

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 235.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1905.

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 135th prize has been awarded to Mr. E. W. Toms, 30 Promenade, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. R. C. Gillie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

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

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

HOME THE BEST SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

It does not require a gay society for you or for me or for anyone to practise and perfect ourselves in all the lovely little arts that make for popularity so long as we have our families. The best school for manners is always one's home, says "The World and His Wife." Simply because you are not within eyeshot of strangers, because something has happened to annoy or distress you, and only the family is to be assembled at dinner, don't assume that you have the right to bring down to the table a long and woeful countenance, on which it would seem that a smile would never again appear. Again, lay down for yourself the good law against talking of your food while you are eating, unless you can say something pleasant about it. There is nothing I can think of so distressingly unkind as when a member of the family pushes back his plate with disgust, and says: "That pudding is simply uneatable"; or, "What is the matter with the coffee this morning?" or, "Why on earth cannot Mary make some decent rolls? I really can't eat these things." Just as it is easiest for you and me to learn a language by studying it and practising it in the country in which it is daily spoken, so it is easiest to learn what it is that makes for charm of manner by practising all its pretty rules among the persons with whom we live our daily life.

A blue crane, which the regiment brought home from South Africa, has become the pet of the 16th Lancers. It has been trained to follow the inspecting officer when he inspects the guard at Colchester camp.

Colonel von Hassel, a German officer, has written a book called "Is Germany a World-Power?" in which he draws deductions from "British Decadence."



Photo by J. C. Green, Cheena, Prestbury.

THE GUILD OF ST. ALOYSIUS, CHELTENHAM.

This guild, attached to St. Gregory's Church, formed the choir for High Mass on Trinity Sunday at the old Norman Chapel of St. James, Postlip Hall, the occasion being the 14th anniversary of the reconsecration of the sacred building after restoration. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Wilfrid Palmer (Bristol), the Deacon and Sub-Deacon being Fathers Webb (Cheltenham) and Watts-Russell (Broadway), and Mr. Hubert Waddy acting as Master of Ceremonies. Mr. John Green is president of the Guild. During the afternoon the above photograph was taken at the entrance to Postlip Hall, the names of those in the group being as follow:

Back Row:—Messrs. Carpenter, Ashen, Taylor, Fisher, Ursell, Hack, Tucker, Betteridge, and Lear.

Middle Row:—Green, Dawson, Pratley, —, Barratt, Murray, Brown, Dempsey, Ursell, Higgins, and Welstead.

Front Row:—Driscoll, Father Webb, O.S.B., Father Watts-Russell, C.P., Monsignor Owens (chaplain at Postlip), Miss Waddy, Mrs. Stuart-Forster, Miss Salisbury, Father Wilfrid Palmer, and Messrs Waddy and May.

THE APPROACHING EXTINCTION OF MAN.

The increasing effeminacy of large numbers of men, with the growing tendency of many women to behave like men—and even to look like them—is a commonplace of the dinner-table and the weekly paper. The other day I heard put forward an amazing theory to account for both these phenomena. It is (stated briefly) that men were originally women, and that they are rapidly becoming women again. The lady named Swiney who suggests this in the "Westminster Review" holds that the account of Eve's creation out of Adam's rib is a reversal of the truth. Adam was really an inferior second edition of Eve. As the ages went by Man improved under the fostering care of Woman, until he came to consider himself the better of the two. But now his pride must have a fall. He is sinking back into his former state with alarming speed.—C.B. in "The Daily Mirror."

The Bishop of Durham has broken down from overwork, and is lying seriously ill at Auckland Castle.

There resides at Northampton Mrs. Kerenhupuch Mould, who has ninety descendants living—fifty grandchildren and forty great-grandchildren. Of the grandchildren ten are or have been soldiers.

An egg with a perfect yolk and containing another egg about the size of a linnet's egg, which also had a shell and was perfect, has been laid by a hen belonging to a Swindon tradesman named Morse.

To facilitate the despatch of the parcels mail to South Africa, the Post-office have built a larger depot at Southampton, whence all the parcels from northern centres are now dealt with direct, thus avoiding London in transit. It is stated that an extension of this scheme of decentralisation is contemplated.

Mr. Alexander, ex-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, is seriously ill. He has made restitution of the sum of \$25,053, his portion of the profits of the syndicate which is alleged to have sold securities to the society.



CHELTENHAM WOMEN'S LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

TEA AND GARDEN PARTY AT THE LIBERAL CLUB TO MEET MR. J. E. SEARS, PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE
FOR THE BOROUGH, JUNE 23, 1905.



CHELTENHAM BOWLS CLUB.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE v. WARWICKSHIRE AND WORCESTERSHIRE, AT WINTER GARDEN, JUNE 21, 1905.
HOME TEAM.



VISITORS.



CHARLTON KINGS v. CAVENDISH CRICKET MATCH.

These old opponents met in the Cup Competition on Saturday, June 23, at Charlton, the home team winning by 63 runs.

1.—Members of the Charlton Kings Team.

3.—End of the Cavendish Innings.

5.—Coming off the field, close of Cavendish Innings.

2.—First Cavendish man sent back.

4.—Messrs. Butt, Robinson, Broom, and Tibbits (Cavendish).

6.—Fair Visitors. Tea ready!



RECEPTION OF NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER (Right Rev. Dr. Gibson) AT CHELTENHAM TOWN HALL, JUNE 27, 1905.

CHELTENHAM CRICKET CHALLENGE CUP.

"SNAPS" DURING LAST SATURDAY'S GAMES.

- 1.—Messrs. A. Fisher and B. Davey at the close of Bennington's innings.
- 2.—Tea interval during the Bennington v. Gordon League match.
- 3.—"Major" Slade, top scorer for the League, who saved his side from defeat.
- 4.—Mr. T. J. Booy, the well-known local umpire.
- 5.—Mr. A. W. Walton, the Roseleigh enthusiast, and a keen supporter of the Cup Competition.

The quinquennial re-valuation of property within the borough of Holborn has been completed, and shows a net increase of £100,998 rateable value.

On going for his bicycle, which he had left in the porch of a local club, a Market Harborough gentleman found a note pinned on the door stating that it had been borrowed. The borrower has since returned the machine from Euston, London, consigning it carriage paid.





GLOUCESTERSHIRE CONSTABULARY.
MEN OF THE NORTHLEACH DIVISION.

Standing:—P.C. Stafford, P.C. Davis, P.C. White, P.C. Brotheridge, P.C. Munt, Drill-Instructor Delaney, P.C. Coward, P.C. Child, P.C. Birt, P.C. Aston.
Sitting:—P.C. Parsloe, P.S. Butt, Superintendent G. Everiss, P.S. Cooper, P.C. Whitehead.



MR. HAINES,
PATIENT PITTVILLE PISCICULTURIST.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

The "Echo," invariably first in the field with local news, deserves special congratulations on its intelligent anticipation of an event of quite national interest, namely, the approaching visit of King Edward to Lord Redesdale at Batsford Park. Over a week before any of its contemporaries, either metropolitan or provincial, got scent of the news, it foreshadowed his Majesty's visit and actually mentioned July 8th as the probable (and correct) date of his arrival. I hear it is to be a week-end visit of a purely personal nature to Lord Redesdale, who is an expert in landscape gardening, and has been frequently consulted in recent years by the King with regard to the improvements of the grounds of Windsor Castle. Since he came into the estates of his late cousin, Lord Redesdale has wonderfully improved the mansion and grounds at Batsford, and he will be able to show the King the many valuable and fine specimens of Japanese shrubs and plants that the experience he gained in a long residence in the Mikado's Empire has enabled him to judiciously select and have carefully cultivated.

An extraordinary case of divided duty has been publicly mentioned in the Forest. Mr. Burraston, the headmaster of the Lane End Schools, is also chairman of Coleford Urban Council, and therefore an ex-officio county magistrate. Since May, 1904, he made fifteen attendances on the Coleford bench, four being in his holidays, and, as to the eleven, an hour each time during school hours. He had, however, reckoned without the County Education Committee, who having objected to his sitting on the bench during school hours, Mr. Burraston has decided not to act again as a magistrate, even if permission were given.

With reference to the enthronement of the Bishop of Gloucester, there was a peculiar conjunction of the name of Jones with the principal actors in the prologue at the west door of the Cathedral. The acting-apparitor, who knocked for admission at the door, the verger who threw it open, and the Dean, who ordered the mandate to be read inside, all bear this name; and so does one of the photographers who has handed the door scene down to posterity. It would be interesting to know how many in the congregation bore this patronymic.

A visit to the Cathedral enables me to say that another movement has at last been made in the fixing of the family memorial clock to the late Canon Bartholomew Price, Master of Pembroke College, in the north transept. The allegorical face of it is replaced, but when this costly clock (I believe it will run into nearly £1,000) will be a going concern, with its electrical attachment to the big clock up in the tower, "time alone will tell," as I ventured to predict as far back as December 26th, 1903.

Saturday was "speech day" at the Commercial Travellers' School, Pinner, when new educational buildings, which have cost £20,000, were declared open. The effort to get these buildings began as far back as 1845.

Dr. Tanner, the well-known fasting man, who is now seventy-five years old, is to be buried for thirty days in the magnetic mud at Mudlaven, Indiana, in order, says a Laffan telegram from New York, to demonstrate that the chemical action of the earth generates a form of energy that evolves or sustains life.

An old Devonport resident, Mrs. Rouse, who has lived in five reigns, celebrated her 101st birthday on Saturday. Her married daughter, with whom she lives, is eighty years old.

Colonel E. H. Llewellyn, M.P. for North Somerset, who obtained a company in the old Bath Militia in 1881, has decided to retire after two years and three months' service as colonel. With four of his sons, Colonel Llewellyn served in the Boer war.

Speaking at a Primrose League meeting at Underby, Cumberland, on Saturday, Lord Hugh Cecil, after dealing with the Protectionist remedies for our present difficulties, said that he believed Mr. Balfour's policy had no affinity with Protection. The policy of the Government was to negotiate with foreign countries as they had the opportunity, in order to try to induce them to reduce their tariffs and give us freer trade.

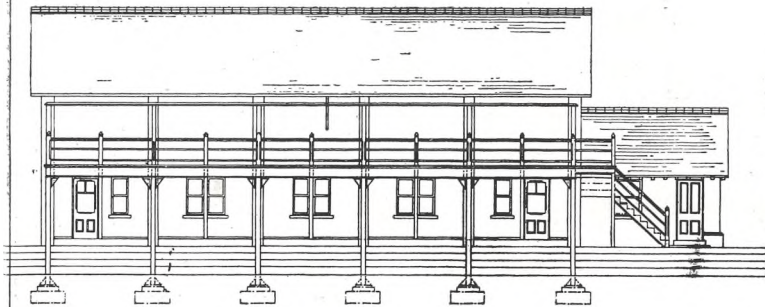
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"THE CHELTHENHAM CRICKET WEEK.
ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS, 1878-1904,"
By ALFRED D. TAYLOR,
Author of "Annals of Lords," "The Hastings Cricket Festival," "Sussex Cricket Battles," "Cricket Extraordinary," etc., etc.

The work contains a Complete History of the Festival, Full Scores and Bowling Analysis of every match played in connection with the Week, together with Brief Descriptions of the Games, Numerous Statistics, and Interesting Photographs of
THE CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE GROUND,
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G. L. JESSOP,
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THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE XI. of 1876,
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Etc.

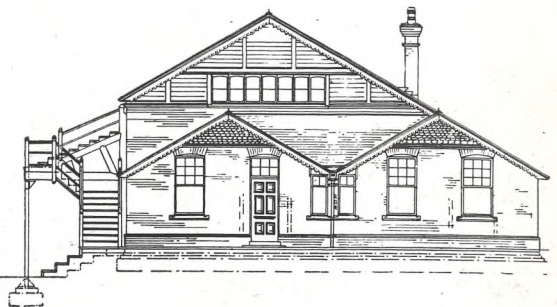
PRICE 6d. (Post Free 7d.).

To be obtained at the "Echo" Offices in Cheltenham, Gloucester, Stroud, Tewkesbury, and Cirencester; and of all Cheltenham Booksellers and Newsagents.

PROPOSED GYMNASIUM AND TRAINING QUARTERS FOR THE GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

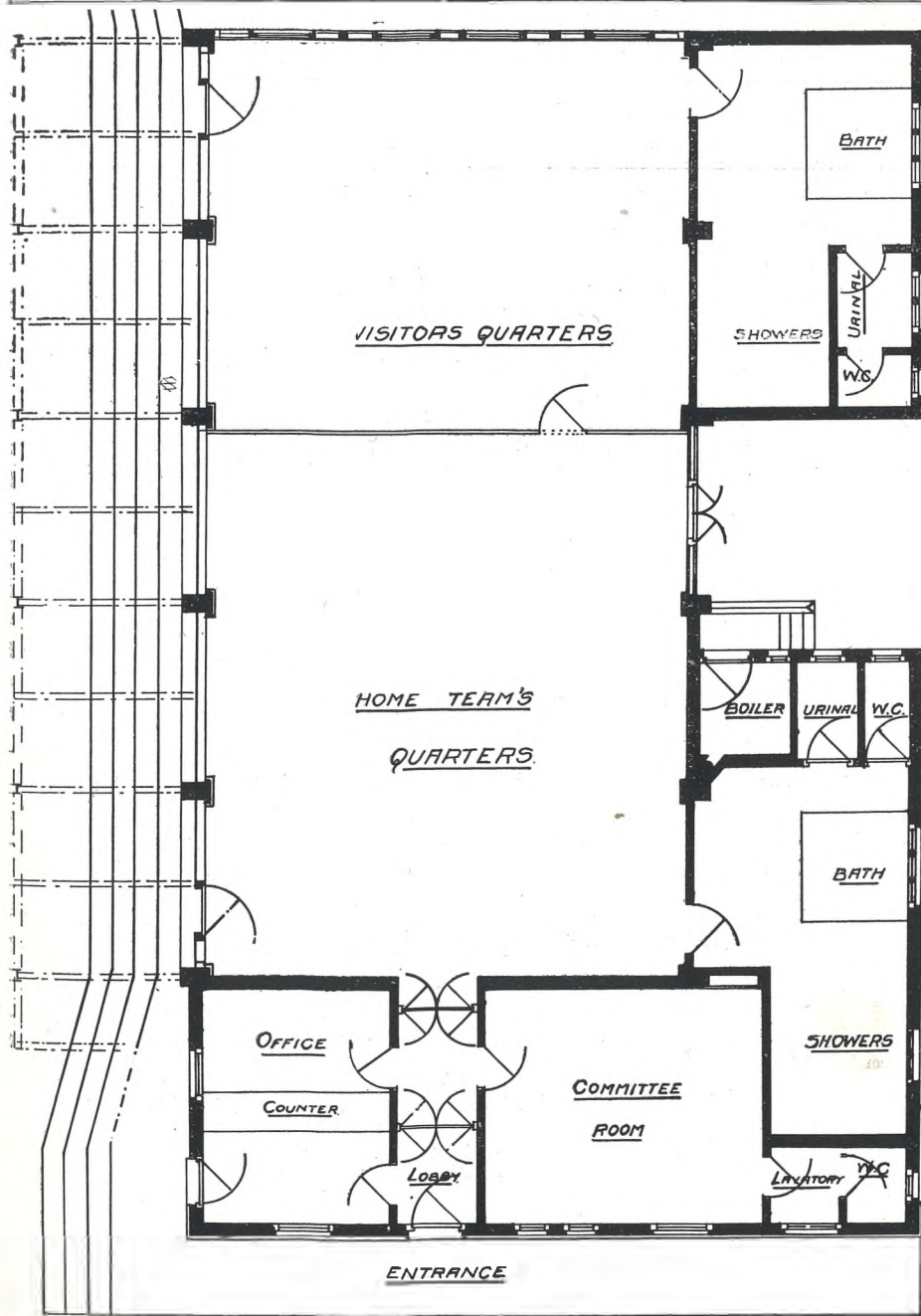


ELEVATION TOWARDS FIELD OF PLAY



ELEVATION TOWARDS PRESENT PAVILLION

Plans by Mr. Harry A. Dancy, Architect,
1 Barton-street, Gloucester.



GROUND PLAN

OUR PICTURES.

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HOW GOOD MEN ARE SPOILT.

The Press lately has constantly reiterated the theory that man is spoilt, and that it is woman who spoils him. I am not denying this (says Lady Phyllis in "The Bystander"), for woman, especially when she is nice, is an indulgent creature. But I think it is not so often in society, or as master of his own home, that man is spoilt; but generally in more youthful days, when, at an impressionable age, he is allowed and encouraged to think that this planet was created for his special entertainment. It is the man who has been from his boyhood the idol of his own home—weakly indulged, admired, waited upon, and breathlessly listened to—who becomes later the ridiculous figure of self-conscious conceit among his acquaintance and the autocrat in his household. And who are the culprits for this unpleasant type of man? Why, his sisters. When a man sees girls of his own age hang upon his words, and bow down in deference to his slightest opinion; when from his school or college days he has been used to sisters who vied with each other to wait upon him, who smoothed over his little tempers, acquiesced humbly in his small selfishnesses, were awestruck by his moodiness, and triumphant at all his doings, what is to be expected of him but exaggerated self-importance? One particular bad habit of which girls are often guilty is waiting upon their brothers at tea-time. "Poor boy," they say, "he comes home so tired," as the worn-out one saunters into the room at four o'clock, having, perhaps, spent the afternoon in evading work at the office. But if a man is really too exhausted to pass a plate of toast, he is obviously unfit to be present at all, and had better go to bed.



CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE STAFF.
TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL OUTING ON JUNE 24.



HANDSOME BEDROOM SUITE in Chippendale Mahogany now being shown by DICKS and SONS, LTD. Bedroom Suites in stock from £3 19s. 6d. to 35 guineas and a splendid variety of every kind of Furniture at 172 to 176 High Street, Cheltenham.

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The 136th prize has been divided between Miss Annie Mabson, 2 Queen's-view, Swindon-road North, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. H. A. Bren at St. Paul's Church, and Miss F. Gregory, of Norwood House, for a report of the sermon by the Rev. Canon Alexander at St. James's, Cheltenham.

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

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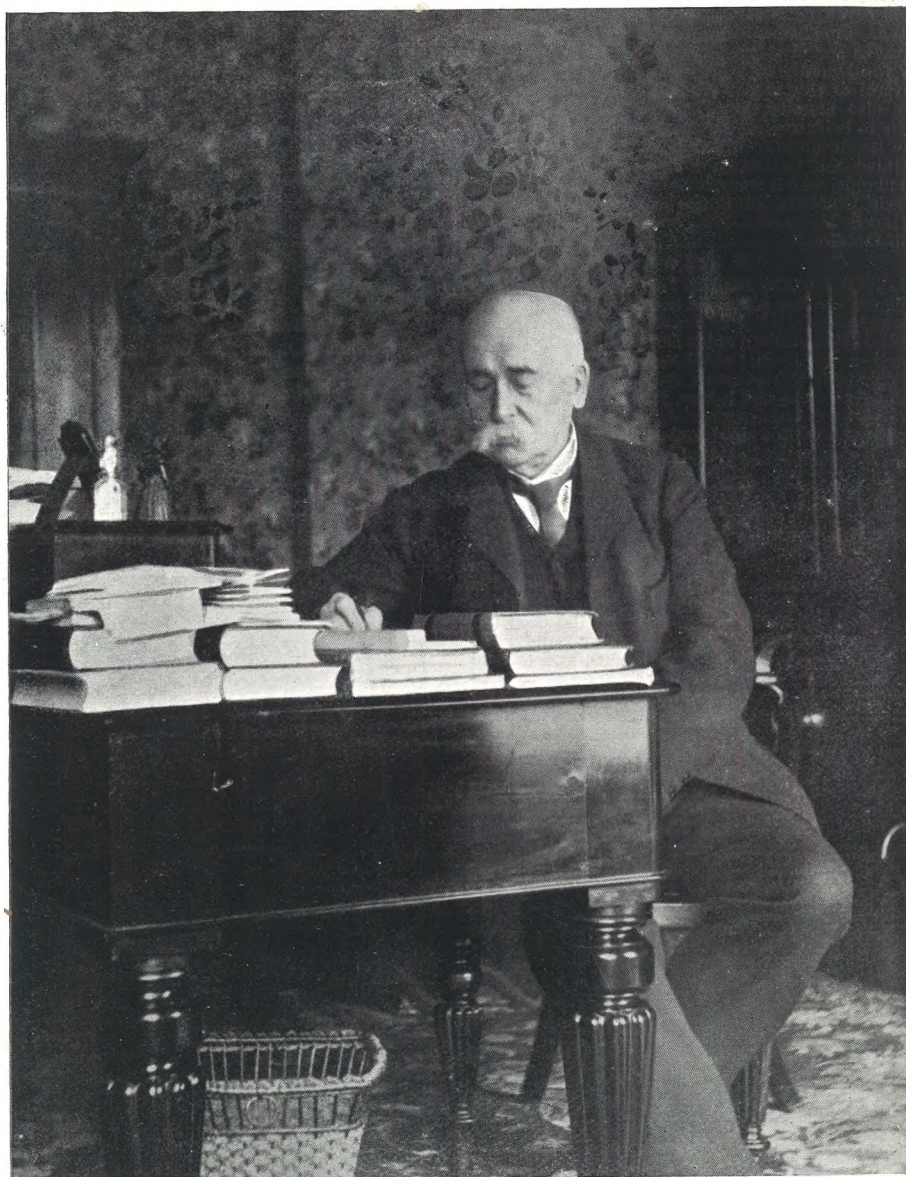
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A lady who was cycling near Bexhill felt something strike her head, and found that a sparrow, in its flight across the road, had impaled itself on her hat-pin, which was protruding about two inches. The bird died from its injury.

The Board of Education, in a correspondence with the Rev. A. H. Watson, vicar of Long Preston, in Yorkshire, has laid down that where the local education authority consider that the presence of church furniture in a school-house interferes with its use as a public elementary school, they have a right to demand its removal.



MAJOR-GENERAL LEWIS.

DIED IN CHELTENHAM JUNE 29, 1905, IN HIS 85TH YEAR.

Look in a man's eyes for honesty; around his mouth for weakness; at his chin for strength; at his hands for temperament; at his nails for cleanliness.

A friend left Mrs. Lucinda Ganson, of Davenport, Iowa, £6,000, on the condition that she gave up her religious beliefs and accepted those of another Church. She has renounced the money.

MACLIVER CHALLENGE CUP.
WINNING TEAMS, 1903-4.

LONG SKIRTS.

Much has been written of the danger to health risked in the wearing of long trains to dresses, but it has been left for the stalwart burghers of Nordhausen to express their disapprobation in the form of a bye-law. By a recent edict they have forbidden the use of the Nordhausen streets to any person wearing any article of dress which sweeps the pavement, "thereby disturbing the possibly disease-laden dust," to the danger of passers-by. The civic fathers cannot be blamed for any precipitation in the launching of this thunderbolt, for they had previously appealed to the lieges to abandon the practice voluntarily. Unfortunately, the lieges took no notice. Thus it comes about that any person offending in future will be mulcted in the sum of 30 marks. Long-skirted English visitors had best beware!—"T.P.'s Weekly."

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Wedding presents have undergone quite a change of late years. Nowadays wealthy young married couples do not consider their catalogue of presents complete without at least one motor-car; while a novelty in wedding gifts this season was the motor-boat given by Mrs. Campbell-Preston to her husband. Sunshades are quite the newest things to give as wedding presents, the fashion being set by the Duchess of Devonshire, who has presented several of this season's brides with them. Fans are also popular, both as wedding presents and gifts to bridesmaids, the most valuable of all being the lovely antique Spanish specimen, beautifully painted, and having ivory engraved sticks set with diamonds, which was given by her Majesty Queen Maria Christina of Spain as a wedding gift to Princess Margaret.—Mrs. Hugh Adams in "London Opinion."

THE PLACE FOR A LAZY HOLIDAY.

There are few places in the British Isles where such solitude is to be found as in the Isles of Scilly. Some thirty miles from the mainland, this small archipelago, which consists of six large islands and thirty small ones, besides innumerable large rocks and ledges, forms an ideal retreat for the tired brain-worker who wishes not only to recuperate within sight and sound of the sea, but also to escape the boredom inflicted at the average seaside resort. What the natives themselves think of their "country" may be imagined from a local threat which is applied to recalcitrants—that they will be "banished to the mainland." Especially do these islands appeal to the naturalist, whether he be a lover of birds or flowers. Here many sea birds not to be met with on the more frequented parts of our coast-line make a home in this ideal spot "by the deep sea where none intrudes," to paraphrase a well-known line of Byron's. Razor bills, shags, and puffins are to be seen preening themselves on every convenient ledge, while gullems, cormorants, and more rarely the stormy petrel, find here the solitude they seek. The climate of the islands is equable and mild, while, as is usual on a coast famous for wrecks, the scenery is wild and grand. Altogether a place to spend a lazy month, with nothing more to worry one than the "swelling of the voiceful sea."—"The Bystander."

OUR PICTURES.

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Whole plate, 8½in. x 6½in. - 2/- each.

UNMOUNTED.

5in. x 4in. - - - 6d. each.

Cabinet or half-plate - - - 9d. each.

Whole plate - - - 1/6 each.

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The Macliver Cup is shot for annually by a team of ten from each company in the battalion (1st G.R.E.V.). C Co. won both in 1903 and 1904. There was a march out to and sham fight at Whittington last Saturday, and the opportunity was taken to get the old teams together and photograph them, but not before they had been hospitably entertained at tea at the Court by Mrs. Dobell.

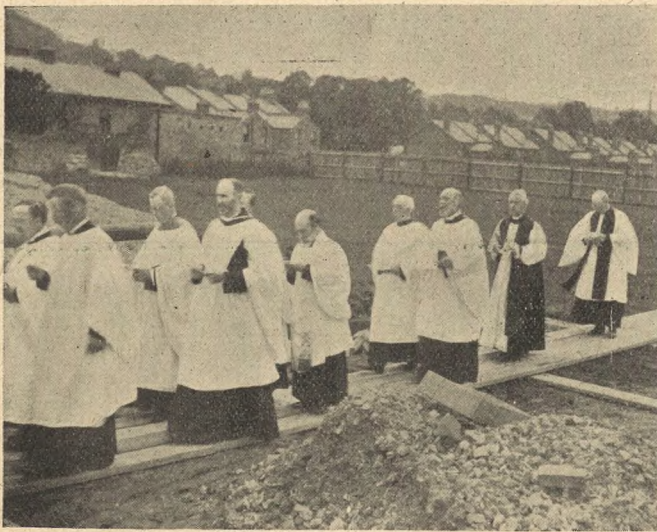
1903 TEAM.
Top row:—Sapper H. Cook, 2nd-Corpl. F. J. Smith, 2nd-Corpl. W. H. Smith, Corpl. R. Cotton, Corpl. J. James.
Second row:—Corpl. E. G. Tovey, Co.-Sergt.-Major C. Moulder (team captain), Capt. G. A. Peake, Lance-Corpl. F. Hacker, Sergt. A. D. Middleton.
Third row:—Sergt. S. G. Such, Sergt. E. Moulder.



1904 TEAM.
Top row:—Sapper J. Bowstead, 2nd-Corpl. F. J. Smith, Lance-Corpl. J. Hughes, Corpl. R. Cotton, Co.-Sergt.-Major A. Matthews, Corpl. J. James.
Second row:—Corpl. E. G. Tovey, Co.-Sergt.-Major C. Moulder (team captain), Capt. R. Dobell, Lance-Corpl. F. Hacker, Sergt. A. D. Middleton.
Third row:—Sergt. S. G. Such, Sergt. E. Moulder.



NEW CHURCH SCHOOL IN HALL ROAD, LECKHAMPTON.
FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING BY THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, JULY 3, 1905.



THE PROCESSION.



THE ARCHITECTS.

Mr. Prichard Jones, High Sheriff of Anglesey, has presented to the village of Newborough, Anglesey, of which he is a native, a building which will serve as library, assembly-hall, and rooms for holding evening continuation classes. Six cottages are also provided for deserving aged people. The building itself cost £8,000, and Mr. Jones has also endowed the institute and houses with £225 a year.

The authorities of Westminster Cathedral have introduced into the building an Irish terrier, whose duty it is to guard the place at night against burglars.

In celebration of the silver jubilee of Dr. Riddell's accession to the Roman Catholic bishopric of Northampton, the Bishop was presented on Tuesday night with an address and a purse of £600.

Mr. John F. Stevens has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal Commission, at a salary of £6,000.

The master of the Bourne Workhouse asked permission of the guardians to use sugar in preserving fruit. It was stated that without this official permission the auditor would surcharge the amount expended on sugar. Permission was granted.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPEECH DAY, JUNE 30, 1905.
SCENE IN THE BIG CLASSICAL.

LETTERS AND HUSBANDS.

It is an old subject of contention, and I must say that I am still enough of a believer in human nature to think that it never assumes very much importance in the majority of married people's lives. Where there is affection and trust, most letters still have something of the openness of the family packet of former times, and marital curiosity can be generally satisfied without recourse to marital tyranny. Courtesy is the best guide in the matter. Notwithstanding codes and arguments and decisions, the idea that a letter belongs to an individual, and ought not to be tampered with without permission, has always been present. In drama, which better than anything else interprets the spirit or an age, the hero will never be found breaking open a secretaire, or manipulating a seal, whether he be husband or lover; he leaves such work to the villain. If the discovery of a letter is necessary to a plot, it is intercepted in the act of passing from one hand to another, or the victim yields it up, or, again, it is lost, accidentally found, and unvoluntarily read. The breaking open of a letter that is not meant for him is considered so foreign to a true gentleman's character that he is never presented as being capable of doing it. And, apart from the stage, there is much to be said in favour of this same attitude in real life. The two-souls-with-but-one-single-thought-two-hearts-that-beat-as-one sentiment of the song is very delightful, but, looking at marriage as we find it, such complete amalgamation is unfortunately rarely to be found. Mary Jones who "can't a-bear pickled pork" does not overcome her porcine antipathies when she becomes Mary Smith with a husband who considers pickled pork the one delectable dish in the universe; she asserts her individuality just

as emphatically as Miss Amelia Grant, who, a few steps higher in the social scale, indulges her passion for make-up after she has become Mrs. Smily, the doctor's wife. John Smith may sigh in vain for pickled pork to be included in the family menu just as Mr. Smily, M.D., has to submit to a daily scandalising of his patients by a vision of peroxidised locks and falsely blooming cheeks. Young people, perhaps, would be wise to think of this separate individuality, and even in early honeymoon days look upon letters as personal property. A wife's letters are hers, a husband's his. It is a simple matter which violates no sentiment or trust, and an early understanding about it may save much unpleasantness. There is a something of pleasurable anticipation in the opening of an envelope of which few wish to be deprived. Even the most model husband or wife cannot feel it a pleasure to see rifled envelopes strewn the breakfast table. Common sense goes with courtesy in this view of the question—both endorsing the French advocate's decision that a husband has no right to open his wife's letters.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



WHY ENGAGEMENTS ARE BROKEN OFF.

The reason why engagements are broken, judging from those which have come under the writer's observation, can be mostly classified under a few heads. To illustrate by a few examples: An attachment sprang up between two young people who seemed well adapted to each other, and presently their formal engagement was announced. Congratulations poured in. The young persons received them smilingly, and said: "It will be some time before we are married. It is going to be a long engagement." In the first instance which

was mentioned the engagement lasted for four years. Then the girl, who was living at home with her parents in modest circumstances, became tired of her lover's delay, and married another man. He was not the equal of the first one, and she was never really happy. This case represents a large class. The only remedy we can suggest is that the matter should remain an absolute secret until a few months before a wedding can be announced.

In another case, which looked bright at first, the girl was away from home, and her lover had never seen her parents. They were plain people, and lived in a plain way, and when he paid his first visit to her home his love waned. It has been said that if you really wish to break up an engagement you can do it more surely than in any other way by arranging a visit of either one at the home of the other. It is truly a hard test. The self-consciousness—the certainty with which little things will go wrong, and the disadvantage to which everything is likely to show—these form an almost fatal combination. Some variation of this sort of trouble represents another large class of "breakers" on which the embryo ship of matrimony comes to wreck and ruin. In this case the only remedy would seem to be to know pretty well the family of the beloved one, if possible before the final word has been said.—Joseph B. Bowles, in "London Opinion."



A wren built her nest in a horizontal saw frame machine in a timber yard at Knockholt, Sevenoaks, Kent, and, in spite of the 300 revolutions per minute of the flywheel and the continued presence of workmen, has hatched her young.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPEECH DAY, JUNE 30, 1905.

THE BOYS AND THEIR FRIENDS AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD, WHO DISTRIBUTED THE PRIZES.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I have on several occasions referred to the frequent blunders that some London newspapers make when writing about Gloucestershire persons and things. The latest blunder that I have noticed is the statement in a society paper that the Bishop "has taken Berwick House, Wotton-under-Edge, for the summer months." Of course, this means "Bewick House, Wotton," which is in the city of Gloucester, and nowhere near the town under the Edge. By-the-by, our new Diocesan is not sparing himself with work, and we in Cheltenham have to congratulate ourselves on having been favoured by his lordship's presence at three first events in the diocese, namely, the Mayoral reception to him at the Town-hall, the occupation of the pulpit at St. Matthew's Church, and the laying of the foundation stone of the Church school at Leckhampton. Moreover, the Bishop re-opened his first church at Oxenton, in this district. His lordship is going to make an excellent innovation in the institution of clergymen, and that is by performing the ceremonies in their own churches, instead of in the Palace Chapel or Lady Chapel of the Cathedral, as hitherto. The clergyman who will receive the initial institution is the Rev. Francis Grenville Cholmondeley to the rectory of Broadwell with Adlestrop, about the end of this month. The continuity of the Cholmondeley family for two generations will be secured in this living, for the rector-elect's father, Hon. Canon the Hon. H. P. Cholmondeley, held it continuously for 53 years, until his death; and Lord Leigh, the patron, has exercised the right of presentation to it twice under circumstances that are unique, at least in this diocese—first gift to father and then to son after the very long interval of 53 years.

By the connecting and coupling-up of the Hatherley loop line with the signals and points last Sunday a short and long-neglected length of the Great Western Railway has been brought into use, and I believe this link of the Banbury branch and the Gloucester line is destined to play an important part in the development of through traffic between the Great Western and Great Central systems and in the coal train service from the Pontypool district, via Gloucester, to that of Oxford, as the gradients of this route are much easier than those via Abergavenny, and therefore fewer bank engines will be required. Congested Lansdown Junction will be eased of several trains per day hitherto sent over it to be shunted. The work of making the more direct loop at Chipping Norton Junction is proceeding apace, but the G.W.R. Co. have not yet decided to double the single line between Andoversford and Banbury. Still, the order has now been given for the substitution of the primitive ticket staff by the one of up-to-date electricity, for the safer working of the traffic between the various signal boxes.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

What will be the traffic state of the joint Great Western and Midland Railway between Gloucester and Lansdown when to the already numerous trains are added those from the Banbury branch and the new Honeybourne line? This is a question which wide-awake regular travellers over it are discussing with renewed interest, and the general opinion is stronger than ever that the Midland Co. will have, in sheer defence of the punctuality of their main-line traffic, to get two more lines of metals laid either on their own or joint account. The Midland are certainly very alive in accelerating and increasing their trains between Bristol and Birmingham and the

North, and one can henceforth travel between Cheltenham and the Midland Metropolis in the short space of an hour. When the Great Western is ready for competition for the West Midland traffic by means of the Honeybourne line, I wonder what the relative times of the runs of the two companies will be. The Midland and Great Western companies are, I find, still engaged in abolishing the joint local control of the Severn Bridge and Severn and Wye Railway, and I understand the Midland divisional staff will supervise it in future. GLEANER.

WORK A LAW OF OUR BEING.

Work is the very law of our being. For the vast majority of us, fortunately, the law is put into operation, as it were, automatically, by the mere physical urgencies of existence. Even where this is not the case, its rightful sway is commonly recognised after a manner that may be higher or lower. Men who do not require to toil with their hands feel, notwithstanding, that they must find some exercise for their active powers; and, for lack of a more definite occupation, will turn their physical recreations into the serious business of their lives. Men who have no need to exert their brains with the view of making an income feel that they must in any case keep their souls alive, and are sometimes found to "scorn delights and live laborious days" with all the strenuousness of the keenest professional toiler. Happy they whose lives are brought into a measure of harmony with the universal law! They will hear, amidst the drudgery of the world's grey days, some notes of that music of obedience to the cosmic order which, according to the old Greek notion, was produced by the rhythmic motions of the heavenly spheres.—"London Opinion."



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPEECH DAY, 1905.
PLAYERS IN THE CRICKET MATCH—COLLEGE v. OLD CHELTONIANS.

BIG SALARIES.

The highest paid official in the Government service, with the exception of the Viceroy of India, is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who receives £20,000 per annum (says the writer of an article entitled "Big Salaries a Road to Ruin" in "Cassell's Saturday Journal" for July); yet, unless an Irish Viceroy was possessed of considerable private means he could not afford to accept this salary, which does not nearly cover the expenses entailed by maintaining so exalted a position as the representative of Sovereignty in Dublin. It has been generally estimated that an Irish Viceroy spends £15,000 a year over and above his official salary; so that Lord Dudley, who has held the position for over two years, would, at this reckoning, be now more than £30,000 out of pocket by having accepted a Government post worth £20,000 a year. £10,000 per annum is the salary of the Governor-General of Canada, and considering the expenses which such a position entails, it is one of the worst paid posts in the Government colonial service. The Governor of Malta, for example, who receives £3,000 a year, or the Governor of Ceylon, who is paid one thousand pounds less, are, comparatively speaking, infinitely better paid. There are some very good positions in the diplomatic service, with salaries attached to them that range from £5,000 to £9,000 per annum; yet many a clerk on £3 a week is better off than the holders of these important diplomatic posts. Our Ambassador at Paris is paid £9,000 a year, but no British Ambassador ever succeeded in making it cover his expenses, which are reckoned to cost the holder of our premier Embassy abroad quite £1,000 per annum more than his pay. A First Secretary to an important European Embassy is paid about £1,500 a year, but he finds it impossible to live on

this salary in such places as Vienna or St. Petersburg; and many a diplomatist has been ruined in the attempt to do so. Cabinet Ministers are, as a rule, wealthy men, and it is absolutely essential that some of them at any rate should be so, for their expenses are considerable. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs is paid £5,000 per annum, but this salary goes but a short way towards defraying the annual expenses which the head of the Foreign Office has to meet. In addition to maintaining a position of great dignity in a becoming manner, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs must, at his own expense, entertain regularly all the members of the various foreign diplomatic missions in London—a social duty that alone runs away with the greater part of his salary.

• • • • •
MAN UNDER NOTICE TO QUIT.

Let man beware! He is not going to lord it over the earth much longer—geologically speaking—that is, if Professor Williston, a Chicago paleontologist, knows what he is talking about. According to his view of things, in time to come Man will have to vacate his throne in favour of some species of bird, and himself become a mere brute beast once more. At the beginning of the world, says the Professor, fish were masters of the globe. Next followed the reptiles, and at present it is the turn of the mammals. Each continued to develop until its most perfected type was reached—man being the highest of the mammals. Now, however, he is entering upon a period of degeneration; while, on the other hand, the birds are just about to set out towards perfection. In three million years or so the process will be complete, and the human reign will be at an end. Perhaps the Professor is right. Quite a lot of us are content to be governed by geese already.—From "China to Peru" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

DRAWBACKS OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

Waiters and cabmen expect a higher tip when the patron is in the company of a lady. They know that a man shies at a disturbance when gentle woman is with him, and they are not slow to take advantage of that. One half the world prospers by an acute study of the weaknesses of the other. The cold-blooded humourist who "chivies" a waiter, and rallies him sweetly, seldom gets much change out of the victim—change, that is to say, in the nature of mental satisfaction. Yet there are various happy methods of asserting an objection to being "had." I always remember with gusto a Christy Minstrel jest imbibed in early youth. "I want a dinner in this hotel," said one Ethiopian to his sable brother; "how much will it cost?" "Five and sixpence," answered the restaurateur. "You mistake me," remarked the visitor, with grave earnestness; "I asked the price of a dinner—not of the lease of the premises."—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

• • • • •
Professor Koch, who is pursuing scientific researches in German East Africa, claims to have made valuable discoveries in connection with the tse-tse fly, and also on the subject of coast fever and Asiatic plague.

To celebrate the honour of knighthood conferred upon Mr. A. W. Shipley, Mayor of Windsor, the local volunteers yeomanry, firemen, postmen, policemen, and representatives of both political parties marched on Saturday in torchlight procession to his private residence.

The King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir Wilmot Hawkesworth Fawkes to be Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe, when that officer's appointment expires.

A TEWKESBURY WEDDING.

THE ABBEY, JULY 1, 1905.



Photo 'v Paul Coe

(opposite Ladies' College), Cheltenham.

WILL KAFFIRS BOOM THIS SEASON?

The dividends declared by South African mines during the past six months amount to £5,000,000 sterling, or nearly 50 per cent. of the gross output for the same period; but the effect of this record, which has never been equalled by any other gold-field in the world, has been nil. Disquieting rumours, and a stream of liquidation, have depressed prices, and even the Johannesburg market is as dull as London, despite further rich tin discoveries in the Bushveld district. The dividends are the best proof of the sound position of Kaffirs, and enable shareholders to face a further period of patient waiting for flourishing markets. Intrinsicly, the industry is sound, and will enjoy permanent prosperity, but investors are tired, and await a lead. There is a well-founded rumour going round that the large houses are engineering for a big boom for the autumn. They have ample funds, and the wreckage is being cleared away. The recent slump has frozen out the last of the bulls, and prices are now at bed-rock level. The market will gladly welcome a change—whether it be spontaneous or manipulated.—H. E. Crabbe, in "London Opinion."

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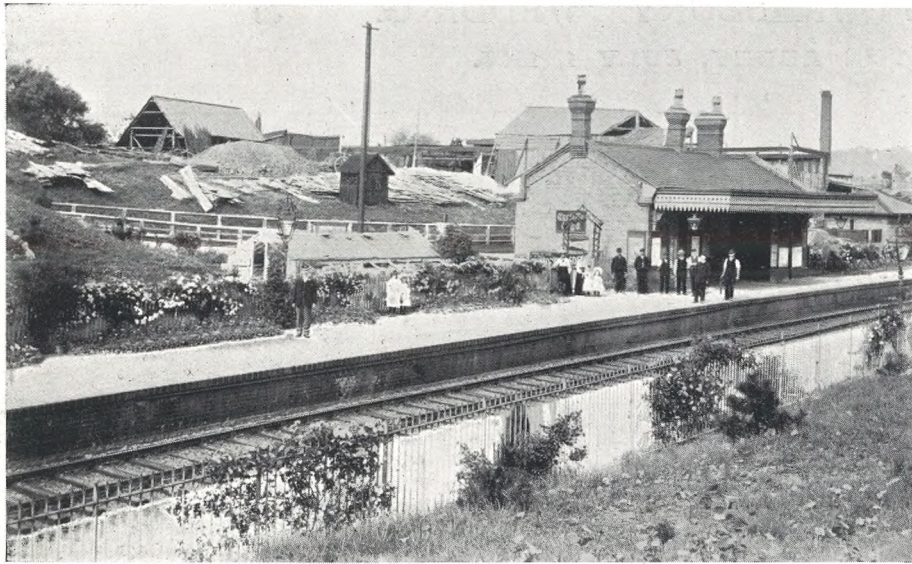
Pictur' blocks similar to those in this paper, and suitable for any trade or profession or any kind of printing, are produced by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. at about half the prices usually charged locally. There are no better business advertisements! Drop us a post-card, and our photographer will call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



THE BRIDE,
MISS INA MOORE, MORETON-IN-MARSH.



THE BRIDEGROOM,
MR. C. C. MOORE, J.P., OF TEWKESBURY.



LECKHAMPTON STATION.

HARNESSING THE RAIN-DROPS.

Of all the forces of nature, that exerted by the falling rain is perhaps the most stupendous, as it certainly is the most neglected, says a "T.A.T." contributor. In fact, except as an irrigating agent, and to fill our wells and water-butts, we make scarcely any direct use of a storm of rain, while dwellers in cities for the most part vote it a "horrid nuisance." And yet the motive power latent in water falling from a height is everywhere recognised. It is probably because rain falls in single drops and the effect produced by any one drop is infinitesimal that so few attempts have been made to apply the principles in regard to it. Yet, just reflect what it would mean should someone some day invent a method of harnessing the water poured forth from the clouds. On a really wet day it is not a particularly uncommon thing for an inch of rain to fall in this country. Now, an inch of rain, descending upon an area the size of the United Kingdom, weighs approximately 7,692 million tons. The energy developed by such an incalculably vast weight of water, falling perpendicularly from a height of a mile or more, would be in the aggregate even more incalculable than the weight. In fact, both are best realised through an illustration. If it were possible to remove such a day's rainfall by human agency, the necessary train of tanks, each containing ten tons of water, would be long enough to wind itself 123 times round the earth at the equator. But the motive power developed by the falling rain, if it could be intercepted and utilised, would suffice to haul one thousand such trains each a distance of one thousand miles.

* * * * *

At a meeting of the Langholm Parish Council on Monday, it was resolved, after a lively discussion, to resume the publication of the names of those receiving relief from the rates, as it was thought publication was in the interest of the rate-payers. Mr. Charles Paisley protested against such cruelty to poor people, and gave notice of a motion to rescind the decision.

PRINTING !!!



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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 237.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

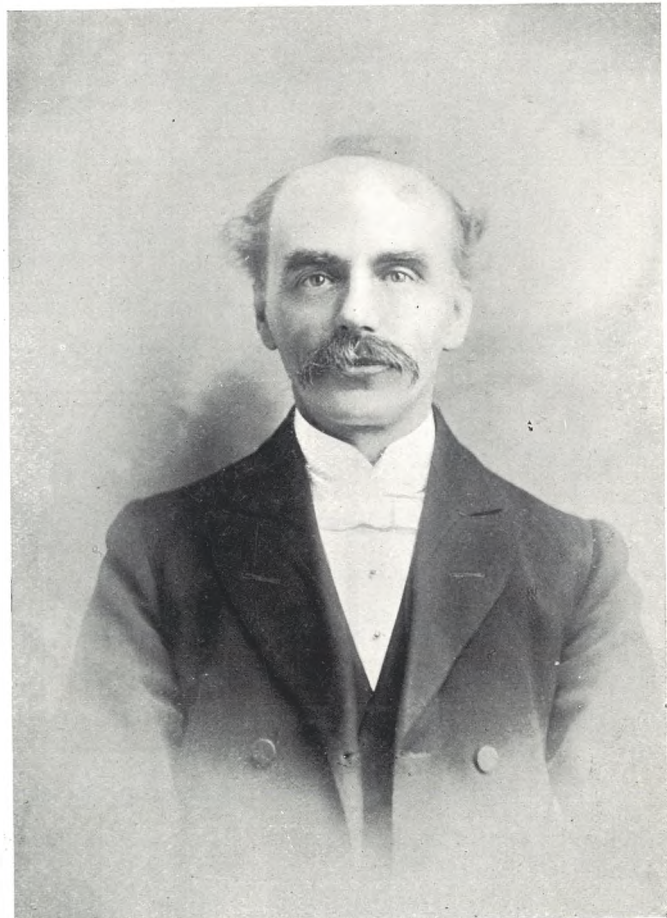


Photo by E. M. Bailey,

Cheltenham.

REV. H. W. CLABBURN,
NEWLY-APPOINTED PASTOR OF CHARLTON KINGS BAPTIST CHAPEL.

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 137th prize has been awarded to Mr. E. W. Toms, of 30 Promenade, Cheltenham, for his report of the sermon by Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

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

NOW ON SALE—

"THE CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK, ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS, 1878-1904."

By ALFRED D. TAYLOR,

Author of "Annals of Lord's," "The Hastings Cricket Festival," "Sussex Cricket Battles," "Cricket Extraordinary," etc., etc.

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THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE GROUND,
THE BROTHERS GRACE,

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THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE XI. of 1876,
FOUR CHELTENHAM COUNTY PLAYERS,
SIX GLOUCESTERSHIRE PROFESSIONALS,
Etc.

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To be obtained at the "Echo" Offices in Cheltenham, Gloucester, Stroud, Tewkesbury, and Cirencester; and of all Cheltenham Booksellers and Newsagents.

In a bed of carnations, on a grave in the cemetery at Coningsby, a pair of partridges have nested and successfully reared their young.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has left nearly £10,000 to the Academy of Arts for the foundation of a prize bearing his name.

To lay the foundation-stone of the new harbour extension works at Santa Cruz, King Alfonso will visit the Canary Islands in September. This is the first time that a reigning Spanish sovereign has visited the islands since their acquisition 440 years ago.

£50,000 FOR THE KING'S FUND.

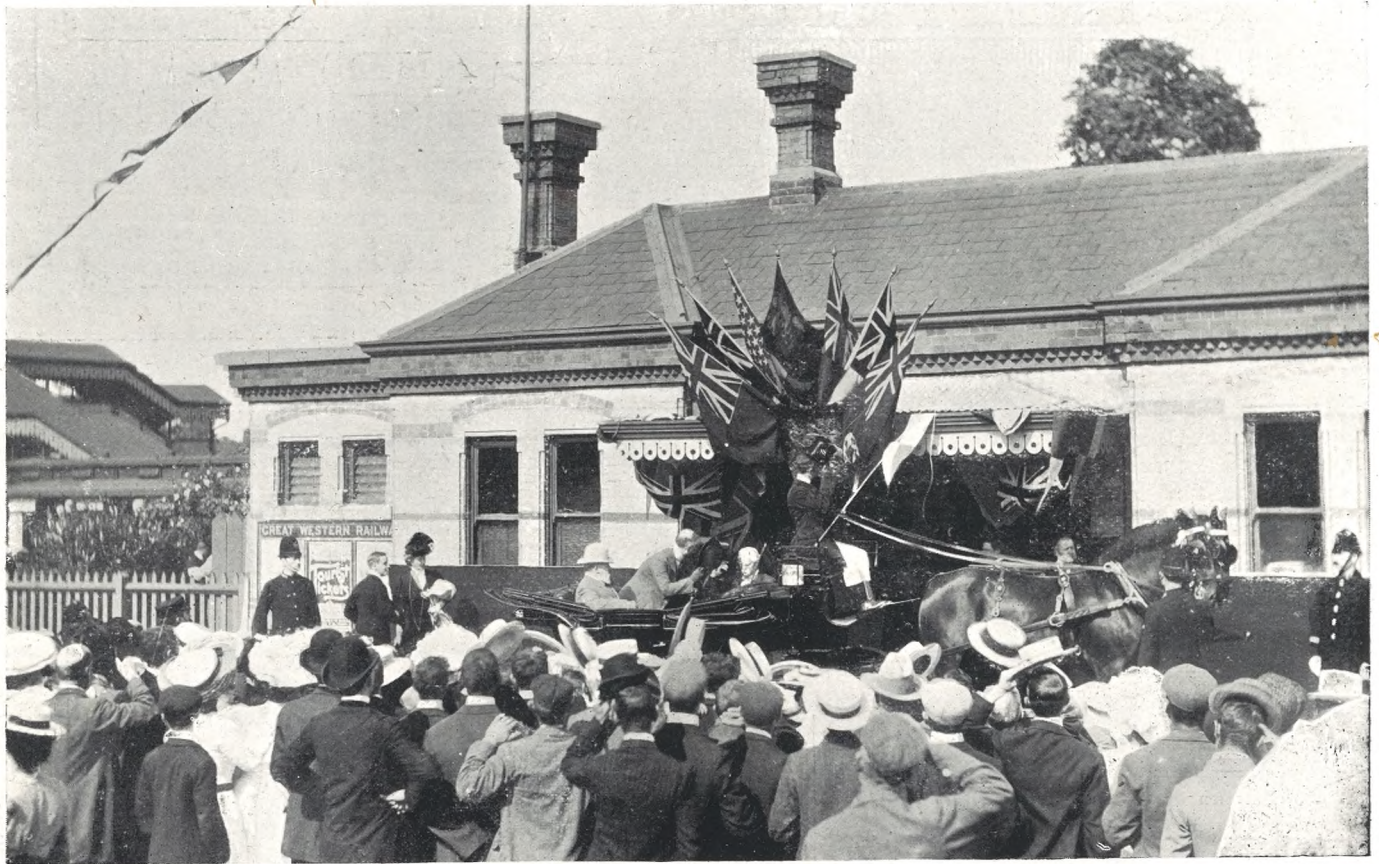
The honorary secretaries of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London are informed by the executors of the will of Mrs. Florence Mary Hames (wife of George Henry Hames, Esq., F.R.C.S.), late of 113 Sloane-street, S.W., who died on May 26 last, that the deceased, after making certain specific and pecuniary bequests, devised and bequeathed the residue of her estate to trustees upon trust for her husband for life, and subject thereto upon trust for payment to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, to be applied in such manner as the President and General Council shall think fit. It is stated that the residue of the estate is likely to exceed £50,000.

SAND CLOUD.

A singular phenomenon preceded the thunder-storm in the Chorley district on Sunday afternoon. A huge sand cloud was seen from the Coppull heights approaching from the south-west. It whirled round in enormous spirals, travelling through the valley with a peculiar swishing noise. Its track was marked by a layer of sand an inch or more deep. It seemed to expend itself in the north-west of Chorley. Shortly afterwards rain fell heavily, and there was thunder and vivid lightning.



Colonel Munroe, 1st Seaforth Highlanders, has been appointed as brigade commander in India vice Brigadier-General Plowden.



ARRIVAL AT MORETON-IN-MARSH STATION, JULY 16, 1905.



AWAITING THE COMING OF THE KING AT MORETON.

THE KING'S VISIT TO LORD REDESDALE.



GLOUCESTER CRICKET WEEK.

- 1.—Mr. D. Robinson, the young Clifton amateur, who played a fine innings of 83 against Worcestershire.
- 2.—Huggins, the Gloucestershire and Stroud professional.
- 3.—R. G. Barlow, the famous old Lancashire player, one of the umpires.
- 4.—"Latest card—correct scores!"
- 5.—Kent players inspecting the wicket after winning the toss.
- 6.—A rest at lunch time—Messrs. G. L. Jessop and H. K. Foster, rival captains of the Gloucestershire and Worcestershire teams.
- 7.—Inspecting the pitch after Gloucester's defeat by Kent—Mr. F. Tandy, the city cricketer, in the foreground.



Snap-Shots at a Rifle Match.

On Thursday, July 6th, teams of ten representing the Past and Present members of B Company (Gloucester City) 2nd V.B.G.R. met in a shooting match at the new Sneedham's Green range. The present members won by thirty points.

- 1.—Old hands firing at 600 yards range.
- 2.—A group of veterans—Ex-Sergt. Davis, Sergt. Worsley, ex-Private Darkin, ex-Col.-Sergt. J. T. Smith, and ex-Sergt. W. J. Stephens—standing outside the pavilion.
- 3.—Ex-Sergt. Stephens, one of the chief scorers for the Veterans.
- 4.—Ex-Col.-Sergt. J. T. Smith, captain of the Veterans, scoring at 600 yards.
- 5.—The firing line at 600 yards. Ex-Sergt. Goulding, on extreme right, with ex-Private Collett next.

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



MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM'S GARDEN PARTY

AT PITTVILLE PARK, JULY 6, 1905.

OUTSIDE THE PUMP-ROOM.



THE FIRST MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the Hungarian capital, a cobbler and wood carver named Karlo Kowatee, whose talents and humour brought him into acquaintanceship with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favourite. One day the latter showed Kowatee, says the "Cigar and Tobacco World," a piece of meerschaum, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its softness and light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it would be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karlo cut a pipe for the Count and one for himself. He noticed that the wax from his hands gave the pipe a beautiful polish, and also that it smoked more sweetly. The natural scarcity of this new clay and the great cost of importation in those days of limited facilities for transportation rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest noblemen of Europe up to 1830, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karlo Kowatee has been preserved, and is now in the museum at Pesth.

The president of the Paris Municipal Council and sixty members of the Paris Council have accepted the invitation of the chairman of the London City Council to pay a visit to London in October. The president will be the guest of the chairman of the Council, and the other members of the Paris Council will be entertained by members of the London Council. It is also stated that the members will visit several of the most important provincial cities, including Birmingham.



MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM'S GARDEN PARTY.

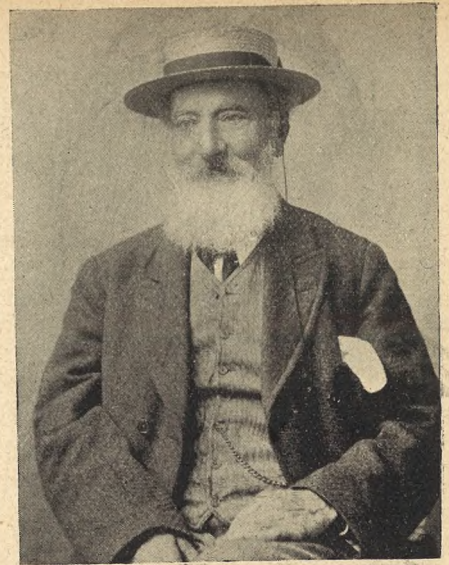
GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS

(taken from Roof of Pump-Room).

LAST STAGE OF EVOLUTION.

Writing in "Knowledge" on "The Nature of Life," Mr. Geoffrey Martin arrives at some interesting conclusions. Life, he says, is old, old as the universe itself. It has always existed generally throughout the universe in some form or other, and always will exist, no matter what happens to our little earth. The protoplasm of the earth is but the product of evolution of untold æons of ages, coming down to us in an unbroken line from ages when the world was a vast liquid globe of white hot material. All the elements have circulated in succession through its structure, and then passed out again. First at the highest temperatures came the heaviest and least volatile elements, then as the temperature fell they gradually were eliminated and their places were filled by analagous lighter and more volatile elements, until at last living matter assumed its present composition. But this replacement of denser by lighter elements is now almost complete, for the principal elements already present in living matter are carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen. And these, it will be noticed, are among the very lightest non-metallic elements which, so far as we know, exist. No lighter elements, then, can replace those already present in the organism, and, therefore, there can be no further very great alterations in the temperature of living matter in the coming ages. But the world is still cooling. Consequently, age by age, century by century, the contrast between the temperature of living matter and the temperature of the surrounding medium is becoming more and more accentuated, and the difficulty of maintaining life is steadily increasing. He thinks, therefore, that so far as the surface of this earth is concerned, organic life is entering into its last stage of evolution.





**MR. & MRS. T. C PACKER,
GLOUCESTER.**

WHO YESTERDAY CELEBRATED THEIR
DIAMOND JUBILEE WEDDING.

Mr. Thomas C. Packer was born in College Green, Gloucester, on April 8th, 1824, and appointed chorister in Gloucester Cathedral in 1832, where he took part, as head boy, in the funeral anthem of King William IV. and in the Coronation anthem of the late Queen Victoria in 1839. He continued chorister until 1839, and then, having entered the scholastic profession, he was elected master of the Timberscombe Endowed School, near Minehead, under a scheme of the Court of Chancery in 1859. Remaining in the profession until 1885, he retired to Summerlands, Yeovil. He has recently returned to his native city, residing at Wellington-villas, Archibald-street. Mrs. Packer was born in St. Mary-square, Gloucester, on December 15th, 1824, and was married to Mr. Packer at St. Michael's Church, Gloucester, on July 14th, 1845.



The two first blocks on outside column of this page are entitled "Family and Friendly Groups at the Mayor's Garden Party," and the other is "The King's Visit—Special Railway Staff at Moreton."

The "New York Times" records the death of the office cat in a double-headed obituary article of eighteen lines.

In succession to Sir James Montearth, K.C.S.I., whose term of office will shortly expire, the King has approved the appointment of Mr. John Wm. Pitt Muir-Mackenzie, Indian Civil Service, to be an ordinary member of the Council of the Governor of Bombay.

A WELL-KNOWN CHELTENHAM BUSINESS



[This modern shop-front was erected and all structural alterations carried out by Messrs. Parnall & Sons, Ltd., the well-known shopfitters, of Bristol & London, in September, 1904.]

SUMMER BARGAIN SALE



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SPECIAL FEATURE—
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A SALE OF NEW AND
UP-TO-DATE GOODS
AT A SUBSTANTIAL AND
ALL-ROUND REDUCTION.

E. L. WARD

(DRAPERS ONLY),

138 HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

To Moreton-in-the-Marsh, an old-fashioned little town away up in the north corner of Gloucestershire, belongs the distinguished honour of having been the first place in the county favoured with a visit by King Edward since he ascended the Throne. Its good luck came because Lord Redesdale, the popular squire, is a personal friend of the King's, and his Majesty paid a promised week-end visit to his charming residence and grounds. That visit, it may be noted as a coincidence, was within a few days of the third anniversary of the conferment by the King of a signal mark of favour upon the host in the peerage that appeared in the first list of Coronation honours. The fact of the thermometer standing at 100 in the sun did not detract from the warmth of the reception that the Moretonians and the folks from the countryside gave his Majesty when he arrived in and drove through the town on Saturday afternoon. Foreigners might have thought that the large force of extra police drafted there was for the protection of the King from danger, but of course we all know that his Majesty is enshrined in the hearts of his subjects and that their presence was merely to secure him and his retinue free and uninterrupted passage and to guard him against, perhaps, too demonstrative loyal attention. On Sunday his Majesty in a motor-car drive saw some of the charms of the North Cotswolds with the accompaniment of intermittent thunderstorms, and I hope that in the near future he will be able to visit a wider district with more time at his disposal. I am glad to hear that the ubiquitous photographer of the "Graphic" secured some splendid snapshots of the scenes on Saturday.

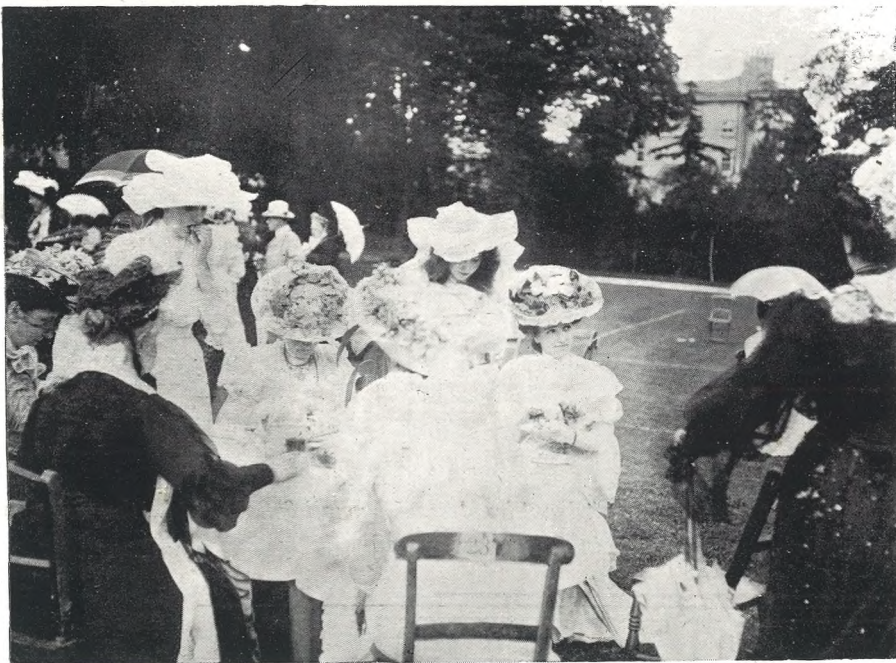
It is, I think, not a little singular that three of the four Bishops appointed within the last few months by the Premier should each be closely connected with Gloucester in one way or another. Thus Bishop Gibson has a cousin who is a solicitor there, and a member of the same profession is brother-in-law to Bishop Chase, while Bishop Harmer was born at Maisemore, on the confines of the city. Of course these facts are pure coincidences.

I am glad to report progress in regard to the costly family memorial clock to the late Rev. Canon Bartholomew Price in the north transept of Gloucester Cathedral. It is at last set going, silently, though it will want watching by the maker's men for some little time to come until every part works regularly and smoothly. I find that the hands are moved by electricity conveyed by wires attached to a battery placed in the reliquary some fifteen feet below the clock on the wall, and which battery is charged with a supply of chemicals sufficient to keep it going for twenty months. The clock itself is of unique design, with a bronze face bearing an allegory of Time and the legend "Porta mortis ianuacoeli"; this is encircled in an oak frame, on which vine leaves are carved; there is a corresponding outer circle, on which are displayed the hours divided by the signs of the zodiac. With the exception of the bronze, the clock is richly gilded and decorated in azure blue colour, and the effect altogether is distinctly striking.

The Canon's family doubtless decided on this form of memorial because of his attachment to horology. The deceased was a son of the late Rev. W. Price, rector of Coln St. Dennis, on the Cotswolds, and I am informed that even when he was a youth he, with the assistance of two local clockmakers, constructed from the materials of a clock of the date 1705, that had been in Compton Casey House, near, a serviceable timepiece which they placed in the tower of Coln St. Dennis Church, where it has done duty, with recent renovation, since the year 1835.

GLEANER.

To the pastor of his church in Cleveland, Mr. Rockefeller has presented a basket of potatoes, each of which contained a half-eagle, worth over a sovereign.



THE MAYOR'S GARDEN PARTY.

PRINTING !!!



ALL KINDS OF ARTISTIC AND GENERAL PRINTING
EXECUTED AT THE "ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 238.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN.

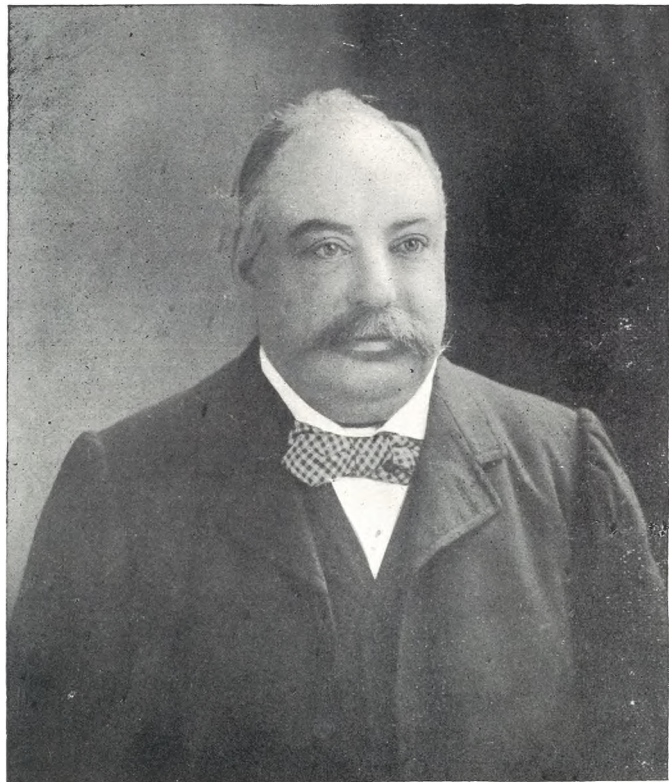


Photo by Paul Coe

(opposite Ladies' College), Cheltenham.

Cigar Manufacturer—Mr. FRED WRIGHT.

AN EXPECTED DISASTER.

WHERE DID IT TAKE PLACE?

Dr. Charles Davison, of Birmingham, in a letter to the "Times" of Saturday's date, says: On Sunday morning last between the hours of 10 and 12, the instruments at every seismological station in the world were busily engaged in tracing their records of a great and distant earthquake. Entering my observatory at 10 o'clock, I had the rare opportunity of watching the whole process, for the point of the writing-lever was just beginning to register the first of the preliminary tremors, those which traversed the body of the earth by the shortest possible route. Quickly these tremors increased in magnitude, becoming also longer in period, and it was soon evident that the advance waves of an earthquake of the first order were crossing the country. In about 16 minutes from the start those early tremors were succeeded and dwarfed by long-period undulations, which had travelled along the surface of the earth. Never before have I seen waves so large depicted on the smoked paper. Several times the pointer struck the time-marking lever near one edge of the paper and then swept seven or eight inches across almost to the other edge, and once beyond it, so that, had I not been there to adjust the pointer immediately, the remainder of the record would have been lost. Generally, the movement was a slow steady march, each oscillation being completed in slightly less than half a minute. But often the pointer seemed to hesitate or stagger, either to recover itself or to swing back in the opposite direction. The extensive oscillations lasted for about ten minutes; then they decreased, though irregularly, in size, until, after 20 minutes more, they were no larger than the concluding undulations of many another distant shock. At about a quarter past twelve the movement ended with waves which, travelling along the surface in the opposite direction through the antipodes of the centre of disturbance, reached Birmingham, enfeebled by their long journey, but strong enough to leave a distinctly visible trace.

Four days have now passed, and yet no news has reached the outer world from the scene of what must have been a great disaster. The origin must be distant from England about four thousand miles, so that it may be situated in Venezuela, in India near Lahore, or in Russian Turkestan.

The literary executors of the late Cardinal Newman have entrusted the task of writing the Cardinal's biography to Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

The Rev. Dr. R. G. Balfour, senior minister of the New North Church, Edinburgh, and ex-Moderator of the United Free Church Assembly, died on Monday at his residence, Edinburgh, from heart failure. Dr. Balfour took an influential part in the public work of the Church, having held the convenorship of the Colonial Missions Committee of the General Assembly and the clerkship to the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. Last year he was elected by a substantial majority over Principal Salmond, Aberdeen Moderator of the General Assembly.

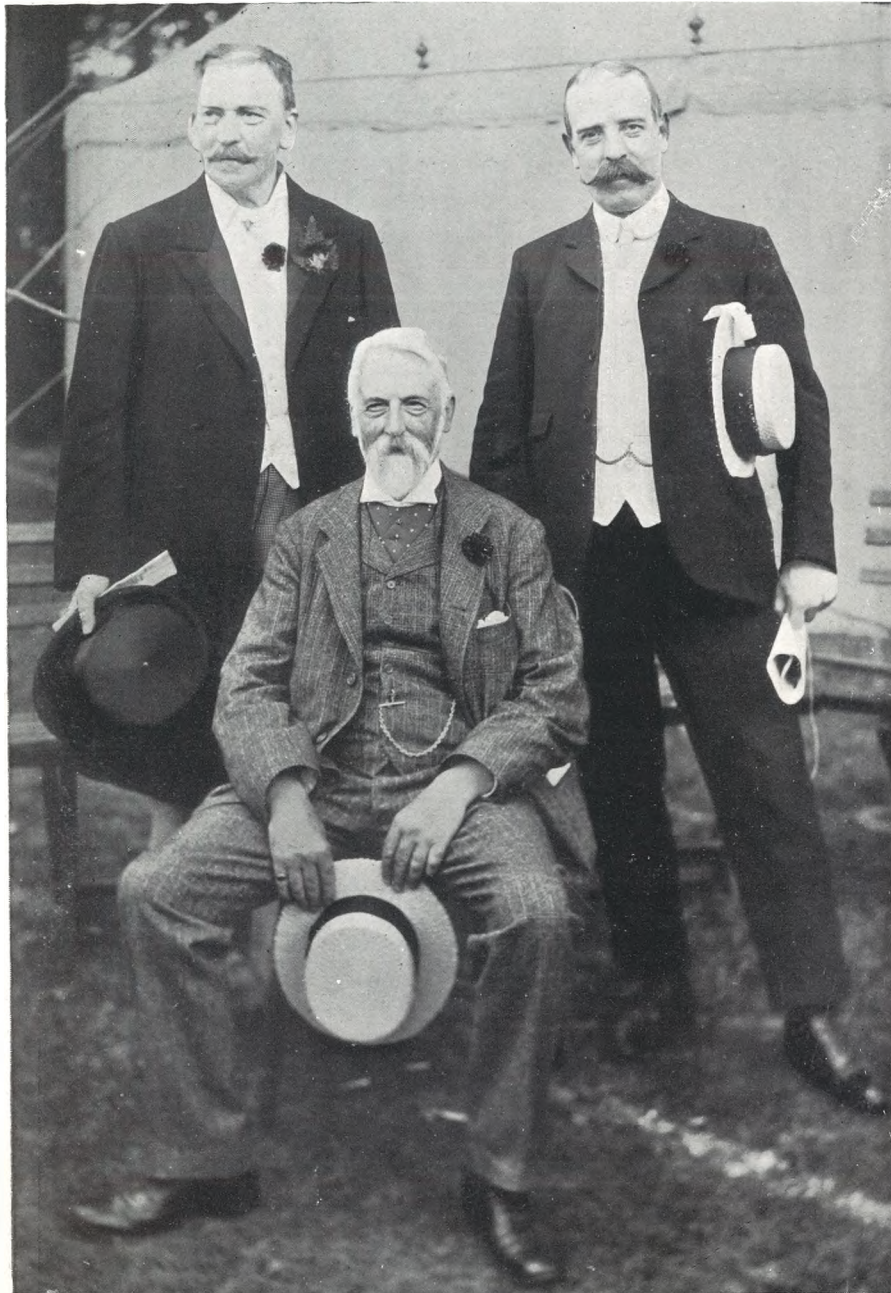


RECEPTION OF THE MAYOR, SHERIFF, AND CORPORATION OF GLOUCESTER BY THE SHOW OFFICIALS,
AND SHOW BEING DECLARED OPEN.



COMMITTEE, SECRETARIES, AND OFFICIALS, INCLUDING MAYOR AND SHERIFF OF GLOUCESTER.

NATIONAL AND COUNTY ROSE SHOW AT GLOUCESTER, JULY 18, 1905.



THE SECRETARIES.

MR. W. CONWAY JONES (chairman of local committee and local hon. sec. to National Society).

MR. MAWLEY (National Society secretary).

MR. SIDNEY S. STARR (Gloucestershire Society secretary).



THE TWENTY-FOUR BLOOMS THAT WON FOR MR. CONWAY JONES THE JUBILEE TROPHY, THE MOST IMPORTANT AWARD OF THE SHOW.



COST OF LIVING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An interesting Blue-book just issued by the Government of Cape Colony contains much instructive evidence, taken by a Select Committee appointed to investigate the causes of the excessive cost of living in South Africa. The greater part of this turns upon the question of the meat supply, and the Committee has come to the conclusion that Cape Colony is not prepared as yet with an adequate home supply of meat, but that consumers, if prices are to be kept reasonable, must continue to use imported foreign meat. The agitation for the restoration of the former Customs duties upon imported meat, which has already proved successful in Natal, has thus failed so far in Cape Colony, and this on the ground that stocks have not yet recovered from the exhaustion caused by the Boer war. This Blue-book insists, however, upon the establishment by the Government of regular markets and auction sales, to which the available stock may be collected; and also upon the multiplication of branch railways, together with reduced rates of transport for cattle and sheep. The farmers are bidden to centre their hopes in the development of the railway system of the Colony, as about to furnish them with cheap access to the best markets. Restoration of the Customs duties upon imported meat is promised as soon as the herds of the Colony are capable of supplying the market; and the much-suffering Cape Colonist is consoled by the assurance that the cost of living will be reduced in proportion as the Colony becomes self-supporting.

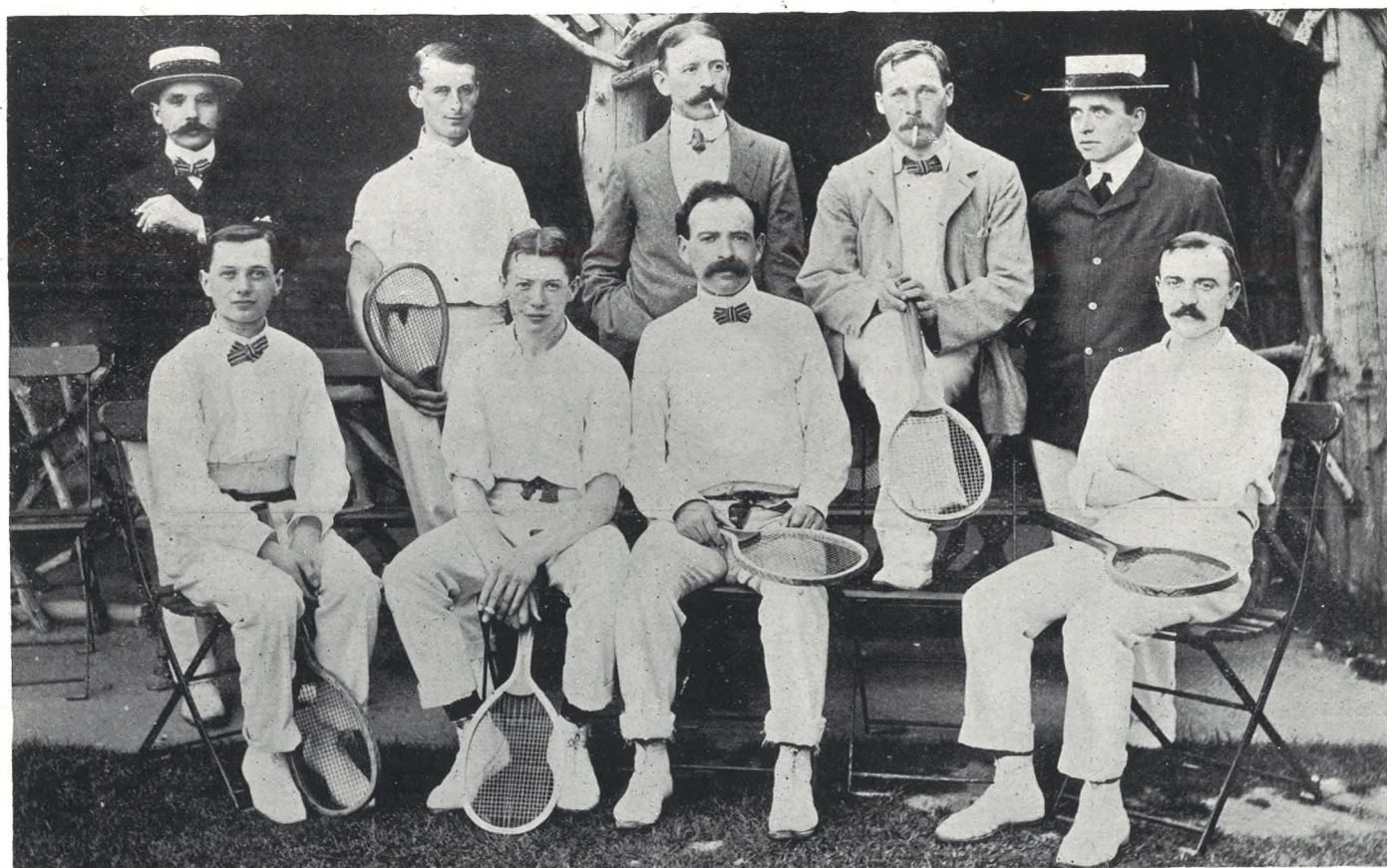


SPANISH ARMADA RELIC.

Amongst the relics of the Spanish Armada brought up at Tobermory on Tuesday was the massive breech-block of a cannon, weighing 56lb. This breech-block, which is of bronze and cylindrical, was found in a hole at a depth of 84ft., and still contained a charge of gunpowder. It is 9½in. in length, and its diameter varied from 5½in. at its wide end to 4½ at the other. The bore, which is partially filled at the muzzle with mud and rust, measures 8½in. in length and 2in. in diameter, the vent, or touch-hole, where the match would be applied, being about 1in. from the wider end. The thickness of the metal all round is 1in. The Spaniards in the days of the Armada were not lacking in inventive genius in their breech-loading cannon. They laid hold of the block by a handle of most comfortable dimensions, re-loaded it, and, having inserted their stone shot, pushed in the breech-block in contact with it, and then, jamming the latter behind with a solid piece of metal, were ready for the command to fire. Such a find has naturally raised the spirits of all concerned in the diving operations. The relics found during the past fortnight are accumulative proof, it is contended, that the exploring party are working on the proper spot.



The Kansas wheat crop constitutes a "record." It is estimated at 80,000,000 bushels. The yield is from 50 to 90 bushels an acre. In hundreds of instances the crop is from three to four times more valuable than the land whereon it is raised.



TENNIS MATCH—CENTRAL CLUB, CHELTENHAM, v. EVESHAM AT MONTPELLIER GARDEN,
CHELTENHAM, JULY 15, 1905.
CENTRAL CLUB TEAM.



GARDEN PARTY AFTER MATCH.



TENNIS MATCH—Central Club, Cheltenham, v. Evesham.
MATCH IN PROGRESS.



W. HALLIWELL

(Cheltenham Swimming Club), who won the 100 Yards West of England Swimming Championship at Weston-super-Mare on July 17th. He also won the Gloucester County Championship at Bristol a fortnight ago. This is the third Cheltonian to annex the Western Counties' Championship within the last four years, the previous winners being W. R. V. Webb (1902) and F. Fry (1903).



EAST GLOUCESTER TENNIS WEEK.
THE SECRETARY. WATCHING THE TOURNAMENT.

DISEASE AND FASHION.

Fashions in dress often have their origin in the wish to hide disfigurement caused by disease, remarks the "British Medical Journal." The voluminous trunk hose worn by English gallants at the beginning of the seventeenth century were introduced by James I. as a means of concealing an unsightly malformation. Slaves of fashion to whom nature had refused an adequate curve of the hip had to supply the deficiency by art. The patches which added so piquant an effect to the faces of the beauties of the eighteenth century were first used by officers to disguise the scars of wounds received in battle. If the late Sir Robert Peel had been a royal personage his manner of wearing his hat at an angle that seemed intended to express defiance of public opinion would have become fashionable among young "bloods," as they are beginning once more to be called; yet we believe it was really intended to conceal a scar.

In a second series of his "Indiscretions de l'Histoire," recently published, Dr. Cabanes cites several other instances in point. In the fifteenth century Philippe le Bon, having fallen ill, had his head shaved. Like the fox in the fable that had lost his tail, he tried to persuade the nobles of Burgundy that the human head looked much handsomer when its shape was not hidden by a mass of hair. They did not see the thing in the same light, but, unlike the fox, Philippe had the power to compel people to be of his opinion, and shaven heads perforce became fashionable. The daughters of Louis XI. had feet of a size which made it necessary for them to hide them; hence the society dames of the day thought it due to themselves to wear trailing gowns. The wife of Philip III. disguised an abnormally long neck with a high wimple, and was imitated by all ladies who wished to be considered fashionable. Henry Plantagenet, anxious to hide the deformity caused by an outgrowth on the foot, had boots made with

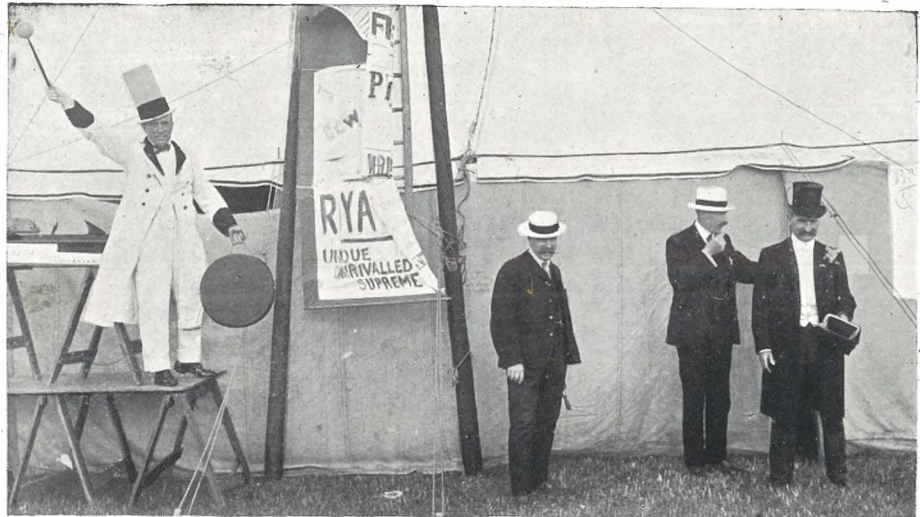
extravagantly curved toes, which straightaway became the only way for courtiers. Louis XIV. wore a wig to hide unsightly wens on his head. Many other instances could be given, but these will suffice to show that there is a closer connection between fashion and deformity than might at first sight be suspected. This may serve to explain how a thing ugly in itself may come to be accepted as the stamp of social position. It is not that people love ugliness for its own sake, but that, owing to the servility inborn in human nature, the most hideous thing is consecrated by association with royalty.



To her "faithful friend and cook, Honor Lawler," Miss Sarah Bramwell Jones, of the Old Hall, Youlgreave, Derbyshire, left £1,000, all her horses, carriages, dogs, and household effects with the exception of the family portraits and the Bramwell silver.



THE ORIGINAL WHITE PIERROTS
(with MISS BOBBIE SKIPP, of Cheltenham)
AT TWIGWORTH.



GARDEN FETE AT TWIGWORTH, NEAR GLOUCESTER, JULY 13, 1905.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

There were several points of exceptional interest in connection with the recent annual puppy show and luncheon of the Cotswold Hunt. Firstly, the entries (8½ couples of dogs and 7½ couples of bitches) were the most numerous and best in quality that had been put on the flags for a considerable number of years past, a highly satisfactory condition of things mainly due to the "nursery" that Mr. Herbert Lord, the Master, has established for the dams and their puppies on the high ground near his residence, in consequence of the scheme to remove the Kennels from the tainted ground in Whaddon-lane (where puppies cannot be expected to thrive) to Seven Springs having, unfortunately, fallen through. A most satisfactory announcement was made by the Master, namely, that he is of opinion that the country can stand hunting four days a week, and that he intends to follow the same course that he adopted last season in so hunting it. This ejaculation of one of the farmers present, "You had some good horses to do it, sir," well indicated how it was possible to be done. It was also a happy and kindly thought on the part of the Master to invite to the luncheon the living past and present huntmen of neighbouring hunts. These formed a merry party at the table round Charles Travess, and fought their battles of the chase over and over again. The speeches generally were the best to the point and also the liveliest that I have ever heard at a Cotswold luncheon.

Mr. Thomas A. Nevins, one of the best practical friends that Cheltenham has had during the present century, is once more among us, and he is welcome, too. Since his previous coming, last July, when he fixed up the contract for constructing the Charlton and Leckhampton extensions of the first light railway in this county, that scheme has materialised. I hear that he is well satisfied with the results of the working up to the present. The Lower High-street section is altogether abandoned, and I am not surprised to hear it, for the probable traffic on it would not have justified the expense of its laying. One can bear this news with much greater equanimity than remembrance of the very regrettable fact that the Commissioners some three years ago were bound by the Light Railway Act (which provides that they cannot sanction lines which will create competition with existing railways) to throw out Messrs. Nevins and Sons' comprehensive (but much opposed) scheme to link Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Stroud together by a light railway via the Cross Hands Inn and Painswick. I was always of opinion that the Corporation of Gloucester would have been well advised to have allowed them, with proper safeguards, to undertake the laying and working of the city electric tramway. In that case the public would have had the benefit of the system without incurring any financial risk, and experience has confirmed my belief, for I find the ratepayers have to face

a loss of about threepence for every car mile run already during the current year.

I read that the Dean of Gloucester, in presenting, on behalf of the subscribers, a set of robes to Dr. A. Herbert Brewer, testified that he was a practical, trained musician and a deeply religious and feeling man, both essential qualities for a Cathedral organist. I don't know whether the Dean had in his mind as "ghastly failures" two organists of over two centuries ago. One of these, Daniel Rosingrave, had in 1679, his first "admonition" by the Dean and Chapter for "beating and wounding of John Payn, one of the singing men of this church"; and the other, Stephen Jefferies, had from the Sub-Dean his second monition in 1687 because he did in the morning after "Ye Blessing given play over upon the Organ a Comon Ballad in the hearing of fiftene hundred or two thousand people, to the great scandall of Religion, prophanation of the Church, and greivous offence of all good Christians"; and further, after being cautioned, "did after evening prayer fall upon the same straine and on the organ plaid over the same comon ballad again; insomuch that the young gentlewomen invited one another to dance, the strangers cryed it were better vt the organs were pulled downe then that they should be so used and all sorts declared that ye Dean and Chapter could never remove the scandall if they did not immediately turne away so insolent and prophane a person out of the church."

GLEANER.

PETROL & PICTURES.

[BY "ARIEL"]

THE USEFUL MOTOR-BICYCLE.

The motor-bicycle is an instrument for the general good of automobilism, in that it increases (1) the number of places where petrol and oil are stored; (2) the number of people who understand the internal combustion engine; (3) the number of fast travellers on the road, removing from the sport the absurd criticism of the rich man's pastime; (4) the chance of road improvements; and (5) the opportunity for the cheap study of tyres and new devices.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE MOTOR-BICYCLE.

Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, a prominent motorist, evidently earnestly believes in the motor-bicycle, for he has the following to say about its advantages, although he is a car-driver:—The advantages of the motor-bicycle are these—Above all, its exquisite simplicity; the simplest possible steering; the simplest drive; the simplest frame (no springs, no reach, no twisting strains, and the smallest possible number of wheels); the simplest form of single cylinder engine; the simplest form of engine starting device; the simplest cooling; the simplest repairs, owing to the accessibility of everything, and the portability of spares; the simplest tyres to repair, owing to their light section and comparatively small air pressure. Next in importance is safety. You are safe from running backwards downhill; you can safely dodge round a cart which blocks a

dangerous corner better than any motor-car; you are safe from the police at far higher speeds than a car; you are safe from being stranded on the high road, because you can pedal; your appearance doesn't frighten horses and policemen; your brake-power is enormous compared to your inertia; and there is less liability to skid than in the case of a car. As to hill-climbing and speed, the motor-bicycle can make a better average speed than can a car up to five times its price. The single track permits the choice of the best part of the road. It is unrivalled in cheapness in every department—it is cheapest to buy; it is cheapest in petrol and oil; it is cheapest to house, for it requires no stable, and costs little to clean, and it requires no chauffeur; it is cheapest to take by train, it is cheapest to repair, it is cheapest in tyre upkeep; it is cheapest to insure, and cheapest to improve and experiment on—it is, in fact, the cheapest method of travelling yet invented, excelling in this respect (say on a hundred-mile run) walking, bicycling, riding, and trains. Is it, therefore, not the motor for the man of minute means? The rider, on his arrival at his destination, can wheel his machine out of the roadway to stand in a garden, etc., whilst no repair ever compels its driver to take up such a position under his mount that he gets hot water in one eye, lubricant in the other, petrol in his mouth, mud in his eyes or hair, with every chance that a spanner will fall on his face, owing to a friend unwittingly pushing the road wheels over his leg.

DRYING BROMIDE PRINTS.

Bromide prints can be very quickly and easily dried in the following manner:—Press the prints between blotting-paper so that both sides are surface dry. Now immerse in a bath of clean methylated spirit for fifteen minutes. The prints may then be blotted again in perfectly dry blotting-paper, and, if necessary, may be dried by gentle heat without danger. It is best to filter the spirit through cotton-wool before use, as the spirit usually supplied by chemists frequently contains bits of insoluble matter which settle on the print and are difficult afterwards to remove.

HOW TO TONE BROMIDES SEPIA COLOUR.

There are several methods of toning bromide prints, and several tones to be obtained. Sepia is a very pleasing tone for some kinds of bromide work. The following solution is required:—Dissolve 5oz. of hypo in 35oz. of hot water, and add 1oz. of alum. The alum will cause a thick milky precipitate. This must not be filtered off, but remain suspended in the solution. The bromides to be toned are treated first in the cold solution for fifteen minutes; the latter is then warmed to about 130 degrees F., and kept at this temperature for about fifteen minutes, or until the prints are toned sufficiently. The bath can be used over and over again; in fact, the older it is the better it becomes. It should not be used for twenty-four hours after mixing. After toning the prints should be placed in a bath of water and alum, which should not be quite cold. Then they should be finally washed for about twenty minutes.

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

"Selina Jenkins"

AT THE GRENADEER GUARDS' CONCERT.

Last Wednesday evenin' me and Amos decided we'd go up to Montpellier, and patternize they there Grenadeer Guards, becoss, of course, I believe in patternizing the British Army when it's in the shape of a band at Montpellier; wot I don't 'old with is the using of the army fer dishonest counteractors in oats and bully-beef to make their fortins over, as is sure to 'appen as safe as eggs is eggs whenever the army gets fiting, and wot with this 'ere War Stores Scandles, and the way they keeps on reorganizing the army, it's very like the man as I 'eard of wich took sich a lot of valleble time organizing his bizness he 'adn't no leisure to serve the customers. 'Lurn all the regiments into brass bands, that's wot I says, and send 'em 4th throughout the length and breadth of the land to play piece and 'armony into the soles of the onemployed—both rich and pore, as 'ould be a site more wholesome than settin' of 'em up to know 'ow to kill their neybor in 15 different ways, as they does at present!

Owsomever, as I were a-sayin', me and Amos decided to go to Montpellier on Wednesday evenin', and so far so good; but onfortnity, all the rest of Cheltenham had the same idea, by a sort of a coincidence, as they calls it, and when we got up to the gates sich a crowd you never see in your born days!

There was yung and old, stout old duchesses and yung girls, old parties as ought to 'ave been 'ome nursin' theirselves, and thinkin' about the burial expenses, and children as ought to 'ave been in bed hours—yung fellows on bicycles, some of the "onemployed" on motor-cars, and only a tiny little bit of a turnstile thing to squeeze through, as were like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, a-goin' thro' that there wicked-gate, so Amos said.

There was we, very near squeezed to death in the midst of all this 'ere crowd, and the band playin' away for all it were worth inside the gardins, all of wich we was losin' thro' the slowness of gettin' thro' the hopenin' one by one. It seems that they adn't reckoned on sich a rush, becoss Cheltenham folks, as a rule, prefers outside stand-up seats to payin' out sixpence, bein' economical in their 'abits!

But I will say it sort of struck me that if I 'ad a concert like that to manage I should 'ave 2 or 3 dores to go in at, becoss it's really dangerous this 'ot weather to squash people up in sich a small compass, not to speak of losing yer valleybles, wich I dropped me glasses, meself, as was trod into countless hatoms afore I could push away the 2 yung chaps as was tramin' on 'em, and cost me 12s. 6d. only a month ago, besides the trouble of 'avin' yer eyesight looked at by the hocolist!

There was murmurs on all hands at the difficulty of gettin' in, and when it was found that we was all kept waitin' becoss someone wanted change we got despret!

"Come on, Selina," says Amos. "You foller me! I'll jest push thro' this 'ere rope and make it hall rite with whoever we meets." No sooner said than done, wich we 2 and a whole crowd of others jest went down on our 'ands and knees, and crept under the rope around at the back of the man at the wicked-gate! It was all of a scramble, and somebody stepped on me skirt and tore it considerable, besides Amos's hat bein' thrown down and trampled on, but we got through, anyway, and gave somebody as looked fairly official our 6 pences, so as to be on the rite side!

But I donnow as I 'olds with 'avin' to fite yer way into these 'ere hentertainments, even if it is the British Grenadeers, and I 'opes they as manages will give opportunities fer decent folk to come in as peacefully as they be allowed to go out, there bein' plenty of dores about, one place and another!

When I'd pinned me skirt up, and Amos 'ad brushed the dirt off his knees and 'at, we took a look around, and I don't think I ever seed sich a lot of people out to anything (as wasn't free) in Cheltenham before. The gardins really looked luvly, with the coloured lanterns and the 'andsome gowns wich was to be seen on every 'ad with the utmost confusion; then that there yawning, as they calls it, over the chairs, looks quite a hornament, with 'undreds of little yaller and red flags on to it, and all the comforts of the Town-hall with the side walls knocked out!

After we'd walked around a bit, I sals to Amos, "Amos," says I, "it's very tirin' work standin' up; I think you'd better pay for a chair, becoss I

likes to see the band at me ease." So Amos goes off to get 2 chair tickets, and after 10 minnuts waitin' 'e comes back to me with 2 blue tickets and the intelligence as it were jest as bad gettin' the chair tickets as it were comin' thro' the wicked-gate, wot with people botherin' the hindividual in charge to death fer change, wich, if one important-lookin' hindividual didn't ask 'im to take fer a twopenny chair ticket out of a 5 pound note!

"And, Selina," 'e says, "I only asked for 2 tuppennies, but I've got 2 sixpenny tickets, so we'll get up in the front seats amongst the swells, wich it ain't 'alf a bad idea, becoss these 'ere aristocrats knows 'ow to behave, and we shan't find them a-talkin' so, all thro' the music, like as the common 'erd, so to say, does."

"Well, Amos," I says, "I will say this; when I pays to 'ear a band I likes to 'ear a band, and altho' I enjoys a bit of hanimated conversation with anybody in its proper place, I don't like it when it's mixed up with moosic. So I 'opes they'll know 'ow to behave as well as they ought."

But, as luck would 'ave it, the only 2 seats we could get was jest in the middle of a nice little group of talkatives, wich started on to a helegant discussion as to whether strawberries was considered to be good fer the complexion (taken hinternally, of course), and if it was the correct thing to mash 'em up with a fork, or to use the stems fer the purpose, wich I consider Providence intended stems for—namely to pick up the fruit without sillin' yer 'ands.

When the band played very soft, they whispered; when it got moderately loud, they talked loud; when it played full force they simply shouted at each other, until my pore 'ead was jest one whirl of sharps and flats, and strawberries and forks, and raw and fresh cream. I couldn't stand it no longer, so I jest turns round to these 'ere parties, and says, "Egsoose me, ladies and gents, but I thought this was a band concert and not a House of Commons debate! If you don't care for moosick, why waste yer money by coming along 'ere, rite in the way of it, and then refoosin' to listen to it? Fer my part, I don't know much about moosick, but wot I 'as of it I likes neat, and not mixed with conversation on strawberries and their stems, as is more in the line of the refreshment department! I expect you mistook this 'ere band concert for a refreshment-room, or a debating sassiety, and strolled in onawares."

They didn't 'alf like it, I can tell you; wich one of the parties said somethink about "'ow disagreeable people could be if they chose," and as 'ow "nobody in sassiety listens to a band, excepts by way of a accompaniment to conversation," and "'the only time one could 'ave a nice chat was when a band concert was goin' on." But there! there! "Do unto others," etcetera, don't seem to 'old no place with these folks, as is found in select scules as well as elsewhere, wich I couldn't upset me neybor's 'appiness by spiling their enjoyment, even if I were stone-deaf and couldn't 'ear a word of the moosick. But I think where there's a sort of weakness of brain moosic makes you chatter, fer the same reason as my canary bird always sings his loudest when I be choppin' firewood. The noise makes their tongues wag, and they 'aven't got the strength of mind to stop 'em! The story goes (and I shouldn't be surprised if it was true) that at one of these 'ere millingtary band concerts the conductor was actooly asked to play louder pieces becoss the audience couldn't talk in these 'ere soft dreamy hairs!

'Owever, enuff is as good as a feast about that, and I dersay manners will improve with some of 'em as they gets older. The band was a very 'andsome one, and in their red and gold coats they look 'elegant a set of men as you could find in a day's march. The conductor wore a sword, as they do say he've sworn a hoath on the big drum that he'll cut off the head of the first bandsman as plays a false note with! I don't think he'll want to use it, wotever, fer they plays as reg'lar as a steam-organ, and far beyond in quality, so I considers, altho' you do hear some wonderful things done by they as we gets round Grosvenor-street so often. Amos said it weren't fer that, nor fer cuttin' the discords, but it was a well-known thing that no millingtary band could play so well if the conductor didn't wear a sword at his belt! Amongst other things the Grenadeers played "Sing Me to Sleep" beautiful; also "The Lost Cord," wich I knows, becoss of the 'urdy-gurdy 'aving got 'em down our street Tuesdays and Saturdays reg'lar; altho' I will admit I thought

"Sing Me to Sleep" were that there "Glory Song" until Amos put me rite one day, and told me as 'ow it were composed by a Cheltenham artiste, as they calls 'em, all out of 'is own head; wich I thought "Sing Me to Sleep" sounded like Cheltenham folk's ways all the time afore I knowed it were done locally!

About 'alf-way thro', the front seats was turned into the back seats (altho' there wasn't no money back), and the "Miserable" scene from "Trova-tore" was gave by a young woman on the stage at the back, including a lot of men's voices as didn't appear, and therefore I couldn't say nothink about. The singin' of this young party was really luvly—all trills and trebles and shakes, like a lark in the cornfields—and I think was considered to be a very fine performance. I knows I couldn't do it; but, as Amos says, there's no knowin' wot I mite 'ave done if I'd been brought up to it in me y'unger days, wich they do say these 'ere primmer donners lives on nothink but egg-flip and never speaks in ordinary langwidge fer fear of wastin' their v'ice on the midnite air, as the sayin' is. I s'pose they speaks on their fingers, deaf and dum' way, or else 'rites it down on a slate, as must be a hawful slow way of conversation, so I considers, and very bad fer a lady, becoss we likes to 'ave our little say, as we all knows!

Following this Hinterlude, the front seats became themselves once more, and the band obliged with 2 pieces by Abraham, and very good they was too, considerin' 'ow long ago the old gentleman lived! Fancy, it was 'im who composed the "Death of Nelson!" And all them years afore Nelson become dead, too! Its wonderful, is moosick, when you comes to think of it, and I think I shall 'ave some lessons on the mandoline, meself, as is considered to be a lady-like feat, now-a-days, and a very becomin' little instrument to be photographed with. Amos—he wants to learn the trombone or something as makes a good sound, becoss of Mr. Jones 'aving done the "Death of Nelson" so good on it, at the Grenadeers. And when we gets on a bit we shall 'ave quite a string band, esspesshully if Mary Ann Tomkins 'elps with the pianna, on to wich she can play very well with 2 fingers if you don't hurry her too much. Till then we lives in hopes. SELINA JENKINS.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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

The 138th prize has been awarded to Mr. R. Dodds, of Moorcroft, Grosvenor-street, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by Mr. F. W. Giller at Cleeve Hill Church.

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

SALE OF A VICTORIA CROSS.

During Tuesday afternoon, at Christie's, a Victoria Cross, together with six other decorations, all granted to Trumpet-Major Robert Kells, of the 9th Lancers, made 145gs. Mr. Kells as a lance-corporal received his Cross for bravery in defending at Bolundshar on September 28th, 1857, his commanding officer, Captain Drysdale, against a number of the enemy, while he lay helpless in the street with a broken collar-bone.

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CROMWELL'S DEATH MASK SOLD.

At Stevens's rooms on Wednesday there was offered for sale a death mask of Oliver Cromwell, pronounced to be the finest known representation of the features of the Protector. The reserve price, however, was not reached, and the mask was withdrawn from the sale. It has now changed hands privately, having been acquired by a private buyer for eighty guineas. There are only three of these masks known to exist, one in the National Portrait Gallery, another in the possession of Sir R. Tangye, and the one now sold. The British Museum possesses one, but its authenticity is doubtful.



COTSWOLD HUNT PUPPY SHOW, JULY 13, 1905.

THE BITCH PACK.

CHARLES TRAVESS, NIMROD LONG, AND WILL DALE.

RAIN BATH CURES.

Telegrams from Austin, Texas, describe a large number of alleged "rain cures." All that is required of the patient (says the New York correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph") is that he shall stand in the open air with his body bare of all clothing and let the falling rain pour on him. For nervous disorders and rheumatism the treatment is described as infallible, and many chronic diseases are mentioned as yielding when other means failed. One good downpour of rain, followed by a good rubbing down, says the telegram, has cured scores of cases of obstinate colds. The treatment is believed to have originated at Austin, where many people are now thoroughly convinced of the virtue of rain baths. Since the cure became popular many back gardens at Austin are surrounded by high-boarded fences, which screen the citizens while following the treatment, which is described as "agreeable, invigorating, and an absolute nerve restorative."

The King, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, has been pleased to appoint Mr. Herbert F. Manisty, K.C., to be Recorder of Berwick, in the place of Mr. Hans Hamilton, resigned on his appointment to a county court judgeship; and Mr. George F. F. Mortimer to be Recorder of Rotherham, in the place of Mr. Manisty, K.C., resigned.

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



COTSWOLD HUNT PUPPY SHOW.

JUDGING THE PUPPIES.

Messrs. McNeill, Curre, James Cooper, Will Dale, C. Travess, and C. Beacham.

Brigadier-General R. M. Greenfield, D.A.G. to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter at Poona, has been selected for the command of a brigade in India for the usual period to fill a vacancy on the establishment.

Sir William H. Wilson-Todd, Bart., M.P., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding on Monday. Halnaby Hall, near Darlington, one of his residences, is notable as the place where Byron spent his honeymoon.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 239.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1905.

CHELTENHAM LIBERALS. NORTH WARD OUTING TO LOWER LODGE, JULY 22, 1905.

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 139th prize has been divided between Mr. Charles Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. W. E. Hobbes at All Saints' Church and the Rev. Mr. Murrell at Wesley Church.

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

THE HOURS OF SLEEP.

In his paper dealing with the hours of sleep at public schools, Dr. T. D. Acland has raised the discussion of a very important question. There can be no doubt that the amount of sleep taken in the twenty-four hours has an important influence on health and efficiency, and this more particularly in the early and strenuous days of active youth. Doubtless it may be allowed that habit, here as elsewhere may do something both in one direction and the other, but it is equally true that a point may be reached where even this influence is powerless. It is not unimportant to suggest that in attempting to prescribe the amount of sleep, necessary or advisable for any individual considerable regard ought to be paid to the question of idiosyncrasy. Numerous rules, reading for the most part with a somewhat proverbial twang, have been framed on this subject for the guidance and encouragement of mankind, but there is no evidence that the authors of these wise saws had any basis for their suggestions outside the limits of their personal experiences. And it is because of this that their recommendations are essentially at fault. The practice of medicine affords numerous opportunities of studying the influence of various habits upon health and activity, and we may venture to suggest that the position of sleep in this respect is worthy of more attention than it commonly receives. We believe it will be found that the requirements of individuals in regard to sleep vary very widely, and that no hard-and-fast rule can be or ought to be defined. Rules of this order already exist, and are, we believe, harmful rather than helpful. Ambitious and diligent youths are introduced to examples of some few exceptional men who accomplished great ends by the sacrifice of hours usually devoted to sleep, and in the effort to emulate these examples cultivate studies at late hours as a proof of virtue and a guarantee of future distinction. The result is often disastrous, as might indeed have been expected. Most persons of intelligence find out by experience what habits are necessary to maintain at a maximum their physical and mental vigour. But when experience is yet to gain it is easy to be misled by false examples and unreliable copy-book maxims. — "The Hospital."



MESSRS. SEARS, JONES, BOURNE, JACKSON, C.C. (TEWKESBURY), DR. DAVIES, MRS. DAVIES, MESSRS. HOBBS AND LISTER, MRS. CLAYDON AND MRS. HOBBS.



COMMITTEE, WITH MR. SEARS (PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE), DR. DAVIES (TOWN COUNCILLOR FOR WARD), AND MR. JONES (MR. SEARS'S AGENT).



CHELTENHAM LIBERALS.

NORTH WARD OUTING, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905. GROUP IN FRONT OF HOTEL BEFORE TEA.

THREE VIEWS OF THE ETHER.

Here, then, we have the outlines of three pictures of the eternal ether, each presenting it as it shapes itself in the mind of a great contemporary thinker. To Mendeleeff, the chemist, it appears to be the lightest of gases, the most inactive of all the elements. Professor Osborne Reynolds, the engineer, pictures it as a mass of dense, closely-packed grains; Dr. Larmor as a rotationally elastic fluid. In Professor Mendeleeff's eyes the ether seems but a finer kind of matter. In those of his colleagues it is the one concrete reality; while matter, according to Professor Reynolds, consists merely of waves; and, according to Dr. Larmor, of systems of electrons or nuclei of permanent ethereal strains in rapid motion. How are we to reconcile these three diverse presentments of the ether? Perhaps the best answer I can offer is to remind you that throughout the history of science truth has ever been the offspring of diversity rather than of uniformity. Three men describing a neighbour's house might very well give discordant and yet not untrue accounts of it, accordingly as their own windows looked upon its front, its back, or one of its sides. It may be—I do not venture to say it is—that each of these seemingly diverse theories of the ether expresses something that is true about that aspect of the subject which chiefly has presented itself to its author.—“Some Recent Theories of the Ether.” in “Cornhill Magazine.”



There is no misery apart from sensation. A ruined house is not miserable. Man only is miserable. Ego vir videns. Happiness is neither without us nor within us; it is in God, both without us and within us.—Pascal.

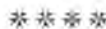
HORSE AND TRAMWAY ACCIDENTS.

From statistics compiled by “The Autocar,” it appears that the number of horse accidents reported in the papers during the last three months is 1,097, resulting in injury to 577 persons, and the death of 124 others. These figures are about the average shown by previous returns. The total for three years and one month, during which period records have been kept, are 11,753 horse accidents—8,205 persons injured and 1,152 killed. Of tramlay accidents during the past half-year there have been 459 reported in newspapers, causing injury to 239 persons and killing 84 others.



PECULIARITIES OF THE HOUSE FLY.

Two very peculiar features of the house fly are its wings and its organs of smell. Under each wing (says “Science Siftings”) there is a globe in a very slender stalk fringed with fine hairs. These hairs are sensitive to odours, and fill the same office for the fly as the nose does for animals of a higher order. The globes are pneumatic pumps, which keep the veins of the fly's wings pumped full of air, and, consequently, taut and stiff. Thin though the fly's wings may seem, it is, nevertheless, of double texture. If the tips of the fly's wings are clipped off the insect will be unable to fly. This is not simply because his wings are no longer large enough to counter-balance the weight of his body during flight, but because they have been punctured like the tyre of a bicycle or motor-car, and let out the wind faster than the little air pumps under the wings can pump it in.



The simultaneous marriage of three brothers, triplets, at Plugawa, Prussia, has just been celebrated.

MOTOR-CAR TRAFFIC AND DAMAGE TO ROADS.

At a meeting of the Surrey County Council on Tuesday the county surveyor reported that the main roads were being much more severely tried than hitherto in consequence of the mechanical traction daily becoming more general. He said: “The fast cars with their large tyres damage the roads considerably. On the flint roads the sucking action of the larger tyres draws the small metal to the surface, leaving the larger metal loose below and covering the surface with a layer of fine, sharp grit. After a shower of rain the damaged lengths often appear smooth and fair again, but the small metal is all on the surface, the larger metal below being still unwedged and loose, and the whole road in such a condition that it rapidly wears and makes much dust under ordinary traffic. On macadamised lengths of road the action of the cars is different. On granite roads small hollows or depressions are quickly formed, and the tyres suck the softer metal out of the depressions and rapidly accentuate the unevenness of the road. Experiments (with dust preventing materials) are now being made in various parts of the county, chiefly consisting of mixing tar with the road material before consolidating it, or spreading tar in some form upon the surface of the road. While I hope that means may be made for keeping the metal from moving, and thus saving wear and preventing dust, I am myself very doubtful whether any treatment with tar will prove successful upon roads subject to traction engine and other very heavy traffic.”



No fewer than fifty-two half-crowns and 260 two-shilling pieces were dropped last year into the fare-boxes used on the Halifax tramway system. The passengers thought they were tendering pennies in payment of their fares.



CHELTENHAM LIBERALS
CROSSING LOWER LODE FERRY.

OBVIOUSLY.

The latest fiscal suggestion is that a tax should be put upon double and treble-barrelled names. The tax, it is to be presumed, would be nominal. — "The Bystander."



MIXED POLO.

The first polo match between ladies was played last week at Ranelagh (says "The Bystander"), and now we understand that some of our leading sportsmen are drawing up a petition to the effect that there shall under no circumstances be such a game as "mixed polo." Mixed hockey, they say, was dangerous enough—to the men. But mixed polo—!

While angling from Southend Pier, Mr. E. Leaney and his son hooked three young sharks.

Lincoln Corporation will shortly celebrate the jubilee of its town clerk, Mr. J. T. Tweed. The city has trebled in size and population during his time.

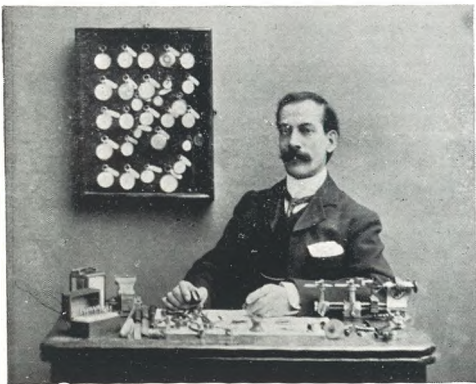
A window has just been unveiled at the King's Own Memorial Chapel, Lancaster, it being in memory of four of the King's Own Royal Lanes. Regiment who died while trying to rescue a popular young officer mortally wounded at Lady-smith.

At the National Sangerfest in Zurich 2,200 players in costume were on the stage, and 10,000 singers took part.

CONCERNING OTHER FELLOWS.

Writing on "Streakiness" in the "Windsor Magazine," the schoolboy says:—Wainwright is the cleverest chap I know (bar one, whom it would not become me to mention); but his love of punning leads people not intimate with him to mistake him for a fool. However, I think Wainwright's idiosyncrasies (fine word, that!) must be reserved for future comment. I could go on almost for ever multiplying instances (a grown-up chum tells me that's the right phrase) to prove the point of this essay, which is streakiness in character. I have talked it over with a person who is generally competent to give one good advice, and (which is better still) doesn't, as a rule, give it oftener than I want it; and what she says is that I ought to fix my attention on fellows' good streaks, which will probably lead to my copying them; and take as little notice as possible of their bad streaks, which I shan't be likely to imitate if I pay no attention to them. She says one should always be ready to appreciate the good and to make excuses for the bad—or, if we can't get so far as excuses, at least not to talk about them. But I'm afraid if I was as good as all that, I'd die young, like the disagreeably virtuous boys in the sort of books given to us by our godfathers and godmothers on our birthdays; and if that happened, the person who gives me reliable advice would be seriously annoyed by the effect of it. On the whole, I prefer to be only moderately good, and to give myself a chance of continuing my observations on human nature to a ripe old age.

"Band of Hope literature is deadly dull," said the Bishop of Thetford while addressing a temperance gathering at Hunstanton. "The songs, too, are mawkish and poor. They must be improved."



MR. E. M. YEEND,
143 HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.

The Watch Specialist.
Noted for his
RELIABLE REPAIRS.

CHELTENHAM POLO CLUB GYMKHANA, JULY 20, 1905.



MISS UNWIN'S DECORATED TURNOUT—MR. UNWIN (SEC.) AT PONY'S HEAD.



MISSING TREASURE RACE (COMPETITORS SEARCHING).



START FOR EGG AND SPOON RACE.



DONKEY POLO (SEVEN WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS MOUNTED).

"Selina Jenkins"

THE DANGERS OF LIGHTNING.

Of all the things I can't abear thunder and liting is the worst; ever since I were only that high, and used to creep down under the bed-clothes of nites to get out of the way of it, I never couldn't see no good purpose in it, altho' I 'ave 'eard tell that if there wasn't no thunder the electric trams would 'ave to cease runnin', becous of the currants runnin' short; wich these 'ere electric currants is very dodgy things, as I shan't never forget when I went to a sale of work with Mary Ann Tomkins, in to which was a stall where it were put up "2 Shocks a Penny! Try our Electric Currants," and the man turned on double the pressure by accident, as he said, altho' I don't b'levee it, and, you mark my words, I couldn't let go they 'andles, altho' it were tyin' me arm-mussels up into knots, and shakin' me system like a engine about to egsplose. No! I couldn't let go! not ontill Mary Ann pulled me away so 'ard as to overset a chiny-ware stall t'at was in the way, wich broke into numberless fragments, and cost me a pretty penny to put rite, that it did; and egsplices why I don't like electric currants!

So when I see in the paper the other day "Vhat to do in a thunderstorm," thinks I to myself, "This is just meant fer you, Selina!" as consisted of a lot of very helegant instructions as to where you was to be when a storm come on. I cut it hout, and put it into me purse, becous you never knows. do you, this 'ot weather?

And, sure enough, it were only a day or two after cutting out these 'ere instructions, as I were puttin' a nice little beefstake pie in the hoven, as Amos is awful fond of, when I 'ears a rumblin' in the distance, as showed there was a storm comin' on (leastways so I considered).

I runs up to Amos, as were collectin' mawl-scrawls from the cabbages in our bit of tack-gardin, and I says to 'im, "Amos," I says, "did you 'ear the thunder and liting?"

"Thunder, Selina!" 'e says. "No, I didn't 'ear nothink; but it do look a bit cloudy over towards the heast."

"Well! come on! look sharp!" I says. "I don't want you to get struck, becous see wot a worry 't'would be to me to 'ave to egsplice matters to folk as wanted to know 'ow it 'appened!"

"Ho, well! Selina," 'e says, "I'll just stand in under this 'ere little happle-tree if it comes on to rain, wich don't you trouble about me in the least. I shall be hall rite!"

"Now don't you be silly, Amos," I says; "why 'ere it says in this very bit of newspaper as I've took the trouble to cut out with me own 'ands, as it's most dangerous to stand under trees, unless you be 15 or 20 feet away from 'em."

Well, but look 'ere, Selina," 'e says, "'ow be I a-goin' to stand 15 or 20 feet away from this 'ere tree and also get the pertection from the storm as is coming on; besides wich, this 'ere bit of a gardin ain't 15 or 20 feet big, so as if I was all that distance from the happle-tree I should be over the fence into Padbury's gardin next dore!"

"Well, don't be argymentative, while yer life mite be in danger, Amos," I says, wich is like they men, as would 'old a debate as to 'ow it 'appened ten minutes after the world come to a end, that I do b'levee; talk about women folk for argyfyin'; but there, I were put out, I can tell you, wot between the fear of Amos bein' struck, and the way 'e seemed to be chaffin' at me; so I 'as another look at wot the newspaper did say, wich if it didn't get worse and worse, and make me feel that 'orrible nervous you can't think; as it should say you musn't 'eat yerself or respire in time of thunder, wich I were that 'ot, at the moment of speakin', you could 'ave fried a rasher of bacon on me forehead, very near, and as fer presparation, Amos's face were shinin' like the full moon in 'is glory; wich, of course, made t more dangerous than ever.

"Come on hin, Amos," I shouts, in desperation; "come on hin at once, afore it thunders again; if you don't b'levee wot I says, jest look at the paper, as is down in cold print, so must be rite!"

So 'e dawdles over to the backdore, where I were tandin', and looks at the bit of paper; wich,

when 'e'd got the sense of it, 'e ups and 'e says, "Selina," 'e says, "I never knowed there was so many risks in life afore, and a very good job I didn't, so I thinks. 'Where iggerence is bliss 'tis folly to be wise,' as Shakespeare said, and 'pon me word, there ain't no chance to live during a thunderstorm accordin' to all these 'ere instructions; why jest look 'ere, it says 'On the whole it is best to keep still, and sit or lie down rather than stand erect.' Then it says 'Lofty buildings, barns, stables, and churches are unsafe shelters.' Wotover be we to do? 'Tain't safe to stand under a tree, 'tain't safe to go in the house, if you goes in you ought to lie down on the floor—upon my 'word, there don't appear to be anywhere's safe, unless you digs a 'ole in the ground and berries yerself in it.'

"Well, Amos," says I, "I can't do that, at my time o' life, wich mite be suitable for worms and rabbits, and sich-like, but as fer me. I don't feel at all drawn to live in a burrow, thunder or no thunder! Supposin' we go hupstairs and lies down on the floor in the spare bedroom, as it seems ought to be a lot safer than down here, because the currants always makes for the ground, don't 'em?"

So we makes our way upstairs, and covers up the looking-glass most careful, puts the water-bottle outside the dore, and pulls down the blinds. I gets under the bed, and Amos was over by the fire-place, a-grumblin' and a-groanin' away fer all he was worth about the 'ardness of the floor, an' 'ow 'e wished people wouldn't put sich scares in the paper, as was like Mr. Baxter's end of the world—'always perdicted but never come.'

We'd been there, in the greatest of discomfort, upwards of a quarter of an hour, when the pins and needles come on in me limbs somethink on-bearable, ontill I was forced to groan out loud, sich was the torment.

"Wot's the matter, Selina," says Amos, "do you find the floor rather 'ard?"

"'Ard ain't the word," I says, "me pore limbs is that scrambled they won't be rite agin for a week! Wot a powerful long time that there storm is comin' on, ain't it? 'Ave a look at the paper, Amos, and see if it says anythink about 'ow long there ought to be precautions took after you 'ears the first clap of thunder!"

Amos reads it down, and 'e couldn't find nothink about that, as seemed we mite be lyin' about there on the boards for a week if the storm didn't bust; wich shows they 'adn't thought of everythink in the paper, after all. 'Owsomedever, it turned out that many people 'ad been killed thro' sleepin' in wooden bedsteads, so I wasn't very long gettin' out from under our 4-poster when I 'eard that, I can tell you; not but wot I luffed up me sleeve a bit (as I've made large a-purpose) when Amos found out it were "ighly important to avoid the fireplace, becous of the currants comin' down the suitt," and 'e a-lyin' there with 'is 'ead close to the fender, too!"

Wich 'e jumps up from the floor, as quick as 'is roomaticks would let 'im, and turns on me in a reg'lar 'ow-de-do, to the effect that "'e wasn't goin' to be 'umbugged about from pillar to post by any newspaper scraps no more, that 'e wasn't, wich these 'ere directions didn't leave nowhere at all for a 'uman bein' to rest the sole of 'is foot on, if you follered 'em all, not unless you was a argonaut and went up in a balloon; and as fer knowin' all these 'ere warnin's and hawful dangers, it were best not never to take no 'eed to the like, becous, wot with warnin's of the coal supply givin' cut in 2 million years, and trade goin' to the dogs, and microbes in everythink, and sudden death on every 'and, life wasn't gettin' to be worth livin'; besides wich, if we was goin' to be struck we should be, and, for one, 'e'd rather be struck pickin' mawl-scrawls off the cabbages than lyin' about on the floor in the spare room, like as we was doin', as was jest runnin' away from Providence, so 'e considered."

"Very well, Amos," I says, "'ave yer way! But I admits there's somethink in wot you says, wich forewarned isn't only fore-armed, it's very often fritened to death fer nervousness. 'Owsomedever, I think the storm must 'ave passed over, fer I 'aven't 'eard no more thunder!"

Jest then there came another terrible rumble, 'owever, but wot was I to do, with the bed and the chimby and the winder to be avoided? Besides wich, I were prespirin' with frite, and it said it were most dangerous to do that, altho' I couldn't stop it nohow!

Fort'nitly, 'owever, Amos pulled up the blind and looked out into the street; and, you mark my words, if it weren't all a delusion and a frost. It wasn't thunder at all, but jest some stones bein' tipped out of a cart down the road! And we'd taken all they precautions! Well! there!—

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—And the beef-stake pie burnt to a cinder, too!

A FEMALE USURER.

"It was some time after I was married," continued Mrs. Hawkins, "and my 'usband fell out of work, and we was 'ard put to it; and one day I borrowed a sovering from a woman as lived near by. Just such another as Mrs. Evins, she was; you'd think butter wouldn't melt in 'er mouth. A penny in the shilling every week it was, and I s'pose it's the same now, eh?" (Albert groaned) "and another penny in the shilling on all you got be'ind" (Albert groaned again) "and afore I knew where I was, I was two pound in 'er debt. And then my 'usband got work agin, and I trumped up one story and another for keepin' 'is things in pawn, 'cause I didn't dare tell 'im the truth, 'im being 'asty tempered. And then when I didn't dare keep the things in pawn no longer, I'd get 'is best suit and 'is watch and chain out for Sunday, and put 'em away on Monday every week reg'lar till I was fair mad with fright for fear 'e'd miss 'em in the week. And then one day 'e'd said 'e'd got to go out visitin' with 'is Oddfellers' Lodge, and where was 'is clothes? And I 'ad to tell 'im everythink." Mrs. Hawkins paused. She was evidently living those terrible days over again. Both of the men were looking at her, as if to see whether she bore marks of violence; but she was unconscious of their presence. "I will say for my 'usband," she went on presently, "that 'e be'aved like a gentleman. 'E swore somethink shocking, but 'e never offered to lift 'is 'and to me; and 'e says, 'Old girl,' 'e says, 'this musn't 'appen agin, not if things is ever so. I'll go to-morrer night to the settlement,' 'e says; 'and see the pore man's lawyer.' And 'e went." Another pause. "Well, what happened?" asked the curate. Mrs. Hawkins started as she realised where she was. The lawyer told 'im as the best thing 'e could do was to do nothink, but just to let the woman 'ave 'im up in the County Court. 'The chances are,' 'e said to my 'usband, 'as she'll leave well alone, and be content with what she's got already. But if not, you'll find that the judge ain't 'ard on your wife.' And sure enough 'e was 'right, for all she got was a nasty talking to and an order for arf-a-crown a week till the debt was clear. And never, never no more did I 'ave dealings with the likes of 'er, thank Gawd."—"Some Natural History," in "Cornhill Magazine."

COMPULSORY SOCIABILITY.

My own belief is that everyone has a perfect right to choose his own circle, and to make it large or small as he desires. It is a monstrous thing to hold that if an agreeable or desirable person comes to a place, one has but to leave a piece of pasteboard at his door to entail upon him the duty of coming round till he finds one at home, and of disporting himself gingerly, like a dancing bear among the teacups. A card ought to be a species of charity, left on solitary strangers, to give them the chance of coming, if they like, to see the leaver of it, or as a preliminary to a real invitation. It ought to be a ticket of admission, which a man may use or not as he likes, not a legal summons. That anyone should return a call should be a compliment and an honour, not regarded as the mere discharging of a compulsory duty. . . . The one thing that is fatal to all spontaneous social enjoyment is that guests should, like the maimed and blind in the parable, be compelled to come in. The frame of mind of an eminent Cabinet Minister whom I once accompanied to an evening party rises before my mind. He was in deep depression at having to go; and when I ventured to ask his motive in going, he said, with an air of unutterable self-sacrifice, "I suppose that we ought sometimes to be ready to submit to the torture we inflict on others." Imagine a circle of guests assembled in such a frame of mind, and it would seem that one had all the materials for a thoroughly pleasant party.—"From a College Window," in "Cornhill Magazine."

Concerning Awareness.

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[FROM "T.P.'S WEEKLY."]

Consciousness, or, to coin a more English word, "awareness," is the most important of all mental phenomena, inasmuch as it is the first manifested symptom of life and its loss the recognised attendant of death; yet it has, till now, defied all the researches of the physiologist. Its external organs are, it is true, easy to be perceived. We now know, though dimly, how the sensory nerves, through which alone we receive impressions from the external world, communicate their views, with a speed comparable to, but inferior to, that of light or electricity, in some cases directly, in others through the spinal cord, to the brain, where they arouse and stir into activity the neurones or pyramidal cells situate within the cortex of its grey matter. The brilliant researches of Broca and others have further enabled us to localise to a certain extent the various brain centres, so that we can distinguish with greater or less certainty the centres of vision, hearing, smell, and taste, as well as those points to which the arms, legs, and other members of the body, so to speak, telegraph. But beyond this we cannot go.

THE SALPETRIERE EXPERIMENTS.

What physiology cannot do for us, however, psychology has attempted, and the experiments made by Dr. Pierre Janet, Charcot's no less eminent successor at the Salpêtrière, have shown that in certain abnormal cases every portion of the brain is not equally conscious at the same time. With patients attacked by the nervous disease known as catalepsy he has shown that the consciousness of the individual breaks up into at least two parts, of which one part remains active, while the other sinks into abeyance. Thus, a cataleptic's arm or leg, when once placed in any position by external means, will remain so fixed during the remainder of the attack, without the patient being conscious of the fatigue thereby caused to the muscles or to the force of gravitation compelling it to take another pose. Yet this is not due to any unnatural rigidity or spasm of the muscles. On the contrary, the limb in question remains perfectly plastic, and can be made to change from one position to another at the will of the observer. Hence, he argues, the only thing which is missing from the brain of the patient is the "awareness" of what is taking place, and it is therefore in the position of a telegraph receiving station from which, though messages are sent to it, the operator is absent. Similar phenomena occur, as are set out at length in his excellent book on "L'Automatisme Psychologique," with patients attacked by diseases less rare than catalepsy, such as epilepsy, hysteria, and somnambulism. Perhaps the most crucial of these cases are those of local anaesthesia, where the hysteric during the attack does not feel pain if pricked or burned in one particular part of the body, although remaining sensitive enough in all the rest. Clearly, argues Dr. Janet, in these cases the consciousness of the patient has become split up, one part being alive, while the remainder is in appearance dead. Yet it is not dead in reality. One knows by other tests that the part supposed to be insensitive is, in fact, telegraphing its sensations to the brain just as much as the other. But the central receiving station has now become not one, but two.

WHY THE MILLER WOKE.

These, it may be said, are case of disease, but things happen every day to the most normal of us that can be explained by the same theory. How often do we walk along the street thinking, as we say, "of something else," with one part of our consciousness in evident abeyance? Friends may pass us without our recognising them, incidents in the ordinary life of the streets take place around us without our being aware of them; but our whole consciousness is not asleep. Our legs continue to move us in the direction we have fixed for them, the right corners are turned, and our eyes, the guardians of the body, remain on the watch to warn us of approaching danger in the shape of collisions, which we avoid, as we say, mechanically. Nor does the case of normal sleep differ, save in degree. Although blind and deaf to ordinary sights and sounds, although a well-known voice may speak near us in hushed tones without our awaking, and regular and expected movements, such as those caused by the motion of a tram or ship seem to have rather a lulling

effect on us than otherwise—let a sudden and unexpected sound strike on our ears, or a hand be abruptly laid upon us, and how swiftly the whole ego becomes aware of it, and leaps back into full life with the whole of its consciousness regained. Some part of the consciousness has really been on the watch all the time; but, to use another simile, has only been reporting those messages which seemed to it to be of importance. We all know the story of the miller who slept peacefully at night so long as his mill was working, but woke directly the clatter ceased.

UPPER AND LOWER CONSCIOUSNESS.

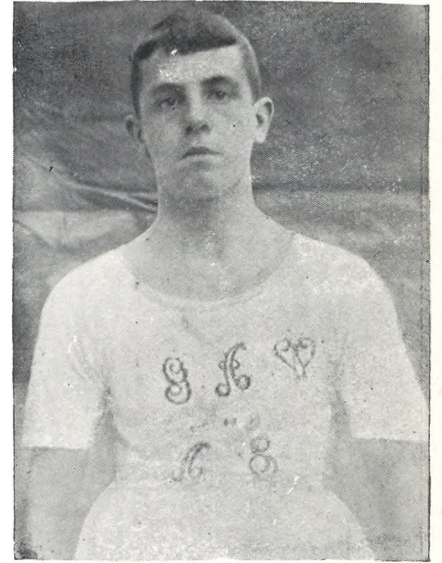
From these facts Dr. J. Grasset has constructed a theory of the consciousness which at least demands attention. He holds that besides the full, or upper, consciousness, which we all know, and which inspires what we may call our reasoned movements, man possesses a lower or more sensual psychic centre, which is, according to him, independent of the other. This, which he calls the "polygon," from the fact that the different centres of bodily sensation in the brain seem to form a many-angled figure, is charged with the supervision of the functions which we call instinctive, as also of those the daily exercise of which has become familiar to us by use. Among these he would include the passions and the emotions which we share with the lower animals, such as, for instance, the unreasoning fear, anger, and the like, displayed by crowds. But the list of actions coming under the control of this lower consciousness by no means ends here. It is plain that those taking place during either normal or induced—that is to say, hypnotic—sleep must be included in it, as must, according to Dr. Grasset, the apparently unconscious movements of spiritualist mediums, of thought-readers, and of water-diviners. In all these points Dr. Janet is inclined to agree with him, the only difference between the two being that Dr. Grasset thinks that the upper consciousness has a centre situated in the frontal lobes of the brain and quite distinct from the other, while Dr. Janet is of opinion that the higher consciousness is essentially the same function as the other, but excited to a higher degree of activity. This last seems the more rational hypothesis of the two, when we consider how the brain of a Darwin or a Spencer must have developed from the instinctive consciousness which is alone sufficient to direct the life of the infant, the mental powers necessary for the conduct of closely-reasoned trains of thought.

NERVOUS FORCE.

Not the least valuable point of Dr. Janet's theory is that it explains in great measure the important part played in our daily lives by this division of the consciousness. Whatever view we may take of the physical machinery of thought, there can be no doubt that its long and uninterrupted exercise puts a vast strain upon the powers of the body, and leads to the expenditure of what we call nervous force. Now, later researches all indicate that while the energy of the muscles is really increased by contact use, and is in effect inexhaustible, this does not hold good for nervous force, which, once expended, can only be renewed by long-continued rest, and even then by means which we cannot accurately trace. But nearly all actions of mind or body tend, when constantly repeated, to become, as it were, mechanical, or to pass, in Dr. Janet's language, from the control of the upper to that of the lower consciousness. If we compare, for instance, the laborious reasoning by which a child succeeds in casting up a long column of figures with the machine-like ease that enables a bank-clerk to go through his ledger, with, perhaps, his mind at the same time occupied with his own thoughts, we see that this must be the case. But the greatest blessing conferred on us by the possession of two states instead of only one state of consciousness is that of sleep, whereby, while the body, instead of being "left naked to its enemies," retains enough consciousness for its own protection, the higher functions of the brain obtain the rest which alone enables them to gain fresh strength for the renewal of the struggle with the coming day.—F.L.

All the school books at Kirk Langley are to be burned, in order to prevent the spread of scarlet fever.

For kissing a lady visitor who was sitting on the beach at Oley-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, William Robinson Ridley was, at Holt Sessions, fined £5.



F. G. RICHINGS,

Who broke the sixty miles walking record of the Gloucester Amateur Walking and Athletic Society on Saturday, July 15, 1905, accomplishing the journey in 13h. 27m. 20s., an average of 4 miles 3¼ furlongs per hour. He is only 17 years of age.

MR. HODGE AT THE TELEPHONE.

[Mr. Rider Haggard stated the other night that one of the things that kept men on the land in America was the ubiquity of the telephone. Countrymen could chat to one another over the wire, and not feel isolated. A contributor to "The Bystander" suggests that the proverbial suspiciousness of the English peasant would prevent the same happy results from being attained in this country by the same means. He forecasts rural telephonic communication in the following scene.]

Scene: A small country cottage at Dibley-in-the-Marsh. Telephone rings.

Mr. Hodge: Danged if that be'n't one of they chaps a-talking through the wire. (Goes to telephone).

Voice: Hello!

Mr. Hodge: Ah?

Voice: Are you there?

Mr. Hodge (cautiously): Are oi wheer?

Voice: Are you there? Is Mr. George Hodge there?

Mr. Hodge: Jarge Hodge did 'ee say? Sure 'twas Jarge? (Aside) What be a-wanting, oi wunner? (Aloud) Oi couldn't tell 'ee meself, but oi'll go an' ask the missus. (Returning after due consultation) Missus says oi'm to ask 'ee what do 'ee want wi' Jarge?

Voice: I want to know who I'm talking to. Are you Mr. Hodge?

Mr. Hodge (cunningly): Oi couldn' rightly say that; but oi know Jarge. Jarge lives not so far fro' here—Jarge does.

Voice: What's his number. The same you say? Can I speak to him? I want to speak to Mr. Hodge.

Mr. Hodge (firmly): Couldn' be done—not unless 'ee was to say forst what 'ee want wi' he—

Voice: All right. Can't waste any more time, if Mr. Hodge isn't there. (Rings off).

Mr. Hodge (chuckling with sense of his own sagacity): Oi thought that 'ud do un. That'll larn 'un a lesson, too, to say what 'tis he wants afore he asks if oi'm Jarge. Wunner what 'twas he wanted wi' me! Can't be too keerful wi' they chaps. Larn 'un a lesson, that will. (Continues chuckling).

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The output of cycles from Coventry is now practically treble what it was this time last year. Even the figures of the "boom year" have been exceeded.

A plucky girl secured a violent bull at Prestatyn by holding him by the ring in his nose.



GRENADIER GUARDS BAND

AT MONTPELLIER GARDEN, CHELTENHAM, JULY 19, 1905.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Chosen Church is to be partially disestablished, and on the initiative of the authorities of the church themselves. The question of "high" and "low church" has operated, though not in the sense as understood ecclesiastically in modern times. The fact of the matter is that the church of St. Bartholomew ("high" as regards altitude, and not easily accessible) will, as the result of the findings of a Commission appointed by the Bishop on the petition of the vicar and churchwardens, and which sat last Monday afternoon at Church-down, have to "play second fiddle" to the chapel-of-ease of St. Andrew's ("low" in position down in the village, and the more conveniently situated for parishioners), which was only opened and licensed as recently as April 25th, 1904. The change (by no means unexpected even from the time of the inception of the scheme for the second church) is one that can well be accepted by all practical people, and, indeed, by devout Churchmen, for the little hallowed edifice that has stood for centuries on the hilltop will lose none of its cherished rights of baptism, marriage, and burial, or of services once a Sunday. In fact, the Chosen people will have the choice of two buildings for most of the Church rites. The interesting subject of bans of marriage has been an operating factor in the change, and the new church will have a marriage district assigned it. St. Andrew's will now be eligible for consecration, which, together with a similar ceremony in the ground that Capt. Child has given for the enlargement of the fat churchyard on Chosen Hill, will shortly be performed. And in the latter case the Bishop is adopting a different course to that followed by his predecessor, who would only consecrate ground when reserved entirely for Church burials. There is no fear of the legend of Chosen Church being reversed in "Some ghosts at his back, who in less than a crack, pulled down the church and flew off with the tower," and

depositing the edifice down in the village. I am afraid, however, the chances of rehearing "the bells of Chosen with tongues now frozen" will become less, but I hope the Diocesan Change-ringers' Association will be moved to put a regular band there to melt them into melody.

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In these days, when rates and taxes are going up by leaps and bounds, I am not surprised that comparatively rich corporations like the Great Western and Midland Railway Companies (which are among the largest contributors) should be seeking to get their burdens lightened where they press unfairly. Even in our own county I find the Western is appealing against its assessment in several Unions on the ground of the falling-off of traffic over its line by the Gloucester route, caused by its diversion to the Severn Tunnel. This fact is patent, certainly as regards passengers, to any regular traveller between Swindon and the Cathedral city. And Gloucester folk freely admit the tunnel has been a drain to the traffic there. The Midland Co. is also seeking lower assessments owing to general depression, notably in the Stroud Union.

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Another short link in the chain of through communication with the Honeybourne Railway will shortly be undertaken by the Great Western Co. at Gloucester, in the making of two connecting lines upon a strip of land at the Sandpits (bought from the city), so as to avoid crossing the metals in the T yard. Cheltonians will be interested to hear that the company has given a trial order for a quantity of slabs (converted from the town's refuse) to replace some of the old blue brick paving on Gloucester up-platform. I hope the trial will be satisfactory, and lead to Cheltenham slabs being "downed" on many a platform.

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The useful field-day that Gloucestershire Volunteers held last Saturday afternoon in the extensive demesne of Pull Court reminds me that it is just over a year ago since the neighbouring

town of Tewkesbury was for a few days the headquarters of General Sir John French and the "brains" of the 1st Army Corps in their set staff ride, also that General Eyre-Saabbe, his courteous Chief of Staff, has since then gone over to the great majority. And Pull Court, up to some thirty years ago, was famous for the annual harvest homes to which the estimable Squire, Mr. William Dowdeswell, entertained his tenants and labourers, supplemented by fetes to which the whole countryside were invited. I wonder how many visitors there are now left who remember the name of Mr. Selve, the barrister, who was the bright particular star of those enjoyable revels?

GLEANER.

UNCONVENTIONAL HOLIDAYS.

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If holidays are in future to be "unconventional," as a contemporary suggests, another terror is in store for the British paterfamilias. To take apartments at Margate, convey his wife, family, and luggage thither and pay for the doctor's bill afterwards, has hitherto been the sort of trial to which he has submitted because it was a custom. The holidays were then, so to speak, most unnecessary; but still holidays—days that had to be arranged for at a minimum of exertion, until the happy time should come when the children might return to school and he to business. Now he is told that the way to enjoy holidays is to be unconventional. Have a Martello-tower, or a caravan, or a tent; visit some camp where you spend your time between sun-baths and billiards; do something that nobody would ever have dreamt of doing if everybody weren't going to do it this year. That is the advice proffered him. Somehow we cannot help sympathising with the British father—suddenly condemned by the power of the Press to start off with his wife and family and luggage to lead the Simpler Life, when all he wants to do is to rest, and not be worried.—"The Bystander."