

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 201.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

NEW CHELTENHAM COUNCILLORS.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.30) and Evening (7.45)
Mr. J. M. Barrie's Greatest Success,
"Little Mary."

Next Week: First visit of the Romantic Plays
"THE EDGE OF THE STORM,"
On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; and
"THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE,"
On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (2.30 and 7.45).
FOR TIMES AND PRICES SEE BILLS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHELTENHAM GOSHAWKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE."
Sir,—Your correspondent who questions the identity of these birds will, I am happy to know, accept my statement that they are actually goshawks, and a nice pair, too. Mr. Harting, the editor of the "Naturalist" columns of "The Field," sent to me a clutch of goshawk eggs to compare with those laid by the victims of the casual gun. The local eggs were somewhat the larger, but otherwise identical with the others. I sent a full note of the birds to Mr. Harting, and he used it as a basis for an interesting article on the occurrence of the goshawk in England published in "The Field" last spring. Every lover of Nature will lament the death of these birds; but, the crime having been perpetrated, nothing can alter it. Only, if the species should again come to our hills, let us hope a kinder destiny will attend it, for such a beautiful visitant can hardly be expected to be met with here more than once in a lifetime.
CHARLES A. WITCHELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE."
Sir,—I should have thought that the photo of the female bird in your issue of the 22nd would have been enough for anyone to see that knows anything of ornithology that the bird is a goshawk, and not a peregrine falcon. They were shot just as they commenced to repair their old nest. I have a branch taken from the nest some weeks after, which was then green. The birds have nested here for two previous years, and I have been in luck's way and got both clutches of eggs. Last year's clutch of three now adorns the cabinet of a well-known collector, and the clutch of four of 1902 is now in my possession, and may be seen by anyone interested. The goshawk bred in Yorkshire a few years ago. The keeper on the estate had a bird stuffed and one or two eggs. These were seen by Mr. Heatley Noble. These eggs and mine are the only known British examples.

E. T. CLARKE.

Suffolk-street, Cheltenham, Oct. 31st.
P.S.—For those further interested see "The Field," May 28th, 1904.



Mr. Joseph Pilley.



Mr. Edwinson Green.

HEDGES OF ROSES.

Many are the opportunities in the planning of gardens for having a screen or hedge all of roses. Sometimes it may occur as part of the rose garden design, but more often in some detached portion of the grounds some kind of light screen is actually wanted. There are often rubbishy or at least unbeautiful spaces on some of the frontiers of the kitchen garden, where a rose screen or hedge will not only hide the unsightliness, but will provide a thing beautiful in itself, and that yields a large quantity of bloom for cutting. Many are the kinds of structure that may be used to support and train the roses. But with posts of oak or larch, and straight long lengths of sawn larch tips for the top rail, and some wire netting of the coarsest mesh, an effective framework may be easily and cheaply made that in three years will show a perfect covering of blooming roses. Between this and the elaborately made wooden framings there are many grades and forms of flower wall or trellis that can be arranged according to special use or need. One pretty way is to have a low trellis with posts for pillar roses at intervals. This can be carried a little further by having chains from post to post. If this should occur on each side of a path, the posts coming opposite each other can be connected by an arched top. This arrangement can also be very prettily adapted to such a rose trellis at the back of a flower border, either at the two ends of the border or at intervals in its length.—"The Garden."

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 199th prize has been withheld.

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 101st prize has been awarded to Miss Jeffrey, Leamington House, Pittville, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. Hobbes at All Saints' Church, Cheltenham.

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

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.

After experiments extending over six weeks with two different oils, the borough surveyor of Kensington has reported that the system of laying dust by oil is unsuitable for London.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



In the course of a few months we shall have another Bishop of Gloucester, for Dr. Ellicott has finally resolved to resign and to seek that rest in retirement to which very long and truly faithful service justly entitles him and bodily infirmities, consequent on his advancing years (he is now in his 86th year) necessitate. I firmly believe that his lordship would like to have died in the occupancy of the See. But we know the flesh is often weak when the spirit is willing. Neither of Dr. Ellicott's predecessors for centuries back held office for so long a period as he has, now getting on for 42 years. Some dozen of the beneficed clergy in the present diocese have, however, beaten the Bishop in the length of tenure, the great majority of them hailing, too, from the breezy Cotswolds, while only one, the Rev. Canon G. P. Griffiths, of St. Mark's, Cheltenham, is a town clergyman. Yet I calculate that barely five per cent. of the 320 incumbents who held office at the time of the Bishop's consecration are now contemporary with him.



I wonder who will be the Bishop's successor and receive the £4,300 a year attached to the See, less, I suppose, the amount of the retiring allowance that will be rightly granted to Dr. Ellicott under the Act by which his resignation will be effected. For a long time past the name of Dr. Gibson, vicar of Leeds, has been freely mentioned for any vacant bishopric, and it would not surprise me if he gets the Gloucester one. Whoever comes will have a very difficult task, but bright example, to follow Dr. Ellicott, who has proved so profound a theologian, erudite a scholar, tactful a diocesan, and able an administrator.



While Cheltenham is undergoing to some extent the same kind of inconveniences to which Gloucester was subjected in the laying of the light railway in the main streets, the citizens have been enlightened as to the actual cost of the municipal undertaking, though not as to the weekly outgoings for the working and maintenance of the system. It is refreshing after the confused mass of figures of estimates that the ratepayers were treated to for over four years to get some definitely ascertained cost amount, which, it appears, is between £147,000 and £148,000, including £10,000 in suspense between the Streets and Tramways Committee in respect of extra wood blocks. A few weeks previously it was authoritatively stated, having regard to the fact that during the twenty weeks the cars had been running the average per car mile earned was 8.58d., that the receipts had not only paid working expenses and the interest and sinking fund charges, but left a surplus. Since then I observe that the lean-week receipts have set in, those for the past week having dropped to 6.35d. per mile. No wonder reflective citizens, realising the tremendous liability incurred for them are dubious whether the trams will pay, taking the year all round.



The action of the few, including Mr. H. W. Bruton, who contended that £26,000 was a very excessive price for Gloucester Corporation to give the private company for the old horse tramways, a non-paying concern, has been justified up to the hilt, for the official figures show that only £3,445 8s. 6d. was realised by the re-sale of the horses, rolling-stock, old rails, etc., which were the principal tangible assets, apart from the depots, that were taken over. And yet the tram track alone was valued in to the city at £9,800! While, as I pointed out last April, the fourteen tramcars, valued in at £85 each, only fetched by auction £85 15s. for the lot, this item showing a dead loss of £1,154. Verily, vendors' valuation and ratepayers' realisation are not always synonymous terms. Cheltonians have the laugh over Gloucesterians, for they have the benefit of the trams as customers without running the risk of having to pay twice in rates. GLEANER.

BOOK CHAT.

"THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND."

The issue of a comparatively inexpensive reprint of Lord Avebury's delightful book, "The Scenery of England, and the Causes to which it is due," should be welcomed by all those lovers of out-door life the pleasure of whose walks and rides is enhanced by an intelligent comprehension of the geology and history of their own neighbourhood. Lord Avebury's book is one of the best examples with which we are acquainted of the practical and interesting application of science to every-day observation and experience. It opens with a short and concise resumé of the features and probable history of the four great geological epochs, followed by a fuller and more detailed explanation of the successive periods of the Great Ice Age. The author then passes to the consideration of the physical features of our own country, viewed in the light of geological knowledge, the chapter on "General Configuration" preparing the student for a more specialised examination of the various types of coast, mountain, hill, and river scenery. Lord Avebury's simple, untechnical, and fascinating style is admirably suited to a popular exposition of the subject; while the letterpress is varied and supplemented by a splendid series of diagrams and photographic illustrations. It is interesting to note that one of the most important illustrations of the portion of the work dealing with our own neighbourhood (a section of the Cotswold escarpment at Birdlip) is contributed by Mr. S. S. Buckman; while the researches of another eminent local geologist, Dr. Callaway, are represented by a diagram illustrating the formation of the Wrekin.—"The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due," by Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock): Macmillan and Co. Price 5s.)



THE FATHER OF FREE TRADE.

Most opportunely, in the face of the present fiscal controversy, comes the latest addition to Macmillan's new series of "English Men of Letters," in the shape of a critical study, from the pen of Mr. F. W. Hirst, of the life, philosophy, and writings of the first great free trader, Adam Smith. The little work is admirably planned, with just the necessary amount of biographical interest, and with a due regard to the outside influences as well as to the processes of mental development that went to the making of the philosopher and economist. The most interesting chapters are those which deal with the period of Smith's professorship at Glasgow University (1750-54), and specially notable is that wherein the genesis of the "Wealth of Nations" is traced in the recently-discovered University lectures on "Justice" and "Policy." In these lectures, only brought to light in 1896, more than a century and a quarter after their delivery, we find the Professor of Moral Philosophy already feeling his way towards the epoch-making theories of free trade, the fallacy of the mercantile system, and the advantages of the division of labour; and this at a period anterior to his contact with the economists of the French school. Of the chapters on the "Wealth of Nations," the second is entirely devoted to a consideration of the Free Trade principles therein enunciated, the biographer enthusiastically reasserting the claim of Adam Smith to be regarded as "the great authority on Anti-Protectionism, as the man who first told the world the truth, so that the world could learn and believe it." But the book reveals its subject as not only an economist, but also as one of the great rationalist thinkers of the eighteenth century, the pupil of Hutcheson and the friend of Hume. Incidentally, we also learn much of the intellectual impulses and aspirations of that age of profound and speculative thought, chiefly as exemplified among Adam Smith's own canny countrymen and in the French savants of the school of Voltaire. Altogether, the biography is worthy to rank with those of Bentley, Locke, Hobbes, and Hume, which have already appeared in the same series.—("Adam Smith," by F. W. Hirst.—Macmillan and Co. Price 2s.)

"THE SMALL FARMER IN ENGLAND."

"Once," says Mr. Rider Haggard in the "Windsor," "a very large proportion, if not most of the land in England was held in small holdings. In the beginning, indeed, cultivation seems to have been carried on by the village community, the strips of soil, that may roughly have measured an acre, being annually assigned to individuals by lot, while all had the right to run their cattle on the common pasturage.

"In after generations these strips were separately held and farmed. Now, except in one or two places, such as the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, such freeholds are very rare. They have for the most part been absorbed into the large estates—on the whole, not, as I believe, to the true interest of the country.

"The most perfect instance of this change that I can remember to have met with in all my wanderings in rural England was in the parish of Weston Colville, in Cambridgeshire. Here Mr. Hall, who owns most of the land in that neighbourhood, showed me a map of it, dated 1612, which he had found hidden away in some cottage.

"This parish contains about three thousand two hundred acres, and, as the map shows, in 1612 over two thousand acres of it were held by some three hundred or more small owners. Now that same land is owned by one man, and cultivated by three. The strange part of this case is that the soil is very light, in parts almost a 'blowing sand,' which, to produce anything, must have been heavily manured. Yet in the time of Queen Elizabeth hundreds of people would appear to have wrung a living from it, which is more than the large farmers of such country do every year in our generation."



A BEAUTIFUL STUDIO.

In an article on the pictures of Lady Alma-Tadema in the "Windsor Magazine," the writer says:—

"Lady Tadema paints in her own studio at her beautiful home in St. John's Wood, and a very dainty apartment it is. Imagine a room designed by nature for a boudoir, by art for a studio, and by expediency for both. Its dominant and distinctive note is Dutch Renaissance, for the old oak woodwork and carving have been translated from Goude, in Holland, as the fruit of Sir Lawrence's yearning to make his wife a studio after her own heart. The sixteenth-century oaken roof and carvings are effectively kept in countenance by the stained glass of the windows, so delicately designed and finished, and shedding such a restful and appropriate light. In short, a 'workroom' to be proud of! It has a lovely little annexe in the shape of the quaintest of Dutch bedrooms, the date on the bedpost, '1606,' telling that the bed itself hails from Sir Lawrence's native Friesland. This small room is utilised by Lady Tadema as a storehouse of 'ideas' to figure in her pictures when she is working."



THE KING AND HIS FEATHERED HAT.

Only a few weeks ago King Edward's favour to the dress of the Stuarts during his stay at Balmoral raised a scare that he was going to play into the hands of the Celtic fanatics and put us all in "kilts." Now there are searchings of heart over his Majesty's new hat. At Newmarket, it seems, where he is always quite at ease and informal in his habits, King Edward has startled the sporting confraternity by appearing in nothing less than a green felt hat, after the Tyrolean pattern, with a small feather jutting up at the back. Of course, there are plenty of photographs of King Edward wearing such a hat during one or other of his continental trips. But that his Majesty should actually appear in one at Newmarket has struck terror into the hearts of the champions of the "topper." It is the thin end of the wedge—or rather of the feather—which may now be expected to extend itself until we come back to the old days of the Cavalier plume, with knee-breeches, and all the rest of the costume to follow.—"The King."



For good and cheap printing try the "Echo" Electric Press.



CHELTENHAM GAS WORKS CRICKET CLUB.

Top row:—G. Moulder (hon. sec.), A. Taylor, A. Webb, J. Critchley, C. A. W. Price, A. James, F. Farmer, H. J. Humphries (hon. treasurer), W. G. G. Eaton.
 Bottom row:—W. S. Smith, J. Franklin, J. E. H. Scarlett (captain), S. Sallis, and R. Edwards.

THE SCANDAL OF SECRET COMMISSIONS.

The pernicious habit which prevails amongst tradesmen and manufacturers of giving secret commissions or bribes to the servants of their customers has long been condemned by judicial authority as not only contrary to the principles of law and equity, but also subversive of the commercial morality of the country. How comes it, then, that a mercantile community, which prides itself on maintaining in general a high standard of integrity, notoriously tolerates with apathetic indifference, if not active encouragement, this particular vice? Partly because the nature of the evil is not fully realised, and partly because the custom is so inveterate that it is not thought possible to fight against it. Men who would never countenance direct theft or fraud deliberately shut their eyes to the iniquity of the system, and minimise its demoralising effects. What, then, is the remedy for a disease that is eating into our national character, and, I fear, tending to destroy all personal religion amongst its victims? The Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act, 1889, has done much to discourage bribery by making it criminal in the case of officers of Government departments and public bodies, though it is to be feared that even in high places a large amount of corruption remains still undetected, while limited liability companies and various institutions are, where supervision is lax, infected with this moral disorder. The sweeping legislation advocated by Sir Edward Fry and the late Lord Russell of Killowen will, it is to be hoped, if carried out, do something towards making more clear the criminality and punishing extreme instances of secret commissions. But people cannot be made honest, any more than they can be made sober, by Act of Parliament. What is wanted is the formation of a healthy public opinion by dragging these secret crimes into the light, by effective prohibition on the part of employers of the acceptance of bribes by their agents, and by patient explanation of their wrongful character to the ignorant.

WHERE ARE KING SOLOMON'S MINES?

Who has not heard of the gold of Ophir? According to a writer in "T.A.T.," Dr. Carl Peters has explored the land of King Solomon and King Hiram, and has seen King Solomon's mines. The articles goes on to describe the journey—

"In 1899 he took an expedition up the Muira river, about fifteen miles south of the Zambesi, and plunged into the country of the Makalanga, the People of the Sun. These Africans are sun and fire worshippers, and are the only African race with a distinct type of Jewish face.

"In their country Dr. Peters discovered ancient ruins of undoubted Semitic type. Under the ruins was a large alluvial tract, in which gold was discovered, and magnificent quartz reefs. There were ancient shafts and roads hewn in the rocks, showing plainly that many centuries ago a regular mining industry was established there.

"Dr. Peters has no doubt but that this region is that Ophir mentioned in the New Testament, without any explanation as to its locality. This view is shared by Mr. R. N. Hall, F.R.G.S., who has lately returned from the same place.

"This gentleman spent three months there, taking photographs of and prospecting the hill terraces, stone-lined pits, galleries, aqueducts, and other relics of a long-forgotten nation. His other discoveries included the finding of gold relics and ornaments and diamonds of the purest water.

"Whether King Solomon's Mines can ever be worked is open to question, for they are a three months' journey from the sea, and the road to them lies through fever-laden swamps, almost impenetrable forests, and the region itself is surrounded by well-nigh impassable mountains." A long and interesting account is also given, in the remainder of the article, to the history of vast buried treasure in this country and elsewhere.

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 The magistrate tells the first offender that he never wishes to see him again. But it is difficult to make the policeman believe that.

THE VALUE OF FREQUENT BALANCE-SHEETS.

Without doubt there are thousands of instances where a systematic, intelligent study of a balance-sheet would have enabled business men to institute reforms and economies, and so stop obvious leakages and save the commercial ship from foundering. The time has gone by when the true index of a man's financial position was his bank-book. The extension and increase of the credit system, the keener home and foreign competition, the enlarged idea of modern times as to what constitutes a fortune or retiring competence, with the consequent employment of larger capital, borrowed or otherwise, in order to produce larger profits—all these things mitigate against the simpler methods of book-keeping which obtained in the earlier commercial transactions. It is quite possible for a man to be a borrower from his banker during the whole of his business career. He may never have experienced in any single half-year the joy of a credit balance at his bank. This, however, by no means indicates that he is not a business man, or that he is losing money. Given good terms with his bankers, he may be using the borrowed money to considerable advantage. Money costing him 4 per cent. per annum may be making 15 per cent. in his trade. Hence the necessity of modern methods of book-keeping and keen comparisons in order to meet the changed conditions of trading. The modern trader must be in a position to pounce like a commercial hawk on whatever tends to increase his cost of production, augment his dead charges, and decrease his net profits, the making of which is his ultimate goal and the object of his legitimate trading ambition. The oftener the figures showing results—or, at least, approximate results—are got out the better. Six-monthly trading accounts are better than yearly ones, quarterly than six-monthly, and one-monthly better than either.—"Magazine of Commerce."

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 A foxhound worth £150 has been accidentally shot in mistake for a wolf at Shotley Bridge, Yorks.



MR. C. A. SMITH,
LATE 1st CLASS SECTIONAL ENGINEER
OF THE POSTAL TELEGRAPHS,

who on Saturday last was entertained at Gloucester to a complimentary dinner by the engineering, commercial, and postal staffs of the South Wales District of the G.P.O. upon his retirement, after 41 years' service, and also presented by them with a gold keyless watch and a framed enlargement of the photograph reproduced above. Mr. Smith's official career commenced in the Electric and International Company's service at Salisbury Railway Station in 1863, in the days of the old double-needle instrument and Morse embosser, and he has also served in turn as telegraph clerk, testing clerk, relay clerk, superintending engineer's chief clerk, and inspector and engineer for the Gloucester Section of the Postal Telegraphs. He took part in the transfer of the Telephone Company's trunk lines to the G.P.O. During his long service of 41 years he was stationed at Sandown (Isle of Wight), Southampton, Farnborough, Putney, Ilfracombe, Bristol, Havre-fordwest, Cardiff, and Gloucester from 1889.

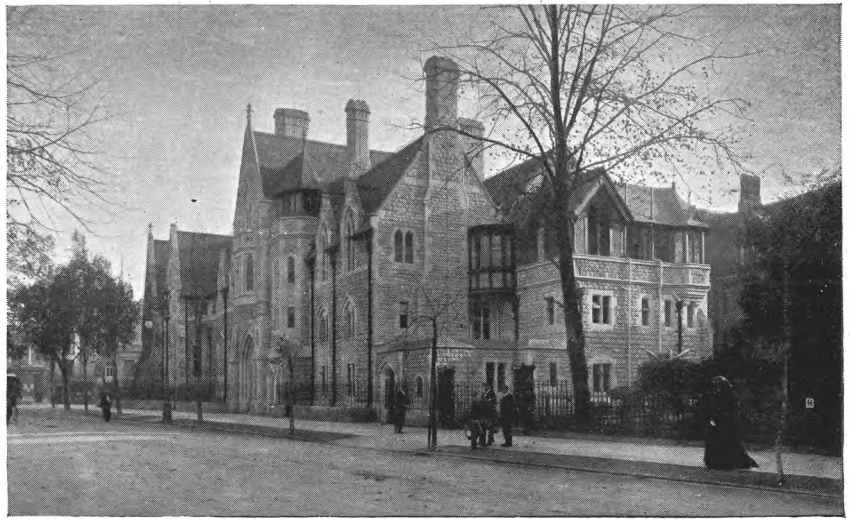
THE SEA'S HOARDED MILLIONS.

An interesting article is published in "T.A.T." describing the lost millions which have been given to the sea, and also which have been secreted in out-of-the-way places and eventually lost sight of. We quote three incidents from the article:—

"About 1820 the 'Earl of Abergavenny' was wrecked on the rocks of Portland. The ship was a valuable East Indianman, and had specie on board to the value of £300,000. For quite twelve months she lay in 60ft. of water, and gradually sank beneath the sand, taking the treasure with her. There the bullion lies to this day, and is likely to remain until the sea gives up all things.

"Twenty Spanish Galleons, returning home with golden loot from Mexico, went down in the Bay of Biscay in October, 1702. The gold, silver, and precious stones in those ships Cavaliere Pino computes at £28,000,000. To-day Signor Pino's yacht is jealously guarded by a Spanish man-o'-war, as attempts are made to regain the treasure from the sea-bed by means of wonderful machinery. Pino has been down himself, and has investigated at least nine of the sunken Spanish treasure-ships.

"The steamship 'Islander' went down in 1901 off Wrangel Island with £500,000 in gold on board. She lays submerged in 300ft. of water. British and American expeditions are constantly searching for treasure buried in the Spanish Main, and there is yet another party trying to regain the gold lost off the coast of Alaska by returning parties of Klondyke miners."



NEW WING OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.



The Outgoing
Mayor
of
Cheltenham,
Colonel
J. C. Griffith,
J.P.

GROWTH OF ELECTRIC TRACTION.

The "Tramway and Railway World" for October affords a remarkable indication of the extent to which electric tramways have now been developed in this country. While five years ago the electric systems in the Kingdom could be enumerated almost on the fingers of one hand, to-day our contemporary prints a list of 192 electric lines. A succinct description is given of each, including the mileage, type of cars and motors, method of operation, and in many cases the price paid by the tramways for electric current. No fewer than 82 tramways are owned and managed by municipal authorities, the remainder being owned by companies. In many of the municipal systems, the tramway departments purchase current from the municipal electric-lighting station, and generally the price charged is high enough to provide a handsome profit to the lighting department. The price per unit varies, however, from 1d. to 2½d. While many of the corporation tramways are worked at a profit, a number show large deficits. An interesting analysis of Blackburn Corporation Tramways, given in "The Tramway World" for October, shows, for instance, that for the past year the loss amounted to £5,138, after paying interest and sinking fund. Oldham Corporation has a loss of £7,826, and at Huddersfield the deficit amounts to £4,900. Glasgow Corporation Tramways, whose general manager, Mr. John Young, has just been secured by Mr. Yerkes as general manager of his great electric railway system in London, shows a profit of £105,790. The accounts are clearly dealt with in all cases, and reveal much interesting information.

CAN BIRDS COUNT?

There is reason to believe that, up to a point, certain animals have some slight notion of numbers. Even fishes, which are not thought to be gifted with much brain-power, are not without this sense. Birds have it to a very small degree, for it is doubtful whether they can go beyond 2. If two men go into a hut in the presence of a carrion crow, and one man comes out and goes away, the crow will not stir until the other man also departs. On the other hand, if three men hide and two retire, the crow will soon appear, ignorant of the fact that a third man—probably with a gun—is still concealed. The wood-pigeon is duller. Two men will scare it away, but should only one of the men depart, the bird will speedily resume feeding.—"Little Folks."

PREFERRED TO BE HIS OWN MASTER.

"I once spoke," says Mr. Rider Haggard in the November "Windsor Magazine," "to a man at Downham, who possessed about thirty acres. Over thirty years before he had purchased a house and some four acres for £250, of which sum he borrowed £200 at 5 per cent. interest. As opportunity offered from time to time, he increased his estate to the total of thirty acres, continuing to mortgage as he continued to buy. Indeed, it appears that he has never paid off the original £200 which he borrowed when he began life. Also he told me that all his neighbours were in much the same position.

"The results are, of course, that these people have to work dreadfully hard in order to pay the interest on the borrowed money. The clergyman of the parish informed me that frequently they were quite brutalised by the severity of their labour, as is said to be the case among certain classes of the tillers of the soil in India and Russia, who pass their lives in the cruel grip of the usurer. Yet, strangely enough, they love their homes; nor do their children appear to migrate to the cities in anything like the same proportion that is common in the case of the children of hired labourers.

"I remember that when I asked one of them whether he would not be better off on a weekly wage, he replied: 'I would sooner be on my own head than on a farmer's,' by which strange saying he meant that he preferred to have no master but himself, even if he had to work twice as hard as does the ordinary farm-servant.

"All of this suggests that the small-holder would, generally speaking, be better off if he employed his little capital in stocking hired land—which can be had cheaply enough in most parts of England—rather than in buying land. Yet for the most part he seems to prefer to buy, for here the natural instinct comes into play which causes a man to desire to possess something that he can call his very own."

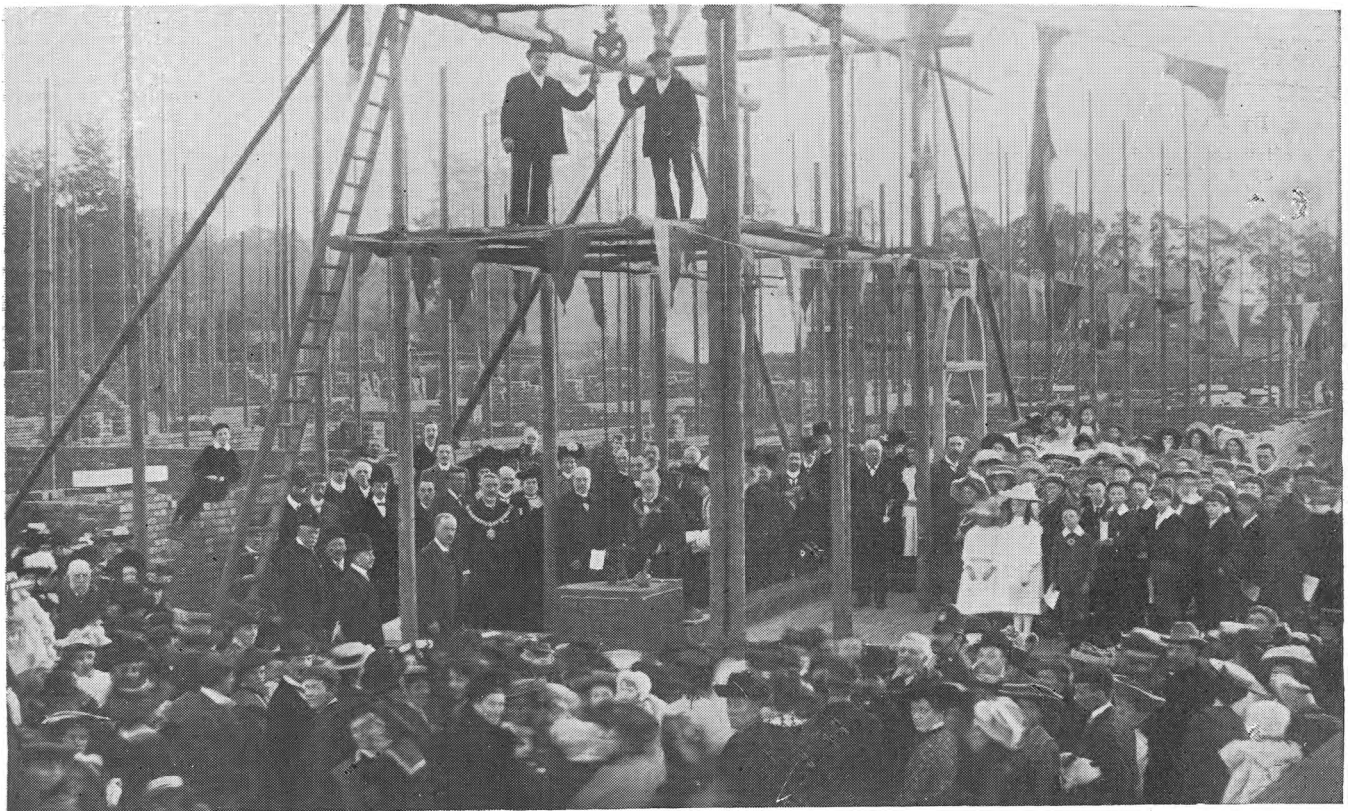


Photo by Arthur H. Pitcher, Gloucester.

LAYING OF MEMORIAL STONE OF FIRST SCHOOL PROVIDED BY GLOUCESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE, IN CALTON ROAD, OCT. 26, 1904.

The Mayor (Ald. T. Blinkhorn) is performing the ceremony, supported by Ald. E. S. Hartland (chairman of the committee), the City Sheriff (Councillor W. Langley-Smith), and various members of the committee.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]



STARTING THE ENGINE IN WINTER.

It is frequently the case in cold weather that the engine refuses to start. To ensure a quick start in even the coldest of weather, it is only necessary to inject a few drops of petrol into the cylinder; then switch on the current. The engine should now fire at the first revolution. Some motorists use paraffin for this purpose, but it more often than not fouls the sparking-plug, and also causes a very bad exhaust. Another reason for using petrol is that paraffin may not always be at hand on the road, but petrol always is in the tank—or should be. If the piston has "gummed" in the cylinder, only paraffin should be used to loosen it. This is because paraffin has lubricating properties which petrol does not possess.

FILTERING PETROL.

If the motorist will only carefully examine the contents of an ordinary petrol can he will be astonished at the amount of dirt, etc., contained in the petrol. As regards petrol, dirt is matter in the wrong place, and if the petrol be transferred straight from the can into the tank or tanks of the car or motor-cycle, trouble will soon arise owing to choking of the carburetter. It is surprising how careless many retailers of petrol are in this respect. You call at a shop for a gallon or two of petrol, and frequently they will measure it out in a jug the reverse of clean. Some of the funnels used, too, would be all the better for a good clean. I have found it a good plan to carry a small piece of fine muslin in the pocket. This muslin stretched across the top of the funnel or opening in the tank will prevent grit and dirt from finding their way into the tank, to work their evil ways, and some day to leave the motorist "hung up" by the roadside with a choked carburetter.

A MOTOR MATCH.

The coming of the motor has caused several revolutions in everyday objects, and the last object to be revolutionised is the humble but useful match. A leading English firm of match manufacturers have introduced a special match for the use of motorists. They realised that the ordinary match was a source of tribulation to the poor motorist who tried to light his lamps in a high wind, so they have evolved a match which is termed the "motor match," specially for use in inclement weather. The matches are nearly five inches long, and have one and a half inches of inflammable matter at their business end. Being of the "safety" variety, they only strike on the box, which is of a substantial character. The flame given by one of these matches lasts quite half a minute, and will keep alight in rough winds. Once again we have to thank the motor as being the cause of progress, for these matches will be of use to many others besides motorists.

A POINT INTERESTING TO MOTOR-CYCLISTS.

If you ride a motor-cycle, and carry the rear number behind your saddle so that you may be readily traced and identified if you in any way break the Motor Act, you must not wear a tailed coat, which is calculated to shield this number from the eagle eye of the policeman. Two cases have occurred recently that illustrate the need of caution in this respect. The first case was that of a Birmingham motor-cyclist, who was obscuring his number in the above-mentioned manner. Of course it was an accident. The magistrates fortunately took the motorist's view, and only the costs of the prosecution fell on him. But another motor-cyclist, who carried a parcel in a position where it hid his number, was fined for so doing. The Bench looked on this as a very determined attempt to defy the law.

CLEANING THE ENGINE.

I find that for cleaning the machine generally, and the engine in particular,

nothing beats a good long spoke brush, which can be obtained at any cycle shop. With this brush the labour is not so great, and at the same time the hands do not get in that frightful state which is usually associated with cleaning a motor. To get the radiators on the engine clean and free from rust, use fine emery paper and elbow grease. This combination will make a rusty engine look like a new one.

MOUNTING PRINTS.

Motorists and cyclists who also dabble in the gentle art of photography may turn the rubber solution which they generally use for repairing punctures in tyres to a fresh purpose. It may be news to some that india-rubber solution is not at all a bad mountant for prints, especially glazed prints, which do not require a mountant containing water. The solution should be spread over the back of the print and on the face of the mount. Then, as in repairing punctures, the two should be set aside till the rubber is "tacky," when the print can be lowered into position on the mount and squeegeed down very gently. Of course the print sticks at once on application to the mount, and cannot be afterwards moved, so that it must be applied in the correct position on the mount at the first attempt. That is one of the disadvantages. If any solution goes over the borders of the print, it can be removed by being gently rubbed with the fingers. The above method has the great advantage of being very neat and clean.

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

At an Old Cheltonians' dinner at Colombo recently, Mr. V. Christian passed round a book which he had made when at Cheltenham, and which contained a piece of every college and house tie then existing. It evoked much interest.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

* * *

THE MYSTERY OF THE DAMASCUS.

By HAROLD PIFFARD.

It has often occurred to me that the only way to enjoy a sea voyage is not upon the deck of a steam yacht, nor of a sailing yacht, nor yet upon the deck of a "ram-you-damn-you" liner, but tranquilly seated in an easy chair in one's own study. Thus without risk, with but little imagination, and without a qualm, may one enjoy all the pleasures and excitements of an ocean life. The cyclone bursts upon you as harmlessly as a soap bubble, the collision at midnight leaves you high and dry, and, through the bloodiest mutiny on the high seas, you pull at your pipe in comfort. Then, too, there are the naval battles, at which you are of course present as an active and animated spectator, and without the least personal danger. With the first to board, you are also amongst the first to repel boarders, and it was you who fired the shot that brought the great slaver's sail toppling to the deck. Then there is the excitement of being keel-hauled, and mast-headed, and of hanging out upon the yardarm in dirty weather. Again, in your unregenerate moments, you dine with Paul Jones, and drink with Captain Morgan, and in the final scene, presenting your pipe to a Wapping sweetheart, you take a pirate's leave at execution dock. But though I strongly favour a vicarious enjoyment of sea life, it has none the less fallen to my lot to make many sea voyages, and the extraordinary adventures attaching to one of them I will here proceed to relate.

I was crossing the Indian Ocean in a steamer bound for China, in the middle of the hot weather. The sea was so calm that one could have canoed a thousand miles from land without shipping a teacupful of water. We had just finished tiffin, and I was seated in a deck chair turning over the leaves of a magazine. Looking up from my book I noticed a steamer ahead of us, which were rapidly overtaking. I was somewhat surprised at this, as we were by no means a fast boat, but soon observed she was lying motionless upon the water. From where I was sitting I could see our captain upon the bridge looking at her with keen interest through his glass. Presently I heard him shouting an order, which was followed by a string of flags running up our mast; I noticed, however, that the signal was not replied to by the vessel. Becoming interested I got up from my chair and joined a little group of passengers who were leaning on the bulwarks watching her.

She was now about a quarter of a mile ahead. "Most extraordinary thing," said an old colonel, who was looking through a pair of field glasses; "I'll be hanged if she doesn't appear deserted, not a soul to be seen anywhere, the bridge empty, and no one at the wheel."

To look at her she appeared a better class tramp, but the most astonishing thing about her was that she was covered with flags hanging from all parts of the rigging, and they were all upside down. We soon heard our engines' bells ringing as we came alongside and stopped within a couple of lengths of her.

All now was bustle and excitement, the captain having decided to make inquiries, and six men were being lowered in one of the boats. A few strokes brought her alongside the mysterious vessel, and we could clearly hear the third mate trying to hail some one, but, getting no reply, he swarmed up the main chains on to the deck, followed by three of the men. We now saw them looking into the various deck houses as they made their way towards the fore-castle, all of which were apparently empty. They then went below. After about ten minutes' suspense, during which time we speculated as to the cause of the ship being thus deserted, they reappeared, accompanied by a stranger whom we took to be a passenger, as he was wearing civilian clothes. He seemed in perfect health, and required no assistance in descending over the side. One of the sailors

carried a Gladstone bag, which was lowered; the others followed, and the boat put back. On arriving on board, he was conducted to the captain's cabin, where he remained closeted for some considerable time.

We hoped to elicit some information from the boat's crew, but all we could learn from the third officer was that the vessel was the Damascus, from Liverpool, and although in perfect condition she was deserted with the exception of the man whom they had found lying on a sofa in the dining-saloon fast asleep, and on the floor beside him, the dummy figure of a man and a dead cat. He had said his name was Carey, and when questioned as to the reason for the steamer being deserted, he said he would explain the matter to the captain, but until then he preferred to remain silent.

Presently the captain re-appeared and gave orders that the Damascus was to be taken in tow. Men were put aboard with hawser, our engine bells rang, and once more we felt the vibrating throb of the screw as we slowly forged ahead, the Damascus astern. We had hoped that the skipper would now come and satisfy our curiosity, but we were disappointed, for he returned to his cabin, where he remained some time longer with our strange visitor, who at length appeared and was conducted to a spare cabin by a steward. His appearance was that of a young fellow of twenty-four, of athletic build, with a good-natured clean-shaven face, wearing a light tweed suit and tennis shoes. We saw nothing more of him until dinner, a place being laid for him between the colonel and myself. On questioning him as to his adventures, he promised to tell us his story, after dinner, on deck.

It was with the keenest anticipation that we awaited it, and we soon found ourselves seated near him in comfortable cane chairs. Having lit a cigar he commenced.

"We were bound for Hong Kong, carrying a mixed cargo, with some half-dozen passengers on board. It was my first voyage, and I was enjoying myself before taking up the duties of a clerk in a mercantile office, to which I had been appointed.

"In order to gain information about the manners and customs of the people amongst whom I was going to live, I was chatting one day with the doctor, who had had considerable experience of the Chinese. Our conversation turned on the subject of the Opium Joints, and he told me frankly that he had occasionally indulged in the drug, and, like De Quincy, had found in it a remedy for toothache which troubled him from time to time. He described its effects, and I resolved to make a trial for myself, and asked him to give me a small dose.

"He readily assented, and, taking me by the arm, led me to his cabin. As he drew the portiere aside I noticed a small travelling clock upon the table. It was striking three. The doctor opened a drawer and took from it a small box containing pills, one of which he handed to me. After swallowing it, he suggested that I should lie down on his couch, and in a little while I passed into a comfortable slumber.

"My first experiences of opium were of a very pleasurable nature. I had visions of an Elysium, where all that is sweet and beautiful reign supreme. Awaking at length from my dreams I found that I was alone in darkness. I struck a match, and looking at the clock was astonished to find it was half-past seven.

"The doctor had given me to understand that the effects of the drug would work off in about three hours, and I was surprised that he had not come to call me for dinner, which was at seven. His cabin was between-decks, the door opening on to a narrow passage leading to the dining-saloon. Expecting to hear the clatter of plates and dishes, imagine my astonishment, upon opening the door, to find the passage in total darkness, and not a sound to be heard. Groping my way towards the saloon, I was further surprised to find this also in darkness, and, upon striking another match, to see that no dinner had been prepared. I, however, noticed a very strong smell of over-cooked or burning meat coming from

the galley, which was situate just beyond the saloon. This, I found, was the case, for I discovered a large piece of beef burnt to a cinder, and the galley empty. I now made my way up to the deck, and, on looking at the bridge, perceived that this was also deserted, and—inexperienced as I was about the sea—I knew that this was most unusual. I now became thoroughly alarmed, noticing that the engine-room skylight was near me, I looked down, but all was dark. I could hear the clanking of the engines still going on, though they sounded to me to be working very slowly. I shouted at the top of my voice, but, receiving no reply, ran excitedly along the deck, calling wildly; but everywhere was silence and darkness.

"Making my way back to the promenade deck, I threw myself into one of the cane chairs in a state of utter bewilderment. Could it be possible that the ship was deserted, and if so, why? For the moment I thought that the vessel might be sinking, and I rushed to the side, only to find that the water looked the usual distance below me. On sitting down again, I began to think that I must be in some hideous nightmare, caused by the drug the doctor had given me. It was impossible, I thought, that every one had left the ship, the doctor knowing that he had left me in his cabin. Suddenly an idea occurred to me. If the vessel was abandoned the boats would have gone; but even from where I sat I could see the large quarter-boat hanging as usual at her davits, and going along the deck, found every boat in its place. 'Where on earth have they all gone?' I kept repeating to myself.

"I now started to make a thorough search through the entire vessel by the light of a candle which I found in the steward's pantry. I looked in the passenger cabins, all of which were deserted. I was particularly struck by the fact that no preparation whatever had been made for quitting the vessel, the cabins being neat and tidy. I argued to myself: 'How could they have left the ship without the boats?' Then the idea occurred to me that they might have been taken off by another ship. But if so, why had they not taken me with them?—and a hundred other whys; but without a satisfactory answer to any of them. I found myself continually returning to the idea that I must still be under the influence of opium, and expecting every minute to awake to the reality of things, and to hear the bell ringing for dinner, quite determined in my mind that I would make no further experiments with this terrible drug.

"Continuing my search, I found myself in the captain's cabin, and there hoped to find some clue to the enigma. But nothing could I discover that threw any light on the matter. Suddenly my eye fell on the log-book, and I eagerly examined the entries; but beyond the bearings and the daily run, which had been entered after the mid-day observations, there was nothing. Pulling open a drawer, I found a revolver and a box of cartridges; these I put into my pocket, feeling a vague sense of security in possessing them. But what I imagined I was going to shoot I was at a loss to say, unless it was the purser's cat, which I found comfortably curled up at the foot of his bunk, apparently the only living thing on the ship, besides myself.

"I then made my way forward to the fore-castle, which reeked of stale tobacco, but which was as dark as it was empty. Having satisfied myself on this point I stepped out once more on the deck, and, going to the side, threw away my piece of candle, which had burnt almost to my fingers. It was a glorious night, but the moon had not yet risen, and the sea was as smooth as glass. I went on to the bridge to see if there were any vessels in sight, but the ocean was deserted.

"By this time I noticed the ship was barely moving at all, the reason of this, I could easily understand, the fires were of course going out, and the idea occurred to me that I might go down into the stoke-hole and replenish them, but this I realised would be futile, for I would not know how or where to steer the ship even if I could keep her

moving, and visions arose in my mind of the engines working at high pressure, and the huge masses of machinery grinding away at the rate of five revolutions a second, driving the ship through the water at a terrible pace—heaven knows where; and the momentary expectation of the vessel being blown to smithereens made me wisely decide that I would leave the fires severely alone.

“Presently I heard the clock on the saloon staircase striking ten, and feeling hungry I once more made my way to the steward’s pantry, where I had seen ham on my previous visit. The first thing I did on arriving there was to light another candle. I had fortunately found a good stock of them in a box. I cut one or two generous slices of ham, which I put on a plate, and after a little foraging I discovered some bread, pickles, and beer, all of which I placed upon a tray and carried into the saloon, determining to make the best of my extraordinary position. Having eaten a hearty meal I made myself quite comfortable on one of the saloon sofas and lit a cigar, and although I was no nearer the solution of the mystery I comforted myself with the thought that some passing vessel would come to my relief. Suddenly I was startled by a slight scraping noise near the door of the saloon. I glanced quickly round, but could see nothing, the place being dimly lit by the candle which I had placed upon the table near me. The effect of this light was very weird, throwing large black shadows all round. Remembering the cat, however, I concluded that she was the cause of the sound I had heard, so continued to smoke my pipe with more confidence. But I was far from feeling composed, and kept glancing about me furtively, from time to time, expecting to see I know not what. Suddenly, simple as it was, I saw a sight that froze the blood in my veins. It was a man’s foot projecting from the shadows beneath the table. For a moment I could hardly believe my senses, then I saw it stealthily withdraw from sight. I sprang from the sofa, and in doing so upset the candle, plunging the saloon into utter darkness. The next instant I heard the sound of someone scurrying out of the door, and along the passage. I felt myself breaking out into a cold sweat. What could it all mean? I groped on the floor for the candle, which I found and relit, and seating myself again on the sofa I once more endeavoured to unravel this deepening mystery, which had become more insoluble than ever with the advent of my extraordinary visitor. I felt sure his intentions were of a sinister nature, having noticed that the man was in his socks, with the evident idea of approaching me noiselessly and unseen. Remembering my revolver, I took it out of my pocket and carefully loaded it. I saw it would be no easy matter to protect myself from a further surprise, for under cover of the darkness, and helped by the many corners in which he could conceal himself, he might easily waylay me, so I determined to lock myself in my cabin, which I succeeded in reaching without any further mishap.

“Throwing myself down on my bunk I tried to decide on some plan of action, but hour after hour passed without my having arrived at any decision as to what I should do. Towards daybreak I dozed into a restless sleep, and was haunted by nightmares of phantom ships, and in my dreams I thought I saw stockinged feet projecting from every corner of my cabin.

“When I awoke the sun was shining brightly through the port, and the terrors of the previous night vanished like the morning mists. I argued to myself that the whole affair must be some hallucination caused by the opium I had taken, that perhaps the doctor had given me an overdose by mistake, and finding I did not awake when he expected, he had had me removed to my cabin. My hopes were shortlived, however, for the next instant I realised the unmistakable feeling that the ship was not moving, and I could hear the lap of the calm water wash against the sides of the vessel, instead of the accustomed surging swish of the waves as they swept past us.

“Then the throbbing of the engines was conspicuous by its absence; all was still and silent. Slipping my hand into my pocket I felt the captain’s revolver, which definitely proved to me that the experiences of the previous night were only too real.

“Jumping out of my bunk, I cautiously made my way on deck, revolver in hand, which I reached without incident, and though I glanced in every direction I could see nothing of the enemy, as I now regarded the owner of the stockinged feet. Feeling a bit peckish my thoughts reverted to the pantry, and I was soon making a hearty meal, the element of danger and excitement stimulating my appetite. As the haunted house loses its terrors in the bright light of a summer’s morning, so now, in place of my nervous dread of meeting my mysterious enemy, I was determined to become the hunter instead of the hunted, but though I spent the whole day in reconnoitring I failed to get a trace of him. I had kept a bright look out for vessels all the time, but only once during the day did a ship come in sight, and then only appeared like a speck on the horizon, vanishing shortly afterwards. I have no doubt I may have missed some, as my attention was principally occupied aboard to prevent being taken by surprise.

“As the night approached I began to feel my nervous fears returning, and my anxiety to catch my man replaced by a stronger desire to avoid him. It must have been half-past six, and while seated on one of the cane chairs from whence I had a commanding view of the run of the deck, that the idea suddenly occurred to me to turn the approaching darkness to my advantage and lay a trap for my sinister friend. I thought of a plan, and determined to put it into execution as soon as possible. Getting up I walked over to the skylight, and having satisfied myself that he was not in the saloon I went down to my cabin. Then I commenced what would have been at any other time an amusing task—that of manufacturing a dummy of myself. This I managed by stuffing a pair of trousers and a buttoned-up coat with bed linen and towels. A few more of the latter, tied up into a large ball with a coloured handkerchief, served for my head; and upon this I placed my cap.

“After looking out of the door to see that the coast was clear I took a spare pair of boots, a travelling rug, and my improvised double, and carried them to the saloon sofa, upon which I had been lying on the previous evening. Having arranged the dummy in such a manner as to suggest that it was lying on its side, facing the back of the sofa, I covered it with the rug, allowing the boots to peep out at the bottom.

“It was now getting so dark that I once more went to the pantry and lit a candle, and having made a hasty repast of my usual cold ham, biscuits, and beer, I carried a few plates, the bottle, and the candle back to the saloon. Having momentarily forgotten my dummy I came very near to dropping the lot, so startled was I at its natural appearance. This augured well for the carrying out of my scheme. Placing the lighted candle and the dishes beside him, I commenced to clatter the knife and fork on the plate with the intention of attracting the enemy. All day long my movements had been exceeding stealthy and quiet, and the noise I now made seemed quite a relief. I went so far as to throw the empty beer bottle at a swinging rack of tumblers, and the noise this caused I felt convinced must reach the ears of my mysterious companion, no matter in what part of the ship he might be concealed. I then slipped under a long settee in the further corner of the saloon, and pulling out my revolver waited eventualities. From where I was lying I could both watch the door, and by protruding my head a little, could also see the skylight. It was after waiting some considerable time that I suddenly detected the upper part of a man’s face peering down, and noticed that it turned in the direction of the couch on which my supposed self was lying. Being in the shadow of the table I was able to watch its movements without any fear of detection. Satisfied that I was sleeping, the head slowly sank out of view. My excitement was now intense. Clearly my elusive visitor was as anxious to make my acquaintance as I was determined to make his. His next appearance I felt convinced would be at the door, and in this I was not mistaken, for in about ten minutes, though it seemed an hour, and without the slightest warning, a hand protruded through the doorway, and the next moment, slowly and cautiously, the man came into view, his face turned downward, crawling

almost on his stomach along the floor. He was about half-way in when, raising his head and glancing in the direction of the figure on the sofa, he turned his face in the full light of the candle, and to my utter astonishment I recognised old Hankey, one of my fellow passengers—the ‘Professor,’ as we called him. My first impulse was to call out: ‘Hullo, Hankey! What the deuce are you up to?’ but the diabolical expression on his face checked the words on my lips. Usually he was a man of mild and gentle appearance, but as I watched him, crouching on the floor, like a beast in the act of springing, his whole character had changed, and his features, bloodless and contracted, bore the impress of ferocious cruelty. I noticed that his movements were impeded by a box about eighteen inches square, which he was carrying under his left arm. Slowly and cautiously he wriggled across the saloon until he was under the table nearest the dummy. I could watch his movements clearly, for, though in shadow, the dark silhouette of his figure cut sharply against the lit-up couch behind him. He now seemed to be fumbling with the box. Whilst speculating as to what it could possibly contain, I was startled by the ‘miaoaw’ of the cat which now entered the saloon. I was terrified lest it should betray my hiding place by coming up to me, so I instantly dropped my face on my hands. The next moment it miaoawed again, but this time, from the direction of the sound, I rightly guessed it had run up to the Professor, who had made quite a pet of it during the voyage. On glancing up, I saw it rubbing itself and purring, much to his embarrassment. For a second or two he remained motionless, and seemed uncertain how to act. Suddenly he pulled out a small button from the front of the box, which was attached to the inside by pieces of string or wire; with this he touched the animal, which instantly fell on its side without a sound, and remained motionless. He now moved along under the table, holding the button, and as he advanced his hand, I noticed a short needle projecting, which glinted in the candle light. Suddenly he made a stab at what should have been my ankle; the movement displaced the boot, thereby disclosing the trick that had been played upon him. Glancing rapidly round the saloon as if expecting an ambush, he detected me as I lay under the sofa. Covering him with my revolver I called out, ‘If you move I’ll fire;’ but instead of him remaining motionless as I had expected, he sprang to his feet, overturning the table and candle and leaving us in darkness. I heard him making for the door, so following him as best I could, I shouted, ‘Stop, or I’ll fire;’ but he took no notice of my threat, and went up the companion three steps at a time. Gaining the deck he ran towards the fore-castle; I was a short distance behind him when he doubled back round a deck house. I now fired in the air to let him see that I was in earnest, and my weapon loaded, but this only made him increase his speed. I was gaining, in fact was almost upon him, when he suddenly turned and flung his infernal box at me, which he had still been carrying. I dodged it, and it fell on the deck behind me. The next instant he was through the open door of the engine-room, and was rapidly descending the steel ladders into its dark depths. I could hear him some distance below me as I followed, but on reaching the bottom he was nowhere to be seen. I listened, but all was silent. Slipping my revolver into my pocket, I lit a match and peered amongst the labyrinth of silent and motionless machinery, but could see nothing of the professor. I, however, espied a lamp on a bracket near me, which I lit, and by its light started climbing over the massive iron work, feeling certain he must be hidden somewhere amidst the intricate mass of wheels and cylinders. Suddenly I was struck a violent blow on the shoulder with what felt like an iron bar. Had it struck my head my brains would have been dashed out. As it was, the lantern went flying out of my hand. Pulling out my revolver, I fired at random in the direction from which the blow had been dealt. My shot was followed by a howl of agony and the sound of a man falling amongst the machinery. Striking a match, I relit the lamp, which I found near me, and by its light I could see Hankey some feet below me amongst a jumble of pipes and cog-

wheels. He was groaning, and seemed perfectly helpless, and the murderous look in his eyes was now replaced by an expression of mute appeal which deeply affected me. With great difficulty I succeeded in extricating him from his position, and carried him to the deck. He had not yet spoken, but groaned piteously all the time. I found my shot had broken the poor fellow's thigh just above the knee, and that he was bleeding copiously. I immediately made a ligature with my handkerchief over the wound and fetched a flask of brandy, which I remembered having seen in the captain's cabin. After gulping down a few mouthfuls he seemed better, and a look of gratitude came into his face as he squeezed my hand.

"I then lifted him carefully in my arms and carried him to the saloon sofa, relit the candle, and made him as comfortable as I could. Presently he turned his face towards me, saying: 'Ah, Carey, if you only knew.' 'Where has everybody gone?' I replied. He pointed to the port-hole. 'Do you mean overboard?' I exclaimed with horror. He nodded in response, adding, 'All murdered. I was mad, but I remember everything.' Aghast at this awful confession, which I could scarcely believe, I thought he must be raving, and patted his hand, telling him he was under a delusion. He made no reply, but reached out for the flask, which was on the table beside him, and drained it. Then in a stronger voice he continued: 'My God! I would it were a delusion; but I killed them all except you, Mr. Carey.' 'How did you do it?' I asked. 'The box,' he replied laconically. Remembering the cat, I looked under the table, where it was still lying, and found it stone dead. He then went on to relate how he had taken advantage of our fellow passengers while dozing in their deck chairs to apply his infernal apparatus to them, each one dying without a sound. The captain, whom he found sleeping in his bunk, was his next victim. Then, going to his own cabin, he rang for the steward under the pretence that he was unable to open the port. It was whilst the man was engaged in unscrewing the bolts that he pricked him with the deadly needle, and he fell lifeless on the floor. Huddling the body beneath his bunk, he rang again. On the second steward appearing, he said he wished to see the doctor. In a few minutes he arrived, and, taking him off his guard, served him as he had served the others. It was a long and awful narrative, and he related in detail each of the sixteen murders he had committed within the space of a short time, and with what devilish cunning he had isolated and destroyed each separate individual. Knowing that he had accounted for the doctor, he did not enter his cabin, and it was this fact alone that had saved my life. The gruesome details of how he dragged the bodies to the deck, and then heaved them one after another into the sea, almost made my hair stand on end, and I remained speechless with horror.

"Having finished his awful confession, he then closed his eyes and seemed utterly exhausted. I was watching him for some time with mingled feelings of horror and pity, for after all he was not responsible for what he had done. Suddenly he opened his eyes and began talking incoherently, and tried to get up. This I prevented, and after some time succeeded in soothing him, and he dropped off to sleep.

"I listened to his breathing, which was easy and regular, and seeing that there was nothing further to be done until the morning, I pushed the dummy off the other couch, lay down, and was soon fast asleep. It was daylight when I awoke, but on looking across the saloon I found Hankey had disappeared. I sprang up and called out, but received no answer. Going over to the sofa, on which he had been lying, I noticed a long smear of blood along the oilcloth to the door. The poor wretch had evidently dragged himself along much in the manner that I had seen him on the previous night. I followed the trail up the companion to the deck and on to the engine-room door, where his diabolical box had fallen, but which had now disappeared. From this spot it went off at right angles to the ship's side, clearly indicating that Hankey had followed his victims over the side, box and all.



MR. HENRY RENOUF

AS JIM POULETT IN "THE EDGE OF THE STORM"
AT CHELTENHAM THEATRE NEXT WEEK.

"I thought to myself that under the circumstances it was perhaps the best thing he could have done. We had always looked upon him as being rather eccentric. From the first he avoided the other passengers, and seemed of rather a melancholy and morose disposition, rarely, if ever, joining in the conversation. One evening I remember we were discussing the subject of electricity in the smoking-room, when, to the surprise of us all old Hankey suddenly interrupted us, saying: 'You will excuse me, gentlemen, but I think I may say, without conceit, I am particularly well-informed on this subject, having made it my life study.' We were all taken aback at this speech, which was uttered in the manner of a man about to deliver a lecture. The professor had put down his pipe, and was now standing with his hand resting on the table, as though addressing us from a rostrum. He appeared quite familiar with every kind of electrical machine which he was describing to us. He went on to tell us a marvellous electrical machine that he himself had invented, to be used as the motive force for flying machines, and so powerful was it, he explained, that it would be capable of driving the propellers of a large Aero-plane, and yet compact and light enough to be carried under the arm. He admitted, however, that so far his invention had not met with much success, and the reason of his voyage was with a view to introducing it to a firm of Chinese electrical engineers, who he had every reason to be-

lieve would appreciate its full value. It was after this that we used to refer to him as the professor, and chaff him about his flying machines. He continued, however, to converse with us on his pet subject, but soon, perceiving that we were only making him a butt for our jokes, he relapsed into his former silence.

"I now began to realise that my position was critical, for should a storm arise the vessel would be entirely at the mercy of the waves, and possibly founder. Something would have to be done to attract the attention of passing vessels. I thought of rockets, but realised that darkness was necessary to make them effective. I then thought of flags, and after a long search came upon a large locker full of them. Having cleared up the bloodstains with a mop, the sight of which unsettled my nerves, I spent the rest of the morning in decking the ship from end to end with bunting. Flags dangled from every available rope, and strings of them up each mast, all of which I hung upside down, for I had read somewhere that the reversed ensign was a signal of distress.

"After hanging out the last flag I once more went to the steward's pantry, and, not having had any breakfast, I felt very hungry, and made quite a big meal. Then being drowsy, I laid down in the saloon and soon fell asleep not waking until I was aroused by your mate.

"That, gentlemen," said young Carey, getting up from his chair, "explains the Mystery of the Damascus."

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No. 202.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.30) and Evening (7.45)

First Time out of London,

"The Chain of Evidence."

NEXT WEEK:

Return Visit of the Comic Opera.

"MY LADY MOLLY."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES.

Undoubtedly October and November are the best months for this, but rather than plant when land is wet, the roses had better be heeled in until the land is in a fit state. The soil should be neither too dry nor too wet. When the soil is very wet and it is trodden firmly about the roots it simply settles into a hard brick-like substance in which nothing can thrive. But if in a nice friable state, something like soil used for potting plants, then we may look for good results from our planting. We would urge buyers to procure their plants early, and if they cannot plant when the package arrives, the plants may be securely heeled in under a north wall or hedge, and they can so remain until spring if necessary. In very cold and wet districts spring planting is by far the best, but as it is necessary to secure strong plants, they should be obtained in autumn.—"The Garden."

MUNICIPAL DENTISTS.

Municipal dentists are appointed and paid for by many of the large towns and cities of Germany. In Strasburg, for example, 2,666 children were examined last year, 609 teeth were filled, and 2912 were extracted. The method of work is simple. The teacher brings his class to the dentist, who examines each mouth quickly and marks on the card each child has brought whether treatment is necessary. If so, the child must come again on a Saturday. Russia is also joining in this movement, and has already fitted up nine such institutions in St. Petersburg alone. And why not, or rather, why so late in coming, one might ask. If it is true that, generally speaking, good teeth are necessary to good health and long life, and if, also, a large and growing proportion of citizens have not good teeth, then it follows that the fact is one of public concern. Is it not, for instance, of as much importance to the community that workmen should have good masticating and digestive powers as that there should be twenty million dollar city halls, public parks, expositions, etc.? This little, or large, realization of preventive medicine has so far got into our American minds that we have ordered the soldier's teeth to be attended to and his governmental service by so much enhanced. But the soldier is at last paid by the civil worker, and as to his teeth and service we are entirely indifferent.—"American Medicine."



Photo by Norman May and Co., Cheltenham.

**THE MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM,
MR. GEORGE DIMMER.**

Correspondence

THE CHELTENHAM GOSHAWKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE."

Sir,—I am very glad indeed to hear from Mr. Witchell that there can be no doubt about the identity of the goshawks, and I am much obliged to him for drawing my attention to Mr. Harting's article in the "Field." Needless to say, I agree with Mr. Witchell that every lover of Nature will lament the death of such rare and beautiful birds.

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

MINISTERS AND WORKING MEN.

The Rev. J. R. B. Kirtlan, of West Ham, addressing a crowded meeting at the Wesleyan Church, Lewes, on Saturday night, said that the Rev. R. J. Campbell had taken up an unwise attitude. Instead of attacking the working man, clergy and ministers ought to try and realise what his difficulties and hardships were, and help him to improve himself, both socially and spiritually. It was all very well for people who rode in motor-cars and had other luxuries to sit in their comfortable houses and write articles about a class they did not understand. They might do far more good by moving among the people whom they so scathingly criticised.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.



THE ADMIRAL AND THE SIREN.

[BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.]

The commander had survived a long day on the bridge. The Admiral's attack of tick-tacking had been a particularly severe one, and when navigating commanders, worn out, get to the smoking-room, they either say nothing, or say a great deal—mostly about admirals and their vicious ways. This evening the commander chose to talk.

"I suppose you heard of how Admiral Hotkeel put his foot in it the year of the Spanish-American war?" he said to me.

"I was forced to admit that I had not heard."

"No? Then I'll tell you. Hotkeel you may know commanded the Mediterranean fleet, and was quite a success, 'bout the best man we've had in the Mediterranean of late years. However, like all great men he had his failings or—seeing he is an admiral we'll speak of him as one who cannot have a failing—he had his foibles. Sounds better. And a most amusing as well as irritating eccentricity he developed before he finished experimenting with the sirens of the fleet. By the way, have you had the pleasure of listening to the warbling of a fleet's sirens?"

Again I was obliged to answer "No."

"Ah, a pleasure in store for you. Nothing on earth or sea or in the sky quite comes up to a chorus of sirens in a fog. Each siren is a dog's yelp, a parrot's squeak, a cat's warr-cry, a frog's croak, a red Indian's war whoop, a file's rasp, and a steamship's whistle in one. It is hoarse and piercing, and picks out your nerves one by one and snaps 'em with a twang till your brain and body is nothing but a useless tingle. As the fleet booms through a fog, the admiral every few minutes orders the various ships to signal their number to him so that he may know all is well. The Morse alphabet is used, and they begin whee-u-ee, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp-yelp, whee-u-u-ee-ah, yelp-yelp, until you'll imagine the fog to be alive with demons in distress and some master-fiend cutting off their talons with sheep-shears. I believe that the sirens in a foggy night have caused more men to leave the service than ship's tobacco even. They are the most diabolically pitched instruments of oral torture invented by man."

"Now Hotkeel was all for sweetness and light, and one night while the fleet was cruising in a fog, and ship after ship yelling her yelps, a brilliant idea occurred to his brain, which idea was this: He would have each siren in his fleet tuned to a particular note of music. You will see at once that there was a double utility in this, one of art and the other practicality. Instead of harassing the night with raucous sounds we would charm the fog with melody, and again, instead of the complicated Morse alphabet signals, which took time and depended for its utility on the skill of the operator of the siren, by his invention the flag-ship need but strike the top note and then the ships in order would run the scale. If the scale was complete the fleet was complete, but if for instance B flat was missing, why of course that indicated that B flat cruiser had been rammed or had bumped and fallen over a derelict and from henceforth might be considered off the strength of the Mediterranean fleet."

"Clever idea," I suggested.

"Of course it was clever," continued the navigating commander; "everything Hotkeel did was clever. We had an awful time of it getting some of the sirens into tune, but the men liked the idea of the thing, and after a time England's Mediterranean fleet could run the chromatic scale to beat Paderewski. We practised in the daylight and clear weather, and I must say that the impression created in the fleet was favourable; officers and crew took to it unanimously. Hotkeel was beside himself with delight, and the man who could detect a fog creeping along towards the fleet was sure of promotion. We used to go about the Mediterranean searching for fogs, whereas before the day of the musical scale we were wont to curse them."

"It so happened that for some weeks at a stretch never a rag of fog came our way.

Hotkeel became depressed; the sirens could not be sounded legitimately. We searched for trouble, but no trouble was found. The Admiral took to walking the quarter-deck in the dead of night muttering to himself; and a bear with a sore head was gamesome and considerate compared with Hotkeel. The flag-ship fellows lived the life of dogs, and the fleet generally suffered in proportion. But in a flash all changed.

"One night while pacing to and fro like a caged hyena, the Admiral was seen to come to an abrupt full stop. He first threw his hands to his forehead and stood there in quivering thought, then he smote his thigh a mighty smite, shouting: 'I've got it,' and after a few turns went below and slept the soundest sleep he had enjoyed for many a long night. In some mysterious way before morning the news was known all over the fleet that Hotkeel had come to his senses again, and that we were likely to hear of something to our advantage when he resumed duty. We did, but not next day—the next again. Down in his cabin the Admiral had all the clerks of the flag-ship at work until late into the night, and the following morning each ship of the fleet was ordered to send a boat to the flag-ship. To each boat was given a parcel for the captain. These were opened by the various captains, and the trouble began."

"Mitchim, senior captain, led off. He semaphored to the Admiral that he, Mitchim, must decline to have anything to do with the matter unless it was understood distinctly to be an act of grace on his part; that he had liberty at any time to say to the Admiral precisely what he wished on the subject, and in the manner and form that seemed good to him at any time, and that he had permission to go on with the thing or drop it at his own sweet will. He reserved all rights of future action. Unless the Admiral explicitly agreed to these conditions, he, Mitchim, must respectfully decline to begin on the thing at all, and would ask the Admiral to lay the case before higher authorities. For his part he was ready and anxious to have the lord commissioners say whether or no the matter came within the thirty-nine odd articles of the service. The other captains without exception asked to be included in the protest. To this blunt round robin the Admiral reported in his sunniest mood. Bless you, he was too delighted with his latest idea to take exception even to Mitchim's bold way of putting nasty things. Instead, he answered that he quite understood the points raised and cordially agreed to the conditions laid down. His only wish was to ameliorate the lives of all at sea, and further to popularise the British fleet in foreign waters. He quite recognised the sacrifices the fulfilling of his request called for, but trusted in his officers cheerfully to back up his endeavour. Continental people were rather frowning on the English nation, it was the duty of the fleet to further the good of England in peace days, as well as in days of war. He asked for co-operation from all and sundry. Of course, put in those terms, all objections went by the board."

"To out with it, those parcels which the Admiral sent to his captains contained sheets of white cardboard, on which were written the notes of various simple innocent tunes, and the idea to be sure, was to turn the mighty Mediterranean fleet into a gigantic steam piano for the edification and instruction of foreigners in days of peace. You can have no notion of the harassing hours we spent, the fleet bunched in close formation booming through the waves of the Mediterranean and the sirens rasping out some confoundedly inappropriately-worded tune such as 'Take me Back to Mother,' or 'To be a Farmer's Boy,' or 'Little Simple Children We,' or 'Cherry Ripe.' His choice of tunes was so absurd that in the end Mitchim registered the first protest, at the same time suggesting as substitutes the National Anthems of all lands. Hotkeel accepted the suggestion, and we began on 'God Save the King,' and worked up until we could whoop out every nation's anthem except the Chinese. There were many annoyances, but Hotkeel was forbearance personified. Some

of the captains had no more ear for music than has an old maid's stuffed dog under a glass case, and these were given to striking in at inappropriate moments with a blast that would founder a derelict. Music is not a strong point in the service. We always thought that one day the Admiral would court-martial some of them for neglect of duty or excess of zeal, or something."

"Captain Mitchim was the worst case by far. He had control of the siren next in note to Hotkeel's, and you know the Admiral did love to hang on long and strong to his top note. Mitchim resented the undue prominence of the Admiral. He would count the precise value of Hotkeel's note, and the instant time was up, chipped in with his blast and have it over before Hotkeel had finished. The latter, intent on his own blare, in the majority of cases would fail to hear Mitchim's, and proceed to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the fleet by demanding of Mitchim why in thunder he did not toot his toot. Mitchim would then reply that he knew his duty, and did his duty in the proper way at the proper time. While this discussion raged the tune would go ripping round the fleet until it was the Admiral's turn to blow the whistle, but to be sure he would be in such an argumentative tangle with his senior captain that he'd miss his turn, and the notes getting into confusion one would ram the other and finally the whole thing would founder. However, we worried through somehow until one day it dawned upon us that we could play all the National Anthems with the exception I have named—the Chinese. There was no one aboard the ships who could even hum that, so as we were not thinking of appeasing the Chinese at the time we desisted from any attempt to master their hymn of glorification."

"It came to pass that we were ordered to pay a visit to Ojorko—Spain, you know—one of the most comfortable anchorages in the Mediterranean, and Hotkeel grew hourly more energetic and engaging. He saw in this visit to a land whose people felt sore towards us a heaven-sent chance to prove the value of his idea. All the way from Malta we played the Spanish national song. Day and night it sounded from the sirens, until the men began to vow that they could taste Spanish onions in their very ship's tobacco. At long intervals, as a relaxation, we played 'God save the King,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Watch on the Rhine,' and the rest of 'em, but always harked back to Spain. The Armada was avenged. The Spanish anthem had reduced the British fleet to cowards, so that when the first note of it struck upon our ears each one of us off duty would instantly bolt for stoke-hole to escape the racking din."

"We expected an order from the flag-ship to play the anthem as we entered the port of Ojorko, but no, Hotkeel kept it up his sleeve, refraining from blowing the gaff, so to speak, until a moment arose when the surprise would hit upon the generous, excitable Spanish mind with dramatic force. This proper combination of combustible circumstances he discerned in the Governor's dinner to himself and as many officers as could be spared from the fleet."

"I think Mitchim was at the bottom of the whole terrible muddle; fact, I'm sure of it in my innermost soul. But souls cannot be called in evidence before a court-martial. With the idea of propitiating his senior captain, and to keep him from pouring sand among the wheels of the machinery, Hotkeel had appointed Mitchim deputy-conductor of the siren orchestra, with authority to lead whenever the Admiral happened to be absent from the fleet. Mitchim made it a rule of life to accept any honour offered him, and although this was not much to his liking, he smiled his bland smile and took it. He saw precious small chance of active musical honours being his, for Hotkeel was not likely to quit the flag-ship so long as she carried steam pressure sufficient to blow the sirens. However, he gracefully accepted the post. All our tunes were numbered after the Moody and Samkey manner, and as cruel fate would have it, the Admiral in the hurry of going ashore, gave Mitchim the wrong number; he said number two instead of



Photo by W. Macfarlane, 339a High-street, Chelt.

Royal Humane Society's Certificate presented to Charles Maisey, of Cheltenham, for saving life at Abingdon, May 8, 1904.



Photo by F. H. Partridge, Stroud.

TROW SUNK IN GLOUCESTER AND BERKELEY CANAL, NEAR SHEPHERD'S PATCH, OCTOBER 29TH, 1904.

The bow and front deck were smashed. This is the only vessel sunk on the canal during the last twenty years.

number twelve. Mitchim, like the whole six hundred, knew right well that the Admiral had blundered, but said nothing, for no one on land or sea recognised the chance of a lifetime when he saw it quicker than Mitchim. He took the wrong number without turning a hair, and changed the subject quick. Hotkeel had arranged everything theatrically. After dinner he would say to the Governor that the fleet wished to do the Spanish nation honour, and beg the old aristocrat to step out upon the lawn, where a good view of the ships could be had. A couple of bluejackets were stationed in a commanding position ashore, and these, when they got the tip that the Admiral, Governor, and guests were on the lawn, would flare a blue flare as a signal to the fleet. They did.

"It was somewhere about 9.30 o'clock when Mitchim flashed instructions to the fleet to make ready to play 'No. 2.' Instantly every ship in the fleet asked for the number to be repeated. 'No. 2,' came back the reply. Bray, of the Thunder, suggested that surely 'No. 12' was meant, but quick as it could be flashed came the signal, 'No. 2, by the Admiral's order.' I think the captains would have mutinied had they not thought we were to commence with the most unpopular anthem and work up to the most popular—the Spanish; but nevertheless a chill crept over the backbone of the fleet as Farrington, of the Hippopotamus, stood by to lead off. A few minutes crawled past, and suddenly on shore the blue flare burned. Instantly the ships of the fleet burst into a twinkle of coloured electric lights, limning spars, and decks and funnels, and at the same moment over the silent bay the raucous screams of the sirens sounded:—

"Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, too-ooo,

Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, too."

"'Yankee Doodle,' clear, piercing, and impudent, poking its Western democratic nose between the very eyes of fiery Southern aristocratic splendour. Out of place? A funeral march at a wedding would be as nothing to this devil-may-care tune here in the lovely bay of Ojorko—shores a-crowd with chattering Spaniards, and the Governor of the place a central figure. We were all terribly relieved when the tune came to an end, and waited impatiently for the next to be called for, so that any bitter taste in the mouth of the Spaniards might be neutralised. But no new instructions came from Mitchim. Half-an-hour having passed, the captain of the Thunder again ventured a remonstrance.

'Surely we are to play the Spanish anthem?' he signalled to Mitchim.

"Admiral's orders were to play No. 2 only," replied the senior captain. "If you desire to play any other number you must ask permission of the Admiral, who, I rather think, will be aboard the flag-ship soon."

"Mitchim was not a false prophet. The Admiral arrived in a steam pinnace, and two seconds after his feet touched the deck the fleet was madly playing the Spanish anthem. For two hours we played that blessed tune, attacking it from every point of the compass and taking it by storm on every occasion. Next morning we saluted every Spanish flag in sight, and played the anthem every two hours throughout the day and at intervals of an hour up to eleven o'clock at night, and the morning following, thank the gods, we steamed out of Ojorko. Once clear of the land the sirens were unshipped and filed so that by no possible means could one musical note be squeezed from any of them. Hotkeel and Mitchim had a great slanging match in private, so I'm told, and the Mediterranean fleet returned to the Morse system for signalling purposes."

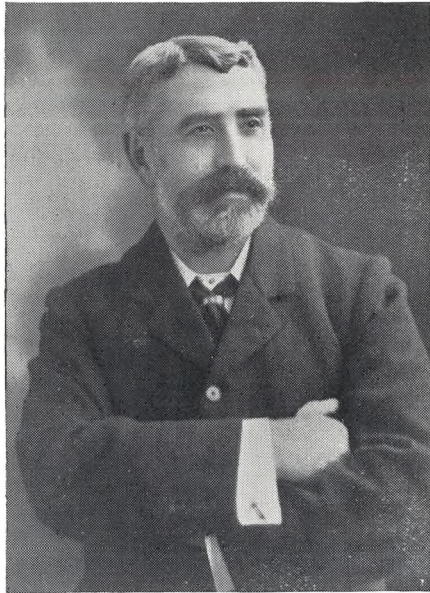
GERMANY'S SPITE TOWARDS ENGLAND.

The our recent pacific policy was sound is well demonstrated by the new attitude of the German Press (says "The Bystander"). They would love to see us at war, and thus be able to steal some of our trade, and it was not for want of their egging us on that we are now at peace. Finding, however, that we do not seem inclined to oblige them, their disappointment and vexation is finding vent. They are waxing sarcastic, and have insinuated that we are afraid of Russia. Germany, as a matter of fact, occupies a very insecure position among the nations, and one must make allowances for her occasional bursts of ill-feeling. Russia begins to suspect the genuineness of her friendship. France likes her as little as ever, while her allies, Italy and Austria, would be only too glad to be rid of an irksome alliance that does not now benefit either of them in the slightest. Overtures made to Great Britain have been contemptuously rejected. We can be friends with France, with Italy, and even with Russia, but the Teuton is not a persona grata to the Englishman. Thus Germany feels spiteful towards us; but we can afford to regard her leniently.

THE REVERSE OF THE MILITARY SHIELD.

I remember well the afternoon many years ago when Lord Randolph Churchill was supposed to be climbing up once again the rugged and slippery stairs to power—after his mad resignation—by a speech of great power and knowledge on the defects of the English Army system. Of all the passages in that speech, the one which created the most profound impression was that in which he drew a contrast between the German and the British officer. He put, as it were, in nearly parallel lines, the hours of one and the other, and their pay and their expenditure. In such a comparison the poor British officer came—with his vast leisure and small work, his comparatively big pay, his large expenditure, the millions spent so largely on him—in such a comparison the British officer came out so badly that there was a half-muttered chorus from the crowded and excited House which proved that Lord Randolph Churchill had struck home. Other assemblies and other countries have placed the German officer on the same high pedestal. He has been sent for by Turkey, by China, by Japan; in short, he has become the soldier-schoolmaster of the world. And now here comes one of his own countrymen, and one of his own most favoured class, to proclaim that the German officer is quite a different being from what he has hitherto been considered. In the pages of Baron von Schlicht's "Life in a Crack Regiment," the officer stands forth as a snob, a spendthrift, a gambler, even as a shameless beggar. It is a long time since the world has had so fearless and so brutal an exposure of all the squalor, meanness, and vice which lie behind the glitter of uniforms and the clash of sword and spurs. How far the picture is true it is difficult for one who is not a German to say; but there is no doubt of the sincerity, vigour, nay ferocity of the convictions of the writer of this remarkable book. Indeed, his convictions are so strong as to interfere with his art. I read the book rapidly, and with almost uninterrupted interest; but yet now and then it ceased to be a work of fiction, and came dangerously near to being a political pamphlet. I welcome the book all the same, not merely because it gives one the always fascinating glimpse behind the scenes, but also because it may help to break down that spirit of militarism which I regard as one of the worst perils of our time.—T. P. in "The Book of the Week."

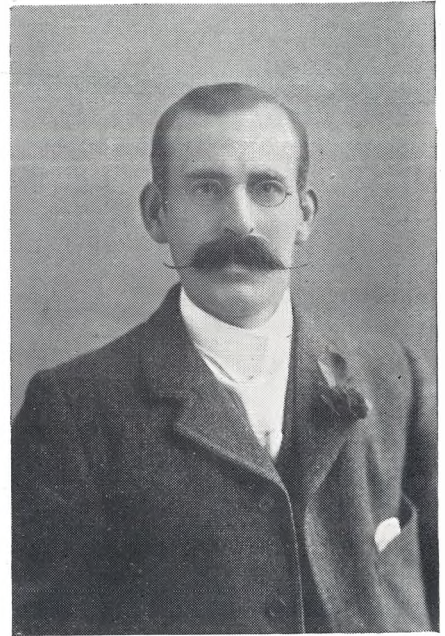
GLOUCESTER CITY COUNCILLORS.



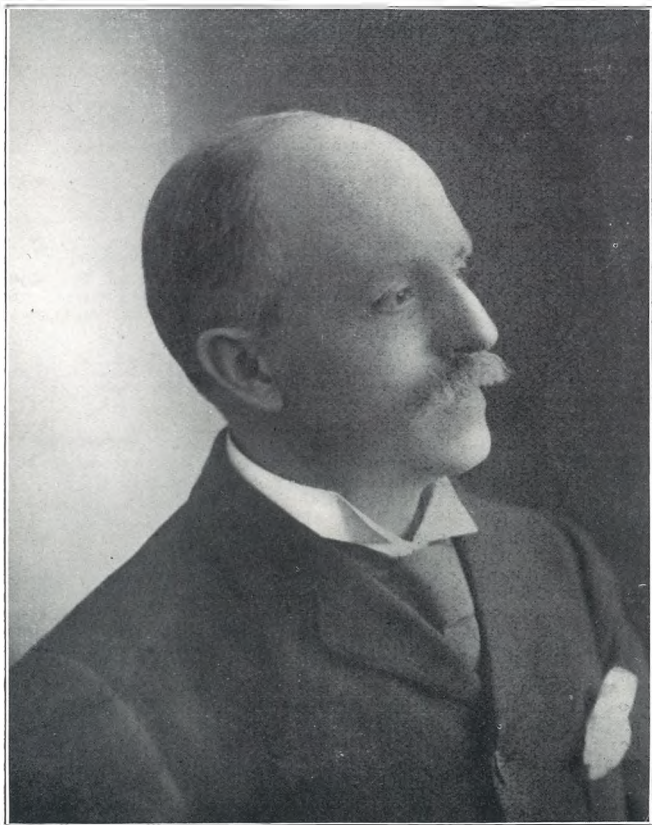
The Mayor of Gloucester,
COUNCILLOR W. LANGLEY-SMITH
(who served the office of Sheriff 1903-4).



The Sheriff of Gloucester,
COUNCILLOR F. H. BRETHERTON.



Mr. C. Granville Clutterbuck,
who won a seat from the Liberals in Tuffley
Ward, and enjoys the unique distinction of
sitting on the Council with his father,
Councillor C. H. Clutterbuck.



Mr. Frederic Hannam-Clark,
who won a seat from the Liberals in Lower Barton Ward.



Dr. J. Adamson Bell,
who won a seat from the Conservatives in South End Ward.

TEWKESBURY TOWN COUNCILLORS.

Mr. Lemuel Jones, who secured 502 votes, is a popular Councillor re-elected. He is a Liberal, and one whom the world would call a "self-made" man. Born in Pontypool fifty-eight summers since, he is proud of his Welsh descent. The son of a coal merchant, he was introduced to the battle of life at the age of fourteen, when a drapery establishment in the town accepted him as apprentice. Having held positions in the same trade at Liverpool and London, he became buyer for the firm of Evans and Owen, Limited, Bath, whose extensive drapery premises adjoin the world-famed Assembly Rooms. It was at twenty-four that he opened an establishment of his own in Newport, Monmouth. Disposing of this in 1871, he founded his present business at Victoria House, High-street, Tewkesbury. He was made a J.P. in 1893, a deacon of the Congregational Church in 1880, and secretary two years later. He has made his voice heard in the Council Chamber by a vigorous upholding of the rights of the ratepayers—by calming that anxious spirit which seeks to add monopoly to monopoly at the expense of the people. He has protested with "cool, calm, concentrated courage" against the combination of private aims with public service. On Wednesday he was made Mayor of Tewkesbury, in succession to Alderman Pike, an impartial and popular member.



The Mayor of Tewkesbury.
(MR. LEMUEL JONES, J.P.)

Mr. W. J. Gardner was also a re-elected Liberal Councillor, to whom there were 485 votes given. In his youth he was an employee of Mr. Oliver Estcourt, the Gloucester builder. The field there, however, was too limited. He found the required scope in Tewkesbury. His employers for the past nine years have been the Tewkesburian ratepayers, for whom he has with commendable enterprise been helping to build—not houses—oh dear no!—but the town! He was born at Painswick in 1852, and educated under the guidance of the head wielder of the cane at the local Grammar School. It was at the age of sixteen that he became an apprentice builder, and it was at twenty-one that he undertook the management of a sack contractor's business at Gloucester. Two years later he was seated in the office of Messrs. Healing and Sons, at Tewkesbury Borough Flour Mills, a position—speaking metaphorically, of course!—which he retained for eleven years. It was at this time he purchased from Mr. J. T. Easton the "Tewkesbury Weekly Record," of which he is still editor. Nine years ago, after two unsuccessful attempts, he became Town Councillor, and his recent re-election is the

third success since his original appointment. He is a Baptist, and superintendent of the Sunday school. When first returned to the Town Council he had long "settled down" as a member of the Board of Guardians.



Mr. W. J. Gardner.

Mr. Cecil C. Moore, the fourth of the elected candidates, is a Conservative, a native of Tewkesbury, and has been a member of the Council continuously since 1892. He has fought three elections, and twice been returned unopposed. Five years ago he was made a Justice of the Peace, and in 1902-3 he performed the functions of Mayor. Educated privately, he joined his father (the late Mr. B. T. Moore) and his brother (Mr. T. W. Moore) in the control of the big auctioneering business which bears his name. It was Mr. Moore's father who brought to an end the street auction sales by founding the Tewkesbury Cattle Market.



Mr. Cecil C. Moore, J.P.

Forty-one years ago, at Gloucester, a family of five children became fatherless. The youngest of them, who had only just seen the light when the bread-winner died, was Mr. Charles Edward Smith, who has lately been returned to the Tewkesbury Town Council in place of the late Mr. Clement Moore, a Conservative. Mr. Smith, who is an Independent, was educated at a public school in the Cathedral city, and commenced his life-task there at ten, as a labourer in Mr. Winfield's fruit stores. A variety of occupations followed, until, after service as a gentleman's groom, he began a twelve years' association with the Midland Railway Company. From porter, he reached the dignity of traffic foreman. Eleven years ago he became the landlord of the George Inn, Tewkesbury. He is a member of the Board of Guardians.



Photo by Clement Gwynne, Tewkesbury.

Mr. Charles Edward Smith.

Six years ago there settled in Tewkesbury a stranger. He was a stranger and a Scotsman, and his name was Dr. Matthew Elder. This month the "old and ancient borough"—as Tewkesbury is so persistently called—returned him with 545 votes at the top of the poll, as an Independent Town Councillor. Here is Dr. Elder's career in a nutshell:—Born at Leven, Fifeshire, N.B., thirty-seven years ago; educated in the local public school, Royal High School, Edinburgh, and (in 1885) University of Edinburgh, graduating in 1889; held medical appointments in the Orkney Islands for two years, and in Shetland for six; came to Tewkesbury in 1898, a stranger in a strange land. He was chairman for several years of the Shetland School Board.



Dr. Matthew Elder.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



The searchlight of investigation that Mr. Swinburne, the expert appointed by the Cheltenham Corporation for the special purpose, cast upon the working of the electricity undertaking of the town, has culminated in a report which brings out into bold relief the great losses in the working of the concern, the chief causes of the same, and some useful suggestions to remedy them. The unbiassed findings of this impartial investigator completely justify the action of the Ratepayers' Association, which sought to get a fierce light thrown upon the management of the concern, but whose efforts were of no avail until the magnificent meeting of ratepayers at the Town-hall goaded the Town Council into compliance with their demands. Mr. Swinburne plainly indicates the seriousness of the position; and his suggested remedies, though not entirely original, seem to hit the nature of the case, and I hope that the Electricity Committee, with an infusion of new blood in its constitution, will set to work forthwith to put "flesh on the bones of the sort of skeleton," as the expert expressively describes the system of electricity mains here. Still, I think it would be better if they endeavoured to find a customer for the concern, who would run it on business principles, with the interests of the town duly safeguarded in the transfer. The purchase money could be acceptably applied to the reduction of the big municipal debt.



I am glad to be able to congratulate the contractors on the substantial work they are putting into the construction of the extensions of the Cheltenham Light Railway, and the expedition with which they are doing it, also the town officials on their foresight in seeing that the inconvenience to the public by the works is reduced to a minimum. They have certainly managed the "blocking" of High-street in more than one respect much better than the parties responsible in Gloucester did under similar circumstances. I remember writing on Sept. 17th last:—"I hope and believe the authorities will see that some things are managed better here than they were at Gloucester in similar work. There the main thoroughfares were practically handed over to the sole control of the contractor, and a sort of state of siege reigned." This, however, has been obviated in Cheltenham by the town authorities being fully alive to the necessities of the case and only allowing the contractors to open a certain length of High-street at a time on giving an undertaking to complete the same within 14 days. I have been much struck by the contrast between the industry of the paviers on the Cheltenham and Gloucester jobs respectively. They work here, but at the latter place they played.



I read that when the Duke of Wellington's nominee, Bishop Monk, was at Gloucester, the right reverend prelate and his old gardener flattered themselves that they had in their kitchen garden representatives of every vegetable and herb that grew in England, and the bishop one day challenged a country rector to point to an omission. "Why, since you challenge me," said the visitor, after a moment's glance, "you have not any tarragon, which grows not only in England, but in Gloucestershire, for I have some of it in my own kitchen garden." There followed a distressing interview between the bishop and his gardener.



I should say there has never been a cubbing season in this county to equal the one just closed for the number of kills. The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, of course, head the list with 68 brace of foxes; then come Lord Fitzhardinge's, with about 28 brace; the Croome, with 26½ brace; Lord Bathurst's, with 20½ brace, three brace being in one day; the Ledbury Hounds, with 15 brace; while the Cotswold did remarkably well with 14 brace. And yet with all this blood spilling, October had the most sparse rainfall of half-a-century.

GLEANER.

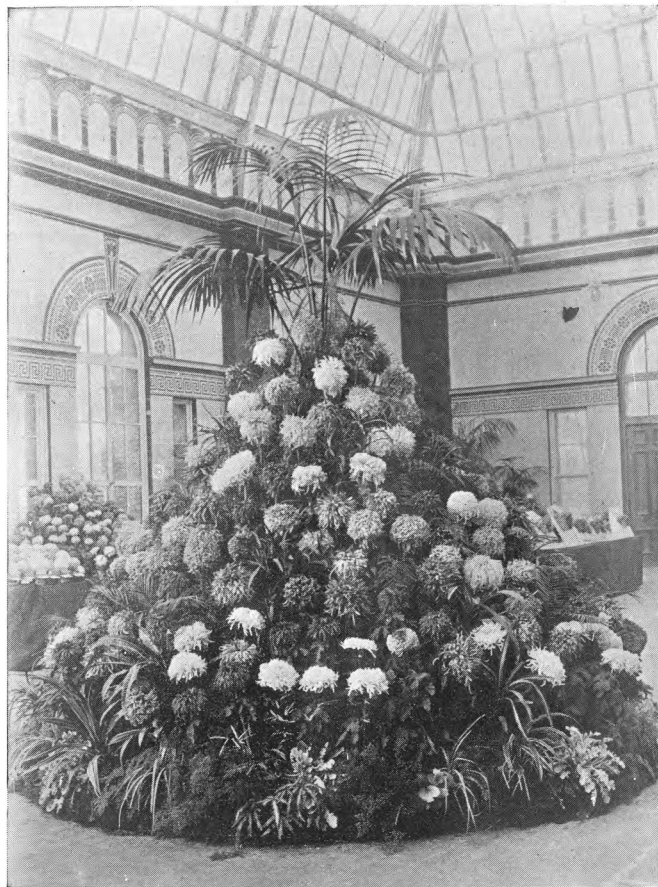


Photo by Miss G. L. Murray, Cheltenham.

GROUP OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

for which a silver cup was awarded to Mr. J. Horlick, of Cowley Manor, at the Cheltenham Show, November 2 and 3, 1904.

THE SECRETS OF A SUBMARINE.

Mr. Herbert Russell, who has enjoyed the good fortune of being the first layman to make a trip on a Government submarine, contributes a vivid account of his experiences to "Pearson's Magazine." After describing the running and working of the boat he goes on to say:—

"Of all the rubbish that has been written about submarines the worst is that which dilates upon the discomfort experienced by the occupants of these craft at a depth. Headaches, nausea, dizziness—all sorts of uncomfortable sensations are doled out to the submarine crews by ignorant writers. To be sure, there is a great deal of pressure at a depth, say, of ten fathoms. But this pressure is upon the walls of the submarine, not upon you who are shut up within her interior. The under-water endurance of the men in a submarine is solely limited by the fresh air storage. In other words, they can remain down as long as they can breathe, although in the British Navy it is a fixed rule never to stay under so long as to exhaust the air below a certain fixed liberal margin of safety. For this reason the tactical submerged limit of the 'A' submarines is put at three hours, although there is sufficient compressed air stored in the flasks to keep the men well supplied for twice that length of time. Fancy no doubt creates physical impressions when it has the certain knowledge of a considerable depth of submersion to work upon. But of actual sensation due to diving ten fathoms deep, and remaining there for an hour or two, there is literally none. For strategic purposes a submarine would seldom dive sufficiently deep to carry her optical tube under water. The periscope, standing up like an attenuated stump above the waves, is a very minute object, and even when the boat is running at

her full submerged speed of eight and a half knots, the passing of this dwarfed pipe through the water raises such a trifling silvery spurt as to be indistinguishable in anything but a perfect calm at more than five hundred yards. Bearing in mind that, with the gyroscope attached, the effective range of the torpedo is considerably above a mile, it is manifest what deadly engines of war these new 'A' submarines really are. Ask the lieutenant what he considers to be the fighting value of the submarine, and you will see his face broaden into a beam of satisfaction as he answers that it is obviously very high indeed. 'You can see for yourself,' says he, with an explanatory wave of the hand. 'Suppose an enemy's battleship appeared upon the horizon. We should dive so as to leave only just a few inches of the periscope above water. When we came within a mile of her—assuming, of course, that she was not going too fast for us to head her off—we should let go our first torpedo. If it got her, well and good; if not, she would still be unaware of our presence, and we should have another try. You ask whether the release of a heavy torpedo would not bring the submarine bobbing up to the surface. In the ordinary course it certainly would, but we have compensating tanks fitted, which as the torpedo leaves the tube are automatically flooded with water to exactly the same weight that we have just lost, and so our poise is preserved.'



There was a curious result at the recent municipal election for the borough of Marlborough. The senior assistant master of Marlborough College (recently retired) was displaced in favour of the owner of the college "tuck shop." The music master of the college beat the chimney sweep by one vote.



MR. WM. SAWYER, HON. SEC.



MR. E. W. MOORE, HON. TREAS.

OFFICERS OF THE CHELTENHAM RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.

THE PULPIT AND BUSINESS MEN.

What does the layman, the honest, well-intentioned, church-going layman, desire to hear from the pulpit? The saddest of all my political experiences has been to visit the workhouse in connection with the district I represent, and meet so many, perhaps younger than myself, who have been discharged because they were too old at forty-five. A manufacturer put it to me the other day. What was he to do? He had seen a rival firm go behind and disappear because they had stuck to their old employees, and the bulk of those who had to go, to make place for younger men and newer ideas, had not three weeks' wages saved when the crisis came. This displacement of old servants requires the gravest consideration from masters and from men. It requires an honest consideration whether the words "faithful service" are appreciated in the relations of capital and labour. The preacher must speak out to the business man and to every man in his congregation, whatever his social position. No preacher is worthy of his calling unless he is prepared to meet and to discuss with his parishioners the points of conscience which must and do arise—those questions of commission, of sharing brokerage, of dating forward, of trade terms, of cornering the market, of secret options, and of buying and selling what does not exist. It is upon these questions of trade and market and commission that the clergy will find either they had better let the subject alone or else be prepared to be definite and particular. Of secret commissions, of the sharing of unknown brokerages, of selling as one thing what we know to be another, surely there need be no doubt of directing the quickened

conscience; but the preacher should be most careful before he attacks a trade custom which is established and recognised, to discuss it in all its bearings with some solid, square-minded layman, who can put the whole case with its pros and cons before him. Ignorance of the subject is the best, the very best, reason for silence on commercial questions and on labour controversies, and there must be the preacher's willingness to consider that not only are there two sides to every commercial question, but that the majority of his hearers know more than the preacher of the real difficulties of the situation and the difficulty of either defending or modifying the custom which is the bone of contention. —"Windsor Magazine."

THE DREAD BAMBOO BLOOM.

In some parts of China the natives are in dread of the bloom of the bamboo, at which season all kinds of dreadful disasters are predicted and confidently looked for. Like some other superstitions, this one has a slight foundation. The fact is that the bamboo only flowers once and then dies, and, as a rule, the whole lot of plants, often covering large areas, bloom together. The reason of this is that the individuals of a species are commonly gregarious, and all are of the same age, having taken simultaneous possession of ground rendered vacant, perhaps by depopulation. A somewhat analogous case is presented by some of the Strobilanthus of tropical Asia. These plants live about seven years, then all burst into a glorious mass of blue flowers, and then die away, leaving, it may be, hundreds of acres of ground destitute of the luxuriant vegetation it previously supported.

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 200th prize has been divided between Miss G. L. Murray, "Holmains," Wellington-square, Cheltenham, and Mr. F. H. Partridge, 7 George-street, Stroud.

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 102nd prize has been divided between Miss Annie Mabson, 3 Whaddon-terrace, Malvern-street, Cheltenham, and Mr. P. C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. P. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's and the Rev. C. H. Wilson at Cokerley respectively.

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

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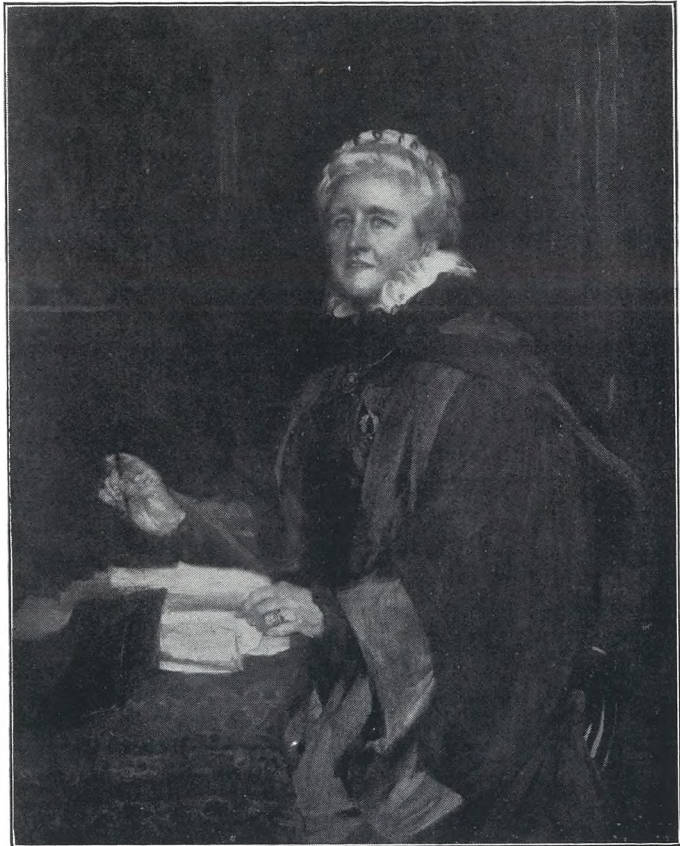
Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

A Gloucester Councillor's Death.

MR. DENNIS REARDON,

Died November 8th, 1904.

He represented the East Ward for nine years, and was also a member of the Board of Guardians.



MISS DOROTHEA BEALE, LL.D.,

PRINCIPAL CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

JUBILEE PRESENTATION PORTRAIT, BY J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.

SHOULD WE BE BOTH-HANDED?

Should we be ambidextrous? This has often been a question for discussion. In recent years Brown-Sequard, the eminent physiologist, and others, have directed attention to the same question. The former states that "We have a great many motor elements in our brain which we absolutely neglect to educate. Such is the case particularly with the elements which control the movements of the left hand. Perhaps fathers and mothers will be more ready to develop the natural powers of the left hand of a child, giving it thereby two powerful hands, if they believe, as I do, that the condition of the brain and spinal cord would improve if all their motor and sensitive elements were fully exercised." This authority, therefore, thinks that ambidexterity would increase and improve the mental balance. If this were the case, we might expect those who originally were left-handed, and who generally retain the use of both hands for a number of offices, thus becoming to a certain extent ambidextrous, should have more mental balance than those who give a decided preference to the right hand. This can hardly be said to have been the case. There is no proof that a man becomes any wiser by being able to use both hands alike; but since custom has clearly so much play in determining what hand shall be used, it seems a misfortune that our expertness becomes the exclusive property of one hand. We ought to practise the left hand as well as the right in difficult manoeuvres. There is no doubt, for example, that it is of great advantage to a surgeon to be skilful in the use of both hands, and this can only be obtained by practice commenced in early life. At the same time it seems that we might reasonably expect that the specialisation of function of the left brain and the right hand would lead to finer execution where extreme skill is required. The advantage of the division of labour would very likely be on the side of the man who concentrated his best efforts on the education of one side. We have here the old question of the relative importance of special and general culture.—From "Right and Left-Handedness" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

THE SARDONYX IN ART.

The finest example of sardonyx cameo in King Edward's collection at Windsor Castle. The stone measures 7.5 by 5.875 inches, and is cut upon a rich Oriental sardonyx of four strata. It is a contemporary portrait of the Emperor Claudius. The ground is in the dark brown stratum, the laurel wreath and front of the cuirass in the honey brown, with the head and hair in the white. The whole is surrounded by a raised border enriched with moulding cut in the thickness of the stone.



SILLIER THAN THE GOOSE.

Several specimens of the tinamou, one of the silliest birds in all creation, have arrived at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, where their presence will go far towards removing the stigma which has so long attached to the more homely goose. The tinamou, which is a native of South America, bears a striking resemblance to the British partridge, but its chief claim to notoriety is its extremely confiding and unsuspecting nature, amounting almost to stupidity, which renders it an easy victim to all and sundry. The late Mr. Darwin makes special mention of the silliness of this bird, and adds that a man on horseback, by riding round and round in a circle, but approaching closer each time, may knock on the head as many as he pleases. Its cry, a kind of dull whistle, is a familiar sound both at sunrise and sunset; and here again the tinamou might display a little more caution, as a native can imitate it so cleverly that they are easily decoyed within range of gunshot. The eggs of the tinamou are among the wonders of oology, not only because of their highly burnished appearance, but also for the immense variety and brilliancy of their markings.

HARSH TREATMENT OF MOTORISTS.

Commenting on a case at Woolwich, in which the magistrates inflicted fines amounting to £24 upon a working man motorist for a merely technical offence against the Motor-car Act, namely of allowing his unlicensed son to drive a home-made car for a short distance, "The Autocar" says: The case affords another example of the prevalent idea that everyone who owns a motor-car is necessarily a very wealthy person, if not an actual millionaire. If the action of the magistrates cannot be explained on this charitable assumption, it discloses a brutal antipathy to motorists which is not often found, even on the most prejudiced benches.



GUSH AND DRIVEL.

Mr. G. Spencer Edwards, in his reminiscences which are appearing in "The Easy Chair," says:—Rubbish! I have seen heaps of it, and out of it I have known managers to make fortunes and authors to build their own carriages. Well, "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give"—the reader knows the quotation—and if the public like rubbish, it is not a matter for surprise that the managers should supply it. But it is a serious matter for the stage when good work backed by unknown names is sneered at by critics who devote columns of gush to drivel that has come from the pens of writers who, sometimes by merit and sometimes by flukes, have commanded fame and fortune and have traded on their popularity. When one of our "leading dramatists" dangles a dancing doll in the face of the public, and another relies on a princess' nose or the spoutings of a peripatetic showman, it is by no means surprising that there should be many to mourn the decadence of the British drama.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

No. 203.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.30) and Evening (7.45)

"My Lady Molly."

NEXT WEEK:

Mr. George Dance's No. 1 Company in the
ever-popular Musical Play

"A COUNTRY GIRL."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the
Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The 201st prize has been divided between
Miss G. L. Murray, "Holmains," Wellington-
square, Cheltenham, and Mr. T. S. Howes, of
15 Serlo-road, Gloucester.

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 103rd prize has been divided between
Miss M. D. Watson, 17 Lansdown-parade,
Cheltenham, and Mr. Will S. Spenser, of 40
New-street, Gloucester, for reports of sermons
by the Rev. Canon Roxby at Cheltenham
Parish Church and the Rev. W. Hogan at
Gloucester.

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

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A PUBLISHER'S BLUSHES.

The increase of unclean fiction is exercis-
ing the minds of those who do not wish to
witness our bookshops becoming such adver-
tisements of vice as almost every bookshop
in Paris may be said to be. I have been
told on excellent authority (says "J.A.H."
in "The Bystander") that the manager of
a firm which has issued one of the lecherous
novels to which I allude (written by a female)
apologised to the binder for placing such a
work with him to be handled by young girls.
Here is a feature of book production to be
considered in discussing this question.
Though no one would be more loth than I
to see an official censor of literature, the
audacity of some of our sensualists is rapidly
producing a state of affairs that may demand
the attention of the authorities. There are



A CHRIST CHURCH (CHELTENHAM) OLD BOYS' HOME AND FAMILY AT JOHANNESBURG.

(Son of Mrs. Nettleton, Glenfall House, Glenfall-street. At school when Canon Fenn was
vicar and Mr. Biffen schoolmaster).

pictures and literature being sold openly in
enormous quantities in London at present
which ten years back none but some obscure
gutter publisher would have dared to bring
to light. French wit runs in that direction,
but where the French are witty, the English
are simply pornographic. I am old-
fashioned enough to believe with Mr. Stead
that some of these things should be burned
by the common hangman—and, perhaps, some
of Mr. Stead's own publications (I fancy you
will say) might go to feed the same fire!

ON MISERABLE MARRIAGES.

We may sneer at what we pretend to con-
sider the facility with which the marriage
tie is ruptured in America, and yet there is
a great deal to be said for it, says Lady
Phyllis in "The Bystander." It seems to
me that if a married couple discover they
have made a mistake, and are mutually
anxious to dissolve their marriage, it is
better facilities should be granted them for
doing so. Looking at it solely from a
woman's point of view, there can be nothing
on earth more degrading to her self-respect
than to continue to be the wife of a man
who has no longer any affection for her, or to
continue to be bound to a man for whom
she has lost all affection. Surely, in such a
case, even without there being a suspicion of

a third party, it is better for the woman that
there should be the means of dissolving such
a union, which can only bring misery in its
train. I feel sure that in England very many
women, whose lives have been rendered
miserable by the grand mistake of marrying
the wrong men, would be thankful if some
way could be introduced by which their un-
happy marriages might be dissolved without
their losing their own reputations, or without
their being subjected to the taunt of having
lost all attractions for their husbands.

At Clarendon Park, Leicester, a pear tree
which has already borne two crops this sea-
son is now blooming for the third time.

The Camberwell Borough Council is the
first local authority to establish winter
cricket, the season being opened at the baths
in Church-street.

According to a return, issued on Saturday,
the total number of building societies
making returns in 1903 was 1,925, the total
number of members 553,625, the total re-
ceipts £39,538,408, and the amount advanced
on mortgage £9,512,534.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

* * * *

BURNING THE BOATS.

[By POWELL CHASE.]

When Braybrook married, the prospect had seemed rosy enough. The income he derived from certain house property was just sufficient to keep things going comfortably, in any case, and with the sale of a picture now and then, to supply them with a few luxuries, such as that "horizontal grand," they had promised themselves they would be really well off.

Then came the fatal investment in what everyone believed to be such a safe and sound concern!

The possibility of such a catastrophe had never even occurred to Hilda, and her health and high spirits flagged sadly under the unending worries and humiliating embarrassments of the new conditions. At last, when an acuter phase than usual came over their finances, she urgently seconded her mother's suggestion that they should share with her the house in Brompton for the time being. "The dear child has been looking far from well, lately," the letter said, referring to Hilda, "and a little change might be beneficial." As for herself, the writer continued, she should be more than delighted to have company in the house, where she should feel quite lonely and deserted were it not for Beauty—a playful reference to a cat, so called, on which they knew she doted.

In a proposal so maternal, tactful, and timely, he gratefully acquiesced, looking on the arrangement in the light of a visit merely, which would terminate as soon as he had gained some slight footing as an illustrator—a career he intended to adopt as affording a surer means of procuring a livelihood than picture painting pure and simple.

There were other, and possibly stronger, reasons than those mentioned in the letter, however, which prompted the offer of hospitality in question.

Hilda's mother did not attribute the low ebb of her daughter's fortunes to that ill-advised investment altogether, probably because she herself had been so particularly certain of its advisability, but rather to a disastrous lack of practicality and perseverance in her son-in-law. That it was which threatened the argosy of her daughter's prospects with shipwreck. "A firmer grasp of the rudder, or whatever the thing at the end is called, is what is really needed," she said to herself; and of that firmer grasp she felt more than capable. Her mission in life, she was sure, was to impart moral impetus and stamina to those less gifted than herself in those respects, and during her widowhood, and especially of late, her powers had been shockingly wasted. Then, too, she had a theory that the smoking habit was one of the chief causes of the widespread lack of will-power and concentration among men, as compared with women—herself, for instance; and she trusted she might be able, during his stay with her, to bring her son-in-law, as she had been so successful in bringing her late husband, to a sense of his danger, to which at present he was callously and deplorably indifferent.

Thus, when Braybrook returned, wearied-out, after a long day in the City, and with a dejecting certainty that it would take a far longer time than he had suspected to gain any kind of recognised standing as an illustrator, he was frequently the victim of improving lectures from Hilda's mother—whose main achievement for the day usually consisted of an easy stroll, in her daughter's company, as far as the chairs lining the Row—on the general necessity for energy and enterprise, and the fatal hindrance the habit of smoking presented to the cultivation of those virtues; Hilda ostentatiously setting him the example of a dutiful and convinced hearer.

Each day his position grew more irksome, and threatening very soon to become intolerable, set him perpetually pondering drastic remedies, but without much success. The picture he had sent to the Academy had been hung, it was true, but, although one or two papers had given him good notices, so

far he had had no offer for it, even. A few from his life's hard battle were finally cut short stories were given him to illustrate, being the only results as yet of his perpetually renewed quests among publishers. The drawings for these he made in one of the top rooms of the house, which, having a large skylight, answered tolerably well the purpose of a studio, and it was here, when his feelings became unspeakable, he would seek the solace and society of the two friends that still remained to him—his much-maligned pipe, and a canary to which he was attached as a relic of his happier single days.

Not the least of his anxieties was lest the ribanded and pampered cat, its mistress's darling, that roamed at will throughout the house, should compass the object of its evident yearning; and the undisguised antipathy with which the animal had regarded Braybrook from the first, was aggravated by his successful frustrating of its hopes and ambitions.

He started out for the City one morning, glad even of such a sorry respite as a day to be spent in the dismal search for employment. He had noted down the names of several publishing firms on which he intended calling, and, by the time he reached the last of these, without any greater success than usual, his fund of hope and enterprise was exhausted. He lingered before the offices of this last-named firm, undecided whether to enter.

The busy clatter and rumble of the printing machines in the basement, and the general air of briskness and animation that pervaded the great building, coupled with the firm's widespread reputation for assured success and immense capital, contrasted overwhelmingly with his own poor fortunes, and daunted him.

He was inclined to turn away, but finally, with the courage born of desperation, entered.

The medalled commissioner at the door handed him a printed form, which he filled in:—

Name: Frank Braybrook.

Business: To show Art Editor specimens of work.

A small boy disappeared with this information, and he took a seat in the waiting-room, where one or two others, on the same errand, judging by the portfolios they had with them, vainly endeavoured to assume an air of non-chalant confidence by dallying with the various periodicals considerably placed there by the firm for that purpose. At intervals of about half-an-hour the small boy reappeared, and summoned them to the presence. The last of these interviews was a lengthy one, and it was verging on five o'clock when the boy looked in again.

"The Art Editor's afraid he won't have time to see you to-day sir."

Out in the street once more, Braybrook turned down into the Strand, absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was beginning to fear his efforts for success as a black-and-white artist were misdirected and doomed to failure. Landscape painting was his forte, that he knew, but in that branch of art, until a reputation is made, an income, of any sort worth the name, is the last thing to be reckoned upon. If only—but there, it was no use hoping for that; the exhibition was about to close, and he knew only too well, the small chance of a sale once the first few weeks of the season are over.

He wandered on aimlessly, in no great hurry to get back to Brompton. He had had a surfeit of advice and suggestions.

He contrived to wile away an hour over an inexpensive meal at a popular place of refreshment in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus, and when he came out again, found that the rain, which had threatened all day, had set in; a steady drizzle was falling. As a consequence, outside seats were the only ones available on the 'buses. He never cared much for joining in the hand-to-hand combats, usual under such circumstances, for occasional vacancies in the interiors—a proof of the acumen and deep insight displayed by Hilda's mother in her diagnosis of his character.

The grim nature of the struggles that rage around 'buses in wet weather might have served her, on the other hand, as a splendid

and conclusive instance of the strenuous determination of her own sex. It was doubtless owing to her quite exceptional strength of purpose, that, even in this class of warfare, she had few equals. Before the singular fury of her attack, the sublimest efforts of her competitors were unavailing. Again and again had she won the outspoken and ungrudging applause of conductors on the Brompton route.

Weakly acquiescing in the position, Braybrook set out to walk, any such luxurious alternative as a cab being so far beyond his means as not even to enter his thoughts.

It was growing dusk as he went along beside the Green Park, where vacant chairs, standing in couples under the dripping foliage, seemed, from their being very close together with their backs to the passers, to be flirting on their own account. The trees, in shadowy masses, spread, one beyond another, into the distance, where they became merged in a general tint of vague purplish grey. In the wet roadway, dull orange reflections fell from the lighted windows, the lofty electric lamps throwing, here and there, long blotches of brighter radiance of the palest lemon, faintly tinged with lilac, against which fitting vehicles were momentarily silhouetted.

The picturesqueness of the effect and its possibilities as a striking colour scheme would have appealed to him at another time, but just now he was too deeply absorbed in regarding the sombre hue of his own particular prospects to notice it.

When he reached the house, sufficiently wet and weary, the maid had a message to deliver. Her mistress and Mrs. Braybrook were spending the afternoon and evening with Mrs. —, at Kensington, she was to tell him; and that, as Mr. Braybrook would have dined in the City, she had permission from her mistress to go out, if she wished, for an hour or so.

He was relieved to find himself secure from interruptions a little while longer, and, taking a letter which lay there awaiting him, went upstairs to the room he used as his studio, to lay aside the portfolio and change his jacket. As he crossed the floor for a light, the absolute silence struck him as unusual. He missed something. It was the flutter and note of welcome from his little feathered favourite. The cage was not in its place; they must have moved it. As he looked round, the wooden visage of his lay figure loomed from the shadows with an expression significant and meaning.

Then he saw and understood; the explanation—a shattered cage and a few pale feathers—lay almost at his feet.

He stood there, motionless, in the dim light for a few moments. Then went quickly over to the door and closed it.

And now he struck a light. One after another, he satisfied himself as to the emptiness of the shadowed corners, and began to think of descending to the parlour, where lay a sumptuous cushion, ordained by a doting mistress to be the inviolable resting-place of the sleek object of her constant solicitude. There remained yet one spot unexplored, however, and as he peered under the hangings of a seat in the furthest corner, a low muttering hum saluted him, while a pair of greenish eyes glowered sullenly out of the blackness.

That point settled, he dropped the hangings again. Among the contents of a cupboard devoted to odds and ends he found what he wanted—a foot or two of stout copper wire. This he doubled in two, and opening the door slightly and warily, passed the looped end through the keyhole, then closed the door again. He was not exactly in the mood, even had he thought it of the slightest use, to try coaxing his victim from its lair; they knew each other too well for that.

With a sudden movement he dragged the seat away from the wall, and swiftly, dexterously, gripped the animal by the back of the neck, and, disregarding its vehement protests, bore it with grim deliberation to the door, where the penalty of its crime was soon paid.

He was fully aware that now all retreat off. It was a relief to him to realise it.

The first item in his plan thus satisfac-



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

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE AND RUGBY SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAMS.

Match played at Cheltenham on Saturday, Nov. 12, 1904, when the College (red and black jerseys) beat Rugby (whites) by 18pts. to 8.

torily despatched, he glanced at his watch. Half-past nine. They would hardly return, he knew, before half-past ten or eleven.

He took a sheet of paper and sat down before it, biting the end of the pen for a few minutes, then wrote—

"Please tell your mother I shall not trespass further on her hospitality. You may add, if you think proper, that had her favours been limited to hospitality only, I might not have found the burden of my indebtedness so unbearable as I do when advice and general supervision are added to it.

"The death of the canary, and, incidentally, that of the cat, have only the merest shade of connection with my decision, upon which I should have acted very shortly, in any case.

"I will write you in the course of a day or so, giving you an address where you can find me; and where, whatever may be our difficulties, Hilda, I will hope and believe we may be happy again."

In his room he collected a few necessaries, putting them into a hand-bag, then placed the envelope containing the note to his wife on the dressing-table, when downstairs, and with a great sigh of relief closed the door of the house behind him.

* * * * *

The rain was over. A light breeze had ended the dull heaviness of the day.

Turning into the Square, as he reached the end of the terrace, he came upon the maid bidding her lover—a young postman with his empty letter-bag slung across his shoulder—a lingering and ecstatic good-night.

Blissfully engrossed, she did not see him pass. He had reached the further side and was about to quit the Square, when something—the postman's uniform probably—recalled to his mind the fact that a letter lay still unopened in his pocket. He paused under a lamp for a moment to read it. The name of a well-known West End square headed the paper.

"Well, that simplifies matters," was his only comment, as he returned it to his pocket. He was surprised this good fortune—of having found a purchaser for his picture—did not elate him more; he would be better able to think it over, later on, he said to himself.

But the quiet trees rustled gentle congratulations, for, overhead the clouds were breaking, and the first bright tremulous star peered out upon the world as he went on.

INSEPARABLE BROTHERS.

A remarkable example of brotherly attachment comes from Pelton Fell, near Newcastle. Joseph and John Bainbridge were born at Kenton-square, Northumberland, sixty years since. They shared the same cradle, the same table, went to the same school, and afterwards worked together. So much alike were they in appearance, manners, and disposition that the father seldom knew whether he was addressing Jack or Joe, but the mother always distinguished between them. Arrived at manhood, their close companionship never varied, and now for the past thirty-five years they have lived together in a house at Pelton Fell, sharing each other's likes in the same

way as when children. Neither of them married, and, in fact, from their birth these two brothers have never been separated. Both are keen sportsmen, though not sporting men, and are hale and hearty fellows.

Correspondence Cards.

- Thin or thick, plain or round corners 1/- per 100.
- Thin or thick, round corners, gold or silver edges 1/6 per 100.
- Thin or thick, round corners, gold or silver bevelled edges ... 2/- per 100.
- Mourning (plain ivory) 1/- per 100.
- With address, printed in any colour ink 1/- per 100 extra.

In Memoriam Cards.

- Any pattern (printed) 2/6 per doz.

"Echo" Electric Press,

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
CHELTENHAM.

OLDEST LIVING THING.

"The statement recently made that there are yews in England which are the oldest living things on earth," Thomas C. Ireland said, "is not correct."

"These yews are old, very, very old; there is no doubt about that; some of them were stalwart trees even before Caesar landed on these shores. There is one standing in the churchyard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which Decandole, nearly a century ago, proved to the satisfaction of botanists to be over twenty-five centuries old, and another at Hedsor, in Buclas, which is 3,240 years old. How Decandole arrived at an apparently correct estimate of the enormous age of these living trees is a simple thing, and the principle is doubtless known to-day to all. The yew, like most trees, adds one line, about the tenth of an inch, to its circumference each year. He proved this after an investigation extending over several years, and we know now, a hundred years later, that his deductions were correct. The old yew at Hedsor has a trunk 27 feet in diameter, proving its great age, and it is in a flourishing, healthy condition now, like its brother at Fortingal.

"Their years are few, though, compared with those of the trees I had in mind when I made my first assertion that the statement printed about them in a scientific journal was incorrect. In one chapter of his writings Humboldt refers to a gigantic baobab tree in Central Africa as the "oldest organic monument in the world. This tree has a trunk 29 feet in diameter, and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5,150 years.

"Still it is not the oldest organic monument in the world, as Humboldt declared, for now Mexican scientists have proved that a huge cypress tree, standing in Chepultepec, with a trunk 118 feet and 10 inches in circumference, is older than it—older, too, by more than a thousand years—for it had been shown as conclusively as these things can be shown, that its age is about 6,260 years. To become impressed with wonder over this one has only to dwell on that duration for a little while in thought.

"Yet it is not so remarkable when one stops for a moment to remember that, given favourable conditions for its growth and sustenance, the average tree will never die of old age—its death is merely an accident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near it, and perhaps rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it, floods or winds may sweep it away, or its roots may come in contact with rock, and become so gnarled and twisted, because they had not room to expand their growth, that they literally throttle the avenues of its sustenance; but these are accidents. If such things do not happen a tree may live on for century after century, still robust, still flourishing, sheltering, with its widespread branches, the men and women of age after age."—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."



RAISING MONEY TO GET MARRIED

A writer in "T.A.T." describes some novel plans that have been adopted to enable prospective bridegrooms to obtain the all necessary wherewith to furnish a house.

"In order to be the sooner in a position to furnish a home for the girl of his choice, Charles Turner, a young City clerk, hit last summer upon a novel expedient.

He determined that at night time, after business hours, he would make money out of the moon. So he purchased a six-foot second-hand telescope cheap in the Minorities, set it up on a tripod in a northern suburb, and charged a penny a peep. Of course, he only occupied his "pitch" when the satellite was visible during convenient hours, and cloudy evenings occasionally played havoc with his takings. But even so, he found, when autumn arrived, that he had made enough to furnish modestly a little half-house out Wood Green way.

Another ardent swain accomplished a



TWO VIEWS OF CHELTENHAM TOWN-HALL.

similar feat in the following highly ingenious manner.

He first arranged with a wholesale nurseryman for a supply of "orchid-peat," a dry, fibrous substance, which looks not unlike shredded cocoa-nut matting. Then he went the rounds of the suburban front gardens in the district wherein he resided, and whenever he found one at all carefully tended he interviewed the proprietor and pointed out how much better his geraniums and fuchsias would show up through a top dressing of the substance in question. As the prices he quoted were exceedingly moderate, he nearly always got an order, and, as the dressing used usually to be renewed at least once during the season, he made an exceedingly good thing out of his venture.

The writer also quotes instances, such as the following, of the examples great men have set in this direction.

Thomas Alva Edison, for instance, sold papers at a railway station "after hours" in order to help raise the funds wherewith to furnish a home for his first wife.

With a similar object in view, James G. Fair, the Californian "Bonanza King," toiled as a labourer at the docks, the while his prospective wife was putting in overtime at a box factory.

"We scarcely ever saw one another," he declared afterwards, "for two solid years, except on Sundays; but we saved £100 to start housekeeping on, and were content."

SOME MOTOR FORECASTS.



In endeavouring to forecast the developments of next year's automobiles, I am inclined (says Alfred Hunter in "The By-stander") to think that it promises to be remarkable for a cheaper, lighter four-cylinder car. The increased ease of running, the quietness and nice balance of a four-cylinder engine, are attractive features. The motorist likes the demon inside the bonnet to tick like an eight-day clock or purr like a dynamo. If, too, they are kept down in power, the chassis and gears as applied to the present two-cylinder types are all that is required. In fact, spreading out the power over four cylinders and getting double the number of explosions per revolution, while decreasing the force of each explosion, puts a ~~greater~~ strain on all parts of the chassis. The weight of, say, a 10 h.p. four-cylinder car would be very little more than that of a two-cylinder of equal power, with the proviso that the power really does remain the same. The extra cost then of such a four-cylinder car, compared with its two-cylinder brother, is only the increased cost of the engine, say, at a rough estimate, £60. Remembering that a four-cylinder engine is so immeasurably superior to a one or two-cylinder engine of equal power, its final victory seems assured, and, I think, next season will see it triumphant.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



The Chosen people will still have to possess their souls in patience for a siding at Churchdown railway station. Again this cherished scheme has been shunted, for I understand that one of the results of a recent consultation upon the spot between the principal district representatives of the engineering and traffic departments of the Great Western and Midland Railways was the decision, on account of the great expense that would be involved, not to recommend the joint companies to construct the siding. I hear it is estimated that an outlay of nearly £7,000 would be necessary to put refuge sidings, with a station yard and signals and interlocking points for the protection of the present heavy and future traffic on the main lines. I can understand that the two companies do not regard sidings there as essential, for they now get the goods traffic for Churchdown either at Gloucester or Cheltenham. It would, I admit, be an undoubted advantage to the Chosen folk to get their coal and other heavy commodities delivered less the cost of haulage from these two towns. Sidings, I believe, would also give a great impetus to building operations by the consequent lessening of the cost of materials delivered on the ground, and therefore I wonder if the chief landowners have considered the advisability of offering, really to indirectly further their own interests, to pay the railway companies a substantial sum towards the cost of the sidings.



If ever additional lines are laid to the Cheltenham-Gloucester Railway—and this eventuality is well within the bounds of probability—sidings at Churchdown might reasonably form an integral part of the scheme. I find that the officials who recently met there decided upon another improvement at the station, namely to have the cross-over lines removed from between the platforms and new ones placed clear of the latter, just above the signal-box. And I see that the Great Western Railway Co. are proceeding with the work of getting the Hatherley loop coupled up with their present lines before the contractors appear on the scene to “loop the loop” with an iron girdle. I daresay the early part of next year will see some trains of 40-ton wagons from the Great Central line running over it.



The vital statistics for the county for the quarter ended September 30th last give additional evidence of the fact that Cheltenham is very low in the birth rate, the percentage being 18.6 per thousand. Cirencester has the lowest, with 18.1, and Gloucester, containing a large industrial population, the highest, with 27.6. The birth rate in the Garden Town is very even, for it was 18.3 in the previous three months. As for the death rate, that has advanced from 10.4 to 13.1. Gloucester being at the top, with 15, and Stroud at the bottom, with 10.1. Tewkesbury had 13.9 and Cirencester 14 per thousand. I find that Tewkesbury Chantton Kings, and Cheltenham had the highest rates of infant mortality, there being 17 deaths from diarrhoea. The average was undoubtedly knocked up in this way.



Time was—not so very long ago—when Gloucester had four or five good-sized breweries, but these and the tied-houses in connection with them having passed by purchase into the hands of firms whose breweries are in other towns the manufacture of beer has practically ceased in the Cathedral city. One recent result of this is that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have decided, doubtless on the wise grounds of economy, that Gloucester shall from December 1st be supervised from Cheltenham. The City Council (which, by-the-by, contains not a few teetotalers) tried in vain to avert the blow, and Gloucester will have to put up with the loss of her resident supervisor, as she did with the removal of the trainings of the South Gloucester Militia and Cheltenham



Photos by T. S. Howes, Gloucester.

**FIRE AT MESSRS. E. PITT, SON, & Co's,
BARTON STREET, GLOUCESTER, NOV. 9. 1904.**

with those of the Yeomanry. As some Government compensation to the city, the “Echo” announced on Monday to the astonished but delighted Gloucesterians that H.M. Office of Works had acquired the Wagon Co.'s fine range of showrooms adjoining the George-street Post-office for the latter's extension. I hear there is a good prospect, now an up-to-date rifle range exists near, of Gloucester getting the benefit of the two county Militia battalions being encamped in her environs.

GLEANER.

No will has been left by Mr. Dan Leno, and his property will be divided between his widow and six children. A few years ago he insured his life for £10,000, and he had shares in the Granville Theatre of Varieties, the Camberwell Palace, and Drury Lane Theatre.

Among the curios just brought home from South Africa by the 16th (Queen's) Lancers at Colchester is a fine stork. It has been installed as the regimental pet.

The failure of the Irish potato crop is very general, and is largely attributable to the degeneration of the seed which is used. The favourite “champion” is wearing out.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect, the combs being often six feet long, four feet wide, and from four inches to six inches thick.

Eight years ago on Monday the motor-car was legally born in Great Britain. Much has happened since then. The infant has gone through many remarkable developments, and is doubtless destined to have a career greater than many people once thought would be possible.

GIRLS IN BANKS.

Some little time ago I had a question from a reader as to the employment of women in French banks. In the course of inquiries on the subject I came across particulars which seem to me of so general an interest that they will bear transcribing; at the same time they may help to give us a wholesome glimpse of how certain things are managed by other people, as well as an idea of the progress of women's work in a country we are apt to regard as conservative. The Bank of France, for instance, took women into its employment as long ago as 1852. True, this beginning only consisted of four girls in very minor positions; but before a year was finished the four reached to twelve. Twenty years later the number had become a hundred; to-day three hundred women work in the Bank, of whom three are among the principal cashiers. The salaries among the rank and file of the employées are small, beginning at 18s. a week, and rising by triennial augmentation to about 30s. The hours are from nine to four o'clock, with an hour for luncheon. This being a six hours' day there is energy left for other work; overtime is paid for at special rates, so it is quite usual for a girl to add considerably to her weekly wage. A pension fund was inaugurated by a present from the Bank of £25,000, and is sustained by the girls paying a small percentage of their salaries. Retirement from the service on pension is allowed after twenty years' service, so that a girl entering the Bank at eighteen years of age may be sure of a small annuity for life after reaching the age of forty. A sick fund is also maintained by the Bank. Salaries are allowed during an illness of six months, and in case of death a sum of forty or fifty pounds is given to the immediate relatives. The surplus of this fund is used to give assistance to any worker who has through accident or misfortune fallen into pecuniary embarrassments.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

LORD MINTO ON CANADA.

From recent Canadian papers to hand we extract the following significant passage from the speech of Lord Minto, the retiring Governor-General, at the farewell banquet tendered to him by the citizens at Montreal. His Lordship, in speaking of the British Empire and of the new problems which were calling for solution owing to the growth of the great self-governing Colonies, said:—"We are in a transition state; the old order of things is passing away. Colonies are becoming nations with a national sentiment of their own—I say it as strongly as I can—with no diminution of affection to the mother land from which they sprang. We are face to face with a problem full of difficulties, no doubt. Conditions are changing and we cannot afford to stand still. Now that I am leaving you, I will only say, work out the problem with all deference for the traditional doctrine of the old world, with full regard for the hopes of your rising nationality, with all respect for racial traditions; but remember always that what is good for the Empire is good for Canada, and what is good for Canada is good for the Empire. I have travelled much throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and, proud as Canadians are of their country, I believe they can hardly exaggerate its future possibilities. I have just returned from the north-west. The Territories are, as you know, not new to me. But the other day, as I rode through the Saskatchewan Valley, beautiful beyond description in all the brilliant colouring of the fall, across prairies still strewn with the skeletons of extinct buffalo herds, past Indian battlefields of only a few years ago, and as I found settlements growing into villages, villages into prosperous towns, and immigrants passing on to the land, I realised that we are at the commencement of a new era. I can at any rate bear witness to the splendid promise of Canada's future. I can go home to tell the people of the mother land that their kinsmen here beyond the seas are by their own energy day by day developing Imperial resources and Imperial wealth, the vastness of which is as yet but little known."

HEROIC RUSSIAN WOMAN.

SOLDIER'S WIFE'S NOBLE DEATH.

The "Novy Krai" (a newspaper which is published at Port Arthur, and a copy of which has found its way to Chifoo) of November 12 contains a romantic story of a Russian, Haritena Korotkiewitch, who, although a woman, served with valour in many fights, till death closed her strange career. The "Novy Krai" gives numerous details which render the authenticity of the story undoubted. Her husband was serving in Port Arthur, and, endeavouring to join him, she was stopped at Harbin, and not allowed to proceed on the ground that she was a woman. She thereupon donned masculine attire, and reached Port Arthur shortly after the landing of the Japanese. She soon found her husband's regiment, and enlisted in it. She participated in numerous sorties, and helped in the defence of Corner Hill.

Although her sex was soon discovered, her record for bravery and tirelessness and attention to the wounded won her permission to remain in the ranks, where she had an excellent moral influence on the soldiers, who never swore in her presence. Her husband fell wounded while fighting by her side. She nursed him through the critical moments of his illness, and then returned to the front, where she became a messenger to Captain Gouzakofiky, of the 13th Regiment, riding fearlessly to and from the various positions, unaffected by the din and danger of battle. On Oct. 16, when visiting the trenches with despatches, a huge shell struck and destroyed the earthworks, killing her and eight others. They were buried in one grave, with a flag around her body. The "Novy Krai" concludes by saying that she had won the respect and admiration, not only of the soldiers, but also of the higher officers, and had shown all how to die nobly.

MEMORIAL TO LORD SALISBURY.

LORD ROSEBERY'S TRIBUTE.

Earl Rosebery on Monday unveiled a bust of the late Marquis of Salisbury in the debating hall of the Union Society, Oxford. His lordship eulogised the deceased Prime Minister, and said the great moment of his life was when, unaided, he wrote the famous despatch on the Treaty of San Stefano, which would remain for generations the historic State paper in the English language. Lord Salisbury was a public servant of the Elizabethan type, a fit representative of his great Elizabethan ancestor, a man of pure, exalted, and laborious life, who exercised a predominating influence over the destinies of his country.

Earl Rosebery was afterwards the principal guest at a dinner of the Oxford Colonial Club. Replying to the toast of "The Empire," he announced that the Rhodes trustees would contribute £200 per annum for five years for the teaching of pathology.

Man is gradually eradicating his natural instincts, and herein is the hope of the world. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but some of our many inventions are the parents of numberless false necessities.

It is, on the whole, a good accommodation that the world is satisfied with appearances, because it is not likely to acquire a more substantial ground of contentment.

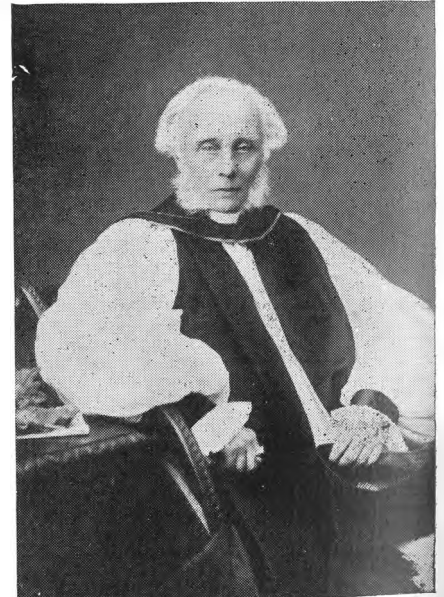
It is said that most things are not appreciated till they are lost; the world is the great exception; it is always well lost, as we do not appreciate its emptiness until we have given it up.

That in one way or another all men reproach themselves is good ground for regarding self-reproach as justifiable; that no one thinks himself irreclaimable is also good ground for expecting one day the reclamation of all.

Independently of the great considerations, the man of discernment will abandon the life of sin, at least in its material aspect, because of its obviousness and the overweening vulgarity of its sensations.—"Horlick's Magazine."



MR. HORACE TEAGUE,
Conductor Cheltenham Municipal Orchestra.



RIGHT REV. DR. PEROWNE,
LATE BISHOP OF WORCESTER,
Died November 6, 1904, aged 81 years, at
Southwick Park, Tewkesbury.

That season when the ideal seems possible is the only season of enjoyment for the soul. The human heart becomes less implacable in proportion as it is more disposed to *amni*. Hatred is an exhausting passion, and the man who is subject to boredom soon wearies of the notion of vengeance.

Love is the desire of the unknown, which is equivalent to saying that Isis ceases to fascinate so soon as her mysteries are unveiled; for which reason love is prudently directed only to those objects in which there is always a heart of concealment.

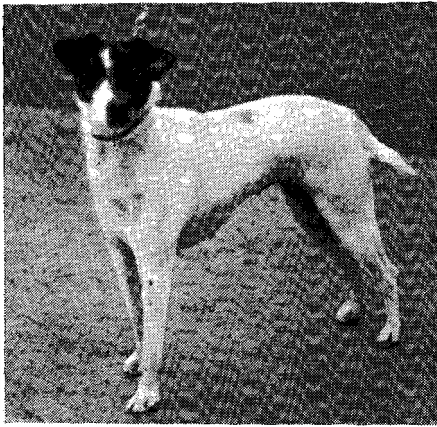


Photo by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham.
"CHAMPION THE SYLPH,"

Smooth terrier bitch, property of Mr. J. C. Tinne, winner of Challenge Cup, seven first prizes, and 26 guineas cash, at the Fox Terrier Club's Show at Cheltenham, Nov 10 and 11, 1904.

Nature's Handiwork.

STARTLING STATISTICS FOR THOSE WHO EAT.

[By IVOR ASTLE.]

The most remarkable feature of the human body is its durability, but it is doubtful whether the average individual has seriously considered the tremendous tests his physique withstands. We all have heard, "What a lot it takes to kill a man!" Seldom, however, are statistics produced to show the strength of the human frame. The complaint is often heard that teeth are not given for a life-time. That may be so; but what precise service teeth supply ere the dentist is requisitioned to remove Nature's supply and fit an artificial collection, is not generally realised.

It is not the intention of this article to specialise many of the functions which human organs perform. We are going to be content with some surprising statistics which those who eat will receive with alarm. Now Gladstone, I believe, latterly brought his teeth together no less than thirty-six times in the preparation of his food for digestion. Of course, most of us are not so patient with our solid sustenance. Let us assume that the average person in the course of a meal masticates—or rather chews—a mouthful twenty-five times. Let us assume, too—as an equally reasonable estimate—that in the course of a meal he eats twenty mouthfuls.

It is clear, then, that the average meal means about five hundred mastications. Therefore, during the four meals of the day, one accomplishes the creditable feat of bringing his teeth together, for purpose of mastication only, no less than two thousand times! The demolition of a week's "daily bread" is obviously seven times this amount, or, in round figures, merely 14,000.

We would scarcely believe that one could survive the strain of a year, which increases this figure to 728,000. For the object of this article, shall we imagine that artificial teeth are first requisitioned at, say, the age of twenty-five years. Now let us see what those discarded teeth have performed in their strenuous career! Allowance of three years may be made for infantile inactivity. We find that a twenty-five-year-old individual has brought his ivories into contact on 16,016,000 occasions! So that the centenarian, if he were fortunate enough to have preserved his teeth for a hundred years, would be able to pat his teeth on the back—so to speak—for 64,064,000 occasions of service!

Now, these figures are confined to mastication merely. How many times during the day do the teeth meet in the course of conversation? In this matter the sexes must naturally receive separate consideration. Speaking of men first, the ordinary position of the upper

and lower teeth, during waking hours, is a closed one. Conversation causes the teeth to touch after almost every articulation. Shall we estimate the number of contacts on this account to be a hundred per diem? If this estimate be considered proper, a week's converse represents seven hundred contacts, and during a year, of course, the figure is 36,400. Making deduction as before for infantile inactivity, a man of twenty-five summers adds to the 16,016,000 "contacts" during eating, 800,800 for conversation, or a total of 16,816,800 "contacts." Our friend the centenarian is therefore entitled to 67,267,200!

It is hoped that the ladies are not angry at the delay in dealing with their sex. Clearly, if a man during twenty-five years puts his teeth to the test of 16,816,800 "contacts," the feminine result is far less. Not because the feminine folk talk less, though; but because it is uncertain whether the teeth touch after each articulation, and because the length of each articulation is of uncertain duration. What more is it necessary or discreet to say?

The world, as a going concern, is for sale to those who can buy, but no goodwill goes with it.

For two thousand years we have been told that the flesh is unprofitable, and though it may now be more urgent than ever, it is seemingly no easier to succeed in putting it away.



MASTER FLORIZEL VON REUTER,

The latest Musical Prodigy, who is to appear at the Town-hall next Saturday, November 26.

THE LADY GARDENER.

The properly qualified lady student of horticulture may look for various openings for employment. As gardeners in private houses women have of late years been proving their capacity to hold their own. Nor is it a matter for surprise that an owner of extensive gardens should prefer to employ the highly-trained woman, who, as well as being an expert in the theory and practice of horticulture, brings to bear upon her work the trained intelligence of a well-educated woman, with the individuality and resource which is evidenced in more or less extent by her choosing a career and undergoing the necessary training for it. The lady gardener, trained as she is from elementary spade work to the science of hybridisation, finds herself in all respects qualified and capable of doing all the work her position involves. Of course, by reason of her sex she cannot be called upon for a heavy job of digging and trenching, and she must rely on a labourer to work under her directions to carry out these fundamental operations. An employer would have but a poor appreciation of economy of labour were he to expect his highly-trained lady gardener to spend her time in work which can be done by unskilled and cheap labour. The writer has heard of no fewer than six vacancies for lady gardeners having been notified to one qualified lady within the last week.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITIES IN CHELTENHAM.

A FOREWORD.

It is the intention of the writer in these slight sketches of contemporary religious life in Cheltenham to introduce the readers of this paper to some of the off-shoots of Christian work which would otherwise remain "unrecorded and unsung" save in the casual newspaper paragraph. There are many activities and workers beside the church or chapel service and the prepared sermon, and these multiform agencies for good will be here faithfully represented as they appear to an onlooker whose mind is neither prejudiced for or against their methods or conduct, with the hope that a better knowledge of other workers and their ways will be as interesting as it will be instructive. If the writer sometimes arrives at mistaken conclusions, he would ask the reader to bear with him, as the "impressions" are in no sense "inspired" by the leaders of the activities referred to.

E. J. B.

A SUNDAY MORNING AT THE WORKHOUSE.

The Workhouse! The very name sends a shiver through our being, and if some necessity prompts us to pass the long, gaunt wall, with its barrack-like entrance, in the Swindon-road, we gather our coats about us and hurry on, thanking God that we are "not as other men" whom fate leads to this end. And yet inside that wall, could we know all, is pathos enough to rend our hearts asunder. But it seems all prosaic enough: at the entrance a little office, in which sits an official at a table, who scrutinises closely those who enter; on either hand stolid and marvellously quiet buildings; immediately in front a covered walk leading down into the centre of the group of buildings.

It is Sunday morning. The guardian who is my chaperone, and who is chiefly responsible for the Nonconformist services at the Workhouse, and the ensuing visits to the wards, waits for a moment until the minister for the morning arrives on the scene, together with two or three men and some ladies, whose aid has been enlisted to lead the singing.

Together we pass into the hall where the Nonconformist service is held—probably a dining hall, although on the scrupulously clean floor it is useless to look for signs of crumbs as a clue. It is 9.45. Men and women are already taking their places, the men on one side and the women, in their quaint and prim little linen caps, on the other. There are many more women than men, so that the church and chapel attendance difficulty has even invaded this secluded territory. At the back of the hall sits an official of the fairer sex, whose apparent business it is to see that order is kept; otherwise there is little sign of the iron hand of discipline.

Sankey's hymn-books are handed round, and a hymn is announced—one of those old hymns which live on and are loved by the people because of their associations. A young lady from the ranks of the volunteer choir (which is supplied by the various Christian Endeavour Societies of the town in turn) plays the melody of the hymn on a remarkably out-of-tune piano, and soon the bare walls of the hall are echoing to the familiar strains. (My friend the guardian tells me that only a very few hymns can be ventured upon: only the old favourites, such as "Rock of Ages" and "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," are known sufficiently well to be essayed). After a prayer, another hymn, and a Scripture reading, the minister for the morning gives a discourse on the text: "The righteous shall flourish as a palm tree"—not a very likely subject for such an audience! There they were—the failures, the derelicts of life's battle—thrown on one side as too old or too feeble for the fierce struggle of life, and yet showing—some of them—tokens of strength of character which had never come into its kingdom. One old man carried the patriarchal head and shoulders of a Lord Kelvin; another reminded one of that grand old weather-beaten mariner

in the famous picture, "The North-West Passage." But there were others whose light had faded, whose lack-lustre eye and abject stoop revealed the crushed spirit within—defeated, tired, and depressed with the useless struggle against poverty or heredity. Or, again, there were some there who could have possessed only a dim sense of the meaning of the service—epileptics or harmless imbeciles apparently—and yet even these seemed to take a real pleasure in the melodies of the old hymns; and one in particular sang the sounds, although the words were beyond his power. As the preacher went on to expound his subject, one could hardly help wondering what these people must think of the subject—"The righteous shall flourish as a palm tree"—for how many of these poor and needy ones would feel that they had flourished in their times! But before the sermon was over several useful lessons were extracted from the text, and as the men filed out at the top of the room and the women at the bottom, shaking hands with the minister, my guardian and friend, and any of the helpers that might feel inclined, one could not but feel grateful that preachers and laymen can be found who will go down thus early in the morning and give their services, without fee or reward, to the old people before commencing the other arduous duties of the day at their own places of worship.

This morning service is a Nonconformist institution, and, as such, is quite distinct from the recognised official service held in the afternoon in the Workhouse Chapel. Attendance at the service I have described is, however, quite voluntary, and, this being so, the numbers present were rather remarkable.

But we must not linger, for now the really serious work of the morning is about to commence, viz. the ward visitation. Entering the infirmary building, a little party of us—two guardians, several men, and a few ladies—someone opens a door, and we find ourselves in what is apparently a convalescent ward—a comfortable room, as clean as a Dutch parlour, with a blazing fire and a painted overmantel and panels, which look like the work of the Kyrle Society or some similar agency for brightening the lot of the workhouse inmate. Sitting on wheel-chairs or lying in wheel-couches are a number of men, mostly old, all in a more or less decrepit state—one partly paralysed, another dropsical, and so on; a tale of woe with no conclusion save the one gaunt spectre which haunts the close of life. Everything is done for these poor fellows that can be done; but if it is bad enough to bear illness alone, what must it be to have all one's companions in like straits?

In this room the leaders of the little party went round with a cheery word to each patient; the members of the choir sang two or three of the well-known hymns from Sankey's, one of the men prayed, and another read a short passage from the New Testament appropriate to the circumstances, with brief comments thereon.

Nothing was said in this ward or the others which could worry or frighten the poor old veterans, nor is it right that it should be so, for who would wish to terrorise a timid soul, trembling on the brink of the dark river? No! Everything that was done was just a straightforward living out of the Master's precept—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

There were other wards, though; many of them. In my mind I have a painful impression of long rows of white coverletted beds, each with its occupant: here a heavy-framed man, fretting and resenting the unkind fate which has thus left him diseased, friendless, a pauper, flinging back defiance in the face of Providence; there a bright little woman, who chats pleasantly about the mildness of the November weather, and is so thankful because a young lady finds her the exact place of the hymn which is sung, although she cannot read the print; others lie in that semi-conscious "let-me-alone" torpor which shows that the brain is fast losing its connection with outside impressions.

But in most cases the proffered handshake is eagerly accepted, and here and there a tear

trickles down the cheek of a listener as the leader talks to them in simple but telling language of the One who said "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden, for I will give you rest."

There are flowers on the tables, and the wards are spotlessly clean, so that one can only feel how much worse would be this concentrated misery if endured in cottage and hovel rather than in this much-abused home for the aged.

Before we parted my friend the guardian just showed me inside a ward where the worst cases were lying—one, an old man, very near the end, as it seemed, groaning loudly with pain; in a little room adjoining a nurse was dressing a patient's leg—a horrible gaping wound, a sight of which would have made most women faint! But here was a brave man—one who never flinched and could joke and smile while the operation took place—and a brave woman, who had steeled herself to alleviate pain—a ministering angel!

And this is my impression of a Sunday morning at the Workhouse: sorrow, suffering, and gloom; sunshine, sympathy, and song; human disappointment and Divine hope; pathos, sordid but tremendous, in every groan and tear and clinging hand-grasp, craving for more comforters, more helpers, more who are willing to "heal the broken-hearted."

E. J. B.

THE GOLF MANIAC.

Now is the season that the golf maniac turns out with all his elaborate paraphernalia, catches early trains, ignores his business appointments, and constitutes himself a general nuisance to those who are fast ceasing to look upon him as a friend. With every respect for golf and golfers, I am compelled to mourn the painfully restricted methods of conversation which the knights of the niblick affect. All the golfers I have ever met seem to me to be terrible bores. They can talk of nothing but handicaps and gold medals and "hard lines"; they are always explaining how they lost this and failed to make that, and they are actually more intolerable than the average motorist. This last gentleman is quite content to run somebody down, and not talk about it, whereas the golfer cannot keep his mouth closed. I have known one or two golfers brought to absolute ruin through the hold which the craze has taken upon them. Its influence appears to be quite as strong as that of drink or gambling, and the man who grumbles at having to walk a quarter of a mile to a station of a morning in order to catch a train to the City will trudge weary miles over bumpy ground when the golf fever is on him. Hard work never offends anybody—so long as you don't call it "work."—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

SUPERIORITY OF KNEE BREECHES.

The long trouser has every fault which it is possible to combine in a single garment. It rubs at the ankle—which is not true of the knickerbocker. If you turn up the trouser, then you create a horizontal crease which is just as bad as the rubbing of the edge. A band of leather does not really save the trouser from attrition against the boot. Then, consider the knees. No amount of stretching or pressing will really save a pair of trousers from becoming baggy at this singularly inopportune joint. The man who is true to his trousers must never sit and must never run. Only by standing still, or at most walking slowly, can he preserve the contour of his costume. Here, again, knickerbockers solve the problem. The chief beauty of knickerbockers is that they are baggy at the knees. Their virtue is the trousers' vice. And there are other advantages. On a muddy day a man with long trousers finds that they are covered with mud. He cannot send them to the wash, and has to trust entirely to the clothes brush or vacuum cleaner. But in the case of stockings, all he has to do is to put on a clean pair next morning. It is therefore no wonder that two pairs of trousers are necessary to last out one coat and vest, whereas two coats and vests are necessary to last out one pair of knee breeches.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 204.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.30) and Evening (7.45)
"A Country Girl."

NEXT WEEK:

MOODY MANNERS OPERA Co.

Monday, "Faust"; Tuesday, "Lohengrin";
Wednesday, "Carmen"; Thursday, "Cavalleria
Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Friday, "Tann-
hauser"; Saturday (2.30), "Daughter of the Regi-
ment"; and Saturday (7.45), "The Bohemian
Girl."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

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 202nd prize has been awarded to Mr. E.
J. Neining, of Queen-street, Gloucester, for
his picture of the Cathedral.

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 104th prize has been divided between
Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St.
George's-street, Cheltenham, and Miss Grace
Jones, Oxford Lawn, London-road, Chelten-
ham, for reports respectively of sermons by
the Rev. R. C. Griffin at Horfield Baptist
Church and the Rev. Percival Smith at Holy
Trinity Church, Cheltenham.

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

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 Satur-
day'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.

Messrs. Lebaudy Bros., the Paris aeronauts,
contemplate making airships to order at
£8,000 each, guaranteed for one year.



There is a movement in Johannesburg,
says the London correspondent of the "Bir-
mingham Post," to erect a statue to Mr.
Chamberlain in the chief square of the city.



The Liverpool Conservative Club is gal-
lantly opening its doors to the ladies, and
allows members to introduce their feminine
friends between 5.30 and 7.30 each evening.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

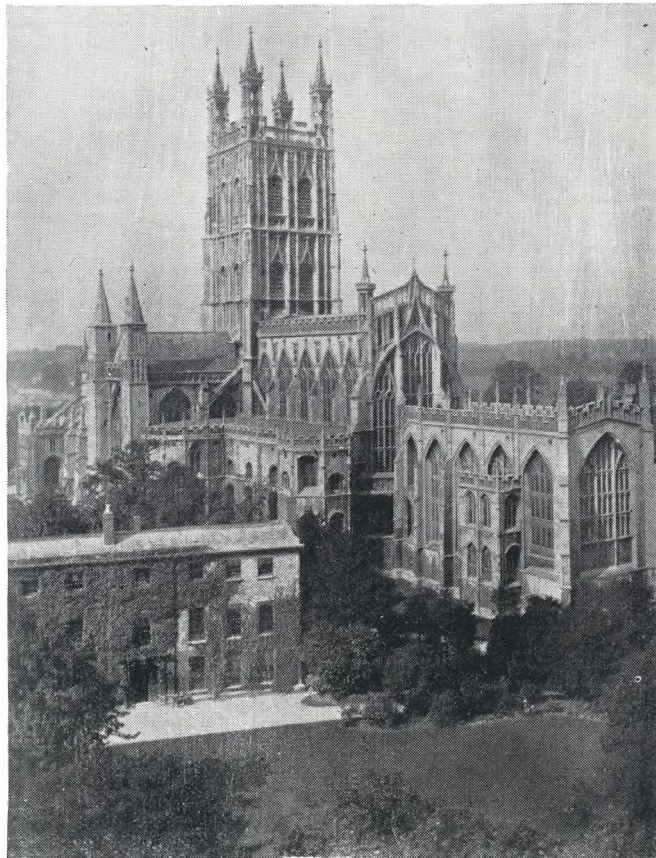


Photo by E. J. Neining, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL,
TAKEN FROM THE SPIRE OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



I do not remember a November for many years past in which there has been such a dearth of local schemes necessitating applications to Parliament for statutory powers as the present month has proved to be. Only one municipality—that of Tewkesbury—is going for a Bill or Provisional Order, and that is for electric lighting, so as to bring the town up-to-date. The Great Western Railway Company, alone among private corporations, is seeking additional powers. This company proposes to make a railway commencing in the parish of Bledington by a junction at Chipping Norton Junction with the present railway and terminating in the parish of Churchill. This is evidently to be a straight and short cut to facilitate the running of Great Central trains coming on at Banbury. Then, nearer the centre of the county, revival of powers is sought to construct the Berkeley-road Junction Railway, which would prove a necessary connecting link in the alternative route over the Severn Bridge in the event of any mishap happening to the Severn Tunnel. More land is required for the Honeybourne Railway works, parcels for acquisition being scheduled at Marston Sicca; at Cheltenham, adjacent to the Malvern-road bridge, near where the new locomotive shed is to be built; and at Winchcombe. I hear that a road has already been made at Bishop's Cleeve in connection with the operations for tunnelling through the hill on that side.



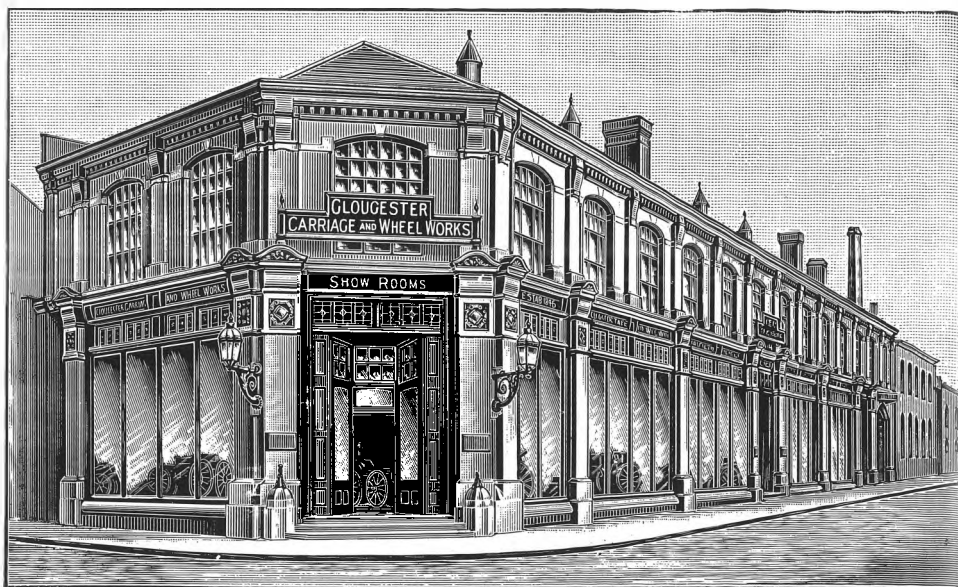
The recent fogs have varied in density and duration locally. Cheltenham has been specially favoured by his Murky Majesty, or rather by King Sol making him vanish for two or three hours daily, while he was also shining on Chosen Hill at the same time that Churchdown, below, was obscured in gloom. The Cotswolds proper have come in for a greater share than usual of the attentions of the Fog Fiend. The railway companies principally found the inconvenience and expense of the lasting fogs, causing trains to proceed cautiously and be late, and involving extra pay for the "red-collar men," called out for fog signalling. A railway official once remarked to me, "I never hear a fog signal explode, but what I think bang goes a penny farthing." And I recollect that Earl Cawdor, at the half-yearly meeting of the G.W.R. Co. in February, 1902, told the shareholders that the heavy and long-lasting fogs of the previous December had cost the company no less than £3,200. I wonder what was the amount the recent fogs ran all the railway companies into.



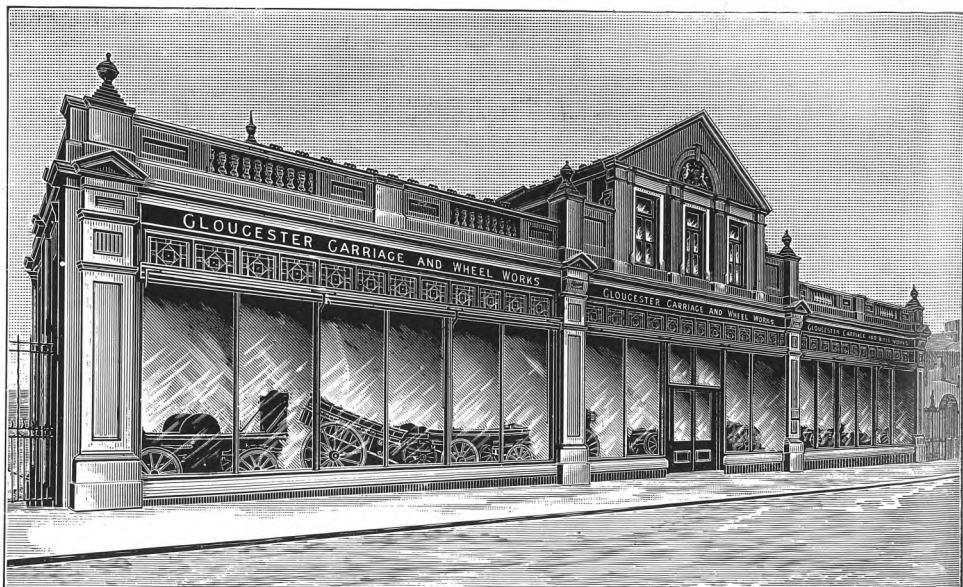
I have talked with the oldest inhabitants of several places, and they have never known so fine a time of it as we had for over six months past. Till a few days ago, when the cold snap set in—sharp snowstorm at Cheltenham on Monday afternoon, but none in Gloucester—the weather was remarkably mild. I have had the rare experience of eating a few raspberries and wearing rosebuds freshly gathered in the gardens of local residents. And only a few days ago a friend kindly brought me several branches of pretty spindleberry that he had plucked from the hedgerow of Dowdeswell Wood. The fall of the leaves has been very late, and we have had the most beautiful of autumn tints that many a long year has produced. But Cheltonians can now see through the leafless branches of the trees on the top of Leckhampton and surrounding hills, and I trust they will be able to do so all through the coming winter, free from the visitation of the Fog Fiend. GLEANER.

A correspondent complains of the following piece of virile oratory, actually heard in Cardiff Council Chamber: "Gentlemen, now is the time to show your backbone, and bring it to the front."

A curious counterpane shown at a church bazaar at Yarmouth was covered with names, each of which had been worked on it on payment of a sixpenny subscription. In this way one lady had collected £12 9s.



Range of Showrooms that H.M. Office of Works have just bought from the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co. for the extension of George-street Post-office and Sorting Station adjoining to accommodate the telegraph staff at Gloucester



Showrooms on the other side of George-street that the Wagon Co. retain.

BOOK, CATALOGUE, CIRCULAR,
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

ESCAPE FROM THE HAREM.

THE CHELTENHAM NEWSPAPER CO., proprietors of the "Gloucestershire Graphic," are in a position to do excellent work at following low prices:—

Half-Tones on Copper from Photos (fine grain for best work, or coarse grain for common work)

6D. PER SQUARE INCH.

Line Blocks from Drawings

4D. PER SQUARE INCH.

Photos or Drawings may be enlarged or reduced within reasonable limits to fit any size sheet.

"ECHO" OFFICE, CHELTENHAM.

A beautiful young Circassian girl has escaped from the seat of a Turkish grandee, who is staying at the Hotel Luxembourg, and taken refuge in the Home for Friendless Girls at Nice. The girl in tears appealed to the sisters for help in broken German, and it was decided to do everything possible to protect her. On discovering the girl's whereabouts the Turk demanded her immediate return, but the sisters shut the door of the institution in his face, telling him that in a free country his threats were in vain. The Turk returned in the afternoon, accompanied by the Turkish Consul and a body of police, and again demanded the girl's return. As a reply the sisters dared the police to break into the place and take the girl by force. After a heated discussion the Turk withdrew, and pending further steps on his part a strong appeal has been sent from the committee of the home to the Procureur of the Republic to support them in their resistance.



Photo by Nichols and Bathgate, Stow-on-the-Wold.

STOW DISTRICT RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, 1904-5.

Top row:—Dr. Miller, T. C. Baber, R. B. Jones, G. Gasson, A. Spregg, W. Hams.

Middle row:—H. Spregg, A. B. Green (hon. sec.), J. Cuthbert (captain), E. Clifford (vice-captain), F. Hookham, H. Emes.

Bottom row:—E. A. Pullin, T. Ellims, L. Penson, T. Butler.

“THE APOSTLE OF THE ABSOLUTE ZERO.”

His intimate friends call Professor Dewar “The Apostle of the Absolute Zero.” He has a keen sense of humour when applied to scientific matters, and never forgets that the main thing after all is commercial gain. One night, during the visit of the British Association to Belfast, Professor Dewar, according to a writer in “T.A.T.,” who has been describing the professor’s experiments with liquid air, attended a smoking concert given by the medical men of the city. The front page of the programme was devoted to a cartoon. A nickname of the Association is the “British Ass.” In the picture the professor was depicted leading a large-sized donkey. The donkey had a Union Jack spread over his back, and the huge panniers he carried were labelled “Liquid Hydrogen—Absolute Zero.” The bottles were purposely represented like those that hold Dewar’s Perth Whisky, and, as the professor was drawn wearing cap and gown, the whole made a picture so incongruous that the savant, when he saw it, laughed heartily. Professor Dewar is famed for the unvarying success of his experiments. One of his little hobbies is the collection of old furniture, and some of the examples with which his delightful apartments at the Royal Institution are adorned are of a sort to rejoice the eye of the connoisseur. A company with £15,000 capital has been formed to manufacture about 800lb. to 1,000lb. of liquid air per day for supplying to colleges, schools, etc., for experimental purposes, at reasonable price. The commercial success of the venture is already assured.

The latest society craze is to take animal pets to the opera and other places of entertainment.

IF YOU WANT

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BEST WORK IN BEST STYLE AT FAIR PRICES.

LADIES’ CARDS.

50 from type	1/-
100 “ “	1/9
50 from plate	1/-
100 “ “	1/9
50 “ “ (mourning)	1/6
100 “ “ “	2/6

GENTLEMEN’S CARDS.

50 from type	1/-
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50 from plate	1/-
100 “ “	1/6
50 “ “ (mourning)	1/6
100 “ “ “	2/6

NAME PLATE (ENGRAVED ANY STYLE).

Ladies’	2/-
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ADDRESS, 1/- PER LINE EXTRA.

DANCE CARDS, BALL PROGRAMS,
MENU CARDS, PENCILS & TASSELS. &c.,
NEW STYLES AND DESIGNS,
AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES.
CALL AND INSPECT PATTERN BOOK.

IS LOVE A BAR TO SUCCESS?

“A young man married is a young man marred” is a maxim old and untrue, states a writer in this week’s “T.A.T.,” for the following gentlemen, who at one time and another have attributed their success in life to their wife’s loving help, all married at an early age: Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman married at 24; Mr. Asquith at the same age; Lord Lansdowne was a few months younger when he graduated as a Benedict; Lord Kimberley was 21 and Earl Spencer 22 when they got married; Lord Roberts was 27 on his wedding-day; Lord Armstrong was 24; and the Duke of Argyll had just celebrated his majority.

THE SMALL BOY AND THE MOTOR.

The exceedingly dangerous practice on the part of small boys of standing in the roadway on the approach of a motor-car in order to see who is the most daring is becoming common. A correspondent of “The Autocar,” in giving an account of a drive, says: “As we neared Wellington we nearly had a nasty accident. A small boy was so much taken up with seeing how late he could cross the road in front of us that he precipitated himself into a passing cyclist, bringing himself and the cyclist to utter grief almost immediately under the car’s front wheels. That small boy was within less than a foot of sudden death. I hope it will be a lesson to him. It struck me as hard lines that the cyclist should have been compelled to point the moral!”

“He is cross, I suppose: a husband without a smile,” said Mr. Plowden to a woman applying for a summons on Monday. “He is an old man of seventy,” was the reply. “And you thirty! Oh, you can twist him round your little finger.”



Photo by Miss Newbould, Cheltenham.
CATS EXHIBITED AT CHELTENHAM SHOW BY MISS ANNIE HANSON.



Photo by H. Brown, Churchdown.
BADGEWORTH OAK.

The late Mr. Joseph Ellis Viner, owner of the land on which the oak stands, left this record, dated Badgeworth, November 19th, 1864:—"Joseph Oakey, of this village, told me, this day, that he was born in October, 1772, is now in good health, in his 92nd year; that his father, James Oakey, was born in 1704, and died in 1802, in his 99th year, and who told him (Joseph Oakey) that his grandfather said that Richard Freeman the owner of the land whereon the oak photographed stood, threatened that if the King (Charles I.) was not allowed to keep his head, his oaks should not keep theirs, and had them cut off accordingly. The King was beheaded January 30th 1649."

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES IN CHELTENHAM.

THE FRIENDS' ADULT SCHOOL AND MEETING.

The Friends' adult school is one of those "Religious Activities" directed chiefly towards the elevation and spiritualising of the masses—the working men and women—of the country, meeting them with their own methods of thought and manner of speech, cultivating the "brotherhood of man" spirit, and helping those who will to help themselves—in Christ's name.

It must have been something of a revolution amongst the old Friends to have given the people Sankey's hymns, musical solos, and those other aids to worship which the Friends have always considered to be hindrances to their own form of devotional meetings.

But, as in the P.S.A. movement and the many Institutes and Christian settlements which are growing up in centres of overcrowding and vice to-day, it has been found that the working man and working woman have lost touch with our churches and chapels, with their reserved pews, and incessant money demands, so that the only remedy is to go straight to the people on their own level; not as patronage or favour, but as a bounden duty, a work which it is a privilege to be called unto.

At present there are over 70,000 members of the Adult School Movement in this country, and men like Cadbury, of chocolate fame, and Rowntree, of Scarborough, have been leaders of branches for the greater part of their lives.

The name of "adult school" is to some extent misleading to an outsider, for there is nothing of the school atmosphere in the meeting; I rather think that the title is a reminder of the old days when the meetings were actually "schools," and men, young or old, in those days of educational shortcomings, were actually taught by the good "Quakers and Quakeresses" to read and write!

There was a very welcome flavour of democratic Christian Socialism about the little card handed me as I entered the room at the Friends' Meeting House on Sunday. "We want men, not coats! The coat does not make the man!" ran the card, and on the wall was the inscription:—

"A man's a man for a' that,
Without a collar, aye, or hat,
Or tie, or coat, for matter of that.
If but his heart is beating true
A man's a man, no matter who!"

The room, overlooking Portland-street, was large, and cheerful in appearance, with a bright fire burning at one end, a piano in the

corner, and on the walls a number of temperance "broadsides," as the committee call them—quotations from such widely diverse minds as John Burns, Shakespeare, Sir William Gull, and Dr. Edward Smith, on the evils of intemperance.

Although it was fully nine o'clock when I arrived, the attendance at first was only small; probably the coldness of the morning, or the fact that the attendance roll was called at the end instead of the beginning of the "school" accounted for this; for each man or youth who entered, however, the president, Mr. E. Boorne, had a kindly word, and the good feeling and comradeship between leader and men was very marked.

The proceedings opened with a short prayer and a reading from the New Testament, followed by an address or lecturette on the "History of the Israelites in the Light of Modern Discovery." In this subject the president evidently was keenly interested, and the details of the reigns of Seti I. (the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph) and Rameses II. (the son of Pharaoh's daughter and the playfellow of Moses) were set forth in a clear manner, with a perfectly candid admission of critical Biblical difficulties; but the underlying thought, that God was working through the rise and fall of mighty kings and dynasties for His glory and the coming of the Christ.

At 9.45 a hymn was sung, not very well perhaps, but with plenty of vigour, one of the young men officiating at the piano; then one of the members, an elderly man, whose turn it was to take the Bible lesson, came forward to the president's table, and with a remarkable flow of language plunged at once into the subject: Colossians iii. 1-25. His address showed that he was a Bible student of no mean order, and the plan of getting the men themselves to conduct their own Bible lessons was a good one; anyone who has had to do with men's classes will know how difficult it is to get men to undertake this work.

A free discussion ensued, in which one or two members took part, and, with a summing up of the subject by the president, the calling of the roll, and another hymn, the "adult school" closed at 10.30. The room was not cleared for a while, however, for there were small amounts to be paid into the savings bank or the sick fund in connection with the scheme, and, lot by any means least, little conversations and handshakes with the president, who seemed to know every member intimately in all his relationships.

My impression of the "adult school" was of an earnest leader—full of zeal for the betterment of young men—and a membership which included many who, perhaps, would not be found in any place of worship; a nucleus

of a great work which is likely to grow and prosper. The weak points were the unpunctuality of the members and the singing, which seemed to want a lead; but these are small details, only mentioned at all here because these impressions must be worthless if not honest.

After a pleasant chat with my friend the president, we went down to the Meeting House, for it had been for long a desire of mine to attend a "Quakers'" meeting, as the outside world will persist in calling it. As a boy I was brought up close to a Friends' Meeting House, and I have a vivid recollection of the quaint bonnets and demure but happy expression of the Quakeresses whom I saw going to "meeting" on Sunday mornings.

I know more about the Friends now, however; and in these days it would be hard to find anyone to say an unkind word about the religious body, which, more than any other, for its size, is noted for the straightforward Christian living of its members, and for its humanitarian sympathy and never-failing generosity to the poor and needy, without distinction of nationality or sect. Wherever you find the downtrodden and the oppressed, there you find the Friends first in the field to minister to their needs.

A strong combination this: the spiritual mystics, with an indwelling consciousness of, and communion with, the Spirit, which is so far from many of us; men and women who have the capacity to withdraw into the fastnesses of their own hearts, to retreat within themselves, and like Thomas a Kempis actually hold converse with the great all-embracing Soul of God; and yet, not merely dreamers, but doers of the Word; practical philanthropists, Christian Socialists, workers for good in slum, prison, and factory, following conscience fearlessly and boldly to the bitter end; absolutely opposed to formalism in worship, and yet cherishing certain forms of speech and mannerisms which have lost their significance; above all, however, Christian men and women, beyond which what more can one say?

The little Meeting House is quite a modern and artistic building, with a small raised platform and about fifty or sixty chairs. Two gas stoves shed a warm glow on the right and left, and as I enter I note that the little gathering comprises about twenty-five persons, of whom about three-parts are ladies.

THE LATE MR. R. H. BUTLER.

Formerly chief clerk at Cheltenham Post-office and for some years sub-postmaster of St. Mark's Post-office.

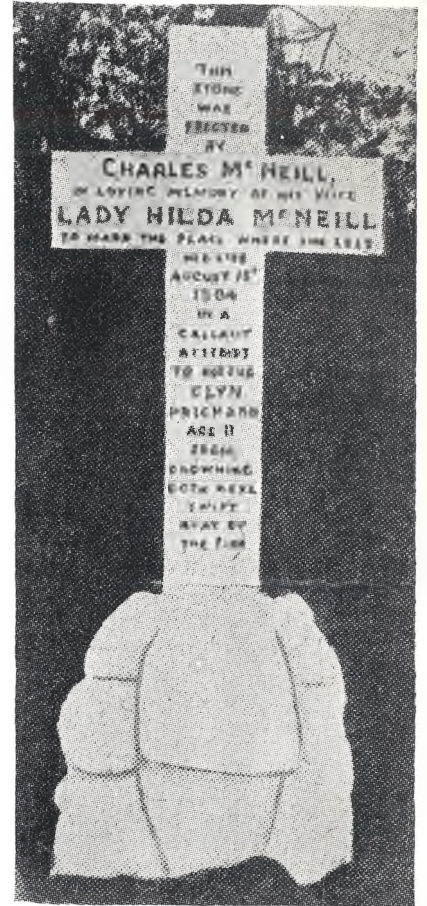
Our personal experiences of Mr. Butler were of the most pleasant character. He always evinced the liveliest and kindest interest in the publications issuing from this office, being a frequent contributor to their columns, mainly with his reminiscences. He invariably sent all the staff an original New Year's greeting on a postcard. The last, which we reproduce in to-day's "Graphic," wished "Many happy returns of the day to the 'Graphic,' born January 5th, 1901," and was signed "R. H. Butler, 67 not out." He had also shown his warm appreciation of our new venture in its early days by giving it good, bold advertisement on his famous blackboard at the bottom of his garden overlooking Lansdown railway junction. That conspicuous blackboard has borne many legends, testifying to the imagination and versatility of the genial owner of the "Cosy." "To Pretoria," with a fist pointing to the M. and S.W. Junction Railway, over which so many thousands of soldiers passed on their way to the war, remained up until the Boer capital was taken. And when peace was declared "Britons and Boers" were represented clasping hands. The deaths of Queen Victoria and President McKinley were pathetically signalled. The last legend that we remember up there was the very expressive one. "Our fiscal policy is 7s. 3d. in the pound."



LADY HILDA McNEILL'S HEROISM.

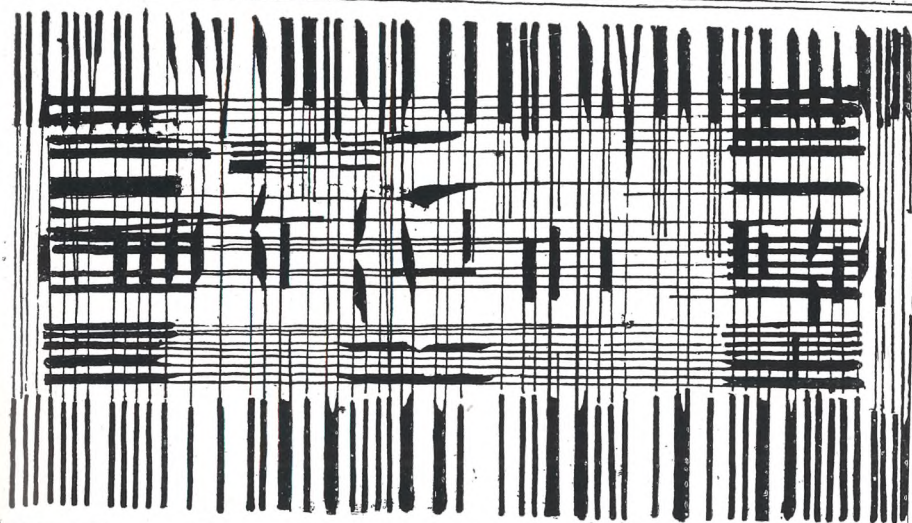
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A MEMORIAL CROSS.



At Fremington, North Devon, a cross has been erected by her husband to mark the spot where Lady Hilda McNeill lost her life in a gallant attempt to save a little boy from drowning. It will be remembered that Lady Hilda, wife of Mr. Charles McNeill, Master of the North Cotswold Hounds, and a little boy named Prichard were drowned at Fremington in August. Lady Hilda had put up a tent on the beach of the river Taw for bathing. Although there was a disturbing tide in the river, and the wind was boisterous, Lady Hilda decided to bathe. Accompanied by Glen Prichard, aged eleven, son of Mr. E. Prichard, of Donnington Manor, Stow-on-the-Wold, she went into the river, while her own little son Ronald and Prichard's sister May watched them from the shore. The boy Prichard got into difficulties, and on Lady Hilda going to his assistance she was swept off her feet, and both were drowned. The bodies were recovered about two hours afterwards. At the time of the occurrence Mr. McNeill was practising in the polo field.

Commence to read at the Star below.



* R.H. BUTLER. 67 Not out

P.O. ST MARKS

To read above, hold sheet on level with the eye, both from bottom and sideways.

The leader of the meeting and two other gentlemen enter with me, and without removing their hats proceed to the front of the platform and take three seats there placed, facing the audience. There is no sound of bells or organ melody to herald this quiet worship, but each Friend composes himself or herself, with closed eyes, to silent prayer and meditation, the leaders removing their hats as they settle down. The quietness is appalling to one who is used to the fullness and constant action in hymn or prayer of, say, a Church of England service; I begin to wonder how long the deathly stillness will last; nothing is heard but the gentle hissing of the gas stoves, and the twittering of sparrows in the November sunshine outside; vainly do I endeavour to concentrate my wandering thoughts; the minutes pass—and pass—until it seems as if an age had elapsed since last I heard a human voice; one or two yellow leaves flutter down from a desolate tree outside the window—then some more—a white cloud sails across the sky as seen through the window opposite—when suddenly one of the leaders rises to his feet, and, an-

nouncing the text "Ye walk by faith, and not by sight," gives us what he feels the Spirit has given him.

This was not a sermon; it was not even an address; some might have said it lacked oratorical power; but there was a something in the waiting for the thoughts to come, the evident listening for the Inward Voice, which was very telling.

One or two thoughts I retain in my mind. "Not holding fast to the hoary sign-posts of past revelation, but seeing our way thereby and moving forward on the same road."

"Not even the Bible can be our infallible guide, but God's Spirit guiding us into the light by its teaching." There was much culture, and even a savour of modern research and higher criticism, maybe, in the address; but through all a vein of absolute assurance in the guiding power and lead of God's Spirit, as above and beyond even the words of the Scriptures, or human wisdom.

After a further long break of silent meditation, another of the leaders spoke on the words "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." This address,

from an older Friend, possessed much mature wisdom, and must have been helpful to many.

After this, another long silence, then a short audible prayer, and at a signal from the leaders each Friend clasped the hand of his or her neighbour, and—the meeting was over.

No hymns, no organ, no sermon, no preacher, and—no collection. And yet from this short time of communion with God, and musing on the inner life, proceeds that vast energy for Christian work which has been and will remain one of the marvels of Christian England—the guidance of the Inward Light—the secret of the religious activity of the Society of Friends. E. J. B.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The Canadian Senator's Daughter.

A Story of Christmas Eve.

* * * * *

[BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS.]

* * * * *

When Hargrave proposed that we should entertain Mrs. Macklin and her daughter at supper, on Christmas Eve, in our rooms, Twombly and I were struck staring dumb. The thing was absurd. We were keeping "Bachelor Hall" on the top floor of an old red-brick house where we cooked our own meals, washed our own dishes, and did everything else for ourselves except our laundry work. The suite had been advertised as a "studio flat" because there was a large cold skylight in every room of it. It was as bare as the loft of a farmer's barn; and it was certainly no place in which to receive the wives and daughters of senators.

And yet Hargrave proposed this madness in the most calm and casual manner. We were at the breakfast table. (It was two days before Christmas, six years ago.) Twombly and I were eating porridge and reading the morning papers. Hargrave looked up from his mail. "There's a Miss Macklin," he said, "daughter of the Hon. Donald Macklin, Canadian Senator. She'll be stranded in town with her mother for Christmas Eve. I used to know them at home, and I'd like to entertain them here, that night, if I could."

We said nothing, but our faces as we looked over our newspapers, must have been sufficiently expressive.

"We can't do it in swell style, of course," Hargrave hastened to concede. "But then they'll expect to find us living in a sort of Bohemian way—the Bohemia of fiction—and I thought if we acted up to that—that fiction—we could give them a jolly evening."

We know Bohemianism as a nauseating pose.

"They're the simple sort of Canadian aristocracy, you know," he said.

Twombly shook his head dubiously. "Well," Hargrave confessed, reddening, "I've a particular reason for asking it. You see, when I left home, I was—well, Miss Macklin and I—"

We guessed the rest from his confusion, but we did not see how this would help us in the affair.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "her father's worth about a million—and I'm not eligible. He's not a very reasonable sort of old nabob. And anything there is between Mary and me is strictly unknown to the family."

Twombly said: "But can't we get up any other—"

Hargrave looked uncomfortable. "My idea—" He hesitated. "No," he said, "I—I really can't tell you what I want to do, without spoiling the affair. Only, I thought, if we all, instead of being conventional and stiff and carrying company manners, just behaved as we would if we were at a men's dinner here with any of the gang. Don't you think? . . . I'm going to ask Thibideau and Wilkes."

Now that, as I said before, was two days before Christmas, six years ago, and it was, therefore, two days before anybody, except perhaps the publisher, knew that Hargrave had written anonymously "The Hope of Glory," the first of his novels, which was then selling at a rate to shame the output of the bargain counters. He had a Scotch-Canadian secretiveness. We knew him as an untalkative, ambitious writer of newspaper "specials" (on "The Pets of the Poor," "How the City Gets Lunch," "Christmas Greens," and such topics), and he was of a modesty so determined that one could not but accept him at his own low estimate of

himself. We did not, for an instant, suspect his secret, any more than we suspected what would develop from his Christmas Eve supper. And, indeed, if we could have foreseen anything of the latter, Arthur Thurston Hargrave would have given his supper without us.

I noticed only, on the next day, that he had a new self-reliance and an apparently unlimited supply of money; and these joined to overcome my first feeling that the supper would be a fiasco. I relied for some entertainment on our two friends, Thibideau (Dick Thibideau, the Canadian artist of animal life, a brawny bulk of man who had the laugh of a gallery claque and bayed like a hound at the mere scent of a joke) and "Sir Henry" Wilkes (the Fulke Wilkison of to-day's play bills, who was then something of a writer, less of a musician, and nothing at all of an actor, though he had already chosen to make his living in the latter profession and he was "still living," as he used to point out with pride to his friends). I hoped that with them and Twombly the evening would not be a flat failure; for although we had nicknamed Twombly "The Blessed Damsel" (because he was of that school of poetry), in prose conversation he was a cynic and drew sarcasms in the languid manner of a salon wit.

Well, a difficulty which I had not reckoned with entered on the appointed evening in the person of Miss Macklin herself. She was as tall as Hargrave and almost as well built, with health in her full shoulders and a ripe-apple glow in her cheeks, but she had no sweep and no fire. When she shed her furs we found her dressed in white satin and a pearl necklace, "like a Christmas cake," as the "blessed" Twombly said sadly, "with all the icing hard on her."

Her mother was a bewildered little lady—you could see in her the effect of a lifetime in the shadow of the Hon. Donald—and from her manner when she entered the barren "studio," plastered with posters, we could guess the thoughts which Miss Macklin hid politely.

The daughter moved through the formality of the introductions and the first small talk with an unaffected grace and simplicity which was pretty but not promising. Then Twombly led our combined forces in an attempt to break the "icing" by entering solemnly from the kitchen in a blue-checked apron, with a soup ladle in his hand, and failed.

"His Majesty the Cook," Hargrave introduced him.

"The chef," Twombly corrected him, in a pose of haughtiness.

He was sufficiently ridiculous, with his rer hair and his spectacles, in that costume, and Thibideau led for a laugh with his guffaw; but Miss Macklin, evidently afraid that we would hurt Twombly's feelings, kept her eyes on the rug.

"You must be careful at the table," Hargrave said to her in a stage whisper. "He's more vain of his cooking than he is of his verse."

"He has cause to be," Wilkes put in.

Twombly retorted, and they sparred in a spirited interchange of foolery which would have been more diverting if it had not been so plainly an exhibition bout. Miss Macklin smiled, but from the teeth only; and I saw her taking a sly glance at Twombly under the lid of her eye with an expression that was more curious than amused. She did not once look at Hargrave, and I wondered at that.

He took the conversation in hand, but with no better success. We tried to enliven it with a description of our Bachelor Hall cookery. Twombly made a joke of the tinned plum pudding which was on our bill of fare. Wilkes told one of his best stories, but Miss Macklin failed to respond to our good spirits, and there was an awkward pause ahead of us when Hargrave stepped into the breach with a boldness which I had not suspected in him. "You see, Miss Macklin," he said, "Twombly has refused to have any finger in the plum pudding. Couldn't you aid and direct us? . . . The

feminine instinct, you know," he added at her expression.

She answered in a confusion of blushes: "I'm afraid—I'm afraid I don't know much about it."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," Hargrave laughed. "We won't see it. We're in total darkness." He opened the door into the dining-room invitingly.

She looked around at us. We all pretended that we expected it of her. "Well, really," she said, "if you wish it." She was probably glad to escape from our buffoonery.

I sighed with relief when I saw her go; but I noticed that Hargrave smiled as he led the way into the kitchen and I held Mrs. Macklin in her chair with a polite "The Senator's not in town, Mrs. Macklin?"

No, he was in Washington. He had been called back there from New York to consult with certain timber interests about a tariff on logs which he was advocating in Canada to protect the lumber industry, she believed. He would return to town about midnight. They were to start for home on the morrow.

We drew Thibideau into the conversation when we mentioned forests, and he guided us through the James Bay district, as far north as Fort Churchill, chasing "wapiti" with a lead pencil. Wilkes—who had once stayed over Sunday in Winnipeg with a road company—gave us his opinion of 30 below zero in Manitoba, with an air of having ranged there. Mrs. Macklin listened with a polite affectation of interest until we were interrupted by a feminine laugh from the kitchen—a laugh which began in a low tinkle, ran up the scale to a high contralto, and was smothered there in a handkerchief. Wilkes and Thibideau were moved by it to investigate. They did not come back to report to us, and I was left alone to make myself agreeable to Mrs. Macklin. She listened to me with a divided attention. She showed no interest in Canadian politics, and it was not until I touched on the troubles of housekeeping that I enlisted her sympathy. I described our experiences in Bachelor Hall, which was a manner of life new to her. She spoke eloquently of the worries of six servants and an Irish gardener who drank. (He was a Fenian, and they were afraid to discharge him lest he should burn down the house.) I surmised from her talk that the Hon. Donald was not an angel in the home.

It seemed to me, from the noise in the kitchen, that the Bohemians out there were having the best of the evening.

II.

It was a hilarious supper—which made up in laughter what it lacked in wit—and by the time the cigars were reached, we were all tired of our boisterousness. We settled back in our chairs to smoke over the debris of the feast in a mood for reminiscences; and these were of the days when the privations of Bachelor Hall were more real than romantic. Miss Macklin listened with a light of longing in her eyes—the eyes, it seemed to me, of a caged bird looking at liberty.

"We did what we liked," Hargrave summed it up, "and we wrote what we liked. And if there's any happier way of living, I don't know it." We agreed with him. "I'll be sorry to leave it," he added.

"Thinking of committing suicide?" Twombly asked.

"Well, not exactly," he said with a smile. "I was thinking of getting married."

I could not keep my eyes off Miss Macklin. She looked up at him, plainly puzzled.

The others laughed.

"Oh, I'm in dead earnest," he assured us with sincerity. "You see—I haven't told you—but I've been writing a novel."

"A novel!" we shrieked.

"Yes; published last September."

"Who were the giddy idiots who printed it?" Twombly asked.

He laughed at that, drew from his pocket a letter from the publishing house that has issued all his work, and passed it to Twombly.

Miss Macklin asked: "What was the name of it?"

"The Hope of Glory!" Twombly cried, before Hargrave could answer her.

If Arthur had announced that he had written all Shakespeare's plays, we could not have heard him with a more incredulous astonishment. If he had given us certain proofs of it, we could not have examined his documents with more suspicion and bewilderment. Twombley was the first to recover himself. "Gee whiz, old man," he said, "Congratulations!"

We all—at the word—leaped on him with as many hands as a scramble, in a chorus of compliment, congratulation, and—I must confess it—envy. We would not sit down until he had told us all about it, and then we went back to our chairs to relight our cigars and digest our information.

"What royalties do you get?"

"Ten per cent."

"Well, if the sales continue," Twombley said, "you'll be rich before long."

Hargrave put aside the talk of money. "It's the chance to work that I'm looking at," he said. "I've more orders now than I can fill." He laughed brokenly. "And I've thought of more novels since, than Dickens himself could turn off in a century."

"You keep it mighty quiet," I complained. "I wanted to be sure first that it was a success," he apologised.

Mrs. Macklin broke the envious silence with a sweet "And now you're going to get married?"

"Yes," Hargrave smiled, "I'm going to marry the girl I've been in love with for at least five years—that is if I can persuade her to leave her home and start out in Bohemia with me."

"Well," Mrs. Macklin said, with a flush of pleasure, "if it's always as jolly in Bohemia as it was here to-night, I envy her."

Hargrave sobered. "It isn't her alone," he explained. "It's her father and her mother. I think they'd about as soon marry her to a tin pedlar as a writer. They're wealthy and they'd think I was after her money—for one thing. For another, there's the social question. She's up in life, and they naturally want her husband to start her where they would leave her."

"Then they're very foolish," Mrs. Macklin said with conviction. "When Donald and I married, he had nothing . . . and we were happier than than we've ever been since."

Hargrave shook his head. "Unfortunately, they can't see it that way. . . No, the only one door open to conviction is the daughter. If I could make her see how happy we would be together, with our work and our friends—with gatherings like this—and no worries of household and servants and all that—able to travel about irresponsibly, and have no end of a jolly time of it—"

Mrs. Macklin nodded with a face of sad reflection. "Well," she brightened, "I wish you good luck. I hope she'll see where her happiness lies."

"Thank you," Hargrave laughed. "I wish her parents had your point of view. I suppose her mother would too, if it concerned any other girl. One can be just, very easily, when there's no selfish interest to warp judgment."

It had seemed to me that Hargrave was skating on such very thin ice—and I had such a poor opinion of his inexperience in such performances—that I had been sitting there with my breath held on my cigar, ready to plunge in to his rescue at any moment. Twombley had looked up once, quickly, at Miss Macklin and then down at his coffee cup. She was sitting very stiff and pale—except for a spot of colour in each cheek—with her nostrils working like a blue-ribbon colt's. There was spirit in that nose.

Wilkes relieved us by wishing Hargrave as much luck with his wooing as he had with his writing. We followed suite, and Hargrave thanked us with a mock humility.

When he gave the signal for us to adjourn to the "studio," he held me behind the others with a look. "Billy," he said nervously, "how am I to get a word with her alone?"

It was sufficiently plain to me that he would find no opportunity for a tête-à-tête

while her mother and the rest of us were there. I said so.

He took two turns up and down the room. "We'll have to get out then," he decided. "The theatre won't do," he reflected on his watch. "Too late for that. We could go driving somewhere—but there'd be no chance of getting her in a hansom by myself." He looked up at me with an idea. "Suppose we go slumming? To see how the Italians below the Square celebrate Christmas Eve. How would that do?"

I was afraid that it would not be very exciting.

"Well, it's all I can think of," he said desperately. "It'll be new to them."

III.

It might have been difficult to get Mrs. Macklin out on such an expedition on such a night in any other circumstances; but she had a fine sense of a guest's duties toward a host, and she would not spoil any of our plans for the evening by refusing to join in them. We sent her ahead down the creaking stairs, with Wilkes and Thibideau. Hargrave and Miss Macklin were to come behind us, but we were kept waiting so long for them on the street that I had to go back into the hall to hurry them. I was standing on the first step of the stairs, taking breath for a halloo that would reach the top floor, when I heard from the landing above me, a whispering, a choked laughter, and then what was unmistakably a kiss.

I returned to the street and said simply "They're coming."

Miss Macklin came smiling, but as innocently self-possessed as ever. "I couldn't find my muff," she explained.

I was ready then for almost any development. I was not ready, even so, for what occurred.

We proceeded in slow procession towards the Square. Mrs. Macklin leading the way between Thibideau's breadth of shoulder and Wilkes's histrionic height. Twombley and I in the middle, Hargrave and Miss Macklin bringing up the rear. The night was still and cold. There was no snow. The winds, that had swept the city all day, seemed to have scoured the streets with a sand-blast and the pavements and the cobblestones shone like clean steel.

Thibideau dropped back to ask us where we were going. The blessed Twombley stamped his cold feet and muttered unintelligible discontent at him. I referred him along the line to Hargrave.

And that precipitated the catastrophe. Thibideau had no sooner returned to his place in the van than Hargrave closed up on us—with Miss Macklin on his arm—and despite her feeble protests directed Twombley to find two hansoms somewhere—anywhere. Then he turned us into a side street and told Twombley to run for it.

Twombley asked no questions, but took the opportunity to get warmed. The three of us followed him at as fast a walk as Miss Macklin could make of it, and doubled back on a dark street towards the Square. She was walking between Hargrave and me. "Arthur," she panted, "it's an awful thing to do."

"I know," he said, "but it's our only way. We'd have to come to it in the end. Suppose you went back home now and let me ask your father. You know he'd refuse."

"Well, he's just driven me to it," she said in desperation.

"Of course he has," he agreed with her. "And he'd make your life so blessed miserable."

"Oh, I can't go back to it," she choked.

"I can't! I just hate it!"

"Well there, dear," he consoled her, with an arm about her to hasten her along, "you don't have to."

"But mother?" she asked weakly.

"You leave your mother to me."

So it was an elopement. I dropped behind them out of hearing, and considered the part which I would be called on to take in it. It seemed to me that we were playing a low game on Mrs. Macklin—but then I had no "selfish" prospect of marriage with Mary Macklin "to warp judgment."

When we got to the square they sat down

on a bench in the shadow of the trunk of an elm, and I exposed myself in the electric light on the outlook for Twombley. It struck me that Hargrave had no marriage license. I went back to find them sitting bolt upright, of course.

"Marriage license!" he laughed. "Read 'The Hope of Glory!' You don't need a marriage license. You just fill out a paper for the bureau of something or other, with the bride's age and colour and the number of times she's been married before, and the groom's. And the two witnesses guarantee the accuracy of your information. That's where Twombley and you come in. I had to find it all out when I was writing the last chapter. You remember Berkeley, the curate of the little church around the corner from us? I went to him." He laughed excitedly. "He'll think I was planning this thing a long way ahead when he sees us to-night."

I asked him whether he had bought a marriage ring too, when he was writing "The Hope of Glory."

"No," he said, "we'll have to get a ring on our way to the parsonage."

"Oh, Arthur," she pleaded, "I can't! Please! I don't know the service—the words."

"You don't have to," he reassured her. "You just repeat the words after Berkeley when he tells you to. You can't make any mistake." His confidence certainly was irresistible. "You'll be surprised," he said, "to find how soon it's over and how little it hurts."

(I found that remark, too, in "The Hope of Glory" when I read it. These are the advantages of a literary training.)

We heard the thud of horses' hoofs coming down Fifth Avenue at a hard gallop, and in a moment our two hansoms swung around the corner.

The arrest of the affair moved on wheels. We found the jewellery store in Union-square all open for the late Christmas buyers, and Hargrave got his ring himself. We drove back to Berkeley's parsonage, and found him there preparing for a midnight service. The marriage ceremony did not last more than about five minutes. Miss Macklin was as pale as her satin dress, but she spoke her "I, Mary, take thee, Arthur, to be my wedded husband," in a voice that was steadier than Hargrave's. When he said "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," the blessed Twombley whispered to me, "There goes half of his third interest in our dining-room table." We were still laughing when they turned to us, and she smiled at us through her tears when Hargrave kissed her boldly.

"It's all over," he said.

"Yes," she answered between laughing and weeping, "and I've missed the one ambition of a girl's life—to have a society wedding."

"Never mind," he consoled her, "you'd have missed the excitement that's coming."

It came.

IV.

I had supposed Hargrave would wish the marriage kept a secret, and I thought of various explanations of our absence as I drove back to Bachelor Hall in the hansom with Twombley. The only expression of opinion I could get from him was that the whole business was a "rummy go." I gathered from his expression of face that he considered it still more "rummy" when he was sent off in a hansom alone, with a note to Miss Macklin's maid, to get her portmanteaux from the hotel.

I followed the bride and groom upstairs and entered the "studio" behind them. Mrs. Macklin and her escort had returned.

"Ah, here they are!" Wilkes said.

"Why, children!" she greeted us, "What happened to you?"

The "children" smote me with remorse. I separated myself from the guilty parties and joined Thibideau by the dining-room door. I was prepared to see Hargrave's new assurance desert him.

His wife was blushing on his arm. He said gaily: "We've been acting on your advice. We've decided to start out in Bohemia together."

Mrs. Macklin looked from one to the other.

"I don't understand," she said faintly.

He patted his wife's hand where it lay on his sleeve. "We've been getting married."

If you will consider that Mrs. Macklin had not the slightest suspicion that her daughter had had more than an old acquaintanceship with Hargrave you will understand how this announcement came to her. "Married!" she cried. "Mary?"

"Yes, mother?" Mary said dutifully, with her eyes on her feet. Her voice was innocent, but her manner was a full confession.

"Why-wh-why!" Mrs. Macklin stammered, "Nonsense!"

"Angels and ministers of grace," Wilkes whispered to me, "is it a joke?" I shook my head.

"It's true," Hargrave said grimly. "We're married."

Poor little Mrs. Macklin looked about her in bewilderment. I bowed my confirmation of the awful fact. "But she doesn't—," she said to me. "You can't"—she turned to her,—"You don't even know him!"

Mary did not lift her head. "I was practically engaged to him," she said, "when he left home three years ago. Her voice rang hard.

"O-oh!" Mrs. Macklin groaned as the truth stood bold before her. "O-oh!"—in a shuddering voice of horror—"what will your father say?"

The bride looked up suddenly at her.

"I don't care what he says," she cried. "He has driven me to it. What happiness was there for me—or for you either—with him? He's just a bad-tempered old—"

"Mary!" her mother stopped her in a shriek.

I opened the dining-room door and made a hasty exit with Wilkes and Thibideau at my heels, but unfortunately I left their overcoats in the studio. Wilkes threw himself down in a chair and slapped his thigh, chuckling.

We could hear Mary's high voice: "Why didn't he leave me alone, then? Why did he try to force me to marry that old railway contractor's son? And why wouldn't he let me go out—or entertain people for myself—or have any pleasure—any way? He just made life miserable for us both all the time, quarrelling about the meals and discharging the servants."

"Mary, Mary," her mother wept, "God forgive you."

"And I'm married now," Mary ended, "and he can say what he likes."

We heard Hargrave, in smothered tones through the door: "I'm really sorry, Mrs. Macklin, for your sake. Really I am. But I couldn't see any other way. We had to consider our own happiness. Mr. Macklin's not a reasonable man."

"Reasonable!" Mary cried.

"You needn't worry about Mary's happiness," Hargrave went on. "I've waited all this time until I could be sure of giving her a comfortable home. And we're—we're very fond of each other, you know. I think it's much better for her sake that she should be—away from her father."

"What a scandal! What a scandal!" Mrs. Macklin wailed. "Where are you going to live? You can't bring her to this attic."

"We're going to a hotel for a time. And we'll move from there into apartments as soon as we can."

There was a murmur of low voices inside, and finally a silence. I took advantage of it to tap on the door. Before Hargrave could answer me, there came a ring on the electric bell which connected the "studio" with the front door—three short rings and one despairing long one—which was the signal we used whenever any of us was compelled to admit an unwelcome visitor. It must be Twombly and—and her father!

"For Heaven's sake, get my things," Thibideau pleaded.

I opened the door into the "studio." "It's her father," I warned Hargrave, and began to gather up the hats and coats in such haste that I dropped them as fast as I picked them up. Mrs. Macklin had been wiping her eyes disconsolately. She sprang to her feet. "Don't tell him," she cried in terror. "Don't tell him, Mary."

Hargrave threw open the "studio" door. "I'll tell him," he said.

Mrs. Macklin sank back with a groan of helplessness. "Mother," I heard Mary say as I bolted out to the dining-room, "don't be such a coward."

I bundled Wilkes and Thibideau into their coats as the heavy footsteps creaked up the stairs. "It's—it is!" Mrs. Macklin said in the ghost of a voice. ("I turned to see that I had neglected to shut the "studio" door behind me.)

"Senator Macklin?" I heard Hargrave ask boldly.

He got no answer. Macklin must have brushed past him into the "studio." (I shoved the reluctant Wilkes into the hall after Thibideau and tried to close the door on Twombly, who forced his way in with a valise in his hand, his eyes wild with excitement behind his spectacles.)

"What's this I hear?" the Senator thundered. "What's this I hear? . . . Mary?" ("I had to tell him," Twombly whispered. "He caught me going off with her valise. I thought he'd have a stroke in the hansom. He kept snorting in his nose like a man in a fit.")

There was no reply from Mary. Hargrave asked: "Well, sir, what have you heard?"

Macklin wheeled on him. "Sir?" he cried, "Sir. Who are you, sir?"

(I could see the back of a tall man—in an Ulster and a Canadian fur collar—his hat on. Hargrave was facing him with his hands in his coat pockets.)

"My name's Hargrave," he answered. He put a hand out to Mary. "This is my wife," he introduced her.

The old man shook a quivering clenched fist at him. "You thief!" he roared. "For two pins I'd—" He choked with anger. "If there's any law in this confounded country you'll learn what it is to steal a man's daughter."

"I did not steal your daughter," Hargrave said coolly.

"You lie!" the old man thundered. "You hound, you!"

Hargrave seemingly lost his temper in a flash. "You bellow like a bull," he shouted. "Do you think I can't hear you?"

(I knew Hargrave's anger too well to mistake that for anything but a pretence. I saw that he was red in the face; I knew that when he was really roused, he went white.)

"You've made your own home a Purgatory to your own family," he went on in the same voice to the astounded senator. "Do you think you can do it here too?"

Macklin turned instinctively to his wife. "Do you hear that?" he accused her. "Do you hear that?" (I could see his turbulent red side-whisker and his sharp Scotch nose. His eyes were hidden under his eyebrows.)

"Mrs. Macklin had nothing whatever to do with it," Hargrave came between them. "Mary and I got married without her knowledge."

The senator stepped up to him, a hand clenched on his walking-stick, his chin thrust forward—as if he were going to leap on him. (I stood in the doorway, ready to rush between them if they fought.) Hargrave stiffened his neck and chest with a long breath and watched him, with an eye on the cleft chin between the sandy whiskers.

"You coward!" he said huskily, "to bully two women the way you've done. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to be ashamed! What sort of man are you?—to force a girl into a marriage in the dark like this"—Mary began to weep hysterically.

"Well, gee whiz!" Twombly gasped behind me. "He's blaming it on the old man."

"To hound and persecute her until she has to run away from you with a man she hardly knows. To terrorise your wife until she trembles at the sound of your footsteps"—Mrs. Macklin broke into sobs—"If there were any law to punish a man for making his home a torture to his family—you'd be in gaol—in the lunatic asylum."

Macklin glared around him, red with whatever emotion it was that flushed his old face. "Put on your things," he said roughly to his wife. "This man's crazy," he snarled at Hargrave.

"Crazy! Is he?" Mary broke out. "I just wish mother could run away and get

married—or something. You're not fit for any woman to live with."

The old man stood a moment, blinking at her. "All right, my girl," he said hoarsely, "you'll starve in the street before you get a penny from me."

Hargrave was helping Mrs. Macklin into her jacket. "Save your money," he said over his shoulder, "to carve lies on your tombstone; Mary won't need it."

Senator Macklin stood at bay, his lips trembling. For a moment there was no sound but of a stealthy catching of breath. Then he strode from the room without a word.

I shut the dining-room door as Mary Macklin threw her arms around her mother and covered poor little Mrs. Macklin's blubbered face with farewell kisses.

("Well, if that doesn't do him good," Twombly snickered, "let him die in his sins.")

After we had said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, Twombly and I set up talking of the affair for into the night. "Well," I concluded, I certainly didn't think Hargrave had it in him."

"No," Twombly said oracularly, "but that was the power of 'The Hope of Glory.'" He stretched and yawned. "It was low of Hargrave," he complained, "to get married and leave us all these dishes to wash. Well, let's get to bed. We can do them in the morning."



RODERICK BAIN MCKENZIE,

THE Giant Drum-Major of "The Kilties" Band, stands 7ft. 2½in. in his stockinged feet and over 8½ft. in full costume "The Kilties," which is undoubtedly the most picturesque, novel, and popular musical organisation now before the public, will give Two Concerts in the Winter Garden, Cheltenham, next Friday Afternoon and Evening.

The Hon. Harry Lawson, as one of the vice-presidents of the Hospital Saturday Fund, has accepted the invitation to preside at the annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant.

Mr. Carr, of Hull, has sold his pony Berkeley Bantam to Judge Moore, of Chicago, for £1,600. This is believed to be a record figure for a pony.