

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 244.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:—

“A TRIP to the HIGHLANDS.”

NEXT WEEK:

“BESIDE THE BONNIE  
BRIER BUSH.”

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 144th prize has been awarded to Mr. Will T. Spenser, of 40 New-street, Gloucester, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. H. Boyden, of Blackpool, at Southgate Congregational Church, Gloucester.

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

### THE TALK PROBLEM IN THE COMMONS.

The session has ended with the Unionist Government still in power, if not in popularity. The Opposition has not been slow to accuse the Government of a session barren of legislative results. The criticism is trite, and, with unmusical variations, is passed upon every Government by every Opposition. It is part of the game that an Opposition should affect to ignore the very obvious fact that its own obstruction has hampered the legislative machine. We shall never get along very fast so long as the Opposition regards it as its primary duty to oppose, its secondary duty to talk, and its tertiary duty to consider the interests of the country. This inherent defect of the party system seems, indeed, to be beyond immediate remedy, although we are not without hope that the next generation may be less talkative and more practical. At present the country progresses very slowly in legislation, and, at a moderate computation, it takes us five years to do what a young and energetic Republic does in one year. There is some force, too, in the plea that modern Governments are too old at four. Mr. Balfour, anyhow, is outliving his majority, not from any inherent defect in his statesmanship, but from the fact that the country is tired of his innings, and wishes to see how the other side can bat. A change is good for the health of politics. The last session has been a particularly bad example of much cry and little wool. Mr. Balfour is not altogether to be acquitted of blame, as he has not dealt sufficiently firmly with obstruction. We need a Prime Minister who will grapple with the talk problem from the beginning of the session, and will not be cowed by the parrot cry of “Gag.”—“Magazine of Commerce.”



MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON,

who will appear as “Lachlan Campbell” at the Opera House, Cheltenham, next week, in the dramatisation of Ian Maclaren’s great novel, “Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.”

“The Universal Brotherhood” is the name of an association which is being established in Peckham and Dulwich for the discussion, with a view to the amelioration, of all human ills.

Countess Camaride has bequeathed her splendid Lisbon palace to the Pope, and the whole of her property, valued at £800,000, to the Order of the Holy Ghost, disinheriting her children and relatives.

The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, the largest liner afloat, was launched at Stettin on Tuesday, in the presence of the German Emperor and Empress, her Majesty performing the christening ceremony.

A Chinese Commission is about to make a tour of the world in order to study systems of government, it being the intention of the Dowager Empress of China to decree a Parliament twelve years hence.

## Three Men and a Lantern.

By ARTHUR G. MEEZE.

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### PART I.—FOREWORD.

Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," Edward Carpenter's "Art of Creation," and Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite." Three little books whispering a message for all, and each in its own way standing for what is highest in Art, worthiest in Literature, and most enduring—even eternal—in Nature. The first is the social death-agony of an Artist finding expression in a new birth; the second is a Rationalist's entente cordiale with something occult in or behind the mechanism of the universe; and the third is the rich faith of a Mystic who has fathomed the depths of peace and would reveal their glory. Three very different minds subconsciously agreeing in essentials and representing, broadly, Art tempered by suffering, Science amortised to Philosophy, and Religion triumphant in Time and Space—having survived the burial of prejudice and cast off the funeral trappings of creed. Three men with a lantern, albeit in the full blaze of day, each seeking his own soul, and all three finding the same God—the same Higher Self—under a different sign. Three individual strings of the Kosmic Harp adding one harmonic chord to the Music of the Spheres. The nature and significance of this common chord of purpose is all that can be considered here, as any adequate analysis of the substance of the works would carry one beyond available space. What follows, therefore, must be taken rather as an appreciation of points of agreement than as a criticism of form and matter. The books symbolise—not of course objectively, in order of publication, but subjectively, as stages of human development—the Passing of Error, the Coming of Truth, and the Realisation of Hope, under which heads the focussing of their light will be here attempted. In their purely mechanical relation to the heart of things the works are natural products of reaction against the crass materialism of certain high-priests of the cult of Reason, and if the members of this caste ever read the "skimble skamble stuff" from over the border of their own horizon one cannot doubt that they do so only to find that the "reaction" is something that ought to be condemned as also "reactionary." But, however that may be, these writings disclose much subconscious discontent with accredited opinion, and roughly represent the present high-water mark in literature of a mystical drift in current thought. That there is in progress a deep-seated Movement in the Kosmic Consciousness of which the somewhat inchoate body of literature to which these books belong is a reflex, or a manifest, no one with the rudiments of a capacity for perceiving the existence of a great Movement can doubt, but whither it tends, what it means, and who is its true prophet are issues yet to seek. "We who are immobile both see and know," says Wilde inspiredly. "Immobile" is the sacred sign, and when he wrote he was initiate and spoke as one having authority. We are all out in the sunlight with our lanterns dimly burning, and although the hour may not have come for owning some other man as "Master," yet many of us may in these works faintly hear the call of a voice which we, too, follow in our dreams.

### THE PASSING OF ERROR.

Less than half-a-century ago the fanfare of the "eternal procession" was fiercely materialistic; to-day, the cry that is heard in the wilderness comes from beneath the vast material accretions of a mountain in labour that is bringing forth a spiritual mouse. A puny little mouse it may be, but "spiritual" all the same, and one that may yet find access to the "food of the gods" and astonish its material forebears. For a few decades—decades of incubation—physics, chemistry, and biology, with physiology, psychology, and the apogee of mechanical induction, looked like real oases in a desert of elusive appearances. But a change in the point of view has come to us with the new century, and many leaders of thought are now seriously asking whether psychical experience is not, after all, the real oasis, and physical, chemical, and biological phenomena the

hope-dashing mirage. Soothly, the thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns, and, better still, their souls have become attuned to finer issues as each specialist, delving deeper and deeper for his own ore, has drawn nearer and nearer to the one original vein. Let every man but dig his own grave, true to himself alone, true to the plummet-line of the faith that is in him, and eventually he must rest with his fellows at earth's centre—finding there his own mausoleum in the Valhalla of his race. All honest research leads to what the enquirer holds, willy-nilly, in common with others of his kind; and, by forcing upon him the recognition of a basic thread of purpose in all that goes to make up the totality of experience, lands him at last in the bondage of brotherhood. The bitter impress of environment is deadly and mordant only so long as man fails to perceive that he and his surroundings are not two separate entities, but simply one co-operant manifestation, and that the making of an environment is only another symbol for the genesis of a personality. The very process by which man adapts the environment to his needs is the same as that by which his needs adapt man to the environment; and thus the leopard gets his spots, the tiger his stripes, and the arctic bear his coat of white. Action and reaction are equal and opposite throughout the whole scheme of things, and whether the change shows in the organism or in the environment depends upon the line of least resistance. In one way or another we are all wearers of masks and seekers of "protective" coverings: the most despicable and morally dangerous of which perhaps is "respectability," and the worthiest personal perfection. This last, indeed, is the impenetrable armour that love is fashioning for man from the pains of evil and the penalties of wrong, and this is the quest that is justified by the works under consideration. Each of them previsions, as the goal of human effort and the end of all life's restless activities, a perfect personality and an enlightened individualism that shall achieve freedom for itself, as a necessary preliminary of progress, by refusing to tamper with the freedom of others even for their supposed good; an individualism which knows beyond cavil that all selfishness is folly and all Altruism pure humbug or self-deception. Of all the roads to hell that have been paved with good intentions, that laid by the Altruist is facile princeps and owns for its demerit the distinction of being a highway for the exclusive use of the beneficiary. In fear and trembling it is that man makes "laws" to bind his fellow, and not in love; nor because he thinks that his own conduct will ever need the benefit of restraint or deserve punishment. When he is called personally to face the monsters of his own making his first concern is to avoid being found out, and his next to invoke the operation of other "laws" to render nugatory the decrees of the laws he has broken. And the laws he makes and the laws he invokes are justified of Altruism, and the very prisons he builds are the work of the demon who obsessed humanity with this counterfeit presentment of a principle. Hark! This is a cry from—where? Hell? Yes! de profundis—from Feading Gaol:—

I know not whether Laws be right,  
Or whether Laws be wrong;  
All that we know who lie in gaol  
Is that the wall is strong;  
And that each day is like a year,  
A year whose days are long.  
But this I know, that every Law  
That men have made for Man,  
Since first Man took his brother's life,  
And the sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff  
With a most evil fan.

This, too, I know—and wise it were  
If each could know the same—  
That every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame,  
And bound with bars lest Christ should see  
How men their brothers chain.  
With bars they blur the gracious moon,  
And blind the goodly sun:  
And they do well to hide their Hell,  
For in it things are done  
That Son of God nor Son of Man  
Should ever look upon!

And this wrong from the heart of a man who could say, and truly say, "I stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I realised this for myself at the very dawn of my

manhood, and forced my age to realise it afterwards." In the light of his latest published achievement who shall say that this man did wrong when he set himself to pour all life into his golden bowl and drain it to the dregs? As wine he drank it, and was humbled only to be again exalted by the grace of his humility—a humility not meanly subservient, but boldly assertive of his true manhood—a humility which sought a new and loftier realisation of Self, reaching it finally without a taint of bitterness, and resting in it calmly unencumbered and unperturbed by attachment to externals. He sought Himself in the silence of atonement, and found, as all men find in the last resort, that Man is made for exceptions, not for laws—that while there is nothing wrong in what a man does, and therefore nothing wrong in what is done unto him, there may be something wrong in what he becomes. And the becoming here—in "De Profundis"—is it not a Passing of Error? Out of a pious yearning for a "Confraternity of the Faithless" we see one despised and rejected of men shaping for himself a provisional religion above and beyond all creeds, and longing, with the instinct of the Artist, for a ritual of agnosticism—a something not external, but of his own making, and therefore spiritual. "If I may not find its secret within myself I shall never find it: if I have not got it already it will never come to me." He wrote not to defend his conduct, but to explain, and in his heart-searching detachment he discovered to his surprise that the laws under which he was convicted were unjust laws, and the system under which he suffered a bad and unjust system. The laws and the system alike wrong and unjust because unwise, unworthy of the highest in man, and at once an ethical redundancy for the victim and a moral degradation for the architects and the executive of the system. Then, with a foretaste of the omnipotence of resignation, he cries: "I have got to make both of these things just and right to me"—"I have got to make everything that has happened to me good for me." "Simply and without affectation," he says, "the two great turning points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison." From both of these Universities he came forth an exception, and therein is the justification of the one institution and the condemnation of the other. Sin and suffering were, he found, but modes of perfection, and that he could not regret his own experiences without arresting his own development. So "whatever is realised is right," and we are punished for the good as well as for the evil that we do, to the end that we may realise both, and not be too conceited about either. With widening experience he discovered that sorrow is no mystery, but a revelation and the ultimate type of life and art. That pain, unlike pleasure, wears no mask, and that "behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament coarse, hard, and callous." "We all stand in symbolic relation to the secret of life," for the secret of life is suffering, and "love of some kind is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world." It is surprising, but, in the long hours that followed him with leaden feet, he learned to realise "the fierce misery of those who live for pleasure—the strange poverty of the rich—the stupid way in which men "waste their freedom in becoming slaves to things"—the alarming extent to which most people are "other people," and how few of them ever possess their souls before they die. Having thrown the pearl of his own life into a cup of wine he found he could recover it only by becoming what he had never before been—absolutely and entirely himself. The life of a man is no more than the life of a flower, and if it be cut down with the grass and wither, its sorrow and beauty may be made one in their meaning and manifestation by the humility of art, which consists in a frank acceptance of all experiences. "All trials are trials for one's life, as all sentences are sentences of death." Tiring of the articulate utterances of men and things, he turned to the Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature. Here he found respite and repentance, and discovered that the moment of repentance is also the moment of initiation, and that it opens to all the secret of how to alter an apparently irrevocable past. "Show me a sign and I'll come," says the neophyte; "Come, and the sign shall be shown," says the master. He went, and he saw. "Every single work of art is the fulfilment of a prophecy"—the conversion of an ideal into an

image—and all life is, indeed, but the reading of that prophecy. "Those who want a mask have to wear it" was one of the lessons burnt into his heart, and so he turned away with loathing from the whited sepulchre of respectability. "Once at least in his life each man walks with Christ to Emmaus." Finally there came to him a clear intuition of the consensual oneness and solidarity of all that manifests in existence, and he saw, written in flame upon the background of his experience, "Whatever happens to oneself happens to another." Finding there is no difference at all between the lives of others and his own life, he identifies himself with his environment, and is thenceforth initiate of the Brotherhood of Man. And then the basic truth of his larger life and fuller hope takes its own form in symbols of his own creating, until, by the sign of the cross of passion, service, and suffering, his experience ceases to be dumb. Out of the silence and the grave of a buried past it rises spiritual, and its outpouring in "De Profundis" assumes, of divine right, the crown of immortality: "I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good." And so the spirit, sown in corruption, now soars incorruptible as essential literature, supreme art, and true religion.

(To be continued.)

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

CAMBRIDGE SAVANT'S DISCOVERY.

A discovery of great scientific interest in regard to the artificial production of diamonds has been made by Dr. C. V. Burton, a Cambridge savant, who has demonstrated the success of a new method of artificial manufacture not involving high pressure, one of the essential factors in the experiments formerly carried on by Mr. Moissau. By the new process (says the "Daily Chronicle") Dr. Burton has manufactured several hundred gems, about the identity of which he has no doubt. Though they are of small size, their transparency is perfect; they have a high refractive index, and the crystals have mostly faces of the octahedron, modified by the cube and dodecahedron; or, in other words, they possess the well-known characteristics of the natural gem. Dr. Burton has been carrying on experiments for the past five years at intervals. The results were witnessed on Saturday by a "Daily Chronicle" representative with the aid of a microscope magnifying 80 diameters. This magnifier revealed the gems pure as dew at the apparent size of a couple of mustard seeds. So small, in fact, are they actually that a keen scrutiny of several minutes was required to locate them upon the glass microscope mounting, but, once found, these products of the laboratory were well worth looking at. With the customary modesty of the scientific man, Dr. Burton referred to the stones as being of merely theoretical interest. "So far as I know," he said, "the methods I have pursued have not been described. In fact, the diamond has not hitherto been produced artificially without the application of very high pressures. It seems perfectly certain that Moissau discovered the manner in which the diamond is actually produced in nature, but the processes which I have attempted to develop are probably not such as occur in nature. The process," explained Dr. Burton, "is one which involves the employment of a molten alloy of lead with about one per cent. of calcium holding in solution a proportion of carbon. It seems," he added, "to be the calcium which enables the carbon to remain in solution. When the calcium is removed by chemical action, the carbon crystallises out as a diamond." Alluding to the suggestion that the new discovery might lead to the profitable production of artificial diamonds, Dr. Burton said: "There was no such idea contemplated. The results are only tentative; the experiments are only in a preliminary stage, and certainly, so far as it looks at present, the research only promises to be of scientific interest. Of course, there is no reason we know of why diamonds should not be produced of considerable size, only we have to find out how to do it. We don't know how to engineer the process so as to get diamonds of considerable size or even to get a great number in the form of powder of minute crystals. The whole gist of my experiments has been an attempt to get the crystallisation of carbon at comparatively low temperature, so that high pressure will not be necessary."

HISTORY OF SOAP.

The history of soap is heavily shrouded in the mists of the past. Its origin is a fruitful theme for speculation. It is mentioned in the Old Testament, but what has there been translated "soap" is taken to mean merely "alkali." The name is derived from the Celtic word "sebon," and from that it has been supposed that it is to the Celtic peoples we owe the article itself. This view is somewhat strengthened by the fact that the earliest mention of soap is a reference by Pliny to its existence among the Gauls, who prepared it from goats' fat and the ashes of the beech tree. Among the ruins of Pompeii was found a soap factory, with a quantity of soap in a perfect state of preservation. According to one writer, the date of the introduction of soap into Britain was somewhere about the fourteenth century. Before that time it would appear as if fuller's earth was one of the principal detergents employed. Indeed, we find it was regarded as so valuable that it was made contraband and its exportation illegal. Of the development of the manufacture and use of soap there is little known (says a writer in "Britain at Work"). As early as the ninth century, Marseilles, which had the advantage of being situated in convenient proximity to the raw materials used in the manufacture, did an extensive trade. The first patent for the improvement of the manufacture of soap in this country seems to have been obtained in 1622. In that year a company was granted a monopoly of the trade in Britain, paying for the privilege £20,000 per annum for 3,000 tons of soap, or nearly 3d. per lb. Trouble ensued. Some makers refused to join the "combine," and the King had to order that all soap must be examined by the company. In 1633 sixteen manufacturers were sentenced to heavy fines and imprisonment by the Star Chamber for disobeying the King's command, two of the poor men dying in prison. A few years later the monopoly was surrendered for the sum of £40,000. The soap-maker, however, had not yet reached the end of his troubles, for in 1711 a tax of a penny in the pound was levied on the commodity. In 1816 the duty on hard soap was as high as 3d. per lb. This was the summit of the imposition, which was gradually reduced and abolished in 1853.

UNCONVENTIONAL WEDDINGS.

Immediately Edison was married, it is said, he retired to his laboratory, and was soon deep in some difficult problem relating to an invention on which he was engaged (says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). Voluntarily, or by force of circumstances, a good many people "celebrate" their wedding in an equally unconventional fashion. They cannot or will not shirk work even on so auspicious an occasion. Professional engagements cause many people to work on their wedding day. Love alliances are sometimes formed during long runs of plays, with the result that a couple engaged in one get married in the morning and appear on the stage as usual in the evening. The same thing occasionally happens during a pantomime "run." Some years ago a "principal boy" married a gentleman well known in a northern city, and afterwards answered her "call." On another occasion, in the same town, two members of a pantomime company were married without breaking their engagement. This was an excellent advertisement for the "show." On the night of their wedding day the house was packed, and bride and bridegroom were given a splendid reception. Fast and furious, too, was the fun, some of it, not unrehearsed merely, but absolutely unpremeditated. One incident convulsed everybody. In a burlesque love scene, the bridegroom—a low comedian—had to say to the bride. "But you do love me, don't you, darling?" To which the authorised reply was: "What, with a face like that?" But on this particular night the answer came from the gallery: "Just at present she does, old man, or she wouldn't have married you!" Another class of people who work on their wedding day do so more from choice than from necessity. They object to lose a day's pay, and so absent themselves from work only just long enough to get married. Couples have left a Lancashire cotton mill, walked to church, been joined in matrimony, gone straight back to the factory, and remained at work till the usual hour—5.30. Afterwards the wedding "stir" has taken place, and at six o'clock on the following morning both bride and bridegroom have been at work. This practice is not as common as it used to be; but it has not yet died out in Lancashire.

HOTEL DEADHEADS.

Restaurant or hotel deadheads are selected with discrimination, and, as can be imagined, those in most request are the ones with handles to their names (says the writer of an article in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). The reason of this is that a paragraph mentioning their presence at dinner can be despatched to the Press and a free advertisement secured. It is only of recent years that newspapers have taken to printing this sort of news in their "Society" columns, and the innovation has been the means of bringing no little grist to the mills of the restaurateurs. The public, chary of patronising an establishment of which they know nothing, on reading that Lord Blank or Sir John Dash "entertained a company of friends to dinner at the new Restaurant Colossus," are suitably impressed by the weighty intelligence, and resolve to give the "Colossus" a trial. Prominent among the restaurant deadheads of to-day is a distinguished lady of title—a smart society dame. Her services are invaluable, notwithstanding that her terms are high. She will condescend to lend her patronage to a new hotel or restaurant of the best type on the following conditions: (1) That for a period of a month she may have as many meals for herself and friends as she chooses without paying a penny piece; (2) that she is handed a handsome cheque in advance; (3) that every dish is of the finest quality; and (4) that the chef is a master of his art. In return for this she will draw the attention of her friends to the establishment. Should she be dissatisfied on her first visit with the way in which the food is prepared and served, however, she is released from her obligations. Even noblemen are not averse to a free meal. Usually they are asked to test the cooking, and, regarding themselves as connoisseurs, they frequently consent to do so. The dishes provided are faultless, as are also the wines, the liquors, and the cigars, for the staff are on their mettle, and the dinner costs the host perhaps twenty pounds. The outlay is amply justified, for, apart from the nobleman's personal recommendation, there is the "Society" paragraph in the Press already alluded to, which in itself will create custom worth far more than twenty sovereigns.

HOW THE WILLOW TREE GOT TO NEW ZEALAND.

It may be of interest to know that the weeping willow in New Zealand came from the willow tree that grew beside the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. In the year 1840 H. M. brig Britomart cast anchor in the harbour of Akaroa (Bank's Peninsula, Canterbury). The object of the brig's advent to this place was the proclamation of the Queen's sovereignty over the southern islands of New Zealand, and thus to forestall the expected French mission, which was known to have a similar object in view on behalf of the French Government. Five days after the British flag was unfurled the French man-of-war, L'Aube, arrived, but too late. The next day the Comte de Paris entered Akaroa with emigrants from Bordeaux to found their expected colony. On the voyage to New Zealand the vessels touched at St. Helena, and cuttings were taken from the willow that grew beside the grave of their great countryman, and from these cuttings we have the weeping willows in New Zealand.—"The Garden."

HORIZONTAL MOTORISTS.

Motor speed is an absorbing topic just now. The greatest efforts seem to be in the direction of decreasing it. A contributor to "The Motor Cycle," however, is bold enough to suggest increasing it. Hold your peace, anti-motorists! his suggestion only applies to racing tracks. He says: "An illustration on this page shows the racing position of the future (the rider is full length along the machine, Ed.) if the present record times are to be improved on. I happened to spend last winter at St. Moritz, where I had several runs down the Cresta, and was much struck with the way the riders, flying down the ice run on toboggans at speeds of over 80 miles an hour in some places, lay as flat as possible to offer the least possible wind resistance. I tried to run down sitting up, and found that it was impossible to attain a speed of over forty miles an hour while lying down the speed was only limited by what one could take the curves at."



**CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK—GLOUCESTERSHIRE V. AUSTRALIANS.**

- 1. Messrs. Duff, Howell, Kelly, and Noble watching Darling bat.
- 2. E. M. Grace.
- 3. Colonel and Miss Arbuthnot, early arrivals.
- 4. V. Trumper.

- 5. Noble. 6. Kelly. 7. Clem Hill.
- 8. Monday, 12 noon. Pitch under water.
- 9. Jessop and Brownlee going out to field.



**CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK—GLOUCESTERSHIRE V. AUSTRALIANS.**

1. Messrs. F. Laver, Iredale, Darling, and Jessop have a chat.
2. F. Laver batting.
3. Iredale, Woof, Hill, and McLeod looking at the wicket.

4. Trumper, Kelly, and Woof.
5. The Press inspects the wicket.
6. Hill and Darling going in to bat.

## "Selina Jenkins"

AND THE ECLIPSE.

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"About this 'ere eclipse, Amos," says I, one day last week, "as is in everybody's mouth now. I spose we must go and see it, wick its a wonder to me they 'aven't put it down in the list of engagements up to Montpellier, as would 'ave been a wonderful draw, and no mistake, if they could 'ave got it up in the gardings with tarpaulin's around, and nowheres else in the country, as would 'ave made Mr. Newton's fortune, for certain, with egscursions from all parts and subscribers sixpence extry." "Wot d'you mean," says Amos; "anybody would think you didn't know wot a eclipse is! 'ow do you think they could shut folks out from seein' of a thing as takes place up in the heavins, afore everybody's face; wick you does say some things, Selina, that you does; as makes me think sometimes you speaks first and thinks a'terwards, instead of the reverse way backwards, as you ought to do! Now, ow could they shut a eclipse up in Montpellier Gardings, answer me that?" "Now then, Amos," I says, "none of yer airs and graces, wick if you 'adn't been readin' of it hup so much out of the papers that there cake of mine as I put you to mind wouldn't 'ave been burnt to a cinder, as the sayin' is, while you was a pourin' over the newspaper, wick I was never so upset in me born days at losin' all they eggs as I put into it, not to mention makin' sich a sneech of burnin', as was enuff to wake the dead (unless they was readin' hup about eclipses and things), and, as you knows very well, the pleeceman from over the road knocked to the door to know if he should call up the fire brigade, becoss of the smell of burnin' as come up from the back-kitchen window; and you knows besides 'ow I've offered that there cake to 4 'ungry tramps as 'ave come beggin', and not one of 'em would so much as look at it, while one of 'em wanted me to pay 'im for carryin' of it away, thinkin' it were a piece of coke!"

"No! I don't 'old with worritin' me brains with wot eclipses is, not with such a 'usband as you to worrit me life out; 'owsomever, if you knows sich a lot about 'em, you mite 'and over a little of the useful hinfornation as you've gleaned at the expense of my cake!" "Well, Selina," says Amos, "I will admit I forgot that there cake, like King Arthur after the battle of Sedgmoor, but I've studied the matter hup until I flatters meself I knows all about eclipses! You see, its like this: the word eclipse means a sort of hoval hegg shape, and so the sun goes round in a hoval—"

"Well, but 'ow can the sun go round in a hoval, Amos; it aint nateral; it must be one thing or another?"

"You wait a bit," says he; "the sun goes hegg shaped once every so-many years, and when the wots-is-name of the wot-is-it comes in a straight line with the wot-de call-it—the moon bein' at the same time on the hother side of where it generally speakin' oughter not to be—then the shadow of the hearth is throwed by the—I forget wot it is now—on the surface of the dihameter, and causes an eclipse! See!"

"Well! well! Now," says I, "what a mercy it is it don't 'appen very hoften, with sich dreadful things as dihameters 'appenin' in our very midst," says I; "wick they do say there's another due fer 1912, 'owever, and I can't think wot it is causes of 'em jest allow now; whether its the heat or wot, I don't know, or whether its summut to do with they spots as the sun gets on his face every spring, so they says, for all the world as if he were a 'uman bein' with spring breakins-out, wick the best thing for sich is brimstone and treacle, taken on a rastin' stummuck, as I considers, but I spose never 'aven't been thought of for the sun-spots! 'Owever, now you've explained it to me a bit, I think I know's more about it, Amos," I says; "and I'll give 'im 'is due, its wonderful 'ow he do remember these 'ere scientific things; jest think of 'im rememberin' that there about the dihameters! I can't think 'ow he does it! I couldn't if I tried, not havin' no 'ead fer scientific things, not since I went to a chemistry lecture and nearly got blowed up through a himitation torpedo 'avin' been set off under the seat where I were, by electricity, before it were meant to go, through the lecturer touchin' the button unbeknownst in his 'aste to egspain somethink scientifick. Since wick time I 'aven't no likin' for science or

chymistry egscperiments. Still," as I said to Amos, "if everybody else was agoin' to see this 'ere eclipse, we must do it, too."

Amos went down to the station to see if there was any egscursions goin' to be run to fav'able spots for to see it, but there wasn't nothink but a trip to Spain, as went off a week or 10 days before, and so wern't no good of, not to speak of p'raps fallin' into the 'ands of brighams and sich-like, and never seein' ome again, as you don't catch me a-doin' of, thank you, not for 40 eclipses! 'Owever, we decided to go hup w Cleeve 'Ill on the trams, wick it said in the paper were a better spot than anywhere to see eclipses off, becoss I spose, of its bein' higher and consequently nearer to the sun's "dihameters!" Amos 'ad read in the directions, somewhere, as 'ow a smoked glass was the best think to see the sun through when there was a eclipse on. I couldn't see why, not meself, becoss I should think you could see better with yer naked eye (pardin' me mentionin' "naked") than through a smoked glass! Still, Amos would 'ave it jest so; as cracked one of my best tumblers, through holdin' of it over the candle until it were coated with black smoke inside, and dropped in two pieces directly I come to wash it afterwards, as shows eclipses don't pay, in my baynyon. But the best laid schemes of mice and men goes wrong, as they says, wick certingly come true in our case! You see it were like this 'ere! Amos's watch is a very hold one, of the turnit buid', as were left 'im by his grand-father back in them days when there wasn't no trains to catch, and no call to keep to any pertickler time. Well, this 'ere watch 'as a sort of a 'abit of stoppin' for breath, so to say, now and again fer an hour or so and then goin' on again, as makes it very difficult if you 'as an engagement to keep to. So we decided we'd 'ave our bit of dinner at 12, and then start off for the Hill dreckly a'terwards, so as not to keep things about. I must tell you it were a bit of beefsteak pie fer dinner, as is a pertickler fancy dish of Amos's, and well I knows it, becoss of 'im 'avin' took 4 helpings, as was intended to last all the week and do fer Sunday cold with a bit of 'ash, but 'is fallin' too so veraciously upset my kalkulations altogether; and needs be that he must 'ave 40 winks after he'd 'ad this 'ere plenteous repast, as the sayin' is, wick, of course, I'm always pleased to see the vittles eaten up in reason. becoss it shows the cookin's all rite and is better than all yer compliments! And I don't know but wot I didn't 'ave a bit of a snooze meself, although I wouldn't tell Amos, becoss I considers 'twas all his fault, and that hold time-piece of 'is, as ought to be sold fer old iron, I says, after wot 'appened!

Well, I 'ad a dream, in wick I dreamp we'd gone to see the eclipse hup to Montpellier, and jest when I come up to the turnstile I found I'd left me purse at 'ome, on wick Amos pulls out his turnip-lever and asked the man if he'd let him thro' fer that; upon wick I dreamp the turnstile man took the watch and threw it down on the ground, as burst with a loud report, and—I woke hup to find the cat 'ad pulled the remains of the pie off the table and broke the dish all to hatoms!

It took me a tidy time to clean it up and give that there cat "wot for," but when we looked at the watch—not dreamin' this time—it wanted half an hour and five minutes to the time fer the eclipse to appear, so it were all rite, as it seemed. Wick we locked up the 'ouse, and very soon was on the way up to Cleeve in the tram.

On the way up the motor-man, as knows Amos a bit, said, "Did you see the eclipse?" Amos thought it were a joke, so he jest laffed, and said, "Now then, none of yer larks!" A bit farther on there was Mary Ann Tomkins comin' down, as called to me and said somethink as I couldn't quite catch, but it did seem silly of 'er to be comin' back, jest when it were to be seen! 'Ow-somdever, we gets on the top of the 'ill after a bit, and we looks out a good place under the shelter of a rock, becoss you never knows, does you? One of these 'ere dihameters mite strike anybody, who knows? And Amos got 'is smoked tumbler all ready and jest glanced at the time once more.

"It's all rite, Selina," he says, "it still wants half an hour and 5 minnits to the time advertized!"

"Amos!" I says, the 'orrible truth dawnin' on me mind! "give me that there watch of your'n"; and puttin' it to me ears—"Jest as I thought," I said, "we've missed the 'hole thing thro' this

'ere dratted timepiece; can't you see its stopped at 5 and 20 past 12, wick 'ere we've been and gone and went and missed this 'ere eclipse; and there aint another till 19 hundred and I don't-know-when! As is jest like a man, to 'ave a thing of a watch like that! If it had been left to me, we should 'ave seed everythink, dihameters and all!" I can tell you, I was very cross, esspecially after we 'avin' promised to 'rite a description of it for the "Chronicle"; but, as Amos says, the pie was very tasty!

## THE INVENTOR OF THE SPINNING MULE.

An illustrated article in the "Magazine of Commerce" tells the story of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning mule. Crompton was born at Firwood Fold, a suburb of Bolton, in 1753. His parents had a farm there, and in their spare hours carded, spun, and wove cotton. Crompton laboured for years at his machine, and the dim lights in his garret at nightfall attracted public attention. Prying eyes climbed the trees near the Hall to watch his operations; more daring spirits found a way to his windows; while others scaled the roof—all with one determination, to filch his secret; for he had begun to turn out weft of such strength and fineness as was never before dreamt of. For this he could command his own price. The hand-spinners were up in arms, and threatened to smash the machine. When Crompton heard the wreckers in the neighbourhood, he smartly took his mule to pieces, and hid it in a huge box in the garret. This he deftly covered over with the clay which composed the garret floor, so that the box had the appearance of a common earth-heap. He saved his mule, set it up again, and spun in secret as aforetime. We have but one of Crompton's original mules remaining. This may be seen to-day at the Chadwick Museum, Bolton. It was probably made about 1780, and has in it the embodiment of the main features of the mule of to-day. Strange as it may seem, with all the enormous advances of mechanical science and its application during the past hundred years, the principles of Crompton's mule are as closely followed to-day as when his secret was divulged to the world. Crompton declined all offers of partnership, and failed to patent his invention. He gave his mule 'o the world, and cotton-spinning in Lancashire was completely revolutionised. A subscription list was tardily built up, amounting in all to £67 6s. 6d. Many subscribers promised a guinea, but none paid more than 5s. 6d. He applied to Parliament for fair remuneration. His friend, John Brown, went to London to help him, but was so discomfited that he committed suicide at his lodgings. Crompton then travelled south, and himself sought help from the Commons. On May 11, 1812, Spencer Perceval, then Premier, was about to enter the House to plead for £10,000 for Crompton, when the pistol of the assassin, Bellingham, laid him low. Crompton eventually received £5,000, with which he resumed business at Darwen, and later at King-street, Bolton.

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## THE STATUS OF THE COMMERCIAL MAN.

Engineers have now such a well-recognised status of their own that they do not require to trouble themselves about what the "learned professions" think of them. But the commercial man has no educational status, however well educated and highly cultured he may be. Any fool with an Oxford degree is accepted by society as a gentleman. The banker, the financier, the stockbroker, the merchant, and the manufacturer have all to establish their individual claims to be gentlemen. A call to the Bar makes a "learned brother" of anyone who can scrape through a few easy examinations, while a man who is familiar with every country in the world and has all the mysteries of foreign trade at his finger-ends is merely "something in the City." These invidious distinctions matter little in actual life; they are names rather than things; but they are a serious obstacle to the development of higher commercial education. Hitherto the older universities have traded to a large extent on their imaginary power to give their graduates the hall-marks of culture and gentility. All the teaching power and the scientific prestige of the new universities will not give them a strong hold on parental Philistines until the culture and gentility difficulties are got over.—Mr. W. R. Lawson, in the "Magazine of Commerce."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

"May the trade of Cheltenham (in slabs) be trodden upon by all the world" is a new toast or sentiment that might be appropriately proposed and sincerely honoured at future post prandial proceedings in the Garden Town. This idea suggested itself to me last Sunday on seeing a number of large square slabs being laid down on the up-platform of the Great Western Railway Station at Gloucester, and on being informed that they were a trial lot from the factory of the Cheltenham Corporation. These slabs replace blue bricks at the upper end of the platform, whereupon from time to time many feet have trodden and wheels of trucks passed over. The new paving will therefore have a good test in durability, and I daresay that, if it stands this successfully, its introduction will pave the way to an extensive use of Cheltenham's refuse, converted by fire and admixture into slabs, upon Great Western platforms. I think I have pointed out before now that the company took a considerable quantity of the soil of Cheltenham, being surplus earth, from the site of St. James's-square Station, over to Gloucester and used it to construct wharves. And the G.W.R. Co. has for some weeks past sent daily through Cheltenham a train of some 25 trucks of earth that has been excavated at Newnham up to the new works at Chipping Norton Junction, where it is required for filling up or embankments. Indeed, railway companies throughout the country are responsible for having shifted immense quantities of the "freehold" of one district into another.

Last Monday there left the Garden Town some 150 souls whose departure will not figure in the fashionable list. This exodus was the annual fit of the hoppers from Lower Dockham into Herefordshire to pick the bine in the fields there under a contract of labour. It was a strange sight—the entraining at the Great Western Station of these men, women, and children, with pots, pans, and kettles, from a fashionable town. Still, there must be some satisfaction to observant onlookers in the reflection that the motley passengers are going to earn much-needed money by honest labour and under healthy and pleasant conditions, provided the weather be fine. The prospect of a monetary harvest for the pickers is decidedly better than last year, for the 1905 crop is a heavy one, and the in-gathering will take a much longer time than in 1904.

The Ancient Order of Druids provided the newspapers with some good copy in the dull season with their semi-public (more public than semi) initiation of 29 members at historic Stonehenge, the Mecca of Druidism. Readers of the "Graphic" will remember that two years ago it immortalised the initial initiation there by the Gloucester Lodge in reproducing two photographs of the pioneers in their robes and beards. I am glad that the Most Noble Grand Arch duly recognised the position of the Gloucesterians as pioneers by coupling the name of its senior officer with the toast of the "Provincial Grand Lodges." Although all the titled brethren who were expected there did not turn up to see Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., the owner of Stonehenge, made a Druid, I think the Gloucester Lodge is to be congratulated on having started with a "King" and followed it up with an "Earl" initiate. GLEANER.

JOHN PEEL.

It will be news to many of our readers that John Peel was quite a modern man, although in the minds of most of us he has a purely legendary existence. He died as recently as 1854. Mr. (now Sir) Wilfrid Lawson in his young days often hunted with John Peel, and after the death of the old sportsman became possessed of his pack of hounds.—"The Academy"

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
The Presbyterian Church of England official handbook shows that the number of congregations has gone up from 271, with a membership of 51,013, to 350, with a membership of 83,113. The estimated value of the Church property in 1875 was £973,485; now it is £2,303,767. The Presbyterian churches throughout the world associated with the Presbyterian Alliance now include 3,514 congregations, with 5,137,323 members.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS FED.

When Montesquieu said that dinner killed one-half of the Parisians, and supper the other half, he might have spoken for London as well. When one thinks of the succession of heavy meats, of the capons and the boars' heads, the luscious pasties, the creams, stuffings, and mincemeats which the ladies of the family spent all their time and ingenuity in devising, one is tempted to rejoice that such domesticity is indeed a lost art, and to think that to the incapacity of the modern cook and to the indifference of the modern house-keeper is owing no little part of such health and spirits as one has. And then the world not only ate so enormously and so injudiciously, but so often! The terrible breakfast, with small beer and table groaning with large meats, precluded, indeed, a lengthy mid-day meal. But by three or four o'clock great-grandpapa and grandmamma were feeding again. As late as the early Victorian period this fearful repast embraced about twelve courses, all enormously heavy and indigestible, and, so far as possible, put on the table together, so that the diner could see his troubles in front of him, and know the worst at once. Does the present age quite realise that when its forefathers had sat, perhaps, three hours over this meal, drunk steadily for two or three more, and taken a dish of tea with their women-kind, the whole party then returned to the dining-room and had a supper on the cold remains of the dinner?—"The Diseases of the Eighteenth Century," in the "Cornhill Magazine."



THE KING'S WALKING STICKS.

It is known that the King has a great fancy for curious walking sticks, his Majesty has been the recipient of a number amounting to close upon a thousand, most of them having more or less remarkable associations. One that is highly valued was made from a branch of the famous Boscobel Oak, into which King Charles II. climbed to evade the Cromwellian soldiers after his defeat at Worcester. This stick was used almost always, in latter years, by Queen Victoria, who had the round nob of the Stuart period replaced by a souvenir of her Empire of India, a little idol, part of the loot at Seringatapan. In the matter of wood, whether growing or cut, the King is a discriminating judge, says "The Penny Magazine"; indeed, it is said at Sandringham that his Majesty is the best forester on the estate." having had a thoroughly practical training in the subject under the strict supervision of his father, and being himself, as a man, very much interested in it. He has been known to stop and demonstrate to a "hedger" the advisability of changing his own intention in the matter of lopping or leaving, with the result that the rustic, unconscious of the individuality of his rival in the craft, was heard afterwards to admit—albeit grudgingly—"And, if you'll believe me, the gentleman was right!"



THE HOLIDAY INSTINCT.

It is useful (remarks the "Lancet") that there should be times when men can endeavour to realise the measure of vigour of which their frames are capable. The consciousness of physical capacity, even though circumstances prevent its perpetual maintenance at the highest pitch, will go far to preserve a healthy equipoise of mind and body. On the other hand, the discovery of failing physical power will often lead a man at a critical moment in the history of some unsuspected pathological condition to take medical advice. The holiday instinct is after all an elemental call to fresh air and exercise, to healthy hunger and thirst and sleep, which has merely become more clamorous of late years as a protest against the raids upon human endurance created by modern conditions. We should not be deaf to the call. As to the nature of a holiday, of that each man must be his own judge within limits. It is idle to lay down any axiom—even the oft-repeated statement that the truest holiday is that which forms the most complete change from the everyday groove is not necessarily accurate. It is, for example, foolish of the mountaineer to start upon great ventures when fresh from his desk. He may say that in doing so he is exactly taking that stock of his physical capacity which we suggest is useful, but he is doing so in a foolish manner. The holiday must be planned so that it is a source of refreshment; no immoderate athleticism should be allowed to make it a cause of future fatigue.

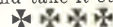
A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

Some time ago we were excited by news that a message had come to earth from Mars. It took the form of an aerolite, and dropped conveniently near the garden of Professor Jeremiah McDonald, at Binghamton, New York State. The professor was making his way home in the early morning hours, when, in a blinding flash of light, an object buried itself in the ground near him. On being dug out, it proved to be a metallic mass which had been fused by intense heat. When cooled and broken open, we are told, "inside was found what might have been a piece of metal, on which were a number of curious marks like writer characters"—which characters, it was interesting to learn, "bore some resemblance to Egyptian handwriting." Mars is our neighbouring world. A popular belief has grown up in the existence of intelligent beings on Mars. So here, indeed, was a message from Mars! A delightful story, certainly; but attempts to read this "message" can only be so much time wasted. It was the "metal inside" which racked the brains of the Yankee reporter, and suggested to him that the message had been wrapped by careful Martians in a casing of another metal, black in colour; but both are one and the same. A black casing, or rind, is common to all aerolites, and is created by fusion of the surface by the intense heat set up by friction with our atmosphere, as the aerolite dashes through to earth. As to the "message" in unreadable hieroglyphics, figures of the kind are not uncommon, and are largely due to crystallisation.—"Things that Fall from the Sky," in the "Windsor Magazine."



A POSTAL PAWNSHOP.

It is rare that the pawnshop is a vital part of the national life of a people, but such is the case in Italy. This is true to such an extent that the Government is now considering a plan by which people may be relieved from the excessive rates of interest they are compelled to pay to private brokers. The great curse of the Italian poorer classes is their vanity, the savings which they might put in the banks being devoted to the purchase of ornaments of gold or silver. When the time of need comes these articles go to the pawnshops, of which there is a great deficiency, the total number being 533 to 8,262 communes. The majority charge a rate which, with the Government tax, amounts to fully 15 per cent., many of the shops working on borrowed capital being compelled to charge this rate to make a profit. In 1896 there were 6,513,458 articles pawned, on which were raised 103,830,735 lire. Of this number of pledges 411,607 were abandoned. The Government (says "The Penny Magazine") now proposes to utilise the money—some 900,000,000 lire—which has been accumulated by the poorer classes in the postal savings funds, for the purpose of making loans on precious metals. The loans will be made at a low rate of interest, and the entire postal system will be adapted to the use of the department. It will thus be possible to pawn an article in any portion of the kingdom, and take it out elsewhere.



TRANSPORT IN GREAT CITIES.

In some quarters the opinion has been expressed, says "The Electrical Magazine," that even if apparently adequate transit facilities are afforded in London, congestion will still hamper speedy transport, and a similar dilemma will confront the highway authorities. When the arguments for and against such a view are sifted, the balance of opinion seems to us to favour it distinctly. The question resolves itself into one of supply and demand, and it can reasonably be assumed that with augmented facilities for the greater flow of traffic, the density of the avenues of transport would proportionately increase. In an astonishingly short space of time, methods of locomotion have been improved almost to the limits imposed by the design of the vehicles in question, while the means of reproducing each particular type have correspondingly grown. Obviously the provision of broader, longer, and better highways within a city's boundaries must stimulate the demand for the improved forms of vehicles, and upon this process of expansion there seems to be no let or hindrance. While heartily approving of the many excellent suggestions of the Traffic Commission, several of which should be put in practice without delay, we feel that our approbation of a long and strenuously prosecuted inquiry must be qualified by a want of confidence in any panacea prescribed for what is really a cumulative complaint in crowded cities or towns.

## PETROL &amp; PICTURES.

[BY "ARIEL."]

## TESTING THE CAMERA.

Fog is one of the commonest and most trying defects which the beginner in photography has to contend against. It is known by the image on the negative being covered everywhere with a deposit. Fog may be due to many things, but is most commonly caused by one of three things: over-exposure of the plate; the camera not being light-tight; the dark room not being light-tight. Fog from over-exposure of the plate can easily be recognised. The image appears flat, and all the details show faintly. The remedy for fog from this cause is obvious. If the camera is suspected of not being quite light-tight, it should be carefully examined. The very best method I know is to set the camera up in the open air, rack out to the equivalent focus of the lens, insert the dark-slide, in which, of course, a plate will be placed, and draw the slide, keeping the lens covered. Keep the slide drawn for a few minutes, then go into the dark-room and develop the plate, using a developer with plenty of bromide in it. If the plate fogs, it may safely be assumed that the camera is not light-tight. Now the place or places where the light enters has to be discovered. Sufficient light to fog a plate sometimes contrives to creep in through the diaphragm slot if a stop is not used. To find stray gleams in the camera, place the head under the focussing cloth, with the ground glass turned back, and then after a minute or two, when the eyes have become accustomed to the darkness, any stray gleams of light entering the bellows will be seen. It is a good plan for a friend to hold a lighted candle close to the bellows—the gleams of light are then more distinctly seen. So much for testing the camera. It is a very easy thing to test the safeness of your dark-room light. Place a plate in the dark-slide, working with the back to the light, draw the shutter, and place the slide in the place on the table usually occupied by the dish when developing. On a part of the plate place a small piece of opaque black paper. Leave the plate exposed to the light for about two minutes, and then develop it in as dim a light as possible. Use a developer with plenty of bromide in it. If a fog appears everywhere except where the plate was covered with the piece of opaque black paper, it may be concluded that the light is unsafe, and a deeper tint of ruby glass must be used in the dark-room lamp. Sometimes, but not very frequently in these days of ready-to-use developers, fog is caused by using too strong a developer. The developer can easily be tested in the following manner:—Take a plate from the box the plates are bought in, lay it in a dish, and pour over it the developer it is required to test. These operations should be performed in the dark, or at least with the faintest possible light. If the plate shows fog after these precautions, it is due to the developer being too strong—either containing too much alkali, or else not enough bromide.

## CHEAP DISHES.

The question of dishes is rather a serious one to the amateur, when he starts enlarging from his small negatives, and tackles large sheets of bromide paper. The large size of the dishes required makes them very expensive. However, the amateur need not despair; serviceable dishes can be made easily and at very little cost, which will answer all requirements. Medium size dishes can even be made of paper. A specially prepared waterproof paper can be obtained at any photographic stores for the purpose—and it should be bought cut to size—which must be at least four inches larger each way than the sheet of bromide paper. The paper should be folded on each side, the folds being two or three inches; the corners may then be pinched together, and the sides may be made to stand up so as to form a dish. Wooden clips can be bought to hold the corners securely. These paper dishes do very well for medium sizes of paper, but for larger work something more substantial is required. Box-lids come in very handy for making larger size dishes. Of course cracks have to be filled up and the lids made watertight before they can be used as dishes for holding solutions. The cracks and corners should be filled up with putty,

and after this is dry, the whole lid can be made watertight by giving it a coating of the following solution:—Asphalt 2ozs.; mineral naphtha 5ozs.; pure indiarubber 30grs. Cyclists can use, instead of the indiarubber, which sometimes is very difficult to obtain, the rubber solution contained in repair outfits. Two coatings of the above solution, well rubbed in with a brush, each coat being allowed to thoroughly dry before another is applied, will make any wood or cardboard dish watertight. The cardboard lids of plate boxes come in very serviceable sometimes as dishes, if they are treated with the above solution. Do not put on the solution near a fire; the vapour is extremely inflammable.

## TOWING RISKS.

Towing by motor-cycle is very pleasant if the risks are fully appreciated. It should be remembered that as the motor-cyclist will generally switch off and raise the exhaust valve when going down hill, the ordinary free-wheel cycle will quickly over-shoot the towing machine and probably disaster will result. Therefore, the rider of the cycle should be warned to always be quite ready to apply the brakes.

## THE FASCINATION OF BUSINESS.

The idea is firmly lodged in the minds of many people that there is something almost degrading in trade. Thus writes Mr. Howard Bridgewater in the current number of the "Magazine of Commerce," taking as his subject the "Fascination of Business." The age (he continues) which gave birth to that suggestion produced also the crinoline, and is noted for some of the most hideous architecture, ponderous literature, Dundreary whiskers, and many other monstrosities too numerous to mention. The idea died about the time when bustles went out and bicycles came in. Quicker movement must have quickened our thoughts.

I do not know (continues Mr. Bridgewater) of anything which is really as fascinating as business, if you give it half a chance. It's like a game of chess or draughts. First you settle your policy or general plan of attack, then you find that in view of what your rival is doing your policy will need to be modified if you are to be successful. Then, having got things shipshape again, you will, if you are wise, surprise your adversary with a little scheme of your own. If this fails, try another; but if you are confident that the scheme is a good one, don't withdraw your forces till you have given them a fair chance to score a win.

Let me mention here an achievement of my own. Exactly the nature of the business which I was trying to bring off I will not explain; but an idea occurred to me, from something which I had observed, that I should be able to do business with a certain official in one of our most distant Colonies; so I wrote him a letter—a most seductive letter—which I felt he couldn't possibly resist. But he did resist it, for all I got was a letter stating that my letter was to hand and would receive attention in due course. Well, you know what that means!

I gave him a chance to write again, but in case he should forget—as people are very apt to do when they write to you like that—I took a note to give him a reminder if I didn't hear by a certain date. As I expected, no reply came; so I wrote again, and, not getting an answer to that letter, I wrote again, and kept on writing at intervals for two years.

Then, just as I was beginning to think that I had had about enough, I got not only a reply, but a good order into the bargain. And, having executed this order to the gentleman's complete satisfaction, I got another, and I hope to go on doing business in that quarter for a very long time to come. There's nothing like pertinacity. Stick to your man like beeswax, and eventually, with a little jiu jitsu thrown in, you'll bring him down.

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In his latest opera, "Salome," Herr Richard Strauss introduces a new wind instrument called the Keckelphone, which is played like an oboe, and is said to excel both a bassoon and a cornet in power and purity of tone.

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PLAYING WITH DEATH FOR A LIVING.

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Glamour of national service surrounds the proffered self-sacrifice of the submarine crew. The "steeped-jack" follows his risky trade because he needs the money he earns in that way, remarks a contributor to the current issue of "T.A.T." Not long since a man was seen working on the outside of the sloping dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Spectators turned away with shudders, and declared it foolhardy that anyone should risk his life in such a manner. Yet there are dozens of duties just as hazardous which twentieth century progress entails upon those who may be truly ranked as "men unafraid." At times men, looking like mere specks, so far aloft are they, may be seen hanging to the cables of lofty suspension bridges. These cables, made of steel, must be oiled at intervals to prevent them from becoming rusted. While performing this work the men hang far above the water, and the slightest mischance would probably result in instant death. Window cleaning is another hazardous occupation when the windows are in the upper floors of a building of ten or more storeys high. These cleaners wear belts about their waists, by which they attach themselves to hooks on the outside of the window frames when cleansing the exterior side of the glass. Thus harnessed, they lean backward over a dizzy height and work as nonchalantly as if on the ground. But one cannot help thinking of what would happen should one of the straps give way. Men engaged in the erection of the exceedingly tall buildings of to-day face death in many ways. The great steel beams are hoisted high in the air and placed in position by powerful cranes. Men ride on the swinging booms of the cranes, far above the street level, scramble about upon the skeleton structure, and sometimes may be seen resting or eating lunch quietly perched upon the narrow limits of a projecting metal pillar. It seems at times as if the workmen upon the top of a giant building skeleton take pleasure in seeking out and exposing themselves upon the most perilous places. Men who erect exceedingly tall chimneys also do so at more or less risk of life. Some modern chimneys are lifted skyward and swung into position in sections, with workmen coolly taking aerial trips upon them. The great peril that constantly confronts men who work in such hazardous trades is not the danger itself, paradoxical as such statement may seem, but the fact that constant association with it makes them careless.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 245.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:—  
"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

NEXT WEEK:  
"LEAH KLESCHNA."

Times and prices as usual.

### RECORDS.

We live in a record-breaking age—and in consequence, perhaps, everybody is interested in records—records by road, sea, and air, by train, motor-car, and on foot. In "Pearson's Magazine" is an article in which all the principal records are recorded. There is much of interest to be said about these records and record-breaking: "Record-breaking feats of human strength and speed date back to prehistoric man—and from that time to this they have not lost their fascination. The very first man who ever went for a walk, or climbed a tree, or ran a mile for his supper, set up records that it doubtless gave him pleasure to break on the next day; and no doubt his sons prided themselves on surpassing the old man's feats. Without record-breaking and record-making, human life would be a dull affair. The instinct of records is firmly imbedded in the human heart. This very day, doubtless, some one of us is priding himself on having accomplished a harder day's task than he had ever done before; while it would be still easier to find another rejoicing in a record day of ease. The driver of a motor-car sets up a new record of his own with almost every run he makes—covering this or that distance faster or slower than his previous best or worst; and the achievement gives him pride and becomes a topic among all his friends. No phase of human activity lacks its record, from the making of an Empire to the sewing on of a button. But on how many records can one lay a finger and declare with certainty: 'This is truly authentic'? The world's professional record for a mile flat race dates back to 1886, and stands at 4min. 12½secs., to the credit of W. G. George. The many sensational records that are claimed for past days were set up when there was no ruling body to enforce the strictest conditions, and so we have no proof that the tests were true ones. Running records were made, for all we know, over courses short of a mile by many yards; the runner might have run down-hill, with a gale blowing behind him, and it is ten chances to one that he was timed incorrectly—for stop-watches were not what they are now. The only sporting records, indeed, that are really reliable are those that are passed by the great Amateur Athletic Association. World's professional records and most of the American records must be regarded with suspicion. But no possibility of a mistake is allowed when an amateur record is made in Britain. Before a running record can be broken, three independent timekeepers must certify the time. Two independent men measure the course with tape measures of steel, that cannot stretch. The official starter must be satisfied that no competitor has an unfair advantage; while the wind or the ground must be allowed to give no help."



### PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN CHELTENHAM.

On Monday last forty-three Passive Resisters were summoned at Cheltenham Police-court for withholding portions of the poor-rate, levied for purposes, as they allege, of sectarian education. The above photograph shows a number of these who had assembled before the court opened. Several leading Nonconformists of the town will be noticed, including the Rev. J. and Mrs. Lewitt, Rev. J. H. Versey, Mr. T. T. Whittard, Messrs. A. Beckingsale, sen. and jun., Mr. and Mrs. J. Playle, Mr. J. G. Freeman, Mr. C. J. Davies, Mr. James Anderton, Mr. G. Shrivess, Mr. F. Parsons, Mr. Philip Parsons, Mr. C. W. Russell, Mrs. Wicks, etc.

Three Men and a Lantern.

BY ARTHUR G. MEEZE.

PART II.—THE COMING OF TRUTH.

In Carpenter's "Art of Creation" the same individual attainment of personal experience to the Totality of Things is pursued as in "De Profundis," but the process is different, and the leading issues raised by it are collateral and more complex in their symbolism. In substance the book is difficult justly to epitomise: where it could have been direct and dogmatically mystical without challenging criticism, it somehow allures one to the condemnation of non-essentials by masquerading in the insignia of reason. To fill in even roughly the sensory contents of so vast a concept as Creation and exhibit the elements in right relations is no inconsiderable undertaking, and Mr. Carpenter might well be excused if he failed altogether. His weak point is certainly on the formal side. Owing to lack of prior fundamental analysis he apparently fails to recognise the metaphysical limitations of his attempt to bridge the chasm between the mere correspondences of science and the ultimate reality that is covertly posited by them. Indeed, one doubts whether he fully appreciates at all times the true nature of the effort he is making. On the mystical side his book is sweetness and light itself, and its tendency is clear as the waters of Helikon; for Mr. Carpenter is wiser than his method, and is forced by his genius to transcend it. But to the lover of formal, systematised thinking, and particularly to believers in the omnipotence of that pure "cast of thought" which is affected by the schools, Mr. Carpenter's exposition must prove terribly disquieting. A book which virtually tethers its truths with the cable of Providence and conforms rather to the canons of insight than to the ritual of reason must necessarily discomfit a certain class of hide-bound thinkers, no matter how deeply it may tap the accumulations of science or how sure-footedly it may enter the promised land. If it enter, as this appears to do, boldly and even blindly by the controversial passes of a vaguely conceived philosophy with a hungry and half-clad army of intuitions limping at its heels, the mental attack is more affrighting still. Hence, a reader, oscillating between two points of view and uncertain which standard of value to erect, might well hesitate whether to treat the author as the pioneer of a type of mysticism or as a belated camp-follower of a brand of rationalism. It is, therefore, not surprising to find the good old "Spectator," in its perplexity, briefly dismissing the book with the remark that it is "rather a rhapsody than an argument." But, rhapsody or no rhapsody, it sufficiently adapts the Rune of Memnon to the Lyre of Apollo for a successful appeal to the highest of human interests, and does not fail at the same time to remind one that the relative value of rhapsody and argument in the pursuit of truth is precisely the point which the philosophy of the future will have to consider and determine. We may be relying upon a bruised reed in the liberal use we so often make of the formal dogmas of logic, or only solemnly fooling in many of our appeals to "reason," and consequently may need yet a deal of rhapsody in our outreach to the unknown. The Seer, the Prophet, and the Philosopher are essential rhapsodists—poets who set their dreams more or less to the music of the spheres. Formalists arrange the correspondences of phenomena for the satisfaction of others whose activities function on the same mental plane as their own, and amidst the same intellectual imagery, but truth is always in the last analysis directly perceived, not proved, and is grounded in ultimate intuition on the basic plane of feeling. Judged by this canon, what was it that the old Biblical drama of Creation did for mankind? Probably something not widely different from what Mr. Carpenter attempts. Outwardly it exhibited its stage properties and taught a cosmogonic creed—a sequence of physical phenomena more or less in harmony with the scientific faith and traditional dogma of ancient schools, but destined to lose its interpretative power and become, in time, a subject for ridicule and ignorant criticism. This, however, was only the temporal aspect of its lesson—the accident, not

the essence of its teaching. Veiled by its exotericism was a higher movement in mind seeking expression, and under its symbolism of an extra-cosmic deity was concealed a spiritual realisation of the interdependence of all experiences—a realisation which was forcing its way up from a fundamental unity in feeling, through differences of opinion, to the light of reason. And is not this the true path of unfoldment—the line along which all that is worthy of immortality and imperishable in human achievement comes into being and is made permanent? It is certainly in this direction of esoteric suggestiveness that "The Art of Creation" makes its great appeal. The book does not in any sense represent a school of thought: marking rather than making an epoch, it assumes the form and pressure of the age as a garment, and without in strictness holding the mirror up to nature, it does in some sort serve as a glass of fashion in thinking. As a manifest of the rosy-fingered morn that is breaking on the night of materialism, it greets the mystic hopefully with early streamers of the coming Eros, and wears—albeit, perhaps, disharmoniously—at least two precious jewels in its crown: one dug from the sacred caves of the East and one rescued from suffering under *pontos piletos*, the "densified ethereal sea," of the West. The sun may be shining in the heavens, but Mr. Carpenter is out with his lantern exploring the shadows and helping others to realise at leisure many healing truths. Judging by the texts in the forefront of his work he would have us early to recognise two facts: (1) That things material and things spiritual are in essence the same; and (2) that Desire is omnipotent, prophetic, predestinative, and its ideals of eternal significance in Final Causation—determining the fate of men and nations, principalities and powers. Still, it is not the man, nor his book, but the movement of which he is a manifest, that seems to be of the first importance. It is always the transcendental element of experience that is realised by the process of life, and man is driven to realisation by a dynamic efflux that is mightier than himself, though subject at every point to the inhibition of his personal motives. Thus it is the process of life becomes with man an act of creation, and that act a passport to his higher, or a death-warrant to his lower, Self. He outreaches to experience as the grass grows upwards, and his work blooms symbolic as a flower in the field. In this personal effort of realisation—which is indeed the whole secret of the "Art" of creation—man's budding consciousness grows from more to more: passing and repassing from the microcosm to the macrocosm—from the central act and the great actor to the peripheral manifestation and the individual monad—from chaos and unintelligible complexity to kosmos and intelligible simplicity—from ignorance and impotence to knowledge and power—from the potential humanity of the atom to the actual godhead of the universe—from birth to death and death to life, and so, step by step, in the fetters of immortality, from evil and suffering to personal perfection and happiness. Thus, the process of creation is in truth the process of human unfoldment—of self-realisation—of progress towards omnipotence—and he who finds himself finds also the Kingdom of Heaven—the kingdom to which all things else are added. Not, however, added by accretion from without, by the piling up and accumulation of sense-trapped illusions, but by the externalisation from within of a self-revealing, self-realising, Kosmic Unit. From the materialistic point of view this is a mystical presentment of the truth, and probably it would not become a rationalistic exposition if we changed over to the standpoint of the modern spiritualist, for whom Mr. Carpenter has a kindly feeling and who is now actively engaged in creating a new priesthood of his own, materialising "spirit," evolving orthodoxy, turning temples into tombs, and, despite the warnings of the past, building creed-prisons wherein to fetter his faith, like other fanatics, that it may neither escape from him nor change. Still there are many with whom the mystical formula finds an echo somewhere in feeling and for whom it asserts itself intuitively as a symbol of truth. It is this "something" in the field of intuition—this "sense sublime."

Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man—  
that consciously invites, or unconsciously drives, Mr. Carpenter and other thinkers, when they get at cross-purposes with their experience, to seek

in some higher term a reconciliation of objective and subjective, matter and mind, phenomena and ego, birth and death, environment and organism, Man and God, and of all the other correlative determinants into which the mechanism of interpretation compels us to divide the totality of things. The history of this struggle for intellectual peace and at-one-ment, from the earliest dawn of Oriental thought to its consummation in the de-hydrated abstractions of Hegel, reveals, under an ever-varying terminology, always the same constant relations—thesis, anti-thesis, syn-thesis. And so the key with which Mr. Carpenter attempts to unlock the casket of creation will be found to open at the same time the Pandora's box of all cosmogonies, theogonies, philosophies, and religions, and to bring the daemons of the Kosmos buzzing about one's ears like the denizens of a plundered hive. In fact, Mr. Carpenter's book is physical in promise but metaphysical in performance. If the object of this article were critical, one might stay to discuss at length the meaning of this self-assertive sense of basic unity in all experience and to appraise the value of its concomitant theory of the "common origin" of things "spiritual" and "material." The fact that "There is no rift between the psychical and physical, no within and without, no sensation to which an outward, different thing corresponds," and that "There is but one kind of elements, out of which this supposititious within and without is formed," has important scientific bearings, and its influence in modifying our conception of the problem of physics has been very profoundly dealt with by Dr. Ernst Mach in his "Contributions to the Analysis of the Sensations." The subject is one of the greatest practical moment even in the smallest details of life, but the "busy" world has scarcely muddled through yet to where the light is breaking. Mr. Carpenter gives word-service to a recognition of the "inner" and the "outer" as only "aspects" of the same thing, but his terminology is not sufficiently specialised to hold the experience in hand. Indeed one soon finds that he has not emancipated himself from the error of regarding one of these merely conceptual factors as nearer in consciousness than the other, nor from at times conceiving the outer as a sort of spiritual projection of the inner—as, in fact, an effect of a creative act on the part of the inner. In strict truth there is no such thing as "creation"—only realisation, interpretation, or "genesis." Things *are* and they *are one*; we it is who make *two* of them, and thereby "divide the substance and confound the persons," substituting the "maya" of concepts and appearances for the basic reality that is the one thing knowable and known—the "reality" that is true reality and not a mere unknown nomenon with illusory phenomena appurtenant thereto. For the purpose of grasping in thought the significance of the mystical element of experience and of placing it in right intuitive relations with the totality of things it is not alone sufficient to recognise the common origin of the two factors, "matter" and "mind." We must go further, and see that neither of them is, nor can be, the "cause" of the other. The student of dynamics finds, for example, a unification of peripheral concepts such as mass and velocity in "momentum," of momentum and stress in "force," and of force and time in "energy," and this process of unification does not differ, except in its superior definiteness and quantitative evaluation, from that which seeks in some way to identify matter and mind, or to construct a mechanism of "at-one-ment" between Man and God—between the discrete peripheral manifestation and the effluent central unity. The terms we use are but counters in the game of life—factors of interpretation—modes of realising a third thing which is the true ineffable reality. We fill up the void of our hearts with mechanism—with entitised abstractions. These present themselves to our consciousness in pairs, each being the eternal negation of the other; and every duality we thus accept lands us by inevitable metaphysics in a trinity—the Abraham's bosom of all philosophy. There is in creation no turning of thoughts into things, for no matter how learnedly we may discriminate between the meanings of the words, the "thought" and the "thing" are alike illusions or "appearances," and only the mystical element of experience which these "appearances" interpret is consistently "real." Hence the friendly hand-shake which Mr. Carpenter sees in the meeting of the East and the West is probably a deadly grip—one that will compel us to re-state Eastern and Western thought in yet higher terms,

and so make complementary shadows of both. One cannot turn from Mr. Carpenter's work without entering a plea for dogmatism: the man who sees great truths that lie beyond the ordinary ken may spend the best years of his life in fruitless struggles to bring them down from the heights of intuition to the muddy depths of prejudice and prepossession that others may reach them with the step-ladders of logic and reason; but the process of reduction to a lower form can add nothing to his own personal certainty, and not unfrequently exposes him to the fate of Prometheus. All through this book of Mr. Carpenter's we see glimpses of the mystical coming of truth, but fettered in expression by the attempt to mould the form in accordance with the conventions of science. For this reason Mr. Carpenter falls in one respect immensely short of the high-water mark of Trine, who abandons himself wholly to results, and gives us truths of the "inner light" with a very sure touch. Mr. Carpenter, however, has grasped the fact of the essential oneness of all Kosmic manifestation, and with it the momentous significance of the concept of "Creation" in its relation to the problem of conduct. He is not the mere formalist that the externals of his "Art of Creation" appear at times to suggest, but is ever an idealist who sees wisely from within. Viewed thus, the Kosmic outlook is necessarily and fundamentally different from that which regards "Creation" as the work of a hyper-Kosmic Deity—as the artistic experiment of a vulgar, extra-mundane God, who imprisoned "spirit" in the torture-chambers of "matter" and spent six days in the making of a universe that he might exercise rights of property and play the rôle of absentee landlord, with the Devil as steward and a legion of foul fiends as rack-renters of its human tenants. The point of view here is vital in all that makes for progress and the well-being of humanity, while the process by which it is reached is of minor moment, except for any unsteady effect it may have upon the vision. Wilde may have been led to it through suffering, Carpenter may have waded to it heart deep through intellectual mud, and Trine may have been pitchforked to it by heredity or re-born upon it in one of those qualitative changes that are apt to accompany outbursts of religious emotion. But, once landed at their coign of vantage, the Artist, the Rationalist, and the Mystic all see with substantially the same eye from the common pinnacle and draw the same essential conclusions, irrespective of any peculiarities of personal method. Certainly neither of the others, how widely soever they may differ in their grouping of correspondences, will refuse to endorse Mr. Carpenter's contention that "It is not sufficient to study and investigate the Art of Creation as an external problem; we have to learn and to practise the Art in ourselves." That is, we have to find the "Path," and, once in it, to seek the Personal Perfection that is symbolised by the phrase, "In Tune with the Infinite." It is here that Mr. Carpenter's lantern shines with effect and helps to disclose something of the Affiliations of Self or of the relation in which Man stands to his Kosmic Totality, and of the Transformations by which he moves forward to his goal—omnipotence and identity with the Kosmic Ego. But here the reader must turn to the book and study it for himself. As touching the schema of Creation as seen from the inner or Mystical point of view, the subjoined verses on "Genesis," that first appeared some eighteen months ago in the "Cheltenham Chronicle," are offered as an approximate rendering of one of its aspects:—

GENESIS.

Sub-conscious at the Throne of Things—  
Twin Ions in electric thrall—  
The Atom crouched with folded wings  
To bide the Monad's call.

But ere the Monad's cry, came Man's;  
And still ere Man's, the Ego's lay:  
Attuning Law's harmonic plans  
To Life's melodic sway.

Vast loomed around the veiled Unknown—  
The shrine of purpose, kindly, great—  
Foredoomed to sow and reap the sown  
Hand fast in hand with Fate.

Time, kissed of Space, with Unrest grew,  
Transfigured by efflux divine:  
Love's effervescing, pregnant brew—  
Faith's Kosmic anodyne.

Nor word, nor breath—the fiat came:  
All Being stirred, itself the thought:  
Each radiant impulse claimed a name,  
And, lo! the work it wrought!

Men, gods, and daemons outward hurled,  
As pictures, lanterned on life's screen;  
Their background, Hope's foreshadowed world—  
Where Memory is Queen.

One mother's brood, and brothers all,  
Co-equal born, yet different each:  
By one thought-essence held in thrall,  
Tho' torn apart by speech.

A myriad Monads next in birth  
Swarmed every oozing pore of sense,  
And peopled heaven, and hell, and earth  
With visions vague, immense.

Crop of the common conscious field:  
Tree, flower and insect, crystal, clod—  
Compact of Man's own Self—revealed;  
And, self-revealed, of God.

In nascent might and poignant pride,  
Small marvel that some errant dream  
Forgot Truth's subtle thread and guide  
To grasp a sceptre's gleam.

"I am Myself—alone I stand:  
King, am I not, and Lord to be?  
I'll lead, or drive ye, vassal band,  
And bind that I be free."

And bind, he did, the passive throng,  
And swayed them to the ends he sought:  
Himself the slave; his, too, the wrong,  
And dear the blessings bought.

They, fagotted in bondage, felt  
Life's primal pulse of Being beat,  
While to Self's mortal god he knelt  
And kissed the monster's feet.

But, bound or free, it booted not—  
Their fettered souls drew common breath:  
Theirs the At-one-ment he forgot—  
Forgot, and so dealt Death.

Against Self's stern environment—  
Grim crust of curse that inward grew—  
Thought's pangs of birth their anguish spent  
And pierced through and through.

He felt the fatal pain of Power—  
The prelude to the Song of Right,  
When Freedom's flash from clouds that lower  
Bursts thund'rous in its might.

Tho' theirs the surging, conscious thrill,  
That, overflowing, raged in him,  
His was the focussed Act of Will  
That wrought their purpose dim.

With fond ideals he spun a spell  
Where twilight twined their mad desires,  
And lured them from the night of Hell  
To Heaven's Memnonic choirs.

Their dreams of Love he wove amain  
To holy fabrics passing fair;  
But those of Hate his Loom of Pain  
Left, tangled, to Despair.

He tore the veil of sentient trance  
Where Errors troop, and trail, and drift;  
And watched them glide, in mazy dance,  
To dooms beyond the rift.

But Truth enchanted, still, the scene,  
And pearls of Memory decked its thread:  
And Good came there that "might have been"—  
And music from the dead.

"Behold," said he, "this passing show  
Brings Peace of promise to the wise:  
Tho' tides of Wrong here ebb and flow  
Its waves wash up their prize.

"I, King and Prophet, Poet, Seer,  
Here cast the crown and kiss the rod:  
Man's Self has but itself to fear,  
For Man is One with God!"  
(To be continued).

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 145th prize is divided between Miss Marie Noyes, 15 Lansdown-crescent, for her report of a sermon preached at All Saints' Church, and Miss M. S. Corke, of Wilsford Lodge, St. Mark's, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church, all of Cheltenham.

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

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Cheltenham for Horse and Gloucester for Foot, in military parlance, should be the aim for accomplishment respectively of the local authorities and people of the Garden Town and of the Cathedral City, and, indeed, of the inhabitants of the whole of Gloucestershire. Cheltenham's opportunity has now come to be established as a cavalry centre, and it will be a thousand pities if she does not respond in a more practical manner than the Corporation have to the feeler that the War Office in its circular letter has put forward as to the provision of a suitable site on which to erect barracks to accommodate from 1,200 to 1,500 horse soldiers. I quite realise the difficulty in which the Corporation is placed in having no land, unless it gives up portions of parks or recreation grounds, for a site. And I venture to think that the mere part of recommending suitable sites for purchase by the War Department will not catch that authority, which is evidently open to the highest bidder. Cheltenham, either through a landowner or by public subscription, might well emulate the practical example of Norwich, which gave free, gratis, and for nothing a site to the military authorities, and there followed, quite recently, the War Secretary laying the foundation stone of huge cavalry barracks. I would therefore urge that steps be forthwith taken to provide the means wherewith to secure a site in the vicinity of Cheltenham so that it can be offered as a gift to the Government. There can be no question as to the immediate material advantages the permanent location of a brigade of cavalry here would confer on the town generally. Surely it is worth while striving, by means of a comparatively small outlay distributed over many people, to secure that advantage. Land is not so dear, except for school sites, that the thirty to fifty acres required could not be purchased near the town for a thousand or two pounds.

My readers will doubtless remember that in the early part of the year I referred to and highly commended the joint action of the Gloucestershire County Council and the Gloucester City Council in memorialising the War Secretary to establish the headquarters of the Gloucestershire Regiment, as the territorial one, at Gloucester, being the county town. That Minister had previously referred in a speech on the Army Estimates to the desirability of reviving the territorial system, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that he should have given a promise to favourably consider the application, which was really a response of local authorities to the suggestions which he had himself thrown out in a general sense. I am sorry there is no practical result yet, but this may be owing to the various schemes of army reform not having been crystallised. I have good reason for saying that not a few members of the Gloucester City Council would gladly vote for a large tract of the many hundreds of acres of land that the city is fortunate to own being presented to the War Office as a site for barracks and drill ground. They will certainly not let the chance slip of getting the military back again to the old city, the removal of which, in the form of the Royal South Gloucester Militia, all sensible citizens have never ceased to regret. The absence of the red coats for a quarter of a century has made the hearts of old Gloucesterians grow fonder of them.

I have long felt that this county has ample reason to be dissatisfied with the way in which it is treated by all Governments over expenditure of State money within its borders, and I, in common with many others, have sighed for its participation in a small share of the many millions that are spent and circulated annually in dock-yard and garrison towns. Leaving out Horfield (which is really in Bristol) and Cirencester, where a few thousands are annually spent over the North Gloucester Militia—thanks to Colonel Earl Bathurst lending his park as a camping ground—we get very little of Government money. Remembering that Gloucester lost the Militia and Cheltenham the Yeomanry, and having in view the possibility of getting these back, together with contingents of regular troops in each place, I trust that our M.P.'s, backed by the local authorities and the public, who are so largely interested, will forthwith actively bestir themselves to get Horse for Cheltenham and Foot for Gloucester. GLEANER.



**CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK.**  
**SECOND MATCH—GLOUCESTERSHIRE V. MIDDLESEX.**

1. A snap of the Grand Stand.

2. Littlejohn and Palmer leaving the field.

3. The Gloucestershire professionals (left to right —Board, Langdon, Huggins, Dennett, Mills, and Wrathall).

4. Littlejohn, Schwarz, and Palmer watching the game.

5. Trott, Hendren, Mignon, and Peace.

6. The "Press Gang" at work.



**NAUNTON PARK SPORTS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.**

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| 1. The Committee.                      | 3. Finish of the Women's Race.         | 6. Finish of Men's Race, won by a veteran of 69. |
| 2. Start for the Men's Race (over 70). | 4. Finish of Boys' Race.               | 7. Some of the spectators.                       |
|  | 5. Start of Girls' Egg and Spoon Race. |  |

“Selina Jenkins’s”  
TRIP TO DOUGLAS.

“THE START.”

“As we gaze with interest and delight upon the fairy scene, we begin to understand something of the feeling which has made the great reputation of the Isle of Man as a holiday resort; the bright summer sea rippling against the blackened water-worn rocks; the solemn stillness of the green uplands and the more distant mountains; the busy streets of Douglas and the myriad sounds of its surging life on sea and land—we can only gaze, and drink in its beauty, in silent rapture.”

“Lor’ bless me ‘eart and sole, Amos,” I says, as he read it out from the advertizement, “us must go and have a gaze and a drink, not to speak of the silent rapshaw, as I don’t understand nothink about, wich if I enjoys a thing I likes to say so, rite out, and don’t ‘old with they as is struck dum’ with a bit of scenery, bein’ entirely contuary to ‘umau natur, espesshully in fieldmales, not to egpress their thoughts; but, as I were a-sayin’, we must go and see the Isle of Man.”

“Owever, Selina, you musn’t forget to remember, as there’s the sea vyage to be considered, as is very near 80 mile from Liverpool, and a tidy rough passage, so Garge Pardington told me, becoss of ‘is ‘aving gone there fer ‘is ‘oneymoon, and never been the same since, and can’t look at the sea now without gettin’ a bilious attack!”

“Ho, well, Amos,” I says, “you needn’t be so pertikler about me; becoss you knows very well when we come up the canal from Sharpness the other day it wasn’t me as asked to be put on shore afore we’d gone half-way, becoss of ‘avin’ discovered there was somebody yer ‘ad to see on bizness at that there Frampton-on-Severn, wich I verily belevee it were only a put-off to hide the fack as you was sea-sick; and on a canal, too! as is very near so bad as yer Aunt Jane when she were on Pittville Lake, with they Pardington boys, as wanted to get out when they was in the middle, and ‘ad all they could do to ‘old her down, wich you people runs towards biliousness, so I considers; and, as I were a-saying, I’m a-hegcellent sailor, so don’t you mind me!”

But, as soon as ever we’d looked out a cheap egscursion for 3 days to Dooglass, that there man were off down to the second-hand book shop, and come ‘ome with about a ¼ of a hundredweight of dusty old medical books and dictionaries to look up the best things fer sea-sickness and ‘ow to avoid it; likewise ‘e brought in all the newspapers ‘e could get, so as to find out wot the weather were likely to be when we crossed the hoocean the next day!

As to the ways to avide sea-sickness, there was about 25 different things mentioned; one book said the best thing was to go on a hempty stum-mick, and the next that it was jest as well to eat a good ‘earty meal, in order to keep the system employed; another said as it were all to do with the heyes, and if you was to keep yer gaze on the sky all the time, you wouldn’t get the feelin’; but, on ‘the other ‘and, a very learned American doctor, as was D.D., V.D., L.S.D., and a lot of other D’s, said it was the best thing to get rite down into the innermost parts of the vessel, lie on yer ‘back, and keep yer heyes shut!

Then, as fer medicines and physick, there was advertizements of pills and drops to take, and stuff to sniff, and belts to wear, and all manner of fagaries, all of wich was warranted to be worth a guinea a box, and to kill or cure in one go!

“Owever,” as I says, “Amos,” I says, “I belevee you’ll worrt yerself into a bilious attack by readin’ all these ‘ere descriptions of the hawful heffecks of the motion of the waves! Same as last month, when you was certain sure you ‘ad the appendicecturs as is the fashionable complaint along now, jest becoss there was a red mark on one of yer ribs, and turned out, after all, to be only a needle, as I left in yer linen westkit after sewin’ in a button! I considers that the less we knows about our insides, the better off we be, wich I know meself, after I went to one of these ‘ere lectures on the ‘uman antimony, as they calls the system. I were very near afraid to walk about fer a bit, fer fear of shakin’ some-think loose; and, as fer sea-sickness, I considers its more’n half put on by folks as considers its the correck thing to be hill directly they sets foot on the hoocean wave, as the sayin’ is. It’s my hapnyion that it ain’t neither nateral nor scrip-tooral, becoss, of coorse, we don’t read as ‘ow

Noah or any of the tolks in the Hark with ‘im was sea-sick, and they was out in hawful weather, wasn’t they, now?”

“I don’t know nothink about Noah,” says Amos, “as I ‘ave ‘eard tell was only a halle-gorical, wotever that may be; its very easy to be understood there weren’t no sea-sickness in the Hark, fer fear of hupsettin’ the animiles, not to speak of inconveniencin’ the hinsecks, as must have been a tidy squeeze when they was all in, and the dores shet! Still, I beleeves in takin’ percautions, becoss that’s where good management comes in. I’m gom’ to foller all the directions as seems most sensible and then trust to Providence and a calm sea.

‘Ow much is the tickets, Selina?”

Liverpool.—Well, ‘ere we are on the landin’ stage up to Liverpool—Amos with the little tin box and we with a cardboard bonnet-box full of odds and ends as couldn’t be crammed into the other. Sich a place I never see in my born days! Wot with the blowin’ off steam, and people shoutin’, and bells ringin’, and everybody shovin’ and pushin’ fer dear life, it were like a reg’ler bear-pit! We was in the middle of a great crowd of folks all standin’ on each other’s feet and waitin’ fer different boats, wich us not bein’ of a exterdinary statur, we couldn’t see nothink of wot was goin’ on. “Put down the box and stand on it,” I shouts to Amos; “we shall miss the vessell, sure-a-lie! Where about do it come into? Where’s the water? and wich way’s the Isle of Man? ‘Ow do you get on the vessel?”

Amos did as ‘e was told, wich no sooner ‘adn’t ‘e got ‘is ‘ead above the crowd than ‘e says, “Selina,” he says, “come on!” ‘e says; “there’s the vessel, I’ll wager, over there! with the people jest goin’ aboard. Come on!” ‘e says; and so sayin’ he gets down from ‘is perch, puts the tin box on ‘is ‘ead, and fights ‘is way thro’ the crowd sideways like a Christian hero, with me a puffin’ and a blowin’ after im; and that I will say, I got more elbows, and tin boxes, and humbrellers knocked into me in that short distance than I’ve ‘ad all me life before or since, and its a wonder I wasn’t made black and blue from ‘ead to toe with it.

After a bit we come to a sort of a gangway thing, where people was rushin’ into a great steam vessel as big as the Wintery Gardings, as was blowin’ off steam to sich an extent you couldn’t hardly ‘ear yerself think. We walked up pretty smart and into the dore on the side of the vessel where they was waitin’ to take our luggage. “That’s all rite,” says I to Amos; “I’m glad we got on so easy. Wot a funny thing all them other people down on the key don’t go aboard, though! It shows ow’ careless people is, when the vessel mite go any minnit and leave ‘em in the lurch, as the saying is.”

Yes,” says Amos, “I did that very neat, didn’t I, Selina? That’s jest where a man comes in! If you ‘adn’t ‘ad me with you, you mite ‘ave been left on that there key like the rest of ‘em, or, any’ow, you wouldn’t ‘ave got on board so comfortable as you’ve done under my guidance! Let’s ask ‘ow long afore the boat starts. There’s a hossifer chap jest comin’ along with a gold ‘at!” So I hups and I says, “Excoose me, admiral or captin’ (I don’t know ritely wich is wich not being’ used to sea-farin’ folk), but would you mind tellin’ me when the boat starts?”

Ho, yes, madam,” says he, lookin’ at me very hup and down like, “she starts in about half-an-hour.”

Thankye, sir,” says I; “and when do she reach the Isle of Man? if its a she, as I wasn’t aware of up ‘till you mentioned it?”

“The Isle of Man,” says he, lookin’ more ‘arder than ever; “this isn’t the Isle of Man boat! I’d ‘ave you know you’re on board of the White Star liner Cedric, jest makin’ ready to sail for New York!”

“Wot! New York or to Canady or Australia or somewhere?” I says. “Come on off this ‘ere boat at once, Amos,” I says; “see wot you’ve ad-done,” I says, “very near transported of us hoff to the other side of the Equator fer life, like a pair of convicks,” I says; “catch me trustin’ meself to you again! Talk about yer help and guidance; of all the ninny-noodles as I ever ‘eard tell on, you’re about the biggest; here’s a man,” I says to the captin’ Admiral Gold ‘at, “as calls ‘imself a authority on ‘ow to do things, and here he’ve been and gone and went and brought us aboard this ‘ere vessel, without so much as askin’ where it were bound to go; and



MISS ELAINE INESCORT  
in “Leah Kleschna” at Cheltenham Opera House next week.

if I’d a knowed once wot I know now I can tell you I’d—

“You’re blockin’ the gangway, madam; pass out, please, as quickly as possible,” says Gold ‘at; and ‘ere there was nothink to be done but to fite our way back to where we come from, down on the waterside again!

So after about another hour’s wait, the Isle of Man steamer did come in at last, bein’ a much smaller thing than that there one as we got a-board so neat, under Amos’s guidance! (guidance, indeed!). There was a hawful push to get on to this steamer, too, and, as luck must ‘ave it, Amos dropped the tin box rite on to the head of a yung fellow as was standin’ by the gangway, thro’ somebody trippin’ of ‘im up, so he said; as couldn’t be settled until Amos ‘ad gave the yung chap 2s. 6d. of our ‘ard-earned savin’s towards the cost of a new bowler ‘at, becoss of ‘avin’ battered the one he were wearin’ rite down over his face with the weight of the box, and all thro’ Amos ‘avin’ insisted on bringin’ 5 volumes of the “Family Physician” along with us in the box in case of illness on the voyage, as I said were meetin’ trouble ‘alf-way like, and were flyin’ in the face of Providence. I think I will do like most of the story-tellers, and draw a veil over wot appened on root, as the sayin’ is, by wich I means on the boat, of coorse.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—On 2nd thoughts the veil shall be lifted nex’ week, and you shall know ‘ow Amos mis-behaved ‘imself.

(To be continued).

PRINTING ! ! !

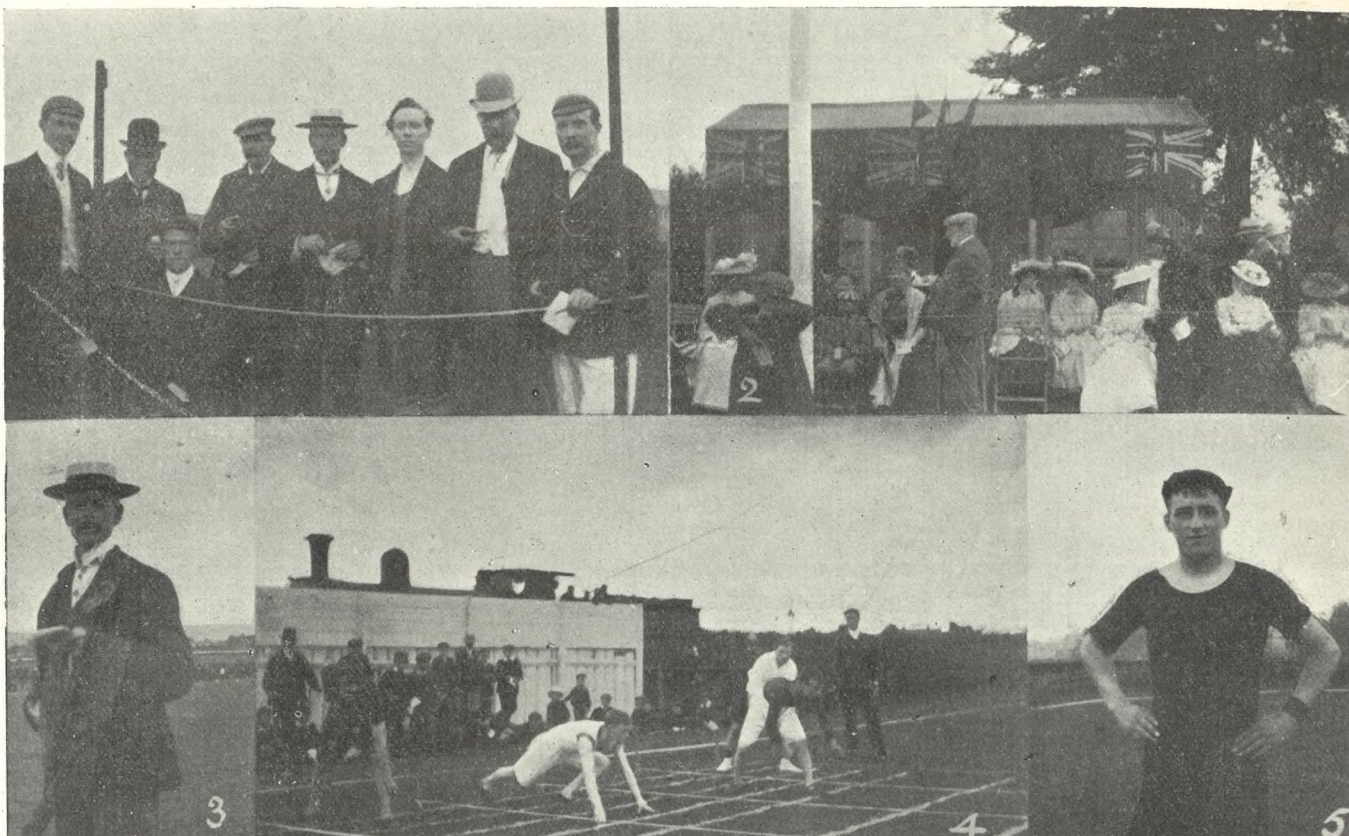


ARTISTIC & GENERAL

PRINTING ! ! ! !

AT THE . . .

“EC HO” ELECTRIC PRESS



**CHELTENHAM GAS WORKS A.C. SPORTS.**

- 1. Group of Officials.
- 2. Spectators in front of the Grand Stand.
- 3. Mr. C. G. Moulder, hon. sec.
- 4. Start for the final of the 100 yards.
- 5. J. C. Faulkner, winner of the 100 yards, etc.

**THE RIGHT TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.**

Commenting on Sir James Crichton-Browne's contention that every man has a right to live one hundred years, the "Practitioner" holds that it may with equal truth be argued that h has a "right" to live a thousand. If it be granted that he has the right, how is it that he so seldom uses that right? The answer must, we fear, be that he cannot. In the Crimean War, an Irish soldier cried out to his captain that he had captured a prisoner. The captain replied, "Bring him in, then." To which the answer came, "I can't, sir! He won't let me!" In the same way Nature will not allow most of us to exercise our "right" to live a hundred years. The late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, who taught the same doctrine as Sir James Crichton-Browne, did not reach the comparatively short limit laid down in the Bible, for he died at sixty-eight. Richardson was one of the prophets of hygiene; his failure, therefore, cannot be attributed to ignorance, still less to the breaking of laws of which he was so earnest an expounder. The truth seems to be that, although a man can do a great deal to shorten his days in the land, he can do but little to lengthen them. He may, indeed, if he models his life on that of a cabbage, vegetate a little longer than if he plays his part on the stage of human life. By living wholly for himself, and thinking of nothing but his health, he may keep off death for a little time. But is not such a life a living death? And how many are there that can so order their existence as to shut out everything that threatens their bodily well-being? We need scarcely say (the "Practitioner" continues) that we are far from depreciating the reasonable care to the body. We venture to think, however, that to set before people, from their earliest days, a century of life as the chief thing to be aimed at will do little to help them to attain that ideal, and may do much to make their lives less beautiful and less useful than they otherwise might be.

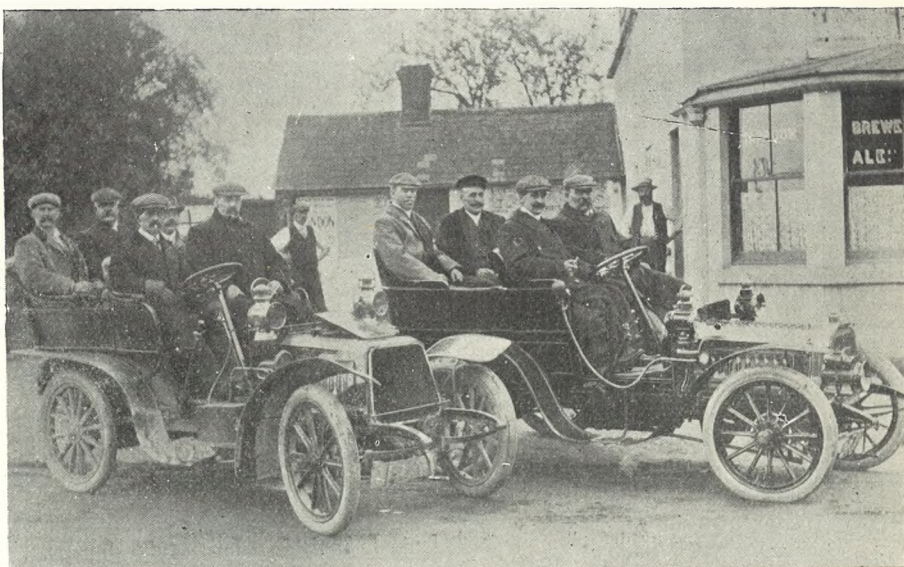


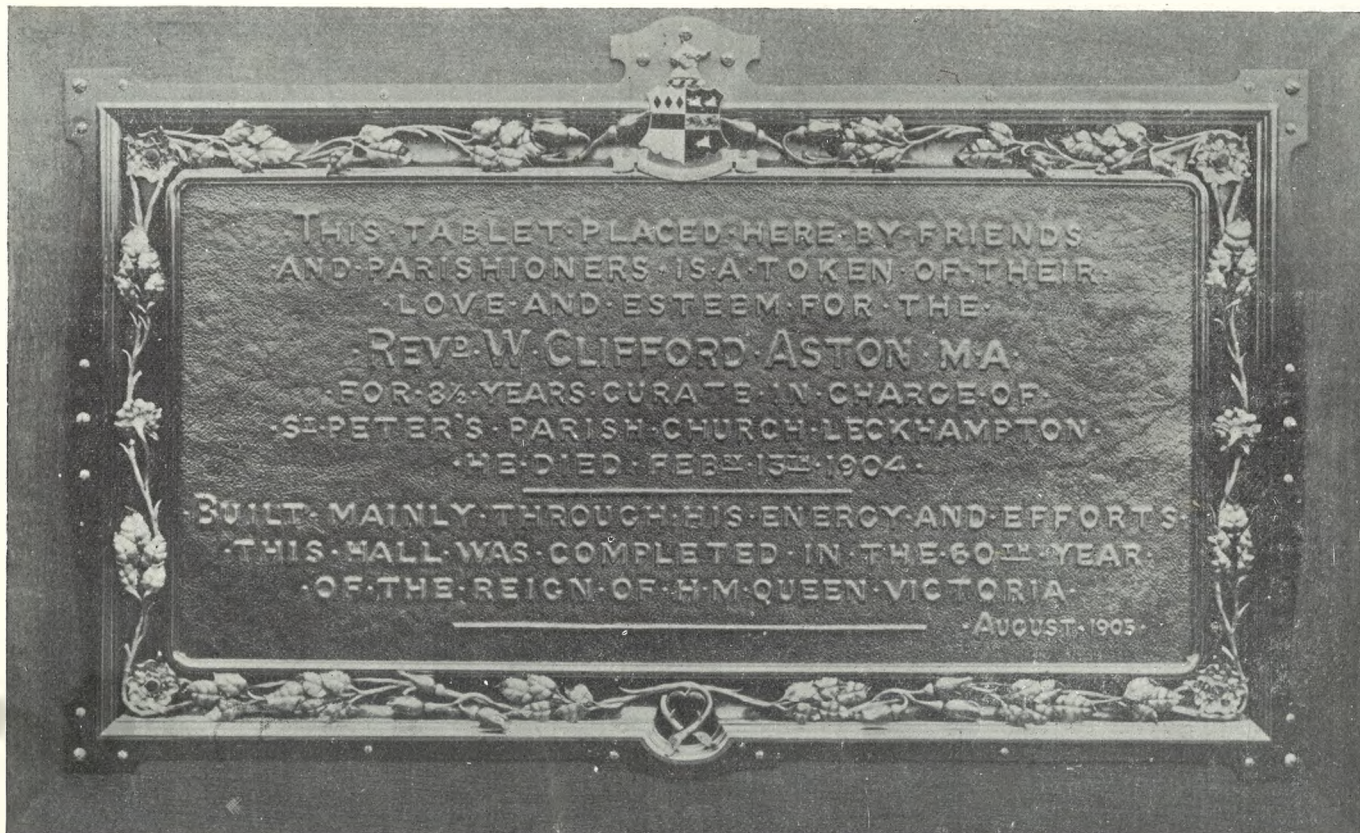
Photo by F. Restall,

Stonehouse.

**STROUD POLICE OUTING TO WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AUGUST 30, 1905.**

SUPERINTENDENT AND SERGEANTS AT STONEHOUSE EN ROUTE.





The tablet is of copper, rests on an oak frame, and has a foliated border of steel and brass work, which is surmounted by the Aston coat of arms. The inscription is in hammered lettering. The tablet was designed by and is the work of Messrs. R. E. and C. Marshall, Ltd., and has been fixed in Leckhampton Parish Hall.

**THE PRETENDER TO TASTE.**

An affected taste makes a very dull man. I have an acquaintance whom we will call A. His has been the hand of the industrious that maketh rich, and with the world's goods he is plentifully endowed. But some dim light from the past fills his mind with an ambition to figure among men of taste and culture. Therefore he makes up a character for himself, and nine-tenths of his life is that of an actor on the stage. He has two distinct tastes—one for his private pleasure and one for display in public. His favourite music is that of a tavern song, or at most soars no higher than such pathos as is to be found in "Here a poor buffer lies low"; but rude fate compels him in company to affect an admiration for Strauss and Wagner. For his private reading I know that he smuggles into his bedroom the works of Hall Caine and Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett; but in company he professes a profound admiration for George Meredith, and takes care to observe that in "my opinion no one has a firmer grasp of the country than Thomas Hardy." I think him, then, the dullest bore on earth, while he is neither unpleasant nor unentertaining when he warbles "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket," and drinks the stout for which he has a predilection. A man is seldom a bore when discussing what he knows and living his natural life. But he always is when affecting interests that he does not really possess.—J. E. A., in "The Academy."

**OUR PICTURES.**

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**REPRINTS FROM BLOCKS.**

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

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

There were great rejoicings at Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire, on Monday, to celebrate the coming of age of Viscount Curzon, the only son of Earl and Countess Howa. About five hundred tenantry and their wives from the Leicestershire, Suffolk, Essex, and Gotham estates were entertained.

The death occurred on Monday in London of the Dowager Countess of Darnley. She was the eldest daughter of the third Earl of Chichester, and married, in 1850, the sixth Earl of Darnley, who died in 1896.

**STALE BREAD FOR NEW.**

For some time the question of the advisability of stale bread being changed for new has been under discussion by the various local associations of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, and the opinions of medical officers of health have been obtained. Several of the associations have decided to discontinue the practice, and a circular has been sent to customers as follows:— "In consequence of the danger to health occasioned by the exchange of stale bread for new, by which infectious disease may be conveyed from one house to another, I beg to inform you that the master bakers of the district, desiring to avoid the evils that may arise from the practice, and believing that they are studying the interests of the public, have decided that on and after September 4 under no circumstances whatever will new bread be given in exchange for stale."



**OLDEST ENGLISH DICTIONARY.**

An English dictionary anticipating Dr. Johnson's by nearly a century has been discovered by a correspondent of the "Times." Appended to "An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," by John Williams, D.D., Dean of Ripon, and Fellow of the Royal Society, printed for Sa. Gellibrand and for John Martyn, 1668, is "An Alphabetical Dictionary wherein all English words, according to their various significations, are either referred to their places in the Philosophical Tables or explained.

The date and printer's name are the same as in the work to which it forms a sort of appendix. The scope of the dictionary is limited and peculiar. The word Dictionary is defined as a "book for words." Its pages are not numbered, though the "signature" to each sheet is duly indented.

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# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 246.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

REV. R. F. HORTON, D.D.,

(PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCHES, WHO  
WILL PRESIDE AT NEXT WEEK'S CONVENTION IN CHELTENHAM).

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45):—

"Leah Kleschna."

NEXT WEEK: NEW COMIC OPERA,

"TREASURE ISLAND."

Times and prices as usual.

## GUARDIANS AND THE SICK POOR.

People who have to do with the administration of poor-law relief in London, where as a rule every consideration is shown for genuine distress, can hardly realise how different—more, we think, from thoughtlessness than from hardness of heart—cases are treated in some parts of the country. Thus, the Wolverhampton Guardians have resolved: "That in future all applicants for medical attendance (except persons in receipt of out-relief) be required to attend the meeting of the Board (for relief applications) next after the application is made." This resolution, on the face of it, cannot be carried out literally. The applicant may be too ill to appear at the meeting of the Board next after his application. If the application be for some member of his family, the thing is not physically impossible, but it may be morally very unreasonable. If a man has obtained work since making an application for medical relief for some member of his family, it would be unkind to ask him to neglect it, and perhaps lose it in consequence, in order to appear before the guardians. It might be possible for some other representative of the family to appear, but in households where free medical treatment is needed, the wife or mother, who is the only other responsible person, can rarely be spared from attendance on the invalid's sick-bed. It seems to us unreasonable to ask for this attendance during the time of sickness. Probably the reason why the guardians wish to see the applicant is to make such inquiries as would make it clear to them whether or not the relief asked for should be given on loan. This is a very reasonable thing to do, and even when the inquiry results in the relief being given free, it is well that the applicant should be made to realise that the assistance given is not to be had too lightly. But in most cases the relieving officer can elicit sufficient information about the family circumstances to guide the guardians in deciding whether or not to make a charge. If the decision is that the relief be given on loan, the applicant, or someone representing him, can appear at a subsequent meeting to make any explanation or appeal regarding it. In many cases it would be possible, after the illness is past, for the family to make a contribution, which it would be cruel to insist on while the expenses of sickness had to be met, so that in the end the parish would not lose by delay. The principle of making the applicant appear before the guardians is in itself a good one, but unless a certain amount of flexibility is allowed as to the time of appearing—a matter which might be left to the discretion of the relieving officer—the result will be in every way unsatisfactory.—"The Hospital."



FIELD DAY OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROOT, FRUIT, AND GRAIN SOCIETY AT HARTPURY HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1905.

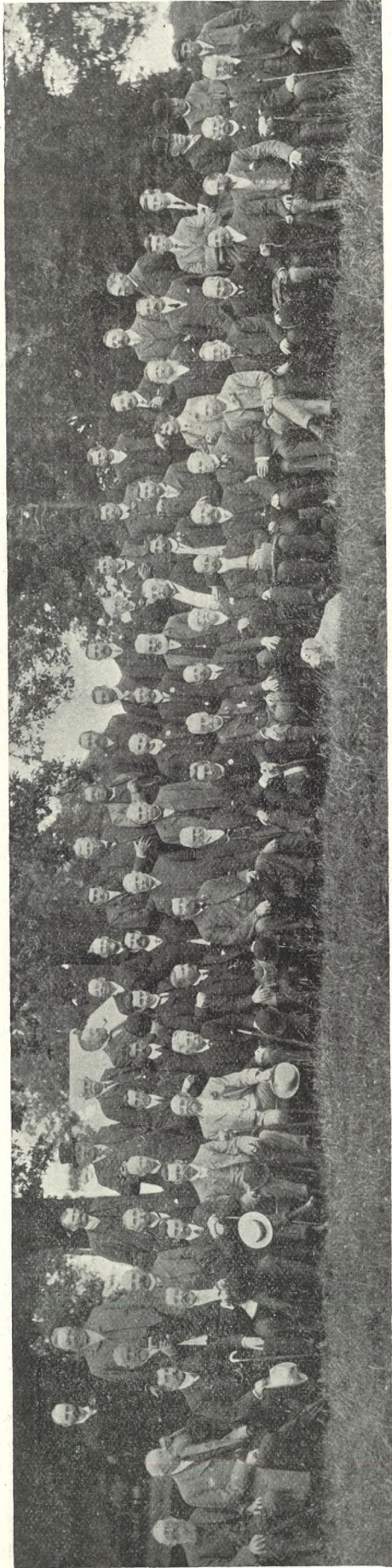


Photo by H. E. Jones, 75 Northgate-street, Gloucester.

- Top Row—J. Cave, W. Smith, G. Symonds, M. Crump, Jos. Roberts, Howard Harvey, G. Davis, T. James, John L. Brookes, G. J. Witcomb, J. T. Bennett, T. Vaughan, H. Tew Bruton, E. F. Bellamy, E. Jenner, W. Eels, H. J. Phelps, T. Ponting.
- Second Row—Chas. Roberts, A. Winfield, F. Haine, T. A. Washbourn, F. Nelson Phelps, A. B. Clutterbuck, G. W. Starr, A. V. Hutton, Howard Abell, C. Hicks Beach, W. Williams, H. S. Crump, L. J. Smith, J. W. B. Harris, J. A. Williams, J. A. Berners, R. Gordon Canning, S. Aitken, etc.
- Sitting—J. Palmer, H. Tuthill, W. Box, Michael Hugh Hicks Beach, F. Cowles, J. R. Bennett, F. Cowcher, H. B. Chandler, L. Pullin, Jno. Stephens, Rev. J. Herbert Seabrook, F. H. Bretherton (Sheriff of Gloucester), Wm. Gordon Canning (the host), Wm. Priddy (chairman of the Society), J. A. Smith (hon. treasurer), Sidney S. Starr (secretary), G. Sheffield Blakeway, Conway Jones, Jno. Jennings, J. H. Walker, H. A. Ellis, and D. Merrett.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Visitors to the Palace at Gloucester since the Bishop and Mrs. Gibson have taken up residence there cannot fail to have been struck by the marked improvement in its internal decoration upon the state during the latter years of the old regime. The dull slate colouring of the hall and corridors has given place to nice cream and dark claret hues. Straight before one's eyes on ascending the hall steps is this illuminated text in a frame:—

“Christ is the Master of this house,  
The Unseen Guest at every meal,  
The Silent Hearer of every conversation.”

This expressive text is common to many religious houses, and the particular one referred to was brought there by the Bishop from Leeds Vicarage. It will be observed in the Abbot's Hall that the portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Bishop Ellicott have been removed to and hung there among the other “heirlooms” in oils, these two having no longer only dining-room position. The ex-Bishop beams benignantly at one of his predecessors, Bishop Warburton, on the wall immediately opposite.

•••••

The fact of Gloucester being in the field as a competitor with the other places approached by the War Office for selection as a cavalry centre, and the strong probability that this city will offer practically a free site for barracks give additional point to my contention last week that Cheltenham must not be content with merely pointing out and recommending suitable sites for purchase, but must be prepared with a gift in land if she wishes to be in the running. As I said before, Horse for Cheltenham and Foot for Gloucester should be the cry and aim. The city has invariably been divided in opinion as to the desirability of having soldiers quartered there, and I doubt not some of the narrow-minded folk would now do their worst to prevent them coming. Strange to say, it is a fact that as long ago as May, 1834, the hotel and innkeepers petitioned General Lord Hill to have the cavalry (Dragoons) removed from the city, and this was met by a counter memorial to retain them. In the past Gloucester's position was regarded as good for troops. I find that in 1794 Sir Watkin Wynn raised a regiment of Yeomanry at Wrexham, and that they were called “The Ancient British Fencibles.” For two or three years they were quartered in Gloucester until, in 1798, they were sent to Ireland, and assisted in quelling the rebellion, there earning the unenviable title of “Sir Watkin's Lambs and Bloody Britons.”

•••••

Cubbing is now in full swing, and I do not take a pessimistic view of the prospects of fox-hunting for the ensuing season, certainly not locally. Special interest attaches to the doings of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds by reason of there being a new huntsman. I hear on good authority a capital account of him: he has well blooded his puppies, and on one occasion four brace of cubs were accounted for at Cat's Castle. On the 5th inst. he was responsible for a clinking run in the Vale, chasing an outlying fox for eighty minutes from Slimbridge to Ebley, a ten-mile point, with a kill. The Cotswold, with due regard to the later harvest on the hills, did not commence operations until Monday last, and then the promising young hounds soon gave a satisfactory taste of their quality by killing a brace of foxes not far from Cheltenham before many of the leisured townsmen had sat down to breakfast. And on the second day they were out hunting they killed another brace. The North Cotswold, too, are making their presence felt, for in Baron Max de Tuyll's coverts at Middle Hill on the 8th inst. they settled three brace. GLEANER.

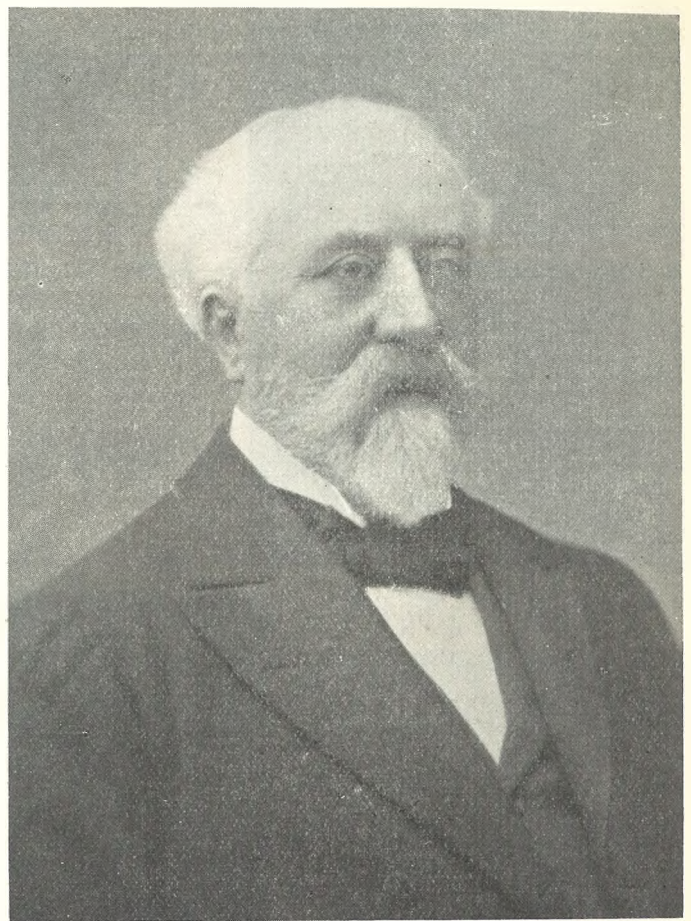
THE PHONOGRAPH AS TEACHER.

About a year ago the Langholm School Board introduced the phonograph into the local Academy specially with the view of teaching French pronunciation. At a meeting of the education authority on Monday the Government inspector's report on the Academy was read. The inspector commends the use of the phonograph for training the ear by means of phonographic records of French oratory or songs, and speaks of the evident pleasure the pupils take in the French songs. He adds that the device is one that might be employed in other schools throughout the country.



**MR. E. H. MORGAN,**

Who has just been appointed tenor lay clerk at Ripon Cathedral. A member of a well-known musical family. Other brothers are lay clerks at Manchester Cathedral and Eton College.



**CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN**  
Master Tailors—Mr. Edwin Fisher.

**OPEN-AIR TREATMENT IN TOWNS.**

The advisability of securing abundance of pure fresh air as a valuable therapeutic factor in the treatment of disease, though not appreciated by the public, is now widely recognised by the medical profession. As a result, ingenious minds are ever at work regarding the means by which the desired end can be best attained. In more than one quarter it has been proposed to move a considerable section of the hospital population into the country, or, at all events, to establish country hospitals for certain forms of disease. How far this may be possible in the future it is difficult to say, but it is by no means impossible that increased rapidity and ease of transit may solve one of the difficulties of the scheme—namely, the provision of efficient medical attendance. In the meantime, however, disease exists, and it is the duty of the profession to secure for its victims the influences best calculated to obtain restored health. When the best is for various reasons impossible, the wise man is not content merely to sigh for the unattainable; on the contrary, he makes the most of what is at hand. It is this spirit which has animated the staffs of various hospitals in different parts of the country to cultivate the development in connection with hospital wards of balconies where patients may spend the greater part, or even the whole, of the day. Even in large towns where the air is not of the purest, this has been found an advantage, and it applies not merely to convalescents, but also to cases of severe and acute illness, as for example pernicious and other grave forms of anæmia. The principle might be more widely adopted, and we should like to see it generally recognised. In London noise and dirt are serious factors, but with a little ingenuity these may be minimised, and, in any case, the value of fresh air remains.—“The Hospital.”

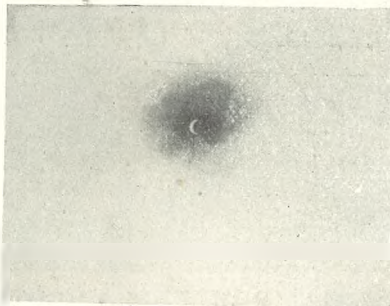


Photo by Barry Burge, Northleach.  
**PARTIAL SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUG. 30, 1905,**  
12.30 p.m.

**A HARE'S TOILETTE.**

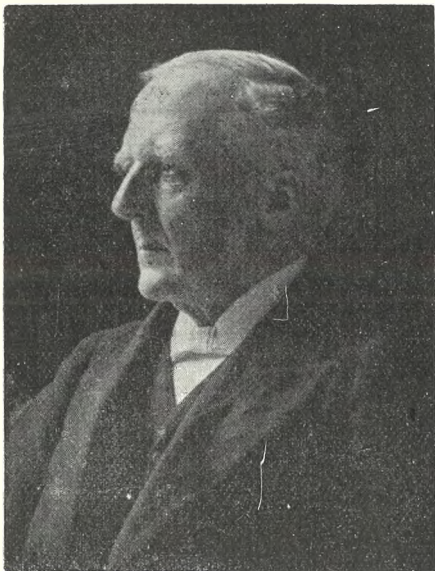
Hares like a warm, sunny seat, out of the wind, or, in wet weather, sheltered from the rain. Here they sit and sleep, unless disturbed, until an hour or two past midday. At some time between half past one and three o'clock they wake up and begin their toilet, which is a long and very careful process. We have seen them roll in the sand, then get up, shake themselves, and finally lick their bodies all over, for the most part directly with their tongues, but those parts of their bodies which they cannot reach so—e.g. face, back of head, ears, and nape of neck—are dressed by the fore limbs exactly in the same way that a cat—the other pussy—does it. These toilet operations often take as long as half or three-quarters of an hour.—“Country Life.”

**ROOM PLANTS.**

Use the sponge among these. When the leaves are coated with dust the plants cannot thrive, and all large-leaved plants, such as palms, aspidistras, indiarubber, aralias, etc., should be sponged often with a little soft soap in the water. Mistakes are often made in watering. No plant should be permitted to stand in water when placed in vases. In such receptacles if the water is left long it gets putrid and the bottom roots die, and the plant soon goes wrong. The only chance then is to remove the sour soil and dead roots and start afresh in sweet, fresh soil. The work of recovery takes up much time, and very often is not worth attempting. The better course with such plants is to take them out of the vases to water them and soak, and when the surplus water has drained away take them back.—“The Garden.”

**A RARE OFFENCE.**

A singular case came before Mr. Baggallay, at the Tower Bridge Court, on Thursday, a painter named William Hickey being charged with feloniously acknowledging a recognisance in £2 for the appearance of a man named Fowler at the court. The officials of the court had no recollection of any similar case. Section 34 of the Forgery Act provides a sentence of penal servitude not exceeding seven years.—It was stated that Hickey offered himself as surety for Fowler, and gave his name as George Burke, producing a rent book in that name. The man Fowler did not, however, answer to his bail.—The prisoner pleaded that he did not understand at the time what he was doing, and he wanted to save his cousin from being locked up.—He was remanded for consideration of the case.



**REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.**  
Ex-President of the National  
Free Church Council.

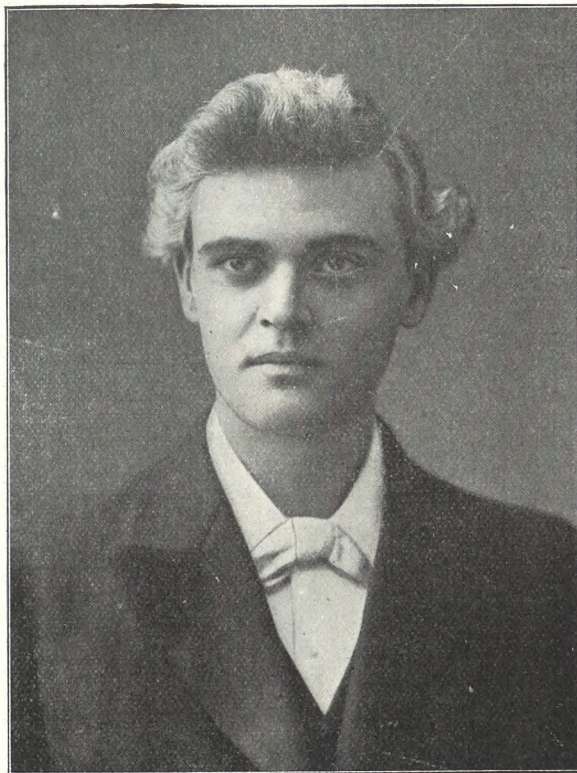
LEADING - -  
SPEAKERS - -  
AT  
NEXT WEEK'S  
CONVENTION.



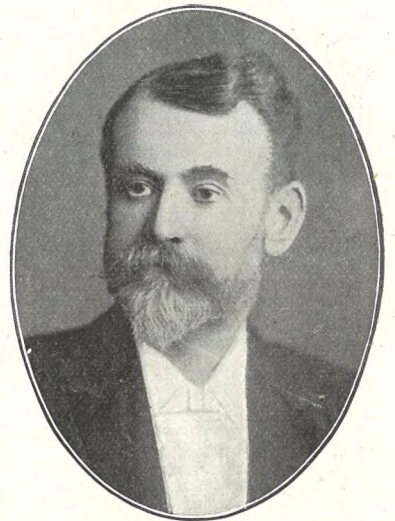
**MR. J. COMPTON RICKETT,**  
M.P., D.L.



**MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P.**



**REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A. (City Temple).**



**REV. THOMAS LAW,**  
Secretary of the N.F.C.C.

**T**HE fifth of Dr. Horton's Conventions for the Deepening of Spiritual Life, which have been arranged by the National Council of Free Churches, will be held next week in Cheltenham, and promises to be the largest of the series, as about 1,000 ministers and laymen are expected to be present. Over three hundred have already been appointed by their churches or councils, and the area from which they are drawn will cover practically the whole of the Midland Counties, extending eastward as far as Eucks and northwards as far as Staffordshire. The Convention proper will extend over four days, while on Sunday the Rev. R. Gordon Fairbairn, B.A., will preach at Wesley Church in the morning and Salem in the evening—two engagements originally undertaken by Dr. Horton, but which he will be prevented from keeping by medical advice.

On Monday night the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Dimmer) will hold a reception of

delegates and prominent Cheltonians in the Town-hall, and on the following day the serious work of the Convention will begin. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings an early prayer meeting will be conducted at 7.30 by Dr. Horton in Salem Chapel (in connection with which a 7 o'clock train will run from Gloucester), and each morning at 11, in the same place, two-hour conferences will be held, the subjects being "Confession of Sin" (Tuesday—Dr. Horton and Rev. F. B. Meyer), "Consecration" (Wednesday—Rev. R. J. Campbell and Dr. Horton), and "The Work of the Holy Spirit" (Thursday). The afternoons will be devoted to rambles in the district under the guidance of Mr. J. Sawyer, though on Wednesday afternoon there will be the annual meeting of the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Federation of Free Church Councils; and following tea each day in Rodney Hall at 5 p.m. there will be conferences for delegates only on "Free Church Council Work," "Sunday

School Work," and "Foreign Mission Work," in the order named.

The evening meetings in the Town-hall will probably be the greatest attraction to the general public. On Tuesday at 7.30 the Rev. R. J. Campbell will preach; on Wednesday the speakers will include the Revs. F. B. Meyer and Thos. Law, and Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., D.L.; and the Convention will conclude on Thursday with a Young People's Meeting, when the Rev. Silas Hocking, Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., and Mr. H. R. Mansfield, M.P., will be the principal speakers.

On the following page will be found photographs of the officials of the local Free Church Council, on whom the brunt of the work of organisation has fallen, viz. Mr. E. E. Boorne (president), Mr. Ed. J. Burrow (secretary), Mr. F. R. Dicks (treasurer), and Mr. J. Anderton (assistant secretary), with Mr. T. T. Whittard (chairman of the Hospitality Committee).

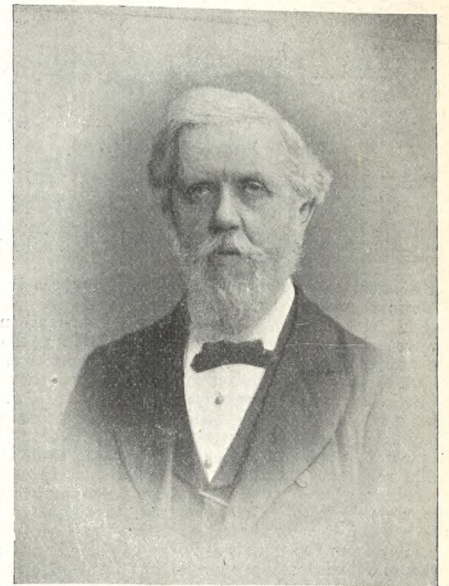


REV. R. GORDON FAIRBAIRN, B.A.

LOCAL  
OFFICIALS  
of the  
CONVENTION



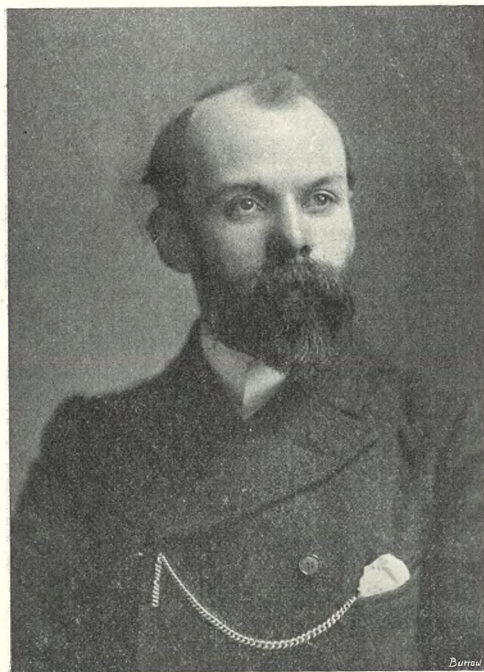
Officers of the  
Cheltenham  
Free Church  
Council.



MR. T. WHITTARD.



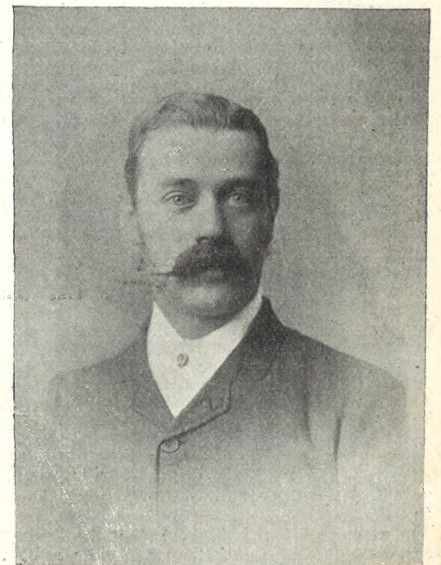
MR. F. R. DICKS.



MR. ED. J. BURROW.



MR E. E. BOORNE.



MR. J. ANDERTON.



## Three Men and a Lantern.

By ARTHUR G. MEEZE.

### PART III.—THE REALISATION OF HOPE.

The "Passing of Error" in the night-tide of artistic tribulation and the "Coming of Truth" through the morning mists of a rationalistic awakening are but psychical antecedents to the "Realisation of Hope"—mystical sequences in a Kosmic process by which the individual Ego steps from "plane" to "plane," in a self-realising retrogression, towards the all unavowed goal of personal perfection that is at once its source and end. Recurring to the symbol of the lantern, we caught sight of its cresset, in Wilde, enriching the twilight of feeling with the prison-trimmed candle of a spent life: we saw it, in Carpenter, aglow in the dawn with nascent colour from the dim religious photosphere of reason: we have it, in Trine, ablaze with love and the noon-day beams of a noble faith. Released from the embarrassments of a metaphysico-scientific method, and remote from the muddy vortices of stirred waters, the mystical foreshadowings that form so essential a part of the mental wealth of Carpenter find in Trine a confident fulness and maturity of expression that compels attention and will not be denied. The book "In Tune with the Infinite" has drawn nearly a hundred thousand purchasers, with probably five times as many readers, from all sorts and conditions of men. It may therefore safely be taken as voicing some element of the eternal in human aspiration. Written with the pure but delightful dogmatism of a free soul, it appeals to every lover of fine literature with an indefinable charm—a "personality" which turns the dead book into a living friend. Its "unions" are perfect, but possibly a few readers, steeped in sectarianism, may object in their hearts to the "intervals," and so denounce the author as a blend of philosopher and priest who preaches a Pagan copy of Christianity founded on Mysticism. But all things that be are only Kosmic resultants: man strings his harp and, unless he inhibit it, the collective consciousness plays the tune. Even Christ Himself found Christianity ready-made to his hand, or his "divinity," and it is interesting to note with what insistence the mystical elements of experience come up for rehabilitation in literature time after time, and find expression age after age, through the media of the best attuned and most delicately responsive personalities of the day. The fact of this persistence of the mystical element in the manifestations of the highest types of mind bears significantly upon the problem of education, and should help to unscare the eyes of those who are blind with the glare of utilitarianism. The true function of education is not to promote crass material ends, facilitate production of "utilities," foster commercialism, qualify for profit-mongering, and the like; nor to formulate the laws of natural phenomena and stock the memory with the empirical data of experience; but to bring the individual by hardy discipline into organic union with Kosmic impulses—to establish between him and his higher self, which compasses the totality of things, a condition of voluntary or self-controlled mediumship. If this were better understood there would be less heard about national "deterioration," and a saner and more optimistic view would be taken of the facts. "The artificial production of stupidity" by so-called "education" is mainly responsible for the current newspaper theories of mental and physical degeneration. What is happening in the world is a gradual uplifting of the lower centres of conscious being, and the process must go steadily on until not only the lower animals but the very atom itself is raised into attunement with the highest life. It is no part of the scheme of creation to preserve the individually highest, but to effect the "salvation" of the individually lowest. The physical infertility and the sacrifice and persistent crucifixion of the highest are necessary elements of the mechanism of at-onement by which the uplifting of the whole is effected. If we had, as we some day shall have, a mathematically exact measure of "spiritual" values, this truth would easily be made obvious to all. As things are, man is so captivated by the glamour of the highest that he sees the spiritual descent into matter and calls it by the

nickname of "deterioration," but is blind to the corresponding ascent of matter into spirit, by which the average is struck and the spirituality conserved. With a living God at one pole and a dead "atom" at the other, it would hardly be correct to describe the descent of the first for the spiritualising of the second as the "degeneration" of God. Yet this is what newspaper ignorance is doing. We must correct our ideals. We classify the properties of number, ponder the delimitations of space, wrestle with the formulæ of statics, kinematics, and dynamics, and follow the pilotage of motion and mass laboriously through the mazes of molecular physics and chemistry, not that we may be able to calculate profits with expedition, square the circle, weigh the world, and make bread from sawdust, but that an earnest pursuit of truth may shape our immortal destiny, and bring us into a state of happy response to the realities that are unseen. We may accomplish all these minor things collaterally, and the times may need them to be done in passing, but they are the penalties and accidents—the karma—of life, and not its pearls of price. When we come fully into our heritage by the qualitative change of initiation we discover that above and beyond all this a mighty purpose rules, and so, from æon to æon the music steals—the same eternal chants are sung—the same immortal dreams are made—the same old sweet enchantments are whispered in the gloaming—and as it was in the beginning so it must be to the end, when the potential consciousness of each individual atom shall coalesce to a cosmic potency in God. The blossom of humanity is not a lonely crown: there is a heyday for the flowers and a harvest for the corn, and there are historic periods of divine response to the deeper mysteries, and they on whom the mantle of mediumship and the power of realisation falls come necessarily in groups, like the snowdrops, and the daffodils, and the violets. Thus the pulse which beat of old in Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, and Proclus is re-throbbing in our midst to-day, telling the same great secret of the heart of things, and pointing to the same high principles of right living. For this reason, mayhap, it is that the ethical rather than the scientific function of "Creation" interests Trine. He brings us definitely to consider the relation in which the "Art" of creating stands to the principles of right action—with some leanings, perhaps, towards an over-assertion of the "Self." Man has power to make. He has, also, power to mar. He may work in malice and compass his own destruction: he may work in ignorance and redeem his errors and sins by pain and repentance: he may labour in love and live happily though the heavens fall and he stumble into wisdom only as into a pit by the way. Unlike much of the Christianity that has been salivated into "respectability" by the Churches and the pastors who teach us how to make the "best" of "both" worlds, the tenets advanced by Trine are not put forward as mere counsels of perfection, subject to confession and avoidance, temporisation and expediency, but as pointing to ends definitely attainable by means that are rooted in final causation—ends, indeed, which may be thrust aside for a time by sin, and ignorance, and disobedience to "spiritual" law, but which cannot be missed at last, no matter how long they may be delayed in the coming by pains and penalties and the karma of retribution. The basic principle on which Trine builds his whole duty of man—his practical philosophy of right living—is thus enunciated by him:—"Within yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life. To come into the full realisation of your own awakened powers is to be able to condition your life in exact accord with what you would have it."

Here we have the promise of individual omnipotence as the reward of a personal at-onement with the Totality of Things—a foreshowing of the means by which man may become rich beyond the dreams of avarice without the beggarism of his neighbour. It voices a glorious intuition of the secret relation in which the individual monad stands to the Kosmic Ego, and its tenacious recognition through good and evil repute reduces the problem of conduct to extremely simple terms. It makes for economy of effort and lifts life to conscious activity on ethical planes where the spiritual and the material byeways coalesce to one road—the straight path of initiation—and it bids man there "God speed" in his toilsome pilgrimage of adaptation. Before him is the way, and he must take up his cross and lead the strenuous life of love, trusting himself fully to the "Law." "The Law will never fail him. It is

the half-hearted trusting to it that brings uncertain, and so, unsatisfactory, results." The Law is the manifest of an outreach for truth conditioned by a recognition of your own oneness with the Kosmic Ego. "Hold to the thought of your oneness. In the degree that you do this you will find yourself realising it more and more, and as this life of realisation is lived, you will find that no good thing will be withheld, for all things are included in this. Then it will be yours, without fears or forebodings, simply to do to-day what your hands find to do, and so be ready for to-morrow when it comes, knowing that to-morrow will bring to-morrow's supplies for the mental, the spiritual, and the physical life. Remember, however, that to-morrow's supplies are not needed until to-morrow comes." The secret, then, of a rightly-conditioned life is to live continually in this realisation, "whatever one may be doing, wherever one may be, by day and night, both waking and sleeping." This is imperative:—"Put all wishes aside save the desire to know Truth; couple with this one demand the fully consecrated determination to follow what is distinctly perceived as truth immediately it is revealed. No other affection must be permitted to share the field with this all-absorbing love of truth for its own sake. Obey this one direction, and never forget that expectation and desire are bride and bridegroom and for ever inseparable, and you will soon find your hitherto darkened way grow luminous with celestial radiance; for with the heaven within all heavens without incessantly cooperate." By going thus into the "silence" of your own inner consciousness for guidance you come at last into tune with the Infinite Life, which is your real life, and so reach the place where the voice of the silence will always speak and never fail you. "To know this and to live in this realisation is not to live in heaven hereafter, but to live in heaven here and now, to-day and every day." So there are no "two worlds" to make the "best" of, but "one life," and that immortal. Being immortal the life *must* be lived: we cannot "shuffle off" the "mortal coil" and escape. Death is a result of supreme inhibition, akin to an "act" of will, and at its best may be a mere transition: at its worst it may be a setting back to re-fight from the beginning a partly-won battle. The vulgar pageant from the cradle to the coffin is one of dying rather than of living—dying that we *may* live. In any case the biologist who builds his definition of life on such temporal phenomena must make it wide enough to include also death, or "the near embrace" will blast his concept—

"as the Maid of old  
Was ashes in the touch of Jove."

The secret of Trine is the tenacity with which he follows the "Golden Thread." "There is a golden thread that runs through the lives and the teachings of all the prophets, seers, sages, and saviours in the world's history," and "This same golden thread must enter into the lives of all who to-day would exchange impotence for power, weakness and suffering for abounding health and strength, pain and unrest for perfect peace, poverty of whatever nature for fulness and plenty." If we take the author as a philosopher expounding a system—as a formalist making a bid for belief on the intellectual side of his plane of consciousness—we may find just ground of quarrel with his vocabulary and dogmas from the first page of his book to the last. But this, emphatically, we must not do. We must accept him as a mystic directly recording profound intuitions in the current counters of thought—an artist working in the rich, but not highly specialised, jargon of the work-a-day world. If we have no completely-thought-out philosophy of our own to guide us in testing the truth of his intuitions over large areas of experience, we must test it by appeals to such facts as come within our ken at detached points, remembering always that the ultimate court of appeal is the Totality. We shall not get at the truth that is struggling for expression through Trine by a logical crumpling of its setting, nor by beating the meaning out of his words on the anvil of reason. Let there be no misunderstanding here: we do not go to Trine for Truth, but to the Kosmic Ego itself that stands behind Trine's necessarily incomplete expression; and when we seek Truth we have always to go bareheaded, humble, and plastic as little children. Trine has no learned lumber to offer for our acceptance; he has glimpsed intuitively the Path of Initiation, and makes it his mission so to guide therein the steps of others that they may receive as much of the sacred light as their "attunement," needs, desires, and psychical

development permit. It would be no great task to give to his intuitions a systematic setting that would embrace a much wider field than his own particular dogmas—embrace, in fact, the whole psychological domain that has been handed over so long, as a happy hunting ground, to spooks. Still, whatever there may be awaiting correlation in the outer province, within his own realm Trine has been led, by simple detachment and honest yielding to the Cosmic Efflux, to a comprehensive grasp of significant phenomena denied to mere intellectual acrobats. If we had to construct a rationalistic framework for the mystic manifestations of Occultism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Religious "Conversion," Permutations of Personality, "Spirit" Control, and many other outstanding facts that continue still to puzzle the physicist who has dug a grave for his understanding in that metaphysical mystery called "matter," we should place at the base of it this primary tenet:—Out of Being, through the fact of Existence, comes the Totality of Experience, and with it the possibility of an intelligible (intellectual) representation of the whole Cosmic Process as an Efflux. This tenet would imply as a fact (not as a thing to be explained) the Basic Unity or all Experience or manifestation. By expansion of this concept we should be led to the following percept:—Every Egoistic Centre of Personality, from the lowest monad to the highest man, is a Focus of Intuition, and all Experience is potential Consciousness at each and every one of these Individual Foci. Grounded upon these primary positions would come this fundamental Theorem:—Every Personality is the resultant at its Egoistic Centre of all other Personalities, and shares in common with those other Personalities a power of Inhibition the freedom of which is limited by the individual ignorance of what antecedents in its own manifestation are followed by what consequents. This Inhibition constitutes the mechanism of Volition. Every Egoistic Centre of Personality has a corresponding Sense-screen. The points at which the Cosmic Efflux is cut by the Individual Sense-screen are those at which Inhibition of flow is possible, and are also those at which Volition begins. The Threshold of Consciousness lies primarily adjacent to the Sense-screen, whence each act of Inhibition forces it back to positions variously remote. Trance, and the supreme Inhibition of death, carry back the Threshold of Consciousness until it coincides with the Egoistic Centre of Personality, and in some cases even further. There is no toleration here entertained for the idea that the Egoistic Centre of Personality is localised in the individual brain, or subject in any manner whatsoever to space limitations. The brain is only one element of a Cosmic Neuron—a mere centre for the co-ordination of Sense-screen impacts: its function is that of a delicately-attuned "receiver" of the Cosmic Efflux on its way to the periphery to manifest—on its "outward" journey to the Sense-screen. The Egoistic Centre of Personality is subject to displacement in many directions, and it is part of the mystery of heredity that many Egoistic Centres have communal tracks. Hence the possibility of the phenomena known as "reading the akashic records," telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, "prevision" within limits, "spirit" materialisations, and that reconstruction of personalities while you wait that is carried on in the seance-room. The intellectual symbolism provided by these principles may be represented in a diagram that will enable us to apprehend man in his essential relationship to the Cosmic Ego. The discrete manifoldness of appearances—sometimes symbolised by the term "environment"—is a peripheral manifestation of the central Cosmic Unit, and man is but one fleeting moment of these appearances. His ideally perfect life, therefore, is that of one dwelling in entire harmony with Cosmic Efflux—of passive obedience to its higher purpose. "Thy Will be done" is the formula. But how? Not by our assuming the responsibilities of Cosmic government and doing "God's Will" for Him. The management of the universe will go on better without our interference. We have no power of original action—only a knowledge-limited sphere of control: we are manifested, and we control in this sphere negatively, by Inhibition. If we pursue remote ends our inhibition is certain to clash with Cosmic Will, unless our knowledge happens to be absolute and our desires in perfect accord with Cosmic ends. As this is an impossible condition in the earlier stages of human development, and an improbable one in the later, we are counselled by the highest philosophy to take no thought for to-morrow and to consider only immediate ends. Anyway, the problem of right living is much

simplified by this point to point progression at close quarters. In following it we inhibit motives of hate, and ideals that we recognise as involving wrong relationships, and so glide off, on the line of least resistance, to happiness. Each individual life being a Cosmic resultant, with individual power of inhibition, there is, within our relation to the Cosmic Ego, not only the "cause of whatsoever enters into our *own* lives," but also the potentiality of much that may enter into the lives of others. Thence it follows that the ability "to condition your life in exact accord with what you would have it" is subject to limitations in the way in which expression arrives, and, consequently, in the end subject to ethical conditions of success in the actual attainment of that expression. This leads to the evolution of a perfectly consistent and logically necessary ethic of responsibility. And so the "Realisation of Hope" becomes, after all, a matter of morals. Moreover, the "moral sanction" of the rules of conduct that grow out of these considerations is of the same order of certainty as the "truth" of a geometrical deduction. In fact, accepting the consensual oneness of the great Totality as a basic truth we are able to form a very clear geometrical diagram of the relation in which the Cosmic or Effluent Ego stands to the discrete peripheral manifestations which we regard as "external" existences, and also definitely to symbolise the inter-relations (the "Affiliations of Self") that exist between any number of different Egoistic Centres of Personality, or Foci of Individual Experience. Indeed, all psychical relations whatsoever may be represented adequately by a "Radio-Transmissive Diagram," or "Cosmic Neuron," easily constructed by any reader for himself. Draw a straight line to mark the primal Cosmic Efflux, and indicate the assumed direction of flow by an arrow. From the front end of the first line draw two other diverging lines, or "Vector-Rays," to represent a bifurcation of the Efflux, and from the anterior ends of each successive pair of rays carry on a progressive bifurcation ad infinitum. Anywhere across this diagram, remote from its source, draw a straight line cutting the peripheral vector-rays in a number of points, and call the line so drawn a "Sense-screen." Take on this Sense-screen, one by one, the points of intersection and follow each ray back towards the primal Egoistic source. All of them will be found to have a common origin or radiant point more or less remote from the Sense-screen. Call this radiant point the "Egoistic Centre of Personality." You have now constructed a geometrical foundation for what in time may be raised to a full mathematical representation of a human "Personality" and its "Environment." By drawing on the same diagram additional Sense-screens and finding their corresponding Centres of Personality you may construct as many "Personalities" and "Environments" as you please, and study thereon their inter-relations as parts of a Totality. Strictly speaking, the relations symbolised are psychic or soul-relations—i.e. relations of "relations"—and the diagram or "Cosmic Neuron" so constructed exhibits the exact relations that arise from a basic unity of all phenomena in process of self-conscious realisation through discrete personalities, and abstracts all essential relationships for consideration apart from the disturbing differentia of the Totality of Experience. Simple as this diagram is, perfectly reliable conclusions of extraordinary significance and far-reaching import can be drawn from it. In fact, it is a key to some of the most puzzling problems of existence. In its application we must remember that while there may be innumerable "Egoistic Centres of Personality," there are no such "things" or entities as Individual "Egos." Behind the caravan of "Individuals" or "Personalities" independently manifested there is but one primal *Ego*—an *Ego* variously subject in manifestation to the Sense-screen limitations and to the inhibitions of each personal unit that is finding expression. Reference to the diagram will show, *inter alia*, that while every Egoistic Centre of Personality is a Cosmic focus in its own right, some Personalities dominate a group of others through having their Egoistic Centres located in communal tracks that lie between their common Cosmic source and various sub-personalities whose centres are nearer to the periphery. There is, therefore, something to be said in support of the "divine right" of Kingship. Personal inhibitions are effected at countless points, and some of these points are open to inhibitions in common on the part of many discrete Personalities. Thus, having regard to the active and passive—the inhibitive and receptive—sides of Personality, we see with Trine that a man initiated into attune-

ment with the Infinite, and therefore submissive to moral law, acquires power, or co-operancy with omnipotence, and may so condition his life at last as to receive into it all that he requires for the perfect "Realisation of Hope." We see also more: a man steadfastly nursing ideals in a wilderness—a mere dweller in Thought's Eternity—may sway the world. Hence there is basic truth in this

#### SONG OF THE SEER.

Where the soul's unmeasured ages  
Creep in ripples evermore,  
And the sands of life lie scattered  
In Love's wave-wake on the shore!  
Where thy stars, O Hope! like censers,  
Breathe an incense o'er the dew,  
And the pulse is tuned to beatings  
In the bosom of the blue!

Calm we watch the night-veil rifting—  
Pierced by morning's risen pride—  
Trailing woofs of mystic glory  
Seaward with the ebbing tide.

Human sun-dials, flecked of sorrow,  
How Earth's gloaming loots the heart!  
Oh! the sweetness! Oh! the sadness  
Of the shadows that depart!

Strains divine the dull deem madness  
Stealing from æolian strings!  
Ink that flows of golden sunshine!  
Pen that plumed an angel's wings!  
Runes of pain re-voiced with gladness!  
Notes of joy with thrill sublime!  
Bold we sing each moment pregnant  
As it flits the couch of Time!

Ours to work within this present,  
Pale, as in all past we wrought;  
Shaping futures—forging fetters—  
Fair with fashions of strange thought!  
Filling flowers, perfumed of fancy,  
With fruition's nectared dream,  
Till your things that are wax real  
From our auras that but seem.

Moulders, ye, of baser matter—  
Making "laws" and "steering State":  
Living foils of higher natures—  
Underlings of loftier fate.

Ours to gild your crown with wisdom—  
Bless your blessing—curse your curse:  
Bathe with bliss your brow when fevered—  
Live your doctor—die your nurse!

Musers, we, who make you music;  
Dreamers, we, who sing you songs:  
Raising aye your solemn Temples—  
Righting aye your myriad wrongs!  
Love is ours, and love in being—  
Love that to the last shall be—  
Breaking bonds of conscious thralldom—  
Setting brain-bound mortals free!

Well we know the might within us,  
And the powers that brand you "slave":  
High o'er our dead selves we've risen,  
And we've dug for yours the grave!

We, in truth, erst built your empires—  
Yea, the globe whereon ye dwell!  
Five-fold fools of tangled senses—  
Matter's but our mind-made spell!

Fast we hold your hearts in meshes!  
Baffle we your sighs, in fight!  
All the ends we feign are fiats—  
Dread environments ye fight!

Oh! be wise: we woo your spirits,  
Aye to make our home your own!  
Asphodels for you we've planted—  
Reap, oh! reap, where we have sown!

Solemn Seers, we yearn in silence—  
Singers, mute, in peace we pray:  
Finely shaped by us your purpose,  
Hew it roughly how ye may!

Doomed, ye are, to fight for freedom  
Ever leashed to our ideals:  
Truth triumphant o'er our chariot—  
Error crushed beneath its wheels!

(Concluded.)



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## "Selina Jenkins's"

TRIP TO DOUGLAS.

## PART II.—THE CROSSING.

Well, 'ere we was, safe, so far as we'd went, on bored the "Moaner's Hile" steamboat, bound for Douglas; me and Amos and the tin box and the bonnet box, as was rather in the way, and everybody as passed along seemed to get 'is or 'er feet 'itched into somehow or other.

The engines bumped, the works began to rattle inside the steamboat, and as the shores departed away from us and got smaller and smaller, I won't say but wot I didn't think a bit of me misdoins, and wish as I'd made up that there little quarrel as I 'ad with Mary Ann Tomkins last week over 'er 'aving copied my new bonnet, as I wanted to keep the style to meself, and was very put out over, not bein', as I considers, a friendly haction. Still, when you be out on the boundless hoocean sea, as the sayin' is, and land's a-goin' out of site, you can't 'elp a-wonderin' to yerself as to the thickness of the boards that the steamer's made of, and 'ow far it would be to the bottom if you was to go down; becoss, I will say this about it, altho' railway accidents is hawful things (esspeshully when they 'appens so frequent as they does now), yet if you gets severely injured in a railway accident on terror firmer, well—there you are; but hif a steamboat goes to the bottom, wot 'u asks meself is—where are you?

Owever, I s'pose there's the boats, or else I 'ave 'eard tell it's a good thing in case of a boat goin' down to lash yerself to the anker, as they calls it, wich is more likely to be washed ashore than most things to be found on vessels.

"Amos," I says, "wot do they do in case of haccidents?"

"Ho, they takes to the boats, Selina, of course; 'aven't you seen it in the papers, the crew took to the boats and safely reached land?"

"Well, but Amos," I says, "sure-a-lie, you don't tell me all these 'ere thousands of people can get into they 2 or 3 boats hangin' up there; it aint reason! I'll ask the captin or somebody!" So I steps across to the sort of a gallery, where there were a yung chap lookin' about with a spyin' glass, and I says, ses I, "Captin," ses I, "Wot do you do in case of haccidents? I can only see 3 or 4 boats on board." Wich he looked at me as if I were a sardine, and said, as short as short—"I'm not a captin; and if you wish to know what we do in case of accidents—well, madam, we don't have any!"

"Well, well; there now," thinks I to meself, as I turned back to Amos; "all these 'ere people as runs ships and trains seems to talk to a body jest like Lord Knows-oo to a blackbeetle, wich there's only one place they knows 'ow to be respectful in, and that's Cheltenham, where I buys me bit of meat and groceries to, as they always treats me like a dutchess, and quite rite, too, 'avin' always paid me 20s. or more in the pound, and cash down on the nail, as the sayin' is."

As I went back to where Amos were sittin', he says to me, "Why, Selina," he ses, "you looks quite nervous; and we 'aint out of site of land yet, wich that's New Brighton as we be passin'. Can't you see the tower plain?"

"Well, 'ow in the world we be got around to Brighton," ses I, "I don't know," ses I; "as I always thought were over on the East Coast somewheres; wich I'm afraid we be hout of our course, as they calls it, and a pretty cup of tea 'twould be if they was to steer us into a reef or a quicksand, or one of these 'ere rock-bound coastesses you reads about! I consider as we'd better keep our eye on the captin up there, and, if 'e moves, run fer the boats, as'll be a case of 'fust come, fust served,' if I'm not very much mistook!"

Ah, Selina," says Amos, "I can see you're nervous, wich you 'ad a pretty laff at me fer takin' precautions, re pacifies fer sea-sickness and the like; but I don't 'old with leavin' things to the last minnit, so I've took 3 tabloids of 'anti-mal-de-mare,' as is a certain antidose versus sea-sickness of every sort, besides wich, as you knows, I've got a bottle of physic in the tin box, '2 table-spoonfuls to be took every 2 hours ontill relief is obtained, after shakin,' in case of the tabloids not actin'; also, I've took pertikler care not to look at the water, the motion of wich 'elps to hupset yer inward system, so the 'Famly Physician' says—volume 7, 14th line from the top of page one-four-two; but I aint a bit nervous, and con-

siders its really luvly on the water, if only 'twas a bit less hup and down like!"

"Nervous, am I," ses I; "well! if you was to ask me, I should say you was the nervous one of the two; didn't I see you with me own eyes buy not less than 6 newspapers on purpose to turn up the weather prognosticks, as they calls 'em, to see whether 'twas likely to be a fine passage over or a stormy one?"

"Looking to see the latest about the disturbances in Russia was you? Well! all I can say is, you be very clever to see both sides of a paper to once, and wot 'ave you marked the weather prognosticks in black-lead pencil? And wot 'ave you in yer parcel, as you went out and got while I were waitin' at Liverpool station? Air-balloons?" I ses, "and wot, in the name of fortin, be you goin' to do with they? I 'opes to goodness you aint goin' to make a fool of yerself, Amos, as per usual?"

"No, Selina," he ses, rather crestfallen like (becoss he didn't think as I'd 'been keepin' me weather-eye hopen, as the sayin' is); "No, Selina! they there balloons is a hidea of me own," he ses; "wich I read in 'Ome Scraps' only last week, that if you 'ad a hair-cushion, as you sits upon, and blowed it full of wind, it would keep you adfoat fer days, if you was drowned thro' a boat goin' down; and, seein' as 'ow I couldn't afford a hinjy-rubber hair cushion (as was 7s. 6d. second-and up to the chemist's), I thought p'raps half-a-dozen of these yer air-balloons, if they was blowed out, 'ould do very near as well! But I aint nervous, not a bit of it! I scorns the reputation, that I does; only I believes in takin' necessary precautions!"

By the time we 'ad a few words, as above, we was well out to see; and that there steam-boat begin to go hup and down somethink hawful; 'twasn't the hups as I minded so much, but the downs! Well! there! every time we dipped down it felt as if the bottom 'ad dropped out of the vessel! I thought as p'raps it were better inside—downstairs—or wotever you calls it; so I makes me way as best I could along the deck (tellin' Amos to keep my place fer me), ontill I come to the stairs as goes down to the basement of the ship. And I really can't eggackly tell you wot 'appened, but from what I can make out there was 2 elderly gents comin' up the stairs, jest as I beganned to go down; wich, all of a suddint, that there steamer give sich a lurch and a heave as you never 'eard, as took me off me pins, as the sayin' is, so clean as a whistle, and fell rite down on top of the 2 elderly gents as I mentioned were comin' up, wich all three of us collapsed together, in one solid havalanche, right into a tray full of cups of tea as the stoo'ard were bringin' up from the refreshment place!

I can tell you the hupmore, and the mess, were somethink hawful, and the lagwidge one of the gents used were pufficky disgraceful, all becoss the tea 'ad got splashed on to his white westkit, as turned out to be delegates to a "Brother'ood of Man" Conference to be 'eld at Douglas; but, as I said, I didn't try to fall on 'em, 'bein' all caused by the lurchin' of the vessel; and as fer gettin' so angry about it, it were a mercy the gent as I fell on were rather stout, or mite 'ave broke me leg or sumfink, if I 'adn't broke me fall on 'is westkin! Folks is so onsympathetic in sich cases, I finds! After a bit, 'owever, the gents simmered down a bit, and even offered me to jine the "Brother'ood of Man" (subscription 5s. a year, and a rite to vote fer who you liked at perilical elections). Still, as I told 'em, I 'ad enuff of brother'ood of men, wot with Amos and his fagaries, to last me a couple of life times!

But as fer the motion of the steamer, it was rather more wuss than better down in the basement; there was some very nice things to eat laid out, sich as salmon, sardines, buttered toast, and all kinds of tasty snacks as would sooth the system; but, Lor' bless you, I couldn't so much as look at 'em; all of a suddint me appetite were gone, altho' I felt as empty as a gasometer, wile every time the vessel jumped it felt as if me hintellecks turned over and over, inside me 'ead. Of course, I wasn't sea-sick, but there was a sort of a similarity, as they calls it, in the simtoms. So I gropes me way up the stairs again, and crawls over to where Amos 'ad been, near the chimbley, but, lo! and behold! he were gone! Castin' me eye around, I see 'im a-gazin' over the side at the water, engaged in thought as it seemed, and, you mark my words, if he didn't look the very picture of misery ontold! So I pokes 'im a good 'ard poke in the ribs, with me

umbrella (becoss, of coorse, I 'ad to seem jovial, some'ow, wotever I felt like), and I ses, "Well, Amos," I ses, "and wot mite it be as you finds so hinterestin' over the side? Wich 'ow about they there tabloids fer sea-sickness now, my pretty?" I ses.

"Sure-a-lie, Selina," ses he, "you don't mean to say you thought I was hill," ses he.

"Ho, of coorse not," ses I, in me most sarkastick tone of vice; "you wouldn't never give way, of course, as we all knows! but wot was you gone to the side for?"

"Ho! well Selina," ses he, tryin to sit upright and look magisterial, "wotever you thinks I can't 'elp, but the fact remains, as I come to the side to see the paddle-wheel a-working, bein' a very fine site, and now and then throws out foam like a hicc-cream barrow; ho! no! I aint't sea-sick, altho' I will admit they there tabloids is very nasty things on the top of 'am and eggs, and the taste sticks in yer mouth a hawful long time—tho' lost to site, to memory dear, as the sayin' is."

"Well, but, Amos," I ses, "didn't you tell me as you read in that there dictionary you got as it was a very bad thing to look at the waves, becoss of the motion of 'em upsettin' the happydidydum of yer celebration and bringin' on the sea-sickness?"

"Ho! so I did, Selina! wot a memory you 'ave got! Still, I don't think there's a lot in it, and I—well—p'raps—I—sort of—as you mite say—in a word—to cut it short—I won't tell you no lies about it, Selina, and—well, there—I do feel a bit up and downy!"

"Where's the tin box? I think I'll take a dose of the physic!"

"I should take 3 doses if I was you, Amos," ses I; "wich its better to be on the safe side, and the sooner the bottle's emptied," I ses, "the lighter it'll be fer the vessel, wich in my hapnyion its a lot too low down in the water! Look at they paddle-wheels! Why they touches th. water very near every time they goes around!"

(To be continued).

## 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 146th prize is divided between Mr. J. H. Allender, of Eardington House, Cheltenham, and Mr. R. Dodds, of 39 Grosvenor-street, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Church and Rev. G. Deighton at Cleeve Hill Church.

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

## EXPENSES IN THE CAVALRY.

There is, the writer of these notes understands, ground for the belief that the authorities really "mean business" in regard to the present movement as to expenses in the cavalry. The harmful thing about previous pronouncements of the same sort was not only that nobody took them seriously, but that too often they were publicly turned into ridicule. In one well-known case which occurred a good many years ago, the fiat had gone forth that champagne was no longer to be given at inspection luncheons. Shortly afterwards a royal personage went down to inspect a certain very swagger corps commanded by a well-known officer. At lunch the latter remarked to his illustrious guest, "I am sorry, your Royal Highness, that we cannot offer you champagne, as it's against the regulations, but I can recommend the mess ginger-beer." The latter, which, of course, was champagne, was duly served, and H.R.H. partook of it without a murmur, remarking what capital ginger-beer it was. Regulations thus more honoured in the breach than in the observance could do little good. Still more deplorable was the state of things which led to such doubtful tricks as the keeping of a double set of accounts, a private one in addition to that produced when required for the general's inspection.—"The King and his Navy and Army."



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 247.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45) :—

“Treasure Island.”

NEXT WEEK :— Special Engagement of

Miss ADA REEVE & London Co.

Times and prices as usual.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!



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AT THE . . .

“ECHO” ELECTRIC PRESS

### 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 147th prize is awarded to Miss Annie Mabson, of 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road North, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle, M.A., at St. Paul's Church.

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

### A FASHIONABLE FAILING.

#### THEFTS IN SOCIETY CIRCLES WHICH PASS AS KLEPTOMANIA.

A remarkable charge is brought against society women by a lady writer in the “World”

“It is quite remarkable,” she says, “how much picking and stealing goes on in one's own circle; and if the guests in country houses and fashionable assemblages were charged every time they mistook the property of others for their own, the halfpenny press would never have to go far afield again for exciting material.

“We must all be instinctively thieves, as I suggest, else why are such odds and ends as books, umbrellas, and other people's writing materials so continually ‘missing’?”

“Feather boas, lace scarves, fans, disappear unaccountably at balls and the opera; autographs are never safe, even in the best regulated households, unless under lock and key; and valuable plates have been known to disappear from library books where house parties have been very select.”

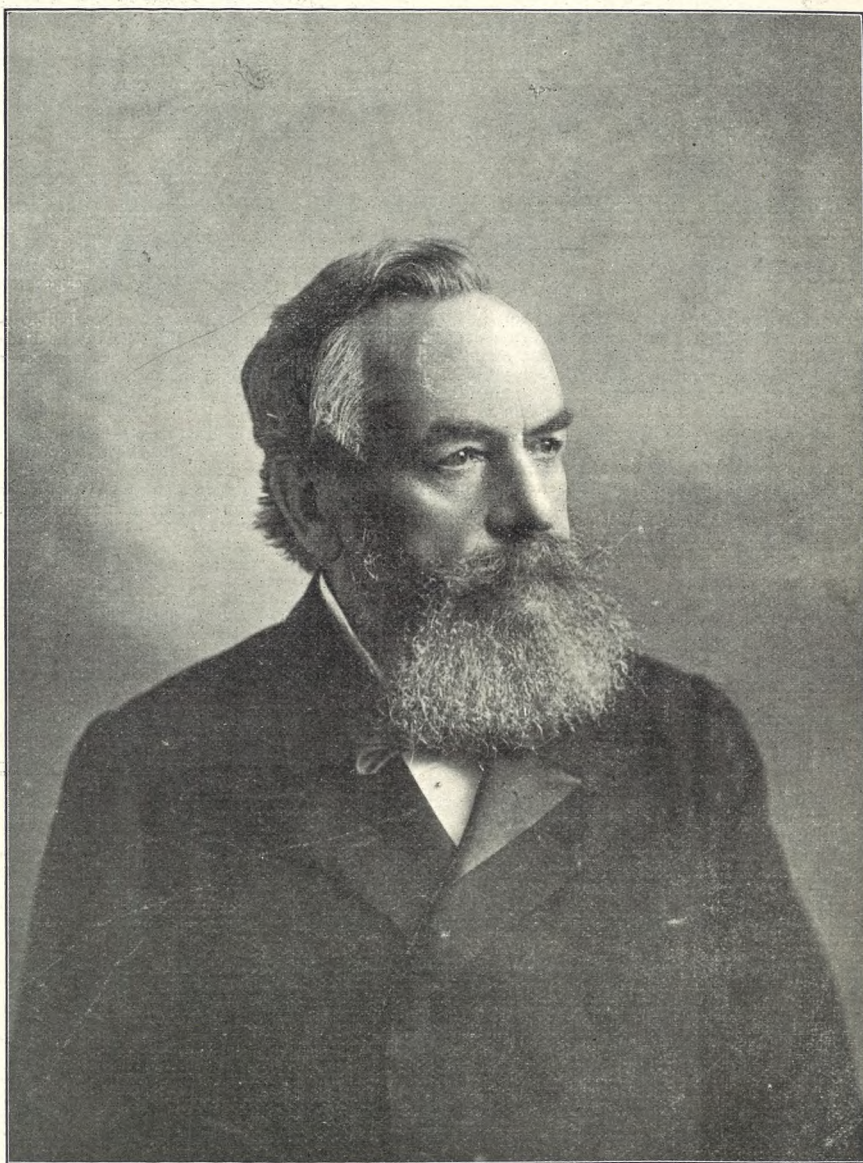


Photo by W. Dennis Moss,

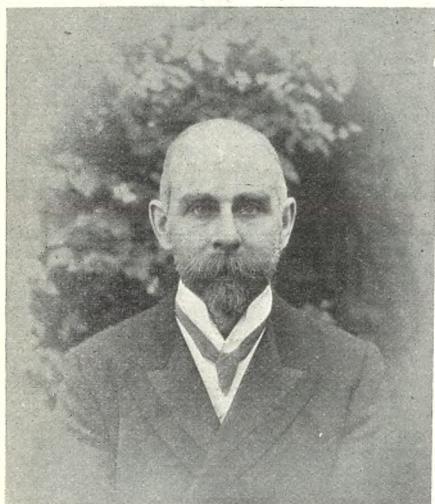
Cirencester.

MR. D. G. BINGHAM,

DONOR OF “BINGHAM” LIBRARY, CIRENCESTER.

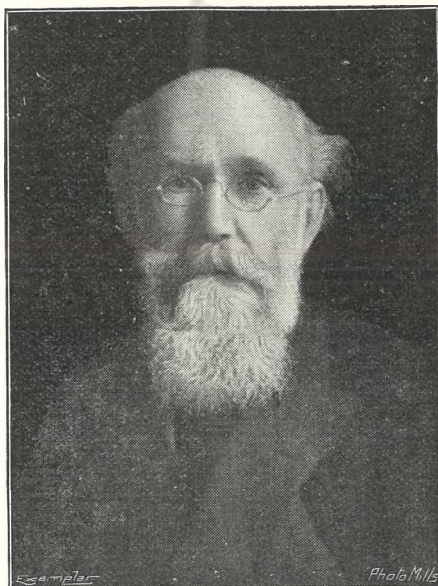
It is announced that the War Office has decided to reduce the command of the Royal Engineers at Barbadoes from a colonel's to a lieutenant-colonel's appointment.

A grant of £10,000 has been made by the Treasury towards defraying the expenses of the British section at the forthcoming exhibition at Milan.



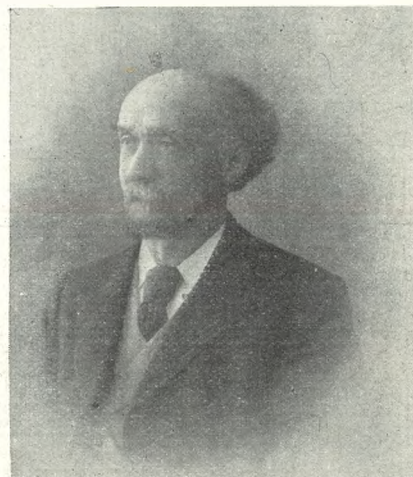
MR. JAMES EVERETT

(Secretary National Passive Resistance Union).



REV. DR. CLIFFORD, M.A.

(Leader of the Movement).



MR. CLEMENT BOARDMAN, J.P.

(of London, formerly of Cheltenham).

**SOME SPEAKERS AT YESTERDAY'S PASSIVE RESISTANCE DEMONSTRATION.**

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

The magisterial question at Cheltenham has again become acute by reason of the frequent suspension of business at petty sessions, either owing to the entire absence of justices or the non-attendance of a sufficient number of them. I think the twenty-nine magistrates for the division is a totally inadequate number to cover six sessions a week, even if they were all regular attendants under a rota, made with due regard to probabilities of sickness and chances of absence from varied causes. I find that eight of the number have not been on the bench for years, two at least having left the town; while a dozen are so irregular in attendance that if they were boys at elementary schools their parents would be often summoned. The colonels are certainly most diligent in doing duty. Still, I adhere to my opinion that magistrates ought to be disqualified if they neglect duty for over six months. There would be no difficulty in considerably strengthening our bench with qualified men from among the many leisured residents. I hear a batch of deputy-lieutenants will shortly be appointed, but that will not meet the pressing case of Cheltenham.

That truth is stranger than fiction has had recent strong confirmation in the remarkable and deliberate marriage of a nephew and aunt, with the speedy death of the bride from natural causes, at Elkstone, a remote village on the Cotswolds. It requires one stern sequel, and that is prompt action by the Public Prosecutor against the nephew, in regard to the irregular way in which he obtained the marriage license. I do not remember a local wedding approaching in sensation this Elkstone one since the "Echo," some six years ago, gave a circumstantial account from an American paper of the marriage in the United States of a couple who subsequently turned out to be brother and sister, the children of a Gloucester woman who had emigrated. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the latter case, but I am more than satisfied that the Elkstone one has the bedrock of facts.

It does not seem a year ago (but it is) that I saw the first sods turned of the extensions of the Cheltenham and District Light Railway, and that over four years have elapsed since I was present when Colonel von Donop, from the Board of Trade, made his official inspection of the original tramway. And during the time the system has been in operation about seven million fares have been taken, including about a million and a half between March 28th last, when the extensions were opened, and the end of August. As showing some increases of traffic by the extensions, it appears that 63,869 people were carried last Easter,

against 27,283 at the previous one; that Whitsuntide had a record of 49,679 passengers, and that on August Bank Holiday 25,454 people travelled, as against 14,669. It was glad to hear from Mr. Nevins in the summer that he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the returns so far. I find that Leckhampton is the best paying route, but a falling off in passengers has occurred on the old section, though this is attributed to general depression. Cheltenham is fortunate in having the benefit of the tramways without any financial risk to the town, which is also benefited by the disbursements of a staff of ninety employees, the payment of rates, the repair of a very considerable portion of the roads, and the custom to the extent of about £80 weekly for electric power by the company. Yes, the Cheltenham and District Light Railway Co. has become by no means the least important of the few industries of our Garden Town.

It is interesting to state that the late Surgeon-Major-General Philip Broke-Smith, of Cheltenham, was son of Captain W. Smith, who was mayor of Berwick in the year Queen Victoria opened the Royal Border Bridge. His father was in the Shannon and Chesapeake engagement, and called his son Broke after the captain of the English vessel.

**REDISTRIBUTION SCHEME.**

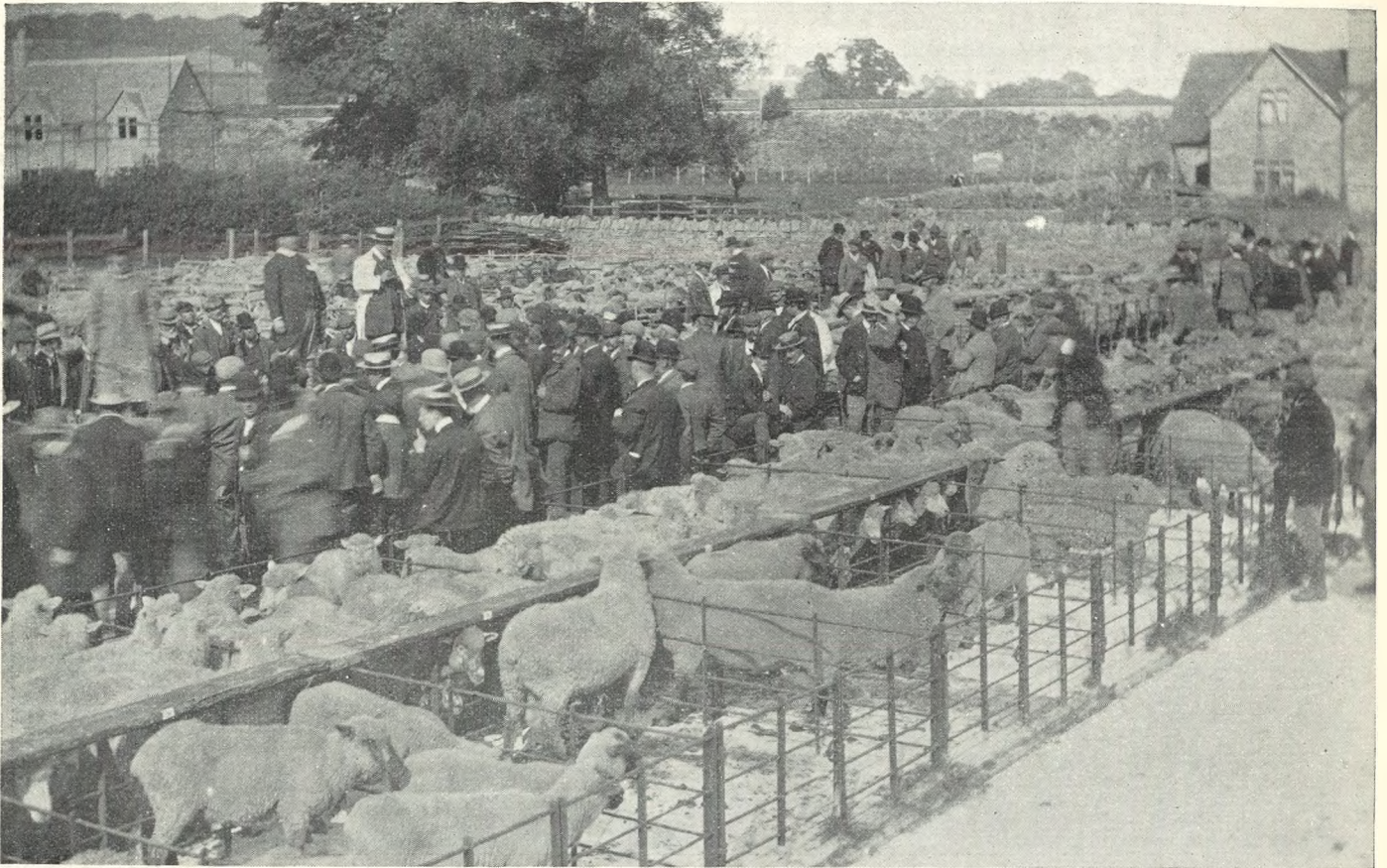
The Exchange Telegraph Company states that the Committee which was appointed some time ago by Mr. Gerald Balfour to obtain information for the guidance of the Government in framing a scheme for redistribution has commenced its investigations. Colonel Duncan Johnston, C.B., Mr. Alexander Greene, K.C., and Mr. N. Thomas, of the Local Government Board, have already paid visits of inspection to certain localities, and are now receiving information in writing from administrative authorities in London and the country, and from political agents, and indeed from anyone who has any useful suggestions to make in regard to redistribution. The Exchange Telegraph Company adds that it is not at all certain whether the appointment of a Boundary Commission, which follows the present investigation, will take place before or after Parliament re-assembles. Mr. Balfour, before the rising of the House last month, intimated that the date of the appointment of the Boundary Commission was a matter for the consideration of the Government, so that this will, there is little doubt, engage the attention of the Cabinet at an early date. The Committee which is now conducting a preliminary investigation does not propose to take any evidence. It is possible, of course, that the Government may introduce its Redistribution Bill and then appoint a Boundary Commission. In that case the schedules would be left blank and filled in at a later date.

**THE FOLLY OF HOME LESSONS.**

Complaint having been made by a parent that children are sent home from all schools on Friday evening laden with work that will take the whole of Saturday and perhaps the best part of Sunday to get through, he is told by the "Daily Telegraph," which publishes his letter, that "it is no good complaining of hard work in a competitive world." This is cold comfort, but characteristic of the champions of the present system of elementary education. So far as the complaint has reference to schools maintained at the expense of the parents there is an easy remedy. If they are given excessive home lessons, and it is pleaded that the rules of the school must be adhered to, the children can be removed. But the parents of children who are educated in schools maintained at the expense of the public are bound to obey the provisions of the Education Act. They can only withdraw their children from school, even temporarily, on a certificate of illness from a medical man. It does not follow that the imposition of home lessons upon children of tender years should be accepted without a murmur. The Saturday holiday is an excellent institution, if the children obtain the full benefit of it, but not when it merely means a period of leisure for the teachers. The stress and strain of hard work have to be borne by the vast majority of adults; in this world the race is generally to the swift and the battle to the strong. But compulsory home lessons inflicted on boys and girls of eight or nine do not tend to equip them for the obligations of life. They are much more likely to retard their progress. They overtax the mental faculties at a time when it is particularly essential that they should not be overtaxed; they interfere with the physical development of the children, which is of vital importance; and even the most thickheaded can recognise the folly of a system which enables a boy to come out first in a competitive examination at fourteen years of age and qualifies him for a lunatic asylum at forty.—"The Hospital."

**THE NAMING OF HORSES.**

Not a few people there were who expressed surprise at the name of Flying Fox, which the late Duke of Westminster selected for the splendid son of Orme and Vampire; but a little reflection would have satisfied them that the name was far from inappropriate. The word "orme" being the French name for an elm tree, and the vampire a species of bat, it is not difficult to see the connection with the flying fox, which is a tree-inhabiting bat. These bats derive their name from their curious likeness to a fox, especially about the head.—"Country Life."



ANDOVERSFORD STOCK MARKET—Friday, September 15, 1905.



Mr. J. W. Tayler, Auctioneer, Selling at Andoversford Market.

THE INCREASING COST OF SPORT.

A relative of the writer who kept hounds about fifty years ago, allowed £500 a year for each day in the week his pack hunted, and, in fact, I see from account-books that the average for two days a week was rather under than over £1,000 a year. But in the country from which I am writing at present the cost is quite £2,000 for two days and an occasional bye-day, besides the rent of shootings which the Master is compelled to take to keep them from being rented by undesirable people.

Taking the expenses at rather over £2,500, and the subscriptions at £500, the Master has to find £2,000 a year. Is it likely that men will be found to do this when they are precluded from enjoying sport themselves, or showing their field really good gallops? A Master of Hounds, if a true sportsman, gains an added pleasure from the enjoyment felt by his field, and it is a keen disappointment to him when his efforts fail. I shall not be surprised if several packs are given up in the course of the next few years.—X., in "Country Life."

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

It is not overstating the matter to say that our grandfathers, lay and medical alike, regarded alcohol, especially in the form of spirit, as the prime resource in cases of severe illness or injury. Even to-day the majority of householders look upon the brandy bottle as a fetish to charm away disease and death. Slowly and reluctantly, but none the less surely, this monstrous superstition is yielding in the light of modern scientific knowledge. Yesterday we were taught that shock was to be counteracted by large doses of brandy; to-day those who have studied the problem most carefully in the laboratory and by the sick-bed, and who are entitled to direct professional opinion on the matter, inform us that to administer alcohol to the individual suffering from shock is to increase the danger to his life. Thirty years ago the leaders of professional opinion in this country thought it was iniquitous to withhold alcohol from patients suffering from typhoid fever. Now, as we learn from a paper written by Dr. Dawson Burns for presentation to the International Congress Against Alcoholism, which meets at Buda-Pesth this week, the London Temperance Hospital is able to show for a period of 33 years a mortality of only 14.4 per cent. in all cases of typhoid fever treated in the hospital, the mortality for the last ten years being 12.27 per cent. The majority of these patients were not given alcohol. It will be seen that the results are not inferior to those obtained at other Metropolitan institutions. For example, the mortality among cases treated in the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals during the year 1904 was 14.58 per cent. We are far from being in agreement with the intemperate and wholesale condemnations of alcohol that are so constantly thrust upon us by the self-styled temperance reformer. We maintain that in moderation alcoholic drinks are pleasant and harmless. But we desire to point out that the value of alcohol and alcoholic beverages in the treatment of acute diseases is not so great as medical men have hitherto supposed.—"The Hospital."

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



**LIBERAL GARDEN PARTY AT TIBBERTON COURT, NEAR GLOUCESTER,**  
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905.

Standing (left to right):—Mr. H. Davis, Mr. S. Aitken, Mr. J. R. Pope, the Mayor of Gloucester (Mr. Langley-Smith), Mr. C. P. Allen, M.P., Mr. J. W. Probyn, Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., Mr. M. P. Price, Mr. W. R. Price, Rev. W. Lloyd, Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., the Sheriff of Gloucester (Mr. F. H. Bretherton), and Mr. Reddy (of India).

Ladies, sitting:—Mrs. Winnington Ingram, Miss Percival, Miss Wright, Mrs. C. P. Allen, Mrs. Sidney Hartland, Mrs. M. Price (the hostess), Mrs. Russell Rea, Mrs. Tuckwell, Mrs. Langley-Smith, and Mrs. Bretherton.



**MR. SAMUEL MILLS,**

one of Cheltenham's oldest inhabitants.

He celebrated his 93rd birthday on Monday, September 11th. He lives with his nephew at

"Latimer," Gloucester-road. He retains his faculties in a wonderful manner, and can remember events that happened as far back as 1822. Mr. Mills worked in Leckhampton brickfield at the age of eleven years, and he remembers the stagnation of trade in the Garden Town in 1825, when all the banks were closed except "Billy Pitt's." He has lived in the reigns of five Sovereigns, viz. George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria, and Edward VII. At Trowbride, in 1839, he witnessed the blasting operations for making the G.W.R. Box Tunnel. Mr. Mills has a sister living with him who is 87 years of age, but the lady has aged far more than he has. He has smoked for eighty years, and reckons that he has consumed in that period about 2cwt. of tobacco. His sight and hearing are weak, but his health is extremely good.

**CLERGY AND POOR LIVINGS.**

Viscount Cross and the Speaker of the House of Commons were amongst those present at Carlisle Diocesan Conference on Tuesday, when Lord Cross made a statement on the subject of poor livings in the diocese. The Speaker (Mr. Lowther), addressing the conference on the same matter, said in some cases the amalgamation of small parishes was the only way of solving the difficulty of poor livings. He knew a parish with a stipend of £85 a year and a population of eighty-seven. In a case of that sort it was obviously better to amalgamate the parish with the neighbouring one than to increase a miserable income by £5 or £6 a year. If parishioners did not want to amalgamate, but to have a clergyman to themselves, the answer was 'let them pay for it.'

**A SURPRISE WILL.**

**BEQUESTS TO MILKMAN, NEWSMAN, AND HOSIER.**

Besides leaving a considerable sum to charity, Mr. James Thomas East, of Cassland road, South Hackney, made some unusual bequests. Among them were:—To the man who delivered his milk, Charles George Broadbridge, £50. To the man who supplied him with his evening paper, £50, with the expression of a hope that he will use it carefully for the sake of his wife and child. To his nurse, Mary Anne Kenny £50, hoping that she will be temperate with it, and ask a clergyman or one of the ladies connected with the Church to take care of it for her. To his kind medical attendant, Dr. Turner Johnstone Fisher, £50. To his solicitor, Mr. Ernest William Long, in addition to his legal charges, £100. To his accountant, Alfred George Petts, who had kept his accounts for many years, £50. To the man who safely kept his securities for many years in the safe of a firm named, £50; and to his hosier and draper, Arthur Mignot, £50. Among the other personal bequests were sums of money to Hackney publicans, while the bequests to public charities amounted to £1,400, with the residue to the London Hospital.



Lerothodi's eldest son Letsie has been unanimously proclaimed paramount chief of the Basutos.

Despite protests from lovers of nature, the Baden Government has sanctioned the erection of a large power station at Laufenburg to utilise the falls of the Rhine as motive power.



TIBBERTON COURT.

ABOUT THE "BLIND" LETTER SORTERS OF THE G.P.O.

The number of letters posted every day without any address on the envelope is remarkable, but still more extraordinary are the hosts of strange addresses that the "blind" men have to try and puzzle out in the course of their duties. Some of these would be as undecipherable to the average individual as the hieroglyphics on the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy, writes a "T.A.T." contributor.

Many people, again, knowing that the Post Office Department must employ all available means to deliver a letter, carelessly refrain from appending the name of the county in addressing a letter to an English town. This "John Jones, Esq., Newton," gives the P.O. department needless trouble, as there are about sixty Newtons in the kingdom.

The Irish peasantry are the terrors of the "blind" men. This sort of address is by no means uncommon among them—"To my sister Bridget, care of the Preste who lives in the Parish of Balcumbury in Cork." A letter with this identical superscription actually passed through the Post-office some little time back. A few months ago a new terror was added, by the revival of the use of the Irish language; but this craze appears to have died out.

The Irish are not the only offenders, however, in mystifying the "blind" men, as witness the following sent to a town in the West of England by an English correspondent—"Mary H., a tall woman with two children.

Such letters, of course, cannot be delivered unopened, unless the persons for whom they are intended are discovered by accident; and, as a matter of fact, the great majority of them are never delivered at all. There are, however, letters addressed in this vague style that never fail to reach their destination. For example, a missive addressed to "Mr. John Morley, London," would at once be sent to the famous Liberal statesman before trying elsewhere. Nor would a letter addressed "Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, England," if intended for the Premier, be in the slightest danger of not reaching him.

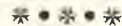
There are other more puzzling styles of addresses than these, but the "blind" men are generally equal to the occasion. Thus the correspondent who wrote to a lunatic in Colney Hatch, and addressed his letter to Coneyach Iunentick A Siliam had it promptly delivered, the "blind" men having no difficulty in interpreting the foreign-looking address. "Oiley Wite," again, was easily and correctly deciphered as Isle of Wight; and a letter marked "Obern Yenon" was delivered at Holborn Union with very little delay. Ashby-de-la-Zouch is a source of constant worry to illiterate correspondents, but the "blind" men are now familiar with the various ways of spelling it, and readily recognise the address. There are fifty recognised methods in vogue for spelling the name of this one place, the ordinary way among the poor living at a distance being "Has be dellar such." Perhaps the most curious address that ever reached the town was "Ash Beldes in Such for John Horsel Grinder in the County of Lestysheer."



HAVE FRENCHMEN HOMES?

Of all the grotesque misunderstandings which for so long a time kept English and French people from understanding each other, I know none that has been more mischievous and more exasperating than the superstition which used to be so common in England that the French did not know the meaning of the word "home." I was at a big dinner some years ago in London, and a tactless orator, in the presence of a great many French, recalled the statement attributed to the Duke of Wellington—I don't think the Duke was an "intellectual," but I hope he didn't say all the stupid things attributed to him—that there is no word in the French language which corresponds to the English word "duty." The statement, in the first place, is absolutely untrue; and the idea it suggests is even more untrue. It is the same thing with the idea that the French do not know the meaning of the word "home." It is quite true that French people take a great deal of their meals and their amusements out of doors. This is largely the result of their climate—climate is the most

momentous of all our environments. It is partly the result of the fact that as their families are smaller than ours, and they are far more economical than we are, they live in smaller and less comfortable dwellings. It is partly the result of racial feelings and tendencies—of that gregariousness which is an instinct more of the Latin than of the Teutonic races. Their "home" may mean but the externals of life. By home I do not understand the material dwelling—the furniture, the number of rooms in which the human dwells—but the spirit which prevails in the relations between the human beings that make up the family. And in that respect the French people are models to the other nations of Europe. This spirit of family solidarity is carried perhaps to extremes, and, like all things human, it has its weak side as well as its strong side, its drawbacks as well as its advantages. I met on my way home an interesting Frenchman. He was a medical man, and he had been practising on his own account for years; he was thirty-two years of age. But he told me that he still lived with his father and mother; he was so comfortable in these surroundings that he found it difficult to contemplate having an independent household of his own. And even if he should conceive a violent affection for a lady, he would not think of marrying her unless his parents were ready to give their assent. If you meet French children with their parents, you are always struck by their air of deference. Sometimes it is a little astonishing to see a great big fellow with a moustache, as timid apparently in the presence of his father as if he were a little schoolboy in knickerbockers. But it is touching, and I had almost said edifying. It gives you such an impression of good manners and of good feeling.—From "Latest Impressions of France," by T.P., in "T.P.'s Weekly."



According to estimates prepared for 1906, the Russian Imperial Debt at the 1st of January next is estimated at 7,681,895,948 roubles, which, compared with the preceding year, marks an advance of 615,405,312 roubles. The increase results chiefly from the new interior and exterior loans.

“Selina Jenkins’s”

TRIP TO DOUGLAS.

\*

PART III.—THE CATASTROPHE.

Well! as I were a-sayin’ last week, ‘ere we was, on the way to Dooglas for a 3 days’ pleasure trip, with me and Amos on the upstairs portion of the steamer—Amos reg’lar downrite hill with the tabloids and the physick as ‘e’d took to keep off the sea-sickness, and me feelin’ as if I’d give all I was worth to be on terror cotta once more and this ‘ere hawful feelin’ stopped.

But, as luck would have it, all of a suddint wot they calls a squall come on; the wind ‘owled thro’ the string, and the sea-waves come up against the side of the vessel—BUMP—SPLASH—BUMP—SPLASH; till very near everybody was drenched with the spray, as they calls it.

Amos still ‘ung over the side, as if ‘e were a fixture to the railings, until a great big wave come hup like a havalanche and dropped—souse—rite on top of ‘is ‘ead and shoulders! Fer a minnit I thought ‘e were washed away; but no! it were only ‘is bowler ‘at, as went sailin’ off into the Specific or Hatlantick or wotever they calls it, jest fer all the world like a gentleman’s yat, whiles Amos turns to me—drippin’ with wet, like a dyin’ duck in a thunderstorm—and ‘e says, says ‘e, “Selina,” ‘e says, “never no more do I go sea-trips fer pleasure,” ‘e says; “not that I’m seasick, of coorse, but I don’t care fer this ‘ere as a amooment; and I think I’ll go down below and ‘ave a look at the engines workin’.” I takes a great deal of hinterest in seein’ these ‘ere marine engines workin’.”

“Well! well!” I says, ‘ave yer way, Amos; but you looks very pale about it, wotever you be goin’ below about! As fer me, ‘I’ll stick to the deck, lads,’ as the song says, becous if we be goin’ to be drowned I’d rather be on top than down in the saloon eatin’ boiled salmon, as ain’t wot you may call a suitable occypation fer yer last moments.”

“Don’t talk to me of boiled salmon,” ses ‘e, with a groan; “if you wants me I’m below, ‘tween-decks, as they calls it”; sayin’ wich, ‘e makes a sort of a wobbly run fer the staircase, where I’d been down before, in company of several others, as per last week’s narrytives!

When ‘e’d gone below I got over close to the chimbley of the steamer, as kept off the draft a bit and was very nice and warm, too, bein’ a very good thing to know. Wot with the warmth and not ‘avin’ took no medicine I got to feel a little better, and soon I were listenin’ to the conversation of a yung honeymoonin’ couple—as it seemed—wich were round the other side of the chimbley.

“I say,” says ‘e, “the spray has made my moustache taste quite salt,” says ‘e.

“Yes! I knows it ‘as!” said she (simple like); and all the folks clustered round the chimbley sniggered and laffed!

“Ow silly people are,” said Mrs. Newly-wed to Mister; “I didn’t say anything to make them laugh, did I, dear?”

Ah! well! I was thinkin’ to meself I was like it once, and yung folks will be yung folks, as long as the world lasts—when, all to onct, there was a terrible clatter—electric bells ringin’ in the utmost confusion, the captin’ rushin’ about over-‘ead, seafarin’ men comin’ out from all sorts of odd corners, whistles blowin’, and one of the boats as was hanging up to dry begun to drop down over the side into the water, while the vessel began to put on the brakes and pull up.

“Wot’s the matter,” I says, “is it a collision, or a shipwreck, or wot is it? Tell me quickly,” I says, “becous I’ve got a ‘usband on board to look after; and ‘e’ve gone off with the key of the tin box,” I ses, “in wich is the parcel of air-balloons as we brought in case of accidents! Where’s that Amos, anyhow?” I ses; and I makes fer the stairs, to see wot ‘ad become of ‘im, as I thought ‘ad very likely fell in the machinery and stopped the ship!

“Amos,” I shouts, “where are you, Amos?” on wich a deaf gent., as thought I were callin’ fer help, come rushin’ along with one of they there life-savin’ belts, and squashed it down over me shoulders round me waist, as must ‘ave made me look the owdaciousest object as was ever seen on a vesse!’s deck anywheres. Somebody said there were a man overboard, and there was a rush to the side, jest in time to see a boat-load of sailors rowin’ like mad for somethink black on the surfiss of the water. It made me feel awful, to

think of some pore body out there a-drownin’, as didn’t seem able even to struggle fer weakness, and some lady, with more good feelin’s than sense, began to go round with a plate to take up a collection for the pore sufferer as was about to be saved by the boat’s crew. Meanwhile the boat got up to the object—bit by bit—until at last the crew was near enuff for one of the men to reach out and pull the pore thing out of the ragin’ helements.

But, wotever do you think! it weren’t a ‘uman bein’ at all, but just—A PAIR OF BOOTS—as the sailor man ‘eld up by the laces, and all the people on the ship, and the sailors, and everybody laffed—well, like old boots—when they see ‘ow they’d been sold! All excepts the captin’: ‘e didn’t laff, but ‘e looked as black as thunder, and give orders that the boots was to be brought to ‘im, and the owner found and strongly depremanded! Of coorse we all crowded round to see ‘em brought on board, and there was all kinds of remarks about ‘em; as to ‘ow well they floated, etcetera, and so 4th; but as I were lookin’ at they boots, I ses to meself, “Selina,” I ses, “You’ve seen they boots afore, sure-a-lie! Who is it as treats ‘is ‘eels down one side, jest like them? Sure-a-lie if it ain’t Amos’s very own boots!”

And they wos! There was ‘is name, inside one of ‘em, so big as life—“Amos Wilkins, Cheltenham,” and the price, “12/11,” as was bought rather dear, and never been rubbed out to that day.

So I hups, and I says to the captin’, “Captin’,” ses I, “that’s my ‘usband’s boots, sure-a-lie; but wot I wants to know is where’s my ‘usband? If ‘is boots was out there floatin’ about, he must ‘ave been floatin’ head downwards; and you’ve only saved ‘is boots! wich I never ‘eard sich carelessness of ‘uman life in my born days.”

The captin’ looked rather staggered, but ‘e ses to one of the men, “Jest go below a minnit, and see ‘ow this man’s boots got out there floatin’ about, and find the man they belong to. Bring him up here!”

So, after a bit, there come up the stairs from the basement of the ship a percession as follows:—A crowd of passengers laffin’ and talkin’ till further orders; 2 engineers as black as sut, as ‘ad come out from where they biles the water fer the engines; 4 waiters; and then about a dozen or two of sefarin’ men, with my Amos in the midst, lookin’ as scared as if he’d jest dropped out of a dynamite explosion, and looked a regler coff-drop, that I will say, minus ‘is coat and ‘is hat, and—yes, and ‘is boots!

“Wot ‘ave they been doin’ to you, Amos,” I says, “wich I thought fer certain you was drowned, and eat by mackerel long ago gone since; and ‘ow did yer boots come to be floatin’ about out there?” wich I was goin’ to give ‘im a word or 2 in season as to bein’ so careless with ‘is clothes, as cost money, not to speak of frightenin’ me out of me 7 censuses with pendentin’ to ‘ave dropped overboard; but the captin’ says, “Bring him up here,” he says, a-roarin’ like a bull, “and we’ll get to the bottom of this very soon.”

“Now, then, sir,” he says to Amos, “jest you make a clean breast of it, and tell me what you mean by stoppin’ this mail vessel with them infernal boots of yours, or, shiver me timbers, and reef me main tops’ls, if I don’t put you outside and let you walk for the rest of the journey. Come, now, wot ‘ave you been up to?”

Wich Amos was fair fritened, I could see, and I ‘adn’t the heart to be cross with’n, becous ‘e looked so woe-begone, and regler out of ‘is depth, as you mite say. “Well, captin’,” he says, “I’m very sorry to ‘ave caused all this ‘ere bother,” he ses, “and upset the ship like it seems I ‘ave done, but you see it were all through they there tabloids on the top of a ‘am-and-egg breakfast, wich I knew very well were too strong fer me; and when I went down to the chemist, he says, ‘Amos,’ he says (becous ‘e always calls me Amos, you see, through ‘e ‘avin’ been to school with me when I were only that ‘igh, and a noted man ‘e is, too, fer the bilious pills as ‘e sells, wich they sends all over the world and ‘as testimonies from all—”

“Come to the point, sir,” roars the captin’. “I don’t want to know anything about bilious pills, as you call them! What were you doing below?”

“Well, captin’, wasn’t I a-tellin’ of you,” says Amos, “wich, as I were a sayin’, when you interrupted me, they there tabloids on the top of a ‘am-and-egg breakfast wasn’t the best fare to do a steamboat ride on, and, as you must know,

one of they there waves as come rollin’ overboard so free jest now, caught me sich a smack on the top of the ‘ead, as made me see double fer 10 minnits or two; so as when I went down below to rest meself a bit in a horizontal persition lyin’ down, I found I couldn’t read the part out of the ‘Fambly Physician,’ as I’d brought a volume of, down with me, through the print runnin’ one in the other; not that I was seasick, not a bit of it, only when the vessel goes down—you know wot I do mean, captin’—it gives you sich a queer feelin’, same as if—”

“Come! come!” says the captin’, “I don’t see what all this is to do with the subject! and you musn’t talk about these things before ladies!”

But, captin’,” ses Amos, warmin’ up to it a bit, “I were jest ‘bringin’ it up by degrees, as the sayin’ is (you measures the distance by degrees on the sea, don’t you, captin’? Well, that’s wot I were doin’! and, as I were sayin’, I were lyin’ down on one of they there sideboard couch things down in the basement. So thinks I to meself, ‘Amos,’ I thinks—I didn’t say it, you understand, captin’, I only thought it to meself—no ‘arm to do that, I ‘opes, captin’?”—

“Go on,” roars the captin’.

“Well, captin’, I thinks to meself, ‘Amos, you must take yer boots off, as’ll loosen the blood from yer ‘ead a bit’; so no sooner said than done, I looks around to see a safe place to put ‘em in, and there was wot looked like a little cupboard with a round dore jest handy, as if ‘twere made for it; so I opens the dore and popped they boots inside! But, bless yer ‘eart, captin’, it weren’t a cupboard, not a bit, but one of these ‘ere port-holes, as you calls ‘em, and I ‘eard my boots splash into the sea as I dropped ‘em thro’! Wot was I to do? Wot would you ‘ave done, captin’? They boots cost me 12s. 11d. only a 12 month ago come the 5th of November, and goodness knows wot the wife would ‘ave to say about it! So I did the only thing I could, and poked me ‘ead out of the same ‘ole they fell out of, and shouted ‘Murder! Man overboard!’ till all was blue! I’m sorry I caused sich trouble, captin’, but I thank yer kindly fer stoppin’ to pick up me boots.”

“Ho! is that all?” ses the captin’. “Full speed, ahead.” That was all the captin’ said; but I see ‘im laffin’ fit to bust ‘imself when there wasn’t no one lookin’ afterwards!

(To be continued).

GRETNA GREEN.

RUNAWAY WEDDINGS STILL EXTANT.

The runaway weddings at Gretna Green, once so notorious, are by no means extinct. Mr. Peter Dickson, the local “priest,” married a couple the other day. “I think they were a theatrical lot,” said the venerable old man to an enquirer. Asked if he had often to perform the ceremony nowadays, Peter replied, “Ow, aye. Whiles a servant lad and his lass run away and come to me to get married, and, of course, I tie the knot without der ur. I first ask them if they are single. Then I say, ‘I, now being satisfied that you are single persons, as you declare yourselves to be before me and these witnesses, proceed to join you together in matrimony according to the laws of Scotland. Join hands.’ Then I ask the man if he will ‘take this woman whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful wedded wife,’ etc., and also repeat the formula to the woman, after which I declare them to be husband and wife, concluding with, ‘Husband, love your wife; wife, love your husband, and may God’s blessing attend you both, amen.’”

“Where do you marry the couples?”

“Oh, anywhere. Sometimes in either of the two local inns, sometimes in my own house, and sometimes in some other body’s house.”

An old inhabitant here ventured the information that the times were much changed. “I remember,” remarked this old worthy, “when the ‘priest’s’ house was like a barber’s shop—each couple waiting their turn. ‘I’m next,’ someone would exclaim in the middle of the ceremony. ‘Whust, ye’ll get yer turn,’ the ‘priest’ would testily reply.”

Tibbie, the waiter, a woman of ninety, remembers the time when over 700 marriages were celebrated in a year. She is descended from the Elliotts and Langs, both famous “priestly” families. Tibbie has often lodged “couples,” and has some rare stories of the “good old days.”

**FIND OF BURIED TREASURE.**

Spanish gold to the value of £30,000 has been unearthed on North Fox Island, off Grand Traverse Bay in Lake Michigan. The gold is supposed to have been stolen in Chicago in 1871, the year of the great Chicago fire. Frequent attempts have been made to find it, and the final and successful effort is said to be the result of the recent discovery of a chart drawn and hidden by one of the robbers.

**AN ARTIST HERMIT.**

At Llandrindod Wells, a "hermit," whose home is a cave in the rocks in the hill-side just past the Pump House Hotel, is one of the "sights." A tall, broad-shouldered man, with a bushy brown beard, the hermit is an artist; and his sketches adorn the rocky walls of his cave. The cave itself is a work of art, with hanging brown boughs decorating the arch, and with bracken for mattress. Scattered about outside are the "hermit's" tin kettle, frying-pan, knife and fork, and tin pannikin. A brown rug, on which susceptible ladies are said to sometimes place red roses, is his bed. The "hermit" comes from Whitchurch, near Cardiff, and carries a sketch book in which to picture bits of the surrounding scenery.

**GIBRALTAR IS CRUMBLING.**

The public is not aware, says the "Chicago Chronicle," that the great rock of Gibraltar is tumbling down—that its crumbling, rotting masses must be continually bound together with huge patches of masonry and cement. Yet they who sail past Gibraltar cannot fail to notice on the eastern slope of the fortress enormous silver-coloured patches gleaming in the sun. These patches, in some cases thirty or forty feet square, are the proof of Gibraltar's disintegration. Of thick, strong cement, they keep huge spurs of the cliff's side from tumbling into the blue sea. Sea captains, cruising in the Mediterranean, say that Gibraltar has been rotting and crumbling for many years, but that of late the disintegration has gone on at a faster rate than heretofore. They say that the stone forming this imposing cliff is rotten stone, and that in a little while the phrase "the strength of Gibraltar" will be meaningless.

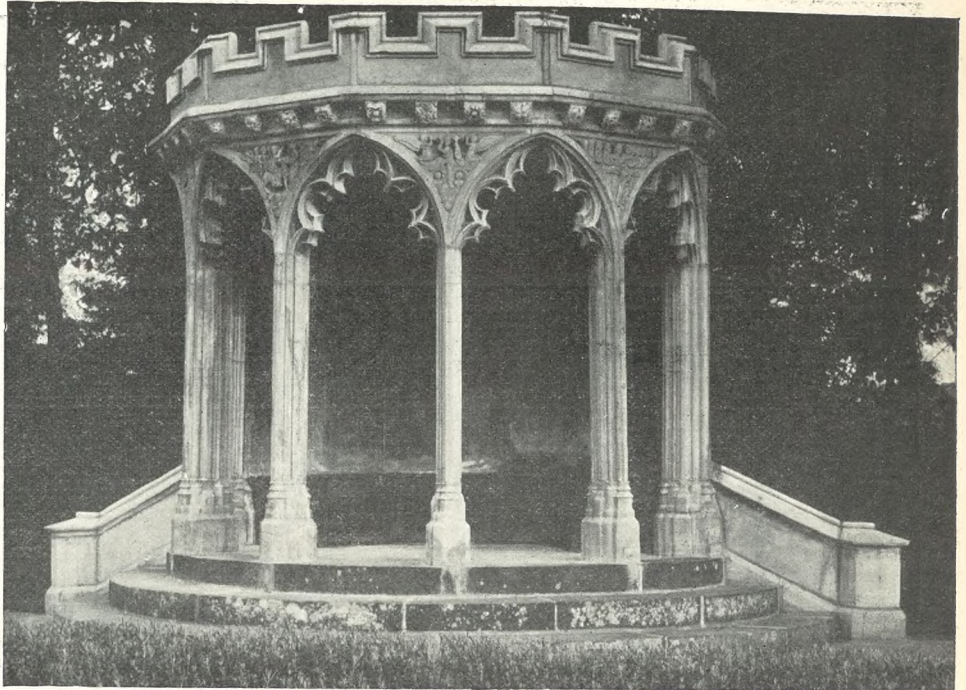
**CULTURE FOR WORKING MEN.**

Sir William Anson, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, distributed certificates on Tuesday night to the students at Morley College, Waterloo-road, London, and opened the winter session. In an address to the students, he said that the objects of the college were such as to commend themselves to all who were interested in the education of the working classes of the country. It aimed at the social and intellectual advancement of those who had not much leisure. It was always possible to endeavour to understand the more scientific aspects of their daily work, to learn, not merely what to do, but why it was done, or to learn the history of invention in the industry in which they were occupied. Their influence on those around them would be beneficial in diffusing a sense of the value of knowledge, a sense that knowledge was power and education a reality.

**THE RACE FOR WEALTH.**

Mr. Richard Rigg, ex-M.P. for North-Westmorland, at the Carlisle Diocesan Conference on Tuesday, read a paper on "Wealth and Poverty—Causes and Effects." He condemned the present-day methods of acquiring wealth. The desire to be rich bred impatience with honourable methods. The quickest and not the most honourable means were often adopted. The rush for treasure discs and coupons was another deplorable sign of the times, and recent methods of advertising influenced the passions of the people to acquire money without honest labour. The spirit of greed had encouraged wealthy proprietors of newspapers and business concerns to make large profits by unscrupulous appeals to cupidity. Large tracts of unoccupied land and masses of the people huddled together, contrary to all proper feeling of decency and morality in towns, must make them all regret that some means had not been devised to utilise the land for the benefit of the people.

A heated correspondence is proceeding in the "Glasgow Herald" on the alleged wickedness of taking photographs on Sundays.



**THE KING'S BOARD OR BUTTER CROSS.**

Part of an elegant little building removed to the grounds of Tibberton Court from its original position in Westgate-street, under an Act, obtained in 1749, entitled "An Act for taking down several buildings and enlarging the streets and market places in the city of Gloucester." Experts consider that it was erected at the end of the 14th Century for use as a preaching cross or a chapel for the celebration of Mass.



**COUNTY LIBERAL AGENTS & OFFICERS at TIBBERTON COURT**

Messrs. Jones (Cheltenham), W. J. Arnold (Gloucester), J. R. Pope (Gloucester), S. Jordan (Dean Forest), Gavazzi King (Tewkesbury Division), G. Arnold, and F. J. Arnold.



**THE ROYAL COMEDY ENTERTAINERS,**

who appeared at the Municipal Concerts for the last fortnight of the season, and who have all volunteered their services for **MR. A. W. NEWTON'S BENEFIT CONCERT AT THE TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT.**



**MR. EDWARD BARNARD,**  
OF CHELTENHAM,  
Died September 17, 1905, aged 41 years.



Photo by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.  
**MR. V. A. LAWSON,** the Architect.



**MR. GEORGE DREW,** the Builder.

**THE "BINGHAM" LIBRARY, CIRENCESTER.**



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 248.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30), MISS ADA REEVE  
AND COMPANY in

**"Moll, the Rogue."**

THIS EVENING (7.45) in

**"Winnie Brooke, Widow."**

Times and prices as usual.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

**MR. JOHN HARE & Co.**

(Special Prices for this engagement).

### GATHERING APPLES.

The question of keeping apples well is largely affected by the method and the time of their gathering. If the fruits are gathered before they are ready, and if they are bruised in being transferred from the tree to the store-room, it is unreasonable to expect them to keep well. Before gathering the apples from a tree it is an excellent plan to cut open a few of the fruits and examine the pips. If these have changed to a brown colour you have an indication that the fruits may be gathered. If, however, the pips are still of a greenish white tinge the apples must be left longer on the tree. Those gathered before they are ready never reach the full flavour that should characterise them, and they are almost certain to shrivel. Many are often misled by seeing that a small number of the apples have fallen, and consequently presuming that all the fruits are ripe. Of course a rough wind will bring down apples sometimes, but most of the early ones that fall will be found to be unsound. The only sure way to find out if they are ready or not is to examine them as stated.—"The Garden."

### THE ROAD PROBLEM.

The consideration of the problem involved in the proper construction of roads (says "Motor Traction") can hardly be deferred much longer. To everyone who has given any attention to the subject it will be apparent that the requirements of good roads are being gradually changed. To speak of good roads, however, and to apply the term to the roads in existence at the present time is little short of absurd. Properly considered, there is not a good road in the United Kingdom. The existing roads are merely skins, laid more or less loosely upon the soil. Roads that have been longer in existence have a little thicker skin, and the roads made by some corporations have better metal; but the best is thin and easily ground to powder.

We have only to go the Romans. They had not the weights to contend with that we have, but they built roads that must have been a pleasure to drive on. If we take a section of one of them, we find the total depth of the road is a little over 8ft.—as many feet, it will be seen, as a modern road has inches of depth. At the bottom there is 2in. of soil pounded and rammed; above that 6in. of small stones; above that, again, 18in. of concrete, part of the mass being red marl; above the concrete 6in. of small stones, fitted together to form the base of the pavement; and on the top 4in. of stone pavement. The top of the road measures 8ft. across, and the bottom 16ft.

## NEW PASTOR of SALEM CHAPEL, CHELTENHAM.



**REV. CHARLES ERNEST STONE**

(LATE OF LUTON).



Photo by H. E. Jones, 75 Northgate-street, Gloucester.

**FAMOUS FOOTBALL FAMILY.**

THE BROTHERS HALL, OF GLOUCESTER RUGBY FAME.

George, William, Charlie, Harry, James, Albert, Ernest.

**WHO WILL BE THE WORLD'S FIRST BILLIONAIRE?**

Millionaires are now fairly common. Even multi-millionaires do not attract any very great amount of attention. But to be the world's first billionaire! It will be something, says a "T.A.T." (Tales and Talk) contributor. Of course, however, a good deal depends upon what is meant by the terms "millionaire" and "billionaire." In England a man must be in possession of real and personal estate, cash, securities, etc., to the total value of one million pounds sterling, before aspiring to the first-named distinction. But in America a man is a millionaire who owns the equivalent of a million dollars (roughly £200,000), while in France the title is bestowed upon the possessor of a million francs, worth approximately £40,000. The difference is enormous, and it is tremendously accentuated when we come to deal with billionaires, because in the American and French systems of notation, by a billion is meant one thousand millions, whereas when Englishmen speak of a billion they mean a million millions. It follows, therefore, that, strictly speaking, the Englishman who aspires to become a billionaire will have to accumulate property worth this latter sum; an al-

together impossible task, at all events for many generations yet to come. But if we take the American definition of the word, and reckon in dollars instead of in pounds, then there are several men who are well "in the running" for the billionaire stakes. John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil King, for instance! Given another decade of life, and it is quite conceivable that he may romp home a winner. Just precisely how rich he is at this present moment probably even he himself does not know. But over a year ago his accumulated wealth was estimated at 550,000,000 dollars, and his annual income from investments is said to be about 50,000,000 dollars. It will be seen, therefore, that he is already more than half-way towards being a billionaire, using the word in the sense in which it is understood in America. Running Rockefeller almost neck and neck is William A. Clark, the Montana mining magnate. He owns the richest copper mines on earth. Gold and silver mines, too, are his, and, in addition, two great railways are pouring day by day into his coffers practically their entire earnings. His mining properties alone are estimated to be worth nearly 500,000,000 dollars, while no one knows the extent or productiveness of his many other enterprises.

**SHODDY.**

It is curious how the word "shoddy" has become corrupted in meaning, till its popular interpretation is synonymous with something that is base and dishonest. Only experts in textile manufacture know that shoddy is a perfectly respectable article. It is old wool redressed by scientific and clean methods. It is a component of most of the woollen garments of to-day. The world does not grow enough wool to enable us to have a constant supply of new woollen garments, except with the aid of shoddy. It is shoddy that has enabled the working man to buy a new suit of clothes at the price of a week's wage. In the olden days an all-woollen garment was so expensive that it had to last its owner many years, unless he were a wealthy man. It is better hygiene for a man to buy two new shoddy suits a year than to buy an all-wool garment which must last him two years. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that shoddy as a word will lose the unworthy application placed upon it. The truth, however, will out, and many of us may be surprised to learn that the clothes we wear contain an element of shoddy, and, so far from being the worse for it, are the better.—"Magazine of Commerce."



**Mr. Frederick Wm. Fisher,**  
Died at The Avenue, Churchdown, on Sept. 22nd,  
aged 71 years.

Mr. Fisher, who was a native of Nailsworth, was among the oldest and most esteemed tradesmen of Gloucester. Among the offices he had filled there were churchwarden and guardian of St. Mary de Crypt parish, W.M. of the Royal Lebanon Lodge of Freemasons and Provincial Grand Superintendent of Works, and captain of the Tricycle Club.

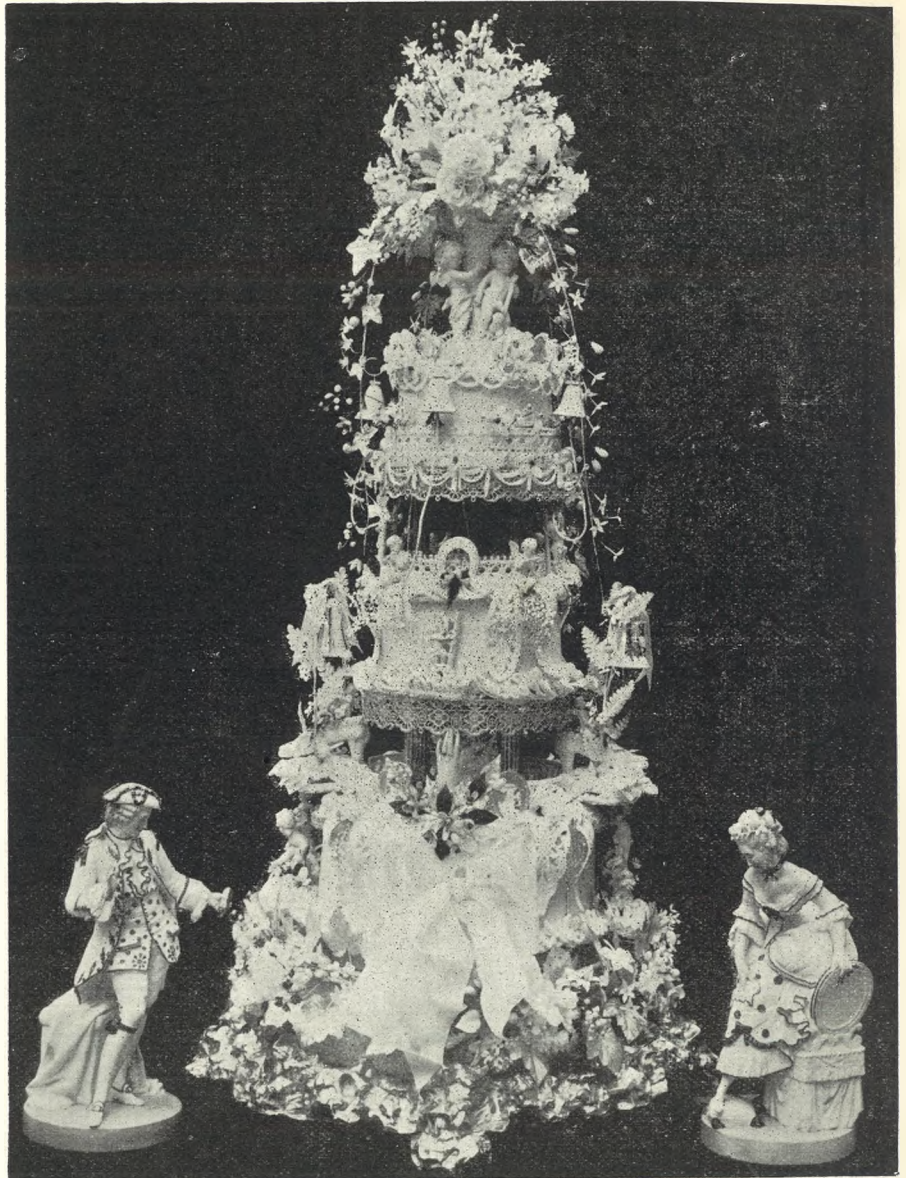
**SCIENTIFIC SIMPLICITIES.**

Although the average layman would regard Professor Darwin's address to the British Association as beyond his depth, we can assure him, says the "Electrical Magazine," that its delightfully elementary language would make for him most interesting reading. The pith of his deductions regarding the life of the formerly indivisible atom can be put into a few words: the existence of atomic forms is subject to the great law of evolution—the survival of the fittest. The atom, with its thousands of corpuscles or electrons, is constantly undergoing disintegration, and the process is subservient to the principle that only the fittest survive, the unfit being expelled and radiated from the tiny globe. Subsequently the remaining electrons assume a stable condition again, but the resultant atom possesses less energy than before. To quote Professor Darwin: "The time needed for a change of type in atoms and molecules may be measured by millionths of a second, while in the history of the stars continuous changes occupy millions of years. Notwithstanding this gigantic contrast in speed, the process seems to be essentially the same." Physical and biological researches such as those involved by deductions of this kind are sometimes regarded as objectless and barren of result, but the very nature of the conclusions reached affords ample justification for the work. Are not the labours of individual scientists comparable to the electron revolving on its axis and contributing to the disintegration and subsequent reintegration of the atom, thereby performing some function of the universal scheme? It must be remembered that the very evolutionary laws which science propounds are applicable to the efforts of her votaries. The deductions of Professor Darwin, leading us into new avenues of thought on the functions of material forms, will ultimately prove valuable vehicles of expression regarding the causes and processes which go to make up those functions. From speculation to conclusion and thence to proof: are but stages in the great process of research, and we must bear with patience the periods which necessarily must elapse before developments reach a practical stage.



The Sandringham grounds and gardens will be open to the public for the last time this season on Wednesday next.

The Bishop of St. Albans has received an anonymous gift of £1,000 for the St. Albans diocesan fund.



**DOUBLE WEDDING OF THE MISSES BOTT.**

This beautiful wedding-cake was designed and supplied by Mr. A. T. Cox, the well-known Cheltenham caterer, who also supplied the refreshments at the reception in the Town-hall.

**PUBLIC ELECTRICAL INTERESTS.**

A number of matters directly affecting public users of electricity the discussed by Mr. G. Byng, of the General Electric Co., in an interview with "The Electrical Magazine" representative. Competition is already very keen, and where an English firm takes a stand at a foreign exhibition it is prescribed that under no circumstances should that firm affect a title which is calculated to allow buyers to think that the firm belongs to any nationality other than England, whereas over in this country we allow firms from all parts of the world to exhibit their goods, and at the same time to assume a title of an English character. This is so misleading to the public in general that they are forced to think they are buying British-made goods, in addition to which, when the foreign firms obtain orders in consequence of exhibiting here, those orders are executed abroad, and the goods are allowed to enter into this country free of duty, whereas if an English firm exhibiting on the Continent obtains orders, it has to pay a duty on sending those goods to their destination. It would scarcely be right to say that the public interest has in any way declined as regards electrical progress, but electricity is no longer the novelty which it was some years ago, and the public nowadays look upon it more as a matter of course. Indications, however, prove that elec-

trical matters appeal more to the general public to-day than ever before; it may be expected that this interest will considerably increase, and not decrease.

In my opinion central stations should undoubtedly use every means in their power to advertise the fact that they exist. It would improve electrical trading generally, and open up a wide field by which electric motor-cars would be much more universally used than they are at present. The charging is one of the difficulties which the owner of an electric car has to contend with, and if the central stations only exerted themselves by means of advertising, a great deal of this difficulty would undoubtedly be overcome.



**WE CAN SUPPLY**

**PICTURE POST-CARDS**

FROM ANY PHOTOGRAPH THAT APPEARS IN THE "GRAPHIC." MODERATE PRICES FOR LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.



**PASSIVE RESISTERS' DEMONSTRATION IN CHELTENHAM,**  
AT TOWN-HALL, SEPT. 22, 1905.



**PASSIVE RESISTERS AT DISTRAINT SALE OF GOODS IN VICTORIA ROOMS,**  
SEPT. 22, 1905. DR. CLIFFORD SPEAKING.

**A CURIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT.**

Here is a curious paragraph (not an advertisement) from the "Morning Post":—"The Rev. ———, owing to his wife's lamented death in July, is resigning the living of ——— about Christmastide. Before he decides to settle at Folkestone he wishes his friends to know that he is willing to accept a small country living if offered."

**VAPORISING GREENHOUSES.**

We frequently hear of a collection in order to present a testimonial to someone or other for the services they have directly or indirectly rendered to horticulture, but the discoverer of one of the greatest benefits to the working gardener (of which I am one) within the last forty years still awaits his testimonial; in fact, it might be some-

what difficult to decide who is entitled to the honour. I refer to the destruction of insect pests under glass by vaporising, which is quite a simple and pleasant matter compared with the fumigating of my younger days. At that time crude tobacco or paper and rags steeped in tobacco juice were burnt in order that the fumes might destroy the insects.—"P." in "The Garden."



WINCHCOMBE AGRICULTURAL SHOW—September 20, 1905.

1. JUDGING THE HUNTERS.
2. FIRST PRIZE FOR LIGHT HUNTERS (MR. F. BURROUGHS'S COLT)
3. MR. DENT BROCKLEHURST WITH JUDGES OF HUNTERS.
4. BEST BEAST IN SHOW (EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD SHORTHORN BULL).

**THE OBSERVATION OF ANIMALS.**

"Freezing seems a subject for mid winter," writes Ernest Thompson Seton in another very interesting study on "Woodcraft" in the "Windsor," "only I do not mean that kind of freeze. I mean the kind that Molly Cottontail taught Rag to do; the kind you must learn to do if you wish to see much of the wild animals about your home. 'Freezing' is standing perfectly still, as still as though frozen—because, when the wind prevents them from smelling, it is movement more than anything else that betrays the animals to each other. If you see or hear something in the woods, remain perfectly still, and you will learn far more than if you went blundering forward to find out. Nearly all animals practise "freezing" to an extent that will surprise you when you come to look for it. If you wish to see a good example at home, drag something that looks like a mouse at the end of a string, and watch the cat. In a moment she will turn rigid while she takes her observation. Another case, even more remarkable, is that which produced the pointer and setter dogs. A clever sportsman observed that certain dogs 'froze' for an unusually long time when they discovered their prey, and taking advantage of this, he selected those that paused longest, and from them raised a breed which 'froze' or 'pointed' until they were told to go on and put the game up."

**THE FUTURE OF GAS POWER.**

Our engineering forefathers pictured a great industrial Britain built up by the agencies of coal, water, and steam, says the "Electrical Magazine," in an important supplement devoted to gas and oil engines; but their dreams have met with only partial realisation in our time. Their methods of discernment could not foresee the limits of the steam-engine, so their aspirations did not rise beyond its insuperable defects. To-day, when the vitality of industry is so closely allied to electrical engineering, prime movers have come under the influence of electricity generation, and consequently further progress is only possible by extracting the latent energies from coal in a more direct way than by the employment of such an intermediary as steam. Events have been slowly tending in this direction for many years past, and we now appear to be approaching the point when steam as a prime power agent will be discarded in favour of gas-engines and plant. Such a result is not difficult to imagine. Great Britain is a great manufacturing country, and her factories' wheels require power, as do her railways and ships. While other nations with the natural benison of water power are now using this in the form of electrical energy for every industrial purpose, she must rely on her coal to furnish the same means for the same ends. For many decades these resources have been almost ruthlessly sapped and

wastefully employed. At this moment some millions of horse power are being let loose from coal and steam, with a minimum of power and a maximum of waste. To reverse this order of things, recourse must be had to the gas-engine, combined with the dynamo electric machine. Such intermediate apparatus as water and boilers, with their numerous accessories, must now figure no longer in the electric power-house, and the length of the gap between the coal and the electrical energy will be at once materially reduced.

**PRINTING! PRINTING!!**



ARTISTIC & GENERAL  
**PRINTING ! ! ! !**  
 AT THE . . .  
**"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS**



'BINGHAM' PUBLIC LIBRARY, CIRENCESTER—OPENED SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

THE CURE FOR AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

There is, as it appears to me, and to many of the acutest thinkers of the day (says Henry Murray in "The Bystander," who has been on a special walking commission through the South of England), an obvious and complete remedy for the threatened atrophy of the British agricultural industry—the gradual nationalisation of the land. It has been proved to demonstration that peasant proprietorship is the one and only means of keeping the population on the soil. The most prosperous parts of Europe are those in which the peasant has the greatest personal interest in the ground he tills. . . . A violent and wholesale expropriation is not desired by any sane thinker, and will certainly not happen. A change so great must be accomplished slowly, temperately, and justly. I do not attempt to predict, nor even barely to indicate, the means by which it will be brought about. But of its absolute and unexampled necessity I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence. There is no insurmountable obstacle to be overcome. It is simply a matter of educating the intelligence of the average citizen up to a comprehension of his just rights as a citizen of a free country, and of teaching a numerically small class, who have hitherto monopolised far more than their just share of political and social power, that their greed and vanity must give way before the claims of justice and humanity. The task will be a long and arduous one, but it will be accomplished sooner or later, and just and prudent statesmanship will do the rest.

CONCERNING "LITERARY TASTE."

"Few people understand how thoroughly I go in for literature," writes the School-Boy in the "Windsor"; "and it is this want of understanding that prevents some idiots from taking my opinion seriously when I offer it. When I tell you that I have read 'Antony and Cleopatra,' by W. Shakespeare (or F. Bacon—authorship disputed), and G. B. Shaw's 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' side by side, making a minute comparison of their merits, you may perhaps form some idea of the depth of my researches, and enter into my feelings in the matter of Browne, who refused to consider me a competent critic when I told him that the story he wrote last term was not up to publication mark. He said, 'Beastly rotter!' And he said, 'Conceited ass!' And he said, 'What do you know? You only write articles about true things. Any fool can stick down what really happens. This is a work of imagination' (he alluded to the manuscript which he was flourishing over his head excitedly), 'and as such it requires genius.' 'It does,' says I. 'But it hasn't got what it requires. That's the drawback.' He buzzed the manuscript at my head with all the un-pent-up rancour of an insulted author; and I buzzed an inkpot at his with the mild emphasis of a critical spirit. He wore a mourning band across his flaxen locks for some days afterwards; but, although I had left a mark on the outside of his head, I had made no impression on its interior, which, I fear, is a very dark place."

HOW NOT TO ACCEPT MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

Talking of old-fashioned novels, I was re-reading "Jane Eyre" the other day; and, do what I would, I could not keep a solemn countenance over the last scene, in which Jane promises Rochester to be his wife. Truly, fashions change! This is a classic, I reminded myself, feeling I ought to regard to some way the admiration of the general public; and, moreover, it is not a comedy. It was no use. Supposing in these days girls replied to a proposal in Jane's language, what should we think of them? "Mr. Rochester, if ever I did a good deed in my life—if ever I thought a good thought—if ever I prayed a sincere and blameless prayer—if ever I wished a righteous wish—I am rewarded now. To be your wife is, for me, to be as happy as I can be on earth." Subsequently Jane is even more amusing. Well, if there is anything in which we have improved, it is certainly in the fashion of replying to offers of marriage. Some cynics may think that this is an occasion upon which the two persons concerned must infallibly make themselves ridiculous; and it is certainly as well that the exact mode or expression is not often given to the public; but at least, if Jane Eyre is true to nature, modern women have developed a sense of humour which forbids them to make themselves so supremely ridiculous.—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."

It is stated that all the hens which escaped with their lives during the Calabrian earthquake have entirely ceased laying.

CIRENCESTER'S NEW LIBRARY.



MR. BINGHAM READING HIS ADDRESS AT OPENING CEREMONY IN MARKET SQUARE.



CROWD WAITING OUTSIDE LIBRARY.

ELECTRICITY AND THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

With the motives of the contending parties in the Far East we have, says the "Electrical Magazine," as a technical journal, nothing to do, but it is pleasing to us to remember that the success of the Japanese has been largely contributed to by the agency of electricity. They have been complimented on their Intelligence Department; but however complete its organisation or precise its details, these are unavailing without some speedy and ready means of communication. We feel convinced that when the real facts of the Russo-Japanese War come to light, the success of the victors will be largely attributed to the judicious employment of modern methods of communication on the battlefield. The American Civil War first emphasised the value of the field telegraph, and by its aid many a turning movement, forced march,

assault, and retreat was rendered possible, and generals came to regard it as a vital part of the fighting machine. Strict censorship over the events of the recent struggle has, however, despite all precautions, permitted to leak through news of telegraphs and telephones among the Japanese forces. It is generally accepted that the telephone formed an indispensable item of the scouting arm, and aided in the discomfiture of Kuropatkin's hosts. On sea also the defeat of Makharoff was due to the timely appraisal by wireless telegraph of Admiral Togo's lurking squadron. That searchlights and the humble incandescent lamp have figured in the camps of both armies is quite conceivable; and when the historian can assemble the scattered threads of evidence regarding the uses of electricity throughout the war, we anticipate their strongest eulogies of its influence in modern military and naval affairs.

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 148th prize is awarded to Miss F. M. Ramsay, 1 St. Albans-villas, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham.

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

THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The Royal Sovereign, as she moves into range, is scourged with flying iron. Her sails are torn, her rigging cut, her decks are strewn with killed and wounded. But her spars still stand. She takes her punishment coolly and gallantly, makes no answer, but holds steadfastly on her course. Collingwood, with a good commander's care for his men, has ordered them to lie down. Throughout the great vessel is the disciplined order of a battleship at quarters; but behind each gun its crew lies prostrate. Along the dimly-lit decks the only standing figures are those of the officers. Presently a single gun from the bows of the Royal Sovereign is fired, but this is only intended to supply a screen of smoke for the ship, and so spoil the enemy's mark. Onward she comes in silence, sore hit by the fire poured upon her, but making no reply. Suddenly she cuts her studding sails adrift, and they fall, a cloud of white canvas, into the sea. It has the oddest suggestion of a man throwing off his coat! She is stripping for the fight, stripping as with a gesture, and each British ship, as it moves into the battle, follows her example. It is no moment for saving canvas. The great ship drifts now into the smoke, but her tall masts still make her track visible. The ships that have been firing on her are within stroke of her guns, but still the Royal Sovereign makes no sign. How stern and cool must be the discipline which keeps those lines of guns silent! Collingwood's mark is plainly the great Santa Anna, the biggest ship in that part of the line. But the ship astern of her has closed up so as to fill the narrow gap for which the Royal Sovereign is aiming. Still the British ship comes on with an uncomfortable air of purpose. Collingwood has told its captain to steer dead for the Frenchman's bowsprit and carry it away. He must make a passage if he cannot find one. The Frenchman, however, shrinks from the shock; she backs her main topsail, goes slowly astern, and the great hull of the British ship finds room. She swings with slow and stately movement under the stern of the great Spanish three-decker, and, as she swings, a line of darting points of flame break from her side. They seem to scorch with their fire the high, gilded stern of the Spaniard, for the ships are almost touching. The sound of that broadside rolls over the sea with a deeper note than any yet heard. That one cruel, overwhelming broadside has practically destroyed the great Spaniard. It dismantles fourteen of her guns and strikes down nearly half of her crew. The proudest ship in the Spanish line is a wreck! A single stroke has tumbled her into ruin!—"Cornhill Magazine."



THE WEATHER.

It is a very well-established rule that the longer a change of wind or weather is indicated before it actually occurs the longer the indicated weather will last. And the converse is true; the shorter the warning the less time will the indicated wind or weather endure. The aphorism which appears on the Fitz Roy barometers cannot be too firmly grasped:

"Long foretold, long last;

Short notice, soon past."

Equally important is its fellow:

"Fast rise, after low,

Foretells stronger blow."

Though the barometer goes down as a rule when the air is moist, and snow is moisture in a special form, and snow often passes into rain and rain into snow, under a sudden impulse, so to speak, yet in the course of one revolution of the wind through the various points of the compass the barometer will not fall to so low a level during snow, pure and simple, as it will during rain.—"The Creamery Journal."

Gloucestershire Gossip. Petrol and Pictures.

[By "ARIEL."]

Cirencester's Carnegie is Mr. Daniel George Bingham, who, having amassed wealth by making, in conjunction with Mr. J. Staats Forbes, the Dutch-Rhenish Railways a profitable undertaking, has applied some of it to the building, equipment, and endowment of the Bingham Public Library, with lecture, smoking, and recreation rooms, and presented the same to his native town, the cost to him being quite £50,000. Well might Lord Bathurst, in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the generous founder and donor at the opening ceremony on the 21st inst., say to Mr. Bingham, "Your name, sir, will be remembered by many generations with grateful hearts, and your example will shed lustre on the pages of the history of this town." Mr. Bingham, in responding, was very happy in the personal souvenirs that he bestowed on several individuals, the most interesting one, to my mind, being the gold key to the Hon. William Bathurst, with which to formally open the library, remarking at the time that it was a charming and auspicious coincidence that, when on September 21st, 1903, he finally accepted the tender for building the library, the bells of their glorious old church were ringing out a joyous peal to celebrate the birth of the Hon. William.

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I like and commend the reasons which Mr. Bingham gave for deciding that the institute shall be open on Sundays: "In my youth, both in Bristol and London, I was glad to go, morning and evening, to the House of the Lord, and I gloried in, and I hope benefited by, what I heard. In the afternoon I walked. From 7.30 to 10 o'clock I wandered. Often those were times of trial. We know that man is a social being. I had little society. By and bye I became a member of the Whittington Club, and I suffered from cold, hail, snow, storm, and darkness no more. I give you the benefit of my experience, and from this day you all have your club. Somewhere you must go, the churches are closed and the public-houses are opened, and you object to go to them, so I say after church go and enjoy the warmth, light, and comfort of the library, and in doing so you will correctly, I think, be honouring the day of rest."

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The splendid munificence of Mr. Bingham in his lifetime recalls to my memory several somewhat similar cases in this county in recent years. For instance, in Cheltenham, there are the gifts of a recreation ground by Mr. Agg-Gardner, of an art gallery by the Baron de Ferrieres, and almshouses by Mr. John A. Hay; in Gloucester of the Price Hall by Mrs. Margaret Price, and the Dispensary, Nurses' Home, and Magdalen Asylum by Mr. William Long; in Moreton-in-Marsh, of the Redesdale Hall by Mr. Freeman Mitford, now Lord Redesdale; in Dursley, of a number of magnificent gifts to Dursley and Cam churches by Mrs. Eyre, of Kingshill, now just deceased; at Benthams, of an endowed church by Mrs. Strangways; and at Lydney, of a park and a site for a town-hall by Mr. Charles Bathurst.

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We are now in the thick of statute fairs, also of mops, or hiring gatherings. The *raison d'être* of the latter has long ceased to exist, thanks to the facilities for advertising for servants in the live newspapers. I do not know if the cynic who held that "life would be tolerable but for its amusements" had in mind those that gather round the fairs. But it cannot be gainsaid that the latter are dying very hard and that the young generation seem to enjoy the new-fangled attractions at them just as much as their seniors did the sights in their time. Barton Fair at Gloucester, always the first to occur in the county, was again divided. The man who ran the show on the waste ground abutting on Barton-street put himself on the safe side of the law this year by screening with canvas his steam-engines from the highway. On official Oxleaze the great bulk of the amusements was pitched, and the latest novelty there was a motor-car track, with no limit of speed for the vehicles. The Corporation again raked in much needed pence by a frequent service of electric cars between the two centres of attraction. GLEANER.

TO AVOID TROUBLE.

Freedom from tyre troubles adds very much to the pleasure of a tour on a motor-cycle. There is no pleasure at all in being "hung up" by the roadside repairing a bad burst or a leaky valve in an inner tube. Before setting out on a tour of several hundred miles the tyres should be removed and most carefully examined. Any cuts in the outer covers should be filled up with "stopping" made for the purpose. Should the outer covers be very much worn, new ones should be obtained, or the old ones re-rubbered. The tyres to be re-rubbered should be sent to a first-class tyre firm only. The expense may be greater, but the tyres will last a great deal longer. On tour it is a splendid plan to carry a spare tube which will fit all the wheels. The best place to carry the tube is the tool-bag. The tube will fit in very snugly if it is coiled carefully. The value of the plan will appear when a valve leaks badly or a burst occurs. The mending of the burst tube may take a very considerable time when the workshop is the roadside. Only a few minutes is necessary to replace the damaged tube by the spare one, and then the former can be mended at the motorist's leisure. When repaired, the old tube will take the place of the spare one in the tool-bag, and will thus be at once in readiness should another tube cause trouble.

THE PLUG SWITCH GOING.

It is very rare to find a plug switch on a modern motor-bicycle. The usual practice now is to fit a two-way switch, which is both neater and handier. The rider of a modern motor-cycle fitted with a two-way switch knows nothing of the vexation and delay often caused by the older form of plug switch. When the run was over the plug had to be taken out. It was more often forgotten, and then, when the rider once more attempted to start his engine, all the current in the accumulators was found to have disappeared. The worst feature about the plug was that it could never be found when wanted, especially if the rider was in a hurry.

ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

Another little item which has now practically disappeared from the motor-cycle is the compression-tap. The first motor-bicycle I rode some years ago was fitted with a compression-tap on the top of the combustion chamber, to render starting more easy. That was before the days of the exhaust-valve lifter. The compression-tap was always a great nuisance. It was a great difficulty to keep good compression in the engine, owing to the tap frequently getting burnt and becoming a loose fit, thus allowing part of the charge of gas to escape on the compression stroke. The one advantage was the ease with which paraffin could be injected to loosen the piston and render starting easy.

OLD NEGATIVES.

A large number of photographers throw away their old negatives, but if the films are removed the glass supports can be used for a variety of purposes. There are several methods employed by photographers for this purpose. About the simplest is to soak the negatives for a few days in common vinegar. This soaking will soften the film, which can then be easily removed by scraping. A piece of thin wood should be used for this purpose, as a knife would scratch the glass.

LABELS.

An amateur photographer does not get the full enjoyment out of the art unless he makes up all his own solutions. This entails the use of a number of bottles, and unless distinctly labelled, these will often cause trouble when the photographer is working in the dim light of the dark-room. It is so easy to select the wrong bottle. Unfortunately, labels seem to take a delight in coming away from the bottles. A good preventative is to cover the label when dry with a little linseed oil, which is easily obtainable.

GRAINED MOUNTS.

Bromide prints look well mounted on white plate-sunk mounts with a coarse grain. Ordinary smooth surfaced mounts can be given a very effective cross grain in the following manner:—First damp slightly the surface of the mount it

is desired to "grain." The mount should then be left until it is quite dry on the surface. When dry, a sheet of tissue paper should be placed on the mount, and then on top a sheet of coarse glass paper. The mount, with its coverings of tissue and glass-paper, should then be placed in a press and left for a time. The surface of the mount will then be covered with a coarse grain.

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

THE FIFTEEN AGES OF LIFE.

1. Childhood.—From 1 to 7 years. The age of innocence, happiness, joy, grief, accidents, wants, sensibilities.
2. Adolescence.—From 8 to 14. The age of hopes improvidence, curiosity, impatience.
3. Puberty.—From 15 to 21. The age of triumphs and desires, self-love, independence, vanity.
4. Youth.—From 22 to 28. The age of pleasure, love, sensuality, inconstancy, enthusiasm.
5. Manhood.—From 29 to 35. The age of enjoyment, ambition, and the play of all the passions.
6. Middle-age.—From 36 to 42. The age of consistency, desire of fortune, of glory and honours.
7. Mature-age.—From 43 to 49. The age of possession, the reign of wisdom, reason, love of property.
8. Decline of life.—From 50 to 56. The age of reflection, love of tranquility, foresight and prudence.
9. Commencement of Old Age.—From 57 to 63. The age of regrets, cares, inquietudes, ill-temper, desire of ruling.
10. Old Age.—From 64 to 70. The age of infirmities, exigency, love of authority, and submission.
11. Decrepitude.—From 71 to 77. The age of avarice, jealousy, and envy.
12. Caducity.—From 78 to 84. The age of distrust, vain-boasting, unfeelingness, and suspicion.
13. Age of Favour.—From 85 to 91. The age of insensibility, love of flattery, of attention, and indulgence.
14. Age of Wonder.—From 92 to 98. The age of indifference and love of praise.
15. Phenomenon.—From 99 to 105. The age of insensibility, hope, and—the last sigh.

POETRY.

LIFE.

"Survey the scenes of life: in yonder room,  
Pillowed in beauty, 'neath the cradle gloom,  
While o'er its features plays an angel smile—  
A breathing cherub slumbers for awhile.  
Those budding lips, and faintly fringed eye,  
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,  
The little limbs in soft embrace entwined.  
Like flower-leaves folded from the boisterous  
wind:  
All in their tender charms, her babe endear.  
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.  
"Next, mark her infant, raised to childhood's  
stage,  
Bound in the bloom of that delightful age—  
With heart as light as sunshine on the deep,  
And eye that woe has scarcely taught to weep!  
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,  
Each rival attribute of mimick'd men,  
The swift decision, and unbridled way,  
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.  
"Whether at noon he guides his tiny boat  
By winding streams and woody banks remote,  
Or climbs the meadow tree or trails the kite.  
Till clouds aerial veil his wond'ring sight:  
Or wanders forth among far woods alone,  
To catch with ravis'd ear the cuckoo's tone—  
A hand above o'er shades the venturesous boy,  
And draws the daily circle of his joy.  
"And thus, when manhood brings its weight of  
care,  
To swell the heart and curb the giddy air;  
The father, friend, the patriot and the man,  
Share in the love of Heaven's parental plan:  
Till age o'ersteals his mellow'd form at last,  
And wintry locks tell summer's youth is past;  
Then, like the sun, slow-wheeling to the wave,  
He sinks with glory to a welcome grave."