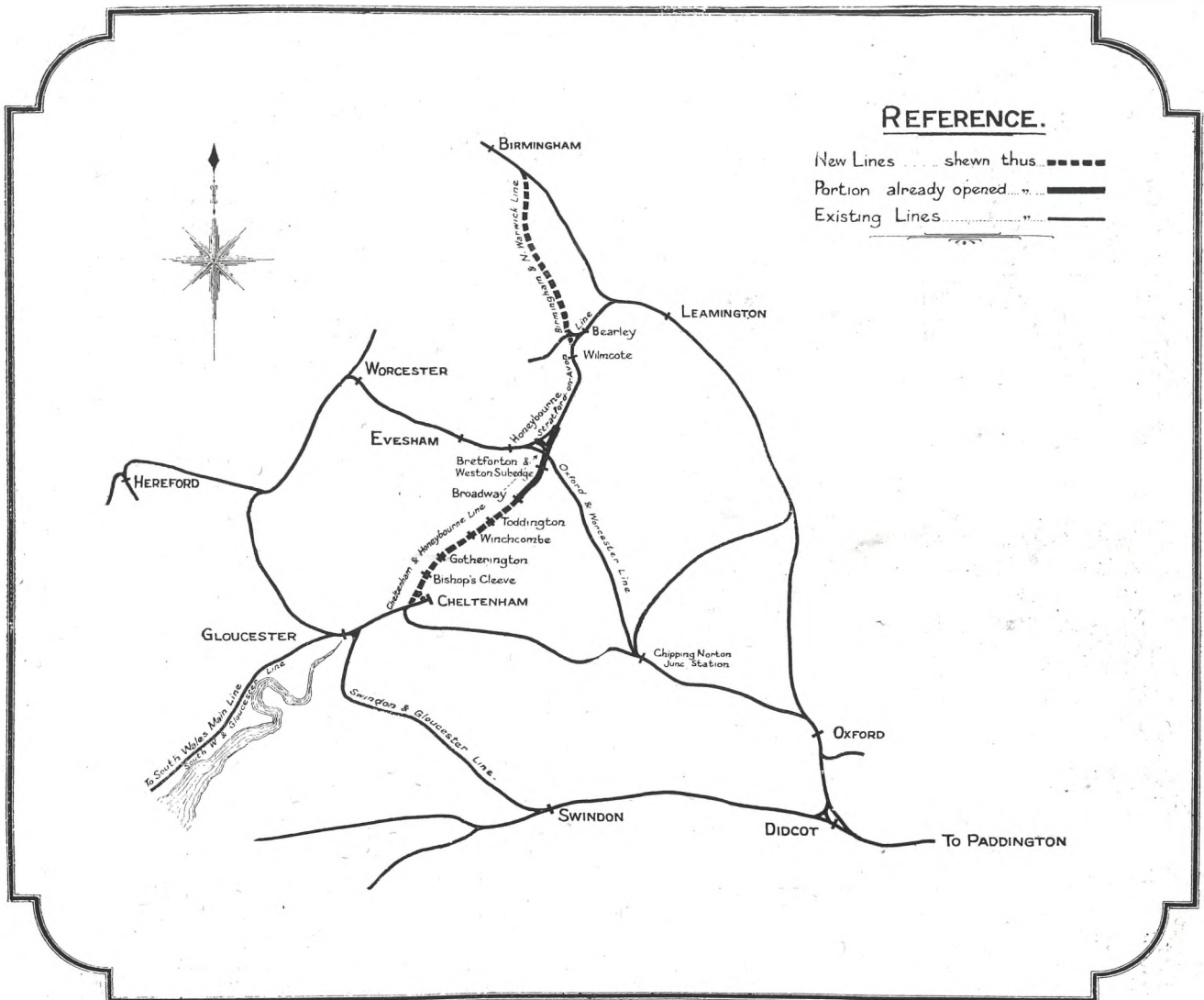
PETROL ON FIRE.

In case petrol should get on fire by some means or other, it should be remembered that it cannot be put out by throwing water on it. As it is so much lighter than water, it simply floats on top, and burns as strongly as ever. The only way to put it out is to smother it, or in other words, to prevent the air getting to it, such as by throwing earth on it, or covering it over with rugs, sacks, etc.

TONING P.O.P.

Faults in prints on P.O.P. may in many cases be traced to the method of toning. It is of the utmost importance to keep the prints continually on the move. It does not matter how slowly, but keep them moving. The reason for this is that the solution may have free access to the surface of the prints. Stains and marks result from not keeping the prints on the move. It is a mistake to wash P.O.P. too long. The paper gets rotten, the film tender, and a general loss in brilliancy is the result. Prints washed too long are not permanent. They will fade as much as if they are not washed long enough to get rid of the hypo. Black spots on prints are due to metallic particles coming with the washing water through pipes.

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



CHELTENHAM-HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY THROUGH THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND."

Illustrations of an able article, by Mr. James C. Inglis, general manager of the G. W.R., which appeared in the October number of the "Great Western Railway Magazine," the Editor of which has kindly lent us this block and the three on the following page.

THE SECRET OF JAPAN'S SUCCESS.

Since 1867 the Japanese have never been idle. They have travelled all the world over, these men who forty years ago might not leave their country on pain of death, and they have learned all the lessons the world has to teach them. Of course it is impossible not to regret the surrender of an exclusive race to the modern passion of uniformity; yet the skill wherewith the Japanese have made the difficult arts of war and diplomacy their own will always appear miraculous. Maybe their great gift is imitation; but imitation ceases to be a slavery when the copy improves the original; and it cannot be denied that the Japanese have performed feats during the war which are beyond the reach of all save the bravest and best-trained troops. To what, then, are due their energy and success? Partly, no doubt, to their obedience to the Feudal System, which still has the same noble influence upon Japan as it had upon medieval Europe. Partly, also, to their youth, for Japan, old as she is in civilisation, is young in policy. She has not worn herself out by centuries of intrigue and dispute. She has not acquired a reckless cynicism in the twisted paths of diplomacy. At heart she is still young, with a youth which is put to the test for the first time, and she is all the stronger because for many hundreds of years she has rested within her borders untried and untempted. And now she is fighting for her existence, unaided, against a nation whose omnipotence has long

been a European superstition. No longer do her Samurai come forth clad in chain-mail with bows and arrows in their hands. She has adopted and improved all the products of Western experience; she has assumed, with iron battleships and quick-firing guns, an understanding of modern tactics and a skill to move great masses of men. But to her knowledge of warfare she adds an indomitable courage, which is a heritage from the past. Her soldiers fear nothing, not even death, and all is possible to those who esteem their life as lightly as a straw.—From "Musings without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine."

PNEUMATIC TUBES FOR PARCEL CARRYING.

An expert in the October number of the "Magazine of Commerce" contributes an article on the subject of pneumatic tubes for parcel carrying. He states that in the public Press of late there have been many references to the introduction of a new method of transporting parcels by employing pneumatic tubes for this purpose. It is not with a wish to hamper any public enterprise, but a desire merely to prevent investments by the public for impracticable schemes—at least, before full enquiry—that he has undertaken to examine the subject, with a view to showing the limitations that exist regarding the uses of this new utility. Speed in transportation of mail has become a most important consideration,

because it extends those facilities which heretofore have only been available by the use of the telegraph and the telephone to the entire public having occasion to use the mails. It is common knowledge that in cities where the largest collection and distribution of mail takes place the facilities for its transportation are slow and cumbersome. The speed with which it is transported in railway trains across country is almost lost, in respect of good results, by the slowness by which it is transported through the congested streets of large cities. Any scheme, therefore, which ensures rapidity of transportation in large cities should be welcomed, and the installation of pneumatic tubes for this purpose is approved by the Government officials and postal experts. But, although pneumatic tube service is of undoubted advantage when used in large buildings and when operated for the rapid transportation of mail, there are limitations to its use. This is especially true in the field of parcel carrying, and the proposition, which is seriously placed before the British public, that it is feasible to construct through the streets of London a system of pneumatic tubes, extending over a distance of some 95 miles, at an outlay of three millions sterling, seems a stupendous and questionable enterprise.

The Government was nearing its end, but it could not even adjust its robe around itself and die with dignity, said Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., at Hawick on Monday night.



A VIEW OF EVESHAM.



SCENERY ON THE RIVER AVON.



BROADWAY HILLS.

FAILURE OF ATTEMPTS AT TUNING.

That some part of this may disappear in practice seems possible. The operators on the ship lately employed by the "Times" in the Far East seem to have said that they learned in time to distinguish the Russian from the Japanese signals that they unintentionally picked up. They were, in fact, in the position of a man in a talkative crowd who yet contrives to confine his attention to only those voices that interest him. But this would soon cease to be the case in the presence of an overpowering noise, to which the great waves used in long distance work seem to correspond, and would, of course, be impossible if other waves were flying about, as they would be if the system ever came into general use, simultaneously and in all directions. Hence Mr. Marconi, Sir Oliver Lodge, and their Continental and American rivals have all turned their attention to some system of "syntony," or tuning, by which their receiving instruments can be prevented from responding to any impulses but those coming from their own senders; but all such attempts have hitherto failed. It is quite true that an electric circuit can be so arranged as to be in tune with another in the

same way as a tuning fork tuned to a certain note will respond when this note is struck on a neighbouring instrument; but the analogy, as is so often the case with experiments on the ether, is not so close as it looks. The tuning fork will respond to the required note and to none other; but the electric circuit, though responding most readily to the one with which it is, as electricians say, "in resonance," will yet respond, even if somewhat less well, to any other within a somewhat wide range. If a tuning fork emitted its peculiar note in response to every piano or every brass band that was displaying its noisy activity within hearing, one can imagine how untrustworthy it would be; and the same thing is true, within limits, of wireless telegraphy. Professor Fleming, who has for long been associated with the Marconi experiments, at one time thought that the difficulty had been surmounted; but we fancy he must have been disagreeably undeceived when a rival expert most unkindly contrived to introduce the contumelious word "Rats!" into the messages which he was receiving from Cornwall before a scientific audience in Piccadilly. That the means of overcoming it will be eventually be discovered, or may

even now be locked within the bosom of some scientific experimenter, we may all hope. But, so far as can be seen, it has not yet been brought forward.—F. L. in "T.P.'s Weekly."



MOTORING TO DETECTION.

An automobile accident has been the means of delivering up to justice a band of dangerous swindlers much wanted by the French police. The band was known as that of "the Villa Reuters," and they had at their head a man named Retitjean, a transported convict, who, some years ago, escaped from New Caledonia, and has ever since subsisted in luxury, renting villas in various parts of France, and "purchasing" on credit horses and carriages and other valuable property, which he promptly sold at low prices. A few days since Retitjean and two associates hired a motorcar for a tour in Switzerland, but at the French village of Lusigny they collided with a cart, and Retitjean sustained injuries which necessitated his removal to an inn. There all the party displayed so much reserve as to their identity that the local police looked up references and photographs. Then all three were arrested.

PEGGING-OUT RAILWAY SEATS.

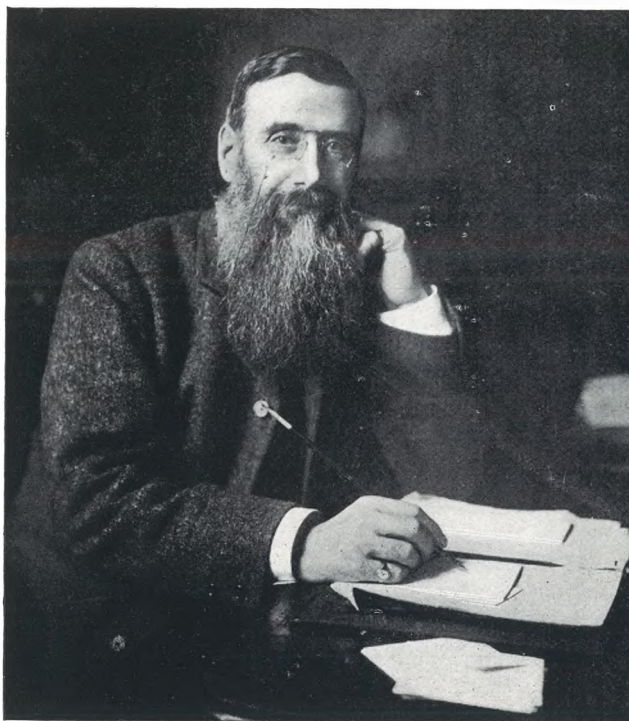
Can a railway passenger, by depositing a rug or a handbag in a railway-carriage, peg out a claim to a particular seat? By custom—a custom, however, which is not generally observed—he can do so, but legally there does not seem to be any remedy against one who pushes away his luggage in his absence and quietly occupies the seat. The railway companies do not guarantee any particular seat, but only a seat somewhere on the train of the class of ticket paid for. In France, I believe, there is legal authority for claiming a seat by the mere deposit of baggage upon it; and in Germany they have a very useful system on long-distance trains by which a passenger can book any particular seat and retain it throughout the journey, each seat being numbered and the passenger given a ticket with the number of his particular seat inscribed upon it. On one railway at any rate in this country this system is also in force, and has been found to work satisfactorily.

TIME LIMIT FOR MARRIAGES.

The suggestion that marriages should be for a "time limit" is absurd. Fancy the poor woman taken on lease for ten years—perhaps afflicted with gout, rheumatism, or some other physical disablement in the interim—looking forward to the time when she and her husband will wish each other "good-bye." Who is going to marry her again? The husband, having command of a living, can always find a wife. Dramatists will observe a rare field of rich possibility. Imagine the man with his new second bride sailing forth from the Opera House on a winter night to his lordly equipage—"equipages" are invariably lordly (you never heard a coster's donkey-cart called an equipage)—and being confronted on the pavement by a withered woman, starved and frost-bitten, offering a box of matches or begging a penny. Great heavens! It is his former partner in connubiality—the wife of the expired lease! "Tableau—vivant!—there's a picture for you!" The "time limit" idea is very apropos of a "handicap," for in such a competition the proposer of it should win easily. The game in a handicap is to carry as little weight as possible. Therefore the "time limit" artist should romp home, seeing that his view carries no weight at all.

THE WAY OUR GIRLS DRESS.

"Lace blouses with transparencies and flyaway hats and boas and stoles, not to mention the way their hair is dressed, give girls a very demi-mondish appearance. I once heard a Parisienne, noted for her elegance, remark that no English woman understands the art of street dressing. She looks either a dowd or a cocotte. Certainly Bond-street and Regent-street between eleven and twelve in the morning might vie with Piccadilly at the same hours at night! I cannot understand why simplicity for the street is not made a "sine qua non" with our women. But it isn't. They wear hats at ten o'clock in the morning only fit for a carriage, or the park, or a garden party! They put on a gown, that should never know the dust of the pavements, because it happens to be their 'best frock,' and so attired will climb on to the top of an omnibus. It is appalling! I wonder the papers don't take it up. There is an astonishing amount of bad taste in England. I always feel sorry that class dressing was abolished. Nowadays there is no absolute difference between the fashion of a shop girl's or a duchess's gown, except the material. Mary Jane's Sunday toilette is a duplicate of that of her mistress, and the striding young giantesses of our fashionable streets look veritable 'nymphes de pave,' according to our foreign neighbours. A generation ago we were held up to the world as examples of bad dressing—now we have rushed to the other extreme. We no longer dress badly, but we dress unsuitably, which is quite as serious a fault. We suit neither our position, our climate, nor our occasion. It is quite a treat to see the women of Paris



[Block kindly lent by the Editor of the "Great Western Railway Magazine."]
MR. G. W. KEELING, C.E., J.P., OF CHELTENHAM.
 Recently retired from the position of Engineer of the Great Western Railway for the Gloucester-Hereford Division.

and Vienna after those of London. Such quiet elegance, such studied simplicity. Frenchwomen dress for the occasion, which, after all, is what women should do. A garden party frock is completely out of place in the morning, or in the street. So are those exaggerated hats, and feather stoles, and flying scarves. A crowd of modern women look like a mad poultry yard. A man the other day was asked how he liked the present fashions. He said, 'They are a distinct lesson in what to—avoid.'—"London Opinion."

THE OBSTACLES TO COTTAGE BUILDING.

Cottage-building is practically at a standstill in the country, and the reasons are not disputed. Events have combined to raise the cost, while at the same time no corresponding increase of wages has enabled the rural labourer to pay a higher rent. The increased expense is due to two causes. One is the greater cost of building material and of labour; the other is the insistence by the local governing bodies on compliance with their building bye-laws. A great many of the best cottages in England, those that have lasted for two or three centuries, were put up by the owners, who, in many cases, owned the small holdings on which the cottages stood. They did a very great deal of the work themselves, and they employed no architect. They chose for material that which was most convenient. In a clay country they built of bricks, in a woodland country they made the houses of timber, in a country of quarries they used stone. But in those days it was not necessary to draw up plans and submit them beforehand to any collection of parish or other councillors.

THE WOMAN NOVELIST AND HER SEX.

Women took up the novelist's pen, and, after a few experimental essays, used it in the service of an unflinching realism. They wrote of men—it did not matter; they were not expected to succeed very remarkably, and rarely did so. They wrote of women, and how we stared! Not, of course, by all, but

by a round dozen of women novelists, some of them clever in the highest degree, some no dabblers in indecency, there was such a stripping of character in broad daylight as never was seen before. The greater vices and the more heroic capabilities of crime in women we had been as long familiar with as with the patience, the devotion, the wisdom of heart and purity of spirit which are the characteristics of thousands and thousands from generation to generation. But when their greater vices, etc., had been shown once more by the new contingent of novel-writers, these experts proceeded to strip the sex of one concealing veil after another, exhibiting as under a microscope an aptitude for trickery, a genius for deceit, and a bitterness in the use of such faculties which would not have been believed upon other authority or less convincing demonstration.—Country Life.

PIGEON-RACING AS A PASTIME.

In order to get birds into proper condition for a race, they must be regularly exercised and trained in the same manner as race-horses. It is a mistake to suppose that pigeons will home from any and every direction, as they can only be relied upon to return from such distances as they have been trained to cover by gradually increasing stages. Naturally, the wind and weather affect their flight. With a gale behind them they have been known to home at a velocity exceeding 2,000 yards per minute; but with the wind against them their speed varies from 700 yards to 900 yards per minute. On a calm, clear day, they generally make from 1,000 yards to 1,200 yards per minute, and it is when these conditions prevail that the best results are usually obtained. In Belgium pigeon-racing is the national sport, nearly every house being constructed with a loft on top. In the National Pigeon Race of Belgium £4,000 is offered for competition in prize money. However, in recent years the performances of English birds have placed them in front of all competitors.—"The King."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 199.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
"Quality Street."

NEXT WEEK:

MR. GEORGE DANCE'S LONDON CO. .
IN THE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL PLAY,
"THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

Times and Prices as Usual.

IS THE DAY GETTING LONGER?

That the time occupied by our world in its diurnal rotation can be slowly lengthening, is, of course, says "The Electrical Magazine," not apparent to everyone, although the fact remains irrefutable that the duration of our present day is much less than it was some millions of years ago. Several natural physical causes tend to affect the gradual arrest of the earth's rotation about her axis, such as the tides, the former molten state of the earth, etc. It would seem that the immense energy stored in the rotation of a solid globe 7,925 miles in diameter, with a specific weight $5\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than water, revolving at a maximum surface velocity of more than 1,000 miles per hour, could never be appreciably absorbed. By an interesting calculation, it can be shown that this surface velocity may be slowly, if inappreciably, increased by artificial means. Omitting our contemporary's figures, the force stored up in the earth is calculated at 30,333 billion horse-power. To reduce the rotative velocity of the earth's mass by as little as one second, 10,000 million billions of tons of minerals would need to be brought to the surface from a depth of 1,500 feet. At present 2,000 million tons of minerals of all kinds are annually brought to the surface. The energy stored in this mass being raised would require the comparatively endless time of six six billion years to retard the earth's rotation by one second. The drift from glaciers towards the equator would, however, appreciably affect the earth's rotation. The generation of magnetic effects and electric currents from pole to pole, owing to its rotation in a magnetic field caused by the sun's influence, would absorb some of the energy from the vast store represented by the revolving mass forming our world. But for the fact that other planets have been arrested of all proper motion in millions of past ages, one might safely consider that length of day will for a long time yet be without change.

"Graphic" readers will be interested to learn that the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. James Winterbotham reproduced in last week's issue was taken by Mr. Morton Brown, Recorder of Gloucester, while he was at Torquay on his vacation.



JAPANESE
GENERAL KODAMA.

GLOUCESTER ASSOCIATIONS WHEN A YOUTH.

There have sprung from Gloucester many eminent men and women, and not a few others have received their education wholly or in part in the old city. In the latter category must be placed General Kodama, one of the distinguished soldiers of Japan in the present war. Some thirty years ago, when about twelve years old, he first went to the select preparatory school of the Misses James, in Brunswick-square, and he boarded with the late Mr. A. W. Wheeler, professor of music, at North Villa, Spa. During his pupilage with the Misses James, extending over two years, his name was changed from Katsinoski to Kodama. The only word of English that he knew on arrival was "box" (his trunk), but he proved an apt and versatile pupil, and soon picked up the language, speaking it quite fluently and correctly on leaving. He used to go to London about every three months to visit the Japanese Ambassador.

We have been shown two letters, in correct diction and excellent handwriting, that Kodama wrote to the Misses James. One is addressed from Abney House School, Church-street, Stoke Newington, and in this the writer states that he thinks his little brother is coming in charge of Mrs. Wheeler, and he hopes she will send him to their school; that he is getting on with his studies very well, and that there "are four other Japanese boys staying at the same school. Their names are, I think, for you, very difficult to pronounce, Suzuki, Sumaya, and Takayanagi."



MR. H. ALLEN ARMITAGE,

The new clerk to the Guardians of Gloucester Union and the Assessment Committee.

The other letter, dated from 1 Crosby-square, London, 3rd May, 1878, is as follows:—"My dear Miss James,—Your kind letter of the 30th ult. duly reached me the other day, and I now hasten to thank you both for the letter and also for the Bible which you so kindly sent to me, and which I will always prize as a gift in remembrance of you. I intended returning to Japan next month, only my guardian has advised me to stay here four or five months more in order to perfect myself in mercantile business, so that I shall not return until the end of this summer, during which time I hope to have the pleasure of again visiting Gloucester. Again thanking you for your kind presents, I remain, yours very sincerely, K. Kodama."

DR. WARRE AND ETON COLLEGE.

IMPENDING RESIGNATION.

After being closely associated with Eton College for upwards of forty years, Dr. Warre has notified his intention of relinquishing the post of headmaster at midsummer next. He succeeded the present Provost, Dr. Hornby, as head of the great school in 1883, and during his headship has commanded the respect of every Etonian who has passed through the school. His stalwart figure and genial countenance will be much missed by the boys, whilst the governing body and the parents will much regret the severance. Dr. Warre's keen interest in the school volunteers, in sport generally, and boating in particular, is well known.

Lord Armstrong, at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday, said a judicious expenditure upon the navy was the only ordinary insurance which every sane person made in managing his private affairs.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.



AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

[By A. METCALFE.]

So it certainly deserves to be called, for I know neither by whom, nor to whom, nor of whom, nor when, nor where it was written. But it has given me so much satisfaction that I feel it would be selfish to keep it to myself, and the fact that it was never intended for publication makes it, so I think, all the more suitable for that purpose.

Let me first introduce the dramatis personæ of which it treats:—

- P. A man.
- Q. His fiancée.
- R. The writer.
- S. Her sister.
- T. T'other man.

"Dearest Sister (so the letter runs),—P. is engaged to be married to a Miss Q., and I am just recovering from influenza, and feel to be poetical 'listless.' There's all the news in a nutshell."

And not such a poor budget this, for, as you shall see, these two sisters are intimate and frequent correspondents, and it cannot be often that one has news of so much import to convey to the other. For have we not here the material of which it may be asserted without exaggeration more than one novel or drama has been constructed? Theoretically we regard the number of combinations of such and such things taken so many together as a question of purely mathematical, that is of very remote, interest. But which of us has not exercised his mind as to the number of possible and impossible solutions to such a problem, when the "things" are human beings, their number strictly limited, the two sexes being, however, unequally represented? O, brother or sister R., when your P. combines with her or his Q., may you have nothing worse than an attack of influenza—may you have a "sister" or a "brother" to whom you may confide your "listlessness" during convalescence. But to continue the letter:—

"I thought you'd remember I wrote to you last, and you wouldn't say you thought people were horrid not to write to you." Well, I for one am not surprised that S. should be somewhat exacting with such a correspondent, in spite of the deficiencies of her grammar.

"However (the said correspondent continues), that was a long time ago, and I've been longing to get well to get up energy to write to you. But it's a bad day, and this human body is very weak (sic). I should love to be in Italy—so would father—he can't paint this low weather; father has models just now, he tells delicious stories of them. . . . Finished the Master. Some of it's awfully fine, and the whole a procession of pictures! I love all the first part, and he is a fine man where he goes back to his wife and the smell of cabbages and paint—stunning. . . . It seems years since you went away and years before you will come back. You are like a thing inside me now—a love not from outside at all—a sort of happy imagination. I'm just working and thinking a mighty lot. It's so difficult to determinedly think of and see the best side of everybody. I love to think of all the beautiful people and things I've ever heard of in the world. It's so easy to run a person down and so easy to be selfish, though you are far enough away from doing either of those things. I admire you for it frightfully. Good-bye, sweet—I love you." There, I have let R.'s pen run on without any of my stupid comments, and if she has not given you an adequate idea of her home and up-bringing, of her interests and ideals, of her own character and of that of S., it's not my fault, and I am sure it is not hers.

There is a postscript, dated eight days later, written in ink. Convalescence has made satisfactory progress in the interval, as you shall see:—

"Yesterday (Saturday) T. and I spent nearly the whole day together. He looks rather ill, but is so much nicer than he used to be, altogether jolly, interested in everything and enjoying everything. We went

to the Pop, and he made most clever remarks about the music, and enjoyed a quartett (sic) most awfully—as much as I did, I think. We lunched at Frascati's. He told me lots of interesting things about everything, and was just as jolly as man could be, twice as amusing as the poor diseased P. has ever been. This afternoon we're going out again, I think."

If this does not unfold a tale. I will trouble you to find an example of something which does. Please to observe that it takes precisely eight days for pencil and listlessness to be replaced by ink and keen enjoyment respectively! And is not T. the very person to bring about this pleasing transformation? A companion of childhood, who has improved greatly since those far off days; who looks ill enough to be interesting, not nearly ill enough to be described as "diseased" and pitied accordingly. (I should greatly like to know how the matter strikes you, dear Miss Q., and whether you have had a hospital training.) T., too, can be interested in and interesting about everything, amusing withal, and, as we are told more than once, as jolly as man can be! Small wonder, if one day spent in such society is altogether inadequate. It seems more than probable, does it not, that R. and T. will in due course arrive at a not unusual arrangement calculated to ensure more complete and lasting intercourse? All I can say is—May their cabbages and paint never prove too much for them. In other words, when the old human need for patience and forbearance is greatest, and it requires an effort, as some day it surely will, to "think of and see the best side" of one another, may neither of them be wanting in the determination and power to do so.

And as for S., who you perceive is the odd man out, but who, let me avow it (I am sure she would be the last to suspect it herself), is the heroine of my artless story. I should greatly like to know her in the flesh. I should like the whole world to know her. For otherwise, in these days of hurry and of harmful if necessary competition, I fear but few of us will realise that there is to every fellow-being, in spite of all appearances, a best, or in the worst cases, a least bad side, deserving of cultivation. Truly it is easy to run a person down. Which of us has not indulged in the process? And I wonder how many people could cite even one instance of good having been wrought thereby? Of course, if it so happens that someone has been exhilarated, or derived benefit whatsoever from the criticism of others, by all means let him not neglect his duty in this respect towards them. But if this be not the case, how about our little sister's suggestion? It might be worth consideration.



A GLIMPSE OF BRITTANY.

[By E. DEACON.]

Your usual tourist disembarks at St. Malo en route for Brittany, whereas he is already very much there. Perhaps the guide books are responsible for his hurry hence. Be that as it may, we found the quaint little city much to our liking, and made it our headquarters.

On leaving the boat, having passed the Customs officers—who, by the way, were unusually diligent, the inspector of my baggage being particularly fascinated by a box of matches boasting of "England's Glory," we were immediately reminded of a time when our glory was considerably diminished: this, by the statue of Duguay-Trouin, the notable corsair of St. Malo who administered so many rude knocks to our naval supremacy at the seventeenth century. Reference to foreign history books reveals the fact that many of our reputed victories were also won by the foe! Perhaps national histories are intended to impress the budding patriot with a sense of his own country's superiority, without the strictest regard to the truth. Anyway, not in our own histories do we find mention of the wane of our maritime prestige in those careless days when the influence of the great Cromwell was removed. But the Breton will not forget, if it pleases the Briton to.

One can stare far worse outside the walls of St. Malo than within. The narrow streets

are odorous, true; but the same may be said of most old-world towns on the Continent. The natives are healthy, and boast of their immunity from disease. Our host, although dating from the early seventeenth century, was replete with every modern convenience. Food was excellent—if anything, too plentiful, and charges were very moderate.

The walls of the city are in a fine state of preservation, and the ancient gates are still used. This, to us, was a constant novelty. A fine panoramic view is obtained by walking round the ramparts—the city promenade. Residential Parame, with its stretch of multi-form villas; sleepy St. Servan; high-class Dinard, and a long line of pretty coast villages across the bay; grey forts, ominously meek; picturesque islets; the mouth of the Rance; and all around the beautiful blue of the sea.

St. Malo is full of antiquated structures. Queer little cafes are hidden away in every nook and corner: nearly every other house has the word "café" daubed across the window; and many an evening we spent gratifying our British instinct for exploration. The grand cafes down in the little square by the castle rival the casinos in drawing power. The evenings are merry indeed: one is inclined to believe from experience, that there is something weirdly thirst-inducing in the music—or is it the sea air?

The beautiful spire of the cathedral, rising over the centre of all, suggests the real grandeur of Mother-Church. Viewed from a distance, the city seems to wear it as a crowning emblem of the divine. It was the gift of a Napoleon, intended, it is said, for the church of St. Malo in Dinard. But one would believe the masterly touch to be the happy conception of the Emperor's, rather than a case of mistaken identity.

From St. Malo we easily reached Dinard at any time, but found the American presence too overpowering. We took five o'clock tea in a fashionable establishment, and found ourselves in the thick of it. A grand specimen of the Gibson girl found a disengaged table near ours, and bawled across the crowded room, "I guess we'll sit right hyar, Chawles!" Charles managed, with considerable difficulty, to percolate through the throng, and presently we were regaled with a description of all their doings and intentions, which we were absolutely forced to listen to. I suppose the confusion of tongues has again commenced Westward, for their English was strange and inexplicable.

In all our wanderings we endeavoured to take afternoon tea: it is becoming quite an institution. Even at Dol we found the omnipresent placard "5 o'clock tea"; but on sampling the decoction we were unable to coax the liquid from the teapot—may be on account of its weakness! The delay nearly made us miss our train, but we abandoned the unruly teapot in the nick of time.

A pleasant day's excursion we made to Mont St. Michel—that "lion" of Normandy. Of course we took déjeuner at the Hotel Poulard Dine, and became acquainted with the world-famous omelette. But it came too early on the card; we ate heartily—truly 'tis a wise provision for table d'hôte! We inspected the cannon by the gate left by our ancestors during one of the sieges that failed, but they were too bulky to claim. We were conducted round the musée and the abbey, and vainly tried to follow the guide's voluble explanations. At the end of the day we voted the Mount one of the few places not over-praised.

We were immensely pleased with Cancale, of oyster renown, and each sampled a dozen of the "natives" for tea. The inhabitants are a splendid race of people, bronzed and vigorous—a healthier community it would be difficult to find. But of all hideous Calvairs commend me to the one on the quay-side at Cancale. One witnesses with mixed feelings the reverence paid to this symbol by all passers-by.

Dinam is not over-rated. One could spend a week or two there and always be interested. Our two days were all too short. The Rue Jersual is really a fine specimen of ancient street architecture; and the rocky gorge of the silver Rance reminds one of Clifton and Symonds Yat in one.

We yachted round the coast; coached and walked in the neighbourhood of St. Malo,

and when tired of travel sat by the lonely tomb of Chateaubriand, the writer and poet, on the cliffs of the Grand Bay, and watched the sun set over the western sea, filled with a sense of peace and rest.

And after all, which is eminently satisfactory, we found that our brief fortnight's peep into Brittany had been less costly than many a less ambitious jaunt in our own land.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

GLADSTONE'S SINCERITY.

BY THE REV. W. J. DAWSON.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's little book, "My Memory of Gladstone," adds very little to our knowledge of that great man, but it does a great deal to explain the extraordinary hold which Gladstone had upon the affection and admiration of his countrymen. Mr. Goldwin Smith was bitterly opposed to Gladstone on many points. During the Home Rule controversy no one wrote of him more sharply. Time has not modified Mr. Smith's view of Home Rule, but it has evidently modified his view of Gladstone. He still attacks Gladstone's consistency, and finds it difficult to maintain his purity of motive, but he admits upon the whole his sincerity. Mr. Smith's final verdict is extremely suggestive, because it gives the real explanation of Gladstone's great influence: "Gladstone's life," he says, "is specially interesting as that of a man who was a fearless and powerful upholder of humanity and righteousness in an age in which both were growing weak, and Jingoism, with its lust of war and rapine, was taking possession of the world."

In this sentence there is a great deal that is worth thinking about. What the final estimate of Gladstone may be it is much too early to determine. He was certainly not a great writer. He had little gift of literary style, although he often wrote with great subtlety and force. No work of his pen is likely to live. It would be surprising if it did, for it is rarely that a man of affairs can give himself the leisure to produce books of permanent value. Mr. John Morley has done this, and so has Mr. Brice, but such examples are rare. Nor was Gladstone an orator in the highest sense of the word. He had an astounding power over an audience, but he was much too verbose and involved to rank with the greatest orators. John Bright was altogether his superior in oratory. Bright's speeches are perfect examples of clear, idiomatic English, and they have occasional lofty passages of emotion and imagination which Gladstone never reached. What, then, was Gladstone's secret? I believe it to have been his entire and passionate sincerity. Righteousness was a passion with him. He could be counted upon to be always on the side of justice against wrong, and humanity against tyranny. He had great convictions, and therefore he was convincing. His character was pure and lofty. And it was this popular faith in his character that caused him to be loved and trusted as statesman was never loved before—or since.

This is a point worth thinking about, because it explains the failure of many gifted men in public life. It is a great error to suppose that success alone is sufficient to attract the affection of a people. On the contrary, English people are very much inclined to be distrustful of genius. It often happens that the more eloquent and brilliant a man is the less he is trusted. There is probably no place in the world where eloquence is more at a discount than in the House of Commons. But the moment a man establishes his reputation for sincerity, he attracts attention. Think of how people speak of "Honest John Morley" and "honest John Burns." The adjective is significant—it is the honesty of these men on which stress is laid. Think of how men speak to-day of General Booth. He has lived long enough to prove that he has no cause to serve but the cause of God and humanity, and hence his praise is in every mouth. It does not follow that those who

praise Morley and Burns and Booth believe in their politics or their principles. What they do believe in is the honesty of the men. "Here," they say, "is a man who knows what he wants, and what he wants is a noble thing. He may be wrong in the methods he uses to get it, but we respect him for his earnestness." When men speak thus they tacitly confess that sincerity counts for more than genius. Gladstone had this sincerity, and hence even those who differed most from him in politics were constrained to admire him.

I remember one of the greatest platform orators of our generation, the late Hugh Price Hughes, saying one day to me that the only way of being convincing was to be convinced. Preachers constantly failed in their work because they failed on the side of conviction. They were eloquent enough, and brilliant enough, but they often left the impression that their sermon was a performance. They failed also because they did not convey the impression of being disinterested. But the moment a preacher got people to believe that he really had convictions, for which he would die at the stake if it were necessary, and had no cause to serve in declaring them but the cause of righteousness and justice, he not only got heard, but he roused enthusiasm, and attracted to himself the passionate faith and loyalty of the people. No one can doubt that Mr. Hughes was right. His own great success was the best proof of his argument. A keen critic could find plenty in the man and in his public speeches to cavil at, but the most hostile critic never doubted that Mr. Hughes was absolutely sincere and disinterested.

I recall an excellent instance of the power which Mr. Hughes's sincerity and conviction exercised over an audience. It was in the early days of our friendship. He got me to go with him to a meeting at St. James's Hall, convened to oppose the C.D. Acts. I knew his view of the case, and did not altogether agree with it. Certainly, I was quite tepid on the subject. The audience in St. James's Hall that morning was equally tepid. The meeting had been called a conference, and the idea was that there was a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, and that each side would get a cool hearing. At first the meeting proceeded on these lines. A Catholic priest spoke in plain defence of the Acts, and was very well received. I sat beside Mr. Hughes during that speech, and I shall never forget its effect upon him. He literally turned pale and quivered with indignation. The priest had scarcely finished before Mr. Hughes was on his feet. He insisted on being heard, and the chairman gave way to him. He spoke, and what a speech it was! He was aflame with anger, and poured out arguments and invective in a stream of fire. The priest rose, and fled the meeting. People who had been behaving themselves with the utmost stolidity in the early part of the meeting jumped on the seats, and waved hats and handkerchiefs in frantic excitement. I believe I did the same. I was completely swept off my feet by the passion of the moment.

Now it was precisely this sort of effect which Gladstone constantly produced by his speeches. Into the tepid life of politics, into its cool atmosphere of interminable debates, he introduced a burning soul. He refused to see two sides to the great questions which involved the welfare of humanity. He dealt with principles, and was indifferent to expediency. A thing was either right or wrong, and of course he assumed that his view of it was right. He assumed that it was the only right view. People used to complain that Gladstone used language to conceal thought. So he did, when he was forced by circumstances to speak upon some theme on which he did not mean to say anything. Here he was the Old Parliamentary Hand, infinitely astute and adroit, who fenced with words, and refused to commit himself. But give him a truly great cause, a question of principle, a question that involved plain considerations of justice and humanity, and he at once rose into passion. He was not the

Old Parliamentary Hand then, but the great gladiator. And it was because people knew that the mainspring of his whole life was a passion for righteousness, justice, and humanity that they adored him. Genius he had; but he had something more, which men of genius often have not—profound sincerity and conviction.

I think I shall not be misunderstood when I add that it is precisely this quality which is lacking in public life to-day, and that is why the general interest in politics has conspicuously declined. I do not say that there are not many clever politicians, but there is little passionate faith among politicians. The old resounding note of faith in simple justice which Gladstone struck is rarely heard to-day. You get brilliant speeches, but the accent of conviction is not in them. They are academic; they do not come to grips with the conscience of the nation. Great issues are treated as if there were a dozen different ways in which they might be regarded, each one equally right or reasonable. That was not Gladstone's way. He announced a faith, and proclaimed opposition to it a deadly heresy. And if our political life is ever to be rehabilitated it will only be by the revival of sincerity. No better motto for Gladstone's tomb could be found than this sentence of Goldwin Smith's: "He was a fearless and powerful upholder of humanity and righteousness"—and no better motto for our living politicians.

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 197th prize has been divided between Mr. G. W. Swindell, of 1 Fairmead, Hall-road, Leckhampton, and Mr. Thos. C. Beckingsale, of 426 High-street, Cheltenham.

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 90th prize has been awarded to Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's, Cheltenham.

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

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay.

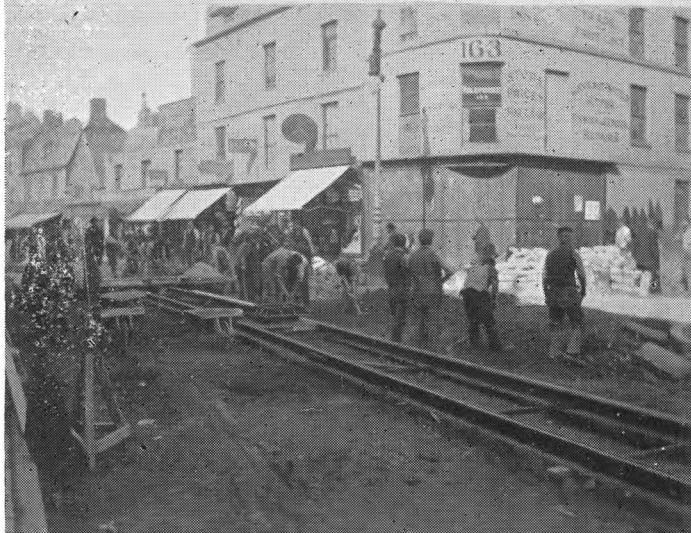
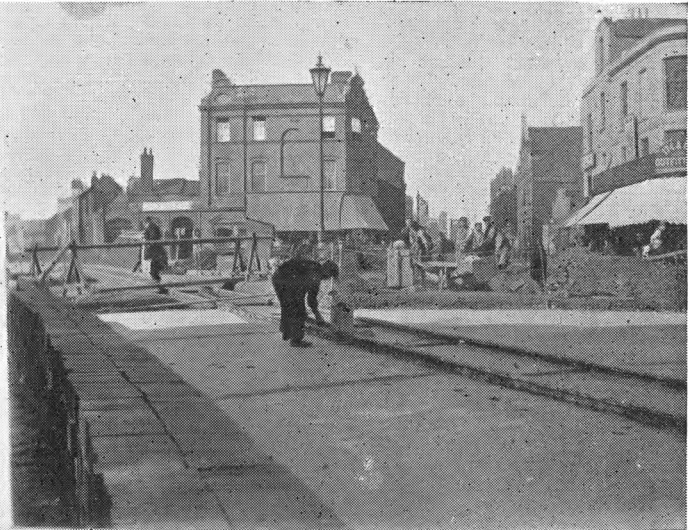
The prize in the 54th literary competition has been divided between E. Deacon, 1 Park-view, Tivoli, Cheltenham, and A. Metcalfe, 16 Chenies-street Chambers, W.C.

In the photograph competition 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 and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

ROBINS AS FISHERS.

Writing in the "Field," W. H. (Caversfield, Bicester) says: Returning from cub-hunting one morning last week, I had to cross a small rivulet, along which a mere dribble trickles from an ornamental lake, which is now very deficient of water. My attention was attracted by five robins, busily engaged foraging amongst the pebbles in the bed of the stream, from which they constantly flew on to a neighbouring low wall, carrying some live objects in their beaks. At first sight these appeared to be worms, but on going to the wall immediately a bird alighted I found a small stickleback kicking there. I watched the birds for some time at the distance of about ten yards, and they caught the fish crossways in their beaks, and invariably returned to the coping stones to eat them, which they evidently did with great gusto. Hereabouts the country is very dry and hard, owing to the absence of rain, which makes insect food scarce, and doubtless this is the cause of the robins adopting a fish diet.



Photos by Thos. C. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM TRAMWAY EXTENSIONS IN HIGH STREET.

ROAD UP READY FOR TRACK.
LINE NEAR FLEECE HOTEL.

CEMENTED TRACK NEAR DICKS'S.
LAYING WOOD BLOCKS IN AMBROSE-STREET.

THE "TRIPPER" AND THE TOMBS.

*

In all ages the tombs of Egypt have been plundered, but a large number were left unopened when it was found they contained little precious metal. Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister, of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, points out that it has been reserved for our own generation to introduce an element which will assuredly hasten the complete destruction of the ancient tombs of Palestine, and of all the precious scientific lessons they can teach. This is the ever-increasing flood of tourists who yearly visit the country, and who are rapidly demoralising the districts that come more immediately within their sphere of influence—a consequence of "tourist development" that seems to be inevitable in every country throughout the world. "Many of these visitors," Mr. Macalister states, "are mere 'trippers,' with no real interest in or knowledge of the history of Palestine, as the astounding questions they propound to residents abundantly prove; but all are eager to possess at any price, however exorbitant, what they call 'curios' as mementoes of their excursion. To meet this demand, a tribe of dealers has sprung up all over the country, each employing an army of agents who ride everywhere, east and west of the Jordan, encouraging the natives to tear in pieces tombs that otherwise might have awaited scientific examination in comparative safety."

THE WAXWORKS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

To the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. Max Beerbohm contributes an essay on the famous waxworks, of whose existence so few people are aware. Mr. William Nicholson illustrates the paper with two coloured drawings of remarkable interest. "A key," says Mr. Beerbohm, "grates in the lock of a little door in the wall of (what I am told is) the North Ambulatory; and up a winding wooden staircase I am ushered into a tiny paven chamber. The light is dim, through the deeply embossed and narrow window, and the space is so obstructed that I must pick my way warily. All around me are deep wooden cupboards, faced with glass; and I become dimly aware that through each glass someone is watching me. Like sentinels in sentry-boxes, they fix me with their eyes, seeming as though they would challenge me. How shall I account to them for my presence? I slip my note-book into my pocket, and try, in the dim light, to look as unlike a spy as possible. But I cannot, try as I will, acquit myself of impertinence. Who am I that I should review this ragged regiment? Who am I that I should come peering in upon this secret conclave of the august dead? Immobile and dark, very gaunt and withered, these personages peer out at me with a malign dignity, through the ages which separate me from them, through the twilight in which I am so near

to them. . . These fearful images are no stock-in-trade of a showman: we are not invited to 'walk up' to them. They were fashioned with a solemn and wistful purpose. The reason of them lies in a sentiment which is as old as the world—lies in man's vain revolt from the prospect of death. If the soul must perish from the body, may not at least the body itself be preserved, somewhat in the semblance of life, and, for at least a while, on the face of the earth? By subtle art, with far-fetched spices, let the body survive its day and be (even though hidden beneath the earth) for ever. Nay more, since death cause it straightaway to dwindle somewhat from the true semblance of life, let cunning artificers fashion it anew—fashion it as it was. Thus, in the earliest days of England, the kings, as they died, were embalmed, and their bodies were borne aloft upon their biers, to a sepulture long delayed after death. In later days an image of every king that died was forthwith carved in wood, and painted according to his remembered aspect, and decked in his own robes; and, when they had sealed his tomb, the mourners, humouring, to the best of their power, his hatred of extinction, laid this image upon the tomb's slab, and left it so. In yet later days the pretence became more realistic. The hands and the face were modelled in wax; and the figure stood upright, in some commanding posture, on a valenced platform above the tomb. Nor were only the kings thus honoured."

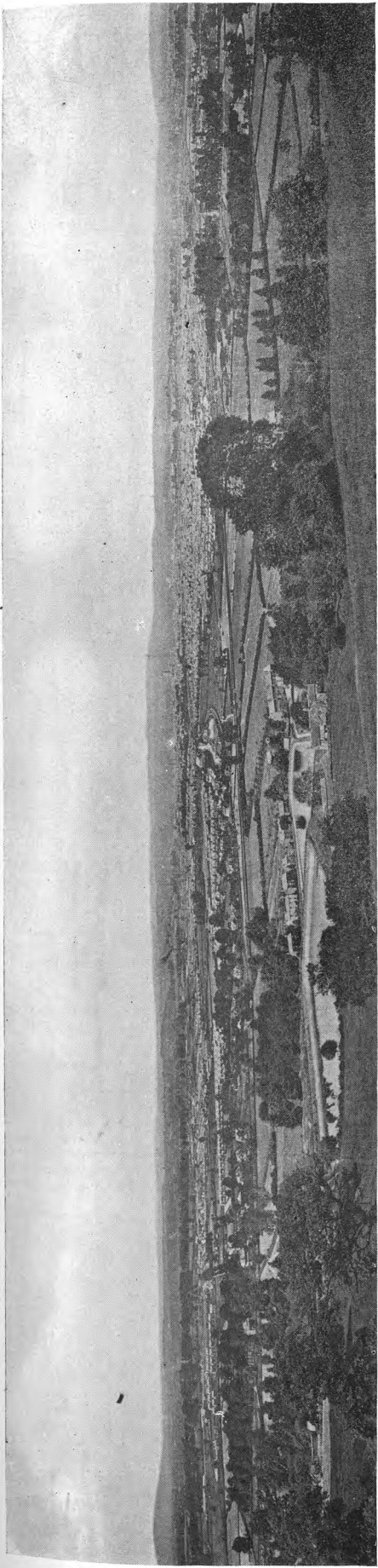


Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester.

VALE AND CITY OF GLOUCESTER FROM ROBINSWOOD HILL.



Photo by H. Hewett, Tewkesbury.

CLOWN CRICKETERS.

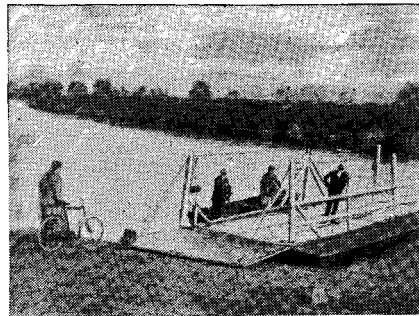
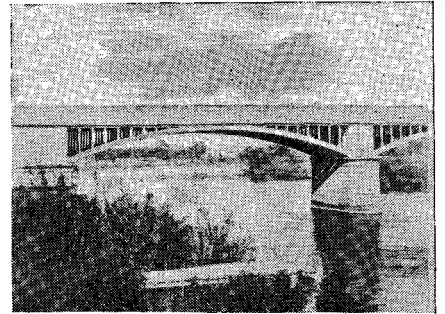


Photo by Mrs. H. W. Hartnell, Cheltenham.

ASHLEWORTH FERRY.

TWO WAYS OF CROSSING THE SEVERN.



HAW BRIDGE.

TERRORS OF THE X-RAY.

A NEW DISEASE.

In its latest issue, the "British Medical Journal" prints a paper read before the British Medical Association in July on "Chronic X-ray Dermatitis." The author, Dr. Hall-Edwards, himself a sufferer from the disease which he describes, is connected with the General Hospital, Birmingham, and he characterises it as "one of the most persistent, painful, and disfiguring maladies it has been my misfortune to meet." Very soon after Rontgen discovered the rays which bear his name, experimenters found that exposure of any portion of the body to their influence tended to produce dermatitis—inflammation of the skin—but chronic dermatitis is a new, very severe form of the malady. Patients are exposed for a few minutes at comparatively long intervals and suffer no danger; medical men in operations and demonstrations often for hours at a time, and the consequences to them have become extremely serious. Dr. Hall-Edwards gave a series of demonstrations in 1896, lasting four evenings, on each evening exposing his hands for some hours. Two or three weeks later the skin round the nails became red and painful; then the nails came off; warty growths appeared; the skin was dry and wrinkled, and latterly severe pains have ensued, resisting every attempted remedy. "According to present knowledge there appears little or no hope for those who have contracted the disease."

Dr. John Pitkin says: "For a description of the pain and suffering no language, sacred or profane, is adequate. Moreover, it is sometimes fatal. Dr. Blacker, of St. Thomas's Hospital, died of it, after suffering terribly, a martyr to science and humanity.

In another hospital an operator has had to lose several fingers, and in London, Guy's, Middlesex, and most of the great hospitals where X-ray treatment is largely used, doctors and nurses are suffering—the mischief having continued in some instances for years."

It says something for the altruism of the medical profession that they have said and written so little of their sufferings. If the pain had been caused to patients we should have heard of it at once. Two things are now known: First, it is the long-continued exposure which sets up the terrible chronic inflammation; secondly, it is unnecessary. Precautions can be taken to avoid the peril. The X-rays are so penetrating, going even through metals, that it might seem hopeless to wear any gloves or gauntlets that would afford sufficient protection; fortunately, this is not the case. A doctor in the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, in Fitzroy-square, has been engaged in Rontgen-ray work for over five years. He became aware of the risks betimes, and his hands show only a sun-burnt hue; but the portion of the wrist protected by the shirt-sleeve was scarcely affected. For long exposures, which are often necessary in operations, thicker gloves are worn; better still, gauntlets, covered or lined with lead—that metal being the least penetrable by X-rays. Similar, and perhaps still more stringent precautions are, no doubt, required wherever radium is employed. If these be taken the new generation of workers need know nothing of the ill-results of long exposures.

Besides the medical and surgical practitioners, several makers of X-ray instruments are sufferers from the new malady. "I feel sure," says Dr. Hall-Edwards, "that even living in a room with an excited tube is dangerous."



MISS RITA PRESANO
AS "SANS GENE"



MR. FREDERICK MOYES
AS "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE"

IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC" AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

From time to time I have alluded to the interesting fact that no inconsiderable portion of the details of the official picture of King Edward's coronation was being executed by the artist, Mr. Edwin Abbey, R.A., in the peaceful seclusion of his charming Gloucestershire residence, Morgan Hall, Fairford. The great work, which has taken over two years to paint, is now completed, and it will be on public view in the Hanover Gallery on Friday next, the 23rd inst. Some highly interesting particulars in reference to it have already been published. The canvas measures about 20ft. in length, and his Majesty is said to have described it as the finest ceremonial picture he had ever seen. It contains over a hundred figures, painted separately, the distinguished persons thereon depicted having given the artist special sittings. It will be remembered that the picture was painted to his Majesty's order, Mr. Abbey being given an official position close to the altar, and the picture represents the scene at the moment the Archbishop placed the crown on the King's head. I think it is in the fitness of things that a Mr. Abbey should have painted the historic scene in Westminster Abbey.

One of the senior Gloucester County Councillors, who is an ex-officio magistrate, and holds several public appointments in the Forest of Dean, has gone across the "herring pond" for the benefit of his health, and while on his journey he has played the role of "a chiel takin' notes," which have been duly printed. On reading the following I am inclined to observe, "Twas ever thus when young men and maidens are thrown together":—"A further interesting portion of the passengers were forty or fifty young persons who were going out to Canada in charge of two or three matrons, and under the auspices of some

society in England. Most of them were of the ordinary servant class, though a few were a little superior. It was quite amusing to watch some of these girls in their flirtation with some young fellows who were on board. The matrons were patrolling round, and occasionally discovered a girl and a young fellow walking and conversing together. When this happened the walk and the talk were very suddenly ended, as between the young people, to be followed by a very different sort of talk between the matron and the girl. To my thinking it is a pity that the prevailing social and economic conditions at home make it necessary for us to send across the Atlantic some of our healthiest and brightest young people. No doubt in many instances it is a good thing for the young people themselves. But I question if it is advantageous to the dear old homeland."

We know there is at least one poet buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Cheltenham, and I am in a position to state that his remains will not be amongst those that are necessary to be removed and re-interred owing to the construction of a length of the Cheltenham and Honeybourne Railway across a portion of it—a strip some 370 feet long running parallel with Bloomsbury-place. We very properly order these disturbances better in this country than in Denmark, for I see that according to the "Frankfurter Zeitung" some sensation is being caused at Helsingfors by the fact that the Nordseeand Railway Company's new line will cross the so-called "Grave of Hamlet," near Marienlyst, thus violating a place of pilgrimage visited by thousands of tourists who believe in the authenticity of the site. I hear it will not be long before the exhumations take place in this town by the G.W.R. Company or its agents according to the regulations for reverence and decency that the Lord Bishop has prescribed in the case. That the surviving relatives of the deceased per-

sons whose bones are to be disturbed are quite content to leave their removal in the hands of the Great Western Railway Company is evident by the fact that the representatives of about ten remains only in the 67 graves affected, leaving out the burial places of unknown paupers, have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the company to have the dry bones of their kinsmen removed elsewhere.

GLENER.

THE PROBLEM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

What remains to be done to make wireless telegraphy a commercial as it is already a practical success? It does not seem necessary to ensure the secrecy of its communications, because inviolable secrecy—as has many times been pointed out—is enjoyed neither by the ordinary telegraph nor the telephone. Any enemy who can get hold of a telegraph wire can "tap" it so as to intercept the message, and, having mastered it, can send it on or suppress it as he pleases, and, with a little scientific knowledge, the same trick can be played with even greater ease on a telephone. But the receiving station of neither telegraph nor telephone is sensitive to messages sent out by stations not connected with them, and in this respect they enjoy at present a most enviable advantage over all systems of wireless telegraphy. Electric waves or ripples in the ether will set in activity all sufficiently sensitive appliances within their range, whether intended for them or not, and this at once annuls a great part of the benefit that we expected to derive from them. The French have already complained that the great waves sent out by the Poldhu station will prevent them corresponding with ships off their Atlantic coasts, and the complaint seems well founded. How to obviate such objections is the remaining difficulty in the way of the free use of wireless telegraphy.

A REVOLUTION IN THE GRAPHIC ARTS

The "Physiotype" process of printing without ink—a remarkable method by which prints of objects can be easily and rapidly obtained in absolute facsimile—was recently demonstrated before the Royal Society by Mr. Francis Sheridan, of Catford, London, S.E., the inventor of the process. The method is characterised by features which enable it to be employed commercially, with a great saving of time, labour, and money. The number of purposes to which it is advantageously applicable will, doubtless, increase as it becomes more widely known. But even at the outset it gives promise of effecting considerable changes in the present methods of reproduction. Two valuable features of the process are its simplicity and the rapidity with which it can be accomplished. The article of which it is desired to obtain a facsimile print is placed upon a piece of paper having a suitable surface, and is pressed for a few seconds either by the hand, or in a copying press, or by other suitable means. The impression is, of course, almost invisible. The paper is then slipped into a case containing a powder, the nature of which is necessarily a secret. The case is slightly shaken, in order that the powder may be properly distributed over the surface of the paper. The latter is then withdrawn from the case, and any superfluous powder shaken off. A print has now been secured, but so far it is not permanent. In order to render the print permanent and indelible, it merely remains to place the paper between two sheets of blotting-paper, damped with a very weak solution of glycerine and water—the effect of the glycerine being to retard evaporation. The powder will, it is stated, develop the invisible impression originally conveyed to the paper several months after it has been taken, provided that the surface has not been rubbed. As each stage occupies but a few seconds, the whole operation from start to finish could, if necessary, be performed in a minute or two. The print, which can be made in almost any colour, is perfectly clear, and portrays the minutest hair-lines in absolute facsimile of the original. It is, in fact, as clear as the best photograph. Among the numerous specimens shown are beautiful and delicate prints of grasses, ears of corn, leaves, flowers (showing the minute hairs on the stems), sections of wood, coins and medals, feathers, lace, finger-prints, and prints of the sole of the foot and the palm of the hand. In one specimen, a particularly fine print of foxglove, the appearance of the print closely resembled a photograph by the bromide process. From a commercial point of view, a highly important feature of the physiotype process is that it can be directly applied to lithography or the allied processes.—"Magazine of Commerce."



LONG-HEADED PEOPLE.

Unscientific minds usually associate the description "long-headed" when applied to a fellow human being with a special degree of astuteness and an uncommon facility of seeing into the future. There are obverse varieties of the expression in such inelegant terms as "soft-headed" and "swollen-headed"; all having reference not so much to the structure, shape, size, and density of the skull as to the quality of that which it hides. They convey the commonplace idea of mental equilibrium. But long-headedness has an anthropological meaning, with reference principally to the outward form, and it is in this phase of the subject to which Dr. J. Deniker, president of the Anthropological Society of Paris, has been devoting many years of study. Before an interested gathering of members of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain he laid the results of his investigations, which embrace data covering the whole of Europe.

The lecturer roughly divided Europe into four regions—a region of long-headed people with medium headed areas in the north-west, a region in the south-west characterised by even greater length of head, a very short-headed region in Western Central Europe, and a region comprising Russia and Poland of moderately long-headed and medium-

headed. On the subject of stature, he pointed out that in Europe there are no people of very short stature; on the other hand, this Continent is distinguished by the tallest race known, the Highlanders of Scotland. Grouping the peoples of Europe with regard to colour of complexion, eyes and hair, it was shown that North Europe was mainly blonde, South Europe dark, and Central Europe intermediate. In the intermediate zone blonde areas were rare, but one of these occurred in South England, i.e., Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire, Sussex, and Middlesex. From these data and certain other considerations relating to shape of face and nose, character of hair, etc., Dr. Deniker was confirmed in his theory that the present population of Europe is composed of six main races—a race, blonde, wavy-haired, long-headed, very tall, with long face and a straight prominent nose in North Europe; a race, blonde, straight-haired, moderately short-headed, of short stature, with broad, square face, and nose often retrouse, in Eastern Europe; a race, dark, curly-haired, long-headed, with straight or retrouse nose, about the Western Mediterranean; a race, dark, short, and round-headed, broad nose, and thick-set body, in the extreme west; a race, very dark, moderately long-headed, and fairly tall, the Atlanto-Mediterranean race; and a race, dark, short-headed, tall, with nose slender and straight or arched, in the Northern Adriatic.



NONENTITIES MADE FAMOUS BY SONGS.

Most of the heroes and heroines of popular songs, says a writer in this week's "T.A.T.," have been of humble origin. Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green, for instance, was a barmaid, and her character hardly bears very strict investigation. Sweet Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane, was the illiterate daughter of a poor hand-loom weaver, with whom the author of the ditty in question, one John Tannahill, chanced to be acquainted. Annie Laurie was fair but false, for she jilted the writer of the ballad that was to confer immortality upon her, in order to wed a rich rival of his, Alexander Fergusson, Esquire, of Craigdarroch.

Just before the American Civil War "Darling Nellie Gray" swept through the country like a cyclone:

"Oh, my poor Nellie Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more."

To these words, and the plaintive melody that accompanied them, a hundred thousand men were soon marching upon the Slave States, bent upon putting an end to a system that could forcibly sunder lovers, no matter whether their skins were black or white. The original Nellie Gray was a "yaller gal," who picked cotton for Mr. Dennison, a South Carolinian planter.

About Maggie Lauder the less said the better. Highland Mary was either Mary Campbell or Mary Morison, both of whom were beloved by Burns. Ben Bolt was a young Massachusetts fisherman, and the "Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown," was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper at Cape Cod. Tom Bowling was an old salt who was once a well-known character on Portsmouth Hard.

The Village Blacksmith was a somewhat churlish individual of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who never ceased to grumble until the day of his death at the "liberty" Longfellow had taken in "putting him into a song."

The Vicar of Bray was a certain Simon Alleyne, who lived in the little Berkshire town during the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; and was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and lastly a Protestant again.

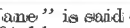
The Lass of Richmond Hill had, contrary to the generally-accepted belief, nothing whatever to do with Richmond Hill in Surrey. Her name was Mary Janson, and she resided at Hill House, Richmond, Yorkshire, where she was wooed and won by the writer of the song, Mr. Leonard McNally.



Photo by G. W. Swindell, Cheltenham.

**RARE VISITORS—
SHOT OF COURSE!**

Pair of goshawks found nesting near Cheltenham after a fifty years' absence of such birds from the British Isles. Shot at the nest April 7th, 1904. The birds and eggs are now in the possession of Mr. Clarke, of Lowesmoor, Suffolk-street, Cheltenham, who will be pleased to show the same to anyone interested in ornithology.



"My Pretty Jane" is said to have been one of the most profitable songs ever issued. The original of the ballad was the daughter of a farmer residing at Burwell, an old-fashioned village near Newmarket. She died young, of consumption, but her portrait, painted by Edward Fitz-Ball, is still in existence. It was this same terrible scourge, by-the-bye, that cut short the existence of another song-heroine, Dorothy Dene, the beautiful young model who posed for so many of Lord Leighton's creations.



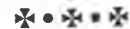
MARIE ON MOTORING.

"When not playing bridge," writes our moderate Marie Corelli, "society's Sunday observance is motoring. Flashing and fizzling all over the place, it goes here, there, and everywhere, creating infinite dust, smelling abominably, and looking uglier than the worst demon in Dante's 'Inferno.'" Miss Corelli, who makes quite a comfortable income out of exposing society's sins and wickednesses, might have spared the poor motorists; they have such a few friends. As a sinful Sunday motorist, may I suggest that the first part of the criticism might almost be applied to the gifted author herself. Flashing and fizzling all over the place, "she" goes here, there, and everywhere, creating infinite dust (of a moral nature), and very little else.



A PLEA FOR PLUCK.

Alfred Hunter, writing in "The Bystander," says: Public opinion is apt to condemn these international hell-for-leather contests, and I feel it is difficult in many ways to hold a brief for them. The handling of a high-speed 70-mile an hour racer is risky, I admit; only men of great experience and iron nerve can hope successfully to race a roaring 90-h.p. Big game shooting, ballooning, and, in a measure, steeplechasing, are, however, in the same class. They make the same demands upon their votaries for skill and courage—irresolution or nervousness at the critical moment means an accident, perhaps a terrible death. Let us, then, in these days of luxury and possible decadence, endeavour to preserve a branch of sport which calls forth in the highest degree those qualities which make a man a man.



Lord Roberts on Tuesday reviewed 900 cadets at Pietermaritzburg, and paid tribute to the bravery and utility of the Colonial forces in the Boer War.

QUEER INDUSTRIES IN PARIS.

Amongst all characteristic traits of Paris the most salient is, perhaps, that the lively city never goes altogether to sleep. No matter how small the hours, there is always in Paris a whole population wide awake and stirring. In the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" M. de Nevers gives an extremely interesting account of how some of these people live. But queer as the occupations of night-birds are, they pale into insignificance before the eccentricity of some that he describes. The most extraordinary of these odd trades is that of "boulanger en vieux," or second-hand baker. The originator of this trade, one pere Chapellier, died worth £10,000 a year, having started in life as a rag-picker, and made his first important bank-note by the invention of a varnish for legs of turkeys. It must be known that the test of the freshness of these birds is the lustre on their legs, which, initially of a brilliant sable hue, get duller and duller, until they turn ashy grey three or four days after the bird's demise, entailing corresponding drops in value—sometimes as much as one-fourth of the original price. With remarkable, if not praiseworthy, ingenuity, Master Chapellier set about inventing a varnish, the application of which would secure for the said legs permanent splendour. Chapellier got together very soon a profitable, and of course discreet, clientele; but, sighing for wider horizons, sold his secret and the good will of his business to a friend, and turned the resources of his inventive genius towards rag-picking again. He remembered what quantities of broken victuals found their way into his "hotte" (sack) of old, and conceived the brilliant idea of utilising the waste bread of restaurants and public schools before its consignment to the dust-bins. Once in possession of a certain stock, he took a stand on the famous market-place, and hung out a sign, 'Crusts of bread for sale,' and sold fifty per cent. below the prices of cheapest of coarse loaves. All breeders of poultry and rabbits became his customers in no time, and the business assumed such proportions that pere Chapellier, now a full-blown 'Monsieur,' had to hire helps, to provide himself with carts and horses, and, finally, to establish a manufacturing plant. To manufacture what? 'Croustons,' gentle reader, the savoury 'croustons' for your clear or thick soups, for your 'cafe au lait,' for your 'peuers,' and all manner of appetising messes you are served with in cheap Parisian restaurants. Nor was that all. The crumbs accumulated in the process of manufacture were by no means wasted, but triturated further and turned into 'chapelure' for bread sauces, 'gratins,' and 'panades'; and as in the progress of various manipulations a certain quantity of crusts and crumbs get touched by the fire, the process in such cases was continued until complete calcination, and the powder obtained in this manner sold to chemists for hygienic purposes."



MAKING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS CRY.

"I have made this House of Commons cry twice," said Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., to Mr. Herbert Vivian, who records an account of a sitting he has had with the famous workman member in the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "I am not exaggerating. I saw the tears in their eyes. It is wonderful what you can do with them," he added, wagging his head. "You would scarcely believe it." But I could well believe it, after listening for an hour and a half to the rich, pathetic voice, which carries conviction in every note and thrills the listener with its mysterious magnetism. Indeed, I often felt quite husky myself as he poured forth unvarnished stories of the sufferings of the poor. When I asked him how it was he moved the House of Commons to cry, he answered with great simplicity, "Merely by telling them a few ordinary occurrences which happen all around us every day. I have talked to them of the philan-



Drawn by Wilson Fennig, Cheltenham.

CHELTONIA: What's the matter?

THE PUBLIC: Why, I'm looking at that little chap enjoying himself in the Parks I've got to pay for.

CHELTONIA: Well, November 1st is coming, so vote for the men who will do all they can to give you your rights.

thropy of the very poorest. . . The philanthropy of the poor! There is nothing on earth like it. Unless you have seen it with your own eyes, you can never believe it, you can never understand how great and marvellous it is. I have known a man with a wife and family to support. They had had a meal, it is true, but there only remained a hunch of bread in the larder. A neighbour came in with the old, old tale, so common now that it scarcely attracts any attention. He and his family had tasted nothing for days. The poor kiddies were starving. He added, with a sob, that he feared they were going to die. 'Well, mate,' said the first one, 'we've only got this bit of bread in the house and God knows where we shall pick up another. But your case is worse than ours. Take it. Here it is. Don't thank me, but let us pray the Lord for better times. And (with a feeble smile) you'd better be off quickly, or I may want to take it back.'"

PRUDENT HEIRS.

There are some who, inheriting fortunes free,
Show closest discriminations,
And prune their genealogical tree
By cutting their poor relations.
DOROTHY DORR in "The Five O'clock."

WHERE ROYALTY PAY LIKE OTHER FOLK.

The original intention of our railway companies was merely to provide the track and the motive power for the haulage of vehicles belonging to their customers. In the goods traffic department this policy still partially prevails, there being about half a million traders' wagons running on the lines. In the passenger department, privately-owned carriages are practically extinct, even the royal saloons being the property of the companies. The new royal train recently built by the London and North-Western Railway Company at its carriage works at Wolverton represents the highest perfection yet attained in the railway carriage builders' art. It consists of the King's car, the Queen's car, and six others for the accommodation of their suites. The two cars first named are, of course, specially reserved for their Majesties' use, and are not infrequently lent to other railway companies for royal journeys; but the cars built for the royal suites can, at a moderate charge, be secured by ordinary travellers on giving sufficient notice. It may possibly surprise some readers to learn that when his Majesty the King and the members of the Royal Family travel by rail, they pay for their journeys-

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 200.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
"The Duchess of Dantzic."

NEXT WEEK:

The most amusing of all Mr. J. M. Barrie's
Comedies,

"LITTLE MARY."

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 198th prize has been awarded to Miss Radcliffe, 1 Dovedale-villas, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

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 100th prize has been awarded to Mr. R. Dodds, 53 St. George's-place, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

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

The literary competitions are suspended. The 35th did not fill.

In the photograph competition entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHELTENHAM GOSHAWKS(?)
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE."

Sir,—In your issue of the 22nd inst., you have a charming photograph of a pair of raptorial birds described as a "pair of goshawks found nesting near Cheltenham, after a fifty years' absence of such birds from the British Isles." It is further added that the birds were shot at the nest on April 7th, 1904.

Now, sir, from a photograph, which conveys no idea of the size of the birds or the colour of the cere, feet, or plumage, it is almost impossible to tell their species; but is it not probable that there is some confusion here between the goshawk and the peregrine falcon? It is quite true that many years ago



Photo by Miss Radcliffe, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE. (IN THE QUADRANGLE).

the goshawk is said to have bred in the British Isles. Indeed, Professor Newton is convinced that it bred in Scotland as recently as the latter part of the eighteenth century. He adds: "It is not unreasonable to suppose that in the days when large forests of Scotch firs flourished naturally in that kingdom, it inhabited the districts so occupied; still there can be no doubt that considerable confusion has arisen from the fact that in several places its common name has been, and yet is, applied to the peregrine falcon." Mr. Bowdler Sharpe states that "most of the records of the goshawk in the British Islands refer to young birds in autumn and winter, at which season the species is a tolerably regular migrant."

It may help the owner of the birds to come to a correct conclusion as to their identity if I mention that the total length of an adult male goshawk is 19.5 inches, while the length of an adult female is 23 inches. An adult peregrine falcon is 15 inches in length, and the female 17 inches.

EDITOR OF "NATURE NOTES" COLUMN IN
"CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE."

THE PREMIER'S GALLANTRY.

Mr. Balfour, though still a bachelor, can certainly not be described as a lady-hater. He has a charming manner of paying pretty compliments to members of the fair sex. It is recorded, according to a writer in "T.A.T.," that, once driving through Kingston, he passed a huge red motor which was waiting in front of a large house. A young girl was sitting in the car, and as the Premier passed her, she bowed to him, but he did not appear

to notice her. The lady was annoyed, and hurriedly followed Mr. Balfour. Soon the motor overtook the carriage and stopped. The young girl, an old friend of Mr. Balfour's, extended her hand, and, as he took it, she said, reproachfully—

"You passed me a little time ago without looking at me."

With a smile and a slight bowing of the head, the Premier replied—

"If I had looked at you, I couldn't have passed you."

THE LATTER-DAY SWAN OF AVON.

Miss Marie Corelli has become quite one of the sights of Stratford-on-Avon, and the many Americans and Colonials who come to visit Shakespeare's birthplace betray quite as much desire to catch a glimpse of the modern Swan of Avon as to gaze on the spots connected with the world's greatest dramatist. Miss Corelli does not allow any portrait of herself to be reproduced in illustrated papers, and this is the more strange because the wonderful little pen-woman has an attractive personality—indeed, she is not wildly unlike the many eloquent heroines she has written of her favourite heroines! The author of "God's Good Man" is what our irreverent forbears styled "a pocket Venus"; she is small and fair, and has a remarkably clear and pleasant voice. She dresses with a good deal of elaboration, and wears white most of the year, and, sartorially speaking, she has no sympathy with the tailor-made girl; even at a great Highland gathering she appears clad in a picture gown, and hat!—"Arlington" in "London Opinion."

AT THE MARQUIS'S.

* * * * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD ANGLESEY'S THEATRE.

* * * * *

[By IVOR ASTLE.]

There are none more warm in their praise of the Marquis of Anglesey than those who have seen him most and known him best.

In spite of the general ridicule which his foibles, histrionic and otherwise, have evoked, it would be difficult to find in the county-island from which he takes his name an expression of opinion tinged with sourness. Of course, his lordship's career has been watched with closest interest in and around his splendid castle estate, which overlooks the delightful Straits of Menai, and the well-wooded fringe of Camarvonshire, with its majestic mountains in the distance.

It is in Bangor, the Cathedral and College city of North Wales, where the Marquis may be deemed to be best known. The revelations of his financial tangle came by no means as a surprise to Bangor, where the Marquis's doings have always been an uppermost topic of conversation. That the present disposal of certain of his property was inevitable was for many months admitted by those acquainted with his erratic extravagance. The writer was given an unofficial inkling of what was pending as far back as the opening of the year, when one who had been in daily attendance on the Marquis informed me that "something"—which was then rumoured—was about right. However, he said that something would only necessitate the owner of the failing fortune lying low for about three years.

While there can be found a multitude of men to point a finger of reproof to the almost unrestrained squandering of money, I have yet to find a person who condemns the one who is admittedly of defective judgment in some respects for anything more deserving of censure. Whenever, in North Wales, the Marquis has been discussed in my hearing, the gentle but inevitable wave of disapprobation has ever been followed by a billow of sympathy. He is described as a man without vice—one in whom æstheticism has run wild. Histrionics was his hobby; his hobby brought an artificial aspect to the realities of life. Deceitful flattery prolonged his dream. Then came deceit, and, after—humility! But the humility that has its root in self-forgetfulness is easily borne.

AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Picture those sermon-speaking mountains of Penrhyn, with the pale glimmer of moonlight upon their lofty splendour—picture the placid Straits of Menai, reflecting without a ripple the evening lamp and azure sky of springtime—picture on either side of the water a wealth of reviving foliage and rugged rock—and you are a privileged guest of Nature.

It was on such a night that the writer was raised to the dignity of a college student, and allowed to accompany an army of embryo preachers, tutors, historians, statesmen, and other gentlemen of promise from the North Wales University to one of the final performances given by the Marquis and his company in the Gaiety Theatre of Anglesey Castle. And it is to this entertainment I would take you—speaking theoretically, I need hardly add!

In the railway station of Bangor, awaiting the Anglesey-bound train, is a restless group of chattering students, each possessed of a special card inviting him to see the titled artiste perform. The Marquis's entertainments were invariably free, and elaborate cards of invitation could be secured on personal application at his agent's in Bangor, by any civilised individual, from a student to a tradesman, or vice versa. A brief journey by rail brings the party (and with them some feminine students they may chaperon but not speak with) to a place, the initial portion of whose awe-inspiring name is "Llan," and the rest of it, which is too long to commit to memory, the "Englishman's cure for lockjaw."



THE MARQUIS AND HIS FATHER.

The village policeman is agitated, but utters a hearty "Good-night!" as the visitors commence to pour into the street. He is less cordial when the new-comers proceed to unburden themselves of a specially-composed song, in which his facial fairness and diminutive boots, his slender waist, and love for the spiritual are readily put on record. A long, but not tedious, tramp across a section of the island brings into view the lamp-topped pillars at an entrance to the Castle grounds. The lodgeman and his wife draw back the gates, and the string of merry students, marching briskly and singing vociferously, make their way along the tree-darkened drive. There is an air of neglect about the new surroundings. Grass has grown over part of the gravel, trees newly felled make way here and there for the moonlight. All seems to point to the one delight which the Marquis has in life; everything appears to have suffered decay for the sake of his theatre. The grounds are extensive, but desolate.

The Castle, too, though handsome and huge, is tinged with neglect. All its grandeur seems to be concentrated into the Gaiety Theatre, which, once a chapel, is part of the Castle itself. There is an electric arc-lamp over the entrance to the theatre, and beneath this the party of students, who have now been supplemented with a few tradesmen guests, assemble in waiting for the opening of the doors. They have arrived too early, and the time of admission is strictly fixed beforehand. The tinkling of a bell and the hoof-falls of a horse announce the approach of a carriage. Nearer and nearer, and then the distant shape of a lighted hansom is silhouetted on the moonlit sky.

"Here's the Marquis!" is on every lip; for the titled actor is much attached to his hansom. The clatter of hoofs ceases, and there

emerges from the carriage two of the Marquis's co-artists. Nevertheless, loud cheers are given by the students in honour of the new arrivals. A succession of similar arrivals follow, and eventually the doors are thrown open. There are several liveried servants in attendance on the visitors, and a cloakroom is provided. Mounting a wide brightly-furnished circular stairway, one is impressed by an abundance of oil-painted portraits, a collection of palms, and a brilliant supply of electric light. You pass along a short corridor, at the head of which is the curtained entrance to the theatre. A sprightly-dressed maiden extends you a smile and a programme, the latter an expensive production in gold and red and blue, bearing the monogram of the Marquis. Each one who enters that magnificently-fitted theatre feels that he is a personal friend of its owner. You are taken along the thickly-carpeted floor, and shown to a massive plush chair—one of from two to three hundred. The theatre is not large, but beautifully furnished. Some interesting pictures grace the blue walls, and some fine flowers and foliage shed their splendour from artistic window pots. The ceiling is a maze of costly decoration. Secluding the stage was a huge pair of plush curtains. Below them an orchestra of many first-class instrumentalists discoursed lively music.

There is boisterous applause from the students when the stage curtains of this drawing-room theatre are raised. The scene revealed has by no means an amateur or niggardly look. Furniture, scenery, dresses, and drapery—all of the best. "An Ideal Husband" is the play, and by and by the Marquis appears in the role of "Lord Goring." He wears evening dress, with a diamond-buttoned white waistcoat. Upon his delicate fingers are many rings, and beneath

loud and repeated cheers from the audience. His youthful face there glitters another diamond. His entry is acknowledged with The Marquis looks nervous, the other artistes seem confused, and smile at each other, and a further cry is raised from below—"Three cheers for the Marquis! Hip, hip, hip—Hurrah!"

The Marquis makes an effeminate acknowledgment, and the interrupted play proceeds. Later on, it falls to Lord Anglesey's lot to make a clever condemnation of the ways of women. The students, ever on the alert for a chance to land their host, shout aloud their approval. There is another deafening uproar—another!—and still another. The cheering is of nearly a minute's duration, and in this time the Marquis, with a leg thrown carelessly over the corner of a table, is sitting uneasily and repeating his smiling acceptance of the long-drawn-out compliment. Meanwhile, his co-artistes are forgotten. Then the dialogue is resumed, and all is peace in the once-sacred theatre, save for the clear-sounding speech of the actors, the jangling of jewellery, and rustle of dresses. There are intervals, of course, and changes of scenery, and when the National Anthem announces an end to the entertainment, one retires with full recollections of the novelties of the evening.

TAXING ENGAGEMENTS.

A correspondent in "T.A.T." suggests a novel idea to increase the revenue, which might well be placed before the Chancellor. According to the Editor, "At a rough calculation there are about 350,000 men who become engaged every year, and if the tax were graduated on a scale according to income, £3 per engagement might be a fair average. Thus the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be sure of £1,000,000 added to the revenue, all of which would willingly be paid. It would only mean the expense equivalent to two engagement rings instead of one."



CAN PHOTOGRAPHY LIE?

"We know," says a writer in "Photography," "that it cannot lie, yet now and then it almost makes one think that it could do so, if it only gave its mind to it and made the effort. Only the other day I was shown two cabinet prints in a dentist's window, showing the alteration produced in the facial scenery of an old lady by the addition of a set of false teeth. The alteration was certainly marvellous. The first reminded me of the authentic portraits of Mother Shipton, whose prophetic knowledge was certainly in advance of her beauty. The other face was like a picture from a Book of Beauty. Incredible as it may seem, the addition of the teeth had not only separated the end of the chin from the tip of the nose and brought the lips forward so that they no longer rested against the nape of the neck, but had smoothed away all wrinkles from the brow and crow's feet from the eyes, removed superfluous hairs, improved the eyebrows, and restored the old lady's grey locks to the hue and plenitude of youth. And only a guinea a set!"



UNREMUNERATIVE TRAMWAYS.

Ratepayers in many towns are finding out that electric tramways are costly enterprises, and it is an interesting question whether some of the local authorities who now work tramways would not be well advised to rent them, thus ensuring a fixed and certain income. According to "The Tramway World's" analyses of electric tramway accounts, Blackburn Corporation Tramways show a loss of £5,138, Oldham £7,826, and a number of other corporations report larger or smaller deficits. In all these cases the capital cost of the tramways per mile, while perhaps justifiable, is nevertheless large. In Blackburn the electric lines have cost £13,457 per mile, and in Oldham £15,604. There is good reason that corporations should heed the warning recently given by the president of the Municipal Tramways Association against the temptation to make unjustifiable reductions in fares. Ratepayers already have burdens enough to carry without subsidising tramway riders who ought to pay for their rides.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

FOOLISH SEVENTEEN.



[By KATHLEEN W. GILBERT.]

"You are to have money—yes, and a good deal of luck—but a fair man and a dark man are most decidedly going to give you trouble with your heart," finished my cousin, gathering the cards together and shuffling them loosely in her hands.

"A fair and a dark man," I repeated to myself with a little conscious smile. We were sitting, my cousin and I, in the old-fashioned window-seat of the rectory drawing-room, and I, the rector's daughter, who ought to have been plain, staid, up to my eyes in parish work, wearing my fingers to the bone in working stiff cotton shirts—I was no more than a laughing, foolish girl of seventeen, giggling over my fortune told by the cards.

Yet, if you have any desire to know what I was like I can aptly describe myself. My hair was fair, fluffy, and curly; my eyes—by frequent consultation of my mirror—I had discovered were of a very dark violet colour; my mouth, I had decided, was just the right shape, and when partly opened showed a row of white even teeth. There, an artist could not have described the face of Honor Malton better; and talking of artists reminds me of a young artist staying in the village, and who, undoubtedly, was the "fair man" of my fortune.

Pushing the table and the cards to one side, I asked my cousin to come with me in the garden. It was a lovely June evening, and she rose at once and followed me. Such a sweet little brown thing she was, not as tall as I was, but slender and graceful, with dark hair and brown eyes—I do not care for brown eyes personally, but they did well enough for her, who nobody considered a beauty, and who lived quietly on with us, and made no fuss, and was made no fuss of, at least when I was near.

I was not very talkative this evening. I leant my arms on an old moss-covered wall, and staring dreamily at the sunset puzzled my brains as to who the "dark man" could be.

Corryn wandered up and down, plucking flowers and softly singing, while I dreamed on. I could not fix upon one dark man more than another, until there was a step beside me, and he came upon me—the doctor's tall, bronzed-face son, a matter of five years older than myself.

And from that hour my troubles began. One or the other was always at the rectory, the artist with his brushes, and the doctor's son—the latter coming for no excuse, as I could see, just walking through the French window into the drawing-room where I sat working, and though I kept my eyes well fixed upon my needle, yet I felt his eyes were on me, until the silence would grow oppressive, and I would burst out with some wild saying which he must have considered clever, for it brought a smile to his lips, and a queer dancing look to his handsome eyes.

But my trouble was this: when Reginald Peerson, the artist, was here, I could feel almost sure 'twas he I loved, and I felt so sorry for Arthur Dene, the doctor's son, that I could have cried; and yet, when he was here, and the artist with his paint box had walked away, then it was Arthur Dene who could make my heart thump and my cheeks grow pink—that is, pinker than they were naturally.

To whom should I say "Yes" and to whom "No"?

If you believe me that worried me day and night, and I can trace to that very period a line that appeared on my smooth forehead, brought there by my anxiety.

But as the days went on I grew philosophical. I took myself to task, standing with folded arms before my mirror.

"When the time comes," I argued, "your heart will prompt you to choose rightly—and then woe, woe to the forsaken one!" and at that the tears actually welled in my eyes, and a new phantom arose. "He whom I should have to tell with soft, pitying, though firm words, that I could not love, he will accuse me of encouraging him, and I shall

earn the character of a hard-hearted flirt!" Was ever girl so beset as I was? Surely one lover was enough for any girl. I desired no more than one; but which, oh which! the dark or the fair?

One evening I was strolling across the lawn with a few flowers dangling in my hand, when I happened to come upon Reginald Peerson, in his usual place (he was painting the picturesque old rectory), with brushes and palette, busily engaged in his work.

I paused beside him, but I do not think he heard me, for he continued to whistle under his breath. So I stood there fingering my flowers, with my picture hat rather on one side, and my muslin dress gently moving in the wind.

"If this is sold!" he said suddenly, while a happy expression stole over his face; and at his words my heart began to flutter. It was the fair one then that I loved, and the time was come.

Not to show my nervousness, I said in a would-be natural tone: "What will you do then, Mr. Peerson?"

He started, poor fellow; he did not expect me to be so near, and lifted his cap. He looked at me somewhat queerly, then he said:

"I shall then," he said, "have completed a sum of money that will enable me to—"

I turned my face away, and murmured: "Yes?" (undoubtedly it was the fair one). "To marry?" he said, and I could feel he was looking at me. It seemed I could almost feel his arms about me; yet almost at the same time I heard the soft sound of his brush working on the canvas.

"You do not know my fiancée?" he said presently, and I raised my head at his words. What a queer way of proposing; making so sure of me. He evidently was so sure of me that he could afford to joke. Was it the fair one I loved after all?

I turned round and looked him full in the face: "No, I do not," I said.

"We have been engaged for three years," he said; "but I am not rich enough to marry just yet. But if I sell this picture I shall—"

But I did not wait to hear him finish his sentence.

Decidedly it was the dark one, not the fair one.

But I cannot describe the half-hour I had before dinner that evening.

I was sitting sheltered by the tall ferns in a favourite nook by the river, when as I gazed pensively across the fields the "dark one" was by my side.

We talked for some time, and at last he said: "I cannot express how happy this summer has been to me."

"You look very happy at present," I said shyly.

We were standing up now, side by side. "I am," he said quietly, adding presently:

"Shall I tell you, little girl, why I am so happy?"

"Yes."

"Because one I have long loved is going to be my wife." Then suddenly, impulsively, he took my face between his hands, saying: "Little cousin, may I kiss you? for whatever is dear to Corryn is dear to myself."

I fought hard with the tears that struggled in my ears, but I was able to raise my face naturally and receive my cousin's kiss, and smile as I said how glad I was, and then crushing some flowers I had been wearing in my belt into his hands, I said: "Take them with my love to Corryn—and say how glad I am."

I stood smiling and erect until he had disappeared, and then I sank down amongst the ferns and wept my eyes out of recognition, not because I loved him, not because I envied Corryn—for I did neither—but because I realised what a vain, self-centred girl I was. With shame I thought of the summer that was passing; but to describe my feelings is useless, and when I rose from my bed of ferns, as the sun was setting, I went home a sadder and wiser girl. The next day was my birthday, and glad I was to feel as I woke in the morning that I had left "Foolish Seventeen" behind me.

NATURE NOTES.

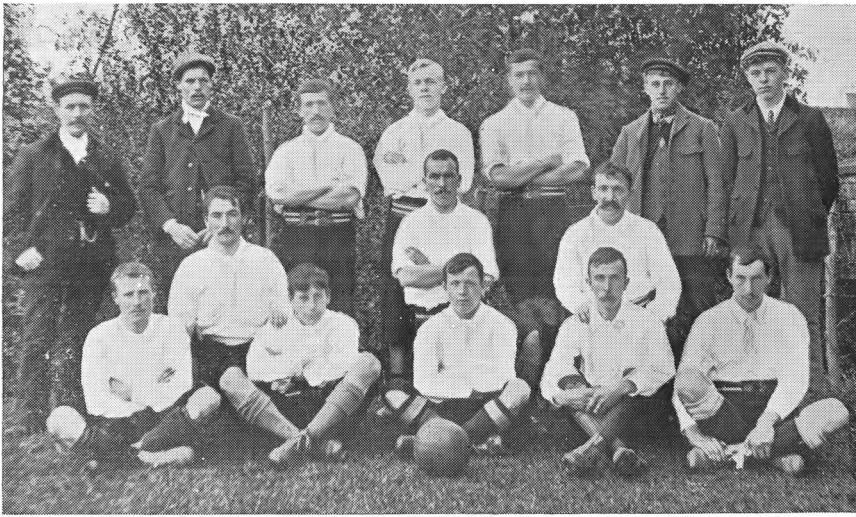


Photo by W. H. Harding, Winchcombe.

SCOTT & MIDDLETON'S RAILWAY A. F. TEAM—THE ROVERS.

Top row:—J. Chadwick, J. Tysoe, W. Pearson, C. Hewlett, G. Savin, J. Cartwright, G. Carlin.
 Middle row:—J. Parker, G. Hewlett (captain), E. Thomas.
 Bottom row:—H. Andrews, S. Garton, F. Smith, W. Dudley, and G. Morgan.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Cheltenham, with her plenitude of distinguished military sons, is not likely to begrudge Gloucester the honour of having been, as it were, the educational cradle of General K. Kodama, the "Kitchener of Japan," for it was in the old city that he went to a select preparatory school even before he had entered upon his teens. I have spoken about him to several ladies and gentlemen who knew him well in Gloucester, where he speedily and ably picked up the English language; and they speak in the highest terms of "Katsi," as he was known, as a sharp, clever, and lovable boy. Kodama is stated to have left Gloucester periodically for London to pay a visit to the Japanese Ambassador, and that he was in a merchant's office in the City in 1878. Well, I have a lively recollection of the Japanese Ambassador, his Excellency Jus-hie Wooyeno Kagenori, and his suite breaking their journey from Paddington to Pembroke Dock (where they were going, in charge of Mr. Edward Reed, the naval constructor, to be present at the launching of the *Hi Yei*) at Gloucester on the evening of Sunday, June 10th, 1877. Kodama was at school in Gloucester about that time, and he may have been included in the dinner party of the Japanese Ambassador at the Spread Eagle Hotel.

The Great Western Railway Company is strengthening its vast system and securing a still firmer hold on Gloucestershire in an unexpected quarter by making a loop line about 1½ miles in length between the Midland main line to Bristol and the Berkeley branch, connecting with the Severn and Wye and Severn Bridge Railway, the joint property of the Midland and Great Western Railway Companies. The Western has always retained running powers over the Midland from Gloucester to Bristol, and it provided, when making the South Wales direct route, two connections, one for Bristol and the other for Gloucester, with the Midland at Yate. The Western is evidently providing these alternative routes across the Severn Bridge, via the new loop at Berkeley, against the probability of a glut of traffic in the Severn Tunnel or even with a view to the possibility of this under ground and water way becoming blocked or inoperative at any time. I wonder if, when the extra volume of traffic to come to and from the Honeybourne branch and

the Great Central Railway, over the Bambury branch, on to the already glutted lines between Gloucester and Cheltenham, the two companies that are interested in it will undertake the imperative duty of making two extra lines of rails.

Before another week has passed, November will have come, and, with it, foxhunting proper; and the pink coats of the members of the various hunts will have added yet another gay touch of colour to the landscape, rich in the green of the grass and the glories of the varied autumn tints of the trees, such as have not been equalled for many years past. But rain is wanted, not only to render the turf elastic for better going, but for the wants of the agriculturists. Cubbing has been very successful, and there still remains a sufficiency of foxes for the next six months. The Duke of Beaufort is further improving his record, for up to now nearly sixty brace of cubs has been accounted for in his Grace's extensive territory. The only change in the mastership of any of the nine packs of foxhounds covering this county is in that of the Cotswold, of which Mr. Herbert Owen Lord has become master, and he can be fully relied on to keep up the best traditions of this pack, in which Cheltonians naturally take most interest. The law of compensation has come, for with the disappearance of the Longford Harriers (which of late years were nearly as big as foxhounds) there has arisen in the same country a little pack of beagles, got together by Captain L. E. H. M. Darell, and these beauties will go far to make up the deficiency of hounds for hare hunting.

GLEANER.

A CURIOUS OLD MARRIAGE LAW.
 How many people know that it was once illegal for an Englishman to marry an Irishwoman? The "Easy Chair" says: "The Statute of Kilkenny, passed in 1367 by a Parliament of English settlers in Ireland, under the presidency of the Duke of Clarence, ordained 'that any Englishman who married an Irishwoman should be mutilated in a horrible manner and put to death.' In 1537, too, a law was made 'that the English should not marry with any person of Irish blood, though he had gotten denization, unless he had done both homage and fealty to the King in Chancery, and were also bound by recognisances with sureties to continue a loyal subject.'"

Considering its comparatively small area, Great Britain is fairly well provided with wild life, and there is no more true saying than that in almost every country parish in our land there are wild creatures enough of the higher orders to occupy the attention of an observer for a lifetime. But, undeniable as this is, there are few lovers of natural history who are not fascinated when they read about the strange and beautiful wild animals of other lands. Such being the case, a book which treats in a scientific yet popular way with the natural history of North America ought to find many readers in this country, especially when it is understood that it is the work of such a writer as Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the director of the New York Zoological Park. For the wild life of North America has been the delight of most of us since our childhood's days, when we read many enthralling stories about adventures in the Wild West and those vast and wonderful regions around the Great Slave Lake and Hudson's Bay. In imagination we have all been for a while "young fur traders," or have chased the moose, the caribou, and the grizzly bear.

WILD LIFE IN FACT AND FICTION.

Now, perhaps, we realise that much of what we learnt of North American wild life from those fascinating stories was pure romance; and we are not quite sure that much of what we have learnt since, gathered from some of the most delightful natural history books issued on both sides of the Atlantic, may not be almost equally attributable to vivid and poetic imagination. Several modern American writers have told us such wonderful things about bird and beast that we have begun to feel that there must be something wrong with us, preventing our enjoying that almost handshaking acquaintance with the wild life of woodland, lake, and barren which they claim to have enjoyed. In view of this, such a work as "The American Natural History" (George Newnes, Limited), compiled by a naturalist who has had exceptional opportunities of coming in contact with the wild animals of North America, will undoubtedly help us to gain some idea of where fact ends and fiction begins in some of the popular books which have had such a charm for us.

IDEALISED ANIMALS.

In his introduction, Mr. Hornaday makes some remarks well worthy of repetition. "The tendency of the present," he says, "is to idealise the higher animals, to ascribe to them intelligence and reasoning powers which they do not possess, and in some instances to 'observe' wonderful manifestations that take place chiefly in the imagination of the beholder. . . . But wild creatures must not be taken too seriously. With all their 'schools' in the woods, they are not yet as intelligent as human beings; and the strain that is being put upon them by some of their exponents is much too great. With the most honest intentions, a naturalist may so completely over-estimate and misinterpret the actions of animals as to reach very ridiculous conclusions. Judging from all I have seen and heard of wild creatures of many kinds, from apes to centipedes, both in captivity and out, I believe that practically all their actions are based upon natural inborn instinct—nearly all of it in the line of self-preservation, and the exceptions are due to the natural tendency to imitate leaders. Of hereditary knowledge—another name for instinct—some animals have abundance. Of special knowledge, acquired by systematic reasoning from premise to conclusion, most animals have very little, and very few ever exhibit powers of ratiocination.

BIRD AND BEAST.

Having said this, Mr. Hornaday, in a splendidly illustrated work of some 450 pages, makes it quite evident that the interest of North American wild life is far from being dependent upon an over-estimation of animal's reasoning powers and a vivid imagination on the part of the observer. In

fancy the reader finds himself transported to the Rocky Mountains, where the grizzly bear has its home; to the neighbourhood of the Great Slave Lake, where he sees the wonderful migrations of the barren ground caribou; to far Alaska, where the willow ptarmigan is "almost always busy in changing its clothes"; to Florida, where the great white egret is on the point of extinction through persecution on account of its possession of the graceful "aigrette" plumes; and to the Yellowstone Park, where in a wild life sanctuary so many wonders are to be seen. When the reader returns from these wide wanderings he feels that he has had a new world opened to him, in spite of the fact that he may have believed himself familiar with most of the sights he went to see.

BIRD-LISTING.

As Mr. Hornaday deals in a systematic way with the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes of North America, and gives interesting and accurate accounts of all the most notable species, it would be folly to attempt to convey to my readers any idea of the wealth of information his book contains; but in his introduction to the bird section he makes one or two assertions which British ornithologists will do well to take to heart. In this country far too much attention is given to the compiling of practically useless county lists of wild birds, with the result that many a rare—or not so very rare—bird is shot in the hope that a new species may be added to a local list. In America, Mr. Hornaday tells us, the working up of the geographical distribution of the bird fauna has been done so well that there is really no need for further work in that direction. If such is the case in such a vast country as North America, surely the time has come when we can rest content with our knowledge of the occurrence of many of the rare birds which have been met with in Britain. For instance, if we know that the rufous warbler has occurred in Devonshire, why should we be at all anxious about whether it ever visits Cornwall?

COMMON-SENSE ORNITHOLOGY.

For an expert ornithologist who works for some special purpose to be anxious to secure certain birds is perfectly natural and praiseworthy; but for an ordinary observer who kills birds so that he may be sure as to their identity one can find little excuse. On this point Mr. Hornaday speaks clearly and truly. He says: "It is not at all necessary that people generally should be able to name correctly every bird that the forest and field may disclose. Many species of warblers and sparrows, and larger birds also, are so much alike that it is very difficult for any one save a trained ornithologist to analyse them correctly. The general public is not interested in differences that are nearly microscopic. When birds and mammals cannot be recognised without killing them and removing their skulls, it is quite time for some of us to draw the line."

A NATURE CAMEO.

A Gold-Crest Migration.—Autumn winds have torn the more brittle boughs from every tree. Shaggy and lichened bark covers the pinewood floors. Upon depths of pine needles other needles drop, blotting out all fair vegetation. Yet the deadness and dreariness of these tracts have become animate for a while, and from every bough and crevice come the mouse-like cheepings of innumerable birds. Vast flocks of gold-crests are concentrating themselves in one spot. The gold-crests are the smallest and frailest of British migrants; and even now they face the wild North Sea, and essay to cross—they know not why nor where. An absorbing impulse leads them on, as it has led innumerable generations of gold-crests, since gold-crests were. From northland wastes of pine and spruce and fir, they come in countless flocks, laying up no store of food, with no husbanding of strength; nothing but a longing to reach that far-off—they know not what. From the land of snow and sleet they seek a southern sea.—John Watson.

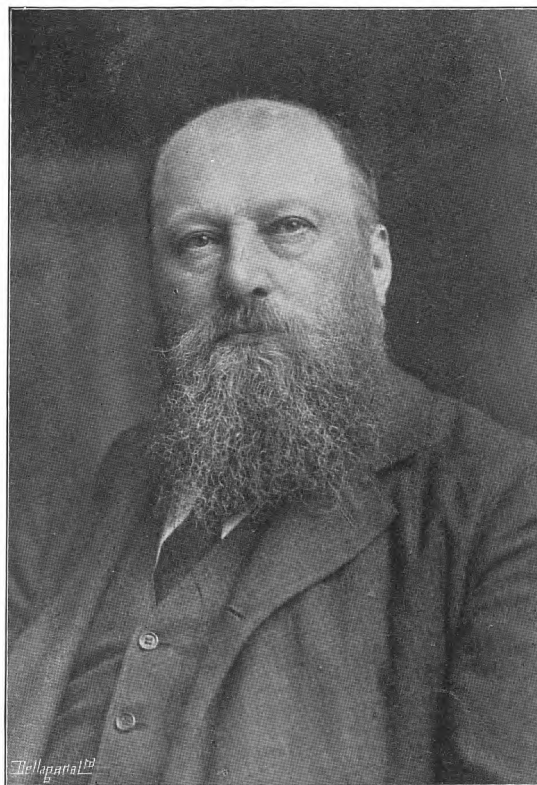
CHELTENHAM LIGHT RAILWAY EXTENSIONS.



MR. A. E. TESSIER,
Resident Engineer for Messrs. R. W. Blackwell and Co., Ltd., London, contractors to the Cheltenham and District Light Railway Co. for carrying out the extensions.



MR. J. W. PEARCE,
Contract Manager for the Acme Flooring and Paving Co., Ltd., London, which is doing the excavating and paving.



DR. HANS RICHTER,
WHO WILL CONDUCT THE HALLE ORCHESTRA AT THE WINTER GARDEN THIS AFTERNOON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Water Vole ("Amon").—It has been proved by Mr. A. H. Patterson that the water vole will eat dead fish which are left on a river bank, but I have not heard of an instance of a water vole being seen to catch a fish. In most books on the British mammals the water vole is described as herbivorous.

Botanical ("T.H.")—Your wild flowers are (1) the Herb Robert (Geranium Robertianum); (2) the wall germander (Teucrium chamaedrys), a naturalised plant; (3) the spotted persicaria (Polygonum Persicaria); and (4) the petty spurge (Euphorbia Peplus), a very common weed.

Larva ("Leonicus").—Your larva is that of a small water beetle of the genus Halipus, probably *H. fulvus*. There is no concise work with diagrams and descriptions of fresh-water larvæ generally. The best work upon beetle larvæ is Schiodte's "De Metamorphosi Eleutheratorum," but, of course, only a few of the series of illustrations are those of aquatic larvæ. "Ponds and Ditches," in the Natural History Rambler series, contains a chapter upon aquatic larvæ, but only a few forms are figured.

All communications for this column should be addressed to the Editor, "Nature Notes," at the office of this paper.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

BY THE REV. W. J. DAWSON.

A good many people have been writing me lately to ask who Mark Rutherford is, and what is the value of his writings. I take some pride that their inquiries should be addressed to me, for I believe that I was among the first to publish an appreciation of these remarkable books. I well remember the astonishment and pleasure I felt when first they came into my hands. The greatest, the "Autobiography," came into my hands about eighteen years ago, and a little later I read the next greatest, "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane." At that date no one seemed to know anything about these books. I never saw a review of them in any paper or periodical. I never heard anyone speak of them or praise them. They came quite silently into the world, and made no stir. But I date an epoch in my reading from these books. They made a profound impression upon me. I read them at a sitting, and then I re-read them, and I have gone on reading them ever since. There are no books on my shelves with so many marked passages. There are none from which I quote so freely in my public addresses. For years I have talked about them to all and sundry, and have urged people to read them. I felt them to be masterpieces, and my original feeling has only been strengthened with time. Now they have come to their own. The critics, having no new author to boom, have at last discovered Mark Rutherford. It has taken them twenty years to do so, and it says little for their sagacity that they have been so long about it; nevertheless, let us be thankful that they have at length found out that Mark Rutherford is one of the greatest writers of our generation.

Even now, however, they do not appear to be thoroughly converted. I noticed with a good deal of irritation a most condescending letter from Mrs. Humphry Ward the other day, commending Mark Rutherford. As if it needed Mrs. Ward to commend Rutherford! Mrs. Ward is a most industrious writer, who has produced one or two striking books and more than one tedious book; but she will be forgotten long after Rutherford is read as an English classic. It struck me as really funny that Mrs. Ward should write of Rutherford as "very interesting," as possessing "a vein of quiet poetry," and so forth, as if he were a promising kind of amateur in literature, not without some good parts. But it is so hard to recognise values, and especially hard to a prosperous literary person to suspect any kind of greatness in a writer who never sought notoriety. Mrs. Ward is a person of such good literary instinct, as a rule, that one might have expected from her something more emphatic than these tepid phrases. However, it does not matter much. I have not a tenth part of the right to be heard that Mrs. Ward can claim, yet I will venture to put my judgment against hers, and to proclaim that Rutherford's final place in literature will be infinitely higher than Mrs. Ward's.

But what is the charm? What are the books about? Why should they live? They will live first of all by their confessional value. There is no kind of book that the world so treasures in the long run as the genuine confession. Mrs. Ward has herself admirably translated such a book, "The Confessions of Amiel." Most cultured people have read at some time or other the Confessions of Benvenuto, Cellini, and Rousseau. Why do such books live? Because nothing interests us so much as a perfectly honest account which a human creature gives of him. There is not a life lived upon the earth, however obscure, that would not prove fascinating if its secrets were honestly laid bare. But very few writers have the perfect honesty for such a task. They have not the delicate skill to invest the little things of life with interest. They are afraid of exposing their real feelings. They shrink especially from the exposure of their weaknesses. Thus, when they come to write about themselves, they become consciously or un-

consciously insincere. They hide things, they gloss over things, they plead a cause. But the truth alone is of value in a confession. And the men who have written the great confessions have cared only for truth. They have said in effect: "I am a vile scoundrel and an angel of light; I have behaved at times like a beast and at times like an angel; you must take me as I am. If at the end of my analysis you think well of me, so much the better for me; but I don't really care whether you think well or ill. All I really care for is that you shall see me as I am."

Now this is the spirit of Mark Rutherford in his famous "Autobiography." He has no sensational crimes to confess, but abundant weaknesses. He lays bare his heart, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, concealing nothing. His gaze, whether directed upon himself or life in general, is absolutely fearless. The result is that he at once establishes sympathy with his readers. For we also have abundant weaknesses, and weaknesses such as his. We have never spoken of them, and we could not speak of them; here is a man who speaks for us. In telling us the history of his own emotions he illumines ours. He puts his finger on our hearts, and says "Thou ailest here and here." When, for example, he tells that he has never found a friend whose love fully answered to his own; that he would gladly have been shot against a wall for a friend who, in all probability, would not so much as call on him if he were sick, he is describing what many of us felt in the days when our hearts were much more sensitive than they are now. How we hungered for friendship at one-and-twenty! How we idealised our friends and tried to believe in them! With what anguish of mind we were compelled to admit that they were not what we thought them! All that Rutherford tells us, and a hundred other things, with a more poignant beauty of expression. We find ourselves in him; we find the most secret things of our own hearts revealed in his secrets.

Then, again, his charm lies in his intense sympathy with all kinds of lonely, narrow, and despised lives. He himself has known the utmost horror of loneliness, and has lived in a narrow life, and been bitterly despised of man. He describes with astounding vividness his effort to live as a Dissenting minister in a paltry little town, among paltry people. He was not understood. He moved among people who were radically incapable of understanding him. Yet among them he found some beautiful natures. For he is far from a cynic and a pessimist. He reports upon life as he found it, and he found heroism and nobility where he had least expected it. But he found also that it was tragically difficult to establish contact with these few superior natures. He found that his sensitiveness exposed him to the constant torture that rude natures inflict on sensitive natures. Worst of all, he discovered that the world did not really need him. His was a superfluous existence. Nothing he did or said seemed of real value to anyone. His death would have left no one the poorer. Here was the sting of life—other men seemed to find places made for them, for which they were fitted; he found himself without such a place, and therefore exposed to constant humiliation.

Let anyone consider how common this experience is, and he will have no difficulty in comprehending the fascination of Rutherford's impressions. The world is full of oversensitive people, who find themselves misunderstood. I think that it is a very rare thing for such persons to find their appointed niche in life. Men with the capacity for high tasks drudge away their lives in small duties; women capable of heroic love find themselves mated to commonplace husbands; youths who have it in them to gain distinction are condemned by the need of bread to stoop to pursuits in which they have not a particle of intellectual interest. To such Rutherford speaks—to the drudges, to the helots, as he himself puts it. When he says of Christ that Christ has no gospel for the prosperous, but the lonely and the despised "find themselves

in Jesus," he puts bluntly a truth about Christianity which we all admit. The triumph of Jesus is the triumph of the despised. In a certain degree the saying applies to his own writings. Contented, prosperous people, with money in the bank, and plenty of food, and friends who appreciate them, and settled prospects in life, will never find anything in Mark Rutherford. But people who have none of these things, and carry under stoical disdain wounded and yearning hearts, will find in Rutherford a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is the comrade of the disinherited. He is the spokesman of the defeated.

And, lastly, the charm of Rutherford's writing is in the perfection of their style. He writes with the utmost simplicity, with no attempt at fine language or eloquence, but every word tells. His phrases often light up, with a sudden flash of light, immense tracts of thought and experience. We have had great masters of English in our generation—the thunderous eloquence of Carlyle, the rich melody of Ruskin, the subtle beauty of Pater and Meredith—but for strength, purity, and simplicity I know no writer who compares with Rutherford. And now his books may be purchased at one shilling a volume! I gave many shillings for mine, and had I given as many pounds as shillings should have called them cheap. And if I had to sell my library, I think the last books to go would be Mark Rutherford's.

PROTECTING THE CHILDREN.

The Swiss Government has decided no longer to permit parents to christen their offspring by fantastic names. This law has just been exercised at St. Gall with regard to two children, one of whom was christened "May 1," while the other had been named by its Italian progenitors "Ribello," rebel or revolutionary. The names were condemned, and the children have been legally rechristened.



PHOTOGRAPHS IN RELIEF.

It has been one of the ambitions of the experimentalist ever since photography was first discovered to make photographs in relief, to produce by light a portrait which bears the same relation to an ordinary photograph as a statue does to a painting. The problem has been solved by an Italian—Signor Baese, of Florence—by a method simple enough in outline, a description of which from his pen appears in "Photography" this week. The results he obtains are, of course, true bas-reliefs, and are very different from the "pushed-out-from-the-back" monstrosities that enjoyed a certain vogue some years ago. These owed what relief they had to hand work exclusively, which sometimes supplemented the relief suggested by the lighting of the photograph, and sometimes combated it, the effect in either case being objectionable, although such prints were popular with a certain public.



A PHOTOGRAPH THAT DATED ITSELF.

An interesting example of the wonders of mathematical astronomy is referred to in "Photography" this week, in which Professor Rigge shows from the position of mere shadows in a particular building that it is possible, if the building is known, to give the actual day of the year and time of day at which the photograph was taken. In this particular case, he decided from the shadows alone that the photograph was taken at six minutes past three in the afternoon of either May 2nd or August 11th. The foliage showed him that the earlier day was the correct one. Then going further, and knowing when the building itself was erected and the date when the photograph was published, he finds four years interval on May 2nd, on which the photograph was taken. Noting the weather records for the four years, the only one possible was found to be 1895. By this way he was able to determine with greater certainty than the photographer himself that on Tuesday, May 2nd, 1895, at 3.6 p.m., the particular building was taken. The whole reasoning is interesting, as showing how high science may receive a very everyday practical application, with sufficiently wonderful results.

SUPERFLUOUS THINGS.

An English writer has been devoting his attention to the elimination of unnecessary things, and has succeeded in presenting a tentative list of articles which mankind does not need. Like many other propagandists of a new cult, he goes to extremes in certain instances, but, on the whole, makes out a pretty good case. He holds, to begin with, that the resident of a city does not require a watch. He goes so far as to say that an umbrella is not indispensable, and cites Lord Beaconsfield, who never carried an umbrella, as an illustrious example. "When it rained he took refuge under the umbrella of the prettiest woman he could see." The silk hat is tabooed by this iconoclast. In his inventory of superfluous things we find the flap that covers the keyhole of the front door, which often sadly interferes with the entrance of the belated and perhaps bibulous householder. "It is redeemed from absolute futility by its power of occasional annoyance." He inquires into the use of the tassel on the new umbrella. "Nobody in his senses wants a tassel on an umbrella." Why are there two buttons, or even one, on the sleeve of a coat? The writer took a census of his buttons, and found that sixty of them were unnecessary. He is particularly anxious as to the two buttons behind on a frock coat. Taking a survey of the whole human family, he finds that there are eight hundred million buttons worn, all of them useless. No one has discovered the necessity for fourteen or sixteen pockets concealed in men's clothes. This is the limit of superfluity.



DOMESTIC SERVICE AND SOCIAL STATUS.

Why will not the more intelligent and better educated girls be induced to become domestic servants? As an illustration of what I infer by social stigma I may mention this little incident. A young girl was sent by a typewriting office to a certain house to do some work. We shall call her Miss Smith. The housemaid in the same house happened to have been a school friend of Miss Smith. It was very small, very absurd, but the housemaid got so hurt and annoyed over the "Miss" given to her friend, and the line that was drawn between the copyist's position and her own that she gave up her post at once. After all, is there anything more petty about the housemaid who aspires to add "Miss" to her style of address than there is about the "Mrs." So-and-so, whose ambition in life centres round being called "Lady" So-and-so? One may conclude that the first step towards the solution of the servant difficulty ought to be the removal of the idea that "going into service" gives more social inequality than being sweated in shop or office. During a house-hunting expedition I met with a girl who had sane thoughts on the matter. The house was one of the best kept I have ever seen; everything shone and sparkled, the girl was small, slight, and delicate looking. I could hardly believe my ears when she told me that there was no other servant in the house. She assured me she was very happy and that she did not find the work and cooking too much. "I was a shop-girl," she explained, "my health broke down, and the doctor ordered a change. I had no money, but I always liked housework, so I thought I should try being a domestic servant. I love work, and do it very quickly; my mistress helps a little in the lighter work of the house, and she is so pleased with the way everything is done that I can always go out when it is no inconvenience to her. I should not return to work as a shop-girl for any money." Have we not here the unravelling of the domestic servant problem—a considerate mistress, with an appreciation of work and effort, and a servant who accepts work in a cheery and independent spirit. But then, to use a comparison made on the marriage question last week, if all mistresses were ladies in the true sense of the word, and all servants were industrious and conscientious, there would be no problem.—Frances on "The Servant Problem" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

THE WONDERFUL TELEGRAPHONE.

This commercial invention, by means of which telephonic messages, direct speech, etc., are recorded, reproduced, and obliterated automatically, is the subject of an illustrated article in the current number of the "Magazine of Commerce." The King and Queen, during their stay in Copenhagen in April last, visited the office of the Danish Telegraphone Company, on which occasion his Majesty paid a tribute to the scientific beauty and commercial potentialities of Waldemar Poulsen's application of electromagnetism to the purpose of recording speech, or other sounds, direct or telephonic, either for direct reproduction or for telephonic distribution over wide areas. The telegraphone embodies features which are of very considerable interest to the electrician and the physicist, as may be inferred from the opinion expressed by the famous electrician, Sir William Preece, ex-president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, that "It is one of those things which is going to open the eyes of all our physicists and scientists and theoretical men on the question of the molecular character of all magnetic and electrical apparatus operations." The fundamental principle of the machine is essentially dependent upon magnetic changes set up in a steel recording-medium, when acted upon by sound-vibrations, during its passage through a magnetic field. The actual record, being magnetically induced, is, of course, invisible. Nothing whatever is impressed upon the recording-medium, the record being obtained by an inscrutable re-arrangement of the molecules throughout that portion of the recording-medium operated upon at any given moment. In much the same way that a piece of iron may be rendered permanently magnetic, or may be demagnetised, so records taken on the telegraphone can either be secured in a permanent form or can be obliterated at will. The invention appeared, in a comparatively immature form, some three years ago. It was, however, recently presented by the inventor at the Copenhagen Technical and Hygienic Congress, and subsequently in London, in several new forms, of which three at least have now been brought to the point of commercial utility.

Whilst the fundamental principles remain the same throughout, each of the types in which the instrument has now been perfected is characterised by the alteration of certain features of construction detail, whereby is rendered possible the discharge of various special classes of work, of which the most important may be summarised as follows:—

- (i.) To obtain a record of telephonic communications, passing either from one end or from both ends of a telephonic circuit.
- (ii.) To do this in such a manner that, in the absence of the owner of the instrument, the record is taken, and the fact indicated automatically.
- (iii.) So to record correspondence dictated into the instrument that the record can either be mailed to the possessor of a similar instrument, and be thereby rendered audible to him, or
- (iv.) Be retained upon the machine, available for the use of a typist, between whom and the instrument telephonic communication can be readily established.
- (v.) To effect the distribution, by ordinary telephonic means, of news, speeches, market quotations, vocal or instrumental music, sermons, etc., to any number of persons simultaneously, whether they be collected at one place or scattered over wide areas.



ST. SWITHIN AND RAIN.

It is a well-known saying that if rain falls on St. Swithin's Day—July 15th—this will continue for the 40 days following. A correspondent to the new number of "Symons's Meteorological Magazine"—Mr. W. Anderson—has published a statement of what happened in the 18 years from 1887 to 1904, inclusive. In seven of these St. Swithin's Day was fine, and in every one rain fell on several of the 40 following days. 1899 came nearest to justifying the maxim. It rained on only eleven days, and the total amount was rather under an inch; but 1895 so completely broke the rule that no less than 34 days were rainy, and the total fall was the largest of all, al-

most eight inches. In the other years, 16 and 18 (both twice) and 24 days are recorded as wet; the amounts varying from over three and a half to nearly five inches. Whatever happened on St. Swithin's Day, there was always rain on several days afterwards, commonly from 20 to 25, and it did not fall for 40 days afterwards on any one of the eleven years with rain on St. Swithin. The smallest number (eleven) did indeed come with a dry St. Swithin (in 1899), but so did the greatest, in 1895. Thus the facts are fatal to the maxim, of which this is the explanation. St. Swithin, or Swithun, was a Bishop of Winchester, who died in 862, and was buried by his own desire outside the Cathedral. In the next century he was canonised in the drip of the water from the eaves and where people trod, and the monks thought that one thus honoured was worthy of a more dignified resting-place, and proposed to transfer the remains to a place within the Cathedral. The translation was fixed for July 15th, 962, but the weather was so unfavourable on that day, and for the next 40, that this was accepted as a sign that the saint must not be disturbed, and so the day acquired a meteorological significance. Unfortunately, the Dictionary of National Biography declares the Saint's relics were duly translated, so the legend is no better than many others.



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LINEN COLLAR.

It has always been a mystery to me why such a large number of men, while displaying excellent taste in all other matters of dress, will persist in being nothing short of careless with regard to their collars. I do not refer to the way in which they are dressed only, but to the style. I have often heard ladies remark that the first thing they notice in a man's dress is his collar; they are, I believe, considered fair critics in such matters, and it only goes to prove how necessary it is that care should be exercised when deciding upon the shape. As an instance of the carelessness prevalent in this respect, I counted no less than sixteen men wearing double collars with their dress suits at a very fashionable restaurant the other evening; in every other respect they were immaculately attired. The double collar is very useful and comfortable, but should only be worn for sporting purposes, such as golfing or shooting. The smartest for dress, frock, or morning coat wear is unquestionably the kind known as the "stand-up collar." Great discretion should be brought to bear before adopting any of the newer styles, for it is only the few who can wear them with good effect; it is wiser to stick to the old style with its acknowledged smartness than to assume a shape that will, in all probability, spoil the whole effect of the suit.—G. Washington Brock, in "London Opinion."



A BACHELOR'S CONCLUSION.

I met only one unmarried man who was without theories on the subject of matrimony, and he was a confirmed and entirely contented old bachelor—a man of much reading, much travel, much observation. "I have had many friends," he said. "Some whose every thought, I can almost say without exaggeration, I knew. I could map out their line of action under most circumstances; rely on them, calculate on them; but when it came to marriage I was always left without bearings—all the common sense, the insight, the judgment which they displayed in the ordinary affairs of life seemed to vanish when the woman appeared; all a man's logical and critical faculties seem suddenly to become paralysed at the moment in life when he most wants them. That's the marriage problem as I have seen it through my friends, and I must say I am hopeless about it. I see no solution." "Not even in Mr. Meredith's 'ten years?'" I ventured to say. "Ten months, ten years, or ten hundred years, it would be all the same," was the reply; "so long as certain men and women remain with a genius for picking out incompatibles, I don't see that periods of time matter much." And really there does not seem anything more to be said.—Frances on "Marriage—Some Opinions," in "T.P.'s Weekly."

WAYSIDE BEAUTY.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BULBS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

Mr. N. S. Dunlop, head of the Canadian Pacific Railway floral department, is a flower lover himself, which is the reason why he has put such enthusiasm into his work. This is the beautifying of the whole Canadian Pacific Railway system by the cultivation of flowers at the wayside stations, along the embankments and tracks, the care of little plots of ground where these can be found contiguous to the railway. The most admirable results have followed. Station agents, section men, and all who have outside work along the line are given prizes for the best flowers, the neatest parterre, and this has proved an immense stimulus. In the summer, patrons of the Canadian Pacific Railway have seen at the stations along the system a blaze of colour, while even between stations, at convenient places, flowers adorn the sides of the line. Mr. Dunlop is issuing one hundred thousand bulbs now for delivery along the system. These will be cultivated in the houses in the winter and set out in the spring. These (with printed directions) are given free. The company is well satisfied that the outlay in connection with this department, which is very considerable, brings return in the sense of beauty, which has its effect upon the minds of the passengers and affords an additional reason for using the Canadian Pacific Railway system.



THE GERMAN PERIL.

Mr. Arnold White has an article on the German Navy in the November "Cassell's Magazine." The German Navy, he says, is never caught aback. When the crisis occurred between Germany and ourselves at Delagoa Bay we had half a dozen good ships between Cape Town and Zanzibar; but Germany had the "Seedler" at Delagoa Bay, where we only had the "Thrush," and the "Seedler" could have sunk, burnt, or destroyed the "Thrush" within thirty-five minutes. Whatever naval strength Germany credits herself with, that she has ready for use. She does not cumber her navy estimates with the cost of ships that can neither fight nor run away, and she gets full value for every mark that she spends. The cruising ground of the German Navy is restricted. For many years the annual summer exercises of the German fleet have been conducted off the Norwegian coast. Owing to political considerations the German fleet is unable to visit French ports. The Baltic and Russian ports are closed to them. They have not been particularly welcome in the English ports, and the visit of Prince Henry's squadron to the Irish ports in 1902 was regarded by many of our naval critics as a strategical and diplomatic mistake. Germany possesses the fullest knowledge of every detail connected with Portsmouth, Plymouth, Devonport, Chatham, Bantry Bay, Lough Swilly, Pembroke, Rosyth, Newcastle, and Dover. There are no secrets to the chiefs of the German Navy in anything that relates to British sea power, except those that refer to mobilisation. The exact position of gun mountings, the calibre of a gun, or the soundings of a particular spot are comparatively unimportant matters if a place has to be attacked. Mobilisation plans stand on a digilent footing. These are the greatest of State secrets. The thinking department of the German Navy is organised on the plan that it is the brain of the navy, responsible not only for information, but for decisions. The Kaiser holds the opinion that when a nation has ceased to be able to take its own part on the sea, that nation is decadent; hence it is contended by the rulers of Germany that the German Navy is no more intended as a menace against Great Britain than as a menace against Japan, Russia, or France. Its existence is based on the maintenance of an effective protective force for the great and growing seaborne commerce of Germany. That is the statement which has been made to me again and again by German officials. But the secondary reason for the existence of the German Navy is to take advantage of any opportunities that may arise for enlarging German influence. The German Navy is

either a weapon of offence or it is a toy. It is certainly not a toy. The German Navy is backed by a vast mercantile marine, and in her oversea trade the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, and India form the basis upon which the German Navy has been constructed. Without the oversea trade the Kaiser could never have obtained or supported his navy. As he gets more trade he will get more navy. As the prosperity of Germany is largely based on trade with the British Empire, so the German fleet is a faithful—though by no means servile—copy of the Royal Navy. In some things—in victuals and guns, for example—they are ahead of us, but the spirit of the two services is the same. Duty for duty's sake, without hope of advertisement, distinction, or reward, is the dominant and governing motive of the British and German naval officer alike.

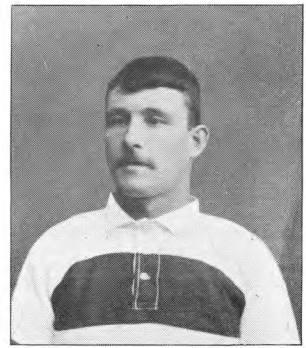


FACTORY HANDS AS MATRIMONIAL AGENTS.

In quite a number of factories there is a discreet woman worker of unimpeachable character who adds to her weekly wage by introducing young men to her companions with a view to marriage (says the writer of an article entitled "Factory Hands as Matrimonial Agents," in "Cassell's Saturday Journal" for October. A few days ago the writer met one of these agents. She was an obliging, buxom body, and unburdened herself of the following remarks concerning her romantic calling: "Young fellows constantly apply to me for sweethearts, and as I have an almost unlimited supply of girls to draw upon I have no trouble whatever in executing orders. Originally I played the part of matchmaker out of pure kindness, and made no charge for my services. Finding, however, that there was money to be earned, I decided to exact a fee from each client. First of all, a man had to pay me a shilling for every girl I introduced him to. Then, after a time, I obliged the girls to give me a shilling for every introduction. I have been instrumental in arranging over thirty happy marriages. I do fairly well. You see, a man doesn't always fall in love with the first girl I bring under his notice. Far from it, indeed. You've no conception how particular some of the young bucks of the East End are. Now there's Bill —. He's my best client. To save my life I couldn't tell you when Bill's likely to marry. The fact is there's no satisfying him. He's as cautious as an old maid of ninety. During the last six months I've presented him to ten girls. He's walked out with them in turn, he's studied them, he's cross-questioned them; but there's not one of them that he'll propose to. He's thrown them all up. Then, I don't mind saying that when a couple who owe their engagement to me get married, they have to pay me ten shillings each. I have no written contracts, no signed guarantees, and so forth; yet in not one instance has a client refused to pay me my half-sovereign. We're honest in this part of the world—especially when we're in love. Many of my gentlemen clients are factory hands, like the girls. Others are respectable mechanics, carpenters, and bricklayers. I have also had a policeman as a client. He was a genuine twentieth-century triumph. I was able to dispose of him within one calendar month. Men in blue are exceedingly popular as matrimonial candidates in these parts. And what girls marry quickest? Not the pretty ones. It's very seldom, indeed, that a young fellow runs after a pretty face. My experience is that it's the plainest ones who are most sought after when serious business is meant. A non-marrying gentleman, however, has no objection to a pretty girl to walk out with. You may say that the girls who marry easiest are those who dress neatly, who have a flow of pleasant conversation, and who are not flirts."



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FRED GOULDING,
The famous Gloucester City and County football player, who has also played for the South, is taking up his residence in Cheltenham, and will henceforth assist the Town Rugby club.

THE MOON.

Who is there that has not watched, with admiration, the beautiful series of changes through which the moon passes every month? We first see her as an exquisite crescent of pale light in the western sky after sunset. If the night is fine, the rest of the moon is visible inside the crescent, being faintly illumined by light reflected from our own earth. Night after night she moves further and further to the east, until she becomes full, and rises about the same time that the sun sets. From the time of the full the disc of light begins to diminish until the last quarter is reached. Then it is that the moon is seen high in the heavens in the morning. As the days pass by, the crescent shape is again assumed. The crescent wanes thinner and thinner as the satellite draws closer to the sun. Finally she becomes lost in the overpowering light of the sun, again to emerge as the new moon, and again to go through the same cycle of changes.



THE DISCOVERY OF HELIUM.

During the eclipse of 1868 a fine yellow line was noticed among the lines of the prominence spectrum, and it was not unnaturally at first assumed that it must be the yellow sodium line. But when careful observations were afterwards made without hurry in full sunshine, and accurate measures were obtained, it was at once remarked that this line was not identical with either of the components of the double sodium line. The new line was, no doubt, quite close to the sodium lines, but slightly towards the green part of the spectrum. It was also noticed there was not generally any corresponding line to be seen among the dark lines in the ordinary solar spectrum, though a fine dark one has now and then been detected, especially near a sunspot. Sir Norman Lockyer and Sir Edward Frankland showed that this was not produced by any known terrestrial element. It was, therefore, supposed to be caused by some hitherto unknown body to which the name of *helium*, or the sun element, was given. About a dozen less conspicuous lines were gradually identified in the spectrum of the prominences and the chromosphere, which appeared also to be caused by this same mysterious helium. These same remarkable lines have in more recent years also been detected in the spectra of various stars. This gas so long known in the heavens was at last detected on earth. In April, 1895, Professor Ramsey, who with Lord Rayleigh had discovered the new element argon, detected the presence of the famous helium line in the spectrum of the gas liberated by heating the rare mineral known as cleveite, found in Norway. Thus this element, the existence of which had first been detected on the sun, ninety-three million miles away, has at last been proved to be a terrestrial element also. —From "The Story of the Heavens" for November.