

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 222.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

Next Week (first time in Cheltenham) the
enormously successful musical comedy,
"SERGEANT BRUE."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 122nd prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Mr. F. J. Carter, 36 Courtenay-street, St. Paul's, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church and the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Church.

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

CONVICTED BY A SET OF TEETH.

A set of artificial teeth (says "The World and His Wife") is rather an indifferent item upon which to hang a charge of murder, most people would think; but it was upon such evidence that Professor Webster, of the Boston Medical College, was convicted of murder many years ago. The accused resided at the College, and there to visit him went his friend Dr. Parkman, to discuss, as it afterwards appeared, a debt which Webster owed him. Parkman was never again seen alive, and Webster declared that the intended visit had never been paid. After a hue and cry of a week, there were discovered among the slag and cinders in the furnace attached to Webster's laboratory certain bones. More were brought to light from a vault under the College, and still more from a chest in which they had been buried in tan. Pieced together, they made up the skeleton of just such a man as was Dr. Parkman. Still, this was only presumptive evidence, upon which a jury would be very reluctant to convict. But further search brought from the bottom of the furnace a number of artificial teeth affixed to a gold plate. Three dentists were called, and swore positively that the teeth and plate were those which three years before they had supplied to the murdered man. They had by them, and were able to produce in court, the model of the victim's mouth, and showed that this and the teeth found exactly corresponded. Murder will out! How came it that in that terrible fire these teeth and gold should escape destruction? By the merest accident they had fallen, on being thrown into the furnace, so near to the bottom as to receive, all the time the fire burned, a draught of cold air from the exterior sufficient to preserve them, to convict a scholar of distinction of one of the most terrible crimes ever committed.



MR. HENRY J. McCORMICK,

GENERAL MANAGER CHELTENHAM AND DISTRICT LIGHT RAILWAY COMPANY
FROM ITS START, AND SUPERINTENDENT ENGINEER OF ITS EXTENSIONS
TO CHARLTON KINGS AND LECKHAMPTON, OPENED THIS WEEK.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

Dr. Sumner Gibson has been advanced the second stage towards the goal of actual possession of the Bishopric of Gloucester. That was on Lady Day, when the Dean and Chapter met, as the official return states, in the "Chapter House of the Cathedral Church of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity in Gloucester" and had presented to them the conge d'elire of the King "for the election of a person devoted to God and useful and faithful to his Majesty and to his kingdom to be Bishop and Pastor of the Episcopal See," and recommending to them Dr. Gibson. The capitular body, of course, having no other choice, elected forthwith the Bishop-nominate. Certificates were also issued, one requesting the Archbishop of Canterbury to confirm the appointment, which his Grace is expected to do at Bow Church; and another hoping that Dr. Gibson will accept the appointment. The legal formalities will not be completed until Dr. Gibson has gone through the ceremony of consecration, which will take place in town, and been inducted and enthroned in the Cathedral. This final act, on Ascension Day, will be over in time to enable the new Bishop to ordain the candidates for holy orders on Trinity Sunday, June 18th. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Canterbury will remain the "guardian of the spiritualities" of the See. It is an interesting fact, but purely a coincidence, that Dr. Gibson was elected bishop on the 42nd anniversary of the consecration of Dr. Ellicott to the same holy and exalted office. It will practically make that prelate's term a full 42 years, and an episcopacy that has been unparalleled in the annals of the See. His lordship, who, I regret to hear, has not recovered the use of his legs, will remain at the Palace until after Easter.



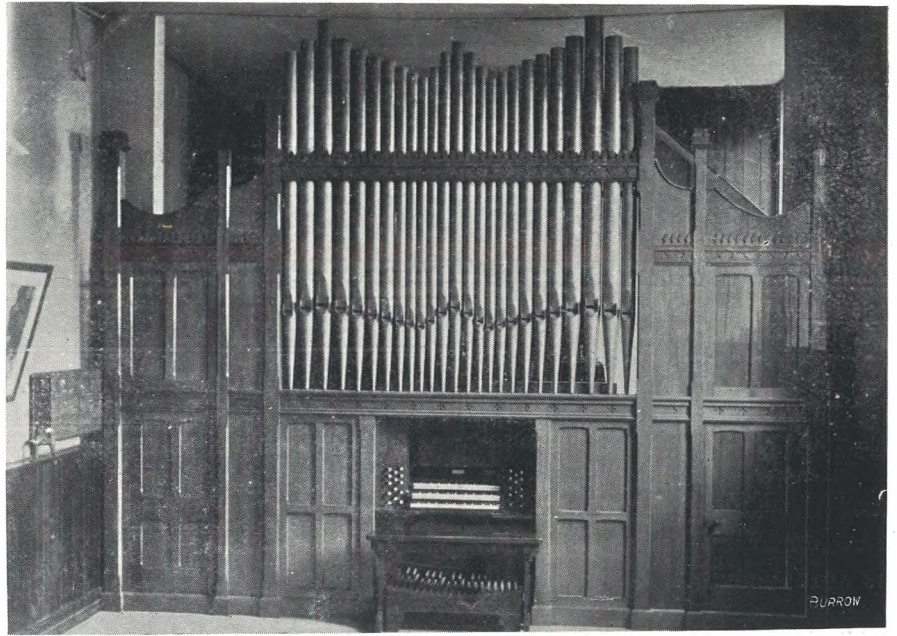
How time flies! Really it does not seem, but it is almost four years ago that I wrote, referring to the opening of the first light railway on the day that it was passed by Col. Von Donop, R.E.:

"The August days were waning fast
As through the streets of Cheltenham passed
Electric cars, all spruce and nice,
Bearing aloft the same device—
'We ply for hire.'"

And I was this week privileged to be present at the inspection by Major J. W. Pringle, R.E., the Board of Trade Inspector, of the extension lines that the Cheltenham and District Light Railway Co. have had made to Charlton Kings and Leckhampton. In addition to meeting the regular locomotion wants of the residents in these two suburbs, I should say that the tramways will greatly encourage Cheltonians to take a trip to either terminus and then walk up Charlton Common or Leckhampton Hill and return home by whichever route they please. It will, I think, be the constant supply that will create the demand in this case. Having from time to time expressed a hope that as much British material as was possible would be used by the contractors in the extension work, I am delighted that the great bulk of the construction goods has been from "John Bull's stores." The shopkeepers and traders also must have derived material benefit from the several thousand pounds of wages that the workmen on the job, even though they may not all have been "native and to the manner born," have spent among them during the last six months. If it were not a costly experience to them, I imagine that the Cheltenham and District Light Railway Co. must derive a certain amount of grim satisfaction when renewing the old paving, in the breaking up for concrete of the tried-and-found-wanting patent bricks that they were forced by the Corporation into using against their better judgment. They had, in the first instance, set their minds on granite setts, and to these it has now come.



I read that in a recently-published book on Cotswold stone buildings, the authors lament the advent of the unpoetic railway and motors into that country, and allege that the old houses quiver to their foundations under the heavy traffic of smoke-belching traction-engines. The peasants, too, have altered with the times. Once supremely content with their home surroundings, they now avail themselves of modern locomotion and seek the towns, and when (or if) they return, assume town finery and town airs. Many of their old occupations have gone. The sound of



NEW THREE-MANUAL ORGAN BUILT FOR ST. PAUL'S TRAINING COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM, BY A. J. PRICE, ORGAN BUILDER, CHELTENHAM, 1905.

the flail is no longer heard on the barn floor; the scythe and the sickle are regarded as almost obsolete implements; and in place of such things we have the dismal whirr, buzz, and general clatter of agricultural machinery. But, thank Providence (say the writers), the everlasting hills remain unchanged, and nestling under their shelter many of the beautiful old cottages and farmhouses of a bygone age remain unchanged. Unfortunately, I know there are also many cottages unoccupied and in a ruinous condition, silent witnesses to agricultural depression.

GLANER.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

In "Cassell's Magazine," Mr. Arnold White, the writer, says:—The absence of a thinking department at the Foreign Office sometimes leads to strange results. When the Admiralty took possession of the Bay of Wei-hai-Wei it suddenly occurred to our rulers that they had got Wei-hai-Wei itself. The Foreign Office, however, brought to bear its great influence, and the town was acquired for £14,897 17s. 4d. strict cash on delivery. After the town and the bay were acquired, and some of the buildings erected, the Treasury, the Foreign Office, or the Admiralty, or all three, changed their minds, and neither the town nor the bay were considered necessary for the safety of our interests in the Far East. The course of business in the Foreign Office is that a letter is taken out of its envelope by a clerk on £200 a year, is passed on to be docketed by a clerk on £300, handed to a clerk on £400 to make a *precis* of it, and then passed on to have a minute made on it by a clerk on £800; and thus, with a mossy growth of irrelevant detail, it finally arrives at the table of the man who receives £1,200. Then it descends down the same line until it reaches the hands of the man who copies it and who delivers it to the girl who types it, and who is not seldom the most useful, as well as the most comely, link of the whole chain. Shortly after Queen Victoria's death the Kankas Legislature sent a message of condolence to King Edward. In a cablegram the King expressed thanks for the loyalty and sympathy of the people of Kankas. The word "loyalty" roused such resentment among the legislators that the message of condolence was ordered to be expunged from the State records. Our Foreign Office clerks thought that Kankas was a British Colony—an error that the typewriter girls upstairs would not have committed, as they are compelled to pass in elementary geography before becoming eligible for employment in the Government service.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE FEMININE FORM DIVINE.

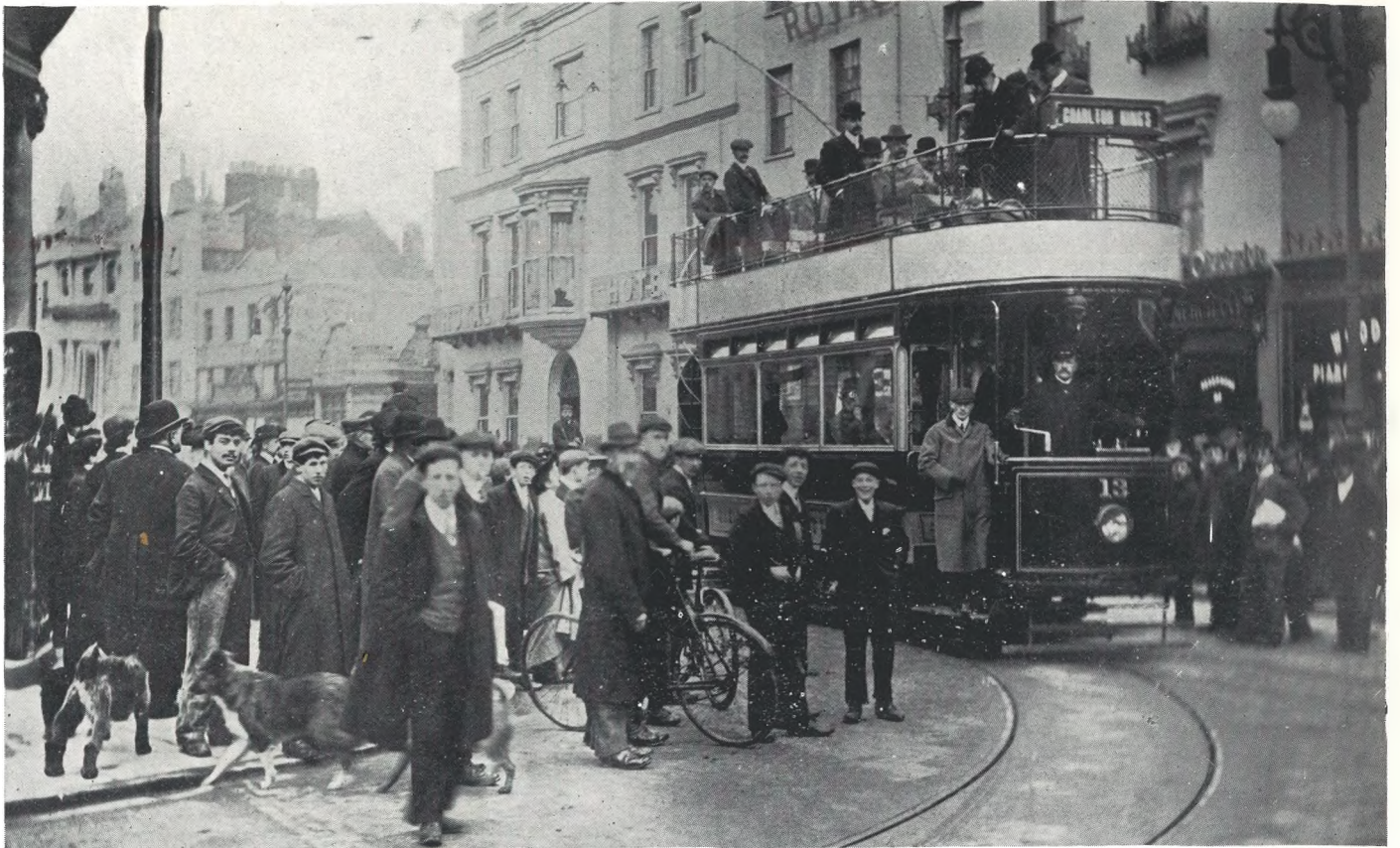


Dr. Robert Koch, the celebrated bacteriologist of Germany, once told a story which only indirectly refers to science, but which is worth repeating if only to show how the scientific mind does not preclude a sense of humour. A young friend of mine (says a writer in the "Penny Magazine"), who was studying for the medical profession, was on his way to Berlin to study under Koch. When I arrived in Berlin some months later, my friend introduced me to the great doctor, and it was at that first meeting that he told me this tale: "Some indefatigable English and American women in China," he said, "have organised what they call a 'Natural Feet Society,' for the purpose of exerting moral and intellectual suasion against the Chinese practice of compressing girls' feet. And the moral and intellectual argument used by the Chinese in opposition is exceedingly amusing. For example, a Chinese gentleman here in Berlin, a member of the Chinese Embassy, a college graduate and a most charming fellow, presented me with a silken shoe so tiny that no healthy European baby—not even a girl baby—could possibly get it on. Yet my Chinese friend told me that the shoe fitted his sister's foot perfectly, and that his sister was exactly sweet sixteen. 'I'm charmed with your gift,' I said to him; 'but it would be a good thing for your countrywomen if that 'Natural Feet Society' could get a foothold.'" For some minutes the young Chinaman made no answer. Then he picked up a woman's magazine that lay on the table, and, turning to the portrait of a society girl, said: 'I'm charmed with your gift of logic, but it would be a good thing for your countrywomen if my people over here would form a 'Natural Waist Society,' and teach your girls that a small foot is a very much more comfortable thing than a small waist.'"



BOY'S REWARD FOR BRAVERY.

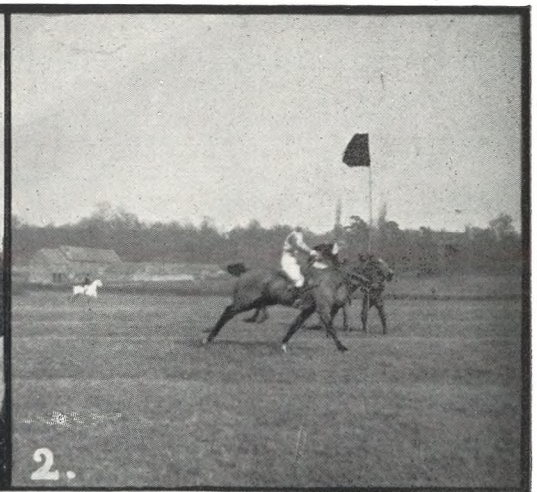
On Tuesday, at Bettisfield, Flintshire, in the presence of his schoolfellows and the leading inhabitants of the district Lady Wyndham Hanmer presented the Life Saving Society's certificate on vellum to Walter Maddocks (11), the boy who made such a gallant attempt at rescue on the occasion of the ice catastrophe at Bettisfield on January 18th last, when five of his companions were drowned. Maddocks was also made the recipient of a gold watch and Post-office Savings Bank book with £5 to his credit, subscribed for by the people of the county.



CHELTENHAM TRAMWAY EXTENSIONS—BOARD OF TRADE INSPECTION.
TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1905.
BOARDING CAR AT CAMBRAY.



OFFICIAL OPENING BY THE MAYOR OUTSIDE MUNICIPAL OFFICES.



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NORTH COTSWOLD POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT BROADWAY.

- 1.—Saddling Horses in Paddock.
- 2.—Finish of Open Race between Rajah and Gay Morn (nearest flag-post). Which won? (Judge awarded it to Rajah).
- 3.—In the Paddock. Mr. A. Rushout (mounted) and Mr. Herbert Lord.
- 4.—Tom Mack wins the Evesham Town Plate (over last fence alone).
- 5.—Huntsman of North Cotswold.
- 6.—Mr. Algernon Rushout (starter).
- 7.—Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith (Master of Croome Hounds).
- 8.—Over fence at bottom of Enclosure. Members' Light Weight Race. Black Maria (first) is seen throwing her rider.



NORTH COTSWOLD POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT BROADWAY.

- 1.—In Paddock, looking over Course.
- 2.—Grand finish for Members' Welter. Mr. McNeill just winning on Subduer.
- 3.—First time round in Open Race.
- 4.—Huntsman of the North Cotswold.

THE POPULATION OF OUR COUNTIES.

Lancashire, which leads in cricket, also leads in population. No fewer than 185 persons per 1,000 persons in England and Wales live in this northern county palatine. Middlesex and Yorkshire practically tie for second and third places, and then, with a large difference, comes Surrey.

It is worthy of note, in connection with Parliamentary representation, and for other reasons, that nearly one quarter (246 per 1,000) of the whole population of England and Wales live in Lancashire and Middlesex combined; and that nearly one-half of the whole population (497 per 1,000) live in one or other of the six leading counties, Lancashire, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Surrey, Kent, and Staffordshire.

As regards all England and all Wales respectively, 95 per cent. of the population live in England, and 5 per cent. live in Wales.

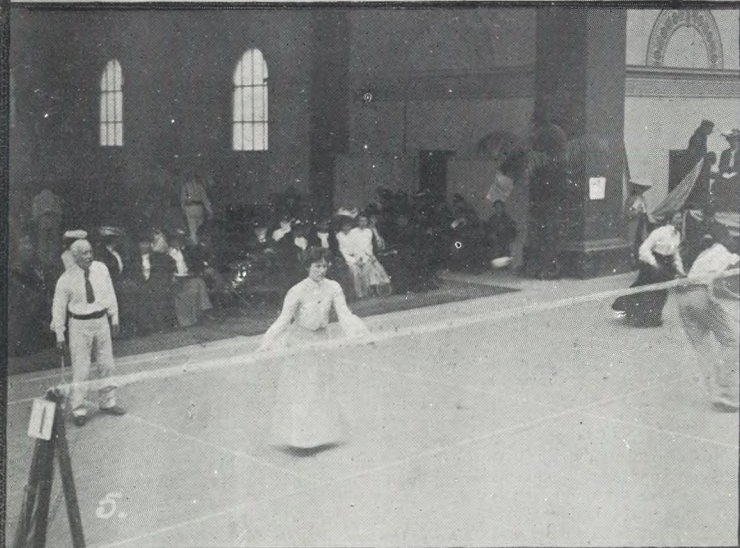
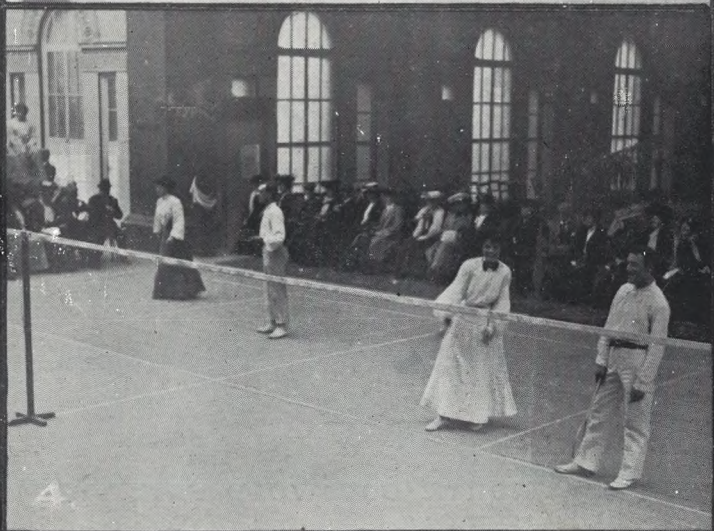
Concerning some of the other counties, we note that Devonshire's share of the population is 20 per 1,000, slightly more than is possessed by Gloucestershire and Derbyshire; that Cornwall has, approximately, one in every 100 of the population; that Cambridgeshire and Oxfordshire rank close together with under 6 per 1,000; and that little Rutlandshire takes the last place with less than one person per 1,000 of the population of England and Wales in 1901.—"Our Population," in the Windsor Magazine."

THE LONDON GIRL'S LOST COMPLEXION.

The history of the London girl's complexion (says "The World and His Wife") is a tragedy in itself, and symbolic, besides, of all the other minor tragedies of the Town girl's life. Yet it is simply a history of smuts and—hard water. In the countryfied city of Bath, for instance, the average of good complexions—genuine milk and roses—among young women in every rank of life, from the daughters of the retired generals to the daughters of the municipal dustmen, is about 80 per cent. Some statisticians put the figure even higher. In London the average is not above 49 per cent. A census of Bath and London babies, however, would show that the percentage of good complexions among the newly arrived is precisely the same, viz. 99 per cent. The deterioration among grown-up citizens is due to the reckless use of the iniquitously hard water provided by the callous water companies, water which devastates the bloom of a delicate skin, but fails to prevent the havoc of London smuts. Yet the average London girl (and her thoughtless mother) prefers to spend yearly pounds on futile soaps and creams and washes instead of taking the daily trouble required to supply a small jug of water in which a bag of oatmeal has been boiled with which to wash the London face night and morning.

SOME REMARKS ON THE "SUPERIOR" GIRL.

It is a tremendous mistake, from all aspects, for a girl to assume superiority (says "The By-stander"). For one thing, when a trait has to be insisted upon with so much force, it is a sure sign it is not really possessed; for another reason, this particular quality is such a nuisance—like playing tennis in a sweeping skirt, under the delusion it is more graceful—to carry about. "Great men," said somebody or other of importance, "are always willing to be little," and if I had a turn of the epigrammatic sort I might add, "superiority is always willing to be ordinary." The most brutal kind of hauteur I have ever observed in the superior girl is her determination not to laugh at other people's jokes. These things are not always funny, we know, but they are always meant to be, and it only requires a very little good nature to enjoy them, perhaps more than they are worth. And the most satisfactory way to laugh, for nothing is such a tell-tale as laughter, is by first being amused. Really, it is not hard to be amused over even the most insignificant things—unless you are trying not to be, for if there is nothing particularly witty in the average joke, at least it is so exhilarating, and such all-round good fun, to see people enjoying themselves.



BADMINTON TOURNAMENT AT THE WINTER GARDEN, CHELTENHAM.

- 1.—Waiting for a service.
- 2.—Miss Murray and Mr. Prior facing Mr. Vidal.
- 3.—Miss Hogarth crouching for a return.
- 4.—Mr. C. B. Joyner, Miss Boothby, and Mr. Prebble.
- 5.—Mr. C. A. Turner and Miss Hogarth (lady champion).
- 6.—Miss Hogg and Captain Kerr.

A Special Article descriptive of the above Tournament, written by "A Prize Winner," appears in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."



1.—Second time round (Ursell in front).
 2.—S. T. Smith (the scratch man) takes the lead, with C Thorndale second.
 3.—S. T. Smith (winner) finishes alone.
 4.—First time round (A.G. Smith, J. Holder, and A. Brown leading).



CHELTENHAM HARRIERS THREE-MILE RACE, ON THE ATHLETIC GROUND, SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

THE COMING MILLENNIUM.

Our forefathers used to consider the world only a few hundred years old, and going to the dogs at that. We talk lightly of a million years, both before and behind us, and face the prospect cheerfully. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that our scientists do. Nothing terrifies a scientist. One looks forward with pleasure to a clock that will go for a million years, unwound and not even cleaned, though what will become of the journeyman clock-winder in the meantime nobody knows. Another scientist, Professor Williston (of Chicago University), has cabled that by the end of the same period the human race will be annihilated, and birds will have become the dominant types. What kind of birds is not mentioned. A few American eagles, we imagine, and, perhaps, a good many geese.—“The Bystander.”



HOW TO TELL REAL DIAMONDS.

Modern imitations of diamonds (says “The World and His Wife”) are so realistic that no visual examination is reliable, though the expert is often able to tell the true stone at a glance by the existence of minute flaws, which are not found in the counterfeit ones. The diamond is the hardest known of substances; but the inexperienced person should not put his stone to any rough-and-ready test for hardness, or he may ruin it. In the early days of diamond-mining in South Africa many valuable stones were sacrificed by striking them on an anvil, under the mistaken impression that hardness also implied toughness. The best test is to immerse in hydrofluoric acid, which dissolves all imitations of the diamond. But here, again, caution is necessary, as this is a highly corrosive liquid, producing painful sores on the skin. On the whole, it is better to consult an expert.



CROSS-COUNTRY RACE AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE,

SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1905.
 R. V. Hodson (the Winner) finishes alone.

Having now a photographer and artist upon their permanent staff, the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. are prepared to photograph trade premises—or indeed almost any person, place, or thing—and engrave a block for printing, at about half the price hitherto charged locally for such work.

Two rare Caxtons were sold to one purchaser at Sotheby's on Tuesday for £303, and for a choice collection of engraved portraits, after the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, £2,640, was realised at Christie's.



HOCKEY IN INDIA.

A CO. 1ST GLOUCESTERS, SABATHU, PUNJAUB.

THE NUISANCE OF OVER-ENTERTAINMENT.

When you have friends stopping with you (says "The World and His Wife"), don't try to over-entertain them. Be kind, be thoughtful, be ever alive to their pleasures and their needs; but, when you ask a pleasant woman down to Breeze-cote-by-the-Sea, don't worry her with your company and civilities. It is so possible, in your anxiety to satisfy and amuse, to do this. Not a rara avis by any means is the dear and tactless hostess who bids us to her pretty home, and then renders us very miserable there by keeping us ever under her eye and entertaining us from daylight until dark. She intends to be so kind, and yet she only succeeds in worrying. Let each guest have an hour or two every day of real solitude. Don't feel, if Mrs. Blank steals away to her room after lunch, or Mr. Brown wanders off with a book to the hammock under the trees, that they are being left alone to fight off boredom. If you follow them up and tap at Mrs. Blank's door, or send your husband after Mr. Brown, you are really making the business of entertaining very wearisome and trying to both yourself and your guest. But, on the other hand, do not go to the other extreme, and think that the best way to make a guest feel at home is to allow him to wander about alone for hours at a time, looking timidly for amusement and companionship, while you serenely attend to your daily tasks free from any sense of obligation on his account.

OUR PICTURES.

REPRODUCTION PRICE LIST.

Photographs of Pictures appearing in the "Gloucestershire Graphic" are supplied at the following prices:—

PHOTOGRAPHS.			
Post-cards -	-	-	3/- doz.
MOUNTED.			
5in. x 4in.	-	9d. each	7/6 doz.
Cabinet or half-plate	1/-	each	10/6 doz.
Whole plate, 8½in. x 6½in.	-	2/-	each.
UNMOUNTED.			
5in. x 4in.	-	-	6d. each.
Cabinet or half-plate	-	-	9d. each.
Whole plate	-	-	1/6 each.

REPRINTS FROM BLOCKS.

REPRINTS FROM BLOCKS ON SPECIAL ART PAPER OR POST-CARDS.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

FAKED-UP CLAIMS.

"Faked-up" claims against railway companies in connection with injuries alleged to be sustained in accidents on the lines are of common occurrence. In one instance a cattle drover brought an action against a great railway for a shock he stated he had sustained in one of their trains; and he hobbled into the witness-box on crutches, apparently in great pain. Serjeant Ballantine was counsel for the defence, and the investigations of the railway solicitor had placed in his hands some correspondence in which the plaintiff admitted that his suit was a "put-up job," and promised to share the plunder with the confederate to whom he was writing. By skilful cross-examination the serjeant led on the drover to admit the authorship of some of the letters; but when he was about to be confronted with his signature to the one in which the attempted fraud was revealed, the plaintiff simply bolted from the witness-box, throwing down his crutches; and he was heard of no more!—"Railways and the Law," in the "Windsor Magazine."



Vipers are unusually numerous in North Devon this spring. Several which have been killed measured between two and three feet.



A duck, belonging to Mr. W. Hasford, of Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol, has laid an egg weighing five and a half ounces.

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No. 223.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),
the enormously successful musical comedy,

"SERGEANT BRUE."

Next Week (first time in Cheltenham)--

"GARDEN OF LIES."

Prices*from 4s. to 6d.

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THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER.

The marriage of a girl with ideas of getting on is generally one of convention. The heroine of "The Confessions of an Ambitious Mother" married a strong shopkeeper with a taste for speculation. The description of the early married days of the "Ambitious Mother" might have been written by any Mrs. Pretentious of our acquaintance. Do we not know at least one such lady, no matter how small our circle? She is the everlasting wonder, whose name can hardly be mentioned without causing a sudden in-drawing of the breath and the admiring exclamation "How does she do it?" The *it* meaning that her style of living is several degrees above that of her neighbours. She is the envy and the reproach of industrious housewives and economical managers. She'll wear silks while they find cashmere hard enough to provide; she'll make a splash with a coupe while they are wavering between a bus and a cab; she'll hire the town hall for a party while they're calculating if they can afford to have a few friends to dinner; she organises a bazaar while they're debating about giving the vicar a subscription for a tea party; she gets an invitation to the "at homes" of the wife of the M.P. of the division while they feel complimented by a handshake at election times—but the list can be pursued according to the imagination or the experience of my readers. To return to the little American town. The "Ambitious Mother" of the book pursued her snobbish way. Had she not become a widow with "insurance money" she would probably never have got to greater heights than her "morning-room" done in chintz, or her children wearing "white pinafores like those in English illustrations." But as a widow with money, a tract of barren land, and a knowledge of society gained from a lifelong study of novels which dealt with people of wealth and position, she saw Europe beckoning to her, and she obeyed the summons.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



MR. R. V. VASSAR-SMITH,
TOP OF POLL AT CHARLTON ELECTION.

THE APPRENTICESHIP REVIVAL.

In connection with attempts to solve the unemployed problem the good work which is being done by the National Institution of Apprenticeship should not be overlooked. It is an established fact that by far the greater proportion of the unemployed (statisticians state 80 per cent.) are unskilled labourers. If these men were skilled their chances of obtaining work would be greater. Further, skilled labourers earn good wages in times of prosperity, and if they are thrifty they can save money to tide them over a period of depression in trade. It cannot be denied, therefore, that the effort to add to the number of skilled labourers is, at any rate, a partial remedy of the unemployed problem. Starting from this basis, the institution which we have named is endeavouring to revive the

system of apprenticeship, and claims to have already placed 3,000 boys in a position to learn a skilled trade. The institution pays the boy's premium, and makes periodical calls on his employer to see that proper training is being given. Some people say that the apprenticeship system is dead, and has been replaced by technical classes. Attendance, however, at technical classes is generally optional, and there is a large class of boys who lack the strength of character to avail themselves of this method of education. To this class the old-fashioned system of apprenticeship, with its elements of discipline and compulsion, is the best suited. The National Institution of Apprenticeship, of which Lord Avebury is the treasurer, is doing good work, and should have the support of public-spirited business firms. The honorary secretary is Mr. J. S. Ballin, 4c, Hyde Park Mansions, London.—"Magazine of Commerce."

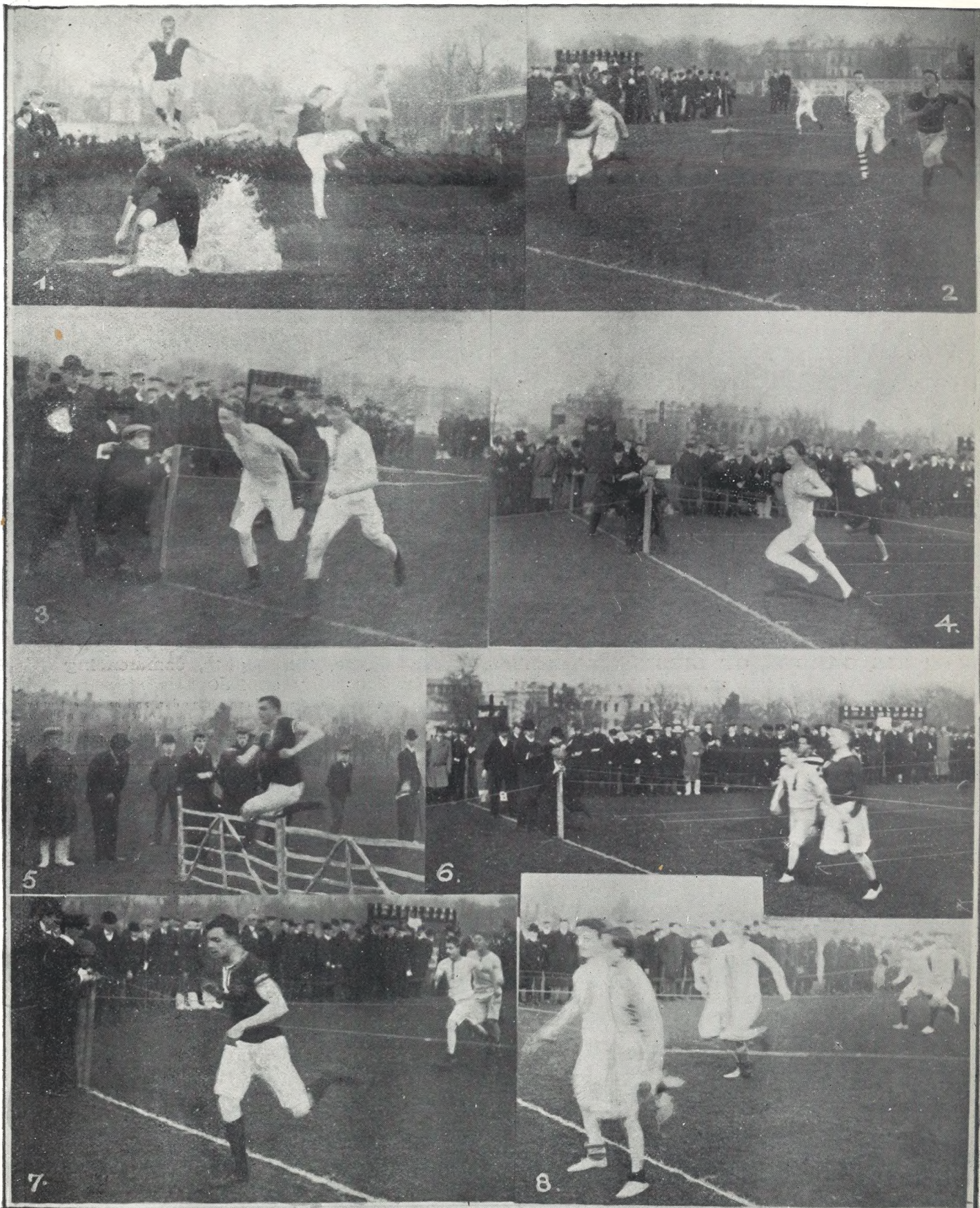


VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND.



THE PRINCIPAL (REV. R. WATERFIELD) READING OUT LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS. GENERAL SIR REGINALD HART SEATED ON HIS LEFT, WHILE LADY HART, ON HIS RIGHT, PRESENTS THE PRIZES.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS, SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1905.



1.—Water Jump in Old Chelts' Steeplechase.
 2.—F. H. St. Hill wins the 100 Yards (under 15).
 3.—Mr. W. S. Drew, Rev. W. Unwin, and Mr. F. Jacob judging the Mile, won on the tape by R. V. Hodson from R. T. H. Mackenzie.
 4.—D. R. Peel wins the 100 Yards Open.
 5.—St. Hill wins the Hurdles (under 15).
 6.—D. J. G. MacNeece wins the 100 Yards (under 14).
 7.—St. Hill wins the Quarter Mile (under 15).
 8.—Finish of Three-Legged Race.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS, SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1905.



"THE GARDEN OF LIES" at Cheltenham Opera House, Six Nights, commencing Monday, April 10th, and Matinee on Saturday at 2.30.

The Princess of Novodnia lies seriously ill. Her husband, the Prince of Novodnia, was torn from her on her wedding day, and he is kept busy by his unruly subjects in the imaginary Balkan province. The Princess does not know her husband by sight, because she received a severe blow in a carriage accident when leaving the church, and an eminent doctor, Sir Gavin Mackenzie, whom we see on the extreme left, can think of no better way to pacify the Princess and help her recovery than to obtain someone to enact the Prince. His two companions agree with him, and so in a Paris cafe Denis Mallory, who is personated by Mr. Henry Renouf, agrees to undertake the task.



Photo by Paul Coe, Cheltenham and Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER OLD BOYS' RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, SEASON 1904-5.

Standing.—P. Lindsay (hon. secretary), Mr. Samuel Aitken (president), H. Lane, R. R. Sly, H. A'Bear, T. Catesby, P. Harris, S. S. Harris, G. Vance, Sidney W. Lane, Stephens. Middle.—A. Harris, A. C. Guilding, S. D. Lane (captain), W. J. Pearce, W. L. H. Peckover. Sitting on Ground.—A. H. Romans (hon. secretary), P. Rodway, F. C. J. Romans, S. Gardner.



"THE GARDEN OF LIES" at Cheltenham Opera House, Six Nights, commencing Monday, April 10th, and Matinee on Saturday at 2.30.

In this scene we have the real Prince returning for his wife, and finding that Denis Mallory is making love to her. He is not satisfied with the doctor's explanation that it is all for her good and his, and he fights a duel with Denis, in which the latter is victorious. At the end of the play the Prince is conveniently killed, and Denis marries his widow.

Photos by permission of Ellis and Walery, London.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Names of O.C.'s who have achieved fame in various walks of life in many parts of the world are legion, and it would require not a few volumes to hold even but brief sketches of their notable careers. A most recent book published dealing with the life and times of an Old Cheltonian is the one by General J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C., the late General Sir James Browne, R.E., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., being the subject of it. As showing how boys' nicknames often cling to them in after life, the case of "Buster Browne," as James was called, may be cited. He was so dubbed because of his strength and prowess at football, a name, as his biographer points out, without a meaning, but with an expressive, buoyant, vigorous sort of sound, indicative of the man's character. James Brown went to Cheltenham College some fifty years ago, when it was a very different place in size and educational course to what it is now. He was, it seems, struck with the educational deficiencies of the College, where, however, if he was not taught much history and geography, his strong robust character was made all the more resolute and independent. It is claimed for "Buster Browne" that his activities in India, where he began service in 1859, were mainly concentrated in two directions—in the discharge of his engineering and military duties, often of an important and arduous kind, and in the acquisition of native languages, the study of tribal manners and customs, and in establishing a peculiarly friendly relationship in a time of war with the border people, his success in the latter enterprise constituting one of the most romantic chapters in the varied and picturesque history of India. The infinite variety of the careers of O.C.'s is also recently illustrated by the life of Captain W. Morgan Thomas, who was last week

appointed Chief Constable of Breconshire. After leaving the College he became a bank clerk and Volunteer officer, and then joined the police force as a constable in order to qualify for his present position.

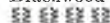
For a week or two longer the horn of the fox-hunter will be heard, but only on the hills, the vales being taboo owing to the forward state of the crops and the grass land having been prepared for mowing. The Cotswold will finish up its season to-day. Several hunts have had their point-to-point races. The V.W.H. (Cricklade) introduced a novelty in a ladies' steeplechase, in which there were eight competitors, Mrs. Frank Day winning. Already we hear of the number of kills by the Duke of Beaufort's, the Cotswold, and the Ledbury Hounds, and all are in excess of those for last season. A notable incident last month was the Berkeley Hunt's presentation of a silver cup and the handsome sum of £550 to Will Rawle on his retirement, after nineteen years' service, from the post of huntsman of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds. Among the chief runs have been the following:—Ledbury Hounds, March 3rd, two and a half hours, with a kill at Bushley, and the 17th, a twelve-mile point, with a kill; North Cotswold, the 17th, a nine-mile point from Toddington to Bengeworth, the 24th, a seven-mile point, losing in Heythrop territory, and the 27th, two hours, with a kill; and V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), the 17th, from Somerford to Minety, in an hour and forty-five minutes, with a kill, a leash of foxes being accounted for on that day. The Cotswold twice ran into other territory, once on the 27th, when they clashed with the Croome Hounds at Little Washbourn and joined forces after a fox, which was lost in the North Cotswold country; and again, on the 29th, when they hunted from Hazleton Grove and lost their quarry within the Heythrop limits. March casualties

were two, consisting of a broken leg in each case, to Mrs. R. S. Bagnall, when out with the Cotswold; and to Mr. W. Russell, in a run with the Ledbury.

Some friends of mine who saw the King moving freely among his subjects in the paddock at Aintree tell me that his Majesty looked pinched in the face, and that he retired into Lord Derby's box after the Grand National race was over. The crush in the ring was great, and I hear that a Cheltonian had his field-glass "lifted" and has not seen it since. It is interesting to find that Kirkland, the winner, was brought to Cheltenham a week or two before the big effort and given a trial over the Prestbury Park course. Those persons who noticed the horse box painted "Frank Bibby, Esq.," at the G.W.R. station, little imagined that it contained the "certainty" for the Grand National. GLEANER.

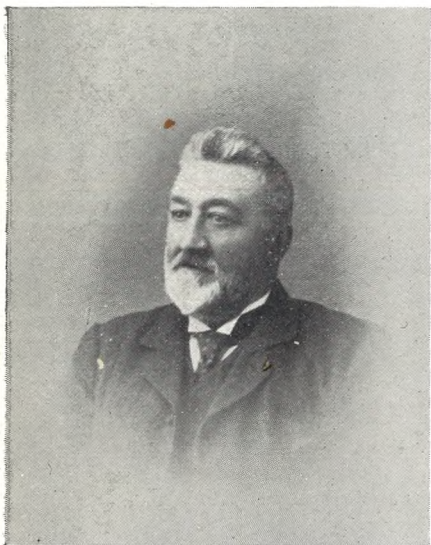
REDUCED WAGE-EARNING OF THE COUNTRY.

In the five years, 1896-1900, the wages of four and a half million of work-people were raised to the extent of £435,000 per week. In the four reactionary years, 1901-4, over three millions of the same people had to undergo reductions aggregating £257,000 per week. More than one-half of the increases which wage-earners secured in the boom of 1896-1900 has had to be relinquished again, and there is no saying how much more may have to follow. Between reduced wages and reduced numbers at work, the industrial earnings of the country may be a million and a half sterling per week less than they were four years ago.—"Blackwood's Magazine."

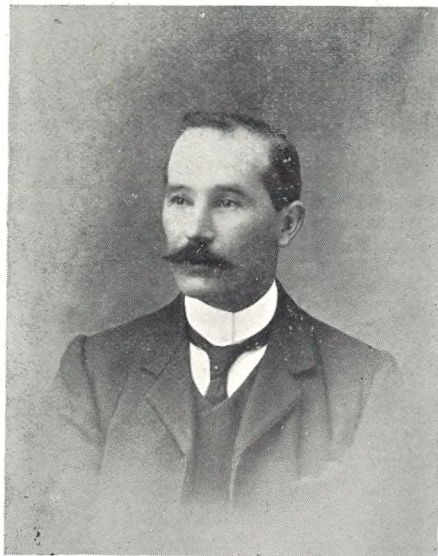


There is plenty of room at the top. The trouble is to get through the crowd at the bottom of the ladder.

CHARLTON'S NEW COUNCILLORS.



MR. W. PRICE.



MR. F. J. PEACEY.



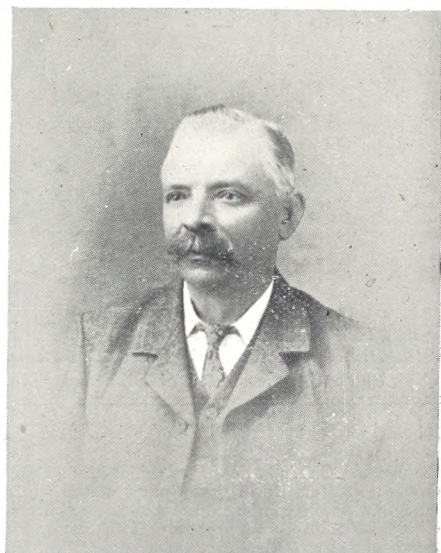
MR. HORACE EDWARDS.



MR. A. D. MITCHELL.



MR. JESSE BURROWS.



MR. W. H. FRY.



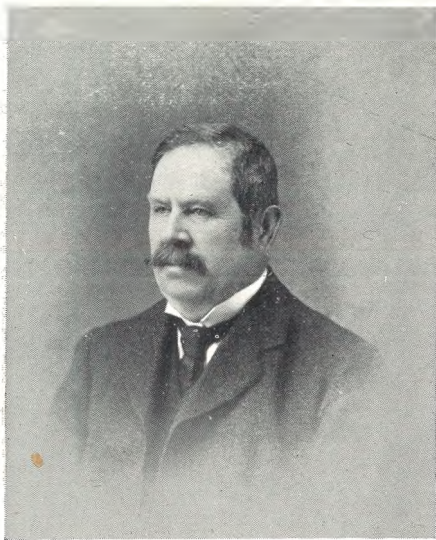
MR. W. S. F. HARRIS.
Photos by J. A. Bailey, Charlton.



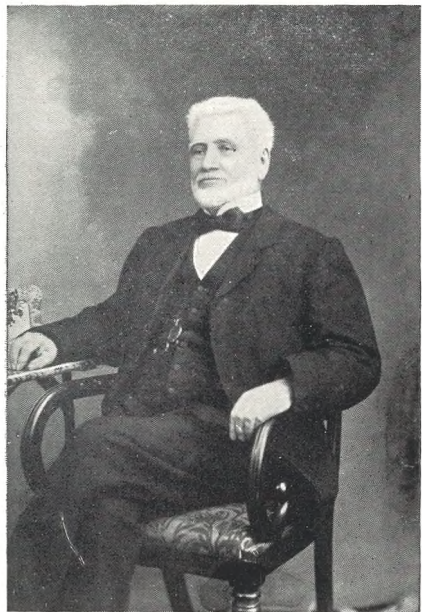
MR. G. W. S. BREWER.



MR. H. THORNE.



MR. C. W. TOWNSHEND.



MR. SAMUEL H. HAYWARD,
 Of Gloucester, who died on April 3rd, aged 79 years. As a chorister boy, he sang at the service in the Cathedral on Queen Victoria's Coronation Day, and also at the services there on her Majesty's Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee.



POLICE-SERGT. BROWNING,

Of St. Mark's, Cheltenham, who is retiring on superannuation allowance, after 28 years of approved service, having joined the Force in November, 1876.

To help the funds of a new Congregational Sunday School at Chorley, a trading competition was started, each competitor receiving a shilling to purchase the initial stock. The trading of one young lady produced a return of £1 12s. 6d., and of another £1 11s., the lowest profit being 8s. 9d.

"I remember," said the Bishop of Carlisle at Carlisle Cathedral on Sunday, "a man once saying to me, 'I like Lent because I can save money in Lent, and when Easter comes I can have a good blow-out.' That is simply a form of ceremonial selfishness," was the Bishop's comment.



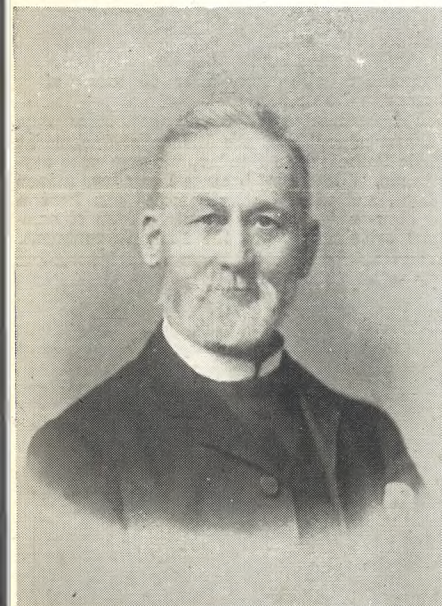
THE MONTELLIER ART NEEDLEWORK STUDIO AND DOLLS HOSPITAL,
 RECENTLY OPENED AT 3 SPA PLACE, CHELTENHAM.

Election of a North Ward Guardian of Cheltenham Union.

THE CANDIDATES.

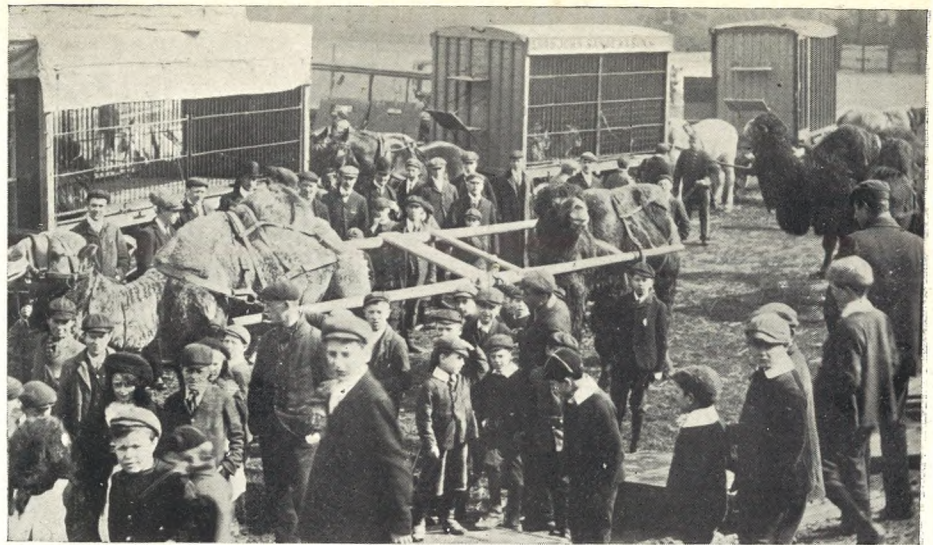


MR. ALFRED CARTER,
Who joined the postal service in 1866 and
retires to-day.



MR. WILLIAM HANDS.

Mr. Arnold-Forster distributed medals and certificates at the Woolwich Polytechnic on Saturday evening. He praised the system in vogue at the institution of giving education to apprentices during their working hours. Continental countries had made great advance in the application of scientific knowledge to industry, and we should give to take great care to protect ourselves in the industrial contest.



Sanger's Circus Preparing for Parade and in Grosvenor Street.



MR. HENRY THOMAS YARNOLD.

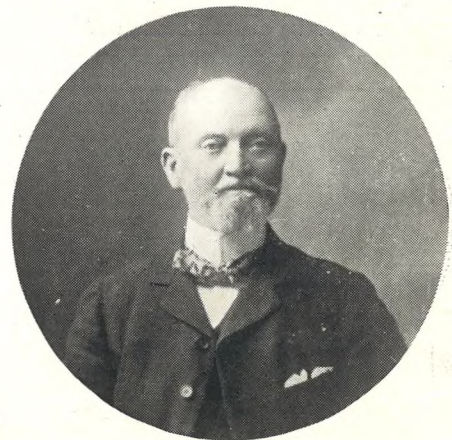


Photo by Holloway, Cheltenham.

MR. CHARLES BAILEY.

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement
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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 224.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),
"THE GARDEN OF LIES."

APRIL 17 to 21, THE THEATRE WILL BE
CLOSED, REOPENING ON SATURDAY NEXT
and DURING EASTER WEEK with

"THE GAY PARISIENNE."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

Picture blocks similar to those in this paper, and suitable for any trade or profession or any kind of printing, are produced by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. at about half the prices usually charged locally. There are no better business advertisements! Drop us a post-card, and our photographer will call and arrange matters without further trouble to you.

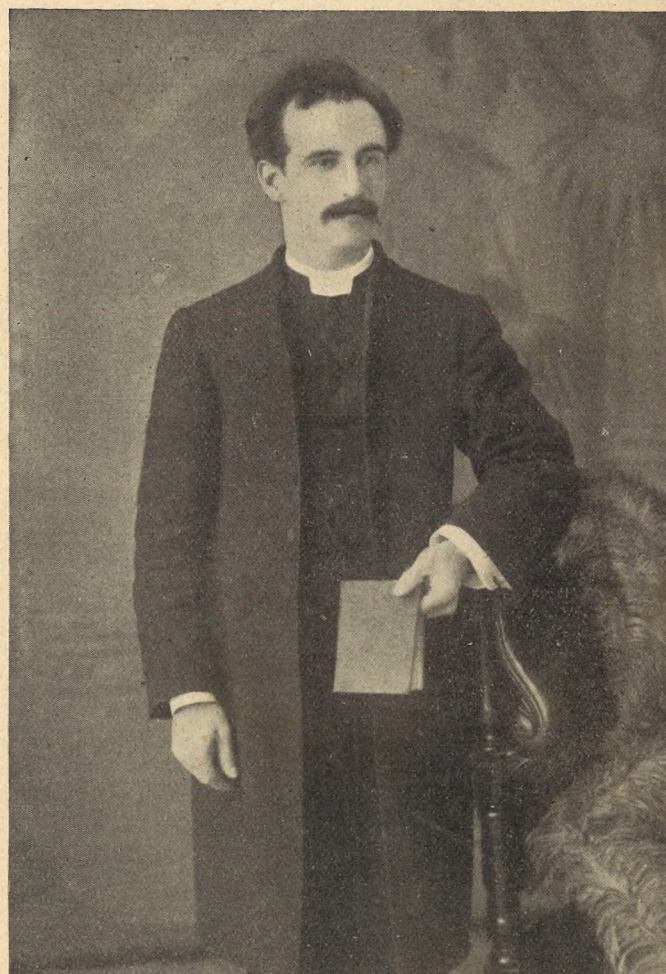
THE UNEMPLOYED.

At a very moderate estimate, 10 per cent. of the wage-earning class are, so to speak, hors de combat, most of them through no fault of their own. Owing to dull trade and a general shrinkage in the demand for British manufactures, they are for the time being superfluous. A superfluous labourer with no resources of his own to fall back upon becomes an unwilling burden to himself and to the community. That nearly one in every ten British workmen should be in that predicament argues an unhealthy industrial condition.—"Llackwood's Magazine."

THE CAPABLE MISTRESS.

The capable mistress is generally the most considerate, says "T.A.T.," and there is no question but that she is the strongest factor in the production of whatever good service is given in the household to-day. Nevertheless, she is sometimes inconsiderate, and in this way. She can work so quickly herself that she often forgets others have not the same faculty. Girls in a new place are often slow just because they are so nervously anxious to please. A capable mistress, impatient because things are not moving so rapidly as she knows they can move, does not always give a maid the two weeks' trial by which she could do herself justice. Again, the capable mistress comes into the kitchen to make a cake. Everything is ready to her hand, and she whisks up the cake in a few minutes, telling Jane to bake it carefully. She goes upstairs and contrasts her quickness with Jane's slowness, forgetting that she had neither placed things in readiness, nor cleared them away, nor superintended the baking.

The amount of Consols held by the National Debt Commissioners for the Post-office Savings Bank Fund on the 31st of December last was £60,085,442.



REV. A. BEYNON PHILLIPS,

PASTOR OF CAMBRAY BAPTIST CHURCH, CHELTENHAM,

THE JUBILEE OF WHICH IS BEING CELEBRATED THIS WEEK.

Lieut.-Col. R. Thompson, retired staff paymaster, who served with the King's (Shropshire Light Infantry) in the Indian Mutiny, died at Upper Norwood on Sunday at the age of eighty-two. He took part in the relief of Lucknow and the battle of Cawnpore and in several other actions, receiving the medal with two clasps.

The vicar of Conway challenges any of the fifty Wrexham passive resisters to prove (1) that there is no practical control over Church schools; (2) that the total cost of education in Church schools is now defrayed by grants and rates; (3) that the contribution of Church people does not cover the cost of religious teaching in Church schools.

Selina Jenkins Letters.

(MORE OR LESS) ON THE BUDGET.

You ask me to say a piece about the Budget; well, you must know I never weren't good at figgers; sich things wasn't taught when I were yung, as vulgar fractures and least common multiplications (as sounds like a reg'lar bad lot, don't 'em), and I don't 'old with nothink vulgar nor common, even in the Helementary Free Eddication Schools, wich is paid for out of the rates and managed by the passons, as accounts for the vulgarities. No! when I went to school I learnt me tables, likewise a bit of addition and subtraction, but I never 'aven't ad no call to use it since; I finds it a lot heasier to tott'it hup in me 'ead than to put it down on scraps of paper.

Yes! it's wonderful wot a lot of things you can carry in yer 'ead, without turnin' a 'air, as the sayin' is; why, Uncle Dick, as were in the seed merchant line of bizness, couldn't read or 'rite, and yet 'e did a wonderful fine trade with the farmers to the markets, wich 'e used to keep all 'is 100's of accounts in 'is 'ead, brought hup to date, and ruled hoff in red hink at the bottom, as you mite say; and whenever a bill was paid 'e used to give 'is 'ead a slap of one side, jest to cross hoff the hentry, so 'e said, as saved 'im a pretty penny in day-books, and ledgers, and bill-'eadings, and so 4th; not but wot I will admit when 'e 'ad the scarlet fever, as went to 'is brain and made 'im forget who'd paid and who 'adn't, it were very awk'ard, ontill 'e filed hoff 'is petition, as they do call it, and paid 7½d. in the pound, wich the Receiver said were a warnin' not to use yer 'ead fer a day-book and ledger all rolled into one, becoss, of course, you can't rule yer 'ead off into collums like, no more than you can 'ave it audited by chartered accountants!

Wich, as I were a-sayin' when I thought of me Uncle Dick, I ain't no good at figgers, at all; 'owsomdever, I do make it hup in spellin' and grammer, wich I prides meself I be jest perfect in both of 'em, and if there do happen to be a mistake 'ere and there by the wayside, well, it's a "lapsee linguey" fer certain, or else it's wot they call tripeografical horrors, meanin' as the printer 'ave been 'avin' somethink to take; some of 'em says I be rather perfoose with me "H's," but, Lor' bless yer 'art and sole, if I puts 'em in two free in one place, I leaves 'em out to another, so it comes allrite in the end! don't it?

Yes! I'm very proud of me spellin' and grammar, and don't 'old with they as murders the King's Henglish, as the sayin' is, sich as Mr. Dooley and that there Briggs, who tried to take me place in this 'ere very paper last year.

But, there! there! I was goin' to 'ave a word of a sort about the Budget, as they do call it, wich Amos read it out to me over the tea table the hother day ontill I were reg'lar dazed with the millions of billions of 'underds of thousands as is bein' spent on every 'and, regardless of hexpense, wich I couldn't make no top nor tail of the figgers as per usual.

'Owever, there was one thing as encouraged me to think better of the "weakest Government of modern times," as the newspapers calls it, and that was

2d. OFF THE TEAPOT,

becos', if there's one thing that I considers ought to be left alone when you be payin' fer wars and rumurs of wars it's a body's teapot. I 'olds with taxin' beer and sperrits, and sich like condiments rite up to the bung-'ole, so to say, becoss' we all knows you can't sit around the table and drink that sort of thing till further orders, without gettin' as mad and cross as a defeated candidate to the Guardians' election; whereas, as Shakespeare says—

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates," 'ave been known to stop people from all manner of vice and mischief, by the soothin' effect it do 'ave, not to mention the power of speech as comes to a body after about the 6th or 7th cup; so I don't 'old with taxin' of it, and glad am I that the 2d. is took off; not but wot there must be somethink wrong, becoss' when I went down to the grocer's and asked for 2d. back on the pound of tea at 1s. 6d. as I bought last week, they was quite onpolite to me, and wanted to know wot I were a-gettin' at! They 'ain't 'onest, so I considers, and I don't 'old with it, not meself!

There was one or 2 things besides in Mr. Austy Chamberling's Budget as took me attention'ceps when I were dropped off to sleep (becos', of course, Amos can't get along at all with words of more than 2 syllabubs, and it took 'im up'ards of a

'our's 'ard work to read the Budget speech all through).

For one thing, it seems as the great British people is gettin' more soberer every day, and spends their money on pictur-postcards instead of beer, sperrits, ale, cider, tobacco, and sigars. I takes Mr. Chamberling's word for it, bein' a gentleman as can most likely be depended on, but if Amos or ennybody or'nary 'ad said it, I should 'ave considered it were a 'devarication of the truth" (as they calls a falsehood down to the County Court).

Becos' fer why, there looks to me to be the same quantity of men tryin' to walk both sides of the pavement to once, and singin' all kinds of "Glory Songs," at turnin'-out time, as reg'lar makes the welking ring down our street, besides selectin' the street corner outside our 'ouse for terrible long excursions on pollyticks and religion and sich things as 'alf-fuddled men be used to talk about in their cups.

Still, I s'pose it's in they parts where the revival 'ave come out, becoss' they say the publicans 'ave a lot of 'em give up the intoxication bizness, and 'ave opened "Religious Track Society's" depots and Coffee Taverns to meet the more sperritual demands of the converted, as is a good thing, I'm sure, and if they was to keep to the teapot they'd be a site better off, as I said afore!

Another thing Amos read out to me was as 'ow there were a great fallin' off in the consumptions this time, bein' a decease as I stands in 'oly 'orror of, meself, becoss you meets them as 'ave it on every 'and, not to speak of bein' in the milk, as the doctors says, wich they calls the phthph—th—ph— Well, there, now! if I 'aven't forgot 'ow you do spell it, but I know there's equal parts of "ph" and "th" in the word, wotever. Any'ow, the consumptions 'avin' falled off, and the customs of the people (sich as marriage, births, and bank 'ollidays) 'avin' also falled off, consekently there's less money from the death duties, so the hincome-tax can't be redooed this time.

(The above sentence is the Budget in a nutshell; a cokernut shell with the milk left in, and the 2d. off the tea would do very well).

The sentence inside 'rackets is one of Amos's jokes!!

Amos and me wasn't very certain of wot the fall off in the death duties meant. I s'pose death duties is gettin' berried, pervidin' for yer wife and hoffspring, and orderin' a decent tombstone; not that I sees where the Government comes in there, not meself, only I s'pose some of 'em 'ave been negulectin' to be berried decent, wich I knows there's some as doesn't 'old with grand funerals, and thinks they be a wicked waste of money! I like's to see it done well, meself, becoss, of coorse, you don't get a funeral every day, and it looks more respectful to the dear departed to 'ave the very best outfit you can, even if you 'as to go short for the rest of yer materal!

Wich there's Mrs. Rogers berried 'er 3rd husband only a month ago come Good Friday, and when I told 'er she ought to get in a cooked meal for the relations as was comin' to the auspicious occasion, you mark my words if she didn't say, "Selina," says she, "I've berried 'em all with ham, and I ain't goin' to make no difference for George!" as was the name of the last one; as shows 'ow death duties and customs is fallin' off!

In conclusion, I'm afraid I 'aven't said much about the Budget, but wot I 'ave said I means, only figgers, as sich, ain't in my line.

SELINA JENKINS.

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 124th prize has been divided between Miss Maud M. Lyne, of Ryeccote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham, for report of a sermon by the Rev. R. Waterfield at St. Matthew's Church, Cheltenham, and Mr. Will T. Spenser, New-street, Gloucester, for his report of a sermon at the Cathedral by Dean Spence-Jones.

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

THE DIFFERENCE IN WOMEN'S VOICES.

"She had ever a low, soft voice,

An excellent thing in women."

Every now and then you hear of a woman's voice, low and sweet, and so perfectly modulated that instinctively the mad king's words come into your mind, and you wonder why there aren't more women who cultivate their speaking voices. Curiously enough, women who sing very rarely have musical speaking voices, and those who have exquisite low voices usually have expressionless singing voices. Nobody has ever been able to explain it scientifically, but it is a fact, for all that. Nothing so definitely marks the distinction between culture and the lack of it as a voice. And nothing is a much better index to character. Listen to voices anywhere you happen to be—at a tea, or in a street car, or in a shop—and notice how one voice will be nasal, another shrill, one throaty, another low, but coarse; and think what a difference it would make if each woman would pay only as much attention to her voice as she does to her manicuring, for instance. A beautiful face is often marred by the sharp voice that accompanies it and seems so oddly mismatched. The constant use of slang has an actual physical effect upon voices which is anything but agreeable. You almost never find a hard voice with any one who uses beautiful English. But slang coarsens the voice, giving it a sharp quality that is as unpleasant as the stream of slang itself.—From "T.A.T."



THE BUSINESS GIRL'S BURDEN.

Only those who are behind the scenes (says "The Bystander") can tell how many women put on a bright, sprightly, business-like manner, with their outdoor things in the morning, and drop it, thankfully, over a cup of tea and their own cosy fireside at night. Of course, if one has it at all, independence of manner is a thing that grows; and it is a good thing for the women who must work, that this is so. Perhaps the most decided drawback to women who by necessity are forced into the world to struggle for a livelihood, is that they are still regarded by the general public as a cheaper, if more inefficient, substitute for men. Sometimes, indeed, one hears it said, especially in those employments which demand deft fingers and neatness, "Get a girl to do it; she will do it better, or more quickly," but it is almost invariably added, "and she will be cheaper." Yet nearly all professions, or business capacities, into which a woman can enter, require a more or less elaborate training, which means time, money, and at least some brains, must be at her disposal. In view of these considerations, is the "bachelor girl" always to be envied? On no account, unless she succeeds, and succeeds brilliantly.

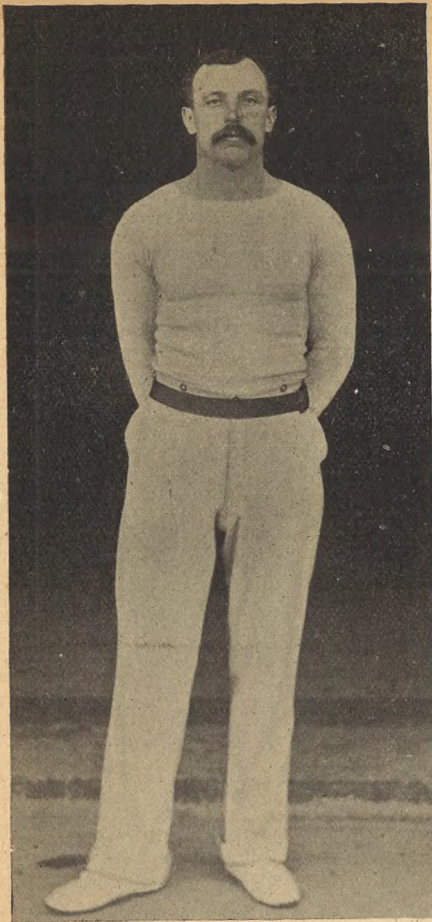


A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

Despite constant warnings to the contrary (says "The Autocar"), there are cyclists who will persist in riding close behind motor-cars. Particularly round London and large towns, some of the young and athletic riders take a keen, and perhaps a not unnatural, delight in tucking themselves almost underneath the rear of a car which may be travelling at a convenient speed to pace them, the shelter and suction which the car affords enabling them to make a better pace than they otherwise could. This is all very well so long as the car is moving rapidly, but the operation is fraught with considerable danger when the speed of the car slackens. The cyclist is absolutely unable to see anything in front of him, his view being confined solely to the back of the car. If a dog, not to mention a child, should show signs of getting in the way of the car, the driver instantly checks his speed. There is no time for him to hold up his hand as a signal to the cyclist, though if he did it would be useless, for, as a rule, having nothing better to look at, the pedaller is admiring his front tyre, and unless his brakes are exceptionally powerful and instantly applied, the result of the slackening of speed on the part of the car is that the cyclist runs into the back of the vehicle, and is thrown off, with more or less disastrous consequences. As a rule, however, he is not much hurt, though he generally manages to scratch the paint pretty badly, and to upset the nerves of the motorists.



Mr. John Rockefeller has presented the Baptist Missionary Union of Boston with a sum of £20,000.



SERGT. A. WHITE,

Gymnastic and Fencing Instructor at Cheltenham College; late of the Army Gymnastic Staff, and of the 37th (Hampshire) Regiment.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

Top row:—J. Pilkington, A. Bailey, A. Merrett, W. Bridgman, W. Davey, A. Price, T. Herbert, and A. Birt.

Bottom row:—F. Merrett, F. Davey, B. Bradley, and H. Bridgman.

HOLY APOSTLES A.F.C.

It is flattering testimony to the utility of the school that a representative of the most remarkable and up-to-date nation in the Far East, Miss Miyakawa, from Japan, who has come to England to learn domestic science, was specially brought to the opening ceremony by Mrs. A. T. Playne, of the Longfords. It is certainly refreshing to hear that Japanese can still learn something in Old England. This Japanese lady added another spice of novelty to the proceedings by a nice fluent speech, in which she mentioned that since she had been in England she had noticed how careful we are about our meals, and intimated that this point she must particularly emphasise when she got home in order to encourage the people to provide nice dinners. There is, I hold, sound common-sense in the statement of Miss Miyakawa that, after all, this domestic science was the most important subject for women to learn. I am glad to find by the official report that in the elementary schools alone there are 650 students at Gloucester and 576 in Cheltenham.

Whenever the general election comes, which it will at some time before 1907, the results of the candidatures of at least four young Gloucestershire men in different parts of the country will be awaited with not a little interest in this county. I allude to Mr. Somers Somerset, the only child of Lady Henry Somerset, and in the line of succession to the Dukedom of Beaufort, who is Liberal candidate, strange to say, for the borough of Croydon; to Mr. Frank Holme Sumner, the able son of the late Capt. A. H. Sumner, a former master of the Cotswold Hounds, and a nephew of the late Lord Fitzhardinge, who is standing as one of the Conservative candidates for the dockyard borough of Devonport; to Mr. J. Dearman Birchall, of Bowden Hall, near Gloucester, who will fight the Conservative battle in North Leeds, a borough from which his family sprang; and to Mr. Willoughby Hyett Dickinson, son of a former County Chairman, who is standing in the Liberal interest for a Metropolitan borough.

GLEANER.

DO PLANTS WEAR OUT?

This is an interesting question, and the answer must—at any rate, in some instances—be given in the affirmative. In a state of Nature the gods grind slowly, but under cultivation progress can only be made or retrogression prevented by continual selection. There are several causes at work which reduce the strength of a race of plants. Overfeeding and overpropagation from cuttings have a tendency to weaken the plants exposed to them and let in disease.—“The Garden.”

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A TRADE SPECIALIST.

In very many branches of trade, large and successful establishments have to pay enormous salaries to specialists, whose services are by no means easy to secure. There are, for instance, at least half a dozen well-known furniture dealers in London, says “T.A.T.,” who are paying salaries equal to the pay of a Cabinet Minister to men whom they employ for the purpose of buying antique and old-fashioned furniture, for which at present there is a big demand among very wealthy folk. One well-known firm who do a most extensive trade in this particular line of business are paying a specialist, said to be one of the best judges of antique furniture living, £8,000 per annum. Frequent attempts have been made to foist imitation articles upon him, but never once have such attempts met with success. But the specialist who buys antique furniture for a big firm must be able to do something more than merely distinguish the real from the imitation article; he must be able to judge the style of furniture that will sell most readily in a market where, if the prices to be obtained are enormous, the taste is constantly changing, and the demand for any one particular style of article never of long duration. The great firms of jewellers employ highly-paid specialists to buy cut gems, which run to very high prices. Only the wealthiest firms can afford to buy cut gems of such great rarity as real Assyrian, Greek, or Babylonian cameos. A Babylonian cameo was sold by a firm of jewellers in Regent-street not so very long since for £12,000. This is one of the highest prices ever paid for a cut cameo, and the firm did well by it, it being purchased for them in Rome by their specialist two years ago for £7,000. The specialist in question receives a salary of £4,000 a year to buy cameos. A buyer of shawls, if he has a very considerable knowledge of the subject, will get as much as £2,000 a year from many of the leading firms who deal only in high-class goods of this description. It is, however, remarkable the immense difficulty there appears to be in getting competent persons for such work, and most of the largest dealers in very expensive china and porcelain ware have to do their own buying. One well-known firm in the West End recently offered a customer who was an expert judge of rare china a salary of £3,000 a year to buy for them; but the customer declined the offer, though he was not, as a matter of fact, very well off, but did not care to take up such responsible and extremely hard work, even at so tempting a salary.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

One of the most useful of our county institutions that is conducted at a small cost is the School of Domestic Science at Gloucester. The formal opening last Saturday of the new building added to the premises carved out of the old Militia Barracks was of a very interesting character. It was regrettable, however, that Sir John Dorington was unable to be present, as announced, to perform the opening ceremony. It is seldom that the right honourable baronet fails to keep an appointment, and indisposition on this occasion was the cause of the break in his regularity. Mr. Colchester-Wemyss, the chairman of the Education Committee, who deputised for Sir John, brought with him as a visitor Prince Yugala, one of the young sons of the King of Siam, of whom he is the guardian in this country, and with whom not a few of the public have become tolerably familiar by reason of their visits to Gloucester, Cheltenham, and Tewkesbury on semi-public or private business. Somdetch Chowfa Maha Vagiravudh, the Crown Prince, is an “Admirable Crichton,” for among his accomplishments are the writing of essays on the “War of the Polish Succession,” and of plays, and ability as an amateur actor. I remember that in the summer of 1902 the Crown Prince, under the stage name of “Carlton H. Terris,” appeared at Westbury Court, the residence of Mr. Colchester-Wemyss, in three plays, “In Honour Bound,” “Old Cronies,” and “The King’s Command,” his Royal Highness being the writer of the latter, and the cast was made up by gentlemen of the Prince’s suite and by the Misses Colchester-Wemyss and Mrs. Stillingfleet. While the Siamese princes must derive great benefit from the education and experience they gain in this country, I think these close associations re-act in greatly improving the political and trading relations of the two countries.



Top row:—C. W. Tyler (linesman), J. Preece, F. Eager, T. King, R. T. Grubb, H. G. Carpenter, E. D. Ricketts (referee), S. Miles, B. G. Shurmer, H. Hay, R. F. Minett (hon. secretary and treasurer).
 Second row:—F. J. T. Cook, B. Denton, H. Bradshaw (captain), T. Johnson
 Sitting:—H. Ingles, A. Priest
 ST. PAUL'S UNITED (WINNERS) v. REST OF LEAGUE, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905.



Top row:—C. W. Tyler (secretary Referees' Committee), A. C. White (chairman), R. G. Barnett, R. Campbell, C. F. Monk, E. D. Ricketts (referee), R. A. C. Webb, A. Oakley, E. Millichamp (linesman), W. J. Lawrence (hon. secretary and treasurer).
 Second row:—W. Williams, W. Vincent, J. Purser.
 Sitting:—F. Brewster, F. J. Troughton (captain), W. Vicary.
 REST OF LEAGUE TEAM v. WINNERS.

CHELTENHAM ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

PROFESSOR MILNE, F.R.S., EARTHQUAKE RECORDER.

Invariably, when an earthquake has convulsed some part of the universe, newspaper men, scientists, and sages of all descriptions hasten to the little village of Shide, which lies near Newport, the capital of the Isle of Wight. For at Shide lives Professor Milne, the distinguished, the miraculous seismologist, who has conceived an apparatus that not only announces the passing of an earthquake, but records at what spot and at what hour the earthquake occurred. The apparatus lives (the verb "live" is permissible) in a coach-house in the Professor's garden, and upon the occasion of the disastrous Lahore earthquake many were the visitors from London and also from the provinces who congregated curiously and excitedly at the coach-house door. Impossible, without much space at one's command, to describe the apparatus; suffice it to say that it faithfully performed its duty while Lahore underwent that appalling ordeal, and that the news reached Shide before it reached London. And Professor Milne obligingly imparted all his "observations to the assembly of visitors. A man of about fifty, with keen blue eyes, vigorous and alert, who has travelled all over the world, had innumerable adventures, and will, with his love of travel, most probably have many more.

For nearly twenty years Professor Milne lived in Japan. He was a professor at the Tokio University, and soon turned his attention to earthquakes, which in Japan happen two or three times a day. Not, of course, formidable earthquakes; but the professor was deeply interested even in baby ones, and his researches and experiments aroused the admiration and wonder of the Japanese Government. Also they attracted the attention of the Mikado, and, for his Majesty's pleasure, a sham earthquake was planned and performed. On a waste piece of ground Professor Milne put up houses and towers, and beneath them laid mines. The Mikado, placed at a safe distance, had but to press a button and the mines would explode and the earthquakes would occur. Calm and imperturbable was his Majesty when he appeared upon the scene, and calmly did he press the button. A fearful explosion—houses and towers and all manner of wreckage in the air, and the professor naturally expected some expression of surprise, some show of excitement, from the Mikado; but his Majesty was still calm and imperturbable. He had neither started nor blinked. Motionless and impassive, he watched the scene. Then, just on taking his leave, he uttered the one word: "Really!"—"M.A.P."

LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT.

Light without heat, or, as the French call it, "cold" light, is one of the gifts that we must most urgently demand of the future. At one time the discoveries of Mr. Tesla showed us that an electric field filled with oscillations of such high frequency could be produced in a room that an exhausted glass globe held in the hand could be made to give a brilliant light by merely extending it towards the ceiling. But such an heroic plan has not yet been brought into practical use, and although Tesla currents have fortunately proved not to be fatal to life, yet an existence for a considerable length of time in such a field as he describes would probably be found to have its disadvantages. Moreover, it should be noted that Nature has already solved the problem for such of her children as require it in a perfectly different way. The fireflies, the glow worms, and most deep-sea animals produce all the light they want for themselves without the incandescence of any substance, and without, so far as can yet be told, the expenditure of any but the most infinitesimal amount of energy. Even the smallest of living creatures, the bacteria of putrescence, have this power of emitting light, and the fact has been duly made use of in Professor Molish's bacterial lamp, which has been found to be of some use in fishing in muddy waters, and, it is said, in powder magazines.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

The 158th anniversary of Goldsmith's death was to have been marked by a meeting of the Goldsmith Society at the tomb in the Temple, but after Captain Linford Wilson had recited about 100 lines of "The Deserted Village," rain caused the proceedings to be abandoned.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

Top row:—H. Meek, C. Cooke, L. Hailing, F. Martyn, L. A. Waldron, —. Brown, B. Long, A. Parker, —. Stacey, H. Henry (hon. secretary).
 Second row:—E. Field (captain), W. Cooke, J. Gilmour, J. Gardner, B. Lockley.
 Sitting:—W. Brown, W. Jennings, J. Brown, P. Parker.

MARTYN'S (WINNERS) v. REST OF LEAGUE,
 SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

Top row:—W. J. Lawrence (hon. secretary), J. Roberts, G. Farley, G. E. Wright, J. Sims, F. Challenger, C. Ward, E. J. Ellis (referee).
 Bottom row:—A. H. Leak, O. Waller, C. Carter (captain), C. Poole, F. Arnold.
 REST OF LEAGUE v. WINNERS.

CHELTENHAM ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE (Division II.)

WAITING AND WALKING.

We have frequently had pointed out for our edification, with the appropriate moral ready drawn, the number of miles covered by the average young woman at the average suburban "hop." It seems, however, that one covers even more ground in dancing attendance upon the guests in a restaurant than in the other kind of dancing. So at least declares a waiter in a restaurant in Christiania who one day provided himself with a pedometer before starting his work. According to his calculations he took rather under 100,000 steps, covering some thirty-seven miles, between 8 a.m. and 12.30 a.m. Working (and walking) four days a week, he calculated that he covered more than 7,000 miles in a year. Which would seem to show that Swedish waiters take their work very seriously; unless, indeed, the pedometer was "fast."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

MISCHIEVOUS BIRDS.

From information received—as the police say—since I last wrote, I fear that there is no doubt whatever about the exceedingly mischievous conduct of the bullfinch in a fruit garden. At the same time, no evidence has come to hand on the point whether it may not be possible to protect our fruit buds by making fences of plants whose buds the bullfinch prefers to those of our fruit trees. Bullfinches, again, are amazingly fond of hempseed, and has any fruit-grower in a district infested by bullfinches tried the experiment of putting out hempseed for them? This would need to be protected from the sparrows, of course, by a fence of black cotton; but, after hearing the lamentable tales which fruit-growers tell of the devastation wrought by bullfinches, one cannot help thinking that the experiment would be worth trying.—"The Garden."

A BIRTHDAY JEST

[By BASSETT HASTINGS.]

There was a rustle of silken skirts, the tap of a tiny heel across the parquet floor, and Cousin Flo sank gracefully into the rocker I had drawn for her by the drawing-room fireside. The faintest possible suggestion of Parma violets reached me simultaneously with her first words.

"Well, boy, what is it?"
Flo can be very cutting when she chooses. I'm afraid I flushed up a trifle resentfully. I know that I don't look my age. It's the worst of leading a healthy out-door life. It keeps people so beastly boyish-looking. At the same time, that is no reason why they should be taunted with the fact, especially when they can't hit back. I couldn't hit back. At least, I didn't want to just then, for I had come upon a most momentous errand, and was by no means so sure of my ground that I could afford to run any risks.

I glanced at Flo. She was coolly swinging herself to and fro in the rocker, her mischievous eyes lazily regarding me from beneath their drooping lids, whilst the faintest suspicion of a half-mocking smile lurked in the dimples of her pretty mouth. A more seasoned suitor might have felt encouraged to proceed. But somehow I didn't. I suppose I lacked seasoning. Whilst I hesitated—
"For the second time of asking, boy, what is it?" she cried.

This time the tones betrayed the least suspicion of impatience.

I took heart of grace.
"For the twenty-second time of asking, Flo, your birthday having come round—"

"I don't think it at all in good taste to remind a lady of her increasing years, even though she has the misfortune to be related to you," she interrupted severely, bringing her heels floorwards with a vicious little click.

I humbly apologised. Somehow or other it is never any use trying to take a rise out of Cousin Flo. She either raises your blood to boiling point with cutting repartee, or freezes it by standing upon her dignity. In neither case do you get much "forrader."

"Of course," she added, resuming her rocking, "I suppose I must make myself quite clear. Some people are so very dense, you know"—I bowed—"I don't blame you for coming round to wish me many happy returns of the day. On the contrary, I think it's rather nice of you to trouble about such an insignificant event. The fault lies in your manner of carrying it out. Your intentions, boy, are excellent: your execution is—well—abominable."

She paused to pull a cotton off her gown. Then she continued in a milder tone: "I really wonder sometimes, Bob, that you don't cultivate these little things more. They are so essential in the education of a young gentleman"—I winced—"I wonder you don't make a study of them. Why don't you take lessons?"

"If only you would be my teacher," I murmured, conscious that for once I hadn't done so badly.

"H'm!" said Flo sweetly. "You're getting on. Sometimes, my dear Bob—only very rarely, you understand—your mother wit seems positively on the point of scintillating. Then the clouds of conventionalism roll once more across your limited horizon, and all is dark. What little originality you have is shut out, like the London sun behind the London fog."

My triumph had been short-lived. I repressed a lively inclination toward vulgar warmth, and she proceeded:

"Taking one thing with another, Bob, I think perhaps it would be only charitable, not to say cousinly, on my part were I to personally conduct your instruction. That is, of course, provided I thought that my humble services were sufficiently appreciated and fittingly remunerated."

"My fund of appreciation, fair cousin, is colossal, far out-weighting, in fact, any more material funds in my possession. I greatly fear that the exceedingly small monetary inducement I could offer would be quite inadequate to tempt a lady of so much 'culchaw' as, say—yourself."
"That's just like a man," she retorted contemptuously; "always thinking of finance."

I laughed—I fear rather cynically.
"It would be interesting to see how womankind would fare if man consented to give up his much-abused prerogative of conducting the family finances," I replied, rather more drily perhaps than is my wont.

But Flo apprehended thin ice.

"We're getting away from the point," she said shortly. "I was suggesting that I might give you a few hints on practical sociology, the remuneration to be my own satisfaction, when you interrupted with your absurd offer of pounds, shillings, and pence. Just as if"—a very scornful accent here—"I should be likely to ask money for teaching a man manners. Upon my honour, Mr. Bellingham, you have a very skim-milk opinion of your cousin."

"Indeed, I have not, Flo. I am constantly preparing the creamiest of compliments for your edification. Then, just at the crucial moment, you shoot a single acid little sentence into the midst of them, and before I know where I am, out they come, all curdled."

At that she laughed right out, a merry peal of infectious merriment.

"Bless the lad!" she cried, half to herself, half to me. "Why will the gods deny him decent discernment? Why cannot he see that so long as Flo Preston suspects prepared compliments, Flo Preston will as surely prepare counter blasts? Why can't he be his natural, stupid self?"

"Suppose you give me a few of those promised hints," I suggested.

"Come, now, that's good. Shows a humble spirit at starting. Where do you want me to begin?" she asked, resettling herself amongst the rocker cushions.

This was a bit of a poser. It is one thing to admit general incapacity. It's a comfortable sort of—all embracing sort of—confession, like the Litany. It is quite another matter to sort out one's shortcomings individually. That is too searching to be comfortable. You feel like the thief in the haystack, when they prodded for him with pitchforks. You never know from moment to moment where you'll puncture next.

Then I had an inspiration.

"Suppose," I said, "only supposing, mind—suppose I wanted to give someone of whom I thought a great deal a little present. How should I go to work?"

"Lady or gentleman?"
"Lady."

Flo looked interested.
"Young or old?" she asked.

"Decidedly young."

Flo bit her lip, and made a gallant attempt to appear disinterested.

"Good-looking?" she queried.
"Well, that is hardly a fair question," I objected, beginning as it were to feel my feet.

"Looks, you know, Flo, are such a matter of opinion. Personally, I think her the most beautiful woman in the world; but I have heard other people call her commonplace."

"The spiteful huss—"

She stopped dead in the middle of her sentence, the picture of sweet confusion.

"I beg your pardon. I do not think I have mentioned the lady's name yet," I said, grimly conscious that this was jabbing it in with a vengeance.

"I beg yours. I was—that is—I'm afraid I was thinking of something else," faltered the usually self-possessed young lady, her heightened colour betraying the obvious quibble as soon as uttered.

I smiled. It was beginning to be my turn—and I felt that I could afford to.

Then her amour propre came to her rescue, and she was suddenly acid.

"Am I to infer, Cousin Bob, that you have condescended to honour this—this decidedly young lady with your affections?" she asked, with the air of one who inquires the price of washing soda.

I answered her in like vein.
"I don't think that point need affect our present deliberations," I said. "What I really want to know is how I ought to make this presentation. Just for the sake of illustration, let us pretend that you are the lady and that, to use your own acidulated simile, I have condescended to honour you with my affections."

The lady sniffed her disapprobation.
"Now, please, how am I to proceed?"

The lady sniffed a second time.
"I am waiting, please, Cousin Flo."

"I really believe she would have sniffed thrice had not a sudden idea struck her. Intuitively I guessed its purport before she opened her mouth. She meant to brazen it out."

She started well.
"Dear Miss Preston, I should esteem it a great honour if you would accept this little gift," I repeated, at her dictation. "It's only a small thing, and quite unworthy of you, I know. But if you would consent to overlook the intrinsic value, and treasure it, if only a little, for the

feelings which prompt the offering, I should be more than grateful to you."

She paused.
"By the way, what is the nature of the present?" she asked.

"Does that matter?" I said, unconcernedly.
"Yes, I think so. You see, you might choose your next words accordingly. If it were a brooch, for instance, you might ask permission to pin it in place, or—"

"If it were a ring?" I suggested.
"Oh, then"—was it my fancy, or did she catch her breath?—"in that case I suppose you would settle matters in your own way," she replied faintly, rising as if to end our interview.

She looked very beautiful as she faced me, her colour coming and going, and only the quick throbbing of her shapely bosom to tell of the tumult within. Her eyes, those wondrous windows of a woman's soul, were veiled by her downcast lashes. Her lips told me nothing. And yet—I understood.

"Bear with me a moment longer, little girl," I said. "The pupil has yet to receive his most important lesson. Let me complete the presentation in my own clumsy fashion. Then, when it is all over, you shall criticise it to your heart's content."

"As you will," she murmured.
I took her cold little hand.

"Flo, dear, I want you to wear this ring for me, if you will," I whispered. "It's a very paltry thing, I know, and perhaps it doesn't signify very much—only the love of a bit of a boy you know. But it is the best I have, and I cannot give you more than that. Let me put it on for you—"

She drew her hand hurriedly away and burst into tears.

"Oh, it is cruel of you, Bob, to mock me so!" she cried, making as though to brush past me.

In a moment I had drawn her to me.
"Mock you, my darling! God forbid that I should mock you, little girl! I mean it, every word of it, if only you will wear it for me for ever."

She said nothing in reply—she was just too amazed.

Then she just smiled at me through her tears and—put up her little third finger.

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A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

For a long time motorists have felt nervous when meeting or overtaking cyclists who would persist in caressing each other. When boys and girls did this one assumed that while the youth deluded himself that he was helping the girl, and the girl also persuaded herself that she was being helped, the real reason was that both liked this linked method of progression. This year, however, it appears to have broken out in a new form, as men have taken to riding two or three abreast, embracing each other as they go. We could all of us make some excuse for the boy and girl who persisted in riding about the country in this dangerous way, but when men take to it there is no romantic explanation or excuse for the practice, and I hope it will not grow. It is very dangerous.—"The Autocrat" in "The Autocar."

**WILL THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY JAP
DISAPPEAR?**

We have in this country somehow got an impression, says "T.A.T.," that the Japanese are a people who live "like the birds that sing them to repose," careless of to-morrow's bread. This is far from the truth, for the majority of the Japs work from early morning until late in the evening for wages that would be regarded as "sweater's" in any part of the United Kingdom. Women perform arduous labour in the land of the Rising Sun that even Englishmen would refuse to touch, and the Japanese men get through the heavy work which is done by horses and machines in this country. Yet the people are hardy, vigorous, cheerful, and joyous at all times! They are veritable Mark Tapleys, and never see anything to complain of in their lot which has befallen them in life. A traveller noticed whilst passing through Nagasaki girls coaling ships, and lifting the coal up in baskets from hand to hand. They put 1,800 tons into the hold between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon. Fancy what an outcry would arise throughout Great Britain if young girls were employed in coaling by hand the ships in the docks of London; yet these girl-coolies see nothing degrading in the occupation and show no signs of being discontented with their hard lot. Everybody works hard in Japan. As a rule the employer's hours are generally longer than those of his employees. His day's work begins at six o'clock, with one half-hour for breakfast at the factory, another half-hour for lunch in the middle of the day, and an hour still at the factory in the evening, followed by work in the factory until ten o'clock in the evening. This is his daily routine, and many have done it for years with no Sundays or holidays out, and, so far as can be noticed, they appear to be in the pink of condition. There are said to be some hard workers among our great manufacturers in Great Britain, but it would be difficult to find many—if any at all—who keep at the grindstone every day, year in and year out, like these Tokio manufacturers, who are a type of nearly all business men in Japan. The American manufacturer, who believes in doing everything by machinery that is possible, regards the long hours and arduous nature of manual toil performed by the Japs as ineffective and wasteful from the point of view of those who aim at progress. The Japs themselves have begun to notice this, and they are rapidly introducing machinery and labour-saving devices into every department of industry. What will happen as this tendency increases and spreads? May not strikes, lock-outs, and other active symptoms of discontent, so common with us, become prevalent in Japan; and, with them, will not the cheerful contentedness and general harmony which reign among the people disappear?



**THE MARRIAGE MARKET OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.**

The marriage lottery was for a century one of the institutions of Bath. It was a society that for more than sixty years knew no cliques, in spite of its amazing diversity. Every class was there—from Ministers of State to strayed pretences, from quality to dancing-masters. The only people, in fact, not represented were invalids, Bath being the one place in England in which to enjoy good health and turn it to account. The town was accordingly a super-excellent hotbed for intrigue. Fortune-hunters in search of wife or husband flocked to Bath: witness the testimony of Mistress Moll Flanders, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Random, Captain Cormorant. With justice, Johnson tells Mrs. Thrane that "Bath is a good place for the initiation of a young Lady." The town was acknowledged to be "a licensed and acknowledged mart for men and matrimony"; and its customs were such that Miss Lydia Languish had good reason for complaint that she had been denied the honours of abduction. The most romantic story connected with Bath is of course that of Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley. More characteristic, though very little romantic, is that of Captain Byron and Miss Gordon of Gight. One incident in the Sheridan story throws a curious sidelight on the state of contemporary public feeling. The purely private affairs of the Linley family were dragged before the footlights by the collaboration of Foote and Garrick and Cumberland, the unfortunate suitor of "St. Cecilia"—a man of the greatest generosity and good feeling—being choicely alluded to as "an amorous old hunk."—From "The Kingdom of Bath," in "Blackwood's Magazine."

"IN DREAD OF A GENERAL ELECTION."

When a general election is in the air many people look forward with dread to a "bad time" (says the writer of an article entitled "In dread of a General Election" in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). For, of course, while trade in general is dislocated by such an event, some industries suffer more than others, though these vary to an extent according to the time of the year when a Government appeals to the country. If in spring, it hits one section; if in summer, another; if in winter, another. In the warm months the sounding of the political tocsin all over the country is bound to spoil the "season" somewhere. It may make an enormous difference to West-End shopkeepers and to the army of Londoners who minister to pleasure. The proprietor of a livery stable told the writer that an election in the height of the season would mean a loss of hundreds of pounds to him. An election in the early part of the summer also has a disastrous effect on some seaside communities who are then beginning to reap their annual harvest. All classes of visitors are kept at home, and hence the money they would spend, in normal circumstances, at watering places, goes into other channels. But still more detrimental to holiday resorts as a whole is an election in July, August, or September. One in June would not matter so much to towns like Blackpool and Scarborough, because the season proper does not begin till the following month. In July, August, or September, however, an election is a disaster to the majority of watering places. An election in the late summer also plays havoc with the great agricultural and fishing industries. Farmers want all the help they can get at harvest time, and it may mean a serious loss to them if their men go to record their vote. To smack-owners and others connected with fishing the matter is of less moment, because if their men are away at sea they will not return to vote. Of the industries which are prejudicially affected by an election at any time, the most prominent, perhaps, is that of the theatre and music hall. If in summer, the blow is not felt nearly so much as in winter—for the warm months constitute the normally "dead" season of the theatrical profession—it is always severe. When, in fact, a touring company "strikes" a town where an election is in progress, an unmitigated "frost" is pretty certain. This happened at least once last year, and the result was that some unfortunate members of the company had to trust to "uncle" to get away from the town. Bad as business had been before, it was worse then, only between twenty and thirty people being in the house one night. It was impossible to get the people in. They were all given up to politics.



THE FEAST THAT FAILED.

I hear—though I am not prepared to vouch for the story—that a movement to "dine and wine" the Lord Chancellors of England and of Ireland, Lord Halsbury and Lord Ashbourne, perished untimely almost at the moment of its birth (says "To-Day"). It was a handful of supple and subservient lawyers—rather an odd collocation—who began it; and the reason they put forward was that "something" should be done to recognise the two Chancellors' unusually long occupancy of their respective Woolsacks. Then other lawyers, less supple and subservient, rose in the majesty of their wrath. "Speed the parting guest by all means," was the burden of their cry. "To a 'farewell' dinner will we cheerfully—nay, rollickingly—subscribe. But why in heaven's name should we 'dine and wine' a brace of old gentlemen who have checked the flow of promotion these seventeen years, more or less?" The idea received a final knock-out blow when one finance lightning-calculator mentioned that since the two Chancellors were originally appointed, in June, 1885, they have drawn respectively—Lord Halsbury £165,000, and Lord Ashbourne £132,000. Here, in passing, may be dispelled the prevalent, but erroneous, idea that their tenure constitutes a "record." Lord Eldon was Lord Chancellor close on twenty-five years.



Miss Caroline Graveson, B.A., Mistress of Method and Lecturer on Education in the University of Liverpool; has been appointed Vice-Principal and Mistress of Method in the Day Training College established at New-cress by the Goldsmiths' Company. The appointment is one of the most valuable and important among those now open to women.



Police-Sergt. George Smith,
Stationed at Stonehouse for 17 years.
Just retired on superannuation.

OUR NATIONAL RETICENCE.

An American seeking business in Great Britain to-day is better placed in some respects than a man of any other nationality. An American comes into an office, and he speaks with a pronounced accent—if he is wise, he makes it as pronounced as possible.—That accent, his clothes, his personality create an impression; the tout ensemble suggests energy, enterprise, unconventionality. Why? The answer to this question can be given in one word—advertisement. The American has been well advertised. He has given the matter some little attention himself. One would hardly say that, speaking generally, our aggressive friend is a foe to publicity. He has been quick to see its advantages, and he has, very properly, availed himself of them. Since the success of the American policy of publicity has been demonstrated, would it not be well if the British-born commercial traveller relied less upon his own tacit consciousness of merit in regard to himself, his firm, his goods, and his country, and endeavoured to emulate the genial self-appreciation to which the American is only too pleased to plead guilty? Our national reticence is likely to prove an expensive luxury.—"Magazine of Commerce."



WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

"After thorough tests the Berlin postal authorities have placed an order for thirty motor-tricycles as a means for the rapid transit of mails," says "The Motor-Cycle." "Each will be equipped with a 4 h.p. water-cooled motor, placed beneath the rider's seat, and if the above machines under the adverse conditions of every day use equal the trial machines, the service will be considerably extended in the near future."



GLOUCESTER CROSS CHANGES

Site of the two shops that the London City and Midland Bank have had pulled down in order to erect new bank premises. This site, with compensation, has cost them a sum approximating to £10,000. The sweet-shop (a very narrow building) is shown on the left; and negotiations are pending for the purchase of this property, so as to enlarge the site and, it is hoped, arrange for an essential widening of this corner of the Cross.

Unique view of the Tower of the Cathedral as seen from the Cross for the first time within memory, made possible by the removal of the two shops.

DO WOMEN HAVE A "BETTER TIME" THAN MEN.

The question as to whether a woman has a better time than a man has been provoking great discussion lately, and when this—one of the eternal questions with no answer—comes to the fore again, we all rise up and declare for the pleasures and pursuits we have not experienced. A woman would have a man's independence, and a man would have a woman's ease. We depreciate our own advantages and enlarge upon our worries, and nobody is a bit the wiser. There are, indeed, some women, and many men, who are more or less content with their lot; but if they were asked for an explanation of their conviction, they would probably furnish us with some very complex and elaborate reason, not dreaming of admitting, even to themselves, that they were biased by the mere frivolity of a "better time." Personally, I am of opinion that in the ordinary round of a woman's life there is the making of a better time, but that she does not know how to get the most out of it, like a man does.—"The Bystander."

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

It is surprising that anybody ever agrees about anything, seeing how invariably the doctors disagree about every conceivable subject. I am reminded of this by reading a fierce discussion between two German scientists as to the height above sea level attained by birds. In my ignorance I have hitherto been content with Humboldt's statement that the Andean condor rises habitually to as much as 20,000ft. But one of the combative Germans aforementioned insists that only very rarely does the average bird fly higher than 1,200ft., the air above the level of

two or three thousand feet being too thin and the temperature too low for his comfort. The eagle, he admits, has been known to fly so high as 9,000ft., and the crow 5,000, but these are exceptional figures. The rival scientist, whose observations have been taken off Heligoland, declares that migratory birds usually fly at an altitude of from 10,000 to 15,000ft. Some day, when air-ships become common, we may be able to settle the question for ourselves.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

WHEN SHELLS BURST.

"That wonderful explosive Shimose burst shells into rugged splinters which made the ugliest wounds and mutilated the human form beyond recognition. Men were blown to ribands. Others were stripped of flesh and skin and limbs; the victims were mutilated sickening spectacles; they uttered piteous cries and harrowing moans. Shocking remnants of living sentient men struggling helplessly to rid themselves of torn, mangled, and peeled limbs, or twitched and sprawled, helplessly attempting to hold together all that remained of their poor, bleeding, lacerated bodies. Shapeless and discoloured human flesh strewed the ground; it became impossible either to gather or bury many of the dead."—From "A Secret Agent in Port Arthur."

A Consular report just issued on the trade of Nicaragua enlarges on the opportunity for representatives of British firms on the Atlantic coast. Among the curiosities of the Republic is a lake whose waters act as a soap, a hair-wash, a cure for skin diseases and rheumatism, and an "efficient remedy" for several internal diseases.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CLERGY LIST.

A study of the names in the Clergy List reveals a host of startling anomalies (says "The World and His Wife"). It is disconcerting to find that King Edward's Headship of the Church is shared by sixty-six other Kings (but no Queens), and that all these monarchs have but one kingdom between them, and one Herald to proclaim their dignities. Otherwise, their entourage includes nineteen Princes, twelve Dukes, fifteen Earls, seven Barons, fifteen other Lords, thirty-one Knights, with but nine Squires to serve them, and four Bannermen to carry their one banner! Parsons, naturally, are plentiful, but not too much so, for there are but twenty-one of them to administer four parishes, and they have no archdeacon to direct, or churchwarden to assist, them in their labours. They are under the supervision of seventeen other bishops, besides those who fill the sees of the Empire; but these princes of the Empire possess but four croziers, twenty-one crosses, and one crucifix, and control twenty-two deans and ten vicars.

AMBER.

Of late years the finer qualities of amber have been rising so steadily in price that it is not without interest to note that an extensive deposit of this beautiful substance has been discovered on the island of Santo Domingo. Curiously enough, the broken disintegrated sandstone in which the amber is found is situated nearly 1,800ft. above the sea level, at the top of a hill which is known as Palo Quemado, or the Burnt Port. Lovers of the exquisitely beautiful articles manufactured from this curious substance will be pleased to learn that this new find of amber possesses all the opalescent qualities of the best Roumanian and Catanian specimens.—"Country Life."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 225.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING (7.45) and EVERY EVENING DURING NEXT WEEK (MATINEE ON SATURDAY at 2.30)—

"THE GAY PARISIENNE."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

Picture blocks similar to those in this paper, and suitable for any trade or profession or any kind of printing, are produced by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. at about half the prices usually charged locally. There are no better business advertisements! Drop us a post-card, and our photographer will call and arrange matters without further trouble to you.

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 125th prize has been divided between Mr. W. S. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Edgar W. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's and the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

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

SPEAK OUT THE TRUTH!

He who has the Truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth and trembles
At the anger he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman,
He at best is but a slave!

He who hears the Truth and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man!

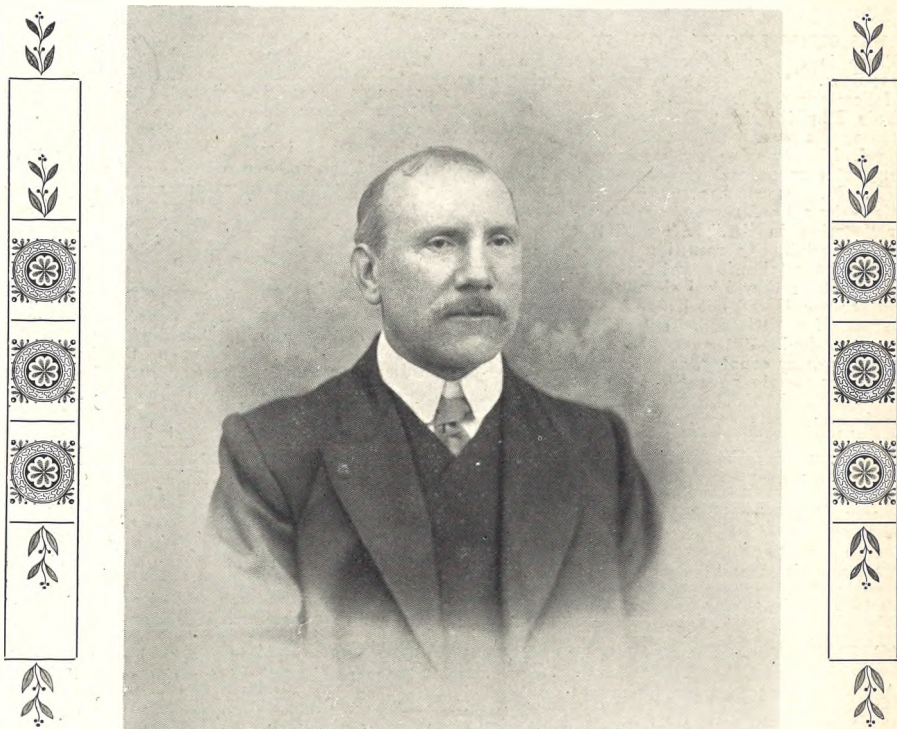
Be thou like the noble ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak, no matter what betide thee,
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul—

If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly—speak it all!

J. G. WHITTIER.

To stumble twice against the same stone is a proverbial disgrace.—Cicero.



MR. C. H. JONES,

LIBERAL AGENT FOR CHELTENHAM.

A MARVEL OF ENGINEERING.

Many travellers will doubtless find their way to the Victoria Falls in the next few months, and not only they themselves, but those at home will find a very fascinating description of the building of the bridge in the "Pall Mall Magazine." It is written by one of the engineers, Mr. C. B. Fox, and is illustrated with many photographs, which he has taken specially. "The sensations of the passengers," says the writer, "as the train crosses the Zambesi valley and river will be quite unique. From a point on the railway opposite the temporary hotel on the high sandbelt is seen the magnificent view of the first zigzag with the bridge a mile away spanning the left-hand gorge. A little farther, and on the left, there appear the fine evergreen trees of the Rain Forest, which effectually screen the falls from view, though their presence is felt in the thunder of their roar and in the ceaseless clouds of spray rising far into the air and even splashing on the carriage-windows. Then from a cutting, hemmed in by large trees and tangled undergrowth, suddenly and without warning the train glides out on to the open bridge. The giddy height, the apparent airiness

of the bridge, and the deafening roar are bewildering in the extreme. All round are dark precipitous cliffs, and the raging torrent below; to the right the gorge stretches away to the first zigzag; on the left the Palm Grove; while through the clouds of drenching spray whirling down the chasm of the Boiling Pot a watery glimpse is caught of the mighty fall beyond. A rude rock-cutting abruptly ends the view as we reach the north bank, and before one has time to grasp the awful grandeur just passed, the train is found to be running on the very edge of the second zigzag. All is suddenly still and calm; not a sound is heard, save perhaps for a distant echo thrown back from the cliffs opposite; and the spray has given place to clear bright sunshine; in fact, the falls might not exist. The river, too, far below, is not only flowing in the opposite direction, but has become deep, dark, and almost motionless as it curves round from the second to the third gorge."

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No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—Cicero.

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

Mr. Percival Gibbon sends from St. Petersburg some vivid impressions of the Czar to the "Pall Mall Magazine." It was but the briefest glance, a mere peg on which to hang a first impression, but it told on me with an effect of dismay. Framed and overshadowed in the black hood of his carriage, I saw, bolt upright and motionless, a little figure immaculately neat, with a face of dead pallor. Fair hair and a beard duly dressed to a point failed to withdraw from it a quality of dollishness; an utter vacancy, the emptiness of soul-weariness and futility, governed it altogether. Against its dark background it stood forth as blank and white as paper, a thing awful in its corpse-like impassivity, yet pitiable, sorrow-stirring, and sad as a child in pain. The hands, I think, were crossed loosely on the knees, and I know that the eyes stared unwinkingly in front. It was a tragic effigy of weariness that the Cuirassiers guarded, a body shivering a soul worn and distressed, a visible and warning token of the dread that stalks through Russia. Four seconds and the carriage was past; but I wondered then if perhaps some humble Czar-worshipping man might not have seen his Emperor face to face for the first time in the grimly ineffectual doll that flashed past between the horsemen.

A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY AGE FOR WOMEN.

There is one advantage open to everyone in these days. It is possible to make a choice, and to follow our own bent, and do as we like (says "Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander"). Thirty years ago, a woman was obliged to behave not, indeed, like every other woman, but like the group of companions who moved in her own circle. In a word, her conduct was determined entirely by a burdensome consideration known as her "station in life." After that, there was a craze for originality, resulting in all the go-ahead young women following, not their own tastes, and doing, not as they liked themselves, but merely as other people did not like, which was quite as irksome, if a little more entertaining, than the former method. But now, who cares? We may live in town or country, work or be idle, take up a cause or remain nonentities, and, though some may be sufficiently interested to encourage, no one is so greatly concerned as to check us. Everything topsy-turvy happens in these days. Millionaires may be socialists, and duchesses shopkeepers; any nobody quickly becomes a somebody, if only he is clever enough, and knows the way. The very few who stand aside proudly, and complain of the confusion of democracy, have to own that they themselves are liberated from many tiresome bonds by its advance. It is an age of fads perhaps, but also a time of going quietly and comfortably one's own way.

PARLIAMENT'S OLD-FASHIONED VIEWS ON SPEED.

A cursory glance at the history of mechanical traction shows that Parliamentary views on speed have always lacked intelligence (says "The Bystander"). In the March of 1825, Geordie Stephenson made his first appearance to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill was the subject under discussion, and the opposition was strong. Many years afterwards, looking back at his position on this trying occasion, he said: "When I went to Liverpool to plan a line thence to Manchester, I pledged myself to the directors to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. The directors said I was quite right, for that when they went to Parliament, if I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross on the whole concern. It was not an easy task to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it had to be done." Skipping many years one comes to the introduction of the cycle. Many of my readers can well remember the absurd police persecution that cyclists had to undergo—because they went faster than horse-drawn vehicles. Motoring started under the red flag, with a four-mile an hour limit, which, after much opposition, has reached twenty. Now, is there any single person who has been driven in a modern motor-car over an average country road who will not agree that twenty miles an hour can be safely exceeded? On nine-tenths of the road mileage in the United Kingdom the twenty-mile limit is too restrictive. The present law is obviously out of date, and one that unnecessarily interferes with the utility of the motor-car.

SEA GIPSIES.

A writer in the "Madras Mail" tells a delightful story of a "new life" absolutely without parallel in Europe. The inventors of it are known as Sea Gypsies, and the scene of their happy wanderings is the archipelago Mergui. Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens, and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtle, or dive for oysters; but every night they put back to the shore. If the weather is bad at sea, they land with their dogs, and then poach, catching porcupines, squirrels, armadillos, hog-deer, and the like, of which they make savoury stews, like our gypsies. It sounds an ideal life, with mild sport, no work, no hours, no fixed abode, no rates and taxes. As a "rest cure" its adoption might be recommended by nerve specialists.—"Country Life."

"BORROWED PLUMES."

It must be confessed that if we are fond of appropriating foreign names for purposes of describing homely things (e.g., the Cornish coast has lately—somewhat to the astonishment of its inhabitants—been turned into the English Riviera, and Anglo-Saxon Mentones keep on cropping up on the somewhat bleak coast of Suffolk)—if we borrow such titles readily, it must be allowed that we lend them without demur. The Russian Admiral as the Kitchener of his nation is a case in point. Admiral Togo has long, of course, been the Nelson of Japan. The contest between these great men will be watched with profound interest, the more so as only one result of the battle can be forecast with certainty—and that is that, whatever happens in it, it will undoubtedly be called the Far Eastern Trafalgar.—"The Bystander."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HAND.

Poets have sung the language of the eyes, but it is left to the blind, the deaf, and the dumb to tell us of the language of the hand. Ellen Keller is a young American girl who was born blind, deaf, and dumb; she had but the sense of touch to enable her imprisoned soul to communicate with the outside world; but this sense was so exquisitely delicate and was so finely developed by education that Ellen Keller was eventually able to pass university examinations with success. She has been describing in the "Century Magazine" what the hands of others tell her, and how by holding the hand of a person talking she can interpret his emotions. "I can tell," she says, "if the person is gay and is recounting an amusing story, or if he is angry and a quarrel is pending." A handshake will tell her if the person is happy, or if under apparent calmness there is unrest and discontent. The hand, she claims, tells more than the face; the expression of the face can be controlled, not so the hand, which inevitably betrays the secrets of the soul. We all know those who have eyes and see not, but the story of those who have not eyes and yet see is wonderful one.

PRIZE-MONEY.

The re-appearance of Togo's fleet and the prospects of another naval engagement have revived the question of prize-money. But those who talk about the large sums that must be accumulating for the Japanese naval officers are evidently ignorant of the fact that prize-money is not paid in the Japanese navy; and it is quite possible that that privilege will also be withdrawn from the British navy before the next great naval war. For captains of cruisers on commerce-destroying raids would wax rapidly rich on the enormously valuable cargoes carried by liners and merchant vessels generally to-day. A most interesting volume could be compiled on the history of prize-money, and during the Nelsonic period in particular there were some lucky officers who could have founded family fortunes on their shares. On the lower deck, also, money was won and lost, and it is recorded that on one occasion a man of generally good conduct having forfeited his share for some misdemeanour, the hat was passed round, each man subscribing a dollar, and each midshipman five. This act is characteristic of the British seaman," the chronicler goes on to say, and his deduction is eminently just.—"The King and his Navy and Army."

CANCER AND ITS CURE.

An interview with Dr. Doyen, the discoverer of the cancer microbe, by Mr. Frederic Lees, appears in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "I was anxious to hear from his own mouth the results he has attained, a plain tale of success here and failure there, without any of those technicalities which, up to now, have rather hidden his results from the public. I asked him, therefore, to be as simple as was compatible with clearness. 'I first of all,' he replied, 'experimented with toxins and vaccines obtained from cultures of M. neoformans on patients who, in the present state of science, were doomed. After finding that these vaccines were inoffensive in the hands of an enlightened experimenter, I set to work to extend and modify my treatment. When I had made a certain number of observations, which were checked by competent doctors, I published them. Now, I have shown you that two facts are indisputable. 1st. During the first two or three weeks of the treatment my method of vaccination brings about tangible and visible modifications in the size and appearance of tumours which could not at first be removed. Tumours which were adherent to tissues have become sufficiently mobile to permit of operations, and without exposing the patients to the danger of re-inoculation, which has formerly occurred so frequently. 2nd. A certain number of patients irremediably condemned in the present state of science have been for some time past in such a condition that they may be regarded for the time being as cured. In the case of a certain number of these, the evolution of a cancer has been arrested; with others, in whom a recurrence of the disease appeared imminent, no fresh growth has developed, and their local and general condition has remained excellent.' 'Thank you, doctor, for so lucid an exposition. Will you kindly give me some statistical information.' 'During the past three years I have treated 242 patients. In forty-two of these a radical cure was obtained, and confirmed on September 30 last. Forty-six are still under observation, and many of them are progressing favourably. Twenty I have been unable to classify, owing to lack of information. I have had 128 bad cases, my treatment having produced no result, either because it was started too late, or because, owing to circumstances beyond my control, it was not continued sufficiently long. And, finally, six patients who were apparently cured died from other causes than cancer.'

THE BELLS OF YOUTH.

The Bells of Youth are ringing in all the silent places,
The primrose and the celandine are out:
Children run a-laughing with joy upon their faces,
The west wind follows after with a shout.
The Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of the South:
The banners of green are now unfurled:
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.
Fiona Macleod in "Country Life."

WHY DO WOMEN DRESS IN THE FASHION?

Do women dress for men's appreciation, or for that of their own sex? is the question so often asked, and so unsatisfactorily answered. I maintain a woman dresses well, from the foundation throughout, for her own personal feelings. I don't deny that, where her affections are placed, she takes especial pride and pains to look her best; but it is her duty, as much to her husband as to herself, to make the very best of the charms given to her, and every woman has some personal charm, which careful study will bring out.—"The King."

THE SMELL OF MOTOR CARS.

There are many extraordinary things in this world of ours, remarks "The Autocar," but we question whether there is really anything more extraordinary than the complaint which horsey people make of the smell of a motor car. One would imagine that the average horse was redolent of Eau de Cologne. It reminds us of the livery stable proprietor who complained to the authorities of his next door neighbour because his little suction gas plant emanated a powerful but quite healthy odour for ten minutes or so twice a day.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

To the pretty village of Matson, pleasantly situated just outside Gloucester, belongs the honour this year of being the locale of the first cuckoo whose advent has got into print. This harbinger of spring was not only heard, but seen, there on Sunday, April 9th, strange to say, after a snow storm on the previous day, too; while swallows, that go to make a summer, were observed skimming about in the parish. The cuckoo has, indeed, appeared quite a week before his usual date in this part of the country, which is April 16th. I read of the bird having also been heard in various parts of the county, such as Hart-pury, Barnsley, near Cirencester, and Eastington, near Stonehouse, about the 12th and 13th inst. Churchdown and Leckhampton were out of it this year for early arrival, but a resident at the former place informed me that several swallows have built in the eaves of his house, curiously enough, where this species of bird always do year-by-year. The aspect of the country is at present emerald, and the crop prospects are most promising.

* * * * *

It is much to be regretted that the Joint Committee of the Central Rifle Range at Sneedham's Green, by asking in the first instance the two Gloucestershire Militia Battalions each yearly the excessive sums of £100 for the use of the range and £60 for camping ground, failed to secure them there, a belated offer to the War Office of reduced terms being found of no avail, as the authorities had made arrangements for these battalions to shoot at Bedminster and Tidworth for the present year. This hitch occurs at a most inopportune time, not only because the range wants customers, but by reason of the fact that the county and city authorities, who own it, are co-operating together in pressing the War Secretary to make Gloucester the headquarters of the territorial regiment. Norwich has set the old city a splendid example in presenting to the War Office a site for a cavalry barracks. Will Gloucester show its patriotism and bona fides in a similar way?

* * * * *

The lamented death of Lord St. Helier, by which title the public had scarcely got used to call Sir Francis Jeune, reminds me that he had been connected with this county by residence and high ecclesiastical office. The former was when his father, the late Dr. Jeune, was, as Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, a canon residentiary of Gloucester Cathedral, and also rector of Taynton, one of the livings in the gift of the Dean and Chapter, appointments which he gave up some forty years ago, on being preferred to the Deanery of Lincoln. The ecclesiastical office was that of Chancellor of the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, which Mr. Jeune held for about seven years, from 1884 to 1891. One of the few Consistory Courts that he presided at for contentious business was on August 8th, 1885, when he ordered the Rev. T. G. Horwood, the vicar, to restore to Tetbury Church a cross and candlesticks which he had removed without a faculty. It is singular that the first court held by his successor, Mr. A. B. Ellicott, M.A., a month or two after Mr. Jeune's resignation, was in regard to an application by the rector and churchwardens for a faculty to alter the interior of Taynton Church, the parish wherein Mr. Jeune spent some years of his early life. I have heard several good tales told of Canon Dr. Jeune, one of whose characteristics was outspokenness in regard to Cathedral matters. On one occasion, after a trial of selected candidates for a lay-clerkship, he bluntly remarked to his colleagues, "We had better not elect that man, as he won't stop with us long, for he is too good a singer. You appoint the other man, for he's likely to stop." The Chapter acquiesced, the second man was chosen, and he remained at the Cathedral for quite thirty years. And, again, replying to an objection urged against a Gloucester citizen to whose memory it was proposed to erect a stained-glass window, he conclusively said, "If you go into people's moral character, you won't have many memorial windows." If Canon Jeune was aware that this man to whom posthumous honour was done once invited the municipal electors to vote for him and "more pigs and less parsons," I think he was of a very forgiving nature.

GLEANER.

LONDON'S LUNATICS.

It is curious to notice how little interest is taken by the general public in anything connected with the care of the insane. Not even the great increase in the numbers of the registered insane, nor their ever-increasing cost to the community, can obtain more than a passing glance. But the importance of the subject is well illustrated in an article by Dr. Jones, the medical superintendent of the Claybury Asylum, in the current number of the "Westminster Review." Dr. Jones points out that on May 1st, 1890, when the new London County Council took over the care of the insane from the county justices, there were only four asylums, containing an aggregate of 7,240 patients, whereas there are now nine asylums containing an aggregate of 16,539 patients; and in addition to that number there are 900 lunatics boarded out in asylums not under control of the Council. We thus get 17,439 patients; but even that is not the total of London's lunatics, for to it must be added a few thousand more to include those confined in the Metropolitan Asylums at Leavesden, Caterham, and Darent, and there are a few hundreds chargeable to the City of London in the asylum at Dartford. A new asylum for 2,000 patients is being built near Epsom, and, as the pauper lunatics of the administrative County of London increase by 500 a year, an asylum of like size will have to be built every four years to accommodate this ever-growing army of pauper insane. It quite clear that if this rapid increase is to be arrested it must be by prevention and not by cure. There is no doubt that hereditary tendency and alcohol account together for 50 per cent. of the insanity we see around us; and it is surely time that some serious attempt was made to limit these causes, even although the "sacred liberty" of the subject be interfered with to some extent.—"The Hospital."

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CIRCUMVENTING A MOTOR TRAP.

A writer in "The Autocar" describes how a cyclist busied himself one recent Saturday afternoon warning motorists of the existence of a police trap on the Fair Mile at Cobham. An inspector and a constable took up their positions, but hardly had the pair settled themselves to their job than from the direction of the town arrived a cyclist. That cyclist is also an automobilist, and having the afternoon at his disposal he cut short his ride, turned on his tracks, and, posting himself in turn at the eastward end of the mile, stopped every car that came along and warned it of the snare beyond. As car after car came trickling down into the village the inspector's face was a rich study, and having watched at least fifteen cars pass him at a speed which he dared not swear was reckless or dangerous, he struck tents and betook himself to the foot of Pain's Hill, at the other end of Cobham-street. But even there his harvest was denied him, for the cyclist, being aware of the change of base, forthwith took upon himself outpost duty at the top of the hill towards Ripley, and there did the work which should be the policeman's, viz., the prevention of an infraction of the law.

MOTOR 'BUSES' THE FAVOURITE.

If anyone is at all dubious as to the popularity or otherwise of the public service omnibus, says "Motor Traction" (the industrial section of "The Autocar"), we would strongly recommend him to spend a little time at the town terminus of any service or route. To do this will prove conclusively that the motor vehicle is the most favoured under every condition. On many services, when the 'buses have first started running, there has been a varied and curious feeling shown towards them by the public. In certain towns there has been a mad rush to secure seats, and many people have seen hurried 'buses without number start off on their journey, and yet have waited still longer in the hope of securing a seat on the next motor 'bus. Whatever has been the first attitude, the end has been the same—an increasing number of passengers for the motor and reduced fares on other public vehicles. The reason is not far to seek, for, in the first place, the time taken on a journey is very much less than by any other conveyance, the 'bus travels more smoothly than the horse-drawn type, is more cleanly on the roads, and has a host of advantages of a greater or less degree, amongst which one must not forget that the 'bus and tramway horse has the hardest existence of any quadruped.

* * * * *

BAD TEMPER.

Mr. Barry Pain continues his amusing essays on this matter in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "The other day," he says, "an American girl was talking to me about London. She said that she had come over to look at the English policemen, and she told me how one of them had held up his hand and stopped the traffic for her. She described it as a well-fed, fatherly hand. The light was behind it, and the shadow of that hand ran all down Piccadilly, and sloped over on to the side-walks and spread itself up the sides of the houses. As a rule, the stranger within our gates comes from a larger land and a more spacious life, from a country where the tram service is better, and the waterfalls are higher, and the concerts are longer, and the lights are more electric. But the stranger's admiration may generally be extorted for London's two special products—the London fogs and the London policemen. It is a little better to find that we are most remarkable for our principal facility for committing crime and our principal means of repressing it. Still praise for these is after all something, and I was sorry to hear the irreverent way in which that American girl spoke of the policeman, and the needless acrimony of her reference to his size in gloves. Yet it was quite simple of explanation. The man had saved her from the dangers of a crowded crossing. He had deliberately protected her, and she could never forgive it."

* * * * *

THE DEMOCRATISATION OF THE RAILWAY.

Every railway passenger in Great Britain will soon be travelling in the same class of carriage, as Londoners now do on the Twopenny Tube. Mr. Harold Macfarlane gives, in the "Railway Magazine," some interesting figures bearing on the matter.

	1861.	1871.	1881.	1891.	1901.
1st class passengers	12.6	9.5	6.1	3.6	2.9
2nd "	29.45	21.6	10.3	7.5	5.9
3rd "	57.95	68.9	83.5	88.9	91.2

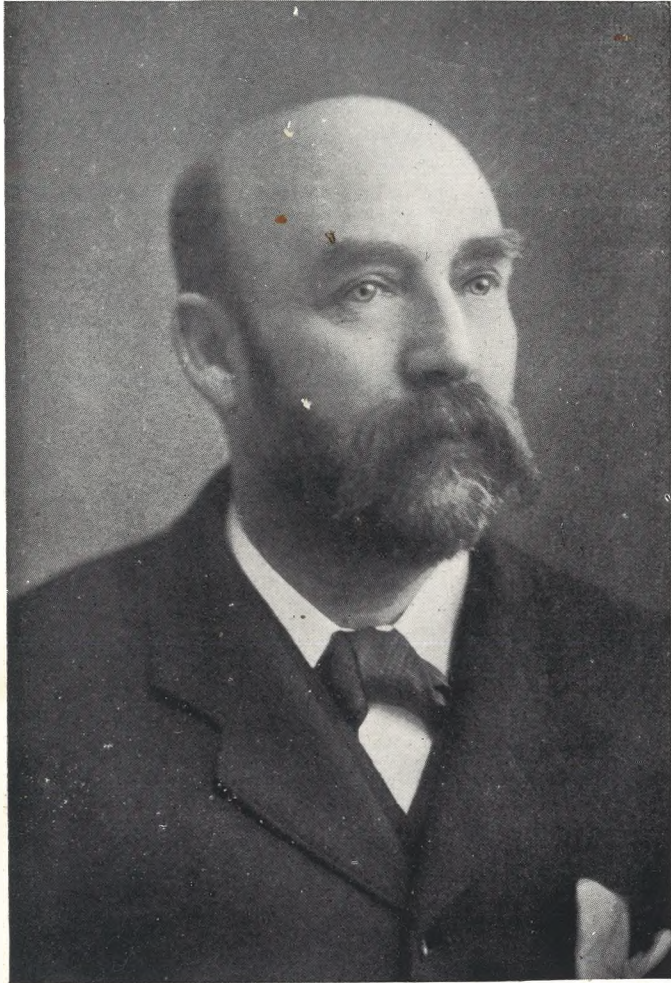
And this 2.9 per cent. of first-class passengers are nearly all Englishmen. In every £100 of first-class passengers' receipts England's share is 83½ per cent., Scotland's 11½ per cent., and Ireland's 5 per cent. Mr. Macfarlane says that the decline in the more expensive classes has been brought about by the policy of the directorates. The third-class carriages on the best lines are almost as comfortable as the first, and the only real advantage of travelling in the latter appears to be the luxury of exclusiveness.

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Building operations in Weynol-street, Carnarvon, brought to light a Roman earthenware drinking cup. The vessel holds about one and a half pints, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

In addressing Highlanders who placed wreaths on the memorial cairn at Culloden on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle on Sunday, Mr. T. Napier said the Hanoverians had now ruled for 200 years, and he thought they should now make a graceful bow and retire.

**HEADMASTERS OF CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH SCHOOL.
FROM FATHER TO SON.**



MR. F. F. WHEELER (1865-1905).



MR. L. V. WHEELER (1905—).



Photo by W. F. Lee,

29 High-street, Stroud.

THE TRUNK TRAGEDY.

House in which Devereux, the accused man in the Kensal Rise tragedy, lived with his wife and family while in Stroud. The room marked with a cross is the room in which the twins were born.



MR. SYDNEY BOULTON,

the well-known Cirencester cricketer, who is to be married on Wednesday next to Miss Kathleen Davison, of Belfast, Ireland. Mr. Boulton for six seasons held the post of captain of the Cirencester Cricket Club, and for eleven years he was hon. secretary, resigning both offices at the recent annual meeting, when his colleagues presented him with a handsome clock and silver candelabra in recognition of his valuable services to the club.



CIRENCESTER THURSDAY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Standing:—E. Beasley, L. G. Skyrme, A. Nott, W. Tranter, J. Spencer.

Sitting on form:—E. Peckham, A. A. Hagger (captain), F. V. Symes.

Sitting on ground:—C. Matthews, C. Over, W. G. Groves, S. Piprill, and O. Harding.



CHELTENHAM CHESS CLUB AT OXFORD.

PLAYERS.

PLAY IN PROGRESS.

STORYETTES

THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

III.—THE AWFUL REASON OF THE VICAR'S VISIT.

[BY G. K. CHESTERTON.]

The revolt of Matter against Man (which I believe to exist) has now been reduced to a singular condition. It is the small things rather than the large things which make war against us and, I may add, beat us. The bones of the last mammoth have long ago decayed, the mighty wreck; the tempests no longer devour our navies, nor the mountains with hearts of fire heap hell over our cities. But we are engaged in a bitter and eternal war with small things; chiefly with microbes and collar studs. The stud with which I was engaged (on fierce and equal terms) as I made the above reflections, was one which I was trying to introduce into my shirt collar when a loud knock came at the door.

My first thought was as to whether Basil Grant had called to fetch me. He and I were to turn up at the same dinner party (for which I was in the act of dressing), and it might be that he had taken it into his head to come my way, though we had arranged to go separately. It was a small and confidential affair at the table of a good but unconventional political lady, an old friend of his. She had asked us both to meet a third guest, a Captain Fraser, who had made something of a name and was an authority on chimpanzees. As Basil was an old friend of the hostess and I had never seen her, I felt that it was quite possible that he (with his usual social sagacity) might have decided to take me along in order to break the ice. The theory, like all my theories, was complete; but as a fact it was not Basil.

I was handed a visiting card inscribed: "Rev. Ellis Shorter," and underneath was written in pencil, but in a hand in which even hurry could not conceal a depressing and gentlemanly excellence, "Asking the favour of a few moments' conversation on a most urgent matter."

I had already subdued the stud, thereby proclaiming that the image of God has supremacy over all matters (a valuable truth), and throwing on my dress-coat and waistcoat, hurried into the drawing-room. He rose at my entrance, flapping like a seal; I can use no other description. He flapped a plaid shawl over his right arm; he flapped a pair of pathetic black gloves; he flapped his clothes; I may say, without exaggeration, that he flapped his eyelids, as he rose. He was a bald-browed, white-haired, white-whiskered old clergyman, of a floppy and floppy type. He said:—

"I am so sorry. I am so very sorry. I am so extremely sorry. I come—I can only say—I can only say in my defence, that I come—upon an important matter. Pray forgive me."

I told him I forgave perfectly, and waited. "What I have to say," he said, brokenly, "is so dreadful—it is so dreadful—I have lived a quiet life."

I was burning to get away, for it was already doubtful if I should be in time for dinner. But there was something about the old man's honest air of bitterness that seemed to open to me the possibilities of life larger and more tragic than my own.

I said gently, "Pray go on."

Nevertheless the old gentleman, being a gentleman as well as old, noticed my secret impatience and seemed still more unmanned.

"I'm so sorry," he said weakly; "I wouldn't have come—but for—your friend Major Brown recommended me to come here."

"Major Brown!" I said with some interest. "Yes," said the Reverend Mr. Shorter, feverishly flapping his plaid shawl about. "He told me you helped him in a great difficulty—and my difficulty! Oh, my dear sir, it's a matter of life and death."

I rose abruptly, in an acute perplexity. "Will it take long, Mr. Shorter?" I asked. "I have to go out to dinner almost at once."

He rose also, trembling from head to foot, and yet somehow, with all his moral palsy, he rose to the dignity of his age and his office.

"I have no right, Mr. Swinburne—have no right at all," he said. "If you have to go out to

dinner, you have of course—a perfect right—of course a perfect right. But when you come back—a man will be dead."

And he sat down, quaking like a jelly.

The triviality of the dinner had been in those two minutes dwarfed and drowned in my mind. I did not want to go and see a political widow, and a captain who collected apes; I wanted to hear what had brought this dear, doddering old vicar into relation with immediate perils.

"Will you have a cigar?" I said.

"No thank you," he said, with indescribable embarrassment, as if not smoking cigars was a social disgrace.

"A glass of wine?" I said.

"No, thank you; no, thank you; not just now," he repeated with that hysterical eagerness with which people who do not drink at all try to convey that on any other night of the week they would sit up all night drinking rum-punch.

Not just now, thank you."

"Nothing else I can get for you?" I said, feeling genuinely sorry for the well-mannered old donkey. "A cup of tea."

I saw a struggle in his eye and I conquered. When the cup of tea came he drank it like a dipsomaniac gulping brandy. Then he fell back and said:—

I have had such a time, Mr. Swinburne. I am not used to these excitements. As Vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex"—he threw this in with an indescribable airiness of vanity—"I have never known such things happen."

"What things happen?" I asked.

He straightened himself with sudden dignity. "As Vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex," he said; "I have never been forcibly dressed up as an old woman and made to take part in a crime in the character of an old woman. Never once. My experience may be small. It may be insufficient. But it has never occurred to me before."

"I have never heard of it," I said, "as among the duties of a clergyman. But I am not well up in church matters. Excuse me if perhaps I failed to follow you correctly. Dressed up—as what?"

"As an old woman," said the vicar solemnly, "as an old woman."

I thought in my heart that it required no great transformation to make an old woman of him, but the thing was evidently more tragic than comic, and I said respectfully:—

"May I ask how it occurred?"

"I will begin at the beginning," said Mr. Shorter, "and I will tell my story with the utmost possible precision. At seventeen minutes past eleven this morning I left the vicarage to keep certain appointments and pay certain visits in the village. My first visit was to Mr. Jervis, the treasurer of our League of Christian Amusements, with whom I concluded some business touching the claim made by Parkes the gardener in the matter of the rolling of our tennis lawn. I then visited Mrs. Arnett, a very earnest churchwoman, but permanently bedridden. She is the author of several works of devotion, and of a book of verse, entitled (unless my memory misleads me) 'Eglantine.'"

He uttered all this not only with deliberation, but with something that can only be called, by a contradictory phrase, eager deliberation. He had, I think, a vague memory in his head of the detectives in the detective stories, who always sternly require that nothing should be kept back.

"I then proceeded," he went on, with the same maddening conscientiousness of manner, "to Mr. Carr (not Mr. James Carr, of course; Mr. Robert Carr) who is temporarily assisting our organist, and having consulted with him (on the subject of a choir boy who is accused, I cannot as yet say whether justly or not, of cutting notes in the organ pipes), I finally dropped in upon a Dorcas meeting at the house of Miss Brett. The Dorcas meetings are usually held at the vicarage, but my wife being unwell, Miss Brett, a newcomer in the village, but very active in church work, had very kindly consented to hold them. The Dorcas society is entirely under my wife's management as a rule, and except for Miss Brett, who, as I say, is very active, I scarcely know any members of it. I had, however, promised to drop in on them, and I did so.

"When I arrived there were only four other maiden ladies with Miss Brett, but they were sewing very busily. It is very difficult, of course, for any person, however strongly impressed with the necessity in these matters of full and exact exposition of the facts, to remember and repeat the actual details of a conversation, particularly a conversation which (though inspired with a most worthy and admirable zeal for good work) was

one which did not greatly impress the hearer's mind at the time and was, in fact—er—mostly about socks. I can, however, remember distinctly that one of the spinster ladies (she was a thin person with a woollen shawl, who appeared to feel the cold, and I am sure she was introduced to me as Miss James) remarked that the weather was very changeable. Miss Brett then offered me a cup of tea, which I accepted, I cannot recall in what words. Miss Brett is a short and stout lady with white hair. The only other figure in the group that caught my attention was a Miss Mowbray, a small and neat lady of aristocratic manners, silver hair, and a high voice and colour. She was the most emphatic member of the party; and her views on the subject of pin-flores, though expressed with a natural deference to myself, were in themselves strong and advanced. Besides her (although all five ladies were dressed simply in black) it could not be denied that the others looked in some way what you men of the world would call dowdy.

"After about ten minutes' conversation I rose to go, and as I did so I heard something which—I cannot describe it—something which seemed to—but I really cannot describe it."

"What did you hear?" I asked, with some impatience.

"I heard," said the vicar solemnly, "I heard Miss Mowbray (the lady with the silver hair, say to Miss James (the lady with the woollen shawl), the following extraordinary words. I committed them to memory on the spot, and as soon as circumstances set me free to do so, I noted them down on a piece of paper. I believe I have it here." He fumbled in his breast-pocket, bringing out mild wangs, note-books, circulars, and programmes of village concerts. "I heard Miss Mowbray say to Miss James the following words: 'Now's your time, Bill.'"

He gazed at me for a few moments after making this announcement, gravely and unflinchingly, as if conscious that here he was unshaken about his facts. Then he resumed, turning his bald head more toward the fire.

"This appeared to me remarkable. I could not by any means understand it. It seemed to me first of all peculiar that one maiden lady should address another maiden lady as 'Bill.' My experience, as I have said, may be incomplete; maiden ladies may have among themselves and in exclusively spinster circles wilder customs than I am aware of. But it seemed to me odd, and I could almost have sworn (if you will not misunderstand the phrase) I should have been strictly impelled to maintain at the time that the words, 'Now's your time, Bill,' were by no means pronounced with that upper-class intonation which, as I have already said, had up to now characterised Miss Mowbray's conversation. In fact, the words 'Now's your time, Bill,' would have been, I fancy, unsuitable if pronounced with that upper-class intonation.

"I was surprised, I repeat, then, at the remark. But I was still more surprised when, looking round me in bewilderment, my hat and umbrella in hand, I saw the lean lady with the woollen shawl leaning up tight against the door out of which I was just about to make my exit. She was still knitting, and I supposed that this erect posture against the door was only an eccentricity of spinsterhood and an oblivion of my intended departure.

"I said genially, 'I am so sorry to disturb you, Miss James, but I must really be going. I have—er—' I stopped here, for the words she had uttered in reply, though singularly brief and in tone extremely business-like, were such as to render that arrest of my remarks, I think, natural and excusable. I have these words also noted down. I have not the least idea of their meaning; so I have only been able to render them phonetically. But she said," and Mr. Shorter peered shortsightedly at his papers, "she said: 'Chuck it, fat 'ead,' and she added something that sounded like, 'It's a kop,' or (possibly) 'a kopt.' And then the last cord, either of my sanity or the sanity of the universe, snapped suddenly. My esteemed friend and helper, Miss Brett, standing by the mantelpiece, said: 'Put 'is old nead in a bag, Sam, and tie 'im up before you start jawin'. You'll be kopt yourselves some o' these days with this way of doing things, har lar theater.'

"My head went round and round. Was it really true, as I had suddenly fancied a moment before, that unmarried ladies had some dreadful riotous society of their own from which all others were excluded? I remembered dimly in my classical days (I was a scholar in a small way

once, but now, alas! trusty), I remembered the mysteries of the Bona Dea and their strange female freemasonry. I remembered the witches' Sabbaths. I was just, in my absurd light-headedness, trying to remember a line of verse about Diana's nymphs, when Miss Mowbray threw her arms round me from behind. The incident it held me I knew it was not a woman's arm.

"Miss Brett—or what I had called Miss Brett—was standing in front of me with a big revolver in her hand and a broad grin on her face. Miss James was still leaning against the door, but had fallen into an attitude so totally new, and so totally unfeminine, that it gave one a shock. She was kicking her heels, with hands in her pockets and her cap on one side. She was a man. I mean that he was a woman—no, that is I saw that instead of being a woman she—he, I mean,—that is, it was a man.

Mr. Shorter became indescribably flurried and flapping in endeavouring to arrange these genders and his plaid shawl at the same time. He resumed with a higher fever of nervousness:—

"As for Miss Mowbray, she—he held me in a ring of iron. He had her arm—that is she had his arm—round her neck—my neck I mean—and I could not cry out. Miss Brett—that is, Mr. Brett, at least Mr. something who was not Miss Brett—had the revolver pointed at me. The other two ladies—or er—gentlemen, were rummaging in some bag in the background. It was all clear at last: they were criminals dressed up as women, to kidnap me! To kidnap the Vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex. But why? Was it to be Nonconformists?

The brute leaning against the door called out carelessly, "Urry up, 'Arry. Show the old bloke what the game is and let's get off."

"Curse 'is eyes," said Miss Brett—I mean the man with the revolver—'why should we show 'im the game?"

"If you take my advice you bloomin' well will," said the man at the door, whom they called Bill. "A man wot knows wot 'e's doin' is worth ten wot don't, even if 'e's a potty old parson."

"Bill's right enough," said the coarse voice of the man who held me (it had been Miss Mowbray's). "Bring out the picture, 'Arry."

The man with the revolver walked across the room to where the other two women—I mean men—were turning over baggage, and asked them for something which they gave him. He came back with it across the room and held it out in front of me. And compared to the surprise of that display, all the previous surprises of this awful day shrank suddenly.

It was a portrait of myself. That such a picture should be in the hands of these scoundrels might in any case have caused a mild surprise; but no more. It was no mild surprise that I felt. The likeness was an extremely good one, worked up with all the accessories of the conventional photographic studio. I was leaning my head on my hand and was relieved against a painted landscape of woodland. It was obvious that it was no snapshot; it was clear that I had sat for this photograph. And the truth was that I had never sat for such a photograph. It was a photograph that I had never had taken.

I stared at it again and again. It seemed to me to be touched up a good deal; it was glazed as well as framed, and the glass blurred some of the details. But there unmistakably was my face, my eyes, my nose and mouth, my head and hand, posed for a professional photographer. And I had never posed so for any photographer.

"Be'old the bloomin' miracle," said the man with the revolver, with ill-timed facetiousness. "Parson, prepare to meet thy God." And with this he slid the glass out of the frame. As the glass moved, I saw that part of the picture was painted on it in Chinese white, notably a pair of white whiskers and a clerical collar. And underneath was a portrait of an old lady in a quiet black dress, leaning her head on her hand against the woodland landscape. The old lady was as like me as one pin is like another. It had required only the whiskers and the collar to make it me in every hair.

"'Entertainin', ain't it?" said the man described as 'Arry, as he shot the glass back again. "Remarkable resemblance, parson. Gratifyin' to the lady. Gratifyin' to you. And hi may hadd, particlery gratifyin' to us, as bein' the probable source of a very tolerable haul. You know Colonel Hawker, the man whose come to live in these parts, don't you?"

"I nodded.

"Well," said the man 'Arry, pointing to the picture, 'that's is mother. 'Oo ran to catch 'im when 'e fell? She did,' and he flung his fingers in a general gesture towards the photograph of the old lady who was exactly like me.

"Tell the old gent wot 'e's got to do and be done with it," broke out Bill from the door. "Look 'ere, Reverend Shorter, we ain't goin' to do you no 'arm. We'll give you a sov. for your trouble if you like. And as for the old woman's clothes—why, you'll look lovely in 'em."

"You ain't much of a 'and at a description, Bill," said the man behind me. "Mr. Shorter, it's like this. We've got to see this man Hawker to-night. Maybe he'll kiss us all and 'ave up the champagne when 'e sees us. Maybe on the other 'and—'e won't. Maybe 'e'll be dead when we goes away. Maybe not. But we've got to see 'im. Now as you know, 'e shuts 'issself up and never opens the door to a soul; only you don't know why and we does. The only one as can ever get at 'im is 'is mother. Well, it's a confounded funny coincidence," he said, accenting the penultimate, "it's a very unusual piece of good luck, but you're 'is mother."

"When first I saw 'er picter," said the man Bill, shaking his head in a ruminant manner, "when I first saw it I said—old Shorter. Those were my exact words—old Shorter."

"What do you mean, you wild creatures?" I gasped. "What am I to do?"

"That's easy said, your 'oliness," said the man with the revolver good-humouredly; 'you've got to put on those clothes,' and he pointed to a poke-bonnet and a heap of female clothes in the corner of the room.

"I will not dwell, Mr. Swinburne, upon the details of what followed. I had no choice. I could not fight five men, to say nothing of a loaded pistol. In five minutes, sir, the Vicar of Chuntsey was dressed as an old woman—as somebody else's mother, if you please, and was dragged out of the house to take part in a crime.

"It was already late in the afternoon, and the nights of winter were closing in fact. On a dark road, in a blowing wind, we set out towards the lonely house of Colonel Hawker, perhaps the queerest cortege that ever straggled up that or any other road. To every human eye, in every external, we were six very respectable old ladies of small means, in black dresses and refined but antiquated bonnets; and we were really five criminals and a clergyman.

"I will cut a long story short. My brain was whirling like a windmill as I walked, trying to think of some manner of escape. To cry out, so long as we were far from houses, would be suicidal, for it would be easy for the ruffians to knife me or to gag me and fling me in a ditch. On the other hand, to attempt to stop strangers and explain the situation was impossible, because of the frantic folly of the situation itself. Long before I had persuaded the chance postman or carrier of so absurd a story, my companions would certainly have got off themselves, and in all probability would have carried me off, as a friend of theirs who had the misfortune to be mad or drunk. The last thought, however, was an inspiration; though a very terrible one. Had it come to this, that the Vicar of Chuntsey must pretend to be mad or drunk? It had come to this.

"I walked along with the rest up the deserted road, imitating and keeping pace, as far as I could, with their rapid and yet lady-like step, until at length I saw a lamp-post and a policeman standing under it. I had made up my mind. Until we reached them, we were all equally demure and silent and swift. When we reached them I suddenly flung myself against the railings and roared out: 'Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Rule Britannia! Get your 'air cut. Houp-la! Boo!' It was a condition of no little novelty for a man of my position.

"The constable instantly flashed his lantern on me, or the draggled, drunken old woman that was my travesty. 'Now then, mum,' he began gruffly.

"'Come along quiet, or I'll eat your heart,' cried Sam in my ear hoarsely. 'Stop, or I'll flay you.' It was frightful to hear the words and see the neatly-shawled old spinster who whispered them.

"I yelled, and yelled—I was in for it now. I screamed comic refrains that vulgar young men had sung, to my regret, at our village concerts; I rolled to and fro like a ninepin about to fall.

"If you can't get your friend on quiet, ladies,"

said the policeman, 'I shall have to take 'er up. Drunk and disorderly she is right enough.'

"I redoubled my efforts. I had not been brought up to this sort of thing; but I believe I eclipsed myself. Words that I did not know I had ever heard of seemed to come pouring out of my open mouth.

"When we get you past," whispered Bill, 'you'll howl louder; you'll howl louder when we're burning your feet off.'

"I screamed in my terror those awful songs of joy. In all the nightmares that men have ever dreamed, there has never been anything so blighting and horrible as the faces of those five men, looking out of their poke-bonnets; the figures of district visitors with the faces of devils. I cannot think there is anything so heart-breaking in hell.

"For a sickening instant I thought that the bustle of my companions and the perfect respectability of all our dresses would overcome the policeman and induce him to let us pass. He wavered, so far as one can describe anything so solid as a policeman as wavering. I lurched suddenly forward and ran my head into his chest, calling out (if I remember correctly), 'Oh, crikey, blimy, Bill.' It was at that moment that I remembered most clearly that I was the Vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex.

"My desperate coup saved me. The policeman had me hard by the back of the neck.

"You come along with me," he began, but Bill cut in with his perfect imitation of a lady's finicking voice.

"Oh, pray, constable, don't make a disturbance with our poor friend. We will get her quietly home. She does drink too much, but she is quite a lady—only eccentric."

"She butted me in the stomach," said the policeman, briefly.

"Eccentricities of genius," said Sam earnestly.

"Pray let me take her home," reiterated Bill, in the resumed character of Miss James, 'she wants looking after.'

"She does," said the policeman, 'but I'll look after her.'

"That's no good," cried Bill, feverishly. 'She wants her friends. She wants a particular medicine we've got.'

"Yes," assented Miss Mowbray, with excitement, 'no other medicine any good, constable. Complaint quite unique.'

"I'm all righ'. Cutchy, cutchy coo!' remarked, to his eternal shame, the Vicar of Chuntsey.

"Look here, ladies," said the constable sternly. "I don't like the eccentricity of your friend, and I don't like 'er songs, or 'er 'ead in my stomach. And now I come to think of it, I don't like the looks of you. I've seen many as quiet-dressed as you as was wrong 'uns. Who are you?"

"We've not our cards with us," said Miss Mowbray, with indescribable dignity. "Nor do we see why we should be insulted by any Jack in office who chooses to be rude to ladies, when he is paid to protect them. If you choose to take advantage of the weakness of our unfortunate friend, no doubt you are legally entitled to take her. But if you fancy you have any legal right to bully us, you will find yourself in the wrong box."

"The truth and dignity of this staggered the policeman for a moment. Under cover of their advantage my five persecutors turned for an instant on me faces like faces of the damned and then swished off into the darkness. When the constable first turned his lantern and his suspicions on to them, I had seen the telegraphic look flash from face to face, saying that only retreat was possible now.

By this time I was sinking slowly to the pavement, in a state of acute reflection. So long as the ruffians were with me, I dared not quit the role of drunkard. For if I had begun to talk reasonably and explain the real case, the officer would merely have thought that I was slightly recovered and would have put me in charge of my friends. Now, however, if I liked I might safely undecieve him.

"But I confess I did not like. The chances of life are many, and it may doubtless sometimes lie in the narrow path of duty for a clergyman of the Church of England to pretend to be a drunken old woman; but such necessities are, I imagine, sufficiently rare to appear to many improbable. Suppose the story got about that I had pretended to be drunk. Suppose people did not all think it was pretence!

"I lurched up, the policeman half-lifting me. I went along weakly and quietly for about a hundred yards. The officer evidently thought that I was too sleepy and feeble to effect an escape, and so held me lightly and easily enough. Past one turning, two turnings, three turnings, four turnings, he trailed me with with him, a limp and slow and reluctant figure. At the fourth turning, I suddenly broke from his hand and tore down the street like a maddened stag. He was unprepared, he was heavy and it was dark. I ran and ran, and in five minutes' running, found I was gaining. In half an hour I was out in the fields under the holy and blessed stars, where I tore off my accursed shawl and bonnet and buried them in clean earth."

The old gentleman had finished his story and leant back in his chair. Both the matter and the manner of his narration had, as time went on, impressed me favourably. He was an old duffer and pedant, but behind these things he was a country-bred man and gentleman, and had showed courage and a sporting instinct in the hour of desperation. He had told his story with many quaint formalities of diction, but also with a very convincing realism.

"And now—" I began.
"And now," said Shorter, leaning forward again with something like servile energy, "and now, Mr. Swinburne, what about that unhappy man Hawker. I cannot tell what those men meant, or how far what they said was real. But surely there is danger. I cannot go to the police, for reasons that you perceive. Among other things, they wouldn't believe me. What is to be done?"

I took out my watch. It was already half-past twelve.

"My friend Basil Grant," I said, "is the best man we can go to. He and I were to have gone to the same dinner to-night; but he will just have come back by now. Have you any objection to taking a cab?"

"Not at all," he replied, rising politely, and gathering up his absurd plaid shawl.

A rattle in a hansom brought us underneath the sombre pile of workmen's flats in Lambeth which Grant inhabited; a climb up a wearisome wooden staircase, brought us to his garret. When I entered that wooden and scrappy interior, the white gleam of Basil's shirt-front and the lustre of his fur coat flung on the wooden settle, struck me as a contrast. He was drinking a glass of wine before retiring. I was right; he had come back from the dinner-party.

He listened to the repetition of the story of the Rev. Ellis Shorter with the genuine simplicity and respect which he never failed to exhibit in dealing with any human being. When it was over he said simply:—

"Do you know a man named Capt. Fraser?"

I was so startled at this totally irrelevant reference to the worthy collector of chimpanzees with whom I ought to have dined that evening, that I glanced sharply at Grant. The result was that I did not look at Mr. Shorter. I only heard him answer, in his most nervous tone, "No."

Basil, however, seemed to find something very curious about his answer or his demeanour generally, for he kept his big blue eyes fixed on the old clergyman, and though the eyes were quite quiet, they stood out more and more from his head.

"You are quite sure, Mr. Shorter," he repeated, "that you don't know Captain Fraser?"

"Quite," answered the vicar, and I was certainly puzzled to find him returning so much to the timidity, not to say the demoralisation of his tone, when he first entered my presence.

Basil sprang smartly to his feet.

"Then our course is clear," he said. "You have not even begun your investigation, my dear Mr. Shorter; the first thing for us to do is to go together to see Captain Fraser."

"When?" asked the clergyman, stammering.

"Now," said Basil, putting one arm in his fur coat.

The old gentleman rose to his feet, quaking all over.

"I really do not think that it is necessary," he said.

Basil took his arm out of the fur coat, threw it over the chair again, and put his hands in his pockets.

"Oh," he said, with emphasis. "Oh—you don't think it necessary; then," and he added the words with great clearness and deliberation, "then, Mr. Ellis Shorter, I can only say that I

would like to see you without your whiskers."

At the words I also rose to my feet, for the great tragedy of my life had come. Splendid and exciting as life was in continual contact with an intellect like Basil's, I had always the feeling that that splendour and excitement were on the borderland of sanity. He lived perpetually near the vision of the reason of things which makes men lose their reason. And I felt of his insanity as men feel of the death of friends with heart disease. It might come anywhere, in a field, in a hansom cab, looking at a sunset, smoking a cigarette. It had come now. At the very moment of delivering a judgment for the salvation of a fellow creature, Basil Grant had gone mad.

Your whiskers," he cried, advancing with blazing eyes. "Give me your whiskers. And your bald head."

The old vicar naturally retreated a step or two. I stepped between.

"Sit down, Basil," I implored, "you're a little excited. Finish your wine."

"Whiskers," he answered sternly, "whiskers."

And with that he made a dash at the old gentleman, who made a dash for the door, but was intercepted. And then, before I knew where I was, the quiet room was turned into something between a pantomime and a pandemonium by those two. Chairs were flung over with a crash, tables were vaulted with a noise like thunder, screens were smashed, crockery scattered in smithereens, and still Basil Grant bounded and bellowed after the Rev. Ellis Shorter.

And now I began to perceive something else, which added the last half-witted touch to my mystification. The Rev. Ellis Shorter, of Chuntsey, in Essex, was by no means behaving as I had previously noticed him to behave, or, as considering his age and station I should have expected him to behave. His power of dodging, leaping, and fighting would have been amazing in a lad of seventeen, and in this doddering old vicar looked like a sort of farcical fairy-tale. Moreover, he did not seem to be so much astonished as I had thought. There was even a look of something like enjoyment in his eyes; so there was in the eye of Basil. In fact, the unintelligible truth must be told. They were both laughing.

At length Shorter was cornered.

"Come, come, Mr. Grant," he panted, "you can't do anything to me. It's quite legal. And it doesn't do anyone the least harm. It's only a social fiction. A result of our complex society, Mr. Grant."

"I don't blame you, my man," said Basil coolly. "But I want your whiskers. And your bald head. Do they belong to Capt. Fraser?"

"No, no," said Mr. Shorter, laughing, "we provide them ourselves. They don't belong to Captain Fraser."

"What the deuce does all this mean?" I almost screamed. "Are you all in an infernal nightmare? Why should Mr. Shorter's bald head belong to Captain Fraser? How could it? What the deuce has Captain Fraser to do with the affair? What is the matter with him? You dined with him, Basil."

"No," said Grant, "I didn't."

"Didn't you go to Mrs. Thornton's dinner-party?" I asked, staring. "Why not?"

"Well," said Basil, with a slow and singular smile, "the fact is I was detained. By a visitor. I have him, as a point of fact, in my bedroom."

"In your bedroom?" I repeated; but my imagination had reached that point when he might have said in his coal scuttle or his waistcoat pocket.

Grant stepped to the door of an inner room, flung it open and walked in. Then he came out again with the last of the bodily wonders of that wild night. He introduced into the sitting-room, in an apologetic manner, and by the nape of the neck, a limp clergyman with a bald head, white whiskers, and a plaid shawl.

"Sit down, gentlemen," cried Grant, striking his hands heartily. "Sit down all of you and have a glass of wine. As you say, there is no harm in it, and if Captain Fraser had simply dropped me a hint I could have saved him from dropping a good sum of money. Not that you would have liked that, eh?"

The two duplicate clergymen, who were sipping their Burgundy with two duplicate grins, laughed heartily at this, and one of them carelessly pulled off his whiskers and laid them on the table.

"Basil," I said, "if you are my friend, save me. What is all this?"

He laughed again.

"Only another addition, Cherub, to your collection of Queer Trades. These two gentlemen (whose health I have now the pleasure of drinking) are Professional Detainers."

"And what on earth's that?" I asked.

"It's really very simple, Mr. Swinburne," began he who had once been the Rev. Ellis Shorter, of Chuntsey, in Essex; and it gave me a shock indescribable to hear out of that pompous and familiar form come no longer its own pompous and familiar voice, but the brisk sharp tones of a young city man. "It is really nothing very important. We are paid by our clients to detain in conversation, on some harmless pretext, people whom they want out of the way for a few hours. And Captain Fraser—" and with that he hesitated and smiled.

Basil smiled also. He intervened.

"The fact is that Captain Fraser, who is one of my best friends, wanted us both out of the way very much. He is sailing to-night for East Africa, and the lady with whom we were all to have dined is—er—what is, I believe, described as 'the romance of his life.' He wanted that two hours with her, and employed these two reverend gentlemen to detain us at our houses so as to let him have the field to himself."

"And of course," said the late Mr. Shorter, apologetically to me, "as I had to keep a gentleman at home from keeping an appointment with a lady, I had to come with something rather hot and strong—rather urgent. It wouldn't have done to have been tame."

"Oh," I said, "I acquit you of tameness."

"Thank you, sir," said the man respectfully, "always very grateful for any recommendation, sir."

The other man idly pushed back his artificial bald head, revealing close red hair, and spoke dreamily, perhaps under the influence of Basil's admirable Burgundy.

"It's wonderful how common it's getting, gentlemen. Our office is busy from morning to night. I've no doubt you've often knocked up against us before. You just take notice. When an old bachelor goes on boring you with hunting stories, when you're burning to be introduced to somebody. He's from our bureau. When a lady calls on parish work and stops hours, just when you wanted to go to the Robinsons'. She's from our bureau. The Robinsons' hand, sir, may be darkly seen."

"There is one thing I don't understand," I said. "Why you are both vicars."

A shade crossed the brow of the temporary incumbent of Chuntsey, in Essex.

"That may have been a mistake, sir," he said. "But it was not our fault. It was all the munificence of Captain Fraser. He requested that the highest price and talent on our tariff should be employed to detain you gentlemen. Now the highest payment in our office goes to those who impersonate vicars, as being the most respectable and more of a strain. We are paid five guineas a visit. We have had the good fortune to satisfy the firm with our work; and we are now permanently vicars. Before that we had two years as colonels, the next in our scale. Colonels are four guineas."

REJECTED ALIEN EMIGRANTS.

The report of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and the Hamburg-American Line on the results of their inspection of would-be emigrants from Russia, Germany, and Austria, accounts for an army of colonists passing out of those countries in 1904 numbering 121,370 persons. No fewer than 6,000 were rejected at their frontier control stations as medically unfit. Of these 2,923 suffered from trachoma, 2,333 from granulosa, 134 from other diseases of the eye, 418 from fever of varying character, and the remainder from other diseases. Even after this exhaustive preliminary sifting 2,164 others were refused passage at Bremen and Hamburg by the medical board and the American Consul. Of these 913 suffered from contagious and 406 from other diseases of the eye, 260 were crippled or deformed, 25 had fevers of different kinds, 4 were idiots, 180 were blind, 11 had scabies and 28 eczema, 10 suffered from hernia, 259 were senile, 6 had erysipelas, 6 suffered from spinal disease, and a number of others from various other sicknesses. In spite of this very painstaking elimination, 89 managed to escape via Bremen without their disease being detected until they reached the United States, whence they were promptly deported.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 226.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best 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 126th prize has been awarded to Mr. J. N. Hobbs, Concord, Moorend Grove, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. James Foster at North-place Church, Cheltenham.

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

Picture blocks similar to those in this paper, and suitable for any trade or profession or any kind of printing, are produced by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. at about half the prices usually charged locally. There are no better business advertisements! Drop us a post-card, and our photographer will call and arrange matters without further trouble to you.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A GOLFER.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., sends these to the "Pall Mall Magazine":—"Golf," he says, "is the great test of Character. In my time I have seen men take a nasty curve without the twitching of an eyelash. I have watched a delicately-bred man, of University rank, stand up to take seven years' penal servitude without the faintest wince of a muscle. I have seen men married—condemned to death by the stethoscope—returned at the top of the poll for the county—and notified of the advent of twins. But the real man didn't come out on any of these occasions half so conspicuously and nakedly as he did when the mashie fumbled 'the like' into the bunker guarding the green! For the fact is, golf brings out the real man relentlessly and unerringly, every time."



Photo by J. A. Williams,

47 Keynsham-street, Cheltenham.

CHARLTON KINGS BELL-RINGERS

(TAKEN AT PARISH CHURCH).

Top row.—C. Spragg, G. Pearce, W. Dyer (captain), W. Hamlett, W. Bush.

Middle row.—F. Townsend, W. Brinkworth, R. Hemmings.

Front row.—M. Hicks, T. Dyer.

MUNICIPAL TELEPHONY.

The question whether it is proper for municipalities to undertake the working of telephone systems, says Mr. A. R. Bennett in "The Electrical Magazine," has been much canvassed. If a local authority can give a service satisfactory to its subscribers while charging rates sensibly lower than those which ruled before it came into the field, then the case for municipal telephones may be held to be established. The Blue Book of the Glasgow Telephone Inquiry of 1897 clearly shows that the service at that date, apart from any question of cost, was considered entirely unsatisfactory by a large majority of the subscribers, and it also shows that the rates charged in Glasgow were very high. The nominal rate was £10 for a first connection, and £8 10s. for a second connection, but these figures applied only to the centre of Glasgow. In the suburbs twice and more than twice was exacted. For instance, it was given in evidence that an ordinary exchange connection in Govan cost £20 per annum; in Partick £22 10s., and in Rutherglen £23. We had here the not unusual combination of high rates and inefficient service, while the total number of exchange lines

in a population of about one million only reached to 5,036. The Corporation came on the scene in 1900, and made a rate of £5 5s. per annum, irrespective of locality and of distance, which meant a reduction at one coup of more than one-half of the old average. At the same time, they put down the most modern cables and instruments. After four years' working, so far from having lost money, the Corporation finds itself with a balance in hand, while the number of telephone subscribers has gone up to about 25,000. If the amount saved to Glasgow citizens in the shape of reduced telephone rates be reckoned as a benefit, then the city may claim to have gained a very large sum indeed, because the 5,000 subscribers existing in 1897 paid at least £60,000 in the name of rentals, while 25,000 subscribers in 1905 pay only something like £125,000. Had the old figure been maintained, the cost of the service to 25,000 subscribers would have been £300,000 instead of £125,000, a yearly difference certainly worth considering. So the inauguration of municipal telephones in Glasgow has produced nothing short of a financial earthquake in the telephone world. Similar results have followed the installations of municipal telephones at Portsmouth, Brighton, Swansea, and Hull.

Selina Jenkins Letters.

TRIP TO LECKHAMPTON.

PART II.

Well! 'Ere we be, as the sayin' is, 'avin' got up to the turnover where the trams don't go no farther, at the foot of Leckhampton Hill; and a 'ard job it were to get out of the tram (very near so 'ard as it were to get in the 'Igh-street end), wot with the mirriads of juvenile hinfants as crowded round the haperture, askin' for our used up tram-tickets; wich one of the most dirtiest of the lot, as looked like a boy, wot you could see of 'im, got very affable when I 'anded 'im all the tickets as we'd tooked, and said as 'ow they'd seen in the papers somewheres as anyone as could collect a million tickets would get a 'onus of five shillings; wich I thinks would be well-earned too, becos' Amos figgered it out that if they was to get 'undreds a day they'd be old men and wimmen afore the million were anywhere touched!

But, there! there! it's a very good way to encourage the yung in industry, that I will say, altho' I don't 'old with offerin' sich large sums of money as 5s. all in the lump to hinfants of tender ears, like these 'ere seemed to be, wich it's wonderful wot the yung will do for a copper or two, not to mention 5s., as reminds me of when I were down to Aunt Jimima's funeral to Swansea, and went for a ride on they steam trams round the bay to the Mumples, and there were boys as turned "tip-and-tilt" 20 or 30 times on the hoff-chance of a bare 'd.; still, they was Welsh, and not brought hup to sich luxuries as Cheltenham boys is, wot with Free Eddication, and Lads' Brigades, and Hemptire Days, with a picture of 'is Majesty and a bun, to teach 'em to think Himperially!

'Owsomdever, Lackhampton 'Ill was wot we'd come out for to see, so me and Amos and the Padbury twins toiled our way hup until we come to the imposin' ruins of a 'ouse, setuaded amongst the luvliest scenery, sich as tram-lines, corpses of fir trees, grass, and the remains of 'undreds of tram tickets. Amongst these remains was seated a pleeceman, lookin' rather cross; wich Amos got into perlitte conversation with 'im, as turned out to be the cottage as were objected to by Lackhampton folks, and done away with fer the public good. The pleeceman wasn't over-talkative, but from wot I could make out 'e were put in charge of the 'Ill to keep people likes hus hoff the parts as 'ave been purchased by the Quarry Compn'y, and, as 'e were rather short in 'is breath, 'e 'adn't been able to make much of a job of it; becos', of course, you can't set on a stone up there by Dale End, as they do call it, and also take the names and addresses of people a-trespassin' on the Quarry Company's grounds over the other side of the Devil's Chimney.

I were goin' to offer the pore man a extry-strong peppymint (as I always carries about me for the breath, but Amos ses "No," he ses, "if you was to do that," he ses, "and 'e was to report you," 'e ses, "you'd be 'ad up afore the mageristraits for bribery and disruption," 'e ses; so, of course, I didn't do it, altho' even a pleeceman is a man, any'ow, and ought to be allowed to take a peppymint from a respectable fieldmale, old enuff to be 'is mother-in-law!

It seems it 'ain't trespessin' to climb hup the railway where the little wagons comes down, and I should think not, wot with the mud, and the loose boards, and the grease on the chain, as reg'lar ruined my gown, not to speak of one of the twins slippin' down thro' steppin' on one of they things like a rollin' pin as occurs at hinfervals, and wouldn't be comforted until we'd smacked the other twin for pushin' 'im down (altho' 'e weren't within a yard or 2 when the accident 'appened).

'Owever, the first bit of tram line weren't nothink to the second piece, as is worse than the roof of a 'ouse to go hup, and reminds a body of the Halps; not that I've ever been there, but I went to a Hanimated Photos the hother day, and I will say there weren't nothink like the steepness of the top piece of tram line nowheres on the Halps; as is, of course, being covered with snow, a lot easier to fall down on than this 'ere tram line. Amos said it weren't altogether safe, so 'e tied me and the twins together with a piece of twine, as 'e said were always done in the Halps by they there mountaineer chaps. Mary Ann Tomkins wouldn't 'ave nothink to do with it, 'owever, as accounted for 'er scrapin' 'er leg somethink awful on one of they things they calls sleepers on to wich the rails is laid.

I can tell you it were a coff-drop, as the sayin' is, goin' up that there top bit; when we reached terror firmer at the top, Amos 'ad a face like a peony out in bloom; and as fer me, I couldn't do nothink but set down on the turf and say "Ho, dear," "Ho, dear," about 15 times; the twins was so tired out they forgot to quarrel for a minnit or 2, and Mary Ann said she wouldn't never 'ave comed up sich a decline if shed knowed 'ow dangerous it looked from the top, as weren't fit for one of they ther' Halpine Shammy-leather goats to step on, lettin' alone respectable field-males, as mite be the death of 'er thro' strainin' the valves of 'er 'eart, wich the doctor said 'adn't got to go hupstairs more than 100 or 200 a day, fer fear of haxidience.

Wich, for my part, I thinks the scenery, as they do call it, is very nice hup sich places, but I don't 'old with goin' up on top of sich 'igh places for to see it; I see a pictur postcard the other day as give the view from Lackhampton as clear as clear, and only a penny coloured, wich I considers is a lot more betterer than climbin' up rails and sleepers and things jest to see the same thing, only not near so luvly a green and blue as 'tis on the postcard, not mentionin' strainin' yer system, so as you feels very middlin' fer a week afterwards. I weren't born for a mountaineer, that I will say; and from all I can see I thinks Lackhampton 'Ill 'ould be more patternized if it 'ad the steam roller passed over it, so as to smooth it down a bit; becos' we ain't made like the flies, as can walk up the side of a wall or even hupside down on the ceilin' until they comes jest rite over a milk-jug to drop into.

'Owsomdever, when we'd grumbled a bit, and so 4th, Amos ses as 'ow we must go and 'ave a look at the Devil's Chimney (beggin' yer pardin), as is appropriately sitiuated out to the hend of the 'Ill away from Charlton, Bush, and vestry!

Wot a wind there was up on top, to be sure! I couldn't 'ardly make Amos 'ear a word, altho' I roared into 'is ear like the Bulls of Basins, as the sayin' is; the wind come across the top of the 'ill jest like a havalanche of cold water, and I do b'leeve as you could lean up against it like a wall it were so steady and reg'lar!

When we'd walked across numberless fragments of fences and bits of broken wire (as Amos said were bit off by the Lackhampton Sparrows, wich I don't rightly understand wot 'e meant, not meself), and got past they clumps of trees, we did see a hobbeck on the 'orizon, as they calls it (meanin' the edge of the 'ill), so I says "There 'tis," I ses; "Amos," I ses, "There's the Devil's Chimney, ain't it?" I ses; "I know'd it directly I did see it, from the fottygraffs," I ses. Wich Amos looked across at wot I were pointin' at, and 'e laffed out so loud you could 'ear it above the roar of the wind. "That ain't the Devil's Chimney," 'e ses; "that's the pleeceman again!" 'e ses. And sure-a-lye, so it were, that there pleeceman a-settin' on the edge of the cliff to warn folks off! Like a silly (as 'e can't 'elp, I s'pose, bein' a man), Amos must go up to the constable, and tell 'im as 'ow I did mistake 'im for the Devil's Chimney, wich 'e didn't 'alf take as a compliment, so I fancies from the way 'e glared. Still, as I told 'im, 'ow could I know, wich 'adn't seen the Devil's Chimney close to, and anybody mite 'ave made the mistake from a short distance, esspeshully without their glasses, as a never carries out fer fear of settin' on 'em, not now!

Wich we see the Devil's Chimney itself, after a bit, and a hawful piece of structure it is, that I will say, and if the old gentleman don't know 'ow to bild chimnies better'n that I considers 'e ain't nothink great at the masonry line; besides wich, there ain't no 'ole in it to let the smoke through (as reminds me of a 'ouse that Uncle Dick bilt, as 'e forgot to put any winders into, and couldn't think wot made it so dark when the dore were shut, until somebody reminded 'im of the winders; there, 'e always did 'ave a wonderful bad forgetfulness fer small details, as they says!)

Lookin' at the Devil's Chimney made us think of tea, so we looked fer a cosy place round the back end of the 'Ill, jest on to a very steep slope of grass and rubbage-stuff, but sheltered from the wind a bit, where we pitched our wanderin' tent, as the sayin' is, bein' my big humbereller, tied on to a stone. The Padbury twins 'ad a great idea to lite a fire and cook somethink, like pirate chiefs, and so 4th, but it weren't no use, fer Amos lit the matches, as was blown out d'reckly by the wintry blast; and we 'ad to imagin the cup of tea as we was goin to brew, but couldn't boil the kettle we'd brought for lack of fire.

I'd brought up a tidy few 'am sandwiches, cut with the sweat of me brow, as the sayin' is, and Mary Ann Tomkins, bein' Lent, as I said afore, and a High Ritualist, 'ad some bananers and bread and butter; so we sets too, and the happy-tite we 'ad were somethink to look at, I can tell you, in spite of the sandwiches 'avin' been dropped down in the dirt when we was gettin' out of the tram, wich they wasn't so bad after they'd been dusted off.

Well, as you must know, we was puttin' away the vittles under the shelter of the humbereller in good style, on the top of this 'ere slopin' place, when Amos must get up to admire the scenery, as 'e said were lookin' luvly in the rays of the settin' sun or the risin moon or somethink, wich I don't ritely know 'ow 'appened, but I s'pose it were the slippyness of the grass or they there rabbits' burrows, but 'e slipped and grabbed Mary Ann, as caught 'old of the twins to save 'erself, wich in their turn clung to me, and before you could turn around or save yerself, we was all gracefully slidin' down this 'ere slope, in the midst of a reg'lar torrent of little stones, bits of grass, 'am sandwiches, and bananers! It were a good long way down, but when we once got up steam we went down like a hexpress train, and it weren't no more use tryin' to stop us than nothink, until we come to the bottom, as turned out to be one of they bushes with yellow flowers and little prickly spikes all over it, wich is enuff to make a saint swear when you sits down on 'em, that I will say!

But that wasn't 'alf so bad as wot followed, becos you must know up popped that there pleeceman from behind the prickly bush, and asks us for our namcs, as 'e said were trespassin'. So I ses, ses I, "Wot d'yer mean?" ses I. "That ain't trespassin' up where we was 'avin' our tea," ses I. "No," 'e ses, "that ain't up there; but didn't I see you with me own constabulary eyes comin' down 'ere, as is trespassin' all this side of them there stones you was restin' on," 'e ses. "But, look 'ere," chimes in Amos, "us didn't come down 'ere; us slipped down by accident." "Ho! well! says Constable 14XYZ4-3. "Ho! well!" 'e ses, "that don't matter to me," 'e ses; "I've been dodgin' about 'ere all day, and I wants somethink to show fer it," 'e ses; "wich bizness 'ave been very slack, and so, slip down or no slip down, you be trespassin', and I wants yer names," 'e ses. "Come, please," 'e ses. So there was nothink to be done for it but to give 'im our names; wich I winks at Amos, and I gives me name as the Countess of Chesterfield, and the 2 twins as the Dooks of Bucclew and Bayswater, while Amos I said were the Premier of the Exchekers, out for a golfin' fit, and Mary Ann Tomkins 'is lady-in-waitin'—as the constable rote it all down in 'is note-book, and then set 4th to catch other similar trippers!

After this heppisode, I, fer one, 'ad 'ad enuff of Lackhampton air, so we wended our way downwards to the tram, and so 'ome to bed. If you was to ask me my hapynion about Lackhampton 'Ill as a tourists' resort, I considers 't would be a site better without' pleecemen, as oughtn't to be put to sich work, becos' their uniforms don't match the scenery a bit!

SELINA JENKINS.

WHEN ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS WERE INVENTED.

The first artificial flowers can be traced back to the mediæval ages, says "T.A.T." Fashion has often been responsible for inventions, and this was the case with the manufacturer of artificial flowers, for their demand was due to a caprice of fashion. In Italy, during festival time, it was decreed that flowers should be worn in and out of their season, and that their colour should be retained. Many plans for solving this problem were brought forward, and at last someone hit upon the idea of making them of various materials which would resemble the real flowers. Later, in the Middle Ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, glass, paper, wax, and metal. The most beautiful artificial blossoms are made in Paris, and their making is one of the chief industries of that city.



The devil tempts others—an idle man tempts the devil.

The position of a man often determines his value—like that of a cypher.

PECTORAL CROSS

(FRONT AND REVERSE)

PRESENTED TO THE VERY REV. FATHER WILKINSON, O.S.B.

(for 39 years Priest at St. Gregory's R.C. Church, Cheltenham), upon his appointment in 1901 as Cathedral Prior of Gloucester.

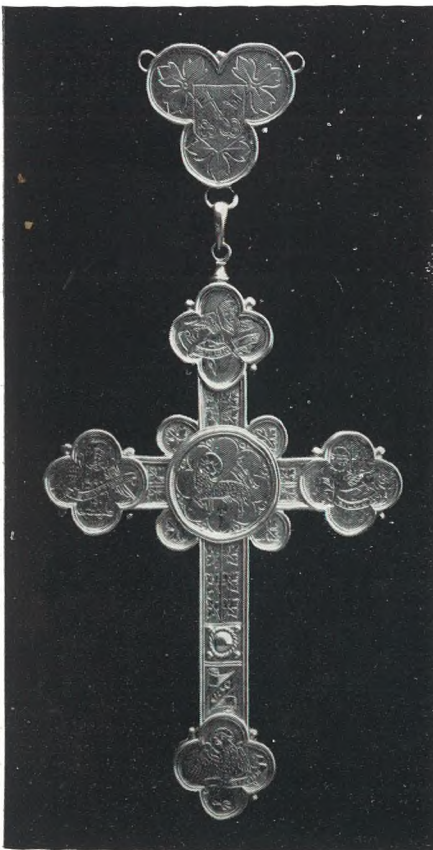
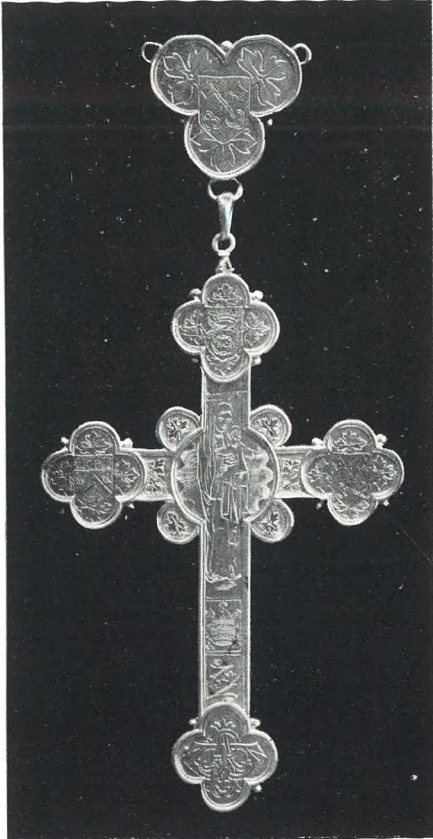


Photo by G. H. Martyn and Sons,

Cheltenham.

Y.M.C.A. A.F. WEDNESDAY TEAM.

Top row.—A. Gibbons, E. Bath, E. James, G. Fisher, J. E. Chandler.

Middle row.—A. Vizard, J. Phillips, R. Fowler, E. O'Connor, T. W. King.

Bottom.—W. R. Turtle, H. Broom.

HOW HATS CAUSE BALDNESS.

Baldness is something comparatively modern, says a writer in the pocket magazine "T.A.T."; and there are two different methods by which baldness is produced. The first is by creating about the head an atmosphere which is fatally warm and moist, and which prevents the penetration of the rays of light that are so fatal to bacteria; the hat makes for the microbes a sort of improvised hotbed, which is extremely favourable to their development, and it is known that microbes play an important role in the production of baldness. If it had been desired to foster the existence of microbes capable of living upon the scalp or in the hair, a more favourable means for their protection and multiplication than the hat could not have been found. Again, the hat, holding its place upon the head solely by pressure, exerts a second pernicious influence upon the scalp; it compresses the arteries and the veins; it impedes the circulation of the blood, and, consequently, the nutrition of the organs which produce the hair. It is therefore doubly desirable that the reign of the hat should cease, in the case of men—for with women the hat is so light a thing that it can exert only a trifling proportion of the ravages it is responsible for in men—and that this garment should be renounced or replaced by some less injurious article. As a matter of fact, men would be very healthy with bare heads. The hair would be strengthened and would serve as a hat; it would only be necessary to protect the head against the rays of the sun in summer in order to avoid sunstroke. It is true that the public imagines that it would catch cold more easily, but this is a mistake; a draught alone is not enough to give cold; a microbe is absolutely necessary. From the hygienic point of view there are fewer inconveniences in going with the head bare than in carrying about upon it a hothouse for microbes.



HOW JAPS FIGHT.

"They are fighting in the Western manner generally, that Western people may judge them by Western standards. But there are occasions when the difference is shown, when Japanese disregard of death hurls them, as it were, impulsively to attack where attack means certain death, absolute annihilation. With their weapons ready in their hands, they follow unhesitatingly the little Sun-flags—follow in silence, so impassively they seem scarcely to be human beings, but creatures obeying some primitive instinct—they go to their death by fire, unreasoning, unthinking, as migrating lemmings go without swerving into the ocean which drowns all."

COST OF WAR.

During one day of the siege of Gibraltar (which lasted from 1779 to 1783) General Elliott's garrison threw 5,000 "red-hot" shot! "Goto tells me," says Mr. Frederic Villiers, "that more than 1,800 500lb. shells were fired into the Russian forts at Port Arthur yesterday, besides thousands of smaller calibre. Yes, that bombardment for a few hours was the biggest on record, and probably cost over £40,000." And all for what? A mere demonstration to hold the Russians in check while the Japanese ascertained the strength of the Double Dragon!—"T. P.'s Weekly."

OUR PICTURES.

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The best way to make yourself wanted is to make yourself scarce.

Since you cannot have what you wish, wish for what you can have.—Terence.

Professor Lavenan, of Paris, states that by the use of arsenious acid he has succeeded in curing two monkeys inoculated with the parasite which produces sleeping sickness.

ST. GREGORY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

THE RETIRING PASTORS



Photo by Paul Coe.

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

REV. FATHER O'HEAR.



VERY REV. FATHER WILKINSON.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

•••••

I always feel satisfaction, and I hope pardonably so, when my anticipations of events for the good of any community or district are realised. Therefore, the way in which Great Western Railway matters are developing in this county has put me in this mood. My readers will have noticed that from time to time I have not hesitated to say that the Cheltenham-Honeybourne Railway was likely to effect a revolution in local railway arrangements. When the T loop at Gloucester (which used to form a length of the main line from London to Cheltenham) was reopened some three years ago I gave my opinion (afterwards confirmed) that this was destined to be a connecting link of the new route from Birmingham, via Honeybourne, to Avonmouth and Bristol, with the exercise of the company's running powers over the Midland Railway from Standish Junction. In the same way I have held that the Hatherley loop, now in course of completion, is to be used for the better dealing with the increasing Great Central and North Western coal traffic that will pass over the Banbury branch, and for easing Lansdown Junction, which, being already congested with traffic through some 250 or 300 trains passed over it daily, requires urgent relief from trains merely passed over it for shunting purposes. At all events, having long closely watched local railway affairs, I was not surprised to read in the "Echo" that the traffic superintendent's staff of the Hereford-Gloucester division is to be forthwith removed from the former to the latter city. Gloucester, by reason of its central position, is naturally the place for traffic headquarters, as it was already made so for locomotive, engineering and goods purposes; and I have confidence that its establishment there will also be to the advantage of adjacent Cheltenham. But I am

sorry our Corporation has not adopted an accommodating attitude towards the company in its application to acquire a portion of the Alstone Baths so as to enable the Honeybourne line to be looped into St. James's-square station. The alternative is to put another station lower down at a most inconvenient spot near where the new line will run direct on to the old one. The fear that Cheltenham will be put on a siding if the loop is allowed is all moonshine, for with or without a loop the through traffic can run through the town.

* * * * *

Motor-cars, motor-cycles, and bicycles were in full strength on our local roads at Easter, and, judging by the distinctive letters on the machines, I should say that all parts of the country were represented, "A" (London) largely preponderating. For the first time in this neighbourhood I saw a "B.F." motor-car pass over Gloucester Cross on Good Friday evening, and I do not wonder at the Dorset folk having strongly objected, and with success, too, at having these suggestive initials assigned to them. Concurrently with Easter, came the first annual report of the Gloucester Corporation Light Railways. The period covered is only eleven months, and the whole system was in operation but about eight, so it is hardly a fair test yet. Still, 3,546,852 passengers were carried, and the revenue amounted to £13,908, which was sufficient to pay operating expenses (£9,741), and interest on capital (£3,921), and carry over £245. The sinking fund does not operate till next year, so the ratepayers have been spared till then the necessity of providing for the first instalment of over £150,000 that has been borrowed. It is not shown, but yet it is a fact, that they had to pay for two years a rate of 2½d. in the £ in respect of the £26,000, the purchase price of the old horse tramway. The total earnings per car mile are shown to be 7.43d., and the operating

expenses 5.20d., while it is estimated that in the coming year the former will be 8d. and the latter 6d. But the year has opened badly, the traffic returns showing that, with more cars in use, the earnings are about 5d. per mile.

* * * * *

The problem of getting clergymen to take livings with large parsonages and small stipends in agricultural parishes is becoming more difficult of solution every day. In our own county I notice with approval attempts to deal with it by the adoption of the practice of allowing a not over-worked clergyman to take the cure of souls of his adjacent parish in which the benefice has gone begging or which it is useless to offer separately to a cleric. And I hear of a rectory at the upper end of this diocese of which clergymen to whom it was offered fought shy, because of the fact that anyone who accepted it would become liable to pay for the dilapidations of the rectory house, assessed at some £800. The real fact of there being resident country clergymen is owing to their being as a rule not solely dependent on their stipends. The rectory of Witcombe, which is now vacant, has become a typical example of the filling-up difficulty, the annual income being a miserable £50, with good residence. And yet since the parish was formed, about 350 years ago, there have only been some dozen rectors, and two of these covered the continuous long term of 120 years. It is in latter days that the rectors have gone in for the short-service system.

GLEANER.

Laziness is more painful than industry, and to be employed is easier than to be idle.

A handy little case containing everything necessary for rendering first aid in case of accidents is the latest motor-car accessory, and there will now be really no excuse for travelling slowly.—"Punch."



GOOD FRIDAY ON LECKHAMPTON HILL.
MEETING OF "THE STALWARTS."



CHELTENHAM ATHLETIC SOCIETY'S EASTER SPORTS.
GROUP OF OFFICIALS.

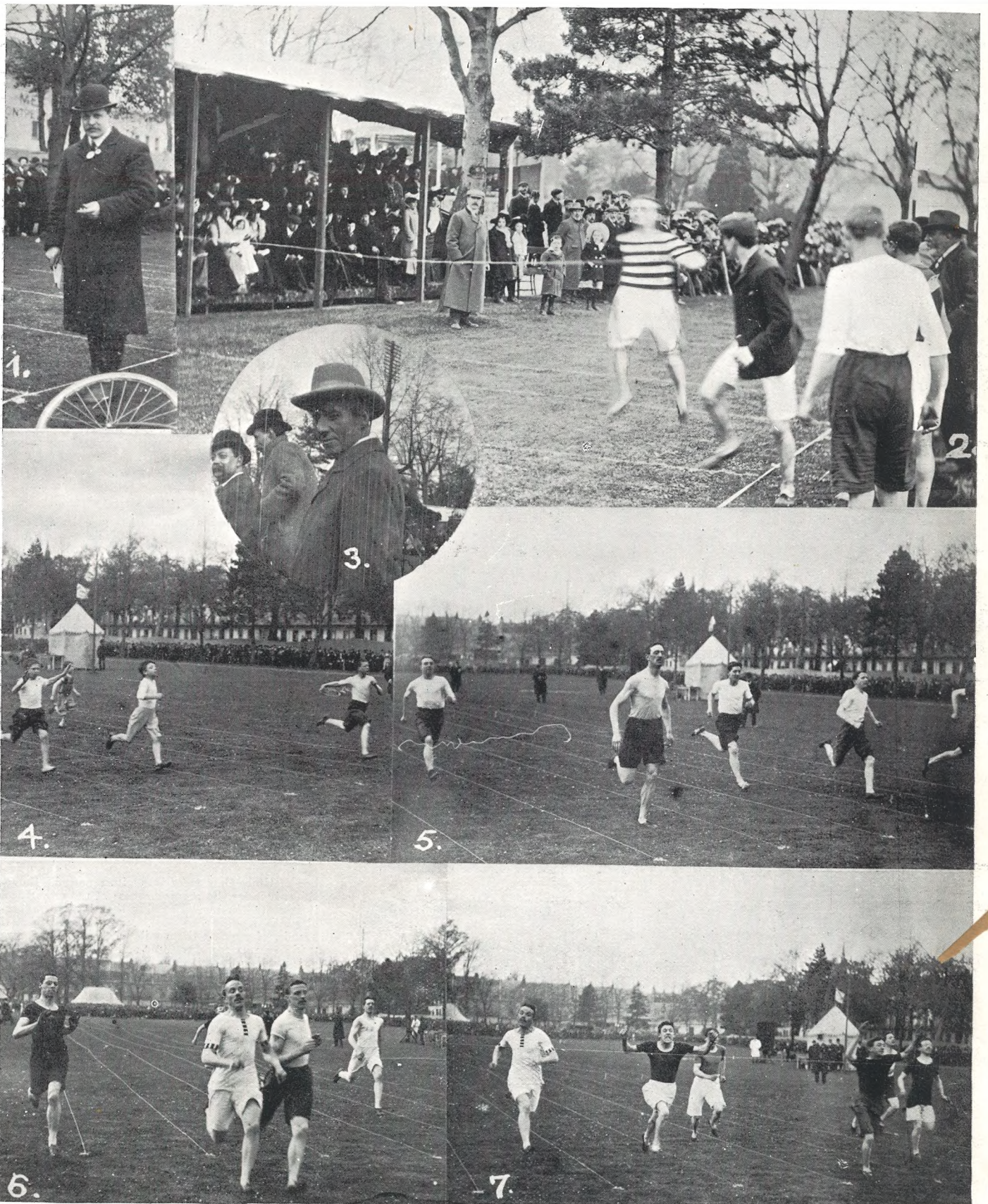


EASTER MONDAY SPORTS AT MONTEPELLIER GARDENS.

1.—A. Aldridge, amateur champion, of the Highgate Harriers, on scratch in the Three Miles Race.
 2.—Finish in Bicycle Half-Mile, Third Heat, Minton winning.

3.—Start for the Mile Flat Race.
 4.—Heat in Boys' Race.
 5.—Supt. Hopkins and Mr. Fred Wilks, District Official.

6.—Mr. H. Butler, president of the M.C.A.A.A., one of the judges.
 7.—First Time Round in Mile Race.
 8.—Mr. W. Alexander, Official Timekeeper.



EASTER MONDAY SPORTS AT MONTPELLIER GARDENS.

1.—Mr. H. W. Harris, captain of the Cheltenham Swimming Club, one of the clerks of the course
2.—Finish of the Mile Flat Race.

3.—Mr. J. R. Brown, a member of the Committee.
4.—Boys' Flat Race: Third Heat.
5.—120 Yards Flat Race: Third Heats.

6.—Another Heat in 120 Yards Flat Race.
7.—Final in 120 Yards Flat Race.

GOOD FRIDAY ON LECKHAMPTON HILL.



1—"The Stalwarts." 2—The Sports. 3—On Site of Destroyed Cottage, showing one of the Disputed Paths.

OUR CLOTHES.

Frances, in "T.P.'s Weekly," writes concerning "Our Clothes":—"I am with the dress reformers for the first time in my life . . . They looked too lovely for words!" The speaker, a stylishly-dressed woman, was leaving the Court Theatre after one of the recent wonderfully-acted performances of "The Trojan Women of Euripides." Does it tell for an irradicable vein of frivolity in our nature that the "they" of the above-quoted exclamation stood for gowns? The cynic will surely have an opportunity of saying, "What can be expected from a woman! While sunk in the most inky depths of soul-tearing tragedy, she can still let her thoughts turn to dress!" This page is not for the discussion of such moot points. For myself, I can confess that the weight of the tragedy did not prevent my following a line of thought suggested by the remark I overheard. The crowd of women which stood in the portico outside the theatre waiting for cabs and carriages to come up suggested comparisons with the crowd of women seen just a moment before on the stage: those clad in the latest spring fashions of 1905; these, as far as could be imitated, in the fashions which held sway during the siege of Troy. And, somehow, the newest gown of the newest woman did not speak for the beauty or common-sense of to-day. Its nondescript quality seemed to stand out suddenly in that fashionable throng—I should like here to meet the objection constantly to be found in the newspapers that only the intense or dowdy woman goes to see the classical play—so I repeat a fashionable throng.



COCK-CROWING.

The cock-crowing question has recently attracted some attention in France. This too frequent matinal song, this shrill shriek which is so readily reverberated, becoming stronger as it passes from yard to yard, does not obtain the success it should. The "Bulletin" of the Société Nationale d'Acclimatation drew the attention of bird breeders to this inconsiderate scorn, and there has been added to the programme of the Bird Exhibition an additional number, viz. a competition of cock-crowing. In Germany and Belgium cock-crowing competitions are of old date, and great efforts are made in this direction and much amusement caused. This is because the crow is a very sure point of selection for the birds' gallinaceous excellence. The cocks which crow the best—the best according to the rules of the matter which experience has given to each breed—are those which best fulfil their breeding obligations. With crowing cocks it is stated that the hens lay larger eggs, a greater number, and richer in nutritive material. Sometimes it is the Elberfeld breed, the duration of the crow, or the quality of the sound which is the object of competition, and champions are accepted which can ascend and descend the scale with an astounding skilfulness. Sometimes it is the Broeckel and the Campine breeds, which compete for the number of times they crow in a given period. Sometimes it is for the prematureness of the crow; and it is stated in regard to this that if they are excited to sing it has the effect, with the dwarf breeds, of making them still smaller. There are trade secrets for developing the crow of cocks; some amateurs shut them up in the dark, stuffing up their ears so that they crow as if they were deaf.—"The Creamery Journal."



MILKING BY MACHINERY.

As far as our experience goes, it is a delusion to suppose that the milking machine will displace human hands to any important extent. In the first place, it is a mechanical appliance that wants attention itself; and, in the second, we have never yet seen one that milked a cow dry. No dairyman need be told that unless the process is finished by hand there will be a speedy decrease in the quantity of milk given. Thus the machine produces no great saving in the matter of labour. On the other hand, it has been brought to very great perfection as a piece of mechanism, and the cows are quite comfortable when being milked by it; at any rate, they may be seen eating or chewing the cud, apparently as contented as they could be under the manipulation of a dairymaid.—"Country Life."



He who boasts is he who needs to.