

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 218

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

Every evening to March 11th, at 7.45; matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30, Grand Juvenile Pantomime—

#### "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."

MONDAY, MARCH 13TH,

#### "THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

#### VIOLET-SCENTED ROSE.

There is a form of yellow Banksian rose paler than the typical form and its heads of bloom are less clustering and paler in colour, resembling exactly the double white in habit, and a little less decorative. It has, however, the faint sweet scent of violets that is denied to the more effective type, so the Jaune Serin should be allowed a place where climate and space allow it to show to advantage, for the attractions of a yellow rose, be it big or be it little, are not to be despised when coupled with so much grace as the Banksian Rose affords.—"The Garden."

#### THE WARNING IN A SNEEZE.

As a general thing, sneezing is Nature's warning to get warmer in some way or other, and quickly (says "T.A.T.") The question of temperature and ventilation is one of the most difficult cold weather problems. So much depends upon circumstances and individual idiosyncrasy that it is hard to lay down any definite rules. An indoor temperature which is suitable for a vigorous person, or one in active motion, is dangerous for one who is delicate or sitting and doing headwork exclusively. As a general rule it may be said that a temperature that falls much below 70 degrees at four feet from the floor is dangerous for sedentary workers; and any one who continues sitting when he feels chilled does so at the risk of his life.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS.

On the apex of the Prince of Wales's crown, which he wears on special occasions, is a curious feather or rather a tuft of feathers, the top of which is adorned with a gold thread. This feather is worth £10,000 (according to "T.A.T."), and has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the world. It took twenty years to procure it, and it caused the death of more than a dozen hunters. The bird whose tail contributes the feathers used in making this tuft is called the periwak, a sort of variety of the Bird of Paradise species, but exceedingly rare and difficult to procure. To obtain the feather in its full beauty it must be plucked out of the tail of the living bird, as instantly after death the plumage becomes lustreless, although—strange as it may seem—feathers plucked before the death of the bird never lose their bright hue and glossy appearance. The reason the pursuit of the bird is so dangerous is because it inhabits the jungles and other haunts of tigers. There seems to be some strange affinity between the periwak and these terrible brutes.



ALD. W. N. SKILLICORNE, J.P.

PRESIDENT CHELTENHAM LIBERAL CLUB.

CHAIRMAN LIBERAL MASS MEETING AT TOWN-HALL, FEBRUARY 28, 1905.



## THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES.

## II.—THE PAINFUL FALL OF A GREAT REPUTATION.

[By G. K. CHESTERTON.]

Basil Grant and I were talking one day in what is perhaps the most perfect place for talking on earth—the top of a tolerably deserted tram-car. To talk on the top of a hill is superb; but to talk on the top of a flying hill is a fairy tale.

The vast blank space of North London was flying by; the very pace gave us a sense of its immensity and its meanness. It was, as it were, a base infinitude, a squalid eternity, and we felt the real horror of the poor parts of London, the horror that is so totally missed and misrepresented by the sensational novelists who depict it as being a matter of narrow streets, filthy houses, criminals and maniacs, and dens of vice. In a narrow street, in a den of vice, you do not expect civilisation, you do not expect order. But the horror of this was the fact that there was civilisation, that there was order, but that civilisation only showed its morbidity, and order only its monotony. No one would say in going through a criminal slum, "I see no statues. I notice no cathedrals." But here there were public buildings; only they were mostly lunatic asylums. Here there were statues; only they were mostly statues of railway engineers and philanthropists—two dingy classes of men united by their common contempt for the people. Here there were churches; only they were the churches of dim and erratic sects, Agapemonites or Irvingites. Here, above all, there were broad roads and vast crossings and tramway lines and hospitals and all the real marks of civilisation. But though one never knew, in one sense, what one would see next, there was one thing we knew we should not see—anything really great, central, of the first class, anything that humanity had adored. And with revulsion indescribable our emotions returned, I think, to those really close and crooked entries, to those really mean streets, to those genuine slums which lie round the Thames and the City, in which nevertheless a real possibility remains that at any chance corner the great cross of the great cathedral of Wren may strike down the street like a thunderbolt.

"But you must always remember also," said Grant to me, in his heavy abstracted way, when I had urged this view, "that the very vileness of the life of these ordered plebeian places, bears witness to the victory of the human soul. I agree with you. I agree that they have to live in something worse than barbarism. They have to live in a fourth-rate civilisation. But yet I am practically certain that the majority of people here are good people. And being good is an adventure far more violent and daring than sailing round the world. Besides—"

"Go on," I said.

No answer came.

"Go on," I said, looking up.

The big blue eyes of Basil Grant were standing out of his head and he was paying no attention to me. He was staring over the side of the tram.

"What is the matter?" I asked, peering over also.

"It is very odd," said Grant at last, grimly, "that I should have been caught out like this at the very moment of my optimism. I said all these people were good, and there is the wickedest man in London."

"Where?" I asked, leaning over further, "where?"

"Oh, I was right enough," he went on in that strange continuous and sleepy tone which always angered his hearers at acute moments, "I was right enough when I said all these people were good. They are heroes; they are saints. Now and then they may perhaps steal a spoon or two; they may beat a wife or two with a poker. But they are saints all the same; they are angels; they are robed in white, they are clad with wings

and haloes—at any rate compared to that man."

"Which man?" I cried again, and then my eye caught the figure at which Basil's bull's eyes were glaring.

He was a slim, smooth person, passing very quickly among the quickly passing crowd, but though there was nothing about him sufficient to attract a startled notice, there was quite enough to demand a curious consideration when once that notice was attracted. He wore a black top-hat, but there was enough in it of those strange curves whereby the decadent artist of the eighties tried to turn the top-hat into something as rhythmic as an Etruscan vase. His hair, which was largely grey, was curled with the instinct of one who appreciated the gradual beauty of grey and silver. The rest of his face was oval and, I thought, rather oriental; he had two black tufts of moustache.

"What has he done?" I asked.

"I am not sure of the details," said Grant, "but his besetting sin is a desire to intrigue to the disadvantage of others. Probably he has adopted some imposture or other to effect his plan."

"What plan?" I asked. "If you know all about him why don't you tell me why he is the wickedest man in England? What is his name?"

Basil Grant stared at me for some moments.

"I think you've made a mistake in my meaning," he said. "I don't know his name. I never saw him before in my life."

"Never saw him before!" I cried, with a kind of anger; "then what in heaven's name do you mean by saying that he is the wickedest man in England?"

"I meant what I said," said Basil Grant calmly. "The moment I saw that man, I saw all these populations stricken with a sudden and splendid innocence. I saw that while all ordinary poor men in these streets were being themselves, he was not being himself. I saw that all the men in these slums, cadgers, pickpockets, hooligans, are all, in the deepest sense, trying to be good. And I saw that that man was trying to be evil."

"But if you never saw him before—" I began.

"In God's name look at his face," cried out Basil in a voice that startled the driver. "Look at the eyebrows. They mean that infernal pride which made Satan so proud that he sneered even at heaven when he was one of the first angels in it. Look at his moustaches, they are so grown as to insult humanity. In the name of the sacred heavens, look at his hair. In the name of God and the stars, look at his hat."

I stirred uncomfortably.

"But after all," I said, "this is very fanciful—perfectly absurd. Look at the mere facts. You have never seen the man before, you—"

"Oh, the mere facts," he cried out in a kind of despair. "The mere facts! Do you really admit—are you still so sunk in superstitions, so clinging to dim and prehistoric altars, that you believe in facts? Do you not trust an immediate impression?"

"Well, an immediate impression may be," I said, "a little less practical than facts."

"Bosh," he said. "On what else is the whole world run but immediate impressions? What is more practical? My friend, the philosophy of this world may be founded on facts. Its business is run on spiritual impressions and atmospheres. Why do you refuse or accept a clerk? Do you measure his skull? Do you read up his physiological state in a hand-book? Do you go upon facts at all? Not a scrap. You accept the clerk who may save you business—you refuse the clerk that may rob your till, entirely upon those immediate mystical impressions under the pressure of which I pronounce, with a perfect sense of certainty and sincerity, that that man walking in that street beside us is a humbug and a villain of some kind."

"You always put things well," I said, "but of course such things cannot immediately be put to the test."

Basil sprang up straight and swayed with the swaying car.

"Let us get off and follow him," he said. "I bet you five pounds it will turn out as I say."

And with a scuttle, a jump, and a run, we were off the car.

The man with the curved silver hair and the curved eastern face walked along for some time, his long splendid frock coat flying behind him. Then he swung sharply out of the great glaring road and disappeared down an ill-lit alley. We swung silently after him.

"This is an odd turning for a man of that kind to take," I said.

"A man of what kind?" asked my friend.

"Well," I said, "a man with that kind of expression and those boots. I thought it rather odd, to tell the truth, that he should be in this part of the world at all."

"Ah, yes," said Basil, and said no more.

We tramped on, looking steadily in front of us. The elegant figure, like the figure of a black swan, was silhouetted suddenly against the glare of intermittent gaslight and then swallowed again in night. The intervals between the lights were long, and a fog was thickening on the whole city. Our pace, therefore, had become swift and mechanical between the lamp-posts; but Basil came to a standstill suddenly like a reined horse; I stopped also. We had almost run into the man. A great part of the solid darkness in front of us was the darkness of his body.

At first I thought he had turned to face us. But though we were hardly a yard off he did not realise that we were there. He tapped four times on a very low and dirty door in the dark, crabbled street. A gleam of gas cut the darkness as it opened slowly. We listened intensely, but the interview was short and simple, and inexplicable as an interview could be. Our exquisite friend handed in what looked like a paper or a card and said:

"At once. Take a cab."

A heavy, deep voice from inside said:—

"Right you are."

And with a click we were in blackness again, and striding on after the striding stranger through a labyrinth of London lanes, the lights just helping us. It was only five o'clock, but winter and the fog had made it like midnight.

"This is really an extraordinary walk for the patent leather boots," I repeated.

"I don't know," said Basil humbly. "It leads to Berkeley Square."

As I tramped on I strained my eyes through the dusky atmosphere and tried to make out the direction described. For some ten minutes I wondered and doubted; at the end of that I saw that my friend was right. We were coming to the great dreary spaces of fashionable London—more dreary, one must admit, even than the dreary plebeian spaces.

"This is very extraordinary!" said Basil Grant, as we turned into Berkeley Square.

"What is extraordinary?" I asked. "I thought you said it was quite natural."

"I do not wonder," answered Basil, "at his walking through nasty streets; I do not wonder at his going to Berkeley Square. But I do wonder at his going to the house of a very good man."

"What very good man?" I asked with exasperation.

"The operation of time is a singular one," he said with imperturbable irrelevancy. "It is not a true statement of the case to say that I have forgotten my career when I was a judge and a public man. I remember it all vividly, but it is like remembering some novel. But fifteen years ago I knew this square as well as Lord Rosebery does, and a confounded long sight better than that man who is going up the steps of old Beaumont's house."

"Who is old Beaumont?" I asked, irritably.

"A perfectly good fellow. Lord Beaumont of Foxwood—don't you know his name? He is a man of transparent sincerity, a nobleman who does more work than a navy, a socialist, anarchist, I don't know what; anyhow, he's a philosopher and philanthropist. I admit he has the slight disadvantage of being, beyond all question, off his head. He

has that real disadvantage which has arisen out of modern worship of progress and novelty; and he thinks anything odd and new must be an advance. If you went to him and proposed to eat your grandmother, he would agree with you, so long as you put it on hygienic and public grounds, as a cheap alternative to cremation. So long as you progress fast enough it seems a matter of indifference to him whether you are progressing to the stars or the devil. So his house is filled with an endless succession of literary and political fashions; men who wear long hair because it is romantic; men who wear shot hair because it is medical; men who walk on their feet only to exercise their hands; and men who walk on their hands for fear of tiring their feet. But though the inhabitants of his salons are generally fools, like himself, they are almost always like himself, good men. I am really surprised to see a criminal enter there."

"My good fellow," I said firmly, striking my foot on the pavement, "the truth of this affair is very simple. To use your own eloquent language, you have the 'slight disadvantage' of being off your head. You see a total stranger in a public street; you choose to start certain theories about his eyebrows. You then treat him as a burglar because he enters an honest man's door. The thing is too monstrous. Admit that it is, Basil, and come home with me. Though these people are still having tea, yet with the distance we have to go, we shall be late for dinner."

Basil's eyes were shining in the twilight like lamps.

"I thought," he said, "that I had cultivated vanity."

"What do you want now?" I cried.

"I want," he cried out, "what a girl wants when she wears her new frock; I want what a boy wants when he goes in for a slanging match with a monitor—I want to show somebody what a fine fellow I am. I am as right about that man as I am about your having a hat on your head. You say it cannot be tested. I say it can. I will take you to see my old friend Beaumont. He is a delightful man to know."

"Do you really mean—?" I began.

"I will apologise," he said calmly, "for not being dressed for a call, and walking across the vast misty square, he walked up the dark stone steps and rang at the bell."

A severe servant in black and white opened the door to us; on receiving my friend's name his manner passed in a flash from astonishment to respect. We were ushered into the house very quickly, but not so quickly but that our host, a white-haired man with a fiery face, came out quickly to meet us.

"My dear fellow," he cried, shaking Basil's hand again and again, "I have not seen you for years. Have you been—?" he said, rather wildly, "have you been in the country?"

"Not for all that time," answered Basil, smiling. "I have long given up my official position, my dear Philip, and have been living in a deliberate retirement. I hope I do not come at an inopportune moment."

"An inopportune moment," cried the ardent gentleman. "You come at the most opportune moment I could imagine. Do you know who is here?"

"I do not," answered Grant, with gravity. Even as he spoke a roar of laughter came from the inner room.

"Basil," said Lord Beaumont, gleefully, "I have Wimpole here."

"And who is Wimpole?"

"Basil," cried the other, "you must have been in the country. You must have been in the antipodes. You must have been in the moon. Who is Wimpole? Who was Shakespeare?"

"As to who Shakespeare was," answered my friend, placidly, "my views go no further than thinking that he was not Bacon. More probably he was Mary Queen of Scots. But as to who Wimpole is—" and his speech also was cloven with a roar of laughter from within.

"Wimpole!" cried Lord Beaumont, in a sort of ecstasy. "Haven't you heard of the great modern wit? My dear fellow, he has



Photo by G. H. Martyn and Sons, Imperial-square, Cheltenham.

**ST. PAUL'S UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB.**  
THE SECOND ELEVEN.

turned conversation, I do not say into an art—for that, perhaps, it always was—but into a great art, like the statuary of Michael Angelo—an art of masterpieces. His repartees, my good friend, startle one like a man shot dead. They are final; they are—"

Again there came the hilarious roar from the room, and almost with the very noise of it a big, panting, apoplectic old gentleman came out of the inner house into the hall where we were standing.

"Now, my dear chap," began Lord Beaumont, hastily.

"I tell you, Beaumont, I won't stand it," exploded the large old gentleman. "I won't be made game of by a twopenny literary adventurer like that. I won't be made a guy. I won't—"

"Come, come," said Beaumont, feverishly. "Let me introduce you. This is Mr. Justice Grant—that is, Mr. Grant. Basil, I am sure you have heard of Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh."

"Who has not?" asked Grant, and bowed to the worthy old baronet, eyeing him with some curiosity. He was hot and heavy in his momentary anger, but even that could not conceal the noble though opulent outline of his face and body, the florid white hair, the Roman nose, the body stalwart though corpulent, the chin aristocratic though double. He was a magnificent courtly gentleman; so much of a gentleman that he could show an unquestionable weakness of anger without altogether losing dignity; so much of a gentleman that even his faux pas were well-bred.

"I am distressed beyond expression, Beaumont," he said gruffly, "to fail in respect to these gentlemen, and even more especially to fail in it in your house. But it is not you or they that are in any way concerned, but that flashy half caste jackanapes—"

At this moment a young man with a twist of red moustache and a sombre air came out of the inner room. He also did not seem to be greatly enjoying the intellectual banquet within.

"I think you remember my friend and secretary, Mr. Drummond," said Lord Beaumont, turning to Grant, "even if you only remember him as a schoolboy."

"Perfectly," said the other. Mr. Drummond shook hands pleasantly and respectfully, but the cloud was still on his brow. Turning to Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh, he said:

"I was sent by Lady Beaumont to express her hope that you were not going yet, Sir Walter. She says she has scarcely seen anything of you."

The old gentleman, still red in the face, had a temporary internal struggle; then his good manners triumphed, and with a gesture of obeisance and a vague utterance of, "If Lady Beaumont . . . a lady, of course," he followed the young man back into the saloon.

He had scarcely been deposited there half a minute before another peal of laughter told that he had (in all probability) been scored off again.

"Of course I can excuse dear old Cholmondeleigh," said Beaumont, as he helped us off with our coats. "He has not the modern mind."

"What is the modern mind?" asked Grant.

"Oh, it's enlightened you know and progressive—and faces the facts of life seriously." At this moment another roar of laughter came from within.

"I only ask," said Basil, "because of the last two friends of yours who had the modern mind, one thought it wrong to eat fishes and the other thought it right to eat men. I beg your pardon—this way, if I remember right."

"Do you know," said Lord Beaumont, with a sort of feverish entertainment, as he trotted after us towards the interior, "I can never quite make out which side you are on. Sometimes you seem so liberal and sometimes so reactionary. Are you a modern, Basil?"

"No," said Basil, loudly and cheerfully, as he entered the crowded drawing-room.

This caused a slight diversion, and some eyes were turned away from our slim friend with the oriental face for the first time that afternoon. Two people, however, still looked at him. One was the daughter of the house, Muriel Beaumont, who gazed at him with great violent eyes and with the intense and awful thirst of the female upper class for verbal amusement and stimulus. The other was Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh, who looked at him with a still and sullen but unmistakable desire to throw him out of the window.

He sat there, coiled rather than seated on the easy chair; everything from the curves of his smooth limbs to the coils of his silvered hair suggesting the circles of a serpent more than the straight limbs of a man—the unmistakable, splendid serpentine gentleman we had seen walking in North London, his eyes shining with repeated victory.

"What I can't understand, Mr. Wimpole," said Muriel Beaumont eagerly, "is how you contrive to treat all this so easily. You say things quite philosophical and yet so wildly funny. If I thought of such things, I'm sure I should laugh outright when the thought first came."

"I agree with Miss Beaumont," said Sir Walter, suddenly exploding with indignation. "If I had thought of anything so futile I should find it difficult to keep my countenance."

"Difficult to keep your countenance," cried Mr. Wimpole, with an air of alarm; "oh, keep your countenance! Keep it in the British Museum."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.]



A VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND—GLOUCESTER TEAM GOING OUT.



MR. A. W. VEARS,  
For many years chairman of the Gloucester  
Football and Athletic Ground Company,  
and a generous supporter of the City Club.



A LINE-OUT NEAR THE CHELTENHAM 25.

Gloucester v. Cheltenham  
Football Match,  
at Kingsholm,  
Saturday, Feb. 25, 1905.



WHO WILL GET IT?



THE CITY TEAM.

Top row:—A. Cromwell (trainer), A. Hall, H. Collins, G. Vears, G. Romans, A. Hawker, F. Pegler, J. Jewell, T. Bagwell (trainer).  
Second row:—A. Hudson, C. Smith, W. Johns (captain), G. Matthews, E. Hall, B. Parham.  
Bottom row:—J. Stephens and J. Harrison.

Gloucester v. Cheltenham Football Match,  
at Kingsholm, Saturday, Feb. 25th, 1905.



FOLLOWING THE BALL AFTER THE LINE-OUT.



MR. C. H. DANCEY,  
Formerly hon. treasurer of the Gloucester  
R.F.C., and one of the most popular and  
enthusiastic members of the City Club.

## The Club of Queer Trades.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.]

Everyone laughed uproariously, as they do at an already admitted readiness, and Sir Walter, turning suddenly purple, shouted out—

"Do you know who you are talking to, with your confounded tomfooleries?"

"I never talk tomfooleries," said the other, "without first knowing my audience."

Grant walked across the room and tapped the red-moustached secretary on the shoulder. That gentleman was leaning against the wall regarding the whole scene with a great deal of gloom; but, I fancied, with very particular gloom when his eyes fell on the young lady of the house rapturously listening to Wimpole.

"May I have a word with you outside, Drummond?" asked Grant. "It is about business. Lady Beaumont will excuse us."

I followed my friend, at his own request, greatly wondering, to this strange external interview. We paused abruptly, in a kind of side room out of the hall.

"Drummond," said Basil, sharply, "there are a great many good people, and a great many same people here this afternoon. Unfortunately, by a kind of coincidence, all the good people are mad, and all the same people are wicked. You are the only person I know of here who is honest, and has also some common sense. What do you make of Wimpole?"

Mr. Secretary Drummond had a pale face and red hair; but at this his face became suddenly as red as his moustache.

"I am not a fair judge of him," he said.

"Why not?" asked Grant.

"Because I hate him like hell," said the other, after a long pause and violently.

Neither Grant or I needed to ask the reason; his glances towards Miss Beaumont and the stranger were sufficiently illuminating. Grant said quietly—

"But before—before you came to hate him, what did you really think of him?"

"I am in a terrible difficulty," said the young man, and his voice told us, like a clear bell, that he was an honest man. "If I spoke about him as I feel about him now, I could not trust myself. And I should like to be able to say that when I first saw him I thought he was charming. But, again, the fact is I didn't. I hate him, that is my private affair. But I also disapprove of him—really I do believe I disapprove of him quite apart from my private feelings. When first he came, I admit he was much quieter, but I did not like, so to speak, the moral swell of him. Then that jolly old Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh got introduced to us, and this fellow, with his cheap-jack wit, began to score off the old man in the way he does now. Then I felt that he must be a bad lot; it must be bad to fight the old and the kindly. And he fights the poor old chap savagely, unceasingly, as if he hated old age and kindness. Take, if you want it, the evidence of a prejudiced witness. I admit that I hate the man because a certain person admires him. But I believe that apart from that I should hate the man because old Sir Walter hates him."

This speech affected me with a genuine sense of esteem and pity for the young man; that is, of pity for him because of his obviously hopeless worship of Miss Beaumont, and of esteem for him because of the direct realistic account of the history of Wimpole which he had given. Still, I was sorry that he seemed so steadily set against the man, and could not help referring it to an instinct of his personal relations, however nobly disguised from himself.

In the middle of these meditations Grant whispered in my ear what was perhaps the most startling of all interruptions.

"In the name of God, let's get away."

I have never known exactly in how odd a way this odd old man affected me. I only know that for some reason or other he so affected me that I was, within a few minutes, in the street outside.

"This," he said, "is a beastly but amusing affair."

"What is?" I asked, baldly enough.

"This affair. Listen to me, my old

friend. Lord and Lady Beaumont have just invited you and me to a grand dinner party this very night, at which Mr. Wimpole will be in all his glory. Well, there is nothing very extraordinary about that. The extraordinary thing is that we are not going."

"Well, really," I said, "it is already six o'clock, and I doubt if we could get home and dress. I see nothing extraordinary in the fact that we are not going."

"Don't you?" said Grant. "I'll bet you'll see something extraordinary in what we're doing instead."

I looked at him blankly.

"Doing instead?" I asked. "What are we doing instead?"

"Why," said he "we are waiting for one or two hours outside this house on a winter evening. You must forgive me; it is all my vanity. It is only to show you that I am right. Can you, with the assistance of this cigar, wait until both Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh and the mystic Wimpole have left this house?"

"Certainly," I said. "But I do not know which is likely to leave first. Have you any notion?"

"No," he said. "Sir Walter may leave first in a glow of rage. Or again, Mr. Wimpole may leave first, feeling that his last epigram is a thing to be flung behind him like a firework. And Sir Walter may remain some time to analyse Mr. Wimpole's character. But they will both have to leave within reasonable time, for they will both have to get dressed and come back to dinner here to-night."

As he spoke the shrill double whistle from the porch of the great house drew a dark cab to the dark portal. And then a thing happened that we really had not expected. Mr. Wimpole and Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh came out at the same moment.

They paused for a second or two opposite each other in a natural doubt; then a certain geniality, fundamental perhaps in both of them, made Sir Walter smile and say, "The night is foggy. Pray take my cab."

Before I could count twenty the cab had gone rattling up the street with both of them. And before I could count twenty-three Grant has hissed in my ear—

"Run after the cab; run as if you were running from a mad dog—run."

We peited on steadily, keeping the cab in sight, through dark mazy streets. God only, I thought, knows why we are running at all, but we are running hard. Fortunately we did not run far. The cab pulled up at the fork of two streets and Sir Walter paid the cabman, who drove away rejoicing, having just come in contact with the more generous among the rich. Then the two men talked together as men do talk together after giving and receiving great insults, the talk which leads either to forgiveness or a duel—at least so it seemed as we watched it from ten yards off. Then the two men shook hands heartily, and one went down one fork of the road and one down another.

Basil, with one of his rare gestures, flung his arms forward.

"Run after that scoundrel," he cried; "let us catch him now."

We dashed across the open space and reached the juncture of two paths.

"Stop!" I shouted wildly to Grant.

"That's the wrong turning."

He ran on.

"Idiot!" I howled. "Sir Walter's gone down there. Wimpole has slipped us. He's half a mile down the other road. You're wrong. . . . Are you deaf? You're wrong!"

"I don't think I am," he panted, and ran on.

"But I saw him!" I cried. "Look in front of you. Is that Wimpole? It's the old man. . . . What are you doing? What are we to do?"

"Keep running," said Grant.

Running soon brought us up to the broad back of the pompous old baronet, whose white whiskers shone silver in the fitful lamp-light. My brain was utterly bewildered. I grasped nothing.

"Charlie," said Basil, hoarsely, "can you believe in my common sense for four minutes?"

"Of course," I said, panting.

"Then help me to catch that man in front and hold him down. Do it at once when I say 'Now.' Now!"

We sprang on Sir Walter Cholmondeleigh, and rolled that portly old gentleman on his back. He fought with a commendable valour, but we got him tight. I had not the remotest notion why. He had a splendid and full-blooded vigour; when he could not box he kicked, and we bound him; when he could not kick he shouted, and we gagged him. Then, by Basil's arrangement, we dragged him into a small court by the street side and waited. As I say, I had no notion why.

"I am sorry to incommode you," said Basil calmly out of the darkness; "but I have made an appointment here."

"An appointment!" I said blankly.

"Yes," he said, glancing calmly at the apoplectic old aristocrat gagged on the ground, whose eyes were starting impotently from his head. "I have made an appointment here with a thoroughly nice young fellow. An old friend. Jasper Drummond his name is—you may have met him this afternoon at the Beaumonts'. He can scarcely come though till the Beaumonts' dinner is over."

For I do not know how many hours we stood there calmly in the darkness. By the time those hours were over I had thoroughly made up my mind that the same thing had happened which had happened long ago on the bench of a British Court of Justice. Basil Grant had gone mad. I could imagine no other explanation of the facts, with the portly, purple-faced old country gentleman flung there strangled on the floor like a bundle of wood.

After about four hours a lean figure in evening dress rushed into the court. A glimpse of gaslight showed the red moustache and white face of Jasper Drummond.

"Mr. Grant," he said blankly, "the thing is incredible. You were right; but what did you mean? All through this dinner party, where dukes and duchesses and editors of Quarterlies had come especially to hear him, that extraordinary Wimpole kept perfectly silent. He didn't say a funny thing. He didn't say anything at all. What does it mean?"

Grant pointed to the portly old gentleman on the ground.

"That is what it means," he said.

Drummond, on observing a fat gentleman lying so calmly about the place, jumped back, as from a mouse.

"What?" he said weakly, ". . . what?"

Basil bent suddenly down and tore a paper out of Sir Walter's breast-pocket, a paper which the baronet, even in his hampered state, seemed to make some effort to retain.

It was a large loose piece of white wrapping paper, which Mr. Jasper Drummond read with a vacant eye and undisguised astonishment. As far as he could make out, it consisted of a series of questions and answers, or at least of remarks and replies, arranged in the manner of a catechism. The greater part of the document had been torn and obliterated in the struggle, but the termination remained. It ran as follows:—

"C. Says—Keep countenance.

"W. Keep—British Museum.

"C. Know whom talk—absurdities.

"W. Never talk absurdities without—"

"What is it?" cried Drummond, flinging the paper down in a sort of final fury.

"What is it?" replied Grant, his voice rising into a kind of splendid chant.

"What is it? It is a great new profession.

A great new trade. A trifle immoral, I admit, but still great, like piracy."

"A new profession!" said the young man with the red moustache vaguely; "a new trade!"

"A new trade," repeated Grant, with a strange exultation, "a new profession! What a pity it is immoral."

"But what the deuce is it?" cried Drummond and I in a breath of blasphemy.

"It is," said Grant calmly, "the great new trade of the Organiser of Repartee. This fat old gentleman lying on the ground strikes you, as I have no doubt, as very stupid and very rich. Let me clear his character. He is, like ourselves, very

clever and very poor. He is also not really at all fat; all that is stuffing. He is not particularly odd, and his name is not Cholmondleigh. He is a swindler, and a swindler of a perfectly delightful and novel kind. He hires himself out at dinner parties to lead up to other people's repartees. According to a preconceived scheme (which you may find on that piece of paper), he says the stupid things he has arranged for himself, and his client says the clever things arranged for him. In short, he allows himself to be scored off for a guinea a night."

"And this fellow Wimpole—" began Drummond with indignation.

"This fellow Wimpole," said Basil Grant, smiling, "will not be an intellectual rival in the future. He had some fine things, elegance and silvered hair, and so on. But the intellect is with our friend on the floor."

"That fellow," cried Drummond furiously, "that fellow ought to be in gaol."

"Not all," said Basil, indulgently; "he ought to be in the Club of Queer Trades."

THE LILAC.

Although not a true native of Britain, the common lilac has been in cultivation here at least 300 years, and no flowering shrub, either native or foreign, except the rose, has become more closely identified with English gardens and English country scenes. Of the latter none is more characteristic of our flowery Maytime than the cottage garden with its fragrant, blossom-laden lilacs. The common lilac is a native of Eastern Europe, and although it appears to have been originally introduced from Persia about, or previous to, the year 1597, it was found to be a native of Southern Hungary, in the region of the Danube—"The Garden."

ROYAL BILLIARD PLAYERS.

The two best billiard players among the crowned heads of Europe are King Edward and the Tsar (says "T.A.T."). Prior to his adoption of the bicycle, billiards was the only sport in which the young Tsar took any interest, but he is now quite as clever with the cue as the Prince of Wales. The Sultan will never make a first-class player, as he insists upon striking the ball with the butt end of the cue, on the ground that it is the bigger end, and therefore the player is more certain of hitting his own ball! The King is an excellent billiard player, thanks to the instructions which he received, when Prince of Wales, from John Roberts. Curiously enough, the King never took much interest in the game until he was over forty years of age. It is probable that the Prince of Wales is the best billiard player of Royal blood in the world, as his rival, the Czar, has had little time or inclination to keep up his practice since his accession to the throne. Billiard players are born, and the Prince has the fine touch and steady hand of the born knight of the cue.

CONCERNING POPULARITY.

"There was a chap at our school once," says "the Schoolboy," in the March "Windsor," "who understood the art of making himself popular. He was a swell at mathematics, and very ugly. We called him Plain Trigonometry—Trig, for short. I don't mean to imply that either the mathematics or the ugliness had anything to do with his popularity; but you'll find that, nine times out of ten, if a chap has a nick-name, it means that the other fellows like him. There was no harm about Trig—not an ounce; but I'm blest if I know how he got himself to be liked better than other people, for, outside of mathematics, there was nothing extra special about his mind, and his manners were very ordinary. (The above paragraph I consider to be an excellent imitation of the style of a deservedly admired author, but I'm afraid I can't keep it up any longer). His looks I have already spoken of—I refer now to Trig, and not to the afore-mentioned author—and there is no use in rubbing it in that he was more like a white nigger than anything else I can think of. Anyhow, he was popular. Everyone wanted him for everything. He was asked to all the day-boys' birthday parties. He was always the first chosen after tossing for sides at cricket. When hampers came, he was given enough grub to stock a tuck-shop. The masters were as soft as cotton-wool on him; I don't believe he would have been camed if he had buzzed an inkpot at the Head's head."

Gloucestershire Gossip.



The See of Gloucester is now vacant, Dr. Ellicott's resignation having taken effect a month earlier than was expected. He has had a record episcopacy of forty-two years, his lordship having been consecrated to the See on Lady Day, 1863. I hear that his lordship has got over his attack of influenza, and that he is able to take walking exercise in the corridors of the Palace; in fact, he can walk much better than he could before his laying-up, and there is good reason to hope that his legs will not be permanently crippled by rheumatism. The vitality and recuperative power of the Bishop are remarkable, and I am sure we shall all be delighted to hear that he has gained sufficient strength to take some of his favourite walks abroad. Among visitors who recently called to see the Bishop was the Lord Chief Justice during his brief stay in the Cathedral city.



It is not generally known that the retirement of Dr. Ellicott is under the bishops' Resignation Act, 1869, passed for the relief of archbishops and bishops who by reason of age or any mental or bodily infirmity may be permanently incapacitated from the due performance of their episcopal duties. Dr. Ellicott is entitled to one-third of the income of the See, or £2,000 annually. As his lordship has elected to take the latter sum, which is a lower proportion of salary than a Civil servant of equal years of service would receive on retirement, whoever succeeds him in the bishopric will hold it subject to the deduction of this amount from the annual stipend of £4,300 during the lifetime of Dr. Ellicott. Speculation is increasing as to who the new bishop will be, but I was assured only a few days ago by a high dignitary that "absolutely nothing is known."



February has passed, and the foxhunting term is fast going. A day or two of the month was lost by frost. Mr. Carnaby Forster has withdrawn his resignation as master of the Ledbury Hounds in compliance with a largely-signed and flattering memorial. The first fatal accident in this part of the country during the present season took place last week, when the Rev. George Hustler, rector of English Bicknor, was thrown upon his head while following the Ross Harriers. Despite his 79 years, he was a keen sportsman, and I have heard that in his prosperous days he kept a pack of harriers at Bicknor Rectory. Several of the packs had long runs, the Ledbury taking the palm with a three hours' chase and kill at Bromesberrow Place on the 6th and a bloodless run of three hours and ten minutes on the 11th, a point of ten miles being covered, or twenty as hounds ran. The Duke of Beaufort's ran two hours and fifty-three minutes on the 13th, killing their quarry and making a 10½ miles point; they also accounted for a leash on the 2nd; and on the 25th they registered a ten-mile point in eighty-five minutes. The North Cotswold also did remarkably well, killing a brace on the 21st, one in a cellar and the other in the lake at Northwick Park; while on the 24th they settled two brace; and on the 2nd they covered an eight-mile point, with a kill. The Cotswold, with the Master again out from the 1st, recovered from his accident, had notable sport on several occasions, running into the Heythrop, North Cotswold, and Ead Bathurst's countries too. On the 7th they killed a fox from Stoke, after a rattling gallop of ninety minutes; on the 13th they settled a brace up Winchcombe way; and on the 15th they had a memorable run, lasting seventy minutes, from Chalk Hill right into the town of Cirencester, made additionally interesting by reason of the fact that Lord Suffolk, who was hunting his beagles at the Hare Bushes, shut up his pack on seeing the foxhounds in full cry and joined in the chase. On the 10th Lord Bathurst's had a fast hour, killing their fox when quite stiff; and on the 14th Lord Fitzhardinge's bitches settled their quarry, after a gallop of eighty minutes, down Standish way.

GLEANNER.



Old-Time Athletes.

F. Pearce, W. Wilks, H. Whittick, and E. A. Waghorne, four well-known Cheltonians, as they appeared at an athletic meeting something like twenty years ago.

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 118th prize has been divided between Miss P. de Pipe Belcher, of Darley House, Berkeley-street, and Mr. W. C. Davey, of 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons respectively by Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church and Rev. H. A. Corke at Holy Apostles' Church.

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

THE WOMAN WHOM MEN ADMIRE.

The woman whom men admire is not melancholy or self-conscious, says "The World and His Wife," and she usually has the mother-wit and discretion to believe that hearts are pretty much alike whether they beat under nankeen waist-coats or chiffon blouses, and are to be conquered by very nearly the same means. Men, as well as women, she knows, are more pleased and flattered to be coaxed into talking than to be forced into listening; and therefore when such a woman is introduced to Mr. Jones, or set down at dinner beside Mr. Brown, she warms the genial currents of his soul by trying to talk to him about himself rather than about herself. This is indeed a point that so many truly clever modern girls fail to make. You stand accused so often, my dear Girton girl and literary maiden, of trying to take too lofty a tone in your conversations with young men. You are just a bit proud and arrogant with all your splendid knowledge; and when you meet Mr. Blank you want to talk about Browning and Parsifal, when poor Mr. Blank really has never read one line of that poet's work, and does not know one note of music from another. Or, if you do not make this mistake, you fall into the equally fatal error of allowing yourself to be very easily bored, and of looking superior and difficult to please. This is what the woman admired by man never does. She never allows the fact that she speaks four languages and plays Beethoven beautifully to interfere with her popularity; she has not a condescending manner, and she does not take interest only in the man who can speak languages, too, and understand Wagner and Strauss.



**THE HON. MISS MARIA RICE,**  
OF MATSON HOUSE, GLOUCESTER,  
DAUGHTER OF THE THIRD LORD DYNEVOR.  
DIED MARCH 3, 1902, AGED 90 YEARS.



**COLLECTING PASSIVE RESISTERS' GOODS  
IN CHELTENHAM,**  
READY FOR SALE ON MARCH 3, 1905.

**HUMAN SLUM SHYLOCKS WANTED.**

Poor people who buy their coal by the hundred-weight, or the stone, are now paying at the rate of from thirty shillings to thirty-five shillings a ton for it. A chance is offered to millionaire readers of "T.A.T." who are also philanthropists of doing the poor a very great service. The man who bought up large quantities of coal at summer prices, and retailed them to the dwellers in city slums at cost price during the winter months, would accomplish what many really good-hearted and charitably-disposed people honestly believe to be impossible. That is to say, he would help the poor without running the slightest risk of assisting to pauperise them. Even more necessary to the poor than the philanthropic coal-dealer, however, is the philanthropic money-lender. There are hundreds of slum Shylocks in London to-day, most of them unregistered, and all of them doing a roaring trade. Asking no security, their rates of interest are, of course, very much more exorbitant than those charged even by the rapacious pawnbroker. Threepence a week on each shilling lent are the usual terms, which works out at 1,300 per cent. per annum. Moreover, this enormous interest has to be paid in advance, the lenders deducting the first week's instalment from the loan. Thus, a poor person borrowing five shillings (nominally) from a slum Shylock, receives three shillings and ninepence only, the other fifteen pence being retained as "interest," and at the end of seven days another fifteen pence becomes due. As long as the interest is punctually paid, the capital is never asked for. And the result is that many poor, shiftless folk go on paying this thirteen hundred per cent. per annum for years. Here, then, obviously is an opening for any charitably-disposed millionaire, who wants to strike out an absolutely new line in philanthropic enterprise.

**THE EXILE'S CREED.**

"Think what she is! Think what she has done—will do—this England of ours! And I, I, I who was born in her, I who love her, worship her, have been banished from her shores for almost a life-time. But I know her, sir, I know her, better perhaps than any who have never left her, better even than those who have gone away from her and returned, not once, but many times. I have learned to see her as she is—that little island stowed away in foggy seas—standing proudly apart from the rest of Europe, too fine to mingle with the lesser nations! My understanding of her has been bred of longing—the longing to see her, the longing presently to be satisfied! I have lain awake o' nights looking at those alien stars," he pointed to where overhead the Southern Cross hung lop-sided in the velvet sky, "they were always strangers, never friends, those stars, and I have understood what she is, this England of ours—the mightiest engine for good that God has ever fashioned—a light to lighten the Gentiles, a salvation prepared before the face of all the people! And now, now very soon, I shall see her, see her again! I was a boy, sir, when I quitted her, a boy with a boy's heart, a boy's understanding, a boy's callousness, a boy's love of adventure. I left her without a pang, God forgive me! I did not know what I was doing, what I was leaving—how should I? I was a child. It was only when England began to call to me and I could not go to her that I began in my turn to understand. That was twenty years ago, twenty years ago and more, and only now am I homeward bound. It has been a hard time, sir, a hard time. I have tasted failure, drunk deep of it. Circumstances tethered me, and I could not win free. I was damned in an eternity of exile. I used to watch those tea-men going home every year, coming out every buying season, and the sight of them nearly drove me crazy. England meant nothing to them—so much to me! It was agony! It was like watching men making careless, insolent love to the goddess of one's worship! And all the while I knew, sir, knew that I, almost alone, understood what England is, saw her as in ages hence men will see her when all the obscuring littlenesses and jealousies of to-day are swept aside, for my comprehension of her has come to me in longing, in travail, and in love!"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Every time you think of failure you lessen your chances of success.

Boy: "Please, sir, Turner says he knows a baby as was fed on elephant's milk and gained ten pounds a day." Master (severely): "Turner, you should not tell lies! Whose baby was it?" Turner: "The elephant's, sir!"



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 219.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45)

GRAND JUVENILE PANTOMIME—

“LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.”

NEXT WEEK :

“THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

### BELIEF IN WOMEN WORKERS.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who has just resigned the United States Commissionership of Labour, to take the presidency of a college, believes in the woman worker. Her future, he believes, promises absolute equality with men in the matter of wages, etc. Mr. Wright is reported as saying in this connection:—

“The growing importance of her labour, her general equipment through technical education, her more positive dedication to the life work she chooses, the growing sentiment that an educated and skilful woman is a better life companion than an ignorant and unskilful one, her appreciation of combination, and the general uplifting of the sentiment of integrity in business circles, her gradual approach to man's power in mental work alone, her possible and probable political influence—all these combined, working along general avenues of progress and of evolution, will bring her industrial emancipation, by which she will stand in those callings in life for which she may be fitted on an equality with man. As she approaches this quality, her remuneration will be increased, and her economic importance acknowledged.”

### SUNDAY, AND ITS KEEPING.

People in comfortable homes often find the Sunday having hours badly in want of filling. But if we take a girl in lodgings, who cannot bicycle and who has no friends, and there are thousands, what an irony she must find all this talk and pother about Sunday's dissipations. The sole “orgy” within her reach in the length and breadth of London is a concert, and it will be very hard to make her feel a sabbath-breaker because she has spent a couple of hours listening to good music. Indeed, when one thinks of all the solitary, joyless lives in this great city, the example of the Sunday motorists, bridge players, and restaurant diners becomes somewhat insignificant. It is, indeed, hard to keep one's sympathies from running in the direction of more brightness, more light, and more amusement for the one idle day the hard-worked man or woman has. And if the lonely girl, looking out from lodgings on the waste of a London Sunday, smiles when she hears of its spiritual decadence being attributed to the variety of its amusements, what is the opinion of Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who has one servant, or the still larger number of Mrs. Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons who are without a servant, on the perversion of the Day of Rest into a day of amusement?—“T.P.'s Weekly.”



THE NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER

(REV. DR. E. C. SUMNER GIBSON, AT PRESENT VICAR OF LEEDS).



## "Selina Jenkins Letters."

### SPRING CLEANING.

Jest about this time of the year, ever since I dunno 'ow long, it 'ave been considered to be the c'rect thing to do spring cleaning, as consists in turmin' everything hupside down and hinside hout in the most thoroughest way you know, becoss, of coorse, there's all kinds of things collects in the furniture durin' the winter months, sich as they germans as carries hinfuener and hydrofobies, and so 4th; wich only the other day I seed some of 'em magufied in a magic lantern, as looked some-think hawful, and shouldn't like to meet 'em of a dark nite, that I shouldn't, not meself, not as they did look on the sheet there; wich I can't tell 'ow they can magufy sich little things to sich a size meself, wich they said that 10,000,000 and more could 'ave 'eld an "at'ome" on a pin's 'ead easy, and room for more round the edges; not but wot I've seen 'em meself with the naked eye (beggin' yer pardin for mentionin' "naked" in print) a-dancin' in the sunshine as I beats the dust out of the hold arm-chair as Aunt Jane used to set in, as reg'lar 'olds the dust of ages, that it do, that there chair—and I should think they was a very dusty lot in Aunt Jane's time—wich the more you beats it the more there seems to come out, and reminds me of that there Essex Edmund Terrett, seein' as 'ow the more he's sat upon the more smother he raises, esspecially if it's anything religious.

But, there now, I weren't goin' to 'ave nothink to say about religion, as is very well left alone for a bit. Spring cleanin's the subjec' in 'and at present, and I considers, meself, that it's very much like 'aving yer teeth out—you've got to do it, but when it's done you thanks the Lord it's over and tries to forget all about it.

And all of the spring cleanin's I've ever knowed, this 'ere one as we've jest 'ad was about the worst, that I will say. You see, wot with the expenses we 'as to meet in order to keep upsides with the other folk in our street, and the rates and the taxes and the sugar and the tea up, etcectery, me and Amos thought as we ought to economise a bit, so he said as 'ow he'd get a bit of paint from the ironmonger's and paint down the front door and the front garden railings, the landlord bein' rather stingy about it, and not likely to do nothink for another 10 years; besides wich, he felt sure as he could paper the kitchen with a sort of a hart-green paper, as was sellin' off cheap, if I did make 'im a bucket of paste with a bit of size put in, jest to make it bite, so to speak!

Well, 'tis all very well to talk about these things, you know, but 'tis different when you comes to work 'em out; wich the first bother was with the paint. You see, the ironmonger's only 'ad it in 1 pound tins, as must 'ave been in stock from before the flood, I considers, by the look of 'em, and was all of 'ard lumps at the bottom of the tin, instead of being creamy like; so wot must Amos do but turn it out into one of my best sasspans, becoss the man said it 'ould mix up better if it were warmed, not to speak of puttin' it too near the fire, as made sich a smeech of burnt linseed oil as were enuff to paint the 'ouse red with the smell alone, that I will say!

But that weren't the end of the paint delemmer, for Amos set to work hevenings to do the dore, becoss of wot the neybars mite say, and last Tuesday, not 'avin enuff of the crushed tomatato color paint to finish it hoff with, he sent Podson's boy, from next dore, up for another pot of the same as before; and, you mark my words, if they there stoopid folk didn't make a mistake and send along a sort of a dandy gray russet yellowish greenery red colour, as Amos painted very near half the dore with afore he noticed the mistake (he bein' wot they calls color-blind); wich next morning the postman and the milkman and the butcher boy all wanted to know who ever 'ad been throwin' stuff over our front dore, besides wich Mary Ann Tomkins called in with one of 'er usual spiteful remarks as to "wot the paintin' on the dore were intended to represent: was it a sunset or a storm at sea?" and she actooally 'ad the owdacious impudence to say as we ought to send it down to the Cheltenham Fine Art Sassiety to be drawn for as a 1st prize! The railings wasn't so bad; but Amos overdid it, as usual, by painting the 'all chair as stands in the passage, because he said he detected wood-worms in one of the legs, and paint were a splendid thing for sich-like. 'Owever, I likes the black hoke meself (not that it were hoke really, but a sort of himitation new old sort, as we bought cheap to a sale). 'Owever, as it turned

out, the landlord come for the rent jest after Amos done it over with the first coat, and, onbeknownst, I askes 'im, jest in me hinnocence, to take a seat a minnit (on that there very chair) whiles I goes up and gets the cash out of the old teapot under the bed, as I always invests me savings in, becoss, of course, it's a lot safer than these 'ere penny banks and bilding societies, as is always a-bustin' and goin' up the spout and leavin' pore folks in the lurch!

As I were comin' down the stairs, the old gent 'ad jest discovered he were a-settin' on wet paint, and the langwidge he used and the how-de-do he made about it were a reg'lar Turkish atrocity, and enuff to peel the paint off the chair; wich, of coorse, it were very bad to 'ave a new overcoat pretty well covered with crushed tomatato color paint, as he said were a very pore joke indeed, and shouldn't 'ear of paperin' the front room or the kitchen for us after sich conduct on our part, as ought to know better than play sich fool's tricks! As he were goin' out of the front gate, Amos come rushin' out to apologise, and if that there man didn't grasp 'old of the new-painted railings, as put 'im into another rage, and he went hoff like a ragin' lion, sayin' as the place were a reg'lar paint-pot, and he'd send a man down with the cost of cleanin' of 'is coat in the mornin'!

This weren't much of a start, so Amos gets Jim Matthews, the chap wot does add jobs for us, to come and 'ave a look at the dore. After he'd looked at it for about half an hour, and passed all kinds of remarks about bloomin' amateurs, he said it must all be burnt off and done over again. So we give 'im the jog to do, as I verily b'leeve will take a fortnite, becoss he goes out to 'ave a drink every quarter-hour and stops half an hour every time! (These men, you know! 'Twouldn't do for us women-folk to work like that, wot'd it, now?) 'Owever, seein' as 'ow the landlord wouldn't do that bit of paperin', as I said afore, we decided to do it ourselves. So I makes a great bucketful of paste, with a pound of size in it—and I will say the smell was a real good size one, about 42, I should think! Podsons came in from next dore to ask if there was anything the matter with the drains; but, of coorse, as I explained to Mrs. P., it were only the size cookin'!

So Amos 'ad some soddy-water, and we scraped down the walls of the kitchen with potato-knives, for want of anything better. Then Amos got a strip of the wall paper on the floor, and we pored the paste and size and stuff on it and swopped it 2 and fro with a dust-pan brush!

The job was to get it hup on the wall, 'owever, becoss when Amos went up the steps and pulled the ends up, he got it turned inside out and every way 'ceps the rite one, ontill at last, in a fit of desperation, he gave a mitey great tug to the paper, as were caught somewheres, and, SWOSH, over he went, steps and all, right into the bucket of paste!

That paste were well made, that I will say, for it took me hours to get it out of Amos's garimints, wich were fairly glued to 'is system, besides wich, the paper were tored so bad it couldn't be used agen! So Jim Matthews 'ad to come to the rescue here, too, and finish up the job! I wish we'd never begun!

As was all of a piece with Amos's speeshul idea for sweepin' the kitchen chimbley, as he said he'd 'eard were "much better to fire a gun up it than to 'ave the sweep in, and cost a lot less!" So, jest to complete this 'ere spring cleanin' job to a niceety, he borrows a shot-gun, and fires away both barreyls up the chimbley, jest as I 'ad a bit of bacon fryin' on the 'ob, as brought down sich a havalanche of bricks and mortar and old swallers' nests, not to speak of about 2 hundredweight of sut, that I 'ad to dig that there bacon and fryin'-pan out of the rubbish 'eaps with a spade, and looked for all the world like High-street wile the tramlines is goin' down!

Yes, I can't see as I agrees with spring cleanin's, wich, like they there tramlines it'll be very nice when it's all over and put straight again; but I don't b'leeve the apostle Job 'ad to do with either spring cleanin's or layin' down tramlines, or else he'd 'ave lost 'is temper and said things as he didn't oughter to. Besides wich, I don't consider as "every man his own house painter and decorator" answers; leastways it don't with Amos; but he never does a thing but wot he puts his foot into it, same as he did with the bucket of paste. But, there, you can't blame 'im, becoss, after all, he's only a man, and not like pore Jenkins, as was my first, even at that, as was rather good at fretwork and hodd jobs, and used to come down reg'lar and lit the range of a

mornin' for me, not to speak of bringin' up a nice 'ot cup of tea, as is remarkable refreshin' when you gets up. But, there! men isn't wot they wos, is they, now? SELINA JENKINS.

### ALCOHOL FOR MARINE MOTORS.

Rightly or wrongly (says "The Autocar"), the recent explosion on board the submarine will be put down to petrol. Possibly the true cause may never be positively ascertained, but whether it be ascertained or not, there is no question whatever that petrol is not a satisfactory fuel for marine work. It is not safe, and while it is perfectly true that the advantages to be derived from its employment may more than counterbalance its dangers, the fact remains that a fuel such as alcohol would be much safer for use in submarines. Alcohol does not give off vapour nearly so readily as petrol, and the vapour given off by it is much less inflammable than that which comes from petrol. Not only so, alcohol is miscible with water, and when diluted to the extent of fifty per cent. it will not burn. On the other hand, water cannot be used to quench petrol, because the burning fuel floats upon it and does not mix with it. Therefore, the attention of the naval authorities should be given to the matter, and they in their turn should bring influence to bear on the Government Department which is responsible for the present excise regulations, which to all intents and purposes make alcohol fuel an impossibility.

### SIGN-POSTS.

The sign-post system of this country (says "The Autocar") needs revision. I will not say the system is rotten, although a proportion of the posts themselves are. I will content myself with saying that there is certainly room for a great deal of improvement. I have been lost myself three times during the last few days between Whitchurch and Nantwich, York and Doncaster, and between Edinburgh and Perth, all for want of a sensible system of sign-posts instead of the present anachronisms. The traveller will arrive at a turning down which the sign-post asserts he will discover the town he desires to arrive at. He will follow this direction, and will presently arrive at a circus where five roads meet, with a sign-post there, sure enough. On it there will be five arms pointing respectively down each road, and not one of them with the name of the town itself, but of some intervening village. The remedy here is obvious. Even during the day it is hard enough to discover one's whereabouts on arriving at a village or town, especially when travelling in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, or the North of England, owing to the dialect and to one's own English being misunderstood. What should be immediately installed in every village, town, and city is a nameboard with the name of the place written in big black letters on a white ground, and the board should be erected near a lamp-post, so that day or night it might be conspicuous.



The Musician and the Monkey.



**CHELTENHAM FINE ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.**

**THE POOR MAN'S FLOWER.**

Nowadays many of us are, unfortunately, forced to take into consideration the question of cost in our gardening operations, as well as other things, and the sweet pea scores, as usual, for superior returns can be secured at a smaller initial outlay and subsequent cost than with any other flowering plant that can be said to have any serious claims upon us. The time and manner of sowing vary considerably, the simplest method being to sow the seeds directly into the borders where the plants are to flower. Nothing can be brought against this system, provided the soil is thoroughly prepared by mechanical working and generous manuring beforehand.—"The Garden."

\*

**A CANARD.**

Somebody in France has been looking up the origin of the word "canard," now practically naturalised in this country to express an untruthful rumour. He has discovered, or believes he has discovered, that it originated in Havre. An inhabitant in that city once upon a time related his experiences in duck-keeping. He started with twenty ducks, but owing to a reverse of fortune became in a short time unable to buy food for them. Being, however, a man of resource, he killed one of them, cut it up into small pieces, and fed the others therewith. A few days later, being still no better off, he repeated the process, and the ducks continued to flourish in this cannibalistic way until only one of them was left. This story was swallowed as greedily in Havre as had been the nineteen ducks by each other and the survivor, with the result that the narrator obtained a handsome price for a duck which he produced as being the miraculous bird in question. The derivation does not sound particularly probable. Does any reader know a better?—"T.P.'s Weekly."

**AMERICA'S FRENZIED DEVOTION TO WORK.**

It is difficult, says the "Magazine of Commerce," to convey to any person who has not travelled in the United States how universal is this attitude which bids the men and the women to be up and doing. It matters not whether an investigation be conducted in the East, in the Middle States, or in the West, the result will be found to be the same. Only in the South is there any disposition to "take things easily," and even here a change in the direction of increased industrial activity is to be observed. It is beside the point for the English business man to question the ethics of this industrial ferocity, for this, indeed, is what the positive monomania for business amounts to. It matters little that American men are, of a truth, old at forty, too often nervous wrecks, who could and they would preach a tale of wiser living. Nobody would listen to such a sermon; energy is the fashion; to get rich quickly is the fashion; the dollar is the god. The superior person may profess to regard this picture with horror, and he may as well derive all the consolation he can from that attitude. But to the business world the situation that is created by the frenzied devotion of the American people to business pursuits is not one that calls for any form of polite astonishment. Approval or disapproval matters not a jot; it will not affect for a single moment, it will not induce the United States and its people to swerve one hair's breadth from their march to the position of the wealthiest, and therefore the most potent, people in the world.

\*

If "Time is money," be careful how you spend it. You can waste hours just as you waste money or you can invest your time so that it will bring you good returns.

**THE PACEMAKER OF THE INDUSTRIAL RACE.**

The United States, so enormously powerful, so tremendously wealthy, so indomitable in its energy, is the pacemaker of the industrial race of the nations. Let that simple fact be remembered. Either the pace set by the United States must be maintained by Great Britain, or Great Britain loses her place. And to maintain our position alone demands not only the best efforts of Englishmen in England, it demands the temporary expatriation of thousands—thousands, not hundreds—of our best young Englishmen, and the absolute welding together of the mighty Imperial fabric. We have the foundations of the building laid out and the material to hand, but the cement, which can only be provided by much closer commercial relationship than now exists, is lacking. We need a wider patriotism of Empire; we need revival meetings, not conducted by hysterical evangelists, but by sane men who will point the way for our Imperial progress, which is only to be accomplished through and by the adequate development of the vast territories we have inherited from the prowess of our forbears. That development is lacking to-day. The only hope for England is her colonies; that is one of the chief morals to be derived from a study of American progress.—"Magazine of Commerce."

\*

If you fail to find yourself a little wiser at the close of each day, then you are losing ground.

He who thinks he knows enough, knows very little, and has poor prospects for ever knowing much more.

As beauty lives with kindness, so does success live with honesty and health with energy—keep busy and keep on the right path.



**EAST GLOUCESTERSHIRE HOCKEY CLUB.**

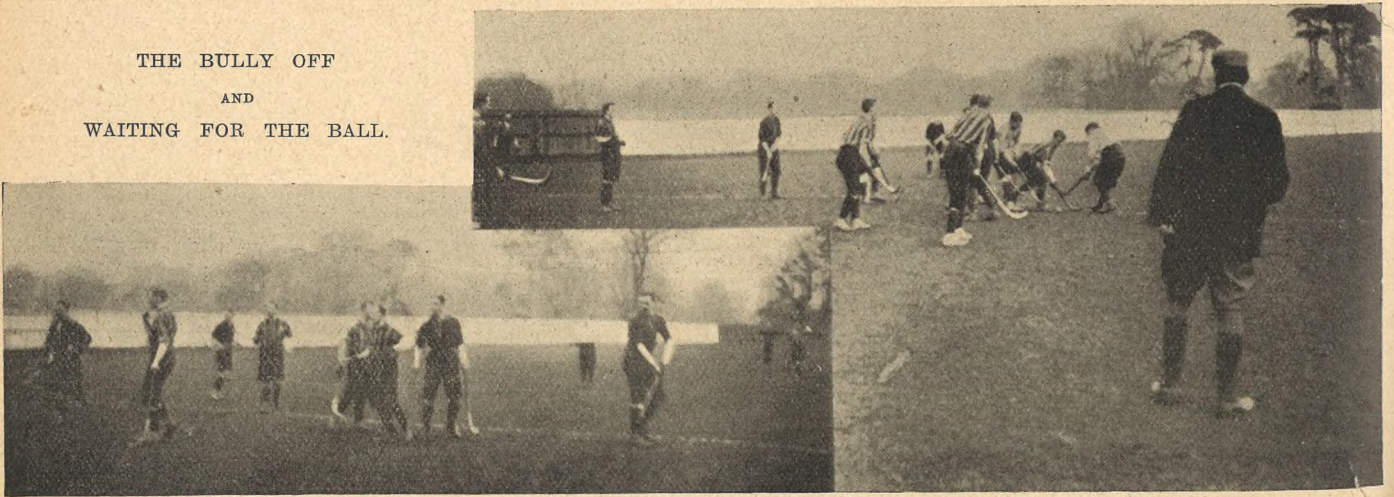
TEAM AGAINST ORIENTALS (BIRMINGHAM), SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1905.

East Gloucestershire won by 2 goals (Collett and Cheales) to 1.

Top row:—G. F. Collett, R. E. Marshall, G. W. Parker, A. W. R. Cheales (hon. sec.), Rev. F. Langford James, C. Deakin.

Bottom row:—W. N. Weech, A. S. Page, H. V. Page (captain), Rev. F. Stephenson, K. Tillard.

THE BULLY OFF  
AND  
WAITING FOR THE BALL.





**CHELTENHAM DOG SHOW.**

- 1.—Lady Combing her Pet's Hair.
- 2.—Judging Old English Sheep Dogs.
- 3.—Three Handsome St. Bernards.
- 4.—Attending to his Dog's Toilet.

- 5.—Judging St. Bernards.
- 6.—Pretty Schipperkes—Owners Awaiting Awards.
- 7.—Ladies and Borzoi.
- 8.—Terriers before the Judges.

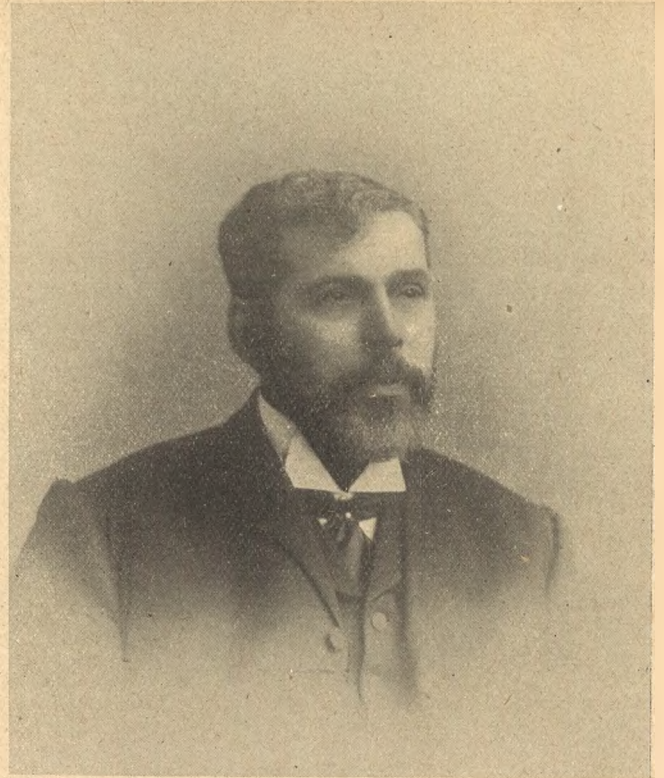
- 9.—Best Collie in Show (Squire of Tyton).
- 10.—Mr. W. Kostin and his First Prize Winner St. Bernard Bitch Rawnsley Ken.
- 11.—One of the Wolf Hounds.



**THE LATE GEN. BELL, OF CHELTENHAM**

(From a picture by Mr. J. Rushton in Cheltenham Fine Art Exhibition, of which the General was a patron, and at which he was occasionally an exhibitor).

General Bell was the son of W. Gillison Bell, Esq., of Melling Hall, Lanca-shire, J.P. and D.L. for the county. After thirty years with his regiment, he had command of a regimental district, and on retiring came to reside in Cheltenham, where he led a useful life, being connected with the management of the Training Colleges, etc. After some years in Cheltenham he went abroad, and died at Florence in 1900.



**DR. JOHN CAMPBELL**

RETIRING MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH FOR GLOUCESTER,

A POSITION HE HAS HELD FOR ABOUT SIXTEEN YEARS.

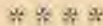


**Gloucestershire Gossip.**



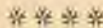
Having from its inception taken a lively interest in the Cheltenham—Honeybourne Railway, which will be 21½ miles long, I am glad to find that its construction is still being pushed forward rapidly. Traffic is in full swing on the three sections opened, and Honeybourne is a station from whence a traveller can readily return. The contract for the railway through Cheltenham is expected to be shortly let, as the G.W.R. Co. have cleared the way by the removal of the remains in some 400 graves across which the line will run in the Old Cemetery, and by obtaining the sanction of the Local Government Board to the demolition of 25 old houses in Whitehart-street, consequent on a similar number of new ones in Alstone-avenue now being ready for occupation. It will be interesting to watch whether the dispossessed tenants move into the better houses, or whether the increased rents will be a bar to them. From published statistics, I see that there are 20 bridges under and 14 over the line between Honeybourne and Winchcombe, and there are also 37 culverts. The viaduct across Stanway Grounds, rendered specially memorable by the disastrous accident to it in November, 1903, is some 50 feet high, and consists of fifteen 36-feet spans of brickwork. House accommodation being scarce, it has accordingly been decided to erect three houses for the railway staff at Bretforton and Weston-sub-Edge, Broadway, and Winchcombe stations, and five at Toddington. The general run of the work between Honeybourne and Broadway was very light, the total excavation amounting to only 200,000 cubic yards of earth; between the latter place and Winchcombe, however, 637,800 cubic yards were dealt with; while from Winchcombe to the outskirts of Cheltenham it will be of a heavy charac-

ter, the total excavation running into about 911,600 cubic yards. The three sets of figures given represent the shifting of some two and a half million tons of "Mother Earth." There will be two stations on the last length of line, namely, at Gotherington and Bishop's Cleeve, but with the exception of the two tunnels of 693 yards and 97 yards long respectively, there will be no structures of special importance.



Musicians are not always the embodiment of harmony personally, but I hesitate to include in this category the company of bellringers who have been in the habit, up to about two months ago, of causing the peal in Chosen Church to regularly send down its melodious sweetness upon the dwellers in the valley. Still, a strange, solemn silence has prevailed there of late, and from what I can gather as to the cause, it is not owing to any discordant notes among the ringers themselves, as they are "pulling together," or to the bells being out of order. I am perforce tempted to appeal thus:—

"Ye bells of Chosen, with tongues now frozen,  
Melt, and tell us what ails the bell-house."



Talking of mute music reminds me that the last for the season of the free musical recitals given every alternate Thursday in Gloucester Cathedral came to an end on March 2nd. Collections towards the expenses (which the Dean announced were very heavy) were taken at the last two recitals, and realised the unsatisfactory amounts, having regard to the large congregations present, of £10 13s. 9d. and £13 13s. 2d. respectively. The latter sum represents 3278 pence, and as there were 1885 coins counted in the collection the average contribution of those persons

who gave does not work out at twopence. I hear that the bags and their contents were not received on a plate by the clergyman, but were deposited by the stewards in a brown leather Gladstone bag standing on a chair beneath the organ screen. A little incongruous, no doubt, but it is a pity that an eminently business-like arrangement did not meet with its due reward in a "bag" sufficient to meet expenses being forthcoming.



The appointment of Dr. Gibson to the Bishopric of Gloucester seems an eminently satisfactory one. It was not unexpected, for on November 5th last I wrote in this column—when the vacancy was first foreshadowed:—"For a long time past the name of Dr. Gibson, vicar of Leeds, has been freely mentioned for any vacant bishopric, and it would not surprise me if he gets the Gloucester one." It is a truism in certain Church circles that "the vicarage of Leeds leads on to the episcopacy." I see it stated that Dr. Gibson once remarked, "My friends say that all my life I have been a shuttlecock between the two places. It has been Wells—Leeds—Wells, backwards and forwards." Now he will be settled a little more than half-way between the two places.  
GLENER.

Mr. H. T. Darling, for long known as the "father" of ushers at the Law Courts, has just retired.



Early on Monday the new Cunard liner Caronia arrived in New York. Reuter states that her average speed on this, her maiden, voyage across the Atlantic was 16.13 knots. Mr. F. T. Miles, a British saloon passenger, died during the voyage from heart failure.



**CHELTENHAM TRAMWAY EXTENSIONS.**

CROSS-OVER AT INTERSECTION OF HIGH-STREET BY CLARENCE-STREET AND NORTH-STREET



**FIRE AT MALTHOUSE FARM, BIRDLIP (Capt. Craddock's),**  
MARCH 1, 1905.



COMIC FOOTBALL MATCH AT ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE (Tuesday, March 7th, 1905).  
MUFFS v. DUFFS.



**PROMINENT PASSIVE RESISTERS**

AT SALE OF DISTRAINED GOODS IN CHELTENHAM, MARCH 3, 1905.



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

**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 119th prize has been awarded to Mr. Frank Harris, 54 Stratton-road, Gloucester, for his report of a sermon preached by Dr. Jones at Lydney Baptist Church.

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

**FRAUDULENT ADVERTISEMENTS.**

The melancholy collapse of the so-called "Pension Fund for Widows," which was announced by a certain firm of tea-dealers, is an event calculated to direct serious attention to a blot in our system of public education—a blot which was long ago described by Faraday, and which has only become more conspicuous since he spoke. There is no education of the judgment, and one consequence is that the increasing number of people who are able to read serves only to increase the number who are ready to be the dupes of advertisements. Any statement which is displayed on highly-coloured posters, however improbable or untrue, is practically certain to be so far believed by large numbers of people as to induce them to spend their often hard-earned money in commodities which are either worthless or at least not worth the prices demanded for them. Systematic robbery of the poor is carried on in this way chiefly by the descriptions of various preparations which are supposed to be of high nutritive value, and which, too often, take the place of wholesome food. It has often been found, on trial, that the law was quite capable of dealing with new varieties of fraud if only its provisions were fairly enforced; and we cannot but think in relation to many of the advertisements of food preparations that a prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences might be successfully conducted. If no conviction under the statutes dealing with this offence could be obtained, the evidence adduced would surely be sufficient to convince the public of the necessity for an amendment of the law. As regards the wage-earning classes, we believe the question to be one of urgent importance in relation to the feeding of children as well as of adults; the combination of a power to read falsehoods with a complete ignorance of cookery being the bane of large numbers of mothers of the working classes. For victims of this description we have only pity; and if in other cases the same sentiment would be out of place, it is none the less to be regretted that successful dishonesty should be permitted to flourish unchecked.—"The Hospital."



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 220.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Charles Maccona's principal Company in  
"THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

NEXT WEEK:

(FIRST TIME IN CHELTENHAM)

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

### THE USEFUL OSIER.

The first harvest of the year is the cutting of the osiers, and that is now completed on most osier plots. In the Thames Valley the work is generally finished by February, or at latest by the end of that month. What the bamboo is to the inhabitants of the Far East, that the osier is, to some extent, to English needs. It is not stiff enough for a light pole, in the various senses in which a bamboo is used, and it is not hollow, and so available as a pipe or a water-jar. But for all such articles as chairs, seats, baskets of every kind, from that which takes out the washing to the smallest cray-fish traps, basket holders in motor-cars, and waste-paper baskets, the light, strong, and useful osier holds its own. Basket-work pony-traps are now things of the past, though once much in favour; but there is a great demand for crates made out of the largest-sized willows in the Potteries, these being very well suited for the transport of chinaware packed in straw.—"Country Life."

### COMMERCE AND ETHICS.

A great deal has been said on the subject of illicit commissions and commercial ethics generally. Apparently so-called commercial morality and rottenness permeates the whole business atmosphere, and runs through every aspect of professional and commercial life; but the hapless trader and some professional men who adhere to a well-known custom are to be held up to public contempt and brought within the meshes of the law, whilst the respectable banker and unscrupulous advertiser is to continue a paragon of virtue—an example of enterprising pushfulness and smirking self-satisfaction. The much-sought-after leader of the Bar, legislation or no legislation, is still to draw the fee which his junior who attends to the case earns. The specialist will take twelve guineas for six consultations, when two guineas for one was all the patient needed. The general practitioner will revel in every minute detail relating to our vagarious climate at a fee of five shillings for five minutes, or a shilling a minute, until the patient finds out that he is not and never was ill. If we legislate on the subject of commercial ethics (and legislation is badly wanted) let us do it with our eyes open, and fully recognise that the profit-sharing professional man, the business man who pays or receives secret commissions, the unscrupulous advertiser, and the grasping banker, the leader at the Bar, the specialist, and the general practitioner, are very much on the same ethical level.—"Magazine of Commerce."



MR. R. WALTER ESSEX,

LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR CIRENCESTER (EAST GLOUCESTER) DIVISION.

### CARRIED EVERYTHING BEFORE HIM.

Writing of "Walking Encyclopædias" in the "Windsor Magazine," Mr. Harry Furniss says: "To every rule there are exceptions, and one brilliant exception to this statement is to be seen in Mr. John Fletcher Moulton, K.C., M.P., who started on his career as two encyclopædias rolled into one; he is Senior Wrangler and the most money-making member of the Bar. Perhaps I ought to say that he led a double existence from the first—one half of it in Cambridge and the other in London. He was carrying everything before him in Cambridge University, while at the

same time he was doing the same thing at London University. There was no restraining him. It is said that when he became Senior Wrangler, his marks above those necessary would have been sufficient to give him a second Wranglership. It is a notorious fact that few Senior Wranglers have done much in after life; but here is a sort of double Senior Wrangler who has risen to the most remunerative practice at the Bar. Law is only an outlet for his knowledge, or a part of it. He has been decorated in Paris with the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his expert knowledge in science, and he is a Fellow of the Royal Society on the same grounds. He is a tremendous worker—oft times sitting up half the night."

## Selina Jenkins Letters.

### THE POLITICAL CANDIDATES.

I don't 'old with polaticks, not meself, as only leads to ill-feelin' and backbitin' and drunk and disorderlies, and as fer servin' any useful purposes, if it does I dunno that I've ever noticed it, not meself. But there—the men must 'ave somethink to quarrel about, or else they wouldn't never be 'appy, wich I knows Amos ain't never in so good a temper as when 'e's reg'lar put out by somebody a-contradickin' of im, as gives 'im the chance of a nice bit of argyment, bein', 'e says, one of the most cheapest forms of amusemēt ever invented, and a lot more helevatin' than drink or gamblin'! Well! I 'as me doubt about that, becos, of course, if you be all your time quarrellin' with folks, you ain't got no chance to love yer enemies and sich like (as is considered to be the rite thing), not unless you gets up in the nite and does it.

But I s'pose there's one thing as we shall all agree on, even in polaticks, and that is that there must be a candidate each side to stand up and make remarks about the other people.

Amos is a bit of a sort of a Unionist-Primrose-Imperial-Tariff-Reform individual, wich considers a Parliamentary candidate oughtn't to think of tryin' for the situation unless 'e've gave a Recreation Ground and a lot of 'andsome superscriptions to the town in advance, jest to show there's no ill-feelin'. When we was talkin' it over 'e says to me, "Selina," says 'e, "I don't 'old with these 'ere carpet-bagger trippers comin' 'ere and tryin' to get people to vote for 'em; 'cos for why? I beleeves in supportin' 'ome industries, sich as the brewin' trade and the Primrose League, as is a site more to the pint than London County Councils! Why, jest fancy, the cheek of tryin' to make out as the London County Council's a more important undertakin' than the Original Brewery, as everybody knows is the mainstay of the town; and if 'twere taken away or anythink, why there wouldn't be enuff respectableness left in the town to fill more than half of the churches and chapels there is now 'ere, wich is mostly supported by people as 'toils not, neither do they spin,' but they 'as shares in the Brewery Company!"

"But look 'ere, Amos," says I, "do you mean to tell me that the best man for our M.P. is bound to be the one as owns a brewery 'ere, and is kind to 'is fellow-townsmen, like? Don't it stand to reason that the best man is the best, whether 'e's the local man or the carpet-bagger, as you calls 'im?"

"Sich nonsense as I never 'eard," says Amos; "the respected 'ead of our Brewery and other religious and mercantile constitutions 'as been the M.P. for Cheltenham fer so long ('eeps when we appointed Mister Colonel Russell to act as 'is deputy for a bit) that I considers as 'e knows all about the work, and if 'twas me I should 'all upon all good Liberals to vote for 'im, becos—well—becos I considers they ought to, out of sheer gratitude to 'im for the past services 'e ave rendered!"

"But, Amos," says I, "wot services 'ave 'e rendered? I know 'e's a very quiet and well-meanin' sort of gent, with jest a sort of a tendency to make fun of them silly people as don't agree with 'im, but I don't remember as 'e've ever made a speech in the 'Ouses of Parleyment!"

"Of course not," says Amos, "and a very good thing, too. Wot's the good of speeches, I should like to know? Mr. Agg-Gardner's a gentleman as can 'old 'is tongue with the best of 'em; not like these 'ere Winsting Churchills, and Lloyd-Georges, and Lord U. Cecils, as is always 'yap, yap' about somethink in general and nothink in pertikler. I don't agree with so much talk, and it's my hapynion that it's our bounden dooty to re-elect Mr. Agg-Gardner to Parleyment, if it's only on the grounds of 'is lookin' so well on the benches, as must be a very 'andsome site to see 'im a-settin' up there with Mr. Balfore and Chamberling, and the other great leaders of the Conservative party."

"Yes; but look 'ere, Amos," says I, "wot is it they finds fault with in Mr. Sears so much for, becos if 'e do carry a carpet-bag, with a brush and comb and shavin' materials in it, as I never 'avent seen 'im bring on to a public platform wotever, not meself—I say, if 'e do carry a carpet-bag, wot difference do that make to 'is abilities as a Member of Parleyment?"

"You misses the pint, Selina," says 'e; "you see Cheltenham is a *Conservative* place, and no Liberal ought to ever 'ave the outdacious im-

perence to allow 'imself to be nominated for 'ere, let alone to actooally put up fer the place! Why, it's jest so bad as a or'nary Baptist or Methody teacher puttin' up for the post of a head-teacher in one of the schools as we've took over from the Church of England, as is preposterous to *think* of sich a thing. Fancy! jest a common or'nary Bepstist bein' 'ead of a Helementary school, wich 'ad been bilt by Church-people afore it were 'anded over to the Education Committee; and yet there's they as considers the Education Act's rather 'ard on the teachers! But, as I were a-sayin', I never 'eard sich a thing in me life as fer a Liberal-Radical to put 'imself up for M.P. fer a respectable place like Cheltenham, where there 'aint no call fer workin' men, and Free Food, and Labour parties, and so 4th, with their new-fangled hideas about the brotherhood of man and Passive Resistance. Besides—"

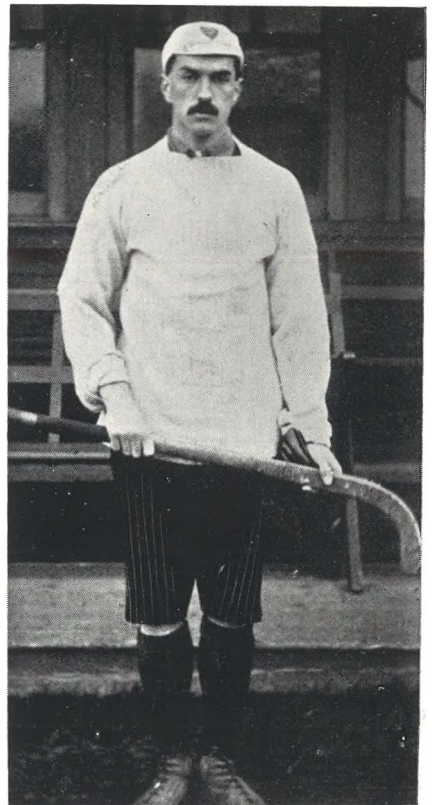
"Amos," says I, "don't say no more! you irritates me! You mark my words, I may be a woman-folk, but I knows this very well, carpet-bag or no carpet-bag, the man as we wants is the one as will vote fer justice and peace, and economy, in the 'Ouse of Commons. As fer your local associations, whether they be Primrose Leagues, or Breweries, or Public-'ouses—I don't consider they be a hatom of consequence one way or the other, and if I 'ad my way both candidates should be obliged to come from a distance, so as there wouldn't be no favouritism and no puttin' personal friendships afore the public good. I don't see wot superscriptions to cricket clubs and the like 'ave to do with a man's capabilities to vote on Chinese labour; all the same, I do see wot the owner of a brewery will think when a Licensin' Bill comes along, as it jest 'as done. So, if you b'leeve me, the best thing is to jest brush away all personal ideas and little local Cheltenham considerations, and jest go fer the man as will vote straight in Parleyment. I knows wich I thinks would do this; 'owever, not wild 'osses wouldn't make me say no more, wich, as Mr. Parsonage said a bit back at a Council meeting—

'Speech is silence and  
Silver is golden.'

In other words, 'Least said, soonest mended!'"  
SELINA JENKINS.

### THE REAL CAUSE OF THE RURAL EXODUS.

Such being the explanation given, we see many most estimable efforts to exorcise the demon of dulness made by men and women who fondly hope that, if they succeed, the countrymen will stay in their native villages, will breathe sweet air unfouled by smoke, will sleep in daintily clean rooms with "open jasmine-muffled lattices" (as a matter of fact a rustic would sooner die at once than sleep in a room with the window open), and will develop, with the help of the country's boundless store of nourishing food, the physical health and strength which are sadly to seek in the rising generation. So village clubs are organised, and the gentry devise concerts and theatricals in the village school, and the curate (the "leg-break curate" of the familiar story, and a very useful member of society he is) busies himself with his cricket club, and so on. Heaven forbid that I should say a single word to discourage any such endeavours to make life in the villages a trifle less dreary, or that I should deny their operation for good so far as they go. But the fact remains that the exodus continues, and it continues because dulness is but a part of the evil to be contended against, is, in truth, in far too many parts of rural England, the direct consequence of a disease which is always present to the mind of the patient except when kindly sleep knits up his ravelled sleeve. The plain and terrible truth of the matter is that, in districts far wider and more numerous than the kind dwellers in towns and casual visitors to our pretty villages can be expected to realise, the agricultural labourer, his wife, and his children are half-starved from the beginning to the end of life. Men do not earn anything approaching to a living wage, and that is why the best of them flock to the towns, many of them to be no more seen, and why the clubs and the concerts and the theatricals and all the paraphernalia of healthy gaiety fail to produce all the desired effect. Panem et Circenses was an intelligible cry; Circenses sine pane are an unintentional mockery and a failure. That is the hard and lamentable fact, and it is well that it should be known, since the wisest of physicians cannot prescribe effectually for the body politic, or for the physical body, until the disease has been diagnosed with precision.—"Cornhill Magazine."



A. W. R. CHEALES,

A well-known East Gloucestershire hockey player, who has on many occasions played for Gloucestershire, and who during the present season gained his Western Counties cap, an honour not previously secured by an East Gloucester player.

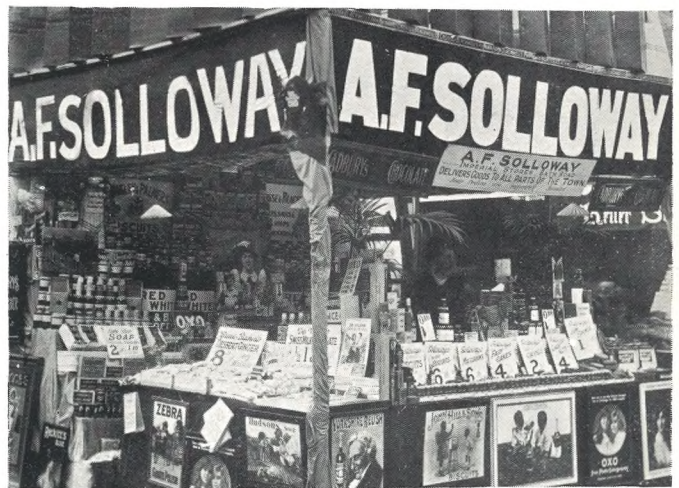


MRS RICH'S PRIZE TERRIER  
"CHECKMATE OF NOTTS."

Winner in Local Class for Wire-Haired Fox Terriers and of the Boyce Challenge Cup and Commemorative Medal at Cheltenham Show on March 8th, 1905; also 2nd in Local Variety Class and 3rd in Other Variety Class.

### WORK.

The comforter of sorrow and of care;  
The shortener of way prolonged and rude;  
The lightener of burden hard to bear;  
The best companion 'mid the solitude;  
The draft that soothes the mind and calms the brain;  
The miracle that lifts despair's thick murk;  
When other friends would solace bring, in vain,  
Thank God for work!  
EDWIN L. SABIN, in "Munsey."



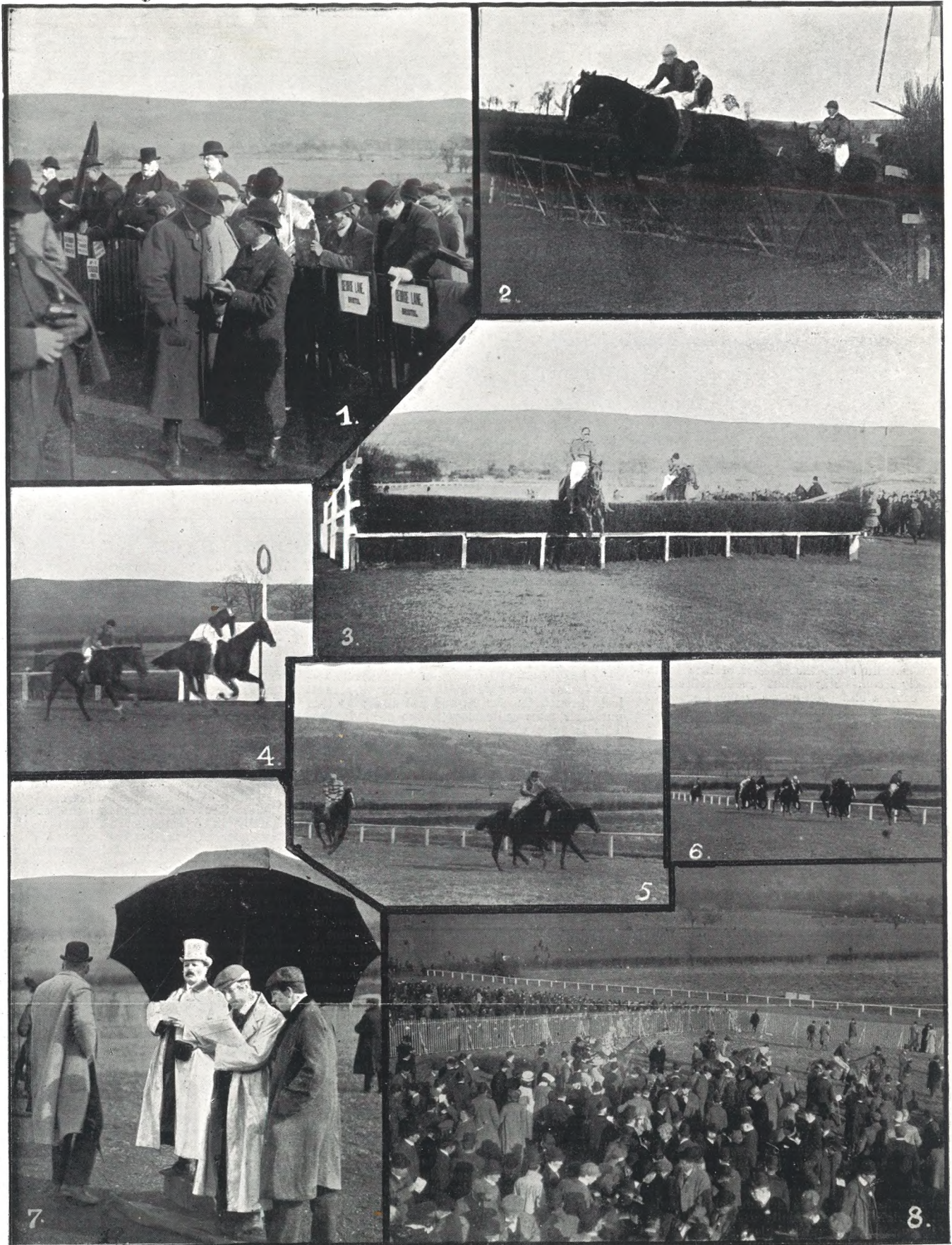
CHELTENHAM TRADES EXHIBITION AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STALLS.



**NATIONAL HUNT AND CHELTENHAM STEEPLECHASES.**

- 1.—Mr. C. Castle selling at close of Selling Race.
- 2.—The Fringe of the Crowd in the Paddock.
- 3.—Earl Coventry (right) and Mr. Fane Gladwin having a chat.
- 4.—Two Well-known Sportsmen.
- 5.—The Hon. Auctioneer (Mr. C. C. Castle).
- 6.—Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner (left), Mr. O. J. Williams, and Mr. W. H. Lamb.
- 7.—Finish of Cheltenham Handicap Steeplechase.
- 8.—Mr. Frank Burroughs makes a note.
- 9.—Owners and trainers. Mr. Holman in centre. Mr. Sachs (representative of the "Field") on left.
- 10.—Over the water in the National Hunt Race.
- 11.—Inside and Outside the Paddock.
- 12.—Sir Frederick Carrington.
- 13.—Dr. A. A. Dighton and Mr. C. Craaddock.



**NATIONAL HUNT AND CHELTENHAM STEEPLECHASES.**

- |   |  |                        |
|---|--|------------------------|
| 1.—Bookies in the Paddock.  | 4.—Mr. J. T. Rogers wins on Oasis.   | 7.—More Bookies.       |
| 2.—The last hurdle in second race (first day), Energetic leading. | 5.—Glenhurst and Lovely struggling for top honours in the first race of the meeting. | 8.—Paddock and Course. |
| 3.—National Hunt Steeplechase—Miss Clifden II. taking last fence. | 6.—The race for the Cotswold Maiden Hurdle (first day).                              |                        |



**HALFPENNY MEALS FOR GLOUCESTER UNEMPLOYED.**

MR. E. J. C. PALMER AND STAFF OF VOLUNTARY WORKERS.

**Petrol and Pictures.**

[By "ARIEL."]

**RE-BLACKING LENS TUBES.**

With continual use the interior of lens tubes frequently becomes bright, thus causing reflections in the camera and spoiling every plate exposed. This is, to say the least, very annoying. There is, however, no need to send the camera to the makers. The lens tubes can be very easily re-blacked at home with the help of a few easily obtained materials. These include lamp-black, turpentine, and size. Mix these articles into a thick paste, which can then be applied with a brush.

**A TROUBLESOME TRIFLE.**

I well remember when first taking up the pastime of photography many years ago, being troubled for a time with a most annoying defect which appeared to be in the camera. Part of the picture on each side of the plate was cut off time after time till I discovered what was the matter. The camera was a half-plate one with double extension bellows body. Doing ordinary landscape work only, one extension of the bellows was used. The other part at the back was not moved, and consequently frequently cut off the two sides of the plate form the action of the lens. This may seem to practised photographers a very trifling thing. Of course it was, but I did not think so at the time, for half-plates are rather too expensive to keep spoiling. Probably other novices to the gentle art have stumbled upon the same thing.

**How to Focus.**

This may appear to many to be the least difficult of the processes dealt with in photography; but, as in everything else, there is a right and a wrong way to do even this operation. How the tripod stand is placed has a great deal to do with successful focussing. I always make a practice, when setting up the stand, to have one leg in front, and the other two legs one on each side of me. By doing this, plenty of room is secured for focussing. The focussing cloth should be of ample size to effectually exclude all stray rays of light from the ground glass screen. Then the head is placed under the cloth, which should be gathered up close to the chin with one hand so as to exclude all light. The focussing can then be done with the other hand. Here the advantage of having one leg of the tripod stand in front will appear. Should the camera be required to include more foreground, or *vice versa*, it is a very simple matter to move the front leg forward or backward. There is thus no need

to touch the rising front. The focussing should be done with the largest stop in the camera to get the picture on the screen well illuminated, and should be continued until the centre of the image appears quite sharp. Many novices make a serious mistake at this point of the proceedings. They imagine—and I have seen hundreds do it—that to see the image on the screen they must look through the screen, and not at it; so they put their faces quite close to the ground glass. This is quite wrong. To see the picture perfectly, the face should be kept about six inches from the screen. As soon as the centre is sufficiently sharp, smaller stops can be inserted until the image is sharp to the extreme edges of the plate.

**WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD CAMERA.**

An amateur first taking up the pastime of photography, requires some guidance in the choice of his apparatus. Especially is this the case with the camera, whether of the hand or stand variety. So many of the cheap and nasty variety are now on the market, that frequently the amateur buys a nice-looking camera which proves not so good as it looks, and he throws the pastime up in disgust. For the guidance of any intending purchasers I will enumerate the actual essentials of a good camera of the stand variety—for I always strongly advise anyone intending serious work to buy a stand camera. When proficient in this branch the hand camera can be taken up. Many photographers make a mistake over this. In the hand camera all operations look so easy. All you do is to press a button and the manufacturer does the rest! In reality the good hand camera takes some managing. To go back to the essentials of a good stand camera, they are as follow:—

1. The camera should be quite rigid and firm when extended to its full capacity.
2. The camera itself should have a rising and falling front, and a reversing and swing back.
3. The bellows should not taper too much, or part of the picture will sometimes be cut off.

There are rather smaller details, but the ones mentioned are absolutely essential if good work is to be done. Having a camera containing the points mentioned, and a good lens and rigid stand, the amateur can attempt any branch of photography.

**SPARKING PLUGS.**

I consider sparking plugs afford the average motor-cyclist as much fun as anything. They are most puzzling articles sometimes. It is a curious thing that I have tried two expensive mica plugs in my engine, and neither would work. Sometimes a porcelain plug will deceive

an expert at the game. It may spark beautifully when tested out of the engine, and even run the machine well on the level, but directly a stiff incline is tackled, mis-firing sets in, and a weary push follows. The defect in the above case would probably be a very slight crack or flaw in the porcelain, which flaw cannot be seen unless examined very closely indeed.

**A BELT GUARD.**

It is rather surprising that no motor-cycle manufacturer has turned out a really efficient guard for the belt on a belt-driven motor-cycle. In dry weather the belt is a splendid form of transmission—far better than the chain; but when wet weather comes, the belt loses a great deal of its efficiency, becoming covered with mud. Under these circumstances the chain scores heavily in a machine which is used in all weathers. Given, however, a good V belt, and an efficient guard, the belt-transmission would hold its own easily.

**HEREDITARY SUCCESSION.**

"Boys are apt to be imitative in their first ideas of the profession they follow," says "The Schoolboy," in the "Windsor"; "and this instinct of theirs receives the sanction of the hereditary succession that is often secured by law. The son of a king, asked in the nursery what he will be, replies: 'A king,' and the State itself ratifies his choice. The son of a painter, similarly questioned, replies: 'A painter,' because he does not know that in the arts the hereditary principle fails; and that the number of famous artist fathers with famous artist sons, can be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Since the strange case of Fra Fillippo Lippi, no descent of the sort is equally illustrious; though we have Holbein the elder and Holbein the younger, Tiepolo the elder and Tiepolo the younger, to call in minor witness. In modern England, however, Academicians have bred Academicians—past, present, or to come. Leslie has a double entry on the list at Burlington House; so has Richmond; so has Stone. There is a Young Hunter, true to his name; and Mr. W. Frank Calderon is himself the son of an Academic father. In choice of subject there has not been a descent from sire to son. The limner of 'Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face,' and of the so much contested and now name-changed 'Renunciation,' has been succeeded by the artist of 'Coursing' and the 'Cattle Fair.'"

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where."



**GYMNASTIC COMPETITION AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905.**

Top row:—Capt. Hodgson, J. E. G. McConnel, J. F. Edwards, Sergt. White (instructor), Sergt. Barrett, G. C. Sharpe, M. L. Burke, Col. Onslow (judge).  
Bottom row:—R. A. F. Chard, H. F. C. McSwiney, F. H. St. Hill, E. S. Ritter.

**"SACKED" FOR TRYING TO POISON HERSELF.**

It sounds well-nigh incredible that manufacturers of poisons should have to get rid of otherwise good workmen because of an ever-growing morbid tendency on the part of the latter to nibble at the deadly substances they daily handle. Yet such a fact is recorded in "T.A.T." To men who work long in potassium cyanide factories more especially there comes at length a time—not invariably, of course, but frequently—when the sugary, seductive-looking crystals exercise so potent an influence that they (the men) cannot avoid eating them. Immediately this depraved appetite manifests itself, of course, out they have to go. It is hard lines; but better so than a certain and agonising death. Similarly, but in a lesser degree, girls employed in establishments where arsenic is used become addicted to the same fatal habit, and have to be protected against themselves in the same drastic manner. A young woman summarily discharged for this reason recently appealed to the nearest magistrate. Her master had turned her away because she was found to have been in the habit of filching and eating nearly a grain of the poison every day for several months. His worship was incredulous, for the complaining damsel was rosy, rotund, and bright of eye. "Wait until she has been away from her job for a week or so," pleaded the girl's manageress. So the magistrate waited. And, when next the young woman appeared before the court, she was pale, trembling, and emaciated. "The result of going without her daily dose of poison," deposed the doctor; "had she gone on taking it much longer, she would have dropped dead at her work." And now? queried the magistrate. "Oh, now she will soon be perfectly well again." "Go away," said his worship, sternly, to the complainant; "instead of finding fault with your employers for discharging you, you ought to thank them for saving your life."

**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 120th prize has been awarded to Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, for her report of a sermon by the Rev Canon Sutton at St. Matthew's Church, Cheltenham.

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

**PHOTOGRAPHS**

*of Pictures appearing in the "Graphic" may be obtained at the Offices in Clarence Parade, or we can supply Reprints on Special Art Paper or Post-Cards. Prices on application.*

**FAMOUS HOLLY HEDGE.**

The most perfect holly hedge that I have ever seen is that bounding the park at Tyntesfield, the residence of Mr. Antony Gibbs, a few miles from Bristol. Planted on a bank 3 feet high, it extends by the side of the public road nearly two miles. In height it is about 4 feet, with almost perpendicular sides and an evenly-rounded top about 3 feet wide. It is so well furnished that it would be difficult of access at the base for even a rabbit.—"The Garden."

Mr. F. Whaley, Artist and Photographer, 433 High-street, Cheltenham, has again an exceptionally good exhibit at the Trades Exhibition at the Winter Garden. It is very artistically draped in light and dark blue, with a fancy dado of cream lattice work, with creeping evergreens to take away any unsightly lines. The artistic work shown is very high class. There are groups of all kinds, colours, and processes—and we must not omit to mention the New Etchings, of which Mr. Whaley has made a special show. They are indeed very charming, and show what can be done in up-to-date photography. In every way they resemble little engravings. The backgrounds of these pretty pictures are put in after the photos are taken, to suit the subject. Altogether Mr. Whaley's is a charming exhibit, and does the artist great credit.

**WHO GOSSIP MOST—MEN OR WOMEN?**

Speaking of the way in which we are misjudged by men (says "The Bystander"), I might mention that a very favourite fallacy of the masculine mind is the idea that women are the people, and the only people, who "gossip." It would be useless to say that women do not gossip, because no one would believe me; and, indeed, I should not believe myself. But that women are worse, or even such bad gossips as men, is a question which I think might be settled in woman's favour. Half the ill-natured tales spread about the world come from the smoking compartments of railway carriages, or from the dinner-tables after the ladies have left. Moreover, women gossip about comparatively trivial things, such as their acquaintances' little extravagances, or their bad tempers, or their treatment of their servants; while men take away their neighbours' characters wholesale; and frequently make matters worse by asserting that they have heard such and such a thing about such and such a person, but they cannot repeat it, or it is much too bad to tell their wives and sisters.



**EDUCATION COMMITTEE OF GLOUCESTER CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY**

WITH THE NOVELLO SHIELD WON AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE BY THE CHOIR.

Standing.—J. Ratcliffe, G. Hunt, W. H. Morgan (conductor), A. Williams, and W. G. Roberts.

Sitting.—J. H. Bye, R. Warne (President), G. Mundy, and R. J. Templeman (secretary).

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

“Conge d’elire.” This solemn farce will shortly be acted by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Gloucester with closed doors in the grand old building. Advisedly I call this ancient legal proceeding, duly trotted out now in the election of a bishop in place of Dr. Ellicott, a farce, because it is really a case of “Hobson’s choice” with the Cathedral body in electing Dr. Gibson, who is the only one recommended to them by the Sovereign. The late Mr. Monk, M.P. for Gloucester and Chancellor of the Diocese, tried hard, but in vain, to get passed through the House of Commons, a Bill to abolish this absurd anachronism, and I well remember an election cartoon issued about a quarter of a century ago representing the hon. gentleman, with scroll in hand, at the temporary political interment of his colleague, and exclaiming, “I bear him no ill-will. I should like to read my conge d’elire over him, for he kept my seat very warm.” Conge d’elire is evidently a very awesome thing in official eyes, as I understand that the seal affixed to the writs issued in these cases from the Petty Bag Office is as big as a frying-pan. It is interesting to note that the very considerable fees payable to various high and ordinary officials on the several formalities through which Dr. Gibson will have to pass before he becomes *de facto* Bishop will, under the Bishops’ Resignation Act, 1869, be held over for payment by him until after the death of the retiring Bishop or cessation of the pension of £2,000 a year to him out of the salary.

There is a general consensus of opinion that the mantle of Dr. Ellicott will worthily fall on the right shoulders in those of Dr. Gibson. I should like to put one Gloucester writer right, who has written:—“Anticipation will now turn to that interesting spectacle, a Bishop’s enthronisation, which has not been witnessed in Gloucester Cathedral for nearly half a century, the last occasion being the enthronisation of Dr. Thomson (sic), afterwards translated to York.” I would merely cite as matters of fact that Dr. Ellicott, the successor of Dr. Thomson, was enthroned in Bristol Cathedral on May 7th, 1863, and in Gloucester Cathedral on May 9th, and that on the following day he preached in the latter place on behalf of the County Infirmary. The consecration of his lordship had taken place in London on the previous Lady Day. I may mention that Dr. Gibson paid his first visit to Gloucester last Monday, and though I understand he had an invitation to stay at the Palace, the Bishop-Designate preferred to accept the hospitality at Upton St. Leonards Rectory of Archdeacon Scobell, who married one of his cousins. Bishop Ellicott is busy getting ready for removal from the Palace, sending some of his books and papers to the Mission College; and the middle of next month will doubtless see the departure of his lordship and family and household, first for the town house and afterwards for the bungalow at Birchington-on-Sea.

I think that the comparative apathy of the public in regard to the intention of the Great Western Railway Co. to put up a station below Malvern-road Bridge because they cannot arrange acceptable terms with the Corporation for the

acquisition of a portion of the Alstone Baths, so as to bring the Honeybourne line in on a loop into St. James’s-square station, largely arises from its mistaken notion that this “blocking” will prevent the company from putting Cheltenham on a siding for avoidance by fast trains. I see that about the only correspondent to the “Echo” on the matter favours what I think is not very likely to come off, namely a station between the Queen’s-road and Lansdown-road bridges because this would virtually give us a joint G.W.F. and M.R. station, though he falls into the error of quoting that paper as having pointed to the likelihood of the Malvern-road station being for the “through traffic” of the new line. As a matter of fact, the “Echo” plainly stated that the station is to be for the “Honeybourne Railway passenger traffic.” The matter lies in a nutshell: Are Cheltonians content with a scheme which will land Honeybourne line travellers in the town some distance away from its centre? The G.W.R. Co. could, with or without a loop, run “through traffic” without stopping, but I believe, from conversations with high railway officials, that only fast goods trains between the Midlands and the West and South Wales would be thus served. I cannot see how a fourth station would be a public convenience. Talking of loops reminds me that the Hatherley loop looks as if it will be completed by Easter. For several weeks past I have noticed two or three trains daily discharging ashes, brought from South Wales, to strengthen the embankment. To allay anxiety I can say that this loop will be chiefly used to obviate the necessity of Banbury through trains passing over Lansdown. GLEANER.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 221.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),

#### "MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER."

NEXT WEEK:

#### "SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

#### COMPETITION IN YELLS.

Wales is by no means disposed to bend the knee to America. A recent note dealing with American college "yells" has called down upon me the wrath of an Aberystwyth reader. He declares that the Welsh "yells" are fully up to the Transatlantic level, and forwards a couple of examples. The University of North Wales has a yell something like this: "Bravo, bravissimo, ray, ray, ra-o-rock! Ray-ray-ra-o-rock! Ray-ray-ray-o-rock!" accompanied by a dramatically awe-inspiring wave of the hand. Cardiff has a somewhat similar "yell," while at Aberystwyth the cry is "Hip-hip-hur-aber; hip-hip-hur-aber; hip-hip-hur-Aberystwyth! With a pip and a pang, and a yip and a yang. Yak! Yak!! Yak!!!!" Next, please.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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#### A HETEROGENEOUS ARMY.

"T.P.'s Weekly" says the Russian army to-day is a sufficiently heterogeneous force of conflicting elements; but it is uniform and unanimous compared with the army that invaded Russia under Napoleon, which consisted of 30,000 Westphalians, 40,000 Bavarians, 16,000 Wurtembergers, 3,000 Grand Duchy of Berg, 20,000 Prussians, 30,000 Austrians, 5,000 Badenese, 60,000 Poles, 300,000 Swiss, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, and 20,000 various. What appalling sufferings all these various nationalities, except the French, underwent for a man to whom they owed only the brutal trampling down of their own countries! Here is a hundredfold stronger and stranger case than that which confounds Teufelsdröckh when he describes the thirty cunning craftsmen enlisted and dragged from the English village of Dumdrudge to meet in the South of Spain thirty sunning craftsmen enlisted and dragged from a French Dumdrudge: "Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another. In place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was over unconsciously by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot." But the foreigners in the French army invading Russia died miserably fighting for their worst enemy and against their natural ally!



Photo by Debenham, Clarence-street, Gloucester.

### THE VERY REV. H. D. M. SPENCE-JONES, D.D.

DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

#### POTATOES AND MOTORS.

Dr. Ormondy stated that with an up-to-date plant it would be possible to produce alcohol from potatoes or damaged grain at 9d. per gallon, and that the interests of the Revenue could be guarded by denaturing the spirit the moment it was distilled. It is often said that the introduction of cheap, home-manufactured alcohol for power and lighting purposes in this country would restore prosperity to the farmers. It would be interesting to know, however, the price per ton that could be paid for roughly-grown potatoes with alcohol at 9d. per gallon.—"Country Life."

#### REPAVING AS IT SHOULD BE.

The Westminster City Council have demonstrated the possibility of repaving an important thoroughfare within twenty-four hours. Just before midnight on Saturday work was commenced on Coventry-street, W., and before midnight on Sunday the repaving had been entirely completed. The work involved the pulling up and re-laying of no fewer than 390,000 wood blocks, each pavior laying on the average as many as 1,500 blocks an hour.

Rembrandt's fine etching "The Three Trees" realised £355 at Messrs. Sotheby's on Saturday, a "record" price.

# Selina Jenkins Letters.

## FRAUDS.

When you comes to think of it, there's sich a power of "haves" and "take-ins" about it takes all a body's time to keep up sides with 'em, sich as these 'ere bonuses on tea, and 'cyclopedias, and sewin' machines, 'air restorers, bust producers, fat reducers, and the like.

There was this 'ere Lord Nelson's bonus on tea, wich I consider were a reg'lar catch-penny, as promised to give away a income for life with every pound of tea they sold. The tea was for widders only, and I will say they did get out a lovely pictor-poster, a-showin' a y'ung and 'andsome widdler keepin' the wulf from the front dore with a pound of Nelson's tea! The idea were a splendid one so long as it lasted. Same as John Bisco, as Amos used to know, and opened a grocery shop with a advertisement that he'd give away a side of bacon to the first customer on the day he started; wich, when he comes down in the mornin', there was up'ards of 350 first customers—men, women, and childer—all waitin' on the dore-step, and 'ad to call the p'leece becos of a party 'avin' been shoved through the plate-glass winder; not to mention more than 20 people as said they was first over the threshold goin' to law with John Bisco to get their sides of bacon, as very near ruined him thro' the uproar and confugion it caused, as well as bad blood thro' so many bein' disappointed.

Then there's a good few "haves" in things as tells you 'ow to put away yer money so as it's safe, like as a sort of a co-operative pool as I put a bit into a while back, thro' bein' over-persuaded by a neybor. It were safe enuff, seein' as 'ow to this day I ain't been able to get the money out meself; so I don't s'pose anyone else'll be able to! You see, 'twas wot they calls a gilt-edged investment in gambling circles. You put in ten pound and you got out £1 interest every month—so long as it lasted. The interest were paid reg'lar for one month, and then the 'hole thing went off to Venesueleer or Monte Carolina or somewhere equally bad, includin' my nine pounds, as 'aven't been 'eard of since. "More 'aste, less speed," as Solomon says in his "proverbs"; and I s'pose there really ain't no r'yal short cut to haffluence, unless it's by supplying short wait to the army in the way of 12 ounces of jam to the pound! 'Ow-er, they do say that somebody's got it on 'is mind to prove most conclusively in Panleymunt as it's a site more 'onest to supply short wait jam, becos, of course, there ain't so much risk of the pore soldiers over-eatin' of theirselves with jam if every pound only contains 12 ounces! Amos tells me as he's thinkin', too, of writin' to the "Times" or the "Standard" jest to mention as 'ow very like the jam preservers put up the jam by 'pothecaries measure, same as chemists uses, by mistake, as shows they 'ave been very 'ardly used to be accused of dishonesty, becos we all knows as short wait ain't no sign of dishonesty at all! Leastways, that's wot he says!

But of all the "haves" I knows on, give me the encyclopedia for dowerite "Jeremy Diddlum," as the sayin' is. Amos was 'ad that way terr'ble bad last winter, wich a feller come round to the dore, and (after askin' if I were out, so as to be on the safe side) began to tell up a fine tale to Amos as 'ow he had heard he were of a very hintellectoal turn of mind and could depreciate a 'cyclopedia more than hordinary folk, besides wich it was a dooty he owed to his wife, and cettery, that he should invest in sich a valleyble set of books, as mite be worth £40 a-piece in a few years' time, and therefore was better than a life insurance for puttin' money into; besides wich they was a gold mine of wealth, becos it were only to read hup the harticle on "Useful Ailments," frinstance, and you could start as a doctor rite away (after passin' the usual small examinations), not to mention the hundreds of people as 'ould be only too glad to pay 1s. each to be allowed to consult the 'cyclopedia, sich as husbands wantin' to leave their wives in proper form, passive desisters to know 'ow much the bailiffs could seize, etcettery. Wich the upshot of it was that Amos actooally signed his name on a paper to pay 10 shillings a month for 6 years for they there books, as is now a-fillin' hup the spare room so as you can't get the dore open properly, and me almost afear'd as the j'ists of the flure'll give away with the weight of literatoor. There don't seem to be much short wait in the 'cyclopedia line, wotever. But to think of Amos 'avin' signed on fer all they

books! These men, you know! If I'd been 'ome I'd 'ave soon sent the touter chap rite about face with a flea in his bonnet for 'is pains! Not but wot I weren't 'ad once meself over a sewin' machine, as come round to the back dore with a blarney tale about the mannyfacturers 'avin' decided to let only one lady of speesshull standing and persition in each town 'ave one of their machines at quarter the cost price, and I were the lady selected for Cheltenham, wich I were, so to say, carried away by the flattery, and agreed to 'ave the machine in monthly instalments, as come all to pieces before the 3 months was out, and is now out in the back yard for a flower-pot stand, bein' the only thing it ever were any use for, becos of the hiron legs bein' rather graceful—in whirlligigs and O's and crosses.

Another kind of "have" (otherwise fraud) is they there 'air-washes, and sich-like. Amos saw a advertisement the other day of some stuff as was warranted to make the 'air come up like spring onions after a fall of rain, with a picture on one side of a bald-'eaded individooal with a head like a billiard ball, and on the hother one, supposed to be the same after using, as looked like a reg'lar Paddyrooski, with flowing locks rite down over his shoulders. You must know as Amos's gettin' very anxious about his baldness, wich can't be covered up by no sort of brushin' long ends of 'air acrost it, not now; so he thought he'd try this 'ere stuff, so as to give 'im another crop. So he sends up to the chymist's and orders a bottle, as come to 4s. 6d. of our 'ard-earned cash, and all last week he were upstairs, early and late, a-rubbun' in this stuff for all it were worth, as wasn't very much, so it turned out, becos of the y'ung chap at the chymist's 'avin' mistook the order, and got down a bottle of wot they calls "depility," as is meant to take off the 'air, and not to bring it on. So Amos 'ave lost more than 'alf wot little he had left, and a mark on his scalp same as if I'd been smacking 'im, not to speak of the row he made when he went to the chymist's about it, wich he knocked down a 7s. 6d. bottle of scent w'ile he were argyuing with the y'ung chap about this 'ere "'air reliever," and 'ad to pay for that as well, becos of the chymist sayin' he sent the wrong piece of paper up with the advertisement on it! I don't 'old with all these 'ere things as brings on 'air and shets it off, as if they were Providence Hisself; no more do I 'old with sich "frands" as bust producers, fat removers, old-age healers, and the like, wich most of 'em is so arranged that you've got to spend a small fortin before 'e article begins to work at all. 'Ow-er, as Solomon says, "A fool and his money is soon parted"; and I s'pose they as advertizes these 'things is only follerin' out the Scriptures by helpin' of 'em to part, so we mustn't be too 'ard on 'em.

SELINA JENKINS.

## THE HARVARD "FUSSER."

America has developed some fine, swift, short, and effective expressions of its . . . to atone for the unnecessary length of its . . . vator." The railway train is "the cars," the permanent way is the "track," and the non-alcoholic beverages you take . . . the way are "soft drinks." For the Latin . . . vement" is substituted the I . . . ish "si . . ." and a splendid triumph of bi . . . ty con . . . ith "grip," which is the bag . . . which you carry your . . . t's kit on the "cars." The two people who invented the one a "lift" and the other a "grip" should be one in language and love. From Harvard come many expressions that have become current, just as our Universities have thrown up words that live. A "fusser," for exam . . . To "fuss" a woman is to show a Platonic a . . . ment to her. The Harvard student who is . . . frequently Platonic is caled a "fusser." The . . . l is more successful in saying what it means than the American "transportation," which with us must long retain associations of criminality. In America the word denotes simply travel—from the point of view of the men who organise transit, and the Transportation Club of New York, which has an upper floor of the Manhattan Hotel, is merely a gathering of railway and steamship managers and organisers.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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To appreciate life and to be a useful member of society—work hard at the proper hours and you will then enjoy your pleasure all the more when the time comes for it. "What thou livest—live well."

## CATALOGUING THE DEAD.

After the great battle of the Shaho River, 13,333 Russian corpses were buried by the Japanese. And not only were they buried, but, in the vast majority of cases, they were also identified. This latter was rendered possible (says "T.A.T.") by the little metal ikons—sacred picture images—foun'd on the bodies, and on the back of each of which was stamped the wearer's name, regiment, and commission. Every nation labels its soldiers in one way or another, with a view to just such eventualities. The Russian method is intimat-d above. The Japanese is to issue to each man a tiny alluminium tag, which is worn inside the waist-belt. On this a number which corresponds with his divisional number as inscribed in the roster of his brigade. Our own Tommies, when on active service, are served with small oblong identification cards, which are supposed to be sewn inside the tunics. On each card is recorded the wearer's rank and name, together with his regimental number, the name of his corps, the name and address of his next-of-kin, and various other more or less valuable items of information of a like nature. His regimental number is also stamped or printed upon each, and every article of his accoutrement and clothing, so that, unless his dead body be stripped by the enemy, any mistake in identification should be a matter of impossibility. The German War Office uses what is known as the "recognition plate in triplicate." It is just a little metal disc, about the size of a half-crown, but thinner, and stamped with the soldier's number and corps. Three of these are issued to each soldier, one being sewn inside the collar of the greatcoat, another in the waistband of the trousers, whilst the third is inserted between the leather in the heel of the right boot. Italy adopts a similar plan, but the recognition plate is oblong, instead of being round. Each Austrian soldier wears, wher on active service, a highly ornate little locket, which is fixed by a cord to the button-hole of a special pocket in his trousers. Inside, secure from damp or chance injury, are several little parchment leaves, in form like unto a very miniature book, and on which are inscribed full particulars as to the owner's name, age, date of enlistment, the town or village where his home is, etc.



## THE INDUSTRIAL DEATH-ROLL.

At occasional intervals public attention, as the result of some appalling catastrophe, is directed to the risks which are encountered in the various industries which find occupation and livelihood for the artisan population of the country. In the absence of any such event, it is easy to forget how serious is the loss of life paid as an annual toll by members of the working classes engaged in contributing an essential share in the organisation of the national life. The records of these personal and domestic disasters may be found in the Board of Trade returns, and they form in all truth a melancholy catalogue. It will doubtless come as a surprise to many that during the month of January, in the present year, the accidents officially reported involved no less than 402 deaths. Of these, 37 occurred in connection with railways, 103 in mines and quarries, 73 in workshops and factories, 26 in docks, wharves, etc., whilst 163 deaths were those of seamen. That these are not figures far in excess of the usual level is evident from the fact that the deaths chronicled under the same headings in January, 1901, were 366, and in December of the same year 352—that is, in round numbers, a fatal list of something between 350 and 400 per month. Further, it must be remembered that these figures take no note of non-fatal injuries, which in many cases involve most serious consequences both to the worker and to those dependent on him. Another contribution to the same chapter is made by the cases of poisoning occurring in various industries. Among these in January, 1905, were 40 cases of lead poisoning, two of them attended with fatal results; in the corresponding month of the previous year the cases of lead poisoning numbered 43, and there were also two cases of arsenical poisoning. These figures may well prompt reflection in many directions, and more particularly in regard to the question whether some proportion of these fatalities could not have been prevented. It is the custom to boast of the victories of peace, but, as is the case with the triumphs of war, there is need also to take note of the list of casualties.—The Hospital."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

At long intervals military funerals have occurred in Gloucester, chiefly in late years of Volunteers; but I do not remember the obsequies of a Victoria Cross hero there before those of last Saturday, when posthumous tribute was paid to Henry Hook, who had gained his V.C. for valour when assisting to defend the hospital at Rorke's Drift from the fierce onslaughts of Zulus in January, 1879, and who had died of rapid consumption not long after removing from London and taking up residence in Gloucester, in the vain hope that the benefit of the air of his native county would bring about recovery to him. And the only military funeral I can recall in any way approaching this V.C.'s in impressiveness and in point of numbers of soldiers and Volunteers and the general public who attended was one forty-two years ago almost to the day—the burial in Gloucester Cemetery of Bandmaster Hughes, of the City Rifles, who had died suddenly after playing at a ball given in Cheltenham to celebrate the marriage of the present King and Queen, on March 10th, 1863. Sergt. Hook, however, was buried in the God's acre attached to Churcham Church, a little, quaint edifice standing on a small hill in the parish of which he was a native. It was fitting and very satisfactory that detachments of the deceased's regiments, the old 24th, and the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, in which he subsequently served when a civilian, attended and acted as bearers and pallbearers.



I fancy I can hear now sung the popular patriotic song that followed upon the stirring Isandula and Rorke's Drift engagements in the Zulu War, lines of which were:—

"All honour to the 24th, of glorious renown:  
England, avenge your countrymen,  
And strike the foemen down."

Churcham, to my knowledge, has produced at least five natives who in recent years served their Sovereign and country right well. Curiously enough, all their surnames commence with the initial "H." In addition to the late hero, one of these was an officer who went through the last Afghan campaign, while the others are three brothers, who, being South African colonists, served as Volunteers during the Boer War. And the portraits of four have appeared in the "Graphic." On reference to the files I find also that on September 27th, 1902, the portraits of the "Gloucestershire Victoria Cross Heroes" were given place of honour. These, four in number, were those of the Major-General T. de Courcy Hamilton, J.P., of Cheltenham; Lieut.-Col. P.S. Marling, C.B., of Stroud; Sergt. Hook, of Churcham; and Shoeing-Smith A. E. Ind, R.H.A., of Tetbury. The former gained his Cross for valour in the Crimea, and the three others theirs in various parts of Africa. Considering there are only about two hundred holders of the coveted Cross, this county's proportion of four stands out well, but I contend there should be at least three more placed to its credit in Lieut.-Colonel Henry Lysons (Scottish Rifles), Major Lord Gifford (24th Regiment), and Sergt.-Major J. Champion (8th Hussars, and afterwards of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars). Indeed the names of some other soldiers with Gloucestershire connections as O.C.'s or more remote association could be fairly included, making the percentage, as compared with other counties, very high. It is, however, remarkable that not the name of a member of the Gloucestershire Regiment appears in the present list.



This March has justified its title as the "month of many weathers," but its chief characteristic has been its wetness. In fact, the very necessary rainfall has considerably exceeded the average of the past forty years. The nearly four inches of rain that fell between February 25th and March 15th made their mark appreciably in the depleted reservoirs for Cheltenham and Gloucester at Dowdeswell and Witcombe respectively. Still, we are quite fifty per cent. below the average winter rainfall for the past thirty years, so that it behoves all to husband their resources.

I see that, according to a Gloucester paper, there is another bishop in this See, namely "the Right Rev. Bishop Mitcheldean." This would be enough to make the good folk of the Forest town rejoice if, alas, it were not a misprint for "Mitchinson." Not so long ago the same paper magnified the Archdeacon of Gloucester into "Archbishop." GLEANER.

£10,000,000 A YEAR BY TRICKERY.

According to a writer in this week's "T.A.T.," the British public are swindled out of £10,000,000 every year. But he avers there is no reason why the reader of this article should contribute anything towards the sum. Use your common sense. When you come across an advertisement setting forth that a lady's maid wishes to sell privately a handsome Orient diamond and ruby ring for eighteenpence, don't snap at the bait. Don't even nibble at it. Reflect that the cost of inserting the advertisement was almost certainly not less than twice or thrice the price asked for the article of jewellery in question, a fact which is in itself sufficient to brand the whole affair as fraudulent. Then there is the second-hand piano dodge, "property of a widow" or "a lady going to India." Fight shy of this. The instruments are not second-hand at all, but new worthless rubbish manufactured specially for this class of "trade," and the advertiser is in every case merely an agent, who has rented a furnished room for the express purpose of perpetrating the fraud. The second-hand plated goods trick is worked on precisely similar lines. The advertiser, usually a lady, has a fashionable address, and occasionally sports a title. A favourite dodge is to offer the goods as duplicate wedding presents, or as unredeemed pledges. They are, of course, almost entirely valueless. If you are a married lady who reads these lines, be sure and be on your guard against a specious canvasser who calls when your husband is away at business and claims to represent some high-sounding, but quite imaginary, firm, which is selling off unclaimed goods from railway stations, or salvage stocks from fires. He produces samples of excellent goods at irresistibly low prices, for which he books orders, promising delivery the same day. At the last moment he demands a payment on account. In nine cases out of ten he gets it. And that is the last of the transaction, for of course the victim never again sets eyes on either the goods or the canvasser. Very gross and cruel is the "home employment" swindle, by which thousands of poor people, who are least able to afford it, are continually being defrauded. It takes on many disguises, does this particular dodge, but invariably the dupe is induced in the end to buy some worthless article or articles, or to send money for materials." Sometimes the bait is a new kind of knitting-machine, vended by a "company" which is prepared to purchase, at tempting rates, the socks, etc. knitted therewith. Or money is directed to be forwarded for materials for illuminating shop-window show-cards, or for stencil cutting, or for colouring photographs. Or a fountain-pen has to be purchased, with which to address circulars or envelopes. Of course no work is ever found by the advertisers for their dupes, the sole aim and object of the former being to dispose of well-nigh worthless articles at prices far in excess of their real value. Have you ever had a couple of boys, perhaps in uniform, call at your house with articles of tin-ware for sale, said articles being supposed—if the boys are to be believed—to have been made by the vendors themselves in an "orphan asylum" or other similar charitable institution? If so, and if you were tempted to buy, you were "had." The articles are not worth anything like the prices charged for them. Neither are they made by the boys in an "orphan asylum," or anywhere else. The whole precious scheme is, in fact, engineered by a gang of East-End Jews, who employ the lads on commission.



NIGHTSHIRTS FOR HORSES.

The millionaire Vanderbilt's horses are now said, by a writer in "T.A.T." to wear nightshirts made of fine linen. These protect their coats from the blankets worn at night. In Paris the lap dogs are provided with shoes to keep their feet dry, and in New York the automobile shops sell sweaters for dogs, so that Prince or Carlo may be saved from catching pneumonia as he is whirled along in his owner's car.



MR. H. V. PAGE,

FAMOUS GLOUCESTERSHIRE ATHLETE. Has represented the County both at Cricket and Rugby Football, and is now one of the leading players of the East Gloucester Cricket and Hockey Clubs. Whilst at Oxford University captained both the Cricket XI. and the Rugby XV. Is at present a master at Cheltenham College, where he received his earlier education and obtained top honours in sports generally.

PHOTOGRAPHS

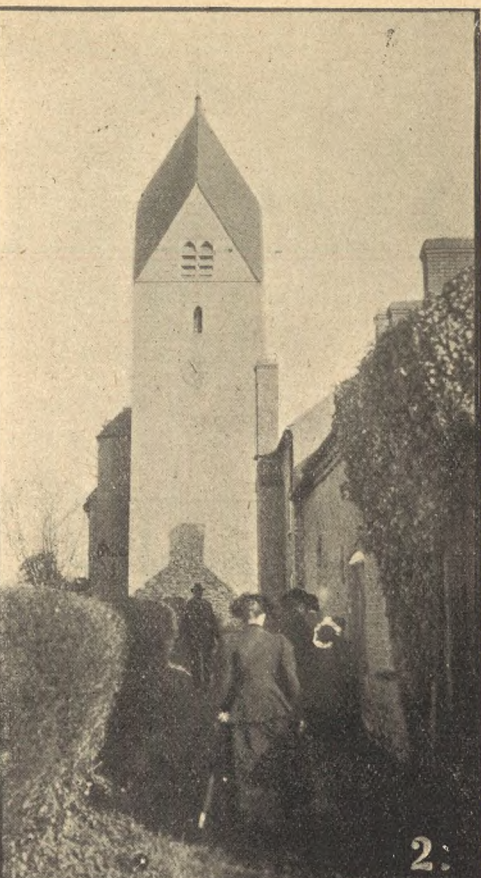
of Pictures appearing in the "Graphic" may be obtained at the Offices in Clarence Parade, or we can supply Reprints on Special Art Paper or Post-Cards. Prices on application.

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 121st prize has been divided between Miss E. M. Jeffrey, Leamington House, Pittville, Cheltenham, and Mr. Will T. Spenser, 40 New-street, Gloucester, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. A. T. Fryer at All Saints' Church, Cheltenham, and the Rev. F. A. Lefroy in Gloucester Cathedral.

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



**FUNERAL OF A GLOUCESTERSHIRE HERO (SERGT. HY. HOOK, V.C.),  
AT CHURCHAM, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1905.**

1.—The Procession in Westgate-street, Gloucester.  
2.—Churcham Church, where the interment took place.  
3.—Removing Union Jack from coffin on gun-carriage.

4.—Firing over the Grave  
5.—Procession re-forming outside Church for march back to Gloucester.  
6.—Wreaths on the Grave.



**FUNERAL OF A GLOUCESTERSHIRE HERO (SERGT. HY. HOOK, V.C.),**

AT CHURCHAM, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1905.

1.—The Ceremony at the Grave.

2.—Arrival of Procession at Churcham.

3.—Bringing the Wreaths to the Graveside (showing the Floral Victoria Cross sent by the Staff of the "African World").

4.—Awaiting the arrival of Procession in Churchyard.

5.—Lowering the Coffin.

6.—Procession arriving at the Church.

## THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

[BY MARION WARD.]

It would have been difficult to find throughout all the world a more absolutely happy man than young Boyd Lewison as he swung gaily home to his chambers on that frosty December evening.

Young, good-looking, clever, possessed of a considerable amount of this world's goods, he had scarcely known a care in all his free, favoured young life. And to-night the climax of all his hopes had come, and Margaret Lonsdale, heiress and beauty, of one of the oldest and proudest houses in England, had promised to be his wife.

He swung along home, treading on air, his handsome boyish face—that was quite unspoiled by all Life's lavish outpouring of gifts—aglow with joy, and his broad shoulders erect and squared.

He reached his own door, and, whistling gaily beneath his breath, let himself in with his latch-key.

His man met him in the hall.

"There's a gentleman upstairs waiting to see you, sir," he told him.

"All right, Smithers," replied Boyd, airily, and flew upstairs three steps at a time, singing a catchy music-hall refrain at the top of his voice.

Ensncooned in a comfortable arm chair before the fire sat an old man of no particular class, rather shabby, yet not in the least like a tradesman, with white whiskers and deep-set, cunning little blue eyes.

"Good evening!" remarked Boyd, tentatively.

"Good evening!" replied the stranger.

There was a little pause, each man eyeing the other furtively.

It was rather surprising to find a total stranger calmly in possession, for apparently no reason, and with apparently no intention of moving; but Boyd felt at peace with all the world that night, so merely smiled pleasantly and waited.

The old man seemed nervous. He cleared his throat several times before he spoke. But at length he broke the silence.

"You are—Boyd Stephen Lewison?" he said, more as one stating a fact than as though requiring an answer.

Boyd bowed.

The old man rose from his chair and began pacing up and down the room.

"Poor boy—poor boy!" he murmured to himself. "Perhaps, after all, I had better keep silence."

Boyd's equanimity remained unruffled.

"Sir?" he suggested.

The old man turned and looked at him.

"You are very happy?" he said sadly.

Boyd laughed joyously.

"Very," he agreed, serenely.

"Do you feel strong enough to receive a blow?" asked the old man earnestly and unexpectedly.

Boyd looked astonished.

"A blow?" he repeated, vaguely.

The old man came and stood facing him, close to him.

"What do you know about your father?" he asked slowly, in a low meaning tone.

For the first time Boyd experienced an uncomfortable chill. Who was this mysterious old man? And what did he know about his father? He tried to think. Nothing beyond the fact that he had gone out to Australia while he (Boyd) was a mere baby, and had died out there a year or so after.

He raised his head a little haughtily.

"I beg your pardon?" he suggested, lifting his eyebrows slightly.

"I asked you," repeated the old man, apparently unconscious of any snub, "what do you know about your father? Believe me, it is from no idle curiosity that I ask. Do you—consider him—dead?"

The voice and manner were so earnest and absolutely unconscious of any cause for offence that, in spite of himself, Boyd was impressed.

"Certainly he is dead," he replied. "He died twenty years ago or more."

The old man groaned, and sat down suddenly, covering his eyes with his hand.

"They told you that—they told you that?" he murmured brokenly.

Boyd watched him with a vague but growing apprehension. But, with true British dislike of showing any feeling, his face was perfectly cold and composed as he replied:

"They told me—the truth, naturally."

The old man looked up fiercely.

"They told you a lie—a dastardly, useless, wicked lie!" he declaimed, passionately.

Boyd paled beneath his tan. He set his lips firmly.

"Sir!" he said stiffly.

"My God! it is true. He did not die—he is not dead yet. He was a convict, and they hid it from you, and told you a string of purposeless, wicked lies! A convict—a forger—sentenced to twenty years, which good conduct curtailed to eighteen! My poor boy—my poor boy!" and he hid his face again in both hands, his shoulders heaving.

Boyd's face was ashy pale. He laughed harshly.

"What tissue of lies is this?" he said sternly. The old man got up. He came and stood before Boyd again, his small eyes filled with a strange light.

"Your name," he said, in a strange, solemn voice, "is Boyd Stephen Lewison. Mine—is—Charles Boyd Lewison!"

There was a pregnant pause. Boyd took a deep breath and squared his shoulders boyishly.

"Your proof?" he inquired coldly.

The stranger groaned again.

"Is that all the greeting my son vouchsafes to his father?" he said, in a broken voice.

"Did you expect me to fall on your neck and hail the sudden entrance of a convict father with delight?" asked Boyd, cruelly.

The old man collapsed into his chair again, rocking himself to and fro as though in pain.

"No—no," he muttered. "I suppose it is only natural. I might have known—have guessed—"

But I forgot! In all these weary, dragging years my one idea has been to see your face again—to that end I worked and slaved without complaint to gain that longed-for but dearly-bought two years' grace. And in my absorption in the thought of release I forgot all it might mean to you . . . Forgive me, Boyd!"—stretching out trembling hands—"forgive me, and call me 'Father'!"

He looked very old and feeble sitting there, and Boyd's heart smote him for his cruelty.

"How can I tell?" he said hoarsely. "How can you prove you are my father?"

"There is a mark like a small starfish on my left shoulder—the heritage of the Lewisons for generations. Would that convince you? More, on my thigh is a scar six inches long that I received twenty-one years back saving you from the fire that broke out in the Manor. Look at me! True, you were only three years old when I was sentenced, but is there no faintest stirring of recollection, or have these ghastly years altered me beyond recognition?"

It was true—true! Boyd felt and knew that it was true. That star—the insignia of the Lewison family from time immemorial—and that awful fire, which was still the talk of Shropshire. He scrutinised the eager, old, unprepossessing figure, and deep down at the back of his mind the wasted features grew. Yes, he remembered them now. He groaned, and put his hand suddenly over his eyes.

"Forgive me," he said huskily, "and give me time. Go to bed now as my guest, and to-morrow we will smooth it all out."

He touched the bell before the other could stop him.

"But you believe?" cried the old man, anxiously.

"I believe," replied Boyd, heavily.

The door opened, and his man came in.

"Show this gentleman into the guest chamber, Smithers," he ordered, in the same toneless voice, "and see that he has everything he may require. Sir, I wish you good-night."

The old man looked at him and half held out his hand. Boyd turned hastily away, pretending to look for something on the mantelshelf. The outstretched hand dropped limply, and with bowed head the stranger followed the manservant from the room.

Left alone, Boyd flung off all restraint. Flung himself into a chair, he rested his elbows on the table, both hands pressed to his throbbing temples, and tried to think. His brain felt numb and paralysed, and he had a general sore feeling all over, as though from physical buffetting.

What did it mean—what did it entail—this awful thing that had come upon him? He knew it was true—he had not the slightest doubt as to the veracity of the old man's story, and he tried to think what effect it would have on life in general. Ruin—ruin—ruin! Even if the ghastly secret were hidden from all the world, there was one who must know, and that one she whom he loved best in all the world. Yes, that is what it meant. All was over between them for ever and ever.

He sprang to his feet, his face white and working and his eyes dark and strained with pain, and

strode up and down the room like a caged beast, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides.

What had he done? What sin had he committed that this terrible thing had been allowed to come to pass? He had thought himself so happy—the most fortunate man on this earth—but one short hour ago. And now—now there was not a beggar in the street with whom he would not change places gladly.

"The proud old name of Lewison." Margaret had said that laughing, teasing him for his family pride that very evening. Margaret—Margaret—Margaret, whom he might never see again! The irony of fate! He laughed heart-brokenly, and, flinging himself in his chair again, hid his face on his arms.

All night long he wrestled with his pain and did not go to bed, and morning light found him pale and haggard, but calm and collected.

Margaret must know at once that all was over; and proud old Lord Lonsdale too—he must explain everything fully and unvarnishedly to him.

He writhed at the thought. Nevertheless he sat down then and there and wrote both letters—writing swiftly, coldly, not daring to pause to think, and sealed them up to be despatched as soon as anyone was stirring.

Then he sought his room, and, flinging himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, fell into a restless and broken doze.

The next day was a nightmare. Washed, shaved, and properly groomed, the old man presented a more respectable appearance, and minute by minute his features grew more familiar to the eyes of his tortured son.

"Yes, I remember you," Boyd told him coldly, "dimly—but sufficiently to be assured that what you say is true. And now—now that you have come home and disclosed yourself—what do you mean to do?"

The old man had lost all his diffidence once his identity was an established fact. He was brisk and cheerful, loquacious even, and to one not stricken down by a mortal blow would have proved a most entertaining companion.

Boyd looked at him with his haggard young eyes, and shivered to see how lightly his degradation sat on him. Was this the haughty, aristocratic Charles Lewison he had never been tired of hearing his nurse talk about when he was a child? What a liar she must have been. And how eighteen years of prison life stamps and deteriorates a man. He felt a positive repugnance to that smiling, unconcerned face opposite. His father!—and a convict! He groaned, and tried wretchedly to turn it into a cough. He felt that another hour of his misery would drive him mad, and he had a whole lifetime to look forward to.

Mr. Lewison helped himself to another kidney, using his own knife and fork. Boyce winced sensitively.

"What do you mean; what do I intend to do?" asked the other casually.

"I mean what I said," replied Boyd, hardly.

"What do you propose doing?"

His father looked quite blank.

"Doing?" he echoed vaguely.

"I suppose you see it is quite impossible for us to stay in England?" said Boyd, harshly.

"Oh!" The other's face fell. He looked at the stern young face deprecatingly. "What do you propose?" he asked, weakly.

Boyd lost his self-control. "I think the best thing for both of us would be to go straight to the devil!" he cried, desperately. Then he pulled himself up with an effort.

"I beg your pardon," he said, wearily; "I had a bad night, and am not quite myself this morning. Will you excuse me if I retire to the smoking-room and try to get a nap?"

"Certainly, certainly," acquiesced the old man, eagerly. "Pray don't let me be a restraint upon you in any way, my dear sir."

A restraint upon him! Safe in the smoking room, Boyd began his restless pacing once more. It was more than he could bear. His whole life shattered by one unprepossessing, common old man! The wild thought flashed through him of utterly denying and repudiating the claim. But he put it from him instantly with his British honour. Did he not recognise him himself? And was not the hall-mark of the Lewison family printed on his left arm? No, he must bear it as best he could. At least, he could refuse to live in the same house with him. His very little act and lapse from the manners of society got on his nerves horribly. He felt that before a month was up he would want to murder him. No, they must live apart—so much was certain. For the rest, what did it

matter? What did anything matter now? His father—and a convict!

As the day wore on Mr. Lewison, senior, grew more and more hilarious. His diffidence and shame seemed to drop from him like a cloak, and the more moody and savage Boyd became, the higher his spirits seemed to rise. The answer to the morning's letter had come from Lord Lonsdale—a kind, commiserating letter, breathing sincere sorrow and sympathy from every line; recognising, of course, that everything was over between the young fellow and his daughter, but honestly regretting and deploring the terrible necessity.

No word or message from Margaret. Boyd swore that was only as it should be, and what he had expected. Nevertheless, there was an added shadow round his eyes and mouth, and he wandered about more restlessly than before. He wondered dreadingly how long it took for such a life to kill a man.

"My dear boy, don't look so glum," expostulated Lewison, senior, playfully. "After all, it's only one of life's little ironies. For my sake, I think you might strive to be a little more cheerful, and not look as though you were attending a funeral."

Boyd turned upon him. "What is it but a funeral?" he exclaimed, bitterly. "The cremation of all life's hopes, joys, ambitions, and to you belongs the credit not only of building the pyre, but of setting the match for the conflagration."

The old man rose with a sudden assumption of dignity.

"I will not brook being insulted by my own son—" he began, displeasably.

The door opened suddenly. "A gentleman to see you—important, sir," announced Smithers, in a peculiar voice, and in marched a short thick-set individual with shrewd little eyes and a good-tempered bulldog type of face.

He touched his hat respectfully to Boyd, then turned quickly to the old man.

"So there you are," he remarked grimly. The old man smiled sweetly.

"I have been expecting you for some time," he observed nonchalantly. "Meanwhile my son, Mr. Boyd Lewison"—with an airy wave of his hand—"has most kindly given me shelter."

Boyd looked from one to the other in bewilderment. The newcomer saw the glance, and grinned comprehendingly. Then he touched his brow significantly.

"Escaped three days ago—bin searching for him ever since," he explained in lower tones.

Boyd's brain reeled. "My—my father!" he gasped.

The man grinned again, sympathetically this time.

"That bin his little game this time?" he said, admiringly. "He's the cutest, sanest old loony that ever I had to do with. Told a whole string of sensible lies, I suppose, sir?"

Boyd sat down. His throat felt dry and parched. There was a singing in his ears.

"Who—is—he?" he uttered harshly and un-naturally.

"Mr. Charles Boyd Lewison!" struck in the silent listener, promptly.

The man grinned.

Sam Bones, one-time butler at your late father's place in Shropshire, sir," he said respectfully. "For the past fourteen years an inmate of Colney Hatch—and a pretty lively inmate, too, cuss him!" He turned to the unconcerned watcher.

"Come along, you," he said gruffly, "and don't you try to play any more o' your little tricks. Good-day to you, sir—apologising for the trouble he's giv' you." And, taking firm hold of the captive's arm, keeper and maniac left the room, and drove off in the waiting cab.

Boyd stared dazedly at the door. His whole mind felt unhooked by the terrible experiences of the last two days. But gradually the glorious truth crept over him. It was all a lie—a lie—a ghastly dream—a delusion—the horrible invention of a maniac.

And utterly overcome and unstrung—still only half able to realise his escape, he hid his face in both hands and was still.

For ten seconds the silence was unbroken, then there was a slight creak outside, the door was pushed open gently, and a girl's face, beautiful and glowing with emotion, appeared.

The grey shining eyes rested tenderly for a moment on that bowed head, then with a soft swish of silken skirts she was across the room

and leaning over his shoulder, both arms round his neck and her fresh cheek pressed against his.

Boyd, Boyd—oh, my poor boy!" whispered a sweet, half-laughing, half-crying voice, "how could you be so cruel? Father has cut me off with a shilling and the family denounced me, but a thousand convict fathers should not make me give you up. Will you have me dearest, penniless and outlawed, or will you too cast me off?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
It falls rarely to the lot of man in a life-time to taste the fulness of joy Boyd Lewison experienced in that moment.

MOTOR-OMNIBUS COMPANIES.

Owing to the sudden realisation by the public that the motor-bus has immense possibilities, there appears to be at the present time a danger that reckless capitalisation will be indulged in. After advocating the motor-bus for years, it is hardly necessary to say that we (the "Autocar") should be the last to speak discouragingly now; but we regard the matter as of vital importance, because if the public subscribe money recklessly to all sorts of public service motor companies, there is no doubt that a sort of boom or craze will set in, which will result disastrously. It must not be assumed from this that we do not think a good return for capital invested can be obtained from motor-bus companies, but what we want to urge is caution, both to promoters and investors. So far as we can gather, the motorist is not likely to be appealed to by the majority of the people who are endeavouring to raise capital for motor-bus companies. He is too well up in the subject, so they try to get at the general public before the public learns too much. What should be done at the moment is to found comparatively small and reasonably capitalised companies, which should be gradually developed and more capital secured as required.



MOTORIST AND SMALL BOY'S CAP.

Three years ago, about nine on a November night, I stopped at a Glastonbury hotel for some dinner. As I stepped on to the pavement, a tearful, bare-headed urchin came up and began a mournful tale about something I couldn't understand, and pointed under the car. I looked, but could see nothing. I was relieved I had not killed anybody; but he was not consoled, and I gathered from his friends that he had shied his cap in front of the car and couldn't find it. I told him he was a silly ass, and it served him right, and went and had my dinner. The next morning, upon looking over the car, to my surprise I found some of the cap in my driving chain. According to experts I ought to have been killed by the chain coming off the sprocket. Now, when I see a cap, if I am in no hurry, I tell my companion to pick it up, and it comes some way with me. But take my advice, never show off by steering the tyre over them. Small boys have been known to put bricks and even sharper things inside caps, and a burst tyre in a street is as good as a circus to a loafer.—"Owen John," in the "Autocar."



WHAT MAKES PEOPLE BUY MOTOR-CARS?

In order to ascertain the extent to which purchasers of motor-cars are influenced in their choice by the results of reliability trials, the "Autocar" recently invited its readers to write down the causes which influenced them in buying their particular cars. From the replies received, it appears that only twenty-five per cent. of the people who buy motor-cars are influenced in this way, and that the great majority of motorists pay no heed to such trials. Reliability trials sometimes influence the purchase of the first car. They give confidence to the would-be automobilist who feels that he does not know a great deal about the subject, so that he makes up his mind to take a car which does well in the class in which he is interested. Second and subsequent purchases seem to be made entirely without regard to reliability trials or their results. The first car serves to introduce the owner to the automobile world. He finds out what the cars of other private owners in his district are doing, and when he buys a second car he generally follows his own judgment, backed by the experience and advice of his friends. This information may be useful to motor manufacturers.

BY AARON'S TOMB.

There is something distinctly incongruous in the idea of a railway whistle waking the echoes around the tomb of Aaron. Yet such will be, in the near future, the result of the building of the new "pilgrim" railway in Arabia, which, on its road to Mecca, passes within a short distance of the rock-hewn cave traditionally believed to be Aaron's burial-place. In the same neighbourhood an interesting discovery has been made—of a buried and long-forgotten city. Two buildings of hewn stone, in a good state of preservation, have so far been unearthed. They are of considerable size, and are liberally besprinkled with cuneiform inscriptions.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



TESTING WINE BY TELEPHONE.

The telephone is said to be an infallible instrument for testing the purity of wines, we learn from "T.A.T." You provide yourself with two glasses, in one of which you pour the wine to be tested on suspicion of having water in it, and in the other you put wine known to be pure. You put the glasses on an instrument resembling scales, and connect with the telephone. If no sound is heard, the wine in the glass is pure. If it is impure, the telephone makes a gurgling sound. A pointer on the disc tells the amount of water in the wine.



LARGEST HOSPITAL IN THE WORLD.

At a cost of approximately £1,600,000, Vienna is to have the greatest hospital in the world, according to "T.A.T." It will cover an area of 2,400,000 square feet, and will be in itself a small town, having 40 separate buildings in all, 32 of these being clinics and hospitals, and eight offices and residences for the staff. About 2,300 beds will be provided, and each patient will have 1,030 square feet of space. The clinics will all have flat roofs with gardens, for the benefit of consumptives in particular.



A MAN WITH AN IDEA.

Dr. Osler, who has at once provoked the laughter and the indignation of the world, is not an American, but a Canadian. It is asserted that he was joking when he said that no good work is done after forty, and that after sixty a man should be chloroformed. But this is not so. Dr. Osler has been obsessed with the idea for years, only, for the best of reasons, the age has steadily risen. His own best work was written after he had turned forty, and, if he is "comparatively useless," why has he accepted the Regius Chair of Medicine at Oxford? One can imagine how the brilliant wit of Jowett would have hit off Dr. Osler's eccentricity to a nicety. He, however, is not dull, which so many University professors are, and he is an authority on his own subject. In America, indeed, he has a reputation second to none. But he really should not put forward wild social theories.—"The King."



THE BEST BUSINESS WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

"A Frenchwoman," says a contemporary, "is the best business woman in the world," and, of course, we feel a tiny bit indignant, because we had an idea that we were so businesslike and independent ourselves. When we consider, too, the restrictions upon her liberty to which the French girl has to submit, and which, though gradually relaxing, still keep her in a very different position from that occupied by an English girl in her freedom, then we think the assertion absurd; yet, after all, it is character that tells. A Frenchwoman is naturally businesslike; quick, clear-headed, ever on the alert, ready to seize an opportunity, prompt in catching at details. I do not mean to say that the French are more intellectual, nor even more intelligent than other races. We may make a discovery, or suggest an idea, but while we still suffer from the effort, our French sisters will appropriate our handiwork and put it into use. What we want is to be prompt; the French are prompt, and they are decided, and they know what tells. It is a case of the proverbial early bird.—"The Bystander."



**CYCLE STANDS AT THE CHELTENHAM TRADES EXHIBITION IN THE WINTER GARDEN.**

**THE RURAL AMERICAN STYLE.**

Many examples, more or less genuine, of the literary style of rural American newspapers have been published in this country, but here is one, culled from the glowing pages of the "Girard Gazette," published at the town of that name, in Illinois, which deserves quotation. It is a report from the paper's correspondent at a neighbouring town called McVey. "Quite a frost Friday morning. Your correspondent beg pardon for the failuer to appear with our McVey notes. We will be more reguar in the futuer. The other day your correspondent happened to a painful accident which came near causing him to loose an eye. We were trimming hedge when we were hit in the eye. We called at once on Dr. Trout, of Atwater, who relieved our pain, and at this writing our eye is much improved and we hope to regain the use of our eye in a short time."



**THE CREATOR OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.**

A visit to a surgical ward at, for example, the London Hospital, is not a disagreeable prescription. The wards are bright and well furnished and well ventilated. The patients undergoing treatment after operation are well fed and carefully nursed, are all on the high road to restored health. The picture this ward presents, and that sketched by Sir Samuel Wilks of a ward at Guy's as he remembers it in his student days, certainly furnishes a grim and striking contrast. Many of th patients were delirious. Almost all of them were suffering from fever, regarded as the most inevitable sequel to an operation. "Hospital gangrene" was a recognised risk; not even the simplest operation escaped it. Its incidence lay upon the knees of the gods. Various devices for the treatment of surgical wounds were adopted. Some surgeons "suspended a can of water over the patient's bed and allowed the water to run down a pipe to a bag, which continually irrigated the wound." Others pinned their faith on linseed poultices. The atmosphere of the ward was "a compound odour of boiled mutton"—the almost invariable dietary—"and sour poultices." A surgical ward then must have been a distressing sight, not only on account of its squalor, but because so many of its inmates were in a hopeless case.

The genius and determination of one man wrought the change. In the words of Sir Frederick Treves, Lister "created anew the ancient art of healing, and removed the cloud that had stood for centuries between great principles and successful practice." Like many another landmark in the world's progress, the nature of Lister's discovery was "splendid in its simplicity and magnificent in its littleness." The danger of inflammation made even the slightest surgical operation a game of pitch-and-toss with death. Knowledge there was none, but in its place, to quote Sir Frederick Treves again, many "twaddling theories and flatulent discussions," until Lister came.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

Know this, ye restless denizens of earth,  
Know this, ye seekers after joy and mirth,  
Three things there are, eternal in their worth.

Love, that outreaches to the humblest things;  
Work, that is glad in what it does and brings;  
And faith, that soars upon unwearied wings.

Divine the powers that on this trio wait.  
Supreme their conquest over time and fate.  
Love, work, and faith—these three alone are great.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in January "Nautilus."

**OLD AND NEW SHOPPING.**

For bad or for good, the old style of housekeeping has disappeared. The lady with her basket on her arm doing her morning shopping is becoming more of a rarity. Such a housekeeper, going into her oil shop, grocer, or butcher, had a knowledge of prices and qualities which made her a match for the keenest and craftiest of shopkeepers. She knew the best, and she insisted until she got it. Indeed, that daily measuring of wits was one of the pleasures of her existence. But that order has changed, and in its place, no matter how small our incomes, we have the morning booking of our wants by the various tradespeople. It seems a simple system enough. You know what you want. You give your lists—you keep giving lists with an innocence and faith which might work wonders if used in higher spheres. Yet, what are the results? You ask for somebody's cocoa; you are brought another "just as good." You set your heart on a special blend of tea; you get "our own special mixing." A certain dish needs "Carolina" rice for its perfection; you are unblushingly put off with "Java" or "Patna." By a strange coincidence you will many times find that you are charged for the quality ordered instead of the quality bought. With the greengrocer you will have as discouraging experiences. You order a pound of English tomatoes, and you will find that one or two foreign have strayed into the bag. You ask for a large cauliflower, and you receive two small ones, which, unless you watch your bill closely, run the chance of being charged for as two large ones.—"T. P.'s Weekly."



**THE RUSSIAN SECRET PRESS.**

"The Russian clandestine Press is clandestine in everything," according to "T.P.'s Weekly." It is the most secretly conducted Press in the world. There is no editorial office, with an editor in a snug little chamber receiving the visits of his contributors, discussing the articles for the next issue. A mystery and inviolate secrecy govern the whole working of the affair. The editor himself may or may not know the persons who are responsible for the mechanical production of the paper; he seldom, if ever, knows the place at which it is produced. A confidential messenger comes to a given spot on a given day to receive manuscripts from the editor's hand; he comes again to deliver



TICKET-COLLECTOR T. VAUGHAN AND "BOB,"

the dog that he has trained to collect at Gloucester Station for the G.W.R. Widows' and Orphans' Fund. "Bob" has collected about £20 in six months.

the proofs; and the rendezvous is never twice the same. The contributors are known probably to none except the editor. In a word, precautions, the most minute and extraordinary, must be observed if the secret Press is successfully to baffle the everlasting efforts of the police to unmask it. Stepniak tells us that during the time he was one of the editors of "Land and Liberty" he was taken once, and once only, to the printing office. An important piece of news had to be inserted in the number that was about to be issued, and he made his way to the office "in one of the central streets of the city." The Chief of Police had declared that this office could not possibly be in St. Petersburg, "because otherwise he would infallibly have discovered it." Stepniak found the people of the office, and the women who helped them and managed with them, living in almost absolute durance. "I was assailed by profound melancholy," he says, "at the sight of all these people. Involuntarily I compared their terrible life with my own, and felt overcome with shame. What was our activity in the broad light of day, amid the excitement of a multitude of friends, and the stir of our daily life and struggles, compared with this continuous sacrifice of their whole existence, wasting away in this dungeon?"