

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 227.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

TO-NIGHT, at 7.45,

"The Christian."

NEXT WEEK (First Time in Cheltenham),

"AMORELLE."

Prices from 4s. to 6d.

### TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

CHELTENHAM CENTRE.

THE Last Days of Entry for the Local Examinations in Music are as follow

For the Musical Knowledge (Theory) Examination, to be held in June, May 24th.

For the Instrumental and Vocal Examinations, to be held in July, June 17th.

The Seven National Prizes of £5 and £3 each, and Ten Local Exhibitions, value £9 gs. each, are awarded annually, in July.

Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7, Clarence Square, Cheltenham, from whom the current Regulations may be obtained. c662

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### WHY A GIRL CANNOT THROW A STONE. MEDICAL TESTIMONY OUR FAIR ONES MAY LIKE TO DISPROVE.

It used to be thought that a girl could not throw a stone or a missile of any kind. Since girls have taken to playing cricket this widespread notion has received a severe shock, says "T.A.T." The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with the body, and the forearm at an angle of 45 degrees. He then accomplishes the act of throwing by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, in which every joint from shoulder to wrist comes into play. A girl throws with her whole arm rigid, while the boy throws with his whole arm released. What is the explanation of this marked and unmistakable difference? It lies in the fact that the clavicle or collar-bone in the feminine anatomy is several inches longer and set some degrees lower than in the masculine frame. The long crooked awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot properly throw a stone and hit anything of smaller surface area than a house. These facts also go to prove that a girl will never be any good on the cricket field for throwing in the ball. All this may be true from an anatomical point of view, but the learned doctor might change his views if he once got within the throwing range of a lady fielder throwing a good hard cricket ball.



THE REV. THOMAS FENN, R.D., D.D.,

WHO IS RETIRING AFTER 45 YEARS OF STRENUOUS WORK AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION AT TEWKESBURY.

### NATURES REVEALED IN NAILS.

Palmistry having fallen into disrepute, a new science, which might be termed "Nailistry," is said to be taking its place, says "T.A.T." The "science" deals with the toe-nails, by which it is claimed an individual's character can be correctly diagnosed. Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature. Pale or lead-coloured nails indicate that their possessor is of

a melancholy and despondent temperament. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Lovers of knowledge and with liberal sentiments have round nails. Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red, spotted nails. Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.

**THE PASSING OF PETER.**

By a GRIMSWOLDIAN.

The end was near. A stupor that was the prelude to death had crept stealthily over him, and now he lay, breathing heavily, with glazed, set eyes, and drooping lids—lids which seemed to veil a silent questioning at the threshold; half down upon the world of sense, half raised on that of dream, they might have been grim sentinels at the gates of conviction or solemn symbols of a ripening doubt. Who shall say? Even sages in the harvest-time of wisdom seldom, if ever, garner their crop without some thistles—some misgivings as to whether the realm of sense is not indeed the realm of illusion, and the domain of dreams in very sooth the dim Ultima Thule of Reality. How, then, with Peter? The curtain had fallen, fallen, until it was possible to peer only obliquely into the shaded pupils—a rash act, withal, that none should dare but the hardened mystic, muted into silence by initiation: for the pupils of dying men's eyes are portals that open upon tragedy—pylons to the Temple of Man—and through them feeling, in the eternal bondage of thought, is oftentimes led captive to its own undoing in the hiding place of dread mysteries and the secret chambers of regret. But to the holy of holies wherein Peter's consciousness of self was wont to dwell there were avenues of approach less fearsome than these. He stood materialised, in the long perspective of years, a companionable vista of flesh and blood, dappled with some shadows of human frailty, and yet not undashed with the higher lights of a divine heredity. As we look adown the simple trail of his life we have no vision of him at church, or at chapel: we see him only as a plain, honest, working-man—a saint of the workshop—a priest at the ceremonial of labour—worshipping, in spirit and in truth, the heathen deities of our economic age. There, as a trusted henchman of "young maister Jarge," we behold him calling the spirits of mechanical devices from the vasty deep of consciousness to their embodiment in works of utility and their consecration to the service of man. In the long ago it was "young" master Jarge and "old" Peter, and as it was in the beginning so it was to the end, despite the fact that "young" master Jarge was the elder of the two. And then, curiously, there was "old Peter" the "maister" and "old Peter" the "man"; but Peter the master and Peter the man had little in common save that divinity which is the essential heritage of all flesh—a divinity that each took care of in his own way. Peter the master embalmed his by rigid adherence to cold water as a beverage, and mummified it hebdomadally by cold storage in the chapel he patronised, while Peter the man vitalised and humanised his god-head by religious devotion daily to a pint of beer in the chimney corner and a liberal use of snuff. Peter the master went long ago to his last account, but Peter the man lived on; and following the thread of Lachesis, we not unfrequently find him lightening days of labour by merry evenings at the village inn, and often meet him in the street on the home track after closing hours—sometimes in the care of a ministering angel of the cult of Bacchus, and sometimes himself the guide, philosopher, and friend of another mortal afflicted by uncertain bearings and excess of felicity. Living thus, he earned much and died poor—laying up no treasures on earth, and, in his contempt for riches, setting a light in the window for Christians who are astray in the night-tide of faith. So little did he take thought for to-morrow, and so free was he from "other worldliness" and the taint of self-seeking, that he did not even attempt to purchase the salvation of his soul by any lip-service or religious rite, but left its fate trustingly to his God. Once, when the lay reader, who had been sent to minister to his last spiritual needs, inquired what part of the Bible he would like to have read to him, Peter looked up in all simplicity and said, "Danged if I care!" The vicar himself visited Peter once, and the curate, having perhaps a less poignant sense of responsibility for contact with the world, the flesh, and the devil, saw him at close quarters even oftener. But Providence, ever merciful in the hour of death, called the curate to the side of his own kin as the shadows fell, and so there was peace at the passing of Peter. It was as the week ended that death came. The day closed, and the nesting rooks in the neighbouring elms ceased their cawing and slept. The brook that bubbled hard by the cottage door sank its song to a



THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, THE MYTHE, TEWKESBURY, WHERE THE REV. THOMAS FENN HAS LABOURED FOR 45 YEARS.

lullaby, and then stole silently on through the willows and the rushes to darkness and the great yearning bosom of the sea. Within the quiet chamber where the dying man lay, the lamp, screened for the watchers' vigil, focussed one bright beam on an old picture Almanack that had been attached many a long day to the wall as an artistic setting for the wash-stand. It was a boldly-coloured illustration of the death-bed scene of "Little Jim," in which was portrayed a bevy of angels standing conspicuously out from the lurid background. On his own bed, over against the picture, lay Peter, unconscious, but still breathing faintly, with ominous pauses in the rhythm. As the tide of life ebbed slowly out, the anxious face and massive frame of a friendly publican emerged from the open stairs into the room and took a place tenderly at the bedside. Kneeling down, he clasped the dying man's hand in his own and asked with a moist eye and a pathos intensified by dialect, "Peter! doost thee know ma?" But there was no response—no sign. "Doosent know who I be? I be Frank—thy old friend, Frank!" But the tide of life was ebbing, ebbing, and the gates of sense were shut. Then the visitor, overcome by his feelings and the mighty associations of the past, broke down utterly: with unspeakable despair in his tone, a choking sob and sudden surrender of control, he cried as from his heart of hearts, "Peter, Peter! 'oesent like another pint and a game o' dominoes?" Turn away ye who profane religion by your mummeries—the death-bed of Peter is no place for you. Heart spoke to heart across the void: the publican's "call of the wild" touched a hidden chord, and Peter rose beatified as from a dream—the old, humorous Peter, transfigured with divine energy and light. He heard and he spoke, pouring his whole soul out in one word, "A-a-aye!" Peter heard and spoke, but he saw not the face of his friend, for his quickened eye had found the angels in the picture, and maybe to them he attributed the call. The effort spent itself, and as he fell back, never again to answer a human appeal, he seemed to be listening with his eyes and to be following the angels as they melted to sweetness and light in the drop-scene of death. And who can doubt that he heard their voices calling, calling him away to the blessed region of the unseen—to the home of idealities and to the happy hunting grounds of desire? Eternal pints—eternal dominoes—eternal bliss!

"The throwing of confetti at weddings is more worthy of apes and monkeys than rational beings," said the Rev. J. W. Hill, vicar of Christ Church, Pendlebury. "It is the most stupid practice under the sun."

The Rev. Canon Barker, while speaking at Ilford on Saturday, maintained that a man was not worth anything until he was sixty years old. At that age, he said, a man was just beginning to know what life was.

**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 127th prize has been divided between Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, and Mr. J. H. Allender, Eardington House, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. T. Bolton at Swindon-road Wesleyan Church and the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

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

**OUR PICTURES.**

**REPRODUCTION PRICE LIST.**

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

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

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

Although showers affected the attendance, the Knutsford Royal May Festival was the chief event in Cheshire on Monday. The streets were quaintly sanded, and arches were erected. Miss Elsie Cockran, the "Queen," rode in state, dressed in white silk, attended by maids of honour, "court" ladies, etc. The "Queen" is a daughter of a former "Queen," and granddaughter of the builder of the Maypole for the past 40 years. Seven hundred charming characters participated in the revels.



CHELTENHAM POLICE INSPECTION, APRIL 28th, 1905

THE SUPERINTENDENTS, INSPECTORS, AND SERGEANTS.



THE RANK AND FILE.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL OYSTER.

Henry Tollemache has represented a Cheshire district in Parliament for twenty-four years, says a writer in "L.A.T." and during that entire period has never made a speech. He proudly announced that fact to his admiring constituency the other day, and awoke next morning to find himself famous. Newspapers all over the country commented on his unique record; professional humorists have written funny paragraphs about him, and illustrated journals printed pictures of him. As a result he is far better known now

than many members of the House of Commons who have sought to attain distinction by means of eloquence and have seldom missed a chance of saying something. He is only fifty-nine years old, and has announced that as long as he remains in Parliament he will continue to keep his mouth tightly closed. He is an Oxford B.A., so that it may be assumed it is not because he is lacking in the ability of the average legislator that he has chosen to play a silent part among the representatives of partisan wisdom. When he retires from public life his grateful consti-

tuents intend to present him with a loving cup made of yellow metal and inscribed with the words: "Speech is silvery; silence is golden." The greatest talker in Parliament is the Prime Minister. There are only half-a-dozen other members of the House who have talked half as much as Mr. Balfour, and yet he complains bitterly that the nation's time is wasted by needless oratory. Last session his speeches filled 317 columns. The Irish members, whose loquacity used to be so conspicuous, do comparatively little speechifying nowadays.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.



**A CHELTENHAM WEDDING: COOKE-BOISSIER**  
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

#### THE SCIENCE OF DIAMOND-CUTTING.

Three patterns are followed in diamond-cutting. One, the Brilliant, invented perhaps barely two centuries ago, takes the general form of two cones united by their bases. The upper one is so much truncated as to present a rather large terminal plane (the table) surrounded normally by thirty-two facets, the lower one is but slightly truncated and has only twenty-four facets. Much depends on the ratio between the axes of these two cones, and this is just right in the famous "Regent" of France. It is not so in the Koh-i-nur, which on that account should have been left with its original irregular and very ancient cutting. The second and older pattern is the Rose, in which the base is flat, and the facets, normally twenty-four in number, converge so as to form ultimately a blunt point—something like the top-half of a common form of a glass decanter stopper. The Orloff of Russia is the largest of this type certainly known to exist. The third pattern is the Table, the chief characteristic of which, so far as it can be defined, is a broad, flat surface above and below, with little more than a ring of facets enclosing each, so that the stone is always a comparatively thin one.—"Cornhill Magazine."

#### MEN WHO WED WIVES OF THE SAME TASTE.

George Eliot somewhere says that man and wife should be of different temperaments but the same tastes. The familiar danger of a generalisation is here hardly avoided; for in unity of temperament and in diversity of taste have others found an abiding amity. Robert Browning and his wife were as unlike as poets could be; yet neither the one nor the other had been fitly, or even tolerably, mated except with a poet. But the question of a common calling for husband and wife is full of pitfalls and of platitudes. Enough to say that when Mr. Seymour Lucas, the famous Academy artist, married Marie Elizabeth de Cornelissen, he married a painter of particular charm; and one, moreover, literally descended from that Antoninus Cornelissen whom Van Dyke loved and painted. Another member of the Cornelissen family married into the family of another painter—married a daughter of Rubens. Somehow or other, there is a special appropriateness in the gathering together of these high memories and associations in the nobly planned studio of Mr. Seymour Lucas at West Hampstead.

At the end of last week several hundred persons who had never before had the chance of even putting their noses inside the outer door of the Bishop's Palace at Gloucester freely roamed about the interior of that big ecclesiastical establishment. They were there by public invitation to view the surplus furniture and effects of the retired Bishop, with the view to their becoming purchasers. It must be confessed they did not see things to advantage, for many of the rooms had already been dismantled; but redeeming visible features certainly were the pretty miniature chapel and the beautiful and well-kept grounds. My own experiences of the Palace had hitherto been limited to the two latter places and the state rooms, and I was very pleased to renew my acquaintance with the counterfeit presentment of Dr. Ellicott, in the form of the presentation portrait painted by Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., and which will permanently remain to adorn the walls of the dining-room, together with the portraits of several of his lordship's immediate predecessors. It was, therefore, a revelation to me, in common with most of the explorers, to find that a dozen of the large number of bedrooms are called after rural deaneries in the old Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, the distinctive names being painted on the doors. The bow bedroom on the first floor, with inner dressing-room, which the Bishop had generally occupied of late, bears the name of "Gloucester"; and while there are "Cirencester," "Campden," "Northleach," and "Stow" rooms, there is no "Cheltenham" one, perhaps because of the contiguity of the Garden Town it has not been found necessary for those of the clergy who visit the Palace from there to sleep as well as dine. I did not hear that any of the goods and chattels fetched high prices, and I should say that the purchaser at £5 of the full-compass grand pianoforte, on which many a talented vocalist has been accompanied and not a few distinguished pianists have played, got a noteworthy bargain. I noticed that the billiard-room was minus the table, which I was informed had been sold beforehand, but there was a funny lot of odds and ends in it, including a child's cot and mattress and a refrigerator.

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A casual survey of the Palace confirmed an impression I have long had that a big building like this requires an occupant with a large salary, so as to be able, in addition to meeting the many other calls upon a bishop, to maintain the fabric decently and in order and to keep a household sufficiently numerous to look after it properly. In fact, these palaces are veritable "white elephants" to the occupants of the Episcopal Bench. Only last week the Bishop of Norwich joined in the episcopal wail by saying:—"The incomes of the older Sees cannot possibly be reduced to any considerable extent if the bishops are to go on living as heretofore in their ancient, venerable, very useful, but very costly palaces. I have been unable to live within my official income. I have paid upon the repairs of the palace and its outbuildings £2,290 ls. 4d. Bishop Pelham spent very large sums upon the buildings—and I may add that my five years' certificate has just expired, and I have to face now another serious outlay." I presume Norwich Palace is an ancient structure, but I know the Gloucester one to be comparatively new—scarcely forty-five years old—and I think it speaks very well for the careful way Bishop Ellicott has done his duty as life tenant of the place that the charge for dilapidations to the fabric assessed against him only amounts, as I hear, to the reasonable sum of about £300.

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Whenever the "Echo" ventures to predict, which is not infrequent, its intelligent anticipations of events are invariably justified. A recent instance I have in my mind, namely the blossoming forth of Churchdown railway station into a garden one, which is now proceeding. In selecting legends for display in the parterres and grass slopes at Churchdown, "The Chosen Place" might appropriately be given prominent position. And, knowing a little of the conduct of some pickers among the crowds at holiday times when flowers were cultivated on the platform borders, I hope precautions will be taken now to enclose the beds out of arm's reach within the proposed unclimbable iron railings.

GLEANER.



THE WEDDING GROUP.

SIDELIGHTS ON PORT ARTHUR.

Intercourse with the remaining inhabitants of Port Arthur now began to reveal certain features of the siege to which guarded allusion has already been made in this narrative, but which from this point onward may be discussed with greater freedom. In the first place it is necessary to emphasise the painful certainty that although conspicuous heroism was exhibited possibly by the majority of the garrison, the behaviour of a large number was such as to deprive the defence of much of the glory with which it should have been surrounded. As already stated, the naval officers were distinguished by drunkenness and incapacity, complete demoralisation having set in after the death of the gallant Makaroff. Many of the military officers, too, were useless, applying for leave on days when there were attacks, and leaving sergeants to do their work for them. It goes without saying that such shameful performances reflected the gravest discredit not only on the worthless cowards themselves, but on the superior officers who permitted such gross shrinking from honourable duties.—“The History of the Russo-Japanese War.”

DRESS AND FASHIONS.

The old time-honoured cashmere is with us once more, and the one noticeable point about coloured materials is the endless variety of shades in one colour. Blues and reds are most conspicuous in this collection. In red we have some new and indescribable hues, which are quite Eastern in their beauty. Blues range from slate to indigo, but the favourite is the Marie Louise, a brilliant yet soft shade of light powder blue. White is to be very fashionable, ivory, cream, putty colour, chalk white and ochre, a deep shade of ecru. Checks are fashionable, and the smartest are woven on the cross, but even the smallest checks are forbidden to the woman who would look slim. In colouring, black and white, blue and green, and blue and white checks are most in favour.—“Leach’s Family Dressmaker.”

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL’S BEST SUPPORTER.

Mr. Winston Churchill’s staunchest supporter in his political campaigns (according to “The World and His Wife”) is his mother, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, as she now is. Such an aid in a canvass is inestimable, for, as all her friends know, Mrs. West, blessed with many personal charms, is the possessor of a very pretty wit. This was exemplified in a contest where she was enlisting support for Mr. Burdett-Coutts. She encountered a waverer, and pleaded hard with him. “Well,” said the man waggishly, and with a sly look at the beautiful supplicant for his vote, “if I could get the same price as was once paid by the Duchess of Devonshire for a vote, I think I could promise.” In an instant came the suave and ready answer: “Thank you very much. I’ll let the Baroness Burdett-Coutts know at once.”

DANGERS OF HUSTLING DIGESTION.

You may hustle in business, or in pleasure, if you like. You may overwork your clerks, or harry your maid by your ceaseless changes of attire; you may travel at eighty miles an hour. You may do all these things and perchance escape evil results; but you cannot hustle your digestive organs without incurring the effects of their revenge, which very often shows itself in one form or other of ill temper (says a writer in “The World and His Wife”). The modern eagerness for haste in everything has invaded our meal-times. The quick lunch, a twentieth century innovation, is an engine capable of working much mischief. It is said to be one of the causes of appendicitis, which we now know to be one of the matured fruits of indigestion. It will certainly also prove a temper-destroyer; for good temper and bad digestion are like youth and crabs. —“they will not dwell together.” It is no saving time to hurry and hustle over meals, as if they were things to be got over in the briefest possible space of time. An attack of appendicitis will take a great deal more time than many meals leisurely eaten.

THE REAL DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR.

Stossel, though he may have possessed many excellent qualities, was not of hard enough stuff to carry through without support. In the moment of emergency the best officers will come to the front, and we find in the ill-fated Kondrachenko the heart and soul of the splendid defence which the Port Arthur garrison made against perhaps the most scientific, persistent, and vicious siege that has ever, in the history of war, been pressed against a beleaguered garrison. Until the unlucky shell entered the casemate in which Kondrachenko was issuing his orders, the garrison of Port Arthur showed a front which rendered the advent of the Baltic Fleet a menace not altogether chimerical. But once he was gone, the whole fabric seemed to wither, and within a very few days the permanent enciente was pierced. We have then the pathetic incident of a surrendered garrison. It is difficult, of course, to understand the Russian attitude at any time; and as we have said before, we have little in the way of evidence either from the lines of the besieged or the besiegers. But until the death of Kondrachenko the spirit was probably much as we find it described in “The Yellow War,” “resigned and determined.”—“Blackwood’s Magazine.”

CURLEWS AND COVENANTERS.

The Ayrshire peasant has a particular hatred for the peaseweep, and never fails to destroy their nests when he finds a chance. The reason is this. During the persecutions of the Covenanters the birds were useful allies to the soldiers. Not troubling to hunt all the moss hags, the dragoons used to keep to the hillsides, only a few of their comrades riding along the low ground. If any hiding Covenanter found himself in danger he would creep away through the heather, and the actions and crying of the plovers soon betrayed the poor wretch to the watchers on the hills. This has not been forgotten or forgiven. Ayrshire folk will not eat peaseweeps; they are “only fit for English.”—“Country Life.”

MEMORIAL PULPIT.

A handsome pulpit has been placed in Twigworth Church by Mr. Joseph Roberts, of the Manor House, Twigworth, in memory of his wife, who took a great interest in the church, and who died a few months ago. The pulpit, which was executed and fixed by Mr. Henry Frith, sculptor, of Barton-street, Gloucester, is of Caen stone in Early English design, and is elaborately carved and moulded. The body, which has deeply recessed, carved, and moulded panels, is supported by an octagonal column of polished alabaster, with beautifully carved capitals, around which are grouped circular columns of alabaster, also with carved capitals, the whole resting on a carved and moulded base. The cornice is also carved, and has a polished alabaster capping. On an incised engraved brass plate in a specially-designed panel is the following inscription:—  
 "To the honour and glory of Almighty God. In memory of Mary Bevan Roberts, Easter, 1905." The dedication of the pulpit took place at the morning service on Easter Day, at which there was a very large congregation, and was performed by the Rev. M. S. C. Rickards, vicar of the parish, who before commencing his sermon read the dedication prayer, and in a brief address said there were many reasons why that beautiful memorial of a true and faithful life should be first used on Easter Day, one of which was that on that day their thoughts were fixed upon the rising in the newness of life of Him of whom it was said "He taketh away the first, that He may establish the second." He (their Blessed Master) would be the subject of their preaching from that new pulpit as He had been from their old one.

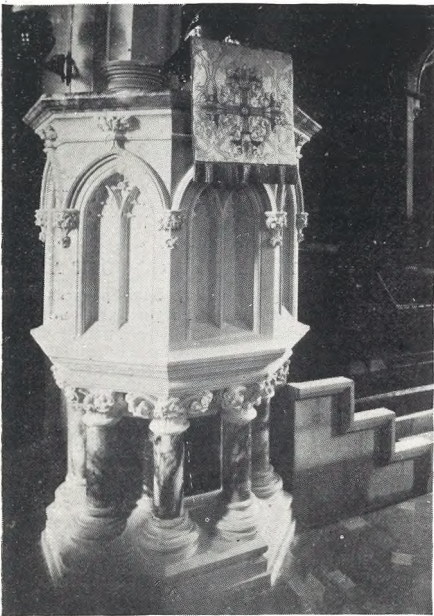


Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

BEAUTY PATCHES.

There is another threatened revival of the beauty spot or patch, but whether the practice will ever again become really fashionable is doubtful. That we shall never go the length of wearing a miniature coach and horses on our faces, as a Duchess of Newcastle once did, "because of the pimples about her mouth," or a figure of the devil, with horns, barbed tail, and pitchfork complete, as the most fashionable ladies of the seventeenth century did, is quite certain. But the re-introduction of the round spot, or even the small star, would not find many opponents, and it is certain that moderation in the use of the spot does tend to a certain enhancing of the natural beauty. It is to be hoped that no crusader against the beauty spot will meet with the fate of Pere Massillon, who, preaching one day at Versailles, exclaimed, "You put them on to intensify the whiteness of your skins! Why don't you put them everywhere?" So far from annihilating his hearers, however, he had given them a new idea, and the next day they had all acted on the suggestion, and out of gratitude called the new mode "Mouches à la Massillon."—"The King."

Selina Jenkins Letters.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.

You must know as I'd been over to Sharpness fer a day or 2 jest to see Amos's 2nd cousin's aunt's mother, as keeps a little fancy shop there by the docks, and sells pictur postcards, hair-oil, and other stationery to the sailors as comes off the ships; wich I come back rather late thro' 'avin' lost the train in startin', and never got 'ere ontill after 11 o'clock of Saturday nite, and, of course, no Amos there to meet me, as 'adn't got the sense to understand if I didn't come by one train he ought to meet all as come after, ontill closin' up time. But there! these men is so stooped, and as I often tells 'im: "Amos," I says, "they be all fools 'ceps me and you," I says, "and I often thinks you be a bit of a fool yer-self," I says!

"Oowever, as I were a-sayin, I got back after 11 o'clock to the station, and I were jest comin' acrost 'Igh-street, when, all of a suddint, a band struck up a lively hair, and I were jest lifted hoff me 2 feet and carried, willy-nilly, across the road, and ejected into the Corn Exchange passage as if I were a 'ockey ball or a Parleymentary candidate, wich wot with the pushin' and rushin' of a lot of young fellers and the geranium cuttings I had in der me arms, I never didn't touch ground at all, in my heppynion, ontill I found meself him-side the rooms, with a number of well-known ministers on the platform, and a choir singin' a hymn; but as ' for the haudience—well, I wouldn't 'ave trusted meself within a mile of most of 'em, not without the perlice, as was whistlin' and hollerin' and singin' "Good-bye, my Blue Bell" till further orders! "Law bless me 'eart and sole," says I to meself, "wotever can it be?" So I screws me way over to where a hindivooal were litin' up 'is pipe, regardless of consequences, as looked to be a little less egschited than some of the others, becoss of the soothin' himfluence of the tobaccy, I s'pose (altho' I wonders sometimes meself 'ow 'tis we wimmin folks gets thro' so many worrys and things without takin' to smokin'), wich it's a wonder 'ow they there old paterarks like Methooselah and David and Habram got on so well as they did without tobaccy, as wasn't used 'ceps as a hornamental plant to stand in the sittin'-room winder in their times, so they do say, not but wot I considers the men folk is rather smart in the way they manages their little weaknesses, as always makes it out, if they can't give up a little 'abit (sich as drink or tobaccy smoke), that it's necessary for their 'ealth—" 'elps them to think, kills the Germans, employs British labor," and other egschuses too numbersome to mention. Well, as I were a sayin', I waits fer a minnit's less noise, and I hups and asks this 'ere hindivooal "Wotever all the pandarmonium huproar were about? Wot 'ad the gents on the platform done to hupset the haudience so much?"

"Thish is a Misshion, madam," 'e says.  
 "You don't say," says I! "But wot 'ave they done to hupset these 'ere young fellers, and so forth," says I; "'ave they been 'ittin' of 'em about?"

"No," ses 'e. "Wot we objecksh to, most sheverly and strongly," ses 'e, "and, as a gentleman, I objecksch most sheverly and strongly—you undershtand me, madam"—(sayin' wich he blew a lot of smoke into my face)—"you undershtand me, madam, when I say—that—ash—a gentleman—thish short of thingsh most dishgush—ting; you undershtand me—"

"No, I don't," says I. "I asked you a civil question, and I don't want to argy whether you be a gentleman—not as anyone can see wot you be; wot I asks you is: Wot 'ave these 'ere respectable ministers done to be yelled at like this 'ere? wich I never see nothink like it, not since I've been in Cheltenham, as is over 20 year come next Whitsuntide."

"Well, madam," says 'e, "as gentlemen we obstrucks—that ish to say—I means—hobviously—objecksh—to sich conductsh—thish; religiohsh all rite in its place—you hunderstandh me—but ash gentlemen we objecksh to 'avin' it brought under our notish, 'ceps in reg'lation hoursh—you hunderstandh me—by wich you understandh me to mean between 11 and 12.30, and also between 6.30 and 7.45 Shunday heveningsh; but to attemp' to—preach—and sing hymsh—thish time of nite—shimply scandaloush—reshpectable town like Cheltenham—ought to be put down—firm handsh—," and a lot more 'e said as were quite lost becoss of another "gentleman" 'avin' a good deal of conversation over a bottle of beer as 'e'd

brought to while away the time with; besides wich there were sich a fearful huprore throughout the room as 'twere like bein' in a cage of roarin' lyons, rather than 'uman bein's. I couldn't 'ear nothink of the addresses or anythink fer the row, so I considered "expressions the better part of valor," and makes me way for the hexit, with the aid of a big pleecema, as knew me, and didn't want me to get 'urt, altho' I will say-me toes was trod on shameful gettin' to the dore, and once the constable 'ad to lift me over the back of a seat becoss of a Romin Cath'lick gent as were goin' thro' a sort of a hacarobatick performance, supposed to himitate 'ow a minister flings 'imself about when 'e preaches, as were real dangerous to come a-near it; wich I'm thankful I got out, after bein' very near crushed to death, and left all they geranium cuttings as I brought from Sharpness on the floor of the room somewheres, wich they said took two men all the rest of the nite to clear the room up, wot with orange peel and other eatables, and I s'pose my cuttings was swept away amongst the rest, and I shan't never see 'em: more!

Well! if you askes me wot I thinks of it all—I can't fer the life of me see wotever was the objeck of all they young fellows as went to the Mission to 'oller and yell at the ministers, wich if they 'ad been a lot of Latter-day Mormons or Dowie-ites, or other kinds of thieves and fellons of the deepest dye, they couldn't 'ave treated 'em worse; and all becoss they dared to interdooce a few remarks of a religious character outside business 'ours, as the sayin' is!

Of course, I knows very well that Cheltenham's a very respectable place—I shouldn't be livin' 'ere if it wasn't—and not a low-class manufacturin' surbub like Brighton, where they 'ad somethink similar a bit back, and where the people enjoyed it, and considered it were quite "ho fay," as the sayin' is!

But in spite of all that, I thinks if I knows anythink at all about men-folk—and 'avin' 'ad 2 'usbands I ought to, didn't I, now?—it's my firm hapynion that a tidy few of they young fellows 'ave felt 'eartly ashamed of theielves since, to think as they yelled down some of the best men in broadcloth as is to be found in Cheltenham fer no reason in the world wotever!

I sees fun in most things, but, fer once, I don't see none about this, and, if I'd been a man, I'd 'ave give 'em a piece of me mind, and to the purpose, too, from the platform, wich 'twas only the pleecce inspector as kep' me from doin' so, as it was!

No! I don't 'old with sich conduct. If they didn't like missions, they wasn't bouid to come, was they, now?

SELINA JENKINS.

HOW A WOMAN CROSSES THE ROAD.

If I were a woman, I think I should be mighty careful when I came to the busiest part of a busy town or city. For two reasons. First, I like living, and like to feel all my limbs sound and whole on my body; second, I think drivers of vehicles have enough worry on hand in dodging one another to make them wish not to dodge me also. When some women cross a street, without they do it under the outstretched arm of a policeman, the nerves of every driver go askew. She must get to the other side. She fixes her mind and her eye on one cab, tucks her parcels, umbrella, and petticoats tightly around her, and starts. There is one danger she has to dodge—that particular cab. Suddenly there is a shout to her right—she is between two 'bus horses pulled up on their haunches. Then chaos. She rushes here, rushes there. She knows those 'bus horses are chasing her up the street, and she knows there is a cab horse somewhere on the other side going to chase her down again. Meanwhile every driver within sight of the trouble has put on his brake. He knows that woman. He has been watching and doging her every day of his life, and long practice has been a good adviser. Her life is saved, but she is hot and panting, and her heart is going like a piston. When I see a woman lose all semblance of intelligence in this way I pity her. I pity the poor drivers, and I pity the poor horse whose mouth is pulled wide open with a jerk, and has suddenly to stop with several tons behind him.—Mr. Notebook in "Pearson's Weekly."

Among the presents which a Halifax couple received on their marriage last week were a clothes-horse and a mouse-trap.



Photos by W. H. Harding,

Gloucester-street, Winchcombe.

### A WINCHCOMBE PATRIARCH.

Mr. G. Woodward was born at Stanton, Glos., on January 3rd, 1815. He is a bootmaker by trade, and carried on business for many years at Stanton. Removing to Winchcombe, he worked at his trade till over eighty years of age. He is the father of twelve children. He is seen in one of the photos at ninety years of age busy on his allotment ground planting potatoes, in which he takes great delight and spends hours daily at. He is in full possession of all his faculties, and is the oldest man in Winchcombe. He and his wife lived together sixty-five years. He married at nineteen years of age. He is fond of talking about his school days. In the other photo he is seen resting in a favourite seat, whither he resorts all the year round in all sorts of weather.

### DISADVANTAGES OF CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYMENT.

The one great advantage of the Civil Service is its security (says "The World and His Wife"). There is no dismissal because of bad trade or change of proprietorship; the increases of salary, if small, are regular, and the hours short compared with those which prevail in commercial life. Furthermore, there is the prospect of a pension. But against all this is to put the fact that the Civil Service involves for the most part residence in London or some other great centre of population, with its corresponding disadvantages of expensive living, distance from home, and all the circumstances of city life. Again, the work is for the most part of a routine character, redeemed by little variety, and affording no serious exercise of the intelligence. To the ambitious, intelligent youth, the daily routine of filling up forms and sending stereotyped replies to letters from the public will not be an attraction; and the salary, of course, will seem insignificant beside the rapid promotion which his friends of equal mental calibre may be enjoying in commercial and professional life. Those who are superior to him in the office—and they are not always those who are older than he—do not recognise any necessity to teach him the duties of his work, which he therefore must acquire at the cost of many official reprimands and office "difficulties." By the time he is twenty-five or twenty-six he is only in receipt of £100 a year, and he will be close upon forty before he receives double that sum. Little wonder, then, if the young Civil servant who is not already overcome by the tedium of routine should seek an extra outlet for his energies in some other direction.

### A NARROW ESCAPE FOR NEPTUNE.

Neptune had, in fact, a very narrow escape on at least one occasion of being discovered in a very simple way. This was shown when sufficient observations had been collected to enable the path of the planet to be calculated. It was then possible to trace back the movements of the planet among the stars and thus to institute a search in the catalogues of earlier astronomers to see whether they contained any record of Neptune, erroneously noted as a star. Several such instances have been discovered. I shall, however, only refer to one, which possesses a singular interest. It was found that the place of the planet on May 10th, 1795, must have coincided with that of a so-called star recorded on that day in the "Histoire Céleste" of Lalande. By actual examination of the heavens it further appeared that there was no star in the place indicated by Lalande, so the fact that here was really an observation of Neptune was placed quite beyond doubt. When reference was made to the original manuscripts of Lalande, a matter of great interest was brought to light. It was there found that he had observed the same star (for so he regarded it) both on May 8th and on May 10th; on each day he had determined its position, and both observations are duly recorded. But when he came to prepare his catalogue and found that the places on the two occasions were different, he discarded the earlier result, and merely printed the latter.—"The Story of the Heavens."

A statue of Queen Victoria was unveiled at Wrexham on Monday by the Mayoress, the ceremony being witnessed by a large assembly.

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN RUSSIA.

Talking of the Russian Court, the most beautiful girl in St. Petersburg Society is the only daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Makaroff, who perished on board the "Petropavlovsk." Miss Makaroff, who is only twenty years of age, is tall and slight, with a wealth of soft, brown hair, dark eyes, and a rich complexion. She is an admirable English scholar, and has a preference for everything English. The erroneous report that crept into circulation that her lover as well as her father had perished on the "Petropavlovsk" resulted in Miss Makaroff receiving unnumbered proposals of marriage from all over the world, one being from a young American millionaire who, in the exuberance of his compassion, laid both his heart and his fortune at the feet of the beautiful young Russian. Miss Makaroff's fiancé, Lieut. Kedroff, is still in China. He left for the East at the very outbreak of hostilities as aide-de-camp to Admiral Makaroff, and was the only member of his staff who escaped being drowned on board the "Petropavlovsk." It appears that a few minutes before the Russian Fleet set out in pursuit of the Japanese on that memorable morning, just twelve months ago, the Commander-in-Chief sent the young lieutenant ashore to telegraph a message to Mme. Makaroff at Peterhoff. When Lieut. Kedroff returned after performing his commission all that was left of the great battleship was a few floating spars.—M.A.P."

Dr. W. A. Martin, medical officer of health for Gorton, Manchester, advocates the smoking of chrysanthemum petals in place of tobacco.

**BUSINESS MEN AND PARTY LOYALTY.**

What is the attitude of the commercial man towards the political situation as it is to-day? He is either intolerant of the subject altogether, professing himself to be disgusted with the manoeuvres of politicians, or he is a mere partisan, and delighted or depressed, as the case may be, by the successes or the defeats of one side or the other. With the unthinking party man—the enthusiastic Conservative or Liberal—it is difficult to have much sympathy at any time. By his own admission he glories in a sheep-like attitude, and he views the leaders of his side with something approaching veneration, so abject is he in regard for them, so anxious to revel in their victories and deny the real meaning of their defeats. But this point of view has not so many disciples as in years gone by. Nothing is more significant, indeed, than the decay of the party man. He is a shadow of his former self, and bids fair to become as one crying in the wilderness. The present generation of voters—and especially of commercial voters—possesses an inquiring disposition. Superior as he is in intellectual calibre to the average lower middle-class and working-man section of the electorate, it is not so easy (as politicians must realise if they do not wish to invite defeat) to woo the business man of to-day with the ingenious shibboleth or polished phrase. He wants to know, and he is becoming daily more inclined to approach the various nostrums submitted to him by the leaders of either side with the impartial air of a very disinterested buyer. The voter is, in effect, beginning to find himself—to realise his value—and he is less and less liable to be influenced by considerations of that somewhat dubious quality, party loyalty.—“Magazine of Commerce.”

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**BREAD.**

The old and trite saying, “Bread is the staff of life,” has a far truer and wider signification in the East than in the more fertile and luxurious countries of the West. If there were a bread-famine here—some of us might feel disposed to imitate the little princess who said on such an occasion: “Why do the people not eat cakes, then?” for indeed bread plays a far less important part in the economy of our nourishment than it does in less favoured lands. We eat a little bread to accompany meat, the Eastern uses meat and fruit to give a little savour to the bread which is his mainstay. It is almost touching to see the reverence with which the Mussulman regards the staff of his life. He considers it a deadly sin to waste a crumb; if one by chance falls to the ground, he will hastily gather it up and eat it. I once saw a Turk watching his little daughter eat a piece of bread he had given her; when she let a small piece fall, as children will, he carefully picked it up and put it in his mouth. When Europeans throw bread away in a wasteful manner, as is unfortunately their habit, the Arabs will carefully gather up the fragments and eat them.—“Sunday at Home.”

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**MOTOR-CAR ADVERTISEMENTS.**

I cannot help thinking (says a writer in “The Autocar”) that it is a mistake for some advertisers to let their imaginations run riot as they do. For instance, there is a picture of a small car rushing madly down a hill in a forest, with a background of dead and dying that recalls the retreat from Mukden, with the legend to the effect that “nothing can stop the —.” To the ignorant, it is meant to convey the impression that it is a very fast and wonderful machine, just the thing for a Bank Holiday, and that all drivers of such lead riotously happy existences; but to the thoroughly timid is the realisation of their worst fears. Then again—and to these I have no objection on the score of danger from scorching, except to themselves—there are what I may describe as the “lovely lady” type of advertisements. For what possible reason should anyone want to buy a car the more because a photograph of it displays three or four beautiful and well-known young actresses, smiling, and dressed up to the nines? I have often thought, if the car suddenly did go on, what on earth would they do with their hats; and, after all, if you do buy the car, it is no good being disappointed and wanting your money back because these elegant damsels are not included in the bargain.

**WORK, SLEEP, AND PLAY.**

The paper read at the recent conference on school hygiene by Dr. Clement Dukes, and published in the current number of the “Journal of the Sanitary Institute,” is worthy of attention, not only from teachers, but also from parents, for it deals with the subject of the amount of sleep required by children, and lays down, with the authority of the author’s large experience, principles which are certainly quite as often neglected or ignored at home as at school, especially among the poorer classes of the community, whose children are constantly deprived of natural rest by being dragged about in connection with the pleasures or the “outing” of the parents. Dr. Dukes points out that in primary schools children of three years of age pass the same number of hours in school as those of 14 years of age, and that in secondary schools the child of 14 has the same hours of work allotted to him as the youth of 19. His view of the case would not suffer the children who, at the age of five, pass from the infants’ to the primary school, to work at lessons for more than a single hour out of the twenty-four, and would secure to them thirteen hours and a half of sleep. Between the ages of five and fourteen the hours of work may be gradually extended to five, and the hours of sleep as gradually diminished to ten and a half. In the secondary school he would permit six hours of work from fourteen to sixteen, seven hours from sixteen to eighteen, and eight from eighteen to nineteen, with corresponding reductions of sleep to ten hours, nine and a half, and nine; while at the university, and up to the age of twenty-three, although the work should not be suffered to exceed eight hours, the sleep may be brought down to the same duration.—“The Hospital.”

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**“TO-MORROW LAND.”**

To-morrow land is the biggest country in the world. When you look at it from the top of To-day you can’t quite take in all its greatness, for it stretches from north to south and east to west, and these have no endings, for when you go to the north there is a north beyond you still, and it is the same with the south and the east and the west. That is To-morrow Land—a big, big Land—the biggest in all the world. And to most people it is so beautiful! Its trees are always fruitful, and the fruits seem so large and tempting; the sun is always shining there, the fountains sparkling, the houses glittering with gold and silver, the birds singing; there is always hope and happiness for them in the To-morrow Land, and they are impatient to get there. But there are other people who see it differently; to them it is a Land of rains and mists, and ugly shadows, and biting winds and bleak fields. To them To-morrow Land is a tearful Land, and they quite lose heart when they look on it.—“Sunday at Home.”

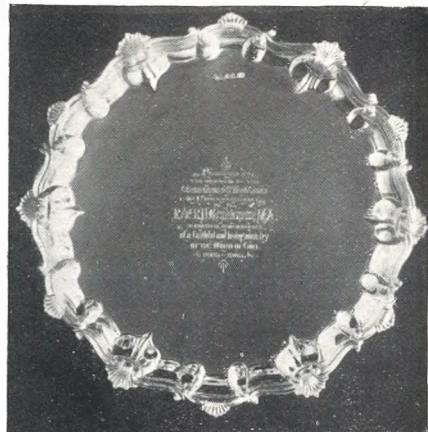
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**ARE LUNATICS CLEVERER THAN SANE PEOPLE?**

Although hopelessly insane, Alphonse Stepliant has extraordinary intuition regarding the movements of stocks, and the ups and down of the money market in general. He has been an inmate of the Dannemora Luntic Asylum these fourteen years past, and during that period he has amassed no less than £50,000 by speculation, says “T.A.T.” Of course, this is no new thing. The most successful coups of one of the greatest among the earlier of our South African Money Kings were made after his mind became unhinged and just prior to his committing suicide by jumping overboard in mid-Atlantic. Leland Stanford, the famous San Francisco millionaire, whose widow recently died under such mysteriously tragic circumstances in Honolulu, was hopelessly mad about the affairs of ordinary everyday life for two years prior to his death, yet showed himself, nevertheless, keenly sensitive to everything that pertained to his vast and complicated business transactions. In Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum is an afflicted lady—the heroine of a poisoning mystery that was at one time the sensation of two hemispheres—whose pictures, if exhibited to-morrow on the walls of the Royal Academy, would declare her one of the most gifted artists of modern times.



“JERRY” POPE,  
THE CHELTENHAM STREET PREACHER.



A CLERGYMAN’S PRESENTATION PLATE.

Solid silver salver (supplied by Waite and Son, silversmiths, 349 High-street, Cheltenham) presented, together with an album containing illuminated list of 250 subscribers and a purse of £40, to the Rev. R. H. Consterdine, M.A., who is leaving the curacy of St. Mark’s for the vicarage of Lindow, Cheshire.



CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE.

A pair of blackbirds recently built a nest on two iron hoops hung at the side of the wall of Brook Cottage, India-road, Gloucester, the residence of Mr. Holford. While the female bird was sitting, Mr. Holford looked after her material wants, feeding her daily on barley-meal.

**MARRIED BY TELEGRAPH.**

Although separated by 1,000 miles, Miss Mary Slaughter, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Mr. James Murrell, of Wyoming, have been married by telegraph. There was a clergyman at each end of the wire. The bride was attired in a white wedding gown and the usual veil, and was accompanied by a number of friends.



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE  
AND  
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC  
ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 228.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.15) and Evening (7.45),  
"AMORELLE."

Next Week—Monday, Tuesday,  
and Wednesday,

MISS JULIA NEILSON  
and MR. FRED TERRY  
in the "Scarlet Pimpernel."

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,  
"THE OFFICERS' MESS."

FOR PRICES SEE BILLS.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

CHELTENHAM CENTRE.

THE Last Days of Entry for the Local Examinations  
in Music are as follow  
For the Musical Knowledge (Theory) Examination,  
to be held in June, May 24th.

For the Instrumental and Vocal Examinations, to be  
held in July, June 17th.

The Seven National Prizes of £5 and £3 each, and  
Ten Local Exhibitions, value £9 gs. each, are awarded  
annually, in July.

Local Secretary, MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7, Clarence  
Square, Cheltenham, from whom the current Regulations  
may be obtained. c662



Miss Beale in 1859,

A YEAR AFTER HER APPOINTMENT  
TO CHELTENHAM



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

MISS DOROTHEA BEALE, LL.D.,

Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College,

WHICH IS OFFICIALLY CELEBRATING ITS JUBILEE TO-DAY.



THE STATE AND THE BIRTH-RATE.

The decline of the birth-rate in various civilised countries is a subject which has, at occasional intervals during the last few years, attracted public attention. For the most part the comments attached to it have been phrased in lachrymose terms and have formed an introduction to a series of prophecies gloomy with the prospect of national disaster and eclipse. Each nation in turn has served as a whipping-boy, and one in particular has been reproached both by the precept and example of its leading citizen. It is hardly uncharitable to suggest that many of these denunciations have been written without any close study of economic law, and that their excuse or opportunity is their adaptation to a readily excited popular emotion. The decline of the family and the ruin of the State are texts which afford much opportunity for eloquence of the flesh-creeping order. At the same time the advocates on the other side hardly betray a more judicious handling of the problem. Their latest suggestion is that the State shall take active steps to control the birth-rate and that a penalty shall be inflicted on those who "overburden society with more than their fair share of offspring." It is hardly a matter for surprise that such a proposal should give pause even to the most enthusiastic adherent of the Malthusian doctrine, and the backers of the new proposal now hasten to explain that their plan is "only a little one." It is to take the form of a "small nominal fine," not as a punishment, but as a means of expressing "State censure," and adequate recognition is apparently to be afforded to the "conscientious objector." That any person responsible for such a proposal can seriously believe himself competent to deal in a practical spirit with so difficult and delicate a matter as the population question is an example of self-delusion not easily equalled.—"The Hospital."

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A GIRL WITH 8,000 LOVERS.

"People talk of women's wants. What a woman wants mostly is—a man." So wrote an eminent Greek philosopher some two thousand odd years ago. And the pithy apothegm is as true now as then. Marriage by advertisement is a dangerous speculation, says "T.A.T." it is not so very long since a man blew out his brains in a North London suburb because the police were called to examine a big box he was having carted away. On examination, the box in question proved to contain the body of a woman, encased in cement and shockingly mutilated. Inquiries were, of course, at once set on foot, with the result that the remains were proved to be those of a hospital nurse whom the suicide had wedded, over a year previously, through the medium of a newspaper advertisement. Other similar cases, too many of them, might be mentioned. But the subject is not a particularly edifying one, and the only object in alluding to it at all is to warn. No woman who really respects herself or her sex should ever resort to such means to secure a husband. In England, at all events! In America, apparently, they think differently; for matrimonial advertising "over there" has become a recognised and, more or less, legitimate institution. Nevertheless, even in that free and enlightened republic, it has its drawbacks, as Miss Saidie Finch, of Colorado, recently found to her cost. Her parents both died within a few weeks of one another, leaving her, at twenty-three, the sole owner of a well-stocked ranch and several thousand dollars in cash. The money did not bother her. That could look after itself. But she needed a man to help manage the ranch. And so she advertised for one, offering matrimony. In all, Miss Finch received nearly eight thousand offers of marriage, her suitors being of all walks of life, from Congressmen to cowboys, and of all ages, "from bald heads to bald faces." They were, however, doomed to disappointment, one and all; for the fair Saidie, affrighted at having to choose between so many, decided eventually to wed one of her own "hired men," a good-looking, stalwart young fellow, who had been born on the farm, and whom she had known from childhood. Her decision was certainly a wise one, for although amongst the small army of her would-be lovers were probably some few decent men, the majority was assuredly made up of adventurers and fortune-hunters.

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The sweetest words in the English language, "Enclosed please find cheque."



MISS JULIA NEILSON and MR. FRED TERRY  
in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

POETRY.

"FROM GOD—TO GOD."

A little grave within a churchyard set,  
And over it the soft and grassy sod,  
And carved upon the marble's gleaming white,  
These words: "From God—to God."

Some mother's darling softly slumbers here,  
With folded dimpled hands and golden head;  
Yet her crushed heart could breathe the words of hope  
Over her precious dead.

Sweet words and true, Oh, cherished little one!  
And though our eyes with blinding tears grow dim,  
From God you are, and when He calls His own,  
We give you back to Him.

KATHERINE JEWELL, in "Munsey's Magazine."

♦♦♦♦

An editor, in reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "a powder magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article."—"Exchange."

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 128th prize has been divided between Miss Annie Mabson, 3 Whaddon-terrace, Malvern-street, and Miss M. Janet Billings, Sligo House, Wellington-road, for reports of sermons by the Rev. P. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's and the Rev. W. E. Hobbes at All Saints', Cheltenham.

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

"I am deeply interested in discovering the lost tribes of Israel," said Mr. Musty, as he came in and sat down by the busy editor for an hour's discussion of the subject. "You are?" replied the man of resources. "Why don't you advertise for them?" The business office is on the first floor. Here, Dan, show the gentleman to the advertising department.

WHEN NOT TO TALK.

The best of us talk too much. "The essence of power is reserve," said a man who knew. Many a reputation has been built on silence. Many a one is spoiled through rushing prematurely and volubly into speech. It is safe to silent when your words would wound. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says the old proverb, but one waats to be mighty sure one's friend needs the wounding and that we are qualified to administer it. Keep still when your words will discourage. It is infinitely better to be dumb for ever than to mako one fellow-being less able to cope with life. Keep still when your words will incite to anger or discomfort. An incredible amount of breath is used in the evil practice of trying to make our friends dislike their friends. Never speak when what you have to say is merely for the purpose of exalting yourself. Shut your lips with a key when you are inspired to babble incontinently of yourself—your ailments, accomplishments, relations, loves, hatreds, hopes and desires. It is only to the choice, rare friend that one may speak of these things without becoming a fool.—"Philadelphia Bulletin."



FEMININE ENTERPRISE.

An occupation not unknown this side of the world is the combined pedlar and canvasser—the woman who goes about soliciting orders, displaying jewellery and dresses, for houses which work on the instalment plan. The more enterprising saleswomen of this class go to subscription dances, at homes, and other social gatherings, wearing the latest and most striking things in dress and jewellery. If their gorgeous attire is commented on, prices are obligingly given, or the name of the house supplying such goods given, "as a favour." Only in a big Jewish community could the "Sabbath worker" become a lucrative possibility. She finds employment from sundown of Friday till over Saturday, during which time no truly pious Jewess may kindle a fire or light or extinguish a lamp. The "Sabbath worker" goes about among a certain number of the orthodox attending to necessary duties. She eats the dinner prepared the day before; does ordinary domestic duties, and banks fires to keep them going until her next visit. Amongst the poor Jews employment of this description has led to quite an army of women tramps. They depend upon this kind of work altogether, taking drink and having a high time when they get their money, and doing nothing until the next Friday night comes round. The police keep a kindly eye on them, and distinguish them by the more expressive than polite appellation, "fire kindler bums."



A PLEA FOR THE "OPEN ROAD."

All thinking men recognise that the power vehicle has come to stay. It may be unpleasant in some ways to other road users, it may appear dangerous, but it is the traction method of the future. The roads play again an important part in the life of the people, and our great thoroughfares and main arteries of traffic require fresh consideration. A broad-minded, practical policy is wanted to fit them for the traffic of the immediate future. Instead of restricting our main roads to a petty width of forty odd feet, a generous breadth of sixty, eighty, even a hundred feet is required. While a comprehensive scheme should be settled in the near future, and the necessary land acquired, the widening of the old roads and the construction of new ones could be done gradually, and with special reference to the condition of the labour market, thus meeting for some time to come the problem of the unemployed. I would ask those who feel inclined to smile at my suggested expenditure of many millions of pounds on our main road system to consider the history of our railways. Who, before their construction, could have conceived that it would have so financially benefited the community to develop the country with a network of steel tracks costing hundreds of millions? Broad roads, combined with motors, offer us such a splendidly elastic system of communication that one day we shall recognise the benefits to be derived from employing some of the nation's surplus labour in constructing a road system which shall be really efficient.—A. C. Hunter in "The Bystander."

CRICKET MATCH on the VICTORIA GROUND, CHELTENHAM,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1905:

CHELTENHAM v. MR. G. L. JESSOP'S COUNTY TEAM.



THE CHELTENHAM TEAM.



MR. JESSOP'S TEAM.



**THE NEW SCIENCE WING OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE,**

*Opened to-day by Sir Henry Roscoe, during the Jubilee Celebrations.*



H.I.M. The Late EMPRESS FREDERICK at Cheltenham Ladies' College, June 29, 1897.

*Her Majesty was accompanied by Lord Harris, Count Seckendorf, and Emily Lady Ampthill, whose portraits, together with that of the Lady Principal of the College (Miss Beale), appear in this picture. We are indebted to Domenico Barnett, Esq., of Leckhampton, for permission to reproduce his beautiful photograph.*

## Selina Jenkins Letters.

### THE AUCTION SALE.

The other day I were walkin' along the street, thinkin' wot luvly weather it were, and 'ow the rates is goin' down tuppence, and the midnite mission blowed over, besides other peaceful and spring-like thoughts, when I see a bill up:—

#### SALE BY AUCTION

Of valleyble properties, consisting of dogs, bicycles, cage-birds, and other household furniture, removed from gentlemen's residences for convenience of sale. Wich there were a tidy lot of people crowded into the doreway, and on to a pulpit inside the room somewheres a auctioneer gent shoutin' away to the audience like mad, about 'ow they was losin' the chance of 8 or 10 life-times by not purchasing a box of tomat-plants as a yung feller were 'oldin' up before the multitude.

Careless like, I made me way in, becous I likes to know all that's goin' on, and wot woman doesn't, that's wot I wants to know; wich, ever since Heve carried on a argyment with the old Serpent, our seck 'ave always been to the front when there's anythink to talk about, and quite rite too, in my hapynion, wich the reason the newspapers press is so powerful to-day is only jest becous they're very much like us ladies—they says things one day, even if they has to contradict 'em the next, and they both of 'em can't get on without a bit of gossip.

'Owsomdever, as I were a-sayin', I squashed into this 'ere sale, and, jest as I got into the centre of the crowd, the auctioneer were 'oldin' forth on another lot of articles, consisting of a gent's bicycle with one wheel missin', a cage of white mice, a shower-bath, and a Newfoundland dog, very near so big as a yung elefant, when all of a suddint I 'as a most powerful wish to sneeze come over me, and the more I kep' it in, the more it come on, until jest as the auctioneer were goin' to knock all these 'ere articles down to a 'arsey-lookin' gent at the side, out come my sneeze like a havalanche, as that there stoopid cf a auctioneer took fer a 'igher bid, and afore you could say "Jack Robertson, my Jo, John," all they there Barnum's menageries was knocked down to me, at 2 pound fifteen!

Well, 'ere was a pretty kettle of fish, indeed. Wotever did a helderly fieldmale of respectable 'abits like me want with a gent's bicycle with 1 wheel missing, or a cage of white mice, not to speak of that there Newfoundland dog, as would 'ave eat us out of 'ouse and 'ome in a week, by the look of 'is system!

So I hups and I accuses the auctioneer of takin' a hunfair advantage; but that there man were a reg'lar coff-drop at stickin' to 'is pint, that I will say, and actooally 'ad the impurence to tell me to me face 'e 'eard me say most distinctively "Two fifteen" when I sneezed; as 'e said mite 'ave been 'alf sneeze and 'alf "Two fifteen," but there was "Two fifteen" in it somewheres, that 'e were prepared to swear; and 'e said 'e were so delikit in 'is 'earin' 'e could tell afore anyone spoke, wen they were only thinkin' about it, the exack figger as they was goin' to bid! Besides wich, 'e said if I'd stick to it, like a pleasant good-tempered ladie, as 'e could see I were, 'e'd throw in a stuffed canary-bird as 'ad been left over from the biddin', and so 4th.

"Well," says I, "if I'd thought a simple sneeze 'ould 'ave brought all these 'ere things down on me, I'd 'ave broke a blood-vessel afore I'd gave way; but if its bound to be, throw in yer canary," says I, "and I'll make the best of a bad job; still, it's a tidy bit of money fer sich a museum as this 'ere, ain't it, sir?" "Bless yer sole, madam," says 'e, "why that there Newfoundland dog, if you was to wash 'is face and 'ands, and comb 'is 'air every day, 'ould take a double-first prize over at the Agericultural Show on the Prest-bury-road; and then, they there white mice is very levable things when you finds yer way to their 'earts, so to say, and I've seen 'em, meself, sit up to the table and eat bird-seed like any Christian! I tell you, you've done better bizness thro' biddin' fer this 'ere lot of articles than if you 'ad bought up all the Church bazaars in the country, madam."

There was a reg'lar crowd of broken-down hindividoals round the dore, as was pertikler anxious to 'ave the 'onner of bringin' the goods 'ome fer me: there was one with a black eye and a scratch all down one side of 'is face, together with a fortnight's growth of beard, wich said as 'e'd once took some furniture 'ome for the Prince



### CHELTENHAM VICAR AND HIS PARISHIONERS.

PROTEST MEETING AT ST. PAUL'S:

MR. BRADFIELD (chairman) IN CENTRE; THE BOY TRINDER (capless) IN FRONT ROW.

of Wales when 'e were in London; but, bless yer 'art, I never didn't beleeve 'im, not me, but made me way off 'ome so quick as I could to tell Amos all about it, and borrow a wheelbarrow.

Amos thought 'twas a lot of money; 'e always do if its me as buys anythink; if it's 'im, of course, the boot's on the other leg, as the sayin' is. "Owever, he agreed to borrow the barrow from next dore, and to take the cash and go hup to the rooms to fetch the things. Amos," I says, "be careful with the live things, I says, 'becous you don't know wot they mite be up to!" "Ho, never you mind, Selina," 'e says, very joval-like, "I'm all rite! I'm a reg'lar terror with dogs; and as fer the white mice, I b'leeve if they was to break loose I could 'old me own at a pinch! I'm all rite, Selina! Give me the money, and I'll be hoff at once, fer fear somebody else takes 'em by mistake!"

So I waited, and waited, as seemed 'ours to me 'e was gone, and went out to the front gate ever so many times, but no Amos; wich I'd very near gave 'im hup for lost, when there come round the corner of the street sich a crowd as you never saw—errand-boys, and all kinds of rascals, laffin' and whistlin' and makin' all the noises imaginable. When they come opposite our dore they divided a bit, and lo! and behold! if there wasn't Amos there in the middle, with a big p'leceman, and the wheelbarrow, wich 'is collar were torn off, 'e'd lost 'is 'at, and got mud all over 'is coat, like as if 'e'd been rollin' in it! Jest behind 'im were that there Newfoundland dog, being pushed along by 'alf-a-dozen youngsters, wich looked for all the world like a prefarmin' bear.

"Wotever is the matter, Amos?" says I. "Who's been aggeravoking you?" "Ho! I'm all rite, Selina," he says; "it's this 'ere dog of yours, as 'ave very near been the death of me, not to speak of the damage 'e've done, wich wot with the shower-bath thing and the bicycle on the barrow, I 'adn't got much chance to keep 'im in order, so when we passes a butchery shop the trouble begins; you see, I 'ad 'im on a rope, as the man gave me up to the auction rooms, and so soon as ever the animile see the joints of meat he made for 'em, without thinkin' of 'ow the rope

were round my arm, and there were a old gent jest lookin' out a nice mutton cutlet on the pavement, wich the rope and the dog come across and took 'im off so clean as a whistle, as sat down bang on the top of the cage of white mice, and pulled over me and the shower-bath stuff all in a strugglin' 'eap! That there dog very near pulled my arm off gettin' at the meat, and afore anyone could stop 'im 'e ad a leg of mutton in 'is jaws and was devouring it oncooked! You never see the hupore as there was, wot with people screaming and yelling, and the langwidge of the butcher and the old gent, as were a-settin' on our white mice, wich to make it worse, the butcher set 'is 2 dogs on to this 'ere Newfoundland, and there was a hawful melee between the lot. After a bit a pleece officer come up and pulled things into shape a bit, but not until that there dog 'ad 'ad a bucketfull of disinfecting fluid throwed over 'im by some party as thought it mite bring 'im to 'is censuses! So there 'e is, and now wot yer goin' to do with 'im, that's wot I want to know? I've got one of the white mice 'ere in a biscuit bag, but all the rest was squashed by the old gent, and 'ere's the bill fer the leg of mutton!"

Jest then the constable stepped forward and said 'e must take our name fer using a dog without a license, as were like 'is dratted himperence, that I will say afore 'e were hinside the 'ouse 'ardly; still, I will say the constable persuaded the 'owlin' mob to go away arter a bit, and 'elped to push that there dog through the front passage into the back garding, where 'e went and lay down on a bed of young geranium cuttings as was jest coming into bloom and went to sleep!

We 'adn't only jest sat down to talk over wotever we was goin' to do with sich a great giant of a dog, and a white mice, the other things being more serviceable-like—when there come a reg'lar resounding "rat-tat" to the dore, and you mark my words if it weren't a telegram from Sir Somebody or other—

"Understand you purchased Newfoundland dog auction sale; dog my property; stolen Pigney Court last week; have instructed police."



**JUNIOR CHEMICAL LABORATORY,**

CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE SCIENCE WING, OPENED TO-DAY.

So 'ere we was again; receivers of stolen property, Amos said; as were considered to be a hawful crime and enuff fer 6 months' 'ard labor, if the judge were sufferin' from hindigestion; wich 'e wanted to go out and pisen the dog while 'e slept and dispoqe of the remains in the garding; but, of coorse, as I told 'im, that wouldn't never do, becous of 'is being so big, as would make our garding over-flow the walls to bury sich a great animile in it; besides wich, all they people and the p'leeceman 'ad seen 'im come in, and we couldn't expline that away, nohow!

So after a bit we decided the best thing was to let the hownner 'ave 'im back when 'e wanted 'im, and trust to 'im to pay up the value; becous, of coorse, we'd still got one white mice (as I'm thinkin' of puttin' in with the canary, becous they both eats bird-seed), and the shower-bath, and the best part of a bicycle, besides the stuffed bird, as looks very well on the side-board.

'Owsomdever, I wants to breath a word of warning to young folks:—1stly, don't you never go to auction sales with a cold coming on, and 2ndly, when you gets there don't you never nod yer 'ead or sneeze, nor nothink noticeable, when the bidding is goin' on, or else you'll, like me, get somethink knocked down to you as you don't want and can't afford to pay for, and very likely turn out to be stolen property after all.

SELINA JENKINS.

**WHY INSANITY IS INCREASING.**

How are we to prevent the increase of insanity? is a question which should occupy the attention of everyone who is in possession of a sane mind in a sane body, writes Dr. Forbes Winslow in "Pearson's Weekly." Degeneration and insanity go hand in hand, the former being the stepping-stone to the latter. Heredity plays a prominent part in both. The compulsory confinement of habitual drunkards should be insisted upon. These terrible specimens of humanity leave their wretched offspring as examples of their own degeneration, inheriting their parents' complaints, who themselves will propagate their species in due course of time and help to swell up the statistics of insanity. The marriage laws require careful and earnest consideration, and how to deal with paralytics, epileptics, consumptives, and those affected with cancer, and drunkards.

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**STRANGE NESTING PLACE.**

A pair of birds have built their nest in the pocket of a coat belonging to a gravedigger at Cheltenham Cemetery.

A compositor on enquiring for work was met with the response that there was nothing for him to do. He persuasively answered: "If you only knew how little would satisfy me!"

The young man with the uncut hair and hungry look had submitted a poem for editorial consideration. "Well, said the man behind the blue pencil, after a hurried glance at it, "how does three dollars strike you?" "Why—er—really," stammered the rhymester, "that is more than I—er—" "Well, that's the best I can do," interrupted the busy editor. "I couldn't think of printing a poem like that for any less."

**A NEW PERIL—SOME POSSIBLE DETERRENTS.**

The "China Review"—much quoted of late—has supplied one of the strongest reasons why peace between Russia and Japan should be brought about by stating that, as a result of the war, sharks have migrated from the Far East to European waters. If this is so, it is an intolerable state of affairs, and one that the authorities at Margate—with all their experience in the suppression of mixed bathing—will find it hard to grapple with. It seems that sharks dislike the noise of battle, and that is why they are making their way west. Perhaps, however, by the time the voracious creatures have arrived outside some of our more crowded seaside resorts, they will find that the noise of peace can be fairly audible, and will be deterred from stopping, at any rate, for long. Particularly if there is a local brass band on the pier.—"The Bystander."



[Reproduced by permission of Miss Beale.]

Unveiling by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg of the Bust of H.M. Queen Victoria At Cheltenham Ladies' College on Nov. 16, 1899.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.



Now that the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, in accordance with the vulpine traditions of this pack, have killed their fox on May Day, fox-hunting has really come to an end until next season. The past season was a remarkable and good one in this county, considering the deficiency of scent owing to the hardness of the ground; for a plenitude of foxes and the huntsmanlike way in which the hounds were handled enabled most of the packs to establish records. Thus the Duke's beat the previous season's record of 136 brace, as they accounted for 151½ brace. Lord Fitzhardinge's did not do so well as in the previous season, their bag being 74½ brace, against 91½, but it should be remembered that they had two blank days, were stopped fifteen days by frost, and did not have Will Rawle, the veteran huntsman, now retired, in the field all the time. The bags of four other packs were records, namely, the Croome, 53, against 44; the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), 41—31½; the Ledbury, 35—32½; and the Cotswold (under Mr. Herbert Lord's first season's mastership), 34—31½. The North Cotswold killed 37½ brace, which is three brace short of the previous total, but their season was characterised by some long and clinking good runs. I have not the Heythrop total, and I hope that the shooting at a fox, which occurred in that country while the field was in full cry towards the end of the season, was an isolated case. As showing the keenness of Will Dale, the Duke's huntsman, for sport, I may mention that one day in

April he was out about 7.30 a.m. with his Grace's pack in pouring rain, and after finishing with these he, towards midday, got another mount and rode several miles to put in an hour or two with Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds. And I have heard of similar devotion on the part of Dr. E. M. Grace in hunting with the Duke's, next holding an inquest, and afterwards finishing up the day with Lord Fitzhardinge's.



The recent death, under sad circumstances, of Viscount Trafalgar, whose absence for the last three years from the hunting field, chiefly in the Badminton country, was much missed, reminds me that the way in which his name was invariably pronounced—Traf-al-gar, with the accent on the first and last syllables—savoured of affectation at first to the bulk of people who heard it and had religiously accepted the pronunciation "Trafal-gar," familiarised in the famous song, as the correct and only one. I, myself, have cited, but in vain, to some sticklers for the song style the authority of the Marquis of Salisbury, whom I heard in a speech in St. James's Hall in 1886 allude to the riots in "Traf-al-gar" Square. And I know that the late Viscount was once asked by a gentleman who met him at a friend's house which was the correct pronunciation of his name, and he replied that he only knew of one way, "Traf-al-gar," adding with a smile, "But I am generally called Traf."



For the second year in succession the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry have gone into Somerset for their annual training, the

venue being Wells, instead of Cheddar, this year. It is a strange coincidence that, although the regiment is now minus a Somerset man as an officer, it has been sent to the county of that name for its camp. At the risk of being considered to harp too much on the strain of Gloucestershire for its Yeomanry, I must adhere to my expressed opinion and hope that some suitable spot for a camp ought to, and could, be found on the Cotswolds near Cheltenham for our "gentlemen in khaki." It is, however, highly satisfactory that the strength of the regiment is some thirty men above its establishment of 480.



Mixed metaphors are by no means played out in this county, for a friend of mine present at a luncheon in the Forest a few days ago tells me that a Cheltonian, in proposing the royal toast, perpetrated a "bull" by remarking that "upon the purity of the Queen's life the breath of scandal had never shed its halo."

GLEANER.

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# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

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No. 229.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1905.

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### A ROMAN BOY'S DISCRETION.

The liberty which allowed the Roman senators in old days to introduce their sons into the Senate House was withdrawn for an amusing reason. Papyrius Prætextatus, when a boy, heard in the Senate a debate of such importance that it had to be postponed to the next day and kept meanwhile a profound secret. When the boy returned home, his mother cross-examined him so severely and persistently about the debate that at last, and at bay, he pretended that its subject was, "Which would be more advantageous to the commonwealth: that one man should have two wives or that one woman should have two husbands?" His mother, in the wildest excitement, rushed off to communicate to all the neighbouring wives the monstrous domestic treason which was being hatched by their husbands. The news spread and blazed like wildfire, with the result that the Senate House was besieged on the following day by a frenzied mob of women shouting furiously, "That rather than one man should marry two women, one woman should marry two men." The senators, confounded by this unaccountable riot, thought their wives had all gone mad suddenly, until Papyrius stepped modestly forth and explained how and why the misunderstanding had arisen. The amused senators having with difficulty reassured their wives that they were not discussing either polygamy or polyandry, passed a decree that in future all senators' sons should be excluded from the Senate House, with the exception of the discreet Papyrius Prætextatus.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

For love the smallest gift commends;  
All things are valued by our friends.  
—Thucydides.



### MARBLE BUST OF MISS DOROTHEA BEALE

(PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE),

PRESENTED TO HER AND HANDED OVER TO THE COLLEGE DURING THE  
JUBILEE CELEBRATION, MAY, 1905.

If a man could mount to heaven, and survey  
the mighty universe with all the planetary orbs,  
his admiration of their beauties would be much  
diminished unless he had someone to share in  
his pleasure.—Cicero.

Life steals away, and our best hours are gone  
'Ere the true use or worth of them are known.  
—Ovid.  
He whose mind is subdued and perfectly controlled  
is happy.—Udanavarga.

## Cruise of the Argonaut in the Mediterranean.

MARCH—APRIL, 1905.

My wife and I left Cheltenham on Monday afternoon, the 29th of March, for London, where we stayed over-night. Leaving London by the 9 a.m. train for Paris and Marseilles, we had a fine passage across the Channel, arrived at Calais about 12.30, and travelled by special train to Paris, where we arrived about 4.30 p.m. After dining, we left Paris by the evening express for Marseilles, where we joined the steam yacht Argonaut, which was to be our floating home for the next fortnight.

We were rather anxious to see the Argonaut, but as she lay in the harbour, decked out with gay-looking flags, she gave us a good impression, which was confirmed on seeing the dining-saloon and our comfortable state-room.

We soon had our first breakfast on board, and settled down for the voyage to Palma. In the evening a concert was held on the quarter-deck. The majority of the passengers, who numbered 188, appeared to be rather tired with the long journey from London to Marseilles (which is 826 miles), and soon retired for the night.

On our first morning at sea we were early on deck, and were charmed with the lovely sunrise.

We steamed on towards the Balearic Islands, and about four o'clock p.m. reach the bright little capital of Majorca. What a superb view of the island greeted us from the deck of the steamer! In front the placid bay, sparkling in the sunshine, leading the eye to a strip of golden sand, woods, and green fields, and beyond a striking background of mountains, many in the far distance being snow-capped, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet high.

Landing at this charming spot there was much to see, and, as our time was very limited, having been delayed two or three hours owing to a slight fog, we lost no time in landing.

Palma is quite Spanish in general plan, and appears to be well laid out. It possesses a good promenade, theatre, and casino, and is not without its bull ring.

We returned to the ship in time for dinner, after which a dance was held.

We steamed on until morning, when we arrived at Algiers, with its magnificent harbour. It is a city of considerable importance. The population, including suburbs, is about 150,000, consisting of Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Jews, negroes, and a number of European settlers.

We were early on shore, and, taking a carriage, drove to the Djama-el-Kebir, the most ancient mosque (place of worship for Mahomedans) of Algiers, which is said to have been built early in the eleventh century. It is a handsome building, but the interior is very bare. The floor is covered with matting and carpets, which we were not allowed to walk upon until we had put on slippers (provided by the Mahomedans) over our boots, lest we should desecrate their carpets. We visited the Cathedral, Archbishop's Palace, which is the finest Moorish palace now in existence in Algiers, and afterwards walked through the Arab quarter, the old part of the town; many streets in this part are very narrow and irregular, and the houses and shops so near to each other that the streets are hardly wide enough for two persons to pass. It seemed quite oriental, with women carrying water-bottles on their heads, and the Arabs walking about in their native costumes, which consist of a white muslin covering, or haick, which they fasten in at the waist with a sash. To keep this in position round the head, a cord of camel-hair of light or dark brown colour is twisted some ten or twenty times round. The outer gown or haick is similar to a cloak, and falls loosely down almost to the feet. This also is made of a white woolen material, and generally has a hood fastened to the neck-band.

The Arab women are shrouded from head to foot in a white haick made of muslin, and wear very full divided skirts, also of white muslin; their faces, with the exception of their eyes, being hidden from view. The only difference between the garments worn by the rich and those worn by the poor is in the quality of material used, the dresses being made exactly alike. On every hand one heard, "Why are there so few women

to be seen?" And we were told that the women are kept very much in-doors, and rarely come out into the streets; in fact, Arab women for the first year or two of their married life are not allowed to appear at all in public.

All kinds of Arab specialties may be seen in course of manufacture; one man hammering a design on brass or copper utensils, another embroidering ladies' slippers or busy making rings or brooches with his gold or silver thread.

We afterwards visited the Governor-General's Summer Palace, Museum, etc.

The French part of the town resembles a modern European city in general appearance, with its large houses and fine shops. There is also an excellent electric tramway service, which affords an easy way of access to any part of the town or suburbs.

The park (Jardin d'Essai) is well laid out, with its many fine avenues of Japanese and African palm trees, indiarubber trees, bamboo and banana trees, and is well worth a visit.

On Saturday we again made an early start, and drove to the Arab market, and afterwards along the road on the top of the hill surrounding the city, from which we had a magnificent view of the whole of the town and harbour.

We weighed anchor about four o'clock, and steamed towards Tunis.

Sunday was literally a "day of rest," and was thoroughly enjoyed after several days' sight-seeing. Service was held on the quarter-deck morning and evening, a lecture was given in the afternoon on the Esperanto or Universal Language, and a sacred concert was also held in the evening.

After a calm and delightful voyage from Algiers, we arrived in the Bay of Tunis in the early morning of Monday, April 3rd. We breakfasted at 7.30, and leaving the Argonaut at eight o'clock, in a steam tender, we were soon at La Goulette, where landaus were awaiting to take us to Carthage (about one hour's drive), founded about 850 B.C., and for more than 700 years B.C. a powerful and prosperous city. In the second century it became the chief seat of Christianity in Africa, but in the seventh century it was captured and overrun by the Arabs and ruined for ever. Of the splendour and glory of ancient Carthage little remains. We visited the fine modern cathedral, and afterwards spent a short time in the museum, which contains many interesting objects found amongst the ruins of Carthage, consisting of mosaics, bronze, and terra-cotta vases, lamps, tear-bottles, rings, necklaces, etc.

Amongst the most important monuments here are the cisterns constructed some 1,500 years ago to supply Carthage and the surrounding villages with water, which was brought by aqueducts and pipes from the mountains some seventy or eighty miles away.

We went to the Punic Tombs, amphitheatre, etc., and afterwards drove to Tunis, about ten miles away. On our way we passed a tribe of Bedouins, or wandering Arabs. It was very interesting to see them with their tents and camels. We obtained a photograph of the stately queen of the tribe, who was wearing many rings and other jewellery.

After lunch we went to the Bey's palace, a fine building with large reception-rooms and galleries, from the roof of which we had an excellent view of the city with its flat-roofed houses. We were afterwards conducted through the Arab bazaars, which are well worth a visit, and, as we desired to purchase a few Arab specialties, we had to allow plenty of time for bargaining, as the custom is to ask considerably more than they expect to receive.

The Arabs in Tunis appear to be much more prosperous than those in Algiers. Each trade seemed to be concentrated in its own quarter in arcades.

We left Tunis at 5.30 p.m. by rail for La Goulette, and after a most interesting and enjoyable day's excursion went on board the Argonaut about seven o'clock. We were soon on our way to our next destination, Malta, where we arrived on Tuesday afternoon. Here we spent several enjoyable hours visiting the Cathedral, Governor-General's Palace, in which there is some fine tapestry representing Europe, Asia, Africa, etc.; we also went to the Armoury and Main Guardroom.

As we were informed that 600 to 800 tons of coal were being taken on board, we decided to have dinner on shore, and afterwards went to

the theatre—a fine building—where we heard part of "Faust."

We left Malta about midnight, and arrived early on Wednesday morning at Syracuse, now a small town of 24,000 inhabitants. At the period of its greatest prosperity it was twenty-one miles in circumference, and possessed a greater population than Athens or any other Grecian city. Carriages were waiting to take us to the ancient part of Syracuse, where no traces of houses remain, but numerous wells exist. The water was brought to the city from the mountains, some distance away, by two aqueducts. It was a lovely drive through orange, lemon, and olive groves. We visited the amphitheatre, a Roman structure of the time of Augustus, and the Latomia del Paradiso, an ancient quarry from which much of the stone to build the city was taken, with the celebrated Ear of Dionysius, a tapering grotto with remarkable echoes, said to have been constructed by that tyrant whose name it bears in order that he might listen to his prisoners' conversation. In the quarry, it is said, he imprisoned some 7,000 men, most of whom died of starvation.

The Greek theatre here, erected in the fifth century, is the third largest known. It is 492 feet in diameter, and is hewn out of the solid rock, and would seat about 20,000 people.

We went through the catacombs, and afterwards to St. Giovanni, where there is a crypt in which it is said St. Paul once preached.

We returned to the steam yacht, and were soon on our way to Palermo, which occupies a site on the south-west side of an extensive bay in a wide plain bounded by Alpine mountains, where we arrived about 11.30 on Thursday morning. On our way we caught a glimpse of Mount Etna, and passed through the Straits of Messina. Carriages were again waiting to take us to Monreale, a small town on a hill some three or four miles from Palermo, which possesses a church or cathedral that ranks amongst the finest of mediæval buildings. It is the most beautiful cathedral or church erected by the Normans in Sicily, every portion of the interior being covered with mosaics representing scriptural subjects, commencing with the Creation, and including many principal personages and events of the Bible down to the time of our Saviour's Ascension.

After lunch we visited Palermo Cathedral, a fine building which dates from the twelfth century, the Palazzo Reale, or King's Palace, founded by the Saracens, which contains a chapel rich in mosaics and marble, and said to be the finest castle-chapel in the world; we also visited the catacombs, etc.

As there were no excursions arranged for Friday, we drove along most of the principal streets in the city, and visited the Giardino Inglese and Botanical Gardens, also the museum, which contains many fine specimens of ancient sculpture and pictures.

We returned to the Argonaut about five o'clock, and were soon on our way to Ajaccio.

As we were at sea the whole of Saturday, the 8th of April, the day was given up to sports, and, what with potato and spoon races, obstacle races, cricket, and hat-making competition, etc., it passed very pleasantly.

Early on Sunday we arrived at Ajaccio, a charming spot in Corsica. In the morning we visited the Hotel de Ville, or Town-hall, in which there are several good pictures of Napoleon and his family. We went through the house in which Napoleon was born, and afterwards had a delightful drive along the sea coast. In the afternoon we drove almost to the top of a hill from which there was a magnificent view of the town and surrounding country, which made one long to explore the roads which lead up into those grand hills and valleys in the distance. We returned to the boat about 4.30, and after dinner service was held on the quarter-deck.

We arrived at Villefranche early on Monday morning, April 10th, and making an early start, as there was much to see we arrived at Nice about 9.15. We drove to Cimiez, a favourite district of our late Queen, and afterwards along the Promenade des Anglais. As we desired to again visit Monte Carlo, we took the noon train, and soon arrived at that delightful spot; at the casino we of course met many of our fellow passengers, some trying their luck at the tables, but others contented with being spectators.

We took train from Monte Carlo to Villefranche, and as we were waiting for the Argonaut's

CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN.

electric launch, rain fell for a short time—the first we had seen since leaving Cheltenham.

We arrived at Marseilles early on Tuesday morning, and thus brought a most charming cruise, with its pleasant associations, to a close. Our pleasure and enjoyment was, no doubt, greatly enhanced by being favoured with fine weather and calm seas.

We may say that the comfort of the passengers was studied in every way by the organisers, Messrs. Lunn and Perowne, of London, and the officers and crew of the Argonaut.

We were soon on our way home, and, travelling by the day express from Marseilles, arrived in Paris about ten o'clock in the evening. We left Paris the following afternoon en route for London and Cheltenham. W.

LITTLE GRACES WHICH CAPTIVATE MEN.

A writer in this week's "T.A.T." asks what it is that constitutes the secrets of a woman's fascination for a man. There are sweet and pretty-faced girls, who boast all the virtues of heaven, that stand by open-eyed and watch vain, inconsequential butterflies flit away with the best of the season's catch, while the virtuous ones hang limply to the family tree, finally to become old maids, who go about declaring that "men do not understand women." Of course they don't—that is just the point. If they did, women would no longer interest them any more than a Chinese puzzle once solved. But the vain and selfish woman does not carry off the palm because of her faults, but in spite of them. Those faults may be as deep and unconquerable as the blue sea, but if they are covered by a superficial layer of the right virtues—the virtues upon which every man lays stress—he will not see them until it is too late, and then he may never see them at all. On the other hand, the girl may be an angel of self-sacrifice, a pattern of truth and honour, and a good cook, and a beauty in the bargain, without ever attracting a single masculine admirer. For it is neither nobility, integrity, generosity, capability, or cleverness which men most admire in women; it is a whole host of little virtues, the cultivation of which one may have overlooked while she was learning to be good and being taught how to make a beef-stew. First of all, a man likes naturalness in women. He scorns an affected woman as he would an artificial plant or a patent medicine marked "just as good." There is nothing "just as good" as a girl without a particle of self-consciousness; a girl so sure of herself that she does not have to pretend to be that which she is not; so sure of her own virtues that she does not have to assume any; so sure of her own attractions that she does not have to affect a pose. Tact is the second of the superficial virtues which man writes upon his list. There is nobody who possesses so many "toes" to be trodden upon as the average man. He is a monument of vanity; and vanity is the mother of nerves. The third of the feminine graces is good manners. It seems almost folly to suggest this to a well-bred woman; yet there are hundreds of women who fancy themselves well-bred, but have not the first elements of really good manners. A man will forgive bad morals sooner than bad manners; a breach of honour more quickly than a breach of etiquette. He abhors formality and stiffness, but he melts 'neath the sun of gentleness and courtesy as ice 'neath the sun of a summer's day. The girl who walks along the street with a stride, holds her skirt several inches too high, loads herself with jewellery, greets her masculine friends with a simper or a figurative slap on the back, says rude things in order to be funny, and acts either snobbishly or snobbishly, has no attractions in masculine eyes, though she may be the most beautiful and really-generous hearted creature in the world.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Whatever advice you give, be short.—Horace. No man was ever great without divine inspiration.—Cicero.

Of all possessions, contentedness is the best by far.—Nagdrjuna's "Friendly Epistle."

"We want an empty drawer to put these things away in," said the foreman of the country newspaper. "Have you an empty drawer anywhere?" "I am afraid not," replied the editor, "but stop a minute; yes, there's the cash drawer. You can put them in that."



MASTER PRINTERS—MR. G. F. POOLE.

WHAT A BOY GOING INTO BUSINESS SHOULD KNOW.

In reply to the question, "What should a boy going in for business know on leaving school?" the head of a large business concern in Montreal says:—

In the first place, a boy should realise that school has not given him his business education, but merely fitted him to begin to learn. On account of this fact, it is not nearly so important what a boy knows as whether his mind is receptive and his attitude right towards a business career.

Some subjects taught at school are essential, though, and are directly applicable in almost every commercial position. The rest of the curriculum belongs either to culture or to mental discipline, or else by way of special preparation for a particular calling.

These essentials are the one I named to you. First, last, and all the time, handwriting. Legibility, neatness, and speed, in the order named, are desirable characteristics. In this connection figures need special attention. These should be so formed as to be perfectly distinguishable from each other. You would be surprised to see how many make 2, 3, and 5 almost exactly alike, with 4 that cannot be told from a 7. The first four rules of arithmetic are the ones most used, of course, and it is worth a wearisome amount of monotonous drilling to be able to add up a column (not a mere addition sum, but thirty or forty rows of figures) quickly, and to multiply and divide with absolute confidence in the result.

Here I might say that the business man does not expect a boy to know very much, but wants him to be sure of what he does know and accurate in what he knows how to do. Fractions are frequently used, and decimals; and a boy should be thoroughly familiar with the tables of weights and measures in common use.

Grammar, spelling and composition, and a knowledge of the details of writing and addressing correspondence are very valuable.

We have still to consider those parts of a boy's equipment not included in any formal curriculum, which, however, may make the difference between success and failure.

The first of these is honesty. You can teach with absolute confidence that honesty is not only possible in business, but indispensable. It is worse than nonsense to talk about the impossibility of being honest and truthful in commercial life.

Dishonesty is not only criminally foolish; it is old-fashioned and out of date.

I am far from saying that honesty is easy, however. It requires both study and practice to acquire the honesty that can discriminate between one's duty to one's employer and one's duty to God when they seem to conflict. To learn that wasting time for which one is being paid and tiring oneself out by dissipation are subtle forms of dishonesty; these are advanced lessons in commercial ethics.

Manners perhaps come next in importance. A boy who says "Yes, sir," cheerfully when told to do anything, is respectfully silent when his employer is speaking, and behaves like a gentleman to his fellow employees of the other sex, increases his chances of promotion very materially.

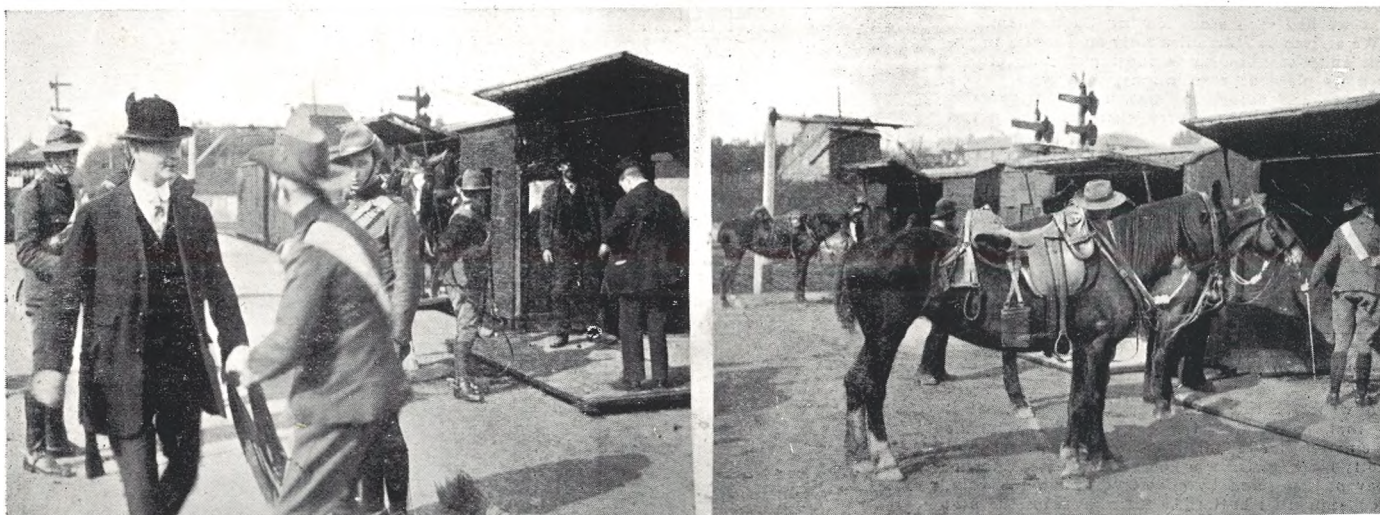
Nearly allied to manners came neatness and cleanliness of person and work. Slovenliness of dress caused the failure of one of the ablest men I know. It unfits a boy for all positions where he may be associated with his superiors or brought into contact with the public. The atmosphere of the business quarter of the city soils the hands more quickly than that of the residential sections, and in order to do clean work they require to be frequently washed. Neatness in work involves orderliness and system, with a passion for tidiness. Punctuality in getting down to work, coupled with an indifference to punctuality in getting away from work, is appreciated highly by most employers.

A good memory is of great assistance, and it should be well exercised, but not depended on in cases where forgetfulness will have serious consequences.

A quiet, well-modulated voice is worthy of cultivation. A great deal of business is done over the telephone, and a strident voice and curt manner give great offence.

Exercise and sport are good for the sake of health and energy, but not to the extent that they unfit a boy for the sedentary, confined life of an office, or absorb his mind to the detriment of study.

Lastly, let me speak of the habit of obedience. A bright boy is liable to make the mistake of thinking that his employer will welcome his advice and suggestions. Let him disabuse his mind of that idea. A boy who enters business life is expected merely to carry out orders, to do what he is told without delay, demur, or deviation.



**GLOUCESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY ENTRAINING AT CHELTENHAM M.R.**

**HUMAN NATURE IN GULLS.**

The attentions of the old birds one to the other during sitting-time are interesting and peculiar. A hen bird is sitting on her nest, thinking and brooding over coming events, when up flies her husband from over the sea. I am watching them through an 8-power prism glass—a glass worth its weight in gold. The lady immediately leaves her nest and commences kissing him all over his head and face with her beak; this ends by his suddenly emptying the half-digested contents of his crop—and a large plateful it appears to be—on the rock, which she, having ceased her kissing, at once eats up with hasty gusto, he not touching a morsel till she has finished, and then picking up about four crumbs—all that she has left.—“Country Life.”

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**REMARKABLE PROGRESS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.**

The statement is abroad, and appears to be in full accord with the facts in the case, that twenty-five years ago there was not a single school in Central Africa; to-day there are nearly 170 in the Livingstonia Mission alone. Twenty-five years ago no one in Central Africa knew a letter of the alphabet; to-day there are more than 20,000 scholars in the schools. Twenty-five years ago there was no Christian in all the country; to-day 300 native teachers preach Christ in the villages every Sabbath day. Twenty years ago there was but one enquirer after Christ; last year there were more than 3,000 catechumens in the baptism classes, and in a single day, at one of the stations, more than 300 adults were received by baptism into the Church of God.—“Southern Workman.”



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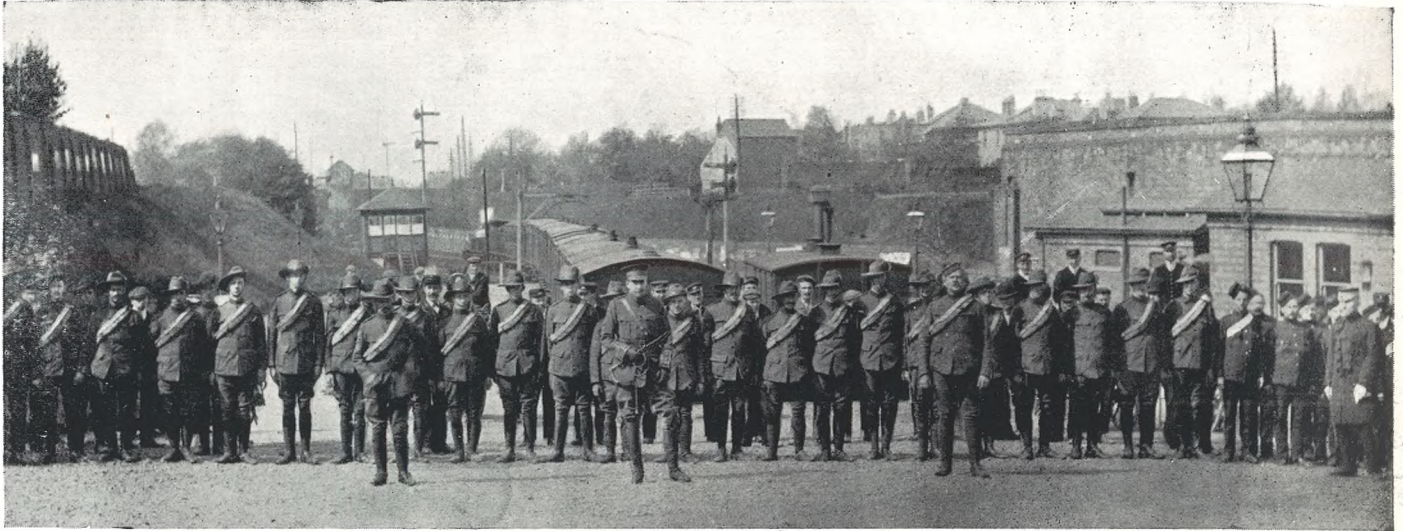
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**GLOUCESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY.**

CAMP PARADE OF CHELTENHAM TROOP AT M.R. STATION, MAY 10, 1905. CAPT. JOHN TALBOT IN CENTRE.

**THE ART OF BEING "REFRESHINGLY GENUINE."**

"Still, there was a refreshingly genuine spirit about the whole thing." This, quoted from a critique of Mr. Lewis Waller's "Romeo," reminds us how phrases, like Army reforms and ladies' apparel, have their vogue. A little time ago, the right phrase for a good thing was "delightfully strenuous." President Roosevelt was delightfully strenuous. He still is. Strenuous were Mr. Chamberlain's views on Tariff Reform, and Mr. Kipling's verse, and the Kaiser, and stories about the Klondyke, and even Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army corps. Now the thing to aim at is to be refreshingly genuine. The art of being refreshingly genuine is not easy to describe, but it deserves study. Sociologically considered, it is a return to simplicity and a modest outlook. Mr. Barrie's plays are refreshingly genuine. So are Mr. Arnold-Forster's views on the subject of the Militia. So, perhaps, is Mr. Balfour's golf. Not his politics—which may be genuine, but are not refreshingly so.—"The Bystander."

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**THE HOPE OF MISFORTUNE.**

Pain is a soul tonic. Sorrow often brings out the best there is in us. Happiness does not develop character. It gives it surface brightness and decks it with prismatic bubbles. It takes the deep-reaching arm of misfortune to trouble the depths and bring out the pearls that lie there. The most magnetic faces are lined by thought and noble care. Strong, unselfish love, even if misplaced and unappreciated, ennobles the lover. It is the frivolous, vanity-born emotions that fritter away character and make faces insignificant. To fail in high aim after earnest and honest effort is not failure. The gain it brings in strength and discipline will appear in other directions. Misfortune has often in the history of the world been the means of making a poet, orator, philanthropist, scientist, or statesman out of a person whose career, but for the misfortune or physical debility, would have been commonplace and influence limited.—"Medical Talk."

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Who dares think one thing and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of Hell.  
—Homer.

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**CHELTENHAM ATHLETIC SOCIETY'S CHALLENGE SHIELD.**

PARISH CHURCH SCHOOL TEAM, WINNERS 1905 BY 10 POINTS TO 11.  
F. Phipps (5). A. Carter (3). Mr. A. C. White. A. Moulder. R. Garrett (2).

GLOUCESTER "GARRISON GUNNERS."



Photo by H. E. Jones,

HORSES HARNESSSED TO HOWITZERS FOR A MARCH OUT.

Northgate-street, Gloucester.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Cheltenham's prosperity is so largely bound up with the success of its big colleges and schools that the official celebration last Saturday of the Jubilee of the Ladies' College was naturally an event in which the townspeople generally took the most intelligent interest. Rightly gauging the situation, the "Chronicle and Graphic" came out with an anticipatory notice and historic illustrations, while the "Echo" supplemented these instanter with a full and complete report of the proceedings. And I would point out that twice within six months has the high importance of the town's educational institutions been officially recognised by the Board of Education; firstly, on November 25th, 1904, by the presence of Sir William Anson, M.P., its vice-president, at the inauguration of the girls' hostel of the Training College, and, secondly, by the Marquess of Londonderry, the President of the Board, attending at the Ladies' College and delivering an address and declaring open the new Science Department, built to usefully commemorate the Jubilee. The Marquess very properly said that the College was independent of the Board of Education so far as rules and grants went, but it did not follow that the Board did not greatly appreciate the enormous work done in the College, and his lordship proceeded to speak in most warm terms of appreciation of that work, and of the great share that Dr. Dorothea Beale, the Principal, had taken in it.

.....

That accomplished and masterful lady fittingly again played the leading part in the Jubilee celebration, and a graceful personal character was imparted to this by the presentation to her of her bust, subscribed for by appreciative friends outside the College, and which gift she characteristically bestowed upon the institution, where I presume it will be given honoured place in the Princess Hall, near the bust of the late Queen Victoria, the greatest woman of the 19th century. Somehow or other the periodical honouring of Miss Beale has brought forth a number of felicitous phrases. I can recall that in April, 1902, the

Secretary of the Senatus of Edinburgh University, in presenting her for the degree of LL.D., remarked:—"No feature of the national progress during the last 50 years was more remarkable than the revolution which has transformed our girls' schools from Occidental zenanas into centres of healthy activity." And Dean Kitchen of Durham, in referring to Dr. Beale last Saturday, quoted these words of Horace:—"She has built herself a monument more lasting than brass, and in a nobler site and higher elevation than even the pyramids of Egypt."

One of the lady speakers at the function happily said they were all looking forward with pleasure to the "golden wedding" of Miss Beale and the College. That, of course, refers to the Jubilee, in 1908, of her principalship. Well, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished by all well-wishers to the lady and to the College. And whatever may be the personal form of celebration on that future occasion, I would venture to suggest that, as a wedding usually requires an accompanying place of worship, so the most fitting material way in which to mark the golden one of Miss Beale would be to provide the College with its complement of a chapel, undenominational, of course, like the temple of learning itself.

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Talking of weddings reminds me that Lord Londonderry, the "best man" on Saturday, has probably had to change his name more often than falls to the lot of most ladies. He was originally Mr Vane-Tempest, then, when his father succeeded to the Earldom of Vane, he had to take the courtesy title of Lord Seaham, and next, on the Marquisate devolving upon his parent, he became Viscount Castlereagh, and, in turn, the Marquess, and, lastly, a year after his succession to this title he assumed by the royal license the additional surname of Stewart.

GLEANER.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill the board bill no longer bored Bill.—"Yale Expositor."

WHY TALL MEN ARE NOT STRONG.

Tall men, as a rule, have bodies out of proportion to their lower limbs—that is, they are like a structure insufficiently supported, with the natural result that they are unable to bear fatigue or to compete in the struggles of life with lesser men more harmoniously proportioned. Army experience bears out these observations. In a long and fatiguing march, the tall men usually fall out first or succumb to campaigning, unless, as is very rarely the case, they have well-knit and symmetrical frames. A soldier between 5ft. 5in. and 5ft. 9in. is usually the man most capable of bearing the strain of army life. The wonderful powers of the Jap soldier for undergoing long marches without showing signs of fatigue are well known. The Japs are small in stature, but, as a rule, perfectly proportioned, and their frugal mode of living enables them to derive all the advantages of their physical conformation and construction. The wild hordes of Goths and Vingoths who overran ancient Rome were small, hairy men of immense strength and powers of endurance. Anyone who has seen the collection of ancient armour in the Tower must have been struck with the smallness of the great majority of the suits of mail. The battles of the world have not been won by giants, nor are the dominant races of the world people of abnormal stature. The mere fact of our rising generation becoming smaller in regard to length of body is no indication of physical deterioration, providing the body as a whole is symmetrical and perfectly developed.—"T.A.T."

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THE VILLAGE TAILOR.

A couple of generations ago the village tailor was a flourishing person. He carried his goose to the house of his customers, and cut and sewed their garments sitting on the kitchen table; but, like many other local institutions, he has practically passed away, and his place has been taken by the cheap emporium for the sale of ready-made clothes, so that the same cheap tweed coat and trousers, the same cap or felt hat, serve the turn of all classes in the country, and ploughmen have no article of dress peculiar to themselves.—"Country Life."

## Selina Jenkins Letters.

### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

"I see they be on again about this 'ere Wimmen's Suffrage," said Amos, as he knocked out his pipe on the stove. "It den't seem to get much forrader, in spite of the oceans of talk there 'ave been about it! Wot do you thing of it, Selina?"

"Well, meself," replied Selina, looking up from her crochet work, "I considers as wimmen 'as a powerful lot too much sufferin' as it is, and wotever they wants to go to Parleymunt to get more 'ardships laid on to their pore shoulders is more than I can make out! As the sayin' is,

'A man's work's from sun to sun,

But woman's work is never done!

and whether 'twas Shakspeare or Bones's pills 'rote that, whoever 'twas knowed wot they was talking about; wich in me quiet moments I wonder wotever to goodness there can be in the field-male constitootion as drives sich thousands of 'em to give up good situations with a reg'lar salary; for a bad 'usband with irreg'lar 'abits. Jest look at that there Anna Maria Marks, as were gettin' on splendid in the millinery show-room, and were considered to be the best one to show a hat off in the town; as actooally went and got married to a chimbley-sweep, wich they do says its the first and last time he've been seen with a white face like any decent 'uman bein', the day he were married, and I 'ave 'eard as he treats her shameful, as only gives her 5s. a week to keep house on, and often borrows half of that the day after he gives it to her; altho', of course, there's no accounting for taste, and I don't know as she's any worse off than—"

"Old 'ard a moment, Selina," interjected Amos, "'old 'ard a moment; I never said nothink about sufferings and hardships; wot I said were this 'ere wimmen's suffrage, as means givin' votes to the whole field-male sect; it's a thing I don't hold with, not meself, becos of its givin' the wimmen too much power, wich we all knows is born to obey us lords of creation; besides wich, it 'aint Scriptooral to give wimmen votes, as is likely to take away their modesty and so 4th, and I don't 'old with it; wimmen is very well as wimmen, but as voters they'd be some-think awful; besides, you never couldn't teach 'em 'ow to fill up the voting papers, as takes a bit of doin', even for us men! Besides, it's dead agin nature to give wimmen folk equal rights with men; I asks you now, Selina, fair and square, wotever is the good of being borned a man if you haven't got no distinction over the weaker seek, but jest 'as to share and share alike everythink with 'em, including your Parleymuntary vote; wot with wimmen doctors, and wimmen parsons, and wimmen skoolmasters us men is gettin' fairly crowded out, and in another generation or two I kalkilates we shall 'ave to stay at 'ome and do the 'ousework whiles you wimmen-folks goes out lecturin', and righting the wrongs as you've invented yourself, and so forth! No! I don't 'old with wimmen pushing to the front so much, that I don't,' and so sayin' the irate "Lord and Master" viciously kicked at the sullen embers behind the fire-bars.

"Well, Amos, as fer that," retorted his better half, "I don't know but wot you does a tidy bit of 'ollin' up the mantelpiece, and flattenin' down the hearth-rug, as it is; you wouldn't want to alter yer ways much, so far as goin' out and about and doin' yer duty fer yer King, Mayor, and cettery, is concerned, which I s'pose you've forgot the huprose as you caused jest a-bringin' that there dog 'ome last week from the Auction Sale; of coorse, I admits you brought it 'ome, but 'twas me as 'ad to sew up yer coat, and bathe yer forehead where you bumped it, wich, as Shakspeare or John Burns or somebody said,

Woman, in our hours of hease,

Oncertain, coy, and 'ard to please.

But when we be taken with a fit of sickness,

Influenzy, or the sciaticks,

A ministering Hangle thou!

as is jest my sentiments!

"But talking about wimmen not bein' equal with men, and sich-like nonsense reminds me as 'ow they be jest keepin' up the Jubilee of the Ladies' College, and I s'pose you don't mean to tell me that Miss Beale, as can read Greek, and Egyptian, and Shorthand, so easy as shellin' peas, and 'ave got together one of the biggest, largest, and most comprehensive schools in the country from nothink at all—you don't mean to tell me that Miss Beale 'aint got enuff hintellect to vote fer the best man in a periltical election,

whiles the porter as shows people round the College with a view to takin' orders fer future pupils, jest becos he's of the male seek gender, has a vote? Why, of coorse, it's suposterous, anybody can see; and why to goodness people don't see it, I can't think, becos—"

"But—" interposed Amos.

"No! don't you 'but' me no 'buts,' becos I won't 'ave it; you know very well 'ow you told me yerself that last time there were an election for the Town Council, after practisin' on bits of paper all the evenin' before, you went and voted fer the wrong man by mistake, becos of not 'avin' took yer glasses with you; altho' it's my hapynion you 'ad a glass too much, and that was at the bottom of it all, becos' I know when you come back 'ome afterwards you was that argymentative I couldn't get in a word edgeways, and you knows—"

"But—" said Amos.

"You knows it's true, and ashamed of yerself you ought to be; talk about you men; why I asks you now—'ow many wimmen-folk is there to your knowledge, as after they've earned a decent week's wage, will go and stand in a stuffy little hole of a place, with sawdust and spittoons fer ornaments, and drink inferior ale until they 'ave to be told wich is the dore for fear of walkin' thro' the windy; and then go 'ome to their sorrowin' wives and childern more like a ragin' lion than a human being, becos of the money they've lost and the beer they've gained—"

"Now look here—" said Amos.

"And wot's more, will go on doin' of it, week after week, altho' it takes 'em all day Sunday to get over the headache and so forth, wich if you asks 'em they knows very well they be makin' fools of theirselves, but they'll tell you so long as the beer and the sawdust and the spittoons is to be found on the way home, they can't pass the 8 Bells, or the Pig and Whistle, or the Holy Endeavour, or wotever is the name of it, without droppin' in—"

"Yes, but—" said Amos.

"And this is wot you calls yer 'Lords of Creation,' and you means to tell me that one of these 'ere weak-kneed folk, as can't pass a publick without paternising it, jest becos he 'appens to belong to the male seek (and through no fault of his, either)—that this 'ere 'appy-go-lucky soaker is better able to decide about Chinese Labour, and 'Ome Rule, and the Unemployed Question, than a lady like Miss Beale, who don't find no temptation wotever in passin' publicks, and don't spend her money in waste at all."

"But then—" said Amos.

"No! I won't listen to any sich thing; I knows wot you be goin' to say becos of yer argyments bein' always the same; you says 'taint Scriptooral for wimmen folk to 'ave votes; well, as fer that, motor-cars and telegraffs isn't mentioned in the Scripturs, but we puts up with 'em, and seein' as 'ow Eve 'ad the honor to be selected by the Sarpint to egssperiment on—becos of the man bein' so dense and 'ard of hearin'—you can see as wimmen and men was equal first of all, wotever they become afterwards. As the sayin' is,

'When Adam delved and Eve span,

Who was then the Gentleman?"

as means, of coorse, wot was the good of the man puttin' on airs and graces, and pretendin' he was the Lord of Creation when they both was obliged to work fer a living?"

"Still, you must admit—" said Amos.

"No! I don't admit nothink; and jest you wait a minnit; I can't 'ardly get a word in edgeways, you keeps interrupting so! Wot I says is this, that if wimmen was a-settin' in Parleymunt they'd do a tidy bit more bizness than all they men does now, wich I believe that half the speeches they makes is jest so as to see their names in the papers, so as to make out they be rollin' along this 'ere old Hempire of ours to some purpose; why, I 'ave 'eard tell of a gent in Parleymunt as invited all his cousins and aunts up from the country, jest to 'ear him make a speech, becos of wanting to look big in front of 'em, and wasted  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a hour's valleyble time, besides nearly bringin' on a war with somewhere or other by the himpolite things he said in his speech about the other country!

"If wimmen was to sit in Parleymunt they wouldn't lie about with their feet on the table and their heads down where their tails ought to be like that there Balfour, and there wouldn't be 'alf the bad langwidge there is now, which they do say is awful to contemplate; not but wot there mite be a few tears and high-strikes here and there, but if there was a cup of tea passed round about 4.30 p.m. I believe it would put

everythink straight, and we should get new Acts or Bills or wot they calls 'em passed at the rate of five or six a day."

"Whether the people wanted 'em or not," grunted Amos, in an undertone of derisive contempt."

"Well, never mind that, we'd get somethink done, that we would; and if you asks me I believe the world would be a lot letter if us wimmen-folk was gave more of a riteful Jew in the management of things; becos even if a woman can't reason a thing out she knows, instinctive-like, wot's the rite thing to do, in most every case. Why Thompson, the grocer, wot sends out travellers in the country takin' orders, always gets 'is wife to come into the room when he's takin' on a new assistant, so he told me, becos, as he says, she can tell in a half a look if the man's all-rite; if she likes the look of 'im, he's took on; if she don't, he's not; and it always comes rite, too; as shows women 'as wot they calls the bump of instiution a lot more than men, and besides—"

"Selina," interrupted Amos, rising from his chair, putting his pipe in his pocket, and yawning, "Selina, there's a button off my Sunday weskit upstairs; I wish you'd put 'un on for me!"

## 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 129th prize has been divided between Miss M. S. Corke, of Wilsford Lodge, St. Mark's, and Miss H. M. Toms, 30 The Promenade, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. the O'Shea at St. Mark's and the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

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

## IT TOUCHED HIS HEART.

In one of Mr. E. Thompson Seton's stories of wild animal life, appearing in the "Windsor," he relates the following:—"It was a very rainy summer; the woods were wet and soft everywhere, and the young hunter was led to follow tracks that would have defied an expert in drier times. One day he came on piglike footprints in the woods. He trailed them with little difficulty, for they were new, and a heavy rain two hours before had wiped out all other trails. After following for half a mile, they led him to a little, open ravine, and as he reached its brow he saw across it a flash of white; then his keen young eyes made out the forms of a deer and a spotted fawn gazing at him curiously. Though he was on the trail, they gave him a start. He gazed at them open-mouthed. The mother turned and raised the danger flag, her white tail, and bounded lightly away, to be followed by the youngster, clearing low logs with an effortless leap, or bending down with catlike suppleness when they came to a log upraised so that they might pass below it. He never again got a chance to shoot at them, though more than once he saw the same two tracks, or believed they were the same, as for some cause never yet explained deer were scarcer in that unbroken forest than they were in later years when clearings spread around. He never saw them; but he saw the mother once—he thought it was the same—she was searching the woods with her nose, trying the ground for trails; she was nervous and anxious, evidently seeking. He gently stooped, took up a broad blade of grass, laid it between the edges of his thumbs, then blowing through this simple squeeaker, he made a short, shrill bleat, a fair imitation of a fawn's cry for the mother, and the deer, though a long way off, came bounding towards him. He snatched his gun, meaning to kill her, but the movement caught her eye. She stopped. Her mane bristled a little; she sniffed and looked inquiringly at him. Her big, soft eyes touched his heart, held back his hand; she took a cautious step nearer, got a full whiff of her mortal enemy, bounded behind a big tree, and away before his merciful impulse was gone. 'Poor thing!' he said: 'I believe she has lost her little one.'



Photo by J. A. Bailey,

Charlton Kings.

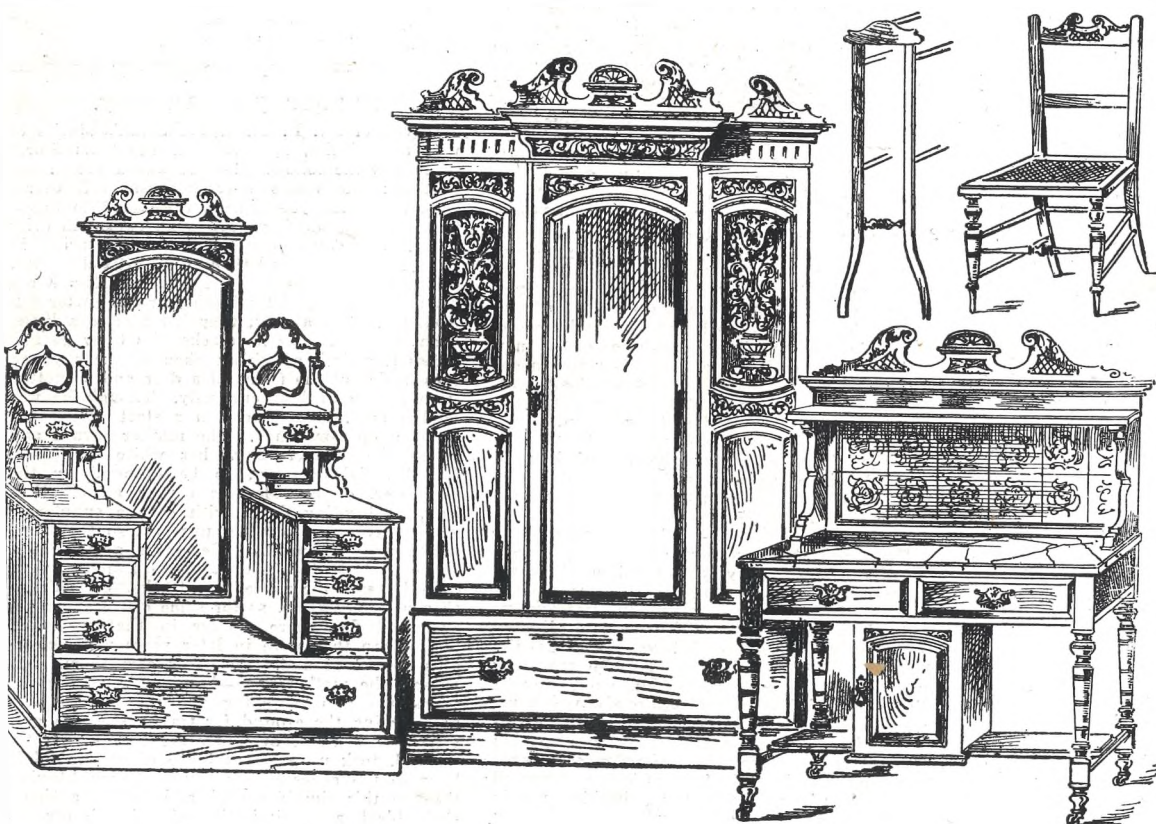
**FAIRY TALE PLAY, "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY,"**

PERFORMED AT ST. CLAIR-FORD HALL BY PUPILS OF MRS. B. WOOD,  
LAURA VILLA SCHOOL, CHARLTON KINGS.

**GIRL "LOAFERS."**

Mother is always asking me to do things that I hate doing" is the everlasting grumble of the modern girl (according to "The World and His Wife.") She seems to think that fate—and mother—should single her out for all the sweets and chocolate creams of existence. What sort of preparation is this perpetual programme of pleasure for the serious, dignified career of wife and matron? What lessons of motherhood does the eternal matinee girl gather on her rounds of amusement? From the day she leaves school at seventeen or eighteen till the time she marries, nine out of ten girls of the prosperous middle classes are deliberately taught to be "loafers." A popular superstition reigns that the marriage ceremony works some wondrous charm; and that the mere fact of prefixing Mrs. rather than Miss to her name will create the alchemy known as "settling down into a model housewife." But do we see this charm at work among the young married women of our circle? In point of fact the "girl loafer" but too often develops into the "wife loafer," who regards luncheon and supper parties at Savoy and Carlton, bridge in season and out—Sunday and weekdays alike—as her matrimonial birthright. She had "a good time" as a girl; she means to continue it as a married woman. It's no use Jack thinking she is going to develop into a dowdy "hausfrau." Papa and mamma always liked her to enjoy herself, and go to parties; and she isn't going to give it all up now, as though she were a middle-aged frump.

He who boasts of his descent praises what belongs to another.—Seneca.  
He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are merely holding the reins.—Dhammapada.



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# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 230.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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"PROOF"

Next Week—

"THE HAPPY LIFE."

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#### THE EAST WIND AND THE WEST.

Mr. Joseph Conrad writes of the winds in the June number of the "Pall Mall Magazine": "The prevailing weather of the North Atlantic," he says, "is typical of the way in which the West Wind rules his realm on which the sun never sets. It is the heart of a great empire. It is the part of the West Wind's dominions most thickly populated with generations of fine ships and of hardy men. Heroic deeds and adventurous exploits have been performed there, within the very stronghold of his sway. The best sailors in the world have been born and bred under the shadow of his sceptre, learning to manage their ships with skill and audacity before the steps of his stormy throne. Reckless adventurers, toiling fishermen, admirals as wise and brave as the world has ever known, have waited upon the signs of his westerly sky. Fleets of victorious ships have hung upon his breath. He has tossed in his hands squadrons of war-scarred three-deckers and shredded out in mere sport the bunting of flags hallowed in the traditions of honour and glory. He is a good friend and a dangerous enemy, without mercy to unseaworthy ships and faint-hearted seamen. In his kingly way he has taken by little account of lives sacrificed to his impulsive policy. He is a king with a double-edged sword bared in his right hand. The West Wind hangs heavy great curtains of mist and spray before your gaze, but the Eastern interloper of the narrow seas, when he has mustered his courage and cruelty to the point of a gale, puts your eyes out, puts them out completely, makes you feel blind for life upon a lee shore. It is the wind also that brings snow. Out of his black and merciless heart he flings a white blinding sheet upon the sheets of the sea. He has more manners of villainy than, and as little conscience as, an Italian prince of the seventeenth century. His arm is a dagger carried under a black cloak when he goes out on his murderous enterprises."

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#### HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA.

How many men know how to roll an umbrella so that it will look as neat and compact as when it leaves the store? Not many of those you meet have the secret. Nearly every one who rolls an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle and keeps twisting the stick with one hand and folds and rolls with the other hand. The proper way is to take hold of the umbrella just above the points of the cover ribs; these points naturally are even around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them closely against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting either twisted out of place or bent out of shape. Then the silk will fold evenly and roll smooth and as close as the first time unfolded.



#### OFFICIALS OF THE CHELTENHAM GOLF CLUB.

MR. H. S. LEMON  
(Treasurer).

GEN. CUNINGHAM  
(Captain).

COL. STEVENSON  
(Hon. Secretary).

Gloucestershire Gossip.

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With the regularity of clockwork, come the Registrar-General's quarterly returns of the vital statistics. Those for last March quarter show that Cheltenham again stands low in the birth-rate, being second in the county, 20.2 per thousand, against 16.6 in Stroud, the lowest. The rate for the Garden Town is almost equivalent to the 20.4 in the previous quarter, when it was the lowest. Tewkesbury is again conspicuous in having the highest, namely 29.1, as against 25.9 last quarter. Tewkesbury also beats Cheltenham by a head in the race for the lowest death-rate, having 16.5, against 16.8, while in the preceding quarter Cheltenham's rate was only 15.6. Gloucester once more stands the highest, with 23.1, the deaths in the city part of the Union alone being the biggest number recorded during the past three years. No infants died in Painswick or Tetbury, and Charlton Kings is among the districts having the lowest mortality. Stroud was absolutely free of zymotic disease, while Cheltenham is next, with 1.0.

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Good and bad news came together at the end of last week for the choir of the Cathedral Church at Gloucester. Cause for satisfaction was the announcement that Mr. A. Herbert Brewer, Mus. Bac., the organist, had had the degree of Doctor of Music personally conferred upon him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The honour is one which his Grace has absolutely within his own discretion for conferment, no qualifying musical examination being necessary for a recipient, but, as in the present case, it has invariably gone to a competent musician. And cause for consternation among the choir was the receipt of an official document by its four senior members, giving them notice to determine their office of lay clerk on September 29th next, accompanied by the new conditions under which they might re-engage. Continued agricultural depression was assigned for this practising of economy. It is proposed to reduce the salaries from £95 to £70 per annum, to withdraw the holiday grant of twelve half-days, and to impose fines for non-attendance at services without supplying an approved substitute. I can well imagine that the choir sang with mixed feelings these anthems, which were in this week's scheme:—"Rejoice ye with," "Give thanks," "Wherewithal," "Oh! be joyful," and "Why rage."

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But, joking apart, I really think that those marked out for such a sweeping reduction in their salaries are being most unjustly dealt with after long years of good and faithful service. The musical part of the Cathedral services, I hold, is by no means the least attractive or elevating. I am aware that agricultural depression for years past has largely diminished the incomes of the Dean and Canons Residentiary, and also curtailed the funds available for maintaining the fabric of the Grand Old Minster. And that was a reason why last year I regretted that the praiseworthy attempt was not successful by the Dean and Chapter to induce the Lord Chancellor not to fill up a then vacant canonry, so that the income of it might be applied to other pressing purposes. But it was the official myth of "want of precedent" that prevented suspension of the canonry. Although I conscientiously object to disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, I am strongly in favour of an early drastic revision of her rich revenues, believing that under an equitable scheme parishes and incomes might be adjusted to present circumstances, thereby solving to a great extent the problem of the poverty of a proportion of the clergy, while the vitality of the Church and its power for good would at the same time be strengthened immensely. Surely under any fair scheme it would not be necessary to have a dean, five canons, a precentor, and two minor canons, all, with the exception of the Canon Missioner, drawing incomes from its funds at the Cathedral? At all events I think the Dean and Chapter might well have set their hearts against trying to save £100 a year at the expense of old lay clerks. Popular sympathy is decidedly with the quartet of clerks, and is already manifesting itself in practical shape. GLEANER.

ON THE DOWN GRADE.

Modern England is not, of course, anything like so bad," says the Rev. F. W. Aveling in the "Sunday Magazine," after describing Rome in the days when her vices were bringing her mighty empire to the dust. "But has she not to some extent been on the down grade of late? Is she not wise in heeding the warning of Imperial Rome? The gulf between rich and poor is less in England than it was in Rome, but it is too great to be healthy. No state of society is sound that contains thousands of idlers. Is our literature as pure as it was in the days of Dickens and Thackeray? Is not our greed of gold almost as bad in some cases as that of Cæsar? The events connected with the names of men who have dealt lately in huge sums of money are not pleasant to a patriotic Briton. Has not much of the old faith, the prisca fides of England, gone? Is not gambling a terrible and an increasing evil? Have we, like the Romans, put our trust in "reeking tube and iron shard?" Have not a large number of our literati and artists practically given up faith in the old religion which made England's greatness? Have not gin palaces sprung up "like mushrooms in the night" in our large towns? Is not the worship of Bacchus appalling? And is not the power of the gin-distiller colossal? Have not the revelations of the divorce courts shocked all decent people? Unchastity is a sure forerunner of the downfall of a nation. We can but hope that the Christian churches will wake from their slumber, or at least from their lethargy, stem the tide of corruption, and lead society to that prisca fides, that plain living and high thinking, which alone constitute the foundation of an Empire that is to last."

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OLD AGE AT THE ALTAR.

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SOME RECORD WEDDINGS.

Much interest was taken in a wedding which took place a few days ago at Penzance, owing to the fact that the united ages of the contracting parties totalled 182 years. After nearly half a century's service Mr. Francis Russell Vincent retired from the employment of the Bristol Gas Company on a comfortable pension. A short time ago, at the age of eighty-six, he travelled to the little village of Ludgavan, near Penzance, to see his children. There he met a sprightly widow named Annie Harvey, who was within four years of her hundredth birthday. The couple fell in love, and after a brief courtship were married.

Pathetic interest is attached to the recent marriage of an aged couple in Bohemia. For seventy-five long years Franz Rossner had been faithful to his early love. Although he was sincerely devoted to her, and she reciprocated his affections with equal warmth, there were always obstacles in the way of their becoming man and wife. At last, when he was on his death-bed, he went for his long-waiting sweetheart, and they were married. The husband had passed his 100th birthday, and his wife was 93. Forty-eight hours after the ceremony Rossner died.

There have been numerous instances of people marrying whose ages were vastly different; but the recent case of Signor Alviti and his wife is probably the most unequal love match that has been chronicled during the last hundred years, says a writer in "T.A.T." Alviti was an Italian lawyer, and a widower. At the advanced age of 101 he became enamoured of a young woman of twenty-six. So ardently did he press his suit that she accepted him, and the ill-assorted pair were made man and wife.

In 1753 there was solemnised one of the most extraordinary marriages that have ever been heard of. At a little chapel in Derbyshire an old woman of eighty was married by the full consent of his parents to a lad of fourteen years. So infirm was the bride that she had to be carried to and from the altar in a chair. After the ceremony she called for her crutches, and commanding her youthful husband to dance, she "shuffled herself as well as she could."

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Mr. William Heslop, of Langton Grange, Darlington, found five fox cubs deserted by their mother, and placed them with a litter of fox-terrier puppies. Although three died, the other two are thriving.

THE FEEDING OF FREE LIBRARIES.

The free libraries in London and other large towns are usually admirably served with books; but many of the smaller provincial towns must actually be at a loss as to what to buy. They are, as it were, outside the stream, and no perusal of the literary papers can be a certain guide as to what they should buy for particular requirements. It has often occurred to me that a central London Committee would meet the needs of such cases, a committee having upon it, say, half-a-dozen or so experts, who would be willing to give their advice in the best interests of literature. The Free Library movement has come to stay, and it would be a pity if the best were not got out of it. Even where the librarian has an absolutely free hand in the selection of books—which I take it is rare—and where he has a wide knowledge, his own predilections might lead him into choosing books not quite suitable to the public at large. On the other hand, just to buy books for which the public asked would be a mistake, for they are caught up by passing waves of popularity, and a library should do more than be a forcing-house for temporary reputations. The public naturally requires some leading, and it should be led by experts. Literature is too important to be dealt with in haphazard fashion.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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TELL-TALE MOTOR NUMBER PLATES.

Is it not curious that whenever a more or less celebrated person is depicted in an illustrated paper on a motor-car, the legend beneath the picture invariably describes him or her as "on his (or her) motor-car"? As though the reader might, but for this information, have supposed that the picture represented him or her on a donkey, truck, or bicycle! But it is still more singular that it not infrequently happens that the possession of the car which is thus insisted upon is rendered problematical by the revelations of the number plates. Quite recently, for example (says a writer in "The Autocar"), I noticed a picture of an actress "at home" seated on "her" motor-car outside her house; and still more recently another publication depicted a certain gallant colonel on "his" motor-car; in the latter case, the writer of the accompanying context even went out of his way to remark that it would be observed that the car was quite a private-looking one. But, unfortunately, in both these cases, the number plates revealed the circumstance that the cars had been lent for the occasion by trade owners, which, in the common vernacular, "gave away the show."

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THE INACCURATE TONGUE.

I suppose it is true, since corroboration comes from so many authoritative quarters, that "More general than any other fault among women is the inaccurate tongue. . . . Women seldom tell a tale accurately; either the time they ascribe to the incident is too late or too early, or the place where the adventure happened is mis-called, or the sequence of events is topsy-turvy. Sometimes the wrong end of the story is seized, and is occasionally ludicrous, and not seldom lamentable. All this because women will not pause to observe carefully, to listen with attention, and to relate conscientiously." May I add, and because they talk more, and on more trivial subjects, than men? Some time ago I gave the results of some Continental experiments carried out by an educationalist as to the powers of accurate observation of boys and girls. Children were given some object to examine, and asked to describe it from memory afterwards, and it was conclusively proved that, in very early years at any rate, the boys' inventive faculties equalled, if they did not surpass, those of the girls. So the later powers of exaggeration which come to our sex must come from the habit of talkie-talkie which visiting, shopping, and tea-drinking encourages. Apropos of the power of correct observation which is so generally denied us, I may mention that the latest idea for the training of the eye and hand is to teach children juggling. An enthusiastic amateur, speaking to me on the subject, declared that half an hour a day spent in manipulation of wooden rods and marbles does wonders for the acquirement of grace, agility, and general muscular development, apart from the training for brain and eye.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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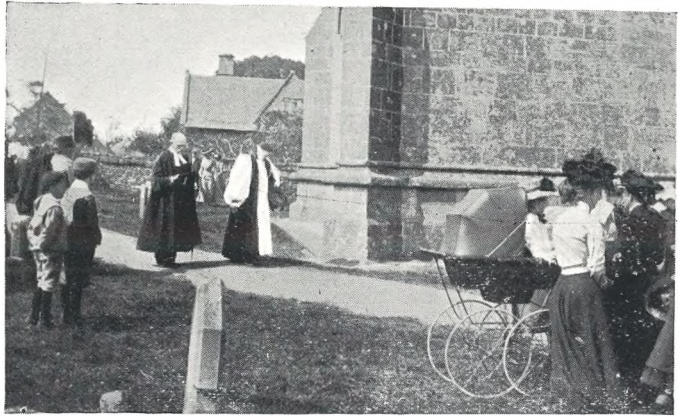
Calla (or Arum) lilies, ranging in colour from light lemon to deep orange, are the latest novelty produced by Mr. Burbank, the well-known Californian horticulturist.

**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 130th prize has been divided between Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 27 Manchester-street, Cheltenham, and Mr. T. Ligo, 79 Roman-road, Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons by Rev. T. Bolton at Wesley Church and Rev. F. H. Labbett at St. Mark's Chapel.

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



**Last Public Duty of Bishop Ellicott.**

RE-OPENING LOWER GUITING CHURCH, ATTENDED BY THE DIOCESAN REGISTRAR (MR. HANNAM-CLARK).

**DEATHS ON THE STAGE.**

One of the first recorded instances of death actually on the stage is that of "Plausible Jack," otherwise John Palmer, the original representative of Joseph Surface in Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and was considered in hypocritical parts one of the finest actors of the day. The story told of Palmer's death has been related in many ways; and most historians have contradicted each other. One version runs to the effect that he dropped dead after speaking the words, "There is another and a better world," from Kotzebue's "The Stranger." "The words," says Clarke Russell, "he did endeavour to say were, 'I left them at a small town hard by.'" It is difficult to know which is the correct version. The great Edmund

Kean's death was, and is, perhaps, the most tragic of all. Let me mention the circumstance as succinctly as possible. March 25, 1833, was the finale. For the first and last time father and son acted upon the London stage—Covent Garden—together. Charles played Iago to his father's Othello. The event caused great excitement among playgoers; the house was crammed to suffocation. But Kean went through the part, dying as he went, until he came to the "Farewell" and the strangely appropriate words, "Othello's occupation is gone." Then he gasped for breath, tried to begin again with the next speech, but, falling upon his son's shoulder, cried, "I am dying; speak to them for me." And so the curtain came down for ever.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

**THE COUNTRY REPORTER'S GLOSSARY.**

That an industry progresses by leaps and bounds.

That a ball always lasts until the wee, sma' hours.

That every utterance of a preacher is a note of warning.

That an off-hand speaker makes a few well-chosen remarks.

That he points to the proceedings of his own party with pride.

That a politician views every act of the Opposition with alarm.

That anything to eat at a social gathering is a bountiful repast.

That a burned barn falls a victim to the devouring element.

The young reporter for country publications should always remember that waves run mountains high.

And that every citizen who is not in gaol is either representative or popular, or both.—From "T.A.T."

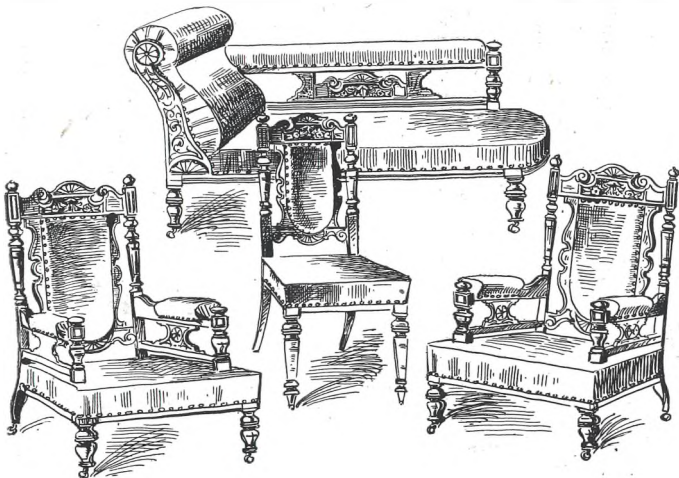
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"Selina Jenkins's" letter will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

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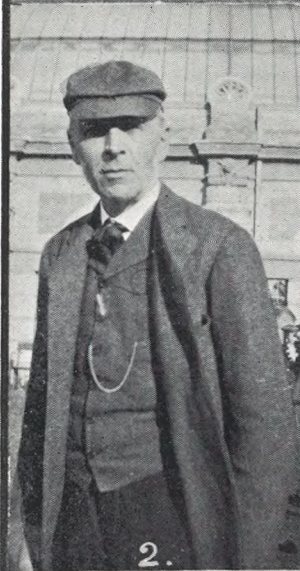


**CHELTENHAM GOLF CLUB SPRING MEETING.**

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1. Mr. R. W. Harvey.<br/>                 2. Mr. W. Rayner approaching.<br/>                 3. Mr. Hunter driving.<br/>                 4. Mr. Hylton Jessop (winner of Eldon Cup) on 17th green.</p> | <p>5. Mr. T. K. Ashton (scratch) driving.<br/>                 6. Capt. Hodgson approaching.<br/>                 7. Mr. O. J. Williams putting.</p> | <p>8. A foursome (General Cuningham, Mr. R. W. Harvey, Mr. Meates, and Major J. B. Ludford Astley).<br/>                 9. Mr. Hobley (Club professional).</p> |
|---|--|---|



1.

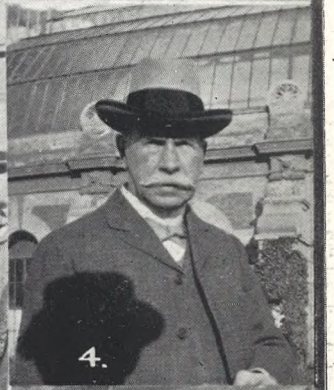


2.

CHELTENHAM  
BOWLING  
CLUB.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.

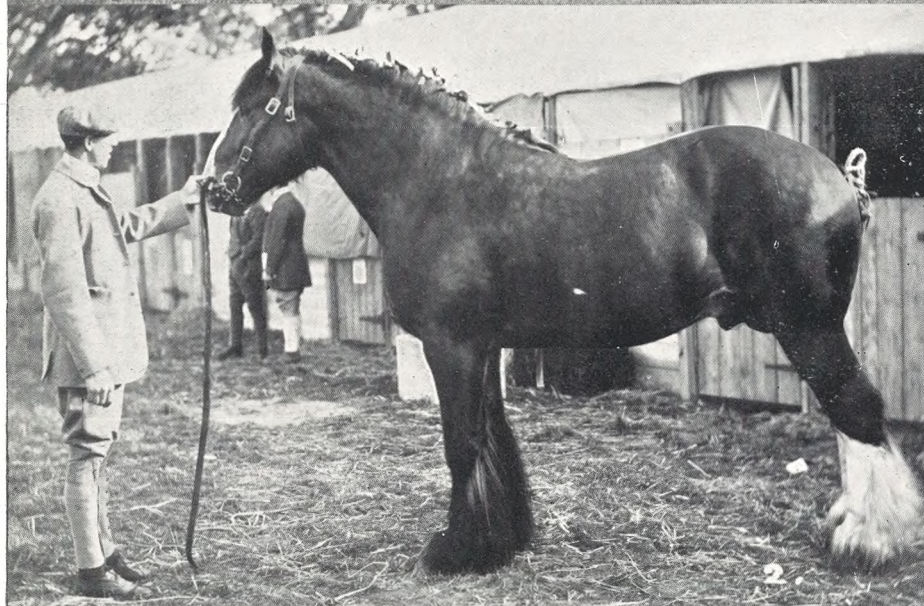
**CHELTENHAM BOWLING CLUB.**

OPENING THE SEASON AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

- 1. General view of the green.
- 2. Mr. W. H. Horsley (captain).
- 3. The Mayor bowls the first ball.

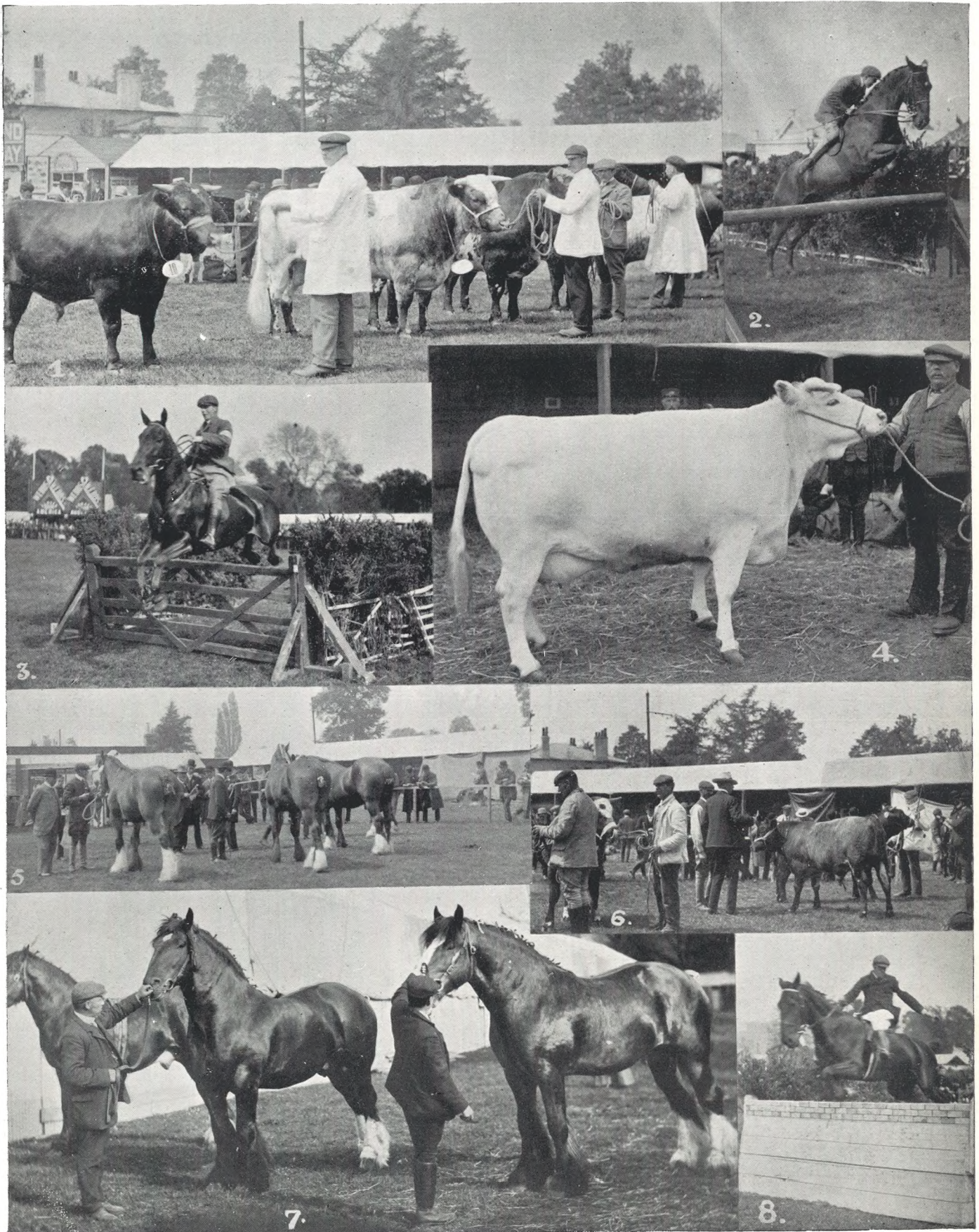
- 4. Mr. H. Wilkins (sub-captain).
- 5. Mr. Strange (secretary).
- 6. Play in progress—Mr. Gallop bowling.

- 7. Mr. "Ted" Shenton busy.
- 8. Mr. Gwinnell has a turn.



**GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT CHELTENHAM.**

1. Judging the cart horses. Judge in centre.    3. Over the gate. Winner of jumping competition.    5. Champion bull of the show.  
2. Champion shire stallion (Mr. P. Stubbs's).    4. Over the double jump.



**GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT CHELTENHAM.**

- |                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Judging shorthorn bulls.       | 4. Champion cow of the show, "White Heather," owned by Mr. Dean Willis (has won over £1,000 worth of prizes). | 6. Judging young bulls.                         |
| 2. A good jumper—taking the pole. | 5. Judging local classes.   | 7. Mr. Peter Stubbs's three champion stallions. |
| 3. Taking the gate in good style. |   | 8. The stone wall.                              |



**CHELTENHAM BOWLING CLUB.**

GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE SEASON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 17TH.



**CHELTENHAM GOLF CLUB.**

GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SPRING MEETING ON MAY 18TH

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Company.