

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 210.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

Every Night at 7.30,
THE SUPERB XMAS PANTOMIME,
"ROBINSON CRUSOE."

New Scenery and Costumes, with Speciality
Dancers.

Matinees each Monday, Wednesday, and
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PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

The Term begins on Tuesday, January 17th.

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 208th competition did not fill, and
therefore no prize has been awarded. A sum
of 5s. is, however, awarded to Mr. Thomas C.
Beckingsale for his pictures.

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 110th prize has been divided between
Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, and Mr.
Frank H. Keveren, 2 Hambrook-terrace, both
of Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by
the Rev. Mr. Mallam at Holy Apostles' and
the Rev. H. W. Clabburn at Charlton Kings
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 Satur-
day's award.

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



Photo by "Gloucestershire Graphic."

SITE OF NEW NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BRANCH BANK AT MONTPELLIER.

SCENE OF RECENT ACCIDENT.



Photo by "Gloucestershire Graphic."

LARGE OAK IN PARABOLA ROAD, CHELTENHAM.



THE CLUB of QUEER TRADES.

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR BROWN.

[By G. K. CHESTERTON.]

Rabelais, or his wild illustrator Gustave Dore, must have had something to do with the designing of the things called flats in England and America. There is something entirely Gargantuan in the idea of economising space by piling houses on top of each other, front doors and all. And in the chaos and complexity of those perpendicular streets anything may dwell or happen, and it is in one of them, I believe, that the enquirer may find the offices of the Club of Queer Trades. It may be thought at the first glance that the name would attract and startle the passer-by, but nothing attracts or startles in these dim immense hives. The passer-by is only looking for his own melancholy destination of the Montenegro Shipping Agency or the London office of the "Rutland Sentinel," and passes through the twilight passages as one passes through the twilight corridors of a dream. If the Thugs set up a Strangers' Assassination Company in one of the great buildings in Norfolk-street, and sent in a mild man in spectacles to answer inquiries, no inquiries would be made. And the Club of Queer Trades resigns in a great edifice hidden like a fossil in a mighty cliff of fossils.

The nature of this society, such as we afterwards discovered it to be, is soon and simply told. It is an eccentric and Bohemian Club, of which the absolute condition of membership lies in this, that the candidate must have invented the method by which he earns his living. It must be an entirely new trade. The exact definition of this requirement is given in the two principal rules. First, it must not be a mere application or variation of an existing trade. Thus, for instance, the Club would not admit an insurance agent simply because instead of insuring men's furniture against being burnt in a fire, he insured, let us say, their trousers against being torn by a mad dog. The principle (as Sir Bradcock Burnaby-Bradcock, in the extraordinarily eloquent and soaring speech to the Club on the occasion of the question being raised in the Stormy Smith affair, said wittily and keenly) is the same. Second; the trade must be a genuine commercial source of income, the support of its inventor. Thus the Club would not receive a man simply because he chose to pass his days collecting broken sardine tins, unless he could drive a roaring trade in them. Professor Chick made that quite clear. And when one remembers what Professor Chick's own new trade was, one doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

The discovery of this strange society was a curiously refreshing thing; to realise that there were ten new trades in the world was like looking at the first ship or the first plough. It made a man feel what he should feel, that he was still in the childhood of the world. That I should have come at last upon so singular a body was. I may say without vanity, not altogether singular, for I have a mania for belonging to as many societies as possible: I may be said to collect clubs, and I have accumulated a vast and fantastic variety of specimens ever since, in my audacious youth, I collected the Athenaeum. At some future day, perhaps, I may tell tales of some of the other bodies to which I have belonged. I will recount the doings of the Dead Man's Shoes Society (that superficially immoral, but darkly justifiable communion); I will explain the curious origin of the Cat and Christian, the name of which has been so shamefully misinterpreted; and the world shall know at least why the Institute of Typewriters coalesced

with the Red Tulip League. Of the Ten Teacups, of course I dare not say a word. The first of my revelations, at any rate, shall be concerned with the Club of Queer Trades, which, as I have said, was one of this class, one which I was almost bound to come across sooner or later, because of my singular hobby. The wild youth of the metropolis call me facetiously "The King of Clubs." They also call me "The Cherub," in allusion to the rosy and youthful appearance I have presented in my declining years. I only hope the spirits in the better world have as good dinners as I have. But the finding of the Club of Queer Trades has one very curious thing about it. The most curious thing about it is that it was not discovered by me: it was discovered by my friend, Basil Grant, a star-gazer, a mystic, and a man who scarcely stirred out of his attic.

Very few people knew anything of Basil; not because he was in the least unsociable, for if a man out of the street had walked into his rooms he would have kept him talking till morning. Few people knew him, because, like all poets, he could do without them; he welcomed a human face as he might welcome a sudden blend of colour in a sunset; but he no more felt the need of going out to parties than he felt the need of altering the sunset clouds. He lived in a queer and comfortable garret in the roofs of Lambeth. He was surrounded by a chaos of things that were in odd contrast to the slums around him: old fantastic books, swords, armour—the whole dust-hole of romanticism. But his face, amid all these quixotic relics, appeared curiously keen and modern—a powerful, legal face. And no one but I knew who he was.

Long ago as it is, everyone remembers the terrible and grotesque scene that occurred in —, when one of the most acute and forcible of English judges suddenly went mad on the bench. I had my own view of that occurrence; but about the facts themselves there is no question at all. For some months, indeed for some years, people had detected something curious in the judge's conduct. He seemed to have lost interest in the law (in which he had been, beyond expression, brilliant and terrible as a K.C.), and to be occupied in giving personal and moral advice to the people concerned. He talked more like a priest or a doctor, and a very outspoken one at that. The first thrill was probably given when he said to a man who had attempted a crime of passion: "I sentence you to three years' imprisonment, under the firm, and solemn, and God-given conviction that what you require is three months at the seaside." He accused criminals from the bench, not so much of their obvious legal crimes, but of things that had never been heard of in a court of justice, monstrous egoism, lack of humour, and morbidity deliberately encouraged. Things came to a head in that celebrated diamond case in which the Prime Minister himself, that brilliant patrician, had to come forward, gracefully and reluctantly, to give evidence against his valet. After the detailed life of the household had been thoroughly exhibited, the judge requested the Premier again to step forward, which he did with quiet dignity. The judge then said, in a sudden, grating voice: "Get a new soul. That thing's not fit for a dog. Get a new soul." All this, of course, in the eyes of the sagacious, was premonitory of that melancholy and farcical day when his wits actually deserted him in open court. It was a libel case between two very eminent and powerful financiers, against both of whom charges of considerable defalcation were brought. The case was long and complex; the advocates were long and eloquent; but at last, after weeks of work and rhetoric, the time came for the great judge to give a summing-up; and one of his celebrated masterpieces of lucidity and pulverising logic was eagerly looked for. He had spoken very little during the prolonged affair, and he looked sad and lowering at the end of it. He was silent for a few moments, and then burst into a stentorian song. His remarks (as reported) were as follow:—

"O Rowty-owty tiddly-owty
Tiddly-owty tiddly-owty

Hightly-ightly tiddly-ightly

Tiddly-ightly ow."

He then retired from public life and took the garret in Lambeth.

I was sitting there one evening, about six o'clock, over a glass of that gorgeous Burgundy which he kept behind a pile of black-letter folios; he was striding about the room, fingering, after a habit of his, one of the great swords in his collection; the red glare of the strong fire struck his square features and his fierce grey hair; his blue eyes were even unusually full of dreams, and he had opened his mouth to speak dreamily, when the door was flung open, and a pale, fiery man, with red hair and a huge furred overcoat, swung himself panting into the room.

"Sorry to bother you, Basil," he gasped. "I took a liberty—made an appointment here with a man—a client—in five minutes—I beg your pardon, sir," and he gave me a bow of apology.

Basil smiled at me. "You didn't know," he said, "that I had a practical brother. This is Rupert Grant, Esquire, who can and does do all there is to be done. Just as I was a failure at one thing, he is a success at everything. I remember him as a journalist, a house agent, a naturalist, an inventor, a publisher, a schoolmaster, a—what are you now, Rupert?"

"I am and have been for some time," said Rupert, with some dignity, "a private detective, and there's my client."

A loud rap at the door had cut him short, and, on permission being given, the door was thrown sharply open, and a stout dapper man walked swiftly into the room, set his silk hat with a clap on the table, and said, "Good evening, gentlemen," with a stress on the last syllable that somehow marked him out as a martinet, military, ditery and social. He had a large head streaked with black and grey, and an abrupt black moustache, which gave him a look of fierceness which was contradicted by his sad sea-blue eyes.

Basil immediately said to me, "Let us come into the next room, Gully," and was moving towards the door, but the stranger said:—

"Not at all. Friends remain. Assistance possibly."

The moment I heard him speak I remembered who he was, a certain Major Brown I had met years before in Basil's society. I had forgotten altogether the black dandified figure and the large solemn head, but I remembered the peculiar speech, which consisted of only saying about a quarter of each sentence, and that sharply, like the crack of a gun. I do not know, it may have come from giving orders to troops.

Major Brown was a V.C., and an able and distinguished soldier, but he was anything but a warlike person. Like many among the iron men who recovered British India, he was a man with the natural belief and tastes of an old maid. In his dress he was dapper and yet demure; in his habits he was precise to the point of the exact adjustment of a tea-cup. One enthusiasm he had, which was of the nature of a religion—the growing of pansies. And when he talked about his collection, his blue eyes glittered like a child's at a new toy; the eyes that had remained untroubled when the troops were roaring victory round Roberts at Candahar.

"Well, Major," said Rupert Grant, with a lordly heartiness, flinging himself into a chair, "what is the matter with you?"

"Yellow pansies. Coal cellar. P. G. Northover," said the Major, with righteous indignation.

We glanced at each other with inquisitiveness. Basil, who had his eyes shut in his abstracted way, said simply—

"I beg your pardon."

"Fact is, Street, you know, man pansies. On wall. Death to me. Something. Preposterous."

We shook our heads gently. Bit by bit, and mainly by the seemingly sleepy assistance of Basil Grant, we pieced together the Major's fragmentary, but excitable narration. It would be infamous to submit the reader to what we endured; therefore I will tell the story of Major Brown in my own words. But the reader must imagine the scene. The

eyes of Basil closed as in a trance, after his habit, and the eyes of Rupert and myself getting rounder and rounder as we listened to one of the most astounding stories in the world, from the lips of the little man in black, sitting bolt upright in his chair and talking like a telegram.

Major Brown was, I have said, a successful soldier, but by no means an enthusiastic one. So far from regretting his retirement on half-pay, it was with delight that he took a small neat villa, very like a doll's house, and devoted the rest of his life to pansies and weak tea. The thought that battles were over when he had once hung up his sword in the little front hall (along with two patent stew-pots and a bad water-colour), and betaken himself instead to wielding the rake in his little sunlit garden, was to him like having come into a harbour in heaven. He was Dutch-like and precise in his taste in gardening, and had, perhaps, some tendency to drill his flowers like soldiers. He was one of those men who are capable of putting four umbrellas in the stand rather than three, so that two may lean one way and two another; he saw life like a pattern in a freehand drawing-book. And assuredly he would not have believed, or even understood, anyone who had told him that within a few yards of his brick paradise he was destined to be caught in a whirlpool of incredible adventures, such as he had never seen or dreamed of in the horrible jungle, or the heart of battle.

One certain bright and windy afternoon, the Major, attired in his usual faultless manner, had set out for his usual constitutional. In crossing from one great residential thoroughfare to another, he happened to pass along one of those aimless-looking lanes which lie along the back-garden walls of a row of mansions, and which in their empty and discoloured appearance give one an odd sensation as of being behind the scenes of a theatre. But mean and sulky as the scene might be in the eyes of most of us, it was not altogether so in the Major's, for along the coarse gravel footway was coming a thing which was to him what the passing of a religious procession is to a devout person. A large heavy man, with fish blue eyes and a ring of irradiating red beard, was pushing before him a barrow, which was ablaze with incomparable flowers. There were splendid specimens of almost every order, but the Major's own favourite pansies predominated. The Major stopped and fell into conversation, and then into bargaining. He treated the man after the manner of collectors and other mad men, that is to say, he carefully and with a sort of anguish selected the best roots from the less excellent, praised some, disparaged others, made a subtle scale ranging from a thrilling worth and rarity to a degraded insignificance, and bought them all. The man was just pushing off his barrow when he stopped and came close to the Major.

"I'll tell you what, sir," he said. "If you're interested in them things, you just get on to that wall."

"On the wall!" cried the scandalised Major, whose conventional soul quailed within him at the thought of such fantastic trespass.

"Finest show of yellow pansies in England in that there garden, sir," hissed the tempter. "I'll help you up, sir."

How it happened no one will ever know, but that positive enthusiasm of the Major's life triumphed over all its negative traditions, and with an easy leap and swing that showed he was in no need of physical assistance, he stood on the wall at the end of the strange garden. The second after, the flapping of the frock-coat at his knees made him feel inexpressively a fool. But the next instant all such trifling sentiments were swallowed up by the most appalling shock of surprise the old soldier had ever felt in all his bold and wandering existence. His eyes fell into the garden, and there across a large bed in the centre of the lawn was a vast pattern of pansies; they were splendid flowers, but for once it was not their horticultural aspects that Major Brown beheld, for the pansies were arranged in gigantic capital letters so as to form the sentence—

"DEATH TO MAJOR BROWN."

A kindly looking old man with white

whiskers was watering them.

Brown looked sharply back at the road behind him; the man with the barrow had suddenly vanished. Then he looked again at the lawn with its incredible inscription. Another man might have thought he had gone mad, but Brown did not. When romantic ladies gushed over his V.C. and his military exploits, he sometimes felt himself to be a painfully prosaic person, but by the same token he knew he was incurably sane. Another man, again, might have thought himself a victim of a passing practical joke, but Brown could not easily believe this. He knew from his own quaint learning that the garden arrangement was an elaborate and expensive one; he thought it extravagantly improbable that anyone would pour out money like water for a joke against him. Having no explanation whatever to offer, he admitted the fact to himself, like a clear-headed man, and waited as he would have done in the presence of a man with six legs.

At this moment the stout old man with white whiskers looked up, and the watering-can fell from his hand, shooting a swirl of water down the gravel path.

"Who on earth are you," he gasped trembling violently.

"I am Major Brown," said that individual, who was always cool in the hour of action.

The old man gaped helplessly like some monstrous fish. At last he stammered wildly, "Come down—come down here!"

"At your service," said the Major, and alighted at a bound on the grass beside him, without disarranging his silk hat.

The old man turned his broad back and set off at a sort of waddling run towards the house, followed with swift steps by the Major. His guide led him through the back passages of a gloomy, but gorgeously appointed house, until they reached the door of the front room. Then the old man turned with a face of apoplectic terror dimly showing in the twilight.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "don't mention jackals."

Then he threw open the door, releasing a burst of red lamplight, and ran downstairs with a clatter.

The Major stepped into a rich, glowing room, full of red copper, and peacock and purple hangings, hat in hand. He had the finest manners in the world, and though mystified was not in the least embarrassed to see that the only occupant was a lady, sitting by the window, looking out.

"Madam," he said, bowing simply, "I am Major Brown."

"Sit down," said the lady; but she did not turn her head.

She was a graceful, green-clad figure, with fiery red hair and a flavour of Bedford Park.

"You have come, I suppose," she said mournfully, "to tax me about the hateful title deeds."

"I have come, madam," he said, "to know what is the matter. To know why my name is written across your garden. Not amicably either."

He spoke grimly, for the thing had hit him. It is impossible to describe the effect produced on the mind by that quiet and sunny garden scene, the frame for a stunning and brutal personality. The evening air was still, and the grass was golden in the place where the little flowers he studied cried to heaven for his blood.

"You know I must not turn round," said the lady; "every afternoon till the stroke of six I must keep my face turned to the street."

Some queer and unusual inspiration made the prosaic soldier resolute to accept these outrageous riddles without surprise.

"It is almost six," he said; and even as he spoke the barbaric copper clock upon the wall clanged the first stroke of the hour. At the sixth the lady sprang up and turned on the Major one of the queerest and yet most attractive faces he had ever seen in his life; open, and yet tantalising, the face of an elf.

"That makes the third year I have waited," she cried. "This is an anniversary. The waiting almost makes one wish the frightful thing would happen once and for all."

And even as she spoke, a sudden rending

cry broke the stillness. From low down on the pavement of the dim street (it was already twilight) a voice cried out with a raucous and merciless distinctness:—

"Major Brown, Major Brown, where does the jackal dwell?"

Brown was decisive and silent in action. He strode to the front door and looked out. There was no sign of life in the blue gloaming of the street, where one or two street lamps were beginning to light their lemon sparks. On returning, he found the lady in green trembling.

"It is the end," she cried, with shaking lips; "it may be death for both of us. Whenever—"

But even as she spoke her speech was cloven by another hoarse proclamation from the dark street, again horribly articulate.

"Major Brown, Major Brown, how did the jackal die?"

Brown dashed out of the door and down the steps, but again he was frustrated; there was no figure in sight, and the street was far too long and empty for the shouter to have run away. Even the rational Major was a little shaken as he returned at a certain time to the drawing-room. Scarcely had he done so than the terrific voice came—

"Major Brown, Major Brown, where did—"

Brown was in the street almost at a bound, and he was in time—in time to see something which at first glance froze the blood. The cries appeared to come from a decapitated head resting on the pavement.

The next moment the pale Major understood. It was the head of a man thrust through the coal-hole in the street. The next moment, again, it had vanished, and Major Brown turned to the lady. "Where's your coal cellar?" he said, and stepped out into the passage.

She looked at him with wild grey eyes. "You will not go down," she cried, "alone, into the dark hole, with that beast?"

"Is this the way?" replied Brown, and descended the kitchen stairs three at a time. He flung open the door of a black cavity and stepped in, feeling in his pocket for matches. As his right was thus detained, a pair of great slimy hands came out of the darkness, hands clearly belonging to a man of gigantic stature, and seized him by the back of the head. They forced him down, down in the suffocating darkness, a brutal image of destiny. But the Major's head, though upside down, was perfectly clear and intellectual. He gave quietly under the pressure until he had slid down almost to his hands and knees. Then finding the knees of the invisible monster within a foot of him, he simply put out one of his long, bony, and skilful hands, and gripping the leg by a muscle pulled it off the ground, and laid the huge living man, with a crash, along the floor. He strove to rise, but Brown was on top like a cat. They rolled over and over. Big as the man was, he had evidently now no desire but to escape; he made sprawls hither and thither to get past the Major to the door, but that tenacious person had him hard by the coat collar and hung with the other hand to a beam. At length there came a strain in holding back this human bull, a strain under which Brown expected his hand to rend and part from the arm. But something else rent and parted; and the dim fat figure of the giant vanished out of the cellar, leaving the torn coat in the Major's hand; the only fruit of his adventure and the only clue to the mystery. For when he went up and out at the front door, the lady, the rich hangings, and the whole equipment of the house had disappeared. It had only bare boards and whitewashed walls.

"The lady was in the conspiracy, of course," said Rupert, nodding. Major Brown turned brick red. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I think not."

Rupert raised his eyebrows and looked at him for a moment, but said nothing. When next he spoke he asked—

"Was there anything in the pockets of the coat?"

"There was sevenpence halfpenny in coppers and a threepenny bit," said the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.]

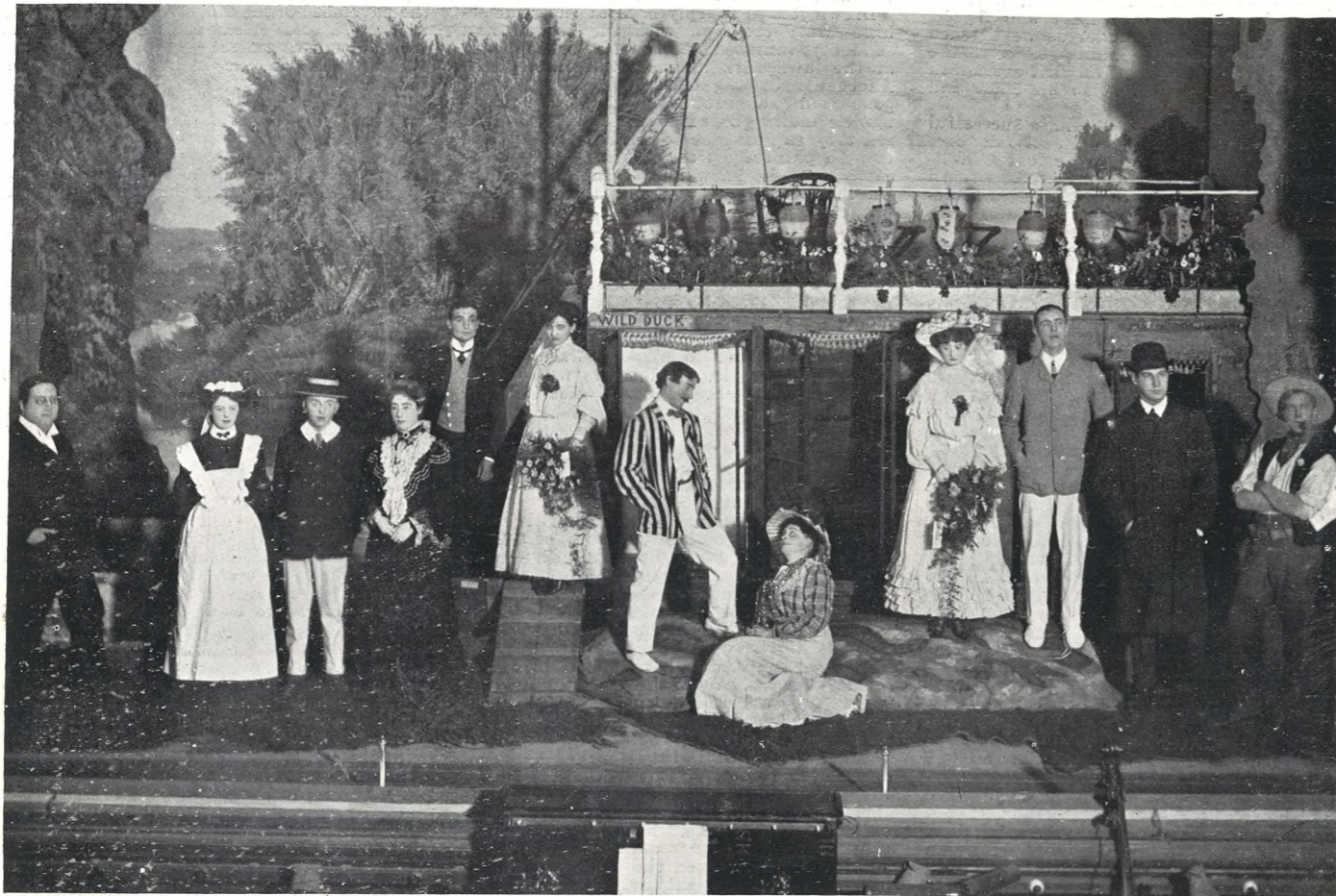


Photo by Norman May and Co., Cheltenham.

AMATEURS AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE, DEC 21, 1904, IN "WALKER, LONDON."

To be repeated on January 28th, 1905, on behalf of Cheltenham Town Cricket Club.



Photo by E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, 4 Dovedale-villas, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM PANTOMIME COMPANY.



MISS MARIE HALL,

who, with a distinguished party, will appear at the Winter Garden, Cheltenham, on February 4th, at 3 p.m.



**CHELTENHAM PANTOMIME.
THE OBO BROTHERS.**

**GOVERNMENTAL HAMPERING OF
INDUSTRY.**

We are so tired of seeing or hearing of instances in which British industries are hampered either by Government neglect or by grandmotherly legislation that we hesitate to bring up again a glaring instance of official procrastination. When the Motor-Car Act came into force twelve months ago, the Local Government Board was empowered to make new regulations with regard to the tare limit of vehicles intended for the transport of goods. That is to say, the Local Government Board was given power to increase the maximum weight of a motor vehicle to above three tons. Although all possible information was afforded to the Department by those interested, no decision has been arrived at, and the matter still remains in abeyance. Such procrastination not only hampers the manufacturer, but prevents people who would use motors for the conveyance of goods from placing their orders, in many cases, because the maker is unable, under the present restrictions as to weight, to meet their requirements, and he cannot safely embark on the construction of heavier machines till he knows what the weight limit is likely to be. The Act will only remain in force for three years, and one year of its working has already elapsed, and the Local Government Board has not yet decided what the new weight limit shall be. We can only characterise such unbusinesslike methods as a scandal to the country in which they occur.—"The Autocar."

HOW TO BEGIN CONVERSATION.

Be comforted with the thought (says a writer in the January number of "The World and His Wife") that very world-wise, self-contained, and unconstrained men and women constantly and readily begin their conversations by the use of such harmless sentences as may serve as the stepping stones to more interesting topics; and that the person whom you approach with a simple comment on the temperature may easily be as shy as yourself. "The way to begin a conversation, if you are very shy yourself, or if you are obliged to break the reserve of a shy companion," I once heard a very gracious social leader remark, "is to ask a question. It is a sad blunder to commence to talk by stating a fact, for that is egotistical, and it does not demand a response. A question gently put, with eyes as well as tones of inquiry, brings forth a reply." When asking a question, or making answer to one that is offered as the opening door to conversation, be sure to speak with deliberation, smile a little with your eyes, give even to a brief answer a warm inflection, look directly and amiably at your companion, and never reply in monosyllables. When fairly and easily launched into pleasant speech do not let your vivacity or your fluency lead to forgetfulness that the life of conversation is equality. If you think yourself wiser and wittier than your companions, don't reveal this by trying to show how clever you are, by displaying your knowledge, by assuming a superior tone, and by talking on long and steadily with a rather constant use of the pronoun "I."



**MISS ROSE HARVEY
("ROBINSON CRUSOE").**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.]

Major, carefully; "there was a cigarette-holder, a piece of string, and this letter," and he laid it on the table. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Plover,—I am annoyed to hear that some delay has occurred in the arrangements re Major Brown. Please see that he is attacked as per arrangement to-morrow. The coal-cellar, of course.—Yours faithfully, P. G. Northover."

Rupert Grant was leaning forward listening with hawk-like eyes. He cut in—

"Is it dated from anywhere?"

"No—oh, yes!" replied Brown, glancing upon the paper, "14 Tanner's Court, North—"

Rupert sprang up and struck his hands together.

"Then why are we hanging here? Let's get along. Basil, lend me your revolver."

Basil was staring into the embers like a man in a trance; and it was some time before he answered:—

"I don't think you'll need it."

"Perhaps not," said Rupert, getting into his fur coat. "One never knows. But going down a dark court to see criminals—"

"Do you think they are criminals?" asked his brother.

Rupert laughed stoutly. "Giving orders to a subordinate to strangle a harmless stranger in a coal-cellar may strike you as a very blameless experiment, but—"

"Do you think they wanted to strangle the Major?" asked Basil, in the same distant and monotonous voice.

"My dear fellow, you've been asleep. Look at the letter."

"I am looking at the letter," said the mad judge calmly; though, as a matter of fact, he was looking at the fire. "I don't think it's the sort of letter one criminal would write to another."

"My dear boy, you are glorious," cried Rupert, turning round, with laughter in his bright blue eyes. "Your methods amaze me. Why, there is the letter. It is written, and it does give orders for a crime. You might as well say that the Nelson Column was not at all the sort of thing that was likely to be set up in Trafalgar Square."

Basil Grant shook all over with a sort of silent laughter, but did not otherwise move.

"That's rather good," he said; "but, of course, logic like that's not what is really wanted. It's a question of spiritual atmosphere. It's not a criminal letter."

"It is. It's a matter of fact," cried the other in an agony of reasonableness.

"Facts," murmured Basil, like one mentioning some strange, far-off animals. "How facts obscure the truth. I may be silly—in fact, I'm off my head—but I never could believe in that man—what's his name, in those capital stories?—Sherlock Holmes. Every detail points to something, certainly; but generally to the wrong thing. Facts point in all directions, it seems to me, like the thousands of twigs on a tree. It's only the life of the tree that has unity and goes up—only the green blood that springs, like a fountain, at the stamens."

"But what the deuce else can the letter be but criminal?"

"We have eternity to stretch our legs in," replied the mystic. "It can be an infinity of things. I haven't seen any of them—I've only seen the letter. I look at that, and say it's not criminal."

"Then what's the origin of it?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea."

"Then why don't you accept the ordinary explanation?"

Basil continued for a little to glare at the coals, and seemed collecting his thoughts in a humble and even painful way. Then he said—

"Suppose you went out into the moonlight. Suppose you passed through silent, silvery streets and squares until you came into an open and deserted space, set with a few monuments, and you beheld one dressed as a ballet girl dancing in the argent glimmer. And suppose you looked, and saw it was a man disguised. And suppose you looked again, and saw it was Lord Kitchener. What would you think?"

He paused a moment, and went on:—

"You could not adopt the ordinary explanation. The ordinary explanation of putting on singular clothes is that you look nice in them; you would not think that Lord Kitchener dressed up like a ballet girl out of ordinary personal vanity. You would think it much more likely that he inherited a dancing madness from a great grandmother; or had been hypnotised at a seance; or threatened by a secret society with death if he refused the ordeal. With Baden-Powell, say, it might be a bet—but not with Kitchener. I should know all that, because in my public days I knew him quite well. So I know that letter quite well, and criminals quite well. It's not a criminal's letter. It's all atmospheres." And he closed his eyes and passed his hand over his forehead.

Rupert and the Major were regarding him with a mixture of respect and pity. The former said—

"Well, I'm going, anyhow, and shall continue to think—until your spiritual mystery turns up—that a man who sends a note recommending a crime, that is, actually a crime that is actually carried out, at least tentatively, is, in all probability, a little casual in his moral tastes. Can I have that revolver?"

"Certainly," said Basil, getting up. "But I am coming with you." And he flung an old cape or cloak round him, and took a sword-stick from the corner.

"You!" said Rupert, with some surprise; "you scarcely ever leave you hole to look at anything on the face of the earth."

Basil fitted on a formidable old white hat.

"I scarcely ever," he said, with an unconscious and colossal arrogance, "hear of anything on the face of the earth that I do not understand at once, without going to see it."

And he led the way out into the purple night.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

A mental survey of industrial engineering throughout the country is sufficient, according to "The Electrical Magazine," to show that technical ability is by no means lacking among the principals or general managers, works managers, staffs, and mechanics of manufactories and workshops. The necessary intellectual equipment of each class is not at all alike. Mechanics need but a limited knowledge of science, especially in this day of automatic and semi-automatic tools, draughtsmen and foremen want adequate training of special character, works managers require thorough training combined with professional and business experience, and in principals and general managers the commercial instinct should be more strongly developed than anything else. With such a graduation of knowledge and experience, a commercial undertaking is well equipped with the qualifications necessary for success. The development of the great electrical industries of Great Britain affords a striking proof that these qualifications are fully exemplified by all grades from that of the chief organiser down to the rank and file. Electrical machinery has been brought very rapidly to its present pitch of efficiency by the direct application of scientific knowledge to questions of design and manufacture, a course that has only been evidenced during comparatively recent years in connection with mechanical engineering. The result is that works devoted to the manufacture of electrical machinery and appliances of all kinds are designed upon the most approved principles, equipped with the most modern machinery, and organised on the most efficient systems. Consequently they are able to turn out products that cannot be surpassed by makers in any country in the world. So far as concerns commercial organisation, the manufacturing electricians of the United Kingdom have little to learn from any of their rivals, and we once more express the firm conviction that, given fair play, they will continue to maintain their position against all competitors.

• • •

Keep up steady and regular work and think as little as may be about the advance of years.—Justin McCarthy.

LIME FOR THE GARDEN.

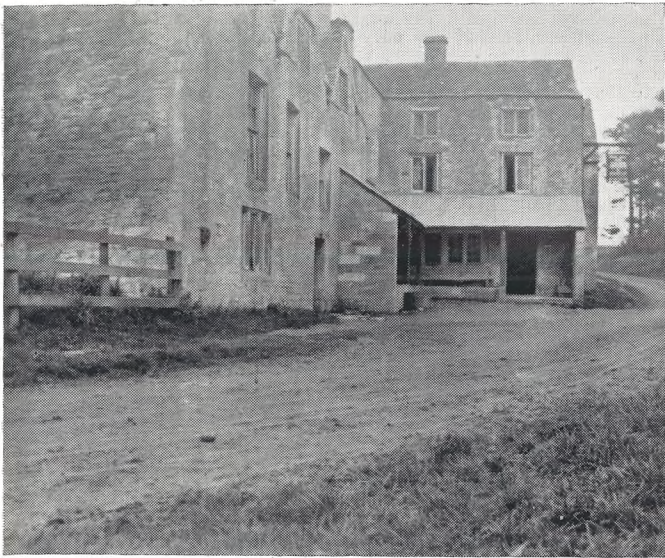
Lime is the best manure that can be applied to some soils, for it is not only a necessary plant food in itself, but it sets free other plant foods already existing in the soil in an un-available condition, though in many soils it exists in such abundance as chalk (i.e., carbonate of lime) that any application of it is quite unnecessary. Where garden soil has been well manured for many years it is almost certain to become poor in lime, even though there may be plenty in the subsoil. Every time the rain reaches the subsoil it carries down with it some of the chalk from the surface in solution. The more highly the ground is manured with animal manure, the greater the amount of lime likely to be lost in this way.—"The Garden."

BREACH OF PROMISE IN JAPAN.

Instead of suing him for breach of promise, this is the method a Japanese girl adopts for getting even with a faithless lover. She rises in the middle of the night, puts on her prettiest dress, hangs a mirror round her neck, and makes a head-decoration of three lighted candles. In her left hand she carries an effigy of the faithless swain, and in the right a hammer and nails. She walks to a sanctuary, and selects one of the sacred trees, and nails the effigy securely thereto. She then prays fervently for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her wish is granted she will take out the nails which trouble her god. Night after night she comes with her petition, always bringing a couple of extra nails to further drive it home, as it were, convinced that the god will not hesitate to sacrifice a man to save the sacred tree.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

THOUGHT-READING.

Everyone has heard of Mr. Stuart Cumberland, and of the remarkable thought-reading experiments which he has performed with many famous people during the last twenty years. He is now contributing an account of his experiments and experiences in the form of a series of articles which is appearing in "Pearson's Magazine." He thus describes the experiment which he had the honour of performing with King Edward: "The first opportunity I had of experimenting with His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was at Waddesdon, where I had the honour of being included amongst Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's house party. One night, after dinner, during the course of some experiments, His Majesty suggested quite a new test to me. It was to draw on a piece of paper the outline of a picture that he, at the time, had in his mind. I confessed that I had never tried the experiment before, and that not only was I not an artist, but that I really couldn't draw at all. His Majesty smilingly replied that he, too, was nothing of an artist, but that he would do the thinking if I would do the interpreting of his thoughts. A piece of paper was fastened to the music-stand of the piano, and, blindfolded, I took his Majesty by the hand, and, with a piece of pencil in my right hand, commenced the drawing. I knew my 'subject,' from other experiments, was an excellent one, and, novel though the test was, I felt confident of success. The drawing, as a matter of course, would be bad—it would be mine; but the idea—which was his Majesty's—would, I was sure, be more or less correctly divined. The experiment took but a few minutes; and, when I had finished, everyone laughed uncontrollably, no one being more amused than his Majesty. I undid my blindfold, and the weirdest imaginable figure met my gaze. At first sight it looked uncommonly like a species of pig; one of those crude drawings with which the North American Indians are wont to ornament their wigwams. But a closer scrutiny satisfied the most fastidious critic that the drawing was intended to represent an elephant. It was an elephant that his Majesty thought of; and it was my idea of an elephant that I endeavoured to portray. Many times since have I, without being incommoded with a blindfold, endeavoured to improve upon the original; but, alas for my reputation as an artist, I have not succeeded."



Photos by Thos. C. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

FROG MILL INN.



COTSWOLD HOSTELRIES.

CROSS HANDS INN, KILKENNY.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

I have just been dabbling in millions of money—casting up the amounts under which the wills of Gloucestershire persons were proved last year, a list of which appeared, with the usual regularity, in your broad-sheets last week. The resultant figures still tell with a mute eloquence of the fact that the auriferous deposits standing to the credit of deceased residents in the county are both very real and substantial. In point of fact, the total amounts appraised are larger for the two chief districts selected than they have been in any year since the "Chronicle" and "Echo" commenced, with the new century, giving these most interesting lists. Cheltenham again stands first, with the huge total of £1,284,885, as against £944,527 in the previous year, and £1,206,733 and £634,431 in the two other ones. Then Gloucestershire has £1,242,731 to its credit, as against £600,121, £479,484, and £601,535 respectively. Gloucester has a modest £63,821, compared with £160,052, £101,070, and £30,341. Lastly, the wills of persons formerly living in the county aggregate £284,721, as against £493,206, £297,810, and £347,614. We have according to the list—of course not official or complete, but fairly approximate—a gross total of £2,876,158 left by Gloucestershire persons at one time or another. And this sum exceeds by £524,876 the total of the previous year, which was the highest of the three periods then taken into account. In face of striking figures, four times told, it cannot be seriously contended that Cheltenham is a poor place, as it has often pleased persons to affirm. Even commercial Gloucester in last year's list only had 13 testators, with £63,821, against 63 in Cheltenham, with £1,284,885. The average was about £5,000 for the former, and £20,000 in the latter. This disproportion is not to be wondered at, seeing that Gloucester only had one will exceeding £20,000, whereas Cheltenham had seventeen.

An analysis of the testamentary dispositions proves beyond doubt that Cheltenham is still far away above all other local places in the practice of posthumous charity. The bequests to charitable, religious, and benevolent purposes, both local and national, largely exceed in amount those of the previous year, when they totalled about £3,270, while this year twelve testators, and the bulk of them ladies, left quite £35,450 between them, and one (Mrs. E. M. Pardoe) also willed the residue of her estate for dis-

tribution among such charitable institutions or for such public uses as her executors may deem fit. This amount has not yet been disclosed. Deceased persons outside the Garden Town who donated for charity were eight in number, and their bequests did not exceed £3,000, of which Mrs. E. Winterbotham (widow of Mr. A. B. Winterbotham, M.P.) left the lion's share, namely £1,600.

Gloucester, as a county town, has got a chance of being made the headquarters of its territorial regiment. It missed its opportunity over thirty years ago, thanks to the fatuous opposition of certain goody-goody people, of securing the depot, and with that failure and the non-provision of a camping ground ultimately went the trainings of the South Gloucester Militia from the city. Sensible people there have never ceased to bitterly regret this loss, which certainly was a substantial material one; and though spasmodic efforts have been made to induce Governments to station military of some branch of the service there, they have hitherto failed. Now the suggestion of the present Secretary for War, that territorial regiments should be quartered in their respective county towns, affords Gloucestershire a fair chance of getting what many of them so ardently desire. It is highly satisfactory that certain members of the City Council are prepared to emulate the Chester Council and welcome the War Minister's suggestion. It must be gratifying to the "Echo" that action on the part of the local authorities in the matter was first suggested in its columns. A number of cogent reasons and considerations might be urged in furtherance of the scheme, not the least being that there is now an up-to-date rifle range near the city; that the presence of military would be an excellent incentive to recruiting among young men of good physique; that the depot at Horfield is no longer in the county, as this place has been absorbed within Bristol town; and that, provided the County Council is of the same mind as it was a few years ago and willing to sell the Wotton Asylum so as to concentrate the establishment at Coney Hill, there would be in those buildings excellent barrack accommodation available for purchase at a fair price by the Government.

Mr. Edward Roberts, Inspector of Schools in North Wales, has offered a prize at Carnarvon National Eisteddfod for the best Latin primer written in Welsh, and intended for general use in Welsh secondary schools.

CAMELLIAS.

These are our greatest resource for flowers during the early months of the year, and if they are to develop their blooms freely, a little weak liquid manure should be given, which would assist them in that process. To preserve the young wood on small choice plants, screw off the blooms and wire them on to a sprig of foliage cut from another Camellia plant of inferior or stronger habit.—"The Garden."

A BAD TRAIT IN BRITISH BUSINESS METHODS.

The current number of the "Magazine of Commerce" calls attention to a defect in British business methods from which many of the humbler, but not the less important, representatives of the commercial community suffer. This defect is the studied methods by which the ordinary principal or manager makes himself inaccessible; so many firms seem positively to delight in placing every possible obstacle in the way of the visitor to their establishments, if he comes to sell instead of to buy. How often one sees this notice posted on a wall outside an office: "Commercial gentlemen can only be seen from ten to twelve daily, except Saturday." Commercial gentlemen are evidently regarded as a sort of necessary evil, to be confined within as short a part of the business day as possible. Even when he is not restricted by printed notices of the character mentioned, the visitor who wishes to open up business with a firm often finds a series of other obstacles in his path. A good deal of valuable time is often wasted in capturing the grotesque defences behind which some principals hedge themselves. For instance, if you call before 10.30, you cannot be seen, as the manager is busy with his morning letters. If you call at 12.45 he has just gone, or is just going, to his lunch. Calling at 2.30, he has not yet come back, and, if you happen to call again about 4.15, it is too late to see you that day, as he has his correspondence to see to. Yet we wonder how it is that our trade is leaving us. The way in which our business houses generally are conducted has a great deal to do with the difficulties of which manufacturers themselves are the first to complain. Our American competitors put in good time at business from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and are there to be seen and tell you whether they can do a deal or not. An American may dismiss you abruptly, but, at any rate, he will see you. He is always accessible.

SELINA JENKINS' XMAS PARTY.

[CONTINUED.]

Well, as I was a sayin', when me 'riting-paper run short, we 'ad a very tidy squash of guestesses up to our party, as accounted for some of the haccidents wich ensued, bein' all Amos's fault, as will insist on showing hoff as soon as he do get in company, but, as I said, 'aint got the brains to back it hup not a bit.

Wich the games we 'ad was old favorites (like me) most of 'em, seein' as I don't 'old with all these 'ere new-fangled fal-di-dals as is brought out in paper boxes at 1/- and 1/6 money wasted, and as 'ard work as a day's washing: so I thinks, sich as Ping-Pong, and other Japanese inventions. There were Fambley Coach to start with, of coorse; they there fat aunts of Amos's was the cushions, Amos was the whip, and Mary Ann Tomkins the dore handle, as she considered were a slight on her reppytation to be a dore 'andle, so 'ad to be altered to the 'orses, for peace sake; I were the coachman, as come into the tale so often that I were spinnin' round very nigh all the time the game were on, and went so giddy oncet that I couldnt tell the floor from the celin' for a time, as made Mary Ann say I must 'ave took somethink, altho' we all knows, 'ceps the brandy in the puddin' I adm't tasted nothing of the kind since our wedding day, very near 12 month back, not but wot I always keeps a bottle in the 'ouse in case of hillness.

Everybody enjoyed "Fambley Coach" but old Uncle Rogers, wich were deff and dumb (likewise partly dotty, so I says), and 'ad to be told on the fingers everytime the 'arness were mentioned, he bein' the 'arness in the game; fortnitly Tom 'Enery Tomkin's (he that's in the Horse Marines or somethink) know's the finger and thumb alphabetical, wich is beyond me altogether, and can't think 'ow they can do it. I likes me langwidge per word of mouth, as the sayin' is, and couldn't put up with it in finger snaps and smacking of 'ands.

So after the Fambley Coach 'ad drove on, so to say, Amos offered to oblige with a few specimens of conjuring tricks, as he'd seen done by a man to a hanimated potto show, wich he fetched up a bucket of water from the wash-'ouse, and said that he were about to do a sience demerstration, as they calls it, to show the force of attraction or summut; wich he arskes us folks to all stand a one side, and then after swingin' the bucket 2 and fro for a bit, starts to whirl it round and round, like a Catharine wheel.

I dont know wot the hegsperiment were intended to prove but the effects was dis-asterous; as the bucket went up it caught the gas globe, as nice a one as you ever seed, with crocuses and canary birds all round the hedge, and smashed it into 1000 smithereens as frightened Amos so much that he stopped swinging jest as the bucket were hupside down, and down come the water like a reg'lar Severn bore all over the table; also old Uncle Rogers, bein' on the look-out to see 'ow it were did, and very near drowned the old gent, as made the best himitation of strong langwidge on his fingers in the deff and dumb style as you ever 'eard.

Our drawing-room were very nigh flooded. Amos said as it would 'ave been a complete success if 'twasn't for wot 'twas, wich I told 'im jest to fetch the 'ouse-flannel and mop it hup, and not stop there talking about no successes wile the place were sloppin' down with water.

These men, you know! As if ennybody in their born senses would egspeck the water to stand on its 'ead, so to say, jest for whirling it round. If they reads about anythink in print they thinks they knows all about it, wich I 'aven't patience with sich fool'ardiness, not meself!

That there Mary Ann Tomkins must put in one of her nasty remarks, of coorse, to the effects that we was a good deal more free with our buckets of water than our glasses of shampain, as is a thing she very well knowed I don't agree with, bein' so full of gas as a Town Councillor jest before the elections, and very headstrong for them as isn't used to it. 'Ow-

ever, if we 'adn't got shampain, us 'ad a real pineapple standin' in a flower-bowl on the side-bored! We give the greengrocer 1s. to hire it out for the hevenin', being considered very respectable to 'ave sich hegsponsive things on bored, as the sayin' is.

'Owsomdever, this 'ere pineapple turned out to be a reg'lar "chavow de freeze," as the French do call a "frost," for, not knowin' the thing was only hired for the hevenin', very near 'everybody in the room took it into their 'ead to say 'ow much they enjoyed real pineapple and 'ow much better it were than the same in tins, as were knowed before now to 'ave been the death of a 'old and respected relative of somebody or somethink thro' 'aving swallered the soft sawder into his system, and the like; and wile I were hout of the room for a minnit, if that there Tom 'Enery Tomkins, the soldier feller, didn't cut the green sprouts off the top of the berry by way of hegsplanatation of 'ow they do use the cutless to behead their enemies in the British Navy; as is all very well to be patteriotic at the egspense of other people's hired pineapples, but I don't 'old with sich imperece, not meself; and no wonder the Army wants reforming with sich chaps as that, who goes about seekin' whose pineapples they may devour, and cost me and Amos 6s. 'ard-earned cash to pay for, altho' we did stick on the green sprouts with a bit of gum and try to pass it off as a kind of a sort of a "lapsus lingwe," as they says, to the greengrocer; but I will say he weren't took in a bit, 'owever.

After this, somebody proposed moosical chairs, as were a reg'lar coff-drop, thro' one of they maiden aunts of Amos's sittin' down so 'ard the last round as simply collapsed the chair like a box of matches; and so 'appened the pet poodle dog I spoke of were underneath, and it fair looked like a steam-roller 'ad been passed over 'is system when he were rescued from the ruins of the chair and the old lady.

Old Uncle Rogers laffed (in deff and dumb on 'is fingers) till I thought he would 'ave gone off in a fit; wich I knowed the chair were worm-eaten, bein' one as Aunt Keziah left me in her will. So, after all, it didn't matter, bein' so old that it saved me a-choppin' of it hup to 'ave it doned this way.

Amongst other games we played was "The Jolly Miller," 'Ere we comes gathering nuts in May," puss in the corner, and the like, wich is amongst some of the ch'icest things our successors 'ave 'anded down to us from the dim and misty passed, as the poets says, and do mind a body so of child'ood's 'appy days, when a good romp was the height of 'appiness, and sich trials as 'usband and 'ome wasn't thought of. One of the MacNab lads—he called 'Arold—said he should like to show us a splendid conjurin' trick with a watch. So Amos (always ready to jine any folly) 'ands over 'is silver Genever, stamped with a lion on the case, and cost very near 2 pounds cash, and that second-hand jest before our wedding, 12 months ago.

So this 'ere 'Arold MacNab put the watch into a puddin' basin, with the yolks of 2 eggs, and stirred it well up together, after wich turnin' out the whole mess into one of my best tealclothes, as he said the watch would be found under a fern standin' on the side-bored and the tealcloth folded up in a drawer so soon as he put the mess into a silk hat and said a lot of gibberish Japanese langwidge over it to complete the trick.

Well, Amos fetched Uncle James's hat, and the sort of watch homelette were placed in the crown of it and the words said, as arranged. We was all lookin' on with egspectations of somethink great, when all of a suddint 'Arold broke the news that there 'ad been a mistake somewhere, and the trick 'adn't come off!!!

"'Ere, gimme my 'at," says Uncle James, and with the snatch he poured out on to the 'earthrug the contents of 2 eggs (all 'ceps wot stayed in the lining of the hat), Amos's silver watch, and my tealcloth!

The temper that old gent were in, to be sure! I really thought 'e would 'ave 'ad the life of pore 'Arold MacNab, as is a well-meaning boy; and a very easy thing to foreget the missin' link in a conjurin' trick, wich I never couldn't understand, meself. 'Owever, Amos's watch were a fair site, wit with the long 'and

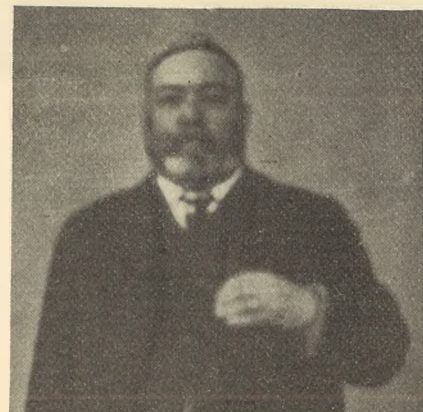
being broke off and the yolk of eggs got into the works. Still, it served 'im right for bein' so easy took in, wich I could 'ave told 'im there was grave risks. He've 'ad the watch seen to since the party, but the man as did it says there ain't much 'ope no more. Sometimes it's right and sometimes it's wrong, but it ain't very much more use than our 8-day clock, wich, when it strikes 8 and points to 1/2-past 10, you know that it's 20 to 12, and takes a tidy bit of reekonin' up, that it do.

We didn't close up ontill well into the next mornin', wot with other games, sich as mesmerism and table-turnin' (as consists of standin' round a table and thinkin' of nothin' for 1/4 of a hour, and is a very hinnercent and refreshing enjoyment to they as likes it. I don't!).

And in spite of distractions and other contrarinesses, I don't know but wot we 'ad as good a time as they the poet speaks of as dwells in "Tarara's marble 'alls," wich must be very cold to the feet, and not so comfortable as this 'ere cork lino.

So no more at present, 'ceps a 'appy new year to all, from

Yours,
SELINA JENKINS.



MR. CHARLES COX,

43 YEARS IN THE G.W.R. SERVICE.

Mr. Cox was born at Oddington, near Stow-on-the-Wold, in November, 1847, coming of a good old agricultural family. He was educated at the Kingham and Churchill Schools, after which, in November, 1861, he entered the Great Western Railway service as a junior clerk at Chipping Norton. He was next clerk at Kington, and stationmaster in turn at Cleobury Mortimer, Pembridge, Marlborough, Ledbury, and Banbury, and at the latter station he frequently had to deal with royal trains. In December, 1891, he was promoted to Gloucester as goods superintendent, a position from which he retired on December 31st last, owing to ill-health. He will reside in the future at Southerndown, Salford, near Chipping Norton, and he will carry with him the best wishes of his many friends at Gloucester, who will miss his genial presence.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SAVAGES.

[Sir Oliver Lodge remarked recently, "I suspect that two or three centuries hence posterity will think of us as savages."]

What, us? You and I
Who think ourselves so smart,
Who strive to be so epry;
Cam it be true,
That I and you
Are merely Hottentots at heart?

Our radium, our gramophones,
Our plays by Henry Arthur Jones,
Our ha'penny press, so free from guile,
Our eggs, our "wives without a smile"—
Are all these things but signs that show
Our likeness to the Esquimaux?

It may be so—
For aught we know,
Lord Kitchener, the Churchill strippling,
Hall Caine, and even Rudyard Kipling,
May in the pages of a future stalk,
Arrayed in war-paint and a tomahawk!

—THE "EASY CHAIR."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 211.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.30).
The Superb Xmas Pantomime,
"Robinson Crusoe."

NEXT WEEK:

First visit of the Enormous Musical Success,
THE EARL AND THE GIRL

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

Eton House, Wellington Street,
CHELTENHAM.

GIRLS' SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN.

Principal, Miss Lloyd, assisted by an efficient staff of Masters and Mistresses. Thorough education at moderate fees.

PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

The Term begins on Tuesday, January 17th.

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 209th competition prize has been awarded to Mr. William F. Lee, 29 High-street, Stroud.

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

The 111th prize has been divided between Mr. F. H. Keever, 2 Hambrook-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Miss F. E. Gregory, Norwood House, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. H. W. Chubburn at Charlton Kings Baptist Chapel and the Rev. Percy Nash at St. James's, Cheltenham.

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

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

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



MR. GILBERT L. JESSOP,
CAPTAIN OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE CRICKET TEAM.

HOW MARCONI BEGAN.

When Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, first began the series of experiments that were destined to result in what is perhaps the most marvellous achievement of modern science, he was, states this week's "T.A.T." in an interesting article on wireless telegraphy, a mere boy. Also, he had neither technical experience nor costly apparatus. But he was convinced in his own mind that the thing was possible, and he set to work forthwith to prove it so to the world. He began by piecing together with his own hands a crude transmitting machine and an equally crude receiver. Then he set up, on poles of varying heights, a number of empty tin biscuit boxes. This was in a field belonging to his father, near Bologna, in Italy. A few years later he was in London, a shy, beardless youth, explaining his system to sages grown grey in the service of science. They were at first incredulous. So was the general public—only more so. But on June 7th, 1897, messages were sent and received through space between Penarth and Weston, nine miles distant, and situate on opposite sides of the

Bristol Channel. That settled the matter. The world realised that it was face to face with a scientific revolution.

300

MARRIED? UNITED? OR WHAT?

Does a man marry a woman? Or, is he married to her? Or, are both married by the clergyman? We do not want to start a correspondence on the subject, but only to call attention to a certain laxity of usage with regard to this useful verb. As a rule, the man is given the credit of marrying the woman, and she is married—willy nilly, so to speak, while the clergyman "officiated." The only way out of the difficulty seems to be to use a synonym, such as "Mr. Smith was united to." A pleasant phrase is one we observed in the "Westminster Gazette" the other day—in a list of forthcoming weddings—"Mr. F. Smith will meet Miss R. Robinson at the altar." It suggests rather a surprise encounter, however. Cynics say the surprise really comes later.—"The By-stander."



THE CLUB of QUEER TRADES.

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR BROWN.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

We four swung along the flaring Lambeth streets, across Westminster Bridge, and along the Embankment in the direction of that part of Fleet Street which contained Tanner's Court. The erect, black figure of Major Brown, seen from behind, was a quaint contrast to the hound-like stoop and flapping mantle of young Rupert Grant, who adopted, with childlike delight, all the dramatic poses of the detective of fiction. The finest among his many fine qualities was his boyish appetite for the colour and poetry of London. Basil, who walked behind, with his face turned blindly to the stars, had the look of a somnambulist.

Rupert paused at the corner of Tanner's Court, with a quiver of delighted danger, and gripped Basil's revolver in his great coat pocket.

"Shall we go in now?" he asked.

"Not get police?" asked Major Brown, glancing sharply up and down the street.

"I am not sure," answered Rupert, knitting his brows. "Of course, it's quite clear, the thing's all crooked. But there are three of us, and—"

"I shouldn't get the police," said Basil in a queer voice. Rupert glanced at him and stared hard.

"Basil," he cried, "you're trembling. What's the matter—are you afraid?"

"Cold, perhaps," said the Major, eyeing him. There was no doubt that he was shaking.

At last, after a few moments' scrutiny, Rupert broke into a curse.

"You're laughing," he cried. "I know that confounded silent, shabby laugh of yours. What the deuce is the amusement, Basil? Here we are, all three of us, within a yard of a den of ruffians—"

"But I shouldn't call the police," said Basil. "We four heroes are quite equal to a host," and he continued to quake with his mysterious mirth.

Rupert turned with impatience and strode swiftly down the court, the rest of us following. When he reached the door of No. 14 he turned abruptly, the revolver glittering in his hand.

"Stand close," he said, in the voice of a commander. "The scoundrel may be attempting an escape at this moment. We must fling open the door and rush in."

The four cowered instantly under the archway, rigid, except for the old judge and his convulsion of merriment.

"Now," hissed Rupert Grant, turning his pale face and burning eyes suddenly over his shoulder, "when I say 'Four,' follow me with a rush. If I say 'Hold him!' pin the fellows down, whoever they are. If I say 'Stop,' stop. I shall say that if there are more than three. If they attack us I shall empty my revolver on them. Basil, have your sword-stick ready. Now—one, two, three, four!"

With the sound of the word the door burst open, and we fell into the room like an invasion, only to stop dead.

The room, which was an ordinary and neatly-appointed office, appeared, at the first glance, to be empty. But on a second and more careful glance, we saw seated behind a very large desk with pigeon holes and drawers of bewildering multiplicity, a small man with a black waxed moustache, and the air of a very average clerk, writing hard. He looked up as we came to a standstill.

"Did you knock?" he asked pleasantly. "I am sorry if I did not hear. What can I do for you?"

There was a doubtful pause, and then, by general consent, the Major, himself, the victim of the outrage, stepped forward.

The letter was in his hand, and he looked unusually grim.

"Is your name P. G. Northover?" he asked. "That is my name," replied the other, smiling.

"I think," said Major Brown, with an increase in the dark glow of his face, "that this letter was written by you." And with a loud clap he struck open the letter on the desk with his clenched fist. The man called Northover looked at it with unaffected interest, and merely nodded.

"Well, sir," said the Major, breathing hard, "what about that?"

"What about it, precisely," said the man with the moustache.

"I am Major Brown," said that gentleman sternly.

Northover bowed. "Pleased to meet you, sir. What have you to say to me?"

"Say!" cried the Major, loosing a sudden tempest; "why I want this confounded thing settled. I want—"

"Certainly, sir," said Northover, jumping up with a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Will you take a chair for a moment." And he pressed an electric bell just above him, which thrilled and tinkled in a room beyond. The Major put his hand on the back of the chair offered him, but stood chafing and beating with his polished boot.

The next moment an inner glass door was opened, and a fair, weedy young man, in a frock-coat, entered from within.

"Mr. Hopson," said Northover, "this is Major Brown. Will you please finish that thing for him I gave you this morning and bring it in?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Hopson, and vanished like lightning.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said the egregious Northover, with his radiant smile, "if I continue to work until Mr. Hopson is ready. I have some books that must be cleared up before I get away on my holiday to-morrow. And we all like a whiff of the country, don't we? Ha! ha!"

The criminal took up his pen with a child-like laugh, and a silence ensued; a placid and busy silence on the part of Mr. P. G. Northover; a raging silence on the part of everybody else.

At length the scratching of Northover's pen in the stillness was mingled with a knock at the door, almost simultaneous with the turning of the handle, and Mr. Hopson came in again with the same silent rapidity, placed a paper before his principal, and disappeared again.

The man at the desk pulled and twisted his spiky moustache for a few moments as he ran his eye up and down the paper presented to him. He took up his pen, with a slight instantaneous frown, and altered something, muttering—"Careless." Then he read it again with the same impenetrable reflectiveness, and finally handed it to the frantic Brown, whose hand was beating the devil's tattoo on the back of the chair.

"I think you will find that all right, Major," he said briefly.

The Major looked at it; whether he found it all right or not will appear later, but he found it like this:—

Major Brown to P. G. Northover.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1st, to account rendered.....		5	6	0
May 9th, to potting and embedding				
200 pansies	2	0	0	
To cost of trolley with flowers	0	15	0	
To hiring of man with trolley	0	5	0	
To hire of house and garden for one day	1	0	0	
To furnishing of room in peacock curtains, copper ornaments, etc....	3	0	0	
To salary of Miss Jameson	1	0	0	
To salary of Mr. Plover	1	0	0	
Total		£14	6	0

A remittance will oblige.

"What," said Brown, after a dead pause, and with eyes that seemed slowly rising out of his head. "What in heaven's name is this?"

"What it it?" repeated Northover, cocking his eyebrow with amusement. "It's your

account of course."

"My account!" The Major's ideas appeared to be in a vague stampede. "My account. And what have I got to do with it?"

"Well," said Northover, laughing outright, "naturally I prefer you to pay it."

The Major's hand was still resting on the back of the chair as the words came. He scarcely stirred otherwise, but he lifted the chair bodily into the air with one hand and hurled it at Northover's head.

The legs crashed against the desk, so that Northover only got a blow on the elbow as he sprang up with clenched fists, only to be seized by the united rush of the rest of us. The chair had fallen clattering on the empty floor.

"Let me go, you scamps," he shouted. "Let me—"

"Stand still," cried Rupert, authoritatively. "Major Brown's action is excusable. The abominable crime you have attempted—"

"A customer has a perfect right," said Northover hotly, "to question an alleged overcharge, but confound it all, not to throw furniture."

"What, in God's name, do you mean by your customers and overcharges?" shrieked Major Brown, whose keen feminine nature, steady in pain or danger, became almost hysterical in the presence of a long and exasperating mystery. "Who are you? I've been seen you or your insolent tomfool bills. I know one of your cursed brutes tried to shake me—"

"Mad," said Northover, gazing blankly round; "all of them mad. I didn't know they travelled in quartettes."

"Enough of this prevarication," said Rupert; "your crimes are discovered. A policeman is stationed at the corner of the court. Though only a private detective myself, I will take the responsibility of telling you that anything you say—"

"Mad," repeated Northover, with a weary air.

And at this moment, for the first time, there struck in among them the strange, sleepy voice of Basil Grant.

"Major Brown," he said, "may I ask you a question?"

The Major turned his head with an increased bewilderment.

"You?" he cried; "certainly, Mr. Grant."

"Can you tell me," said the mystic, with sunken head and lowering brow, as he traced a pattern in the dust with his sword-stick, "can you tell me what was the name of the man who lived in your house before you?"

The unhappy Major was only faintly more disturbed by this last and futile irrelevancy, and he answered vaguely—

"Yes, I think so; a man named Gurney something—a name with a hyphen—Gurney-Brown; that was it."

"And when did the house change hands?" said Basil, looking up sharply. His strange eyes were burning brilliantly.

"I came in last month," said the Major.

And at the mere word the criminal Northover suddenly fell into his great office chair and shouted with a volleying laughter.

"Oh! it's too perfect—it's too exquisite," he gasped, beating the arms with his fists. He was laughing deafeningly; Basil Grant was laughing voicelessly; and the rest of us only felt that our heads were like weathercocks in a whirlwind.

"Confound it, Basil," cried Rupert, stamping. "If you don't want me to go mad and blow your metaphysical brains out, tell me what all this means?"

Northover rose.

"Permit me, sir, to explain," he said. "And, first of all, permit me to apologise to you, Major Brown, for a most abominable and unpardonable blunder, which has caused you meance and inconvenience, in which, if you will allow me to say so, you have behaved with astonishing courage and dignity. Of course, you need not trouble about the bill. We will stand the loss." And, tearing the paper across, he flung the halves into the waste-paper basket and bowed.

Poor Brown's face was still a picture of distraction. "But I don't even begin to understand," he cried. "What bill? what

blunder? what loss?"

Mr. G. P. Northover advanced in the centre of the room, thoughtfully, and with a great deal of unconscious dignity. On closer consideration, there were apparent about him other things beside a screwed moustache, especially a lean, sallow face, hawk-like, and not without a careworn intelligence. Then he looked up abruptly.

"Do you know where you are, Major?" he said.

"God knows, I don't," said the warrior, with fervour.

"You are standing," replied Northover, "in the office of the Adventure and Romance Agency, Limited."

"And what's that?" blankly inquired Brown.

The man of business leaned over the back of the chair, and fixed his dark eyes on the other's face.

"Major," said he, "did you ever, as you walked along the empty street upon some idle afternoon, feel the utter hunger for something to happen—something, in the splendid words of Walt Whitman: 'Something pernicious and dread; something far removed from a puny and pious life; something unproved; something in a trance; something loosed from its anchorage, and driving free.' Did you ever feel that?"

"Certainly not," said the Major shortly.

"Then I must explain with more elaboration," said Mr. Northover, with a sigh.

"The Adventure and Romance Agency has been started to meet a great modern desire. On every side, in conversation and in literature, we hear of the desire for a larger theatre of events—for something to waylay us and lead us splendidly astray. Now the man who feels this desire for a varied life pays a yearly or quarterly sum to the Adventure and Romance Agency; in return, the Adventure and Romance Agency undertakes to surround him with startling and weird events. As a man is leaving his front door, an excited sweep approaches him and assures him of a plot against his life; he gets into a cab, and is driven to an opium den; he receives a mysterious telegram or a dramatic visit, and is immediately in a vortex of incidents. A very picturesque and moving story is first written by one of the staff of distinguished novelists who are at present hard at work in the adjoining room. Yours, Major Brown (designed by our Mr. Grigsby), I consider peculiarly forcible and pointed; it is almost a pity you did not see the end of it. I need scarcely explain further the monstrous mistake. Your predecessor in your present house, Mr. Gurney-Brown, was a subscriber to our agency, and our foolish clerks, ignoring alike the dignity of the hyphen and the glory of military rank, positively imagined that Major Brown and Mr. Gurney-Brown were the same person. Thus you were suddenly hurled into the middle of another man's story."

"How on earth does the thing work?" asked Rupert Grant, with bright and fascinated eyes.

"We believe that we are doing a noble work," said Northover warmly. "It has continually struck us that there is no element in modern life that is more lamentable than the fact that the modern man has to seek all artistic existence in a sedentary state. If he wishes to float into fairyland, he reads a book; if he wishes to dash into the thick of battle, he reads a book; if he wishes to soar into heaven, he reads a book; if he wishes to slide down the bannisters, he reads a book. We give him these visions, but we give him exercise at the same time, the necessity of leaping from wall to wall, of fighting strange gentlemen, of running down streets from pursuers—all healthy and pleasant exercises. We give him a glimpse of that great morning world of Robin Hood or the Knight errants, when one great game was played in the provinces under the splendid sky. We give him back his childhood, that godlike time when we can act stories, be our own heroes, and at the same instant dance and dream."

He gazed at him curiously. The most singular psychological discovery had been reserved to the end, for as the little business man ceased speaking he had the blazing eyes

of a fanatic.

Major Brown received the explanation with complete simplicity and good humour.

"Of course; awfully dense, sir," he said.

"No doubt at all, the scheme excellent. But I don't think—" He paused a moment, and looked dreamily out of the window. "I don't think you will find me in it. Somehow when one's seen—seen the thing itself, you know—blood and men screaming, one feels about having a little house and a little hobby; in the Bible, you know, 'There remaineth a rest.'"

Northover bowed. Then after a pause, he said—

"Gentlemen, may I offer you my card. If any of the rest of you desire, at any time to communicate with me, despite Major Brown's view of the matter—"

"I should be obliged for your card, sir," said the Major, in his abrupt but courteous voice. "Pay for chair."

The agent of Romance and Adventure handed his card, laughing.

It ran, "P. G. Northover, B.A., C.Q.T., Adventure and Romance Agency, 14 Tanner's Court, Fleet Street."

"What on earth is 'C.Q.T.'?" asked Rupert Grant, looking over the Major's shoulder.

"Don't you know?" returned Northover. "Haven't you ever heard of the Club of Queer Trades?"

"There seems to be a confounded lot of funny things we haven't heard of," said the little Major, reflectively. "What's this one?"

"The Club of Queer Trades is a society consisting exclusively of people who have invented some new and curious way of making money. I was one of the earliest members."

"You deserve to be," said Basil, taking up his great white hat, with a smile, and speaking for the last time that evening.

When they had passed out the Adventure and Romance agent wore a queer smile, as he trod down the fire and locked his desk up. "A fine chap, that Major; when one hasn't a touch of the poet one stands some chance of being a poet. But to think of such a clockwork little creature of all people getting into the nets of one of Grigsby's tales," and he laughed out aloud in the silence.

Just as the laugh echoed away, there came a sharp knock at the door. An owlish head, with dark moustaches, was thrust in, with deprecating and somewhat absurd inquiry.

"What! back again, Major?" cried Northover in surprise. "What can I do for you?"

The Major shuffled feverishly into the room.

"It is horribly absurd," he said. "Something must have got started in me that I never knew before. But upon my soul I feel the most desperate desire to know the end of it all."

"The end of it all?"

"Yes," said the Major, "'Jackals,' and the title-deeds, and death to Major Brown."

The agent's face grew grave, but his eyes were amused.

"I am terribly sorry, Major," said he, "but what you ask is impossible. I don't know anyone I would sooner oblige than you; but the rules of the agency are strict. The Adventures are confidential; you are an outsider; I am not allowed to let you know an inch more than I can help. I do hope you understand—"

"There is no one," said Brown, "who understands discipline better than I do. Thank you very much. Good-night."

And the little man withdrew for the last time.

He married Miss Jameson, the lady with the red hair and the green garments. She was an actress, employed (with many others) by the Romance Agency; and her marriage with the prim old veteran caused some stir in her languid and intellectualised set. She always replied very quietly that she had met scores of men who acted splendidly in the charades provided for them by Northover, but that she had only met one man who went down into a coal cellar when he really thought it contained a murderer.

The Major and she are living as happy as birds in an absurd villa, and the former has taken to smoking. Otherwise he is un-

changed—except, perhaps, there are moments when, alert and full of feminine unselfishness as the Major is by nature, he falls into a trance of abstraction. Then his wife recognises, with a concealed smile, by the blind look in his blue eyes, that he is wondering what were the title-deeds, and why he was not allowed to mention jackals. But, like so many old soldiers, Brown is religious, and believes that he will realise the rest of those purple adventures in a better world.

ABOUT SCHOOLS.

In some interesting statistics recently made in regard to French schools the number of children suffering from short sight at the age of fourteen is given as 32 per cent. for boys and 37 per cent. for girls; moreover, it is stated that the percentage rises gradually according to progression in the schools, being 5 per cent. in the primary schools, 25 per cent. in the secondary, and 50 per cent. in the universities. Added to this is to be found the even more disquieting acknowledgment, given on the authority of the most skilled orthopedists, that 65 per cent. of adolescent French school boys and girls are round-shouldered, while in some of the German towns we have the appalling figures that 81 per cent. of boys and 68 per cent. of girls are developing, in various degrees, the scholastic hump. These neighbours have raised the cult of scholastics to a finer degree than anything that has been attempted here; yet, if memory serves me rightly, percentages appeared some little time ago as to the spectacled and ill-formed children in the Board schools, which left Londoners very little to boast about. And the causes? Insufficient light is the great propagator of myopia, and benches and desks which take no account of sizes and positions are held responsible for the curved shoulders. Were doctors, as well as architects, to have a look-in in school building, much comfort and benefit would result to children. Things are much improved, of course, of late years; still, many schools in crowded districts even in summer never get full daylight; except in days of gloom and fog artificial lighting is rarely thought necessary; while even with the most approved of modern appliances little ones may still be seen in such bent and strained attitudes as must surely make necessary later, if any perfection of form is to be retained, a return to the backboard of our grandfathers.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



FALL OF PORT ARTHUR—UNEXPECTED EFFECTS.

The surrender of Port Arthur has been marked by many pathetic incidents. A Kentucky editor, who had already published the news thirty-five times, had a fit on learning that it could no longer be contradicted. Several poster-writers wept at having to live upon their wits again, and a large number of war correspondents hastened to join the ranks of the unemployed. Meanwhile, the hopes of the Press are centred on General Kuropatkin, who must be expected to be wounded at least twice a day as soon as the fighting recommences. Experts are of opinion that his reputation would be greatly enhanced if he would consent during this inclement weather to indulge in a smart attack of typhoid. Phlebitis would do. But news of some kind is really owing to us.—"The Bystander."



BAKED CELERY.

Baked celery is liked by many, and this is prepared by placing the stalks cut up small in good stock, then adding salt and flour to thicken, first cooking it for half an hour before the last two are added. Many also use butter freely with the flour. Celery and cheese are by no means a poor dish. The celery is cut in lengths and partly cooked in water. Then place in a dish, cover over with bread-crumbs and finely grated cheese, and add a few lumps of butter salt, and other seasoning. Bake for a quarter of an hour and serve hot. This is a very nice dish after the sweets are served.—"The Garden."



ARRIVAL AT STROUD STATION.



Photos by W. Lee, Stroud.
PASSENGER AND LUGGAGE 'BUSES IN FALCON YARD, PAINSWICK,
ON OCCASION OF MAIDEN JOURNEY.

THE SHAH'S GOLCONDA.

The Shah of Persia has in the throne room of his palace a carpet so thickly sown with pearls that the texture of the cloth, says "T.A.T.," can hardly be seen. Near it is the throne of carved wood, studded with jewels valued at £1,000,000. Near the throne stands a huge silver vase, set with pearls and turquoises, but, strange to say, alongside of it stands a cheap European painted urn, such as can be bought anywhere for a few shillings. The Shah has curious ideas about the value of things, and on the walls of one room a painting by one of the old masters hangs side by side with a gaudy poster advertising a dealer in fish hooks. In one room, where are kept many curious articles of gold and silver, heavy with gems, there is said to be an ordinary toothbrush, which the Shah regards as one of his greatest curiosities.

"LUCK!" WHAT IS "LUCK?"

"Luck" means rising at six in the morning, living on half-a-crown a day if you are earning five shillings, minding your own business and leaving other people's alone, never failing to keep your appointments when made, nor missing the train you ought to catch. "Luck" consists in trusting God, doing the right, and relying on your own resources in every sphere of your daily life. This is "Luck."



"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

I was glad to have an opportunity of meeting Marquis De Dion at the Paris Motor Show (says Alfred Hunter in "The By-stander"). Questioned as to the prospects of business for the New Year, the Count considered that they were good. There was undoubtedly more competition, but prices were about the same. Big houses with a name should make more profit this year, because the number of orders received enabled them to build cars in lots, in series. As to small-powered four-cylinder cars, of 8 h.p. to 10 h.p., he saw no reason for them. "What could be better, or cheaper," he said, "than a one-cylinder car up to 8 h.p., two-cylinder up to 12 h.p.; the expense and complication of a four-cylinder motor was only justified when you really wanted more than 12 h.p." He concluded by remarking that the French Government encourage the industry by lending the Club that splendid building the Grand Palais for a merely nominal sum. Would that our Government could encourage our manufacturers in the same way.



WHAT KING EDWARD HAS NOT DONE.

Since his Majesty ascended the Throne (says "The Easy Chair") he has never driven a four-in-hand or created a duke. King Edward is, at all events, never likely to do the former, for, like the rest of the Royal Family, his Majesty does not care in the least about driving, and, as a matter of fact, much prefers motoring to any other form of progression. Whether the King will ever bestow the strawberry leaves on anyone yet remains to be seen. The late Lord Salisbury, if he had wished, could certainly have died a duke, but he preferred to retain the ancient title of the Cecil family. Many people thought that at the conclusion of the South African War Lord Roberts would have received a dukedom. Lord Roberts was at the time a baron, and for him to have been raised from that rank to the highest degree in the peerage in one step would have been without precedent. The Earl of Cadogan has been spoken of in well-informed quarters as the next duke. Lord Cadogan has had a distinguished public career, is well liked by the King, and possesses what is a very important qualification for a duke, an immense income.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ECHO OF THE HYMN TO APOLLO, 280 B.C.

O sacred maids of Helikon
By the spring of Hippokrene;
O holy mists of the Eastern Dawn
That are virgin-born of the sea:
O ye who herald the future
From grove and bejewelled cave,
As Castalia's crystal waters
Croon of the cradling ocean wave:
Yours is the Dream that fashions
What Man's is the fate to be.

O god of the Golden Sunset,
O lyric Son of the West,
Enthroned on the mountain summit,
King of the snowy crest:
Thrilling the hearts of mortals,
Breasting the void with beams,
Prophetic on Earth's high altar
Where the purple dragon gleams:
Thine is the Chord that conquers
Hard by the Gates of Rest.

O progeny vast of Athena,
Art-angel and Goddess wise,
Bid Love by the lake Tritonis
For ever as incense rise.
To kithara, flute, and lyre,
Attune the vocal strain
That the soul of the dying present
Pass from the body-thrall of pain:
For Song is the mightiest healer
And Peace is the poet's prize.

Painswick.

E. M. ZEE.

Rise from every meal with an appetite.
Walk daily two hours. Sleep nightly seven hours.—Frederic Harrison.



Above all things a heavy mid-day meal and smoking on an empty stomach should be avoided, and no alcoholic drink should be indulged in until dinner.—Sir Algernon West.

"PARSON WITH A SMILE."

The new vicar of Stokenchurch, Bucks, the Rev. C. Sergeant, is anxious to be known as the parson with a smile. In an address to his parishioners he hoped he should not be thought frivolous if he always had a smile. Where he had been living there had been a great deal of distress and poverty, and if a person wore a long face he would be told he was not wanted.

MIDLAND RAILWAY PROGRESS.

Interesting facts and figures have just been published concerning the Midland Railway Company. A year's revenues from all sources aggregate to £11,888,946, a year's working expenses amount to £7,116,526, and £417,209 is annually paid out in rates and taxes. The train mileage run is 47,397,249, and the passengers carried number 50,666,701. The staff numbers 70,856, of whom 7,658 are Temperance Union members and 8,312 ambulance men. Salaries and wages total £5,039,095. The company own 1,625 miles of line, and partly own 689 miles, while their engines total over 2,085. They also own 2,935 engines, 5,386 carriages, 56 dining and 34 sleeping cars, 118,139 wagons. The horses employed number 5,357, and of road vehicles there are 6,568, weighing machines 3,760, and stationary cranes 1,040. There are 23,309 telegraph instruments, 29,950 miles of telegraph wire, and 13,290,616 railway telegrams annually.

"CHAUFFEUR" OR "DRIVER" ?

A correspondent, writing to the "Times," says there is no reason why the paid driver of a motor-car should be designated by the hideous title "chauffeur." "Chauffeur" is a French word meaning "stoker," and, according to the dictionary, it is sometimes used to denote a "robber." The man who drives or tends a motor-car is not a "stoker," and would justly resent being called a robber; and it is probably because he has some glimmering of the inherent absurdity of the professional name bestowed upon him by the public that he prefers, as a rule, to call himself a "driver." But it is in the interests of euphony rather than of accuracy that I hope the use of this ugly and ill-sounding word will be discontinued. It is quite impossible to Anglicise "chauffeur" either in spelling or pronunciation, and the language is not so poor that a word cannot be found to take its place.

KING ALFONSO THE ELIGIBLE.

Alfonso the Thirteenth of Spain is getting a big boy now; so big indeed, that the problem of marrying him is becoming almost acute. Here is a King of eighteen years of age, of excellent family, amiable disposition, and reasonably good prospects, yet still a bachelor. The absurdity of the thing has been keenly felt by Europe, and circumstantial accounts of His Most Catholic Majesty's betrothal to one lady or another have been furnished to the newspapers of the world, in late years, almost as often as Port Arthur has fallen in the course of the present war, or as De Wet used to be captured in the closing period of the war in South Africa. The King, it is understood, takes a personal interest in the question, and fully agrees with his eighteen million subjects that it is time the matter was seriously taken in hand. One obstacle certainly does stand in the way. A suitor who is connected prominently, and beyond all possibility of change, with the number thirteen, is severely handicapped in an age when (as the Society Journalists delightfully put it) it is smart to be superstitious.—"The Bystander."

The following is from an essay on the Japanese written in the recent grammar school examinations by a lower school boy: "Until recently the Japanese used to fight with bows and arrows, but now they are equipped with the complete arms of a Christian."

No. VI, of "Religious Activities in Cheltenham" will be found in the main sheet.



Photo by W. Lee, Stroud.

STROUD AND PAINSWICK MOTOR BUSES.
PICTURE SHOWING ENGINEER AND ENGINE.



Photo by "Gloucestershire Graphic."

CHELTENHAM TRAMWAY EXTENSIONS.
CORNER OF AMBROSE-STREET.

Storyettes.

THE MAN WHO DIED.

(BY MARY STUART BOYD.)

CHAPTER I.

From his keen, penetrating eyes to his acid-stained finger-tips Brewitt was an artist. I say was advisedly, for did I say is, the word would discredit my sanity.

At an early age, Brewitt—then a shock-headed hobble-de-hoy, somehow handicapped by the birthright of an aggressive Yorkshire accent—had fought his way Londonwards with the avowed intent of devoting his life to Art. His restive genius refusing to accomplish creditably the highly stippled specimen drawings required of each aspirant for admission to the Royal Academy Schools, Brewitt studied at the Slade, where his perturbed professors alternated between amazement at the flashes of inspiration displayed by the callow youth, and despair at the hopelessness of expecting him to conform to recognised rules. One term they held solemn conclave respecting the desirability of recommending him to abandon the study of art. The next day they found themselves compelled against all their preconceived convictions to award him the prize for a life-painting of exceptional merit.

One afternoon in the middle of a session, Brewitt, declaring that he had learnt all they could teach him—a statement his instructors found it hard to confute—quitted the Slade, leaving unfinished a study in foreshortening that, even in its embryonic state, called forth the admiration of his fellow students, and launched his oddly-rigged barque upon the cross-currents of professional life.

Fifteen years later, Brewitt, sitting alone in his studio, surveying the accumulated work of these the best years of his life, was forced to confess that his craft had made little progress towards the peaceful harbour of assured fame.

All through the bright May day he had wrought doggedly with etching needles and acids, conscious the while that his labour would but add another item to the unsought contents of the already full portfolios. When the light faded he set the kettle on the gas-plate, and, lounging back in the creaking basket-chair, let his thoughts run vagrant into the future.

Save for a low, hard couch, one or two chairs, a throne, half-a-dozen easels, and the cupboard that concealed the evidences of Brewitt's spasmodic house-keeping, the gaunt studio contained little that could be termed furniture. All round the room pictures that had failed to find purchasers despondently turned their faces to the wall, as though ashamed of their lack of success. Dusty portfolios bulged with daringly characteristic etchings—work that the world, deeming odd and weird, marvelled at, but did not buy.

"Conqueror Death," a big allegorical oil-painting, whose favourable reception at the Salon had been followed by rejection at the Academy, leant shame-facedly against the end wall. The medal awarded at Munich for Brewitt's "Crucifixion of Love" lay before him, and looking at the tribute accorded him by aliens, Brewitt found himself reviewing the careers of his fellow-students at the Slade. The work of none of them had been so individually distinctive or so hotly discussed as his own, yet none but he had failed to make a comfortable living.

Hucknall, whose smooth "pretty-pretty" method had been Brewitt's detestation, was already an A.R.A., and making a little fortune from what Brewitt scornfully dubbed "Kiss Mammy" pictures. Nunn's war subjects, composed mainly of blood and gun-powder, had a show to themselves in Pall Mall, where the engravings were selling like hot cakes. Hericart had married and set up

a tandem on his clever sketches of comic monkeys. Mackissock and Paington, Brewitt's close and abiding friends, had both made names for themselves. Mackissock was a sculptor of assured position, and Paington, who had been a lazy student, wisely recognising that it is infinitely easier to pick holes in good work than to do it, had plunged boldly into the arena of art criticism, where by sheer effrontery he had succeeded in gaining a hearing.

Hucknall's treacly painting Brewitt knew could not survive him. The public favour accorded Nunn's theatrical battle pieces would be but fleeting. Yet, sitting in the dusk, surrounded by his despised bantlings, Brewitt's heart waxed bitter within him at the knowledge that he—the only one of the group who had adhered to his ideals—was the only one who had difficulty in earning bread and butter.

It was May, one of the five fat months that in the artists' year succeed the seven lean ones; yet one figure, and that a low one, represented Brewitt's making. Yet none could accuse Brewitt of lethargy. With the sole exception of the Academy, his paintings had found places in different galleries. Then deep in the wilds of the Haymarket he had on view a collection of some fifty choice etchings. His work was well seen, and called forth comment of sorts from the critics. Yet, so far, the season had not brought him a sale worth considering.

There is a limit to the endurance even of the strongest. Sitting with the dusk closing in around him, Brewitt's stout heart quailed before the hopelessness of the struggle against an adverse fate.

Roused from his painful reverie by a smart rat-tat, he opened the studio door to Paington, the irresponsible.

"Hullo! Kettle boiling? That's all right. I'm gasping for a cup of tea," Paington cried, throwing a paper bag of buns down on the throne. Then, having deposited his tall hat in the least dusty place he could find, and sloughed off his frock-coat, he proceeded, with the air of one accustomed, to hunt in the cupboard for tea-tins. "Say, old man, the cups all need washing. Suppose you take yours out of a tumbler. The slop basin 'll do me. I've just come from Pettigrew's private view," he added, as he spooned the tea out of Brewitt's apology for a caddy.

"Good show?"

"Rotten bad; but doocid saleable stuff. Nice little cottages in nice little gardens, nice little children in clean pinafores going to school—you know the sort. Looked up at your show too, old man."

"I needn't ask if anybody was there, or if anything was doing."

"One old lady—two boys. No, I can't say business was exactly brisk," Paington acknowledged.

"Hucknall says he made three thousand last year. My work is miles ahead of his, and I didn't make enough to pay my frame maker," cried Brewitt, his pent-up bitterness at length finding vent. "I don't know where to lay hands on a shilling just now; and all the time the thought galls me that what I've done would be worth a fortune if I were only dead."

A flash of inspiration smote Paington.

"Then why not be dead?" he said, quietly.

A note in his voice foreign to his usual badinage arrested Brewitt's attention.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sharply.

"Be dead—vanish—efface yourself and scoop in the proceeds. It's only fair that a man should reap what he's sown. Then vamoose to some sunnier clime, chuckling at the innocents who have at last awakened to the value of your work," counselled Paington, his speech indistinct by reason of Bath bun.

For a long moment Brewitt sat silent.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest, Panga," he said at length. "I don't see why I should have wrought for fifteen years only to benefit others. Things can't go on as they are. I'll take your advice—I'll die."

The scheme was one after the audacious Paington's heart. The tea cooled while he suggested half-a-dozen plans, each more outrageous and impossible than the other. The most feasible of his ideas was that a proxy for Brewitt in the shape of a weighted coffin should be cremated at Woking, but to that

the difficulty of obtaining a certificate of death proved an obstacle. His notion that Brewitt should be drowned while bathing at Southend, leaving his garments on the beach as evidence of his demise, Brewitt combated on the ground that early May could hardly be accounted a bathing season, and that before he could secure other vesture he would probably have contracted a chill that would qualify him to be dead in very deed.

The entrance of their mutual friend Mackissock, the sculptor, whose studio was in the outer court yard of Velasquez Studios, brought them a reliable and astute counsellor.

Mackissock, his controversy against the impiety of such a proceeding confuted by Brewitt's argument that it was better to be dishonestly dead and live affluently than to be righteously alive and die of starvation, entered whole-heartedly into the plot.

"In the first place, there must be an actual funeral. So there must be a body—and where are we to get one? That's the question."

"Murder one of the fossil Academicians. He'll never be missed, or, if he is, I'll pledge my honour nobody will bother to make inquiries, suggested the flippant Paington; but the others were too much in earnest to heed his gibe.

"I have it!" exclaimed Mackissock, after a pause, during which he sucked energetically at his empty pipe. "Every week there are unclaimed bodies, mostly drowned ones, lying at the mortuaries. Suppose you disappear? After a day or two we'll raise a hue and cry, and apply to the police. Then we'll identify a likely body and bury it as you, and the thing's done. No blame could fall upon us if it was found out that we had made a mistake, and certainly none could attach to you if you were discovered to be living in retirement."

His scheme accepted, the wary Mackissock would have urged delay for its further consideration; but Brewitt's fifteen years of waiting had worn his patience threadbare.

"We'll hang it on the last post; it's due in ten minutes, he temporised, at last. "If it brings any encouragement, I live; if it doesn't, I die, and the sooner the better."

Sitting in the half-circle of radiance thrown by the centre light, they heard the steps of the postman echoing down the stone-flagged corridor like the approach of some inexorable fate. The sound of sundry documents falling into the letter-box, and the echo of the stucco rat-tat accelerated their heart-beats. For a moment the trio sat motionless; even the volatile Paington was subdued. Then Brewitt arose, and, striding to the door, collected the pregnant missives.

There were three. A circular from an artist's colourman, a polite reminder that his frame-maker's bill for seventy odd pounds awaited payment, and a curt warning that unless the gas account was paid within three days the gas would be cut off.

"That settles it," said Brewitt, throwing the mail on the table with a mirthless laugh. "Let's eat, drink, and be merry, boys. Tomorrow I die!"

The following afternoon—Saturday—Brewitt, shaggy-maned and bushy-bearded, was seen to leave Velasquez Studios. That same evening Mr. James Wilson, a short-haired, clean-shaven man with spectacles, installed himself in cheap lodgings near Paddington Station.

Two days later, Mackissock, after much futile hammering at Brewitt's closed door, went round the studios inquiring if anybody knew what had become of his friend. And on Tuesday morning Paington appeared on the scene demanding an explanation why Brewitt had broken an engagement to dine with him on the previous night. On both which points Brewitt's neighbours, owning as slender a knowledge of his movements as London neighbours usually do, failed to enlighten his friends. Though Miss Nora O'Malley, the Irish girl artist whose studio was the only other occupied one in Brewitt's corridor, remembered having heard him go out on Saturday afternoon, and was positive that he had not since returned.

The news that the artist was missing spread like wild-fire. The police were known to be on the alert, and the air grew thick with rumour. At the close of the week the art

world was more shocked than surprised to learn through the medium of the public press that a drowned body lying at Southwark mortuary had been identified as that of the missing Brewitt. Well-authenticated though wholly erroneous accounts of the dire straits to which a man of his undoubted genius had been reduced were in circulation. Paragraphs were rife. The intimation of his death appeared—as though to impress it on the public memory—on three consecutive days in the obituary lists of the leading metropolitan journals.

A picturesquely pathetic account of the tragedy of the brilliant but ill-starred genius, written by Paington, appeared in the "Hyde Park Gazette" on Wednesday, and was copied in all the provincial papers. And at the funeral on Thursday afternoon in Kensal Green Cemetery, Mackissock and Paington, who, as his executors, clad in the deepest of sable, acted as chief mourners, rejoiced to see a goodly crowd of sympathisers.

"I say, though," Paington moved by one of his sudden thought contortions, whispered, as with bowed heads they marched slowly behind the coffin, "what about the nameless man we're burying to-day? What'll he say to this?"

"Say? He'll thank us for rescuing him from a pauper's grave if he says anything, which I doubt," replied the literal Mackissock.

Meantime Mr. James Wilson, pent in the seclusion of his Paddington lodging with only the secret visits of his fellow-conspirators to while away the leaden hours, was chafing against the restraint that girded him.

The day of the interment found him unconquerably restive. With sardonic humour he mentally pictured the progress to the grave; and as evening drew on, an insensate craving to visit his last resting-place dominated him. Yielding to it against his better judgment, he set forth, trusting to a hard felt hat and a weather-beaten inverness cape of Paington's to complete the disguise of shaven face and spectacles.

The shadows were deep among the tombs when Brewitt reached Kensal Green Cemetery, but in the west the sunset glow still lingered. In answer to his inquiries the keeper indicated a new mound in a remote corner. Finding his way thereto between the rows of stolid headstones, Brewitt stopped short in astonishment, for beside the stretch of baldly unsightly mould a woman was kneeling.

Even seen through the haze of gloaming something struck him as familiar in the pose of her head, the set of her dress. As rising to go she turned in his direction, Brewitt, viewing the mourner from behind a tombstone, felt a thrill of pleasure at the discovery that it was Nora O'Malley. For the moment oblivious of the fact that he was officially dead, and that it was by his own grave she knelt, he started forward with the intention of addressing her. But at his unexpected appearance the girl, after one nervous glance in his direction, hurried off affrighted towards the gate; and Brewitt, arrested by a sudden consciousness of his position, shrank behind a monument, feeling as though in losing his identity and with it the privilege of Nora's acquaintance he had done himself an unwitting injury.

His place of sepulchre when he viewed it presented all the dingy ghastliness of a new-made town grave. But as Brewitt looked a spasm of softer feeling throbbled in his heart, and brought a half hysterical laugh to his lips, for he saw that on the new unweeded earth, just over where the sleeper's heart might be, someone had laid a cluster of tear-bedewed purple violets.

II.

Meantime matters had been progressing beyond expectation.

Paington and Mackissock, stealing after dark to visit the shabby Paddington lodging, reported the advances of the boom. Ripplier, of the Universal Art Society, had made an offer for the entire collection of Brewitt's prints on show in the Haymarket Gallery. That offer, though a low one, the conspirators in conclave agreed to accept, knowing that with fifty prints on hand for which he had paid solid coin, Ripplier might be trusted to puff Brewitt for all he was worth. "Besides,"

added the wily Paington, "if we get the news of Ripplier having bought up the entire show well paraphrased it'll be a ripping advertisement, for Ripplier is known to have an eagle eye for a likely corpse such as yours, dear boy."

Paington's versatile pen had been busy. Under his well-known nom-de-plume of "Pochade" he had written a glowing eulogium on Brewitt, whom he spoke of as a genius sacrificed upon the altar of British conventionalism in Art, in the paper with the largest circulation in the world. And cognisant that nothing helps a cause like antagonism, he had published as "Mahlstick" a foolishly vituperative critique of Brewitt's work in an unimportant evening paper. The British public, though it enjoys witnessing a living man badgered beyond endurance, revolts at the idea of abusing the dead, and "Pochade's" trenchant reply to "Mahlstick" called forth a storm of applause.

The "Art Survey" and "The Palette" both approached Brewitt's executors for permission to reproduce specimens of his work in their earliest possible issues. "Genre," a select organ whose metier it is to pooh-pooh the living and extol the day, had an exhaustive appreciation of the art of the man for whose work a month earlier it had found no adjective too slighting. And the managers of the most exclusive Bond-street picture gallery craved the privilege of holding a posthumous exhibition of his paintings.

The tide of success had set in at last. But Brewitt, shut up in his dingy lodging, with an uncomfortably chilly feeling about his shaven chin and naked upper lip, got but little pleasure from the anticipation of his changed finances, for all the manhood in him revolted against his enforced idleness. Brewitt had always been a man of action, but never had ideas so crowded upon him as during these days wherein he was condemned to sit idle, knowing that his life's work was finished.

A stroll taken after dusk in the unclassic purlieus of Edgware-road had introduced him to a grimy little shop wherein he had unearthed a veritable treasure-trove of old hand-made paper, the ideal medium whereon to reproduce his etchings. It was with a hateful sense of restriction that he tore himself away without making a purchase that a few days earlier would have rejoiced his artistic soul.

With the thought of that priceless fund of faded paper—paper that the owner regarding as stained and shopworn was prepared to sell as damaged stock—haunting and harassing his thoughts, Brewitt began to sketch out the idea for a series of etchings that kept obtruding itself on his thoughts.

Mackissock coming in the next night with a fresh budget of newspaper cuttings, found his friend jolting down on twopence-worth of cheap note-paper that had been fetched by the lodging-house slave, the rough outline of "Life the Leveller," that series of allegorical etchings that fixed Brewitt's statue in its niche in the temple of fame.

"Man," said Mackissock with genuine regret, "if you had only thought of that a month earlier it would have been five hundred pounds in your pocket—five hundred pounds, aye, every penny of it. Brookwells came up to my studio himself to-day to see if you had left nothing in his line. He was annoyed that Ripplier had got the advantage over him by buying the prints in the Rubens Gallery."

"Um," grunted Brewitt, savagely knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I took all those prints, every man Jack of them, to Brookwells last October, and he refused even to look at them. What did you say?"

"Temporised, of course. Told him there was a lot of capital stuff hidden away in your portfolios that I hadn't had time to look over yet. This series would have been the very thing for him, and he'd have paid sweetly for it, too. But it's no use crying over unetched designs."

"If only I had my tools!" Brewitt exclaimed, consumed by the lust for occupation that all the week had raged within him. "But I could do nothing here," he added, casting a disgusted look round the ugly crowded little room. "In my studio I could have done the set in ten days. Then there's some lovely old paper that I could lay my hands on dirt cheap—"

Mackissock sprang to his feet.

"Look here, laddie, you can hide in your own studio every bit as well as here. I'll send you a telegram that will give you an excuse for leaving here at once. Then I'll run down to the studios and be ready to open the door to you."

Before the lapse of an hour Brewitt was in his character of Mr. James Wilson showing his landlady a telegram calling him to the sick bed of a mother resident in Manchester. It relieved him considerably to note that when the good lady professed to read the message she held it upside down; otherwise the fact that a telegram purporting to come from Manchester should have been handed in half-an-hour earlier at a Paddington post-office might have impressed her with distrust of its genuineness. Paying her what he owed, Brewitt entrusted his portmanteau to her care, and retained the rooms as a convenient refuge should occasion arise.

Entering through the iron gates of Velasquez Studios he almost forgot the fact of his non-existence in the sense of home that pervaded the bleak corridor. Passing Nora O'Malley's door he wondered if she were still trying to supplement the scant earnings of her brush by drawing impossible fashion-plates for the ladies' magazines.

"Whist, man!" Mackissock's fierce whisper greeted him. "What d'ye mean tramping in here as if the place belonged to you, and you happit up in Kensal Green?"

After the flaccid enervating days endured in the dreary lodging, the paint-tinctured atmosphere of the studios seemed charged with vitality. Throwing off his coat, Brewitt quickly donned his ragged acid-stained blouse and set to work.

There is no incentive to action equal to enforced idleness. Without loss of time Brewitt separated his etching materials from the medley that littered the top of his desk and began the first plate. Mackissock was busy rummaging among the chaos of old pictures, selecting those suitable for the coming exhibition, and the two preserved rigid silence; for the Velasquez Studios, as befits their comparatively low rents, are but shoddily built and their slim walls have a way of transmitting sound.

At ten o'clock Mackissock, stretching his long back, which was stiff from stooping over dusty canvases, in a low voice suggested ceasing labour for the night.

"Stop? Not I. I'm in a fever of work. I'm good to go on till morning," replied Brewitt, without lifting his eyes from the point of his needle.

"Then I'd better warn that girl next door that I'll be moving about most of the night. I can sleep in your room," Mackissock whispered, as he put the whisky on the table, and opened a paper of sandwiches. These preparations for a scramble supper complete, he tapped at Miss O'Malley's door.

She opened to him pale and trembling, her blue-grey Irish eyes eloquent of fear.

"I came to warn you not to be alarmed if you heard any noise in the studio at nights. We're going to have a one-man show of poor Brewitt's pictures soon, and Paington and I are looking over his stuff. So we'll need to be working night and day—probably sleeping here."

"I'm glad you told me, Mr. Mackissock, for, to tell the truth, I was feeling a little bit nervous." Miss O'Malley tried to speak lightly. Just after dusk I thought I heard Mr. Brewitt walk along the passage and go into the studio. Of course, it must have been imagination; but I knew his step so well that just for a moment I thought it was really he, though, of course, I know that it is impossible."

The tears that had arisen at the mention of her friend trembled on her eyelashes as she abruptly turned away.

"You'll need to be careful, Brewitt, old chap," admonished Mackissock. "That lassie next door knew your footstep to-night as you came in, and thought you were your own ghost. So we'll need to be wary. It wouldn't do to have the Psychological Society begin to investigate the case, you know."

Knew his footstep!

Lying down on the couch at dawn to snatch a few hours' rest, Brewitt, too excited by

his debauch of work to sleep, found his "waukriffe" thoughts recur again and again to the lonely Irish girl to whom the echo of his footsteps had come to be a thing apart—in whose starveling life their cessation had caused a blank.

The eternal feminine had held no part in Brewitt's existence. Woman's influence on an artist's career he had always asserted to be disastrous. Lying there with the grey dawn stealing through the blinds, he cited instances to himself. There was Rowan, who ruined his chances by marrying a model, and Ardine, who, having committed the folly of wedding too early, was expiating his indiscretion by giving drawing-lessons in suburban schools. Then there was the ghastly story of Tranon, who was found in his studio with his throat cut.

No! Brewitt was distinctly not a woman's man. He had never felt tempted to share his struggles with anyone. It struck him as odd that, now that his death rendered it impossible for him to think tenderly of the sex, he should for the first time feel attracted towards it. He wondered whether, had he owned a loyal woman comforter, his life would have proved as barren of joy as it had. Nora O'Malley, he remembered, had knelt beside his grave. Would a good wife's prayers have made his trials more easy of endurance? Possibly they might; but, as he regretfully remembered, it was too late now.

"Poor Nora! Poor little lonely girl!" he said, and as he fell upon slumber Brewitt's last sentient desire was for an opportunity of thanking her for putting the violets on his grave.

The craved opportunity came all unexpectedly. The close of a fortnight of incessant secret toil saw "Life the Leveller" completed. A rumour of the existence of a set of etchings of unparalleled originality having, through the wiles of Paington, reached the ears of the great Brookwells, that potentate had claimed the first offer of their reproduction, and Mackissock, bearing the first precious impressions, had gone to interview him.

Anxiously awaiting the result, Brewitt, exhausted with labour, had fallen into a fitful dose, in whose troubled dreams the great picture dealer alternately treated his emissary with extravagant effusion and with crushing contempt.

Half roused by a knock at the door, and wholly forgetful of the restrictions of his position, in his anxiety to hear Mackissock's report, Brewitt sprang up and opened the door to Nora O'Malley!

But it was a sadly changed Nora who stood before him clutching the lintel for support under the shock of being confronted by one bearing a startling resemblance to, and wearing the dilapidated blouse of, her dead hero. Brewitt's screening spectacles had been forgotten, and without their aid the removal of his beard and moustache was not sufficient disguise to shield him from the recognition of her who held so vivid a memory of his features.

On his part, Brewitt's concern for her eclipsed all else; he found it hard to credit that the lapse of so few weeks should have wrought so vast a difference in her aspect. Clad in the cheap black frock that he guessed was worn for his sake, Nora's figure looked slender to attenuation. The wild rose bloom had paled on her cheeks; purple shadows encompassed the blue-grey Irish eyes.

For a moment the two stood transfixed, staring speechlessly at each other. Then as the sound of a heavy tread sounded from the outer hall, Brewitt, aroused to the danger of detection, drew the girl into the studio, and shutting the door against the world, made full confession of the situation.

In her joyous relief at finding him alive all else at first counted of but little import, but as the moments sped the difficulties of the position began to loom darkly before her. "But what is to be the end?" Nora asked at last, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them. "If you have voluntarily ceased to exist, what will you do with the rest of your life?"

"I don't know," Brewitt answered, slowly. "My last state may be worse than my first. Unless, Nora—" he spoke impelled by a sudden overwhelming impulse—"you are willing to take a gift of a man without even a name or a home to offer you, and we go out into the world and seek our fortunes together? Wait—don't say no yet," he interposed hastily, as she was about to speak. "I hear Mackissock coming, and he may have good news."

"I won't wait," Nora said, rising a trembling but ecstatic figure before him. "I say yes, now. Yes, yes, yes! Even though you may never earn another penny, I ask no better fate than to share your exile!"

"Brewitt would have been lonely without her," even the cynical Paington acknowledged several months later when a letter, written in a flow of spirits such as for many years had been foreign to their comrades, reached them from sunny Spain. "He is a lucky beggar, isn't he! I say! Did you ever see things sell as his did? D'ye remember how the dealers wrangled over the stuff in his show, and yet we'd put on pretty stiff prices. Well, with the money from that Exhibition, and £1,200 from 'Conqueror Death' that's hanging in the Tate Gallery—how Brewitt must chuckle over that—and the £500 Brookwells paid for the etchings, and a little more from the scraps, there's enough to give Brewitt a nobby little annuity. He can rest from his labours now and be happy."

"Brewitt won't, though. He's not of the sort to idle. Take my word for it," pronounced Mackissock. "Brewitt will work out an even bigger reputation for himself under his assumed name than he did under the one he has abandoned."

And, indeed, there seems every likelihood that Mackissock's prophecy may be fulfilled.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

At present the Great Western Co. are making all the running in railway enterprise in this county, but it may be that the Midland Co. are only playing a waiting game. What with the construction of the Honeybourne Railway (the steam navy is in full swing in Cheltenham, and the working line is laid from Winchcombe, through Gotherington, to Bishop's Cleeve); and the contemplated loop line from the Midland, below Berkeley-road, to the Sharpness branch; and the work of bringing into use of the derelict Whimsey branch, near Mitcheldean, and the Hatherley loop; and the installation of motor omnibuses on selected road routes, the Great Western have their hands full just now on this part of their system. Stroud and district must feel especially honoured at the preferential treatment the company have been showing that neighbourhood of late, for the motor-trains on the system were introduced there, and now, only last Monday, the G.W.R. motor-omnibuses made their first appearance in this county. I suppose we shall hear no more of the railless vehicles, to be propelled by overhead electricity, that were to be put on the Painswick and Nailsworth roads by the syndicate that obtained, nearly two years ago, Parliamentary powers to run them as well as a tramway. And if the other proposed service of motor-omnibuses by private enterprise be carried out, the public will reap the benefit of this competition, but I suppose that, like with all other business enterprises, it will be a question of the survival of the fittest. As it is, I wonder the Midland Co. do not follow the motor-train lead of the Great Western, and run at least one of these automobiles on the Nailsworth-Stonehouse section.

A local echo of the Charge of the Light Brigade has recently been sounded under remarkable circumstances. The death was recorded at the end of last week of a survivor of the "Gallant Six Hundred," named

Charles Macaulay, of the 8th Hussars. He was the son of a surgeon at Rawcliffe, and left a version of the famous charge, and this (published after his death) disclosed information of the absolute death of a trooper who, on presumption only, had for fifty years been mourned as dead by his relatives. In the aforesaid version, Sergt. Macaulay thus narrated:—"On the morning of Balaclava, I was in a tent with eight comrades, and only two of them returned at night. I rode through the charge on the left side but one, the outside man being called Herbert. We had not gone far before Herbert was killed by a cannon-ball. A moment or two after my right-hand man had his head taken clean off by a round shot. His trunk kept upright on his horse for several yards, and then fell over me. Men and horses now began to fall fast." This narrative being read by a widow, an old inhabitant of Gloucester, she at once came to the conclusion—doubtless a right one—that the Herbert killed by a cannon-ball was her long-lost brother, for he was in the 8th Hussars in the charge, and though her pressing inquiries years ago had failed to elicit his actual fate, she had, as his legal representative, received the medal that was awarded him.

The above tragic incident reminds me of a fact that is not generally known, namely that one of the selection of soldiers' letters given in Nolan's "History of the Crimean War" was written by the late James Cooper, of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, and afterwards an hotel-keeper at Gloucester, and a quartermaster-sergeant in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars. This letter, after describing some of the hardships that our gallant troops had to endure from the weather and lack of supplies, winds up with this expression of their indomitable spirit—"Despite all this, we are still ready to wallopp the Russians." Mr. Cooper was in the Heavy Brigade that witnessed the ride into the "Valley of Death"; and I happen to know that the fact of his letter (which he had written to a friend in England) being incorporated in a history of the war was a revelation to him, but an acceptable one, when his attention was called to it after a lapse of thirty years.

OLDEST CLOCK IN BRITAIN.
The oldest working clock in Great Britain is that of Peterborough Cathedral, which dates from 1520, and is conceded to have been made by a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This is some 12ft. in circumference, carrying a galvanised cable about 300ft. in length, with a leaden weight of 3cwt. The cable has to be wound up daily. The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs 32cwt., and it is struck hourly by an 80lb. hammer. The gong and striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock, the "Scientific American" says, is not fitted with a dial, but the time is indicated on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours. This clock is of most primitive design, more so than the famous one made for Charles V. of France by Henry de Nick.

IS THIS A LIBEL?
Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who is at present in the United States, playing in "A Message from Mars," is responsible for this story, which appears in this week's "T.A.T." He was talking with a friend the other day about peculiar names and initials, when he quietly observed—"By the way, I have a friend who is in a most unfortunate position. He actually has no initials." "No initials?" queried the friend in amazement. "Why, how can that be? Hasn't he got any name?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Hawtrey, with a twinkle in his eye; "but you see, his initials happen to be H. H., and being a *nouveau riche*, he always drops his h's."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 212

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TO BE ADDRESSED BY

F. Hastings-Medhurst,
ESQ.,

Tariff Reform Candidate West Islington.

SUPPORTED BY

J. S. Arkwright, Esq., M.P.

AND OTHER INFLUENTIAL GENTLEMEN.

Chair to be taken at 8 p.m.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 P.M.

THE BAND of the N.F.B.U.

WILL PLAY A SELECTION OF

PATRIOTIC MUSIC UNTIL 8 P.M.

The Gallery will be Reserved for Ladies.



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

MR GEORGE MITCHELL,

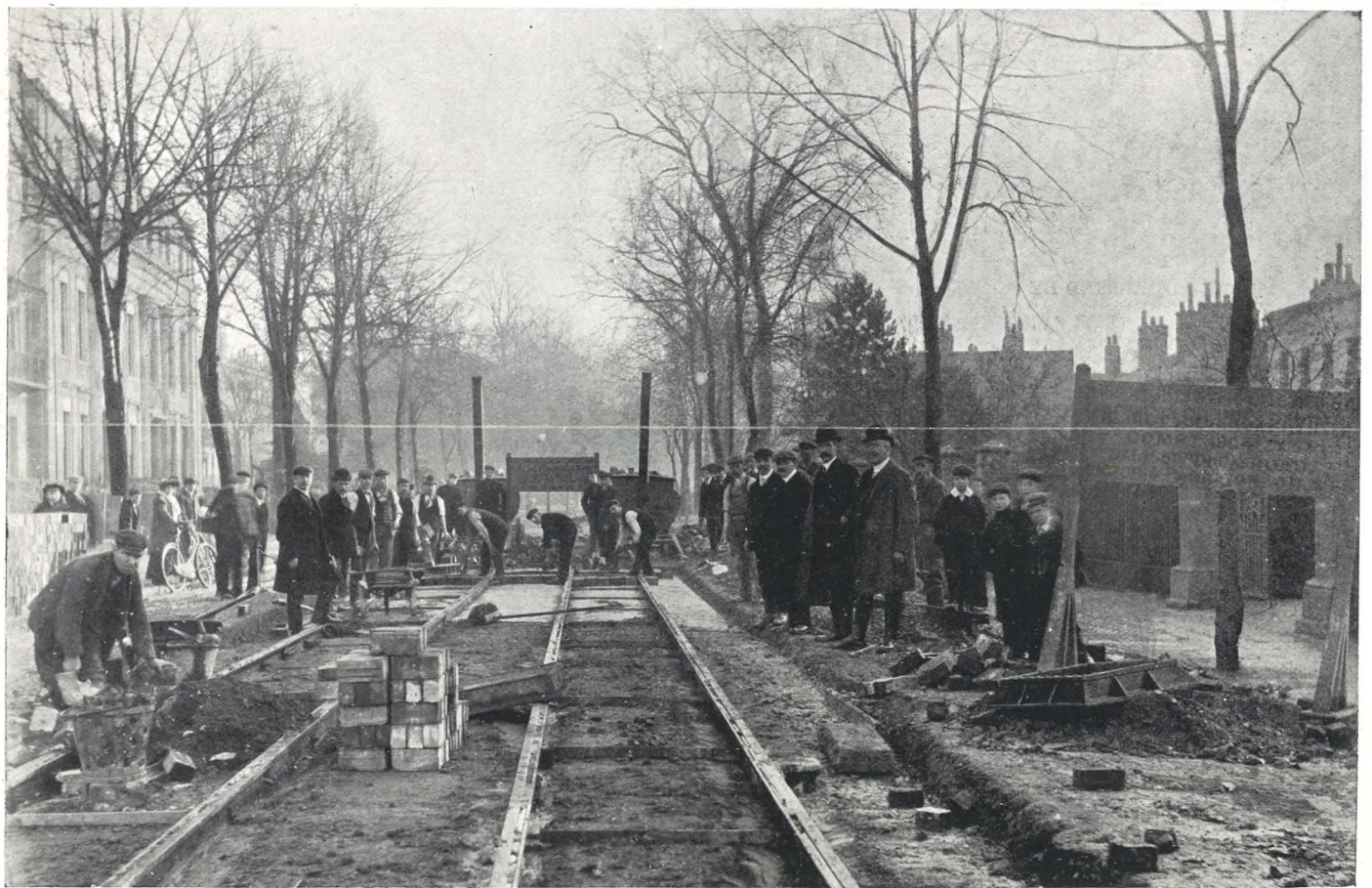
OF RYEWORTH FARM, CHARLTON KINGS.

DIED JANUARY 16, 1905.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED GEM.

To those who love some new thing the latest discovery in precious stones, Kunzite, will be extremely welcome. It will also be prized by the artistic for its peach-pink colour, its highly dichroic quality, and its brilliancy, and by the scientific for its wonderful property of fluorescence. Upon exposure to the action of the X-rays or radium bromide, the gem-stone becomes phosphorescent, and remains so for some appreciable time after removal. After exposure to the X-rays, it will, if placed in the dark, photograph itself upon a piece of sensitive paper. In respect of this phenomenon of fluorescence, Kunzite is unique among gem-stones. To be seen to advantage in jewellery of the present-

day style, Kunzite must be of a fair size, and should form the centre-piece of, say, a diamond pendant, for diamonds greatly help the pleasant colour of the new gem, as they have done so many of the old ones. The rather unattractive name this new gem bears is, like itself, of American origin. Professor George F. Kunz is president of the New York Mineralogical Club, and it is to him and his colleagues that this gem owes its introduction to the world of precious stones, and it has, therefore, been given the name of its most famous sponsor. At the present time, it is found only in San Diego, California, but its fame has spread far and wide, and its qualities seem likely to place it high in the scale of beautiful and brilliant stones.—"The Bystander."





ACME FLOORING AND PAVING CO. IN CHELTENHAM. (For description see Page 6).



COTSWOLD LADIES' BALL, JANUARY 11, 1905.

**A LITERARY CURIOSITY
FROM PAINSWICK.**

PREFATORY NOTE.—The following poem, which predicted, *inter alia*, the recently accomplished exploitation of Painswick by MOTOR 'BUSES, is said (perhaps on doubtful authority) to have been discovered in a *nicchio* of the dungeon keep of Castle Hale, where it long reposed in a brass bottle secured by the seal of Solomon. The author, an ancient native, was evidently a rude and unlettered person: something of a Seer, but ill-versed, withal, in Occultism and Transcendental Magic; or he would hardly have mistaken (*vide stanza 4*) such mystic symbols of initiation as the Lamp of Mercurius Trismegistus, the Mantle of Apollonius of Tyana, and the Staff of the Patriarchs for a wretched stable-lantern, a tattered horse-rug, and a common turnip-hoe! Still, there are evidences here of real inspiration, and of a dim apprehension of Hermetic Mysteries only on record in a Latin manuscript of Paracelsus that remains yet to translate in the library of the Vatican. SIRIUS MINOR.

ROGER CHAWBAKEN'S DRAEM.

Ver' nigh zix hunderd yeer agwoa,
When Painzick wur a villige,
An' boors uzed barley-mael vor dough
While maisters lived by pillage,
Owd Roger went ta roost one night
Wi' air-jam in hiz gizzard,
Which gi'd 'n a moast offal fright—
A "knight-mayor," like a wizzard.

'E zeed a zollum, wizzened sprite,
What hadn't got rue-matic,
Climb Jacob's ladder, all a-light,
An' stan' thur, in the attic.
Then Roger velt hiz blood run cowlid
An' all hiz grinders chatter,
But zed, at last, "Maay I maick bowld
To ax 'e what's the matter?"

The ghwoost 'e glowered avore 'e spoke,
An' zshowed hiz iv'ry tith,
Wi' here an' thur, a black 'on, broke,
Stwon crackin' vor the pith.
A grizzled beard begrimed hiz jaw
Wi' nine days' crop ta shave;
An' zounds that whiffed vrom hiz maw
Zeemed holler, like the grave.

A stable-lantern, vull ov vire,
Hung vrom hiz leathern girdle,
Wi' a hoss-rug hitched upon 'n higher—
A rag upon a hurdle.
A turnup-naow in one hand stowed
Lukked like the vigger seven,
An' hiz yead above hiz year had growed
Wi' evry zign ov Heaven.

Hiz naked legs wur vull in view—
Two sticks ov Roushan taller:
An' one wuz Tory—painted blue—
One Radical and yaller.
The ghwoost now tuk a good dip breath,
An' like a vurnus zighed:
Hiz spirit—zmellin' strong ov death—
Spoke thus vrom hiz inzide:—

"No 'RASHER' man than thou, O churl,
Lies in the pit ov Toffit;
Thy yead wi' vizions zoom 'll zwirl—
Thou'lt 'VIGGER' as a 'PROFIT'!
Thou'lt be, in zooth, a reverend VRIAR,
Onless I'm bad mistaken:
In Heaven a 'VRIAR' who'lt twang a LYRE,
Tho' here a 'VRYER' o' BACON."

A vlash ov Jitenin' doused the glim,
The ghwoost went off in thunder,
An' Roger waked, a PROPHET grim,
Who made all Painzick wunder.
'E spouted tales about the past,
Dished up vrom cryptic scourses,
Ov how the stars got vixt and classed,
Or wobbly in their courses.

'E hit a moast uncommon chance,
Wi' mathematics mystic,
An' made the Earth perform a dance
About the plane ecliptic;
The Devil's spit had jerked askew
Our axis ov rotation,
An', zo it happened, two an' two
Made vour, in God's notation.

'E zhowed 'em how a loaded mind,
Not takin' proper stock, shall
GUY-rate—top-heavy an' inclined—
In manner equinoctial.
'E telled 'em, too, their ALMANACK
Went dead agens't hiz rulez,
An' put their vust ov April back—
A Fes'terval vor Fools.

The wimmin ov the Comin' Day,
'E zed, 'll dress in zatin,
Vor which the men 'll ha' ta PAY—
But whimpered THAT in LATIN.
This helped hiz vame spread vur an' vast,
Zo, proffer-sighin' a shimer,
'E zed the Stwonnen Age, at last,
'I'll turn to DRESDEN CHINER.

'E vowed an' zwered az Painzick air
Wud bust wi' Life's Elixir;
That EDDARD, Rex, 'll VETCH hiz share
An' "do the blessed trick, zir."
'E whispered, too, a way to vix
The "whirled" an' make us civil:
"Take zoot, an' zait, an' zulfur, mix,
An' hand it to the Devil."

'E zed that Helio-gabble-ass
The zecret long 'ud hold
Ov how to turn a yead ov brass
Into a pu'se ov gold.
An' then 'e taiched 'em how to make
The "powder ov projection"—
An' how to mix it vor a cake
Or in a zweet confection.

But, best ov all, 'e telled 'em straight,
If they 'RAINED in' their cusses,
The WESTERN RAIL 'ud cheppen vreight
An' zend 'em MOTOR 'BUSES.
An' when he'd proffer-sigh'd these things
'E winked hiz other eye,
An' zed when Bow-wows growed their wings
The PAINZICK men 'ud VLY.

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 210th competition failed to fill.

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 112th prize has been divided between Mr. P. C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, and Mrs. S. H. Joyner, Fernbank, Moorend-road, Leckhampton, for reports of sermons respectively preached by the Rev. T. Bolton at Wesley Church and by the Rev. D. Austin Fisher at Emmanuel 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 AVOCADO PEAR.

Under this name the fruit of *Persea gratissima* is known in tropical America and the West Indies where the tree, which grows to a height of 25 feet to 30 feet, is common. It belongs to the order Laurineae, and produces a fruit in size and shape like a large pear, covered with a smooth brownish green or purplish skin, enclosing a large quantity of firm pulp of a rich buttery or marrow-like taste. It is sometimes known as vegetable marrow, or midshipman's butter. The flavour is said not to be quite agreeable to Europeans at first, but to gain upon them after a short time.—"The Garden."



MR. AND MRS. H. BRAINT,

SUPERINTENDENTS OF MONTPELLIER BATHS, CHELTENHAM, WHO HAVE JUST OBTAINED
A SIMILAR APPOINTMENT AT ACTON BATHS.

THE SUCCESS OF A PLAY.

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. H. Vivian records a long interview which he has had with Mr. John Hare concerning the drama. He asked whether newspaper criticisms affected plays, and we will repeat the passage to which the question gave rise.

Hare: "Very little. People go away and talk. That is how a play is made or marred. It is much the same as the vogue of a book. But a play stands a better chance than a book, for a man who has bought his seat generally stays to the end, whereas many people throw a book aside if they do not like the first chapter."

Vivian: "And how far is the public taste irrevocable? Has a play ever been damned and then had a profitable resurrection?"

Hare: "A play may be in advance of the public taste. Take the case of a piece called 'A Scrap of Paper.' Directly I read it I was sure it was excellent. I acted in it at an early period of my career, and it was a hideous failure. Many years later I insisted on revising it, and the result was a triumphant success. 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' would probably have been a failure thirty years ago. People would have been shocked: because they were not ready for it, not educated up to it."

Vivian: "You are very sure of its merits if you imply that 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' could only have failed in the face of prudery or ignorance. I saw it acted by Mme. Hading at Bucharest, where nothing shocks, and where, in the matter of plays, at any rate, the public does not lack knowledge or experience. Everybody laughed

at it as grossly unnatural, and the verdict was: 'Having seen the second Mrs. Tanqueray, we can only rejoice that we never knew the first.'" Hare: "Anyhow, Pinero suits the present taste, and I consider his work is good enough to take a permanent place in our national repertory. I am proud of nothing so much as having been the means of introducing him to the public when he was still practically unknown."

THE BURIED TREASURES OF TIBER.

Professor C. Nispi-Landi, the Government Inspector of Italian National Monuments, describes, in a fascinating article in the "Pall Mall Magazine," some of the many marvellous treasures which have been found in the sands of the river Tiber's ancient bed. "Tell me," he asks, "if it could have been otherwise, after all that history has chronicled, all that tradition has whispered, and all that has been discovered already in this buried storehouse of priceless ancient art."

"Why does the Old Father Tiber contain these treasures? Why have idols, statues, coins, and objects of every nature been thrown into the Tiber? How long did the Romans and other peoples continue thus to enrich the yellow river?"

"The answer to these points completely and without reticence would be interesting, as the facts and circumstances that we should find in the material thus investigated would furnish good elements for the advancement of science and culture. I will give such information as

the limits of this article will allow.

"Vicissitudes of war, religious vows, fanaticism, floods, and accidents are the various reasons that may briefly be given for the accumulation of the treasures jealously guarded by the Tiber during the course of so many centuries—reasons that are supported by the many discoveries made of pre-Roman and Roman character.

"Vicissitudes of war contributed the largest harvest of wealth to the sacred river, not only from Romans, but from all the other peoples who entered armed into Rome. Defeated warriors preferred to throw their arms, money, and other precious objects into the sacred river rather than see them taken, carried away, or destroyed by the hated enemy. Invaders, when successful, in order to insult the conquered Romans, threw into the Tiber what they could not carry away, after having taken care to break into pieces the statues and the idols. Religious sacrifices also caused a large accumulation of treasures, because they were celebrated during ten centuries."

"TEN YEARS HENCE."

Ten years hence, dear, will you greet me
As you do to-day?—
Laughing, dancing forth to meet me,
Throwing little arms around me,
Giving kisses to confound me
With the joy of them completely—
Will you greet me all so sweetly
Ten years hence?
A. L. Salmon, in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Although this year is still very young, death has taken toll of a good many inhabitants of the county. During the first fortnight your broadsheet has chronicled the passing-away of twelve persons above the age of eighty years, whilst two others who lived on the borders of the county were 104 and 96 years respectively. The obituary for last year, it may be mentioned, contained the names of about 24 persons of the age of ninety and upwards, including two centenarians, one of whom lived away at Liverpool. The saying that "those whom the gods love die young" is exemplified at Gloucester, for over a score of children under the age of five years have died since New Year's Day, an epidemic of measles having carried them off.

There are in Cheltenham a considerable number of shareholders in Gloucester's greatest industry, the Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., and they doubtless, in common with the proprietors, read with regret of the death of that grand old man, Mr. Henry Wright (whose portrait appeared in the "Graphic" of September 7th, 1901), one of its first officials some forty-five years ago, and who, after severing his connection with the company for twelve years, returned to it as a director at a critical period in its history (in 1878), and continued on the board, for seventeen years in the very responsible position of chairman, until Oct., 1901, when, having attained the great age of 94 years, he prudently resigned, the shareholders voting him for his valuable services the well-deserved gratuity of 1,500 guineas immediately afterwards. I occasionally met Mr. Wright, both in official and social life, and while I was impressed with his keen business capacity and tact, maintained almost up to the last, his benevolent appearance and genial, breezy manner and gift as a raconteur were very attractive. He could appreciate a joke, and a particular one I well remember he, among other bigwigs, heartily enjoyed was enacted at the Judge's Lodgings, when, after a certain Mayor's banquet, a stalwart city councillor suddenly appeared in the card-room wearing the furry cap of maintenance and carrying the sword of the civic swordbearer, which, for the fun of the thing, he had assumed for the nonce. While on the subject of a nonagenarian director, I must mention that other one of Gloucester, namely Capt. J. M. Shipton, R.N., who died on February 27th, 1886, aged 96 years. He was a director of the old Gloucestershire Bank, and at one of the shareholders' meetings, after the chairman, the late Mr. Samuel Bowly, in his speech had feelingly referred to the fact that he had passed his eightieth birthday and had been a teetotaler for many years, Capt. Shipton waited his opportunity to say a few words, and then, in his usual blunt, sailor-like fashion, scored heavily off Mr. Bowly by remarking, "Gentlemen, I am over ninety years old, and I never mix my wine with water."

I question whether there are many people in the county who know there is a Baron of Cirencester in the Peerage of Great Britain. Yet there is one. It is one of the sub-titles of his Grace the Duke of Portland, but it is in reality older than the dukedom, for while the latter is of 1716 date, the former was conferred in 1689. I am not aware whether the Portland family ever had or have any land in Gloucestershire, but it is certain that the Duke is the patron of the very valuable rectory of Bredon's Norton, just on its northern borders, and that this living has been held since 1881 by the Rev. H. G. Cavendish-Browne, a distant relative of his Grace.

The announcement in the "Echo," that the long-closed premises in Regent-street that were built for a horse repository have been taken by the Avon Orchard Co., and that a fruit depot will be one of the purposes for which they will be used, interests me. And



LIFE IN CANADA.

A Cheltonian resident in Canada very kindly forwarded us the above pictures. In the first is depicted a dog pack entering Edmonton after an eight hundred mile journey from the North, the barometer at the time reading 8 degrees below zero, with 15 inches of snow. The second picture is a typical scene—trading boat running the rapids on Slave River.

for this reason—I have several times expressed my surprise that in a good fruit-growing centre like Cheltenham, with plenty of the necessary female labour available, and sugar easily obtainable from the importing place of Gloucester, a jam factory has not been started here. I trust that the Orchard Co. may be able to see their way to convert a portion of the extensive premises into such a factory, and that the manufacture of jam may be profitable to them and beneficial to the town.

GLEANER.

A GREAT APPLE YEAR.

In the New World the season of 1904 appears to have been as notable for apples as it was in England, and the crop is stated to have been the heaviest for eight years past. From the United States and Canada together the enormous amount of nearly 11,000,000 bushels of apples were exported to England during the year, and although there was, during the greater part of 1904, an unusual demand for foreign apples, owing to the total failure of our previous autumn's crop, the reflection is inevitable that, with better methods of bringing to the home consumer such an enormous supply as we had in the autumn just past, we should be able to put a great deal of money into the pockets of home growers which at present goes overseas. There is still no apple reaching this country from any part of the world which for real excellence of flavour equals half-a-dozen standard English varieties; but the American grower knows how to attract the purchaser by uniformity of size and quality, in a way which home growers have hardly begun to learn. And so in the big towns the English product hardly finds one purchaser at two-pence a pound, where the American fruit finds ten at double the price.—"Country Life."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACME FLOORING AND PAVING CO. IN CHELTENHAM.

Group (reading from left to right), top row: G. Copperwheate (checker), A. Hayward (timekeeper), A. E. Hill (timekeeper), J. McLean (checker), R. Higginson (carpenter), T. Foster (foreman).

Bottom row: E. J. Harris (foreman), J. A. Preston (material clerk), J. W. Pearce (manager), P. Tyler (cashier), S. H. Davey (timekeeper).

The scenes depicted were photographed by Mr. W. Moorman in Upper High-street and London-road.

THE NEW ROAD-PEST.

The owner of Moor Park, Farnham, has done a service to irritable old gentlemen, all the world over—except in a few barbarous parts, where babies are carried in shawl-straps—by letting perambulators legally defined as wheeled traffic. If the definition holds good, nursemaids will have to look out. They will have to light up after dark and carry a number, and be careful not to drive their charges into the legs of elderly passers-by in the nonchalant manner which so often adds insult to injury. Hitherto, the babies have had it all their own way. Now, some old English Brutus will be summoning his son and heir for riding on the pavement to the detriment of the common weal.—"The Bystander."

It seems to be a great comfort to a man who is jealous of his wife's first husband to think how jealous the other fellow would be if he knew.

"SELINA JENKINS."

* * * * *

AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Last Saturday Amos dissuaded me and him to go to a football match, bein' of a fambly as is rather gone on sport, 'is brother James bein' wot they calls a "fool-back" in a cracked team somewheres up North, wich 'is ribs 'ave been stove in 2ce, and 'is collar-bone broke up'ards of 14 times, but still contrives to make a good livin' by it; not that I considers football much of an enjoyment not meself, 'is a site too much fallin' in 'eaps to please me, and a wonder 'ow to goodness they keeps a hold bone in their bodies in they there scummages, as they do call it, as is very little short of a free fite, so I thinks, and would be put down by the perlice if they was to take place in the streets, that they would!

'Owsomdever, as I was a-sayin', las' Saturday that there Amos dissuaded me to go along to the Albion-street Recreation Ground to see a match struck between the Cheltenham Hays and the Stow-on-the-Wolders.

I didn't know nothink about the game, and I knows less about it now, becoss for why—Amos eggsplined sich a lot that I 'adn't no time to arsk who's wot or wot's wich, these 'ere men do chatter on so, don't 'em? wich you can't get a word in edgewise, if you starts 'em on the ways and means of footballers, for instance.

When we arrived on the seen, there was a flat field carpeted with real grass, and a sort of a cowshed, with glass sides and seats into the same at 3d. extry, as were called the grand stand for short, meanin' a place to sit down; not as I could see where the "grand" come in, but there, you know, it don't do to be 2 pertikler.

All round the seen of execution were 'eaps of 'ay or straw, as I were told were to lay the wounded and dyn' on durin' their last moments; and as to the people, well—there were a respectable but limited few, sich as me, Amos, and others of the aristocracy, nobility, and ginty of Cheltenham, besides a few on the 3d. side from the "general residence" list.

The most pertikler feature of the entertainment were the east wind, 'owever, as was supplied without extry charge in onlimited quantities, the 'eating apparatus bein' out of order, so to say, for the occasion—if there ever is any; wich, as Amos said, says he—"Selina," says he, "that's the difference between this 'ere performance and a crowded perillical meeting—here there's too much ventilation, and there not enuff, unless you counts ventilating views for anythink." That I will say, the ventilation up to the 'Ampton's cinder grounds were Hay One at Lloyd's, as the sayin' is. I shouldn't think there were a colder spot this side of the North Pole, wich if I were a hicc-cream salesman I should mix up the biled eggs and other microbes and bring it to the football match to 'ave it froze free or charge, bein' a'most refridgerating to a body's pore feet, as is rather given to chilblains, and couldn't 'ardly tell whether me nose were or me face without feelin', it were that dummyfied with the wintry blast; and I considers all they as goes reg'lar to see football matches struck is real Chrystyun Martyns to the cause to brave the helements as they does. Of course, I can see ways of doin' it oetter. If I were in charge of the 'Ampton's Cinder Traot I should bild a "Cafe Restoring," with a lot of winders facin' the field, so as a body could sit inside, by a blazin' fire, enjoyin' a good cup of tea, whiles they football fellers was strikin' the match outside in fool view. If anybody wanted to 'oller "Ooray" or "Yah, Boo," or sich-like things, as is considered good form in football, they could go outside, and come back when the fit was wore off a bit! If this were done, why football 'd become as fashionable as whist-drives and committee-meetan's, and the theayter wouldn't be in it for poplarity.

Now, I s'pose I must eggspline the game, and I feels pretty well like that there Chamberlain—there's a terrible lot to eggspline about

and only a month or 2 to say it in, afore the ginerel election, so I 'ears; wich I've got to go further and cram it all into this 'ere construction, in the best blue-black ink and a J pen, as is very crampin' to the hintelleck, in my hapynion, and nothink like a old-fashioned goose-quill for 'elping the ideas to flow easy like!

Well, 'twene somethink like this: There were 2 lots of men, one lot dressed in black and red jerseys, and the other in blue and white, besides wich, of coorse, they wore unmentionables of various shades, inloodin' 1 or 2 in white flannel—leastways, when the performance started they were white, but afterwards bekum the colour of the soil.

The game, 'owever, wasn't played by these 'ere fellers in colours; they was only the pawns, so to speak, to be moved about at the sweet will of a stout little chap dressed like a retired grocery, with a red flag and a cigar, both of wich 'e used to keep off the rush when it come down 'is way. It were wonderful to see 'ow they fellers rushed about the field, 'throwin' each other down, and doin' all manner of onperilite things to each other, but so soon as ever this or'nary feller jest gaggled the flag and the cigar they all stopped short, like a pack of schoolboys when the master turns up, and jest stood in a line ontill Mister Red-flag Cigar 'anded the ball to them again, with a gentle smile on 'is marble brow. The other player were a chap with a pleece-whistle, as 'e were performin' on most of the time. I'd rather 'ear the Jews' 'arp meself, not bein' parshul to a pleece whistle, not meself; but this 'ere chap, as Amos said, were called the "Humpire," played wonderful well, so I considers; he never troubled to go knockin' anybody down as 'ad the ball, but when he wanted it "Toot, toot," went 'is whistle, and all they men jest 'anded it over to 'im so meek as lambs!

Humpires, so Amos says, always goes about in a match harmed to the teeth with daggers and pistols and coats of male, in case of 'avin' a few words with the 3d. side as to who's goin' to win the match; there was a time when they as played up best won, but in consequence of the Trades Unions system, or somethink, there's very often considerable difference of hapynion between the humpire and the 3d. folk, wich they do say it's a very ond'nary thing for the humpire to be carried 'ome for dead in a stretcher, lookin' as if 'e'd ad the steam-roller passed over 'im a time or 2; not that I 'olds with sich things, not meself, as makes a lady like me go all shivery shaky, as the sayin' is, but I s'pose its part of the science of football, sich as drivels, touch-and-go, hoff-side, and other eppysodes of a like charackter.

All of a suddint, 'owever, jest as I were arskin' Amos whatever they chaps kep pickin' up the ball and runnin' back with it for, "smack" come the ball rite on me features, 'avin' been kicked by a yung feller as 0 to know better, that 'e 0 and me a respectable fieldmale on the 6d. side too, as mite 'ave been the death of me thro' fright and shock to the system, and were a reg'lar site afterwards thro' the mud as were on the ball and were left on me face; wich if they was to 'ave that there cafe place 'twould be a lot safer, and sich things couldn't 'appen, as all stood in a row and laffed at me hupsettedness ontill the humpire blowed 'is whistle to call them to order again.

After this haccident, I didn't take much hinterest in the game, as seemed to me very near so bad as lookin' on at a dynamite hegspllosion, or the siege of Port Harthur, and not fit for sich delikit and well-bread folks as me; not to speak of the temperatoo, as were the coldest sort of hentertainment I were ever out to in my born days as I said afore, and very glad were I when it come to a climax, and folks began to onthaw theirselves to walk 'ome.

"Ooray! We've won," shouted the 3d. stand-ups; "Ooray! we've won," said Amos. "Lor, you don't say so?" says I. "I never know'd," says I, "as we'd been a-playin'," says I. "I really thought," says I, "it were they fellers out there in jerseys!" as shows 'ow little I really knows about the fillosophy of football. For meself, I'd rather 'ave a game of "Snap," but tastes do differ, don't 'em?

SELINA JENKINS

THE LATEST IDEA IN MOURNING.

I once knew a lady (says the "Club Chatterer," in "To-Day") who was very fond of horses, and kept an extremely large stable, where her animals were housed and looked after as though they were human beings rather than of the brute creation. When a horse died, the funeral was quite an affair. A pretty cloth was put round the dead carcass, and after the burial a suitable head-stone was erected to the departed steed. One end of the garden was set apart as a cemetery, and glittered with these white head-stones. When her special favourite died, she had the body stuffed and set up in the hall, where it looked utterly out of place, if extremely lifelike. But what is to be thought of the action of the widow of M. Markoff, the well-known Siberian railway contractor. M. Markoff died a little while ago, and his body has been preserved and stuffed, and reposes in a glass case in the drawing-room for all to contemplate. If this idea should become fashionable, a new horror will be added to death.

* * *

ALCOHOL FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES.

It cannot be too clearly understood, says "The Autocar," in discussing the question of the use of alcohol as a fuel for motors, that the manufacture of alcohol for industrial purposes will necessitate what is practically a new home industry. It has nothing whatever to do with the distillers, who are making alcohol for whisky. There are, it seems, about 150 firms making alcohol for drinking purposes and only six making denatured or methylated spirit for industrial uses, yet these 150 firms are, in the majority of cases, combating the suggested alterations of the law which will make it possible to procure moderately cheap denatured or undrinkable alcohol for industrial uses. It is monstrous that the industrial progress of the country should be hampered by a handful of over-capitalised and in too many cases non-progressive distillers of drink, who have made huge fortunes, and who may continue to make them so far as the upholders of industrial alcohol are concerned. All that is asked by those who wish it to be made possible for alcohol to be used for heat, light, and power purposes is that the whisky distillers will remember that their vested interests are not attacked in any way, and that, therefore, they should abstain from interfering in a question which is no concern of theirs.

* * *

UNCONQUERED SAVAGES.

The recent revolt of the Hereros in German South Africa recalls cases of several unconquerable tribes of savages, and a writer says of them in "T.A.T.":—"Far away to the Northward" (of Africa), "safe in the solitudes of the Sahara desert, are the Tawareqs, the only people in the world who (men and women alike) habitually wear face-masks when out of doors. They owe their freedom from subjection to their extreme shyness. Berber and Moor, Kabyle, Gallas, and Somali, have each in turn tried to subdue them by force of arms; but in vain. Even the Franch have failed to establish relations with them, either friendly or otherwise. They are as unapproachable as antelopes, and as independent. Kafiristan, the most mysterious country in Asia, is peopled entirely by Pagan savages of the very lowest type, ill-armed and ill-fed, but who, nevertheless, for over a thousand years, have managed to maintain their independence by force of arms against all comers. With two or three exceptions, no white man has ever so much as set foot within their territories. Indeed, to do so, even with an armed escort, is to court almost certain death. For to these fierce, shy, isolated tribesmen, all strangers are enemies, and the Kafir's one idea of dealing with an enemy is to kill him as speedily as possible, and at all hazards. In the vast unexplored interior of South America are tribes of savages who, until visited last year by the Italian explorer, Cardona, had actually never even heard of the existence of "white men." Yet, curiously enough, they themselves, though embrowned with soot and mud, were found, when their skins were washed, to possess the brilliant white and red epidermis which is characteristic of the Caucasian race."



IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY.
A VIEW OF CRICKLEY HILL.



BETHEL BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHELTENHAM.
Built in 1820, and the oldest of the Cheltenham Baptist places of worship.

FROM STEAM TO ELECTRICITY.

The story of the transformation of the "Underground" is told in the "Pall Mall Magazine" by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes. "To see what it is which is superseding the antiquated instruments of an old idea, one must go to the huge power station in Lot's-road, Chelsea—an enormous building, stately in proportion, ponderous in strength, full of marvels of machinery and of method. The site, the building, and equipment, cost £1,300,000—paid in sovereigns," says Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., impressively, and after all that is how we should all like to take it. That building may be described as a manufactory of power or energy, and from it that energy is silently conveyed through between sixty and seventy cables in a large chamber under the public street to Earl's Court, about a mile away. From Earl's Court the energy radiates in all directions: it goes to Harrow, to Ealing, to Hounslow, to Richmond, to Putney and Wimbledon, to Whitechapel and East Ham. The force created at the centre and sent out is

about 60,000 kilowatts (I trust that word is right), or, as ordinary people would say, 80,000 horse-power. This will work the traffic on the District and Metropolitan lines, and on three 'tubes,' the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead; the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton; and the Baker-street and Waterloo lines. If the Central London or 'Twopenny Tube' wanted to be obliged with a little energy, it would not ask in vain. This huge force is sent out, but not in any blundering or haphazard manner. The Lot's-road power station is 'a mighty maze, but not without a plan,' for all over the various systems provided with power the supply is nicely adjusted to the demand; there is always enough, and never any waste."

• • •
The positive man is a nuisance, but there is a grim consolation in the fact that he is almost invariably in the wrong.

Despite intellectual detachment, it is difficult not to love the little children, at least from a distance.

THE VINTAGE IN TUSCANY (1904).



"EMMA E VICO INVIANO LORO SINCERI AUGURI
ALL' AMICO SIGNOR WILLIAM MERCER."



THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK OF MOSES.

As regards the treasures still hidden in the Tiber, there is one that is of the greatest interest to the whole world. According to an article which Professor Nispi-Landi contributes to the "Pall Mall Magazine," the sacred candlestick of Moses, together with the two golden and the seven silver trumpets, and the golden bottles and cups mentioned in the ancient chronicles, were all safely and securely packed in a box that he believes has lain in the Tiber since July, 546, when the Gothic King Totila stopped at the gates of Rome, and when the Romans, feeling that they were not safe, withdrew from the city, and threw into the Tiber as much movable property as possible. The candlestick, he says, has seven branches, corresponding to seven torches; it is nearly three feet high; its weight is 41 kilos and 250 grammes; its intrinsic value is \$33,000 (£6,600), and its historic value too great to be reckoned by money. It was made of the purest gold, solid, hammered by Choliab, son of Ahisamac, of the tribe of Dan, nearly 3,775 years ago.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 213. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).
"WALKER, LONDON,"

AND
"MY TURN NEXT"

(programme as on Mr. H. Oswald Redford's benefit) in aid of Cheltenham Cricket Club funds.

NEXT WEEK: SECOND PANTOMIME,
"SINBAD."

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 211th prize has been divided between Mrs. H. Welch, The Cottage, Withington, and Mr. W. A. Walton, London-road, Gloucester.

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

The 113th prize has been won by Miss E. Maude Jeffrey, Leamington House, Pittville, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. W. E. Hobbes at All Saints' Church, Cheltenham.

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

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

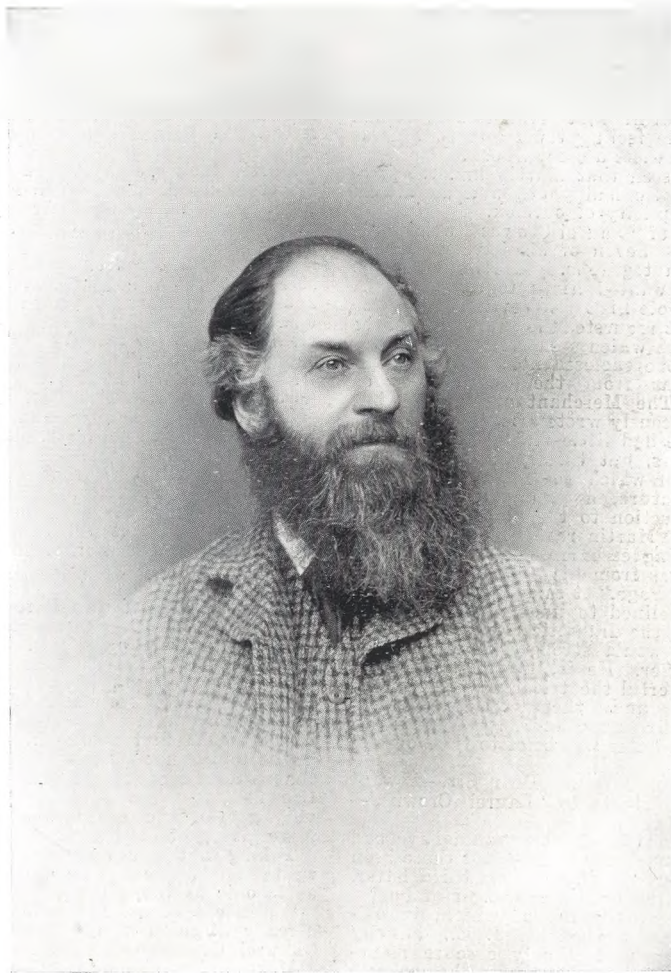
All photographs and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

Eat little, drink little, be as much in the open air as possible.—Lord Avebury.

It is not the battle of life which weighs down the soul, but its grey skies and its unspeakable monotony.

God is the first and the most imperious need of humanity, and this is why fanaticism is the most violent of all the passions.

It is open to question whether the scriptural injunction which tells us to call no man father is tolerably fulfilled by the young hopeful, who talks of the governor.



MR. R. L. BOULTON,
A CHELTENHAM SCULPTOR. DIED JANUARY 23, 1905, AGED 72 YEARS.

A COVETED POST.

The post of an Army bandmaster is a highly coveted one. It carries with it the rank of warrant-officer and pay at the rate of five shillings a day, plus an annual allowance of £70, with free quarters, rations, and uniform. The holder of such an appointment also has his income materially increased by the fees he draws for conducting

at exhibitions, concerts, and race meetings, etc. In the case of such popular bands as those of the Guards, Engineers, Artillery, and Marines, the extra payments on this account represent a considerable sum in the course of the year. It is also worth noting that a military bandmaster may even aspire to a commission, no less than five of them at present ranking as second lieutenants. The first to be thus honoured was the late Dan Godfrey, of the Grenadiers.—"Windsor Magazine."



MR. NAT BURGE, OF GLOUCESTER,
FOR 32 YEARS HALL POLICEMAN AT THE M.R. OLD AND
NEW STATIONS, BUT NOW RETIRED.

Photo by Paul Coe, opposite Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

MR. SAMUEL LONG,

A Native of Cheltenham, who died January 22, 1905. Deceased was almost the oldest tradesman in Gloucester, having carried on business as a fish and game dealer at the Cross for nearly half a century. This photo, taken just before last Christmas, portrays him in his usual style of attire, and shows that he carried his 81 years lightly.



PETROL & PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

A TRIMMING TIP.

Some amateurs' prints look sometimes as if they had been trimmed with a saw. It is not the sharpness of the knife, etc., they are trimmed with, but the surface on which they are trimmed. Spoilt half or whole-plate negatives are splendid things to use for surfaces for print trimming. The film forms a kind of pad for the knife or wheel to cut into, and thus prevents it from slipping. Amateurs who have never tried this should do so. They will be agreeably surprised.

BACKED PLATES.
The amateur photographer who backs his own plates to guard against halation should remember that the backing slightly slows a plate, and therefore this fact should be remembered when exposing.

SNOW SCENES.
The Rev. F. C. Lambert, the eminent amateur photographer, has the following advice to give regarding the making of pictures of snow scenes. He says: "Avoid a subject in which there is much dark material in the foreground, and equally avoid a subject which has no foreground at all. In this latter case we miss the feeling of space, distance, relief, open air, and full light. Avoid also anything like reticulation of strong dark against light, e.g. gates, dark tree-trunks, etc. The effect of this is to irritate by a chessboard-like pattern of black and white patches. Moreover, let it be remembered that a large expanse of smooth freshly-fallen snow does not yield a snow-like print, but

usually a patch of white paper. Undulating ground is to be preferred to that which is quite flat, as yielding more gradation. Be cautious in selecting a roadway where the track shows as a string of black dots or maze of wheel lines. You are more likely to get a picture along the side than in the middle of the track, unless of course the snow be very deep and the tracks are few, not confused, and without black patches. A mere sprinkling of snow is not sufficient to ensure a characteristic picture—sufficient must have fallen to have obliterated most of the prominent features of the landscape, or a typical snow scene will not be obtained.

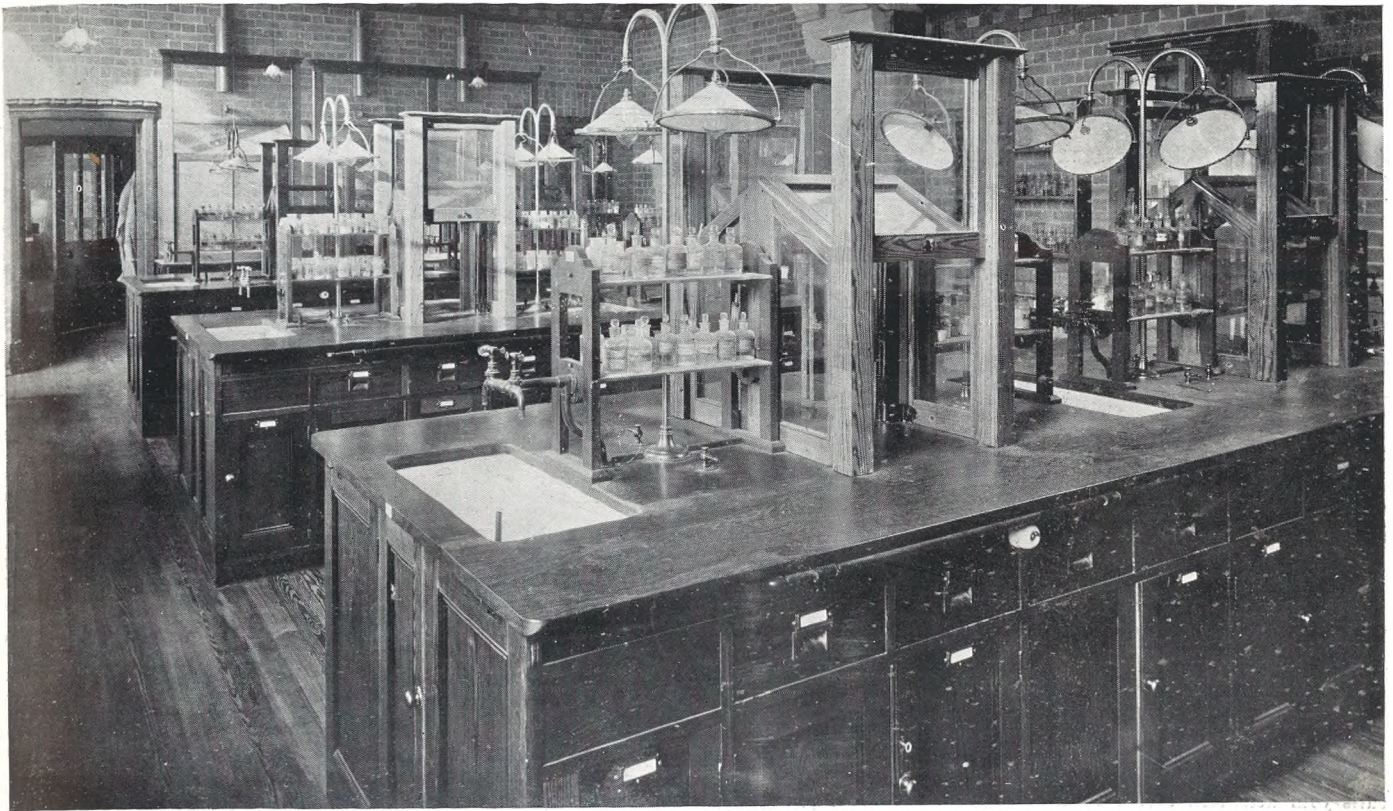
TESTING PLATINUM CONTACTS.
Some motorists have considerable trouble through being supplied with bad platinum contacts, which burn quickly away. It is just as well to test the contacts sometimes in the following way:—File off a few particles of the platinum, and place these, together with a small quantity of concentrated nitric acid, in a test-tube; hold this for a few moments over a Bunsen flame, and if the liquid turns green, there is some other metal present; if no change in colour when the acid boils, you have got pure platinum.

FOR LANTERNISTS.
The general run of lantern slides made by amateurs show an expanse of white at the top of the picture to represent the sky. It is not a difficult matter to print clouds on lantern slides. The landscape should be printed as usual on a slide, and then washed and dried. When the slide is quite dry, it should be placed face upwards in a printing-frame. Upon it place the cloud negative, also face upwards. Then, face downwards, put the lantern plate upon which it is desired to print the clouds. The landscape glass and the

unexposed plate should be carefully arranged so that they exactly coincide as regards position. Insert the back of the printing frame, with a piece of black opaque paper cover up as much of the landscape as possible, and expose. When the process of development is complete, there will appear the clouds running down to the horizon; and below them, in the form of a negative, a faint image of such portions of the landscape as were left uncovered by the paper. This image can be quickly and easily removed with a camel-hair brush dipped in Farmer's reducer. The cover glass will then be complete, and, when bound up, the sky will be found to correspond with the landscape exactly. It may be added that with a thin cloud negative and a landscape slide of average density, the amount of reducing required will be extremely slight; frequently it may be entirely dispensed with.

PLANTS FOR A NORTH BORDER.

One of the prettiest pictures I ever remembered in a garden was a wall facing due north covered with roses and winter Jasmine, and at the foot of it a narrow border of the Japanese Anemone. The Jasmine came into bloom in February or March, the roses came out in July, and the Anemones (pink and white) in September. Thus in an almost sunless position there were flowers at three different periods of the year. When the roses came into bloom, one could gather blossoms until the frosts came; before the roses were over, the Anemones came out; and when the Anemones were over it was not very long before one looked forward to seeing the first bursting buds of the yellow Jasmine. —"The Garden."



JUNIOR CHEMICAL LABORATORY, CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE SCIENCE WING.

COMMENCING
FEB. 2ND, 1905.

BOOT AND SHOE SALE.

COMMENCING
FEB. 2ND, 1905.

Thomas Steel and Son

BEG TO ANNOUNCE ONE OF THEIR "OCCASIONAL"
CLEARING SALES.

THE WHOLE STOCK, comprising 30,000 pairs, will be offered at TEN to FIFTY per cent. reduction, with the exception of "K" make, which, by agreement, can only be reduced Five per cent.

With such a LARGE and VARIED STOCK (*the* largest out of London), BARGAINS will be obtainable in every possible Style of Boots and Shoes, &c., &c.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN BLACKING LEATHER BOOTS.

LADIES who wear SMALL SIZE BOOTS or SHOES can purchase on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS. T. S. & S. beg to intimate that the reduced goods can only be purchased for CASH. As an instance of the GENUINENESS of our Sales, we may mention that at one of them, a little while ago, we actually sold 5,000 pairs in five weeks.

This Sale is not one of the kind usually carried on in Cheltenham, QUARTERLY and ANNUALLY, but THOROUGHLY BONA FIDE, and with ONE OBJECT in view, viz., to CLEAR THE WAY FOR NEW PURCHASES for SPRING and SUMMER.

COLLEGE & FAMILY BOOT WAREHOUSES,

79, HIGH STREET & 3, QUEEN'S CIRCUS, CHELTENHAM.

TELEPHONE 0838.

ESTABLISHED 1839.



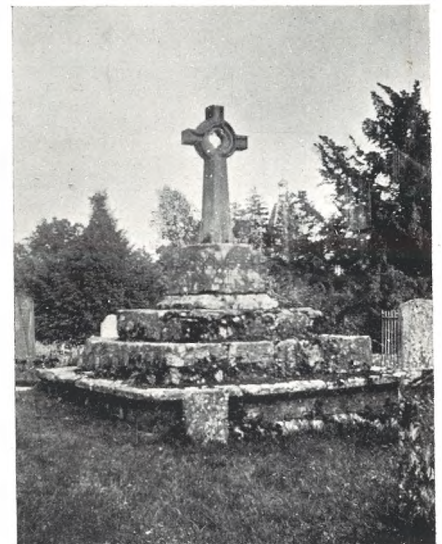
WESTBURY-ON-SEVERN

COUNTY CROSSES.



Photos by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

LYDNEY.



RENDCOMB.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MANCHESTER.

The clouds frown at you; and, as a rule, rain laughs defiantly at you. Newsboys shout at you; and what are labelled "noiseless" cabs sweep swiftly and deafeningly near the curb. That hideous squeak, which is heard as an electric car is crawling round a curve, calls your attention to the continuous train of such conveyances, and to the crowds of young and old that rush to them in fulfilment of the feat which is popularly termed "taking the car."

The heavy hoofs of powerful horses clattering upon the stone roadway, with great rumbling vans behind, suddenly lessen their din; the hand of a policeman commands them to "pull up," and a string of hansom and vehicles of surprising variety make a right-angle crossing of the busy thoroughfare. Then the accumulated traffic is permitted to pass on its way, and detained pedestrians rush to the opposite pavement.

At the next corner a similar suspension may occur for a moment; for the streets, though wide in places, are nevertheless narrow for the ever-flowing stream of traffic. Slowly perambulating the roadside is the familiar form of the street hawker, with his fruit-laden hand-cart. You find the humour of the costermonger instanced in a ticket displayed over a harvest of strawberries: "Look, ma, aren't they lovely? Real Kent! 6d. per lb."

Your attention is drawn to a shabbily-dressed individual who seeks to sell, at the price of a penny, an apparatus with which a highly deflatable representation of the quack of a duck may be accomplished. Don't want to buy such a thing? Very well.

A few yards lower down, you are pressed in persuasive speech to purchase a multi-coloured ball with a piece of elastic attached. Surely you must secure one of these? "Only a 'd., ladies and gents!" No? Well, standing hard by is a hawker with a tray that announces him to be a "universal provider" who has suffered from infant paralysis. He endeavours bravely to convince you that the chance of a lifetime awaits those fortunate individuals who wish to convert his goods into pence. You will probably be as bold as thousands before you, and lose your life's opportunity.

You do not observe the barrel-organ awhile, but be assured that somewhere or other, round the corner, the well-worn "Hiawatha" is being produced with as much impertinence as ever.

You are in the centre of smoke-smeared Manchester!

What at once impresses you as the city's greatest feature is its uniformity. Manchester is uniformly inartistic—to the eye of

the visitor. But the untutored eye of the casual spectator of this northern metropolis is apt to form conclusions which a few days' stay will demonstrate to have been incorrect. Manchester has an uniqueness which cannot be comprehended fully in the ordinary observations of a day. When the visitor has been within the gates of the city long enough for the novelty of his environment to have worn off, his first impression is that he is in the midst of a strenuous people. City and suburbs—all is eloquent testimony of marvellous industry. When you become convinced of this you are a fit judge of Manchester. What you had hitherto regarded as gloomy streets of lofty unattractive manufactories, you now behold as part of a "mighty maze" for upholding the commercial status of the city.

Unlike London, Manchester has not divided its people into "east" and "west" ends. At least, there is no noticeable indication of so undesirable a division. Aristocrats, democrats—all appear to be nothing more than mere men and women, brothers and sisters, brushing shoulder to shoulder in the streets, and not indulging in such inane ideas as are responsible for the misery and selfishness of the rich and the misery and improvidence of the poor in the English capital.

You continue your comparison of Manchester and the Metropolis. Instantly your eye observes the popularity of clogs amongst workers, and also the almost entire absence of the silk hat and frock coat—such indispensable adjuncts to London City life. So seldom are such personal adornments to be seen in Manchester that they are positively rare. Sunday sees no more silk hats in Manchester, in comparison, than are to be seen in the more modern industrial town of Merthyr.

Manchester is industrial, not ornamental. An azure sky is an unusual sight. The atmosphere is hazy, smoky; the clouds the same. But Manchester, with its rapidly-throbbing pulse of commercial alertness, has no time to be aesthetic. There is no stargazing there! When Manchester is on pleasure bent, it goes to Blackpool or somewhere outside the smoky area. There is a Jews' quarter in the city, where a graphic picture of Jewish life may be viewed. It is called Cheetham.

The city seems to be built of bricks, and decorated with high chimneys and chimney-pots. Most of the buildings are old, and blackened by smoke; but there are only a few crumbling relics of a long-elapsed past. The Cathedral, Town-hall, Post-office, Free Trade Hall, Exchange, and a few other edifices are the only ones which claim attention for much architectural beauty, though the city itself is composed of numberless lofty business houses, more lofty and solid-

looking than artistic. The suburbs are built in unison with the city—of bricks—and the roads here, too, are of large sets. Workmen's cottages are not of the flimsy material employed by some of the geni of the modern building world; they are not built of the rubbish remaining from the erection of mansions. The workers of Manchester are regarded as a necessity no less necessary than the controlling classes.

Here and there you may behold some old-fashioned house doorways, calling to mind such ancient centres as Shrewsbury, Chester, Bath, and Dublin; but Manchester does not boast of its old-time remnants. Manchester is compact. Unlike the erstwhile leading port of Bristol, for instance, or the manufacturing town of Stockport, it is not carelessly scattered. On the contrary, the streets are remarkably regular.

There is not as much evidence as might be expected of the extravagance of wealth or indifference to poverty. But Manchester is not without its picture of poverty. At night a glance at the Royal Infirmary and its surroundings is by no means cheering. The infirmary is a sombre, but stately building, enclosed by grassy grounds, the extensiveness of which indicates that land when the building was erected was not so valuable as to-day. The black dome is impressively clear with a pale moonlit sky as its background, and at once suggestive of St. Paul's. An illuminated clock, with its imperceptibly moving hands, reminds you of the patient sufferers within the palace of pain. It sends through you another thrill as you view the suffering that is endured outside the walls of the institution. Close to a railing which defines the boundary of the infirmary grounds is a long, long pavement seat, and on this seat, as the theatre-goer is returning homewards on an electric car, is to be seen a long row of homeless humanity. Women—invariably elderly women—with their disconsolate children, clad in worn-out clothes; men who have starved—often to pay the price of the publican; men who have found no prospect of employment from the latest "Evening News" advertisements—such are the folks who seek their night's repose on the long, long seat. There is a similar seat, with a similar story of suffering, close to the church of All Saints.

It is pleasing to note the enthusiastic propagation of mission work, which has already accomplished much for Manchester. On Sundays especially, such services are both numerous and popular.

IVOR ASTLE.

Fools are unconscious of their folly, but they frequently possess sound judgment regarding the folly of their fellows.

The naked truth has occasionally some reason to be ashamed.

A NIGHT WALK ON THE COTSWOLDS.

The opinion that the afternoon is the best time of day for walking or rambling is one I do not share. The great majority of people, even if they would, cannot take long walks in the day-time. Nothing however, is more beneficial than a good long walk over some of the apparently unlimited expanse of Cotswold country after business hours. It is possible to choose a different route each time for weeks, to all parts of these delightful hills, all equally convenient. These night walks are indescribably pleasing to those unfortunates that are shut up indoors all day, and a certain cure for insomnia, if one happens to suffer from that undesirable complaint. My friend and I, one night last week, started from Cheltenham between seven and eight o'clock, our destination being Birdlip. The night was beautifully fine, and as we halted half-way up Leckhampton Hill we could trace the principal roads, as indicated by the long rows of lamps stretching in all directions. The usual mist which appears to overhang the town was absent, and even the Cleve Hills were distinctly visible. In proof that there are not many who, in winter especially, indulge in these long walks "after the birds have gone to rest," it is only necessary to say that we could count on one hand all the people we saw after passing Pilley-lane, and even those did not appear to be on pleasure bent. As we mounted the hill the moonlight effect on the snow was dazzling in its brilliance, the myriads of crystals sparkling like diamonds. There was deep snow in places, but in others not a vestige was visible, especially where the wind blew fiercely on that part of the hill overlooking Witcombe. On the other side, the snow combined with the fine clumps of fir trees to make a scene worthy of Switzerland, although I do not speak of that country from experience. To my mind it was splendid, and it is really astonishing that people living so comparatively close at hand as Cheltenham have not the least idea of what pleasures the Cotswolds afford under such conditions. The first sign of life (save a loving couple, who were doubtless oblivious of our proximity) we saw at Birdlip was the carrier and his cart outside the George Hotel. While we were having supper at the hotel (bread and cheese, which we ate with infinite gusto), a young man, evidently wishing to forestall the carrier, burst into the room, and forthwith became the hero of the hour, inasmuch as he was the lucky possessor of the current day's "Echo." The elements of fortune making are not lacking even in Birdlip, as the young man exclaimed "I'll take a penny for'n"—meaning the "Echo." We were not able to see if he got his penny, but the paper attracted the attention of more than one pair of eyes, until the sensation of the evening came with the carrier and his spouse (so we believed), who seemed to be the connecting link between this delightful Cotswold village and the Garden Town. The good dame produced the literary food for thought from a roll of brown paper, and received the coppers in payment. Then followed the robust old carrier himself, bringing food for other things, and also a bottle of a certain patent medicine he had been commissioned to buy. The virtues of the medicine he forthwith began to extol. We also saw the village constable—beg pardon, sergeant—carrying a lug stick, a thing they rarely do in the town (at least, exposed to the rude gaze of the public), but always in the country. A good deal of knowledge can be picked up in the country villages, as well as in the big cities. This sergeant, and the villagers also, looked exceedingly healthy, as policemen and country folk usually do. The summer sun seems to leave its mark indelibly on the faces of both until it comes again. The few villagers remaining at the hotel evidently thought it was time to go home to bed, after the carrier had departed for Brimpsfield, his destination. Having filled our pipes, and responded to the cheery "good-nights" met with only in the country, we started on our homeward journey. The keen wind seemed at first to cut through us; but after walking for



Photo at Arle Court by T. Cook, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM HARRIERS EIGHT-MILE TRIAL RUN FOR JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.



Photo by Mrs. H. Welch, Withington.

WITHINGTON VILLAGE.

about five minutes the joys of country walking came back to us, as we tramped over the crisp snow and hard roads. We could not help taking deep draughts of the pure frosty air, as the wind blew from us the cares of the day. The winds claimed more tobacco than we could smoke, but the whiffs we did get were truly delightful. As we emerged from the clump of trees on the Cheltenham side of the hill the lights of the town were even more distinct than before, and certainly did not look to be more than a quarter of a mile distant. Eleven o'clock struck as we neared the Bath-road, and we met the people who had just heard the "Time, gentlemen, please," of their various hosts. If one has enough energy left after climbing the hills, and desires a longer walk, he can turn off to the right on the way back, opposite the "Air Balloon," and walk round by the Seven Springs, and down through Charlton Kings, home. This, of course, would entail a loss of an hour's sweet repose, but sleep would be assured when home was reached, be the hour eleven or twelve. A.L.

PROTECTION AND SPRING COIFFURE.

Protection and the new spring mode of dressing the hair continue to be topics of interest. With regard to the latter, which is evidently the more interesting of the two, we understand that the pouffant—or puffing—system has already been dropped by ladies with any pretension to fashion, and something far more chic, splendid, and indescribable (except by a proposed coiffure) is taking its place. If only Mr. Chamberlain would take a lesson from the fair sex and introduce some novelty! Alas, protection continues—and will continue—to be puffed.—"The Bystander."



"VERIFY YOUR REFERENCES."

I wonder how many hundreds of times in the course of his life (says "The Bystander") a literary man is doomed to refer to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," with disappointment which tempts him to chuck the book into the fire! Dalbiac's, being more recent, is not quite so useless, though it is irritating enough; and seldom, indeed, have I found either of any value. Perhaps I am meticulously heedful of the late Lord Salisbury's advice, "verify your references"; but I think it is worth while endeavouring to get a quotation accurately. To-day I read, in an admirable article by Claudius Clear, that Scott on his death-bed said to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear." What Scott said was, "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." It would have strengthened greatly the article in question to have given the actual words. Popular misquotations, such as "when Greek meets Greek," instead of joins; "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," where the singular, one, is correct; "Fresh fields and pastures new," instead of woods; "The cry is, Still they come!" instead of "The cry is still, They come!" and literally thousands of similar wrong phrases in current use, are the result of writers being content to trust to memory when they should verify their references. A few days ago a leading London daily (no ha'penny rag, this) attributed to Defoe the well-known line from Pope's "Essay on Man"—
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

"SELINA JENKINS."

* * * * *

"HOLY RUSSIA."

Well! well! there now! law! who'd 'ave thought it? Wich only last week Amos were a-readin' to me out of a magazine all about that there Tissar of Rusher, wich it said as 'e were a very nice yung feller indeed, and very reg'lar in 'is 'abits, too, for a Tissar, as 'as often turned out reg'lar wild scamps, and sowed their wild hoats, as the sayin' is, like a Whittaker-Balfour; not to speak of their bein' a potty-graft of his Majestic rollin' on the carpet with the yunger members of the Royal 'Ousehold a-settin' on 'is Royal 'Ead, jest to show 'ow thoroughly domesticated 'e were. And now, 'ere's all this 'orrid slaughter, and people goin' about thirstin' for each other's blood, with any kind of weapon they can lay their 'ands on, sich as telegraft poles, carvin' knives, guns, swords, and bannicades.

Dear, dear! 'ow things do turn out, to be sure. As reminds me when I went to a Peace meetin' once durin' the Boer War, as were very near the death of me, wich it started with a prayer and a 'im, but before it were over there wasn't 'ardly a sound chair left in the 'all, and the chairman and chief speaker 'ad to leave thro' a winder to catch their train, as were a down-rite pandamonium, as they do say, at the end; and as for peace—well, if that were peace, I say give me war, as couldn't very well be more of a scrimmage, and carried me fair hoff me feet several times afore I were wafted outside the bilding, not to speak of there bein' a free fite of the deepest die goin' on in the vestibool!

But there! that's jest 'ow things shapes theirselves; and nobody wouldn't 'ave thought that the yung chap as proposed to all the rest of the—civilised—nations of the world to lay down their swords and muskets and let 'im pick them up and store them away for them in the 'Oly Cause of the World's Peace—nobody thought that in a few short months the very same gent would be a-shottin' down 'is own folk without so much as by yer leaf, and bein' beaten into a cocked 'at, as the sayin' is, by the Japanese folk over the seas.

Of coorse, in sizing up the situation you 'ave to understand that this 'ere yung Tissar is a Rushen; I know 'e can't 'elp bein' a Rushen, becoss of its bein' in 'is blood, so to say; not but what I considers 'e'd 'ave showed better taste by bein' born English, if 'e could 'ave managed it, becoss we never does nothink in the way of suppression and the like, but always treats our brother as ourselves (not includin' Irishmen, Chinamen, and 'Indoos, 'owever, as is only distant cousins, and not brothers!)

And in Rusher they don't agree with I man I vote and sich-like nonsense, wich is, as we all knows, the main-stay of the British Hemptire, jest like the Union Jack, and "every man 'as 'is price," etcetera; neither do they 'ave sich little hitemas as 'Ouses of Parleymunt, becoss of the expense, and also becoss the Tissars 'ave found out (same as me with the girls—generals I do mean—as I've tried and found wanting—more money and evenings out, generally) that if you wants a thing done you must do it yerself, and not leave it to a Parleymunt, as goes on yap! yap! week in, week out, and never seems to do nothink useful, 'ceps to fill up the papers with a lot of talk as nobody don't want to read!

Likewise, also, they don't agree with Revivals of Religion in Rusher. Ther religion's ready made, cast iron, without no Hire Critics, or Evolutions, or sich-like, and don't require Revivals or prayer-meetin's to keep it up to concert pitch, as the sayin' is, wich the 'Ead of the Church rejoices in the saintly name of Pobbysnoff, and wot good can a Church be with names like that at the 'ead of affairs, I should like to know? Why, Amos read to me the other day out of the paper (so must be true, becoss it's in print) of 'ow they there Tartars (not the Cream of Tartars, tho', wich is only I of my jokes) got the Revivals very bad, and spent days a-prayin', until the Bishop of somethink be-ginnin' with B took it into 'is 'oly 'ead that

it were onfair competition and likely to upset 'is bizness, prayers bein' the hexcloosive right of the Church and not to be indulged in by permiskus Tartar Passive Desisters and so 4th; wich 'is 'Oliness hups and calls together a vestry meetin' of 'is own flock, and after pervidin' them with serviceable clubs and bludjuns, sends them in with 'is blessin' to close the Revival. 'Owver, there were some differunts of hapynion between them and the Tartars as to the time of turnin' out, and the hupshot of it was that most of the Tartars were carried 'ome in pieces, and to make the matter safe 2 or 3 Tartar villages were set fire to, jest to show that Revivals wasn't to be indulged in on Rushen ground without permission of the Bishop, the Army, and the Magistraits.

But there, again, that's the Rushen way of lookin' at it; with them revivals, revolutions, and riots, all means the same thing; wich if they was only to read the "Christian World" and the "War Cry" they'd soon know different, and they'd find out 'ow much it saves a year to encourage Revivals, wich down South Wales way they say that bills as 'ave been left unpaid for years 'ave come into the shop and paid up like Englishmen (wich I 'ears a good few of the shop folk in Cheltenham wouldn't mind a Revival here on those terms), besides there bein' nothink for the pleece and magistraits to do, and the publics drove to sell picture postcards for a livelihood becoss of everyone 'avin' turned teetotal to onct, and not before they wanted it, some of they Welshers, too, as I 'ears from good authority they was reg'lar soakers, as the sayin' is, up to the time of the Revival.

Still, as I was a-sayin'—altho' I ain't a Rushen meself, nor don't want to be, that's more, so can't tell eegsactly wot their feelin's is—yet I s'pose their 'uman bein's, same as we, and I can't, for the life of me, understand 'uman bein's a-firin' on a lot of 'armless working men as was merely askin' for their rightful dew, as the sayin' is, and nothink more!

Amos tells me that the Tissar thinks 'e's a Autocar, wich means that the Creator 'ave placed 'im where 'e is, making 'im a present, duty free, of all the Rushen country (as they do say is larger than Wales and Scotland together), not to speak of the bodies and soles of the people thrown into the bargain. Ov course, this is a very pleasant little dream; there was a King Charles as lost 'is 'ead over a similar matter in the English 'Istories; likewise that there Louis, as was King of Paris at the time of the France and German war, and were closed by the giltine; besides numbers of others as 'ave adorned the pages of 'istory with their tomfoolery, and passed away!

Well, all I can say is, there's no sich fool as the fool that is a fool and don't know that he's a fool; and if you was to say did I mean the Tissar by this rude remark—well, all I can say is, "There you 'as me." I don't like to be onpolite to Royalty, but I'm jest goin' to post a copy of these 'ere remarks, when they comes out in print, over to 'is Emperence, and let's 'ope 'e'll see the royal folly of 'is royal ways (leastways if it 'ain't blacked out by the Censer on root, as I 'ear they does to most of the English papers, becoss of their outspokenness on the subjeck of Liberty, and also, I s'pose, for fear of that Fishcal Conterversey comin' in to the country in the form of newspaper articles, wich with a Revolution and a Fishcal Policy on they'd 'ave their 'ands pretty full, eh?)

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Amos tells me as it 'ain't Tissar at all; but shaw, wich wotever it is, I don't 'old with 'is goin's on at all—a-hidin' away like a hostrick, for wot I says is this, "Mid pleasures and pallisses, tho' I may Rome, be it never so dangerous, there's no place like 'ome," as the sayin' is, for a Crowned 'Ead, when this is all gone to 6's and 7's as they be now in Petersburg, so they says.

A liar calls his deviation from the truth diplomacy.

So soon as a man knows perfectly how to distinguish between good and evil, he can desire only that which is good.

THE LOVELINESS OF COMMON THINGS.

Writing in the "Windsor" on "Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. and his Pictures," a contributor says: "Not in the England of the 'seventies was Stanhope Forbes likely to learn a lesson he was later to teach others. For that he must go to the land in which Millet had taught the primer of the loveliness of common things, and had immortalised the peasant all the more for his very transitoriness; the France in which Bastien Lepage was even then giving a perpetual sun-stain to the cheek of the wood-gatherer or the cow-herd. Sargent, by that same token of light and truth, had just learned all that Carols Duran could teach him, and a little more, when Stanhope Forbes entered the atelier of M. Bonnat. Without some such education as that Paris then offered, a man could not take any part in the natural living development of art as it worked out its destiny in his own day. No one, remembering English art as it mostly was in the 'seventies, could have suspected Mr. Stanhope Forbes's pictures to have been painted apart from the inspiration of "over the water."



ALL RAILWAYS LEAD TO THE SEA.

Just as it could be said of old that "all roads lead to Rome," so can it be said to-day that "all railways lead to the sea." The ocean is the natural goal of the railway builder, because there he can join his artfully laid track to that great natural highway upon which ride the argosies of the world. The insular position of the United Kingdom, and the absolute dependence of the masses of our population upon foreign trade for their means of subsistence, make the connection between our railways and shipping a particularly close one. The connection is fundamentally the same as that between railways and road cartage, but the alliance now under notice is a much more equal one than the other. No one would think of saying that the railway companies collected and delivered the traffic of our road carriers; one would always express the fact the other way round. But you can say the railways collect and deliver for the ships, or the ships collect and deliver for the railways, without risk of libelling the dignity of either party. Yet, whereas no shipping company owns a railway, a good many railway companies own ships, and a still larger number of railway companies own docks and harbours. Railway companies have, indeed, created ports at not a few places on our coasts, and so brought into existence ships which otherwise could not have been launched for lack of facilities for obtaining cargoes.—"Windsor Magazine."



PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN WHO HELP THE Y.M.C.A.

To the man who has not time to study details, one of the best evidences of the admirable and practical work the Y.M.C.A. is doing in this country is the strong support it is receiving from leading employers of our youth. Among its active helpers, business men come first. Sir George Williams is head of the great silk mercers of St. Paul's Churchyard; Mr. M. H. Hodder, head of the publishing house of Hodder & Stoughton, has worked with him from the beginning; Mr. F. A. Bevan, and his father before him, and Lord Kinnaird, of the banking-house of Barclay & Co., have been amongst the most generous contributors to the movement. In the West of England, the most liberal supporter is Mr. J. Storms Fry, of Bristol, whose firm is known in all lands; in Wales, Mr. John Cory, the coal king, gives personal service and purse, both in unstinted measure; in Manchester district, Mr. W. J. Crossley, of the gas engineers, leads; in Scotland, Lord Overton, the famous chemical manufacturer, is the foremost in every scheme; in the Home counties, Mr. M. J. Sutton is in front. These prominent business men not merely lend moral support and the weight of their names to the movement, but are unceasing workers for it.—"Windsor Magazine."