

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 205.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

### Moody Manners Opera Co.

TO-DAY at 2.30.—

“DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.”

TO-NIGHT at 7.45.—

“THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.”

Next Week: The Sporting Farce,

“THE MONEYMAKERS.”

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

### THE POWER OF THE FUTURE.

A writer has been enlarging on the possibilities of liquid air as the power of the future in an article which has been approved of by Dr. Maxim Boyd, Ph.D., D.Sc., the eminent authority on liquid air, in “T.A.T.” The first ounce of liquid air made by Professor Dewar, according to the writer, was produced at a cost of about £800. It is now manufactured at about the same expense as electricity. It is very light and portable, and the fact that it requires no fire (the ordinary heat of the outer atmosphere sufficing to “boil” it) should enable liquid air machinery to supersede that at present in use. These facts justify one in regarding the prophesies of the liquid air enthusiasts as being worthy of our best attention. It has been stated that our railway engines of the future will be tenderless, without a fireman, needing no water, and will gather from the air as they pass the power which turns their driving wheels. Ocean liners of the future will be unencumbered with coal bunkers, sweltering boilers and smoke stacks, and will make their power as they go along from the free sea air around. In this connection it is stated that the same power which propelled a warship could also be used as an explosive force of enormous destructiveness. This opens up a vista of our warships and army dispensing with the storage and transport of heavy ammunition. A liquid air plant on shipboard or in the field would supply all the ammunition required. Many disciples of Professor Dewar have boldly stated that the housewife of the future will dispense with grates, ovens, and gas stoves, and, on her neat little liquid air apparatus, will do all the cooking that is required in a fourth of the time, and at a fourth of the cost that at present obtains. Although Professor Dewar is the chief authority in this country on liquid air, yet his experiments have taken a long time to achieve popularity, for liquid air was first made in 1883 by Professor Wroblewski, at Cracow.

An ex-constable of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Edward Fletcher (known as “Happy Jack”), has just died at East Finchley, after enjoying a pension of £1 a week for thirty-two years. He was seventy-nine years old. The total amount received in pension was £1,664.



Photo by Norman May and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham.

### MR. CHARLES S. GILDING,

Who will give a concert under influential patronage in the Victoria Rooms. During a period of over forty years, it is estimated that this popular baritone has sung no less than 20,000 times in his native town of Cheltenham, of which some thousands were in aid of charitable objects. An interesting story was related of Mr. Gilding over thirty years ago. Mr. H. B. Samuelson, at one time M.P. for this borough, was a frequent visitor to America and an intimate friend of Longfellow. After one of his trips across the Atlantic, Mr. Samuelson was presiding at a concert in aid of the sufferers by the Cotton

Famine, and mentioned that in a conversation with the eminent poet he told him that one of his constituents (Mr. Gilding) sang “The Village Blacksmith” as well as it could ever be sung. “Thank him very much from me,” was the poet’s reply, “and give him my very kind regards.” This recognition by the poet of his services has ever since remained near Mr. Gilding’s heart as one of the sincerest of the many compliments paid him during his long professional career. He is the oldest chorister in the town, we believe, and his voice is now as strong as ever.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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THE LADY AND THE GHOST.

[By ROSE CECIL O'NEILL.]

It was some moments before the Lady became rationally convinced that there was something occurring in the corner of the room, and then the actual nature of the thing was still far from clear.

"To put it as mildly as possible," she murmured, "the thing verges upon the uncanny; and, leaning forward upon her silken knees, she attended upon the phenomenon.

At first it had seemed like some faint and unexplained atmospheric derangement, occasioned, apparently, neither by an opened window nor by a door. Some papers fluttered to the floor, the fringes of the hangings softly waved, and, indeed, it would still have been easy to dismiss the matter as the effect of a vagrant draught had not the state of things suddenly grown unmistakably unusual. All the air of the room, it then appeared, rushed even with violence to the point, and there underwent what impressed her as an aerial convulsion, in the very midst and well-spring of which, so great was the confusion, there seemed to appear at intervals almost the semblance of a shape.

The silence of the room was disturbed by a book that flew open with fluttering leaves, the noise of a vase of flowers blown over, from which the perfumed water dripped to the floor, and soft touchings all around, as of a breeze passing through a chamber full of trifles.

The ringlets of the Lady's hair were swept forward toward the corner upon which her gaze was fixed, and in which the conditions had now grown so tense with imminent occurrence, and so rent with some inconceivable throes, that she involuntarily rose, and, stepping forward against the pressure of her petticoats, which were blown about her ankles, she impatiently thrust her hand into che—

She was immediately aware that another hand had received it, though with a far from substantial envelopment, and for another moment what she saw before her trembled between something and nothing. Then from this precarious situation there slowly emerged into dubious view the shape of a young man dressed in evening clothes, over which was flung a mantle of voluminous folds, such as is worn by ghosts of fashion.

"The very deuce was in it!" he complained. "I thought I should never materialise."

She flung herself into her chair, confounded; yet, even in the shock of the emergency, true to herself, she did not fail to smooth her ruffled locks.

Her visitor had been scanning his person in a dissatisfied way, and with some vexation he now ejaculated: "Beg your pardon, my dear, but are my feet on the floor, or where in thunder are they?"

It was with a tone of reassurance that she confessed that his patent leathers were the trivial matter of two or three inches from the rug. Whereupon, with still another effort, he brought himself down until his feet rested decently upon the floor. It was only when he walked about to examine the bric-a-brac that a suspicious lightness was discernible in his tread.

When he had composed himself by the survey, effecting it with an air of great insouciance, which, however, failed to conceal the fact that his heart was beating somewhat wildly, he approached the Lady.

"Well, here we are again, my love!" he cried, and devoured her hands with ghostly kisses. "It seems an eternity that I've been struggling back to you through the outer void and what not. Sometimes, I confess, I all but despaired. Life is not, I assure you, all beer and skittles for the disembodied."

He drew a long breath, and his gaze upon her and the entire chamber seemed to envelop all and cherish it.

"Little room, little room! And so you are thus! Do you know," he continued, with vivacity, "I have wondered about it in the grave, and I could hardly sleep for this place unpenetrated. Heigho! What a lot of things we leave undone! I dashed this off at the

time, the literary passion strong in me, thus:

"Now, when all is done, and I lie so low,  
I cannot sleep for this, my only care;  
For thought of that dim place I could not know;  
That where my heart was fain I did not go,  
Nor saw you musing there!"

"Well, well, these things irk a ghost so. Naturally, as soon as possible I made my way back—to be satisfied—to be satisfied that you were still mine." He bent a piercing look upon her.

"I observe by the calendar on your writing-table that some years have elapsed since my—um—since I expired," he added, with a faint blush. It appears that the matter of their dissolution is, in conversation, rather kept in the background by well-bred ghosts.

She drew herself splendidly up, and he was aware of her beauty in the full of its tenacious excellence—of the delicate insolence of Life looking upon Death—of the fact that she had forgotten him.

He rose, and confronted this, his trembling hands thrust into his pockets, then turned away to hide the dismay of his countenance. He was, however a spook of considerable spirit, and in a jiffy he met the occasion. To her blank, indignant gaze he drew a card from his case, and taking a pencil from the secretaire, wrote beneath the name:

"Quiet to the breast,  
Wheresoe'er it be,  
That gave an hour's rest  
To the heart of me.  
Quiet to the breast  
Till it lieth dead,  
And the heart be clay  
Where I visited.  
Quiet to the breast,  
Though forgetting quite  
The guest it sheltered once:  
To the heart, good-night!"

Handing her the card, he bowed, and, through force of habit, turned to the door, forgetting that his ghostly pressure would not turn the knob.

As the door did not open, with a sigh of recollection for his spiritual condition, he prepared to disappear, casting one last look at the faithless Lady. She was still looking at the card in her hand, and the tears ran down her face.

"She has remembered," he reflected; "how courteous!" For a moment it seemed he could contain his disappointment, discreetly removing himself now at what he felt was the vanishing point, with the customary reticence of the dead, but feeling overcame him. In an instant he had her in his arms, and was pouring out his love, his reproaches, the story of his longing, his doubts, his discontent, and his desperate journey back to earth for a sight of her. "And, ah!" cried he, "picture my agony at finding that you had forgotten. And yet I surmised it in the gloom. I divined it by my restlessness and my despair. Perhaps some lines that occurred to me will suggest the thing to you—you recall my old knack for versification?"

"Where the grasses weep  
O'er his darkling bed,  
And the glow-worms creep,  
Lies the weary head  
Of one laid deep, who cannot sleep:  
The unremembered dead."

He took a chair beside her, and spoke of their old love for each other, of his fealty through all transmutations; incidentally of her beauty, of her cruelty, of the light of her face which had illumined his darksome way to her—and of a lot of other things—and the Lady bowed her head and wept.

The hours of the night passed thus; the moon waned, and a pallor began to tinge the dusky cheek of the east; but the eloquence of the visitor still flowed on, and the Lady had his misty hands clasped to her reawakened bosom. At last a suspicion of rosiness touched the curtain. He abruptly rose.

"I cannot hold out against the morning," he said; "it is time all good ghosts were in bed."

But she threw herself on her knees before him, clasping his ethereal waist with a despairing embrace.

"Oh, do not leave me," she cried, "or my love will kill me!"

He bent eagerly above her. "Say it again—convince me!"

"I love you!" she cried, again and again



MR. JAMES RICHMOND.

Died November 27, 1904, aged 45 years.

and again, with such an anguish of sincerity as would convince the most sceptical spook that ever revisited the glimpses of the moon.

"You will forget again," he said. "I shall never forget!" she cried. "My life will henceforth be one continued remembrance of you, one long act of devotion to your memory, one oblation, one unceasing penitence, one agony of waiting!"

He lifted her face, and saw that it was true.

"Well," said he, gracefully wrapping his cloak about him, "well, now I shall have a little peace."

He kissed her, with a certain jaunty grace, upon her hair, and prepared to dissolve, while he lightly tapped a tattoo upon his leg with the dove-coloured gloves he carried.

"Good-bye, my dear!" he said; "henceforth I shall sleep o' nights; my heart is quite at rest."

"But mine is breaking," she wailed, madly trying once more to clasp his vanishing form.

He threw her a kiss from his misty fingertips, and all that remained with her, besides her broken heart, was a faint disturbance of the air.

AN IDEAL CONSERVATORY.



The increasing expenditure on building and equipping country houses does not seem to have achieved success in one not unimportant direction, namely, the use of conservatories as rooms, in which to sit, in a warm temperature and in the full enjoyment of sunlight, lovely flowers and plants, and if possible with some little fountain spouting among the flowers. The architects and the gardeners ought to take counsel together. It is more easy to indicate the lines of failure than to give positive suggestions. But the mistake in the great houses has usually taken the direction of making the annexed conservatory or winter garden far too high. There was an idea that it ought to be high enough to take palm trees. A palm is not an ideal thing to sit under at any time, and the height of conservatory needed takes the roof out of reach of treatment, and it is often left dirty and uncared for. Another mistake is to regard a conservatory merely as a nursery for plants or flowers, and to leave only room to walk past them, on narrow paths. The ideal conservatory should be a room, where you can sit, and perhaps even have luncheon, for a small party with the flowers around and overhead. There is a very good example at Lockinge House. But satisfactory "winter gardens" are rare.—"Country Life."



Photo by A. W. Hopkins, Cheltenham.  
**CHELTONIANS AT SOUTHSEA.**



**DR. ABELL, OF MITCHELDEAN.**  
Died November 22, 1904, aged 83 years, in the same house in which he was born.

## Picture Post-cards

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### 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 203rd prize has been divided between Mr. S. Sheen, 2 Alpine-villas, Gloucester-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. W. E. Church, Bayshill Lodge, Montpellier, Cheltenham.

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

The 105th prize has been divided between Mr. R. Dodds, 53 St. George's-place, Cheltenham, and Mr. Will T. Spenser, 40 New-street, Gloucester, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Church, Cheltenham, and the Rev. B. K. Cowling at Northgate Wesleyan Church, Gloucester.

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.

### AN IRISH FUNERAL SCENE.

A bright patchwork quilt is his pall, and in one tiny hand a great yellow sunflower has been placed, its petals—emblems of life, and day, and sunshine—touching his cheek. The compelling quiet of death mingles strangely with the sounds of life going on uninterruptedly around. I alone stand silent and still. Sympathising friends, also in clean aprons, whisper together and move away, hiding their beads furtively, lest the sight of them should offend my Protestant eyes. Mrs. Kavanagh gazes at the coffin and its hapless contents piteously. No treasured heir of great possessions could be more honestly mourned than this entirely superfluous atom of humanity. I look from him to Mrs. Kavanagh, and rack my brains unavailingly, in a wild longing to find some appropriate commonplace worthy the occasion. With startling unexpectedness I am delivered out of a seemingly hopeless impasse. From under Mrs. Kavanagh's capacious bed there rises the loud triumphant cackle whereb- a hen announces to the world that she has laid an egg. "Glory be to goodness!" Mrs. Kavanagh ejaculates comfortably; "now that's the specklety hin, so it is." She dives under the ragged and horribly dirty chintz vallance, and adds:—"Come out o' that this instant mimit; come out now, I tell ye!" There is a scurrying of claws and feathers, and a black-and-white hen, of the breed known as Plymouth Rock, rushes out in the wild insensate manner of its kind. Mrs. Kavanagh emerges almost simultaneously. There is a streak of dust down her flushed cheek, that

turns to mud in the rivulet of tears, and her apron has suffered. In her hand she holds an egg. Nobody smiles. There is no special consciousness on anybody's face, nor even on Mrs. Kavanagh. "That wan," she says, apostrophising the scudding hen, "has me heart scalded entirely with her allegatins. Faith, she's as knowin' as a Christian and as cute as a pet fox. Sorra a lay she'll lay only her own way, and that's in the bed or undther it." Meantime she is polishing the egg with a corner of her apron. "If yer honour's ladyship 'ud do me the condescension for to take it I'd be proud. Shure and she's a nice hin entirely, and her eggs is very tasty. An' there's the differ o' the world in one egg and another. She's very enchantin' in her eatin'; and it's an elegant breakfast that egg 'll make ye." I do not know what it may be to be "enchantin'" in one's eating, but I infer that a certain epicurism is implied. I walk out of the chapelle ardente with the egg, still very warm, in my hand, and a curious wonder in my mind at the great twin mysteries of Life and Death, as seen through Mrs. Kavanagh's lens.—From "Mrs. Kavanagh: A Sketch from the Life," in the "Cornhill Magazine."

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To a complaint that a boy's school had been closed in order that the scholars could act as beaters, the chairman of the Worcestershire Education Committee suggested that the managers were forestalling them in the teaching of "nature study."

CHELTENHAM POULTRY SHOW.



Photos by G. H. Martyn and Sons, Cheltenham.

AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

THE BEAUTIES OF LONDON.

Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie has a charming little essay on London in the Christmas (December) number of the "Pall Mall Magazine":—

"I have been reading with interest an American's impressions of London, from which I gather that Mr. Van Wyck, an eminent citizen of New York, has been comparing old London, not altogether to its advantage, with various other capitals of Europe. In Paris, and even more in Berlin, he found parks and gardens that pleased him, and agreeable places to resort to; in London he looked in vain for such relief from toil and care. Neither drives nor gardens nor open-air resorts was he able to discover. One cannot but wonder where this American's steps can have led him while he was among us. Not to Hampton Court, that glorious old palace with its fountains and pleasaunces; not to Kew Gardens, with their treasuries of colour and fragrance; not to Richmond Park, with its outlooks of cloud and silver plain, where the rabbits dart through the coppice, and herds of beautiful deer browse under the oak trees and among the ferns; not to Wimbledon, where the wind blows across the common and the sea breezes themselves reach the old windmill with its distant surroundings . . .

If he stayed in London, how did he avoid the Parks, with their lights and cloud-capped towers, the stately Embankment, the peaceful old squares and cloisters and precincts in the City—Charterhouse, shall we say, or the Foundling Hospital with all its quaint tokens of the past? Our business lay in town, and we trotted along the Chelsea Embankment, where the barges float peace-

fully on the tides and the trees fringe the roadway. We passed the pretty old familiar houses where Carlyle and Turner found refuge, where George Eliot once dwelt, where Rossetti painted, in the beautiful house that was once a Queen's palace. We passed that new Venice, leading to the old Apothecary's Garden, which was shimmering in faint sunshine; then our road took us past Chelsea Hospital, standing among its lawns and terraces, where a few old pensioners, in the scarlet livery their grandsires once wore, stood waiting in the gateway. Are all these things only mirages such as travellers describe in sandy deserts, or such as we have read of as appearing only to vanish in the courts of the Alhambra? Were we ourselves dreaming this morning, when our hatsom carried us from Battersea towards the river? Were those green glades, those skirting flower-beds of gold and crimson, those expanses of verdure, those sycamore avenues, only the phantasms of a moment?"



SHIP'S PETS.

Lieutenant C. E. Chapman, R.N., tells some amusing stories of pets on board our men-of-war in the Christmas (December) number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "Those who know anything at all about sailor-men and their ways must," he writes, "have often noticed their extreme partiality for making pets of all sorts and conditions of animals, and the casual observer must have been struck with the success which meets Jack's efforts in this direction when dealing with apparently the most unpromising material. Especially is this so

in the Royal Navy, and I think the reason for the habit is not far to seek.

"In spite of all the poets I have sung of the jolly and roving life of a sailor, his existence, especially in these days of machinery, is really a somewhat monotonous one. Every hour of his day is mapped out for him in a round of never-varying routine, and he is surrounded by an atmosphere of strict discipline. It is little wonder, then, that he welcomes anything which will appeal to the human side of his nature, and prevent him from developing into a mere machine.

"To Jack, his pets are not only his friends, but creatures which, being exempt from the very necessary conditions imposed upon himself, are regarded in the same light as the privileged Court Jester licensed to introduce an element of fun and humour where all is grave and formal; and it is astonishing how quickly animals on board a man-of-war adapt themselves to the part which they are expected to play, and quickly develop a character and individuality which no land-lubber creature can ever hope to attain. I have seen a meek old nanny goat, within a few days of being brought on board, cast off the prosaic habits of a lifetime, and develop the most remarkable talent for practical joking; while as for monkeys, no sooner do they breathe the sea air than they are entered into as by the spirit of at least seven devils. As a matter of fact, monkeys, except very little ones such as the marmoset tribe, are generally barred on board a man-of-war: there is no end to their knavish tricks, and their vile habit of bullying and killing anything weaker than themselves has not added to their popularity as pets."

CHELTENHAM POULTRY SHOW.



SOME OF THE OFFICIALS.



Photo by G. H. Martyn and Sons, Cheltenham.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW.

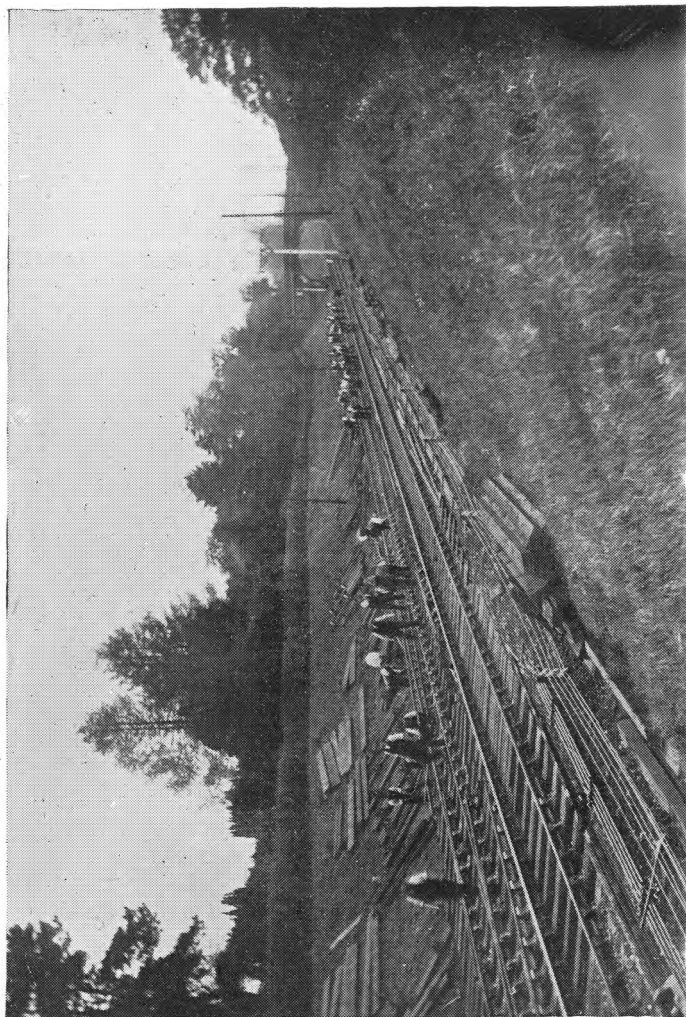


Photo by Mr. Swift, junr., Churehdown.  
**SUNDAY WORK ON GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY  
 AT HATHERLEY.**  
 LAYING THE "CROSS-OVERS" FOR THE HATHERLEY LOOP.

**RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES IN  
 CHELTENHAM.**

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**III.—A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE  
 P.S.A.**

On Sunday afternoon last, in spite of an irresistible temptation to enjoy my "ain fireside"—for of all uncomfortable, dismal, chilly days, last Sunday was the worst—I made my way to North-place Church, where for some years the P.S.A. movement has made its home, developed, and prospered, under the genial leadership of the Rev. Jas. Foster, whose energy and invincible determination in good work is a standing reproach to some of us, who talk so much and do so little.

It was just striking three the time of meeting, as I passed into the building with several others, and as we took our seats in the pews of the little church, the brass band on the platform, or rostrum, which comprises and surrounds the pulpit, struck up a lively hymn tune from Sankey's, with an energy and volume of sound which was almost overpowering. In fact, for a few moments I was stunned by the extraordinary force of the music, confined in so small a space, and as to singing the words of the hymn which was being played, this was a sheer impossibility; for, shout as I might, not a sound of one's voice could be heard above the strident tones of the brass instruments.

I should be loth to say anything which would wound the feelings of these "sturdy men and true" who, by denying themselves and practising much self-sacrifice, have purchased a set of brass instruments, and learnt to perform on them, under the guidance of Mr. Bowd, the organist of North-place Church. I know that these men of the

P.S.A. band are ready and willing to give their services to any straightforward and non-sectarian religious work amongst the "submerged tenth" of Cheltenham. I surmise, too, that they desire to lead the singing at the P.S.A. meetings, and not to overpower it, in which case the idea of congregational singing would be lost entirely; but, with the best of motives, and in the kindest manner, I would point out to those responsible that the band, as at present constituted, is much too powerful for the building.

Out of doors the men, when they parade the streets before the P.S.A. meetings—brave in a resplendent uniform—can play quite well enough to give some pleasure, and the sound is not so deafening; but indoors, in the contracted area of North-place Church, I can only say that a man must be either very deaf or—something of a hero, to sit through the stentorian harmony of all those brazen instruments every Sunday afternoon. Why could not the whole band perform at the beginning and end of the meetings, leaving the organ and possibly a cornet or two to lead the singing? In the old days of the organ and string band at the P.S.A., the singing of the men was something to listen to; and it will be a bad day for the P.S.A. when the men feel there is no need to sing, as their voices cannot be heard!

But I am digressing: my purpose is to describe the meeting, and not to criticise.

The pews were well filled towards the back of the church with men, mostly of mature years; only a small proportion were young men or youths; but the centre of the building—viz. that nearest to the rostrum, on which was the president and the band—was singularly empty; and one could but think how much more comfortable the meeting would be if this space had been filled up; for nothing freezes a speaker so much as to find a number

of empty seats between him and his audience. It is only fair to admit that the weather had thinned the attendance somewhat on this particular Sunday, so I understand.

Following an impressive prayer by the president, at the close of which the men joined their leader in reciting the Lord's Prayer, another hymn was sung—or played—and one of the "brothers," as all members call each other in the P.S.A., came to the front, and read remarkably well St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon. I say remarkably well, for I have heard lessons read in church with far less power and attention to the accentuation of the right words in each passage.

Another hymn followed, and then the announcements for the week by the president; the old tale—committee meetings to elect officers, and only the officers present—that slackness of interest which leaves everything to a few willing workers, who get all the blame and only half the praise! The P.S.A. is not the only Religious Activity in Cheltenham that suffers this way, however; I trow that many other organisations would and could do double the work if all who accepted election on committees were conscientious enough to attend, or resign in favour of others who would!

At the call of the president, one of the "brothers" came to the front, and, in some quaintly humorous remarks, asked the members to put their shoulders to the wheel to clear off a small debt; apologising for appearing before his friends, except on the grounds of the old proverb (unknown to me, however) "He that will, shall!" He went on to say that he did not believe in spending more than one's income. "If I only had a penny," said he, "for two days, I wouldn't use it all the first day; I wouldn't buy a penny loaf one day and go without the next, but, more like, I'd buy a ha'penny loaf each day," a practical method of stating his objection to going into debt which provoked a remark from a talkative individual at the back that the better way would be to have the penny loaf, but to eat the top half the first day and the bottom the next, the bottom of the loaf being the sweetest morsel!

The men rose to the occasion handsomely, however, and resolved to pass around the plate, contrary to usual custom, at each meeting until the debt was removed; a good and praiseworthy spirit to show.

Following this interval, a young lady went on to the platform and sang a Sankey's hymn very effectively, with the organ only as accompaniment, the men joining in the chorus. This solo was received with applause, which, although it seems strange in a church, affords the P.S.A. members an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the ready help given by such soloists.

After the solo the president stepped back from his desk, and the speaker for the afternoon took his place; one who spoke to the men of the great thoughts underlying the words of Christ: "Other men have laboured; and ye have entered into their labours." Of our characters as being not a chance product, but the result of ages of development, and the link in a chain which stretched from and connected the eternity of the past with the eternity of the future. By examples from the lives of Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, John the Baptist, Cromwell, Wesley, and other leaders of the ages he showed us how the labours of these men had prepared the way for others and even for us; we were the foundations of society; and the foundations, although out of sight and sometimes forgotten, were the most important part of a building; hence how necessary that we should live straight, strong, and sound lives, built on and squared to Christ, the Rock of Ages! These and other thoughts occupied about twenty minutes, and as the speaker was applauded it appeared that a thoughtful address was appreciated by the men.

With the singing of a closing hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," and the Benediction by the President, the meeting came to an end, at exactly four o'clock. As I left, the band, determined not to be forgotten, were playing, with the same astonishing vigour, "How beautiful upon the mountains," a well-known anthem, as a parting voluntary.

The government of the P.S.A., it should be understood, is entirely on a democratic basis:

it is managed "by the men, for the men." There are committees for all the departments—music and band, soloists, Helping Hand for cases of need, attendance, ambulance (for first-aid instruction), also a steward to arrange for the speakers, and visitors for the sick and absentees. The individual who sits at the door and marks the attendance-book also receives pennies towards a "prize fund," the money being devoted to the purchase of valuable book prizes for those who make more than 22 attendances out of 26 (half-yearly), or a smaller prize for all over 18 times out of 26. Besides these prizes, certificates are given for other regular attendances, and it is noteworthy that there is always some new development of work in connection with the North-place P.S.A. This is no dead organisation; the unbounded zeal and energy of the President (the Rev. James Foster) would not allow that; and so long as he remains as its leader there is abundant evidence here of a vital Religious Activity.  
E. J. B.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.**



"The spoilt darling of the 19th century," as the late Duke of Beaufort once described the fox, did not lack close attention by the local packs of hounds during November, the opening month of fox-hunting proper, this season, with the exception of the last week, when Jack Frost and the Fog Fiend secured him a brief respite. The chief runs have been mostly without kills, as follow:—By the Duke of Beaufort's pack, a nine-mile point on the 8th, a five-mile point (1hr. 40mins.) on the 12th, and a run of 2hrs. 20mins. from Pinkney Park, on the 19th; by the V.W.H. (Mr. Butt Miller's), two runs of three hours each on the 10th and on the 17th; by the Cotswold, a run of 1½ hours, from Pinswell to Rendcombe Park, on the 7th, the opening day, and a good slow run of 110 minutes in Stoke, Tredington, and Fiddington district on the 22nd; by Lord Fitzhardinge's, a six-mile point, from Moor Farm to Standish Woods, on the 8th; by the Croome, a run of 1½ hours, with a kill, on the 19th; and by the Ledbury, two runs, one of ninety and the other of forty minutes, both with kills, on the 7th, their opening day. The Cotswold had a unique experience, namely, on the 19th, in platelayers bringing to them, when going to Chedworth Woods, a dead fox which the men had just seen run over by a passing train on the railway. Another remarkable experience on a railway was the fact of the Heythrop pack running, without mishap, for quite a mile on the Banbury Railway after a fox that had taken that line in a hunt from Walk Gorse on the 21st.

The contractors for making the extensions of the Cheltenham Light Railway, having wisely taken full advantage of the long spell of fine weather to push forward their work, suddenly found themselves pulled up by the frost that had set in, with the regrettable consequence of a considerable number of men having to lose time for a week. Yes, Jack Frost, picturesque though he appears in illustrations, is a sad upsetter of outdoor industries and sports. The opinion I have frequently expressed that there was every likelihood of abundant demands arising for labour in Cheltenham this winter, and, indeed, for some time to come, is, I am glad to say, being borne out by facts. The construction of the last section of the Honeybourne Railway from the Cheltenham end, which I have always advocated, has this week been commenced on the old Workhouse garden. And on Thursday the second completed section of the line, from Broadway to Toddington, was opened for traffic. Twelve of the 46 model houses that the G.W.R. Co. is having built in Alstone-avenue, Cheltenham, to replace those small dwellings to be pulled down in Lower High-street quarters, are ready for occupation, though I question if the rent asked for each, £16 a year and rates, is within the reach of the tenants to be dispossessed in the course of time. One item of retrenchment news reaches me in that the Great Western and Midland Companies, joint owners of the Severn Bridge and Severn and Wye Railway, have agreed to abolish the local control staff, whereby a saving of nearly £2,000 a year will be effected.

**SNOW SCENES.**



Photo by W. E. Church, Cheltenham.

MOONLIGHT AND ELECTRIC LIGHT EFFECT ON SNOW. VIEW AT LAURISTON HOUSE, LOOKING TOWARDS GORDON LAMP. Taken at midnight November 23rd, 1904. Exposure 40 mins.; stop 16F.

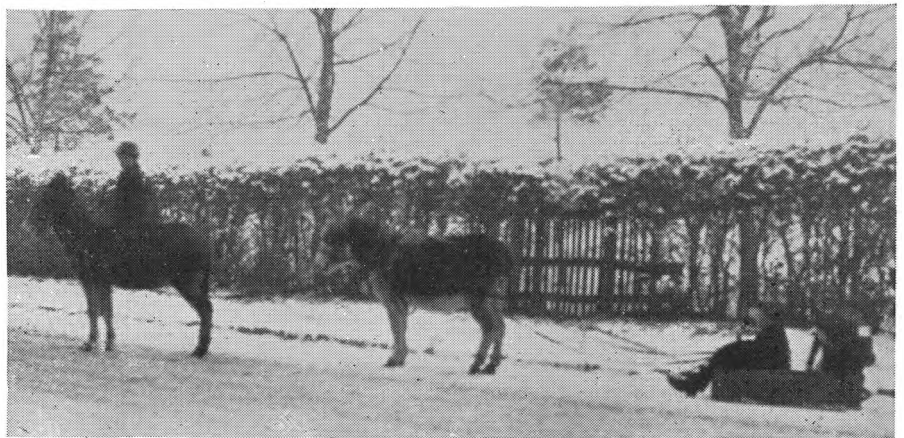


Photo by C. F. Dennis, Cheltenham.

SNAPSHOT TAKEN IN HALE'S ROAD, CHELTENHAM.

The announcement that Bishop Bowers of Thetford has recently made his archidiaconal visitation in a borrowed motor-car interests me, and especially his lordship's statement that he finds it extremely convenient, and that he has so far evaded the police. I well remember when Bishop Ellicott did in turn ride on horseback, walk (I have occasionally seen him trudging across country in his shirt-sleeves when the sun was hot), and tricycle to the places of performance of episcopal duty. And Bishop Bowers's successor, the present Archdeacon of Gloucester, is an ardent cyclist. The paragraph in the "Echo" that the Rev. P. W. Sparling has been preferred from the rectory of Erbstock to that of Runcton with Holme reminds me that the presentation of him by the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, in 1884, to Llanblethian led the Bishop of Llandaff to refuse to institute him because he could not speak Welsh, and that this bi-lingual difficulty was subsequently solved in an exchange of livings between the authorities, Mr. Sparling going to Erbstock.  
GLENER.

**THE PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY.**  
The privileges of sanctuary were limited by the Pope in 1503, at the request of Henry VII, and, being much abused, were almost extinguished by Henry VIII. In 1541, the law was practically abolished, and an order was given that all persons taking refuge within the walls of the legal sanctuaries should wear a badge of distinction, and should not leave their refuge before sunrise or after sunset. Finally, in 1623, the law was utterly abolished by an Act of James I., running thus: "Be it enacted by the authority of this Parliament that no sanctuary or privilege of sanctuary shall hereafter be admitted or allowed in any case." In Scotland, religious sanctuaries were abolished at the Reformation; but within the "grith" or asylum once belonging to the Abbey of Holyrood, and now attached to the Palace, debtors are safe from their creditors, and as within its limits Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craggs are included, this refuge is both roomy and agreeable enough. It cannot, however, protect criminals.



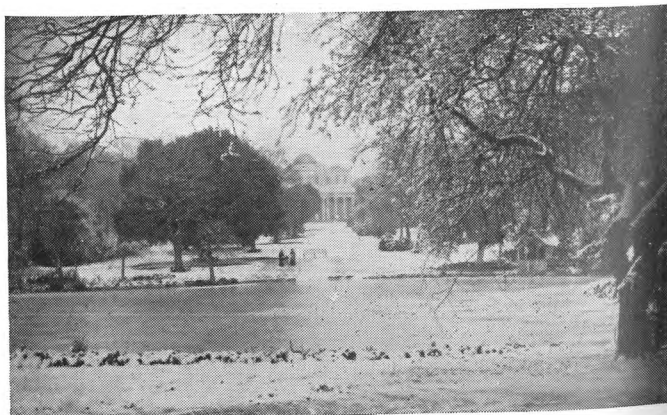
Photo by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.  
(THE GENTLEMAN ON THE BRIDGE IS 82 YEARS OLD.)



Photo by E. W. Lifton, Gloucester.  
EARLY WINTER ON THE COTSWOLDS  
(Barnfield's Cottages, Parkwall, Cranham).



Photos by Alfred Malvern, Cheltenham.  
PITTVILLE PARK, BRIDGE, AND BIRDS.



PITTVILLE LAKE AND PUMP ROOM.

Because she had formerly been of service to him, a Russian nobleman has left a gipsy woman a legacy of £100,000.

Speaking at a dinner of the Lotos Club at New York on Saturday, Mr. John Morley urged that Great Britain's two needs were friendship with the United States and with France.

Russia is again creating uneasiness on the Afghan frontier, and a native mission will shortly confer with the Viceroy of India upon the subject.

Fourteen thousand seven hundred medical men have signed a petition in favour of giving instruction in temperance hygiene in elementary schools as already authorised.

There have been fewer deaths in the Navy during the present year than for fifty years.

Laying the foundation stone of the Carnegie Free Library at Hanwell on Saturday, Lady Jersey said she hoped that novels would not be the first consideration of those who chose the books, for the best of these could be bought for sixpence.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 206.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45):  
"The Money-makers."

DECEMBER 21 (AFTERNOON & EVENING),  
for Mr. Redford's Benefit, Two Performances of

"WALKER, LONDON,"

By J. M. BARRIE.

SUPPORTED BY LOCAL AMATEURS,

Preceded at each Performance by

"MY TURN NEXT."

In which COLONEL R. ROGERS will appear,  
supported by Full Cast.

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 204th prize has been awarded to Mr. F. Restall, Stonehouse, Glos.

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 106th prize has been awarded to Miss J. R. Bicknell, 2 St. Margaret's-terrace, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.



Photo by F. Restall, Stonehouse.

### FROCESTER VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

(Age of building is stated at 500 years).

# DICKS & SONS, LTD.,

INVITE YOU TO BRING THE CHILDREN to their

# ANNUAL TOY FAIR.

THOUSANDS OF TOYS, DOLLS, PICTURE BOOKS, and every kind of article that will delight the Children, are displayed at POPULAR PRICES. Customers will wonder how they can be produced so cheaply. MECHANICAL TOYS are a SPECIAL FEATURE of this year's show.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, PICTURE POST CARDS, BOOKS, and STATIONERY are to be sold MARVELLOUSLY CHEAP.

For this year's display DICKS AND SONS have also made a careful selection of nice GOODS SUITABLE FOR XMAS GIFTS to adults, such as LEATHER GOODS, PERFUMERY, TRAVELLING TRUNKS, PORTMANTEAUX, &c., besides a MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORNAMENTS AND USEFUL GOODS in the CHINA DEPARTMENT, and FANCY DRAPERY of every kind.

DOWN QUILTS, CUSHIONS, TEA COSIES, AFTERNOON TEA CLOTHS, SIDEBOARD CLOTHS, &c., in great assortment.

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DON'T FORGET to visit the NEW  
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LITERARY MISCELLANY.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE ART OF FAME.

[By E. B. Mc CORMICK.]

I was reading by Lowder's fire one evening, when he suddenly sat up and thumped his knee.

"I've got it!" he ejaculated

"Eh—got what?"

"I've got an idea."

Reluctantly I put down my book and remarked, "Ah!"

"Yes," he continued, "and it's a good one, too. I believe it'll serve my turn. You know I've often said to you I'm not satisfied with the progress I'm making in my profession?"

"Often," I replied, greatly fatigued.

There was not the least necessity for Lowder to make progress in his profession, as he enjoyed a very handsome private competence; but I had long relinquished the attempt to discourage his impracticable ambitions, or quench his thirst for fame.

"And it's not, as you know yourself, any fault of mine. It's not as if there was anything the matter with my voice. So far as professional equipment, so far as mere merit and vocal quality go, I'm qualified to take a place in the front rank of popular singers. You know that yourself."

Lowder's gift appealed more especially to those who put quantity before quality, and as I do not belong to this class, I did not immediately answer.

"You know that yourself," he repeated loudly.

"Yes, yes—oh, undoubtedly."

"You've said yourself I should be heard to advantage in the Albert Hall."

"I think you would."

"And that good judges have expressed astonishment at my depth and volume."

"They certainly have."

"Well, then, what's the matter with me, and why haven't I obtained the success I'm entitled to?"

As nothing less than a prominent position on the operatic stage was what Lowder considered himself entitled to, I let his question drop, and he went on to answer it himself.

"It's simply this. I don't push enough. I don't advertise. You can't do anything nowadays without advertisement, and that's where I've been wanting. I'm too quiet and retiring. I see that."

I did not see that myself, and I do not think anyone else would have noticed it with the naked eye, for there was no clue to these traits in Lowder's manner or physiognomy. He was a big, bull-throated, thick-chested man, with florid face and confident, even aggressive bearing; but I did not dispute his diagnosis, and he continued:—

"Well, I'm going to try another tack. I've been thinking it over, and I've got a splendid idea. You remember Lillie Lovel and her libel case that was in all the papers a few years ago?"

"No. Who's she?"

"She's a music-hall star, and she sued a paper man for hinting there was a touch of vulgarity in one of her songs, and what's more, she won her case and got damages."

"No!"

"Yes! and that's what gave me the idea. You see what it is?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Oh, wake up! You don't suppose that woman felt really injured or asspersed by such a comment?"

"Don't you think she did?"

"Pshaw! Of course not. You don't go to music-halls for refinement. If you don't expect vulgarity in a music-hall, what do you expect there? No, her feelings weren't hurt, bless you; it was just a dodge to attract public attention, an advertising artifice—nothing more. All the same, it was a rattling good dodge, and I'm going to take a leaf out of Lottie's—I mean Lillie's—book, and you've got to help me."

This was Lowder's uncouth way of asking a favour, but it was my habit to bear with him, and I only asked: "In what way?"

"This way. You're still on 'The Gleeman,' aren't you?"

"I report occasionally for it."

"Very good. My idea is this: You go down and arrange with the editor to report my next appearance, and then take the opportunity to regularly walk into me. You know—a regular right-down coarse, insulting, attack, with plenty of vulgar epithets and offensive personalities thrown in, so as to make a sensation and draw upon me public notice and sympathy. Well, then, I promptly bring an action for libel win a triumphant verdict, and there you are. My name goes all over the place, and brings me such vogue I shall have to refuse a dozen engagements a day?"

"What about the editor? He'll never print such a thing as that."

"Oh, yes, he will; you can arrange that. Tell him I'll pay all his expenses and costs and damages, and anything else in reason he asks for."

I weighed the proposal in silence for a space—long enough for Lowder to grow impatient, which never took long.

"Well, isn't it a good idea?"

"Yes—oh, yes, it's a clever idea. But doesn't it seem a little—well, wouldn't it be rather—rather queer?"

"What d'ye mean—queer?" he demanded, much ruffled.

"Well, do you think it would be quite the thing—quite—or—good form—for a gentleman to use such means?"

Lowder enlarged his eyes coldly.

"Oh, I see. You mean I'm not a gentleman—is that it? You might as well say so plainly as be always implying it. It's a wonder such a superior person cares to associate with a low cad like me!"

"Don't be so absurd, Lowder. You know I don't mean anything of the kind. I was only turning it over, as you asked my opinion. I do wish you wouldn't get so crusty directly a fellow offers the least suggestion or criticism."

"Oh, you've always such a cargo of criticism to unload when I want anything done. I should have thought such a close friend—his tone was unpleasant—" would be glad to do me a service whenever he could."

"So I am!—so I do! Is that all the thanks I get—"

"Oh, no, it's not all the thanks you get—not by a long way, and I wish you'd have the goodness not to forget it."

Lowder's distressing manners and unparalleled temper had often put a heavy strain on our friendship, and I asked myself, not for the first time, whether its continuance was reconcilable with the respect I owed myself. But also not for the first time I remembered Lowder's better qualities and decided to defer a rupture.

Though my leisure hours were largely at Lowder's disposal I was in the main a musical and dramatic critic, and his great sides had often shaken in delighted appreciation of articles in which I had dealt faithfully with one or other of his acquaintances or rivals who had blown themselves bubble reputations that called for pricking. But I always wrote in good faith, and I had withstood on various pretexts Lowder's repeated suggestion that I should give him the benefit of the puff direct.

His present proposal, however, appealed to me differently. It seemed, on reflection, to offer an opportunity of discharging indirectly one of the primary obligations of friendship without the personal hazard involved in confronting undisguisedly a person of my friend's tremendous temperament.

I therefore presently signified my acquiescence in the suggested plot, and left Lowder in restored good humour.

Not without difficulty I persuaded the editor of "The Gleeman" to play his part in the conspiracy. Then I obtained from Lowder the date and place of his next engagement, and when the time came equipped myself with a note-book and some cotton wool and went to hear him.

My friend sighted me at once, and I felt his large eye upon me throughout so I had to sit to the end and look as though I enjoyed it. When it was over I retired to my rooms with a pain in my head to write the required notice. This, after a good deal of trouble, I accomplished to my satisfaction, and the following afternoon I repaired to Lowder's

house in the Palace-road to read him what I had written. I found him in what he called his study, though it was better furnished with pipes and (starred) bottles than with books or paper. The room was full of smoke, which he was discharging from his nostrils like a dragon, but I could see at once that it was not one of his best days. I found he had had an encounter with his housekeeper and been defeated with heavy loss of temper. This did not tend to diminish the slight sinking sensation of which I was aware at the pit of my stomach, but when I explained my appearance his brows relaxed and he gave an expectant chuckle.

"Ha, ha! That's right. Come along, let's hear what you have done."

He waved me to a seat opposite his own at the fire, but I took one further away, as I was feeling quite warm.

"Fire away," called Lowder after a pause.

I pulled out the MS., cleared my throat, and began forthwith.

"The next name on the programme was one hitherto entirely unknown to us, and we sincerely wish it might have remained so. The name itself, 'Clarence Badenoch,' ringing as it did with sonorous music, had stimulated our pleasantest expectancy, but these hopes, it may be said at once, were very dismally dashed by the large and curious person who has appropriated this sounding pseudonym—for pseudonym it is. From private sources we are apprised that in private life he answers to the less incongruous cognomen of Tom Lowder—"

"Hold on," interjected Lowder. "I here's no sense in that."

"No sense in what?" was my surprised inquiry.

"There's no sense in giving my name away," he returned, with some approach to warmth.

"But, my dear fellow, it'll have to come out in court; you don't suppose you can keep it dark all through the libel action?"

Lowder was silent, not having, it seemed, thought of this, and disrelishing the notion of his cherished alias publicly blown upon.

"You see that?"

"Oh! go on," said Lowder, turning again to the fire; so I went on:

"The title by which Mr. Lowder figures on a stage of any importance, other than such as Messrs. Barnum or Sandow might provide, is wrapped for us, we must admit, in impenetrable mystery. His only claim to professional distinction, as far as we could discover, resides in the astounding and even terrific force and resonance of his lungs and throat. We have heard the Flying Dutchman roar in a tunnel, we have heard a tempest burst in the tropics, but we have had no experience either in art or nature of anything that could even remotely suggest the overwhelming gusto with which Mr. Lowder vociferates the forte passages of his songs. Even 'Blow Soft Ye Gales,' as it issued from his wide mouth, might have been fitly christened, 'Howl Uproaniously Ye Hurricanes.'"

I glanced at Lowder as I threw the leaf over. His eyes appeared to be following, with a cold intensity of interest, the movement of a cat upon the opposite roof.

"His rendering of 'Balaclava' produced a visible uneasiness in the neighbourhood of the platform. At the word 'Charge,' in particular, which suggested the detonation of dynamite, even his own accompanist seemed to falter and turn pale."

"But Mr. Lowder obtains his most striking effects from pathetic and sentimental songs, which he delivers with extraordinary feeling and expression—especially expression. We do not suppose that he had really swallowed strychnine before coming on to sing 'In the Gloaming,' but the anguished contortion of the forehead and the wild moaning might have excused the inference that he was suffering from cruel inward spasms. In the hoarse struggle with the higher notes we could have fancied ourselves listening to the lament of some consumptive cow untidely bereft of her offspring."

Hearing something in the nature of a gulp, and thinking Lowder was about to speak, I stopped a moment, but he seemed to change his mind, and I continued:

"It is quite possible, however, and it is only fair to admit that we may not have succeeded in doing full justice to Mr. Lowder's vocal gift. Song and singer make a simultaneous impression, and their mental dissociation is not always easy. The spectacle presented by this uncouth colossus upon the platform is such a painful outrage upon the æsthetic sense of the beholder that one could hardly listen with satisfaction; even if he sang with the voice of a Sims Reeves or a Santley."

I turned the leaf here, and glancing again at Lowder, noticed that he was flushed. Our eyes met, and his had so strange an expression that mine instantly returned to the MS.

After a pause I resumed:

"Mr. Lowder's stage manner must be judged according to the end he has in view. If his aim be to emphasise his grotesque unfitness for the situation into which his vulgar presumption has thrust him, we are able to congratulate him on a brilliant success. He walks—or, perhaps we should say, advances—to the footlights with an extensive and irrelevant smile. If this is intended to prepossess his audience, we must strongly advise him to discard it, for, as we can testify in our own person, it had quite another effect. But, of course, if it is a congenial infirmity, it will be of no use to tell the poor man how pitifully silly and self-conscious it makes him look."

I stopped, for Lowder had suddenly got out of his chair.

"What?" said I, looking uneasily at his back.

"I didn't speak," replied Lowder, turning abruptly from the window; then, glancing at me with what, beyond doubt, was a thoroughly sinister expression, he added:—

"I suppose you're obliged to read with that silly snigger?"

My hands and eyebrows went up in astonishment and repudiation.

"Snigger? Me snigger? Really, Lowder, I don't know what you mean! I never dreamt of it. What on earth should I snigger about? My dear fellow—"

"Oh, dry up, in heaven's name!" interrupted Lowder, angrily. "I don't want to be chattered at. Get on with your rubbish!"

He loomed up formidably between me and the window, and I preferred to wait till he had reseated himself. This in a moment he heavily did, partly turning his broad back upon me. I stole another look at him, and noticed that the pulse in his temple was distended, which was a familiar storm signal. I asked myself in some trouble if Lowder was going to be a fool. In the light of experience it seemed more than possible, but it was now too late to draw back, so I composed my features in an injured expression, and lowered my voice, as I proceeded:—

"Arrived at the footlights, Mr. Lowder arranges himself and his various members with what we suppose is a view to facilitate the production of sound. The process has enough of what is strange and novel to excuse our noticing it in some little detail. In the disposition of his—his—well, in the disposition of what the poverty of the language compels us to call his feet, Mr. Lowder follows the ancient, if somewhat discredited, precedent of the walrus, when that interesting creature gets upright—"

Bang!—crash!—rattle!—rattle!—crash!

I jumped.

"Good gracious, Lowder, what in thunder is the matter? I called out sharply. I suppose my nerves were shaky.

"What d'ye mean—what's 'e matter?" he retorted violently. "I'm poking the fire—that's what's the matter. Any objection? Want it to go out?"

When he had done disembowelling the fire, he wanted to know, loudly, what I was waiting for, and I replied, irritably, that I was waiting till I could hear myself speak.

"His general pose has all the easy grace for which the river-horse has so long been famous. With one bejewelled fist he grasps his song enormously, while the other is coyly hooked by the thumb to his trouser-pocket—"

Lowder wheeled swiftly in his chair.

"That's a—lie!"

"My dear fellow, I saw it myself."

"You never saw it, you liar! I never stand

like that in any way, and you know it as well as I do."

He was fixing me with a look of healthy hatred. I felt my error.

"Of course not, my dear chap. I didn't mean that. I only meant I saw one hand in your pocket. Do be reasonable for goodness sake, and remember I'm only doing what you asked me. Of course, it's all faked up nonsense, without a vestige of verisimilitude. I know that, but then it's just what you want. You told me to be as vulgar and offensive as possible, and now you're getting angry with me because I've tried to please you."

This appeal was not without its effect. Lowder appeared to make an effort at self-recovery and to perceive the absurdity of his explosion, but his face continued to express a repulsive mixture of ill-humour, suspicion, and stored resentment.

He sat forward in his chair, elbows on the arms, and thumbs twirling rapidly.

"Oh, yes," said he, punctuating his speech with nods of colossal significance. "Oh, yes, of course, I must remember, you're only doing what I asked you, you're only trying to please me. You always are. All the same, I didn't tell you to write such utter lying lunatic rot that any fool in his senses would smell a rat the size of a camel in it at once."

"Oh, if you think that—"

"Yes, I do think that!"

"I shouldn't have thought it mattered even if someone did smell a rat. As long as the stuff is gross enough to make an action lie, you get your advertisement, and I thought that was all you wanted. But of course it's your affair. If it won't do, there's an end of it. I don't want to upset you. I'll leave off."

I made as though to fold up the MS.

"Leave off! Who wants you to leave off? Upset!" He laughed with bitter exasperation. "Do you imagine I'm upset by your ridiculous baldendash, you idiot. It amuses me, that's all it does."

I could not help thinking that Lowder disguised his amusement perfectly, and if he were only amused, why did he say such things under his breath? Of course I could see well enough that he was really divided between a desire to kill me and a reluctance to show himself too utterly an ass. He looked so very plain as he sat there, his features working with wicked feelings, that it came over me all at once it was really not worth while trying to get on with him. He was really too impossible.

"I'd be glad," I said, with marked self-control, "if you could leave off slanging and abusing me without any reason from early morn to dewy eve. Do you mean you want me to go on?"

"Certainly," he rapped out. "I'd like it all, please."

So I began again, raising my voice, partly in defiance and partly to encourage myself. "Let's see—where was I? Oh. 'While the other is coyly attached by the thumb to his trouser-pocket. We do not object to that. There is no reason in life why Mr. Lowder should not conceal one thumb in his trouser-pocket. What we would respectfully ask him is, why not permit the whole hand to take refuge there? We can think of only one objection, and that might easily be met by having the pocket enlarged.'"

I was holding the paper to my face as I read, but I was aware of movements and of audible hurried respiration in the room.

"Mr. Lowder looks up to heaven while he sings. We cannot think he is one to invoke Divine aid; at any rate, he does not obtain it. We may therefore either attribute this attitude to a natural anxiety on his part (which the audience share) as to whether the roof will hold out, or we may suppose that he is merely anxious to display to the best advantage his magnificent terraces of chin."

The sense of electrical overcharge in the atmosphere was the cause of a slight unsteadiness in my voice, but I held bravely on:

"But enough of this impertinent parvenue. We have endeavoured to convey to our readers a just impression of the sort of artist he is. He has no earthly or unearthly business on the same platform with real singers. How he contrived to clamber so far out of his proper sphere—he might create enthusiasm in a third-rate taproom late at night—we don't know; but—great is Mammon—we can make

a guess. However that may be, he must not come there again, and it is to be hoped we have said all that is necessary to prevent this happening. If not, let us sum up in plain and simple language, which, though it may not be polite, is dictated by an imperative sense of journalistic duty, this Tom Lowder Clarence Badenoch is a preposterous fraud, gross, unsightly, not to be borne—"

I stopped abruptly. Lowder was out of his chair again. I was not frightened—at least not much—but I could not give my voice quite the tone I desired, as I asked:

"Shall I go on, or do you think that will be enough?"

"I think that'll be enough!" was the savagely emphatic rejoinder, as Lowder advanced upon me menacingly. "I think that'll be enough—quite enough—in fact, more than enough!"

I had never seen him so fearfully aflame; his face a deep scarlet, even the eyeballs bloodshot. His voice was strident with excitement.

"You take that to 'The Gleeman'—you get anyone to print a line of that—and I promise you I'll break every bone in your contemptible body!"

"Good heavens! Lowder, what the mischief is the matter with you?" I shouted nervously, pushing back my chair, for he had come unpleasantly close.

"Are you mad? Anyone'd think I'd broken your head, instead of sitting up half the night to try and oblige you!"

"Try and oblige me!" retorted Lowder, with a ferocious sneer. "To try and oblige me, you miserable, canting, sneaking, hypocritical humbug! I tell you what it is, my man—I'm not such a thick-headed jackass as you seem to imagine, and if you think I'm going to stand being made a butt of by any scurrilous scoundrel of a tenth-rate quill-driver, you'll find you've jolly-well made a thundering error!"

"Good gracious, man!"

He interrupted me mimickingly.

"Good gracious, man!" Yes, I've been a good gracious man a blessed sight too long. The fact is, my fine fellow, I've begun to see through you at last. You've given yourself away. I've found you out. Pretending to be my friend—sucking up to me for what you could get, and then stabbing your benefactor in the back. Contemptible coward! You thought it was a fine chance, I suppose, to squirt your poisonous venom without any danger to yourself! Thought I couldn't say a word, didn't you?—you sneaking, crawling reptile! Well, you're mistaken, my man. I let you go on; I'm glad I've found you out. I know what you are now, and I've done with you! A treacherous serpent fed from my hand and warmed in my boozum, and now you bite me—you low-down, dastardly dog!"

This, and much more of the same sort, was poured out on me for several minutes in an uninterrupted torrent of tumbled metaphors and blazing epithets—interspersed with sulphurous salvos of probably the most shocking and frightful expletives ever heard in that quarter of London. I cannot put it all down. It was not fit to listen to, much less repeat. The whole thing was a string of very wicked lies, but it was none the less painful and irritating to one who had been so long his best—indeed, his only true—friend. I confess I was thoroughly upset and indignant, but I said little, as I was aware of my danger. I would have left the room but that I feared to precipitate a collision, for he was pounding and winnowing the air within a yard of my head. Confined by prudence to dumb retaliation, I spread a calm, fixed smile upon my features and proceeded to fold up the paper with what, under the circumstances, was a rather forced air of leisurely disdain. This seemed to put the finishing touch to his frenzy.

"Give me that paper!" he shouted thickly, stepping forward to snatch it.

"Keep off, can't you, Lowder, and don't carry on like a maniac!" I cried, angrily.

"Keep off, do you hear!"

I withheld the paper with one hand and fended him off with the other. This brought our arms into rather ungentle contact. He was furious.



**MR. EDMUND BULLOCK.**  
GLOUCESTER'S OLDEST FREEMAN.  
DIED DEC. 2, 1904, AGED 91 YEARS.

Many of his ancestors are buried in Blaisdon Churchyard, having possessed property in the neighbourhood. In St. Nicholas Church, Gloucester, is a tablet to the memory of Toby Bullocke, gentleman, alderman, and once Mayor of Gloucester, who died September 4th, 1641, aged 75 years; also of Thomas Bullocke, gentleman, died December 26th, 1759, aged 72 years. Mr. E. Bullock had resided at the Poplars, Over, for nearly sixty years, and possessed considerable cottage property in Gloucester. He was very active, working in his garden during the day and walking into the city to his club and back late at night until the commencement of his illness, nearly two years ago.

## RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES IN CHELTENHAM.

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### IV.—THE REV. F. B. MACNUTT'S CONFERENCE FOR MEN.

The Sunday afternoon conferences for men which the Rev. F. B. Macnutt, M.A., has instituted in connection with the work at St. John's Church, had been brought to my notice in several ways before my "official" visit on Sunday afternoon last—by advertisement, reputation, and recommendation.

For the vicar of St. John's has used advertisement legitimately and wisely in popularising this development of Christian work; on poster and hoarding men of all convictions and beliefs have been invited to come and take part in the discussions, and the coveted "top column" position in the Saturday "Echo" has announced to all and sundry that a welcome is extended to every man at the Sunday Afternoon Conferences; many tiny booklets, too with the programme of subjects for the current month have been distributed amongst possible members, with the straightforward invitation to "Come, and see whether this is not just the sort of meeting you would like to attend!"

But advertisement alone could not command success; the conferences very soon obtained a reputation which has spread throughout the town—through the ardent recommendation of those who, from casual visitors, became regular attendants—until to-day the success and increasing numbers of the organisation must gladden the heart of the leader, who is to be congratulated in thus breaking away from the traditional clerical routine, and, if men will not come to church, thus bringing the church to the men.

On Sunday afternoon, as I took my seat in St. John's Church Room, where the conferences are held, the rows of

white chairs were rapidly filling; a constant stream of men was passing in from the street, on to the pavement of which the double doors of the room open direct—a small detail in itself, but important to those who know how difficult it is to get good attendances in an upstairs room or up a passage.

The room is evidently used as a gymnasium during the week, for the necessary fittings could be seen, packed away for the time, round the walls; as I discovered afterwards, a branch of the Boys' Brigade make this their headquarters during the week. I note that every chair is supplied with a hymn-book, and fall to speculating as to the class of men who enter—what are they and who are they? As a rule they seem to be tradesmen, managers of businesses, shop assistants, and the like, with a sprinkling of their less-favoured brethren, and a few who may be professional men—not all Churchmen, I think, but all imbued with respect and admiration for the leader, it is easy to see.

A few minutes before three a door at the back of the reading-desk opens, and Mr. Macnutt enters—a fine athletic figure, with a look and manner which seem to indicate power; and yet, not a dogmatic self-assertive power, but the generous strength of mind of a born leader, who knows that he is born to be a leader. A further acquaintance gained during the afternoon's meeting confirmed me in this estimate of character, and, in addition, showed me that in the vicar of St. John's we have a man who is, maybe, "suavitor in modo," but "fortiter in re."

Just a whispered word to the organist at the little harmonium, and abruptly, without any preliminary flourish, the reverend gentleman utters the number of the first hymn—"379" ("Onward, Christian Soldiers"), and the "conference" has commenced.

The singing is disappointing, somehow; one can only guess how much more a similar number of Welshmen or Lancashire factory hands would make of the stirring melody than these Gloucestershire men do; but there must be something in the air or soil of the Midlands, for hardly once have I heard really melodious and powerful singing by men's voices at such meetings in this part of the country. Following the hymn, the vicar of St. John's led the men in two short collects—the first asking for guidance in the study of the Scriptures, and the other a special Advent collect, leading into the Lord's Prayer, in which everyone joined heartily.

Then we had just a glimpse of the frank, open-heartedness of the man himself, as, in a few direct sentences, he apologised for taking a different subject to that announced on the programmes, etc. "I fear you will think I have got you here under false pretences," said he, "but you will, I know, forgive my taking the subject of 'Temperance' this Sunday when I tell you that I have done so at the special request of the Rev. James Owen, who has asked that we will fall in with this arrangement if in any way possible."

After this explanation, a passage from the Epistle to the Corinthians had been read to us, a passage referring distinctly to the wrong of "causing one's brother to stumble," and another hymn ("Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All"), we settled down—or roused ourselves, a better expression—to the address, a well-thought-out, calmly-reasoned, and distinctly manly statement, with none of that sophistry and indiscriminate use of Scriptural quotations which is so prevalent in many quarters, and bears no practical relation to the events of every-day life. The method of delivery was admirable—slow, almost as if the thoughts were being dictated to a typist, but every sentence gave one food for thought, and there was time to think, too; perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the discourse was the evident desire to be strictly accurate, the speaker once pausing to withdraw a word, as being "too strong to justify historically."

(How many religious leaders would thus take the trouble to correct themselves if they over-stated the case? Not many, I think!)

The speaker took as the starting-point of his address the oft-quoted retort of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" which, he said, we were bound to answer to-day, as Christians, as citizens, and as men, when we turned our thoughts to the great temperance question. There were three arguments against

taking any active part in the crusade against intemperance. There is the argument of cynical selfishness; the man who says in effect "What does it matter to me how my brother suffers? Why does he not have more common-sense? I am not responsible for his pains and troubles. If it suits me to take intoxicants, why should I not do so? If my brother errs because of my example, that is nothing to do with me. Am I my brother's keeper?"

Then there is the argument of unchristian sophistry. Temperance says to every man "It is your duty to do something to remove this terrible evil from our midst," but the sophist argues "Wine is not a bad thing in itself. Therefore, why should I, who can use it without damage to myself, take heed if it become a danger or curse to other men?" "But," said the speaker, "granted that wine is not a bad thing in itself; neither is steel a bad thing, and yet it forms the blade with which the wretched suicide lets out his life; it becomes an evil by the use to which it is put, and from this point of view we have to base our views on intemperance."

Again, many object to temperance work because of the fanatical statements of temperance advocates. They say "What fools these men who argue for temperance are!" And doubtless there is much extravagant language on temperance platforms. But this forms no reason why we should not treat the matter sanely, for things have come to a terrible pass in the country now. Gladstone said that drink brought more trouble to England than famine, war, and pestilence combined; Sir Andrew Clark wrote that 70 per cent. of his hospital cases were traceable to the abuse of alcohol!

Then what is our duty? "I would lay down principles," said the vicar of St. John's, "and not laws. We must do what we can to remove this terrible curse from our midst. I do not ask others to adopt the same attitude as I do, but I feel that my personal duty is to take up the position of a total abstainer," and in graphic language he related how his whole nature had been stirred by the sight of a 2½-year-old child perfectly drunk outside Victoria Station; and how he had been informed of men who out of a weekly wage of 27s. drank at least 20s. every Saturday and Sunday.

"You may say," continued he, "these ardent drinkers are such fools to give way; we have no temptations in that direction, and those who have must answer for it! But this is not following Christ! We cannot afford to be indifferent, and we must use our influence for the right. If you cannot do anything else you have your vote, and you can influence the not very courageous Government which now presides over us, but shrinks from doing anything which is for the real good of the people, and insist that the strings shall be drawn tighter. If the State is both mother and father to the individual, it is the duty of the State to prevent the individual from doing itself harm. As social impurity has been largely purged from the streets of London through systematic efforts of Christian men and others, so it is our duty to do something, whatever lies in our power, so that intemperance may be quelled as far as lies in our power by the forces of righteousness."

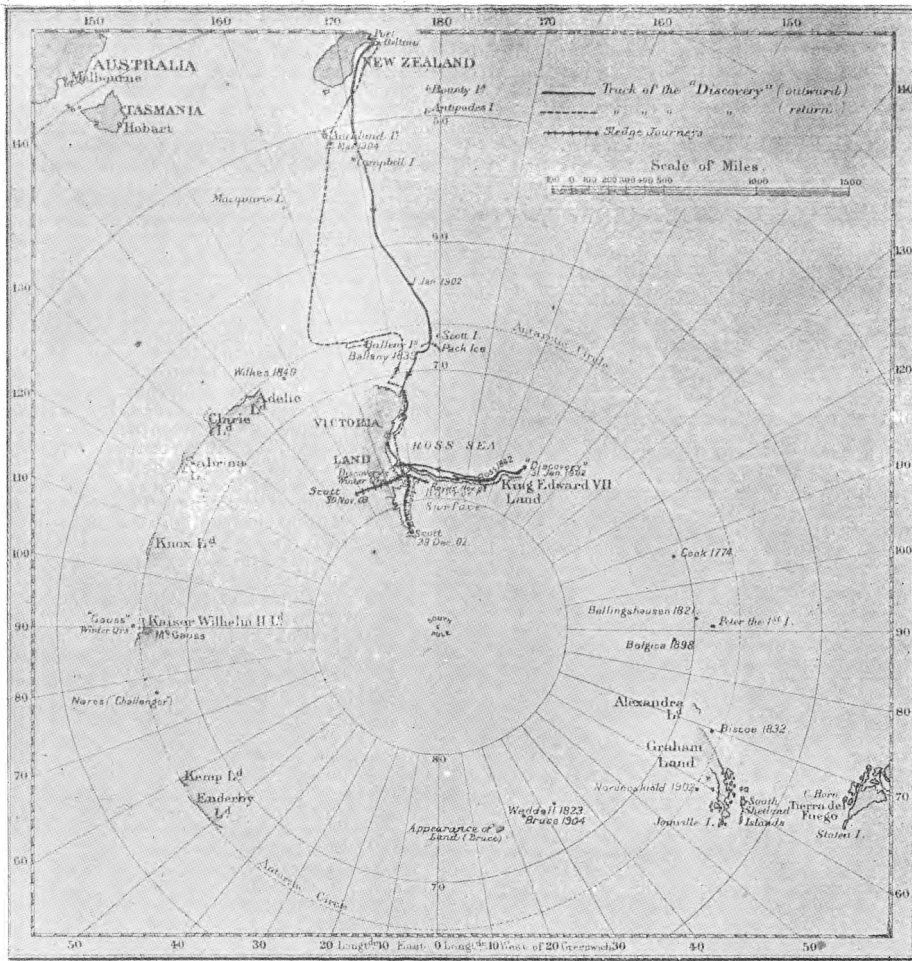
Such thoughts as these formed the address, which occupied about thirty minutes. Brief remarks by members were invited at the close, but only one spoke; the subject not being scheduled probably made some difference in this respect, for I understand that there is often a considerable amount of discussion at these conferences for men.

The light was now waning, and, as it was close upon four o'clock, the vicar summed up the afternoon's subject in a few well-chosen words; and the meeting closed with an extempore prayer and the hymn "Sun of my soul." There was a collection before the end, for what purpose was not stated, but I presume for incidental expenses.

As we passed out into the street the leader shook at the door and gave a hearty handshake to each, with here and there a word of interrogation or cheer, and I left with the impression of an afternoon with a strong man of broad sympathies, one to whom principles would be more than doctrines, Christian deeds than theological dogmas, and whose influence will be more and more felt in Cheltenham for good.

E. J. B.

“FARTHEST SOUTH.”



**CAPT. SCOTT, R.N.,**  
COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH  
ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.



**ANOTHER OF THE OFFICERS.**  
DR. E. A. WILSON, OF BUSHEY, HERTS.,  
son of Dr. E. T. Wilson, of Cheltenham.



The portrait block of Captain Scott and the chart are reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

**Captain Scott Lectures in Cheltenham Town-Hall to-day under the auspices of Messrs. Baring Bros.**

Robert Falcon Scott was born in Devonshire in 1868, and entered the Navy in 1886. He received the command of the Antarctic Expedition on June 9th, 1900, and the "Discovery" sailed in August, 1901. Captain Scott's instructions were to proceed southward along the east coast of Victoria Land, carefully to examine the ice-cliffs of Ross's great barrier, discover whether there was land to the eastward, and to winter as far south as possible, ready for exploration in the spring. Captain Scott closely examined the whole line of ice-cliffs by soundings and measurements, discovered a mountainous territory to the eastward (since named Edward VII. Land), and established the "Discovery" in winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Mount Erebus, discovering that the two volcanic mountains, named Erebus and Terror by Sir James Ross, formed an island at a distance from the coast. In the winter complete sets of meteorological, magnetic, seismological, tidal, and pendulum observations were taken, and collections were made. Captain Scott's sledge journey to the south, in the spring of 1902-3, was most remarkable. He reached 82degs. 17mins. S., and saw mountains rising to a height of 15,000ft., as far south as 83degs. 30mins. S. His officers explored the volcanic islands and penetrated into the inland ice. The ice was locked in the season of 1903, and the "Discovery" was obliged to face a second winter. All the scientific observations now extended over two years, and experience gained in the first season in sledge travelling enabled Captain Scott and his officers to surpass themselves. Captain Scott's journey over the inland ice, and that of Royds and Bernacchi over the great barrier of Barne and Mulock to the south, secured valuable results. The discovery of a fossil flora by Mr. Ferrar is worth the cost of the expedition. In 1904 the ice broke away, and the "Discovery" returned to England, bringing home scientific results and treasures unequalled perhaps by any former expedition, Arctic or Antarctic.

## THE ART OF FAME—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.

"How dare you hit me, you dog!" (only dog wasn't the word). "I'll teach you to assault me! Take that!" and with the words he landed me a swinging thump on the side of the head.

Lowder was a bigger man than I, but this was too much. I don't lack spirit, though my temperament is pacific. Maddened with pain and anger I left my chair as though it were a catapult and flung myself upon the bulky bully with a whole-hearted enthusiasm and unreserve which quite staggered him.

I gave him no time to recover from his astonishment, knowing I was lost if I did, but followed him up closely as he gave way, addressing myself with the utmost energy, insistence, and repetition to every part of his upper person. I succeeded in sealing one eye, deflecting his nose and dismissing a couple of front teeth, while the remainder clacked loudly at intervals as I reached his chin. Had I been a more, or he a less, powerful man, I should have knocked him out a dozen times. Once I landed on his voluminous throat, and I remember the curious grunt of discontent and discomfiture which it evoked, and the heartfelt and particular satisfaction I derived from it. After some minutes of this drastic and unremitting massage I thought he might be sufficiently enfeebled, and wishing to bring matters to a close, I rushed in for a throw. It was a grave mistake. I found I had underestimated his stamina and physical resource. His arms closed about me with the grip of a grizzly bear and the tenacity of an octopus, till I feared my bones would crack. It was pull devil, pull baker, now, and no mistake. I thought of my widowed mother and strained every nerve and sinew to postpone my last hour, for I knew murder was the least I had to expect if I went under to Lowder in his present frame of mind. Round and round the darkening room we rocked and reeled, gasping, gripping, panting, overturning and occasionally smashing articles of furniture or bric-a-brac that obstructed and then strewed our course. I kept forcing him back, but I was not in training for this sort of thing, and I felt my strength ebbing away. I struggled hard to trip him up, but his leg withstood mine like a pillar, and I had begun to surrender hope, when Providence suddenly intervened in my favour. Stepping aside to get a pull on me, Lowder misplaced his foot, slipped on a hassock, and for a moment stumbled unsteadily. This offered me the opening I required, and I seized it like a flash. Putting all my remaining strength into a supreme effort I heaved him off his centre. A second he hung tottering, then threw out his arms, heeled over, and fell back with a resounding crash, his head encountering the coal scuttle with an emphasis which I did my utmost to enforce.

He rolled over, and I stood up with a deep sigh of satisfaction and relief, such as Horatius may have heaved over "the great Lord of Luna," fallen "as falls on Mount Alvernus the thunder-smitten oak."

But this mood was transitory. Lowder continued to lie where he had fallen, motionless as a log, and my brief elation was suddenly succeeded by a wave of overwhelming terror and remorse.

Had I killed him? Should I be charged with murder? Should I be hung?

I am sorry to say I quite lost my head. Possessed by uncontrollable panic, I fled from the room and from the house, and sprinted for home as though ten thousand demons were after me; but I was followed in fact only by my coat tails (at a respectable distance) and a vivid sense of inexplicable guilt.

I spent the rest of the day in the closest retirement, sending out at intervals of half an hour for the latest editions of the evening papers, and scanning each with a horrible expectancy for a "Tragedy in the Palace-road."

The night was tossed through in fever and sleeplessness, and I came down to breakfast with a countenance so haggard and hollow-eyed that it quite extinguished the smile

with which my landlady advanced to tender me a postcard. I recognised Lowder's thick black "fist," and a great load rolled off my heart. It ran thus:—

"Ruffian! If you ever cross my threshold again, you'll recross it feet first and toes up." As I took this for a threat of unjustifiable homicide, I have naturally avoided that part of London since; and thus it has fallen out, as a consequence of our doing so, that poor Lowder's dreams of universal fame are, so far as I have heard, still unrealised.

## PUSS IN THE FURNACE.

During the production of a play called "The Middleman," the other day, a most extraordinary incident took place. The hero, who stakes his all on the discovery of a certain process of making china, was engaged in his final experiment. To bring these to a satisfactory conclusion, it was necessary that the furnaces with which he had supplied himself should stand the strain of the enormous heat necessary to the proper production of the china he desired to manufacture. It was the most dramatic moment of the play. The stage, like the theatre, was in absolute darkness, except for the glow of the furnace. The hero, clad in trousers and vest, was shovelling in coal. The audience were in a fever of excitement. Would the furnace burst? The hero's happiness and the happiness of his wife and children depended upon the successful carrying out of the experiment. The whole business was worked up most graphically. Just at the moment when the experiment was almost complete there was a sudden noise. All the bass notes of the grand piano were suddenly struck at the same moment. What was it? The band had retired, and for a moment everybody was at a loss to imagine what had struck the piano. Then suddenly they saw a great black cat leap delicately on to the top of the piano, and from there make its way to the stage. The hero was in a very fever of anxiety over the success of his experiment. With perspiration streaming down his face, he was shovelling coal heroically into the furnace. The heat was terrific. You could see he almost feared that every moment the furnace would succumb. But the black cat, having no sense of the dramatic, first washed its face in the middle of the stage, then rubbed itself familiarly against the hero's leg, and finally crept into the terrifically heated furnace, and there, amidst the living coal, calmly curled itself up and went to sleep. The hero had to pull it out with a pair of tongs, and when, a second afterwards, the furnace broke with the heat, the audience could not but meet this dramatic climax save with shrieks of laughter—"To-Day."

## THE NECESSITY FOR THRIFT.

J. Holt Schooling, writing in the "Windsor Magazine," says: "Extravagance—want of thrift—has always been one of our national characteristics, common, I believe, to other Northern nations as contrasted with the money-carefulness of Southern races. This characteristic may not be wholly injurious in conditions that safely afford the practical results of its working out. But in present conditions, which point clearly to the necessity for thrift, personal thrift, and national thrift, this reckless extravagance of a community of small islanders in the Northern seas menaces them with the danger of lessened strength with which to fight the great trade battle of the twentieth century with powerful Continental and oversea rivals whose strength is daily increasing. Already there are many signs that individuals are keeping down their expenditure, and although it may not be practicable nor perhaps even desirable to lessen national expenditure—bearing in mind the necessity for the efficient keep of our Navy and Army—it is most desirable and necessary that the spending powers of the various local bodies should be checked and considerably curtailed."

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

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The visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to the Duc and Duchesse d'Orleans at Wood Norton in the closing days of November should be indelibly imprinted on the not seldom agitated minds of the Evesham folk, our near neighbours. Their Majesties arrived in frost and fog, but departed when a thaw had well set in, with which, of course, the grand display of fireworks at Wood Norton on the Sunday had nothing to do. Shooting was the order of the two week-days that Dom Carlos spent with his brother-in-law, and his Majesty then fully sustained his reputation as a crack shot, contributing in no small measure to the 4,169 head of pheasants, to say nothing of hares, rabbits, and wild duck, that made up the total bag of the battues. The birds, I find, were not all indigenous to the preserves, for not a few of them had recently been imported there. An American thus once expressively summarised this form of sport:—"Up flies a guinea (cost of rearing), hang goes threehalfpence (for cartridge), and down comes eightpence (the game-dealer's price)." The recent slaughter reminds me of a tale told of the Comte de Paris, from whom the Duc d'Orleans, his son, inherits his love of shooting. The Comte's command of idiomatic English was sometimes at fault. Speaking of a poor season's sport on one occasion, the Comte happened to say that he had shot many fewer "braces." Whereupon a witty guest promptly remarked: "And no doubt, your Royal Highness, this want of 'braces' accounted for the falling off of your 'bags.'"

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By research I was able to make out a year or two ago that a score of Peers were connected by residence, or territorial ties, or titles with Gloucestershire. The Earl of Hardwicke, whose untimely death at the age of 38 years is announced, stood in the latter category, for his ancestor, Lord Chief Justice Yorke, was created Baron Hardwicke, of Hardwicke, county Gloucester, in 1733. The late Earl's mother was a daughter of the 1st Earl Cowley, and one of his aunts is Lady Biddulph of Ledbury.

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So far as I know, the only association that the late Lord Hardwicke had with this county was on August 23rd, 1888, when, as Viscount Royston, he rode his horse Melody and Mr. Sheaf's Songstrees at Maiseamore Galloway Races, near Gloucester. I then met him in the stewards' room, and a very agreeable gentleman I found him. He was a keen sportsman, and during the few years he figured as a cross-country rider he showed marked ability in the saddle. Commencing to ride in 1888, he retired at the end of 1892, with the excellent total for the five years of 24 successes out of 102 mounts. When, in 1897, he became the Earl of Hardwicke, without estates—for they had passed to the mortgagees for foreclosure owing to the heavy fall in value—he faced his changed circumstances cheerfully and with fortitude, and became "something in the City." And Lord Salisbury, seeing there was ability and real grit in this nobleman, made him Indian Under-Secretary in 1900. And then followed a dramatic incident in the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery complained of the noble Earl retaining his Stock Exchange partnership, but Lord Hardwicke parried the heavy thrust by a reply so full of manly, simple honesty that the Primrose Earl must have felt confused and sorry he spoke. "I was left without a shilling," said Lord Hardwicke, "and I had to consider what I should do. I decided to embark on a career in the City. I do not say that the course I elected was the only one open to a peer who early in life finds himself involved in financial embarrassment. I am told there are pleasanter and easier methods of rehabilitating one's fortune than by working for a living." In my humble opinion the nobleman who has just passed away in the prime of manhood, having served the State and his fellow citizens on the London County Council, and worked for a living, lived up to the motto, "Neither covet nor fear," of the House of Hardwicke.

GLENER.

**"PROSECUTIONS THAT ARE PUT UP."**

Scores of prosecutions are "put up" with a view to tapping public sympathy (says the writer of an article entitled "Prosecutions that are Put Up," in "Cassell's Saturday Journal" for December). They are really friendly arrangements to draw attention to cases of hardship, and, though they fail now and again, they are often markedly successful. A singular case happened not long since. Charged with a certain offence, a man became quite theatrical in court, and his remarks being reported, money for him poured on the magistrate from all parts of the country. In the usual course these sums would have been applied to the man's relief; but, as the missionary suspected that the prosecution was not made in good faith, and was certain, at all events, that the defendant was not deserving of charity, every penny was returned to the donors. In general, however, a friendly prosecution achieves its aim. A policeman once summoned a hawkker for obstruction, thereby considerably astonishing most of those who knew the parties, because both had been on very friendly terms for years. In court the man told a most pathetic story, which moved the stipendiary to "dress down" the constable in fine style. As a result, various sums of money were sent for the hawkker, while several gentlemen began to make it a practice to give him sixpence or a shilling as they passed his "pitch" every morning. Altogether, he was better off than he had ever been in his life. A year or so later, the constable was killed in a riot. On hearing of his death, the hawkker cried bitterly, and then, for the first time, confided to some of his intimate friends that the summons was a put-up job. "Policemen are by no means the only people who engineer prosecutions from the most kindly motives. The writer knew a gentleman who applied for an ejectment order against one of his tenants without the slightest intention of enforcing it. The man himself was consumptive, his wife was a cripple, and two of their children were ill. Though he could not work, he would neither beg nor apply for relief to any charitable agency, while as for the "union," that he would not think of. So the landlord, just to focus attention on his wretched plight, applied for power to eject him, and so arranged matters that the proceedings should be reported. He had anticipated, to use his own words, that this "would do the trick." And so it did—much better than he had expected. Such generous aid was immediately forthcoming that the poor consumptive was sent to a home, where, however, he died about a year later. Those dependent on him, too, were placed beyond want, and some, at least, of these are still in comfortable circumstances.



**THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF CHILDREN.**

The Rev. C. H. Grundy, M.A., starts a new series of articles on "English Home Life" in this week's "Easy Chair." Speaking of children, he says: "The variety of child seems to be almost unlimited. There is the sticky, spoiled child, who climbs on to a stranger's knee the first time he calls, and then affectionately cleans his fingers on his shoulders, and whispers, 'Mother said we should like you.' There is the precocious mannikin, who insists on reading aloud to you and asking for explanations while you are endeavouring to carry on a conversation with the mother. There is the confidential child, who whispers, 'We have all the best china out for tea, but mother told me not to mention it.' There is the bookworm who sits in a corner and is always reading to himself; also the playworm child, always wriggling and twisting about. The snail-like child, too, is frequently seen, moving very slowly when ordered to do anything. There is the grass-hopper child, whose progress is a series of jumps; and, delightful when met with, there is a sympathetic child, whose companionship is a comfort in trouble, for the hand is placed in yours and the face seems to say, 'I do not understand your grief, but never mind, I'm here, close to you.'"

**THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SADDLE-HORSE.**

One familiar object of the old-time highway has practically vanished, and that is the saddle horse. All of us who have reached middle-age, and who were brought up in the country, must recognise this as a feature in the transformation in road traffic and rural life. Hunting is, of course, as popular as ever, though the classes that mainly support it have in many parts of England undergone some reconstruction, and are more exotic and less local than they were. But that is another matter. In the 'sixties, to take a safe date, everybody in the country and the country town of ordinary means rode more or less, as a matter of course, and not of necessity with any reference whatever to the hunting-field. Nowadays the hunting men and women are almost the only people who ever mount a horse, and even they, so far as my observation goes, only in the hunting-held. In the outskirts of London, where there are such numbers of prosperous people able to amuse themselves as they please on Saturday afternoons, one sees no doubt a sprinkling of horsemen, but this has little or no significance, nor again has such riding as still goes on in the Row whether as part of the season's programme or the more serious performances of the liver brigade. But in the country, where the saddle-horse was formerly the appanage of every man and most women who could keep one, and the pony of every youngster of moderate situation in life, there is next to nothing to be seen of either now. I have travelled many thousands of miles in various parts of the island in the last few years, and to say that one never meets a man or woman above the farming class, and uncommonly few of the latter, except in mountain countries, on the horse, is so nearly the literal truth that the statement is sufficiently accurate for every practical purpose. How different it was thirty years ago.—"Cornhill Magazine."



**A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.**

Writing in the Christmas Number of "The Quiver" on "The Life was the Light of Men," the Bishop of Manchester says:—"Jesus lives," is the message of Easter; "Jesus lived," is the message of Christmas. The first tidings would help us little without the second. In vain are we assured that the spiritual idea is everything, and the historical fact nothing. We are not spirits; we are human beings, who have to live out our lives in the face of temptations, pain, sorrow, and death. The question all-important for us, the question to which we must have an answer, is this: "Does God care about us?" The response of Christmas Day is that "Jesus lived"; "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men." We are reminded every now and then by our scientific teachers of the utter unimportance of man, of the infinitesimal space occupied in the universe by our globe, of the short duration of its existence from the first age to the last; of the possibility that other worlds besides our own are inhabited by beings who may be vastly superior to ourselves, of the absurd disproportion between the value which we attach to a single human life and its real value stated in any terms of scientific proportion; we are warned that we should be modest: not without a hint that it is absurd to imagine that God cares for any one of us, even if the existence of God be granted for the sake of bare argument. Our reply to all these misgivings is contained in the two words, "Jesus lived"; "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Jesus of Nazareth lived a life which never has been satisfactorily explained on the assumption that He was but one of ourselves. He lived on earth a life in which God was everything, and the world nothing, and yet a life throbbing with love for man. What wonder is it that the world has dared to draw from that life the inference that God loves man? The life has been the light of men in a way in which no idea, however spiritual, could have enlightened man.

**THE INVENTOR'S ROAD TO RUIN.**

There is no more rapid way of getting rid of money than by endeavouring to work out inventions of an impractical character, says a writer in "T.A.T." Babbage received from Parliament and sunk to no purpose over £17,000 in trying to construct a calculating machine. The notion of being able to create a rainfall by mechanical means has occurred to numbers of inventors. In 1900 a syndicate was formed at Chicago, with a capital of £100,000, to carry out certain experiments in this direction. The experiments were a complete failure, and the money of the syndicate literally vanished into smoke in a very short time. A stone monument, up to a few years ago, stood at Fulham to the memory of a man named Hartley, who ruined himself by his fruitless efforts to complete a building that would be absolutely fireproof. His idea was to make the walls and floors double, with a sheet of metal in between them, and also to make each room of the house capable of being rendered air-tight by shutting the door and window, so that if a fire occurred in any one room, it could be at once extinguished by closing the door and window. Hartley got a grant from Parliament of £2,500, and in addition spent all his own fortune in trying to bring his idea to a successful issue. Only the other day there was an account in an American paper of a company that had been formed, with a capital of £200,000, for the object of constructing houses that were to be fireproof. The experiments of the company in this direction proved abortive, and the entire capital was lost. An account of the scientists who have spent their lives and fortunes in seeking a way in which to manufacture gold would fill many volumes. It has been estimated that twenty millions have been spent in the past hundred years in useless experiments to obtain the precious metal by a chemical process. The American Government have spent over a quarter of a million in the past couple of years in experiments in the making of noiseless gunpowder, all of which proved useless. Our own Government have spent some £10,000 in the same way with the same result. To convert the ebb and flow of the tides into a motive power for driving machinery has been the dream of many inventors. The Japanese have spent thousands of pounds in experiments in this direction, and some few years ago some German inventors established an experimental station in one of the Pacific Islands to see if it would be possible to bring the force of the tide into use as a power for driving machinery. After spending over ten thousand pounds on their experiments these gentlemen sadly departed to their native land, having sold their experimental plant as old iron, the machinery being absolutely ruined by the salt water.



**A NEW MATERIAL FOR ROADS.**

A road material which may be described as a granite mosaic has been for some years past in use under heavy colliery traffic in Germany, and has given so much satisfaction that the authorities of the district concerned have voted no less than £350,000 to further extend the system. It is claimed for this metalling (says "The Autocar") that the cost of laying is very small, and that the surface affords excellent grip, there is no noise, and no dust or mud. The invention in connection with this surfacing consists of a machine designed to break up the granite into irregular cubes 3½ in. by 3½ in. by 4 in. deep, to be laid as a mosaic.

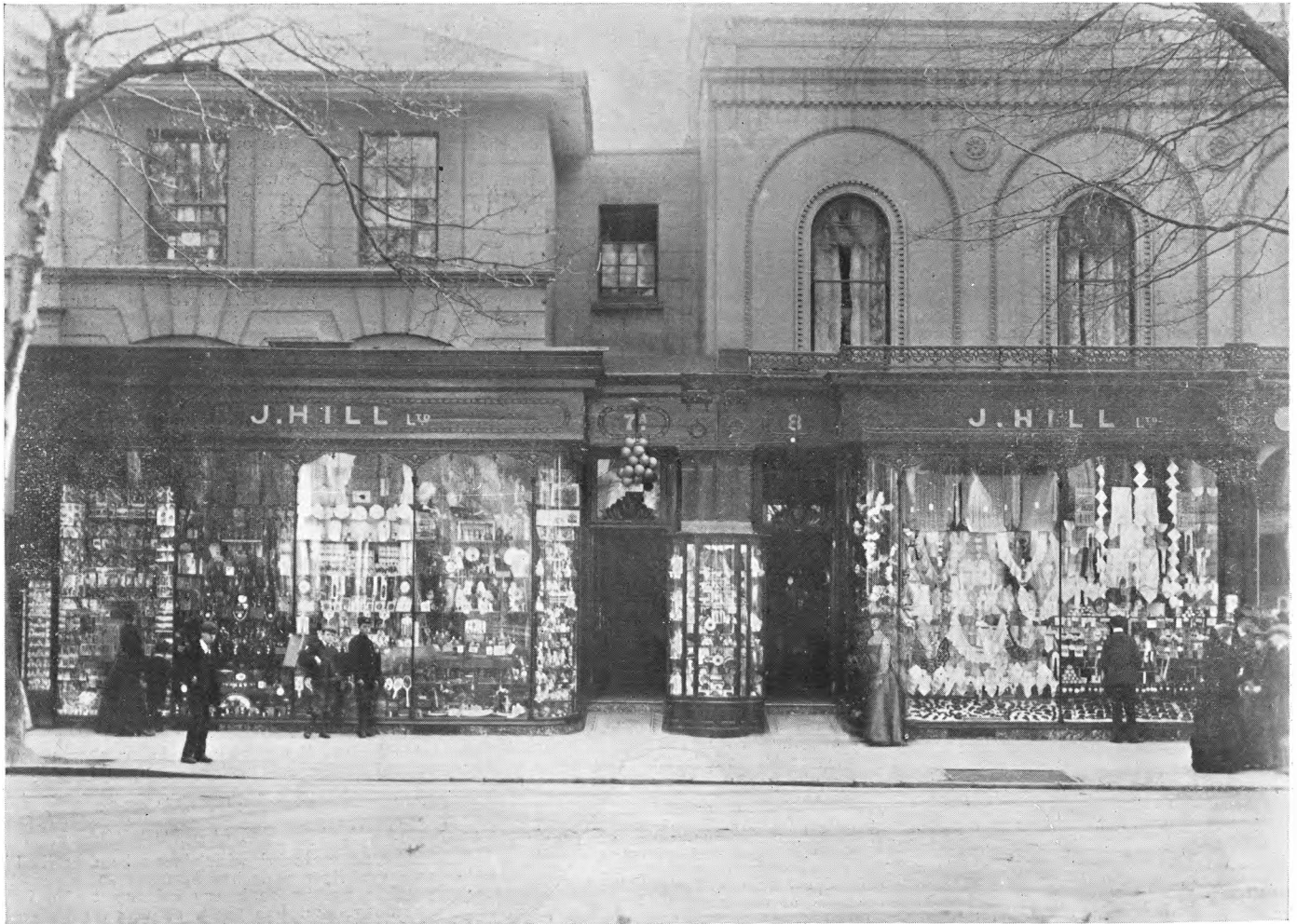


**TIT FOR TAT.**

[BY L. LOWNDES.]

"Once on a time," as children say,  
When leafy June was in its prime,  
One came and stole my heart away—  
"Once on a time."  
It was not counted as a crime,  
Nor was the robber brought to bay,  
Nor banished to a distant clime.  
It was a game that two might play  
Beneath the blossoms of the lime.  
The thief was robb'd himself that day—  
"Once on a time."

# THE NEW AND UP-TO-DATE FRONT OF J. HILL, LTD., PROMENADE.



EACH SEPARATE WINDOW DISPLAYS VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

Xmas Cards.	Writing	Mirrors.	Boys'	Candle	Fancy Combs.	Fringe Nets.
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	Purses.		Toys.	Shades.		
	Work		Girls'	Aprons &		
	Baskets.		Toys.	H'chiefs.		



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 207.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1904.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY NEXT at 2.30 and 7.45:

MR. REDFORD'S BENEFIT.

### "WALKER, LONDON,"

By Local Amateurs, preceded by

### "MY TURN NEXT,"

In which COLONEL ROGERS will appear, supported by full Cast.

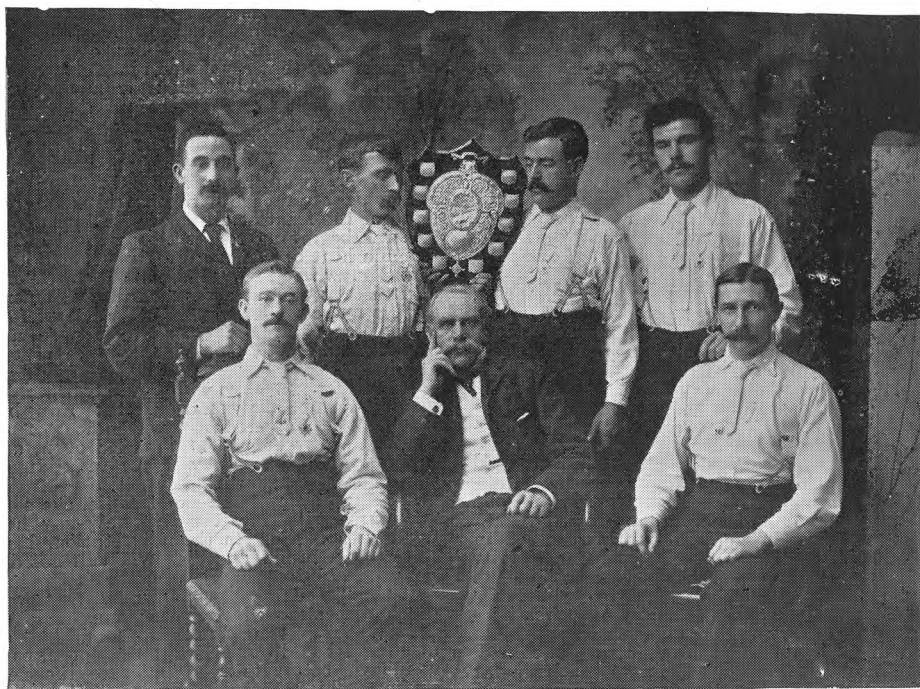
Prices from 4s. to 6d.

### GIGANTIC SALARIES.

In the matter of salaries given to State Ministers, Turkish officials, according to "T.A.T.," undoubtedly head the members of the Ministerial world. The Turkish Minister of Finance receives £7,800 a year; of Foreign Affairs, £8,800; and the Grand Vizier, or the Sultan's right-hand man, £13,280. Even the last-named's salary appears quite insignificant compared to the £16,800 a year which the official Turkish head of the Admiralty receives. This sum sounds stupendous, taking into consideration the size of the Turkish Navy, but, nevertheless, it is remembered that the late holder of the office, Hassan Pasha, amassed a comfortable little fortune of £3,000,000 during his tenancy. And his Excellency commenced his public career as a poor man!

### FOR TROUBLESOME HENS.

Keepers of fowls are frequently put to the greatest trouble by the persistent desire manifested by some of the birds to sit at all times and in all places. A writer in "T.A.T." states that a farmer down in Dorsetshire, who was greatly worried by the prevalence of this peculiarity among his fowls, hit upon a novel cure, which he says works like a charm. The cure consists of a cheap watch with a loud tick, enclosed in a case that is white and shaped like an egg. When the hen evinces any desire to sit out of season he gently places this bogus egg under her, and the egg does the rest. It ticks cheerfully away, and soon the hen begins to grow uneasy, and then stirs up the noisy egg with her bill, doubtless being under the impression that it is hatching time, and there is a chicken inside the egg waiting to get out. Finding she can make no impression upon the mysterious egg, and that it goes on ticking as merrily as ever, she gets nervous, jumps off to take a run round and think the problem over. She soon returns to her self-imposed duty, but finding that the terrible incomprehensible ticking has not stopped, at last, with a frenzied, despairing cry, she gives up the job in despair. The farmer keeps half-a-dozen of these noisy eggs on hand in case of emergency, and he says they pay for their cost over and over again during the year.



### G.W.R. AMBULANCE TEAM,

WINNERS OF GLOUCESTER CHALLENGE SHIELD, DECEMBER 1, 1904.

Andrew Mundy	Charles T. Drinkwater	William H. Berry	Ernest J. Smith
(reserve).	(No. 4, captain).	(No. 2).	(No. 1).
Charles Allaway	Walter R. Hadwen, M.D.	Frank Harris	
(No. 5, patient).		(No. 3, class secretary).	

### A NEW GARDEN CITY.

The "First Garden City, Limited," whose capital is £300,000, have bought an estate on which to lay out a garden city at Letchworth, on the Great Northern Railway, not far from Hitchin, and thirty-four miles from King's Cross. The cost of the estate has been £154,000, and the directors propose to limit the population of the town to about 30,000 inhabitants, the greater portion of the land to be retained for agricultural purposes. In this method of dealing with the problem of overcrowding in cities and depopulation in the rural districts, the directors have included in their scheme of garden city construction a small golf course in one of the open spaces of Letchworth Park. In thus making provision for golf as one of the recreations in their new settlement, the directors are taking one of the wisest steps to check the physical degeneration so greatly deplored at the present time.—"The King."

Not too much of anything.—Sir Edward Fry.

### THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S £5,000,000 DIAMOND!

Famous among present-day diamonds is the mysterious Braganza diamond of Portugal. This stone is in the possession of King Carlos of Portugal, and is the largest, and likewise the most valuable diamond in the world. According to "T.A.T.," it was found by Portuguese traders in Brazil, and a special boat was chartered to bring the gem home. When it arrived at Lisbon it was at once placed among the Regalia, where it has been jealously guarded ever since. For years the stone has been kept from the gaze of outsiders, and many have been the stories about it. The shape of the diamond, which is uncut, and weighs 1,680 carats, is oval, and is of the size of a hen's egg! According to Jeffries' method of calculation, the value of this stone is £5,644,800! But in a cut state, it would probably not realise much more than £400,000. Many experts of the past doubted if the stone were really a diamond or only a white topaz; but, in any case, it would certainly be worth the last-mentioned sum.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "MADAME."

[BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.]

\* \* \* \* \*

I congratulated myself, as the train pulled out of the Geneva station, upon my good fortune in securing a first-class compartment all to myself, and one, moreover, marked "For Ladies Only."

I turned back the dividing arms of the broad, softly stuffed seat, thus making a fine, long couch; disposed my various bits of luggage where they would be most convenient; arranged with care the little pillow in its fresh white case that I had hired at the station for this journey; took off my smart blouse with its stiff collar and cuffs, and donning a thin, white dressing-sacque, I lay down on my easy couch drawing close under my chin the large light travelling shawl that I always carry on all my journeys, short or long.

I rested for some time in great contentment, thinking over the delightful day I had spent in Chamounix, returning just in time to do justice to a good dinner in Geneva, and to catch the evening train for Paris.

"All nonsense," I reflected, "what people say about women travelling alone. Here am I in perfect peace and comfort, with not a soul to disturb me, and besides"—with the pride all women take in their economies—"I have, by taking this compartment, saved the extra cost of a regular sleeping compartment."

I was just composing myself to sleep, hoping not to awake until Paris was reached, when the train stopped at what looked to my sleepy eyes, a small and unimportant station. To my sorrow and dismay the door of my compartment was thrown open, and a tall young woman entered somewhat hastily, an attendant porter throwing up on the rack an enormous travelling-bag.

The train was almost at once in motion, and now, being thoroughly awake, I looked carefully at my unwelcome companion as she divested herself of a voluminous brown silk dust-cloak, showing that she was dressed in a deep pink cotton frock, ruffled as to its skirt, and cut scandalously low as to its throat.

A big picture hat with many black feathers and roses of every hue, like and not like to nature, was tenderly hung upon a hook. I was much interested to observe that in a far more intense degree the young woman reproduced my own rather unusual combination of dark eyes with fair hair. But while my eyes were just common-sized, ordinary, clear, black eyes, with, as a girl friend once told me, "about as much expression as boot buttons," my companion's were really wonderful, so large, so soft, true "liquid eyes," such as one sees in old paintings and engravings.

Her hair, unlike mine, which was, alas! beginning to take on the drab shade common to all light hair after childhood, was of the most brilliant yellow, which even to my unsophisticated eyes, showed plainly that art had greatly aided nature in producing such a vivid and surprising result.

I wondered lazily if a little of the "stuff" would do any harm to my own fair locks. The tiny white hands covered with lovely rings attracted my attention; also, the most gorgeous and elaborate golden chatelaine I had ever seen, which hung at the slender waist. I tried to count the fascinating trinkets while the wearer's attention seemed to be entirely engrossed by the French novel she quickly buried herself in, but their number was quite beyond my computing.

We journeyed some time in silence. Then my companion, glancing at my ungloved left hand, where, for a fancy of my own, I always, in travelling, wear a plain gold ring covered with one containing a solitaire diamond of small value, asked in French, "Madame is Swiss, perhaps?"

I do not speak French fluently, but generally I can make myself understood, can read with ease, possess a large vocabulary, and understand—when in practice—any short sen-

tences; but French rapidly spoken, especially by more than one person, might as well be ancient Greek for all I manage to catch.

I answered this inquiry, however, in French, saying that I was English. She smiled, at once addressed me in very good English, and said that she had been in England herself, speaking in highly complimentary terms of this country. But when I praised our system of railway travel—not referring to the southern lines, you may be sure—she grew quite indignant, and would not admit that there could be any comparison between the two, any doubt that the system in Europe was vastly superior in every least detail to that in Great Britain.

Even my murmured dining and drawing-room cars" was received with a scornful sniff.

I was very angry, but kept silence. As she turned her face indignantly from me, I caught sight of a large black mole high up on her left cheek, which shone like an old-time "patch" on her delicately-coloured skin.

She returned to her book, which had a title suggesting all kinds of French wickedness. In fact, I remembered taking up the same novel on the steamer in which I had crossed the channel, and that a young Frenchman of my acquaintance quickly took it from my hand and dropped it overboard before I had read more than the title page.

But "Madame," as I had begun to call her in my mind, was most certainly no young girl, and evidently quite emancipated, and she read page after page with absorbing interest and not the faintest glimmer of a blush.

I was beginning to get sleepy again. The terrible heat of Geneva, greater than I have found anywhere in Europe, still filled the car, and distant thunder was heard. Tempests always make me drowsy, and I was fast falling asleep, when the train again stopped, and my companion, with a sharp glance at me, alighted.

Several minutes passed, and I began to think and hope she would miss the train, but just as it was about to move, the door of my compartment was violently pulled open, and she jumped in, and to my horror and indignation a man came with her.

Looking at me with a sweet smile, she said, "Madame will permit me to have my husband with me just to the next station, I am so timid in thunderstorms. We will not discommode Madame in the least."

I, the "Madame" now addressed, was very much discommoded and very angry. I felt that it was a rank imposition, but I knew nothing I could do, and felt that perhaps it would be better to keep quiet to the next station, which I trusted was not far away, and then ask the guard or some officials to see that the carriage "For Ladies Only" was no longer invaded by a man.

I drew my shrouding shawl closer about my face, but I was far too angry to sleep. The storm grew more and more violent. Such thunder I never heard before, and hope fervently never to hear again. "Heaven's artillery" it was indeed, and most powerful. The lightning was continuous.

As she had said, Madame was afraid in such storms. At any rate she made the wild, appalling commotion of the elements an excuse to sit very close to her husband, who tenderly supported her with one arm, often holding both her tiny hands in his otherwise disengaged hand.

I cowered under my shawl, shaking with terror at the fearful tumult raging outside, the intensity of which seemed to rock the carriages themselves. I felt very far from home. Visions of the ample feather-bed that had been my childist resort on similar occasions came to my mind. I felt terribly lonely. My head began to ache miserably, and getting from my near-by dressing-bag a bottle of hay rum, I dabbed a little on my forehead with my handkerchief.

I dozed a little now and then as the storm lulled. Once, upon feeling some one come near me, I opened my eyes and saw Madame's husband reaching for the huge bag that the porter had thrust into the rack over my head.

With half-closed eyes I watch with interest the next proceedings.

The bag proved to be a most sumptuously appointed dressing bag, with bottles, brushes, glasses, combs, and articles of like nature,

mounted in gold and studded with turquoises.

The man had thrown off the rain-coat, whose turned-up collar, with the drawn-down soft hat, had partly hidden his features when he entered the compartment, and now I could see that he was both young and handsome, and as dark as Madame was fair.

I observed, too, with the keenness of the feminine eye for such points, that he looked somewhat younger than Madame. A dark moustache veiled a handsome mouth with fine teeth. His large eyes were alight with admiration as he looked on and assisted—as far as he was able—at the toilet that now took place.

Monsieur held the gilt hairpins as Madame let down the heavy masses of her corn-coloured hair watched earnestly as she arranged it, laughingly proffered the bottle from which she gave to the short-curled locks about her face a brighter shade.

She rubbed some sort of perfumed unguent upon her face and throat, wiped it off with a dainty cloth, powdered with a tiny puff, put dark tracery about her eyes, and did a hundred more little things not worth recording. At one stage of the performance Monsieur was so overcome that he leaned forward suddenly, and imprinted a fervent kiss on the lovely but unduly exposed throat.

At this I gave involuntarily an impatient movement, but closed my eyes tightly as I heard Monsieur say softly, in French, "Our fair companion is wakeful," and heard the now familiar sniff in reply.

As the time went on, the love-making grew more and more pronounced.

Neither of my companions seemed to observe me any more than if I had been part of the railway carriage furnishings.

I can conceive nothing more absolutely sickening, more idiotic, than love-making in which one is not one of the two principals, but merely a looker-on. By-and-by, getting rather tired of the affair, which seemed to me interminable, and not being able to sleep, I gave up all pretence, and murmuring something about having a very severe headache, I lay with wide-open eyes smelling my salts, and now and then bathing my forehead with the bay rum.

My companions' voices grew lower and lower. Mere inarticulate murmurs they soon seemed to me.

The lady rose, and coming to my side, said, very pleasantly, "I am sorry that you have such a headache. Here is something that will make it better."

I was vaguely conscious of a sweet, powerful odour, a smothering feeling against which I struggled vainly. Then I sank into a deep sleep, and knew nothing more until, upon reaching Paris, I was rudely awakened by the door of the carriage being quickly opened, and two strange men in uniform coming to my side.

I sat up staring wildly, wondering, into their faces, not understanding half that was being said to me, or read from the paper that one man held in his hand.

At last I comprehended. I was being arrested as a Madame Xavier, who, with an accomplice, had been discovered as being deeply concerned in a diamond robbery which had recently taken place at a hotel by the Italian lakes. They had been traced to a small station near Geneva, and were supposed to have taken there the train for Paris.

I could only stare and protest my innocence, but to no avail. The description was perfect, for to my horror I found I was clothed in the identical pink cotton gown of my late companion, covered, I was glad to find, with the brown silk dust-cloak, so that the extremely low neck was not too much in evidence. Gone was my simple sailor hat, and the Parisian "creation" left in its stead. My tweed skirt, the smart blouse, all had disappeared, and worst of all, the fiends had torn from my feet my stout, hob-nailed walking-boots, that I had worn in my mountain and glacier climbing at Chamounix, prized for their especially thick soles and general "knowing" air. My poor feet were shod, instead, with a pair of those disgusting splay-footed, sandal-like, strapped slippers, affected by a certain class of Parisian women.

At my waist was the gorgeous, jingling, jangling chatelaine. How I wished I had

never seen it! Gone was my honest bag. In its place was the huge affair. Every least thing that could assert my identity had been carefully removed.

There was nothing to do—I must go with the men to what was the French equivalent for police-station in England.

It was early in the morning. All Paris lay under a veil of mist. Few people were abroad. Sadly I rode along with my two captors. I had long ceased to struggle and protest, but had settled down grimly to the grin-and-bear-it stage. My temperament forbade my making any unnecessary useless scenes.

I was not half as certain as I had been twelve hours ago about the safety and advisability of women travelling alone, and I writhed inwardly when I thought of the "I told you so's" in store for me if ever I saw any of my friends again.

I felt utterly hopeless. I racked my brains to think of some one I knew in the beautiful city, but could recall no one. Suddenly I remembered reading in one of my home letters, or hearing someone say, that my old playmate, Tom Leyland, had gone to Paris to study art.

Although we had been dear friends from earliest childhood I had not seen him since we parted in anger three years before, but his very name brought hope into my heart. The men in the police-station were very kind and considerate. One sent out for rolls and hot coffee, which I greatly needed.

The men stared and I ate. They questioned me in halting English. I replied in as halting, lame, or even more so, French. Again they read the description, and looked keenly at me to verify each detail. Suddenly my ears, now sharpened by dire necessity and desperation, caught the words "grain de beauté"—French for "mole." "I have no mole on my cheek!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Madame, forgets herself," said one of the young men in the police office, who wore an English eye-glass, whose clothes seemed to be made from English models, and whose imitation English airs had much amused me in spite of my troubles. He handed me a small mirror, and I saw, to my great amazement, a large black mole on my left cheek, quite near my eye, and shining like a patch on my pallid, anxious countenance.

"Oh, those incarnate fiends!" I mentally exclaimed, and wetting in my mouth the lace-trimmed morsel I had been left in lieu of my good, sensible Irish linen handkerchief, I essayed to wash off the unsightly spot. Recalling Lady Macbeth's famous words concerning spots I worked away with a will. Alas! my spot would not "out." My late companions were no journeymen, but masters in their business, and the pseudo mole was put on to stay until time wore it off, as I found out later.

The discovery of the mole was the proverbial last straw. Leaning forward, I buried my face in my hands, and the tears, that until now I had restrained womanfully, threatened to come in a flood. But I noticed, as I bent forward, a faint rustle or crackle. Joy! It was my passport, which I had placed, when I had started on this never-to-be-forgotten journey, well down inside my innermost garment.

How this precious paper escaped the eyes of my late fellow-travellers I know not. Perhaps they were content with making my outside a truthful copy, and in their haste had not bothered too much about my interior.

I had often been laughed at for so greatly prizing my passport, and always keeping it somewhere near me, but now it had a chance to prove its usefulness, and as quickly as possible I drew it forth.

"See this!" I cried. The officers examined it attentively, and looked puzzled. No mole was mentioned, but the description, except for that, was almost identical with that with which they had been furnished for my arrest. More rapid talk, senseless gabble much of it sounded to me; some held that moles would grow on a face quite suddenly, perhaps in a night's time; others held quite the reverse opinion; all points of the question of my identity were gone into again.

Certain recent *vises* appealed to the officers somewhat, and at last at my reiterated pleading to have a representative of Great Britain notified of my sad plight, a messenger was sent to the consular authorities.

Countless hours, as they seemed to me, at last wore away, and just as I had begun to feel that I could bear the suspense no longer, and if I were to be locked up for life or killed outright I wanted to have it done and over at once, the man returned with someone from the Consul-General's office. Finally, after many preliminaries that I did not try to understand, though my passport seemed to be of value, my identity as an unobtrusive, innocent British citizen was established clearly enough to satisfy the French officials, and I was once more at liberty.

The Consul's messenger escorted me to the station for Calais. Fortunately the money in the little bag hung from my neck had been spared, and my ticket for London was soon bought. I forgot to say that "Madame" and her husband had appropriated my through ticket from Geneva to London, substituting one of their own to Paris in its place.

I had just settled myself in a corner of the railway carriage, starting with nervous terror at every sound, and longing for the train to get under way, when the door—as seems to have happened several times before in this tale—thrown violently open. With a suppressed scream I started to my feet, only to be caught in the strong arms of dear old Tom Leyland.

By a truly blessed coincidence Tom had happened to call at the Consul-General's office soon after the messenger had been despatched to my rescue, and had heard of the disaster to one of his countrywomen.

He had followed hastily on the heels of my deliverer, had missed me at the police office, again nearly lost me by his cab horse falling on the slippery street, but at last had caught me just in the nick of time.

The journey to Calais was like a beautiful dream after a most frightful nightmare. How delightful it was to be waited upon, to be tenderly cared for once more. Nothing was forgotten, from bonbons and light lunches to exquisite flowers wherever they could be obtained.

"O Tom!" I cried, after a time, "I have had enough of travelling alone."

"You never shall again, if I can help it," he answered tenderly, and in earnest of his words he went all the way to London with me, not forgetting to telegraph to my wondering relatives when we reached Dover, for I was hours behind my appointed time.

I still have the chafelaine with all its trinkets—it was only silver gilt—and the big dressing-bag—the same kind of metal in that, too—as souvenirs of my eventful journey. The cook and housemaid waxed joyous over the gifts of the picture hat, pink frock, and dust-cloak. But the horrible, splay-footed, strapped slippers, Tom and I, with shouts of savage glee, burned that very night of my arrival, in the fireplace at my London home.

#### MINUTE SCREWS USED BY THE WATCHMAKER.

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"The fourth jewel screw of a watch is so small that to the naked eye it will not look like anything more than a bit of dust," says Ed. Key, watchmaker, "and is probably the smallest screw made. It must necessarily be perfect in every respect, and the character of the workmanship required on it is illustrated by looking at it under a powerful microscope, when it is seen that the threads average 260 to the inch. It is exactly 4-100 of an inch in diameter and over 50,000 could be packed into a lady's thimble with ease. Counting these screws is never attempted, of course, but one hundred are weighed on a delicate steelyard and the total number of an output is arrived at by comparing the gross weight with the weight of these. Such tiny screws can only be made in large numbers by machinery, and the operation attending their manufacture is one of the most delicate things in watchmaking."

#### GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

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I suppose that early in the new year we shall see "A.D." on a new kind of vehicle careering along certain of the main roads of this county. Yes, Gloucestershire's distinctive letters for motor-cars and automobiles will appear on the road motor-buses that the Great Western Railway Company are going to run for the accommodation of local passengers and as feeders to the traffic of their lines. Cheltenham will probably see the first between here and Winchcombe until the Honeybourne Railway is entirely completed. Then the Stroud district and the Gloucester to Malvern route, via Hartpur, Staunton, and Welland, will have early attention. I should like to reiterate a suggestion that Northleach and intermediate villages should be coupled up with Andoversford station by means of swift-running autocars. The G.W.R. Company are certainly making all the running in local schemes at present, but I hope the Midland Company will not fail to look round and see if there are not some stations on their line,—for instance, from Charfield to Wotton-under-Edge—from which they could run with some prospects of success, motor-buses.

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Never was a more swift and effectual extinguisher put upon a person who did not "speak by the cand" than the one that Mr. H. W. Bennett, ex-Grand Master of the Gloucester Conservative Benefit Society, clapped upon Mr. E. F. Hind, who, in his capacity of Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, had gone out of his way on a recent visit to Cheltenham to make a most uncalled-for and unjust attack upon political benefit societies. I am not surprised that Mr. Hind allowed judgment to go by default by not even attempting to reply to—to say nothing of answering—the vindictive letter of the champion of the Conservative Society. I may be permitted to recall what I myself said on May 31st, 1902, in reference to the arranged visit of the A.M.C. to Cheltenham: "If it were possible for the Oddfellows and Foresters to adapt their rules to the more equitable and sound financial ones of the Holloway societies they would both make even greater headway in the world, and certainly in this county, which swears by the late George Holloway in matters of thrift. At all events, I remember bringing the subject before one of the Grand Masters and some of the officials when the A.M.C. was held at Gloucester, and that they courteously pointed out to me what they considered the chief difficulties against it."

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In compliance with the request of several friends, I have made a selection from my assortment of mistakes and blunders in newspapers, and herewith give it as a second instalment to the list that appeared just two years ago:—"The bubble has burst and the cloven foot as to the character of the so-called Independent Party has been exposed in its true colours"; "Our Conservative friends in Cheltenham have seriously taken in hand the reorganisation of the party. The scheme provides for the election of a Council of 5000"; "The coffin was of polished oak, and upon the Cavalry steps (for Calvary) was the inscription"; "He resigned his appointment as organist with feelings of regret, but in his predecessor they would have a brilliant young musician"; "At Worcester and Hereford the great assembly waiting to obtain admission to the services were formed into a cube" (instead of queue); "Antipathy on the part of Mr. —'s supporters lost him his seat"; "560lbs. was the weight of a royal surgeon landed at Lowestoft"; "Defendant, although a married man, had been guilty of immortality"; "The cab was considerably injured and conveyed to the Infirmary"; "Wilson Barrett's Terence was a revolution to many of his Cheltenham admirers"; "In closing, he thanked those who had provided the sinners of war in articles for sale."

GLEANER.



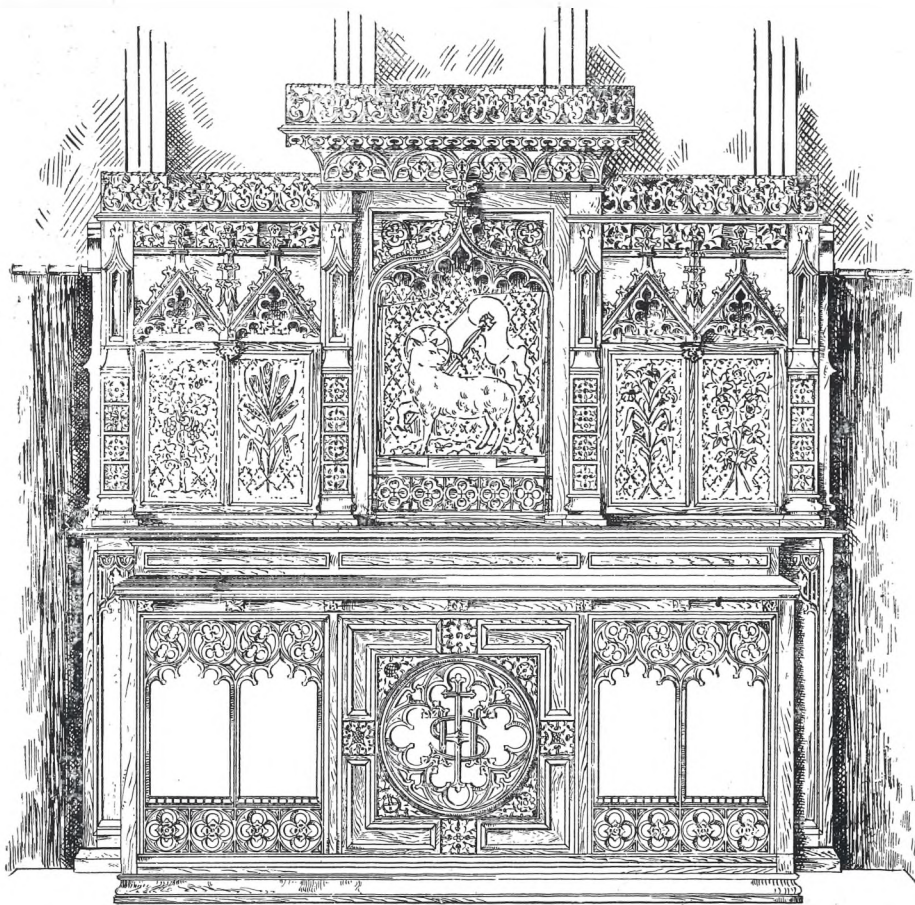
Photo by Ernest E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, 4 Dovedale Villas, Cheltenham.

**REV. M. A. SMELT,**  
DIED DECEMBER 6, 1904.



Photo by Alfred Malvern, Cheltenham.

**THE TRAMWAY EXTENSIONS.**  
LAYING WOOD BLOCKS IN HIGH-STREET ("THE GREENWAY"), DEC. 7, 1904.



**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH CHELTENHAM, Memorial Altar**  
to the late **REV. A. ARMITAGE**  
(The work of Messrs. H. H. Martyn and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham).

**COMPETITION AMONG WORKMEN.**

The premium bonus system in the payment of wages is the subject of a dispute in the labour world. The Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trade Unions condemn the system, and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers approve of it. Both from an employer's and a workman's point of view, the system has good features. The system, briefly, is this: An employer, guided by his experience of similar jobs in the past, fixes the time necessary for the completion of a certain job. The workman is paid by time, and if he completes the job before the prescribed time he is given a bonus in the form of a percentage of the saving effected by his extra diligence. There are many subsidiary details connected with the system which we need not enter into here, but which serve to prevent any injustice on the part of the employer, and to give the workman an indisputably sound bonus. Indeed, the reality of the bonus is not questioned. The system is objected to because it contravenes an accepted trade union principle. That principle is that the members of a trade union should all be treated alike, and that no member should be allowed to earn more wage than another. To many well-meaning people this seems a noble principle, tending towards that Brotherhood-of-Man which is the main plank of the Socialist platform. Be that as it may, the principle in modern days spells bad business. The advantage of the bonus system is that it lifts a workman out of the slough of mediocrity, that it gives him a reward for his extra skill and diligence, and that it gives him a lively interest in his employer's business. The last consideration is, to our mind, the most important, for the apathy of their workmen is one of the most disheartening business factors against which all employers have to contend. It is stated that the premium bonus system "will have the effect of keeping men whose waning physical powers unfit them for the closest and hardest work from obtaining employment except when trade is at its busiest. We have every sympathy with those whose physical powers are waning, but we really cannot see that it is either good sense or good business to regularise the skilful and energetic in the interests of the slow and feeble. The trade unions appear to be fighting against a law of nature—a cruel law, if you will, but not the less a law.—"Magazine of Commerce."



**THE FOUR-SHIRE STONE,**

Near Wolford Great Wood, Moreton-in-Marsh, at which point the counties of Gloucester, Warwick, Worcester, and Oxford meet. This block (which has been kindly lent us by the Editor of "The Road," 17 Queen Victoria-street, E.C.) is one of the three illustrations of a most interesting article entitled "An Old Coach Road," from London to Birmingham, in the well-got-up Christmas number of that paper, which also contains other capital illustrated articles on a variety of sporting subjects.



Photos by A. Bamber, Cheltenham.  
**COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT COWLEY MANOR,**  
DEC. 5, 1904.

**CONCERNING SIR JOHN GORST.**

The man of whom it has been said that without him there would have been no Randolph Churchill (and consequently no Winston, i.e., no political sport worth mentioning at the present time) was born at Preston, a town situated in the most uncivilised part of England. There has always been something more than a touch of Lancashire about him, hidden away under that garment of Christian meekness which he delights to wear while dropping poisoned arrows into the camp of his political associates. He has always been prickly to handle. He has always stuck tenaciously to his points, in the face of every sort of opposition. He has always been independent of everybody, from his leader downwards; for, unlike the late Lord Salisbury, who showed a similar tendency in the days of his political youth, Sir John did not "come to heel in due time," as Disraeli said of the rebel who was destined to succeed him. He has been Solicitor-General, Under-Secretary for India, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Vice-President of the Education Committee, and many smaller things. The few odd moments snatched from his official duties he devotes to painting in oils. If he had been a little more supple, he might have been something more prominent. But he would not have been Sir John Gorst.—"The Bystander."

**WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRIC RAILWAY.**

The opening of the New York subway on October 27, says "The Electrical Magazine," marks an era in the history of high-speed suburban electric traction, as well as in the provision of rapid transit facilities for a great city. The Rapid Transit Commission responsible for the inception and construction of the subway, must be congratulated on its successful issue from a period which could not be otherwise than trying. The performance of a task involving the upheaval of entire streets, the removal and rearrangement of service mains of every description in those streets, and the construction of railway tracks "in storeys" must claim the admiration of every engineer the world over. With its monster power house, sub-station system, electro-pneumatic signalling, fire-proof cars, with multiple unit control and frequent service of cars (some 800 a day), the scheme strikes the casual observer with little short of wonder. Needless to say, every precaution against fire and accident has been taken; steel cars and automatic signalling with cut-out switches forming efficient safeguards. The opening of the electrified underground lines in London will provide us with a system analogous to that just started in New York, but the undertaking has not bristled with difficulties in our case, such as those overcome by transatlantic engineers.

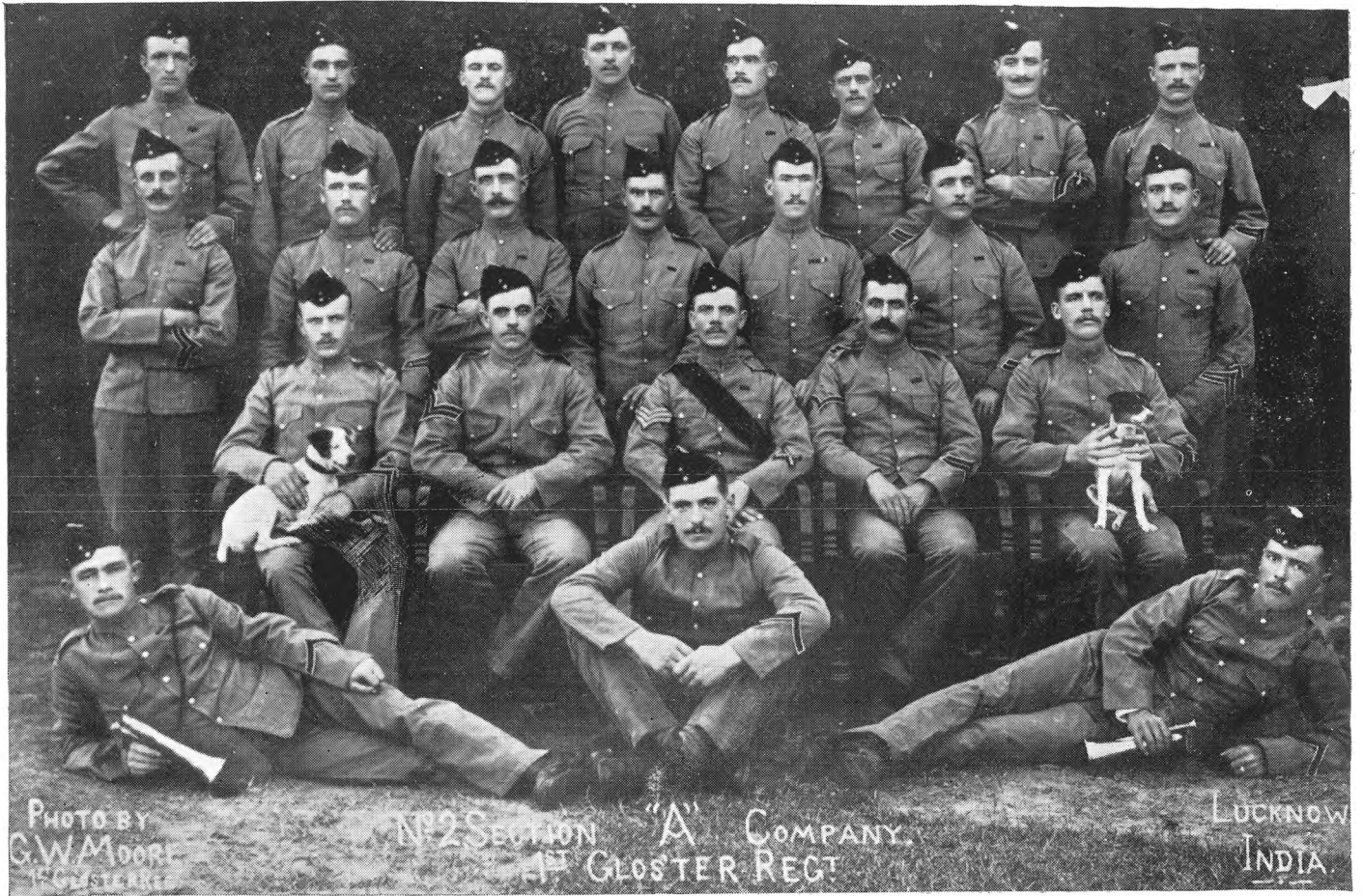
Still, as great electric railways affording "intramural" and suburban communication, they will be very similar, and their respective results should yield some valuable comparisons. In our case the lines will be supplied from turbo-driven generators, while "on the other side" the units are of that reciprocating type now familiar to American electric railway practice. Apart from this the systems differ but little, and though in both instances the bulk of the route is under cover, open sections are to be found in which the severe conditions imposed by third-rail service will have to be met in winter. Here, of course, we have the advantages of a milder climate.

[ADVT.]

**AMOS WILKINS** hereby begs to advertise to the Clergy, Aristocracy, and Nobility of Cheltenham, and the public in general that he will not be answerable for any remarks wrote to the "Cheltenham Chronicle and Gloucestershire Graphic" by "Selina," my better half, neigh Mrs. Selina Jenkins, as have intimated threats to the effect that she is about to start writing remarks once more to the "Chronicle and Graphic"; but not with my knowledge or consent, being her lawful lord and master, also husband.

(Signed) **AMOS WILKINS.**

December 12, 1904.



THE ABUSE OF THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

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That there was a time in the world's history when honour was ungrudgingly bestowed upon the mendicant is well known to even the most casual reader. That such is no longer the case is due to many causes, not the least of which is the growth of commercialism and the establishment of systematic rules of exchange. The "sturdy beggar" is no longer an honoured institution. Vetoed by law, he must pursue his avocation with stealth, and cloak his supplications under the mask of "business." But there still flourishes, in the very heart of the commercial community, mendicancy as shameless as any of a bygone day, and still more reproachful, for it lacks the excuse of necessity. The old-time beggar based his piteous appeal on his alleged hunger or homelessness; his modern prototype "cadges" boldly for luxuries, and collects alms to defray the cost of his pleasures. Having regard to the near approach of the Christmas season, we turn first to a brief consideration of the "Christmas-box" beggar, and with confidence assert that there is no merchant in the city who escapes altogether from his depredations. Why, because it is the Christmas season, a merchant should bestow gifts upon people with whom he has business relations it would indeed be hard to say. Yet all and sundry, with great boldness, apply for presents, often upon the flimsiest of pretexts. Christmas is not the cause of this begging. It is the excuse. If Christmas-boxes were totally abolished, at once other excuses would arise. In the summer season the "beggars" exploit "our beanfeast," or "our annual outing," to the same end. Why, in all conscience, should a city merchant pay for an "outing" for the employees of a customer? The "beanfeast" and "annual outing" cadgers are, of course, the same people who in the winter beg for Christmas-boxes.—"Magazine of Commerce."

HOW RAILWAYS SWINDLE THEMSELVES.

It is quite impossible to understand why such things as the following are permitted on certain railways. According to "T.A.T." if you wish to go to Leeds from King's Cross, and want to come back the same day, the Great Northern Company charges you 15s. 5½d. for each journey, a total of 30s. 11d. in all—for one day. But if you are wise enough, and on a Friday, any time, ask for a "Bramley" week-end, the same company will take you to Leeds, let you stay till Tuesday, or come back any time between, in the dining-car express, for the sum of 16s. 6d.! You can go for two, three, four, or five days, as suits your wish, much more quickly and comfortably than you can go for one day in the ordinary way, and at little more than half the price!

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THE STRAIGHTFORWARD FAMILY.

There is a refreshing candour (says the Rev. C. H. Grundy in "The Easy Chair") about the girls in the Straightforward Family, which comes like a breeze from the sea, and blows away subterfuges and shams. The girls make their own dresses and blouses, and trim their own hats, and are not ashamed to say so; on the contrary, they invite friendly criticism upon their handiwork and their artistic productions. A guest is always welcome at meals, but he must "take pot-luck"; he must "take them as he finds them." No extra luxuries will be provided. There will be no silly excuses for the plainness of the fare. What is good enough for the girls is good enough for their men friends, and if they don't like it they need not come. . . . The petted and pampered girl from the luxurious home is a curse to the young man beginning his career on a small income; but the straightforward girl from the Straightforward Family of limited means comes as a boon and a blessing to men.

THE PRICE OF FISH.

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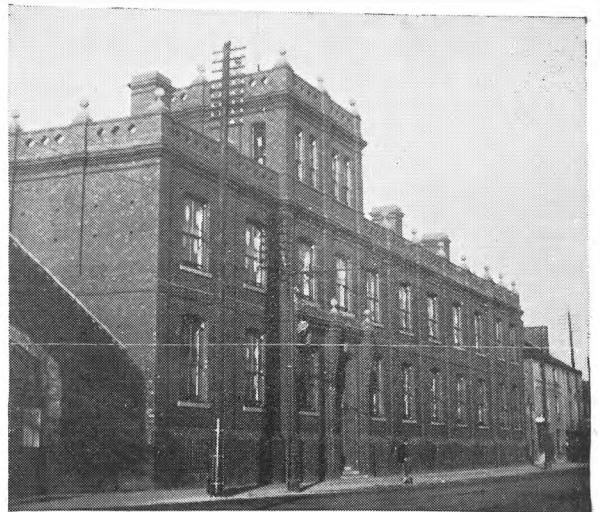
The wonderful progress of the steam-fishing industry at Lowestoft was celebrated there last week. The steam-trawlers rose from three in 1899 to more than a hundred in the present season. The result is that fish in London has been phenomenally cheap this year. We noted the steady sale of turbot at 6d. per lb. some time ago. Since then prime cod and hake have been sold at 4d., and plaice, for which there is a curious demand by the "fried-fish shop" owners, has been down as low as 2d. per lb. On the other hand, the species "specialised" in the Channel Fisheries have in some cases been scarce. All last winter red mullets were a glut in the market, and good-sized fish could be bought for 4d. This year they are scarce, and double the price. That thoroughly bad fish, the gurnard, always seems to sell dear. Last week numbers of a very handsome fish not often seen in London were on sale. These were sea-bream, a broad, flattish fish, with large scales and scarlet fins. Stuffed and baked with brown sauce they are excellent, and, having a distinct flavour of their own, make a welcome change in the menu.—"Country Life."

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A HUGE APPETITE.

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A writer has been calculating the appetite of an average man during his lifetime, and has come to the conclusion that, providing he enjoys his meals and lives seventy years, he will easily dispose of 7,000 substantial loaves, 40 bullocks or 70 sheep, 12,000lbs of potatoes; 50lbs. of fish every year; 7,000 eggs; 1,120 gallons of milk; 1,200lbs. of butter; 840lbs of cheese; 3,220 gallons of tea and coffee; and 2,294 gallons of beer.



Photos by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

**GLOUCESTER RAILWAY CARRIAGE AND WAGON Co.'s OFFICES.**

AT TIME OF LATE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

THE NEW BUILDINGS, WHICH ARE NEARLY READY FOR OCCUPATION.

**A MAGNETIC MAN.**

I see that the revivalist preacher who is infecting Wales with a religious epidemic attributes his success as much to magnetism as to inspiration. He is, he says, physically so magnetic that his watch, which goes right in his hand, goes wrong in his pocket. Certainly, and by universal admission, his success is not due to his eloquence, which is neither rhetorical nor passionate. Is there, then, anything, or perhaps everything, in this personal magnetism—not, of course, of the crude, physical kind which would effect the works of a watch, but of the spiritual kind which affects minds, hearts, and souls? No one, I think, can read history and doubt the existence of such a mysterious force, whether you call it magnetism, or hypnotism, or inspiration. Let me take in illustration, or, perhaps I might say, in proof of the existence of this magnetic power, the fascination Napoleon exercised even before his rise and after his fall, upon those most bitterly prejudiced against him.—“T.P.’s Weekly.”

**A CHRISTMAS FABLE.**

A railway Director fell asleep one night and dreamed a horrid dream. He was in a third-class compartment on his own railway, and it was cold and crowded. He felt his nose going blue, and asked sternly, “Why is this carriage not heated?” His shivering fellow-passengers only stared, for they thought him mad. “At least,” he continued, “there must be foot-warmers somewhere?” At that they laughed bitterly and stamped their feet. The Railway Director grew desperate. “I shall freeze,” he said to himself, “if this goes on much longer.” And again he put the question to the others, “How soon shall we reach town?” “In an hour,” said a working-man. “In an hour? Does it take an hour to do nine miles?” asked the Railway Director, and, unable to bear the thought, leapt at the bell-pull, saying “I would rather walk.” At this point he awoke, and decided not to eat crab for supper again. It never occurred to him to have the carriages on his railway heated. Moral. Be a railway director, if possible.—“The Bystander.”

**THE CHRISTMAS OF THE “GOOD OLD DAYS.”**

Alas! It is the same wherever we turn. Christmas is no longer what it was, or what we believe it (on the evidence of Dickens, Washington Irving, Randolph Caldecott, and many more) to have been. There was, we gather from these authors, a time when nobody troubled himself about the expense of “keeping” Christmas elaborately, still less about the little accounts that pour in about that date. There was a time when even the most elderly persons consumed the most perilous food, and the most prodigious quantities of liquor, without trenching upon the undertaker’s holiday season. There was a time when it snowed picturesquely as often as Christmas came round, and nobody minded it; when there were no tramps to be frozen to death, and everybody had good boots; when no violent old gentleman swore terribly at the pure white flakes, and wired for tickets to the Riviera.—“The Bystander.”



**MIDDLE-CLASS MAKE-BELIEVE.**

Our British social structure of shams has gone too far. Side, swagger, pretence, and the worshipping of false social gods (says the Christmas Number of “The World and His Wife”) have added a burden of make-believe too great to be healthily borne by the great feminine middle-class back. The middle-class wife, nowadays, is afraid to cook, contrive, and housekeep. Even if she happen to be illumined by a housewifely light, she hides it under a bushel of pretence and quasi-smartness. The apron which formerly belonged to the office of wife and matron has vanished. If a housewife condescends to wear an apron at all, she would be covered with humiliation were she to be caught in it. Among the real better-classes, the people with ancestry and a long tradition of culture and good-breeding behind them, there is a beautiful simplicity of code and custom which makes life an easy problem. Of this the modern middle-class of Great Britain knows nothing. It does not even dare to set a cake on a dish without a genteel mediation of a hideous lace mat. A man who owns a shop speaks of it as “my office.” If it be a big shop, his wife never rests till she is presented at Court. The daughter of a man earning £500 a year “comes out” at a party when she is eighteen. The wives of City clerks have at Home days, which they indicate on their cards. Their notions run much too high to suit their husbands’ incomes. Consequently, discontent and the canker of unsatisfied social ambitions rule in ranks whose womankind formerly thought themselves very lucky to have a home of their own at all.

**FIRE HOSES FOR ARTILLERY.**

We hear occasionally of mobs being scattered and put to flight by a well-directed discharge from a fire-engine hose; and it has been humourously suggested that contending armies should fight their battles with fire-engines instead of the weapons now employed. Few people, however, have any adequate conception of the tremendous force which is developed by the fall of even a small stream of water through a considerable height, or when this force is exerted under high pressure. A few years ago, states “T.A.T.,” the manager of a large Australian mine, while explaining his plans to one of his directors, inadvertently came into the line of the hose used for washing out parts of the mine. He was killed instantly, his body being projected into the air as if shot from a catapult. These jets of water, spouting under pressures of from 300 to 700 pounds per square inch, seem to lose the character of ordinary water, and acquire the destructive properties of a cannon-ball. Nothing built can resist the terrible tearing force they develop. If a man lays his hand for an instant along the side of the stream the skin will be ripped from his hand as if by a revolving circle of knives; a stone thrown into it will rebound like a rubber ball thrown against a stone wall, and be thrown many feet away. The proposal to utilise such tremendous force in battle is not so ridiculous as at first sight it appears to be. At short ranges the hose is a more formidable weapon than the rifle, and it can only be a matter of a few years before its use for military purposes is put to a practical test.

**THE C.O.D. SYSTEM.**

The proposal for a cash on delivery postal system opens up a very large question. If the Government propose to become carriers and collectors mainly for predominant manufacturers, and an influential section of powerful syndicates, why undertake the function for a limited, privileged class? Why not benefit the entire community? England is the only country in the world where railways are a State-protected monopoly, yet the Government, which protects the monopoly, apparently proposes to create further carrying facilities for the richest traders and largest centres. If the Government has any energy to spare, and genuine desire to help commercialists and the public generally, let them at once attack the problem of nationalising, or, at least, controlling the railways as in Switzerland, where the C.O.D. system prevails; also let them take on the management of the telephone service. The purchase and reform of these two important public utilities will give them plenty to do for the present without approaching C.O.D., which few people want, and those with whom I have come in contact are almost universal in condemning. It is, therefore, a reasonable proposition that a change should not be introduced until the matter is discussed and sanctioned in Parliament. Meantime, those who believe that C.O.D. would operate against public welfare should organise and educate public opinion, and also bring pressure to bear on their member of Parliament to carry out their views and vote against it if it comes before the House.—Mr. William Field, M.P., in the “Magazine of Commerce.”

**RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES IN CHELTENHAM.**

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**V.—IN LODGING-HOUSE AND CASUAL WARD.**

Grove-street is not a cheerful thoroughfare at the best of times, and on Sunday evening, with a cold east wind howling amongst the roof-tops and chimneys and a drizzle of rain falling, it looked a dismal tunnel, the glare of the High-street lights at the lower end strongly contrasting with its inky blackness. Half-way down the street a small knot of boys and youths is gathered round a window, and as we draw near we catch the sound of a familiar hymn coming from within. It is "Tell me the old, old story," in the sweet tones of a girl's voice, the chorus being taken up by the voices of men and women inside and echoed by the boys on the pavement as the familiar melody of the old mission hymn sounds cheerily through the drizzle and gloom.

This is not a mission-room, however. Let us step up a narrow passage into a yard, where we hear people moving about, but can see nothing. Our guide opens a door, a shaft of light gleams into the outer darkness, and we squeeze through into a low, square room, where glows an immense coke fire. Around the fire, on forms, are seated between twenty and thirty men and women, now listening with considerable attention to a Gospel address; and I note that there are two men and a lady conducting this little "fireside mission" for the wayfarers whose toil or wanderings have brought them for a night's lodging to Stroud's Lodging-house.

Do not think, gentle reader, that these men and women are to be pitied or patronised. Not so, for do they not pay for their lodging, even if it be the humble fourpence, including the use of one of the numerous teapots which grace the mantelshef. Each man finds his own provisions, and at the central fire you may see the savoury kipper cooking or a round of toast browning; and those huge boilers, with taps on either side the fire, will furnish the hot water for all and sundry to make tea with in the lodging-house teapots! The "travellers" are mostly bronzed and stalwart navvies. Even as I take a seat on a wavering form, as far removed as possible from the fierce glow of the fire, two more "guests" enter, each depositing that mysterious red-kerchiefed parcel which seems to form the stock in trade and luggage of the fraternity. One old man has the grizzled head and leonine looks of a Tolstoi; another, dark as an Italian, seems to be a swarthy Celt. The one or two women are weather-beaten and tired-looking, as might be expected—the life is a hard one for them. But the fact which brings me here, and which demands our interest, is that Sunday by Sunday, quietly but regularly, the Gospel has been brought to those who would avoid the respectability and publicity of the church or the chapel. (En passant, how many of us would be seen at public worship if we could not afford a collar, not to mention other poverties of wardrobe incidental to those who sojourn in lodging-houses?)

Mr. Ed. Parker, a respected member of the Guardians, and a Wesleyan, has for about twenty years carried on this work, with the aid of helpers—an excellent record for such a work, which brings, mayhap, its own reward, but very little recognition from outside, for this is not a work which shows up well or increases church memberships, and consequently the light shines little before men.

On Sunday evening the simplicity of the prayers, the sweet singing of the young lady who accompanied the party, and the unaffected directness of the address impressed me; but the most surprising feature was the evident pleasure which the men and women in this and the other lodging-houses I visited showed in the singing of the hymns and the general "service." My stay was short, but long enough to discover that there were depths of courtesy and chivalry even in this the lower stratum of society, as shown by the thanks and the cheery good-nights which followed us as we passed into the outer blackness of the yard again.

We visited another of Stroud's lodging-houses; again entered through a dark yard; this time a larger room, or pair of rooms knocked into one, with two fires and a consequent increase of heat. The same supply of teapots adorned the shelf, and the same boilers the hobs of the grate; but, quaintly home-like in its simplicity, in a corner by the fire a young mother nestled a child the while an innocent little seraph of a boy, with curly hair, sat, half-stripped, warming himself in the glow. Here were more men sitting round the room on benches, and they joined just as heartily as their neighbours in the familiar strains of a Sankey's hymn.

We had little time here, for we were already due in the tramps' ward at the Workhouse; so, leaving a detachment to complete the service, Mr. Parker hurried me off with him, giving me the narrative en route of a man who at one of these mission services in a Grove-street lodging-house had "come to himself," and, ashamed of a life of dissipation, gone back a new man to his father's home, where he had been received and reinstated—a modern Prodigal Son—a gentleman born who had dropped on evil days.

At the Workhouse, we passed across a courtyard and through a doorway which led into a long, narrow corridor, flanked on each side by the doors of the sleeping cells into which the tramps are locked at bedtime. I looked into one of these, and saw for myself the little iron-frame spring couch, with the official three drab-coloured rugs which form the bed-clothes. At the further end was the curious coal cupboard style of annexe, in which are the hammer, the ring, and the heap of stones to be broken and riddled before the occupant is permitted to depart; not very big stones, it is true, and not a very large heap, but a substantial quid pro quo, the quo in this case being a night's lodging, a bath, and refreshment of a substantial, if inelegant, form! We hear from the caretaker that there are 25 men in to-night—a good number, but it is wet and miserable, and haystacks are sodden with moisture! So we pass into the room where the tramps wait their turn for the warm bath, which every one of them will have to undergo—a room of prison-like character: the barred windows high up above the ground and gaunt walls with a few texts or hymn sheets upon them. A small stove stands near the door, and as one enters the rank effluvia—the pungent odour of the unwashed—is the most potent impression. I wonder how the lady singer who is with us will stand this and the heat, but she bears it bravely, although to me it is well-nigh insupportable for a time. On the benches round the room, resting on the rough table, or even crouching on the floor, are over a score of men, nearly all with their boots and socks off, to give ease to their weary and galled feet. In most cases I saw the feet were swollen and inflamed, while blood oozed through the bandage with which one had enveloped his left foot. But the most depressing feature to me was the sullen, beaten, hopeless attitude of the bowed heads, the crouching bodies, and the lack-lustre eyes of the men. What message could my friends have to such as these? Hope gone, love gone, self-respect gone—failures thrown aside and treated as so much waste material!

Yet there was a message for them—a sweet song of hope from the singer and the story of the "One who came to seek and to save that which was lost," followed by a straightforward and manly address by one of the Guardians who had come with us, in the men's own language.

But the difficulty was to keep the men awake. Even while a hymn was being sung, here and there a tired head would drop on the table and the man go off into a deep sleep. Near me was an impassive and stolid old fellow, who looked as if he was absolutely tired of life, and seemed so miserably aloof and alone that I ventured just to ask him if he was tired. Just a nod came, but with it a look of unutterable hopelessness, which conveyed worlds of emotion in a glance. Over his head hung a card with the words:

Dear Father, I am very tired;  
Too tired to-night to pray.  
And this poor old fellow seemed to be a living emblem of the printed lines. No doubt a

sadly improvident and unrefined piece of humanity, but a man, with all his blemishes; and I felt a pang of sympathy to think of his hopeless, dragged-out existence. Yet even he took one of the little Testaments which my friends distributed!

Away in the town, in warm and elegant churches and chapels, worshippers were listening in comfort to sermon or song; fine organs were pealing out deep-toned melody; every help which art and music, cushioned seat and vaulted aisle, could devise was assisting devotion and making worship easier. But here, amid these sordid and depressing surroundings, dirt and misery, weary limbs and broken hearts, just the pleading tones of a girl's voice singing alone and the unstudied Word of Hope direct from the heart of the speakers! But there is a far-away echo of cheer for the workers in these depressing surroundings: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren." E. J. B.

**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 205th prize has been divided between Mr. A. Bamber, "Netherby," Leckhampton Road, Cheltenham, and Mr. Alfred Malvern, Winchcombe Street, Cheltenham.

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

The 107th prize has been divided between Mr. W. Dicks, of Semington, Cleve Hill, and Miss Jeffrey, Leamington House, Pittville, for reports of sermons respectively by Mr. Wynn at Cleve Hill Church and the Rev. G. Gardner at All Saints' Church.

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.

**THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.**

Electrical engineering, the most modern and perhaps the most virile of the professions, is unique in two respects. Its scope is scarcely less than the limits of human endeavour; the processes used in every industry have been recast—in some cases revolutionised—by the application of this new science. The architect, the civil engineer, the physician, the chemist, who cannot wield this modern weapon, finds himself relegated to the second rank of his profession. An indication of its application to almost every activity is found in the fact that a capable lawyer who specialises on the technicolegal questions connected with electrical engineering will find a brilliant and lucrative career open to him. The result of its flexibility is that men of almost every type of physical and mental equipment may find opportunity for progress in this work. All other professions require men of a certain mental mould, but in the electrical engineering industry a man, whether with mind or muscle predominant, will find that which stimulates him to develop his capabilities to their full extent. There is little opportunity for favouritism, as a constant appeal to stubborn fact must of necessity be made; consequently a man with large capacity for labour and an instinct for the mastery of machinery is almost certain to come by his own. Only for the hopelessly infirm, the hopelessly inert, and the hopelessly ignorant is there no place.—"Careers for Men and Women" in "I.P.S. Weekly."



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 208.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

#### Grand Re-opening on Boxing Day

with the Superb Xmas Pantomime,  
"ROBINSON CRUSOE."

New Scenery and Costumes, with Speciality  
Dancers.

Matinees each Monday, Wednesday, and  
Saturday at 2 p.m.

Each Evening for Three Weeks at 7.30.

Prices from 4s. to 6d

#### ELECTRICITY FOR THE FARMER.

Judging by the manner in which electro motors are being applied to the operation of machinery in almost every trade it seems but natural, says "The Electrical Magazine," that so important a power agent should find its way into agricultural operations. The science of employing electricity beneath the soil to facilitate the germination of seeds, and the application of light to plants and flowers already in a flourishing condition is receiving careful attention. On the contrary, the use of electro motors for driving farming machinery presents to the practical mind a problem much more easy of solution. In practice the difficulty lies not in the motor itself but in the method of supplying it with power. For the electrical engineer, the application of power to agricultural implements resolves itself into a problem of transmission and distribution. Two solutions to this present themselves. First, that afforded by the isolated plant furnishing current to a large estate or to a number of farms, and, secondly, that in which power is supplied from a power station installed and operated by a company distributing energy in bulk over a wide area. More encouraging is the latter suggestion, which is now rendered feasible by the new Board of Trade regulations, which permit the employment of overhead wires. In country districts the poles and lines would not disfigure the scenery, and their use would make the system far more flexible. Judging by work which has been done in this direction on the Continent by hydro-electric plants, there is business to be done in supplying farmers with electric power. It is conceivable that a community of farming interests bordering some of these foreign transmission lines has made application to the supplying authorities for electrical energy, but we are inclined to think that such plants as have been put into operation are the direct result of enterprising manufacturers who have summed up the situation, and supplied what has evidently proved to be a long-felt want, and, moreover, one which has proved remunerative. It is, in some such spirit as this, that we hope electrical engineers will grasp the possibilities of the situation, and meet it with proposals in every way commensurate with the other results achieved by them in the application of electric power to various industries.



**GEN. SIR RICHARD CAMPBELL STEWART, K.C.B.,**  
DIED IN CHELTENHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL, DEC. 14, 1904, FROM INJURIES  
RECEIVED IN AN ACCIDENTAL FALL FROM HIS HORSE.

WHERE GAS TAKES SECOND PLACE.

The growth of arc lighting in the United States is, says "The Electrical Magazine," little short of stupendous, while in no lesser prominence stand the marked improvements made in means of furnishing current to these lamps. Referring to the latter first, we may recall the early plants supplying single lamps from individual machines, a method subsequently developed into the lighting of large numbers of lamps from a unit of considerable capacity. Modifications on these lines have greatly raised the standard of arc lighting in the States, and resulted in marked operating economies, as can be readily imagined. What impressed us most, however, is the acceptance of arc lamps as the best form of illuminant for street-lighting purposes. This is the only possible construction to be put upon the very wide employment of these lamps. Americans have plumped for electric lighting, both public and private, consequently the gas interest has received little encouragement, and kept to its own domain. Meeting electricity in the early days, and, judging by events, presenting so doleful a contrast, gas has joined the lean kine, at any rate for street lighting, where electricity meets with so much approval. In a new country with a clear field before them, and the cream of modern science for the skimming, Americans would not hesitate to take such an opportunity, so that their whole-hearted employment of arc lighting need occasion no surprise. The same thing would happen, in fact is happening, wherever civilised man is expanding into previously uncultivated lands.

WHY RUSSIAN RESERVISTS ARE FLOCKING TO ENGLAND.

Horrible scenes take place on the departure of the troops from Peterburg for the front (says a writer in "The Bystander"). A regiment of reservists at Moscow had to be fired on to make them enter the train. One now understands how it is that so many Russian reservists are flocking to England. At Warsaw a similar mutiny took place because only cattle trucks were provided for the men, with no seats in them. The train was delayed six hours, and the men only went at last on the promise that proper carriages should be provided at a certain junction, a promise that was, of course, never kept. Nine months ago these things would have been unknown; now it is impossible to keep them secret. No proper lists of the dead are published, and it is sometimes weeks afterwards that their names are ascertained. Heartrending scenes take place at the War Office, which is besieged with anxious relatives, rich and poor. Sometimes women stand all day—day after day—only leaving to get food. An ambulance has been fitted up near by, to attend to the people who break down when they at last have bad news. The Princess Galizine, whose only son was killed, on learning the news at the War Office, had a stroke, that so distorted her face it is almost unrecognisable. She had been waiting for days in her carriage at the War Office, hoping against hope, like hundreds of other, poorer women standing in the street.

OIL! OIL! OIL!

I never remember yet meeting with a motorist who would admit that he had ever been guilty of under-oiling (says Alfred Hunter in "The Bystander"). Bearings and brasses tell, however, their own tale, and quite half the engines that come into the repairers' hands have been spoilt for want of oil. Oil, good oil, and plenty of it. These words should be painted on the dashboard of every car which goes into the hands of a novice. The speed of a petrol engine, and the temperature at which its work is done, demands, if the bearings are to last, ceaseless vigilance with regard to lubrication. Hill-climbing efficiency, too, depends, to a large extent, on the amount that the "splash" feeds on to the piston. The friction loss between the piston rings and the cylinder walls is bound to be high, and it can only be kept down to a reasonable amount by keeping plenty of oil in the crank case.



SENIOR CHELTENHAM CHORISTER.

In 1854 Mr. William Holder, of 4 High-street, London-road (then a boy of ten years), began singing in the choir of the Parish Church, Cheltenham, under the late Mr. John Lane, organist and choirmaster, and continued there until July, 1859, when his voice broke. The following year, however, although only sixteen, he was singing bass under his former organist at the Temporary Church, where he remained two years. We next find him, in 1863, at St. John's Church, the Rev. G. Roberts being then vicar, and the late Professor Uglow organist and choirmaster, and he has sung there regularly from then to the present date. Mr. Holder comes of musical stock, as his grandfather (also William Holder) was leading bass at Tewkesbury Abbey for fifty-two years, and the grandson bids fair to hold a similar record.

BALANCE-SHEETS OF PUBLIC COMPANIES.

How few people there are, whether of small or large means, who are not interested, directly or indirectly, in an investment in a public limited company! A glance at the last return, issued in 1903, of the Registrar shows that at that date the capital engaged in concerns registered under the Companies Acts amounted to no less a sum than £1,849,455,005 sterling. Of this enormous sum it can be assumed that the bulk is capital employed in public limited companies, as distinct from the various private concerns which have taken the advantages of registration under the Companies Acts for purely family and private reasons, and to facilitate the distribution and adjustment of private interests. From the figures quoted above it is quite clear that the general public have, in the aggregate, a gigantic amount of capital at stake and involved in the many undertakings carried on under the various Acts of Parliament for the regulation of limited liability companies. The Acts have doubtless been framed to facilitate expansion of commercial interests, promote trade, and generally, it may be said, with a view to the proper and efficient control of the managers, directors, and officers responsible for the management of the companies registered under these Acts. Yet unquestionably, and notwithstanding the more recent and somewhat stringent alterations in the Acts which relate to limited companies, there is still room for additional protective measures to further curtail the grasping greed of the hungry promoter and the unscrupulous director who traffics in the shares of his company at the expense of the evergreen investor.—"Magazine of Commerce."

WILL MR. CHAMBERLAIN TREMBLE?

Once again Lord Rosebery has won the hearts of the majority of his fellow-countrymen. On the same day when at Glasgow he made one of the deftest attacks on Protection that has yet been put forth, he won the Championship Plate for the Best Beast in the Smithfield Club Show. It is Elizabethan, no less. Mr. Chamberlain, with nothing but his orchids and his tariffs, will surely tremble.—"The Bystander."

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A general order issued by the Postmaster-General, says the Exchange Telegraph Company, forbids the indoor staff of the Post-office to accept Christmas boxes under pain of dismissal.

A newly-married couple named Philipiski, their parents, and fifteen guests died on the occasion of a wedding at Kotolenki, Russia, from the effects of drinking newly-distilled brandy.

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THE PASSING YEAR.

There's a feeling sore of sadness  
With the passing of the year,  
For so much that breathed of gladness  
Died so often with a tear!

So many things there were to do,  
And such a little dome,  
For the year scarce enters into life  
Before its course is run;  
And of all the joys and pleasures planned,  
There's hardly time for one.

There's a feeling sore of sadness  
With the passing of the year,  
For so much that breathed of gladness  
Died so often with a tear!

GRANVILLE MURRAY, in the "Mark Lane Express" Almanack, 1905.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.**

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Three Bishops were appointed last week, but the successor of Dr. Ellicott in the See of Gloucester was not one of them. There is, however, no necessity for any great hurry in designating the new prelate, as his lordship's resignation does not take effect until the ensuing Lady Day. Besides, it is by no means a simple matter to quickly arrange the transfer of the Palace from an outgoing to an ingoing Bishop, inasmuch as the dilapidations to the fabric have to be surveyed and assessed against the former. And in the case of Bishop Ellicott he has been the freeholder and occupier of the Palace for over forty years, so that the wear and tear of the large building, despite periodical renewals, must have been not inconsiderable. Then whoever accepts this bishopric must take it subject to a deduction of £2,000 a year, from the stipend of £4,300, to which the retired Bishop will be entitled as superannuation for life, though in the nature of things it is not likely that this deduction will last very long. I am glad to find that, with the exception of being weak on the legs, the Bishop keeps very well considering his great age. Occasionally I see his lordship being carried into the Cathedral or wheeled in a chair about the streets of Gloucester, and I understand he is quite able to attend to his episcopal duties apart from those involving physical exertion. There was no necessity for an ordination this St. Thomas's Day, so that neither of the Bishop's assistants was called upon to make deacons or admit priests. This will be the first Christmas for many years that the Bishop will not preach in the Mother Church of the diocese.

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I have recently come across a capital story of Dr. Thomson, when Bishop of Gloucester, and who was the first occupant of the restored Palace, which his successor is now about to vacate. Dr. Thomson had been resorting to narcotics as a relief from toothache—a remedy which much distressed his wife, as the narcotics somewhat affected his brain. One morning, after a night of great pain, he met the postman by accident in the street, and received from him a large official envelope. It contained his appointment to the See of York. Overjoyed, the Bishop hastened home. "Zoe, Zoe," he cried, "What do you think has happened? I am Archbishop of York!" "There, there," she rejoined, "what did I tell you! You've been taking that horrid narcotic again!" I am reminded that it is 43 years ago almost to the day (December 23rd, 1861) that Dr. Thomson preached his first sermon as Bishop in Gloucester Cathedral, and he then chose as the subject of his discourse the very great blow that had just befallen the Queen and the nation in the death of the Prince Consort. Well, I have heard it stated on good authority that her Majesty was so pleased with this sermon when she read it that in the following November she appointed him to the vacant Archbishopric of York.

\*\*\*

"Colleges closed for the Christmas vacation" can now be written over the various halls of learning in Cheltenham. They are all thriving, and enlarging their premises so as to keep pace with the growing demands for extra accommodation, fortunately not at the expense of the ratepayers. It is significant that in Gloucester the Church High School for Girls has been closed through lack of adequate support, while, as regards one or two of the higher class boys' schools, these could not carry on at the present scales of tuition fees were it not for the endowments at their back. It is not surprising that a scheme for their reorganisation is pending. I am pleased that the slice off the Cheltenham Ladies' College playground that the Great Western Railway Company require for the construction of the Honeybourne Railway will not much contract its limits. That was a sad case at Dean Close School on the very eve of the holidays—the death from peritonitis of a boarder from Andover.

**CHELTENHAM TRAMWAY EXTENSIONS.**



COPT ELM ROAD.



LYEFIELD ROAD

Photos by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

The invitation issued by an up-to-date, easy-fit boot shop to try and put on the Cinderella glass slipper in its window has caught on well, and one married lady, at least, has successfully put her foot in it and may win a prize. A single lady, however, has put her foot in it in another sense. She forgot her purse and was, perforce, obliged to borrow from the manager a penny wherewith to buy the qualifying coupon to try-on. And in her hurry to repay the loan the lady did not stamp the letter sent containing a penny stamp and written expression of thanks. Perhaps this was a "coup"—on her part.

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**THE WATER SUPPLY OF ENGLAND.**  
Over the Southern Counties of England there is again a serious shortage in the water supply. There was some reason to

hope that after the abnormal rainfall of last year it would be some time before the sources of the springs fell again to that exceptional level to which they were reduced by the previous series of years of drought. It is obvious from present experience that the replenishment of a single wet season was not adequate to compensate, except for a short while, for so prolonged a drought. The autumn and early winter months of this year have been unusually dry in the South, and though the inhabitants of this part of England may have congratulated themselves on escaping the heavy snowfall that has caused so much distress in the Midlands and the North, it is certain that there will be continued anxiety about the water supply until the present deficiency in the average rainfall for the last decade or so is more or less made up.—"Country Life."



THE ABOVE SCENES ARE FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS MUSICAL DRAMA,  
**"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"**

which is to be produced at the Victoria Rooms, Cheltenham, during the whole of Christmas Week by Mr. Charles Harrington's No. 1 Great American Company. Matinee performances will be given on Monday and Wednesday. The play has been adapted from Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's beautiful story, and will be the same as played throughout America and in the principal theatres of this country. The performances will begin at 7.45 p.m., and the matinees at 2.30.

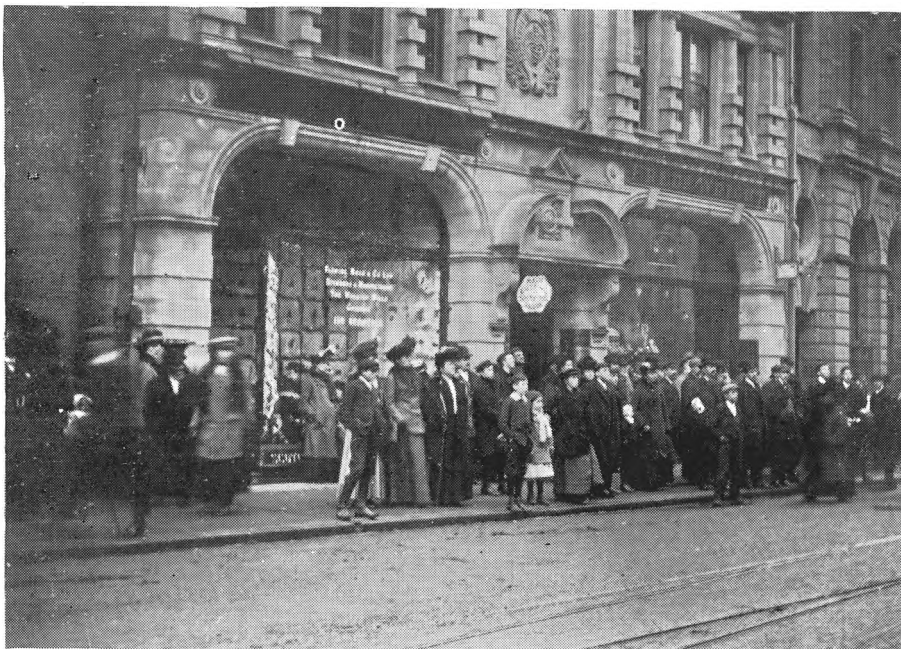


Photo by T. S. Howes, Gloucester.

**GLOUCESTRIANS WAITING FOR THE CLOCK TO STRIKE.**

**CHESTNUTS AS A TEMPERANCE AID.**  
 "There should be less drunkenness at this season of the year than at any other time," said a specialist in nervous disorders who has a private sanatorium for the treatment of wealthy dipsomaniacs. "It is not generally known—in fact, I claim the honour of the discovery—that roasted chestnuts are a good antidote for liquor. The average

man who drinks under high nervous pressure, not for the sake of sociability, but because the alcohol stimulates him to greater effort, is the one whose nervous system is most quickly undermined. He may never get drunk, but there is the constant demand for over-stimulation that works damage in the end. No sooner does the effect of one drink wear off than there is the

craving for another. Now, if that man would eat a few roasted chestnuts instead of taking another drink when the feeling comes on him, he would find that the substance of the nuts, having quickly absorbed the liquor already in his system, had appreciably decreased his longing for more alcoholic stimulant. It isn't theory. I know it to be true."

**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 206th prize has been awarded to Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

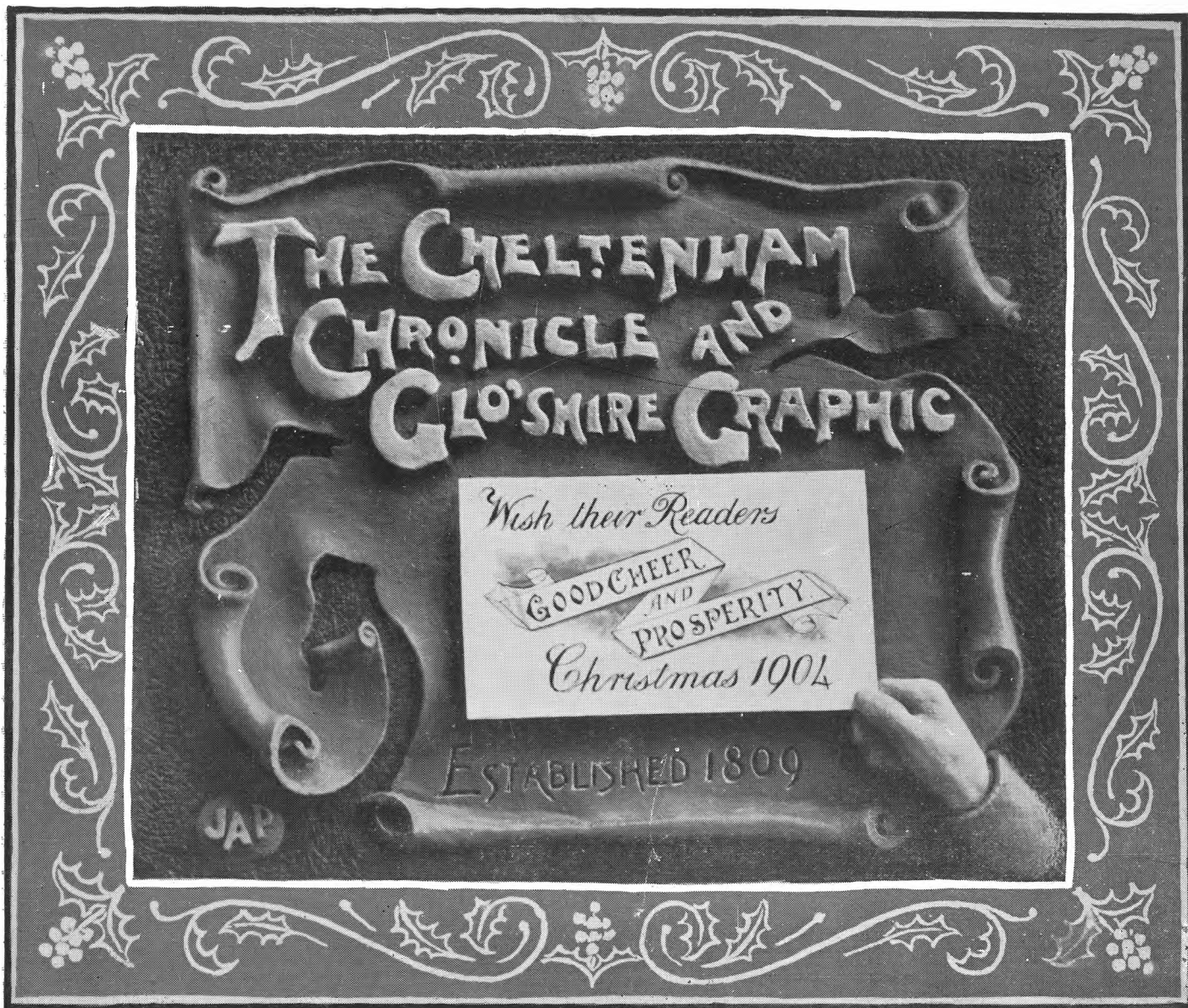
A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 108th prize has been divided between Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Mr. E. W. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons by the Rev. H. Proctor at Leckhampton Parish Church, and Pastor Charles Spurgeon at Salem Baptist Chapel.

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.

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Designed, modelled, and photographed by J. A. Probert, Cheltenham.



**MILITARY FUNERAL AT LECKHAMPTON OF GEN. SIR R. CAMPBELL STEWART, K.C.B.**  
THE FIRING PARTY OF "E" CO., 2ND V.B.G.R., UNDER COL.-SERGT. WELLS, WITH THE REGIMENTAL BAND OF  
THE 1ST G.R.E.V. IN THE REAR.

# STORYETTES

## "AZRAEL and the AMATEURS"

\*\*\*

A PSYCHIC COMEDY.

[BY ALAN FIELD.]

It missed my head by a spare inch, and the smash of its destruction on an iron cellar-plate at my heels was co-instant with the jar of a window opening above.

A tinkle of broken pane sounded, falling in the area beside me. Twenty years' acquaintance with emergency ran me swift across the empty street, while the shock of surprise was changed to a fury of irritation.

When, in a flash, I stood angry on the other curb, and peered upwards through the autumn fog-mirk, I found that segment of brain which works instinctive in a journalist, like a copy-making machine, had, even in that instant, suggested a paragraph professional.

"We are reminded by the sad death of Mr. Archton Forleigh, the famous explorer and war correspondent, of the tale of the sea captain who came safe through the terrors of Trafalgar, tempest, and mutiny to die from the tap of a child's marble dropped from a three-storey window."

The other brain-half, busy with realities and surmise, answered "Bosh!" to the newspaper half. "It wasn't a marble, and I'm not dead. Hallo! there is someone at that window. Confound his butter-finger folly! Glass it was, and deuced heavy. Confound him again! He might have killed me—a silly death—ME—Archton Forleigh, from many-where!"

The fog-wreaths, parting a moment, showed me opposite three-quarters of a man, leaning from a window, broken and open. He stared down below him, till my indignant voice caught his gaze across to me gesticulant.

"Hi, you sir!" I shouted. "You very nearly killed me with that—that—with what you dropped. What do you mean by it? Here! Hi! hi!"

I cried a vain "Here!" to the shutting, and a useless "Hi! hi!" to the shut window frame. Irresponsive, the vision had vanished from the sill.

"This won't do at all," I said grimly to the fog. "You will have to apologise and explain, my man—who—drops—weights—on—passers—by."

I crossed again to the spot of my startlement, and picked up some fragments of transparent solidity.

It appeared, then, to have been a crystal or glass of considerable size which had so nearly failed in splitting my unoffending skull. With a large chip—a witness, as it were—in my hand, I raised a clattering knocker on the nearest door.

My thunderous assault—the house sounded vacant—checked midway, as the door opened under my tenth tattoo.

A swirl of yellow mist of outdoors preceded me into a dim hall-way, where, standing on the threshold, I looked frowning for the opened. After a moment I found him—the man of the upstairs window. He leant against the wall behind the door, ghastly white, with one hand on the handle, the other clawing at his heart. At sight of his pallor and drooping attitude my wrath unclenched its fists.

"Come, come, sir," I said. "Do not be so alarmed. You have not actually hurt me, though it was a near thing. An accident, of course?"

I paused for an answer. The chill damp of the fog made the shaken creature shiver, and a succeeding cough brought words to his white lips.

"An accident—oh, yes, an accident—certainly," he protested. "I am very sorry. I lost control of him—myself, that is—myself."

"How did it happen?" I asked; the question more to give him time to pull himself together than wishing an answer. I made a

motion to go. It did not seem meet that a man should look on another from whose eyes immaculate fear started so insistent. It felt degrading.

But at my movement of departure he flung forward.

"No, no, do not go!" he cried. "Are you still angry? I will explain it all. Do not fetch the police. An accident—a pure accident—I swear it! Come—come upstairs."

He pushed the front door to, urging me inwards with a shaking finger. In face of his poor pleading, it seemed cruel to insist on going, and partly to his entreaty I yielded, partly to a growing curiosity, the news-monger's flair.

I slipped my right hand round to a reassuring hip-pocket. There could be no danger from this frightened wretch, but since a certain happening a year ago in civilised Frisco I had gone to the trouble of having a pistol-pocket fitted to all my suits, and of seeing it daily duly equipped.

There was that mention of "not fetching the police." Moreover, the house had an eerie look of vacancy—of a corpse—such as all uninhabited dwellings have; it smelt and sounded empty. I was convinced that the fear-stricken breaker of the window and I were alone.

As I motioned him to lead the way, I remembered that I had not the faintest idea of either the number of the house or the name of the street. That it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Russell-square I knew, but, mis-directed, first by a fog-lorn cabby, and then fog-lost myself, I had wandered from my intended line between Holborn and the Euston-road, where I have had my diggings since the Mgwandi campaign.

One learns caution and imagination in knocking about this world of truth so much more strange than fiction, and when the idea of danger—of being trapped—struck me, I thought of the admirable opportunity for such a scheme which offered in this unknown desert house.

The next instant I patted my comforting pocket again, and smiled at the chance of attack from such a puny opponent as banister-hauled himself upstairs in front of me.

My host's person reeked of whisky, but he was not drunk, and if I knew "D.T." when I saw it—and I have lived among planters—he was not in the grip of that incarnation of the drink fiend.

No, I decided that he was simply in deadly fear of someone or something, and, dominated by that most potent passion, was, as I judged, within measurable paces of the frontiers of madness.

If it would relieve the poor wretch in any way to confide in me, or if I could help him, I determined to forget that I had so nearly suffered cerebral fracture at his hands.

When we reached the second floor landing—we had climbed with speed—a door of a bedroom stood agape, and the vapours of London's own atmosphere blowing in free through shattered glass told me that we had come to the scene whence the crystal globe had departed for the street, via the panes and, almost—me.

I followed close on the heels of my leader as we entered this room, and took in the surroundings with a glance. There is no more valuable gift than the faculty of observation and it is more than the mere exercise of any one or two of the senses. It is the simultaneous action of each sense united to a power of deductive reasoning. More women possess it than men, although the latter are able to develop it to a higher degree than can the fairer sex.

With me, long years of shikar and service have made observation a second nature. Now, before any other action, I strode to the mantel-shelf, and picked up a wicked little revolver. With a jerk of the thumb lever I bent open the breach, and the obedient extractor flung a six-fold shower of cartridges clattering to the fender.

The weapon rendered fangless, I tossed it back to its place, and turned to my new acquaintance. Careless of my action with the pistol, he had meanwhile lit a bracket gas jet and drawn close the heavy curtains of the window, shutting out the pale misery of the afternoon and the raw draught. A glance round the room had drawn down the corners

of my mouth with suspicion. Things looked queer—fishy—crooked—wrong—very wrong. Much of the furniture was huddled against the wall by the door as though placed handy there for use as a barricade.

A table stood between the gas stove in the fireplace and a single bed in the corner of the room.

In the grate a broken whisky bottle lay with a couple of dishevelled books. It hurt me to see print so treated, and I picked the volumes up. I noted the names as I placed them on the table—Mesmer's book on the mystery called after him, and a medical work on catalepsy, were the subjects of their titles.

I picked up an easy chair, which lay on its side tilting over the fender, and, setting it straight, pointed to its seat. My voice was stern as I bade my companion sit down.

"Stay there, Mr. What's-your-name," I ordered, "while I have a look at that on the bed—and no tricks, please."

I moved to the bed as he sank apathetically into the chair. Something lay under the counterpane which spoke of necessity for inquiry.

I threw back the quilt, and saw beneath it what my eyes expected—a body. It appeared the corpse of a finely-built man of possibly forty years of age; but, cold and stiff as it lay, dead some time, I judged, I could yet see no blemish or wound or other trace to show evidence of the foul play which I suspected from every other concomitant circumstance.

"Yes, I thought as much," I said, as I replaced the shrouding-sheet and turned. "I saw that directly I came into the room. Now then, my unknown friend, you and I are going to have a talk. What does all this mean? What is wrong here? I have got to know."

I fetched a chair from the stack behind the door, which I shut and locked, though I had little fear of interference. When I had set a light to the gas stove and to a cigar, I leant back in my chair.

"Out with it all," I ordered. "And if you have done wrong, but not black shame, I give you my word to help you to escape. If, however, I think you deserve it, there will follow the police, arrest, an inquest, trial, sentence, and—you know."

I tapped the spot behind my left ear where the hang-noose knot is adjusted by justice. "First of all, what was his name, on the bed?"

"I hardly know now," he stammered confusedly.

I leant forward and tapped his knee. "See here," I said slowly, "you do not appear to have grasped the fact that I am in earnest. Please do so at once, and make a clear breast of the whole show, of everything. Just answer a question or two now, and, after that, you can, you must, talk. Understand? What is your name? Who are you?"

The wretched figure in the armchair passed a hand wearily over his brow.

"Fore Heaven!" he answered desperately, "I can scarce say."

"Hum. All right, my man," I said, rising. "Nothing remains but for me to hand you over to authority. Little men with ugly stories who can tell, but won't tell, must be made to tell."

He tumbled from the chair to his knees on the rumpled hearth rug.

"Wait! wait!" he gasped, "I will try to explain. It may be you can help me. But we must call no one in who could not understand, who might bury me—him. It is a terrible predicament—most awful. I feel so confused, I hardly know—I have been at my wit's end. No one would believe me. It is too wildly improbable, and yet—it is true."

I caught him from trying to beat his head in a frenzy on the floor. "Very well, then, you can take your own time," I said, lifting him back to the chair. "Talk slowly, and any way you like. You will feel better when it is off your chest, and remember that there are few difficulties which one cannot get over or round in some way."

The unhappy being seemed relieved to an extent by the studied steadiness of my tone.

He gazed at me for a hesitating moment, then took a long breath and began to babble. "Wilfred Chard's is that body on the bed, and this is Herbert Baxter's. I am Wilfred Chard, and he is—was—Herbert Baxter."

This was an involved, hopeless, commencement. "Steady! steady! steady!" I cried, interrupting. "I begin to think that there may be some big trouble here, over which you have just reason to feel confused, but I can assure you that, if you talk, let alone think, in that way, you will muddle yourself into insanity, and defeat whatever object you may have. Don't start your tale with an acrostic: stick to the third person, and begin right away back at the birth of the trouble. There were two men called Chard and Baxter, and so on. See? If you want to address me at any time my name is Archton Forleigh. Now, fire away."

Propping my feet on the fender, I leant back to smoke and watch my companion.

He was a very ordinary ruddy-headed and sandy-whiskered man, with rather prominent ears. I noticed one peculiarity about him. He was constantly misjudging distances; when reaching out his hand to touch a thing he would undershoot the mark. And in walking he jarred himself now and again, as one does who goes down steps in the dark and thinks that the bottom is reached a step too soon.

I understood this trait of his later, and it helped to corroborate the astounding narration which I heard up there in the lonely house beside the sheeted body.

I could see my story-teller was making a desperate effort to calm himself. After shutting and opening his hands nervously for some moments and clearing his throat, he again commenced. He spoke rapidly, in a monotonous voice.

"There have been two cousins called Wilfred Chard and Herbert Baxter, living in London for some years. They were not at all alike in appearance, Chard being a big dark man, while Baxter was short and fair, but in other respects they had many points in common. Both were married without children, and both men of independent incomes. They had been at school together as boys, and they later engaged in the same business of paper manufacturers until the death of a wealthy uncle, whose will in their favour set them free from any necessity of earning their livelihood.

"That was ten years ago, when they were about thirty or so. Members of the same clubs, and their wives being friends, they kept up the close association of their boyhood. No trouble or unhappiness ever crossed their common path until Baxter became interested in spiritualism."

The speaker looked round him nervously. "That is all quite clear," I said reassuringly. "Go on, please."

"Baxter became interested in psychological research," he repeated; continuing: "Chard at first ridiculed everything of the sort, and was strongly opposed to any interests of that nature. But after attending a few seances with his friend, and once persuaded to read up the subject, his opposition, as is often the case, changed to an interest all the more enthusiastic as his former dislike was bitter.

"For two years the friends went into the matter very deeply, reading all kindred literature and attending all possible discussions on spiritualism, hypnotism, and other 'isms, until they felt they knew all that there was to be taught by other searchers after truth. Then they branched off into experiments on their own account.

"They had many extraordinary experiences, some of the most interesting of which occurred when one or the other went off into a trance, becoming clairvoyant and clairaudient.

"They found it easy to throw themselves into the trance condition by self hypnotism when staring at a fixed light, and the more they experimented the stronger their powers became.

"When one was in a trance the other remained conscious, awake, to call his friend back from dreams or from the astral life. They did not know which it was, you understand.

"When in the trance state, they believed that they visited other spheres and mixed with beings of space and of time long past. But they had no proof that the spirit separated from the body. Although they seemed to remember occurrences and scenes of the astral plane when they had returned to consciousness, yet they felt it just possible that all was due to the imagination set free to work during cataleptic sleep, that perhaps none of the visions were more than hallucinatory dreams.

"They desired, above all things, to make it certain which was the case. At length—it was only ten days ago—they determined to pass into a trance simultaneously.

"Mrs. Chard and Mrs. Baxter being about to pay a fortnight's visit to a mutual relation in Edinburgh, a most suitable opportunity offered for the experiment.

"They decided that it should take place in Chard's house, in this place you know, and after three days' preparation of mind and body, they felt ready for the great test. The servants were sent away on a week's holiday, and, shut up in the house, the friends were assured of a sufficiently long privacy.

"Here, in this room, we—that is they, hypnotised themselves, as they had often done separately, by gazing into the high light of a crystal globe, and passed into the trance state.

"If they actually had the same experience together (they even hoped to meet) in their trance it would prove that there was an astral life.

"I, Wilfred Chard, left this earth existence first, and among the ray spirits of the lower spheres, fully remembering our agreement, waited for the other, for Baxter.

"You may wonder if our appearances there were the same as of our figurations of flesh. They were not. But recognition of friends is easy by the concordance of the attuned key-notes of sympathy.

It was with the utmost joy that Baxter and I met—our theory was proved. Before we travelled away from the strata of earth planes to the limits our astral development would permit, we stayed awhile to look upon our corporate bodies.

"Baxter reclined here in this chair, lifeless and still, while my apparent corpse lay on that bed, and now I, Wilfred Chard, am here, for that is me on the bed, and this is—Oh! my head, my head!"

The miserable man checked his rapid utterance, and swayed to and fro like a native in distress.

"Now then, stop it!" I commanded, sternly; "I told you to keep clear of your personal account and to stick to the third person. How can you expect me to believe you, if you do not control yourself?"

My abruptness acted as a tonic on his tottering coherence, and, after a stare at me, he again went on with his wild tale.

"This is Monday afternoon? Yes, well, it was on Tuesday last that we entered the trance condition. On Thursday, by earth counting of days, I was with my cousin's spirit at an instruction meeting on the sixth plane, absorbing the ideas of a soul of the ninth altitude, when I suddenly received a thought-wave message from the lowest spheres that I should return to earth immediately.

"In obedience to this warning, for as such I understood the message, I obtained leave to sink, and in a flash I was back in this room. I was only just in time.

"An unholy soul, one of the earth-bound spirits, was present, and with impish glee was about to take the rare opportunity of materialising which offered by a soul-vacant living body being at hand. These incubi and succuba are usually the spirits which perpetrate the tricks which inspire elementary table-turning and the horse-play seances of crude manifestations.

"This evil-soul, a succuba, was on the point of entering into Baxter's body, in order to work some physical mischief. I understood that the hag-fiend was desirous of setting fire to the house in order to burn our two derelict bodies.

"Had this taken place, we should have been lost for all eternity, unable to pass the decreed gates of natural death into the spirit

life, we should have lost the power to develop further than the stage of suicides, who stagnate their soulhood away into annihilation.

"My spirit entered into furious will contest with the succuba, but at length it was only by doing what till then I did not know was possible, by myself entering the contested empty body-shell of Baxter, that I was able to frustrate her impious design.

Then, once again in corporate flesh, I felt the deadly sickness of a human being returning to consciousness from a trance. I reeled and fell, striking my—the head against that cupboard edge. It was Friday morning when my reason recovered from the stunned swoon, and I looked on life through Baxter's eyes.

My own body lay stark on that bed, as it now lies, and I, Wilfred Chard, was sentient in Baxter's smaller frame. I did not trouble then much at the strangeness of the happening, I was too exultant at the surpassing success of our experiment, and moreover my psychological experience had accustomed me to weird circumstances.

"So I set about returning to the trance state in order to reinstate Baxter's spirit in his body and to re-enter my own. Placing the crystal ball on the table I tried to pass into a hypnotic condition—and failed. It was then that my horror began.

"I could not return to the astral life. That was on Friday, and this now is Monday. On Tuesday, to-morrow that is, the servants will return, and my wife with Mrs. Baxter in a week.

"There lies my body inert, and to all appearances dead, and I, Wilfred Chard, am in Baxter's. My own body will be buried, and, if I say I am Chard, I shall be confined as a lunatic. In any case, probably, I shall be tried for murder—my own murder.

"What will my poor wife do? What will Baxter do? And, oh! what—what—what shall I do?"

His voice rose crescendo to a scream, and overcome by the misery of his position, he staggered to his feet with that queer stumbling tread of which I could now understand the reason. *Baxter's body did not fit him!*

He wandered about the room waving his arms and maudering to himself in a paroxysm of helplessness. I sat still a moment or two, reflecting on the extraordinary aspects of the position in which this Chard-Baxter man was placed. It is his story were true. If—it made my seasoned brain reel to consider that "if."

I had to confess to myself that I did not believe for an instant anyone could have invented such a tale to serve as an explanation of another man being dead.

No. Either this little man was mad, subject to delusions, or else his story was fact; and I did not think him insane in that way, though he certainly was half crazed with perplexity.

Meanwhile, I had better assume that I believed his story. It was necessary to keep the poor little person as calm as possible. I tried to introduce side interests to attract his mind.

"Why did you throw the glass globe at me—the crystal?" I asked.

"I did not throw it at you," he replied. I flung it away in despair, and it went out of the window. I was terrified when you knocked. I thought all was up."

"Poor chap," I answered, sympathetically. "But what were you doing with the revolver on the mantelpiece?"

"Oh, that," my companion answered; "I thought of firing at my body there on the bed and then blowing out Baxter's brains—these. I've thought of everything, I think. Oh—Oh! can't you suggest something?"

"I don't see any way out of it yet," I replied. "I wonder why the succuba didn't enter your body—Chard's—lying there, or why Baxter doesn't come back into it."

"Oh, the hag-fiend couldn't animate a great frame like that—like my own big body, the unhappy spiritualist retorted. "And where Baxter is Heaven only knows."

"By the way," I said, "of course you have tried to call him back to life—into your body there?"

"No—no, I have not," the other answered me.

"Well, I think you had better do so," I advised. "Then, when you and he can talk

together, perhaps you can find some way of getting you out of his body and him back into his own."

In spite of the terrors of his position—and at the thought of Mrs. Chard and Mrs. Baxter I trembled—the distressed man yet was actually reluctant to try to persuade Baxter's spirit back to earth.

A sort of jealousy animated him—a distaste of seeing another spirit in his—Chard's—body. However, as he thought on the necessity of doing something, and that at once, he came to agree with my suggestion.

With my help he got the big frame off the bed and into the easy chair, and then set about attempting to persuade the errant Baxter into it.

For two hours he persisted, till the perspiration streamed off his forehead, blowing on the eyes and brow, making passes, will-powering, invoking, and using every conceivable adjuration since those of the Witch of Endor.

At long last there was a quick response. I would have sworn that I had looked on a dead man—and I have seen a few in my time—yet all of a sudden the figure stirred, the eyes opened, and with the precursor of life—a sneeze—the seeming corpse sat up and spoke.

The next hour was one of the most extraordinary of all my life. The two spiritualists ignored my presence entirely, and, if there is any truth in what I heard discussed by them of the after-life, I can only say that I hope my present stage of intellectual development is such that after my decease I shall pass rapidly through the lower planes of spiritual life.

I have no wish to hear such sounds or see such sights as I heard described by Wilfred Chard and Herbert Baxter when they confided in each other, fresh from their journey through the baser shades.

I don't know how it happened, or when their dissension arose, but eventually I found them blaming each other for the confusion of the return to their bodies.

From hard words they came to harder blows, until I had to interfere—and very forcibly—to prevent the wretched Chard from being thrashed by his own big body which held the angry little Baxter.

It was all so ludicrous, and yet so bewildering, that I kept pinching myself to prove that I was indeed awake. In all vast London I did not believe there existed a condition of things which held such potentialities of muddle as now were commencing in that bedroom.

If these two men, Chard and Baxter, were to remain in friendly accord, there yet appeared no end to the vista of confusion which was opening before their lives. Yet if they were about to disagree, the whole position would be infinitely complicated.

I rushed between them with an ejaculation at their folly.

"Gentlemen! Maniacs or misfits, whichever you are," I cried, "control yourself for my sake! Think of your properties, your wives, yourselves."

Glaring at each other, they allowed me, nevertheless, to push them apart.

And then—the front door bell rang.

It was as if the Medusa's head had made a sudden fourth in our wrangling. Silent and still, the contestants and I, the peacemaker, stood, for the interval of moments, ere the bell once more sounded an insistent peal, echoing up from the lifeless basement.

Then to the *reveille* of its tinkle, both the spiritualists woke to action and talk.

They rushed on me and pushed me to the stairs head.

"Go down! Go down!" they chorussed. "Say we are out—away. Say anything! It can only be a visitor."

"But one of you had better go," I objected. "I am a stranger. No, I won't answer the door."

The bell rang a third, a fourth time, with an accompaniment of knocker, before the point was settled as to who should attend the summons.

Half hysterical with annoyance at the interruption, Chard, the owner of the house, commenced the descent of the stairs. He went

awkwardly in the unaccustomed limitations of Baxter's small body.

Meanwhile Baxter himself and I hung over the well of the stairs listening

We heard the front door open, and a feminine voice, pitched to a key of irritation, enter thereon into the hall.

My companion beside me stood erect an instant, and then staggered back.

"Oh! ministers of grace, defend us!" he cried. "It is Mrs. Chard herself! What can be done? Man, do something!"

He gripped my arm in a frenzy, and pointed below to the downstairs.

"Go down, I beg and beseech you," he implored, "and prevent the woman coming up. There—listen! She is calling her husband Herbert Baxter—my name! She will think I am Wilfred Chard, of course she will. Oh, go! go! Stop her coming up!"

As I took the first few steps downwards, I heard the wretched usurper of his friend's big body retreat into the bedroom, whence came sounds of the hustling of furniture.

"Humph! Crawling under the bed, is he?" I said to myself. "What an elementary resource for a psychologist! And the little man below is not enjoying himself either, it sounds."

There was, indeed, no scene of amicable reception to meet my eyes as I reached the stairway's foot.

Chard, in Baxter's puny frame, stood across the hall-way, his back to me as I descended, while, facing him, a fair woman tall and handsome, was working herself into an anger which threatened in a few moments to carry her beyond the limits of the social code, which prevent a large lady from wiping the floor with a minute man.

"My dear!" cried the lady. "How dare you call me 'my dear Clara' in that extraordinary manner. Where is my husband? I insist on knowing. I am kept standing hours—yes, hours—outside the door of my own house, and then you let me in—you, of all people. Haven't you received your wife's wire? I am very annoyed to meet you here after what has happened. Your 'dear Clara,' indeed!"

"After what has happened?" echoed the small man, in a weary voice, mechanically, like a gramophone.

Mrs. Chard took him up at once.

"Yes; after what has happened in Edinburgh," she snapped. "Amelia Baxter and I have quarrelled. She has behaved disgracefully to me, I consider. However, you had better ask her about it, and you had better do that at once. Please let me pass. I wish to go to my husband. I will pass I tell you, Wilfred Baxter! Oh, who is this?"

"This" was me. It seemed an opportune moment to intervene. Another moment, and the angry woman would have surged over the little obstacle in her path.

"My name is Archton Forleigh, madam," I replied to her question. "I am a friend of your husband's."

All might have gone well had I not been interrupted. I was about to ask her to accord me a few moments' private talk, when I intended giving free play to a certain fertility of invention which my editors are good enough to allow that I possess. I could have told a tale which would have, at any rate, given the two spiritualists a delay of some hours; but the wretched little man broke in on my self-introduction.

"Yes, my dear, a friend of mine," he said. "A friend of my husband's, I think you said," Mrs. Chard replied to me, icily correcting him.

"I asked Mr. Archton Forleigh to come in, having carelessly thrown a globe through our bedroom window, my dear," the unhappy creature tried to explain.

It was as if the mention of a window broken in her house, by the person whom she believed to be the husband of the friend with whom she had quarrelled, was for Mrs. Chard the last straw on the back of her restraint. She seemed to tower in her wrath.

"What?" she cried. "Oh! how dare you? 'My dear,' and 'our bedroom window.' Oh! you would not dare to speak like this if

my husband were here. And you shall not do so again. Out of my house you go, Wilfred Baxter, never to return! Go out at once, do you hear?"

She took the object of her indignation by the shoulders, and fairly ran him down the passage to the front door.

Bewildered by the rapid and overwhelming pressure of events, he offered no resistance, and my expostulations served no good purpose.

Indeed, they were the cause of rendering me helpless to afford any assistance in the drama of errors, for the furious lady turned on me at once. She had quite lost control of herself in the explosion of temper, which had probably been maturing during the long journey down from Scotland to her home.

"And you go too!" she shrilled. "Yes, go at once with him. My husband will tell me if you are a friend of his. I don't believe you are."

She had thrown the front door open, and, with a sweep of her strong arm, flung the little man in her grip over the entrance stone.

He stumbled as though falling, and I took a hasty step out to assist him. Half inside, half out, as I was, Mrs. Chard used the door as a fulcrum to urge my going. In an instant we stood, the miserable man and I, outside in the fog and dust. The door slammed behind us, and we heard the bolts being run home in their sockets.

I turned with a "What next, now?" expression on my face to my companion, and I blame myself much for what followed, for my loss of presence of mind.

As I looked interrogatively at my comrade in ejection he once more fell into just such a frenzy of crazy despair as had possessed him when he flung the globe from the window. He threw his arms above his head with an eldritch shriek. "Oh! oh! I shall go mad!" he cried frantically. "My wife!—Baxter!"

Before I could stop him he had gone, running wildly into the nothingness of fog, impelled to rush by the desire to act, and his utter helplessness.

Then I made my mistake, in following him. We ran up the length of the street, and then further, round corners and over intricacies of cross roads, till, in the gloom, I ran full tilt into the checking solidness of a letter box.

I fell on one knee, but was up in an instant, listening for the retreating footsteps of the man I pursued.

I could hear nothing. I had lost him.

\* \* \* \* \*

From that day to this I have heard no more of the story than I have related. I have hunted for that unknown house in the street, nameless to me, for days together. I have searched directories with no result. Chard is not a common name, but I can find none in the neighbourhood which answers to the case. I have been rebuffed in every instance where I have carried enquiry to the point of personal visits to likely houses, and I have now almost given up hope of ever finding answers to questions which are like to drive one as distracted as were Chard and Baxter when I parted from them.

What happened when Mrs. Chard found the man, whom she was bound to believe her husband, under the bed?

Did he accept the situation? Has he been put in a lunatic asylum for asserting himself to be Baxter? Where did Chard go to with Baxter's body when he disappeared into the fog? Did —? But a truce to crystallising puzzlement into many questions. All interrogations on the myriad side issues of the matter coalesce into the main perplexity. "What has happened to Baxter? and what has befallen Chard?" What indeed? I wish I knew.

Eat as little as you can;  
Idle as little as you can;  
Take pleasure as little as you can;  
Trouble as little as you can.  
—George Jacob Holyoake.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 209.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

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### 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 207th prize has been divided between Mr. R. J. Webb, "Harborne," Cheltenham, and Mr. F. Restall High-street, Stonehouse.

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 109th prize has been awarded to Mr. Will T. Spenser, of 40 New-street, Gloucester, for his report of a sermon by Bishop Mitchinson in Gloucester Cathedral.

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.

### ROYALTY IN BUSINESS.

It seems to be becoming quite the proper thing for kings and queens to go into business. The Kaiser, for instance, owns large brick-fields, and so energetically is the business run that his loyal brick-making subjects are audibly grumbling about such august competition, considering that even Wilhelm II. ought to draw the line somewhere. Meanwhile Queen Wilhelmina has been building up a small, but profitable, milk and butter connection round her palace at Het Loo, and making her royal dairy farm pay its expenses, and something more. Possibly this throws new light upon the old nursery rhyme in which: "The king was in his counting-house, counting out his money." No doubt it was the profit on the honey business, in which the queen, as we know, was interested.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



MR. AND MRS. A. E. BEACH,  
OF TODDINGTON, WINCHCOMBE, WHO CELEBRATED THEIR SILVER  
WEDDING ON DECEMBER 20, 1904.

### CHARACTER FROM BOOTS.

"Show me any person's footgear after two months' wear and I will," writes a bootmaker who is a constant reader of Science Siftings, "describe the character of the person. If the soles and heels are worn evenly, then the wearer is a resolute, able, business man, with a clear head, a trustworthy official, or an excellent wife and mother. If the sole is worn on the outside, the wearer is inclined to adventurous, uncertain fitful deeds, or, if a woman, to bold, self-willed capricious tricks. The sole being worn on the inner side shows hesitation and weakness in a man and modesty in a woman. A merchant sends regularly to me when he needs a clerk, and has, on my recommendation, accepted several of my customers. Several months ago a stranger came into my shop to have his boots mended. They were worn on the outside of the soles, while at the same time the points were somewhat worn, but the other parts of the shoes were almost as good as new. I said to my wife, 'That fellow is no good.' The very next day a boy came from the police-station for the boots, and said that the wearer had been arrested for stealing."

### THE WORK OF A RAILWAY CART-HORSE.

"The ordinary day's work of a railway cart-horse in town is thirteen hours," writes a contributor to the "Windsor"; "the average daily load moved per horse is two tons, and the average distance traversed is about twenty miles per day. Complaint is often made against railway carts that they block the streets in town by waiting about for long periods in front of offices and warehouses; and before the Royal Commission on London Traffic, now sitting, several witnesses have urged that railway companies ought to be prohibited from placing their receiving-offices in main thoroughfares, in consequence of the obstruction caused by the vans waiting outside their premises. It must not be forgotten, however, that a railway company is engaged in trade, and has an equal right with other traders to select the most suitable sites for carrying on its business. With equal force might it be contended that the existence of large and popular shops on important streets is an obstruction to traffic, as a great many vehicles stop outside these shops for long periods during business hours."



**HOW WE COLLABORATED.**

[By E. BURROWES.]

The element of chivalry in me prompts me to take all the blame upon my own shoulders, but the cause of truth demands that the guilty shall suffer rather than the innocent, and therefore I am compelled to admit that the mischief began with Pamela.

She was a young woman of ideas, was my second-cousin-by-marriage-twice-removed, Pamela Gurney, and on more than one occasion she had startled me, together with other members of our respective families; but this remarkable episode in her career—and incidentally mine—surpassed all her previous records.

The first I heard of the affair was when Fate and my hostess sent us in to dinner together. Perhaps I had better explain before going any further, that my name is Lawrence Moseley; that I am a barrister by profession, an enthusiastic sportsman, and a bit of a scribe in a small way. Also I take sugar in my tea, in spite of the increase of the sugar tax.

To return to my muttons, if such a term can apply to a charming young woman in an almost equally charming Parisian gown, and the very excellent menu before us, I knew that something serious was up as soon as Pamela opened her lips.

"Larry," she said, "I wonder would you consent to collaborate with me in a—*a book*?"

"To—how much?" I asked, helping myself to *filet-de-sole*.

"To collaborate: now don't pretend to be silly—I mean sillier than you really are. You know what I mean quite well. After all, other people have collaborated."

"So on the principle that other people have committed murder," I said, "you think you would like to do likewise, eh?"

"Now you're laughing at me," she said with severity; "do be serious. Look at Besant and Rice, Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. Weren't they collaborators?"

I said that undoubtedly they were, but that I did not see the point of her argument.

Whereupon she explained, with that lack of logic which is one of Pamela's many charms.

I listened attentively, groaning in spirit at the sudden rage for graphomania which had seized upon my relative of late. A rage which prompted her to immortalise all her friends and relatives with scant mercy for their failings and foibles, in print—or, I should say, in paper and ink, since few of the bundles of MS. which she evolved in the small hours of the morning, ever saw the light of print. Some, it is true, had appeared in sundry penny papers, and had been pronounced by an intelligent family conclave to be really "very nice little stories."

Hence I conclude her desire to do greater things, and in order to let some of the responsibility fall from her slender shoulders, she now proposed that we should collaborate.

In an evil moment I consented.

It was not till we had got to the ice pudding that I arrived at this point. But—well, what was a fellow to do? I had been Pamela's willing or unwilling slave, as the case may be, for so long in the vain hope that some day she would consent to a change of initials—since her own were the plague of her life, so she always told me, as they afforded ceaseless opportunities for the manufacture of opprobrious nicknames, such as "Pious Girl," "Paying Guest," etc., etc. But when I suggested that the remedy lay in her own hands, and that she could at any time become "P.M." instead of "P.G.," she openly laughed, and said that then she would only be called "Post Mortem" or something equally horrible. So for the time

being the subject was allowed to drop. However, seeing that the time had now come for me to lay her under an obligation, I nailed her to the point.

"Then it is decided," I said as the ladies rose from the table, "we collaborate."

She threw me a brilliant smile over a white shoulder.

"I've got a plot," she said, "and I'll do the first chapter and send it on to you for you to join on with the second. We can manage to work it that way quite well."

I doubted it, but later on the idea was enlarged upon in the privacy of the conservatory to which I tracked Pamela, and taking a pencil from my pocket I scribbled notes on my shirt cuff.

"I think an up-to-date elopement must come in somewhere," she said, leaning her chin on her hand and looking up at me with a pair of thoughtful hazel eyes.

She was distinctly pretty. I believe I had told her so more than once.

"Together with an orthodox irate father, and a subsequent reconciliation, I suppose," said I.

She nodded. "And what kind of ending do you propose?" I asked of my collaborator.

"Well," she demurred, "it would be more taking if the ending didn't end at all—you know what I mean, Larry. Just a query mark or something vague like that. But I should like them to be happy—poor things."

Yes, really after all they will have to go through it does seem as if they deserved a bit of luck to wind up." I said cheerfully; "and then, Pamela, have you thought of a suitable title?"

"No, I haven't; but any title will do. The more misleading it is, the better. People will read the book just to see what the name means, and it doesn't matter if they can't understand it, either. And if we only work at it I think it ought to be splendid. You see, it might be out by Christmas."

"It might. The heroine must have hazel eyes and dark hair," I said with decision. I don't see the use of being a collaborator if you can't turn out your heroine to your satisfaction. So when Pamela said the thing must have blue eyes, I stuck firm.

And she gave way. "I shall open the chapter with a murder," she announced, as we left the conservatory together, "and leave you to fill in the details. As you are at the Bar, you know all about such things, of course."

I agreed, although I didn't really see why my connection with the Bar should necessarily imply a large acquaintance with the various modes and methods of murder.

That was how it all began, and before I knew where I was I found myself embarked upon a sea of troubles as a collaborator.

Judging by the enormous bundle of MS. which reached me three days after our first conversation on the subject of our joint book, Pamela must have burned gallons of midnight oil, and I regarded the pile of neatly-written sheets with something like terror.

Beyond a few mild articles of a legal and scientific nature, which I had succeeded in publishing—at my own risk—I had no experience whatever of the thorny path of literature; and of such literature as Pamela apparently went in for, I was as ignorant as the babe unborn.

It was nicely told—even I could see that—but it was hopelessly involved and banal, and sensational to the last degree. In an instant I resolved that my name should never be appended to such a composition, and then in desperation, remembering the compact and the penalties which would undoubtedly attend any attempt on my part to evade it, I set to work, and did my best to act up to the part which fate had thrust upon me.

I was launched as a collaborator, and I cannot say with truth that I found it all jam.

It was late October, and the Gurneys had gone down to their country place, so that our collaboration became a matter of an immense outlay in postage, and the almost daily going backwards and forwards of fat parcels of MS.

My difficulties increased with the MS. I had found but little help in the notes

which I had scribbled down on my shirt cuff, which said shirt I had extracted from its hiding-place in the clothes-basket to which it had been consigned by my man, in order to benefit by the notes, which I had taken at express speed as Pamela enlarged upon the plot. But what could anyone make of this:—

"Murder in East End—face at window—elderly villain—grey beard—lovely heroine—hero accused of murder—flees the country—elopement—Christmas Eve—fire," and a few more equally confusing details which were almost rubbed out.

Having completely forgotten in what connection these mysterious remarks were to be used, I gave up all idea of finding help on my shirt cuff, and went on off my own bat, so to speak.

Things went on as well as could be expected under such circumstances till one foggy morning, when, in addition to the fat parcel to which I—and, incidentally, my man—had become quite accustomed, I found a letter marked "Urgent" in Pamela's pretty handwriting, awaiting my attention beside the coffee and hot rolls which steamed on the table before me.

I tore open the letter.

"Dear Larry,—I've planned the elopement to perfection, even to going over the ground myself on Polly in order to see exactly how long it would take to get from the lodge gates to the station. The early morning mail, which passes at four-twenty, stops at the junction, so that all fits in without a hitch. It struck me that it would help matters on considerably if everything were cut and dried. What do you think of the plan? You suggested Dieppe as a suitable destination. I know that is where people go as a rule under such circumstances, but don't you think we might cut out a new line and make it Calais? The sea crossing is shorter, and that is a great advantage in my eyes. From there one could catch the express to Paris, and then—the rest I leave to you."

"Everything is going swimmingly, and no one suspects anything. I think I have managed splendidly. And how surprised they will all be!

"The ground is like iron, and hunting is impossible; such a bore, but it gives me more time for other things and time is growing short, Larry."

"In frantic haste,  
"Ever yours,  
PAMELA."

I thrust the letter into my pocket with a laugh.

How keen the child was, and how she took it all au grand sérieux. One might think it was her own elopement she was planning with so much care. The thought pleased me somehow. Dear little Pamela! I swallowed my coffee and rolls, and for about the fiftieth time meditated on the exceeding dullness of my chambers, and the delicious dimple which lurked near Pamela's laughing mouth. Well—well—some day!

I scribbled an answer to her letter, and then turned my attention to the manuscript, which had by this time assumed gigantic proportions.

Unconsciously as I worked at my share of the book, the pleasure of writing it grew upon me, and it was as if I were telling a story of my own life. You see it was always Pamela who was before me as I wrote: Pamela with her clear eyes, her sweet mouth, her peach pink cheeks. My heroine, with whom my collaborator had said she would not interfere, was none other than Pamela. As I wrote the scene of the elopement—or rather the arrangements for it—I thought what if it were true? What if it were Pamela and I who were to take that wild ride through the park—down the silent high road in the cold darkness of a December morning—to the junction where the mail stopped—and then on—on—till the Channel lay before us? Of course this was pure madness born of late sittings and much smoking, and I pushed away my papers with a laugh at my own folly.

At that very moment a telegram was handed to me.

It was from Pamela.

"O! Great Scot!" I ejaculated, "more complications!"

"Must postpone elopement for a couple of days. Unavoidable. Am writing to explain. Go on with preparations. Pamela."

This was one of the joys of collaborating evidently. All one's most cherished arrangements for the ultimate good of one's hero and heroine knocked on the head! However, there was clearly no help for the matter, for I had placed myself unreservedly in the hands of my collaborator, and so I looked up my engagement book, discovered that I was due at a dinner at the Cecil at eight, and putting away the signs of my recent struggle with the refractory creatures of our collaborated imaginations, I sallied forth to keep my engagement.

Of the dinner it is not necessary to this story to speak. It was dull, and at a comparatively early hour I took my way home to my chambers. It was a bitter night, all day there had been a thick fog, and the air was chill and raw.

My man glanced at me with a curious expression on his stolid face as I took off my overcoat.

"There's a gentleman waiting to see you, sir," he said, with deference.

"At this hour!" I said. "Who is he, Jennings?"

"I don't know, sir. He would not give his name—but I thought it was all right."

I nodded, and pushing open the door of my sitting-room, walked in, to find myself face to face with—General Gurney—Pamela's father.

I was genuinely surprised.

"An unexpected pleasure, sir," I said, advancing with outstretched hand, "I am only sorry that I was out, but you have been provided with everything by my man, I hope? Beastly night, isn't it?"

Now, I had never been on very intimate terms with General Gurney; in fact, I believe we had not met more than half-a-dozen times, and I remember having heard that he was a man possessed of gouty tendencies, and as fine a vocabulary of hot language as any officer of the old school.

But I was handsly prepared for his greeting.

"Don't talk to me, sir!" he said with ferocity, standing bolt upright on my hearthrug and fixing a pair of steely eyes upon my innocent countenance, "don't take that tone with me, sir! It won't wash. May I ask what explanation you have to give me? I have discovered the depths of deceit and infamy to which you and my daughter have stooped, and I insist—I repeat, sir, I insist on an explanation! What the deuce do you mean by it? What the—"

"Look here, sir," I said, "I don't know in the very least what you are driving at, but I must object distinctly to the terms in which you speak of Miss Pamela."

"Object!" he spluttered, "you object, sir? I shall speak as I please of my daughter, and I repeat that everything has been found out, and the sooner you make a clean breast of matters, and give me an explanation, the better. I'll have the law of you, you young scoundrel."

I took him by the arm and put him into a seat. Then I crossed over and locked the door.

"Now, sir," I said quietly, "suppose we come to business? What is the meaning of all this? I haven't the remotest idea of what you are driving at, and you'll be good enough to enlighten me—or I must ask you to clear out. It is getting late."

"Do you mean to brazen it out? Very well. My daughter referred me to you for the explanation which she would not, or could not, give me, and here I stay till I get it. Do you mean to tell me that you have no knowledge of the elopement, the details of which I found out this morning by accident? That you have had no communication on the subject with my daughter Pamela? Did no letters or—or telegrams pass between you, eh? Ah! that hits the mark, does it?"

Elopement, letters, and telegrams! Ye gods, into what mess had the collaboration led me?

A moment's pause and light began to dawn upon me.

As it did so I burst into a shout of laughter. The situation was too comic for words.

"You laugh, sir!" shouted the old soldier furiously, "very well, wait a while till I show you how well all your little plans have been found out. This morning I chanced to go into the village post-office, just after my daughter had been there to despatch a telegram. The post-mistress, thinking it her duty to protect me and mine, showed me the message which had been despatched. I need hardly repeat it. My daughter, so lost to shame, must needs blazon the fact abroad that she was intending to elope—to elope with you—you miserable—"

"That's enough, sir!" I said, "leave my qualities out of the question, and continue your story."

He glared at me, and continued:—

"I went home and taxed her with it. Your answer had arrived, I insisted on seeing it, I have it with me—you can't deny the sending of this wire this morning?"

I glanced across the little slip of thin pink paper.

"All right. Have put it off for two days. Cannot wait longer. Larry."

Once more as the intense humour of the affair swept upon me, I lay back in my chair and roared.

The general's furious voice continued. I thought I'd let him have his say out, and then I'd romp in with mine.

"She admitted nothing and denied nothing. She could not. She referred me to you and said you could explain matters. But no amount of lying will clear her or you, and she has spent the day in solitary confinement, with food in the shape of bread and water, and time in which to reflect upon her wickedness. To clinch matters beyond a doubt, I saw a letter on your table in my daughter's hand-writing. I took the liberty of reading it. She is under age, you will remember, or perhaps that did not enter into your calculations? I read the letter, and it only confirmed all I have already heard. Now, sir! Pamela denies all intention of any elopement, but she confessed that you had made love to her on more than one occasion, and she had the audacity to confess her love for you. I shall know how to deal with her when I have settled my account with you."

It was like an Adelphi drama: here was the irate father to perfection!

He paused breathless. And then I felt my time had come. I spoke.

"Sir," I said quietly, "I love your daughter. You may as well hear that truth to begin with. You accuse me of designs which no gentleman would entertain except under most exceptional circumstances. It is perfectly true that this correspondence has passed between us on the subject of an elopement, but it had no reference whatever to ourselves. Possibly Miss Gurney has already tried to tell you so."

"She talked a good deal of nonsense—but proceed. Do you mean to tell me then you were planning someone else's elopement? 'Pon my soul! you're mighty thoughtful for your neighbours! Psha! man, don't think you can take me in with such bunkum."

"You don't believe me? Then I must ask you to be kind enough to listen to me for five minutes and then to read the evidence which I have here at my hand which will convince you of the error into which you have fallen."

And for five minutes or more I talked coolly and to the point. The old soldier's jaw dropped visibly as the mystery began to slowly explain itself. I suppressed with difficulty the mirth with which I was consumed.

I thought of poor pretty Pamela with bread and water and solitary confinement, and I hardened my heart, and let him have it without mercy.

"And now," I concluded, unlocking my bureau and taking out a fat bundle of MS., "you will be kind enough to look over that. This, General Gurney, is the book which your daughter and I are writing together. And you will find all the incidents of the elopement arranged for in the last dozen

pages."

I doubt if he had ever received such a shock in his life. He stared at me with open mouth.

"But—but—but—" he stammered.

I waved him to the MS.

"There's your explanation, sir," I said as I lit a cigarette, "it is not much after eleven, and I shall be glad to give you a shake down if the reading of it takes you too far into the small hours of the morning. I'm used to late hours since I took to writing, so don't mind me I beg of you."

He reluctantly turned over the pages. Fixing a pair of pince-nez on his aquiline nose with a hand which visibly trembled, he began his task. I sat and watched him through wreaths of smoke. The clock on the mantleshelf struck twelve—still he read on: I had never thought that our collaboration would have received such undivided attention.

The clock slowly ticked its way round to the half-hour—the hour—it pointed to twenty minutes to two before the General moved.

The rustle of the pages made me look up. A bewildered countenance was turned upon me. He cleared his throat—pushed back his chair—opened his lips as if to speak, and then—burst into such a shout of laughter that I began to be afraid that the neighbourhood would be roused.

He laughed—and laughed—and I joined him.

When he was capable of coherent speech, he said, wiping his eyes:—

"Moseley, I've made a devil of a mess—you must bury the hatchet and help me out of it. Will you shake hands and let bygones be bygones?"

We shook hands, and he sat down with a cigarette between his lips.

"I don't know how I'm going to face my little Pamela," he said ruefully, "she'll never forgive me, Moseley, for making such a fool of myself and of you—but perhaps—you'll—er—that is—"

I wouldn't help him out.

"You will at least release her from solitary confinement, sir?" I submitted with gravity, and he subsided into helpless laughter once more.

He was obliged to accept my offer of a shake down for the night, and the next day saw his ignominious departure for his home, where I pictured a furious Pamela awaiting his arrival.

But I had got what I wanted, and that was an invitation down for the shooting—ostensibly.

Yet—caution said: wait.

The General had let a cat out of the bag: had he not told me that Pamela, in her distress at the terrible mistake which he had made on the impulse of a moment's passion, had confessed to caring for me? The thought spelt bliss, but—I was wise enough not to spoil things by hurrying events.

So—I marked time till a note reached me a week later:—

"DEAR LARRY,

"Are you coming down next week? I hope so. We might finish up the collaboration.

"Yours sincerely,  
"PAMELA GURNEY."

I went.

The collaboration will never be finished, for we are going to continue it through life.

The book has been consigned to the flames, and—we are to be married next week.

## POETRY.

• • •

A diet temperate and spare,  
Freedom from base financial care,  
Abundant work, a little leisure,  
Pursuit of duty, not of pleasure,  
An even and contented mind  
In charity with all mankind,  
Some thoughts, too sacred for display  
In the broad light of common day,  
A peaceful home, a loving wife,  
Children, who are a crown of life;  
These may prolong the years of man  
Beyond the Psalmist's narrow span.

—Dr. Haig Brown, Master of Charterhouse.

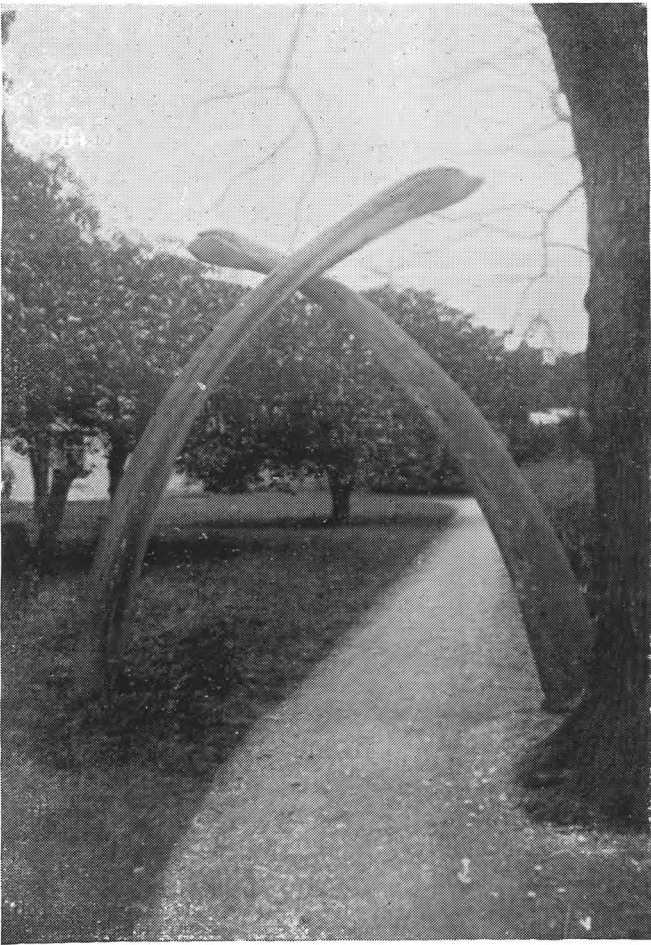


Photo by F. Restall, Stonehouse, Glos.

**A JAWBONE ARCHWAY.**

One of the most unique archways in existence is to be found in the village of Eastington, near Stonehouse, Glos., where it stands at the entrance to a private residence on the Eastington and Frocester road. The archway consists of the jawbones of a whale. They stand 12ft. or so above the ground and are embedded several feet in the earth. No one seems to know exactly when the bones were placed there, and the owner of the residence, who is upwards of seventy years of age, says they have been there many years. There is little doubt, however, that the whale got stranded in the Severn, not far distant from where the archway of its bones is set up. Curio hunters and others have offered considerable sums of money for this natural curiosity, but the owner refuses to sell.



Photo by R. J. Webb, Cheltenham.

**THATCHED COTTAGE**

in Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, a stone's throw from Pittville Circus-road. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would not notice this rustic bit and its modern surroundings. Mrs. Oakey (the tenant) is shown at the door, with her children.



Photo by Miss M. W. Giffard, Cowley.

**CURIOUS TOMB AT COBERLEY.**

Writing from Cowley Rectory, Cheltenham, Miss Margaret Wyndham Giffard says:—"I am sending you a photograph of the lower part of a curious old tomb in the churchyard at Coberley. It was probably at one time a cross. The date is not known. There is no inscription, the letters having been, I suppose, obliterated by age."

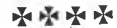
**STORY OF A MUMMY.**

The stories which have been told of the British Museum mummy-room (writes Evans Hugh in "To-Day") would fill a book, for almost every mummy has its astrals, and offers its associations of ideas. I will refer here, however, only to one—namely, that numbered 6,665. This is a genuine mummy of a priestess of the Temple of Amen-Ra, and it is ornamented with a painted cartonage and a gilded face. Now, whilst inspection of the neighbouring mummies will show that the faces do not in any way suggest even the impression of life, the face of No. 6,665 will be found to present the idea of a person sleeping and softly breathing. The appearance of the breathing is so marked that it is almost an illusion, and, no matter from what point of view the observation be made, the phenomenon persists.

**AN UP-TO-DATE PARLOURMAID.**

Our grandmothers' maids, at a low wage, rose at daybreak to wash; ours, at absurdly high, can scarcely get down to prepare a room properly for breakfast. Are we not too lenient in order to keep the peace as long as may be? Perhaps the most "up-to-date" reason for leaving her "place" that could easily be cited I heard recently from a friend. She keeps four servants, and with enviable luck has kept one eight years, another six; but a new parlourmaid astonished her with notice quickly. For some time she could get out no reason, but at last came the confession—"Well, ma'am, I'll tell you just how it is; the furniture is not new enough; I like to see more for my cleaning; the things aren't smart enough to repay my work on them." Now, the home is truly that of elderly people, who have not refurnished in their seventies

with art muslin and cosy corners; but the art treasures of their home, gathered from afar, would realise, probably, thousands, while the goods and chattels in daily use enable them to entertain a hundred guests at a time. The fact apparently is, to keep up to our maids' requirements for "consideration" one must furnish at intervals from Liberty's or Bond-street.—"The Servant Problem" in "T.P.'s Weekly."



The following lines form the epitaph over the graves at Wastwater of the three climbers who were killed on Scaw Fell in September last year:

One moment stood they as the angels stand,  
High in the stainless immittance of air;  
The next they were not, to their fatherland  
Translated unaware.



**FIRE AT STOKE ORCHARD.**

TWO COTTAGES DESTROYED,  
DECEMBER 27, 1904.

Photos by "Echo."

The two cottages destroyed were the third and fourth of a row of five. The views show from two aspects the damage to No. 2, the wall of which collapsed after the fall of Nos. 3 and 4, upon the fragments of which the men in the photos are standing.

**ARISTOCRACY AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.**

The late Lord Hardwicke (writes a correspondent) was by no means the only aristocrat on the Stock Exchange. Baron Borthwick, head of a very ancient Scotch family, and who married one of the pretty daughters of Sir Mark McTaggart Stewart two or three years ago, is a member of the firm of Wark and Company; Lord Alwyne Compton, brother of the Marquis of Northampton, and the Hon. F. Curzon, one of Lord Curzon's brothers, both belong to the firm of Panmure Gordon and Company, and are active working members of the Stock Exchange, who may be met daily in the City; Sir Edward Stracey, Bart., is associated with Sperling and Company; whilst the Duke of Marlborough's brother-in-law, husband of Lady Lillian Grenfell, is Mr. Cecil Grenfell, of Govett, Sons, and Company; nor must another Stock Exchange man be forgotten in this brief list, Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P. — "M.A.P."



**WINNING YEARS.**

There is a belief, with which I am much inclined to agree, that thorough-bred horses are to some extent like wine, that is to say, that as there are 'vintage years,' so there are years in which an unusually large number of really good colts or fillies are born and reared. It may well be so, for just as an unusually good vintage is probably due not only to the weather which has prevailed during the gathering of the grapes, but also to the condition of the winter, and to the health of Mother Earth when she sends the first sap boiling up through the veins of the vine, so it seems feasible to believe that the brood mares themselves are sensible of the influences of Nature, and that much of the future health and vigour of their offspring may depend upon the nourishing and vital qualities contained in the sap of the early spring grass. Be this as it may, there is little doubt that, as far as our English thoroughbreds go, we have passed through two 'lean years.' — "Trenton" in "Country Life."

**THE WORST CHRISTMAS ON RECORD.**

The great enemy of the railway companies at Christmas time is fog. Snow is a special difficulty on the lines in the extreme North, and frost entails some anxiety to the horse and cartage departments; but the fog fiend is a universal foe. The worst railway Christmas on record was that of 1891. About 10 a.m. on Sunday, 20th December, of that year, a dense fog descended over the Metropolis, and lasted practically without intermission until 8 p.m. on Christmas Day. It was at times so intense that a fog-signalman standing at the foot of a signal-post fifteen or twenty feet high could not see the light in the signal lamp, and men standing only a few yards apart could not see each other. A shunter standing on a pair of rails could not tell whether it was the main line or a siding, or what siding, and he could only ascertain his exact position by following the rails and seeing where they led him. — "Windsor Magazine."



**HYMENEAL BLISS IN MOROCCO.**

The Sultan of Morocco keeps a large number of live lions about his premises, and in the evening these animals are set loose in the courtyards of the palace to act as guards of the Royal harems. It is understood that the Sultan has rather more than 6,000 wives, 2,000 of whom reside in Fez. A writer describes how on one occasion when Mr Douglas Beaufort, the juggler, was preparing for his performance there suddenly arose a fearful sound of howling and screaming. Then was heard the thud of heavy blows, and everyone felt scared on account of the presence of the lions. But it was afterwards explained that the noise merely came from a dozen of the Sultan's wives who had slipped out on the quiet to see the "mystery man." Of course, they were discovered by the keeper of the harem, who practically displayed his indignation at such conduct by beating the women with a thick, heavy club. Shortly afterwards the Sultan appeared on the scene accompanied by twenty of his sons.

**NASTY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S SUITE.**

King Edward's is surely one of the best known faces in England, yet not every one is able to recognise his Majesty. Here is an instance recorded in this week's "T.A.T." A small boy, who was recently taken to see the King, failed to do so. After a considerable time of waiting, the royal procession appeared. The day was cold, and the King wore a warm overcoat, which completely hid the gorgeous uniform beneath, but, on the other hand, several of the suite looked very imposing. "Look! there's the King," said the small boy's mother. "Where?" asked the little fellow. "I see the knaves, but I don't see the King!"



**STEVENSON'S MONUMENT.**

The following is a copy of the prayer and inscription on Stevenson's monument in St. Giles's, Edinburgh:—

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Born at VIII. Howard-place, Edinburgh, November XIII., MDCCCL. Died at Vaillima, island of Upolo, Samoa, December III., MDCCCXCIV. This memorial is erected in his honour by readers in all quarters of the world, who admire him as a master of English and Scottish letters, and to whom his constancy under infirmity and suffering, and his spirit of mirth, courage, and love, have endeared his name.

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me,  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind, spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving to one another.

# Storyettes.

## Cynthia and Her Cowbells.

[By JEAN COURTENAY.]

She was staying at the Schweizerhof at Lucerne, where I also was domiciled pro tem. She was quite the most delicious thing in girls that I have ever met.

She was "petite" and slender—without being attenuated. I can't bear girls who look as though they had been ironed flat. Cynthia didn't. She was rounded to a nicety, yet preserved a fairy-like slimness that rested my eyes to behold.

She possessed an elbow that you wanted to kiss, and dimpled shoulders as well as cheeks. Her complexion was the most deftly compounded mixture of strawberries and cream you can imagine, and her skin was soft as velvet.

She had merry, coquettish brown eyes with long lashes that curled up at the tips—they were distinctly enticing, those lashes—and they and her hair were the exact shade of burnished copper.

She was always "gowned to perfection." I believe that's the correct expression, anyhow; what I mean is that her clothes were always the right colour and fitted her, not she her clothes. Some of the girls of the present day seem to aim at the appearance of a wooden clothes-horse over which some garments have been thrown, and I am bound to say that they are very successful in achieving the desired result. But it's an irritating result to the masculine eye, for one cannot help picturing the ugly framework beneath.

Then Cynthia also possessed the daintiest things in hands and feet, and these are points that many otherwise attractive girls lack. We have all heard, I suppose, of the man who "would have been taller if he hadn't had so much turned up for feet," and the same might be said with truth of very many women. Personally I always notice extremities at once, and on them base my judgment. Broad flat feet, or coarse unshapely hands may be capable of effective use in the hocky or cricket field, but to me they make the owner positively repulsive.

Of course I was by no means the only male staying at the Schweizerhof that year who found Cynthia charming. She was unanimously awarded the palm by every man worth considering in the hotel, and there wasn't one of us who didn't count her favour the height of bliss. Some men were "attached" already, so they didn't enter the lists, but there were a good number of roving bachelors like myself, and we one and all longed to kick each other for unwarrantable intrusion, and secure a free field for own individual tourney against fair Cynthia's heart.

She had developed a singular fancy for cowbells. She said she wanted to carry home with her the melodious tinkle tinkle of the cattle in the Swiss pastures, and she exhibited proudly her growing store. A soft-tongued bell from Lucerne, a deeper-throated one from Göschenen, a plaintive third from Andernatt, and a fourth from Chamounix.

As we gazed at the little collection the same thought apparently struck us all at once; at all events, as I came out of Gallopin's, where I had been ordering a small trinket to be made to my design, I met another man from the hotel who was carrying a large cow-bell which protruded in naked insolence from its inadequate wrappings. I stared significantly at the bell, and he smiled—foolishly I thought—and hurried on. As I turned the corner of the Alpenstrasse I collided violently with another fellow who dropped a parcel he was carrying on to the path, where it loudly "gave him away." He swore—at least it sounded as though he did—and picking up his parcel continued his walk home.

As I paced along the street, gazing idly in at the various shops, I saw O'Connor airing

his excruciating French while he bargained with the proprietor of a bazaar of "characteristic Swiss souvenirs" over a massive bell.

I could stand it no longer, and retraced my steps, determining to go for a saunter towards Emmenbrücke. Hanged if I didn't see another of them standing on the Schweizerhof Quai gloating over some silver-plated specimens with the Swiss cross on them, and, as I strode savagely past him, he evidently made up his mind, for he entered the shop.

I wished afterwards that I'd gone towards Seeburg, for there are fewer opportunities for purchasing bells that way. I counted no less than ten other idiots cow-belling during my walk, and to crown all, as I entered the hotel for lunch, a fat-headed German youth caught me up, puffing and panting under the weight of an enormous bell, a good deal bigger than a large-sized tea-cosy.

"Ach! mein freund, I haf found the frau-lein a wunderbar bell. See, I buy him on the Kapellbrücke, at the leetle shop in the Wasserturm. He is the largest bell in Lucerne. Nicht wahr?"

I muttered something equally indistinct and impolite, but he was too inflated over his purchase to heed me.

I thought sweet Cynthia looked a trifle harassed and perplexed at dinner that evening, and was not surprised. Her room must have been overflowing with bells!

She sent me one or two soft glances that I caught and "canistered" for the pleasure of enjoying them in retrospect, and I became subtly conscious that I had taken an upward leap in her estimation—solely because I had refrained from offering her my quota towards her collection. I remembered my visit to the jeweller's in the morning and felt a howling hypocrite; but fortunately my feelings were invisible, and I returned her glances with interest.

We had a delightful half-hour under the chestnuts later. I assured her that when in Switzerland it was right to do as the Swiss did, and that being so, she tucked her dear little arm in mine, and her hand lay conveniently close for a tender pat when occasion demanded it, which it did frequently.

"What have you been doing all day?" I enquired.

"Oh, nothing much. It's been a horrid day—so long and empty somehow. Where were you? You have been only conspicuous by your absence."

"If it made you think of me, I shall congratulate myself," I said. "Otherwise it has been an absolutely miserable day with me. This morning I strolled aimlessly about the town, but could not get away from the other chaps staying here, who were all busy shopping apparently." Here she stole an apprehensive glance at me, expecting me, no doubt, to produce yet another of those terrible things with which her room was littered. But I didn't. I patted that little hand instead, and continued: "You were nowhere visible this morning, and I had heard rumours of an expedition to Kussnacht; so I grew desperate, and finally went off for a solitary tramp round Kastanienbaum and Horw. It was a dismal failure, however, and I didn't enjoy it a bit."

"It must have been very lonely," she said, and sighed softly.

Just then three or four of the bell idiots passed us. They looked depressed and forlorn, and I couldn't resist patting that pretty hand again just to show them how. Their combined scowl ought to have blighted my chances beyond recovery, if it had been as powerful as it looked.

"And how is your little collection getting on?" I enquired wickedly. "Have you added to your store?"

Her cheeks grew pink. "I haven't, but—" she stopped abruptly, and I finished it for her:—

"Others have, eh?"

"Yes," she murmured, with a laughing glance at me. "I don't think I care for cowbells after all," she said. "I think they'd be terribly monotonous, don't you?"

"I know they would," I answered with decision. "I found them so this morning."

"But—you didn't." Her eyes fell beneath my gaze, and the only things that turned my way were the curled-up lashes.

"No, I didn't—but others did. But perhaps I shall still—"

"Oh, no, please don't!" she implored, and her other hand came up and joined the one already resting on my coat-sleeve—a delightful arrangement, as I could pat them both.

"I won't then," I said reassuringly. "I will wait till I'm married, and then present my wife with one. You see, she might really like it—a small one, of course—as a souvenir."

"Of what?" she inquired softly, and I knew her eyes were dancing.

"Shall we say—of the time that I didn't?" I suggested, and I found it necessary here to take that little hand tenderly into mine.

"Is it a riddle?" she asked faintly.

"If it is, only you can give me the answer." It's too difficult—can't you help me a little?"

(When Cynthia begs like that she is simply irresistible.)

"It will need some time to explain thoroughly," I said gravely, "so we will take another turn under the chestnuts, eh?"

It did take a considerable time; a thing you love doing never gets hurried over, but in the end Cynthia gave me the answer I wanted, and my wife is to have that little jewelled trinket I ordered at Gallopin's on her wedding day.

"And what shall I do with the rest?" she asked as we loitered on the hotel verandah.

"We'll cart them home somehow, darling, and have them made into a carillon of cowbells to stand in our hall."

Which we did.

## EACH TO HIS TRADE.

[By CY WARMAN.]

A rude theatre, improvised in an empty store-room; a rough stage, floored with bridge plank; upon the stage a strong steel safe like those used in country banks, and an expert cracksmen to crack it. The principal performer is not a robber—that is, a burglar. He is the representative of the Startler Alarm Company. This company undertakes to put intricate and elaborate alarm systems into banks and other buildings, which, when disturbed by midnight prowlers, will wake and warn the sleeping city, as an Æolian harp wakes and sings in the rising wind.

The repertoire of the "Startler" depends altogether upon the amount of money the bank, village, or city is willing to give up. A cheap one will cause an electric bell to ring in the room over the bank where the cashier sleeps. A better one will sound a gong in the street. A still more elaborate system will sound a number of gongs, and if those interested could spare the price, no doubt the company would provide a system that, in addition to sounding the gongs, would ring the fire, church, and school bells, and assemble the Vigilance Committee (which is an important part of the system) in the public square. However, the man had not come to show the system at this performance, but the necessity for it.

The day was dark in the smoke-veiled city. The lamps had been turned down, lighting the theatre dimly, for the thing must be realistic. The struggling robber—the real professional burglar—must often work in absolute darkness, so this make-believe robber must not have too much light.

Presently the big doors began to creak and moan, as the audience began to assemble. A man in morning dress received each guest at the door, smiled, and waved him forward to a seat. They were all men, and nearly all bankers. There were millionaires among them, poor, unhappy millionaires, who had come through the storm and snow and sleet to see a man melt a hole in a safe, and incidentally to hear the man tell of the wondrous workings of the "Startler" alarm, which was to guard the millionaire's millions and give him a rest.

The show had not been advertised in the regular way. A neat card had been posted to prominent banking houses in the city and to country bankers round about, so that every man present was intensely interested in the performance. There were bank managers, cashiers, paying tellers, and clerks, all waiting eagerly for the show to begin.

In the front row of chairs there were three men who were not bankers: a detective, a burglar, and a struggling author, who sees

the inside of a bank only once in a great while, when he goes in to cash a cheque that comes to him from some one of the magazines. Presently, when about half of the chairs had been filled, a nervous man in a fur coat pounded the floor with a heavy stick, after the way of the gallery god, and immediately a man came from a rear room, leaped lightly upon the stage, hit the safe a rap or two with a hard hammer, and asked any man in the audience who might doubt the tangibility of the strong box to come forward and examine it.

"Hit it where you are going to burn it," said a man in the front row, and the showman did so. That seemed to satisfy the company. At all events no one went up to test the armour, and the showman went on with the show.

Of the apparatus, there was a switch-board to begin with, a positive electric wire attached to a carbon, clamped to a stick, a negative wire attached to the safe, an asbestos-lined sheet-iron box with a hole in the centre, also attached to the safe, and a man who knew how to work the machinery.

The metal did not melt as rapidly as the expert had predicted, but it surely melted, and in a short while a small hole appeared in the face of the safe.

The man said it would be foolish to make another hole, for if one hole could be made, any number of holes of any size could be made, and the audience consented silently to what the man said.

Now, to guard against these enterprising burglars, who have only to harness an electric light wire and go to work (and there are electric lights wherever there are civilised men and money), the Startler Alarm Company was prepared to put in a system that would call the people to arms. As a matter of fact, the "Startler" could not catch a thief, but it would wake the inhabitants up, and that was something.

Presently, when the performance was at an end, the people passed out. The banker and the burglar each went back to the even tenor of his way. But the millionaire—poor, unhappy millionaire—carried a new fear away with him. In the old days, by the old ways, he could at least hear his chest going to pieces, but with this newfangled device he might slumber sweetly the whiles his safe melted and ran out over his carpet. It worried the millionaire.

At 1 a.m. of the following morning, in that small hour when all respectable people are supposed to be in bed, the detective was walking softly in the shadow of the big building wherein had been the "Bankers' Matinee" the day before. At the close of the performance he had managed to loosen the fastening on one of the back windows, and to that window he now made his way. To his surprise the detective found the window open. He listened for a moment, and then stepped inside. In a little while he had made his way to the basement, and a moment later had the blinding light of a dark lantern flashed in his face. Instantly the detective flashed his light on the flasher, and found that the man in the cellar had a revolver in his other hand. The detective had one, too.

"Horse and horse," said the man, "Put that down," the detective replied. "Hello, ol' Never Sleep, that you?"

"Yes, that's me. What you trying to do, bag the outfit?"

"No. What you trying to do, learn the business?"

"I know it already." "Sit down," said the man, turning his bull's-eye upon an empty biscuit box, and the famous detective and the notorious burglar sat side by side in the dark cellar and discussed the show and the probable importance of the new system of robbing banks.

"What do you think of the layout?" asked the detective.

"I'm not in the habit of giving expert testimony gratis, or revealing professional secrets, but now that you are here, and doubtless to investigate, I'll save you the trouble. It's a good thing; that is, it would be a good thing if bankers would build their banks on the banks of streams, or fit up their basements as this one is fitted up. Otherwise it's going to be a great burden to beginners, and to burglars working on small capital. To

do this act properly a man wants a private railway carriage, same as a theatrical star, to carry his outfit. An operator will be obliged to remain in each town three or four days, running up hotel bills, which he must necessarily lump, and so get a bad name, to put up his plant. You see the ordinary electric light current will not do the work. I tried it once, and successfully, too, but I found afterwards that the safe was a big paper imitation vault that a sharper had used in a buncum bank at Brumingham. But the ordinary light wire won't touch an iron safe."

"Then the system is not a success?" "No. There's too much machinery. Over against that wall, whence comes the song of the running brook, there is a huge tank, or rather a trough, and in that trough are miles of resistance coils, carefully packed out of sight, and there are tons of other paraphernalia, to say nothing of wiring the building, which is apt to attract the notice of the employees. No," the veteran burglar added, with the faintest sigh of regret, "it won't work. With the exception of that paper one no bank has ever been robbed by electricity."

So the two men, who had gone forth at the dead of night, each in quest of information that would be useful in his business, climbed up the dark stairway and out into the wind-swept street. At the first turning the detective called a cab and said good-night.

"Good-morning," called the rook, and then, being a poor man, he walked slowly and thoughtfully home.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



We entered upon winter with a vengeance last week, under the relentless rule of the Fog Fiend. Most people have never realised from personal experience the danger or utter helplessness of being in London when his Murky Majesty has got the metropolis in his clammy clutches. We merely grumble because letters and newspapers, and, perhaps, relatives or friends arrive very late from town. And if we are going to Paddington we start with a light heart from St. James's-square Station, because the train departs punctually, there being no connecting trains to wait for, except on rare occasions for a behind-time one from the Banbury line; but our troubles in delay soon commence at Gloucester owing to the dislocation of the traffic on the main lines. On the Wednesday, the "shortest day" and worst one of the fog visitation, some twenty special trains were sent forward from Gloucester, as it was hopeless to wait for the connecting down and up ones. And the marvel is that there are so few accidents under such trying circumstances. But safety exists in the simple but effective fog-signalling arrangements, and the motto of the red collar brigade might well be "Festina lente." The fogs with which we have already been afflicted will be directly or indirectly, costly charges on the current half-year's revenues of railway companies. It is tantalising to Cheltonians to read that, while we could scarcely see across the streets, seaside places were revelling in several hours' of sunshine, that there was a grand prospect of the fog-covered vale obtainable from Cleeve Hill, and that the North Cotswold Hounds were running in the merry sunshine up Bourton way; but we may find consolation in the fact that we were not in or going up to town.



The twenty-seventh birthday of the seventh Earl of Wicklow on Christmas Eve reminds me that this peerage is one of those that did not escape the apparently inevitable claimant and that some witnesses went up from Gloucester to give evidence in connection with the remarkable claim before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords in 1869-70. It appeared that after the fourth Earl died, early in 1869, the succession of his nephew, Charles Francis Arnold Howard, was disputed on behalf of the child of an alleged marriage of another nephew with a Miss Harriet Richardson, and there were mysterious circumstances surrounding the birth of this child, and the trial lasted from the

middle of June till early in August, the proceedings then being closed with the end of the session. When the Committee again met in the following March, a dramatic surprise awaited them, for Sir Roundell Palmer, G.C., brought forward evidence showing that the child for whom succession was claimed had been procured from a pauper in Liverpool Workhouse. This, of course, put a sudden end to the claim, and the Committee declared in favour of Charles Francis Arnold Howard, who was uncle of the present peer. The alleged mother of the procured child had been living at a vicarage on the Severn-side, just outside Gloucester, and several witnesses from this part were brought into the case by reason of certain facts which came within their knowledge in consequence.



Another month of the hunting season has gone by, and foxes seem to get the better somewhat of hounds. Two remarkable bloodless runs can be recorded for December, namely the one on the 16th, when the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) found themselves fifteen miles from home, down Somerford way; and the other on the following day, when the Duke of Beaufort's had a twelve-mile point from Bincombe to the Fosse way, running from Brinkworth entirely in the V.W.H. country, taking two hours twenty minutes in time, and finishing up twenty miles from kennels. It is these long-distance returns-home that take the gilt off the gingerbread of hunting to those who are well up in front. By-the-bye, the fox that swam the Severn on the 16th and got away from the Ledbury into the Costwold country would find himself all forlorn on Norton Hill, judging by the blankness of the coverts there. Sportsmen will regret that Mr. Charles McNeill has sent in his resignation as Master of the North Cotswold, for he is one of the best M.F.H.'s. A lamentable incident was the fatal fall that General Sir R. C. Stewart, K.C.B., sustained when returning quietly home after a meet of the Cotswold. Unfortunately Mr. Herbert Lord has not got through his first season as Master without an accident, which has laid him up for over a fortnight.

GLEANER.

WAS SHAKESPEARE IRISH?

I was looking over an American-Irish paper called "The Gael" the other day, when my attention was suddenly riveted by an article suggesting that Shakespeare was of Irish descent (says the "Club Chatterer" in "To-Day"). The evidence is entirely drawn from the poet's name and coat of arms, and, though it may not convince, it is certainly interesting. Shakespeare's crest consisted of a falcon or hawk, holding a spear in its claws. Now, "the word hawk comes from the Gaelic 'seabhach,' pronounced shawk, and, when aspirated, hawk." "It is not," continues the writer in "The Gael," "unreasonable to presume that an Englishman as well informed about Ireland as was Camden, the herald of arms who championed the right of the Shakespeare family to coat armour, pronounced the falcon's name in the Irish manner, 'shawk,' and therefore gave John Shakespeare a punning crest having reference to the origin of the name, a practice very common in the writers of those days." As for the "spear" part of the name, it comes from the Irish "spar," a staff carried by those who hawked afoot to enable them more easily to leap ditches and streams. "The habit of carrying such a staff would have sufficed to give the ancestor a nickname, 'Shawkspar.'" After many years' continuance in England, the writer conjectures that the Shakespeares lost their original clan name, and came to be known exclusively by their nickname. In this connection it is interesting to remember that William Blake, the artist-poet, was of Irish extraction, his ancestral name being O'Neill. It will be a bitter day for England when she discovers that the greatest of all Williams was an Irishman, too. After this, Englishmen will be compelled to soothe their injured national pride by the wholesale adoption of the Baconian theory.

Selina Jenkins Redivivus.



HER CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"Sing Hay-Ho, for the Misseltoe Bough," says I, "and man, of 'em," not bein' like some folks as considers sich things is only wicked inventions of the Druids and so 4th, wick pore Jenkins (as was my 1st) were a sort of chapling or somethink in the Druids, so I knows very well they wasn't a bad lot at all, not no worse than they there Free-Masons, as they do say ain't Masons at all, not really, only they calls themselves so, fer fear people mite spy on their doin's, and oughtn't to be allowed—sich goin's on as you never 'eard, so they says, wot with 'oldin' a drawed sword to yer throat, and makin' you curse and swear never to invulge any of the trade secrets, not even to yer lawful wedded wife; and anythink as comes between 'usband and wife ain't no good of, says I.

But there, now! Well! Well! 'Ow I do wander off the track, to be sure! Wot I were about to say were a few reports relat' to our Christmas party, hup to our place, as were a fair 'contratom,' as the French do call a himmense success, 'ceps for the hexhibition Amos made of 'isself durin' the hevenin', bein' a man with the best of intentions, but 'aven't the brains to carry 'em out.

Of course we did it in style, as the sayin' is, and wot with bits of 'oly bernies all along the mantel, and a great bow of misseltoe in the 'all (wick Amos always calls it the passage, and I can't get 'im out of the 'abit), not to speak of a helegant Chinese lantern over the front dore with a hinscription on it to the effect that "Welcome, 'Appy Stranger, to our Festive Boxed," as looked very well when the lantern blowed about, so as you could get it all round, and read all the writing.

Ombeknownst to me, Amos bought some Scriptooral texes and placed around the walls, altho' I can't say they was wot you may call approporiate, sich as "Prepare to Meet thy Doom," "Many 'Appy Returns of the Day," and the like; still, as 'e said, "they looked pretty," and the words didn't matter!

The guesteses was both numerous and costly, as they says about the weddin' presents, in-cloodin' Mary Ann Tomkins and 'er brother Tom 'Enery, of the Royal Watch Guards ('avin' got over their wettin' on Christmas Eve, as narrated in my last), Mrs. MacNab and 'er 3 lads, 'Oward, Eric, and 'Arold (so-called after Henglish 'istory, so she says), Emily Gaskins, a very old and trying friend of mine; also 6 of Amos's nearest and dearest, consisting of 2 maiden aunts, 2 uncles and their wives, and a pet poodle-dog, as one of Amos's aunts never leaves out of 'er site, 'avin' once saved 'er spectacles from a watery grave by drownin' in the Chelt, where they fell in thro' 'er lookin' hover that there bridge up by Barrett's Mill, 'avin' 'eard there was salmon-trouts there to be caught with the 'ands, as turned out to be nothink but a pair of old boots somebody 'ad thrown in movin' with the tide.

'Owver, we 'ad 'em all in, and a tite fit it was, bein' like sardines in a barrel in our drawin'-room (as Amos will call a sitin'-room, whereas we all knows sittin'-rooms is as much gone out as bussels or cross-overs).

All Amos's fambly runs big, and they 2 maiden aunts was fair fenomenons, as the sayin' is, wick I were fair frightened to ask 'em upstairs for to take off their things for fear the joists of the 'ouse shoud give way, we 'aving noticed a crack in the ceiling for some time, and, of course, you never knows. Amos's grandfather's cousin by marriage 'urt 'isself severely in the internals by fallin' thro' a rotten plank becous of 'is great weight, as took 3 pleecemen and a blacksmith to get 'im out of the aperture again, and never wouldn't sleep upstairs afterwards!

Wile they was all in the front room a-chatterin' and "'Ow-d'you-doin'" to each other, I gets down and puts the finishin' touches to the supper-table, as looked real sweet, with all the silver laid out (bein' only plated, but looks jest as well, 'atween you and me), and a 'andsome brace of fowls, stuffin' done with me own 'ands, and a lovely

flavor, not to speak of hoceans of gravy, with the puddin' a-simmerin' on the 'ob, and submittin' a luvly smell, besides 'avin' a new shillin' poked into the middle of it for luck; also 3 dozen mince-pies, they as 'as been 'anded down in our fambly for generations onborn.

All bein' ready, I bangs away a bit on a old copper saucepan I keeps for the purpose, bein' a splendid imitation of they gong things, at 'alf the cost, and sounds so respectable, don't it? I do like things respectable, you knows that; not like they as is always sayin' wot's the use of this, and wot's the use of that; if it's done by them as is me better, and knows what't the c'rect thing, well—there—it's good enuff fer me.

When they 'eard the gong gonglin', the folks upstairs was very struck, so Amos told me, wick Mary Ann Tomkins said, straight out, "Fancy Selina 'avin' a gong fer meals! I s'pose they've come down in price of late?" bein' one of they nasty remarks she can't 'elp, so I lets 'em pass over me 'ead, like summer clouds afore the breeze, as the poet says.

The worst of it was, 'owever, that Amos's aunts required 2 chairs apiece, bein' of sich a large diameter, as the sayin' is, and so there was short commins for the rest. You never see'd sich a squash as there were around that there table; Amos said, in 'is jokin' way, as we'd better open the dore and the winders before we commenced eatin', 'cos for why?—there wasn't no room to hegsband properly! Still, for the matter of that, it didn't seem to me as if they aunts of his could expand any more, not without goin' hoff like a Id. air balloon when you steps on it. I 'aven't no patience with people as runs so big, not meself, as 'aven't 'ad no time to put on stoutness, and if I 'ad, should 'ave considered it not doin' me duty by me neighbor to take up 2 chairs and 'alf the table, not to mention 'Oward, Eric, and 'Arold 'avin' to partake of their supper in the wash-'ouse, thro' there bein' standin'-room only in our kitch—I beg parding—dinin'-room (wick I nearly put me foot into it meself, then, didn't I, now?)

All went well (too well, for I thought there would be enuff left from they fowls for a cold dinner next day) until the dishin' up of the puddin', wick Amos said he'd like to 'ave a try at it, and so, foolish like, I let 'im; but the mischief that there man made! Why, it mite 'ave been a rice and curry fer the look of it, as come on the table jest a desolite ruin and a very little of a puddin' about it 'ceps the smell.

Still, as Amos said, if you "'olds yer nose, and takes plenty of sugar with it, you won't notice it," and I will say it went the way of all flesh jest the same as if it 'ad been in a globular form. One of the lads, Eric, came back for 3 'elpings, wick when I made a brief remark about wot a lot 'e could put away, 'e told me that there were more room to eat in the wash-'ouse, as seemed a very sensible remark from one so young.

There was a hawful circumstance at the end of the supper, 'owever, wick you knows I told you as we put a new shillin' in the puddin'. Well, as luck must 'ave it, who should get the coin but one of Amos's aunts, Maria by name, the other one being called Mary, as was the silliest way of distinguishing two fieldmales by christening as I ever eard tell on. It seems this 'ere Aunt Maria took the shillin' to be a extry-sized almond, wick not wishin' to give offence by makin' remarks as to the 'ardness of the same, she swallered it down whole with a drink of water, as fortnitly stuck in the back of 'er throat, or mite 'ave been the death of 'er, and very nearly choked 'er, as it were, wot with Amos bumpin' 'er back, and Mary Ann Tomkins slappin' 'er 'ands, the wiles I fetches the latchkey and slips down the collar of 'er dress, as I considers to be a certing cure for fits and high-strikes; not to speak of Aunt Mary screamin' for all she was worth, until the next dore neybars come in to know if they could 'elp, bein' afraid it were burglars broke in or somethink.

'Owsomdever, she did coff it up at last, as mite 'ave been very ser'ous, that it mite; and Uncle Rufus said 'e know'd of a boy who swallered half-a-crown, as were only got away from 'im in penny instalments with a

stommick-pump and the X-rays, as is wonder-ful discoveries, and a good job it weren't no worse!

I've come to the end of the paper, so next week I'll tell you about the games we played at our Christmas party, after the 1s. incident were blowed over, and the 'arrowing incidents as 'appened.

(To be continued.)

AN UNSPOKEN SERMON.

The "Unknown Hand," in "Arrows Shot in the Air," in the "Sunday Magazine," writes: "I once sat for an hour pending the arrival of a belated train in the formal waiting-room of a cheerless London station. It was winter, and the gloom of a sunless day was deepening. The gas was not yet lit, but the fire which flickered in the grate threw into relief the faces of all, or nearly all, of those who sat stiff and silent, at irregular intervals, around the place. The rain was on the roof, and everyone within looked tired and dejected, whilst the hands of the clock crawled over the dial. The tedium grew oppressive; it seemed as if it would never end. I could scarcely see the people, and sat as cheerless as the rest, wrapped in thoughts which were not diverting. Suddenly, just as the situation was growing intolerable, a middle-aged woman, dressed in cheap furs, and with a vulgar display of jewellery, rose from her seat by the fire. She had at that moment discovered there was a book on the table, and I imagine, poor soul, that—on the principle of any port in a storm—she had rushed to the conclusion that it might beguile the time. Anyhow, she swiftly possessed herself of the volume and noisily retreated with it. But as she was about to resume her seat she made the unwelcome discovery that it was a Bible. Instantly she walked back and threw it contemptuously down, and with an evil leer glanced round the room, seeking smiles of approval. Silence fell across the place again. The clock ticked audibly in the lull of the shunting of trains outside. Then, after a minute or two had passed, a poorly-clad young woman, who no one had noticed because she had sat in the darkest corner, came slowly forward. Some black coals fell at that moment into the glowing heart of the fire; the flames blazed up, and I looked into the refined and beautiful face of one who might have sat to some great religious artist for a picture of the Madonna. She looked neither to right nor left, but reverently took up the despised Book, and went back and held it unopened on her knee—as a queen might hold her sceptre—whilst the pure sensitive face shone as if at the bidding of thoughts too deep for words. I have often heard of 'unspoken sermons'; that day I came under the mystic spell of one of them in a silence which had suddenly become golden."

THE RISE OF THE LOCAL DEBT.

The extent to which local spending authorities have been piling up local debt can only be regarded as reckless. This local debt has risen from 93 millions to 294 millions—during twenty-five years only! And to 317 millions in 1900-1901, the last year for which the accounts are published. The local debt per 100 of the population has increased from £389 in 1874-1875 to £917 in 1899-1900, and to more than £917 per 100 of population now. Do ratepayers know that local spending authorities have run up a debt, on the ratepayers' account, of approximately £10 per head of population, counting in every man, woman, and child, whether a ratepayer or not? Here it may be urged that the value of the "reproductive undertakings" can be set against this debt. But these undertakings are being worked at a loss, and they have already needed assistance from the rates.—"Local Rates and Taxes," in the "Windsor Magazine."

Do not talk about what you would do if you only had the chance. The men who have moved the world made their own chances; seeing opportunities to do little things, they seized upon them, and did them well.



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