

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 214

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).  
"SINBAD."

NEXT WEEK:  
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY:  
"SHADOWS of a GREAT CITY."  
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY:  
MR. & MRS. KENDAL

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

## CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL SOCIETY'S

TRIENNIAL PERFORMANCE OF

"THE ELIJAH,"

On TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, February 7th,  
IN THE TOWN HALL.

Madame EMILY SQUIRE, Miss JESSIE KING,  
Miss SUSANNE PALMER,

Mr. WILFRED KEARTON,

MR. ANDREW BLACK,

and 300 PERFORMERS.

Conductor—MR. J. A. MATTHEWS.

Plan and Tickets now ready at Westley's Library  
and usual Agents.

TICKETS:—3s., 4s., 6s., NUMBERED.

UN-NUMBERED, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

500 ONE SHILLING TICKETS.

N.B.—Cheap Return Tickets on Great Western  
and Midland Railways to holders of Concert  
Tickets.

### WITHOUT A STAIN BUT—

I heard a good story the other day of a trial in a remote part of Australia before a rough-and-ready Irish Magistrate (says "To-day"). The case was a complicated one of manslaughter, and the prisoner bore the very worst character in the whole neighbourhood. Owing, however, to the squaring of several of the most important witnesses, a verdict of "not guilty" was returned. "I can leave the Court, then, without the slightest stain on my character?" said the prisoner to the bench. "Ye can," replied the magistrate, "but lave it at once. I know ye for the biggest rogue that ever stepped in shoe leather, though you've got off this time. Yes, ye can lave the court without a stain on your character, but, by all the saints, if I find you knocking round outside when I've finished with this job I'll lave a stain on your mug that all the soap in ou'd Ireland wouldn't wash off in a year."



CAPT. J. MAURICE SHIPTON, R.N.,

WHO DIED ON FEBRUARY 26th, 1886, AGED 96 YEARS.

He was one of the oldest members of the Gloucester True Blue Club, formed to celebrate the one-vote victory, on February 4th, 1789, by Mr. John Pitt (Tory) over the Hon. Henry Howard (Whig) for the representation of the city in Parliament, and the gallant captain invariably, for many years, responded for "The Navy" at the anniversary banquets. Published by kind permission of his daughter, Miss Shipton, of 25 Promenade, Cheltenham.

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea 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 114th prize has been divided between Mr. Edgar W. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, and Mr. P. C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Revs. C. Spurgeon and F. Moulton at Salem and Wesley Chapels respectively.

The photo competition will now be dis-

continued. It has been running for over four years, and has thus lost the charm of novelty. We will, however, be still glad to receive photos from readers, and will pay a sum of not less than five shillings for each photo used.

The 212th prize has been divided between Miss F. Agg, Denton Lodge, Cheltenham, and Mr. Harry Swift, Churchdown.

In the sermon summary competition entries close on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award. The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

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 Miss Merrifield, Copse Hill, Lower Slaughter.

**OXEN PLOUGHING ON COTSWOLDS**



Photo by Mrs. H. Welch, Withington.

**UNIQUE PIGEON HOUSE ON COTSWOLDS**

**“ SELINA JENKINS. ”**

**“ ECONOMY. ”**

Wich I be generally considered to be a fair dragon, as the sayin' is, for economy meself, and likes to see it in others, so long as it's did methodical like and not wasted on the desert hair; not but wot I will say I makes mistakes meself sometimes, but people is so artful really you never knows, do you?

Fr'instance, a week or 2 back a circular was shoved under the front dore to the effect that on a certing day as was nameless and not mentioned, boots was to be give away free, or wot's about the same the money paid for them would be 'anded back! Well, thinks I to meself, this is hall right and Hay 1 at Lloyd's, as the sayin' is, wich I wants a pair for best, and another pair for workin' about in (as elastick sids suits mee best for that purpose), and then Amos could do with a pair of lace-ups for now, not to speak of a pair to lye by for the summer, he bein' a bit of a predestinarian, as they do call it, and very active on 'is 2 feet for 'is time of life, as is over fifty-three, so 'e do say, altho' you wouldn't think it, 'ceps by 'is 'ardness of 'earing; but as I were a-sayin', we could mustard up 4 pairs of boots, and 2 pairs of hindore slippers atween us, as fairly cleared out the money-box pro tem., as they do say, thinkin' as very like we should 'ave our money back, becous of coorse the day as we bought 'em on *mite* 'ave been the one on wich money was gave back!

But it WEREN'T! And 'ere's us, with a reg'lar boot and shoe saloom on the premises a-starin' us in the face, and enuff shoe-gear to last us fer I donnow 'ow long, just becous of economy done on the wrong principle, so it seems!

Also, I will say as now and again I've been 'ad when I've gone economizing at these 'ere Sales, as is a reg'lar sell, most of 'em, wich eggsplines the name, of coorse; but there, you know, you goes in and you sees a remnant 'ere, and a nice bit of material there, and a few soiled sheets 'angin' about in hendless perfusion, wich is all so *hawful* cheap it really do seem a wicked shame not to take it home and store it hup for a rainy day, as the sayin' is; but when you gets 'ome, with a empty purse, and a man with a truckload of bargains at the front dore with constructions not to leave the things till the balance is paid—well, then you begins to think over this 'ere economy, and to wonder if it pays; wich often and often I've figured it hout as about 1s. saved and 4s. wasted on things as you don't want a bit, and 'aven't no use for, out of every crown.

'Owsomdever, there's other ways as a body

can practise economy better; sich as savin' ends of string, as 'ave saved me up'ards of 3 or 4 shillings durin' the last 20 years that I'm sure of; not to mention puttin' bye all the bits of horange-peel and the hends of matches to lite the fire with of a mornin'; not like Amos, as went down one mornin' early jest to make a cup of tea for me as a surprise, thro' me 'avin' a bad sick headache after listenin' to the portion of the Town Band as come up our street the nite before; and, you mark my words, it were a surprise, sure alye, as soon 'ad the chimbley all of a blaze thro' a-hurryin' of it on with pariffin oil, and the magistrate said were the most economical thing as 'e ever 'eard tell on, 'ceps for the cost of the half-crown fine! I 'aven't seen the cup of tea to this day; all I knows is the spout were melted out of the kettle in the general conflagration, and Amos scalded 'is nose with soot from the chimbley, thro' a-lookin' hup to see 'ow far gone it were, and 'ave spoilt 'is looks; besides you never knows wot nasty things people will say, if they sees a ruddy nose on a 'ody's face, altho' a more teetotalter man never stepped, that I will say!

As reminds me there were a party a-writin' to the "Echo" last week recommendin' newspapers to lite the fire with, and to keep it goin', bein' wot they call "fool economy." Well, I wouldn't be the one to say a word against newspapers, but I considers if this is rite, and coals can be did away with, it's a great and noble discovery; wich a lot of the newspapers 'ood be better used for this purpose instead of red, egspesshully they London screechers, as is always a-shouting wars and tumults, regardless of people's feelings; and I thinks meself 'twould be a very good idea to put 'em on on the fire without openin' of 'em, as they do say is the best way of getting the greatest amount of animal 'eat out of 'em; I s'pose they'd all burn differ'nt ways, 'owsomdever; wich the "Times," fer instance, would burn a good *blue* colour, and "Reynolds's" *red*, while sich as the "Express" and the "Daily Mail" I s'pects would burn *yellow*; still, I don't see a great lot of economy in the 'abit of usin' newspapers instead of coles, not meself, becous the papers all costs a ha'penny or a penny each; not but wot the day may come when we shall call in to the stationer's for a London paper, "wanted with as fiery speeches as you 'ave, please," and when the paper as smoulders the longest and gives out the leastest ashes will 'ave the "largest circulation"!

Amos is always goin' on to me about economy, as 'e considers is a man's virtue, and is only known to wimmen folk by repute, as the sayin' is; 'e laffs at my bits of string and horange-peel, and don't consider the back

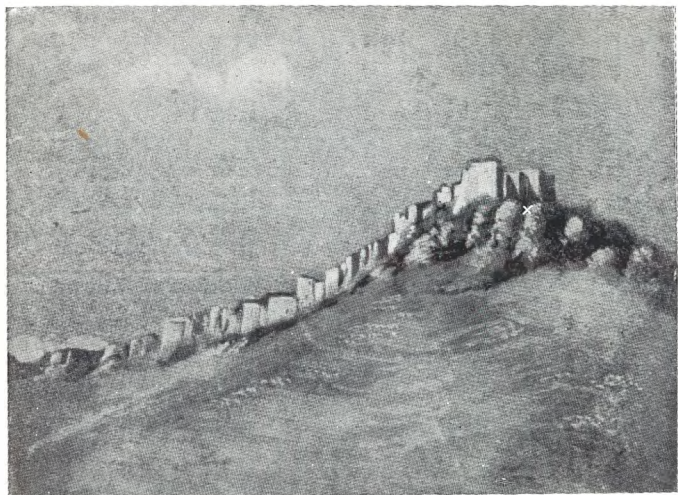
garding is a bit improved with the tea-leaves as I've put on it, wich everybody knows as a good top dressin' of tea-leaves is jest so good as the most egspensive bone dressin', and brings the colour out in the roses wonderful, wich is why they calls places where the flowers comes hup well tea-gardings.

'Owsomdever, I must tell you Amos thought 'e 'ad me done brown on toast, as the sayin' is, this week, wich we had some buns for tea, and as 'e were a-eatin' of 'em (wich is really all the men's fit for) all of a suddint 'e says, says 'e, "Selina," says 'e, "'ow many of these buns do you get for 6d.?" says 'e. "Six," says I; "wich where I gets 'em they pays pertikler attention to the bakery, and I likes me vittles always of the very best, as 'ain't no economy to be pisened, as offen 'appens thro' trying to cut down the price of food." "Well, Selina," says 'e, "I always took you to be a smartish woman for a bargain, and 'ere 'ave you been losin' 1 bun per month or so, since I dummo when, as is a hawful take-in, so I considers, when heverybody in the bakery line gives 7 for 6d. for cash down on the knocker, as the sayin' is. You wait," says 'e, "till I goes up the street, and you see if I don't make 'em give me 7 for 6d., or else I'll know the reason why."

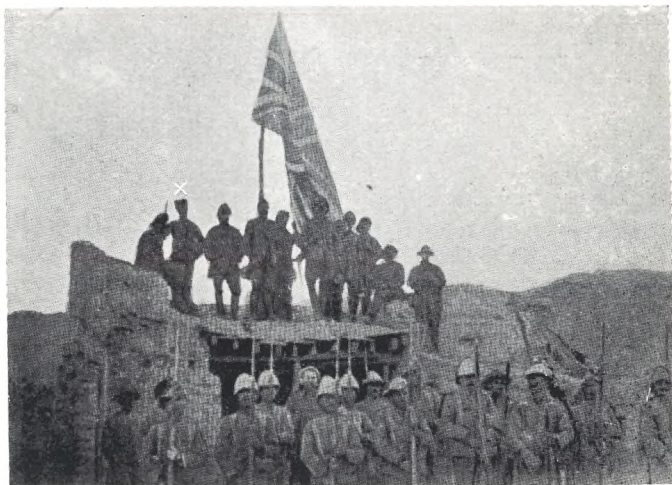
'Owever, I know'd it couldn't be did, but nothink wouldn't do but wot 'e must trappe off hup to the shop; the young woman told me all about it afterwards, wich it seems 'e come in like a ragin' lion or a Rushen pleeceman and said 'e must 'ave 7 of they buns there (pointin' to some on a dish) for sixpence. She begun to hegspline a bit, but 'e wouldn't 'ear a word. "Not a word," says 'e; "jest you put 7 of 'em in a bag, and 'ere's your 6d., and I don't want no egsplications or remarks." So as not to make a hupproe (thinkin' 'e must 'ave 'ad a drop) she jest put 7 in a bag and 'anded 'em over to 'im. So 'e come back to me as proud as a Lucifer match, and says 'e, "Now, there, Selina," says 'e, "Now, whos in the rites of the matter?" "Well, Amos," says I, "turn 'em out on a plate, and let's look at 'em." So 'e turned they there buns out, and I thought I should 'ave died a-laffin' for about ten minnits, afore I could catch me breath. "Wot's the matter, Selina?" says Amos; "'ain't they all rite?" "Why, Amos," says I, "they be 'a'penny ones!" There's yer men's economy for you! 7 'a'penny buns for 6d., as is a reg'lar knock-down sacrifice bargain, that I will say!"

Since then Amos 'ave left economy to me, as 'is sort don't pay; wich eggsplines why it is that Town Councils and so 4th, bein' composed of men-folk entirely altogether, will never learn to be economical.

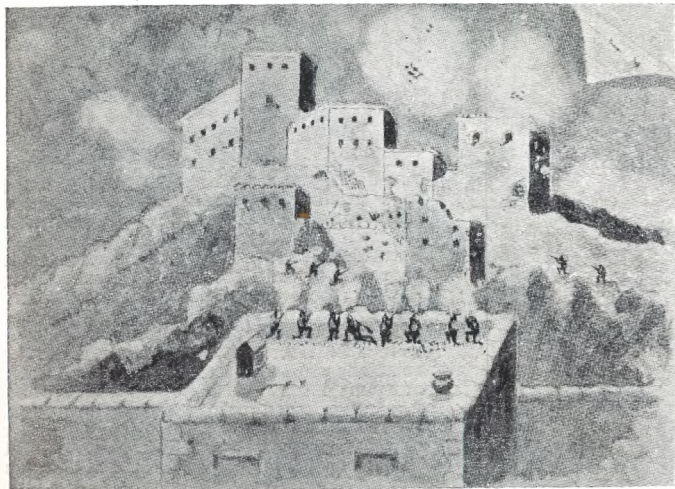
SELINA JENKINS.



Gyantse Jong, Tibet, captured 6th July, 1904, by Royal Fusiliers, Ghurkas, and Pathans. The cross shows where troops climbed and took fort.



F Company hoisting the Union Jack on Gyantse Jong, captured on 6th July, 1904. The figure under the cross is that of Lance-Corpl. Randaal (of Cheltenham), 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), who is now stationed with his regiment in India.



GYANTSE JONG, 6TH JULY, 1904.



LEBONG, HIMALAYAS.  
X Barracks at Lebong.

## TIBET \* EXPEDITION.

### JOHN BULL'S FARM.

The work of a farm is continuous throughout the year, and reflects the seasons as they pass. It is fascinating, poetical, scriptural, classical, and idyllic. It has been less influenced and modified by modern inventions than any other industry; and remains as an illustration of cultivated and regulated nature. Agriculture is neither an art nor a science, nor is it a trade. It is an occupation and a craft. Its maxims are a bore, rather than set rules, and must always be altered according to circumstances. Britain may be viewed as one farm extending from county to county, interrupted by towns it is true, but surrounding them like the ocean surrounds an archipelago of islands. If we view our farming in this way we may grasp its wide extent and endless variety (says Professor Wrightson in "Britain at Work"). Great Britain possesses a total area of 32,437,389 acres of cultivated land, of which 7,325,408 acres are under corn, the rest being in permanent pasture, temporary pasture, root crops, fodder crops, etc. It includes over 51,000 acres of hops, 73,000 acres of fruit, and 308,000 acres of bare fallow. The capital employed is enormous, and may be roughly estimated at £227,000,000, while the amount paid in wages has been estimated at

£30,000,000 per annum. There are at least 1,000,000 men, women, and boys employed in agricultural pursuits in Great Britain who not only cultivate the ground, but attend to 1,500,000 horses, 6,805,000 cattle, 26,500,000 sheep, and 2,381,000 pigs, besides countless poultry. Such is John Bull's farm.

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### ODDITIES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Many, indeed, are the curious customs connected with the Russian army (says "The Penny Magazine"). For instance, none but giants are allowed in the Preobrashenski bodyguard regiment, a set of men in whom the Imperial family take special interest. This regiment was founded by Peter the Great, and originally consisted of his personal friends, all of whom far exceeded the average stature. To the Ismailowski Regiment none but fair men are admitted, while a turned-up nose is the qualifying adornment of the Pawlow Guards. The Guards Chasseurs, on the other hand, are composed exclusively of dark-haired men. Then, too, the distinction between officers of the Guards and those serving in Line regiments is most marked, a guard lieutenant, until recently, taking precedence over a captain of the line. Furthermore, the pay of infantry officers in Line regiments is ludicrously small. A

lieutenant will receive about £40 in all, a captain rather more than £60, and a major £90. In such circumstances it is not surprising that only a few of the younger officers are able to afford more than one uniform, which has to serve both when its wearer is on and off parade. What the infantry private's lot is can better be imagined than described.

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### PREDESTINATION.

Superstitions affect some persons more than others, and, under certain circumstances, superstitions may function as warning. Consider for a moment so popular a superstition as that which is connected with walking under a ladder. A man may walk under a ladder and may meet with ill-fortune afterwards. That ill-fortune, however, was not due to the fact that he walked under the ladder; but the fact that he walked under the ladder may have been one of the results of the influence that was about to manifest against him. An engine-driver is taken ill at his post, and the train, uncontrolled, quickens beyond its accustomed speed. The train may often have to quicken on its course to make up time, the man may often have to walk under a ladder; but it may be that these actions are fingerposts of fate.



Photos by "Gloucestershire Graphic."

**FUNERAL OF MR. RICHARD BOULTON AT CHARLTON KINGS, JAN. 27, 1905.**

**WHEN THE QUEEN BROKE DOWN.**

Queen Victoria was a woman of wonderful courage, says "The World and His Wife," and not in the least emotional. It was singular, therefore, that the first distribution of the Victoria Crosses won by her soldiers "For Valour" should be the only occasion in public when emotion should get the better of her. As her heroes approached to receive at her hands the reward for their devotion and suffering, it was observed that she trembled and was distressed at the sight of the more badly hurt of the veterans. But she struggled bravely through until almost the last medal had been pinned to its owner's breast. Then came one poor remnant of humanity who presented a spectacle too piteous. Both his arms

had been shot away, one leg stiffened by injury; and there was a bandage about his pale, wan face. The Queen started as she saw him. She gazed at him for a moment; then the medal dropped from her nerveless fingers; she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. The soldiers on parade, when they saw their Queen in tears, were overwhelmed for a moment. Then they broke rank; caps were removed, and they surged round the Queen in rough inarticulate sympathy. These men, who had not flinched in the face of Russian shot and shell, were unnerved at the sight of a noble woman's pitying tears. It was some minutes before order was restored, and the Queen, mastering her grief, could affix the medal on the poor man's breast.

**MENTAL POWERS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.**

Some interesting facts illustrating the comparative intellectual powers of boys and girls have been obtained by Dr. J. de Korosy, director of municipal statistics at Budapest. Since 1873, Dr. Korosy has received a special report on the progress of each pupil in the schools of that city, and has thus been able to accumulate records of more than eight hundred thousand individuals. To compare the two sexes, the number of children in elementary schools (ages six to twelve years) who had to repeat their year's work instead of passing on to the next standard, was found in the case of boys and of girls. In the first standard the percentage of boys who had to repeat their first year's work was about the same as that of girls, but in all other standards the figures were in favour of the girls, the percentage of girls who had to remain two years in one standard being less than that of boys. In the higher elementary schools also (ages ten to sixteen years) the girls showed superiority, only two per cent. having to repeat their year's work, whereas six per cent. of the boys had to do so. Other results give additional support to the conclusion that girls are more precocious in intelligence than boys. Though this is a matter of common observation among those who have to do with the teaching of children, Dr. Korosy's investigation is of value as offering proof of the point. The fact that girls are on the average more precocious than boys, thus furnishes a reason why they should fall behind after the days of school and college are past.—"Leisure Hour."

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**IF WE WERE MILLIONAIRES.**

Some time ago the question, "What would you do if you were a millionaire?" was put to a number of prominent men by a contemporary, and the answers proved interesting reading (says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). A schoolmaster in a poor part of the East End of London thought it would be equally interesting to obtain the views of his boys on this subject, and he set it to them one day, as their essay. The boys were asked to assume that their parents and relations were rich and also required nothing of them; otherwise the papers would probably have been filled with a description of what the writers would do for their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. One little boy, usually most reliable in his spelling and grammar, was carried away by the exuberance of his feelings. He wrote:—

"The great problem is how to spend money in the most satisfactory manner. . . I would study philology to help me in my travels. . . I would investigate my money and live in a splendid house with all the conveniences a gentleman requires."

Without exception the writers would help the poor, and do great acts of charity. They would build and support hospitals, convalescent homes, lifeboat institutions, etc. etc. One boy wrote—

"I would institute an education school." Perhaps he meant to be sarcastic. The following quotation starts modestly—though the climax is more ambitious—but it speaks volumes:—

"I would live in a clean house and would not have my clothes patched. I would buy horses and chariots."

Here are some other examples:—  
"I would buy a football for myself and practise shooting goal in my own backyard."  
"I would hire a pony and trap and become an M.P."

"I would not allow my wife to cook, and I could afford to light my cigar with a five-pound note."  
"I would have a fine survey in one of my yachts and have a virtuous enjoyment."

What could be of greater splendour than the picture conjured up by the next quotation:—


"I would have a large fire station of my own with plenty of swift horses, engines, fire-escapes, and hose-pipes. I would be chief fireman, and drive the horses, and I would only keep firemen who could yell like mad as we dash through the streets."



EXTERIOR OF MILL SHORTLY AFTER FIRE. SMOKE WAS STILL PROCEEDING FROM WINDOW WHERE FIREMAN STANDS ON ESCAPE. VIEW OF FALLEN MACHINERY, &c., ON GROUND FLOOR.



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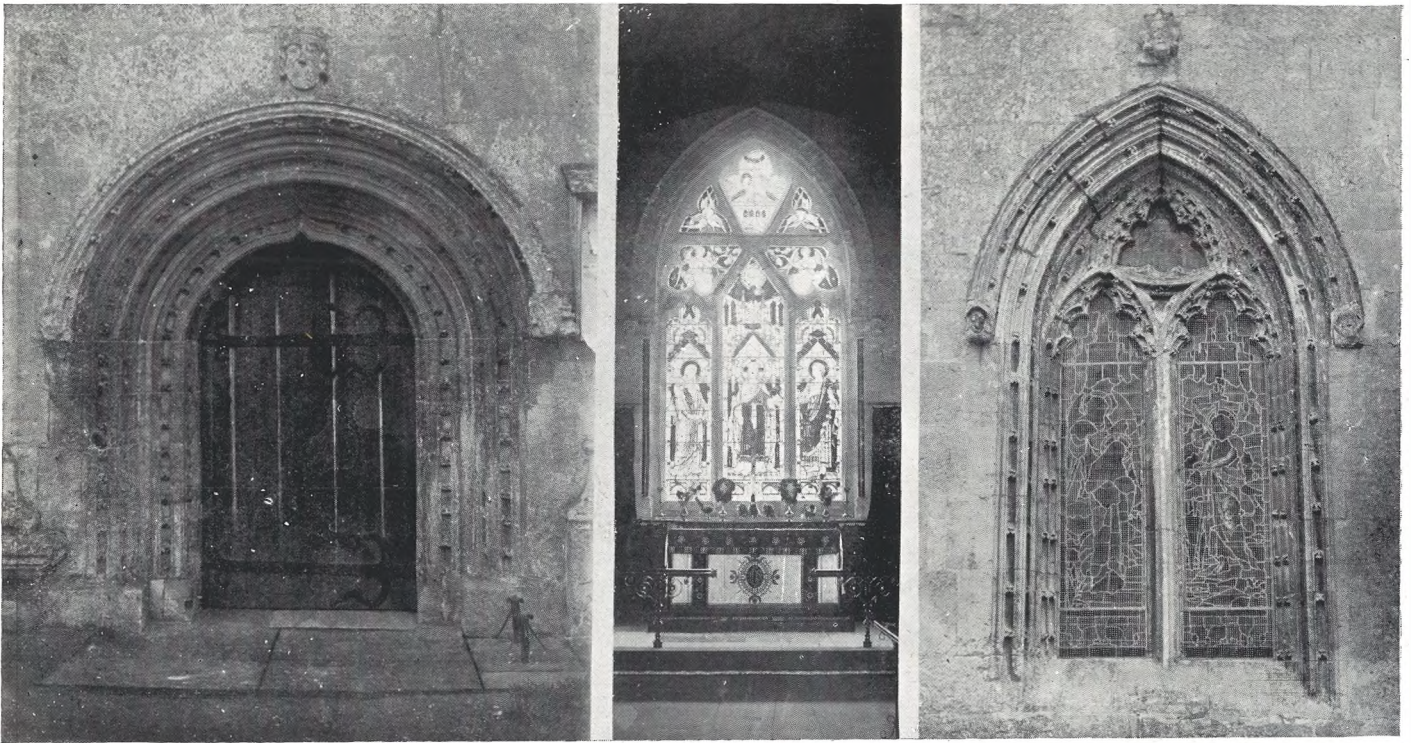
FIRE AT ALBION  
FLOUR MILL,  
CHELTENHAM,  
JAN. 28, 1905.

Photos by "Gloucestershire Graphic."



VIEW OF FIRST FLOOR WITH FALLEN BEAMS AND MACHINERY.





Photos by Harry Swift, Churchdown.

DOORWAY TO ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

EAST WINDOW OVER ALTAR IN CHANCEL.

WEST WINDOW IN ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

**BADGEWORTH CHURCH, NEAR CHELTENHAM.**

The north portion of this church is the chapel of St. Margaret. The decorations are very rich, and far surpass those of the church proper. The window jambs, which are illustrated in Brandon's "Analysis of Gothic Architecture," as well as the doorway, are elegantly moulded, and profusely decorated with the ball-flower, a distinguishing feature of the Decorated style, but rare in Gloucestershire. The doorway, which is circular-headed, is a curiosity. The Brothers Brandon attribute its style to that thirst after improvement which led ancient builders ever to seek some new feature, and

perhaps in some instances to glance backward as if wishing to extract some last beauty from a style which had been superseded. In this instance they would seem to have had in view the grand and rich effect of the deeply recessed Norman doorway. The result, though hardly satisfactory, is very striking. No adequate impression of the picturesque beauty of the richly-decorated windows and doorway of the chapel can be conveyed by mere words. The massive jambs and mullions are thickly studded with the ball-flower, boldly carved. The upper mouldings of the drip-stones, surmounted by fleur-de-lis or crowned heads, terminate in heads of armed knights, courtiers, or kings. The window in the west is

not so deeply recessed as the others, and is surmounted by a crowned head. It terminates on the left hand in the head of a knight in a casque and gorget of wirework, whose raised vizor displays finely chiselled and rather youthful features. On the right is an uncovered head with flowing hair or wig. The carved head of Edward III. appears over the doorway. The East window over the altar is a three-light Decorated window, with curious tracery.

[From a paper read some years ago before the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society by the late vicar of Badgeworth, Rev. A. E. Ellis-Viner.]

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.**



Three months of the foxhunting season have now passed. January had more than a fortnight taken out of it for sport by the continuous frost. I forgot to mention that the last day of the old year was wound up by the Cotswold Hounds with the run of the season, from Salperton to Hazleton, 12 miles distance, in 65 minutes. On the following Saturday they finished up 16 miles from the kennels. The Ledbury made a record in the fact of three foxes, each on a Friday, and within the space of a month, swimming the river Severn and getting away two into the Cotswold and one into Lord Fitzhardinge's country. In the latter case, Mr. Carnaby Forster, the Master, and Burtenshaw, the kennel huntsman, followed the pack over the river in a boat, swimming their horses and guiding them. These three incidents remind me of some verses written nearly a quarter-of-a-century ago, when the country was frequently flooded, and ferries were in request, one verse being:—

"It's the old-fashioned Ledbury way,  
First invented by Noah, they say,  
As that bold Patriarch  
Used to hunt from the Ark.  
So the Ledbury hunt to this day!"

The North Cotswold claim two record season's runs, one on the 12th, when an outlying fox at Compton Scorpion gave a ten-mile point,

or 16 miles as hounds ran, and had to be given up 25 miles from kennels, Major Malcolm McNeill, brother of the Master, being injured in the run; and the second, on the 25th, a day snatched from the frost, when hounds had a splendid run of 2 hours 40 minutes, the fox grounding at Dumbleton. The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds had their second best run of the season on the 10th, with a ten-mile point, or about 20 miles as they ran, over some fine stone-wall country. Sportsmen are delighted that Mr. McNeill and Mr. Dudley-Smith have been induced to withdraw resignation as masters of the North Cotswold and Croome respectively. Now Mr. Forster has intimated his wish to retire from the Ledbury mastership, and I am sorry to hear that he is not too popular with the followers.



The recent death of Bishop Lewis, of Llandaff, reminds me that the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester used to (and not so many years ago) possess the patronage of several Welsh livings, including the important vicarage of Cardiff, and that these rights have gone ever since an exchange of livings took place between the authorities, brought about by the resolute and successful action of Bishop Lewis in the year 1834, by refusing to institute to the benefice of Llanblethian the Dean and Chapter's nominee, an English priest, because he was totally igno-

rant of the Welsh language. I wonder if a qualified member of the capitular body will be passed on to Llandaff as its bishop. He would not be the first bishop that came from Gloucestershire, for I read in the reminiscences of Samuel Snook, an old Llandaff Cathedral verger, who is in his eighty-seventh year, and, in a minor sense, served under Bishops Coplestone, Ollivant, and Lewis, that "Bishop Coplestone was a most godly man. But he did not come to Llandaff very often. He lived at Hardwicke House, somewhere in Gloucestershire. I was one of the bearers at his funeral, which took place at Llandaff." Bishop Coplestone, who was consecrated in 1827 and died in 1849, I find, was the first bishop buried at Llandaff since Bishop Davies, 1674.

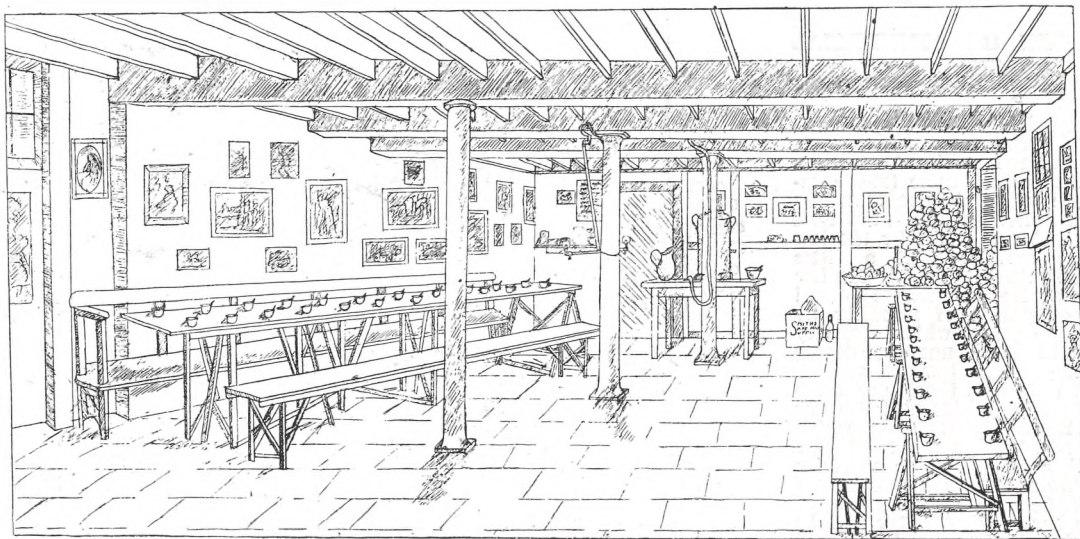


The death at Pretoria a few days ago of the Boer general, Cherry Emmett, interests me, and for this reason: he was captured during the war by a Gloucestershire man, one of the three brothers Haine, of Churcham, whose portraits appeared in the "Graphic" of September 13, 1902, and who, being settlers in South Africa, fought in the Colonial forces for Motherland. One of them, Mr. Leonard Pridav Haine, with whom I had the pleasure of exchanging greetings in England last year, is a railway contractor; he first joined the



Photos by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.

**SKATING AT PITTVILLE—JANUARY, 1905.**



With E. J. C. Palmer's compliments.

DINING-ROOM.

From a sketch by Jack Diment, Gloucester, aged 13 years.

**GLOUCESTER CITY "HALFPENNY" MEALS.**

Dundee Town Guard, was in the Natal Carbineers during the siege of Ladysmith, and was one of the hundred volunteers who went out at night and destroyed "Long Tom"; he was wounded on January 6th, 1900, and a second time at Middelburg; and while a scout he cleverly captured Cherry Emmett and General Louis Botha. The latter's son-in-law just escaped him. Mr. Haine was mentioned in despatches by Lord Kitchener, and was commissioned as an Intelligence officer.



One of the most talked-of and readinquest cases in Cheltenham for a long time was that of William Henry Bradley, and there is general agreement in the justice of the verdict of the jury, that the deceased's death was due to an abscess on the brain, but there was not sufficient evidence to show that it was produced by a blow. The deceased, I am informed, had been valet to a young West Country baronet, who, when an Oxford undergraduate, married a Cheltenham inn-

keeper's daughter, the re-marriage of whom, after a widowhood of about five years, was lately announced in the "Echo." The deceased baronet left Bradley in his will a good lump sum, but this, together with what money he had got before, amounting in all to several thousands, had melted away.

GLEANER.

**THE DANGER OF MARRYING A FRENCHMAN.**

According to the law of England, says "The World and His Wife," in an article explaining the formalities necessary for a marriage outside the British Dominions, a marriage before a British Consul or Ambassador is perfectly valid if only one of the parties is a British subject and the other a foreigner, but it may sometimes happen that it is not valid in the country to which the latter party belongs. The French courts, in particular, do not, as a rule, recognise a marriage at a British Embassy or Consulate unless both the

parties are British subjects; and, consequently, when "Monsieur" comes a-wooing, it is just as well that the English maiden should be upon her guard. She had better marry him, if possible, in his own country, and strictly in accordance with French law, and she must take care that he has the consent of his papa and mamma; for, though he may be grey-headed, he still has to go through the formality of asking for that consent. If he is to be married in England, however, his Consul will give her a certificate that he has done so.



It is no use to pray for a thing if you do not work for it.

If you find your life a continuous grind, put more grist in the mill.

When we have sufficiently considered humanity, it becomes easy to love God.

—"Horlick's Magazine."

GUARDING AGAINST FROST-BURSTS.

There are several ways of guarding against frost-bursts (says a writer in the "Building World"), and different methods have to be resorted to under the various conditions that arise in connection with the position of the pipes. The primary object in all cases, however, is to protect the pipes with good non-conducting materials, so that their temperature may not be lowered to freezing point. The materials used for this are many, hair-felt being perhaps the one that is mostly employed. It can be obtained in strips and sheets of various widths, which can be easily wound round the pipe. The only objection to the use of this material is that it is liable to harbour moth, etc. To obviate this, silicate cotton or slag wool may be used. This also can be obtained in strips of convenient width. Sawdust (wood) is often used, but the objection to it is that it has to be kept in position with casings. The cisterns should be protected by being fixed in a proper cistern room, well warmed, lighted, and ventilated, and not fixed close under the slates where the cold winds have easy access to them. They should also be cased in with slag-wool, and fitted with a dust-proof cover. The pipes inside the house should be fixed on an internal wall. Where, however, they are necessarily fixed on external walls, the pipes should be carried on a board, to prevent loss of heat by radiation. They should also be arranged so that the water can be shut off at night, and the water drawn out, leaving them empty.



SIR EDWARD FRY ON COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

In the current number of the "Magazine of Commerce" Sir Edward Fry contributes a paper on "Commercial Morality." The relations, he remarks, which arise from commerce are more or less definitely regulated by the law, and the notion is sometimes held that whatever is not prohibited by the law is permissible in morals. But a little thought will dispel this conception; the law can only absorb a portion, sometimes a small portion, of the obligation of morality by making the actions against which morality protests illegal, and in a still narrower degree does it adopt the moral law as regards criminality—that is to say, there are some things which morality forbids and the law makes criminal; there are more things which morality forbids and the law makes illegal; there are yet other things which morality forbids but the law makes neither criminal nor illegal. For the man truly desirous of right action, the law of his country will be carefully observed, but will never be allowed to stand for the maximum of his obligations towards himself or his fellow-men. Every man in his commercial affairs should examine himself in all the relations that arise, as buyer and seller, as master and servant, as principal and agent, and consider his conduct in each of these relations. When we come to the relation of buyer and seller, we come upon a region where dishonesty of one form or another plays a great part. One of the great sources of pollution in the transactions of commerce is the prevalence of gifts by the purchaser to the agent of the seller, or of the seller to the agent of the buyer. Transactions of this class are characterised by two features—they involve the attempt to serve two masters and they are secret. They are bad on both accounts, and that separately, but their greatest evil is their secrecy. The law of this country takes notice of payments of the kind described, and holds them to be unlawful; and, according to our law, every agent who receives anything in relation to, or in connection with, the subject of his agency is bound to pay it over to his principal.—"Magazine of Commerce."



Photo by J. P. Hawley, Winchcombe.  
**G.W.R. CHELTENHAM-WINCHCOMBE ROAD MOTOR-BUS AND STAFF.**  
 COMMENCED RUNNING FEB. 1, 1905. STATION IN BACKGROUND.



Photo by R. J. Webb, Cheltenham.  
**SKATING ON MARLE HILL LAKE, JAN. 27, 1905.**

EPITAPHIANA.

John Ruskin wrote on the granite slab over his father's grave that the latter was "an entirely honest merchant"; and he took occasion some years after to inform the public in "Fors Clavigera" that he considered the right to this description a very rare, if not an altogether unique distinction. Perhaps the friends of a defunct lawyer at Swaffham, in Norfolk, were hampered by having no separate vehicle of publicity. At any rate they set forth most uncompromisingly, on his tombstone, not only what they conceived to be his distinctive virtue, but also their disparaging opinion of all his learned brethren, in the following somewhat limpin' quatrain:—  
 Here lieth one, believe it if you can,  
 Who, tho' an attorney, was an honest man.  
 The gates of Heaven shall open wide—  
 But will be shut against all the tribe beside.  
 It is not everybody, whatever their station  
 in life, who can leave any visible and permanent memorial of their deeds. Of some

it may be as difficult to find anything to say as it evidently was in the case of a lady buried at Church Stretton, Shropshire, whose tombstone merely records that:  
 On a Thursday she was born,  
 On a Thursday made a bride,  
 On a Thursday put to bed,  
 On a Thursday broke her leg,  
 And on a Thursday died.  
 But that even the humblest occupation, if faithfully performed, may receive due recognition, and leave a fragrant memory behind, is well exemplified by the following inscription at Eastbourne in 1793:  
 Eliza,  
 Earnestly ambitious to deserve the character of a faithful servant,  
 She died contentedly possessed of it,  
 Approved by All,  
 Equalled by Few,  
 Excelled by None.  
 Perhaps some modern housewives who may chance to read this will be moved to exclaim, "Oh, rare Eliza! Would that we might look upon her like again."—"T.P.'s Weekly."



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 215.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING (7.45).

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL

AND THEIR COMPANY IN

**"THE HOUSEKEEPER."**

NEXT WEEK:

**"THE CINGALEE"**

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 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.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

The 115th prize has been divided between Miss P. de Pipe Belcher, of Darley House, Berkeley-street, and Miss F. M. Ramsay, 1 St. Albans Villas, Hewlett Road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's and Rev. Percival Smith at Holy Trinity Church.

The photo competition will now be discontinued. It has been running for over four years, and has thus lost the charm of novelty. We will, however, be still glad to receive photos from readers, and will pay a sum of not less than five shillings for each photo used.

### A CURE FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is little doubt that the habit of having an account tends to extravagance; it is so easy to order a dress, a hat, a wrap, a fur, or what not besides, and it is so easy to put aside all thought of the day of reckoning. Yet it comes, and with it often a sore heart and a purse so light as to spell "difficulties" ahead. It is told of the late ex-Queen Isabella of Spain that her bills drove her treasurer nearly mad with worry. The Parisian shops were so fascinating, and it was so easy to have things sent home. But the Queen's income, like that of many in inferior stations, was not equal to the strain when the bills were also "sent home." One day the treasurer, at his wits' end, thought of a little plan. He got two bushels of silver pieces and piled the coins on a large table in the Queen's ante-room. When Isabella entered and saw the huge heap of money she cried out in astonishment, "What on earth is all this money for?" "It is the money to pay your Majesty's glover," replied the treasurer. The Queen said nothing, but she evidently thought more, for she afterwards made it a rule to pay for all goods purchased on the spot. — T. P.'s Weekly.



MR. WILLIAM BARRON.

The fact that Mr. William Barron has within the past few days presided at the annual meeting of the Cheltenham and District Chemists' Association and at a dinner held in connection therewith to entertain Ald. Robinson, J.P., L.C.C., President of the Pharmaceutical Society, furnishes us with the opportunity that we have long been anticipating to add the likeness of so old and much respected a citizen as Mr. Barron to "Our Portrait Gallery." We do this with the more pleasure inasmuch as the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. comprises in its proprietary and staff several of his many friends and admirers.

Mr. Barron is one of Cheltenham's oldest tradesmen, and has been a familiar figure in the life of the town for more than half a century. He commenced business as long ago as 1848, and retired in 1890. He was local secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society for over twenty years, was for many years a director of Montpellier Gardens and Baths Co., has been for several years a director of the Gas-Light Co., was a borough auditor for twelve years, and agent for ten years for Holy Trinity Church, of the congregation of which he is one of the oldest members.

It is pleasant to add that his activity and cheerfulness are the envy of many much younger men, that he enjoys his pipe and the social intercourse of his fellows with the zest of earlier years, and discusses national and local topics with as keen an intelligence as ever. Our readers will, we are sure, join us in the hope that his useful life may be preserved to him for yet many years in the full enjoyment of all his faculties and the exercise of all his admirable qualities.



Photo by Miss Merrifield, Copsè Hill, Lower Slaughter.

**OXEN PLOUGHING ON COTSWOLDS.**



Photo by Mrs. H. Welch, Withington.

**UNIQUE PIGEON HOUSE ON COTSWOLDS**

**“ SELINA JENKINS. ”**

**“ ECONOMY. ”**

Wich I be generally considered to be a fair dragon, as the sayin' is, for economy meself, and likes to see it in others, so long as it's did methodical like and not wasted on the desert hair; not but wot I will say I makes mistakes meself sometimes, but people is so artful really you never knows, do you?

Fr'instance, a week or 2 back a circular was shoved under the front dore to the effect that on a certing day as was nameless and not mentioned, boots was to be give away free, or wot's about the same the money paid for them would be 'anded back! Well, thinks I to meself, this is hall right and Hay 1 at Lloyd's, as the sayin' is, wich I wants a pair for best, and another pair for workin' about in (as elastic sids suits mee best for that purpose), and then Amos could do with a pair of lace-ups for now, not to speak of a pair to lye by for the summer, he bein' a bit of a predestinarian, as they do call it, and very active on 'is 2 feet for 'is time of life, as is over fifty-three, so 'e do say, altho' you wouldn't think it, 'ceps by 'is 'ardness of 'earing; but as I were a-sayin', we could mustard up 4 pairs of boots, and 2 pairs of hindone slippers atween us, as fairly cleared out the money-box pro tem., as they do say, thinkin' as very like we should 'ave our money back, becous of coorse the day as we bought 'em on mite 'ave been the one on wich money was gave back!

But it WEREN'T! And 'ere's us, with a reg'lar boot and shoe saloom on the premises a-starin' us in the face, and enuff shoe-gear to last us fer I donnow 'ow long, just becous of economy done on the wrong principle, so it seems!

Also, I will say as now and again I've been 'ad when I've gone economizing at these 'ere Sales, as is a reg'lar sell, most of 'em, wich eggsplines the name, of coorse; but there, you know, you goes in and you sees a remnant 'ere, and a nice bit of material there, and a few soiled sheets 'angin' about in hendless perfusion, wich is all so *hateful* cheap it really do seem a wicked shame not to take it home and store it hup for a rainy day, as the sayin' is; but when you gets 'ome, with a empty purse, and a man with a truckload of bargains at the front dore with constructions not to leave the things till the balance is paid—well, then you begins to think over this 'ere economy, and to wonder if it pays; wich often and often I've figured it hout as about 1s. saved and 4s. wasted on things as you don't want a bit, and 'aven't no use for, out of every crown.

'Owsomdever, there's other ways as a body

can practise economy better; sich as savin' ends of string, as 'ave saved me up 'ands of 3 or 4 shillings durin' the last 20 years that I'm sure of; not to mention puttin' bye all the bits of 'orange-peel and the hends of matches to lite the fire with of a mornin'; not like Amos, as went down one mornin' early jest to make a cup of tea for me as a surprise, thro' me 'avin' a bad sick headache after listenin' to the portion of the 'Town Band as come up our street the nite before; and, you mark my words, it were a surprise, sure alye, as soon 'ad the chimbley all of a blaze thro' a-hurryin' of it on with paraffin oil, and the magistrate said were the most economical thing as 'e ever 'eard tell on, 'ceps for the cost of the half-crown fine! I 'aven't seen the cup of tea to this day; all I knows is the spout were melted out of the kettle in the general conflagration, and Amos scalded 'is nose with soot from the chimbley, thro' a-lookin' hup to see 'ow far gone it were, and 'ave spoilt 'is looks; besides you never knows wot nasty things people will say, if they sees a ruddy nose on a lody's face, altho' a more teetotaller man never stepped, that I will say!

As reminds me there were a party a-writin' to the "Echo" last week recommendin' newspapers to lite the fire with, and to keep it goin', bein' wot they call "fool economy." Well, I wouldn't be the one to say a word against newspapers, but I considers if this is rite, and coals can be did away with, it's a great and noble discovery; wich a lot of the newspapers 'ood be better used for this purpose instead of red, eggsplushully they London screechers, as is always a-shouting wars and tumults, regardless of people's feelings; and I thinks meself 'twould be a very good idea to put 'em on on the fire without openin' of 'em, as they do say is the best way of getting the greatest amount of animal 'eat out of 'em; I s'pose they'd au burn differnt ways, 'owsomdever; wich the "Times," fer instance, would burn a good *blue* colour, and "Reynolds's" *red*, while sich as the "Express" and the "Daily Mail" I s'pects would burn *yellow*; still, I don't see a great lot of economy in the 'abit of usin' newspapers instead of coles, not meself, becous the papers all costs a ha'penny or a penny each; not but wot the day may come when we shall call in to the stationer's for a London paper, "wanted with as fiery speeches as you 'ave, please," and when the paper as smoulders the longest and gives out the leastest ashes will 'ave the "largest circulation!"

Amos is always goin' on to me about economy, as 'e considers is a man's virtue, and is only known to wommen folk by repute, as the sayin' is; 'e laffs at my bits of string and 'orange-peel, and don't consider the back

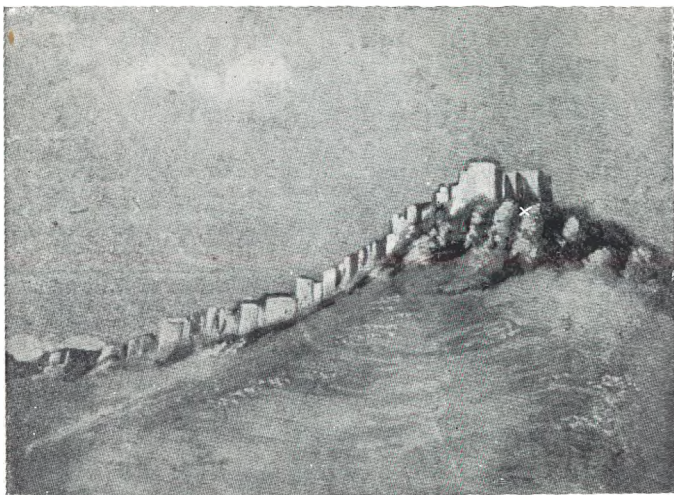
garding is a bit improved with the tea-leaves as I've put on it, wich everybody knows as a good top dressin' of tea-leaves is jest so good as the most eggspensive bone dressin', and brings the colour out in the roses wonderful, wich is why they calls places where the flowers comes hup well tea-gardings.

'Owsomdever, I must tell you Amos thought 'e 'ad me done brown on toast, as the sayin' is, this week, wich we had some buns for tea, and as 'e were a-eatin' of 'em (wich is really all the men's fit for) all of a suddint 'e says, says 'e, "Selina," says 'e, "'ow many of these buns do you get for 6d.?" says 'e. "Six," says I; "wich where I gets 'em they pays pertikler attention to the bakery, and I likes me vittles always of the very best, as 'ain't no economy to be pisened, as offen 'appens thro' trying to cut down the price of food." "Well, Selina," says 'e, "I always took you to be a smartish woman for a bargain, and 'ere 'ave you been losin' 1 bun per month or so, since I dunno when, as is a hayful take-in, so I considers, when heverybody in the bakery line gives 7 for 6d. for cash down on the knocker, as the sayin' is. You wait," says 'e, "till I goes up the street, and you see if I don't make 'em give me 7 for 6d., or else I'll know the reason why."

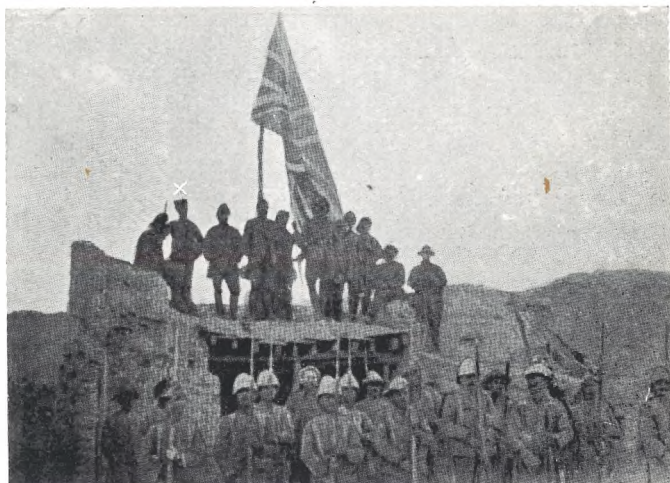
'Owever, I know'd it couldn't be did, but nothink wouldn't do but wot 'e must trapse off hup to the shop; the young woman told me all about it afterwards, wich it seems 'e come in like a ragin' lion or a Rushen pleece-man and said 'e must 'ave 7 of they buns there (pointin' to some on a dish) for sixpence. She begun to hegspline a bit, but 'e wouldn't 'ear a word. "Not a word," says 'e; "jest you put 7 of 'em in a bag, and 'ere's your 6d., and I don't want no eggsplinations or remarks." So as not to make a huprone (thinkin' 'e must 'ave 'ad a drop) she jest put 7 in a bag and 'anded 'em over to 'im. So 'e come back to me as proud as a Lucifer match, and says 'e, "Now, there, Selina," says 'e, "Now, whos in the rites of the matter?" "Well, Amos," says I, "turn 'em out on a plate, and let's look at 'em." So 'e turned they there buns out, and I thought I should 'ave died a-laffin' for about ten minnits, afore I could catch me breath. "Wot's the matter, Selina?" says Amos; "'ain't they all rite?" "Why, Amos," says I, "they be 'a'penny ones! There's yer men's economy for you! 7 'a'penny buns for 6d., as is a reg'lar knock-down sacrifice bargain, that I will say!"

Since then Amos 'ave left economy to me, as 'is sort don't pay; wich eggsplines why it is that Town Councils and so 4th, bein' composed of men-folk entirely altogether, will never learn to be economical.

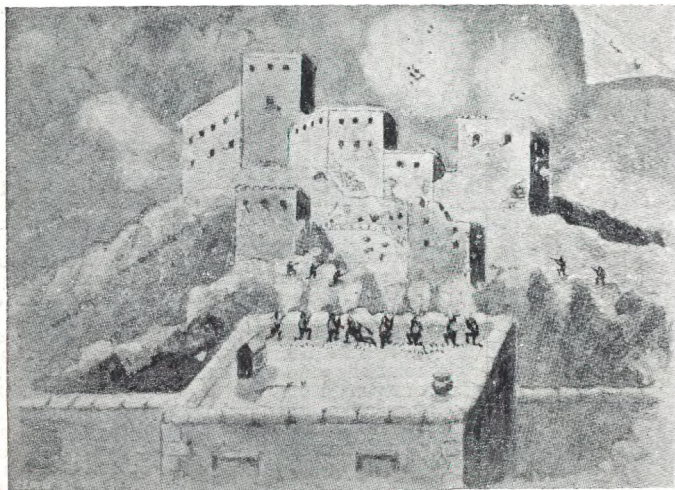
SELINA JENKINS.



Gyantse Jong, Tibet, captured 6th July, 1904, by Royal Fusiliers, Ghurkas, and Pathans. The cross shows where troops climbed and took fort.



F Company hoisting the Union Jack on Gyantse Jong, captured on 6th July, 1904. The figure under the cross is that of Lance-Corpl. Randall (of Cheltenham), 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), who is now stationed with his regiment in India.



GYANTSE JONG, 6TH JULY, 1904.



LEBONG, HIMALAYAS.  
X Barracks at Lebong.

## TIBET \* EXPEDITION.

### JOHN BULL'S FARM.

The work of a farm is continuous throughout the year, and reflects the seasons as they pass. It is fascinating, poetical, scriptural, classical, and idyllic. It has been less influenced and modified by modern inventions than any other industry; and remains as an illustration of cultivated and regulated nature. Agriculture is neither an art nor a science, nor is it a trade. It is an occupation and a craft. Its maxims are a lore, rather than set rules, and must always be altered according to circumstances. Britain may be viewed as one farm extending from county to county, interrupted by towns it is true, but surrounding them like the ocean surrounds an archipelago of islands. If we view our farming in this way we may grasp its wide extent and endless variety (says Professor Wrightson in "Britain at Work"). Great Britain possesses a total area of 32,437,389 acres of cultivated land, of which 7,325,408 acres are under corn, the rest being in permanent pasture, temporary pasture, root crops, fodder crops, etc. It includes over 51,000 acres of hops, 73,000 acres of fruit, and 308,000 acres of bare fallow. The capital employed is enormous, and may be roughly estimated at £227,000,000, while the amount paid in wages has been estimated at

£30,000,000 per annum. There are at least 1,000,000 men, women, and boys employed in agricultural pursuits in Great Britain who not only cultivate the ground, but attend to 1,500,000 horses, 6,805,000 cattle, 26,500,000 sheep, and 2,381,000 pigs, besides countless poultry. Such is John Bull's farm.

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### ODDITIES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Many, indeed, are the curious customs connected with the Russian army (says "The Penny Magazine"). For instance, none but giants are allowed in the Preobrashenski bodyguard regiment, a set of men in whom the Imperial family take special interest. This regiment was founded by Peter the Great, and originally consisted of his personal friends, all of whom far exceeded the average stature. To the Ismailowski Regiment none but fair men are admitted, while a turned-up nose is the qualifying adornment of the Pawlow Guards. The Guards Chasseurs, on the other hand, are composed exclusively of dark-haired men. Then, too, the distinction between officers of the Guards and those serving in Line regiments is most marked, a guard lieutenant, until recently, taking precedence over a captain of the line. Furthermore, the pay of infantry officers in Line regiments is ludicrously small. A

lieutenant will receive about £40 in all, a captain rather more than £60, and a major £90. In such circumstances it is not surprising that only a few of the younger officers are able to afford more than one uniform, which has to serve both when its wearer is on and off parade. What the infantry private's lot is can better be imagined than described.

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### PREDESTINATION.

Superstitions affect some persons more than others, and, under certain circumstances, superstitions may function as warning. Consider for a moment so popular a superstition as that which is connected with walking under a ladder. A man may walk under a ladder and may meet with ill-fortune afterwards. That ill-fortune, however, was not due to the fact that he walked under the ladder; but the fact that he walked under the ladder may have been one of the results of the influence that was about to manifest against him. An engine-driver is taken ill at his post, and the train, uncontrolled, quickens beyond its accustomed speed. The train may often have to quicken on its course to make up time, the man may often have to walk under a ladder; but it may be that these actions are fingerposts of fate.



Photos by "Gloucestershire Graphic."

**FUNERAL OF MR. RICHARD BOULTON AT CHARLTON KINGS, JAN. 27, 1905.**

**WHEN THE QUEEN BROKE DOWN.**

Queen Victoria was a woman of wonderful courage, says "The World and His Wife," and not in the least emotional. It was singular, therefore, that the first distribution of the Victoria Crosses won by her soldiers "For Valour" should be the only occasion in public when emotion should get the better of her. As her heroes approached to receive at her hands the reward for their devotion and suffering, it was observed that she trembled and was distressed at the sight of the more badly hurt of the veterans. But she struggled bravely through until almost the last medal had been pinned to its owner's breast. Then came one poor remnant of humanity who presented a spectacle too piteous. Both his arms

had been shot away, one leg stiffened by injury; and there was a bandage about his pale, wan face. The Queen started as she saw him. She gazed at him for a moment; then the medal dropped from her nerveless fingers; she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. The soldiers on parade, when they saw their Queen in tears, were overwhelmed for a moment. Then they broke rank; caps were removed, and they surged round the Queen in rough inarticulate sympathy. These men, who had not flinched in the face of Russian shot and shell, were unnerved at the sight of a noble woman's pitying tears. It was some minutes before order was restored, and the Queen, mastering her grief, could affix the medal on the poor man's breast.

**MENTAL POWERS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.**

Some interesting facts illustrating the comparative intellectual powers of boys and girls have been obtained by Dr. J. de Korösy, director of municipal statistics at Budapest. Since 1873, Dr. Korösy has received a special report on the progress of each pupil in the schools of that city, and has thus been able to accumulate records of more than eight hundred thousand individuals. To compare the two sexes, the number of children in elementary schools (ages six to twelve years) who had to repeat their year's work instead of passing on to the next standard, was found in the case of boys and of girls. In the first standard the percentage of boys who had to repeat their first year's work was about the same as that of girls, but in all other standards the figures were in favour of the girls, the percentage of girls who had to remain two years in one standard being less than that of boys. In the higher elementary schools also (ages ten to sixteen years) the girls showed superiority, only two per cent. having to repeat their year's work, whereas six per cent. of the boys had to do so. Other results give additional support to the conclusion that girls are more precocious in intelligence than boys. Though this is a matter of common observation among those who have to do with the teaching of children, Dr. Korösy's investigation is of value as offering proof of the point. The fact that girls are on the average more precocious than boys, thus furnishes a reason why they should fall behind after the days of school and college are past.—"Leisure Hour."



**IF WE WERE MILLIONAIRES.**

Some time ago the question, "What would you do if you were a millionaire?" was put to a number of prominent men by a contemporary, and the answers proved interesting reading (says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). A schoolmaster in a poor part of the East End of London thought it would be equally interesting to obtain the views of his boys on this subject, and he set it to them one day, as their essay. The boys were asked to assume that their parents and relations were rich and also required nothing of them; otherwise the papers would probably have been filled with a description of what the writers would do for their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. One little boy, usually most reliable in his spelling and grammar, was carried away by the exuberance of his feelings. He wrote:—

"The great problem is how to spend money in the most satisfactory manner. . . I would study philology to help me in my travels. . . I would investigate my money and live in a splendid house with all the conveniences a gentleman requires."

Without exception the writers would help the poor, and do great acts of charity. They would build and support hospitals, convalescent homes, lifeboat institutions, etc. etc. One boy wrote—

"I would institute an education school." Perhaps he meant to be sarcastic. The following quotation starts modestly—though the climax is more ambitious—but it speaks volumes:—

"I would live in a clean house and would not have my clothes patched. I would buy horses and chariots."

Here are some other examples:—

"I would buy a football for myself and practise shooting goal in my own backyard."

"I would hire a pony and trap and become an M.P."

"I would not allow my wife to cook, and I could afford to light my cigar with a five-pound note."

"I would have a fine survey in one of my yachts and have a virtuoso enjoyment."

What could be of greater splendour than the picture conjured up by the next quotation:—

"I would have a large fire station of my own with plenty of swift horses, engines, fire-escapes, and hose-pipes. I would be chief fireman, and drive the horses, and I would only keep firemen who could yell like mad as we dash through the streets."



EXTERIOR OF MILL SHORTLY AFTER FIRE. SMOKE WAS STILL PROCEEDING FROM WINDOW WHERE FIREMAN STANDS ON ESCAPE. VIEW OF FALLEN MACHINERY, &c., ON GROUND FLOOR.



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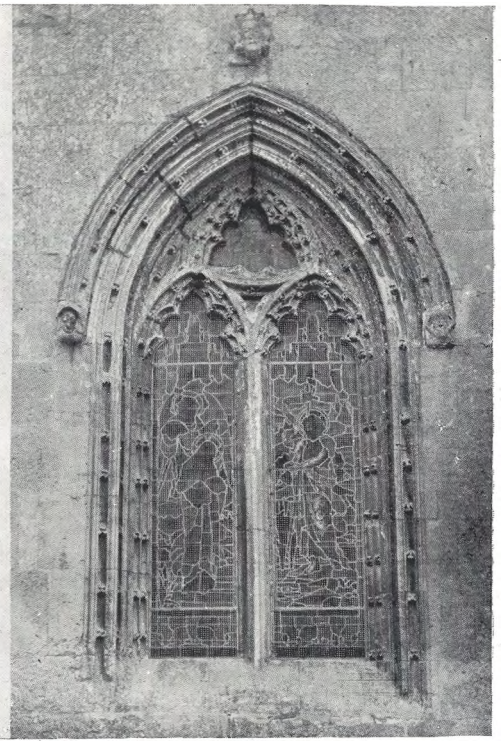
FIRE AT ALBION  
FLOUR MILL,  
CHELTENHAM,  
JAN. 28, 1905.

Photos by "Gloucestershire Graphic."



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VIEW OF FIRST FLOOR WITH FALLEN BEAMS AND MACHINERY.



Photos by Harry Swift, Churchdown.

DOORWAY TO ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

EAST WINDOW OVER ALTAR IN CHANCEL.

WEST WINDOW IN ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

**BADGEWORTH CHURCH, NEAR CHELTENHAM.**

The north portion of this church is the chapel of St. Margaret. The decorations are very rich, and far surpass those of the church proper. The window jambs, which are illustrated in Brandon's "Analysis of Gothic Architecture," as well as the doorway, are elegantly moulded, and profusely decorated with the ball-flower, a distinguishing feature of the Decorated style, but rare in Gloucestershire. The doorway, which is circular-headed, is a curiosity. The Brothers Brandon attribute its style to that thirst after improvement which led ancient builders ever to seek some new feature, and

perhaps in some instances to glance backward as if wishing to extract some last beauty from a style which had been superseded. In this instance they would seem to have had in view the grand and rich effect of the deeply recessed Norman doorway. The result, though hardly satisfactory, is very striking. No adequate impression of the picturesque beauty of the richly-decorated windows and doorway of the chapel can be conveyed by mere words. The massive jambs and mullions are thickly studded with the ball-flower, boldly carved. The upper mouldings of the drip-stones, surmounted by fleur-de-lis or crowned heads, terminate in heads of armed knights, courtiers, or kings. The window in the west is

not so deeply recessed as the others, and is surmounted by a crowned head. It terminates on the left hand in the head of a knight in a casque and gorget of wirework, whose raised vizor displays finely chiselled and rather youthful features. On the right is an uncovered head with flowing hair or wig. The carved head of Edward III. appears over the doorway. The East window over the altar is a three-light Decorated window, with curious tracery.

[From a paper read some years ago before the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society by the late vicar of Badgeworth, Rev. A. E. Ellis-Viner.]

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.**

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Three months of the foxhunting season have now passed. January had more than a fortnight taken out of it for sport by the continuous frost. I forgot to mention that the last day of the old year was wound up by the Cotswold Hounds with the run of the season, from Salperton to Hazleton, 12 miles distance, in 65 minutes. On the following Saturday they finished up 16 miles from the kennels. The Ledbury made a record in the fact of three foxes, each on a Friday, and within the space of a month, swimming the river Severn and getting away, two into the Cotswold and one into Lord Fitzhardinge's country. In the latter case, Mr. Carnaby Forster, the Master, and Burteushaw, the kennel huntsman, followed the pack over the river in a boat, swimming their horses and guiding them. These three incidents remind me of some verses written nearly a quarter-of-a-century ago, when the country was frequently flooded, and ferries were in request, one verse being:—

"It's the old-fashioned Ledbury way,  
First invented by Noah, they say,  
As that bold Patriarch  
Used to hunt from the Ark,  
So the Ledbury hunt to this day!"

The North Cotswold claim two record season's runs, one on the 12th, when an outlying fox at Compton Scorpion gave a ten-mile point,

or 16 miles as hounds ran, and had to be given up 25 miles from kennels, Major Malcolm McNeill, brother of the Master, being injured in the run; and the second, on the 25th, a day snatched from the frost, when hounds had a splendid run of 2 hours 40 minutes, the fox grounding at Dumbleton. The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds had their second best run of the season on the 10th, with a ten-mile point, or about 20 miles as they ran, over some fine stone-wall country. Sportsmen are delighted that Mr. McNeill and Mr. Dudley-Smith have been induced to withdraw resignation as masters of the North Cotswold and Crome respectively. Now Mr. Forster has intimated his wish to retire from the Ledbury mastership, and I am sorry to hear that he is not too popular with the followers.

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The recent death of Bishop Lewis, of Llandaff, reminds me that the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester used to (and not so many years ago) possess the patronage of several Welsh livings, including the important vicarage of Cardiff, and that these rights have gone ever since an exchange of livings took place between the authorities, brought about by the resolute and successful action of Bishop Lewis in the year 1884, by refusing to institute to the benefice of Llanblethian the Dean and Chapter's nominee, an English priest, because he was totally igno-

rant of the Welsh language. I wonder if a qualified member of the capitular body will be passed on to Llandaff as its bishop. He would not be the first bishop that came from Gloucestershire, for I read in the reminiscences of Samuel Snook, an old Llandaff Cathedral verger, who is in his eighty-seventh year, and, in a minor sense, served under Bishops Coplestone, Ollivant, and Lewis, that "Bishop Coplestone was a most godly man. But he did not come to Llandaff very often. He lived at Hardwicke House, somewhere in Gloucestershire. I was one of the bearers at his funeral, which took place at Llandaff." Bishop Coplestone, who was consecrated in 1827 and died in 1849, I find, was the first bishop buried at Llandaff since Bishop Davies, 1674.

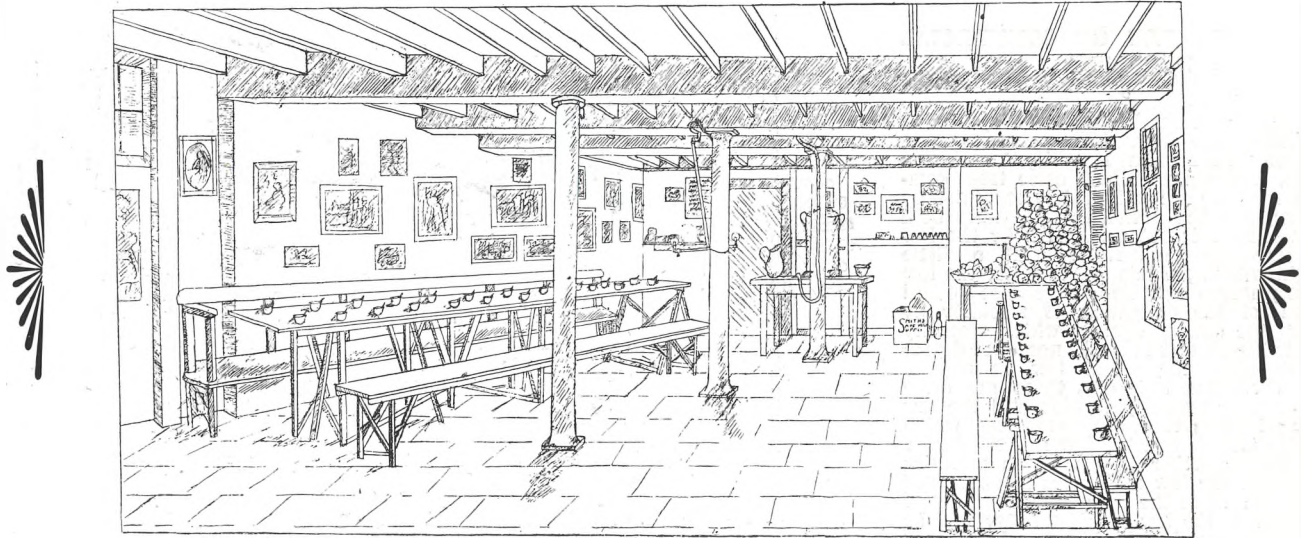
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The death at Pretoria a few days ago of the Boer general, Cherry Emmett, interests me, and for this reason: he was captured during the war by a Gloucestershire man, one of the three brothers Haine, of Churcham, whose portraits appeared in the "Graphic" of September 13, 1902, and who, being settlers in South Africa, fought in the Colonial forces for Motherland. One of them, Mr. Leonard Pridav Haine, with whom I had the pleasure of exchanging greetings in England last year, is a railway contractor; he first joined the



Photos by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.

**SKATING AT PITTVILLE—JANUARY, 1905.**



With E. J. C. Palmer's compliments.

DINING-ROOM.

From a sketch by Jack Diment, Gloucester, aged 13 years.

**GLOUCESTER CITY "HALFPENNY" MEALS.**

Dundee Town Guard, was in the Natal Carbineers during the siege of Ladysmith, and was one of the hundred volunteers who went out at night and destroyed "Long Tom"; he was wounded on January 6th, 1900, and a second time at Middelburg; and while a scout he cleverly captured Cherry Emmett and General Louis Botha. The latter's son-in-law just escaped him. Mr. Haine was mentioned in despatches by Lord Kitchener, and was commissioned as an Intelligence officer.



One of the most talked-of and read inquest cases in Cheltenham for a long time was that of William Henry Bradley, and there is general agreement in the justice of the verdict of the jury, that the deceased's death was due to an abscess on the brain, but there was not sufficient evidence to show that it was produced by a blow. The deceased, I am informed, had been valet to a young West Country baronet, who, when an Oxford undergraduate, married a Cheltenham inn-

keeper's daughter, the re-marriage of whom, after a widowhood of about five years, was lately announced in the "Echo." The deceased baronet left Bradley in his will a good lump sum, but this, together with what money he had got before, amounting in all to several thousands, had melted away.

GLEANER.

**THE DANGER OF MARRYING A FRENCHMAN.**

According to the law of England, says "The World and His Wife," in an article explaining the formalities necessary for a marriage outside the British Dominions, a marriage before a British Consul or Ambassador is perfectly valid if only one of the parties is a British subject and the other a foreigner, but it may sometimes happen that it is not valid in the country to which the latter party belongs. The French courts, in particular, do not, as a rule, recognise a marriage at a British Embassy or Consulate unless both the

parties are British subjects; and, consequently, when "Monsieur" comes a-wooing, it is just as well that the English maiden should be upon her guard. She had better marry him, if possible, in his own country, and strictly in accordance with French law, and she must take care that he has the consent of his papa and mamma; for, though he may be grey-headed, he still has to go through the formality of asking for that consent. If he is to be married in England, however, his Consul will give her a certificate that he has done so.



It is no use to pray for a thing if you do not work for it.

If you find your life a continuous grind, put more grist in the mill.

When we have sufficiently considered humanity, it becomes easy to love God.

—"Horlick's Magazine."

GUARDING AGAINST FROST-BURSTS.

There are several ways of guarding against frost-bursts (says a writer in the "Building World"), and different methods have to be resorted to under the various conditions that arise in connection with the position of the pipes. The primary object in all cases, however, is to protect the pipes with good non-conducting materials, so that their temperature may not be lowered to freezing point. The materials used for this are many, hair-felt being perhaps the one that is mostly employed. It can be obtained in strips and sheets of various widths, which can be easily wound round the pipe. The only objection to the use of this material is that it is liable to harbour moth, etc. To obviate this, silicate cotton or slag wool may be used. This also can be obtained in strips of convenient width. Sawdust (wood) is often used, but the objection to it is that it has to be kept in position with casings. The cisterns should be protected by being fixed in a proper cistern room, well warmed, lighted, and ventilated, and not fixed close under the slates where the cold winds have easy access to them. They should also be cased in with slag-wool, and fitted with a dust-proof cover. The pipes inside the house should be fixed on an internal wall. Where, however, they are necessarily fixed on external walls, the pipes should be carried on a board, to prevent loss of heat by radiation. They should also be arranged so that the water can be shut off at night, and the water drawn out, leaving them empty.



SIR EDWARD FRY ON COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

In the current number of the "Magazine of Commerce" Sir Edward Fry contributes a paper on "Commercial Morality." The relations, he remarks, which arise from commerce are more or less definitely regulated by the law, and the notion is sometimes held that whatever is not prohibited by the law is permissible in morals. But a little thought will dispel this conception; the law can only absorb a portion, sometimes a small portion, of the obligation of morality by making the actions against which morality protests illegal, and in a still narrower degree does it adopt the moral law as regards criminality—that is to say, there are some things which morality forbids and the law makes criminal; there are more things which morality forbids and the law makes illegal; there are yet other things which morality forbids but the law makes neither criminal nor illegal. For the man truly desirous of right action, the law of his country will be carefully observed, but will never be allowed to stand for the maximum of his obligations towards himself or his fellow-men. Every man in his commercial affairs should examine himself in all the relations that arise, as buyer and seller, as master and servant, as principal and agent, and consider his conduct in each of these relations. When we come to the relation of buyer and seller, we come upon a region where dishonesty of one form or another plays a great part. One of the great sources of pollution in the transactions of commerce is the prevalence of gifts by the purchaser to the agent of the seller, or of the seller to the agent of the buyer. Transactions of this class are characterised by two features—they involve the attempt to serve two masters and they are secret. They are bad on both accounts, and that separately, but their greatest evil is their secrecy. The law of this country takes notice of payments of the kind described, and holds them to be unlawful; and, according to our law, every agent who receives anything in relation to, or in connection with, the subject of his agency is bound to pay it over to his principal.—"Magazine of Commerce."



Photo by J. P. Hawley, Winchcombe.  
**G.W.R. CHELTENHAM-WINCHCOMBE ROAD MOTOR-BUS AND STAFF.**  
 COMMENCED RUNNING FEB. 1, 1905. STATION IN BACKGROUND.



Photo by R. J. Webb, Cheltenham.  
**SKATING ON MARLE HILL LAKE, JAN. 27, 1905.**

EPITAPHIANA.

John Ruskin wrote on the granite slab over his father's grave that the latter was "an entirely honest merchant"; and he took occasion some years after to inform the public in "Fors Clavigera" that he considered the right to this description a very rare, if not an altogether unique distinction. Perhaps the friends of a defunct lawyer at Swaffham, in Norfolk, were hampered by having no separate vehicle of publicity. At any rate they set forth most uncompromisingly, on his tombstone, not only what they conceived to be his distinctive virtue, but also their disparaging opinion of all his learned brethren, in the following somewhat limping quatrain:—  
 Here lieth one, believe it if you can,  
 Who, tho' an attorney, was an honest man.  
 The gates of Heaven shall open wide—  
 But will be shut against all the tribe beside.  
 It is not everybody, whatever their station in life, who can leave any visible and permanent memorial of their deeds. Of some

it may be as difficult to find anything to say as it evidently was in the case of a lady buried at Church Stretton, Shropshire, whose tombstone merely records that:  
 On a Thursday she was born,  
 On a Thursday made a bride,  
 On a Thursday put to bed,  
 On a Thursday broke her leg,  
 And on a Thursday died.  
 But that even the humblest occupation, if faithfully performed, may receive due recognition, and leave a fragrant memory behind, is well exemplified by the following inscription at Eastbourne in 1793:  
 Eliza,  
 Earnestly ambitious to deserve the character of a faithful servant,  
 She died contentedly possessed of it,  
 Approved by All,  
 Equalled by Few,  
 Excelled by None.  
 Perhaps some modern housewives who may chance to read this will be moved to exclaim, "Oh, rare Eliza! Would that we might look upon her like again."—"T.P.'s Weekly."



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 215.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING (7.45).

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL

AND THEIR COMPANY IN

**"THE HOUSEKEEPER."**

NEXT WEEK:

**"THE CINGALEE"**

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 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.

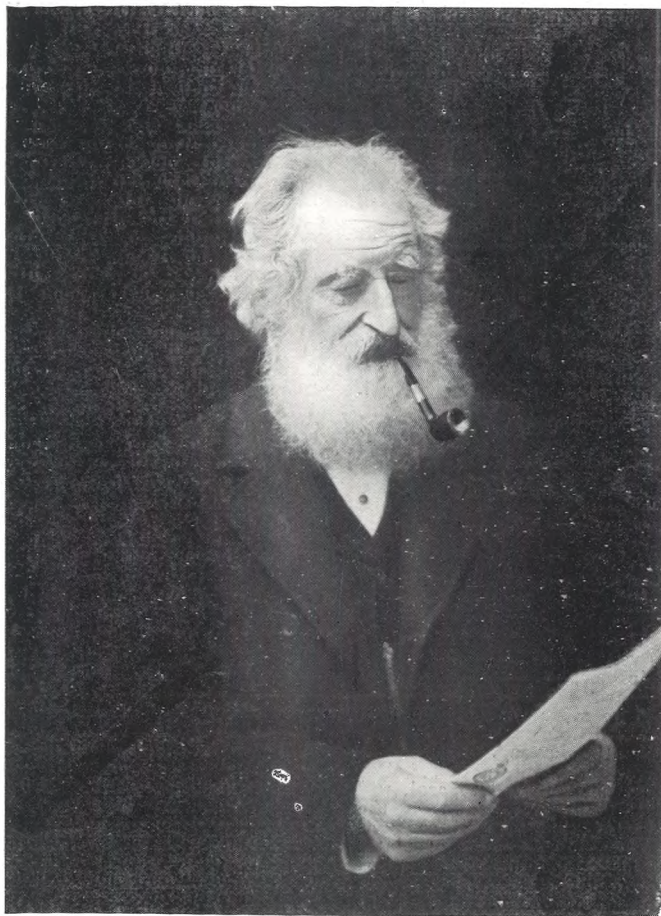
Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

The 115th prize has been divided between Miss P. de Pipe Belcher, of Darley House, Berkeley-street, and Miss F. M. Ramsay, 1 St. Albans Villas, Hewlett Road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's and Rev. Percival Smith at Holy Trinity Church.

The photo competition will now be discontinued. It has been running for over four years, and has thus lost the charm of novelty. We will, however, be still glad to receive photos from readers, and will pay a sum of not less than five shillings for each photo used.

### A CURE FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is little doubt that the habit of having an account tends to extravagance; it is so easy to order a dress, a hat, a wrap, a fur, or what not besides, and it is so easy to put aside all thought of the day of reckoning. Yet it comes, and with it often a sore heart and a purse so light as to spell "difficulties" ahead. It is told of the late ex-Queen Isabella of Spain that her bills drove her treasurer nearly mad with worry. The Parisian shops were so fascinating, and it was so easy to have things sent home. But the Queen's income, like that of many in inferior stations, was not equal to the strain when the bills were also "sent home." One day the treasurer, at his wits' end, thought of a little plan. He got two bushels of silver pieces and piled the coins on a large table in the Queen's ante-room. When Isabella entered and saw the huge heap of money she cried out in astonishment, "What on earth is all this money for?" "It is the money to pay your Majesty's gloves," replied the treasurer. The Queen said nothing, but she evidently thought more, for she afterwards made it a rule to pay for all goods purchased on the spot.—T.P.'s Weekly.



**MR. WILLIAM BARRON.**

The fact that Mr. William Barron has within the past few days presided at the annual meeting of the Cheltenham and District Chemists' Association and at a dinner held in connection therewith to entertain Ald. Robinson, J.P., L.C.C., President of the Pharmaceutical Society, furnishes us with the opportunity that we have long been anticipating to add the likeness of so old and much respected a citizen as Mr. Barron to "Our Portrait Gallery." We do this with the more pleasure inasmuch as the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. comprises in its proprietary and staff several of his many friends and admirers.

Mr. Barron is one of Cheltenham's oldest tradesmen, and has been a familiar figure in the life of the town for more than half a century. He commenced business as long ago as 1848, and retired in 1890. He was local secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society for over twenty years, was for many years a director of Montpellier Gardens and Baths Co., has been for several years a director of the Gas-Light Co., was a borough auditor for twelve years, and agent for ten years for Holy Trinity Church, of the congregation of which he is one of the oldest members.

It is pleasant to add that his activity and cheerfulness are the envy of many much younger men, that he enjoys his pipe and the social intercourse of his fellows with the zest of earlier years, and discusses national and local topics with as keen an intelligence as ever. Our readers will, we are sure, join us in the hope that his useful life may be preserved to him for yet many years in the full enjoyment of all his faculties and the exercise of all his admirable qualities.

## PETROL & PICTURES.



[By "ARIEL."]

### A FEW NOTES ON CARBURETTERS.

Carburettor is the name applied to a piece of mechanism which is employed in conjunction with a petrol engine to vapourise the petrol and mix it with air in such proportions as to constitute an explosive gas. The proportion of petrol to air in order to ensure perfect combustion is 12.4 to 100,000. There are several types of carburetters, but the two chief ones are respectively the "surface" and the "spray." In the surface type of carburettor the engine suction—by means of the piston—draws the air over the surface of the petrol. The air becomes charged with a large quantity of vapour; but before reaching the inlet-valve the proportions of air and petrol vapour are adjusted by means of two taps to get a perfect explosive mixture. This type of carburettor was once almost universal on motor-cycles, but now it has gone out of fashion in favour of the "spray" type. This latter type has many different forms; but the main principles are the same. The chief principle of all is to evenly divide the petrol so that it affords a large amount of surface to the air which is drawn in, also that the petrol may be held suspended in the current of air for the short time necessary to change it from the liquid to the gaseous state. In many carburettors this is managed in the following way: A constant flow of air issues from a conical nozzle, which causes a vacuum in the central portion of the flow, thus causing the suction effect of the piston to draw the air through a tapered passage, over a nipple having several fine holes. The vacuum caused by the flow of air causes the petrol to issue in the form of a very finely-divided spray, which, on meeting the current of air, vaporises, and is carried into the cylinder of the motor. The chief advantages of the spray type of carburettor are that they can be adjusted to use stale petrol and even paraffin, after a preliminary warming up with petrol. It should be remembered in connection with these carburettors that at high speeds, unless additional air can be supplied, the mixture will be too rich in petrol. The higher the speed the more the proportions of the mixture alter.

### DEVELOPMENT HINTS.

With ordinary plates, the best test of the density of the negative is the appearance of the high lights on the back of the film. With slow thickly-coated plates the high lights show only very faintly. In cold weather the developer is less active, and the negatives are liable to be hard. In very hot weather developers should be made weaker than used ordinarily. Distilled water should, if possible, be used for all solutions. However, if distilled water be not obtainable, boiled water, after it has been allowed to cool, will do nearly as well. Water straight from the tap should never be used, as it contains chemical impurities. Most makers of plates state that their plates should *not* be soaked in water previous to development. Beginners should not be afraid of prolonging development. The first few negatives of an amateur are generally over-exposed and then under-developed. Remember that it is much easier to reduce a negative than to intensify it. The chief point to be remembered is that light makes a certain impression on the plate—determined by the time of exposure—and that no amount of subsequent developing and intensifying will bring out more than is already there. Temperature plays a very important part in the darkroom. The room, while the photographer is at work, should be kept at a constant temperature of about 60deg. In winter, the water, hypo, and developer should be warm. Some developers will not act at all when very cold. Quinol is one of these. I have found a small oil stove of great service in this respect. Of course it is kept burning until the room is sufficiently warm, and then withdrawn before operations are commenced.

### VARNISHED NEGATIVES.

No spirit varnish made is proof against water. Therefore, should any drops of water or other liquid get on the varnished side of

a negative the plate will be stained. It is not worth the time to try and remove the varnish unless the negative is a valuable one. If so, the negative should be placed in methylated spirit as described recently, and the varnish removed. The plate should then be well washed and dried, and then re-varnished. The stains are very hard to remove, and will generally show faintly in the prints from the negative.

### INTERIORS.

To photograph interiors successfully the photographer requires a large stock of patience, owing to the time required to get a good image on the plate. Using a small stop to get abundant detail also prolongs the time of exposure. It is a good plan to commence the exposure with a small stop, and then gradually enlarge the size of the stop when the plate is partly exposed. Of course, the great danger of this plan is that the camera may be slightly moved when the stop is altered. Care being exercised, however, the time of exposure may be considerably shortened.

### DOES RELIGION DEPEND UPON HEALTH?

Spiritual feelings are, says a writer in "The Presbyterian," more affected by one's physical condition than many persons imagine. A healthy body is a great aid to clearness of religious vision and to spiritual enjoyment. A deranged liver is the enemy of a joyous and hopeful piety. Dyspepsia has much to do with Christian despondency. Bodily disarrangements interfere with the highest experiences in the divine life. It becomes spiritual guides to take into greater consideration this factor in dealing with soul maladies. A good tonic will often relieve spiritual depression when other remedies fail.

A few years ago a Roman Catholic prelate in Great Britain surprised the English public with a narration of his experiences with certain troubled souls. Some of his prescriptions indicate the wide scope of his discernment as well as the sagacity of his counsel. For the "evil thoughts" which harassed one of his correspondents, he prescribed "a course at Vichy and Carlsbad" as the principal remedy. As a cure for the jealousy which afflicted another he ordered "beef tea," remarking that "all similar passions become intensified when the body is weak." All through his directions to his different applicants for help in their various spiritual difficulties, he recognised how they were mixed up with the state of their health, and sought to remove them, as far as possible, by putting the body into its right tone and activity. For instance, to one suffering from religious depression he recommended "a good walk in the park, or an expedition on a penny steamer," adding—"You will get into a small rage on reading this, and say it is of no use to walk in the park, or sail on the Thames. Well, get into the rage, and then cool down and try the experiment." To one given to early morning meditations he stated they "are apt to be tinged with despondency," and should be "revised after a suitable diet of coffee and rolls."

There is no doubt that Protestant ministers would often be the gainers if they studied more the intimacy subsisting between the body and the mind, and how the one sympathises with the other. And if Christians generally took this fact more into the interpretations of their varying religious moods and conditions, they would find a relief and comfort sorely denied them at times. Both Christian biography and practical observation show how doubts and difficulties and depression in the divine life, rise or fall with the state of health in the given case.



### HOW THE Y.M.C.A. WAS STARTED.

Sixty years ago last June, in a little room on the premises of a famous silk mercer, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, twelve young men met together, inspired with a great purpose. They were distressed with the condition of their fellow shop and warehouse assistants. The long hours, poor pay, and inadequate housing accommodation which then prevailed in many London busi-

ness houses were having their inevitable outcome in the shiftless and purposeless lives of those subject to them.

The twelve young men, with all the boldness of youth, set out to revive religious purpose among their fellows. Their first ambition was to reach the men in warehouses around their own; they dreamed that possibly their work might extend to the provinces. But in their most exalted moments they could scarce have imagined the result that has come. From that meeting on a June evening has sprung a movement which has gone round the world. Alike in London warehouse, in Californian university, and in the tented fields of South African Armies; among turbaned Turks, fur-hatted Russians, and the peaked-capped lads of Rhineland colleges; from ebony blacks in Central Africa, brown Arabs to pale-faced sons of the Arctic regions they have gone. The twelve have become over seven hundred thousand. The little room has spread its branches till to-day there are 7,600 centres. The property alone owned by the Association is now worth considerably over £6,000,000. And the work is only at its dawn; for in this twentieth century, the era of young men, a young men's movement, created by them and propelled with all the force of their youthful strength, presents such possibilities as never before.



### THE TWO PARTY SYSTEM.

"Broad Views," discussing the Parliamentary system, says:—Alternately, it is true, the Liberals have bribed the populace to vote on their side by reductions of the franchise, and the Conservatives have endeavoured to "dish the Whigs" by outdoing such bribery along precisely similar lines. But why have statesmen condescended to this degrading policy? Simply because the forces of Parliament are arrayed in two contending parties, each depending for its personal enjoyment on the defeat of the other. If a wagon on the road to a given destination were drawn, not by one team of horses in front, but by one in front and another in the rear pulling in the opposite direction, it might move sometimes one way and sometimes the other, according to the varying energy of the respective teams; but the arrangement would not strike the observer as highly intelligent from the point of view of any interests to be served by the arrival of the wagon at its goal. In plain truth, that is the principle on which the affairs of this country are conducted as long as they are the sport of the tug of war glorified in this deluded land under the title of Parliamentary government.



### SHRUBS FOR TOWN GARDENS.

In gardens near a town it is best to plant trees that lose their leaves annually. Near a large town this is imperative, for the smoke and fog cover them with dirt and soon make them unhealthy. When the leaves fall in autumn, of course all the accumulated dirt falls with them, and a start is made in the spring with clean young leaves. Evergreens in a town garden, unless they are washed with a hose occasionally, have a very dismal and depressing effect, so the fewer the better if the garden is to look bright. The lilac is a good town shrub, and there are now some very beautiful varieties to be obtained. Marie Legraye (the double white) and Charles X. (purple) are two of the best. Flowering currants are delightful objects in spring when in full flower, and so are some of the ornamental crabs, for instance *Pyrus Malus floribunda*, one of the prettiest spring-flowering shrubs. The sweet-scented Mezeron (*Daphne Mezereum*) and Diervilla (*Weigela*) *Eva Rathke*, with crimson blooms, are both excellent for the purpose under consideration. Then there are the Laburnum, the Guelder rose, some of the thorns, the almond, wistaria, magnolia conspicua, and *M. stellata*. Of winter-flowering shrubs you may plant the yellow jasmine (*J. nudiflorum*) and the winter sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*); both these should be in every town garden.—"The Garden."

THE INNER VISION.

In the course of an article on "Psychic Development," in "Broad Views," Mabel Collins says:—Such a phrase as "The Inner Vision" conveys to the mind of the person who has not yet developed the sense of psychic sight in himself, the idea of something miraculous—by which is meant impossible. But science is gradually explaining miracles. Man himself, in due time, discovers that he has a power of seeing which is independent of the light from the sun, and powers of hearing which appreciate sounds apart from all physical vibrations. He escapes from the limitations of the physical senses, entering upon the exploration of the marvellously beautiful and interesting ethereal world which lies outside, or beyond, or within—any of these worlds will do—the physical world. And there he may perchance not only receive inspiration and learn lessons which are too hard for him to understand while he is only an earth-dweller, but he may be enabled to find a common meeting ground where he can once more speak with some who have gone before, with whom he is bound by love.



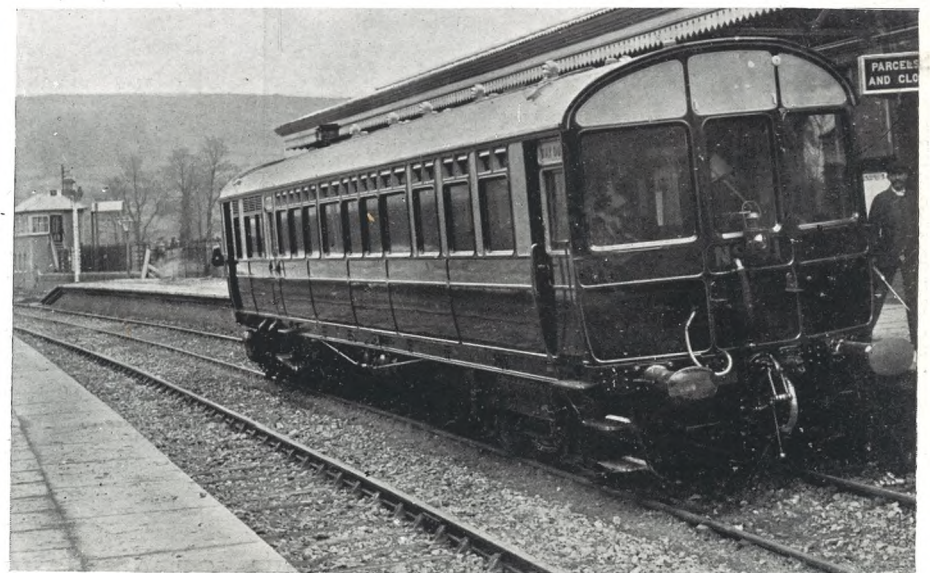
THE MAKINGS OF A BOY.

Both the girls and boys of the present day are perhaps just a little too highly trained. The merest infants conduct themselves with a propriety that would have done credit to their grandmothers; but the question is whether the spirit has not been taken out of them to some extent by this schooling in the proprieties. At any rate, what we feel sure of is that the public school boy of today would become a more valuable asset of the nation if it could be managed that he could have more time and opportunity to do as he liked. The great virtue of such open-air amusements as rambling, birds'-nesting, and fishing is that they cast a boy on his own resources and teach him to use his brain on the realities of life, of which books are but the reflections. That a boy is able to solve problems on paper and construe or write Greek verses is of very little service to him when he is confronted with the problems that every man who would succeed has to solve for himself. In the battle of life it is not the tricks of fence learned in the library that are of avail, but the self-reliance, the invention, and enterprise that are developed in a boy who has had to find out things and do them for himself.—"Country Life."



HOW PSEUDONYMS ORIGINATED.

Not all women authors who selected masculine pseudonyms have done so because they preferred them. Mrs. Stannard's first book, states "T.A.T.", was "Cavalry Life," and her publishers required her to adopt a masculine pseudonym, fearing that otherwise there would be a prejudice against the work. John Strange Winter was the result. Miss Sarah Tyler, whose name is so well known to girls, and whose real name is Miss Henrietta Keddie, had her pseudonym selected by the publisher of her first book without either her knowledge or consent, but being a personal friend, she adopted his choice without protest. Lucas Malet, who is Mrs. M. Et. Leger Harrison, and a daughter of Charles Kingsley, feared the product of her pen would not do credit to the name of Kingsley, so she adopted the surnames of her grandmother and great-great-aunt. Mrs. Craigie chose the plain name of John Oliver Hobbes, as she was only twenty-two when her novel appeared, and she was afraid readers and reviewers would doubt her experience justifying her novel. Ouida, Mlle. de la Ramée's pen name, was her childish rendering of her baptismal name Louisa. Mrs. Golding Bright, an unusually clever writer of short stories, selected her pen name of George Egerton because, in her opinion, a woman's writing was so absolutely a personal matter that she should have a name independent of the one she was born to, and also independent of her husband. She selected George because it was one of her mother's names, and Egerton because it was her husband's baptismal name.

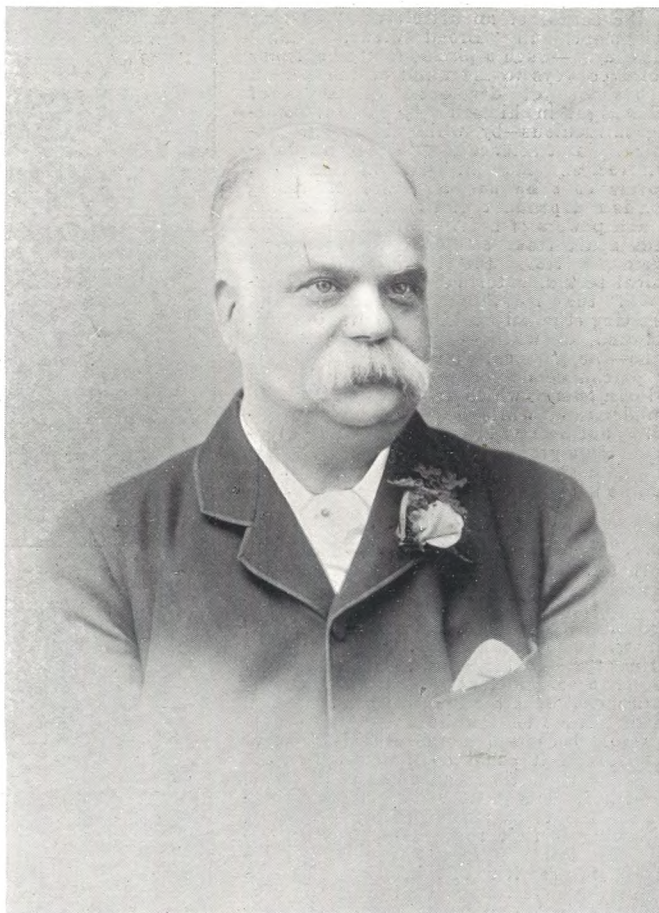


1: WINCHCOMBE RAILWAY STATION. 2: WINCHCOMBE STATION AND SIGNAL-BOX.  
3: WINCHCOMBE-HONEYBOURNE MOTOR TRAIN.  
Photos 1 and 2 by D. C. Chapman, Blockley, and 3 by J. P. Hawley, Winchcombe.



**THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.**

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES GREENING, OF LLOYD'S COTTAGE, CEMETERY ROAD, CHELTENHAM, MARRIED FEBRUARY 11, 1855.



**MR JOSEPH JAMES,**

WELL-KNOWN AND RESPECTED CHELTENHAM CHEMIST. DIED FEBRUARY 7, 1905.



**MAKING NEW RAILWAY TO HONEYBOURNE,**  
NEAR SWINDON LANE. (Looking towards Cheltenham).



**STEAM NAVVY AT WORK AT MARLE HILL COURT FARM,**  
SWINDON LANE, FOR NEW RAILWAY TO HONEYBOURNE.



Photos by H. S. Jacques.

**CHELTENHAM CORPORATION WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT STAFF.  
ANNUAL SUPPER AT SANDFORD MEAD PUMPING STATION, FEB. 3, 1905.**

“SELINA JENKINS.”

“REVIVALS.”

Amos and me was a-settin' over the fire the other evening, and 'e ses to me, “Selina,” ses 'e, “and wot's your hapynion about this 'ere Revival as is playin' in our midst, wich I 'ears as 'ow in Gloucester it come out in the form of a procession through the streets at 11 o'clock o' nite, as ended in a reg'lar riot and malay, as they says, not to speak of a 50 shilling aketcholine oil lamp bein' broke to hatoms, and the band 'avin' all its instruments knocked out of concert pitch by they as considered Revivals ought to cease at turnin' out time.”

“Well, Amos,” ses I, “you hopen up a big question; you see there's so many kinds of Revivals; as takes a tidy time to reckon 'em all up, ineloodin', amongst others too numerous to mention, as they says in the sale catalogues, the Revival of Agericulture, the Revival of Trade, the Welsh Revival, the Revival of the Fittest, and the Torrid-Halexandra Revival, all of wich is very important things in their way. They do say they there Welsh be fair 'ot 'uns, as the sayin' is, at a Revival, as starts about tea-time one day, and don't leave off till breakfast time the next, without refreshments nor nothink, 'ceps mebbe a happle or a 'am sandwich in the pocket jest to keep the hinner man alive; not to speak of up'ands of 6 people addressin' the meeting and 3 different 'ims bein' sung in the Welsh brogue all the while the sermon's goin' on, and must be a rough-and-tumble of a service, sure-a-lie; but there, you know, Welsh ain't English, and never ain't likely to be, 'nother, through 'avin' wot they do call Keltic blood, as is a very fiery sort, and not cold and kalkelatin' like our Glostershire lot, wich it 'ud be considered awful bad taste if anyone were to be so bold as to say a word from the pews in churches and chapels about 'ere; we pays the parsons and the ministers to live good lives and tell us 'ow it feels. So, of course, it ain't considered rite, in respectable England, fer or'nary folks, as 'aven't been brought up to the perfesson, to address the congeragation or make theirselves generally hobnocus by describin' wot sinners they've been!

“Still, this I will say, that if it's right as they says, that this 'ere Revival is turnin' they South Welshers into 'and-workin' Christyun folk, as pays their ways at the rate of 20 shillin' to the pound, and ceases to pore down their throats that as takes away their brains, as the sayin' is—well, ennythink that makes Welsh folk truthful and 'onest ought to be encouraged. I be a bit Welsh meself, as you knows, Amos, and I will say that there old 'im as runs 'Taffy was a Welshman, and so 4th, isn't far off the truth with some of they South Welshers, wich wanted a Revival, that they did—my word! Still, 'avin' a few drops of Welsh blood in my veins, I knows that they be a lot of reg'lar 'hout-and-houters, as the sayin' is; 'hole-hoggers' Mr. J. Chamberlain calls it; they must be down-rite bad lots or reg'lar angles, with 'arps and wings, wich there ain't no 'appy medium' about the Welsh at all; nit like us respectable English folk, as considers religion's very well in its proper place, of a Sunday, with a nice soft pew, and lovely music, not to speak of a sermon as musn't be too personal nor nothink as'll keep a body awake. Why, that there Mrs. Gaskins told me the other day as she couldn't abide the new minister down to 'er chapel, becoss there weren't a chance of so much as 15 or 16 winks, not to speak of 40, from one end of the service to the other; wich the old minister were so soothin', and nevr didn't go out of 'is way to tell folks to be 'onest, or to stop gossippin', and sich like; as isn't Scriptooral, and—so she considered—didn't ought to be dragged into sermons at all!”

“Jes' so,” ses Amos, “I can see very well as Maria Gaskins wouldn't like to be told to give up gossippin' about other folks, as is the joy of 'er life, and no mistake; wot she don't know, she do make up as she goes along, and I calls 'er a Local and Districk

News-ence, always settin' folks by the ears, wich she never meets me without sayin', “Well, 'ave 'ee 'eard anythink about ennybody?”

“Well, Amos,” ses I, “I settled Maria the other day, as she won't forget for a day or two, you mark my words. She came round 'ere with a tale of 'ow young 'Enery Johnson 'ad 'ad a few words with 'is wife, and as 'ow she'd been 'eard to say that she'd pack up 'er boxes and take the 4-post bedstead as she brought with 'er for a dowry, as the sayin' is, back to 'er mother, 'e being the most onfeelin' wretch as ever trod shoe-leather, coupled with the name of some young fieldmale or other; so I let's 'er 'ave 'er say out, and then I hups and I ses, ses I, ‘Maria,’ ses I, ‘I'm very sorry to 'ear all this about sich good folks as 'Enery and 'is wife be; but seem' as 'ow p'raps it ain't true, I'll jest put on me bonnet and shawl and walk up with you to 'Enery's 'ouse, and ask 'im if it's rite!’

“You b'lieve me if Maria didn't turn pale, and purple, and all manners of colours with fright at the very thought of sich a thing; wich she said she 'ad a weak 'eart, and it mite be dangerous to 'ave a scene with 'Enery. Besides wich she weren't really quite sure of all the facts, only this she 'ad 'eard, with 'er own ears, as 'Enery should say to 'is wife if it were fine she ought to go and visit her mother fer a few days next month! And in my hapynion some of these 'ere folks as is always talkin' about everybody's bizness but their own wants a real Revival all to theirselves, as 'ould shake 'em out of their seven censuses.

“Owsomedever, I'm very glad that Baalam's Talkin' Ass 'ave been quietly berried for the time bein', wich meself I never couldn't see wot difference it made to a body's Christianity whether 'e did speak or he didn't; I should think a site more of whether a man as paid 'is bills reg'lar and did 'is duty to 'is neybor than I should of whether 'e beleived in 40,000 asses. Still, if 'twas me, I shouldn't fall out over a donkey or two. Wot I says is this—Let they as wants Balaam's ass, 'ave it; and they as wants to Revive—nevive!

“I don't 'old with goin' a-yellin' and a-shoutin' ‘Bluebell’ and other poems after folks as considers they be doin' a good and praiseworthy work, like as they done at Glos'ter.

“Hif it makes people—'speshshully Cheltenham people—pay their bills reg'lar—as would be a 20th centurion miracle, AND no mistake—I shouldn't object to see the same thing 'ere, so long as it 'aint forced down our throats with a 'atchet, so to speak.

“But Cheltenham folks is a 'ard lot to shift; they 'aint very wicked and they 'aint very good—jest about 'alf-and-'alfers, and sich is very difficult to get 'old on. I knows a good few as 'ould say, ‘Well, I never 'aint done nothink at all as 'aint perfectly respectable (leastways, not openly), so I don't see wot a Revival's got to do with me.’

“Yes, there's a lot 'ereabouts' would say that, I know; but I thinks better of old John Wesley, as said 'e mite 'ave been a murderer, or a sheep-stealer, or even a Passive Resister, if 'e 'adn't been kept from it!

“But if the Revival comes along these parts, you mark my words, it'll 'ave to be respectable or not at all. Everythink in Cheltenham must be did decently and to order—egcitement and emotion can't be counting-housed for a minnit in a respectable and aristocratic town like this 'ere, in wich there is a last of resident gentry to be found year by year, and wich musn't be disturbed or told they be sinners not on no account!”

Amos laughed!

SELINA JENKINS.

THE FRAGRANT SWEET PEA.

Sweet Peas differ from all other flowers in several material points, but in none more than in the effect of evolution. With the development of most flowers on the lines laid down by the florists we have seen the loss of some feature that had previously been regarded as essential. For example, many of our modern roses, superb in form, glorious in colour, magnificent in size, wonderful in substance, lack perfume. It has been bred out of them, and while the man who fights in the exhibition arena does not deplore this one iota, the cultivator who grows roses for his garden and his home considers it a matter for keen regret. Something in the same direction applies to the modern carnation, but no such charge can be maintained against the sweet pea.—“The Garden.”



A COMMA THAT COST £400,000.

An interesting story is told of an omitted comma which cost the United States Government a matter of four hundred thousand pounds sterling. About thirty years ago the United States Congress, in drafting the Tariff Bill, enumerated in one section the articles to be admitted on the free list. Amongst these were “all foreign fruit-plants.” The copying clerk, in his superior wisdom, omitted the hyphen and inserted a comma after “fruit,” so that the clause read “all foreign fruit, plants, etc.” The mistake could not be rectified for about a year, and during this time all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty, with a loss to the Government of at least £400,000 for that year.—“T. P.'s Weekly.”



COSTLY KETTLE-DRUMS.

In cavalry bands a feature is always made of the kettle-drums. Some corps possess exceptionally fine instruments of this description. The Royal Horse Guards, for example, own a set which were presented by George III, and cost £1,500, and William IV. gave a pair to the 1st and 2nd Life Guards in 1851. The use of these instruments by cavalry is first mentioned in the reign of Henry VIII. During the Continental wars of the eighteenth century several sets belonging to French regiments were captured in action by the British troops. The 3rd and 7th Dragoon Guards, for example, distinguished themselves in this manner at Ramillies and Dettingen. Of the qualifications, other than musical ability, demanded of a kettle-drummer in the old days, it is remarked by Mallet that he “should be a man of heart, preferring rather to perish in the combat than to allow himself to be taken with his drums.”



THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE CHILD.

Society must have a craze, and, unfortunately for our small nursery inmates, the “craze” is now the child. The child is courted, feted, indulged, adored; it appears at social functions; it sits up till the small hours of the morning; it eats indigestible food; and it listens to conversations which it ought not to be able to digest either. This folly on the part of elders exists just because the child is a pretty, winning thing; while society suffers from boredom and must be amused at any cost. But will our children remain so attractive? Late hours and rich food are not conducive to health or good looks; and extravagant child-worship is positively ruinous to the charms of a young growing mind. Fond mothers may awake too late to find their children gone; and miniature men and women taking the place of their roguish little ones. Then the child will be “dropped” as quickly as it was taken up, because it will no longer be pleasing. In the meantime, where are our light-hearted, romping, natural children, with jammy fingers, nursery manners, warm hearts, and strong aversions to grown up strangers? In the middle classes, especially among large families, they are found, but not always even there.—“The Bystander.”

A somewhat curious relationship will ensue when Lady Alexandra Acheson is married to Earl and Countess Derby's youngest son, Capt. Frederick Stanley. Lady Alice Stanley, the wife of Lord Stanley, his eldest brother, is Lady Alexandra's aunt on her mother's side, Lady Alice Stanley and the Countess of Gosford having both been Montagus, daughters of the seventh Duke of Manchester. Lady Alexandra will therefore become her aunt's sister-in-law.



**ANCIENT ANGLERS.**

(From an old photo by Whatteller, apparently taken at Sharpness).

Top row (4).—Stephen Child (dead), ———, Dan Newman, Marmaduke Thornton.  
 Second row (2).—J. M. Clarke, solicitor (dead), Joel Thomas (dead).  
 Third row (2).————, J. Connor, late of Lamb Hotel (dead).  
 Fourth row (6).—Capt. Drake (dead), Wilson, Brown, Capt. Brown Constable (dead), Alec. Palmer, solicitor (dead), Heskins.  
 Fifth row (2).————, Tovey.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.**

Winchcombe, having possessed her soul in patience, has realised in a degree fulfilment of the promise of old that everything comes to those who wait. The Honeybourne Railway, not unexpected, is now opened up to there, or rather to Greet, with an additional service of motor-omnibuses to give passengers and the general public through connection with Cheltenham until the railway is carried forward there; and next Wednesday an up-to-date auction market for cattle will be inaugurated near the station. I understand it is not finally settled whether the Honeybourne-Cheltenham Railway will be in the Worcester or Gloucester Division of the Great Western Railway. There are no doubt great possibilities for these motor-buses in this county acting as feeders to the trunk or branch lines. I believe that before long the Great Western will run them on the roads between Painswick and Cheltenham and Gloucester and Malvern via Welland. The suggestion of a service from Andoversford to Witney via Northleach is under official consideration. The East Dean Parish Council is urging the Great Western Company to run a motor-train in the Forest, and I have good reason for saying that one will probably be put on the Whimsey line there, which is being rescued from the derelict state in which it has been lying for years. Then the Wotton-under-Edge folk want the Midland to give them motor-buses to Charfield and the Western similar vehicles to Chipping Sodbury. The Great Western Co. is placing orders with different firms for these "revolutionary" vehicles, and shareholders in the Gloucester Wagon Co. will be interested to hear that the bodies of three buses have been ordered of this establishment.

Religious revival is not to be the only resuscitation to which Gloucestershire is to be subjected, for the "Revival of the Spa" is to be seriously taken in hand, as was first foreshadowed in the "Echo" some three weeks ago. The Estates Committee recom-

mend the City Council to accede to the application of Dr. Francis T. Bond and let the Spa Pumproom to him on a conditional lease in order that he might develop the use of the medicinal waters. The doctor in a printed memorandum that he puts before the committee sketches the discovery of the Spa waters (saline, sulphureous and chalybeate) 90 years ago, the recognition of their merits, and their decline 40 years ago, not on account of any defect in their quality, but for want of enterprise by the authorities. He contends that the waters are as good as ever, and though he does not expect that Gloucester can recover the chance it once had of becoming a fashionable watering place, he believes that, if the Spa were equipped so that its waters could be employed on the lines which have been found effective at Nauheim and other similar resorts for the treatment of suitable forms of genuine ill-health, if such provision were combined with other resources for a well-arranged course of physical treatment, there is no reason why the Spa should not become a valuable institution. The fact, I may remark, is not generally known that William Ewart Gladstone has placed on record a valuable testimonial to the efficacy of the Spa waters in the written statement that his father was attracted to take up temporary residence there some eighty years ago in order that an invalid daughter might have the benefit of them.

Another parochial authority has had the temerity to memorialise Lord Ducie on the subject of the county magistracy, and with the usual result. Cinderford Parish Council, eager for a third magistrate for the town, submitted the name of a certain townsman to his lordship, who replied that the name was that of the proprietor of a newspaper, and that the late Lord Selborne had requested lords-lieutenant not to submit any person's name interested in the local press, and he (Lord Ducie) had never broken that rule, and did not intend to. I don't know the rejected pressman, so I cannot offer any opinion whether he is a fit and proper person, but on the general question

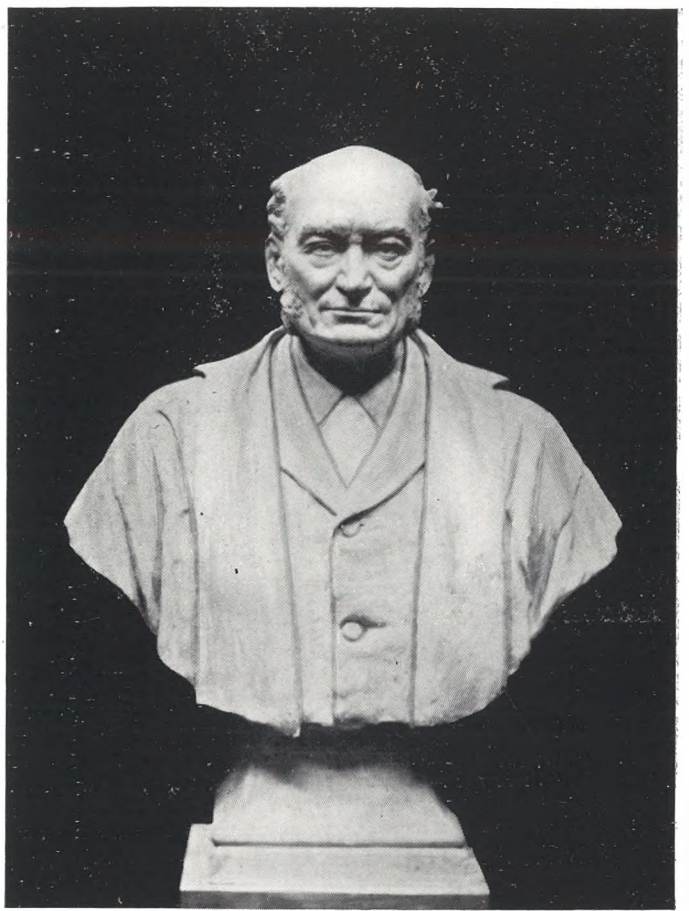
I would point out that both Lord Halsbury and Lord Herschell, Lord Selborne's successors in the Chancellorship, have taken a more enlightened view and put pressmen in the commission of the peace. Further, I hold that many members of the Fourth Estate are more capable of administering justice "without fear, favour, or affection" than not a few of the men appointed under the close system. GLEANER.

**LONDON AT PRAYER.**

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" the services at the Great Synagogue are described by Mr. Charles Morley. "The congregation," he writes, "was composed of men and male children, seated chiefly on long rows of black oak benches, which rose in tiers from the floor to the edge of the windows in either wall. There were cross-benches, too, behind the platform, which were filled with greybeards—of the devoted kind, they seemed, by their fervour and close attention to their books. At the far end was a domed recess, lit with lamps fixed to tall brass stands, at the back of which hung rich draperies. What mysteries lay behind them I did not know. I saw that there were other seats in front of the dais, and in a recess on the right hand of the dome, lit by lamps, sat two men in white, wearing black caps, like that of the reader, whom I took to be the clergy. I had given up all attempts to follow the service from my book, for every word was Hebrew, and, moreover, a synagogue is a little restless on the coming in of the Sabbath. The door is ever on the swing, and it was easy to see that the stream of late-comers had hastened from their toil. The ritual, too, and strong individual emotions, are the cause of much movement; men suddenly rise to their feet, pray upstanding, and as suddenly seat themselves. There are many sounds caused by general uprisings, by the murmur of spoken words, by responses, by restless feet emphasising the poetry, by the strange ejaculations of the more fervid spirits, and by an occasional outburst of the sweetest and most joyous of all music, that of human voices without accompaniment of organ or other instrument.



**BUST OF MR. J. RUSHTON,**  
THE CHELTENHAM ARTIST, MODELLED BY MR. J. HYETT.



**BUST OF ALD. JAS. WINTERBOTHAM,**  
MODELLED BY MR. J. HYETT, OF CHELTENHAM, WHO  
EXHIBITED TWO BUSTS AT THE ACADEMY LAST YEAR.

**INDIRECT BLESSINGS OF  
COMPETITION.**

The debt that a youthful ambition owes to competition is demonstrated in an interesting manner by the fact that, among joint-stock companies, those which are least liable to immediate and obvious competition are those among which nepotism and favouritism are still most rife. The railway companies, for example, are, as far as inland business is concerned, virtually in the position of monopolists. It is, of course, open to anyone who has a bent that way to build a new railway wherever he likes if he can get the necessary Parliamentary powers and raise the needful capital; but the expense involved by the necessity for Parliamentary sanction is so great, and the power of an existing railway so strong to put obstacles in the path of a newcomer, that the existing lines can afford to regard their position as unassailable; while as for competition among themselves, it has long ago been reduced, in most cases, to an amusing farce that is played with a very grave face by the various managements in order to gratify the public with the belief that its interests are being served in the best possible manner. Railway races are occasionally arranged, and sometimes we hear of one line or another putting on an extra-luxurious dinner train; but as to serious competition such as would exist if railways were really a business in which a newcomer with ready capital had a genuinely free hand, the various boards have long ago settled things quietly in such a way that no such vulgarity is likely to disturb their slumbers. And the result is somnolence, nepotism, and a condition of self-satisfied stagnation which is not only very discouraging to a youth who enters this monopolist industry with a view to climbing to the top, but also is a danger to British trade, a danger which might well be

taken in hand by some of those who are now so busy with other remedies of a highly controversial character. For British railway boards, lulled by the satisfactory feeling of being masters of the situation at home, overlook the fact that they are really face to face with competition on the part of railways all over the world—if railway rates give the American ironfounder, farmer, or cotton-spinner an advantage over his English rival, English trade will *pro tanto* suffer, and this suffering will inevitably react upon the railway companies. On the other hand, in businesses like banking and insurance, in which the competition stimulated by the joint-stock system is allowed free play, we find that the advantages secured by connection and favouritism have, as a general rule, least weight; and that the lad of talent and energy, who has only his talent and energy to rely on, has here the best chance of making his way.—“Cornhill Magazine.”



**MONKEYS AS FRUIT-PICKERS.**

An interesting experiment is, I hear, about to be made by a Californian fruit-grower (says To-Day). It seems that the question of labour presents certain difficulties out in that favoured climate, and it is to overcome this that the novel idea of training monkeys has been hit upon. Several hundreds of these animals are to be procured and taught to pick fruit. Of course, they will have to be muzzled, as otherwise they would not be likely to prove a profitable investment, and I suppose they will also be tied up in some manner. Panama monkeys are the breed spoken of, and if the plan works they will most likely be procured in thousands, and in time may oust human labour altogether. The chattering monkey as a blackleg will be distinctly funny.

**BEEHOVEN'S ECCENTRICITIES.**

Beethoven's contempt of conventional restraint is proverbial. Schindler observes that “the propriety of repressing offensive remarks was a thing that never entered his thoughts.” He was so impatient that he would sometimes swallow the medicines meant for a whole day in two doses; at other times he would forget about them altogether. A lady once asked him for a lock of his hair, and he sent her, at the mischievous advice of a friend, a lock from a goat's beard. The joke was discovered, and Beethoven apologised to the lady, but refused to have anything more to say to the friend. “One unlucky question,” wrote an English observer, “one ill-judged piece of advice, was sufficient to estrange him from you for ever.”—“T.P.'s Weekly.”



**DEPRECIATION IN PRICE OF SHIRE  
HORSES.**

The sale of the studs at Holker and Rugby respectively have drawn attention to a certain waning in fancy prices for Shires. In neither case did the average come up to £100, and it has been pointed out very truly that a few years ago from £130 to £150 probably represents what would have been obtained. But the falling off is not in the general value of a Shire horse, but in the extravagant prices which used to be freely given for much-fancied specimens of the breed. There were many owners who thought nothing of offering a sum varying from 500 guineas to 2,000 guineas; but one reason for this ceasing is that so many more first-class horses have come into the market. In consequence there are very few Shires that stand out beyond their competitors.—“Country Life.”



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 216.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



**MR. G. A. COOKE, late of Cheltenham**

(Maskelyne and Cooke, of Egyptian Hall fame).

DIED FEBRUARY 2, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45):  
"THE CINGALEE"

NEXT WEEK:  
THE "DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

## GRAND KODAK EXHIBITION

Monday Feb. 20, to Saturday, Feb. 25,

AT THE

Victoria Rooms, Cheltenham.

PICTORIAL ENLARGEMENTS.

ROYAL KODAK PICTURES.

BIOSCOPE AND LANTERN DISPLAYS.

NOVEL AND INGENIOUS APPARATUS.

TECHNICAL EXHIBITS.

CONTINUOUS DEMONSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATING THE SIMPLICITY OF

Modern Photography.

Monday, February 20—7.30 to 10

Open:

Tuesday, Feb. 21, to Feb 25—  
10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE LANTERN  
LECTURES at 3 P.M. AND 8 P.M.

BY DR. DIXON.

Admission by Complimentary Tickets.

FROM ALL LOCAL KODAK DEALERS, OF  
WHOM FULL PARTICULARS MAY BE  
OBTAINED, OR FROM

Kodak, Ltd., 57, 59, 61, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM  
CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC"  
offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea 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.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The  
sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

The 116th prize has been awarded to Miss  
Annie Mabson, 3 Whaddon-terrace, Malvern-  
street, Cheltenham, for her report of a ser-  
mon by the Rev. Philip Cave-Moyle in St.  
Paul's Church, Cheltenham.

### HOW TO READ MODERN NOVELS.

I have known ladies who devoured as many  
as three novels in a day (says "The  
Bystander"), and one wonder of her sex  
assured me that she read "The Egoist" in a  
train journey from Peterborough to London!  
I have read most of Mr. Meredith's books,  
and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say  
that each, on an average, took my leisure  
hours for eight or nine days. Mr. Charles  
Legras, the French critic, has aptly pointed  
out that we have to live so long in the com-  
pany of the characters of any of Mr.  
Meredith's novels—he puts it at fifteen days—  
that it is no wonder we remember them. I  
know a journalist who alleges that he read  
through Boswell's "Johnson" one Sunday.

I don't believe him. But for the average  
modern novel three or four hours should be  
ample allowance. I read thoroughly the  
"Prodigal Son," and wrote a column of a  
daily newspaper on it, in one day; but that  
was conscientious reviewing! Some reviewers  
confess to polishing off half-a-dozen books in  
a day. Yet even that may be done quite  
honestly, for it is possible, by closely study-  
ing the first few chapters, to get into touch  
with an author, and then to skim lightly  
through the remainder with an eye to the evo-  
lution of the plot only. This I recommend  
as no bad plan to those who wish to keep in  
touch with current fiction, while giving the  
solid stretches of their leisure to the standard  
authors.



"CALLING THE FERRYMAN."

TAKEN WITH A NO. 4 CARTRIDGE KODAK.

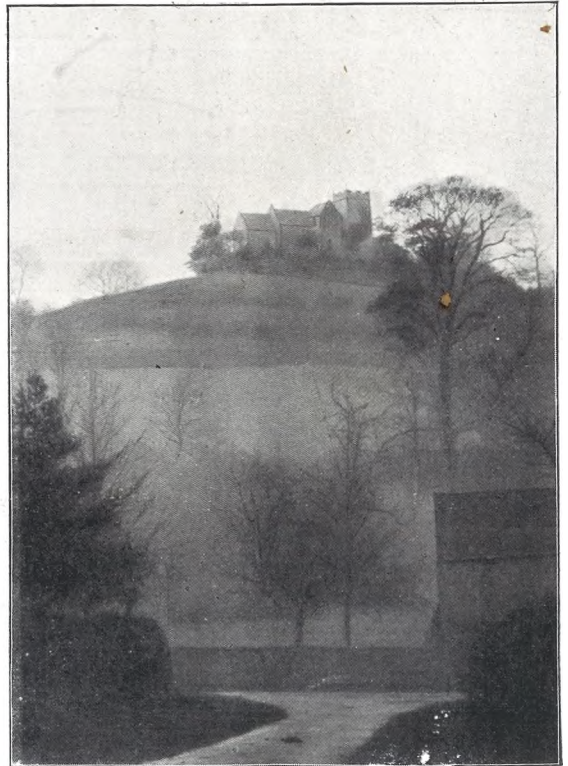


Photo by H. Brown, Churchdown.

**CHOSEN CHURCH**

(From the North).



**GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.**



"We in Gloucester, among our most sacred memories, cherish that bright story of our devoted martyr, Bishop Hooper." Thus spoke Dean Spence-Jones, in the course of his "eloquent and heart-stirring address," as Sir J. Dorington well called it, at the unveiling of the restored monument to that prelate, who was burnt at the stake. That the cherishing of the martyr's memory is not confined to the Cathedral city is but a truism among all Protestants, and nowhere more so than in Evangelical Cheltenham. Certain also it is that the movement to arrest the decay of the handsome memorial of Bishop Hooper that was put up in 1861 practically emanated from non-citizens, namely, the Rev. C. E. Dighton, the vicar of Maisemore, who strongly urged its restoration in his Assize sermon preached on Feb. 8th, 1903; and Mr. James Horlick, of Cowley Manor, who, when County High Sheriff, generously responded and headed the restoration fund with a subscription of twenty guineas. I am glad that the scenes at the unveiling will be handed down to posterity by the "Graphic." We read in the old record that at the martyrdom: "The place round about the houses and the bowes of the tree were replenished with people; and in the Chaumber over the Colledge Gate stode the Priestes of the Colledge." The Dean, pointing to the "Chaumber," exclaimed, "It is scarcely changed since that morning, except there are no monks there now, but children." These children were from Maisemore Sunday school, but there was aloft with them a recording angel with a camera, and he was one of the "Graphic" staff.

It would have been peculiarly appropriate if the venerable Bishop of Gloucester, who has done so much for the Protestant cause, could have witnessed the honour done to the memory of his predecessor, and also have added some of his weighty words in tribute. But, although only a stone's throw away, confined to the Palace by sickness, his lordship was present in spirit, having sent his approbation and blessing. Speculation still continues as to who will be the new occupant of the See of Gloucester. I have good reason for saying that, if the new bishop be not Dr. Carr Glyn from Peterborough, it will be a dignitary whose name has not been generally mentioned. In some churches prayers are being offered that a wise and just choice of a bishop may be made.



I regret to hear there is great probability of the loop line of the Honeybourne Railway into St. James's-square station being abandoned by the Great Western Railway Co. in consequence of the Cheltenham Corporation proving too exacting in their demands for compensation in respect of the small portion of the Alstone Baths required for the track. I trust the Corporation will speedily adopt a more reasonable attitude. The ratepayers I think would wish this should be so, judging by the way they bent the stiff back of the Corporation a year ago towards giving facilities to the G.W.R. Co. for the use of certain streets when the line is being constructed. But the Corporation, like the generality of people, regard a railway company as fair game. There is no probability of the Hatherley loop being blocked in this way, for no Corporation has to be dealt with, and the prospect of its being open by the ensuing Easter is bright. And the forty-two houses

that the G.W.R. Co. are having built in Alstone-avenue, all of brick, in lieu of others to be pulled down in the town, are rapidly approaching completion; in fact, a dozen were ready by last Christmas. This expedition is better understood when I read in the "Echo" that one of the bricklayers successfully laid a thousand bricks in a nine-inch wall (old English bond) in four hours on the 10th inst., and I find also that the laying of 500 bricks per day, striking the joints too, is considered a fair day's work as things go now. And remembering that the price at which the Alstone houses was let to a Cardiff builder was considered remarkably low, as compared with the other tenders, and assuming that all the bricklayers have laid on approximately to the speed of this regular brick of a bricklayer, I can realise that the items for labour would have been an important factor in the price quoted.

GLEANER.

**THE POPULARITY OF THE HOUSE.**

There is no doubt that the House of Commons is a popular body. It ought to be popular, of course, but it might so easily not be. It might be merely dull. After daily readings of Parliamentary reports for some weeks many people think it is merely dull, which is a mistake. There are many dull members in it, no doubt, representing many dull constituencies; but it is impossible that seven hundred odd gentlemen, even if they are only odd in a numerical sense, should meet together in two parties and oppose one another in the most cold-blooded manner about every subject under the sun, without contributing something to the gaiety of London. As a matter of fact, they often rouse as much interest as a Cup final.—"The Bystander."

"SELINA JENKINS."

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

The very last craze as Amos 'ave a-took up is these 'ere physical exercises, as is so much to the front jest now, wot with that there Sandy a-showin' of 'is mussels in every paper you picks up, and not over decent I considers, and wouldn't 'ave been allowed when I were a gal, that it wouldn't.

'Owever, as I were a-sayin', it come out like this: It were a week ago last Friday I went upstairs to see wot Amos were a-doin' of, a-makin' sich a 'ammerin' and a-knockin' about, as you couldn't 'ardly stay in the 'ouse; and, you believe me, if 'e weren't a-'ammerin' nails and drivin' screws into our spare bedroom dore, as I've only jest painted down with pink and sky-blue enamel that cost me .s. 3d. of me 'ard-earned cash, not to speak of 'aving dropped it all over the oilcloth and the doremat. So I hups, and I askes 'im "Wot in the name of fortin 'e were a-doin' of, spillin' a 'andsome dore like that?" And it come out that 'e'd got one of they patent exercisers of Sandy's, bein' nothink in the world but 2 bits of elastick and some 'andles, as 'e said were warranted to turn the delicatist compsumptive made into a hathleat of the deepest dye, in about 2 weeks of reg'lar use. Wich I never know'd nothink like these men, as all of a suddint gets somethink into their 'eads, and, fer so long as the wave lasts, it's all that, and nothink else to be considered in this world or the next!

Amos didn't 'alf like it when I told 'im so, but, 'owever, when 'e come round a bit, 'e showed me 'ow it were did; wich all the exercises was to pull these 'ere 'andles about like a escaped loonatick till 'e were green and blue in the face, bein' a bit tight in the breath at the best of times, and wot with the elastick and the strugglin' about looked as if 'e were on the verge of a happyleptic fit, fer a minnit or 2.

I told 'im, straight, as I didn't consider it were proper fer a respectable married man, married to a respectable lady sich as me, to carry on like that there, as mite 'ave done very well fer a tite-rope exhibition, or a gymnasty show. but weren't wot you would expect in a helderly party with a bald 'ead (altho' "wile there's life there's 'ope," as the sayin' is, wich Amos uses 'air restorer reg'lar, and rubs it in so 'ard you can pretty near see yer face in the back of 'is 'ead, if the lite's the rite way).

Amos showed me a book as 'e'd bought all about this 'ere physical exercise, as were considered to be the greatest discovery of the age next to Beecham's Pills to restore the bloom of 'ealth to the jaded and weary wanderer 'ere below; 'avin' been used by Mr. Balfour, George Lloyd, Dr. Clifford, and other military men, with the greatest of benefit; warranted to cure toothache, weak 'earts, appendicitis, and other fashionable complaints, with 3 goes; price 7s. 6d. the lot, and 'onestly worth double for the elastick only. Besides wich 'e went on to say that this 'ere Sandy were quite a weaklin' 'imself until 'e took to the exercises, and were very soon able to carry pianas round the room and lift 'orses off their feet; wich, meself, I shouldn't care fer a 'usband as would go about liftin' pianas and 'orses off their feet. I should consider a man as paid 'is way, and were good to 'is lawful wedded wife, 'ould be a lot more serviceable than one as could lift helephants or shake a 'ouse down; same as that Samson in the Scriptur, wich I never didn't 'old with 'is goin's on, not meself, and served 'im very well wile when the yung lady in the tale cut off 'is raven locks, as the sayin' is, as ought to 'ave been 'ome cleanin' the windies or sweepin' down the front dore-steps, instead of callin' 'imself about after 'ussies like she!

Wich shows as mussels ain't of no account without brains: and, as I did tell Amos, if by jumpin' about and pullin' elastick bands, or even so far as standin' on 'is 'ead, 'e could make 'is brains grow a bit, I mite believe in that kind of physical exercise. But, no; Amos's 'ead's very nigh empty, and I believe if you was to shake it, you could 'ear wot little intelleck as there is, rattlin' inside, fer



Mr. Charlton Keith. Miss Marie Hall. Miss Lonie Basche. Mr. Wm. Higley  
Mr. A. Hastings. Mr. E. Baring.

MISS MARIE HALL (Famous Violinist) AND PARTY IN CHELTENHAM, FEB. 4th.

all the world like a few sweet peas in a last year's pod!

'Owever, Amos makes up in stubbornness wot 'e 'aven't got in sensibleness; so every mornin' last week 'e were out of bed and up there, very near in a Adam and Eve state of nature, in front of a lookin'-glass a-physical exercisn like old boots; twice 'e pulled the frame of the dore loose, and then a hook or a heye slipped somewhere, and come back and caught 'im one, rite a-side the nose; but 'e weren't to be outdid, and follered the directions like a Christyun 'ero, that I will say; but the climaxe were when he started weight-liftin', as is a very dangerous thing so I considers; "once I thought it, now I knows it," as the poets says, and happened like this 'ere. Yesterday Amos brought in Mary Ann Tomkins and 'Emery Gaskins, jest so as 'e could lead up to the great art of physical exercise, and show off a bit in fits of strength. So it 'appens we 'ad a 56 pound weight down in the coal-cellar (as were delivered with a ton of coal once, and we never noticed it till we put it in the coal-scuttle, and were charged on the bill until we made a fuss about it). Wich Amos must fetch up this 'ere 56 pound weight, and show 'ow long 'e could 'old it out at arm's length (in consequence of physical exercise, of course). I dunno wot it were as caused it, but jest as Mary Ann counted 47 seconds Amos let it go, and down it come bang on my toe, wich were agony inexcru-siating for up'ards of 'alf-an-hour, in spite of putting on embrocation and poppy-'eads regardless, as is a pore sort of physical exercise, I considers, to drop 56 pound weights on to yer lawful wedded wife's toes, and mite 'ave injured me fer life, if I 'adm't chanced to 'ave ad' on a pair of shoes with a special strong piece across the toes, becoss of 'avin' wored 'em very near into a 'ole with trippin' on all the bits of loose rock as is bein' strewed about by the tramway extension company regardless of people's feelin's jest now. Wich, wot with the smeech of burnt tar, and ornamental bridges acrost the 'Igh-street, it's as much as a body can do to find their ways about, not to speak of the langwidge as you 'ears indulged in by they there navy chaps as lays the wood blocks, and can't be took up fer doin' it, so they tells me, bein' only against the laws when it's doned in the

street, wich it ain't a street at all jest at present, becoss of all wot there was of a street 'aving been took up and carted away to be burnt in the ash constructor, as esplines why it is they 'aven't fetched our ashes fer very nigh 3 weeks, thro' being' so full up a-burmin' the roads!

Bnt, as I were a-sayin', this 'ere physical exercise mite be all rite if they elastick things was jined on to a sewin'-machine or a mangle, so as, wile Amos were a-workin' up 'is mussels (as ain't no good when 'e've a-got 'em), he mite be sowin' a few shirts or manglin' a week's washin', and not know the difference, as 'ould be a site more to the pint than mussels, so I considers!

To 'ear Amos talk jest now, till the fit blows over, why you'd think that you couldn't go to 'Eaven not without mussels like a hox, wich 'bis only to read the letters in the "Echo" about "Revivals" to know that there's only one way to get there and that is to foller the 22 different instructions as 'ave been give so free to the public by the 22 different folks as 'ave wrote the letters; and I will say this about it, that 'ritin' to the papers about religion and physical exercise is alike in this—they both works off steam and causes a lot of 'eat, and, wot's more, ain't of no earthly use. That's wot I thinks meself, 'owever.

SELINA JENKINS.

A REMARKABLE WATCH.

I have just heard of a watch which I think I should like. It has just been completed, after seven years hard labour, by a noted Paris watchmaker. It indicates the hours, seconds, days, months, and years (making the necessary change in leap years), lunar phases, seasons, solstices, equinoxes, hours of the rising and setting of the sun, and the time of 125 cities of the world. It includes a thermometer, hydrometer, barometer, altimeter (good up to 1,500 feet, which is high enough for my purposes), a compass, and a repeating chronometer. It also shows the celestial maps of the two hemispheres, in which even stars of the fourth magnitude can be located in their exact positions throughout the year. My old longing for the Strasburg clock has quite vanished. Unfortunately the Louvre has already acquired the new watch.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



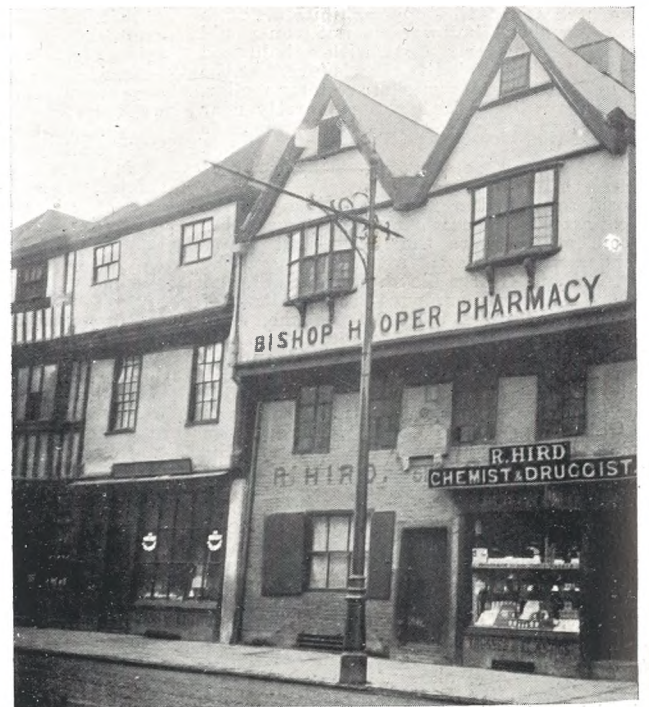
CROWD WATCHING THE REMOVAL OF THE DRAPERY.



THE CROWD AFTER THE UNVEILING CEREMONY

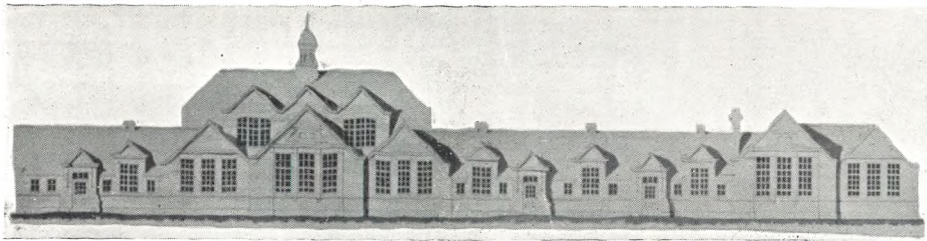


AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION, &c.

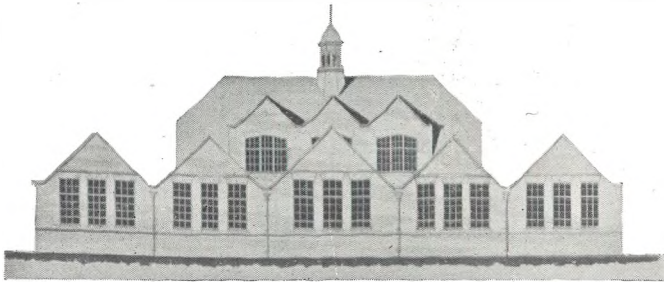


THE HOUSE OF ROBERT INGRAM, WESTGATE STREET, Where Hooper spent his last night. Purchased by Mr. Johnston-Vaughan, who erected tablet as seen on front.

### Bishop Hooper Memorial—Interesting Ceremony at Gloucester.



ELEVATION TO ROAD—NORTH-WEST.



PART ELEVATION TO PLAYGROUND—SOUTH-EAST.

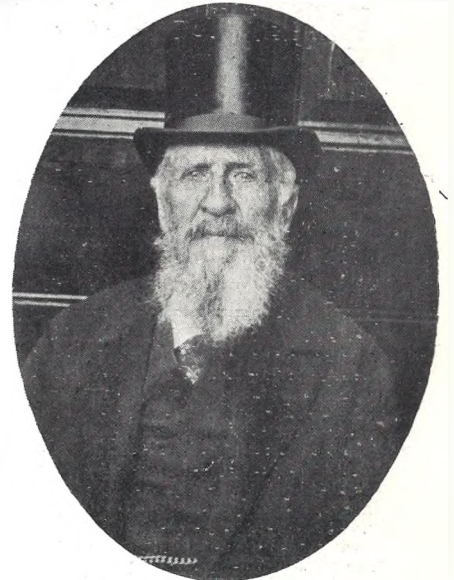
PROPOSED  
COUNCIL  
SCHOOLS,  
KEYNSHAM  
ROAD,  
CHELTENHAM.



**MR. JAS. ROCHE,**  
Who has just retired from the lease-ship of  
the Cheltenham Athletic Ground.



**Football Match—Cheltenham College v. Keble College, Oxford.**  
THE HALF-TIME REST.



**GLOUCESTER'S OLDEST TRADESMAN**  
**MR. CHARLES BOSSOM,**  
Still carrying on, despite his 80 years,  
business in Northgate and Worcester streets.  
An original member of the Traders' Associa-  
tion who has never missed one of its annual  
celebrations.

THE NEXT WORLD.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett, editor of "Broad Views," writes on this subject in that periodical:— Putting the idea concisely, actual research shows us that the *next* world does lie within the range of our observation, but that worlds ad infinitum beyond that, or states of existence transcending those into which the soul immediately passes after death, range into infinities with which human understanding at our present stage of development is ill-qualified to grapple. I have been for the last twelve months, and still am, in frequent communication with a former acquaintance of this life, who, since his death, has been passing rather rapidly through processes of development on the other side, and is now enabled to describe what may be called his present life, from a point of view in sympathy, so to speak, with my own desire for information. His story coincides with many of the more important records embodied in spiritualistic literature, and also vindicates occult information concerning the next world (more technically described as "the Astral Plane") in a very interesting way.

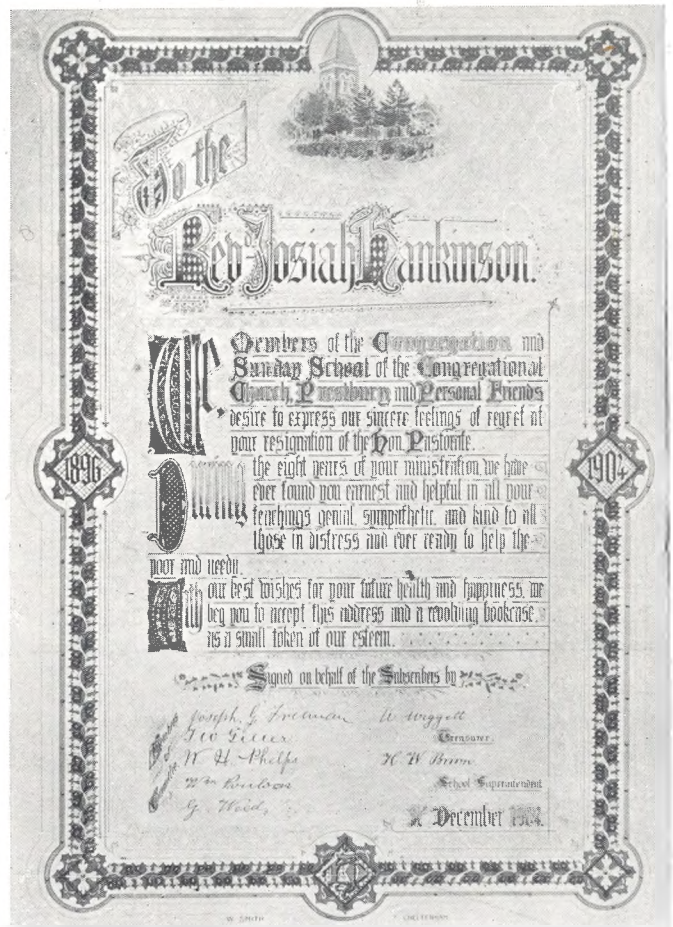
ANCIENT ANGLERS.

A correspondent writes:—The reproduction in the local "Graphic" of the group of "Ancient Anglers" evoked much interest, because they were the pioneers of the Cheltenham Angling Club, and a framed copy of the photograph could for many years be seen in smoke-room at the Royal Hotel, a former proprietor of which is among the group—Mr. T. Twamley—but whose name is not mentioned in the list. I sent him a copy of the "Graphic." His many friends will be glad to hear he is "going strong." In his acknowledgment he says: "In regard to the outing, I could have told a little anecdote, which I shall never forget—how we took down a cat-fish, supplied by Ruff (then a fishmonger in the High-street), and attached it to the line of the late Capt. Constable, who I think never forgave us for the joke. He sulked the whole of the day, and carried the fish through Gloucester streets down his back, with a crowd of boys following him, to the railway station. I shall paste the group on a card, and have it framed."

Mr. Robert Henry Hurst, Recorder of Hastings and Rye, and formerly M.P. for the borough of Horsham, died at Horsham Park on Sunday morning, at the age of 87. In 1868 Mr. Hurst and Major Aldridge tied in the Parliamentary election, and both sat in the House of Commons pending the decision regarding fifteen votes. Mr. Hurst's grandfather represented Horsham when it was a pocket borough of the Dukes of Norfolk, and his father was a member from 1832 to 1847.



Photo by Miss Barton, Gloucester and Painswick.  
**WALTER RYLES, A "KING OF THE GIPSIES,"**  
 Died alone in his van at Hillfoot, Painswick, on February 1st, and after whose funeral the vehicle and his goods and chattels were burnt, according to Romany custom.



**PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO THE  
 REV. JOSIAH HANKINSON, OF PRESTBURY.**

**HOW THEATRE AUDIENCES "BOO!"**

Actor-managers who object to the "booming" of the gallery boys ought to thank their luck stars that they are performing in London, and not in the "wild and woolly west" of the United States of America, according to "T.A.T." For out there, when the audience doesn't like a performer, it does not always rest contented with expressing its disapproval vocally. It starts shooting at the performers. At a mining camp in Arizona some few years back the writer was actually present during a scene of this kind. A party of cowboys hissed a sentimental ditty sung by one of the artistes, and called loudly for something comic. Whereupon a rival gang, apparently out of sheer contrariness, insisted on his completing his original "number," and threatened to shoot him if he did not do so. Thus placed between the horns of a dilemma, and not knowing what to do, the unlucky performer sought to steer a middle course. He started a step-dance, with the result that both parties started firing at him impartially. In many parts of Australia a music-hall turn that is not appreciated, or an actor whose efforts fail to secure approval, is greeted with what is known as the "Sydney shuffle"—a continuous scraping of boots against bare boards. It is said to be more effective even than "barracking," which is yet another favourite antipodean way of expressing disapproval, and which consists in emitting a series of short, sharp yelps, like a pack of hounds in full cry. Johannesburg audiences pay big prices for their variety entertain-

ments, and they insist on having the best. But when an indifferent "turn" is "rung off" on them, they do not "guy" the unfortunate artiste, they "take it out" of the manager. For example, some little time back an exceptionally bad "show" was provided one week at a certain variety theatre. The first evening it was received in stony silence. On the second all the best parts of the house were filled with a motley crew of malodorous Kaffirs, whose seats had been paid for in advance by the regular patrons of the establishment. The company made no objection. In fact, they had never before played to so appreciative an audience. But the disgusted manager took the hint, sent his collection of "sticks" about their business, and the next night saw on the stage of that hall an array of talent that was second to none in South Africa.

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**BRIGHTNESS WITHOUT FLOWERS.**

One is apt to over-estimate the value of flowers in a garden, or perhaps, I should say, to under-estimate the importance of those trees and shrubs and plants whose flowers constitute their least valuable claim to notice. There is as much beauty in the stems and leaves of some plants as in the blossoms of others, as much welcome colouring in leafless trees and evergreens as in the choicest flowers of summer. And because they contribute to the gaiety of the garden when

flowering plants are resting beneath the frost-bound, snow-capped ground, we should reckon them doubly valuable. Dull indeed is the garden during winter whose leafless trees give no bright note of colour, whose shrubs are berryless and count no rich evergreens among their number. There is beauty and brightness at all seasons of the year in a carefully-planted garden. That it is flowerless means nothing, for the brilliant yellow and reds of bare stems, the crimson of berries, and the welcome greenery of evergreens are made doubly attractive by the contrast of dull cheerlessness that forms their setting.—"The Garden."

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**"GOOSEPOND OF GOSSIP."**

'On lying' is a topic on which the vicar of St. Mary's, Clitheroe, the Rev. J. H. Wrigley, discourses in his parish magazine. In some remarkably outspoken passages, the rev. gentleman says that as a community our besetting sin is not drink. We gamble more than we drink, and lie more than we gamble. There is no statement too wild, no scandal too extravagant, to obtain instant and implicit belief. There was a day when if A disliked B he shot him or cut him with his sword. In later days he beat him between the eyes with his fist. Nowadays he goes out into the street and lies about him. "When a people delight in the stagnant goosepond of village gossip, it is a sign of corruption and decay. You cannot feed intellect upon garbage."

WASHING FRUIT TREES.

In older times it was customary in early days of spring to hold a great meeting in the orchard, when large heaps of chaff were burnt to make a thick smoke, and the orchard-owner and his people wished good luck to the trees, the idea being to kill the injurious insects that at this season find harbourage in the bark and crevices and later on destroy both leaves and blossoms. Science eventually found an effectual substitute in the shape of grease-bands, that were tied round the boles of the trees to prevent the wingless females from crawling upwards. But this system again has been generally abandoned, and the best check upon insects is generally considered to be washing in February. A mixture recommended by a well-known expert, Mr. Gowing, consists of 1lb. caustic soda, 1lb. crude potash, 1lb. soft soap, and 10gal. of water. If a little whiting be added it will serve to show where the wash has actually been applied, and so the whole of the trees may be effectually dressed. In well-appointed orchards all this is done as a matter of course, but there are many where no precautions at all are taken.—“Country Life.”

A COSTLY GAMBLE.

Before manufacturers and merchants can be persuaded to consider advertising seriously, we have to overcome the fallacious impression existing in many minds that advertising is a costly gamble. The English merchant loves money, loves to see evidences of his own prosperity, and accordingly the ledger clerks occupy the posts of honour. Theirs is the most convenient, the best situated, and the most seen office. And yet these men are not the business makers; they never under any circumstances create business. More often than not, in these same offices, if one asks for the advertising manager, one is escorted to a cupboard, called a room by courtesy, somewhere near the roof, where in the midst of disorder—for order were impossible in so small a space—a much-harassed man tries bravely to do several things at once. This is the advertising manager employed to create the business without which the counting-house would not exist. The impression is that any idiot is capable of handling advertising and any quarters are good enough for him.—“Magazine of Commerce.”

BUILDING CARRIED FOUR MILES.

A remarkable feat of engineering is recorded by the “Scientific American,” namely, the removal of a large two-storey brick building, sixty years old, weighing over two hundred tons, from its former location at Sharsburg, a suburb of Pittsburg, to Allegheny, a distance of nearly four miles. This in itself, says the journal, was a very clever piece of work; but to make it all the more wonderful, most of the work was performed on the water. From the moment the house was lifted until it was placed upon its new foundation there arose one complication after another. The long stretch of ground lying between it and the river was of such a soft, marshy nature, apparently without bottom, that the building was constantly in danger of collapsing; but even when these obstacles were overcome and the house placed upon the shore of the river, a severe flood rose, surrounding the house to a depth half-way to the second storey and placing it in mid-stream. In order to prevent it from being washed away the blocking and rollers had to be weighted down with immense beams and steel rails. The rushing waters abating sufficiently, the house was moved and lowered upon a large coal barge. This being done and everything made ready, it was gradually towed down the Allegheny River, but, due to the four low bridges between it and its destination, the barge had to be scuttled before passing each bridge, the water being pumped out afterwards. To add to the excitement, it had to be lowered through a lock; and even when the river trip was completed, three tracks of the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburg Railway had to be crossed within thirty minutes.



**CHERRY TREE INN, SWINDON ROAD AND WHITE HART STREET, CHELTENHAM.**  
SHORTLY TO BE PULLED DOWN FOR NEW RAILWAY.



Miss Doris Templeton as “Lady Henrietta Addison” and Mr. Arthur Grenville as “Henry Pitt-Welby, M.P.” in “The Duke of Killiecrankie,” which will be performed at the Cheltenham Opera House next week.

THE PROPER TREATMENT OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

It is the selfish, exacting mistress who makes bad servants (says “The Bystander”). The work of a servant, properly arranged and done quickly and skilfully, should leave her plenty of time for herself. The good education which every child receives in these days should have done something to provide her with interests, and these she should have opportunity and encouragement to develop. Everyone who has a hobby of his own is the

happier for its possession, and there is no reason why servants should not have the joy of having hobbies of their own. They can also enlarge their lives by taking part in some of the philanthropic work in their neighbourhood, teaching in Sunday schools, helping in girls’ clubs, visiting the old and infirm. For this purpose they ought to be in close connection with their church or chapel. The important thing is that they should have a life of their own, and that work well done should be followed by leisure well used.

## PETROL & PICTURES.

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[By "ARIEL."]

### THE CASE FOR THE MOTOR-BUS.

All over the country the electric tram is becoming superseded by the motor-bus. The reason for this is not very hard to seek. The motor-bus can do not only all that the electric tram can do, but also a great deal more. The following are a few of the disadvantages from which the trams suffer:—The electric tram is bound down to its own rails. It can go along them swiftly and smoothly, but nowhere else. Should a tram break down, the whole service is disorganised. In large towns, where the traffic is great, and a "jam" often occurs, the trams are often stopped for some time. One of the greatest disadvantages of the electric trams is in the great initial cost. The cost of the trams themselves is insignificant compared with the cost of laying the permanent track. £30,000 per mile has been spoken of as the cost of some of the electric tramways in the kingdom. The London Press states that the cost of the trams run by the London County Council amounted to 60 millions. Turning now to the case for the motor-bus, many arguments can be put forward in its favour. The motor-bus is not bound down to one part of the road. Should a bus break down, it influences none of the others. The rest of the buses go on running merrily. If a cart or wagon or van has broken down in the road, the motor-bus can dodge round it; and if there is no room, a side street can be taken. The same argument can be used if the usual route is occupied by revivalists. As to cost; the cost of the motor-bus service is the cost of vehicles only. The greatest advantage of all is the fact that, if the route the motor-bus is running does not pay, it can be transferred at once to a new route. The tram cannot do this. The authorities are waking up to the fact that reliable motor-buses have come—and come to stay. A few years ago motors were generally looked on as things which were continually breaking down, and which could only be driven by experts. How different is the case now! Modern motors are as reliable as locomotive engines, and are so simplified that they can easily be driven by the veriest novice after half-an-hour's tuition. In a few years' time we may safely expect to see well-organised services of motor-buses running through all parts of the country. They will, indeed, prove to be the poor man's motor.

### WORKING WITH THE THROTTLE.

In a lecture before the Automobile Club, Dr. Ormondy made some very interesting statements regarding control of the engine. He said that the makers of the modern petrol engines endeavour more and more to run their engine with the elasticity of a steam engine. They wish it to be capable of running at four miles an hour and at forty miles an hour without changing gears, and they endeavour to do that in one of two ways. First, they may weaken the mixture; and secondly, they may throttle down the mixture. Throttling is mechanically bad practice. It is bad because it causes negative work. The gas has to be sucked into the cylinder, and it is uneconomical to run an internal-combustion engine with gases which are not under the maximum compression at which the engine is able to work. The greater the compression you can use, the more efficient your engine will be; and, therefore, within the range at which your fuel when mixed with air is explosive, it is more economical to alter the percentage of fuel to air, or air to fuel, and keep your compression as high as possible. That is to say, don't work with the throttle; have your carburettor so arranged that it will give you a weaker or stronger mixture as you desire it, and don't use the throttle until you have got a mixture at such a stage of weakness that to weaken it any more would mean misfiring in the cylinder.

### UNIVERSAL LIGHTS.

It is good news to learn that "The Universal Lights on Vehicles Bill" is to be pressed strenuously upon the attention of Parliament during the forthcoming session. May it get through!

### MAT SURFACE ON A GLAZED PRINT.

It may be useful sometimes to know how to get a mat surface on a print which has been glazed. It is done as follows:—Lay the print face up on a clean sheet of paper, and dust on it finely-powdered pumice-stone, and rub it evenly over the surface of the print with the finger for about a minute.

### A FAULT IN TONING.

One of the commonest faults in toning gelatino-chloride prints is the production of pink tones, chiefly shown in the half-tones of the picture. This is due to—

- (1) Using a bath which has been used before, and which is partially exhausted.
- (2) Not enough gold-chloride.
- (3) If the sulpho-cyanide bath is used, the pink tones may be caused by using too much of the sulpho-cyanide.

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

### SPRING FEVER IN FEBRUARY.

With February comes the time when love of a garden becomes a passion. Cold winds may blow and frosts may come again; but, even if the ground should be draped in snow for days together, nothing will undo the fact that evidences of the coming spring are already plain on every side, while each hour of sunlight adds something to their cumulative effect. So, though we may never literally accept the April poet's invitation to "dance with the daffodils," we shall all be in dancing spirit by the time they open their wide frills of primrose and gold; and a long procession of early flowers will fill our garden nooks with glimpses of the pageantry of spring before the daffodils are flowering in full beauty.—"The Garden."

### NON-MARRYING MEN.

George—which name, be it understood, is only his for the purpose of this slight romantic episode—George, then, was twenty-three, was very much in love, and was in an almost absolute state of certainty that his affection was returned. According to all the rules of sentimental drama and story, George should have been completely happy. Twenty-three, in love, and that love returned! The coldest of cold winds, it would naturally be thought, might blow its fiercest and most freezing blast, and yet be defied in its blighting passage by the hot ardour and youth of twenty-three! No such thing! George was miserable, and with misery as reasoned and as bitter as if grey hairs and bent shoulders had gone to its growth. When I had his confidence this was the state of affairs: George was a bank clerk, on an income of a few pounds over or under (I forget which) a hundred a year; so that, as he explained to me, it would be easier for him to imagine himself making a voyage to the moon as plunging into matrimony. Perhaps, in case I offend philosophical or sentimental readers, I had better make a little halt here and explain that I do not for a moment insinuate that happy marriage and a hundred a year are incompatible. But in the case of George and his mental fiancée it was difficult to see any light. His only idea for getting out of a money difficulty was a cheque from home; her perception of the value of a shilling did not run so far as to see that the presentation of flowers out of season was reckless extravagance in a bank clerk. George found existence "jolly rough." "Never," as he explained to me, "able to keep a sovereign long enough in your pocket to turn it round." His chronic condition was "jolly hard up," and the non-arrival every now and again of expectant "fivers" fed the fuel of discontent. Only that he was able to spend his week-ends "with the mater, he could never live."

In all the talk about low marriage statistics, the standard of living given by home

surroundings does not seem to have been very much dwelt on. Perhaps the best way to emphasise it is to return to our hero. "We can follow him on his week-ends spent with the "mater." His home is a roomy country house, in which, in addition to the "mater," there lives the "pater," three or four sisters, and a couple of younger brothers. There are billiards and a library as refuge for a wet day; gardens and lawns for amusement on fine. A circle of friends which has been made in childhood breaks the monotony. *She* lives in a neighbouring house, and comes to play tennis, or go boating, or picnicing. There are dinners, dances, and suppers. *She* dresses charmingly—linens for the morning, muslins for the afternoon, crepe de chine for the evening; and, of course, *He* must keep her in countenance in smartness, and be properly garbed for sport, for visit, or for party. Is this description of the home of thousands of clerks an exaggeration? And if not, is it quite fair to rear boys in such surroundings and thrust them forth in young manhood on thirty shillings or two pounds a week? If grubbing along in a City office and the scanty comforts of a cheap boarding-house is the only lot which can be thought of for the majority of the sons of well-to-do people, wouldn't it be fair to prepare them for such? George's story seemed to show up the colossal mockery of it all. Did he think about it at all, has he not every right to ask: Why, as a child, was he petted and pampered and waited upon by servants? Why was he sent to a public school at extravagant fees, and supplied with clothes and pocket-money on the same thoughtless scale? Why was everyone seemingly satisfied that learning in his school days should wait upon sport? Why, above all, should his taste in femininity, through his sisters and their friends, have been modelled on girls accustomed to live in a home run at the rate of a thousand a year? Why such environment if he were never meant for anything but an office stool and a couple of pounds a week?—"T.P.'s Weekly."

### THE MOTOR OMNIBUS.

For some years past we ("The Autocar") have persistently maintained that the electric tram was unfit for use in towns and on the majority of main roads, and, further, that its work could be better performed by motor omnibuses, which would not only be more convenient as public service vehicles, but would be without the serious objections which are inseparable from street railways and overhead wires. We have been ridiculed for this opinion many times and we know that it will still be combated by a large number of people. However this may be, the fact remains that the road railway has had its day. Its star is on the wane, while that of the automobile vehicle, which can be used on almost any road without inconveniencing other traffic, is waxing steadily and surely. We do not mean that no more tramways will be laid or that the existing lines will be torn up. This will come later, but there will be hesitation and foresight shown now in place of the reckless, short-sighted rush to build electric railroads in the street, which has during the past few years been so conspicuous throughout the country, and in which vast sums of money have been squandered, mainly with foreign manufacturers.

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### MORE HORSES THAN HUMAN BEINGS.

There is in Paris a by no means thinly-peopled quarter where the horses exceed in number the human population. This is the quarter of the Palais Royal, where the figures are: Population, 13,667; horses, 29,453. The disproportion in favour of the brute creation is not explained by millionaires' and carriage horses. These are not found in the Palais Royal quarter. The district is that in which bus horses most do congregate, and they weigh down the scale. Another curious detail is that nearly all these horses are owned by two companies—the General Omnibus Company with 16,820, and the General Cab Company with 12,415.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 217.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45):  
**THE "DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE."**  
NEXT TWO WEEKS (FEB. 27 to MARCH 11),  
JUVENILE PANTOMIME CO. IN  
**"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."**

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

### POETRY.

#### WHEN YOU CARE FOR A GIRL.

**G**EE! ain't it funny the things that you do,  
An' gee, ain't it funny that life seems so new,  
An' how yer ambition has suddenly grew,  
When you care for a girl!

An' then you don't care to be stayin' out late,  
An' your home-goin' always is sober an' straight,  
An' your mind's always thinkin' o' Wednesday  
night's date.

When you care for a girl!

Never before had you owned a clothes-brush;  
No longer you say to the married man, "Tush!"  
An' you find out how easy it is to talk mush,  
When you care for a girl!

My! how you hated to carry a shawl!  
Now you'd lug bundles all day till you fall;  
You even say "Music," when kids start to bawl,  
When you care for a girl!

Flowers were things that you'd never prefer;  
Now every rosebud reminds you o' her.  
Yes, things as they is ain't things as they were  
When you care for a girl!

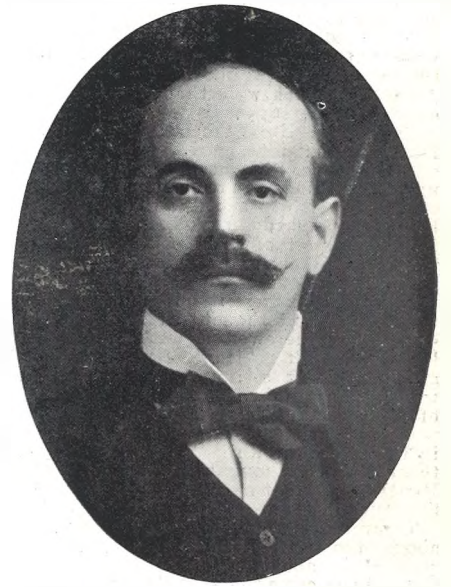
—"SMART SET."

#### RELIEF FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

In the newer buildings of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and some other American cities, brooms, brushes, and dusters are unknown, periodical house-cleanings are unnecessary, and carpets need not be taken up for cleaning from the time they are laid down until they are quite worn out. All the cleaning and dusting is done by a vacuum cleaning plant, which is installed during the construction of the building, just as are the pipes for conveying gas or water. Down in the cellar is a vacuum air-drawing machine, which can be driven by electricity, or by gas, or steam, and from it run the pipes, concealed in the walls, which have an outlet on each floor. To these outlets can be attached the vacuum hose, and into the end of the hose can be fitted the cleaning implements for the work in hand. The different attachments are made of brass. One for sweeping a floor or carpet is about three and a half feet long. As it passes along, the vacuum created by the pump draws into the implement every bit of dust, and sometimes even small coins or trinkets. There is a smaller implement for cleaning furniture, and nooks and crevices in upholstered chairs need no longer cause the housewife any uneasiness.—"Leisure Hour."



**Mr. Sydney Williams,**  
THE WELL-KNOWN CHELTENHAM  
VIOLINIST AND COMPOSER,  
DIED FEBRUARY 7TH, 1905. AGED 61.



**Mr. Henry George Norman,**  
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE GLOUCESTER  
GRAIN AND OIL SEEDS ASSOCIATION.  
Mr. Norman is a Cheltonian, being the son of the late Mr. John T. Norman. He is the managing director of Messrs. Turner, Nott, and Co., Ltd., of Gloucester and Bristol.

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea 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 117th prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Miss L. Wilton, Darley House, Berkeley-street Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. H. A. Corke at Holy Apostles' Church and the Rev. F. B. Macrutt at St. John's Church.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

Captain H. J. Bartholomew, D.S.O., Worcestershire Regiment, has been appointed superintendent of the Military Prison at Kandy, Ceylon.

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Lord Henry Vane-Tempest left estate valued at £10,191. Letters of administration have been granted to his brother, Lord Herbert Lionel Vane-Tempest.

### PATRONAGE AND POVERTY.

To accept the charity of near relations is to be placed in possibly the most trying position of all. So says Miss May Bateman in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "Take the question of a loan, for instance. To begin with, relations usually expect to be paid a higher rate of interest than a stranger—and to exercise the right of censure upon your actions as well. Again, a rich relation, hearing of your difficulties, sends for you—probes their depths, and after several turns of the moral thumbscrew presents you with a five-pound note. That note becomes a nightmare. It lays you open to a course of sermons at all times and all seasons—except the Church's! It is like going to school again; but with this difference—you have all the blame and none of the praise. "Woe betide you if any passing pleasures come your way during this time of probation! Complimentary tickets at the theatre are construed into a running account at Lacon and Ollier's Bond-street office—a friend's 'lift' to a reception in a coupe is exaggerated into culpable extravagance. Your visits in the country are spoken of with bated breath; if it be known that you have taken a hand at 'bridge,' you are doomed as an inveterate gambler."

“Selina Jenkins Letters.”

AT THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Wich, as I says to Amos (wen 'e perposed to spend 6s. on goin' to 'ear the Philharmonic Concert up to the Town-all last Tuesday afternoon), says I, “Amos,” says I, “it's wot I calls wilful waste, that it is; see wot a body could buy in the way of good wholesome vittles for 6 shillings, not to mention me 'avin' 'ad to turn me last winter's gown instead of buyin' a new one, wot with sugar bein' so dear, and they there rate-chaps round with the bills about 3 weeks afore their time, wich I can't think wot things is comin' to, with hegsponses goin' hup, and hup, and hupper, and hincomes goin' down, and down, and downer, all through that there Balfore and Chamberling a-wasting the country's money regardless, as the sayin' is, and ought to give others a chance; wich Gladstone mite 'ave been a bit off the top with 'Ome Rule, but 'e were a coff-drop at savin' that 'e were; meself, I agrees with 'Ome Rule, so long as I'm the ruler and not Amos!”

And, as I were a-sayin', to pay 6 blessed shillings to lissen to a bit of moosic, as is in 1 ear and out the hother, as the sayin' is, were sinful hegstevigance; still, I will say there were somethink in the argymint as Amos used, wich were that everybody worth anythink was supposed to go to the Philharmonic and see Florizet vo. Reuter, the Hinfant Prodigious, aged 12 years of age, and some relation to Reuter's Agency as makes up all the things you reads in newspapers. So, of course, wot was I to do? There is certing things as anybody movin' in good sassiety 'as to do, most of wich costs money, and to 'ear the Philharmonic and see the Hinfant Prodigious is one of these.

So I went, and sat it out; but if you was to ask me wot I thought of it all, I should say, “Well, there you 'as me”; fer you must know, I bain't no judge of wot's considered good moosic at all; and as fer Amos, he's worse, if anythink, as made hisself look more of a silly than 'e is (if possible) only last week by takin' off 'is 'at of a icy-cold day in the street the whiles a band played somethink as 'e thought were the Natural Hanthem, but turned out to be “'Ome, Sweet 'Ome”!

'Owever, seein' as 'ow I can't very well rite about the Philharmonic without sayin' somethink about it, I'll mention a few thoughts as come to me while the sharps and flats were a-flyin' in all directions under the distinguished conductorship of Mr. Phillips, Esq. The band was in very good form; there was times when you couldn't 'ear it without a microscope, and others when the very walls of the Town-all bulged out, so it seemed to me, with the volumes of notes as come rattlin' out like 'ail-storms and thunder showers mixed in equal lots. There was numbers of ladies amongst the fiddlers, all of wich, I'm pleased to say, 'ad more than one string to their bows; and there was a series of 4 or 5 gents 'as formed a brass band with they there long in-and-out piston sort of trumpets on the top back seat, wich 'elped the Philharmonic wonderful. There was also and besides a fine lot of wot they calls chorus folk packed like 'errin's in a barrel up in that place behind the platform; but they didn't seem to me to 'ave any singin' to do, wotever, as very like were put up there to 'elp the band in case it broke down.

The chief thing wich were played were wot they calls a Sinfunny in Be flat (Op. 60) by a chap called Bait-oven; and if you askes me wot I thinks of Sinfunnys, after sittin' thro' very near 3/4 of a 'our of this one, I should say as I weren't wot you may call “wropped up” in 'em, not meself; I dessay there's them as mite go into fits over 'em, and I'm very willin' to sink me nateral feelin's and to try to pretend to like 'em; but they be like the sermons we gets down to our chapel, very good to them as is gone on that kind of thing, but awful long! As fer Amos, 'e put 'is foot into it, as per usual (these men, you know!), wich, directly there were a little bit of a pause jest fer effect, 'e must break in

with 'is “hangcore” and stampin' like old boots, as the sayin' is, as made Mr. Phillips, Esq., look at 'im with 'is heagle heye as if 'e could 'ave razed 'im to the earth if 'e could get at 'im (wich 'e couldn't, becous of there bein' 6 rows of ladies between 'em).

I knows 'ow bad it is, meself, to 'ave to do with pieces of moosic as stops so suddint, wich I were onc't at a sacred concert where they played one of they Vagner's songs without words, and were 'avin' a few words with Mrs. Brown about the Sunday's dinner, wich the moosic left off very suddint, jest as I were screamin' out at the to of me voice, “As fer meself, I always likes 'em fried with onions!” wich I considers sich breakin's off suddint ain't rite, and if you can't carry on a bit of conversation wile the moosic's performin' I should like to know where the pleasure comes in, that I should?

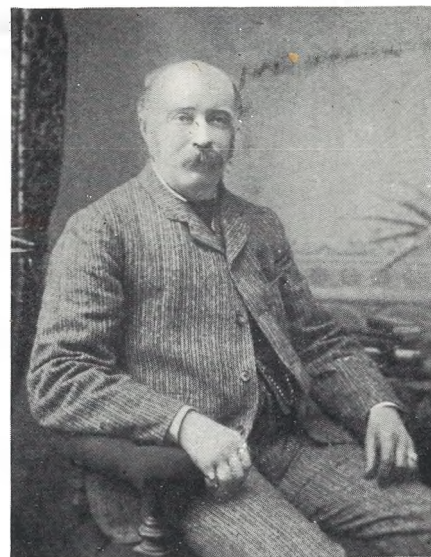
'Owever, talkin' about this 'ere Sinfunny, it were the longest thing I ever 'eard, as you mite 'ave gone out and 'ad a bit and a sup wile it were on, and nobody a penny the wiser; on the menu it said Bait-oven composed it in 1806, as shows they must 'ave 'ad more time to spare then than they 'as now-a-days, by a lot!

Now, about this 'ere Hinfant Prodigious! I'd 'eard so much about 'im that I were quite prepared to see a nice boy; and 'e were, a very nice boy indeed, that I will say, wich looked as if 'e'd jest stepped out of a picter-postcard (coloured style), and 'ad a very clever 'ead, every 'air of wich was curled, wich must 'ave took 'is mother a awful time doin'. But I will say 'e did play that there violin of 'is lovely; 'is little fingers went dappin' about the strings until it looked as if 'e must 'ave 30 or 40 fingers on each 'and; 'ow 'e could remember it all, without a note of moosic, beats me; and I knows one thing, as I couldn't do it, altho' p'raps that don't count for much. Later on 'e conducted the band in a piece of moosic, done by 'imself on the “funeral of a dog in Constantinople,” wich were the best subscription of the funeral of a dog I ever 'eard. You could 'ear the party count out the money to 'ave the dog pizened, and the chymist weighing out the drugs to do it, also a great “bang” where the dog “pops off,” as the sayin' is, all in the moosic, as real as life; altho' I can't say as I 'olds with funerals fer dogs, not meself, as is best sent to the ash constructor, and makes egcellent electric lite; besides, when you gets sich subjects as this set to moosic, it's no wonder people says as the moosical profession's goin' to the dogs! Eh?

The piece wich stirred the congregation to its uttermost depths (sich as the 2 shilling seat 'olders), 'owever, was the piana and band “Hungry Fancy” by Mr. Litzs. The piana was played most grand by Mille. Mania Seguel; wich, as Amos said, if that were a “mania,” 'e wouldn't mind being a “maniac,” if 'e could play like she! She jest wound 'erself up with a screw or somethink in the moosic-stool, sat steady, and then went fer that piana as if she'd smash it to hatoms and scatter the fragments all over the 'all! I never saw anybody put down their fists like this 'ere Mille. Mania; she jest clawed up bundles of bass notes and threw 'em amongst the band like somebody scatterin' nuts at a Sunday-skool treat! But it were grand playin'; the piana sounded like a whole band all to itself; besides wich, it lasted out to the end of the piece without signs of breakage. 'Owever, I shouldn't care to ask Mille. Mania to knock about our old piana like as she did this 'ere speshull ironclad one, becous I knows very well there'd be a collapse afore she'd 'it it about more than a cord or two, wich one of the notes sticks down as it is, and the candlestick on the front's all bent to one side, so 'twouldn't bear no rough usage, as you can see!

When she'd done 'er piece, and received the applaus she deserved, I says to Amos that it were about time to 'ave a nice cup of tea, if it were to be 'ad; but immediately to once, a young party come forth and warbled “Not Yet,” as were very a popo of 'er, weren't it?

If you askes me wot I thought of 'er song, I must say I couldn't see no 'ead or tail to it, as said “Not yet! O love, not yet! All is not true, all is



The Late Mr. John Roberts,

For over fifty years clerk in the Stroud County Court, and who, as a tribute to his economy in the matter of costs, was once complimented by H.M. Treasury upon the fact that his court incurred less expense for stationery than any other court of the kingdom.

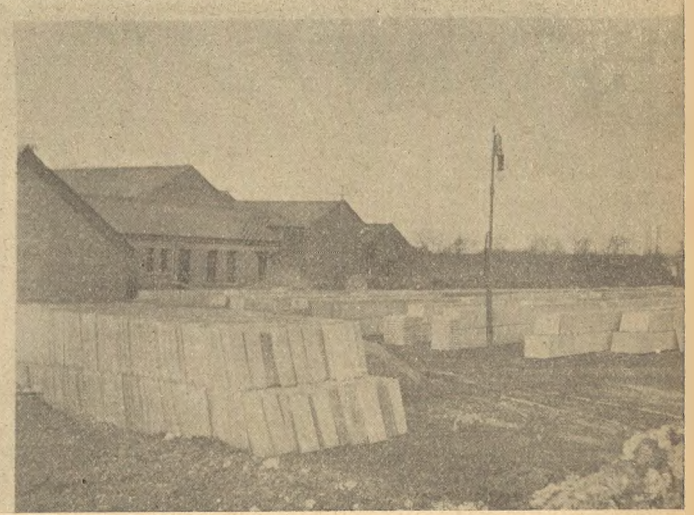
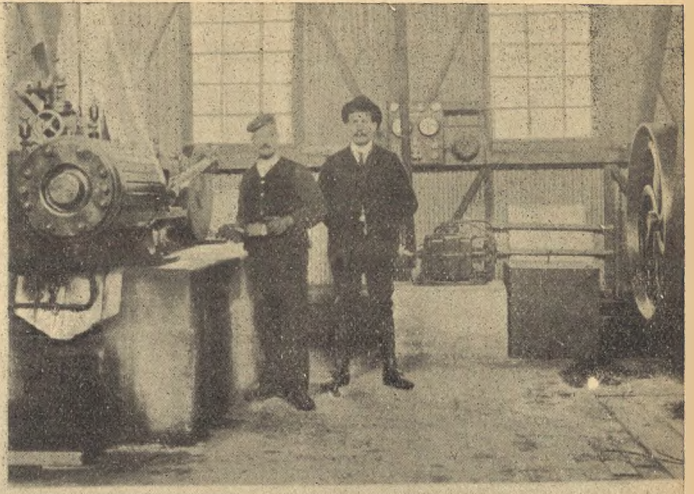
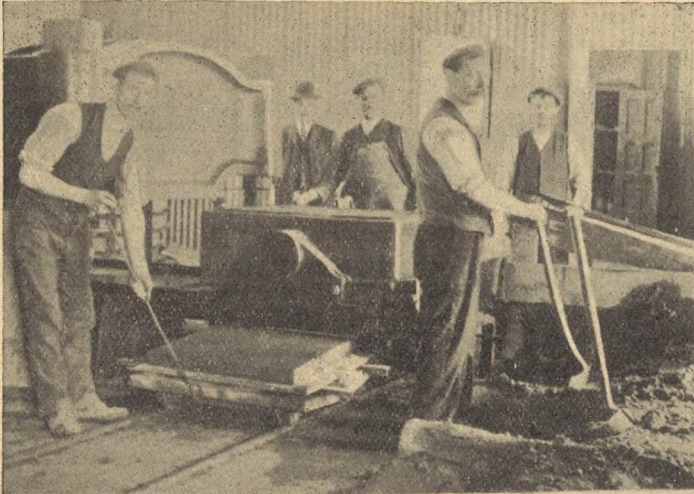
not ever as it seemeth now.” Amos considered it must be a advertisement of somethink; 'owever, I couldn't find Beecham's Pills or Snatcho 'Air Restorer in it anywhere; so, I dun'now, wichever it mite 'ave been, I don't think a lot of it, altho' the young party 'ad on a very nice dress, that I will say, and very becomin' she looked, as I 'opes to copy it fer meself, fer the summer.

Take it on the whole, it were a very good concert; at least, so the papers says, and, after all, they knows best, becous they pays reporters to tell us wich is good and wich is bad taste, as we all ought to be very thankful for, becous some folks like me mite say we liked things as it weren't good form to like, unless we was put rite by the press!

SELINA JENKINS.  
P.S.—Mary Ann Tomkins come in jest now, and I hummed over that there Litzs's Hungry Fancy to her; but she said she didn't see much in it; but there, you know, she 'aven't got no taste, she 'aven't!

THE ANCESTRAL ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

Mr. Lydekker, the well-known naturalist, has started what promises to be a most fruitful enquiry. In his own words, it was recently discovered that a horse skull from India showed a slight depression in front of the eye, evidently representing the pit for the face-gland like that of the deer, which existed in the extinct three-toed hipparions or primitive horses. Now the curious point is that the same mark has been discovered in the faces of the famous racers Stockwell and Bend Or, as well as in the skull of an Arab horse, and it also exists in the skulls of Eclipse, Orlando, and Hermit. Mr. Lydekker states that this face-gland rudiment is to be found in the skulls of all thorough-breds and Arab horses that have come under his notice and that of Professor Ray Lankester, while it is absent in European horses. It seems, therefore, a fair presumption that the Arab and the thorough-bred have an origin apart from the horses of Western Europe, and come from an Eastern form related to the fossil horse of India. Up to now this, of course, is a mere hypothesis, but Mr. Lydekker is asking those who possess skeletons to help him in the enquiry. If the skulls were all brought into one museum the investigation would be much facilitated.—“Country Life.”



Photos by G. Fouracre, Cheltenham.

### CHELTENHAM SLAB FACTORY

Hydraulic concrete slab press; pressure 1½ tons per square inch.

Engine house. Dynamo supplies current for lighting works.

Staff (Mr. Brydges, manager, on extreme right).

A few of the slabs.

#### THE PRIME MINISTER.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., gives his impressions of Mr. Balfour, which are illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould, E. T. Reed, and "G.R.H." in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "I am afraid," says he, "I am hopelessly prejudiced in favour of the Prime Minister. All my friends say that what they describe as his 'in-and-out' running of the past eighteen months on the fiscal question makes him an object of contempt amongst all straightforward politicians. Into that I cannot now go. I can only discuss him as a fascinating personality—fascinating because of his rare intellectual qualities, his charm of manner, his interesting appearance, his fine voice, and his very acute dialectical abilities. In the matter of pure intellect I consider the Prime Minister the greatest man in the Assembly. Were a competition instituted amongst members as to who could write the most ornate, the most highly-informed, the most illuminating, and yet the most mystifying essay on any one of, say, half a dozen highly-involved scientific, artistic, polemical, or forensic topics, the Prime Minister would win hands down—if he went into the matter in earnest. For please remember he is both physically and intellectually a loungeur. Inside the outer door of the chamber of the House of Commons is an inner glass swing door, and by it a little inset seat. By way of special privilege you may take a lady to this little seat, help her to stand up on it, and then

show her through the glass darkly the House at near quarters. "Which is Mr. Balfour" she asks at once. As a rule the Prime Minister is in his room with that wonderful man, Mr. Jack Sanders. But if by any rare chance he should be on the Treasury Bench, you say, "There he is!" Whereat the answer usually is, "I can see nothing but a pair of boots!" Exactly! The Prime Minister is emphatically a loungeur. But he can be uncommonly indomitable when he likes. For five successive months he sat through the debates on the Education Bill of 1902; then after a couple of months' respite—spent, so I have heard, in grinding away at the clauses of the Bill still to come—he sat on again, night after night, for two months. No man who watched that performance will say that the Prime Minister is not a man of unswerving purpose and of unflagging determination when he pleases. Intellectually the Prime Minister is too highly developed and subtle a product for leadership of the British House of Commons."



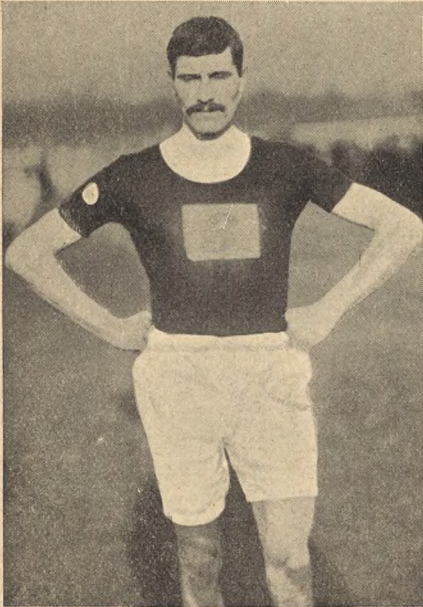
#### BUILDING DOVER HARBOUR.

This stupendous work is described in the "Pall Mall Magazine." During his visit the writer took a trip down in one of the diving-bells which are used to lay the foundation of the piers. "It was," he says, "a novel experience, though he has no wish to repeat the experiment. Putting on a pair of stockings, leggings, and heavy boots, I jumped on to the seat, when the huge bell—it weighed

40 tons and was as large as a good-sized room—was swung by the powerful crane over the staging, and gradually we were lowered into the sea. The sensation at first was very strange. As we entered the water, which was driven out of the bell by compressed air, there was a distinct buzzing sound in the ears and head. I was told to hold my nose and blow through it, and, needless to add, I did so. Slowly we descended, and at last reached the bottom, some 50ft. below the surface. The bell in question was 17ft. long and 10ft. wide. There were six of us in it. It was lighted by electricity, and was almost as bright as day. We first landed on a bed which the divers had previously levelled. The moment the bell touched the ground there was, perhaps, about 2ft. of water in it. This was quickly driven out by the compressed air, when we walked on comparatively dry ground with the sea all round us. The man in charge is able to move his bell where he wishes by sending signals up to the man in charge of the great crane to which the bell is attached. After inspecting the smooth bed on which the bottom blocks are laid, we went out to sea, and, landing on the bottom again, obtained some idea of the difficulties of digging a foundation on the floor of the ocean. It was ragged and rocky. Four men work in a bell under a pressure of 27lb. to the square inch for three hours at a time, digging up the ground until it is perfectly smooth and level. The material is thrown into a large wooden box, swung in the centre of the bell."



READY FOR THE START.



THE WINNER

(W. G. Dunkley, of the Alpine Harriers, Northampton, who covered the distance in 57min. 11sec.)



THE FINISH.

Dunkley's final sprint. W. Mabbett (sec. of the M.C.A.A.A.) in judge's box, with Harry Wrathall (Gloucestershire cricketer) on his left. A. J. Eggleston (president of the M.C.A.C.C.A.) in front of rails, in cap and knickerbockers.



SECOND MAN HOME

(A. Ashby, Godiva Harriers, Coventry, whose time was 58min. 21sec.)



SOME OF THE OFFICIALS.

Reading from left to right: —, A. J. Eggleston (president), P.C. —, A. Smith, J. Taylor (hon. sec. M.C.A.C.C.A.), —, W. W. Alexander, A. C. White, J. Cutler, J. Carlyon, J. Carson, —, C. Wheelwright, J. Fogg, and A. E. Machin.

**MIDLAND COUNTIES TEN-MILE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP,**  
 RUN AT PRESTBURY PARK, CHELTENHAM, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1905.



Mr. Westley (hon. secretary).      W. G. Dunkley (the winner).      W. B. Law (fourth in the race).      Sid J. Robinson (four times winner of the race: 1896-7-8-1900).

**FOUR MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.**

A. E. Meacham.      W. Day.      W. Stokes.      S. T. Smith.      A. Smith (president).



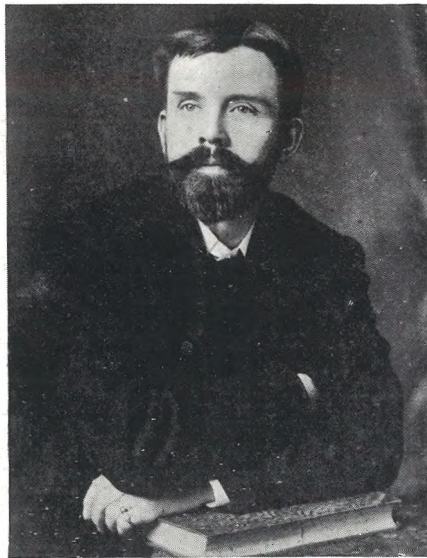
**THE WINNING TEAM (BIRCHFIELD HARRIERS)**

who supplied the 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 14th, and 17th men home—total 57 points.

**MIDLAND COUNTIES TEN-MILE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.**

**CHURCH ARMY HOME AT GLOUCESTER.**

Mr. G. B. Ellwood,  
Officer of the Church Army and Gloucester  
Police-court Missioner.



"Send my affectionate greetings to all your earnest workers throughout the world; tell them to live and labour on for the good of others." This was the Queen's message to the Rev. Wilson Carlile, hon. general secretary and founder of the Church Army, on the occasion of a recent audience with her Majesty, and the prevailing distress and the efforts made to cope with it have prompted us to collect some details concerning the only Church Army Labour Home in the county, namely the one at Gloucester, and its officer, Mr. Gilbert Brown Ellwood. He is one of four sons of the Rev. Thomas Ellwood, M.A., who for forty-three years has held the living of Torver, Coniston, and he was born in 1870. Having been a keen student of social problems, he decided, at the age of 23, to devote his life to the service of men who had as it were "got off the beaten track," and so he joined the Rev. Wilson Carlile at Edgware-road, London. He was sent on a mission to Kent hop-pickers. After temporary service at headquarters, and in Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Liverpool, Mr. Ellwood was transferred to Gableshead, where he contracted typhoid fever, and whilst in hospital he met Miss Stafford, who became his wife and true helpmeet. In 1897 the Misses Crawley, of Hempsted, were anxious to establish a branch of the Army in Gloucester, and they offered rent free the premises formerly known as the Mitre Inn (which they purchased when the license became extinct), and Mr. Ellwood was deputed to open the home. Having successfully fulfilled this duty he was selected to carry into effect a scheme of reclamation on the Thames Embankment. He commenced in November, 1897, and a few months later, when this home was opened by the Duke of Westminster, he was warmly thanked by Lord Glenesk for his assistance. Four years ago he returned to Gloucester in charge of the home, and the premises have just been given outright to the Army by the Misses Crawley. While the men inmates are required to perform a light task in exchange for bed and board, the ultimate object is to place them in the way of earning a living. During the time Mr. Ellwood has been in Gloucester, some 500 men have passed through the home. Work has also been provided for a number of married men during exceptional distress. As a discharged prisoners' aid society the Army has accomplished valuable work. Mr. Ellwood is also the Gloucester Police-court Missioner, and his efforts have been fully appreciated by the magistrates and police. When women have to be dealt with, the officers of the Frances Owen Home, Cheltenham, are called in.

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

The Registrar-General's quarterly returns of vital statistics have generally points of local interest. The latest one, for the three months ending December 31st, is no exception to it. In regard to births, Cheltenham District stands the lowest in the county, the rate being 20.4 per thousand of population, as against 20.8 in Stroud, 23.2 in Cirencester, 23.6 in Westbury-on-Severn, 24.2 in Gloucester, and 25.9 in Tewkesbury. Cheltenham has gone back a trifle since the corresponding quarter last year, but advanced considerably since the September quarter. The Garden Town's death rate is 15.6, as compared with 12.7 a twelvemonth ago, that being the lowest on record. It had more deaths (105) of persons aged 60 years and over than any other county district, Gloucester being next, with 102 deaths. Gloucester's rate was the highest, namely 20.1, and was largely accounted for by the fact that there were 31 deaths from measles. Westbury-on-Severn had the lowest death-rate, namely 12.7. Cheltenham, Tewkesbury, and Minchinhampton had the highest rates of infant mortality.



We got at the recent half-yearly meetings of some of the railway companies a little information as to the penalties they had to pay consequent on the unwelcome visit of the Fog Fiend for the fortnight prior to last Christmas Day. It ran the Midland into a cost of £20,000 for dealing with his Murky Majesty, and the Great Eastern into £15,000. I notice that Earl Cawdor failed to state what the fogging expenses were with the Great Western. The Midland amount does not, of course, include the big sum which it will undoubtedly cost the company for compensation and other losses over the Cudworth disaster in the fog. That accident has revealed a very weak spot in the company's fog-signalling arrangements. I saw put forward the other day a suggestion that seems to meet the danger consequent on the non-arrival of the fogmen at their appointed places, and it is that a guncotton detonator on a bracket should be ready outside every signalbox, to be fired by a cord or trigger worked from inside by the signalman.



Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, is making his first travel round the Oxford Circuit, and he had to congratulate the county grand jury at Gloucester that the criminal business was singularly light, and the city grand jury upon the gratifying circumstance that they had no labours beyond serving there. The Cathedral city, I see, just missed the chance of making the record of having on two successive days a blank calendar, for only on the previous day there was but one prisoner for trial at the Quarter Sessions, and in that case the grand jury threw out the bill. As it was, there were but eight prisoners at the Assizes, and these would have been one less if a case had not been remitted from the County Quarter Sessions. The Lord Chief Justice was evidently pleased there was "again a substantial amount of civil business," justifying the visit of a judge. However, the seven causes entered are merely a shadow of the civil business that I can remember in the palmy days of the circuit. There is no doubt a less litigious spirit existing now, while the extended powers of magistrates and quarter sessions account in a large measure for the continuous falling-off in the number of prisoners at assizes. Cheltenham is a good customer at Gloucester Prison, for on one day about a month ago she sent nine prisoners there, or one more than the number tried at the recent Assizes. I am not surprised that the Bar list is still shrinking, numbering now only 132, as against some 190 twelve months ago.



The controversy in the "Echo" as to "revivals" has impelled me to make some enquiries about results of the recent one in Gloucester. I find, among other things, that 513 converts are claimed, that there is

**FAMOUS GLOUCESTER FOOTBALL PLAYERS.**



Walter George and "Sammy" Ball, famous half-backs, whose smart play helped to place Gloucester at the head of Rugby organisations in seasons 1887-88 to 1891-92.



Walter Jackson and Tom Bagwell, two of the finest centre three-quarters who ever wore the city club's colours. The former gained international honours on his removal to Halifax in season 1893-4. Bagwell was captain in seasons 1890-1-2.

considerable dissatisfaction among certain Nonconformist sects because the two Welsh evangelists accepted baptism by immersion, and that at least two adults have been taken to the asylum, suffering from religious mania, one after he had knocked down a policeman and another who, when lying on his bed, had kicked with his bare foot a certifying magistrate on the body. I am among the doubters of the genuineness of these sudden conversions; in fact, I think there is much point in the description given of them by a Gloucester vicar from the pulpit as "a conjuring trick." GLEANER.

The Dean of Chester (Dr. Darby) has sanctioned the use of the cathedral for a national festival on St. David's Day, March 1st. The services have not been held since 1839, and the kindness of Dr. Darby has given immense pleasure to the Welshmen in Chester, who number 10,000.



**WINCHCOMBE CATTLE MARKET—OPENED FEBRUARY 15, 1905.**

1. Cheap Jacks outside market.
3. Selling cattle by auction.
5. The sheep pens.

2. Luncheon.
4. Looking at the pigs.
6. Bidding for cattle.



Photos by C. C. Furley, Stroud.

Fire at Cooper's Hill House, Beeches Green, near Stroud, February 22, 1905.



**"THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE."**

One of the prize pictures in the Kodak Co.'s £1,000 competition.

**FEBRUARY SONGSTERS.**

From his corner tree the missel thrush is flinging his bold message over and over again across the outer field in answer to that other missel thrush whose challenge you can faintly hear at intervals; and in a secluded

clump of evergreens a song thrush is rehearsing all the varied phrases of his spring music, already very different from the *sotto voce* monologue which you heard now and then in autumn and winter. But most of all perhaps in early February you rejoice to recognise again the jovial refrain of the

pink-breasted cock chaffinch, not because it is particularly musical, but because it is always associated in one's mind with the sunny days of real spring, when almost every tree seems to hold its singing chaffinch, and the very air vibrates to the simple chorus.—"The Garden."



**Will Rawle,**

For nineteen years huntsman of Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds. On his pending retirement the Hunt is about to acknowledge his excellent services with a testimonial, subscriptions towards which can be sent to Mr. Michael Lloyd-Baker, Hardwicke Cottage, near Gloucester.

