

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 240. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THE THEATRE WILL RE-OPEN ON
MONDAY NEXT (BANK HOLIDAY)
With the Popular Musical Play—
"THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS."
Times and prices as usual.

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 140th prize has been awarded to Mr. J. H. Allender, of Eardington House, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

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

HOW ROYALTY TRAVELS.

Writing in "Pearson's Magazine," Mr. Turner Morton has an interesting paper describing the complex methods by which absolute safety and the highest luxury are assured to their Majesties the King and Queen when travelling by train:—

"The official regulations governing a royal journey are marked 'strictly private,' and are issued only to those of the railway company's servants who are required to know and act upon them; and it is absolutely forbidden that their contents shall be divulged to any outsiders. This is only one of a thousand precautions taken to insure a safe journey.

"The first regulation of general interest refers to a pilot train, that always runs fifteen minutes in advance of the royal train. If there should be any unexpected blockage of the line, or if foul play should be attempted, the pilot is intended to find it out. Whenever possible, an ordinary fast passenger train serves as pilot to the royal train, carrying specially-appointed officials on board. This system saves the royal purse the expense of a special pilot, and may save disorganisation of the ordinary traffic.

"Another regulation ordains that the royal train shall be thoroughly searched and examined, to see that all's well before a start is made.

"The next commands the locomotive superintendent of the line to select the most perfect class of engine suited to the nature of the train, and to select as enginemmen for the train and its pilot the most steady and experienced of all the drivers who know the road.

"A competent staff of telegraph men, under the charge of an electrical engineer, must accompany the royal train, with instruments by which a communication can at once be established at any place.

"A number of rules are laid down on the official time-table to govern the starting of the train.



Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Herbert,
Of Old Bath-road, Leckhampton, who to-morrow will celebrate their golden wedding, having been married at St. Peter's, Cheltenham, on August 6th, 1855.



The late Mr. Samuel T. Osborne,
Who died at Stratford, London, on July 19, at the age of 46. He was a well-known Tewkesburian, and brother of Mrs. F. C. Martin (now of High-street, Tewkesbury), and in his younger days passed through a term of service in the mercantile marine. He afterwards spent so many years, full of exciting adventure, in Texas and the wilder parts of the American continent, that his family gave him up for lost. But he returned in the full vigour of a splendid manhood, with so extraordinary physical development that he accomplished many wonderful rowing feats with the greatest ease. On Easter Monday, 1886, he rowed from Tewkesbury to Sharpness and back to Gloucester (50 miles) in ten hours, and two years after rowed across the English Channel from Dover to Wimereux (a French village near Boulogne) in a small boat, 18ft. long and 4ft. beam—a performance which astonished the world and has never been challenged. Later he patented a life saving navigable raft, which he launched on the Thames and sailed to Tewkesbury.



The guard must not give the signal for the start until he has the authority of the stationmaster; and the stationmaster must not empower the guard to blow his whistle until the carriage superintendent has finished his examination, and until it has been ascertained that all the members of the suite are seated.

"No train, except the pilot, must be allowed to proceed upon, or cross, the line on which the royal train travels for at least thirty minutes before the train is due; and all shunting operations on adjoining lines must be suspended for the same period until his Majesty has passed on his way.

"Then the permanent-way staff are instructed

in their duty of securely bolting in the right direction all facing points over which the pilot and royal train will have to pass.

"All stations and crossings must be specially guarded against trespassers.

"The gates of level crossings where there are no gatekeepers must be locked at least one hour before the royal train is due. This regulation is liable to cause no little inconvenience to people travelling by road: and sometimes angry letters are sent in consequence to the railway companies. But it is always found that when an explanation of the locked gates is given the most indignant of the complainers is at once soothed on learning that he has suffered for the sake of his King."



OPENING OF THE NEW DISPENSARY AT CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, GLOUCESTER.
GROUP OF HOSPITAL STAFF AND VISITORS.

Front row (left to right):—Rev. P. L. Park, Rev. Canon St. John, Major Ernest Gambier Parry, Rev. Canon Tetley, Sister Gertrude, Mr. R. P. Sumner, and Mr. Michael Lloyd-Baker.
 Second row:—Drs. Wilkin and Grosvenor.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The many persons who know and cherish the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, but who have not seen it lately, will doubtless be interested to hear that there has been carefully removed within the past few weeks from the comparative obscurity of one of the ambulatory chapels the curious tomb of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, to the centre of the raised portion of the choir. There, in a prominent position, in front of the high altar, under which his remains lie interred, the tomb of Robert the Crusader, the hapless eldest son of William the Conqueror, who was blinded in Cardiff Castle and died there after a captivity of twenty-six years, now stands in full gaze of the congregation, who certainly have not yet got used to the innovation. It has been shorn of the wire cage cover, but there still is the seven-panelled altar-like chest or cenotaph of log oak, with the recumbent oaken effigy of Duke Robert, ready to rise up in realistic style when the spring is touched. As the Dean (who is responsible for this fitting removal) has aptly said: "What a solemn changeless witness to English history is our great church, with its varied schools of architecture, one succeeding the other; with its many traditions, with its storied coloured glass, its under church, its great Chapter Room! How many scenes of the history of England have been acted in these sacred enclosures."



Referring to tombs, I am reminded of the following quaint epitaph in Rendcombe Church, on the Cotswolds:—

"Here lyeth ye body of John ye son of Francis and Sarah Woolley, chorister of the Cathedral Church of Glouc., who, after a short but very painful sickness, dyed ye 27 of July, 1710, in 13 year of his age and ten months.

Tho' young I fell, survivors cease to grieve,
 My mortal past here moulders; yet I live
 And sing with cherubs, whose seraphic lays
 In consort echo for yr Maker's praise.
 Forbear your vulgar musick to admire.
 For all when young a speedy change desire.
 I have not changed my employment, but my
 choir."



The richest living in the Diocese of Gloucester is about to become vacant by the retirement of the Rev. S. Bentley, from the rectory of Newent, under the Incumbents' Resignation Act. I can well understand the rev. gentleman's desire to retire, for he celebrated his 83rd birthday last week, and he was not appointed to the rectory till late in life, in 1897, by the patrons, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. The main source of the income is from tithes, the commuted rent charge of which is £1,542, and the yield at £70 per £100, at which value they stand, would be nearly £1,100 per annum. Even if the commissioners should allow Mr. Bentley the full retiring allowance of a third of the income, the balance would make a very fat living for the successor, as things go now, considering that only one curate is kept at Newent and the rector has to pay £50 a year towards the stipend of the vicar of Gorsley with Clifford's Mesne. To my mind Newent is an object lesson in favour of the fairer adjustment of clergymen's stipends.

Nothing is sacrosanct to the engineer when planning and to the contractor when constructing a railway. We have had local instances of this in regard to the Honeybourne Railway. A large number of graves were disturbed in the Old Cemetery and the remains re-interred, recently and in order, in another portion of the ground away from the railway track. The pellucid Chelt is for a short length below Upper Alstone Baths now diverted, to allow of the stream being culverted where the line will cross; and even "Niagara," a little residence hard by, has been swept away by the housebreakers, the same as other scheduled buildings will be in due time. I see that tenders are to be sent in by next Tuesday for the construction of the Birmingham and North Warwickshire Railway, a length of about 18½ miles, between the Great Western main line at Tyseley and the Stratford branch near Bearley. This will make a very important connecting link with the Honeybourne line. In another direction, the new works on the Banbury branch are being pushed forward, while the Hatherley loop is waiting to play its part. Its utility was demonstrated the other afternoon, when the breakdown train from Gloucester whipped over it, instead of crossing Lansdown Junction, to restore to the line some derailed trucks at Andoversford.

GLEANER.

Some bits of unconscious fun in advertisements:—"Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pieces." "Try our lamp chimney and save half your light." "Our fish cannot be approached."

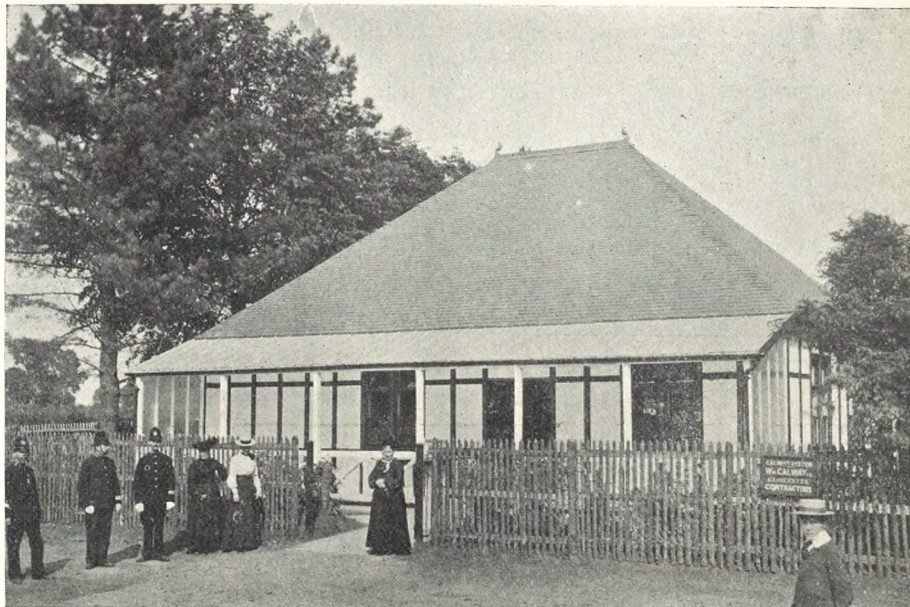


**GARDEN PARTY IN CONNECTION WITH THE OPENING OF NEW DISPENSARY,
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, GLOUCESTER.**

THE LORD BISHOP'S PLEASANT SMILE TO CANON ST. JOHN.

"A NATION OF SPORTING MANIACS."

In a letter to the "Standard," a correspondent signing himself "Sportsman" warns his countrymen against allowing sport to become an obsession and a mania. "As a cricketer, a golfer, a fisherman, and a motorist," he says, "I claim to know something about sport. But it is being borne in upon me that we Englishmen are becoming a nation of sporting maniacs. The worst offenders in the matter of this preposterous misplacement of sport, from its proper level as a healthful recreation to the position of a thing which dominates our lives and shuts us out from intelligent participation in the world's work—the maddest of our sport-maniacs are not at all the men who actually take part in sport, but the enormous majority who talk and think sport, read and dream sport, bet over sport, and devote their whole mental energies to it, without ever laying hand upon a single implement of sport. The disease is parasitical. In my own small circle I know a considerable number of men who have been richly endowed by Nature and by their parents. These men spend each a thousand a year, or two, or three, entirely upon their own entertainment. Their time is devoted to two things: sleep and sport. Not one half-hour in this year has any one of those gentlemen given to the service of his country, his fellow men, or even of his own interests. Every waking moment, every thought, has been given to sport. As an old and devoted sportsman, it is my sincere conviction that sport has been perverted among us into a sore which is eating into the very heart of the nation, which, unless checked and coped with, will presently cause a downfall of the Empire, as surely as luxury and sensuality brought about the fall of Rome."



**THE NEW DISPENSARY IN CONNECTION WITH THE
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, KINGSHOLM, GLOUCESTER.**

Opened on Wednesday, July 26th, by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. T. Gambier Parry.



**CHELTENHAM CONSERVATIVE NORTH WARD OUTING AT BIRDLIP,
Saturday, July 29th, 1905.**



**CHELTENHAM CONSERVATIVE NORTH WARD COMMITTEE,
with Mr. Agg-Gardner and Mr. Packer.**

There has jut been presented to St. John's Church, Seven Kings, Ilford, a priests' stall, the oak of which it is composed originally forming part of an old tythe barn at Kelvil, Wilts. For some twenty years the stall was used at Kelvil Church, and it is said that in all probability the oak had belonged to the church since 1,200 A.D.

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The length to which insurance is carried is extraordinary. Only recently a man insured against the arrival of twins in his home, but he was presented with twin children, and has now started each youngster with a nest-egg from the sum he received from the company.

In accepting the honorary colonelship of the 4th. Volunteer Battalion Royal Scots, Lord Kitchener has stated that he is aware of the difficulties with which Volunteers have to contend, but having seen them in active service, he realises their great value.

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So great has been the pressure of business in the cycle trade at Coventry that at one large works it has been necessary to work on Sundays.

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A blind man admitted in the St. Helens Police-court that he made 10s. a day by begging.

**“Selina Jenkins’s”
EXCURSION TO LONDON.**

Yes! it were only last week, and only fer the day; but, as Amos said, see 'ow glorious it were to spend the day in London, and all fer 6s. too; not that I 'olds with gettin' up so hearly in the mornin', not meself, wich it were 4 o'clock and hay hem, too, when the train started, so that me and Amos 'ad to 'ave our breakfasts the nite afore, or we shouldn't never 'ave been up to the station in time. I know there's they as says the hearly bird do catch the 1st worm, but my hapnyion is "let 'im," and if the worm wasn't out so hearly 'e wouldn't 'ave got caught, as it proves!

There was a tidy few more folk besides us, onfortnitly, wanted to see life in London, and we didn't lack fer company on the way up. In the same carriage there was 3 babies in arms, 2 hindividooals with a mouth horgin a-piece, and another with a concertiner thing, besides wich there was 6 a side and 2 standin' hup from Swindon Junction. 'Wot with the cryin' of the children and the chaps playin' the moosic, it were a very lively time I can tell you, and wot made it worse I lost me ticket thro' Amos's foolishness, as said it were safest to put it in the winder, so as the collector could see it without troublin' to come hinside; and, you mark my words, the very first time they come round to see tickets, if it 'adn't felled down inside where the winder goes, as were a reg'lar 'ow-de-do, and made everybody in the train very near poke their 'eads out of winder, thinkin' it were a haccident or summat, becous of the argyment as went on between me and the ticket collector and Amos about it; wich, a I told 'im, "I'd a-paid for me ticket 6s. of as good money as if I were a Dutchess or anythink like that, and even if e couldn't see the ticket 'e 'ad my word and Amos's fer it that I'd paid me passage, and wot's more I weren't agoin' to pay again not if all the Great Western magnets and the 'Ouses of Parleymunt was to come and argy outside the winder; becous, of coorse, it were their own faults fer 'avin' sich death-traps as these 'ere winder-sockets for the tickets to drop down into." It couldn't be put rite wotever ontill the guard promised not to let me off the tra'n till they'd fished it out up to London, bein' a hinfutation on my honesty, as I considered great himperence on their part; and I told Amos 'e ought to 'ave stood up fer me, a honpercted fieldmale, more, wich if I'd been 'e I'd 'ave fought the lot of 'em afore I'd 'ave let 'em excuse my better 'alf of perfidity, esspeshully over a egscursion ticket, too, as isn't a thing I considers worth losin' yer character for 'onesty about! Besides, as I said to the himperent myrmidons as come fussin' round the carriage dore, everybody knowed me—Selina Jenkins, of Cheltenham—but they



CHELTENHAM CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

OUTING TO LOWER LODE, SATURDAY, JULY 15TH, 1905.

Photo by J. A. Bailey, Copt Elm-road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham.

only luffed, as shows very well 'ow true it is you ain't no profit 'ceps in yer own districk!

A helderly gent as was sittin' hoppersite to us behaved very decent over it, 'owsomedever, as shows every cloud 'as a silver lining, and offered us a drink out of 'is sperit-flask; not that I agrees with sich as a general rule, but I were that upshook with the argyment I thought I should 'ave went off in a faint, only that there wasn't no room to do anythink of the kind, the carridge being so full up and runnin' over. He were a very nice-faced old gent, that 'e were, wich I b'leeve we should 'ave got on famous with 'im, if 'e 'adn't been stone deaf, or very near so, as made the conversation rather awkward.

I says, "And 'ow long be you agoin' to stay in London, sir, if I mite be so bold as to ask?"

"Yes!" says 'e, 'it's a very good thing fer the spasms; altho' I considers the best Jamaica rum, with a dash of ground ginger in it, is far superior if you can get it."

You see, I didn't know 'e were deaf, so I thought it were the noise of the train 'ad drowned wot I said, so I repeats it over again: "Egsgoose me, sir, but wot I said were—'Ow long did you think of stayin' in London? Are you goin' back to-day, or goin' to make it the week wile you be about it?"

"It is very bad, isn't it?" says 'e. "And these railway officials are so overbearing in their manner; anyone would think the whole line belonged to them!"

Amos 'ad been listenin' to wot we was sayin'; so 'e turns to me, and 'e says, "Selina," 'e says, "it ain't no use your a-tryin' to carry on a conversation in that quarter, fer the old gent's as deaf as a magisterate, anybody can see; you leave 'im to me."

So sayin' 'e goes over close to the affable gent, and yells out at the top of his voice, rite into 'is ear. "Wot Mrs. Jenkins would like to know is—'Ow long be you a-stoppin' in London; when do you go back?"

"Yes," says our deaf friend; "I think this train stops at very near every station on root; it's very tiresome, isn't it, when the carridge is so close and the weather's so tryin'?"

"Well, I never, says Amos; "if this ain't a coff-drop! I'll 'ave one more try, 'owever," sayin' wich 'e rolls up a piece of newspaper (the "Echo," becous, of coorse, that's the best for carryin' sound) in the shape of a tube, and fairly screamed down thro' this 'ere amateur ear-trumpet into the deaf party's ear the same question as before. 'E made sich a huprorious noise that the 3 infants was drove into convulsions very near, and the chaps 'as 'ad ben performin' on the mouth-horgins and concertiner said they should get out at the next station, becous they couldn't s'tand the noise we

was makin'! Just then the train pulled up, altho' there wasn't no station in site, and the guard came runnin' along the line to know wot was the matter; wich, as it turned out, the field-males in the carridge next to ours was so fritened out of their 7 censuses by the noise we was makin' they lost their presence of mind, and pulled the cord to stop the train, thinkin' it were a murder or one of they trunk line horrors takin' place!

So there was another disturbance, as all come on me, altho' I were as hinnercent as the babe onborn; the guard poked 'is 'ead into the winder, and 'e says, "Why, it's you again, is it? I! you don't make me reg'lar ashamed of your conduct, as ought to know better, a person of your age, a-worritin' a hinofffensive passenger sich as this gent 'ere, so they tells me!"

Turnin' to the deaf gent, 'e says, "Wot 'ave she been sayin' to you, sir?"

"Hay?" says Deafness.

"Wot 'ave she been sayin' to you, I says?"

"Wot d'yer say?" says Deafness, again.

"Here, George," says the guard, to a sort of second-mate of 'is, wich come runnin' up from the end of the train. "Here, George, you've got a 10-horse power voice, ask the gent wot's the matter."

"WOT'S THE MATTER?" says George, in a voice as mite 'ave done to call the cabs with outside the theayter.

"Ho, yes," says Mr. Deafness, as 'e beamed all over 'is face, "why didn't you say so before? Of course I've got a ticket; 'ere it is," sayin' wich 'e fished 'is ticket out of his westkit pocket, and offered it to the guard!

"Come on," says the guard to George, bangin' the dore to enuff to shatter a body's nerves. "Come on, George! I've 'ad enuff of this 'ere compartment; it's my firm belief they be a lot of Fenians or Armenian Atrocities, or somethink, or else the carridge is 'aunted; there don't seem no 'ead or tail to the whole thing, but I b'leeve it's all connected in some way with that old dutchess" (thank you, thinks I to meself) "up in the corner, as said she put her ticket down inside the winder-frame fer safety."

The himperence of it all; and there was the rest of the folks in the carridge laffin' fit to bust, all 'ceps the babies, as cried their topmost 'owls, wile the chaps with the mouth-horgins played "Goodbye, my Bluebell," and the "Glory Song" alternate, jest to round off the tumult a bit.

The train went on, 'owever, and there wasn't no more bother ont! we got very near to London, when one of the mouth-horgin chaps fell out with the other about somethink to do with the 'armony, and wanted 'im to "come outside" and fite it out. The concertiner came between, 'owever,

tryin' to make peace, but in the argyment which ensued the concertiner insterment got tlrown down and stepped upon, so as it wouldn't play, becous of the wind comin' out from the side of the bellows. I never saw a man take on so about anythink as this 'ere moosician did about 'is bellows, as 'e said were the best insterment of its kind in the kingdom, and they'd 'ave to pay fer repairin' of it, or else they'd both 'ave to fite 'im so soon as the train stopped. I can tell you it were like bein' on the field of battle, with the threats and talks of punchin' 'eads, and so 4th, as went on; but there! if folks will go by cheap egcursions, they've got to pay the difference somehow, and he was doin' it with a vengeance, that we was!

All the wile this uprose was goin' on, the deaf old gent was calmly 'riting out somethink in 'is pocket-book. I were just a-goin' to ask Amos wotever 'e could be puttin' down so carefully, when the old gent looked up from 'is book, smiled at me and Amos, tore out the leaf 'e'd been writin' on, and 'anded it to Amos!

"Wot is it?" says I to Amos.

"Just let me get on my glasses, and I'll see," says 'e. "Wot's this?" says 'e, and this was wot 'e read: "I rather fancy that your good wife is a little deaf! Until recently I was very deaf myself, but I have been under a doctor in London, and 'ave been perfectly cured! I 'ave written down 'is address, thinking you might like to consult 'im about your wife while in London." !!!

(To be continued.)

SELINA JENKINS.

At Eton on Monday the retiring headmaster of Eton, Dr. Warre, was the recipient of a valuable scouvenir in the form of a handsome vase, subscribed for by the boys of the school at a cost of £200. The presentation was made by the captain of the school, who expressed the regret of the school in parting with their beloved head. Dr. Warre accepted the gift in a speech marked by much emotion.



In the presence of a large gathering of Non-conformists, the remains of the Rev. F. A. Bourne, the grand old man of Methodism, thire president of the Bible Christian Connexion, and author of the life of "Billy Bray," were laid to rest at Lake Chapel, adjoining Shebbear College, on Saturday.



The fire brigade committee of the London County Council propose to spend £1,800 on the purchase of two motor fire-escapes.

Battledore & Shuttlecock.

[By AUBREY NEWTON.]

I spoke seriously to Nancy.
 "I think you are behaving disgracefully."
 She looked up. She was scratching the gravel on my aunt's garden path with the pointed end of her parasol. She chose to wilfully misinterpret my words.
 "It will all roll in again. I think the gardener wants exercise."
 "Fred," I went on, severely, "is not a man to be played with."
 "I don't play with him. His screw is too feeble for words."
 "I am not referring to tennis. Fred, I repeat, is too good to be flirted with in the outrageous way you are doing."
 "I don't flirt!"
 "You do, Nancy. Last season it was I; after that—"
 "Oh, that was not flirting—it was cousinly affection. Besides, you don't count."
 "It is the same thing. Fred is too serious—"
 "And therefore shouldn't be taken seriously."
 "And you are making him believe that you care for him."
 "Perhaps I do."
 "You don't. Fred is not the sort of man you would like."
 "I am not sure. I like him sometimes—when he is away. He is a very restful man to think about."
 "It is impossible for you to care for a man—"
 "Thank you! You are abominably rude!"
 "Who is fond of Stuart Mill," I went on calmly.
 "I didn't know he was. He never talks about it."
 "I should think," I mused, judiciously, "that he can talk about nothing else. What can he say?"
 "Oh, the usual sort of thing—very much the same as you used to."
 "Fred never struck me as being particularly poetical."
 "Were you poetical?" she inquired, innocently. I disregarded the question.
 "As your cousin, I am bound to speak seriously to you, Nancy."
 "As my cousin, you are privileged to be rude."
 "It is the fate of good intentions to be misunderstood."
 "They shouldn't masquerade as rudeness."
 "Fred is——" I went on.
 "Very wearisome."
 "Then why do you encourage him?" I asked, triumphantly.
 "I don't encourage him. I don't think any of them want encouraging. I can't help it if—they think I'm nice, can I?"
 "It is not kind——"
 "To be nice?"
 "To make a man think you really care and to be laughing in your sleeve all the while."
 "My sleeves are tight this year."
 "If you really like him——"
 "How do you know I don't?"
 "It would be different; I should say nothing. As it is, it is disgraceful."
 "Suppose I do care for him?"
 "You don't. You said he bored you."
 "You all do that; but I like some."
 "I really think you have no heart, Nancy. Poor Fred will be awfully let down. There was Charlie last month——"
 "His hair curled. Do you remember how his hair curled?"
 "Curly hair in a man is effeminate," I said. Mine was quite straight.
 "Never mind Charlie. Let us talk about Fred. I am getting quite fond of him: I haven't seen him all day."
 "I wish you would be serious. It is really time you began to look at life soberly. You are no longer a girl."
 "Have you seen a grey hair?" she asked, anxiously.
 "As your cousin and a man of some experience
 "Dear me! Why didn't you tell me that before?"
 "I am three years older than you. A man gathers a great deal more knowledge of the world than a woman."
 "That is why women are so charming."



Photo by Mons R. Versigny.

MONTPELLIER (Cheltenham) TENNIS CLUB PIC-NIC PARTY.

"All women are not charming."
 "That is so," she assented, musingly. "Constance De Lisle, for instance."
 "Miss De Lisle is a particularly well-informed girl." I rather like Constance; she appreciated my poems. Not every girl has the power to appreciate my poems.
 "Yes, about the failings of her friends."
 "They at least are failings."
 "She says so."
 "You are ill-natured. I hope, Nancy, you are not jealous in temperament."
 "Of Constance? Certainly not."
 She answered my implied question, not my verbal one. I knew by that she was hurt.
 "Miss De Lisle is very popular."
 "Fred hates her. I think she is well-meaning, but unfortunate."
 "I was not thinking of Fred."
 "No, you were thinking of yourself."
 Nancy had a disagreeable habit of reading one's thoughts—to be more correct, of reading my thoughts—sometimes it verged upon indecency.
 "We are getting away from the question," I said, severely. "I want to speak to you seriously about your flirtation with Fred."
 "I deny the flirtation."
 "Then it is serious?"
 She did not answer. She wore blue—a personal blue. There are some blues which belong to the universe, and there are some which belong to persons. This blue belonged essentially to Nancy. I liked it. I liked also the way she had done her hair. I told her of it two days ago. It suddenly struck me that her adoption of it was a delicate compliment to me. I like compliments—delicate compliments. Besides, Fred was not the man to make Nancy happy. On the whole, I don't think he was the man to make any woman happy.
 "Do you think you are making a wise choice?" I went on.
 "Isn't that a matter for my own consideration?"
 "I am your nearest male relative"—Nancy was an orphan, which was a blessing. "You have practically no one to look to but myself. Of course, your happiness is a grave responsibility."
 "Just now it was poor Fred's appetite, or heart, or something. You must be very busy looking after other people's concerns."
 "It is so easy to make a mistake."
 "He is very fond of me."
 "I don't think you are the girl to enjoy a divided affection with Stuart Mill."
 "I prefer a division with Stuart Mill to one with Constance De Lisle."
 "No one," I said, with an air of making a concession, "could think of making a division between you and Miss De Lisle."

"I should hope not," she said, quickly.
 "Miss De Lisle is pretty——"
 "If you like big eyes and a silly mouth."
 "Her mouth is sweet, not silly."
 "Oh! well, of course, if you think silliness sweet there is an end of it."
 "But she cannot compare with you."
 "Thanks."
 "She is very amusing."
 "One is always amused at ill-natured gossip."
 "But her conversation lacks the sparkle of yours."
 "You are very good."
 "I like to be impartial. You have your faults—"
 "Of course," she conceded.
 "You are jealous."
 "That is absurd! I was never jealous of anyone in my life."
 "Vain."
 "You are unbearably rude. I am not vain. I don't think half enough of myself. Fred said only yesterday——"
 "Never mind Fred."
 "I thought you were reading me a lecture for not minding him. Go on with my faults."
 "And capricious."
 "I am not."
 "Five men in three weeks, Nancy."
 "It is a country house. What is one to do? I can't feed the chickens all day."
 "But in spite of your faults you can be very nice."
 "That, at all events, is very consoling. Fred will have some recompense."
 "But what has he got to do with it?" I inquired.
 "My dear cousin, I have been touched by your pathetic appeals on his behalf——"
 "I have not appealed on his behalf. I have simply pointed out the wrong you are doing by flirting with him."
 "And have come to the conclusion to regard it no longer as a mere flirtation——"
 "You can't really be serious?"
 "And to permit the new aspect to apply in a retrospective as well as in a prospective character."
 "This is folly, Nancy."
 "For your sake, and to lighten your burden of responsibility. It is wisdom. You look quite careworn."
 "If you would only talk sense!"
 "And your cigar has gone out. Really, I had no idea that you would take my peccadillo so seriously."
 "You can't mean it, you know. It's impossible, Nancy!"
 "My dear cousin, do you think me so graceless?"



Photo by H. E. Jones,

Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

UNIONIST OUTING FROM GLOUCESTER TO THE WOODHOUSE, OAKLEY PARK, CIRENCESTER.

Earl Bathurst, C.M.G., with Mrs. Terrell on his right, and Mr. Henry Terrell, K.C., with Mrs. James Bruton on his left, sitting in the centre; while immediately behind them are Dr. R. Macartney, Mr. Charles G. Clark, Mr. John R. Lane, C.C., Mr. James Bruton, J.P., Mr. Charles Holbrook, J.P., and Mr. A. V. Hatton, J.P.

As you say, you are my nearest relative, and you must know best."

"But Fred—he is out of the question."
 "The difference of three years is very great. You have three years' accumulated wisdom. I feel that my happiness is quite safe in your hands."
 "But it won't be in my hands—it will be in Fred's."

"They are fairly strong."
 "Tenderness as well as strength is required. Happiness is so fragile."

"But you certainly hinted that I was not capable of taking care of myself. Fred seems to be the only caretaker offering at present."

"Don't you think you had better give it into my keeping? I seem to be the proper guardian."
 "The nearest male relative with the three years' wisdom?"

"I really am a much better fellow than Fred. I have never read Mill."

"But you have Constance's eyes."
 "If Mill is as unfruitful—"

"Oh, you dear boy! They are weak, aren't they?"

"Dreadfully insipid."
 "I don't think she is really pretty."

"No—clothes, I think"

"Her things never struck me as being—well, stylish."

"Ah! you never see her when you are not present, and comparisons are odious—to her."

"Perhaps so."
 "Then we have settled?"

"Just to put Fred out of his misery."
 "Poor Fred!"

"He can't very well go on hoping now we are

"Engaged!" I said, triumphantly.
 On the whole, I am not certain that he can't.

The Rev. Dr. A. E. Joscelyne has been appointed by the Archbishop of the West Indies Coadjutor Bishop of Jamaica, in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. Douet, who has resigned owing to ill-health.

Colonel Stopford Sackville, M.P., unveiled on Saturday afternoon a memorial placed in the Northampton Town-hall to commemorate the services of the 650 rank and file of the Northamptonshire Militia who served in the South African war. The battalion twice volunteered for the front, and was at first refused, but was afterwards accepted.

Sir Redvers Buller, accompanied by Lady Audrey Buller, visited Rhondda Valley on Saturday as the guest of the Rhondda Cymrodorion Society, and was accorded a popular ovation throughout the district. Addressing a meeting of the society, Sir Redvers characterised party politics as ridiculous, and deprecated them as inimical to patriotism.

NEGRO V.C.

A STORY OF NATIVE VALOUR.

There landed at Southampton quite recently from Jamaica the band of the West African Regiment, consisting of a lieutenant, bandmaster, two band sergeants, five lance-corporals, and 34 bandsmen. They have come over to play at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and are staying at Wellington Barracks. The most interesting figure is, however, missing. This is Drum-Major Wm. Gordon, V.C., a pure Jamaican, despite his Scotch name. Gordon was the first black to win the V.C., when he was a lance-corporal drummer on service with the band in West Africa. He has now retired from the service, but is still represented in the band by his son, who holds the distinction of being the smallest soldier who ever enlisted in the 1st West India Regiment. Among those who have come over is Bandsman F. Dale—they all have home-sounding names—who was with Gordon when the deed was done which gained him the coveted decoration. From Dale a "Daily News" reporter learned the full story of the deed, which was as follows:—On March 12, 1892, Major Madden, escorted by thirty of the 1st West India Regiment, sailed up the Gambia River, West Africa, from Tenderbaku, on a mission to Suliman Suntu, the King of the Mandingo tribe. They arrived at Tunalabau at 4 p.m. on March 13, and at once commenced the march inland. On reaching a stockade, the interpreter called upon the King to come out and speak to Major Madden. Some time elapsed without response, and meanwhile the Major had made his dispositions of his small force. After an hour's waiting Private Bissett, acting under orders, advanced to break down the door of the stockade, when a shot was fired which struck Bissett in the side. This was the signal for a general fusillade from the Mandingoes. The Major and Gordon were then in front of their small force, standing up. Gordon saw a rifle pointed directly at his chief, and shouted, "Look out, they are pointing at you." "Sound the advances," answered the Major, but as Gordon essayed to comply he was struck down. The shot was intended for the major, but Gordon saw the move in time. Giving his superior a vigorous push, which caused him to fall, he himself received the bullet in his right lung. "Lord, Major, I've got shot," he said, "but better me than you." This was the act for which the black got the Victoria Cross, which was handed to him at Sierra Leone in 1893. In 1897 he came to England with the West India Regiment Jubilee contingent, and on that occasion he was singled out for special notice by Queen Victoria, who shook hands with him.

JAPAN'S PIERPONT MORGAN.

Although Admiral Togo is at present the biggest figure in Japan, not much less important is Korekiyo Takahashi, Vice-Governor of the Bank of Japan, and financial agent of his country (remarks a contributor to "T.A.T.>"). Indirectly, it was Takahashi, or rather his ability to negotiate loans in London and elsewhere to the extent of £40,000,000 to carry on the war of his country, that made possible Admiral Togo's victories. Handicapped by early poverty and born in an atmosphere that reflected one of the oldest feudal clans, his achievements are all the more remarkable. At the beginning of the struggle the prediction was generally made that the Japanese would not be able to continue it for any length of time, owing to insufficient funds. It remained for K. Takahashi, who now ranks as the Pierpont Morgan of Japan, to attend to this matter with the ease of a financier long trained in the manipulation of vast capital.

The Dean of Canterbury, preaching on Sunday, said that as so many persons fail in their duty to subscribe towards hospitals, it was quite possible that these necessary institutions would have to be placed on the rates.

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"THREE LITTLE MAIDS"

at the

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NEXT WEEK.



PETROL & PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

TO AVOID WASTE.

When a motor-cycle is fitted with a spray carburetter, it is a good plan to shut off the petrol tap when stopping for any length of time. If the needle valve of the carburetter does not shut off the supply perfectly—and very few do so—the motor-cyclist may be puzzled to account for the huge consumption of petrol, when, as a matter of fact, it has been dripping out of the carburetter. Do not, however, forget to turn the tap on again when starting. It is quite an easy matter to forget it, as I know from experience, and then time is wasted in overhauling to find out what has gone wrong. The best motor made will not run without a supply of spirit.

THE ACCUMULATOR COMPARTMENT.

On very many motor-cycles the compartment set aside for the accumulator is only just large enough, so that the terminals on the accumulator are very close to the metal top of the tank. The result is that when the machine gets on to a bit of rough road the accumulator will jolt about inside its compartment, and the terminals touch the metal. This, of course, means misfiring, and very jerky running on the part of the machine. To get over this difficulty it is a good plan to cover the metal top and sides of the case with some material such as baize or felt. This can be cut to the right size for each side, and then attached to the metal with elastic glue, a most useful article to have in the shelf in the motor shed. Some riders make a practice of stuffing pieces of rag into the accumulator compartment to fill up the spaces, but these rags have to be removed should it be found necessary to take the accumulator out, and then they are frequently forgotten when putting back the accumulator in its place again. It is the attention to small details like this which adds to the freedom from breakdowns on the road, and consequently greater enjoyment of the pastime; for after all there is not much real enjoyment to be got out of a machine which breaks down at regular intervals on a journey.

A BELT DRESSING.

An experienced motor-cyclist recently gave me the recipe for making up a highly successful dressing for preserving leather belting, and giving suppleness and elasticity. The mixture is made as follows:—Dissolve 1lb. of indiarubber in a pint of pure turpentine. This can be placed in a jar, which should be placed in a pan containing nearly boiling water, and stirred until it combines in a perfect solution. Then stir in ½lb. of flaked beeswax and ¼lb. of finely powdered amber resin, followed by 1¼lbs. of clean Russian tallow. When thoroughly well mixed, it should be placed in a jar with three pints of whale oil, and then can be used as required, taking care to stir or shake the

mixture thoroughly before using. Rub well in on the inside face of the belt with a piece of rag. Once a month is quite sufficient to keep a belt in excellent condition. It should be remembered that it is the motor-cyclist himself who makes or mars a belt. Good leather (not imitation) belts will last for years if properly used and looked after. Not many riders give the time necessary to keep a belt in first-class order, and consequently the belt soon wears out and a new one is required, which is good for the manufacturer, but bad for the rider's pocket. Belts should not be allowed to become dry or stiff. I have seen some on motor-cycles which were quite stiff. When stopping for any length of time the belt should be slipped off the pulleys and given a "rest." This will recover its elasticity, and it will last longer. The worst possible treatment for belts is allowing them to run too loose. They slip on the pulleys and cause excessive wear to both themselves and the pulleys. This belt-slipping also sets up heating, which dries up the resin in the leather, causing it to become dry and brittle.

TO FIND THE RIGHT SIDE OF BROMIDE PAPER.

It is not necessary to say that the right side of a piece of bromide paper is the coated side. Sometimes a difficulty is encountered in determining which is the coated side. The paper is usually sent out from the manufacturers packed all one way, except the bottom piece, so that if the right side of one is found the remainder can easily be distinguished. Another simple way is to hold the sheet of paper and notice which way it curls. The side which curls inwards is the coated side. Some bromide paper is thick, so that it will not curl. Breathe on it gently and leave it for a moment. It will then curl slightly. Another way is to touch a corner with the tongue. The coated side will be sticky.

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

BEACH FEVER.

A well-known physician in a great seaside watering-place said lately that during every summer he had numerous children shut up in dark rooms, suffering from what he called "beach fever." The symptoms were high temperature, headache, and delirium. Sometimes there was great delirium, which naturally alarmed the children's parents extremely. This state of things was entirely brought on by exposure to strong sunshine on an unsheltered beach; and the symptoms are much the same as those accompanying ordinary "heat-stroke." Children cannot bear exposure to extremes of heat or cold nearly so well as adults can; but from the way in which one sometimes sees them treated by their elders in summer and winter one would really imagine the reverse to be the case.—"The World and His Wife."

As British brown trout acclimatised in New Zealand attain a weight of more than 20lbs., their eggs are being sent to England for the improvement of the ancestral stock. The first consignment of 25,000 eggs will arrive about the middle of this month.

•••••

The famous vine at Hampton Court Palace is bearing a crop of some 400 bunches of grapes, most of them of fine quality. The vine, which is one hundred and thirty-seven years old, was taken as a slip from another at Valentines, near Wanstead, Essex. The grapes are sent for use at his Majesty's table, but many bunches of the fruit find their way to hospitals.

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ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 241.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:—
"THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

NEXT WEEK:

NEW DRAMA (First Visit to Cheltenham):—
"WHAT A WOMAN DID."

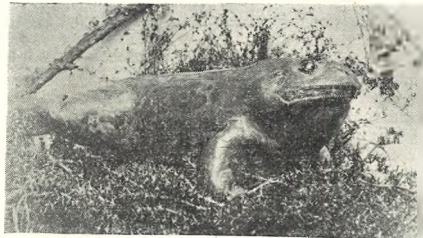
Times and prices as usual.

WHAT IS SOCIETY?

Society" is a word the correct sense of which has been obscured by being used carelessly. In ordinary circumstances it would be sufficient to describe "society" as a combination of the best and most appropriate elements for the purpose of enjoying refined pleasure, and that incidentally it provides the most important marriage market in the kingdom. For those who habitually work their brain hard, there is no so complete a rest—apart from sleep—as agreeable companionship without a definite and, more or less, compulsory purpose; for in solitude their mind works still, and it cannot, of course, be made to cease by an effort of the will. The companionship of the best brains; of those who have the most interesting experience in creditable circumstances; who have the most agreeable social qualities; who on account of their appearance, accomplishments, or wealth can give the most enjoyment; and association with whom may be maintained with comparative security because their antecedents are known and their reputation is valuable to them, constitutes "society"—in the best sense of the word—and this combination is further enlivened by entertainment of various kinds. Woman, who is naturally an important element in such "society," has from the first introduced the spirit of rivalry into the combination, partly through the display of preferences, and partly by striving to secure a reputation for attracting around herself the pink of the period, and for entertaining the most brilliantly. "Society" in England to-day, however, is no longer merely companionship of the kind that has been described, but association for a thousand and one objects connected with the pursuit of ambition or wealth. It has been perceived that "society" affords many opportunities for obtaining patronage, undeserved consideration, concessions, and assistance in business transactions. "Society" in this country has, therefore, become more or less a matter of business, and, of course, all the trickery, deceit, and unscrupulousness of the world-with-a-purpose have been imported into it. As "society" necessarily has always had the failings of its circumstances, those additional vices have greatly increased its regrettable features. The wit, the author, the artist, or the polished "gentleman," are no longer important elements of our "society," but have been replaced by the millionaire, the unprincipled adventurer, and the financial and social schemer. There is the change; its present consequences are obvious to all; the results of it in the future cannot be foreseen.—C. E. Jerningham in London Opinion and To-Day.

A FROG FROM BRAZIL.

A correspondent writes us as follows:—My father sent me this stuffed Bull frog some years ago, and the following note:—"The noise made by the bull frogs in the marshy ground around us is considerable, it sounds like a croak, a grunt, and a bellow combined. Not being able to get near enough to catch one of the frogs, I shot one, and am told it is about two-thirds grown." This is not very small—measuring from tip of nose to tail (if it had one), or rather toes, 12½ inches, and from the left toes to right toes, across back, 8½ inches; width of head 3 inches.



CHARACTER TOLD BY BOOTS.

Pedology is the latest fad. The pedologist studies the boots and shoes of his acquaintances and others, and draws deductions therefrom regarding the character, etc., of the wearers, we are told by a writer in "T.A.T." For example, the very pointed toe shape is regarded as indicating that the man or woman who wears them consults his (or her) comfort less than his vanity. This person will be inclined to attend to the question of personal appearance before anything else, will deem "reputation" more than character, and desire to seem rather than to be. The plain-toed style shows but little regard for Mrs. Grundy and more active-mindedness. People who wear boots of this description usually have far too much to do to trouble about what people "will think" or "say" of them. Those whose boots are square at the toes mostly value common sense and utility beyond everything else. They are strong-minded, matter-of-fact aggressive, and not easily "led by the nose." Quite the opposite of this will be the nature of the wearer of "patent-leathers." Here there is more love of the ornamental than of the useful, and decidedly more love of display, approbation, etc., than in the last case. Shiny, well brushed boots and shoes tell of tidiness and "a creature of habit," while those that are down at heel, ill-polished, or otherwise unsightly, bespeak the reverse. People who wear many pairs of boots and shoes, donning a brown pair one day, the next a fancy variety of some other colour, and so on, are apt to be finicky, vain, fussy, and fond of admiration, yet easily put out, and quick to resent fancied wrongs. Such are the chief tales which according to pedology, our feet and their coverings tell.

For the ensuing half-year the Marylebone rates will be 3s. 2½d. in the pound, while is 3d. less than those of the corresponding six months last year.

BALLS ON THE BRAIN—A NEW DISEASE.

This is the age of games—everybody plays some game, most people play many. Indeed, for some people life is a perpetual round of rolling, or hitting, or kicking balls of various sizes and substances; or, at least, so it seems to Miss Marie Corelli, who has an amusing article on the new disease—"Balls on the Brain"—in "Pearson's Magazine."

Here is an extract:—

"Let us consider the various forms of dullness provided by a thoughtful hostess for her guests where the disease of balls is claiming its victim. The thoughtful hostess never by any chance credits her several friends with a desire to be made acquainted with each other, and she seldom or never takes the trouble to introduce any one person to his or her neighbour. If she does perform this courtesy, it is by the merest chance, and then, just as the new acquaintances begin to converse, she interrupts their chat by taking off one of them to play with balls. She labours under the delusion that it must be a great bore to them to talk—that they would much rather be 'amused.' But what she means by amusement the gods themselves could not discover. She never imagines for a moment that any one of her friends has intelligence enough to care for an interchange of thought on the questions of the day.

"I hope you like music," she says nervously, as she flutters along by our side on the lawn. 'This is the town band!'

"Yes, so it is! We do not mind saying that we know it is. We have heard it before.

"Do you play croquet?" is her next question.

"No."

"Tennis?"

"No."

"Do you like 'putting'?"

"No!"

"Oh!" she murmurs, and her poor sheep-like face falls.

"Madam," said a burly Johnsonian personage once in our hearing on one of these delectable occasions, 'do you know what I do?'

"No, indeed! Do tell me!" murmured the hostess anxiously, craning her neck round in the opposite direction to see if her husband was keeping the 'balls' rolling.

"I use my eyes, my tongue, and my brain!" said the rude guest. 'That is all I am good for!'

"Dear me!" exclaimed the alarmed lady of the house. 'Of course—how strange! I mean—how nice!—yes—excuse me—I have to form a set!'

"And away she glided, all toes and nerves.

"Alas! we do not often meet burly Johnsonian personages at country garden-parties. Would there were more of them! To see the invited guests wandering aimlessly about over lawns and terraces, commenting on each other's looks and running down each other's clothes, is a sorry sight. It reminds one irresistibly of a 'charity' fete in the grounds of a lunatic asylum, where the patients who are fairly sane are allowed to 'walk about.' But in the grounds of the lunatic asylum there are strong keepers ever on the watch; and if anyone of the poor mad personages should develop a desire to 'knock balls about,' he or she would be promptly withdrawn from the scene, in case homicidal mania should develop under the influence of the mallet or the stick."

"Selina Jenkins's"

EXCURSION TO LONDON.

II.

Well, we got to London at last becos, of coorse, even egsursion trains gets to their destinations some time, not but wot I thought we were jest as life as not to get there too late to catch the train back home again, seein' 'ow we dawdled along most of the ways; wich I said to Amos so soon as ever I set foot on the platform up to London station, "Amos, I says, "wotever you does, be sure you not let us miss that there train back!" becos I knows wot 'e is, as drives everything to the last minnit, not to mention drivin' me to extraction by the rushin' to catch trains, as is, I considers, the worst form of exercise known fer damagin' the mussels of the 'eart and bringin' on the astmaticks, as I've found to me cost.

'Owsomedever, there was we, on the platform at London station, the guard 'aving fished my ticket out of the window frame, where I'd put it fer safety. Wot with the noises of hingsens-a-blowin' off steam, and men shoutin', and kebs comin' in and out of the hexit, the huprore were somethink unbelievable in the station, and as fer the smell of horses—well, there, I s'pose the insanitary hinspector of nuisances is too busy to attend to sich small matters up to London, but if it were in Cheltenham there'd be letters to the papers about it and all manner, as really isn't 'ealthy, altho' I know there's they as considers sich things was sent for our benefick.

Still, we didn't come up fer this 'ere egsursion jest to notiss the smell of 'orses; so I hups and I says to Amos, "Well, Amos," says I, "where's the first place as we decided to go and pater-nize?"

"One side, please, madam," says a porter, with a truck full of boxes; "By yer leave, missus," says another, banging the end of a portmanteau into my back somethink awful. Then a stout gent as were gettin' out of the way of a keb, stepped back rite on to my fav'rite corn, without so much as "By yer leave!"

"Look sharp, Amos," I says—wich 'e were fumblin' away with a great map of London, very near as big as a tablecover—"Look sharp," I says, "can't you see I'm gettin' knocked to hatoms a-standin' 'ere?"

"I've got it, Selina," 'e says. "'Ere 'tis," and the next minnit 'e was mixed up in endless per-fusion with a 'orse wich 'ad come rite across 'is map full speed and took 'im off 'is pins, as went down like a football scrummage, with 'is arms clasped round the 'orse's front legs, and were only saved from a 'orrible accident by the hefforts of 2 pleecemen and a porter, not to mention the langwidge as were used by the cabman, wich I never 'eard the like all my born days, not since I were on Cleeve 'Ill, and stood by one of they Goffers when 'e missed the ball and knocked a great piece of turf out with his club!

In the relay the map got tore in 3 or 4 places, and where there ought to 'ave been the Crystschull Pallis there was a great dob of black mud, so, in coorse, we couldn't go there, fer want of knowin' which was the correct root.

I'd 'ad about enuff of all this 'ere waitin' about, 'owever, so I says to one of the pleecemen (after givin' 'im a 3d. bit fer rescocoin' Amos), "Constable," says I, "wot's a 'andy place of henter-tainment, madam?" says 'e, "well, now, there's the 'Ouses of Parleymunt, and the Zoo, if you wants to study 'uman natur; then there's the 'Ippodrome, and the Callandseum, and West-minster Habbey, and—" "Old 'ard, constable," I says. "Amos," I says, "When you've brushed yerself down and made yerself look decent, we'll go to Westminster Habbey, wich I've often wanted to see the spot where Nelson fell, and Robinson Crusoe was buried, besides numbers of other aristocracy and kings."

So we got on board one of the busses in the street outside the station, the first one we see, as stopped jest by where we was, never thinking to ask if it were goin' towards the Habbey or away from it, becos there were Westminster on the side, and nobody wouldn't never 'ave thought it were goin' away from Westminster, would they, now? Onfortnity, it turned out after we'd been through about four miles of streets that this 'ere 'bus were goin' towards Kensington; wich when I found it out I gave the conductor chap a piece of my mind, I can tell you, as I considered were fraud and cheatin' folks out of their 'ard-earned savin's to take up 4 mile out of our way at a

cost of 2d. each, wich it looked as if we never wasn't goin' to get to that there Habbey at all, and the time goin' on all the time towards when we 'ad to be goin' back 'ome to Cheltenham again.

So Amos asks another pleeceman wot were the best thing to do, under sich worritin' circum-stances, as told us to take the underground District railway, and we should soon be there.

Wich we lost our way twice gettin' to the station, as he said couldn't be missed no-how (first turn to the right, third to the left, over the bridge, up somebody or other's yard, thro' a sort of blind alley, and then it were up the 2nd street after passin' the drinkin'-fountain!) They was very easy directions, fer people as 'ad nothink else to do but remember 'em, but the short cuts was the awkward part, becos once we got up a back-yard of somebody's warehouse, as sent out a yung feller to ask us wot we was doin' around there, an' if we didn't clear out at once they'd give us in charge fer bein' on their premises with no visible means of existence!

When we did find the station we went rushin' down the steps, only to find we couldn't get on the platform without a ticket, and 'ad to tear up the stairs again to the ticket-office, as made us late for the train we ought to 'ave caught, and mixed us up that far we didn't 'ardly know wot we was about, wot with the heat, and the smoke, and the noise of the train, bein' down in a kind of bottomless pit below the road, and the air as foul as a gaspibe.

There was a station about every 2 minutes or so, but, lor' bless yer 'eart and sole! neither Amos nor me couldn't see the names to 'em fer the advertisements; the first one the only name I could see were "Beecham's Pills," the second were all "Pear's Soap," so, fer fear of losin our place once more, I stood by the winder and asked the people who was gettin' in and out wot stations they were. Some of 'em was very oncalled for in their remarks, whereas others tried to be funny, and said the stations was "Jericho, Jerusalem, Port Arthur," and all manner of places—anythink to make fun of us!

So after a bit I gets tired of sich goin's on, and I says to Amos, "I shan't ask no more, Amos; they be 'avin' us on!" Well, in a minnit or two we come to another station, and I kept quiet this time; but lo! and behold! no sooner 'adn't the train started to move on agen than I 'eard somebody sar, "Yes! that was Westminster."

No sooner said than done. I put me 'ead out through the winder, and shouted to the engine-driver, fer dear life, "Here! Hay! Where you goin'? We want's to get out 'ere!" And you mark my words, if the people in the carriage didn't laff at me, instead of sympathisin' as they ought to 'ave done, and that there engine-driver never took a scrap of notis, wich I told Amos as soon as ever we got 'ome I'd rite to Mr. Chamberling about it, becos I considers that respectable fieldmales sich as me requires Protection from the behaviour of all these 'ere railway officials, as don't seem to care wether the passengers is inside or outside, pleased or displeased, so long as they runs their trains punctual to the minnit.

I was that angry you can't think when we was carried rite on to the next station, without bein' allowed to get out at Westminster; so, to calm me feelin's a bit I says to Amos, "Amos," says I, "we'll go into one of these 'ere Cafe Restaurongs and 'ave a bit and a sup afore we goes to the Habbey. I be very near droppin' down with 'unger."

So we goes into a place wich 'ad "Dinners from 1s." on the winder, with lookin'-glasses all round, and marble tables, and electric lights, and waiters as mite 'ave been members of Parleymunt by their noble hair. Amos puts 'is 'at on the rack, and we settles down to a little table. "Selina," 'e says, "dinners from 1s.; that's cheap enough, ain't it?" Up comes a waiter, slashin' away at the flies walkin' about, and 'ands us a card with the things 'rote on it.

"We want some dinner," says Amos, in 'is most respectable tone of vice. "Certainly, sare," says the waiter, "will you take it a la carte?" "Hol' yes; any way you life," says Amos, wich was very silly of 'im, becos we all knows the ways they 'as of speakin' dead langwidges in these 'ere Cafe Restaurongs, and as it turned out were jest wot 'e oughtn't not to 'ave done.

In about 10 minnits, and from that to a quarter of a 'our, the waiter come rusnin' up with 2 great basins of soup, and waltzes them down in front of us.

"Wot's this?" says Amos. "This is ze soup, sare," replies the waiter. "I didn't order soup, nor nothink like it," roared Amos, as were fairly

put out at gettin' soup instead of dinner, after waitin' so long. "I ordered dinner, not soup! D'you take us fer canary-birds, to live on sich stuff as this, after trapesing 'alf-way over London in search of Westminster Habbey? Bring us some dinner, will you, please, and look sharp." "But sare, says the waiter, "you did ordare ze dinnaire a la carte, and ze soup is a la carte. I will call ze managaire," upon wich the "managaire" came 'bustlin' up to explain that if we ordered dinner "a la carte" we 'ad to take the whole lot—soup, fish, engtrees, ontrimmets, and a lot of things as I couldn't rite down, becos I don't know 'ow to spell 'em!

"Hall rite, then," says Amos; "if I said it, I'll stick to it; but 'ow in the name of fortin' I'm goin' to do any walkin' about after all them fixtures, beats me altogether; I shall know that a la carte means soup next time, and no mistake. This is a bit of all rite for a shilling, ain't it, Selina?"

The waiter brought the courses on one after another, and we made it our bizness to finish up everythink, if only to cheat that there waiter out of a grabbin' way 'e 'ad, wich you couldn't lay down your knife and fork fer breath a second, but 'e tried to snatch away yer plate, onfinished, and it's my firm hapynion that's 'ow they makes their profits, by takin away the plates afore you've 'alf finished and using the vittles for future cus-tomers!

I kept my 'and on my plate all the time, becos I consider if you 'as to pay for a dinner you ought to eat every bit of it! Still, I will say it were a very tuff job; 7 courses, and fruits and nuts after all that, wich I fairly could not manage the fruit, so put a couple of bananas and a orange into me reticule to carry away with me. Amos wouldn't do likewise, men are so stupid in sich matters! Bizness is bizness, I says, espesshully when you 'as to pay fer it; and we did 'ave to pay, too, that I will say!

When Amos asked for the bill, he said to me, "Selina," 'e says, "I guess this 'ere's a tip-top dinner; we shall 'ave to pay more for this. I'll get out 'alf-a-crown in readiness. I don't egspack there's much change out of that!"

But, you mark my words, when 'e put on 'is glasses and looked at the bill, if it weren't 4s. 6d. each! Four and sixpence each, mind you! Four and sixpence each, not both together!

Amos were as furious as I've ever seen 'im, bein' generally rather mild-tempered; wich 'e went up to the "managaire" and said, "Look 'ere, mister; don't it say outside 'Dinners from 1s.?' Wot's the meanin' of this 'ere bill fer 9s.? I calls it proposterous!"

"Exactly so, saire," says the "managaire," as sweet as sugar; "we do ze dinnaire for one shilleeng, 2 shilleeng, 3 shilleeng, and so on, up to 'alf a guinea; but you ask for him a la carte, wich is always four and seex! You should 'ave asked for ye one shillin' dinnaire, and you will know ze next time you come in! Will you take one of our cards to recommend us to your friends?"

Amos took it, and tore it up, and stamped on the bits, after payin' the nine shillin's; wich was all 'is fault, agreein' to "a la carte" without bein' able to talk Latin. I wish I'd known it were a 4s. 6d. dinner, becos I only got eighteen-pennyworth of enjoyment out of it; if I'd been aware it were so much money I egspack I should 'ave took longer over it, so as to get the 4s. 6d. worth out of it, somehow or other.

SELINA JENKINS.

(To be continued.)

DOVE AT AN ORDINATION.

SINGULAR INCIDENT IN CHURCH.

An extraordinary incident occurred at the English Martyrs' Church, Preston, on Sunday, during the ordination of three new priests by the Bishop of Liverpool. As his lordship concluded the rite, a dove flew into the church and over the heads of the newly-ordained priests; then, resting on the altar for several minutes, it flew across the transepts and down the church to the choir, returning thence to the sanctuary, where it remained during the elevation; then flying out of the church. The incident created quite a sensation

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Choirmasters of Roman Catholic churches in South London have been informed that after the end of the month lad' soloists will not be allowed to sing in church. Lady choristers have now been superseded by boys.

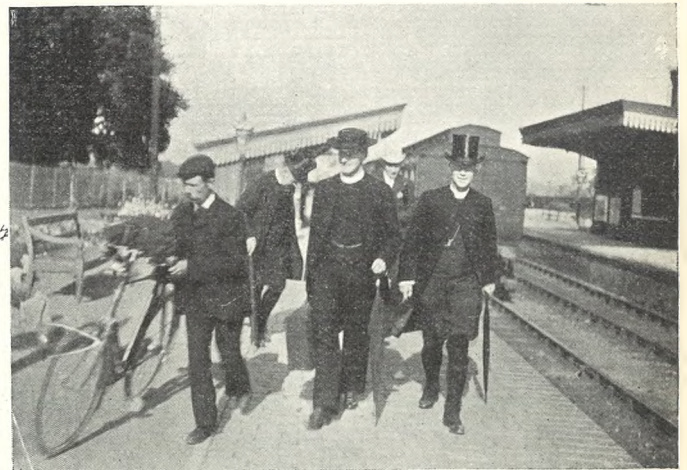


CHURCHYARD CONSECRATION ON CHOSEN HILL, AUGUST 1st, 1905.

Mr. John H. Jones (churchwarden) reading the deed of Consecration to the Bishop, sitting at the table, having on his right the Ven. Archdeacon Scobell and Mr. W. T. Swift (vicar's warden); the Rev. J. J. D. Cooke is immediately behind the Bishop, and the Rev. J. Richards (minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral) to the right of the choir.



Procession from Chosen Church.



Arrival of the Bishop, escorted by the Rev. J. J. D. Cooke (vicar of Churchdown), the Archdeacon and Mr. J. H. Jones being in the rear.

HIGH PRICES FOR RUBBISH.

The habit of attending art sales (says the "Burlington Magazine") has become a Society craze, and the wealthiest people in England are to be found in the rooms for the two or three days upon which the things are on view. Naturally many objects attract their attention, and they give a commission or two before they leave the sale-room. Now, unfortunately, wealth and artistic perception do not necessarily go hand in hand, and these people are seldom found to possess either judgment or idea of value. The result is that grotesquely extravagant prices have frequently been obtained for rubbish. The fact is all the harder for the dealer to bear since he is conscious that he has far finer things at home that he would often be only too pleased to sell at

one quarter of the figure realised for similar specimens in the auction-room. Then, again, when a person purchases anything from a dealer he expects a guarantee—unreasonable as it often is on the face of it—and gets it. If some indiscreet friend of the buyer, or some rival of the seller, declares the object other than what it was sold for, the dealer is compelled to rescind the sale, or risk creating a situation which may materially damage his reputation. When a thing is purchased under the hammer the auctioneer effectually safeguards himself against any contingency by selling with all faults and errors of description, and making no warrant whatsoever. Thus he has in a large measure usurped the place of the dealer, whilst ridding himself of the latter's responsibilities.

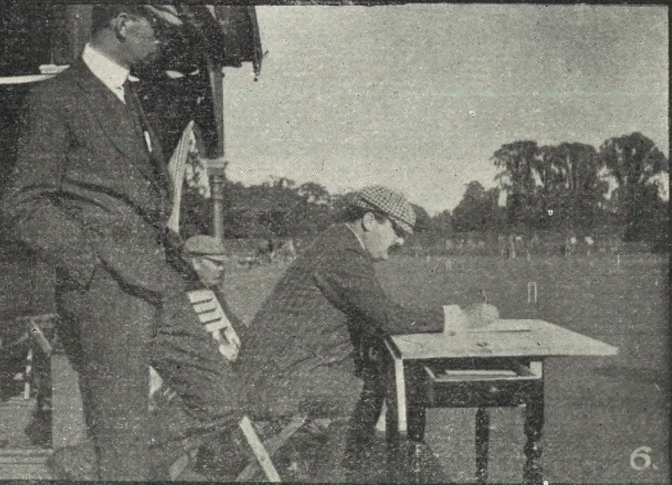
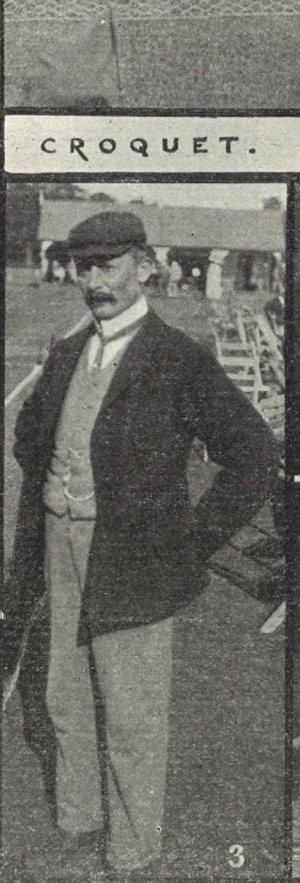
It is understood, says the "South Wales Daily News," that Mr. Evan Roberts will conduct another revival crusade during the coming winter, and that Swansea will be one of the first places visited.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Six large diamonds, valued at £1,000 and wrapped in paper bearing the inscription "For the Russian poor," have been found in a first-class compartment of a train travelling from Brest to Warsaw.

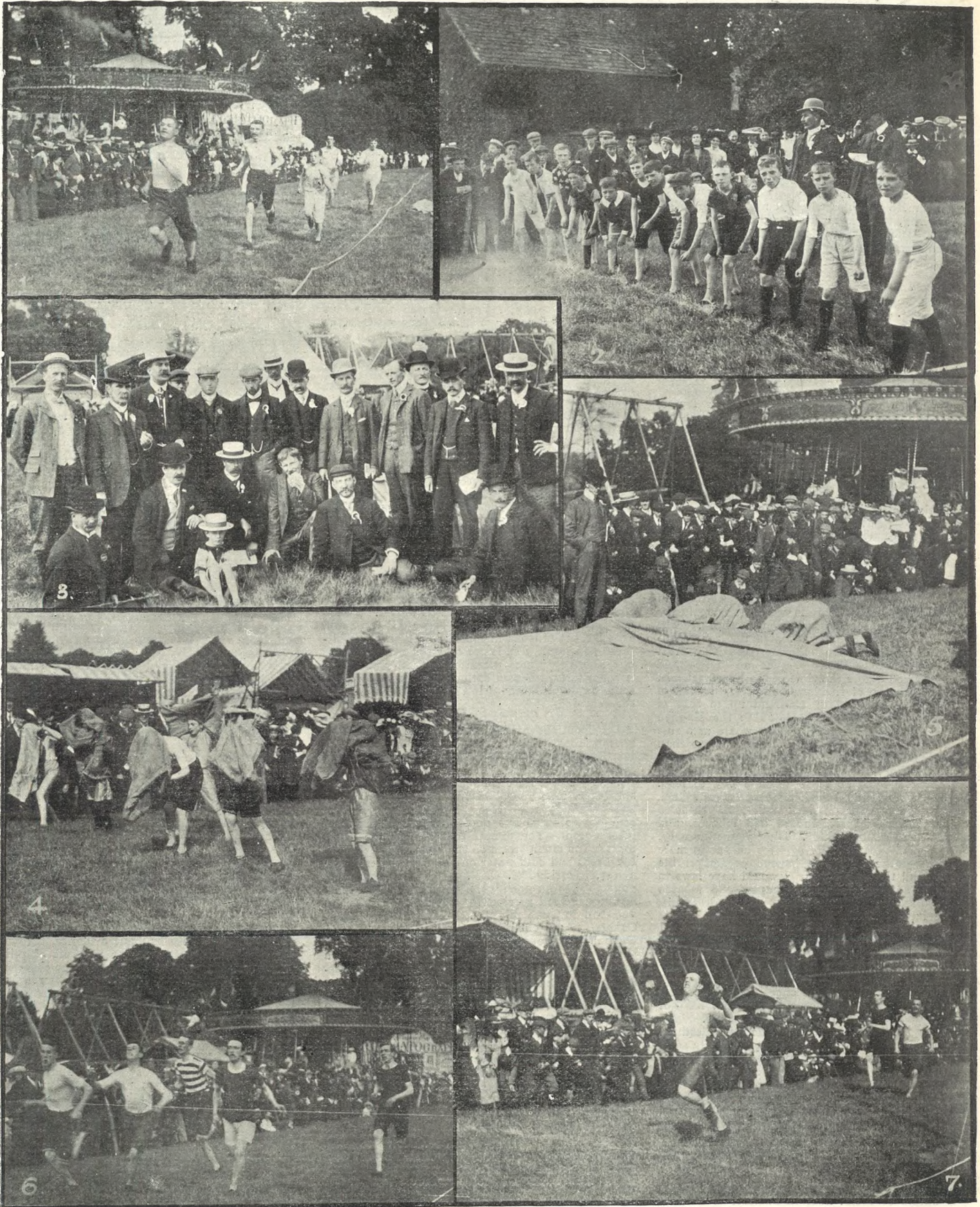
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CROQUET ASSOCIATION GOLD MEDAL COMPETITION AT CHARLTON PARK.

- 1. View of one of the greens—Mr. Akroyd play- in semi-final for the Gold Medal.
- 2. Miss Gower (the ex-Gold Medalist).
- 3. Mr. N. Gibbard, the groundsman, to whom the players are indebted for the perfect greens provided.
- 4. Mr. Beaton, semi-finalist for Gold Medal.
- 5. Mr. Akroyd, winner of Gold Medal.
- 6. Sweepstakes—Mr. du Cane entering the shillings.



CHARLTON KINGS ATHLETIC SPORTS, BANK HOLIDAY

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|--|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Second Time Round in the Mile Race. | 3. Group of Officials and Committee. | 6. A good finish—300 Yards. |
| 2. Start for Scholars' Team Race. | 4. Obstacle Race—putting on the sacks. | 7. An easy win at the same distance. |
| | 5. Obstacle Race—getting under tarpaulin. | |

Health & Home.

By W. GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,
Author of "Sickness and Health," "The People's
A B C Guide to Health," "The Wife's Guide
to Health and Happiness," etc.

A PARABLE.

We have all read the story or parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins. It was one of my favourite parables when young. If I remember rightly, there is nothing said about the bride herself. Did she have to wait long for her intended husband, weary and wondering what was keeping him? Had he lacked the courage to face the music, and gone round the corner to imbibe some cold Scotch? Perhaps he had got run over by a motor-car, or met a man and begun to talk about dogs. Or—awful thought! he might have eloped with someone else! The poor bride couldn't have known what to think. What a laggard in love he must have been anyhow! And had she been an American girl she would have become angry, and married the best man. Five of them were wise and five were foolish. The foolish hadn't brought enough paraffin in their lamps, and when they begged a drop from the wise the latter were quite nasty about it. Ah! human nature, as far as females go, has always been the same, and I guess always will be. But, come to think of it, if there was *one* wise virgin out of the ten I guess that was all. Indeed, according to the great Carlyle, our whole population are "mostly fools." I have proof by every post that Carlyle was right. You could count the fools who believe in quacks by millions, if you took the trouble.

LIBRARIES.

Carnegie has done an immensity of good, and spent about £25,000,000 on circulating libraries. He is a Scot, and naturally wants to educate the people. Board schools have done nothing. The ignorance of the children even in the 'xth standard is crass in the extreme, and the great millionaire knows that. Education in Scotland was very good before the time of the Board schools, but the makers of the laws for these, instead of raising the standard of England up to that of Scotland, have lowered Scotland to the English level. And, believe me, the Scots would as a rule rather pay for the schooling of their bairns than send them to beggarly Board schools. In England and the big towns of Scotland the most these sickening schools do is to teach a boy to read. Well, his education begins after he leaves school, and he takes in the little "Pink 'Un" or some other sporting paper, smokes bad tobacco, and swears like Tommy Atkins. Bless your innocence, he is a man now, and he believes he knows more than his father. He is beyond control of his daddy, and the parson too. I would have laws to prevent the sale of sporting papers and tobacco to boys, and also the sale of penny dreadfuls. These latter help to fill our gaols, and increase the great army of hoodlums and burglars. Am I talking too straight? Well, it is because I love children. That is my only excuse.

DOGS AND SORES.

A wound if bound up at once in the blood—no dressing or washing unless glass or dirt has got in—very soon heals up in healthy people. But mind, it must be bound up while still bleeding. The blood is an antiseptic, and hermetically seals the wound. For a small open sore there is no better plan than letting your pet dog lick it. The saliva of a dog is eminently antiseptic. After that, keep it from the air and light, or bind up simply with a little zinc ointment. A child with a sore some years ago, in Scotland, used always to be told by his parents, "Let Collie lick it," and now the best medical authorities recognise the good of this treatment.

THE HEAT.

A humid or moist heat in summer is hard to bear, and will prostrate even the strongest men. A good medical journal gives the following advice: "Do not overeat in hot weather, nor indulge in foods which you know will disagree with you. Indigestion and plethora predispose to heat stroke. For the same reason, do not allow yourself to become constipated."

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

of all kinds should be avoided. Alcohol paralyses resistance, and causes capillary congestion. The individual should bath daily. The sting and torment of decomposing perspiration make one more susceptible. He should not stint himself in sleep, nor should he allow himself to become angry or excited. Keep cool, work under the most favourable conditions you can secure, and do not worry. If every man whose occupation compels him to expose himself would follow these rules, the mortality from heat prostration would dwindle to almost nothing. Doctors should not dismiss a patient overcome by the heat as soon as they have secured a reaction and can pronounce him out of danger. In many cases a course of tonic treatment will be necessary. The effects of the shock are often far-reaching and profound. Superficially, a patient may seem to react perfectly, yet, later, secondary atrophic changes appear, neuroses or psychoses set up, there is a functional heart trouble, &c.

PUT YOUR HAND ON YOUR MOUTH.

When you cough, I mean. Do so always, out of doors as well as in. You will thus get into the habit, and you will never, therefore, cough over the table. Teach your children to do so. I suppose everybody by this time is well aware that many colds and coughs are infectious, so that I need not explain to you how dangerous it is to cough or sneeze when food is near. Most of you, I think, are far too apt to blame draughts for giving you colds and chills. They seldom are guilty of any such thing, unless the system is very much below par indeed. I refer to draughts of fresh air, but draughts of beer or stout frequently give chills. For the temperature is lowered in an hour's time after the alcoholic stimulant has been imbibed. Of course you may take another, but it is a poor game, and one is bound to suffer from it. However, now that we know colds are infectious we cannot be too careful. It is not safe to sit anywhere near to a person who has an acute cold. Even at church one should be cautious. By the way, clergymen ought to thank me for reminding you that the more you try to control a cough in church the sooner will the cold be healed. I used the word "healed" advisedly, because if you could examine the mucous membrane that lines the air-pipes you would find it not only red and inflamed, but in many places ulcerated. Well, you see, it is a partially inflamed surface, and coughing does quite as much harm to it as scratching a sore on the skin does.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tea Dust (Several).—No. Get the best tea—it goes furthest. If any reader wants a hint about tea, let him send me an addressed postcard. Or about coffee or cocoa. A Routine for the Seaside (B. W.).—No, I have no space; but live well, eat sparingly, take your own tub in your own room, dawdle about, read, sleep, forget care, eat fruit, and do nothing, but do it properly. Debility (Chatsforth).—You appear to be eating too much meat. Too much strain on the system. The morning bath, and cold water on the weak parts thrice a day. Porridge (J. C. P.).—I do not wonder at your not having porridge, if you have to wait forty minutes. Good gracious! Get medium oatmeal, and boil but five minutes. The Hair (B.N. and Others).—Any chemist. Obesity Cures (J. C., Devon).—Dangerous; have nothing to do with them. The diet cure alone is safe. Obesity is a disease, and a terrible one. Reduce your diet one-half; take no fluid food. Lentil Flour (Max).—Yes; of value equal to oatmeal, or almost. Like pea flour. To A. T.—"The People's A B C Guide to Health" is 1s., postage 2d., "Hearthstone Talks" and "Health and Home," 1s. 6d., and same postage. Both free to my readers, for whose benefit they are written, for 2s. 4d. Lean and Lanky (D. R.).—Fatty and flour foods; good potatoes. A little port wine if you can get it good. For the benefit of my readers I may state that Lowestoft, where I am at present camping (caravan, tents, and wigwam), is one of the most bracing and pretty seaside watering-places in the kingdom. For nervous and dyspeptic people there are few places to beat it. Then it is quiet and select, without being stuck-up, like some others. Boating, fishing (sea and pier). Sandy soil, and seldom rains.

Letters relating to this column should be addressed Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., Twyford, Berks. Please note: No infantile ailments, acute cases, surgical or skin troubles, nor anything that needs seeing can be advised on.

THE COMING ECLIPSE.

On August 30th next there will occur an eclipse of the sun, which will be visible over the greater part of this country—and as eclipses are rare, and, even when they occur, not always to be seen near home, special interest is sure to be taken in it. An article explaining the causes and meanings of the extraordinary phenomena that accompany an eclipse appears in "Pearson's Magazine." The writer, Mr. M. Tindal, writes as follows:—

"On August 30th next the moon in her orbit will pass between the sun and the earth, and for three and three-quarter minutes the glory of the sun's face will be blotted out. But the glory of the sun's corona—the flaming outer atmosphere that is invisible when the sun is shining—will be revealed to the most powerful battery of telescopes and cameras with which the eye of science was ever equipped. In vain, then, will the sun hide his face! for he only gives up an opportunity for examining him more closely than he has ever been observed before—perhaps for coming one stride nearer towards a solution of the mystery of life and of the universe.

"As the shadow of the moon passes across the face of our earth, from west to east, the precious opportunity for observation will be seized by parties of astronomers scattered over its course from beginning to end. The shadow will first fall south-west of Hudson's Bay; it will traverse Labrador, passing at some three thousand miles an hour; it will cross the Atlantic to fall on the north of Spain; it will cross the Mediterranean Sea to touch the Balearic Islands; and thence will speed on to Algiers and Tunis, flying off into space in Arabia.

Imagine the suspense of those standing in the shadow's path, awaiting the total eclipse that may reveal so many secrets.

"Gradually, as they watch, the black edge of the moon pushes across the sun's face. The circle of the sun changes into a crescent that grows sharper and sharper. The light grows dim. Half an hour passes, and another half-hour, and still the moon has yet to completely cover up the sun's disc. Twenty minutes pass—and then, with appalling suddenness, darkness falls.

"A hill-top in the distance turns suddenly black. A house and a valley are swallowed up. Trees and rivers vanish. Then a black tongue of shadow, its edges sharply cut, licks up the foreground and rushes down upon the observer, spreading a chill as it strikes.

"The sky becomes horrible in colour; a livid hue is diffused in the air; bands of black and white flicker on the earth and are gone.

"Absolute silence falls. The wind drops. Plants close their leaves for sleep. Animals seek resting-places as on the approach of night; birds hide in the tree-tops, and fowls go to roost. The night plants open their petals; bats emerge; stars appear. The air grows more chill, for the temperature has suddenly fallen, and the wind has dropped.

"Up in the hazy glowing sky one thing holds all eyes—the utterly black moon. As the supreme moment of totality arrives, and the whole sun's disc is blotted out, instantaneously the corona leaps into brilliant evidence, throwing out its flaming streamers for millions of miles. Then the camera shutters click, and the observers, calmly but swiftly, make their observations. They have come, perhaps, thousands of miles, and for months they have prepared and rehearsed the work they now do in earnest, in the few black, but golden, seconds.

"As swiftly as it has come, the eclipse goes. "The first hill-top that was blackened leaps into light. Valleys are suddenly illuminated as the shadow of the moon passes; animals come from their hiding-places; bats retire, and night flowers close their petals once more; the wind starts up as the penumbra grows fainter and fainter; and the eclipse is over."

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to be a Knight of the Garter in succession to the late Earl Cowper.

The presentation of the freedom of the City of London to Viscount Selby, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, will take place at the Guildhall on Tuesday, October 10th.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Copt Elm-road, Charlton Kings.

"VASSAR-SMITH" PRIMROSE LEAGUE GATHERING AT CHARLTON PARK.

SAVAGES AND CHILDREN.

One of the most interesting, as well as the most difficult, of intellectual feats, is, says Mr. C. William Beebe, curator of ornithology, New York Zoological Society, writing in the New York "Tribune," to try to throw off all effects of civilisation, all the ideas and ideals which our education and culture have evolved in our minds, and to picture the world about us as it must have seemed to primitive mankind. There is hardly a race of savages on the earth which has not been affected (too often, indeed, contaminated) by contact with some white race of considerable enlightenment. So it is hardly fair to judge by the ideas of these savages, and there is only one other way open to us. This is to study young children, and, strange as it may appear, the child, in its thoughts and imaginings, often represents the most primitive of races, and in its early evolution of thought it may give many a hint as to the actual evolution of man's mental powers up from the dark ages, when his very existence hung in the balance between famine and wild beasts. How often we laugh at the crude and childish reasoning of savages, and yet, more often than we imagine, the barbarian's logic is as sound as our own, provided we realise his limitations of speech and environment. Herbert Spencer gives some excellent examples of this. He says, and says truthfully, that nine out of ten cabin passengers and ninety-nine out of every hundred steerage passengers would be astonished if told that the porpoises which play about the steamer's bow are much more nearly related to a horse than to a shark. Again, in our fish markets, as in the minds of the majority of customers, oysters and crabs are classed together as shellfish, although in reality they are more unrelated than an eel and a man, their only point of similarity being that both have a hard exterior. After considering these and the hundred of other instances in which many of us often reason wrongly from appearances, can we blame the Esquimo for taking a piece of glass into his mouth and expecting it to melt, or refusing to believe that woollen cloth is not some kind of skin? Or, again, how many of us will exclaim when we see moisture condensed upon a pitcher or on a painted wall, "The pitcher, or the wall, sweats." After remembering such a widespread but totally erroneous conclusion, we can hardly afford to smile condescendingly at the Fiji Islander who, knowing nothing of metals, wonders "how we could get axes hard enough in a natural country to cut down the trees which the barrels of muskets were made of." This is perfect logic in a person acquainted only with the hard, hollow stems of bamboos. Ask the plumber who is repairing your pump what makes the water rise, and ten to one he will answer "By suction," and be surprised if you insist on a more deep-lying physical principle. He knows that he can suck up water through a tube, and the fact of the pressure of the outside air as the actual agent has been ignored. Contrast this with the reasoning of savage Siberian tribes. They find mammoths encased in ice and their bones always buried in the

ground; they have never seen one alive; hence mammoths must be a strange kind of gigantic, burrowing mole, living underground and causing the occasional earthquakes which are felt in that region. To the primitive man myths and strange beliefs came easily and almost as a matter of course from his superficial way of looking at nature. A kernel of corn became a tall, green plant; a worm dried and shrivelled up became transformed into a beautiful winged thing; small, hard eggs changed to warm, living birds—all this before his very eyes. Could the change of a man into an animal be any more strange? Certainly not more radical than the change from a worm to a butterfly.

A WONDERFUL MECHANICAL TOY.

An astonishing instance of the display of skill and patience is reported from New York, where, according to the "Scientific American," a machinery expert has built in his leisure time a tiny working model, complete in all its parts, and an exact counterpart, of a full-sized triple-expansion engine. This marvel of minuteness measures only 3 1/2 in. across the bedplate, and is 3 1/2 in. high. With a steam pressure of 100 lb., the screw makes over 7,000 revolutions a minute, so that an almost incredible fineness of workmanship was necessary. To show the scale on which the various parts are made, it may be mentioned that the nuts used to hold down the cylinder covers are for the most part less than 1-16 of an inch in diameter, yet each is perfectly hexagonal in shape. The studs are rather less than 1-32nd of an inch in diameter, and threaded at both ends one end screwing into the machine and the other receiving the nuts. Several other details are given, and in conclusion the writer says: The maker may well claim for this model that it is the smallest triple-expansion engine in the world. To appreciate its diminutive perfection at its true worth it must be seen in actual operation.



THE HOUSE SPARROW.

If we may believe the farmer, the house sparrow's career of mischief begins each year at daybreak on January 1st and ends at sunset on the 31st of December, for he is a daylight thief. He is seldom astir before dawn, and rarely out of bed long after sundown. No one will argue that there is no truth in the accusations that are hurled at this bold and independent member of society. If he is not well looked after the sparrow will no doubt help himself freely to fruit and grain, to crocus blooms and gooseberry buds; but in the breeding season he is at work from morning to night collecting insects to carry to his young. A single pair of sparrows will destroy in this way more than forty thousand grubs in one season; and it must be remembered that the breeding season of the house sparrow often extends over a much longer period than is the case with most other birds. There are not infrequently three broods, sometimes even four, in one year, and the young are fed entirely on insects in various stages of development.—From "A Corner of Arcady," by Francis A. Knight.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTHENHAM 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 141st prize has been awarded to Miss A. G. Despard, of Undercliff, Leckhampton Hill, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. F. Burnside at St. John's Church, Cheltenham.

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

SEARCH FOR A ROMAN CITY.

An Alton, Hants, correspondent says that a romantic search for a Roman city is in progress at West Meon, near Petersfield. In an old book which he picked up in a cottage, a schoolmaster saw a description of the city, and after careful study located it. Already several tessellated pavements, supposed to belong to the mansion of a Roman centurion, have been unearthed, together with the heating apparatus of the mansion and several other objects of great interest. Further developments are being awaited with interest.

PETROL & PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

COMFORT IN RIDING.

After an hour or so of riding on a motor-bicycle, the free-wheel position becomes rather tiring to the legs and feet. Change of position and great relief can be obtained by having a few pairs of footrests fitted on the frame. Two pairs can be fitted on the front forks, about eight inches apart; and another pair on the lower front tube of the frame. By changing the feet from the pedals to one set of footrests and then from these to another set, great relief is obtained. Every rider of a motor-bicycle knows the stiff-legged feeling produced by a long ride with the feet on free-wheel pedals. It is also quite possible to steer with the legs when the feet are on the footrests on the forks, and so the arms and hands can be given a rest. These little things add greatly to the pleasure of motor-cycling, and they should be tried to be appreciated.

TWISTED ROUND BELTS.

A large number of motor-bicycles—generally of low power—can still be seen using the twisted hide round belt for transmitting the power of the engine to the driving wheel. The advantage of these belts is that to tighten the belt all that is necessary is to give the belt a twist. It is, however, unwise to be continually twisting it up. This makes it thinner each time, till finally it breaks. As soon as the belt becomes so thin that it runs in the bottom of the pulley, it should be discarded and a new one obtained. A good plan for thickening a twisted round belt is to put a long strip of hide lace through its centre. This lace will become practically a part of the belt, which becomes considerably thicker, and will last for some time.

THE SURFACE CARBURETTER: ITS DRAWBACKS.

The surface carburetter was the first form of carburetter to be used on motor-cycles, and very well it did its duty. The surface carburetter fitted on my machine never failed once during three years' constant riding. Although so reliable, the surface form of carburetter has its drawbacks. These are (1) It is not always uniform in its results, as the temperature of the air affects the rate of evaporation which goes on in the petrol tank. (2) As evaporation proceeds, the petrol gets denser and denser, owing to the lighter spirit coming off first. Owing to this, some of the petrol is always wasted, because the petrol in the bottom becomes too dense and stale for use. The rider of a machine fitted with a surface carburetter should always make a point of using up all the spirit in the carburetter as home is reached. If he does this, it is always possible to start away with fresh petrol, which renders starting quite easy. (3) The jolting and vibration of the machine has a great effect upon the evaporation of the petrol. (4) Perhaps the greatest drawback is the amount of valuable space occupied by the evaporating tank. There is none too much space for carrying spares, etc., on a motor-bicycle, so that every inch which can be saved is valuable.

PLATINUM TONING FOR P.O.P.

The "Book of Photography" contains some very good hints on platinum toning with P.O.P. Platinum is very little used for glossy papers, the tones given being more suitable for matt surface papers. Some really fine results can be produced, the tones being quite peculiar to platinum, and, generally speaking, cannot be given by baths made up of other metals. It must not be supposed that platinum is especially suitable for black tones. The quality of a black tone produced with gelatine-chloride prints is, generally speaking, not to be compared to the rich velvet black of platinum papers, or even gelatine-bromide papers. In fact, platinum gives warm brown and sepia tones, the latter showing to great advantage for some subjects. The prints should, except for the difference of the bath, be treated exactly as for gold toning, save that the prints, after leaving the platinum bath, should be immediately transferred to a 5 per cent. solution of common salt. Otherwise, toning continues while washing, and uniform results cannot be relied upon. The platinum bath is made up as follows. Chloroplatinite of potassium is the salt employed; it may be bought in 15-dram tubes, like gold-chloride: Sodium chloride (common salt) 50 grains, alum

100 grains, chloro-platinite of potassium 2 grains, water 10ozs. With the bath made up as above, brown tones will be produced in about five minutes, sepia tones in ten minutes. It is not advisable to take the prints further than sepia, as the colour becomes unsatisfactory. If removed from the bath after two minutes only, the finished prints will be red-brown, and will be found a suitable tint for portraiture. It is not necessary that prints toned in this bath should be alumed after the first washing. The free salts, however, must be thoroughly removed. The prints will dry considerably colder in tone than they appear when wet, and this must be allowed for.

FRENCH "GHOSTS."

Needless to say, the literary "ghost" is as well known in France as elsewhere. In this connection a pleasing anecdote is being related in Paris, which will probably be new to most of my readers, as to myself. A certain well-known "feuilletonist" was engaged to write a serial story for a Paris newspaper. Being a very busy man, he sub-let the contract—if that be the proper term to use—to a "ghost," who may be called A, giving him for his work half the sum paid by the newspaper. Everything went well until, one day, A was suddenly taken ill, and died in a few hours. Much perturbed, his employer obtained the back numbers of the paper, read up the story—of which he, of course, knew nothing—finished it as briefly as possible, and carried his work at once to the office. The editor was much surprised to learn his errand. "But you have already sent us the rest of the story," he remonstrated; "and it ends up quite differently." Deeply puzzled, the novelist went away, to learn subsequently that A had in his turn sub-let the writing of the serial to another "ghost," retaining a profit for himself on the transaction. B, of course, had finished his work without regard to his immediate employer's death.—From "T.P.'s Weekly."



A SINGLE-TAX COLONY.

The only single-tax colony in the world, situated in Alabama, U.S., is the subject of an article in the August number of "The World's Work and Play," in which a member of the community describes the success which has attended the efforts of the pioneers during the ten years the colony has existed. The experiment, he says, which many predicted would fail, has been gratifyingly successful. Even the sanguine promoters did not dream that there would be such splendid developments, but with confidence in what they believed to be true, they determined to give the theory a perfectly fair demonstration. The results have realised their fondest hopes. The town's future is assured, and while there is but little hope of getting legislative enactment until a majority of the people of the country come to believe that the adoption of this plan will be beneficial, yet the experiment has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, first, that there is no reason why poverty should continue to keep its grim pace with progress, especially in these days of such marvellous mechanical and productive activity; secondly, that "all men have equal right to the use of the earth"; and, thirdly, that when this right is properly exercised and wisely controlled, poverty ceases to be, and prosperity and contentment walk hand in hand. Clear-brained men, after a day of honest toil, seek their well-earned repose with no uncomfortable thoughts of having prospered by the downfall of others; sweet-faced wives and mothers meet their household duties, content and happy in knowing naught of the pathetic pinchings of want; and happy-hearted children go singing on their way, catching the contagion of cheer and brightness from their elders—all free from the bitter grinding despair which blights where wealth rules, where might makes right, and where the few triumph and live in luxury at the expense of the many. Fairhope is nobly fulfilling its destiny in demonstrating that Henry George was no mere dreamer; that he saw with larger, clearer vision than most men; that social problems, as well as others, are never settled until they are settled right; and that one and all find their truest prosperity and their greatest happiness in being co-labourers with God in the uplifting of humanity.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

There was a great deal of electricity in the air of the Council Chamber during the troubled time that the Cheltenham Corporation was engaged in getting off with the old Borough Electrical Engineer and getting on with the new one. The ultimate appointment to the office of Mr. W. J. Bache (by the small vote of nine to three, considering there are twenty-five members) is additionally interesting by reason of the fact that this was the second occasion within the past two years on which the Corporation had elected a chief official who had had training and got experience in his duties in the neighbouring city of Gloucester. The confidence given in the first case has been amply justified by the recipient, and it now remains for the new official to whom a similar credit has been extended to prove himself worthy of it. He certainly has a splendid opportunity before him of earning the gratitude of the ratepayers (which in the event of success would doubtless be expressed in some material shape) of making the Electricity Werks pay. That he is a very pushful gentleman is evidenced by the way in which he circularised the members. I don't think that is to be deprecated, neither do I believe it militated against his candidature. Indeed, we have it on the authority of Gilbert and Sullivan:—

If you wish in this world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance;
You must stir it and stomp it
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you hav'n't a chance."



Cheltenham has ample reason to be satisfied with the attention that the new Bishop has paid to the town and its immediate vicinity during the initial days of his episcopate. We could not, of course, get the enthronement of Bishop Gibson here, but several "first things" have happened in which his lordship was central figure, to wit, the first re-opening of a church (at Oxenton), the first purely civic reception (by the Mayor in the Town-hall), the first laying of the foundation-stone of a Church school extension (at Leckhampton), and the first churchyard consecration (on Chosen Hill). The latter unique ceremony, together with the garden railway station of the Chosen place, is, I understand, to be handed down to posterity in the "Graphic" this and next week. Indeed, this, the only illustrated forth of the name in the county, has been the medium of familiarising the public with the counterfeit presentment of the Bishop under varied and very interesting circumstances.



Three of the Bank Holidays of this year have come and passed, and the many persons fortunate enough to be able to take advantage of these statutory play-days will have to wait the unconscionably long time of over five months for the next and last one. The August festival was disappointing, for the fair promise of the previous day (Sunday) was not kept, and drizzling rain fell in the morning, but cleared off by midday. Still, as some compensation, driving, motoring, and cycling could be indulged in without dust accompaniment. I rather fancy that the receipts of railway companies must be affected to a considerable extent by the ever-increasing use of motor-cars both for pleasure and business purposes. I saw a car in this neighbourhood a few days ago used wholly by an "ambassador of commerce" for a leading London drapery firm, and within the last three years he has travelled 11,000 miles in it, with his bulky samples, and called at many places on the roads that he could not have touched by rail. Motor-cars spell "revolution" in more than one sense of this word. GLEANER.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 242.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:—

“WHAT A WOMAN DID.”

NEXT WEEK:

“HUMAN HEARTS.”

Times and prices as usual.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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The 142nd prize has been awarded to Mr. Percy C. Brunt, of 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for his report of the sermon by the Rev. W. Hamar at Wesley Chapel, Cheltenham.

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

PRINTING !
PRINTING !!
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ARTISTIC AND
GENERAL
PRINTING
EXECUTED AT
THE “ECHO”
ELECTRIC PRESS.



A PRETTY VIEW AT CHURCHDOWN.

THE FINEST GAME-SHOT IN ENGLAND.

Drawing up a list of the leaders in the various departments of British sport would be a wearisome and almost a dangerous task. There would be a good many houses to which the judicious compiler and selector would not be asked again. But under one of the heads at least there would be no offended second-bests: Lord de Grey's renown as a game-shot has been for some time without challengers. He is admitted to be the

finest in the world, and but a few (Lord Walsingham, for instance, who has written the history of some of Lord de Grey's feats) could hope on their best of days to keep even with him. The word “game,” moreover, has to be given the widest interpretation in his case. It includes tigers, for instance; as it should in the case of a man whose father was Viceroy of India at a time when the son's shooting was already famous.—“The Bystander.”

MODERN METHODS OF ROAD MAINTENANCE.

During the last few years the use of tar macadam has become general in some parts of the country, because the tar prevents dust and mud, and consequently lessens the cost of maintenance. The first cost, however, of tar macadam is greater than the cost of ordinary macadam (says a writer in the "Building World"). As regards materials, granite macadam does not take tar so well as a more porous material, such as limestone or iron slag, and these latter are therefore generally employed. Coal-tar from which the lighter oils have been evaporated, and with which a small portion of pitch has been mixed, is used for coating the macadam in the manner that is described below. In order to ensure success, the stone must be thoroughly dry, and must be hot when the tar is applied, otherwise the tar will not penetrate into the substance of the stone, but will be merely a surface coat. Formerly, the stone was roasted on flat iron plates, which were supported on rough brickwork in such a way as to leave flues underneath the plates, where a coal fire was kindled, while a roof of some kind had to be erected above the plate in order to keep off the rain. When the stone was hot and dry, it was turned over with spades, and mixed with the tar. In other places, where gravel was used, it was laid in a heap about 1ft. thick, and several fires were made on the top. These fires were covered with cinder refuse in such a way as to confine the heat, and completely evaporate all the moisture from the gravel. The heating was continued until the whole heap was one mass of fire; the gravel was then turned over with a shovel, and sprinkled while hot with gas-tar. But great improvements have been introduced during the last few years; the stone and tar and now heated and mixed by machinery. One of these machines, the joint invention of the city engineer and the chief highway surveyor of Nottingham, consists of a hopper into which the material is delivered direct from the trucks, either by tipping or by other suitable method, and from this hopper is fed into a cylinder by regulating mechanism. The cylinder, which is divided into longitudinal compartments, is inclined so that the materials may readily pass through, and is mounted on friction rollers in order to minimise the required driving power. Inside this cylinder is an inner cylinder or trough that contains a worm conveyor, and under the apparatus are two combustion chambers, in which coke fires are maintained. Two tanks for holding the tar are placed like a saddle over the cylinder at the lower end of the apparatus, and are fitted with mechanism for automatically spraying the tar on the slag or stone. The material, after being heated in the cylinder, falls to the lower end, and there receives the proper amount of tar, and is turned over and mixed in the trough that contains the worm conveyor, and delivered at the upper end thoroughly mixed and coated. Whatever may be the method that is adopted for coating the material, it should not be laid on the road until some considerable time has elapsed after coating; if possible, from three to six months. Dry weather, also, must be chosen for the work. The tarred material is not so easily handled with a shovel as ordinary macadam, and a fire should be provided at the roadside so that the men may heat their shovels. On a good solid bottom, the tarred material need not be thicker than 4in. The road must, of course, be rolled. The prepared material may be bought ready for immediate use.



WORCESTER POTTERY.

If imitation really is the sincerest form of flattery, certainly the potters of Worcester from 1750 to 1900 have indeed been flattered with a vengeance. Some of the counterfeit pieces are almost incapable of identification, except by experts like Mr. Haywood. Amongst the offenders against the elemental principles of commercial morality are potters of French, German, Prussian, Austrian, and (sad to relate) Japanese nationality. The early marks have also been carefully copied both at Derby and in Staffordshire. Americans are wont to purchase the common blue and white specimens of Worcester (duly marked, of course), and then increase their value and avoid the payment of duty on a higher scale, but super-adding gold and more elaborate ornamentation in colours on the other side of the Atlantic.—"The King."

UP-STREAM VERSUS DOWN-STREAM FISHING.

By many dry-fly anglers it is considered imperative to fish up-stream, and certainly it is more so with a single fly than with a cast of several. The argument for up-stream fishing is that as trout invariably lie with their noses up-stream when in search of food, casting from below them you are given a better chance of approaching within fishing distance without disturbing them; that, also, if you are fortunate enough to tempt the fish to take the lure, you are in a better position to fix when you strike; and, in the third place, that you cause less disturbance in the water which you have still to fish over. There is nothing to be said about these arguments except that they hold equally good for fishing across stream, while a valid objection to casting up water, namely that the cast lying over the trout is apt to frighten it, is removed to a great extent by casting across, whereas all four reasons may be given against fishing down-stream. It is argued, in favour of the last, that a fish will turn and take the fly down-stream. So it will. There is reason to believe that though a trout can see fairly well to his side, and specially well in front and above him, he cannot see down and he cannot see behind. If that is so, we can understand what when the fly has passed him he has to turn and bring it again within the angle of his vision before he can take it. But my experience is that, comparatively, it is seldom that a trout takes a fly down-stream, and that he is far more likely to rush at a fly in front of him or at the side. I have watched fish feeding often, and have observed what with the natural fly as with the artificial, nine cases out of ten, they waited until the fly was nearly over them. At some spot almost above it seems to be the natural focus of the trout's eye, for with a rise of fly in the water the trout keeps rising, rising, breaking the surface again and again at the identical spot. It is admitted, too, I think, that sound travels farther and faster with the current than against it; and it must be remembered that the sight of the gut is not likely to disturb the fish so much as the sound of the line being brought down with the current. Which manner shall be adopted, however, is a question of conditions. The general working rule, no doubt, is to fish across and up when one can, and down-stream when one can do nothing else. But we have actually known men pass by water that could be fished down-stream only—why? Because, so they said, up-stream is the proper way to fish. We can hardly call their way pliable and adaptive!—"Angling Bigotries," in "Blackwood's Magazine."



THE HAPPINESS OF COTTAGE LIFE.

One may be very happy in a cottage. It is not really what we want, but what we think we want, that distresses us. Of course, if you want a palace you won't be a bit happy in the "simple life"; only don't think you want a palace; think instead that in the summer you want a bunch of roses and a brisk walk before breakfast through dewy fields; that in the winter your heart's desire is a cosy fire, a friend for a chat, and a cheerful book. These things are just as nice as a palace—nicer, if you will think them so. The cottage must be pretty and tasteful, and, above all things, cheerful, with heaps of sunlight and all the fresh air one can possibly get into it. Then there should be bright colours, flowers everywhere, and living things all around; a little of everything to one's taste, and not too much of anything; while of those things of which we can never have too much, like friends, bright faces, and happy voices, there should be all it is possible to obtain.—Lady Phyllis in "The Bystander."



PUBLIC SCHOOL CUSTOMS.

A curious ceremony will take place at Eton next half, the captain of the school, Scott, K. S., presenting Canon Lyttelton, the new head master, with a birch tied up with light blue ribbon, the school colour. It is said that custom requires that he should be presented with two guineas for the birch. Old customs equally quaint prevail in most of our ancient foundations. "Domum" at Winchester carries its explanation in its name; but at Rugby these still exist in the schoolhouse, one or two customs sprung from so remote a time that they have become quite meaningless. Thus "knuckling down," a species of "leap frog," in the long passage by the old dormitories has existed for quite a hundred years. Perhaps the most famous Harrow custom, though not the oldest, is the fashion of school singing.

ONE OF NATURE'S MARVELS.

On the matter of endurance one does not compare Mr. G. A. Olley with other human beings; one puts him on a level with locomotives—for choice, long distance express locomotives of the London to Plymouth without-a-stop type; suburban expresses he puts to abject shame. That Mr. Olley is a phenomenon—one of Nature's marvels—everybody who knows him admits. He thinks nothing of a twenty-four hours' excursion on his bicycle. After a whole day and night in the saddle, careering from one end of the country to the other, frequently through thick, oily mud and against strong winds, he dismounts as fresh as paint and ready for more pedalling. "We should like to hear how you prepare yourself for these extraordinary efforts" (asked a representative of "Chums"). "I do a considerable amount of walking at the commencement of the season. Walking is an excellent exercise for toning up the body. I don't contend that it is wonderfully good for a cyclist, but to an individual who is in business, as I am, it is to be highly recommended. It is a condensed form of training. One hour's walking is of more benefit than three hours' cycling, the reason being that when one is walking one is exercising the trunk as well as the legs continuously, whereas in cycling one experiences periodical rests, such as when one is running downhill." "What about your food, Mr. Olley?" "Well, as you are aware, I don't touch butcher's meat. In place of meat, I consume a liberal quantity of cheese (with the necessary cereals), which is a concentrated food and extremely nourishing. I am also partial to nuts. I don't strictly avoid plain pastry, but tea and coffee I dispense with, as they are—to some degree, at all events—poisonous to the constitution. Yes, I smoke a little, but cyclists are better without tobacco, as they are without stimulants." "How can you ascertain whether your pace is what it should be when you are trying to lower the record?" "I carry a watch on my machine, and I have a time table. I can thus always inform myself as to whether I am in advance of my time or behind it." "Have you any especially big event in view just now?" "My idea is to cycle from Land's End to John o' Groats before very long. The present record for this journey is four days seven hours. I am walking between Surbiton and my home at Wimbledon with a view to this attempt." It is instructive to add that on his rides on the road Mr. Olley is never paced. He is a true sportsman. Those who accompany him follow at a distance of not less than a hundred yards, while his feeders usually meet him at pre-arranged spots. In his memorable London-Edinburgh feat Mr. Olley completed 344½ miles in twenty-four hours—an unprecedented performance over this course.



A BLOW TO THE "SIMPLE LIFERS."

Here is distressing information! Owing to the vigour with which the exponents of the "simple life" are pressing their cause, and the large response made to their arguments, a contemporary assures us that workmen's cottages are now almost unattainable—for workmen. Ladies are inhabiting these abodes, breakfasting upon porridge, recreating among fields and wild flowers, working out their various hobbies or philanthropies amidst frugality and solitude; meanwhile, cottages are scarce, much in demand, and rents will inevitably go up; indeed, some landlords, alarmed by the difficulty, have resolved to let their property to the labouring classes only. As for the well-to-do population, with the best intentions it is always putting its foot into things. It became disgusted with the luxury of the age, weary of its idleness, bored with its frivolity; so, with praiseworthy effort, it thought the problem out, and took the most terrific resolutions. Consequently appeared the idea of the "simple life," and people set about attaining it in a businesslike, sometimes exaggerated, fashion. It has become "the thing," and a very popular thing, too, though apparently there is to be one check. Landlords will not have us; cottages are for labourers, not for idlers or experimentalists; and we must return to our empty houses. But this is said to be a free country, and, if we want to live in a cottage, it would be hard indeed were we debarred from doing so; only, like Robinson Crusoe, we must be ready to build (or have built) our own primitive abodes. After all, this might well prove the most amusing method.—Lady Phyllis in "The Bystander."

“WHERE HUSBANDS ARE CAPTURED.”

“Do girls come here to find husbands?” The proprietress of a big, popular East-Coast boarding establishment smiled suggestively at the question put to her by the writer (who has recorded her answer in an article entitled “Where Husbands are Captured,” in “Cassell’s Saturday Journal”). “Yes, I am afraid that a great many do. A seaside boarding-house offers so many opportunities. It is an open field and, I suppose, a perfectly fair one. Why shouldn’t they? Yet I now and again sigh for my sex when I observe the way in which some young lady visitors ‘throw themselves’ at eligible men. One will suggest a walk another with a daring frankness—entirely assumed—will ask to be taken to the theatre; another will rise early to attend to the breakfast of a male guest who is up to catch an excursion train. Truly, some modern young ladies allow themselves an astonishing amount of freedom at a seaside *pension*. This speculating for a husband has its dangers. There are unscrupulous men who turn it to account. So many such infer that they hold responsible posts, or are possessed of independent means. When, later on, the foolish young woman who has given her confidence in many things to a man endowed with the bearing of a count finds that he is a “counter-jumper,” she may discover that he is not to be lightly shaken off. The saddest case that came under my notice was that of a young and pretty girl, who was making a lengthy stay on account of her health. Amongst the holiday guests was a man of prepossessing appearance, with whom this girl, probably to kill time, struck up a flirtation. The affair ripened into an engagement. Suddenly he received a telegram; he had been called to a post of importance in South Africa. He suggested a license—a hasty marriage. To this the infatuated girl consented. Then the South African appointment fell through; it never existed. The fashionably-dressed young man was a Government clerk, in receipt of £150 a year. His wife was possessed of five times that sum, and more to follow. Eventually her family got rid of the schemer by paying him the sum of £3,000 to take himself abroad. I am not sure whether the young or middle-aged—if not elderly—ladies are most given to this foolish quest of a husband in boarding-houses. Certainly, the older ones know how to play the game. A good number of elderly, well-to-do ladies winter at seaside boarding establishments. This affords a fine opportunity to a bachelor in search of a comfortable income. One such marriage took place from my house. The parties had never met until that winter. A lady of sixty made open love to a chance gentleman boarder of about thirty-five. He was willing, but he insisted that every penny of her substantial income should be made over to himself. Lawyers objected, but love had its way. He entered my house a comparatively poor man; he has now settled, with his somewhat faded wife, as a wealthy permanent resident of the town.

* * * *

FALLEN APPLES.

If anyone takes the trouble to examine the fallen apples, it will be found that most of them either have a maggot inside now or the hole will be visible from which the maggot has made its escape to give trouble in the future. In spite of what has been written in the gardening Press and the leaflets bearing upon the subject, which have been so freely scattered by the Board of Agriculture, there is still much apathy among the smaller fruit growers as regards the damage done by the larva of the Codlin moth. The fallen apples should be collected before the maggots have time to escape. Many might thus be destroyed, and early in the autumn, before the leaves fall, place greased bands round the stems of the trees, and renew the grease when it becomes dry and not sufficiently sticky to arrest their course up the tree. When the leaves fall and the buds are dormant, dress the trees with a strong insecticide either by spraying or using the brush on the larger branches. There are plenty of suitable washes on the market now. A dressing of newly-slaked lime sometimes will do a great deal of good; in fact, very few use enough lime in their gardens now, though it was not always so.—“The Garden.”



Mr. A. W. Newton (seated in centre) and his staff of assistants at the Montpellier Garden Entertainments.

LIVING IN TERROR OF LIONS.

Of the many lions with whom I have had personal dealings, expectedly or unexpectedly, the epithet cowardly is, as I have said, the last I should consider appropriate in describing them. I have been charged by a lion, and he certainly did not look cowardly. I have come face to face at a distance of some twenty feet with a family party of half a dozen—fortunately full-fed. They stood, with quiet dignity, looking at us, and then slowly moved away, stopping every few yards to stand and look again: there was neither fear nor meanness in their appearance or behaviour. I have seen lions stalking game, and I have myself been stalked by them. If I could have encouraged myself with the conviction of their cowardliness when I was the quarry and they the hunters, it would have put a different aspect on the situation. We were at this time living in a station over seventy miles from the nearest connecting link with the outside world, and when man-eating lions took possession of the one road which led to this link, things became serious. A large troop was reported; and the natives maintained that this troop ran along in the grass parallel with the caravan road (a path some ten inches wide), and having selected the most edible member of the caravan, jumped upon him like a flash, and, seizing him, disappeared as quickly as they came. Our mail-runners, attached to whom were a couple of native police, armed with rifles, were several times attacked. Finally, as the mail party was camping one night—fortunately for it, with a native caravan—the lions became so bold that, in spite of fires, they sprang upon a native and carried him off into the bush. The rest of the party sat paralysed with terror, while the lions made a second and a third return, each time taking a man. It was a pitch-black night, and only growls, snarls, and the tearing of flesh could be heard. The police fired all their ammunition at the place from which the noises came, seized the mail-bags, and in inky darkness peopled with horrors, and on a track which ran and wound through thick bush, rushed into the Fort—a good three hours away. It would have been inhuman to expect men to work on a road in this condition, and yet we were obliged to keep in touch with what lay beyond. We hunted the lions ourselves till we were worn out, but never even got a glimpse of them. Then they attacked our camp; but the reception they received was such that we presumed the smell of white men was from thenceforth disagreeable to them—at any rate, they never came near us again. We next built a shelter, sixteen feet from the ground, to enable the mail-runners to sleep in safety, and on one night they were surrounded by a dozen lions. The men were safe, but unhappy: the lions sat in a circle, licking their chops, till the sun had risen, when they regretfully left their unobtainable meal.—“Man-Hunting by Lions,” in “Blackwood’s Magazine.”

THE PRODUCTION OF A NEWSPAPER.

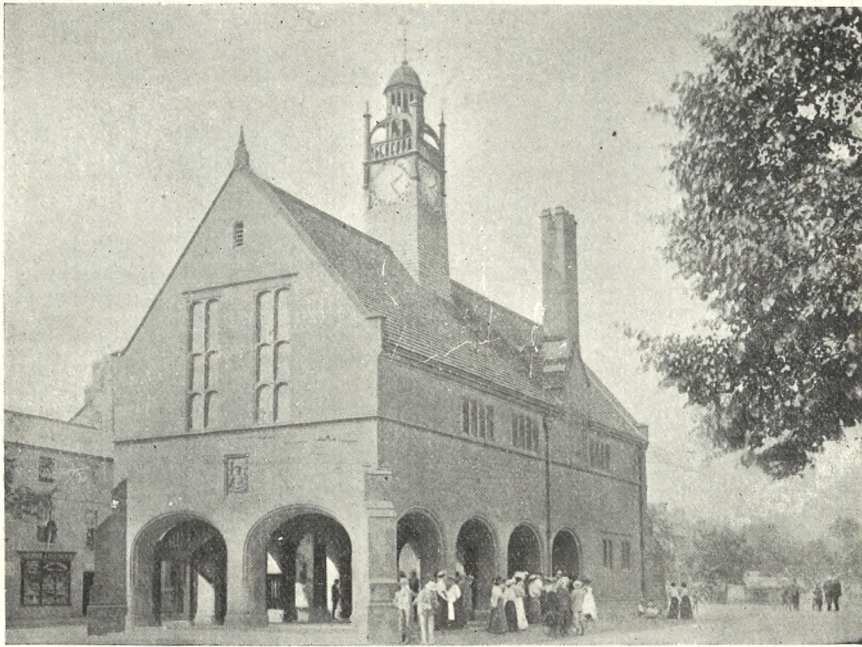
The morning newspaper as it comes to the breakfast table still damp from the press represents less an industry than a triumph of industrial organisation. In its production (says “Britain at Work”) the telegraphist, the post-man, the writer, the compositor, and the printer have all played their part, but behind these stands a great army of men whose skill and inventiveness have made it possible to utilise the work of the others. In no direction has engineering made greater advances, and in none have the results come so near perfection as in the building of the modern printing press. The paper maker achieves some of his greatest triumphs in the almost endless rolls from which a newspaper is printed. A modern newspaper office has become, at the behest of the engineer and the machinist, not so much a literary workshop as a great factory throbbing with intricate engines. In 1846 fourteen daily newspapers were published in this country, and few had a circulation of more than hundreds daily. Now 250 papers are issued every day, and in the whole country there are 25,000 newspapers. Even with such vast expansion, the production of a newspaper cannot rank with the greater industries. Probably 60,000 persons are directly engaged in newspaper offices, of whom 10,000 are writers. They are responsible for every kind of sheet, from the obscure weekly with its staff of two, who are at various times compositor, reporter, and editor, to the great London or provincial daily in the preparation of which hundreds of men find employment. Indirectly, newspapers probably enable as many more persons to earn a livelihood. The vast army of news-boys, of news-agents, and of bookstall-keepers has grown up as journalism has developed. The manufacture of printing machinery, of type, of type-setting machines, and of paper engage many thousands of persons. But to trace the industry through all these ramifications would be merely to illustrate the infinite complexity of modern conditions.

* * * *

A “GOOD” CRAZE.

The “simple life” is a good craze. Of course, it is the fashion to ridicule it, but then it is always the fashion to ridicule everything. Much has been said about our working people and the unwholesomeness of their lives in towns; there is a continual cry of “back to the land” for them. It is not a bad cry for many members of the upper classes either. All the blasé people should go “back to the land,” and find refreshment there: it is the one tonic for ennui, overwork, worry, and nerves; it is the simple, but much neglected, cure for jaded business men, and still more (because their nervous organisation is more delicate) for tired, overstrained women.—Lady Phyllis in “The Bystander.”

Gloucestershire Gossip.



Market Square and House, Moreton-in-Marsh.



Old Clock Tower, Moreton-in-Marsh.

What an unique political experience Sir John Dorington has had in this county! Even Mr. Agg-Gardner, who has gone through the mill of six contested elections for Cheltenham, to which he has remained true, cannot equal his record. Sir John (then Mr.) Dorington commenced to fight battles for the Conservative party in the old borough of Stroud in 1867, or a year before Mr. Agg-Gardner entered the lists. Altogether Sir John has fought eleven battles in three constituencies, was defeated five times, he won at the polls thrice, and had three unopposed returns for the Tewkesbury Division, which he has represented continuously since he was first received with open arms by its electors in 1886. The member for Cheltenham was beaten twice (in 1868 and 1880), and had one unopposed return at the last election. It is not a little singular that when Sir John first wooed Stroud, against Mr. Henry Winterbotham, he polled 508 votes only to his opponent's 580, while on the last occasion that he was opposed in the Tewkesbury Division he polled 5,028 to Mr. Godfrey Samuelson's 4,125. As compared with the votes given him on his first essay, Sir John's "plumpers" at the last struggle were practically ten times as many. It is also an interesting fact that the right honourable baronet has provided his own old-age pension in 7s. 3d. weekly, which he receives from the Stroud Conservative Benefit Society, of which he was an original three-share member. Having borne the heat and burden of keen political strife for nearly forty years, it is but natural that Sir John should be unwilling to "face the music" again, and this reflection gave a touch of sadness to the farewell garden party to which he invited his most active supporters at Lypiatt Park on the 10th inst.

* * * * *

The promise of illustrations of Churchdown Railway Station in next week's "Graphic" reminds me that its conversion into a garden one is mainly due to the active support given to the happy idea by Mr. George W. Blackall, the new divisional engineer of the Great Western Railway. I wonder how many people recollect the flower beds that used to adorn the outside of the shanty then St. James's-square Station? I understand that the station for the Honeybourne Railway, that is to be made just below Malvern-road bridge, will be so constructed as to interfere as little as possible with the amenities of the adjacent property and of the Ladies' College playground, from which a strip will be taken. And the Great Western Company have very considerably abandoned the erection of a locomotive shed on the waste ground opposite, and, in lieu of that site, will select one in a non-residential part of the town on the north side. The Honeybourne line will be finished by the end of next year. One advantage of the Malvern-road Station will be that tickets can be collected there instead of at Churchdown, thus limiting the block on the main lines. I read in a Tewkesbury paper that the company is considering a scheme for making a line across country from Gotherington to Malvern, but I expect the explanation is that the writer has mixed this up with Malvern-road.

* * * * *

A bit of somewhat recent history is to be repeated in extended measure next Thursday, when almost on the second anniversary of the initiation of Mr. Gavazzi King, our fellow townsman, at Stonehenge, as a member of the Gloucester Lodge of the Ancient Order of Druids (illustrations of which pioneer gathering of "Druidical pilgrims duly appeared in the "Graphic"), Grand Lodge is going to "make" within the ruins of this ancient Druidical temple Lord Villiers, Sir Edmund Antrobus (owner of Stonehenge), and several Mayors members of the Order. And the Colonial Secretary (Brother the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton) will take leading part in the initiation ceremony; while the Duke of Leeds will be among the distinguished brethren present. Gloucester Lodge led off with a "King," now Grand Lodge follows with real live aristocrats and a baronet.

GLEANER.

All kinds of artistic and general printing neatly and promptly executed at the "Echo" Electric Press, Clarence-parade, Cheltenham.

THE BATTLE OF THE SHA-HO.

On the night of the 12th the result of the battle was assured. Stackelberg's operations had failed, and the most advanced vantage points that his mounted troops had seized had been wrested from him. Not only was Pen-hsi-hu now so strongly held that it would have been futile to have directed further operations against it, but the Japanese themselves had taken the offensive, and, instead of halting, were steadily driving the Russians back to the line of the river-way. On the 13th the weather had changed, and heavy wind, rain, and thunderstorms swept across the dismal battlefield. Decisive operations were impossible, but throughout the day there was an incessant roar as the rival armies ground iron and lead into each other. With the line of the river at his back, which this very storm would probably swell so that it became unfordable, and with the roads kneedeep in morass, Kuropatkin realised that his gigantic operations, that his extreme effort, had failed. Fearing lest he should already have hung on too long, early in the afternoon of the 13th he gave the order for his own column and that of his left to fall back and take up a line on the Sha-ho. A general retreat began—Stackelberg on the 14th falling back to the mountains by the original road of his advance. The retirement was slow, and for the next three days the Japanese struggled to turn it into a rout. But for many reasons, the chief of which was probably the state of the roads, together with the exhaustion bred of eight days' stubborn fighting, the Japanese were unable to effect a signal disaster upon their enemy, other than the enormous losses which the retirement entailed. The Russians threw themselves doggedly into their prepared trenches to the north of the Sha-ho, and realising his position, and knowing that Kuropatkin still had untouched six fresh divisions in reserve, and was daily receiving reinforcements from the north, Oyama stopped the pursuit and threw out his outposts along the line of the Sha-ho. But his orders had not circulated in time to prevent Gen. Yamada's Division from crossing the Sha-ho. This force was cut off and overwhelmed by the Russians, losing fourteen guns and a large number of prisoners. Thus ended the battle of the Sha-ho, which, in point of numbers engaged, the area over which the operations took place, and the issues involved, is probably, with the exception of the subsequent battle of Mukden, the most famous of all time. In actual casualties it cost the Russians 47,000 officers and men; they also lost thirty-five field guns and a proportionate amount of stores and ammunition. The Japanese casualties in one of the three armies engaged was 16,000. If we add 20,000 to this number to cover the losses in the two remaining army corps, we shall probably approximate the numbers which the success cost them—36,000 officers and men and fourteen guns.—“A Study of the Russo-Japanese War,” in “Blackwood's Magazine.”



Brockhampton Court.



Committee & Officials at Brockhampton Flower Show.



Decorated Bicycles at Brockhampton Flower Show.

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MAKING HORTICULTURAL HOUSES.

The following hints on the construction of horticultural houses are given in "Work":—Equal spans are preferable to lean-to or three-quarter spans, as they are better for service, and offer less obstruction to light. Build clear of large trees, high buildings, and any other obstructions to light and sun power. Use steel or oak sills, which do not rot so quickly as those made of red deal. Do not leave the planning of the water supply and drainage for after-consideration; this is often done, and causes great trouble. Have the tanks, galvanised or cement, fixed inside the greenhouse. By building the tanks inside, the water is kept at the same temperature as the house—a great advantage in plant culture. Water should be supplied if possible from rainfall. See the woodwork before the priming is done, to ascertain that it is free from knots and shakes. No glue should be used in mortices, or in any part of construction; joints should be well painted. The first coat of paint should be red-lead; second coat, white-lead and oil—before fixing; with two coats of paint after erection and glazing. Iron-work, brackets, and iron muntins (if used) should be painted two coats of Indian red—one before fixing and one after. Ground glass is well adapted for roofs; it saves the necessity of having blinds, and gives a neat appearance inside. All roof bars should be made with a groove under the rebate, to catch the drip from inside condensation; this drip often ruins fruit and foliage where plain bars are used. The less beading or moulding used inside or outside the house the better, as they form traps for moisture. Hot-water pipes should be painted with vegetable black, or lampblack, and boiled oil, with a little driers, never with lead paints. In glazing, bed with putty, and lay the glass on dry. Use copper clips for holding the bottom square. Do not front-putty the roof clean down to the bar; the glass should fit to within 1-16in. on each side of the bar. The gutters should receive an extra coat of paint at the joint before fixing. To clean the glass, use turp or paraffin, as soda potash or ammonia will destroy paint. Where plain glass is used, it should be 21oz. A small bottom square, selected or 26oz. glass, not above 1ft. long is recommended; the bottom squares in the roof are most liable to break. Rubber joints are in great favour for low-pressures hot-water systems, and make a good joint; a coating of paint round the socket of the joint will make it sounder. Cement mixed liberally with tow (fine chopped rope) makes a good caulk joint; if used neat, it is liable to crack the joint. A wood roof should be painted outside (two coats) every two or three years. The inside of greenhouses should be painted every four or five years, according to the nature of their use; orchid houses and stoves need painting more often than vineries or colder houses. A dome or curvilinear roof gives greater resistance to storm pressure, concentrates light and sun heat, and gives a better circulation of air inside. In conservatory painting, avoid bright colours: choose rather from greys and creams. The conservatory should show off the foliage, flowers, and fruit to the best advantage, and should not itself be too prominent. For the same reason avoid all coloured or tinted glass.

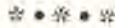


INTERESTING TO THE FAIR SEX.

The modes at present point to soft clinging garments, and under these circumstances it is more necessary than ever that all underwear should fit perfectly, so that no cumbersome fullness should spoil the perfect lines (writes "R. D." in "The King"). Combinations of cache-corsets and petticoats are absolutely essential to the fit of a princesse robe. Unfortunately, it is not a fashion that will become universal, as there are few people who can afford to wear these gowns, unless their lines are perfectly correct. Art in these days can do a great deal to assist us in many ways, but it requires genius to hide any defect in a princesse gown. Large hats are prevalent just now, and will doubtless be worn much larger still in the early autumn. I also hear that in furs seal-skins are to be the most fashionable of all furs, and those who can secure them now at a reasonable figure would do well not to lose the opportunity of obtaining them at summer prices. Also the flat furs will be much worn, such as beaver and crmine.

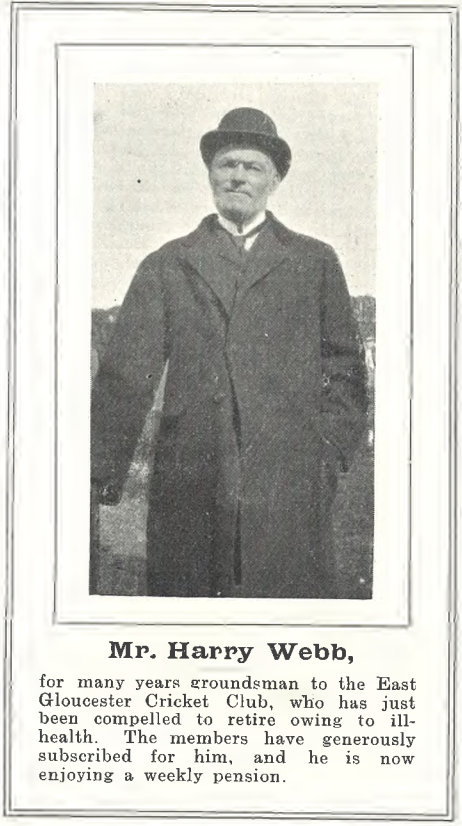
A QUEER POSSIBILITY.

A sustained interest is still attached to the Russian plans of naval reconstruction, partly in view of subsequent happenings and partly by reason of the intervention of that huge American concern, the Bethlehem Steel and Iron Company, the president of which, the renowned Mr. Schwab, made a special visit to St. Petersburg at this juncture in connection with tenders for Russian battleships. The actual negotiations in this connection have no special interest, but the circumstance that the resources of a country like the United States should be at the disposal of a belligerent nation, with the aims and methods of which the American people can hardly be said to have much sympathy, has a certain historical interest which must not be overlooked. Of course, it was essential to the performance of any such contract as that sought by Mr. Schwab that the war should be terminated before the delivery of a single warship. But the power of national wealth can hardly be better illustrated than by possibilities such as those here indicated. Some few years ago it used to be said by competent naval critics that in any great naval war the probability was that the original fleets of two Powers of about equal strength would be sent speedily to the bottom, and that ultimate victory would rest with the Power which could outstrip its adversary in the construction of a new fleet. This used to be regarded as a strong demonstration of the advantages possessed by Great Britain in her private shipbuilding yards, and no doubt the argument to some extent still holds good. But it must be modified, at any rate, by the contemplation of such cases as we have here illustrated. If we only partially concede the claim of the Bethlehem yards, that they turn out complete battleships better, cheaper, and more quickly built than any constructed elsewhere; and if we take into account the American reluctance to let sentiment stand in the way of business, we shall readily perceive that a nation which can somehow find the money, or whose credit remains even moderately good, can occupy at the end of a devastating war a position altogether different from that which it would have been compelled to occupy twenty years ago. For if the ships have been ordered in good time, and there is money enough in the exchequer to pay for them, or sufficient security can be given for the ultimate discharge of the bill, there is nothing to prevent a nation signing a peace in the autumn and starting afresh with a dozen brand-new first-class battleships in the following spring.—Cassell's "History of the Russo-Japanese War."



WOMEN CHAINMAKERS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

The centre of the chainmaking industry by night is bright with the glare of the furnace; by day it is shrouded with smoke and gloom and flecked with mud. Here and there men or women are chainmaking in their own particular sheds, in comparative solitude; but most of the work is done in factories, and in some of these workshops there are five or six women at the anvils. Their tongues go in rough rhythm to the beat of the hammers and the clink of the chains they are forging; but there is no genuine mirth in their din. However womanly they may be at heart, appearances are against them (says "Britain at Work"). In ragged or makeshift apparel, toil-stained, ill-fed, and haggard, they are the antithesis of the society beauties who ride in Hyde Park or grace reception or ball at West End mansions. The female chainmaker of the Black Country stands long at the forge. She has to work now and again with her child at her breast or with a sharp eye upon the little one as it crawls about the spark-sprinkled floor. Whether her hands are blistered or her body scorched by flying iron, she toils on, and, working twelve hours a day, earns from five to eight shillings per week! She needs no larder, for she lives from hand to mouth, and if her children can get a feast of bread, soaked in hot water and flavoured with weak tea, they become quite epicurean. The bellows blowers, both children and old men and women, are worse paid than the female chainmakers. They turn the wheels or pull the bellows beams at the rough rate of threepence per day, making, nevertheless, a substantial profit for the forge owners, who do not scruple to charge heavily for the "breeze" or fuel indispensable to the chainmakers.



Mr. Harry Webb,

for many years groundsman to the East Gloucester Cricket Club, who has just been compelled to retire owing to ill-health. The members have generously subscribed for him, and he is now enjoying a weekly pension.

THE OBSCURENESS OF KIPLING.

While yielding to none in my admiration of Mr. Kipling's genius, I am bound to confess that his latest performance is a soul-saddener for all who take reasonable pleasure in the better work of his pen. "The Pro-Consuls," a so-called poem, wherewith he has hailed the return of Lord Milner, seems to me to touch the lowest level he has ever plumbed. It is worse than our Poet Laureate has taught us to expect from him. Mr. Austin, while invariably undistinguished in his manner, is generally clear as to his meaning; but this Kipling production is crawling with faults, and has no meaning that any fair-to-middling sane mind can discover. Mr. Kipling rhymes "blood" and "good," "award" and "guard," "raise" and "displace," "lose" and "excuse," the latter as a noun. All these are bad, though they might be excused in good poems; but all occurring in one poem they ought to lead to any poet having his license endorsed. Worst of all is:—

Fit for realms to rise upon, . . .
Of their generation.

When he rhymes "lies" and "centuries," it is bad enough, but it must be quite obvious, even to poor old "Spring" Onions, of police-court poetry fame, that in the above we have to read the last rhyme word as gen-er-a-shy-on. And, further, the poet has no right, even when wilfully obscure, as in the following lines, to give a plural verb to a singular noun:—

With no veil before their face
Such as shroud or sceptre lend.

But as nobody seems to know what it's all about, perhaps it doesn't much matter.—"J. A. H." in "The Bystander."



OWNS A MILLION BUTTERFLIES.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., who has just spent three weeks at Cauterets, in France, near the Pyrenees, has brought home with him nearly 4,000 specimens of butterflies. Mr. Rothschild's museum at Tring contains a million mounted specimens of moths and butterflies.

HONEYMOON MOTOR TOURS.

The innovation was introduced by a well-known automobilist who has taken part in the international races, and since then it has grown with surprising rapidity, till now a good many honeymoons are spent in touring in England and on the Continent (says the writer of an article, entitled "Honeymoons Spent on Motor Tours," in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). Couples frequently travel thousands of miles ere they settle down to humdrum routine. An enthusiastic lady automobilist recently steered her husband right round the British coast, which was hugged (no joke) as closely as the nature of the roads would permit. Leaving London, the newly-married couple made straight for Brighton, whence they bore to the east, and so continued along the fringe of England and Scotland till they got back to Brighton. It was an adventurous journey, for coast roads are mostly hilly and badly maintained. The happy travellers, however, reached London without serious mishap. A more remarkable case in point was that of a very wealthy young fellow who attempted to master the intricacies of motoring for a like purpose. He displayed some aptitude for mechanics, but as a driver he was a hopeless failure. Immediately he got among traffic he completely lost his head, and became a danger, not only to himself, but to drivers of other vehicles, as well as to the public generally. He showed, in fact, that he was not fit to be at large with a wheel-barrow. Still, he would drive while he was on his honeymoon, and as a consequence of this perversity he ran the car into a bank, throwing himself, his wife, and the chauffeur into a field beyond. Nobody sustained much bodily injury, but all were badly shaken. After this the nervous aristocrat abandoned motoring. Occasionally, too, costly cars are purchased primarily for honeymoon tours. These automobiles are exceptionally long, roomy, and luxurious, and, alike as regards first cost and running expenses, are for the wealthy only. A man of moderate means cannot afford to go to the outlay they entail. Tyres alone mean a heavy bill in the course of a year, notwithstanding the various methods which have been put on the market for lengthening the life of such articles. But a motor-car tour is never a cheap way of spending a honeymoon. At present the possession of a car implies wealth; so that, apart from the cost of running, the automobilist has to pay everywhere for everything.

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THE TYRANNY OF THE INCOME-TAX.

The income-tax is in its essence unjust, in its method unscrupulous. Levied in time of war or of national distress, it would be cheerfully paid and easily collected. Imposed by idle Chancellors of the Exchequer, whose ingenuity and courage are not equal to the task of striking a balance between revenue and expenditure, it is an imposition which would long ago have been removed had it touched the pocket of the working man. For its chief merit in the eyes of the politician is that it does not alienate the proud and independent voter. The people, the master of us all, is never requested to read the prolix forms, couched in a wholly unintelligible jargon, which are sent out from Somerset House or some other factory of evil; and thus a hatred of the income-tax is never likely to disturb an election. In other words, it is class legislation, naked and unashamed. It is another attempt to pamper the idle at the expense of those whose thrift and energy have made them better off than their fellows. But the injustice which it inflicts touches more than one class. If it be an infamy to put a fine upon enterprise and intelligence, it is an equal infamy to tell the vast majority of our citizens that they are not fit to pay their share towards the expenses of the empire. The people is permitted to vote: it is not permitted to pay taxes. Why should it thus be deprived of its privileges? The small contributions which it makes when it drinks its glass of beer or smokes its pipe need not fill it with pride, and only a course of desperate drunkenness, a determination to burn tobacco day and night, could turn the British democrat into a patriot. The politician who prates of free breakfast-tables appears to believe that he is the friend of the working man. And he is merely offering to his favourite a fresh insult. He is merely declaring in his loudest voice that the people who sends him to Parliament must be exempt, like paupers and criminals, from the responsibilities of citizenship.—"Musings without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine."

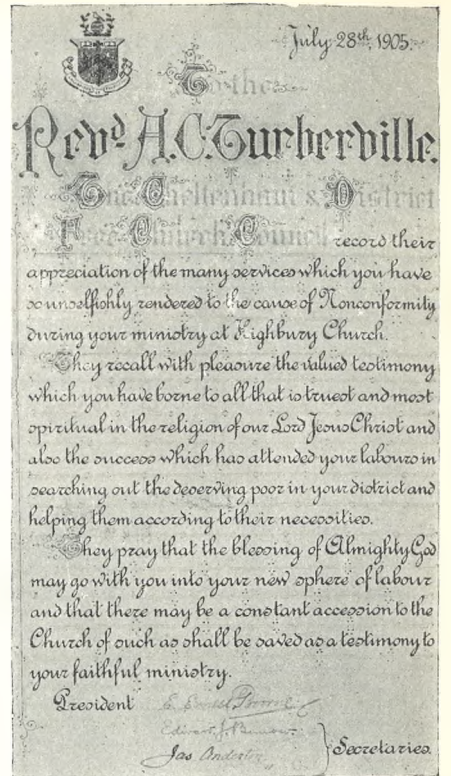
THE PRICE OF HEARTS.

What is the market value of a heart? (asks the "British Medical Journal"). We know that kind hearts are in poetical estimation more than coronets; it is an interesting question how many coronets two hearts in one body are worth. The problem is suggested by the following advertisement which recently appeared in a New York newspaper:—"I agree to sell my two hearts, the buyer being entitled to same after my death. It appears that the person thus privileged to possess two hearts is one A. Durr, of New Rochdale, New York State. He is said to be by trade a carpenter, and he is described as being thirty-five years of age and in good health. He works every day, and leads a regular life. Two years ago a physician discovered that he was the subject of the curious anomaly out of which he is seeking to make an unearned increment. It is stated that a "prominent specialist" offered Durr £2,000 for permission to remove one of the hearts, but the offer was wisely declined. The man is said to have been offered large sums for his body after death, and to be keeping the amounts secret in order to inflate the price. America is, it would appear, not the only country in which Nature is over-bountiful in the matter of hearts. By a curious coincidence the "Journal des Debats" recently announced, on the authority of "La Stampa," that there is at Basle a man named Joseph de Mai who also rejoices in the possession of two hearts. He, too, wishes to make money out of his malformation, but, more fortunate than his Transatlantic compeer, he has already found a market. The London Academy of Medicine has, we learn, bought his body for £3,000. One would be glad to record such an example of enthusiasm in the cause of teratology on the part of one of our medical societies, but is there any of them that could afford to risk such a sum in an enterprise so highly speculative as the purchase of the body of a living man over whom it has no control? It was decided in "resurrection" days that there is no property in a dead body; does the law recognise any right of property in a living one that makes it possible for the owner to dispose of it when dead? In any case, even if a double heart is a marketable commodity, it would be unsafe for the vendor to dispose of his merchandise to a London Academy of Medicine which is not yet in being."

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THE MANUFACTURE OF MUSTARD.

The use of mustard as a condiment, and probably as a salad too, was known to the ancient world, and it was a favourite spice at the dinner tables of the Middle Ages. By the fourteenth century it had become so important an article of manufacture in Burgundy that Philip the Bold granted to the city of Dijon armorial bearings, in whose motto a punning reference to mustard may be traced. The Englishman of the Elizabethan age could no more eat his roast beef without mustard than the Englishman of to-day. Thus it was that, in "The Taming of the Shrew," when Grumio asked the question: "What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?" the immortal wayward Katharina replied: "A dish that I do love to feed upon." In those days (says a writer in "Britain at Work"), it would seem, mustard was prepared by the simple process of crushing the seed, as peppercorns are still. But in 1720 a Mrs. Clements, of Durham, devised a method of pounding the seed and then separating the flour from the husk, and the result was so agreeable to the palate of George the First that the new condiment, promptly called the Royal Flower of Mustard Seed, was largely advertised in the newspapers of the day, and from that hour to this mustard has been one of the serious industries of Britain. The mustard plant is a member of the genus Brassica, to which we owe our cabbages and broccoli, our turnips and Brussels sprouts. Its two forms, black and white, grow best upon the rich loams of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, Cambridge and Essex; and although it is also cultivated in Alsace, Holland, Italy, and other European lands, the British manufacturer does not find it necessary to supplement his own crops to any serious extent, so that mustard may be classed as a national product in a more complete sense than any other table condiment. The seed is sown annually, the crop is harvested with a sickle, as if it were a vetch, and the tiny pods are threshed upon the farm with a flail. The seeds, of which fifty weigh a grain, are conveyed in sacks to the factory, where they are stored in readiness for the long process of manufacture.



ILLUMINATED ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE REV. A. C. TURBERVILLE BY THE CHELTENHAM AND DISTRICT FREE CHURCH COUNCIL UPON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CHELTENHAM.

CROQUET.

It is a game of pure skill, in which neither brute force nor physical endurance have any part, so that the sexes can compete on terms very closely approaching to equality. The greater familiarity with other games and the more robust nervous organisation of the man will, as a general rule, secure him an advantage, but there is nothing in the game itself to prevent all from competing on a common level. One other element which accounts for its present vogue is the fact that it was, so far as the public was concerned, practically unknown until 1896. For the people who are no longer able to play tennis with satisfaction to themselves, and who are for some reason debarred from the joys of golf, croquet affords an open-air game of quite unrivalled merits. That it has disadvantages no one can deny, but they are not disadvantages which are inherent to the game, and it may reasonably be expected that the spirit of activity which pervades the croquet world, and especially its governing body, will before long find a way out of existing difficulties. The authorised laws are issued annually by the principal implement makers.—"The Sports of the World."

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HOW MEN PRAY.

An article on this subject by the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., in "The Quiver" is illustrated by some unique photographs showing the attitudes adopted by the devout in various parts of the world. Of the Mohammedans, he says: The outward methods of Moslems at prayer are undeniably solemn and impressive. When a large number of the faithful unite in performing their devotions, there are four positions which they copy. Before each worshipper a strip of cloth is spread; they stand reverentially with hands at rest, and repeat petitions from the Koran; at a certain point they lean over with bent back till the passage is completed. Later in the exercise they kneel upon the cloth which has been put ready, placing their hands upon their knees and resting upon their heels. This attitude, which is meant for meditation, continues a long time, and tends to relieve the physical and mental strain. Afterwards all the congregation bow their heads to the earth, in adoration of the supreme Deity, the only aim and object of prayer.

"Selina Jenkins's"
TRIP TO LONDON.

PART III.

Wich, after the hupset with the a la Carte dinner, time was gettin' on, so we makes our way (me and Amos) so quick as we could tords Westminster, for fear the Habbey mite be closed afore we got there.

We come along wot they calls the Engbankment, where there's Cleopatrik's Needle to be seen, covered with short-hand 'ritin'; wich, as I says to Amos, it shows wot giants Faroh and they Egyptians must 'ave been to be able to use needles that size, as it says on the superscription was very nearly lost in the Bay of Biscuits, thro' a great storm comin' on wile it were bein' brought over. But there! there! its wonderfull wot things you does see in London in the way of pillars and statues, and so 4th; there's the Collum in Trafalgar-square, on to wich Nelson was stood after the battle of Trafalgar, and if you looks up you can see 'im there to this day, as big as life; also the Monniment, as they calls it, as was put up in memory of the Romin Catholics or Guy Fox, or somethink of the kind to do with the Fire of London, and was afterwards proved to be all a mistake, becos 'twasn't did by Catholics at all, but the Monniment remains, and, as the poetry says,

"Like a tall bully,
Lifts its head, and lies."

Still, it don't stand alone in that pertickler; if all the lies as is stated in London was to be added up, and stood in a row, they'd make a Monniment so tall the moon wouldn't be able to get by; as is proved by that there notis on the cafe window we was took in by, as said "diners from Is." and turned out to be all lies! When we'd got very near tired of trapesing the streets, we come in site of the 'Ouses of Parleyumnt, as is a very and-some pile of bildin'—very near so big as our Wintry Garding, so it seemed to me.

"Amos," says I. "Jest fancy that there bein' the 'Ouses of Commons; let's go in and 'ave a look at that there Balfore and Joe Chamberling, wile we be here."

"Don't be silly," says Amos; "they wōn't let you and me in to a place like that; you've got to 'ave a note from the King to be allowed inside!"

"Now, don't you be so fast, Amos," says I. "I don't beleave a word of wot you says; here we pays our rates and taxes as reg'lar as reg'lar, and I takes jist as much interest in politicks as most, so I claims me rite as a British subject to go in and see wot they be up to with our affairs, and 'ow they be spendin' our 'ard-earned cash."

Just then a pleeceman, about 6 foot high and the same round, sauntered up where we was, and said, "Wot may you two be argyin' about so much just here? becos argyin' ain't allowed in the presinks of the 'Ouse; we can't 'ave it goin' on inside and houtside both at once, you understand; so you'd better move along!"

"Hall rite! hall rite! mister officious," says I. "I don't know who you be callin' presinks, but you'd better mind who you be a horderin' to move on; if I was to say a word to our M.P. you'd lose your place as sure as heggs! Don't you know I be Selina Jenkins, of Cheltenham, as rites to the papers reg'lar?" (Wich he weren't a bit impressed, onfortnitly).

"Wot I wants to know is—can't we go inside and see that there Balfore or Winsting Churchill or Mr. Agg-Gardner, or somethink? becos we're hup here fer all day, and wants to see all we can, and we 'elps to support 'em in the rates, so I considers as we ought—"

"Well! the rules are that men of the male seck is allowed in the gallery by gettin' a note from their M.P.'s, but as fer fieldmales, they are only allowed to go behind the grill, and look thro' the bars; so you see you couldn't go together, not nohow whatever."

"Behind a grill!" I says. "Wot dratted himperence to be sure, wot next indeed! wich I never 'aven't been treated like it in me life, and altho' I says it as oughtn't, there's many a field-male 'as a far worsar set of features than me; and pore Jenkins, as was my first, always said me face were good enuff to make a halmanac of, besides 'im 'avin' married me fer beauty at the age of 23; and after all this, to go and shut me face behind a grill thing, as if I were a sort of a Gorgonzolar Head, and likely to turn the M.P.'s to stone lookin' at 'em! Wich I never did think much of that there Balfore, with 'is long legs and 'is

philysoffic doubts, and for the future I shall think less! Talk about Wimmin's Rites, indeed! Why shouldn't wimmin-folk be on a equality, wich is to say in the same gallery with the men; and I'm fully persuaded that its a wicked plot, as Joe Chamberling's at the bottom of it, and if I 'ad my way I'd—"

"Look here," says the pleeceman, rather short-like; "I've told you wot you wanted to know; so jest move on now, please, afore I as to make you!"

So Amos got a bit nervous, and hurries me along tords the Habbey, bein' jist over the way, fer fear I should do something desprite, and p'raps injure the 'Ouse of Commons in me haste. The impurence of it, you know! 'Shuttin' out a lady like me! But there! there! when we got inside the Habbey the sort of peecfulness of the place put me right afore many minutes was over.

Talk about tombstones! it were a reg'lar hexhibition of monniments to pretty well everybody as ever lived since the time of Mathusalem; and, as I read one after another, I says to Amos, says I, "Amos," I says, they must 'ave been a wonderful good lot of people as used to live, and was berried here; there isn't one of 'em here but wot is a "hangle ever bright and fair," as the song says; there can't 'ave been no call for pleecemen and majeristrates back in them days, sure-alie."

"No," he says; "that eggsplines why it was pleecemen wasn't invented ontill Lord Peel's days; not but wot I guess these 'ere superscriptions is to be read with a grain of salt, as the sayin' is, becos 'twouldn't never do to put on a man's tombstone that he made an arrangement with 'is creditors, or that his tailor 'ad to call 6 times fer the bill; I expect in most cases the diseased one's relations considered to put up one of these 'ere marble wedding-cake things was a kind of a discount on the fortune that was left to 'em; and, after all, if the superscription ain't true, the carvin' of the marble must 'ave gave employment to large numbers of the 'onest poor, mustn't it, Selina?"

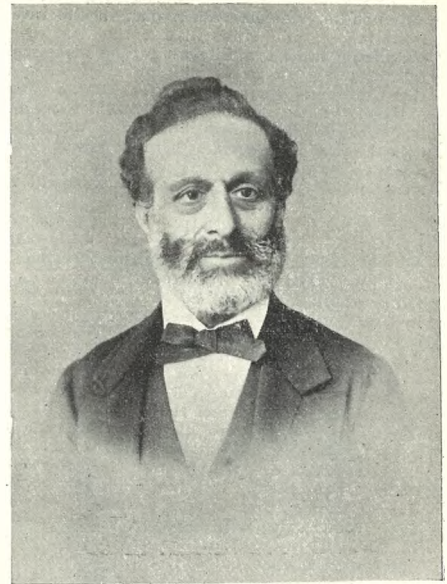
"Well, says I, "I sees why it is all of 'em commences with 'Here lies' now, Amos; wich is strictly the truth; they do lie!"

Presently we come to a little door, where there was a gent in a black gown takin' folks round the reserved parts; so me and Amos paid our sixpence and emerged into the place with about 20 others, includin' a blind man and a lady with a ear-trumpet, bein' 6d. extry to see where English History Kings was berried. Not that I 'olds with meditations amongst the tombs, and sich like, not meself; altho' there's they as will go very near mad on old bones and arkology; but I don't like the closeness of the hair in sich places, as its time enuff to 'ave to breathe it when you be dead and berried, so I thinks; but Amos—you know—he always wants to see everythink, from a cathedral to a preformin' flea exhibition, and nothink would do but that we must perambulate all round this 'ere place where the most respectable of our Kings and Queens was berried in piece or pieces, as the case mite be.

So this 'ere conductor in the black gown started to describe all the tombs and vaults and things in a very mournful tone of vice.

Says he: "Here you see before you the monniments of the Dook of Buckingham, assassinated in 1628, by order of Cromwell; the young Princes murdered in the Tower, under the stairs of wich their bones was left for upwards of 2 centuries undiscovered, ontill they was routed out by Cromwell's soldiers; and, passin' on a bit, here you see the munificent tomb executed to the memory of the onfortnit Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Cromwell in 1587. In the vault of this 'ere chapel, again, lie Charles II., William III., Mary II., Queen Anne, Prince George of Denmark, and a number of other royalties, all of wich was more or less ill-treated by Cromwell, and in consenckence died and was berried here! Here, again, you sees the remains of a beautiful piece of stone carvin' wich was broken up and used for road mendin' by order of Cromwell; then there's the Coronation chair, on wich all the Kings and Queens of England since the days of Jacob's ladder 'ave set; the scratches on the seat was done by Cromwell when he sat down in it with his sword on, against the rules!"

"Well! well!" says I; "to be sure, and you don't say? Wot a villain that there Cromwell must 'ave been to do sich a lot of awful things! Why, I always understood he were as good and 'onest a God-fearin' man as ever trod shoe leather; whereas it looks as if he must 'ave been a reg'lar 'brigand,' as the sayin' is!"



Death of an Old Inhabitant.

By the death of Mr. William Bowd Parsons, Cheltenham loses one of its oldest residents. He was born in the town in 1829, and with the exception of seven years, the whole of his life was spent here. He was for 46 years resident in Montpellier-villas, where he died. He was a relative of the late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, whose niece he married in 1856, and who still survives him, together with one daughter and two sons.

The blind man, 'owever, broke in, and said as 'ow he couldn't see (!) wot Cromwell 'ad to do with people as lived 'undreds of years before he was born, as it turned out a good many of they kings did; and the lady with the ear-trumpet caused quite a scene by refoosin' to budge from a tomb she were settin' on unless the guide said it all over again up to the pint where the dispoat arose, becos, as she said, she "'adn't 'eard a word thro' somebody 'avin' put a cork in her speakin'-trumpet, and she wasn't goin' to give sixpence fer nothink, not her!" as took some time to quiet her down; and when she'd finished there was another hupset becos of a hindividoal with a stubbly beard and red hair wantin' to fite the guide fer outragin' the memory of Oliver Cromwell, as he said ought to be ashamed of 'imself, and not fit to clean the boots of sich a great man as Cromwell were!

I can tell you it weren't a bit like a churon fer a bit, and I was most afeared there was goin' to be bloodshed; but at last it was patched up by the red-haired hindividoal leavin' the party, and goin' out as a protest against the animaspersions on the character of Cromwell, wich he said he'd go strait 'ome and 'rite to the "Times" and the "Daily News" about it, as oughtn't to be allowed in site of the 'Ouses of Commons, too, as Cromwell 'elped to build!

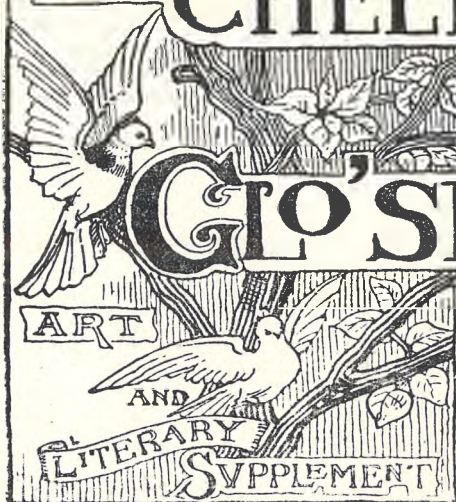
Of course, I don't 'old with avin' so much to say about the dead, meself, becos they 'aven't got no chance to defend themselves against labels on their characters; and I'll be bound if any body was to 'ave their purse stole or lose their umbereller in the Habbey somewhere, that there guide 'ould prove it to be somethink to do with Cromwell and his wicked ways, becos of 'im avin' Cromwell on the brain, ondeniably; but, as Amos said afterwards, "Selina," he says, "I don't know that it matters very much who did all these 'ere things; somebody did 'em, that's certain, and if there's any names mentioned its jist as well to say it were Cromwell as anyone else; it don't 'urt 'im, and its a name as is very easy to remember; beside wich, 'avin' been dead a good many years, and sure to remain dead for some time yet, Cromwell ain't very likely to bring a action for label." So its all rite, and we won't worry about it."

SELINA JENKINS.

(To be continued).

Next week—"Earl's Court and the Water Chute."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 243.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:—

“HUMAN HEARTS.”

NEXT WEEK:

“A TRIP to the HIGHLANDS.”

Times and prices as usual.

“Cheltenham Cricket Week,

Its Origin & Progress, 1878-1904.”

THE above is the title of a most interesting work containing

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 Cheltenham College Ground,

The Brothers Grace,

**G. L. Jessop,
Wrathall,**

The Gloucestershire XI. of 1876,

Four Cheltenham County Players,

Six Glo'steshire Professionals, &c.

The Book is published in attractive style, and forms a pleasing souvenir of the many great games which have been played in the Garden Town. The Price is

— SIXPENCE. —

To be obtained on the College Ground during the coming “Week,” or at the “Echo” Offices in Cheltenham, Gloucester, Stroud, Tewkesbury, and Cirencester; and of all Cheltenham Booksellers and Newsagents.

Coventry boasts one of the oldest, if not the oldest educationist, in point of service, in the United Kingdom. This is Alderman F. Bird, who, on the passing of the Education Act of 1870, became a member of the first school board. He continued his connection with the board without a break down to the passing of the new Education Act, which abolished school boards, and joined the new organisation, of which he was elected chairman—a position he fills to-day.



Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, M.P., & the Cheltenham Conservative
Registration Staff

JACK'S SUCCESS AS A DIPLOMAT.

The temptation to indulge in platitudes regarding the exchange of visits between the British and French Fleets is great, and not to be altogether withstood by the impressionable writer of these notes. But he will at least endeavour to be brief, confining his remarks to one aspect only of this historical foregathering. The point he wishes to emphasise is the appearance, not of the British Admiral, not of the British Naval Officer generally, but of the British Bluejacket, in the character of an up-to-date diplomatist, and of Jack's singular success in that difficult role. Without any disparagement of the British private soldier, it must be conceded that his triumphs in this direction have not been very numerous or striking. During, and at the close of, a campaign he has done much to promote friendly feeling and to pave the way for future cordial relations. Probably if there is one class of British-born folk for which the “irreconcilable” Boer entertains real respect it is the rank and file of the British Army. But it would, of course, have been a very doubtful experiment to let a battalion of British infantry loose in a French town in order to foster L'Entente Cordiale. That the British Bluejacket rose splendidly to a great occasion is a mere platitude, pleasantly confirmed by various cheery instances, such as Jack's readiness to nurse the Breton babies, and the admirable audacity of one accomplished seaman who even made a speech in French!—“The King and his Navy and Army.”

THE EDISON BATTERY.

Thomas A. Edison again announces—this time he says there is no mistake—that his wonder-working storage battery is at last perfected. He says that in a few weeks work will be begun on a large factory for its commercial manufacture. If this is true, says the New York “Globe,” and there is no further delay, the new batteries should be on the market within a twelvemonth, and the long predicted vehicular revolution may be in progress.

More than three years ago Mr. Edison had the new machines at work over the New Jersey hills. With a battery weight of fifty pounds per horse-power, as many as eighty-five miles were covered without recharging. Mr. Edison was then sure there was nothing more to be done. But the demonstrations stopped, and the batteries were withdrawn to the laboratories, and for a long time nothing has been heard of them. If success has finally come, the world will readily forgive Mr. Edison for its previous disappointment.

Despite the fact that the present has been featured as the horseless age, except for pleasure the mechanical vehicle is still little used. But if it is possible to get a horse-power with less than fifty pounds to carry, and this power continues regularly to generate during a 100-mile journey, and then can be restored at a trifling cost, we have introduced a new and important factor. Mr. Edison declares that his storage battery is his greatest invention—greater than the incandescent light or the phonograph. If it will do what is asserted the claim will be readily allowed.

DANGERS OF THE SEASIDE.

A contemporary, with the help of the report of the medical officer of health for Wandsworth, has (says the "British Medical Journal") made the discovery that shellfish and ices bring disease and death to visitors to the seaside; or, to put the matter somewhat less brusquely, that the consumption of these delicacies, if they happen to be from infected sources, occasionally causes enteric fever. In one respect this is an opportune discovery, as it comes at a moment when other news is scarce. Its interest, moreover, is materially increased by the fact that our contemporary, with the help of another report, has learned that the impugned articles not only cause enteric but also typhoid fever. This is indeed disquieting, and to those careful parents who do not happen to know that typhoid and enteric are the same thing the statement may seem to afford good reason for countermanding preparations for seaside visits or for at once packing up and returning. Fortunately, however, the custom of eating whelks and cockles, which are the particular shellfish in question, and of eating ices at street barrows is confined to a limited section of the seaside resorting public. By the rest of the world, thanks to the numerous articles on the subject both in medical and other papers during the last few years, the fact must be sufficiently well known that both shellfish and ices are contingently dangerous forms of food, and not to be consumed unless there is full assurance that they come from good sources. On the other hand, it is true that visits to the seaside not infrequently result not in bettered but in impaired health. Many people seem to regard any seaside town as a kind of hygienic Alsatia, as a place, in short, in which they can throw all the ordinary rules of a healthy life to the winds. This is by no means the case. Sea winds may be pure, but the air of an over-crowded bedroom is as impure and unhealthy by the seaside as it would be inland; wet boots and damp clothing are not less undesirable because of the admixture of a certain percentage of salt; and promiscuous meals of buns and bulls-eyes, though permissible just after a bath, are not less deleterious to delicate digestions because bough and consumed on a beach; nor, it may be added is blueness of the skin a symptom or undesirable cold any the less because brought about by a sea bath.



THE DUKEDOM OF LANCASTER.

The King's new travelling title of Duke of Lancaster would, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," constitute an interesting little chapter in the natural history of such things. The substantive title goes back some way. The Wild Prince was created, in Parliament, Duke of Lancaster in 1399. When, on the 21st of March, 1412-3, he became Henry V., that and all his other honours merged in the Crown. The title of Duke of Lancaster has never been conferred since. An Act, 1 Ed. IV., vested it in the King. Another Act, 1 Hen. VII., vested it in that Sovereign, reversing the attainder of Henry VI., under which Edward IV. had acted. Henry VII. no doubt assumed the property as King, and in right of the Crown, rather than as heir to Henry VI. The popular idea is that the Crown, as owner of the estates of the Duchy, is therefore Duke of Lancaster. The Crown, however, is owner of the Honours of Clare without being therefore territorially Duke of Clarence.

In point of fact, "the Sovereigns of these realms since Henry V. have enjoyed the special inheritance of this Duchy, as well out of as within the county Palatine, as an estate with Sovereign prerogatives entirely separate and distinct from the Crown of England." The title has, however, once appeared in a court of law. In 1866 "Ryves and Ryves v. Attorney-General" was tried, under the Legitimacy Declaration Act. The plaintiffs were the daughter and the grandson of the "Princess Olive of Cumberland," said to be the legitimate wife of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. An instrument was set up, with "George R." at the head and "Chatham" and "J. Dunning" at the tail of it, giving authority "to Olive, our cousin, to bear the name and arms of Lancaster, should she be still living at the time of our royal decease." Queen Victoria's right to the title was, however, not held to be much affected by this instrument.



The 800-year-old "Holy of Holies," in the synagogue at Bingen-on-the-Rhine, is to be removed with solemn ceremony to the newly-erected Jewish temple at Carlsruhe.

POETRY.

A PRAYER AT DAWN.

(From the German of von Eichendorf).



O wondrous hush, when dawn is mounting slow,
O lonely world, when night to morning fades!
Only the forests gently bend, as tho'
The Lord went down the grades.
Like one new-born I seem. Whither are fled
The sorrow and the overmastering care
Of yesterday? Now, in the morning-red,
I shame of my despair!
The world with all its bitter and its sweet,
A bridge, O Lord, only a bridge shall be,
Whereby may pass my joyful pilgrim feet
Across Time's stream to Thee!



THE WORLD.



With noiseless steps Good goes its way;
The earth shakes under Evil's tread.
We hear the uproar, and 'tis said
The world grows wicked every day.
It is not true. With quiet feet,
In silence, Virtue sows her seeds!
While Sin goes shouting out its deeds,
And echoes listen and repeat.
But surely as the old world moves,
And circles round the shining sun,
So surely does God's purpose run,
And all the human race improves.
Despite bold Evil's noise and stir,
Truth's golden harvests ripen fast;
The Present far outshines the Past;
Men's thoughts are higher than they were.
Who runs may read this truth, I say:
Sin travels in a rumbling car,
While Virtue soars on like a star—
The world grows better every day.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From the "Animals' Guardian."



AN HISTORIC RIDE RECALLED.

A scholarship is to be founded at Durban in memory of Richard King, whose extraordinary feat of endurance over sixty years ago was the means of saving Natal to the British Empire. It was in 1840 that the flag of the Dutch Republic of Natalia was hoisted on the shores of the bay at Durban. Refusing to acknowledge the new State, the British Government landed a force of 200 men, who promptly dislodged the Republican colours. A stubborn fight ensued, and resulted in the Boers, who were in superior numbers and more or less concealed by the thick bush, driving back the British with heavy loss. Following up their advantage they invested the camp of their opponents with a view to starving them out. The plan must have succeeded had not Mr. King, one of the European settlers, got through the lines and reached Grahamstown. The famous ride occupied ten days; and, considering the hardships and dangers of such a journey entailed at that period, it is rightly described as one of the most heroic deeds in South African history. Soon reinforcements relieved the besieged garrison, the Dutch flag was again hauled down, and the Republicans submitted. Three years later Natal was proclaimed a British Colony.



CONTINENTAL RAILWAY METHODS.

In France, and on the Continent generally, railway travelling is not the simple affair it is in the United Kingdom. The Englishman, minded to avail himself of the railway, just betakes himself and his belonging to the station of his choice, pays for his ticket, and leaves his luggage to the kind offices of the porter. Anticipations of a tip usually suffice to secure that these good offices shall not be wanting. On the continent it is otherwise. The booking of the baggage is frequently a much more troublesome business than the booking of its owner, and may easily involve being at the station a couple of hours before time. That this is a cumbersome method is just dawning on the French companies, and travellers in Paris are to have the benefit of a reform, which, however, will, for the present, benefit few but occupants of hotels. Booking has still to be done, but it may be done in advance and by proxy of the "boots," on presentation of a written authorisation by the owner.



Mr. W. C. Woolf,

the well-known Cheltenham cricketer (son of Mr. W. A. Woolf, the old Gloucestershire professional), who next month again sails for South Africa, where for the third time he will fulfil a season's engagement at a large public school as cricket professional.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL.

The Commercial Agent of the United States Government at Eibenstock, Germany, reporting recently states that the completion of the Simplon tunnel and the fact that in a few months trains will be running regularly between Ibrig in Switzerland and Iselle in Italy, has aroused new interest in the old project of cutting a tunnel through the Bernese Alps from Frutigen to Baren. Such an enterprise, if carried to a successful termination, would be of vast importance to the canton and city of Berne. In 1897 it was definitely determined to build this railway as soon as the means could be provided. It is not improbable that the total cost would reach the sum of over three millions sterling. If the tunnel should pass under the Lotschberg it would be the longest in the world. The following is a list of tunnels, with their lengths in miles:—Mont Cenis, 7.9639; Gothard, 9.3106; Simplon, 12.2602; Lotschberg (projected), 13.0736.



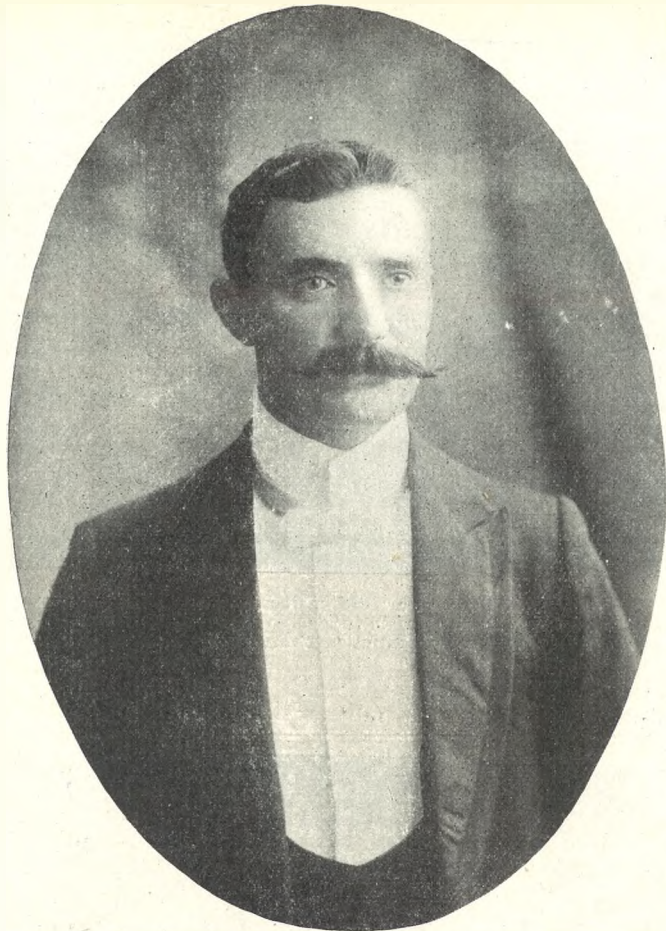
HIS NINETY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

Lord Field, who has but one senior in the House of Lords—Lord Gwydyr, who is ninety-five—entered his ninety-third year on Monday. Fifty-five years, it is interesting to note, have elapsed since his lordship became a barrister at the Inner Temple, and from 1875 to 1890, when he retired, he was a member of the judicial bench. The next oldest peers are the Earl of Cranbrook, who will be ninety-one in October; Lord Masham, ninety-one in January next; Lord Brampton, eighty-eight in September; the Duke of Rutland, eighty-seven in December; the Duke of Grafton, who is just eighty-four; and the Earl of Leicester, who will be eighty-three on Boxing Day. Only four members of the House of Lords are nonagenarians, and were living at the time of the battle of Waterloo.



THE WORLD'S SMALLEST ARMIES.

The smallest army is that of Monaco, with 75 guards, 75 carabineers, and 20 firemen. Next comes that of Luxemburg, with 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers, and 39 musicians. In the Republic of San Marino they can put in the field nine companies, comprising 950 men and 38 officers, commanded by a marshal. On a peace footing the Republic can put only one company of 60 men on the parade ground. In Liberia (says the "Chicago Journal") the most striking feature is the proportion of officers to privates. There are 800 of the former and only 700 of the latter. None the less the Republic issues proclamations of neutrality when wars break out between the Great Powers of Europe.



MR. AND MRS. H. L. CLARENCE BARKER.

Mr. Barker is the eldest son of Mr. H. J. Barker, M.A., barrister-at-law, King's Bench Walk, London, Mrs. Barker being the fourth daughter of Mr. G. Chick, of Cheltenham. Mr. Barker was educated at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, and also at the Rutlish School of Science, London. He was then appointed in the Department of the Commissioner of Mines, and thence, concurrently with this appointment, in the Natal Government Museum, and in architectural work in the Department of Agriculture. He was recently elected an Associate of the Chemical and Metallurgical Society of South Africa, and has not severed his connection with the scholastic profession, as he is engineering and survey instructor in the evening classes of the City Technical Institute, Pietermaritzburg. Mr. and Mrs. Barker are returning to Natal next week from a visit to Cheltenham.

Photos by Gyde and Gyde.

Cheltenham.

ABOUT QUILLS.

A few days ago I saw a sight which struck me as unique and suggestive. I am sure not many of my readers have seen the like; myself, never before. A cart-load of quill pens, no less! Nothing sensational, you will note, yet it is often the odd but unsensational thing that means most. Clearly, there must be a vast number of quills still in use for one stationer to receive such a stock, and I shall venture to say that few people would imagine there is any considerable business in this ancient writing instrument. You would suppose the industry to be as dead as the making of those arrows so finely sung by Sir Conan Doyle in "The White Company":—

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose feather
And the land where the grey goose flew.

But, you see, it is not so, and despite the commonness of fountain-pens and typewriters, there must be many who still prefer the goose-quill to all new-fangled inventions. At the British Museum, and in some of the public libraries, quills are still offered to those using the reading rooms, but you seldom see people making use of them. Why anyone should prefer to scrape along with a quill, when he may have a smooth-running fountain-pen, is more than I can understand. I am no admirer of the Yankee, but I thank him sincerely for inventing the fountain-pen. Mr. George Meredith, as befits one of the old school, has remained faithful to the quill, and when on one occasion I had the pleasure of seeing through his quaint little study at Boxhill, I found such an abundance of quills in his inkstand that I confess it boldly—I made no scruple of possessing myself of one, which I treasure as a "rich legacy" to be mentioned in my will!—"J. A. H." in "The Bystander."

THE SPREAD OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

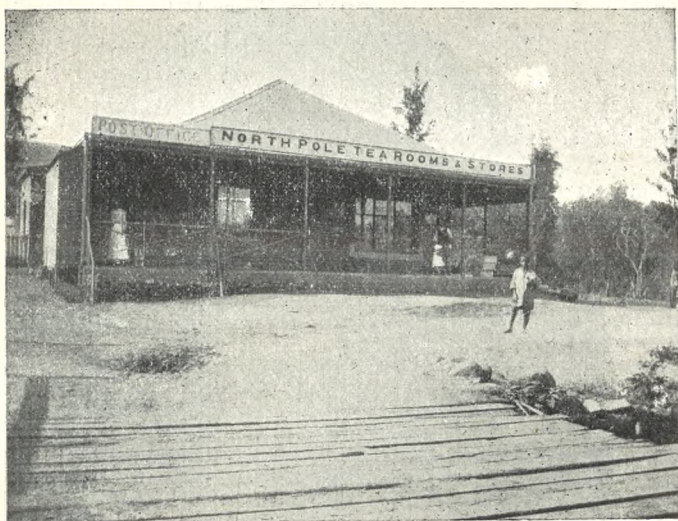
The seventeenth annual report of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade on strikes and lock-outs in the United Kingdom states that 1904 was singularly free from industrial stoppages—the number of disputes, of workpeople affected, and of working days lost in such disputes were the smallest on record. This is, in the opinion of "Engineering," all the more gratifying because it was a year of depression in trade, when it is usual for wages to drop, and hitherto, under such circumstances, resistance to reductions have been almost general. There was a total of 354 disputes recorded, involving 87,000 workpeople, or Lunder 1 per cent. of the industrial population of the United Kingdom, exclusive of seamen and agricultural labourers. The aggregate disputes, new and old, in progress during the year resulted in a loss of about 1,450,000 working days; of these more than two-fifths were in connection with mining and quarrying industries. If spread over the whole industrial population the working time lost was equal to about one-seventh of a day per head during the year. In the five years ending with 1903 the average number of disputes was 568, the average number of workpeople affected was 184,000, and the average duration of the disputes was 3,125,000 working days. In the previous five years—1894 to 1898—the corresponding averages were:—Disputes 835, workpeople affected 254,000, duration of disputes 8,927,000 working days. The figures for 1904 show favourably in comparison with the averages in each of the five preceding years, in all cases and respects. The chief causes of disputes in 1904 were matters of wages in a falling market. The other chief causes were over working arrange-

ments—refusals to work with non-union men. These showed a considerable decrease as compared with the previous year—1903. The results generally were more favourable to employers than to workpeople, as might have been expected. But, as a set-off, the disputes were fewer and the numbers involved smaller than the general average for the last ten years.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

SEA-GRASS FURNITURE.

Two American citizens from the Pacific coast, who have settled in China, are stated to have originated quite a large trade in furniture made from bamboo and a certain kind of sea-grass. They began making the well-known rattan furniture, and casting about for new materials they hit upon a coarse grass, and after considerable experimenting found that upon suitable bamboo frames they could make fairly substantial and very pretty articles. The natives imitated their work, and now it may be said (writes the United States Consul at Amoy) to be an industry common to many points along the lower Chinese coast. The grass is secured in the salt-water marshes along the lower coast, especially below Swatow, and ranging toward Canton. It can be had in abundance, almost without limit, in fact; and its pliability and strength are such as to make it available for not only furniture but for other purposes. It is greenish yellow, maintains its colour and strength, and might be used to advantage in other industries. Chairs and small tables are mentioned as made with the grass. It has been known to and used in various ways by the Chinese for centuries, but has not heretofore been employed for furniture.



THE "NORTH POLE" AT 110degS. IN THE SHADE.
NORTH POLE POST-OFFICE AND TEA ROOMS, PRESTBURY,
PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.



Village of Prestbury, near Pietermaritzburg, Natal, in the valley, taken from Zwaartkop (mountain), the Cleeve of Pietermaritzburg. Note the sites of the Boer Concentration Camps on the opposite hill (rectangular patches).

A SOUTH AFRICAN PRESTBURY.

Photos by H. Clarence Barker, Department of Mines and Museum, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.



Back row (reading from left to right):—W. Walter, Reg. Smith, A. Williams, S. Skidmore.
Middle row:—Ron. Smith, R. Gregory, E. Williams (capt.), W. Scott.
Sitting:—W. Cheshire, C. Leak, and A. Scott.

All Saints' Church Choir Cricket Team.

Photo by G. S. Pardington.



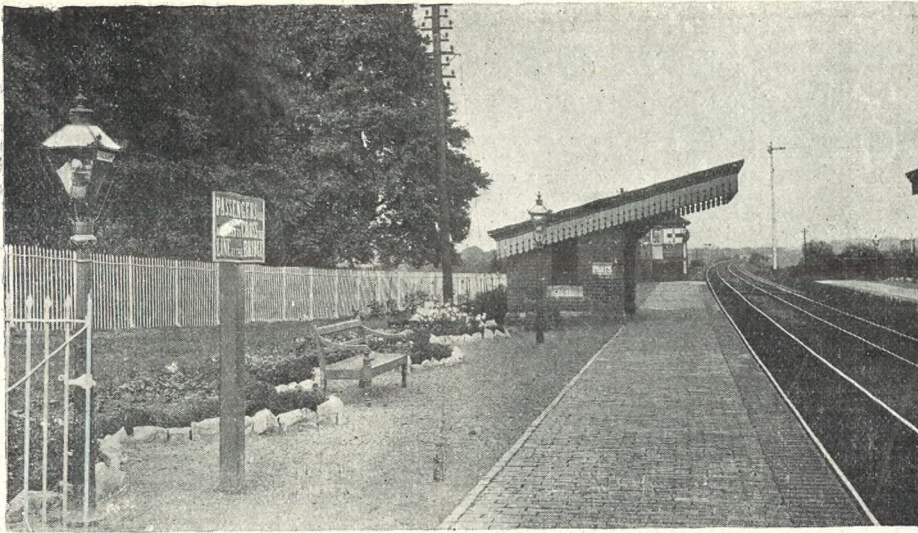
**Well-known Old Cowley
Gamekeeper.**

PROHIBITION OF JUVENILE SMOKING.

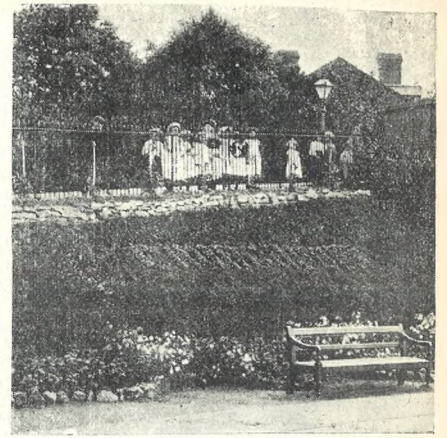
Some interesting information as to the extent of legislation against juvenile smoking has been collected by Mr. William Todd, of Edinburgh. In 53 of the American States and Territories tobacco-smoking is prohibited to the non-adult population. The age limit varies from 15 in Texas to 21 in Wyoming. In 34 of the States lessons are given in the common schools as to the dangers to be feared from smoking. Similar legislation exists in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario, Tasmania, Cape Colony, and Quebec, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. Viscount Hayashi states that smoking is prohibited to all minors in Japan. In Norway the municipal authorities have the power to make bye-laws against juvenile smoking, but this local option does not appear to have been put into force. The ele-

mentary school rules, however, prohibit the pupils from smoking in public places. A similar regulation obtains in Austria. There is no legislation against smoking in Germany, but there are regulations both in schools and military colleges directed against indulgence by the cadets. France, Spain, and Greece have no legislation on the subject. In Russia there are regulations for the secondary schools. In Italy in the naval and military colleges the pipe is prohibited, but not the cigar or cigarette. In Portugal "the practice of smoking tobacco, chiefly in the form of cigarettes, is almost universal with all ages and classes." The net result of Mr. Todd's inquiries is to show that the Anglo-Saxon communities have shown greater zeal than the rest of the world in attempting to repress juvenile smoking. There is a general consensus of opinion as to the danger of what has been called "the fag habit" in the young.

All kinds of artistic and general printing neatly and promptly executed at the "Echo" Electric Press, Clarence-parade, Cheltenham.



LOOKING TOWARDS CHELTENHAM.



A PRETTY CORNER NEAR THE BRIDGE, WITH STATION'S NAME SET OUT IN PLANTS.

CHURCHDOWN RAILWAY STATION.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The quarterly returns of the Registrar-General have again come out to time. The latest, for the three months ended June 30th last, shows that, although the birth-rate in the country (27.8 per thousand of the population) is the lowest recorded in the second quarter of any year since the commencement of civil registration, the city of Gloucester comes out well, with 28.0, as compared with 28.3, 26.4, and 29.0 in the three previous June quarters. Cheltenham district has again found second place for the lowest rate, with 21.7, as compared with 21.5 in Stroud. Cheltenham, however, is improving, for in the two previous quarters the rates were 16.8 and 15.6 per thousand. She has also the second lowest rate of mortality, 13.4, Tewkesbury beating her with 10.4. Cirencester stands highest with 16.8. The Registrar-General has to lament that the marriage rate in the country is only 10.7, or 0.6 per thousand below the average for the corresponding March quarters of the ten preceding years. It is interesting to note that 780 marriages took place in Gloucestershire, including Bristol; and that, while industrial Gloucester, with 58,734 inhabitants, had 76, the fashionable district of Cheltenham, with almost an equal population, had only 47 weddings.

The glorious weather which has made an early ingathering of the harvest possible in this county, among others, has also helped forward cubbing. Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds were the first in the field, regularly busting the cubs about in the park around Berkeley Castle since the beginning of the month. The Cotswold pack will begin drawing coverts in a few days, and hounds have been taken for long walking exercise along the roads. Only a week ago they were "walked" through streets on the north side of Gloucester and had to run the gauntlet of electric tramcars. By-the-bye, there is no entente cordiale established yet between the French and British over foxhunting. Our neighbours across the Channel do not, as the late Duke of Beaufort once described him, regard Reynard as the "spoiled darling of the 19th century." Here is what the Marquis d'Imbleval says of him in a recent number of "L'Illustre Parisien":—"Let us leave to Englishmen the glory of hunting the fox, of which they have made a sort of racing machine, having no more red or fallow deer, worthier objects of the chase. Let us sell them the cubs and rid our own coverts of such vermin. I reckon that this stinking animal is not worth the honour done to it. There is little glory in a well-turned-out pack hunting an animal that smells so vile." In regard to this onslaught, I think our sportsmen will only smile at it, yet hope that, for the sake of ensuring good runs in

the future, Gloucestershire foxes will live up to the "high" reputation the French marquis has given them, and yield plenty of scent.

A few days ago I came across an interesting election reminiscence of Mr. (now Sir) Henry Bernhard Samuelson, formerly a captain of the Royal South Gloucestershire Militia, and for nearly six years M.P. for Cheltenham. It was in his early twenties that Mr. Henry Samuelson was put up for Cheltenham, and Mr. Agg Gardner was even younger. It was the last of the old open-nomination elections, in the year 1868, when Irish Church Disestablishment was the burning question. Leaving the hustings, the Liberal candidate stood out in front of his hotel and read a telegram he had just received from Banbury, where his father was Liberal candidate:—"Show of hands largely in favour of Samuelson." Instantly the telegraph flashed back the message from son to father: "Show of hands largely in favour of Samuelson." A few days later both father and son were members of Parliament, the former for the borough of Banbury again, and the son for Cheltenham. But, at the first election by ballot, in 1874, Mr. Agg Gardner had the "show of hands" in his favour, with votes.

A GOOD RAISIN CROP.

There will be an abundant crop of Spanish raisins this year. The first shipments are due to arrive. As many as 25,000 tons are reported to be available from Denia shippers. As a matter of fact, the English markets dominate the raisin trade of the world. The demands, sales, and values which rule here regulate shipments to foreign raisin-importing countries. This fact applies even to the United States. The finest raisins from Valencia generally command a uniform price. Last year they made the same as they have done during the past week, that is, from 50s. to 70s. a cwt. The Dehesa muscatels are increasing in popularity, and at the present time are quoted as high as 125s. a cwt. first hand—over 1s. a pound. Had it not been for an early crop this season, there was every expectation of prices for pudding raisins being forced up by an influential combine. The stocks in bond were larger by 2,000 tons in July, 1904, than they were for the corresponding period this year. The unusually early raisin harvest of Denia will render such a movement impossible. Reports from all Spanish raisin-exporting and packing centres show that the quality of the fruit will be above the average. The great heat has caused sun-burning in some instances, but against this the saccharine contents of the berries will be increased in consequence.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Mr. Butler Burke's recent experiments and discoveries at Cambridge are the subject of an interesting causerie of French savants in the September number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." This is the view expressed by Dr. Gaston Deneuve, one of the first all-round scientists that France possesses:—"A paragraph or two in a newspaper hardly affords sufficient ground on which to judge an important scientific question. Pasteur proved—and with redundancy of proofs—that Pouchet's experiments were not exact; and how do I know that Mr. Burke's are any better? Firstly, are the cells which Mr. Burke claims to have created ordinary microbes or bacteria? If they are, why does he re-christen them Radiobes? And if they are not, are they alive at all? For instance, you are aware of what Professor Leduc, of the School of Medicine at Nantes, has recently done. He covered a microscope slide with a solution of gelatine, and then allowed to trickle in, from different sides of the (thin glass cover, a drop of solution of sulphate of copper and a drop of a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium. When the edges of these two drops met they formed—chemically speaking—ferrocyanide of copper; but, to the eye of the observer, they took the shape of perfect cells of a polygonal shape, filled with protoplasm, and each with a nucleus. Each cell had walls, and when scores of them were seen together in the field of the microscope they presented exactly the appearance of cellular tissue. Each cell had a molecular movement—caused by the water—and they grew, divided, and, in short, behaved exactly as if they had been natural cells instead of having been created chemically. Except that they did not grow and reproduce, they could not be told from living organism. That term is yet wanting to the equation—but who knows how long that will be the case? Pasteur's knock-down arguments makes one chary of accepting the doctrine of spontaneous generation—but who knows how soon I may be called upon to change my opinion? For science has made great strides since his day." In that one point—growth and reproduction—lies the whole crux of the matter. The crystal grows, but does not reproduce; the chemically constituted cell increases by division, but lacks power of growth. The artificially constructed cell can mimic the real one in appearance, in constitution, in movement, and imitate it so closely that even the initiated may be deceived; but there still remains wanting the vital principle. Between real and artificial cells the difference is so minute that only a practised observer with the microscope can detect it; but, small as it is, it marks the distinction between organic and inorganic matter. . . . Will that "little more" ever be found in the test-tubes of the chemist? Perhaps the answer may now be within sight; perhaps it may elude us for another twenty-five centuries—perhaps for ever!

"Selina Jenkins's" TRIP TO LONDON.

PART IV.—AT EARL'S COURT.
(Concluded.)

Wich it's really a wonder I be alive to tell the tale, as the sayin' is, wot with that there water shoot and the bang-rackets on bored the marine vessel, without mentioning they Red Injins, as was enuff to make yer flesh creep in theirselves alone; but there!—I'll tell you all about it, becoss I considers it's my dooty to be a warnin' single-post to they as is thinkin' of goin' up to London fer a day egscursion same as we did. Here I be a-ritin' this in bed a fortnite after the trip, and 'avein' 'ardly got over the shakin' yet; Amos, 'e says 'e feels that 'e've 'ad enuff of water shoots and Red Injins fer a life-time, wich 'e wakes up with a Red-Injin nitemare very near every nite now, and can't get the thoughts of scalpin' out of 'is mind; so I askes all as is the leastest bit nervous to mark my words and avide Earl's Court, onless you wants to be snipped in the bud, as the sayin' is!

I won't tell you 'ow we got to Earl's Court from the Habbey, becoss I couldn't do it if I tried ever so 'ard; Amos's map was tored all to tatters by this time, and after 'e'd used it to wrap up a few sandwiches in, and put it inside 'is 'at fer safety, it were almost unreadable; 'owsomedever, all the time we was on they 'busses and things 'e would keep bringin' out this 'ere remains of a map and tryin' to discover where abouts we was, by lookin' fer the names on the corners of the streets; I don't know as 'e found one, all the time, but then, as 'e said, if people sees you consultin' a map they knows you 'as yer P's and Q's; as the sayin' is, and ain't so likely to take advantage! And, you know, you 'as to be careful in London; there's notisses about, even in the churches, to beware of pock-pickets and sichlike, wich I b'leaves in carryin' yer money in yer mouth while you be in a crowd, where thieves can't break thro' and steal, esspecially if it's a 'alf-a-sovereign, as you mite very easy give away in mistake fer a sixpence; like Aunt Maria did once to a anniversary collection, and couldn't get it back aterwards, becoss of the minister 'avin' returned thanks fer spesshull mercies, as 'e said would 'ave to be all took back if the 'alf-sovereign wasn't an intentional one!

But about this 'ere Earl's Court; we got down about 5 p.m. in the afternoon, as turned out to be a naval and marine expedition, consisting of cruisers, Nelson's fragmints, grammaphones, fairy grottoes, refreshmen, buffers, picture-galleries, Red Injins, and all other things relatin' to a life on the hoocean wave, as the sayin' is! It were like a church bazaar fer some things; there didn't seem to be no 'ead nor tail to the place, and there was somethink to pay on every 'ad in the utmost perfusion!

You looks at a picter thro' a dore—3d. please; you wanders into a sort of a grotto place and sits down—2d. please; you sees a lot of people goin' into a show, and follers of 'em in—6d. please; and all this after you've paid fer admission to the hole thing! And that there Amos, too—if 'e didn't 'ave to pay twice to come in once. Wich 'e must drop 'is fragments of map jest afore 'e come thro' the turnstile, and, of coorse, no sooner 'adn't 'e got thro' and paid 'is shilling then 'e says to me, 'Selina,' 'e says, 'I've dropped me map!'

"Ho! never mind that, Amos," I says, "'ere ain't nothink left of it but the hedges, as reminds me of the duster we keeps in a drawer, home, as is very little more than a great 'ole with a hem round it!'

"Yes! but I must get the map," 'e says, "wot-ever shall we do without it—'ow shall we get back to that there station in time fer the train? Here's the way out; I'll jest dap out and fetch it."

No sooner said than done; and in a minnit or 2 Amos 'ad gathered up the map and 'alf a sandwich as 'ad fell out of it, and come rushin' back!

No admittance 'ere," says a great burly chap in uniform, as looked like one of the Royal Watchguards; 'you cawn't come in this wye; this is the hexit, honly!"

"Well, but," says Amos, "I've jest come in the turnstile, and only runned out to pick up me map and sandwich, as I dropped comin' in."

"Cawn't 'elp that," says Royal Watchguards, 'n 'is bulliest tone; "we 'as strict awdas on now account to re-admit hanybody or hanythink; you must pry agine!"

And Amos 'ad to; it weren't no good fer me to say nothink, fer they was that 'ard you'd a-thought we was a pair of burgulers, come there a-purpose to carry off the whole show, and not 2 of the respectabest and most 'armlesses of Cheltenham sassiety.

Well, after a tidy bit of walkin' about, and over about 'alf-a-dozen things like railway-bridges, with advertizements and penny-in-the-slot machines all down the sides, we come to a place where it said a steamer was jest off fer a cruise in the Mediranean Hoocean, price one shilling. So I says to Amos, "Amos," I says, "this is cheap," I says, "all the way to the Mediranean fer a shillin'; let's 'ave a turn on the rollin' wave, as the sayin' is." Wich we pays our shillings, and walks up some stairs on to a place as looked summat like the top floor of a vessel; there was a lot of people bustlin' 2 and fro, and if you looked over the side you could see Venice and Gibberalter and Egypt and Westing, all as big as life, coming past us; I donnow 'ow it were done, but after a bit it got dark, and a awful thunderstorm come on, the listening rolled and rumbled and the thunder struck the sea on all 'ands, until it looked dangerous; wich I put up me umbreller fer fear of the rain, becoss there weren't no shelter to go under; until a sailor-chap come along and said there weren't no fear of rain, so we needn't trouble, becoss it were only wot they calls "hartificious" thunder and listening. I don't 'old with fritenin' folks like that, 'owsomedever, as is bad enuff when it comes, without aggeratin' it by himitatin' of it, so as you can't tell it from the real thing! Wich this weren't nothink to wot took place jest afterwards, 'owever, as 'appened like this: I were lookin' over the side and wonderin' wot I should do if I were took a bit on-a-warees squeamish, as I ain't the best of sailors, and you never knows, does you, now, not when you be on a sea voyage; when all of a suddint BANG—SMASHII—went somethink close by me, as very near deafened me fer life. I didn't lose me presen's of mind, 'owever, but I says, "Come on, Amos," I says, "the bilers' bust, sure-a-lie! Where's the hexit? Run, quick; afore the vessel sinks!"—wich 'e and me never stopped until we was out of the hexit and down the steps 3 or 4 at a time, on to terror firmer once more! We waited a bit to know 'ow many there was killed and injured, but nobody didn't seem to know anythink about it; so we askes the pleeceman at the bottom of the stairs whether there was much damage done by the egsplosion.

"Wot egsplosion, lydy?" says 'e. I 'avein't no hinfymtion of enny egsplosion." So I egspines to 'im 'ow it come on, and 'e laffed until I thought 'e would 'ave bust 'is toonic buttoas, wich 'e says, says 'e, "Why, lydy," 'e says, "that's very good," 'e says.

"Wot d'you mean?" says I. "Wot's very good? I don't see nothink to laff at; think of the pore soles as'll be left substitute by the calamity!" I says.

"Ho! Ho!" 'e says, laffin' again. "Wot you 'eard was one of the guns bein' fired, as is certingly a bit alarmin' when you be clowse to 'em, as you must 'ave been! Ho! Ho! lydy; that's very good! Well, well! now! That'll be a bit of orrite to tell the missus when I gets 'ome! Parse on, please!"

Pass on, please! Of all the dratted imprence! Wich sich egsplosions oughtn't to be allowed, and as fer payin' a shillin' to 'ave yer nerves shattered to fragments, I calls it daylite robbery; not to mention me 'avin' dropped me glasses overboard wher that there gun went off, and wouldn't let me or Amos go in to 'ave a look fer 'em again without payin' another shillin', same as the turnstile eppisode! No more hartificious listening cruises in the Mediranean again fer me, that's wot I says! I'd rather stop at 'ome, and wait outside a bird-stuffer's shop, meself, wher you egpects sich things, of coorse, in the na'erual way of bizness:

Then there was that there water shoot, as they calls it, as was worse, if anythink, and I told Amos would be the death of me, but 'e'd got it on the brain some'ow as nobody never come to London without goin' down the water shoot at Earl's Court. I shouldn't 'ave gone on the thing as it were, only that I thought to meself 'ow nice it would be when I got back 'ome to say, "When I were comin' down the water shoot at Earl's Court," the same as Mary Ann Tomkins's brother is always 'bringin' in somehow, "When I were comin' down Mount Blanc-Mange last summer"; whether you be talkin' about revivals or green cheese, it always turns over to Switzerland and Mount Blanc-Mange somehow, when 'e's about.

so as 'e can air 'is travellin' yarns; so this 'ere shoot I considered would stand me in good stead likewise, to show off! But, bless yer 'eart and sole! it ain't worth it! It wasn't so bad when we was being drawn up a decline of about 450 degrees in the shade, as the sayin' is; but when we got up on the platform at the top and looked down it were just like bein' a flee on a telegraph post, wich you couldn't 'ardly distinguish London without a magnifyin' glass, we was so 'igh up in the hair. It was a stirrin' scene! Rite down the steep was the lake into wich we was to bump, and there was Amos a-tellin' of me to sit tight, and to stand up, and to lean one side, also the other, to 'old me breath, and to breathe 'ard, all to once, wich afore I 'ad time to remember wich direction to begin on, we went like the wind— But ' words fails me; it were like this:—Hoff—Bump—Splash—Bump—Splash—Bump—Splash—Bump—the 'bumps' being the water and the "splashes" wher that there boat jumped to!

I never felt sich a hegsperience in my born days! Amos was as white as 'is grandfather's ghost wher the thing stopped bumpin' and the man as was at the hellum ported 'is starboard hellum, as the sayin' is, and brought us to shore. If you askes me what it felt like comin' down, I can't tell you. As the man said when 'e was blowed up through smokin' on a barriel of gun-powder, "suffice it to say it 'appened." But once of that there is enuff fer me! I don't pine fer no more of it! When I do I shall jest get up on the roof of our 'ouse and roll off, as is very similar, and don't cost nothink!

There was still time to see the Red Injins, so after we'd sat a bit in a shady corner, so as to get over the effects of our shoot in piece, we made fer that distinguished spot, the Red Injin Camp, as consisted of the remains of two tents and a lot of canvas painted to represent mountings and things. Amos said as 'ow in a book called "The Scalp-Hunters" the Red Injins prided theirselves on bein' "free"; there was, 'owever, 6d. to pay to get into this 'ere pertikler camp.

We was interdoosed to a celebrated chief by the name of Scarface, wich was undoubtedly a correck name. Wot you could see of 'is face was scarred, awful, but it's my hapnyion these 'ere Injins is, very heconomical with soap and water; wich I should 'ave give 'em all a good scrub, if they'd been mine, afore a-showing theirselves at so much a head.

'Owsomedever, Amos didn't take no notice of sich trifles, and 'e ups an—'e says to Scarface, "I suppose that you, Mr. Scarface, 'ave 'ad many a 'ot encounter on the desert prairies of Central Africa with buffaloes and bissins, and so 4th?"

The old chap were smokin' a little clay pipe; wich 'e spat on the ground and said, "Sixpence-exter fer talk with Scarface," as showed that the money-makin' dodge 'ad spread to these 'ere Injins as well. Amos was very near stumped, as the sayin' is, but 'e 'ad a sixpence somewhere, so 'e 'anded it over to the old chief, who then answered somethink in the Hebrew tongue, as they Injins speaks in a wild state, wich we couldn't understand neither of us. So we calls over a caretaker chap, who seemed to be in charge, and 'e told us that the only English this 'ere Scarface atrocity knowed was about the "Sixpence exter," etcettery—so that once more we was 'ad rite down on the nail, as the sayin' is, becoss, of coorse, we couldn't carry on the conversation, altho' we'd paid in advance, cash down!

Presently we was told that a Sacred Dance was about to commence. Amos thought 'e ought to take off 'is 'at, bein' sacred; but I couldn't see nothink in it sacred, no more than I can distinguish why folks takes off their 'ats when the band plays "God save his Majesty." If they was to stand up it mite seem rite, but there ain't nothink sacred in Royalty, is there? This 'ere Sacred Dance was the cause of a serious malay, as they calls it; becoss in one part of it it looked as if they was going to be very cruel to some-children as they 'ad dancing around with them, very near pulling their arms out by the roots; wich I couldn't contain meself, and I rushes in amongst them, with Amos after me, and I says, says I, "'Ow dare you treat them children so, as anybody can see is very near cryin'! Injins or no Injins, I won't see cruelties done afore me eyes," and I let's fly with me umbreller, as I always carries fer sich demergencies, until all they Injins, Scarface and the rest, ran fer their lives, 'owling fer 'elp. And, you mark my words, if I didn't 'ear that old Scarface say, in as good Irish as I ever 'eard, "Bedad, this beats ould

Limerick"! And 'e'd pretended not to know any English to Amos's very face jest before!

The owdaciousness of it all! Wich the undertaker of the Injin Camp wanted to give me and Amos in charge for breaching the peace, altho', as I told 'im, it wasn't nothink to do with we, because they 'adn't no rite to do sich things nder the garb of religion, as consists in goin' to service Sundays and payin' 20 shillings in the pound, and not jumping around with they poor children like a lot of escaped loonaticks. And it were a pretty 'ow-de-do, I can tell you, wot with the Injins jabberin' away in broken Irish, and the babies screamin' at the top of their Injin voices, as were only put rite by me purchasin' a large number of hornaments made with Injin beads from one of the "squars," as they calls their wimmin-folk, and the ugliest hornaments I ever set eyes on, that I will say, wich I don't know wot to do with 'em now I've got 'em, 'ceps to 'ang em out in the back garding to friten the cats off our geraniums!

After this, I'd 'ad enuff of London amusements; if this is wot they calls entertainment in London, no wonder the folks as lives there looks so careworn and sad; why, I'd rather take in washin' fer recreation than patternize sich goin's-on once a week. Give me Prestbury or Charlton flower shows, and they can keep their Earl's Courts and welcome, includin' the water shoots and they wild Injins of Irish distraction. That's wot I thinks, 'owever!

SELINA JENKINS.

Next week: "How Selina Jenkins saw the Eclipse of the Sun."



HARDWICKE FLOWER SHOW OFFICIALS.

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 143rd prize has been awarded to Miss Maud M. Lyne, of "Ryecote," St. Luke's, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. D. A. Fisher at St. Luke's Church, Cheltenham.

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

THE RECORD WAR INDEMNITY.

The war indemnity which stands out in history as the largest ever exacted from a vanquished nation is that imposed by Germany upon France in 1871—and duly paid. It is, writes a special correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," a story of Brobdingnagian finance, which will bear retelling at the present juncture in the Far East.

The negotiations for peace between France and Germany lasted just over five weeks, and may be said to have had their beginning on January 23rd, 1871, when Count Bismarck, having determined to, as he said, "bleed France white," sent his own carriage to bring Jules Favre to Versailles and "talk it over." Favre was the representative of the Government of Defence, and the National Assembly was sitting at Bordeaux under Grevy's presidency. It took five or six days to arrange an armistice for three weeks. Bismarck chafed at the continual delays, but he consented to extend the truce on three occasions, although he made all preparations to continue the war in the event of the negotiations breaking down.

The conditions imposed by Bismarck and Moltke were these: France to surrender to the newly constituted German empire one-fifth part of Lorraine, including Metz and Thionville, and Alsace less Belfort, France to pay Germany an indemnity of five milliards of francs (£200,000,000), one milliard (£40,000,000) to be paid during the first year (1871), and the remaining four milliards by instalments extending over three years; with interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the amount remaining due from date of the ratification of the Treaty; the Treaty to be ratified by the National Assembly.

At half-past four o'clock on a memorable Sunday afternoon, Thiers returned to Paris from Versailles to consult finally with the fifteen Commissioners, and on March 2 the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace were exchanged at Versailles. The German troops had entered Paris on the previous day, and marched "out" two days later. The war was over; it had lasted only seven months, and, but for the overthrow

of the dynasty, it would have finished with Sedan, which was fought within seven weeks of the "declaration" in July.

The indemnity, unparalleled in magnitude, was originally fixed at six milliards of francs (£240,000,000), but Moltke demurred, and the "Man of Blood and Iron" reluctantly consented to reduce the amount by £40,000,000. There was also a deduction of 325,000,000 francs in consideration of the taking over by Germany of the railways in Alsace and Lorraine.

New taxes were imposed by the French Government to the amount of 460,000,000f. (£18,500,000). To meet the indemnity and other war expenses Thiers proposed a national loan, to carry 5 per cent. interest, and to be issued at 82 or 83. The amount of the loan was £80,000,000. The day after the opening of the list (June 27th, 1871), money poured in from all sides, Paris alone subscribing twenty-five hundred million francs! The loan, of which about £10,000,000 fell due in London in July, was immensely popular in England. The proceeds of the drafts on London were taken in Germany in gold, and, while large purchases were made in the open market, it is on record that Germany took £5,000,000 in sovereigns from the Bank of England, in sums varying from a quarter of a million to one million sterling at a time.

France displayed the utmost anxiety to pay off the indemnity and to get the "man in possession" out of the country. A fresh arrangement was entered into by Thiers and Count von Arnim, then German Minister at Paris, in 1872, and it was determined to negotiate for another loan—one which should be large enough to liquidate the amount owing to Germany within the shorter term mutually agreed upon. On July 15th the Government of the Republic was empowered to issue sufficient Rentes at 5 per cent. to produce not less than three and a half milliards of francs. Including the cost of floating the loan, the amount to be obtained was about £140,000,000, secured by the sinking fund of 200,000,000f. voted by the Assembly. This huge 5 per cent. loan was issued at 84½ on Sunday and Monday, July 28th and 29th. People of all classes—even bloused workmen—rushed to participate in the "emission," with the result that on the 30th it was announced that nearly twelve times the amount asked for had been subscribed. The actual subscription was forty-three milliards of francs, or £1,720,000,000! The French themselves, with splendid patriotism, found the great bulk of the money, but English and Germans applied for large quantities of the stock, and it was said that the whole loan would have been subscribed in Germany if necessary. The success of the two loans provided Count Bismarck with a fresh argument that the indemnity ought to have been larger!

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

BORN IN THREE COUNTIES.

The death took place on Wednesday, at the age of 51, of Mr. Jesse Whiting, licensee of the White Lion, in the Horse-fair, Bristol, whose career in the Army was remarkable by reason of his rapid promotion. He joined as a private in 1874, in 1877 was appointed instructor of musketry at Hythe, and went from there to the Bosphorus during the Russo-Turkish scare. He was next given joint charge, with Major Broackes, of the raising of the first military police ever formed in the British Army. This was in the Curragh, in 1878, and in the following year he was appointed drill instructor to the Bristol constabulary. It is curious that he was born in a house part of which was in Berkshire, part in Oxfordshire, and part in Gloucestershire.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

The American speculative millionaire, like the Russian Grand Duke, is apt to be a figure of dark romance for us. We are fascinated by the idea of malign power, free from the scruples and weaknesses that hamper ordinary men, as birds are supposed to be fascinated by the cold, unwinking eyes of a serpent. Besides a vulgar love of bigness, a gaping admiration for the figures of his income, and the splendour of his entertainments, we admire as well as fear the great millionaire, who does harm all over the world, because we suppose him to have a clearer purpose in life, a clearer understanding of the causes of things, than other men possess. The great villains of romance are always made wonderful and fearful by this clearness of understanding and purpose. The Jesuits of countless novels, from Aramos downwards, delight and terrify us because, whatever mischief they may plan, they know exactly how to bring it about; and all that they do is subordinate to the one great end of their lives. Whatever else they may be, they are not the sport of circumstances, like the rest of us. They play life like a game of chess, seeing many moves ahead, and making things happen according to their design. We find something godlike in this superiority to a mere hand-to-mouth life, or rather something Satanic; for the Jesuit and the American millionaire, according to the romantic conception of them, close their business in life, as Satan cried, "Evil be thou my good." and pursue their ends with his far-sighted and unwavering consistency. This romantic conception is based upon the idea that great success is always the result of a more complete consciousness than ordinary men possess. The successful man is supposed to act on some secret theory of life which explains all things to him, and to know himself and other men with a kind of comprehensive scientific knowledge acquired from this theory. So Napoleon was imagined both by friends and foes to foresee everything and to have a far-reaching design in all that he did; and his enemies were paralysed by the fact that, whatever he did, they began to wonder why he did it. But the romantic conception of Napoleon is passing away with fuller knowledge of him. We know now that he was only a stronger machine than other men, and that his understanding of the force that drove him was no clearer than theirs. The best proof of this is the fact that the Napoleonic legend imposed on him as well as on the rest of the world. He was so far from understanding himself that he romanticised himself as thoroughly as one of his own Court painters; and it is clear that in the later and more mischievous period of his power he was possessed by a righteous and, indeed, almost religious indignation against all who opposed him.—"The Speaker."

THE NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

The question is whether or no it is permissible for novelists to utilise the novel for the purpose of propaganda. Of course, there is no law against their doing so; but their attempt rules them out of literature. From time immemorial those who have believed themselves inspired with a mission have recognised that plain statement was not sufficiently attractive to win the ear of the multitude, and have adopted forms more or less artistic. In each case, however, we see the greatness of the artist overpowering the artificial bonds which he has voluntarily assumed. The most perfect of all artists nevertheless did not condescend to a purpose. Consciously or unconsciously, they recognise that every moral law was in itself only an inference from the facts and experience of life, and that therefore he who took the moral law as something to illustrate and expound by means of a tale was seeking his material at second-hand. Accordingly the great artist went direct to Nature, and it is very far from telling against him that in most cases the morality of great art and the morality of law coincide. Indeed, if the artist be able to look at life sanely and see it not in exaggerated bits but as a whole, it is impossible that he should come into conflict with any morality that is sound.—"The Academy."

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS.

In an article on the best system of training for engineers, "Engineering" prescribes the following course:—Taking a bright, strong lad of about 16, who wishes to become an engineer, he should go straight from school into the workshops of a medium-sized general engineering works, making, if possible, electrical plant as well as general machinery, as it is necessary nowadays for every engineer to have some knowledge of electricity. An arrangement should be made by which the lad does not go to the works on Mondays, but attends instead morning and afternoon or evening classes in engineering at a technical college, thus doing his practical and theoretical work side by side, to the advantage of both. This system has already been tried with success in this country. While in the shops, the pupil should be encouraged to use his note-book, and to ascertain the labour cost of doing work, as before mentioned, also to discover the reasons why the theoretical best forms of machinery are modified in actual practice; and it should surely not be too much to ask that the works manager, in the interests of the future generation of engineers, should give up one or two hours per month to a sort of informal examination of the pupils under his charge, thus ascertaining their progress, and giving them some encouragement to persevere in their work and studies. A lad whose relations are not engineers especially feels the need of a little interest taken by those above him, as he has no one to advise him about his work. The writer is of opinion that the workshop course should follow the course of machinery through the works—that is, the pupil should start in the pattern-shop and go on to the foundry, the machine-shop, and the fitting or erecting-shop in rotation. A year in each of these four shops should be sufficient to give the pupil a thorough grounding in the practical principles of his profession, and, if he shows promise at the end of this time, he should be placed in the drawing-office for a couple of years. At the end of these two years he should go into the accountants' department, and be kept at purely commercial clerical work for another year, after which he might go into the estimating department for two years more, and, provided always that the lad has shown enough ability to justify his being given these opportunities, at the age of 25 we have a young engineer admirably adapted for a post as assistant manager, or even as manager, provided again that he is possessed of the power of ruling others, which is, of course, a physical characteristic, and has little or nothing to do with training.

MILLION JAPANESE IN THE FIELD.

The military correspondent of the "Times" writes: "While Russia has been tabulating for 600,000 Japanese, the statesmen at Tokio have already gone a step further, and the recent telegram from our correspondent at Tokio, whose sources of information are usually authoritative, announcing that Japan has a million men in the field, expresses nothing more than the literal truth. The truth of the situation is that the Japanese outnumber their enemy to-day to a greater extent than at any former period of the war. No doubt the Russians, as their custom is, will consider these figures absurd. Misled by false information, which they have always swallowed like mother's milk, the Russians may go on and bring down upon the heads of their devoted troops the pent-up storm which has been gathering all these months in every town and village and hamlet of Japan."

FLOATING ISLAND RISES.

After seven years' absence the curious phenomenon known as the "floating island" has reappeared on Derwentwater. Its periodical rising from the bed of the lake is scientifically explained on the theory of vegetable gases. It is about eighty yards long by fifteen yards, but is not believed safe to land on, and only remains visible for six or seven weeks.

THE PREHISTORIC RUINS OF RHODESIA.

Apropos of the visit of the British Association to South Africa. Mr. R. N. Hall, the well-known Cape antiquary, describes in the September number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" an expedition he made at the late Mr. Rhodes's request to the primeval and mysterious forts of Inyanga, in Eastern Rhodesia:—

"Our tents," he writes, "were erected on the leeside of the ruins. After forming the camp we set to work clearing the ruins of bush, so that they might be properly surveyed and photographed. This work occupied almost three days. The walls are very substantial, from six to ten feet in width, and their ruined summits are still about eight feet high. Rough stones of all sizes and shapes were used in their construction. That this building was a fort admits of no discussion. Its strategic position, enormous strength, narrow entrances, and loopholed walls all point to this conclusion; besides which, a terrace wall round the inside of the main walls enabled the defenders to throw spears and shoot arrows on to the enemy outside. The entrances are all covered, and number twenty-one. To enter the building one has to stoop considerably along a passage barely shoulders-wide. There are no fewer than sixty loopholes in the walls. The interior of the fort is divided into six enclosures, the central enclosure being higher than the others, and thus forming an inner citadel with walls ten feet wide. Inside the ruins are the remains of the stone walls of circular dwellings. We visited other and similar hill forts in the district, and found their number to be astonishing.

"One of the features of great interest in the Inyanga region is the 'slave pits.' These are found by hundreds, even within a small area. Generally the pits are found in clusters of twos and threes, or singly at a distance of not fifty yards apart. Fig-trees of great girth grow on the floors or from the wall masonry. The pits are sunk to a depth of from seven to ten feet below the surface of the ground, the sides being lined with walling. They are all circular in form, and have diameters averaging from eighteen to twenty-eight feet. The floors are paved with flat stones. The approach to the bottom of these pits is always by a narrow passage or tunnel some thirty to forty feet in length. The entrance is at the surface, and half-way along is a ventilating shaft in the roof. Sometimes monoliths, still erect, are found on the south-east side of the pits, at a distance of about forty feet. Round about these pits are the remains of stone walls of circular buildings.

"But the most extraordinary feature of the Inyanga Range is the vast number of very old aqueducts, some two miles in length, running from ancient dams on the mountain streams, and crossing from hill to hill in a most wonderful manner."

WOMEN IN JAPAN.

If the English child of the past generation was supposed to be seen and not heard, the Japanese girl until recently was supposed to be neither heard nor seen. The rules of conduct for a married woman, like many other things in Japan, abound in common-sense, which comes out strongly in the precept that she should not be constantly praying to the detriment of her household duties. "If only she satisfactorily performs her duties as a human being she may let prayer alone without ceasing to enjoy Divine protection." The ideal is evidently that of the hausfrau with all the virtue of the Roman matron and of Solomon's virtuous woman, yet with less of their power of initiative.—"The Academy."

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