

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 249.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"Oh! Susannah."

NEXT WEEK:

"The Freedom of Suzanne."

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 149th prize is awarded to Miss E. Maude Jeffrey, of Leamington House, Pittville, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. George Gardner.

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

### NOT TOO OLD AT FORTY.

The greatest histories that have ever been written were compiled by men of ripened judgment, who approached their tasks with the knowledge and experience gained by more than forty years of life. Thucydides wrote his "History of the Peloponnesian War" after he had passed his fiftieth year; Xenophon did not finish his "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" till he was fifty; Tacitus was the same age when he finished the first part of his history; Prescott was between forty and fifty before either his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" or "Conquest of Mexico" was published. Macaulay was forty-seven before he began his brilliant "History of England"; Gibbon was almost forty when he began his monumental work, which occupied him till he was turned fifty; Josephus was fifty-six when he published "The Wars of the Jews"; Washington Irving was seventy-two when he wrote his "Life of Washington"; John Knox was seventy-nine before he published his "History of the Reformation in Scotland."

Poetry would have been robbed of its most immortal works, for Homer is said to have composed the "Iliad" when he was turned sixty; Virgil wrote his "Bucolics" between his forty-fourth and forty-eighth years; Coleridge published "Christabel" when he was forty-four; Wordsworth wrote "The Excursion" at forty-four; Browning wrote "The Ring and the Book" at fifty-seven; Dryden was sixty-eight when he began the translation of the "Æneid"; Cowper was fifty-three when "The Task" was published; Chaucer wrote the "Canterbury Tales" when he was turned fifty; Goethe, who was forty-six when "Wilhelm Meister" appeared, was ten years older when he published "Faust"; Pope was forty-five when he wrote his "Essay on Man"; Butler was turned sixty when he began "Hudibras"; Dante was fifty-one when he finished "The Divina Commedia."—"T. P.'s Weekly."



### CHELTENHAM AND COUNTY CRICKETERS.

A WELL-KNOWN FAMILY.

MR. CHARLES BARNETT AND FOUR SONS (CHARLES, VICTOR, PERCY, AND EDGAR).

### FRENCH THRIFT.

In France the spirit of economy is carried to an extent which few foreigners can understand. I have heard great financiers say that this constant spirit of economy is making France so rich a country that there was a positive danger of her becoming a great financial monopolist in the markets of the world. Imagine a very fertile country, with every variety almost of soil, with the vine abounding almost everywhere; imagine further that country tilled in its every single inch by a population which owns the soil and works for itself, and for no landlord and master; imagine further great cities occupied by a laborious and intelligent population, skilful in all arts and crafts; and then imagine that the titanic sums earned by such a race on such a soil are expended every year only to about a half, or perhaps two-thirds, of the entire amount, and you can see how the tide of French wealth is rolling onwards until it might easily submerge the rest of the financial world.

This spirit of thrift accounts, too, for what is

otherwise so unaccountable to a foreign tourist in France, and that is the utter disregard of French people for what we call comfort. Their rooms are usually small. Their theatres are, as a rule, quite horrible. They are content to live after a fashion which we would describe as intolerable. Think of the kind of people you find in small shops in Paris. I am haunted still by the sight of a woman I found on the left side of the Seine in a little paper shop. She was evidently, from her face, a woman of refinement. The features were quite beautifully chiselled. The eyes were brilliant, but their brilliancy was brought into relief largely by the fact that their blackness shone out from a face that was as white and as bloodless as a piece of wax. I could see that in order to save herself from the spectre of poverty she had been content to live in miserable, small, malodorous rooms, and that therefore she was anæmic and pallid. It was the price she was willing to pay for the little nest-egg which she was laying up against old age.—T. P., in "T. P.'s Weekly."



“Selina Jenkins” on  
“2s. 6d. Down” Libraries.

Amos was reading:

“By our unique method there are no middlemen stationers’ or booksellers’ profits to be provided for; the books come direct from the factory. And last, but not least, we are supplying the ‘Monumental Library,’ not to make money on the books, but to advertise the already world-renowned newspaper, ‘George’s Weekly Smasher.’ Actuated solely by a desire to educate mankind, our ‘Monumental Library’ is designed to solve the fiscal question, to produce religious revivals at the most moderate outlay, and to furnish a free education to every man, from the Park-lane potentate to the condemned convict in his cell.

“N.B.—In order to make ourselves perfectly clear, we would point out that the word ‘free,’ above, is not to be taken in a strictly literal sense, as according to our reading of its meaning the word ‘free’ is intended to stand for ‘half-a-crown down,’ which brings these 48 big volumes and handsome real timber book-case right into your front parlour.”

“Just hark to that, Selina,” says Amos, “and look to the pictur’ of the book-case, drawn out jest like life; and look at the advertizement here, as covers all this side of the paper, and must ‘ave cost ‘em—well, I dunnow wot these ‘ere advertizements runs to, but I shouldn’t wonder if it didn’t cost ‘em more’n a pound fer all the back of that there paper, that I shouldn’t, or even mebbe thirty shillens! I should think they must ‘ave been to one of these ‘ere conventions, same as there was in Cheltenham last week, and started to mend their ways, so to say; and when they London newspaper folks gets so free and open-anded as to give away ‘Monumental Libraries’ for 2s. 6d. and the postage, you mite eggspeck the next thing’ll be as we shall get a note from the Gas Works and the Water Works askin’ us if we’ll kindly accep’ the gas and water without troublin’ to pay fer it in the future, and pray don’t mention it, as we’re very glad to be able to do it fer the public benefit. ‘Pro bono public-house,’ as the sayin’ is!”

“Well, but look ‘ere, Amos,” I says; “you don’t mean to say that they’ll send all they there gurt books, as looks like a row of Family Bibles, to we just fer 2s. 6d. and the postage, do you?”

“Yes, Selina,” he says; “sure-a-lie it reads like it. There ain’t no price mentioned anywheres, so far as I can see, ‘ceps 2s. 6d. down, on wich, it says, you gets these 48 big vollums put rite into yer drocin’-room, on the mat!”

“Well, Amos,” I says, “I agrees with you it ain’t dear, not even if they be only wot they calls dummies, like that there row of pomes by John Burns and Will Crooks, ectetery, as Mary Ann Tompkins ‘ad on her mantelpiece, and turned out to be only biskit-boxes made like books, and after she’d said as she’d read ‘em all thro’, too, and pertended to be that struck with John Burns, you can’t think, as is wot you mite call the ‘sweets of literatur’ to put sugary biskits into boxes as looks like books! But wot be’m all about, these ‘ere 48 books, Amos?” I says.

“Ho! Selina,” says he, “from wot I can make out, there’s everythink as ‘ave ever been wrote since the beginnin’ of the world, from the times when they didn’t know ‘ow to write and ‘adn’t got no alfabit or multiplication tables rite down to Ruddy Kipling and Mr. Balfore on ‘Philosophers’ Doubt!’ Ain’t it wonderful ‘ow it’s did for the money, Selina? Becos, of coorse, as they says in the pertiklers, if you was only to put by the bits of mustard as you leaves on the plate day by day, or keep the ends of matches and sell ‘em fer firewood, you’d ‘ave saved enuff to purchis one of these ‘ere ‘Monumentals’ in less than a month! I see it says there’s only to be a few sets sent out. I ain’t much of a hand with figgers, as you knows, so I don’t know czackly whether its a hundred or ten thousand, but it’s one or the other—it’s 1 and a lot of aughts—and, seein’ as ‘ow ‘first come first served’ is a newspaper motto, I’d rather get in first and have the 1 than the aughts! Wot say you, Selina? ‘Aven’t we jest strucked a gold-mine?’ Wich I ‘opes other people ‘aven’t seen it, ‘owsomdever, or else there won’t be much chance of gettin’ one for ourselves, will there?”

“Ah! well, Amos,” I says; “I eggspecks it’s got somethink about ‘Biled Bitters’ or ‘Bilious Pills’ for the Teeth and Gums’ at the end of every one of they 48 vollums, becous I don’t see ‘ow it can be did for the money else. Half-a-crown is very cheap, though, so I’d put up with the advertizement, meself, wich I considers very often the births, marriages, and deaths and the situations

vacant and to let is the most hinterestin’ and instructin’ part of the newspapers; and if you can’t see folks’s name in the births or marriages or deaths at some time or another, I generally puts ‘em down as nobody pertikler, only fit for a departure and arrival list in the ‘Putter-on!’ ‘Owsomdever, as I were a-sayin’, it’s hawful cheap at 2s. 6d., and very kind of ‘George’s Weekly Smasher,’ that I will say, and ought to look very ‘andsome, that I will admit, all they 48 vollums in a real hoak book-case in the sittin’-room, wich it do want somethink to ‘ide that there place where the damp come in and made a nasty mark on the wall-paper last winter; and if they books was to stand there it would be killin’ 2 birco with one stone, as you mite say, namely coverin’ up the wall and lookin’ ‘literary’ all to one blow!”

“Very well, Selina,” says Amos; “we’ll ‘ave one set for ourselves; and then there’s Aunt Maria, it’s her birthday next week; let’s order another ‘Monumental’ for her; that’s 5s. Well, then there’s your young Padbury goin’ to be married to Christmas, we’ll get another for ‘im; and p’raps ‘twouldn’t be a bad idea to make up the ‘alf-a-sovereign and get in one more to stand in the front passage for the grocer and the butcher to read when they comes for orders! The postage’ll run up, but I s’pose another 2s. 6d. ‘ould cover that! I’ll get a horder for 12s. 6d. and send up to-night, fer fear they be sold hout!”

A week after the above conversation there come a ring at the bell as very near shooked the ‘ouse to its foundations. I ‘appened to ‘ave me ‘ands covered with flour thro’ bein’ in the hact of makin’ a jam roly-poly, as Amos ‘ave a spesshuil dilectation for. ‘Owever, I runs to the windy to see who it mite be actin’ so free with our bell (as cost 1s. 9d. to repair only last week thro’ the milkman ‘avin’ took it fer one of these ‘ere fissional egercises and pulled it out of its socket).

Well, you mark my words! if there wasn’t very near the whole street outside a-starin’ at our ‘ouse, not to speak of a Great Western wagin with 4 great boxes on to it as big as piannas, very near, marked “THE MONUMENTAL LIBRARY” in great letters as long as yer arm!

So I hups and I opens the dore, and there were a great hox of a man, as says, without so much as a hexplanation, “Where shall I putt ‘em, missus?” “Thank you,” I see, rather perky-like, “and p’raps you’ll ‘ave a bit more respect fer yer hinferiors than callin’ a respectable lady like me ‘Missus.’”

“Ho! I’m sorry, Miss; I thought you was— But, there! come to look at you, anybody could see you ain’t a married lady! You’ll eggscoose me, Miss, I’m sure, bein’ rather—”

“Yes, I thought you was!” says I; “but wot in the name of fortin’ ‘ave you got on yer truck? Sure-a-lie that ain’t all fer we, is it?”

“Yes, Mum—Miss, I mean; here ‘tis wrote down in hink: ‘4 cases of literatur’; one p’un’ five and 10 carriage to pay!’”

“WOT!” I says. “AMOS!” I screams, “come here to onot. See wot you’ve a-done. One p’un’ five and 10 postage to pay! Talk about yer half-crown libraries! Why to goodness didn’t you think of that? Wot be us to do?”

“Well, well, to be sure!” says Amos; “I never grasped it as they’d be so big and bulky; they didn’t look so big in the picture. One p’un’ five and 10 postage! Well, well! There, there! I never did! Of all the—”

“Look ‘ere, guv’nor,” struck in the carrier man; “if you’ll jest sign yer name there with this ‘ere pencil, and ‘and over the cash, I’ll bring they cases of literatur in; I’ve got to get back to the yard this week, or thereabouts!”

But, you mark my words! we ‘adn’t got enuff cash, not between us, to pay that there postage, not even after I hunted up 2 fourpenny-bits as I ‘ad fer keepsakes from pore Jenkins; wich Amos ‘ad to go in next dore and borrow 11s. 3d. from the Maggs’s, as we never speaks to generally, thro’ trouble over our suits droppin’ down on their washin’! And when the bill were paid, you should ‘ave seen the bringin’ in of they 4 gurt cases of literatur. All the young ragamuffins of the neighborhood was there to ‘elp—gettin’ in the way, swarmin’ over our railin’s, and trespassin’ thro’ our passage—hall, I mean—with their dirty shoes! And when they’d got 3 of the cases into the pas—hall, I mean, they found out that you couldn’t open the front dore thro’ one of the boxes bein’ jammed against it, so all the ‘orde of boys, 2 men (as ‘ad ‘ad two or three drops too much), and a tramp that ‘ad come in with the others (thinkin’ it were free dinners for the pore, becous of the crowd in the doreway)—all this lot we ‘ad to take acrost our sittin’-room carpet and pass ‘em out

thro’ the window, wich you can see the marks now on the paint!

The other box they stood out in the front garden on top of a bed of wallflowers as was comin’ on fer next spring; and if you asks me, I don’t know wotever we be goin’ to do. We be simply crushed under the mass of literatur!

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S., N.B., B.Sc.—Talk about yer benevolent newspapers! Don’t anybody speak to me about literatur fer some years! I’m off it altogether! Of all the— Jest like that there Amos not to ‘ave knowed it must be more than 2s. 6d. for all they pounds and pounds of books, as wouldn’t be a farthing a pound for literatur and covers thrown in free! Why, you mark my words! if it don’t turn out that we’ve signed on for 4 “Monumental Libraries” at 2s. 6d. down and 5s. A MONTH FER 2 YEARS! I consider Amos ‘ave made a monumental huss of hi-self! I knowed it were a “have” all the way through, of coorse! S.J.

THE DIVERSIONS OF A PRINCESS.

[By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.]



I.—THE REV. MR. GREGSON.

“He’s much too good for you,” said Wisdom.

“How can I be improved if I never knew anybody better than myself?” said Anne. “It’s a good deed to flirt with Mr. Gregson if it brightens his life. An East End curate has a very hard time of it. I listened to your dictates and sent away Willie Addleshaw, and now my spirits are low and I want spiritual comfort.”

“You are only amusing yourself,” said Wisdom.

“And Mr. Gregson’s poor people,” said Anne. “I’m going to sing to his Factory Club boys, poor darlings.”

“I thought Mr. Gregson formed his Factory Club to give the poor refined amusement,” said Wisdom.

“My songs are not vulgar,” said Anne defiantly. “‘Mary was a housemaid’ is only coquettish. I sing it with point, to make it amusing. One can be amusing without being vulgar.”

“You might not be thought vulgar on the stage of the Tivoli—” said Wisdom.

“I’m not so certain,” said Anne, thoughtfully. “I can’t help seeing the possibilities of the song, and I have such a wonderful gift of suiting myself to my company, that—”

“In any case your coquettish songs will scarcely help to educate the factory boys up to Mr. Gregson’s high ideals,” said Wisdom quickly.

“I’m sure the boys will love my songs,” said Anne.

“What will Mr. Gregson feel like while you are singing them?” said Wisdom.

“We go down to amuse the boys, I hope, not each other,” said Anne.

“Mr. Gregson will be even more grieved than shocked,” said Wisdom.

“I like shocking Mr. Gregson,” said Anne, wickedly; “he’s so sweet when I’m penitent.”

“You like the excitement of confessing your sins to him,” said Wisdom, coldly. “And you are so flattered by your wickedness having such an effect on him that you do not care how much you make him suffer. Remember that he believes you have a soul.”

“I don’t see why he shouldn’t have an interesting soul to save now and then as well as his stupid factory boys, mutterea Anne, slightly ashamed of herself all the same.

“You know perfectly well that whatever impression Mr. Gregson makes on you is a purely emotional if not wholly imaginative one,” said Wisdom. “Your soul is never affected in the least.”

“But my heart is,” said Anne. “I think it is perfectly fine of a cultured man to waste—I mean spend—all his time in a filthy slum.”

“That’s what Mr. Gregson’s wife would have to do,” said Wisdom.

“Oh, why be serious?” said Anne, trying not to listen to Wisdom’s plain speaking. “Why not take things lightly?”

“Because Mr. Gregson doesn’t,” said Wisdom. “That’s why you like him, you know—because he takes life seriously.”

“It’s so interesting to know a man who puts being good before being clever or amusing himself or even making money,” said Anne, reflectively. “I’ve never looked up to any man before. I’m quite serious in my respect for Mr. Gregson!”



"Don't mistake hero worship for love," said Wisdom, — or respect for mutual sympathy. It's been done before with disastrous consequences.

"I wish you'd be quiet," said Anne, desperately. "Who's thinking of marrying?"

"Mr. Gregson," said Wisdom. "He can't help seeing what an interest you take in his work among the factory boys."

"I'm interested in such heaps of things," said Anne.

"Mr. Gregson doesn't know that," said Wisdom. "Your enthusiasm is quite peculiar to yourself. And remember you told him your ideal life would be to live in a stum as he did, and work among the poor."

"You can admire things without doing them, can't you?" said Anne. "I adore Kubelik's playing, but I don't go home and practise it. Still I always find everything interesting that I do, so if I did marry Mr. Gregson, and lived in his slums, I might catch his enthusiasm and be contented—"

"To give up all your other interests?" said Wisdom. "Theatres, parties, friends, flirting, travelling—"

"One must eat one's cake or keep it," said Anne. "Suppose I choose to keep it?"

"Stale cake's unappetising," said Wisdom. "After you've married Mr. Gregson, and tied yourself up for life, you might regret it if you came up West and saw the restaurants, the shops, the park, the friends of whom you are so fond! No one who knows you lives at Bethnal Green! It's too far to drive to. Think how you'd feel when you had to mount an omnibus and jolt back to its loneliness, away from all the fun and friendship."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Anne; "I'd have to stay up West for a bit anyway!"

"And leave Mr. Gregson alone in his miserable little rooms?" said Wisdom. "He'll be climbing the stair now, tired and saddened after his hard day's work. You are sitting here in this cosy chair, before a blazing fire, well-dressed, well-dined, well-satisfied! But Mr. Gregson is coming home to find no fire, no flowers, no brightness, not even a good supper!"

"Oh, poor, poor Mr. Gregson," said Anne, with the ready tears coming to her eyes.

"What are you doing?" said Wisdom.

"No flowers!" said Anne, and she emptied the bowl of roses that an Express messenger had brought to her that morning. Outside the window the rain dashed against the pane. His room shall be brightened," said Anne. "I'll brighten it myself."

"You can't go to Mr. Gregson's rooms alone to-night," said Wisdom.

"He shall have a fire," said Anne, "and a supper. I'll cook it myself. I'll take my chafing-dish."

"But what will people say?" said Wisdom.

"No one who knows me lives in Bethnal Green," said Anne.

"What will your people think?" said Wisdom. "I don't much care," said Anne, and she rang the bell. "They ought to be used to me by now," said Anne.

"What will Mr. Greson think?" said Wisdom. "That he had one true sympathetic friend," said Anne, heroically.

"His father was a bishop, and his sisters—"

said Wisdom.

"Bother his sisters!" said Anne. A maid appeared.

"Whistle a handsom, please," said Anne. "You can't go alone," said Wisdom.

"I am going to cheer up a fellow-creature," said Anne, and she wrapped paper round the wet stems of the roses.

"Mr. Gregson will be far too embarrassed to enjoy your society," said Wisdom. "He's an Oxford man—a county man! He'll insist on seeing you home at once; he'll be shocked out of his respectable skin; he'll be pained to death to think he should have been the cause of compromising you; and he'll most certainly propose to you. He'll think it his duty."

"Oh, dear!" said Anne. "Why can't girls be kind to men, without being misunderstood?"

"Men are too conventional, not to say conceited," said Wisdom. "Mr. Gregson is eligible! He will never respect you quite so much if you go to-night, even though he propose to you."

"I should refuse him, of course!" said Anne indignantly.

"Then he will justly feel you are a heartless flirt to have shown such vivid interest in him, and lured him to humiliation," said Wisdom.



Photo by E. R. Portlock,

Cheltenham.

**MR. & MRS. J. H. WRIGHT,**

who celebrated their silver wedding September 29th, 1905. Mr. Wright is platform inspector at the M.R. Station, Cheltenham.

"It's a hateful—hateful world!" said Anne; but she put down the flowers. "The hansom is here, miss," said the maid. "I've changed my mind," said Anne.

**RUSSIA'S MILITARY RESOURCES.**

Among the advantages which we have noted that Russia will enjoy in a conflict with civilised Europe, we would specially emphasise that of the numerical superiority of her armed forces. It is said that the Tsar can to-day command the services of six million soldiers; and whatever may be the lack of organisation and training of a considerable proportion of this force, the actual figure is probably not exaggerated. Such a force is overwhelming as compared with that which could be put in the field by any European Power, but it by no means represents the total resources of Russia in a prolonged war, and still less does it represent the total which a few more years of undisturbed domination in her Asiatic territories would place at her disposal.

In Russia proper, the population from which soldiers can be drawn is very greatly superior in numbers to that of any European State; and it must not be forgotten that the withdrawal of a large proportion of the male population from their ordinary pursuits would be a much less serious

matter for the economy of Russia than if a similar demand were made on the population of a more advanced country. Further, when once the Asiatic peoples who have come under Russian rule during the last quarter of a century have become the fully submissive servants of the Tsar (and up to the date of Russian reverses in the Far East progress in this direction was rapid), an addition of a couple of millions of men might be made to the armed forces of the Russian Empire. It must be borne in mind that, as exemplified by the Russo-Japanese war, the casualties in modern warfare speedily reach a total which gives a hitherto unknown importance to numbers. A numerically inferior army may summarily defeat a force double its number, if the latter be inferior in warlike capacity; but if the loss suffered by the victors should be even only one-third of that of the vanquished, and the former were unable promptly to replace their losses, whilst their foes could continually replenish their ranks by drawing on almost inexhaustible reserves, it is evident that final supremacy must rest with the big battalions.—"International 'Perils,'" in "Blackwood's Magazine."

A specimen of the great northern diver, which has not been seen for twenty years in West Norfolk, has been shot at Heacham, near the harbour. The specimen was an immature male.





Photo by E. M. Bailey,

Cheltenham.

**CHELTENHAM GORDON LEAGUE CRICKET TEAM.**

Top row:—J. Hughes, A. Poole, G. Hitchman, E. J. Slade, B. Trigg, F. Booy, W. T. Leonard and A. Harker.

Middle row:—B. Denton, C. Booy, C. Trigg (captain), W. Trigg, and B. Ingles.

Bottom row:—H. Rose and R. Booy.

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

Just over a hundred years ago, as the subjoined extract from the "Bristol Times and Mirror" of Sept. 28th, 1805, proves, "the following circumstance occurred in the performance of the 'Messiah' at the late Gloucester Music meeting. Mr. Hyde, the celebrated performer on the trumpet, having incautiously left his instrument in the orchestra during the interval between the second and third acts, some intruders wantonly filled the neck with nutshells, which entirely destroyed the beautiful effect of that sublime air, 'The trumpet shall sound,' excited surprise in the audience, and extreme distress in the performer, who did not discover the cause of the defect till he returned to his lodgings. The cruel perpetrators of this piece of fun are highly censurable, and may be truly said 'to have no music in their souls.'" Well, I know that the spirit of practical joking was rife among certain amateur members of the orchestra towards the end of the same century, for at least on one occasion the player of a double bass found that his bow had been soaped during an interval. And the "trumpet shall sound" fiasco also reminds me that a Gloucester paper made a great blunder (but one most amusing to the public) over this same air. It so happened that it published an advance laudatory notice of this solo, and it was speedily falsified by the fact that its execution turned out a complete failure. There was a rush for the edition containing this "intelligent anticipation," which was actually on sale outside the Cathedral before the trumpet did sound in a manner. The little organ-blower was a droll character, and always boasted that he "did his bit" to the festivals.

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Any person who has been the round of a lunatic asylum, either as an official or a privileged visitor, could not fail to have been struck by the tales of

woe and also of extraordinary hallucinations that some patients poured into one's ears. I observe that the Visiting Committee from Monmouth Union to the Gloucestershire Asylums state in the course of their recent report:—"As at other asylums, so here too we had to listen to some very pitiful stories of real suffering and of imaginary ailments and wrongs. One poor fellow earnestly entreated us to get an iron box, and put him in it, and then put it underground where he would be out of the way. Several pleaded with us to allow them to go home. Only of one did Dr. Craddock speak at all hopefully. All of them looked clear and well nourished, and generally speaking, seemed to be fairly comfortable." I have heard a number of anecdotes concerning patients. For instance, a magistrate, when called in to certify the lunacy of a certain man, was quite satisfied about it upon the suspect, who was in bed, raising his foot and kicking him in the stomach, remarking that it was a good goal. And another J.P. one day received from an inmate whom he had certified to be insane a letter stating that he was quite right and wanted to be discharged to go in for a missing word competition.

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While one cannot fail to commiserate all the afflicted persons who crowd our asylums, the same feeling cannot sincerely be extended to most of the adult male wrecks in our workhouses. The extraordinary case may be cited of an inmate of a local poor-house who squandered money, which has come to my knowledge, viz. that of a middle-aged man who, when a youth, had the misfortune to be accidentally shot in the knee by a member of a noble family on the Cotswolds, who, as compensation for the loss of his leg, gave him £500 down and a cork leg, and settled upon him an annuity of 10s. a week and a life policy for £500, but the money, together with the proceeds of the sale of these interests, all went in a few years, and he also burnt his cork leg.

GLEANER.

**A NEW PROCESS FOR THE PROTECTION OF IRON AND STEEL FROM CORROSION.**

"Sherardising" is the name which has been given to a method—the invention of Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles—of protecting iron and steel from corrosion, which bids fair to rank as one of the most remarkable discoveries of recent years, and one the practical value of which to manufacturers of iron goods can hardly be over-stated. Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles is an Englishman—a metallurgist who, although comparatively a young man, has already achieved considerable eminence in his profession. In conducting some experiments with zinc dust, Mr. Coles observed that it possessed the property of galvanising iron or steel (i.e. of covering it with a thin coating of zinc) at a temperature of several hundred degrees below its melting point. Various theories have been advanced in explanation of this phenomenon, but so far it is impossible to say definitely which is correct. The most generally accepted theory is that the zinc volatilises and forms a protective zinc alloy intermediate between the zinc coating and the underlying metal. But be this as it may, the discovery is certainly one of great economic importance, as galvanising by this means is not only cheaper but very much more effective than hot or electro-galvanising.—"Magazine of Commerce."

**WE CAN SUPPLY**



**PICTURE POST-CARDS**

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





**CHELTENHAM CRICKET CHALLENGE CUP ASSOCIATION UMPIRES' TEAM.**

AS OPPOSED TO THE GORDON LEAGUE C.C., SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

Top row:—A. H. Bayliss (umpire), R. Robbins, H. Leworthy, H. Dyke-Smith, A. Poole, W. Leonard, and H. Gregory.

Middle row:—W. C. Robson, C. Kettle, T. J. Booy, O. Pike, and F. Brewster.

Bottom row:—W. Turner and F. Broom.

**THE PASSING OF THE PARISH CLERK.**

A picturesque article on the quaint doings of parish clerks, those strange old village functionaries who are now becoming rarer and rarer, is contributed by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield to "Pearson's Magazine." The author has many good stories to tell, of which we quote one or two:—

"A canon of a northern cathedral tells us of a clerk whose duty it was when the rector had finished his sermon to say 'Amen.' On a summer afternoon this aged official was overtaken with drowsiness, and as soon as the clergyman had given out his text, slept the sleep of the just. Sermons in former years were remarkable for their length and many divisions.

"After the 'firstly' was concluded, the preacher paused. The clerk, suddenly awaking, thought that the discourse was concluded, and pronounced his usual 'Arummen.' The congregation rose, and the service came to a close. As the gathering dispersed, the squire slipped half a crown into the clerk's hand and whispered: 'Thomas, you managed that very well, and deserve a little present. I will give you the same next time.'

"At Eccleshall, a village near Sheffield, the clerk, named Thompson, had been, in the days of his youth, a good cricketer, and always acted as umpire for the village team. One hot Sunday morning, the sermon being very long, old Thompson fell asleep. His dream was of his favourite game; for when the parson finished his discourse and waited for the clerk's 'Amen,' old Thompson awoke, and, to the amazement of the congregation, shouted out, 'Over.'

"Everyone has heard of that Irish clerk who used to snore so loudly during the sermon that he drowned the parson's voice. The old vicar, being of a good-natured as well as a somewhat humorous turn of mind, devised a plan for arousing his lethargic clerk. He provided himself with a box of hard peas, and when the well-known snore echoed through the church, he quietly dropped one of the peas on the bald head of the offender, who was at once aroused to the

sense of his duties, and uttered a loud 'Amen.'

"This plan acted admirably for a time, but unfortunately the parson was one day carried away by his eloquence, gesticulated wildly, and dropped the whole box of peas on the head of the unfortunate clerk. The result was such a strenuous chorus of 'Amen's' that the laughter of the congregation could not be restrained, and the peas were abolished and consigned to the limbo of impracticable inventions.

"Of the mistakes in the clerk's reading of the Psalms there are many instances. David Diggs, the hero of J. Hewlett's 'Parish Clerk,' was remonstrated with for reading the proper names in Psalm lxxxiii., v. 6, 'Odommites, Osmallites, and Mobbites,' and replied:

"'Yes, no doubt, but that's noigh enow. Sea-town folk understand Oi very well.'"

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**WHAT WE OWE TO THE CHINESE.**

It is doubtful if the modern world recognises the debt it owes to the Chinese. There are two facts imparted at every school, and those are that we are indebted to the Chinese for printing and gunpowder, and, as if to make up for the curse of gunpowder, the Chinese were the first to introduce bread. This took place some four thousand years ago, and ever since bread has formed one of the principal foodstuffs in every national diet. In this country it is, indeed, the staff of life, and anything which cheapens it is to be welcomed. In 1735 the quarter loaf was sold at 5d., and though at various times it has risen above this (high-water mark was reached in 1800, when it was 1s. 10d.), it still stands at about that price to-day. Now a revolution is promised by M. Apostoloff, who has invented a new system of bread-making, by which the price of the quarter loaf will be reduced to half. Already, according to a contemporary, plant necessary to work on the new principle has been erected in Birmingham, by which a daily supply of sixty tons of bread can be turned out.—"The Bystander."

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ARTISTIC & GENERAL

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**NATURE'S REVENGE.**

A curious modern instance of the oft-illustrated danger of interfering with the course of Nature is provided by the island of Nevis, one of the Leeward group, which is suffering from a plague of mongooses. The mongooses were imported in order to assist in clearing off a plague of rats, by which the island was visited before their importation. The mongooses have done their work well in this respect, the rat plague being reduced to inconsiderable dimensions; but the ultimate effect is that some of the almost equally serious insect plagues of the island are very much worse than they were. The connection between the two facts is not obvious. The link is supplied by the insectivorous birds. The mongooses having virtually cleared off the rats, had to take to birds as the next course, with the result that they have so seriously reduced the number of these that the insects on which the birds used to prey have increased to a degree that was unknown before the mongoose was introduced.—"Country Life."





**CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN**  
Builders—Mr. R. R. Skemp.

**ELECTRIC LIGHTING SCAMPS.**

The wiring of buildings, and especially of private houses, says "The Electrical Magazine," is one of those unfortunate things in electrical engineering which can be done very badly and escape notice. The wiring scamp is the product of a too keen competition in an already overcrowded field. He has occasioned a state of affairs which is now a standing disgrace to this branch of the industry, but which continues, nevertheless, in the most aggravated forms. Not twenty miles from the Metropolis we casually entered some property on the scaffolding of which a notice foreshadowed the deeds of the electrical engineer within. We were not a little astonished to find that this contractor had mixed ideas, which extended to the protection he gave the wiring of the various rooms. He was actually running steel conduit and wood casing together. Frequent gaps between casing and piping were conveniently bridged with the exposed wire left to become the *hors d'oeuvres* of some future rodents' banquet, while the raw edge of the barrel was unsparingly applied to the insulation where suitable opportunity presented. The contractor must be a poor creature of circumstances to call work of this kind electric lighting. For the sake of the future of electric lighting, we pray to be delivered from these creatures, who bring calumny and reproach on the industry, either by their utter incompetence to do work properly, or their complete disregard of the obligations imposed by an honourable compact. It is injustice enough that the industry should harbour these contract-pirates, but the time for protection from their insidious incroachments has certainly arrived when work of the character we refer to is being done. It is useless to frame wiring rules unless means are taken to enforce them where rascality is known to be at large. We shall welcome any movement giving power to central station engineers to strictly inspect wiring installations, and rigorously expose all attempts at that scamping which imperils not only the confiding householder, but also the entire electrical industry.



**A MEDIÆVAL CUSTOM.**

What is called a "wood ale" dinner has been held at Lydiard Tregoze, Wiltshire, every Christmas Sunday for the last seven hundred years. The custom is the outcome of certain concessions to the tenants on Lady Meux's estate, who, by following up the practice, were thereby relieved of the necessity of paying tithes. One special observance is the drinking in spiced ale of the healths of "The Abbot and Abbess of Stanley," and it is accompanied by the cries of the Charter, "Tithes free, tithes free, tithes free."

**THE FUTURE BACHELOR OF COMMERCE.**

If the Treasury, the Board of Trade, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the Post-office were to enter into direct relations with the new Faculties of Commerce, they might have the pick of the boys leaving secondary schools specially trained to meet their requirements. The same advantage is open in a smaller degree to banks and railways. They might select their own boys, and arrange with the "Faculties of Commerce" to educate them on certain lines. This alone would go a long way toward filling the now half-empty commercial class-rooms. It would give to higher commercial education as valuable a cachet as even that of Oxford or Cambridge. It might stimulate the lukewarm, if not actually dormant, sympathies of the public schools. The snobbishness of the society parent who uses Eton and Oxford as stepping-stones to Mayfair might thaw under it. "Faculties of Commerce," from which bright young men could, as soon as they graduated, step into good positions in the national or municipal service, on railways, in banks, or in private establishments, would soon be overrun with candidates. They would swarm in, not from the provinces only, but from the Colonies and from India. There would no longer be room for young foreigners, even if they were not otherwise barred. The Professors of Commercial Science would always have enough home material to work on without importing any from abroad. And they would be doing genuine useful work of the kind they set out to do—no make-believe or treadmill about it. The public departments we have named, as well as our banks and railway companies, all require nowadays men with the commercial training which the new Faculties undertake to supply. A similar class of men are even more wanted in Parliament. Any prospective candidate for the House of Commons intending to do serious work there, as distinguished from barren debating, can best qualify himself by getting thoroughly grounded in the commercial questions which appear to have been so completely omitted from the education of most of our existing legislators. How many of them would have the slightest chance to escape plucking in an examination for Bachelor of Commerce?—Mr. W. R. Lawson, in the "Magazine of Commerce."



**BITTER MILK.**

Bitter milk is one of the most annoying ills with which a dairyman can be afflicted. Bitterness sometimes develops in the best-kept dairies, cause is an organism resembling the ordinary yeast, while the most slovenly will be immune. Its yeast; in fact, it is a yeast. It is originally found on the leaves of trees, just as the yeast organism is found on hops, but is easily transmitted to milk cows, or the stable dust. When once these yeast organisms gain admittance to milk, they find condition favourable to their development, and proceed to reproduce themselves, hence the bitter taste in milk, cream, and butter. To remove the source of infection is no small task, for in all the crevices of every can in which milk has been kept there will be found sufficient of the yeast to carry on infection. It is, therefore, necessary to thoroughly clean, scald, and scrape the seams of every vessel in which milk has been kept, then carefully whitewash the milkhouse, cellar or pantry, and this should prevent further development in the house. At the same time sweep down the walls and ceiling of the stables, and give all the inside a thorough coat of whitewash or a spraying with some disinfectant, such as bichloride of mercury, one to one thousand parts of water—"The Creamery Journal."



**THE LAW AND THE GIPSY.**

Such wayfarers as were of true gipsy blood have well-nigh departed. The law has been too much for them. No longer are they permitted to camp at their own sweet will, to fix their tents as dwellers at the corners of woods, to regard commons as their peculiar property, and to alight upon any waste which they feel inclined to treat as a "No man's land." Metaphorically and literally the policeman has issued a stern command to them to "move on." They have to send their children to school and to submit to a hundred regulations that their forefathers escaped, with the result that many of them have forsaken the old open-air life and have come into towns, some to thrive and swell the industrial population, others, it is to be feared, to go to the other side of the balance—"Country Life."



**The Late Mr. J. W. Goldsmith,  
of Cheltenham.**

Died Tuesday, October 3rd, 1905.

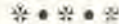
**RUSSIAN WEALTH WASTED ON THE WAR.**

According to the lowest estimates based on official data and upon the loans raised during the hostilities, the minimum cost of the war to Russia amounts to £174,462,500, this not counting the expenses which will be incurred in evacuating Manchuria—a process which will last another eighteen months at least. If we take into consideration the direct economic losses caused to nearly every citizen of the empire by the disturbance of trade, industry, and all kinds of pursuits, the national wealth wasted is truly appalling and incalculable. Owing to the recent war, Russia's national debt has grown from £706,775,000 to £842,881,250, the interest alone having risen from £30,706,250 to £37,400,000! As the Russian State spends on national primary education only about £500,000 annually, it could be said that the Czar has just spent on the blowing out of the people's brains a sum about 249 times larger than that for putting the brains in—"The Anglo-Russian."



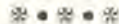
**RECRUITING IN RUSSIA.**

The annual recruiting in Russia is just commencing, 475,246 young men of the age of twenty-one being called this year for military service. It is impossible to describe what this recruiting means in general disturbance and economic loss, all the young men of the Empire of this age having to appear at the recruiting offices and draw lots, those taking out the lower numbers having then to undergo a medical examination. The enormous Russian distances from the villages to towns, which have to be covered too frequently on foot, involve a loss of time and labour to each family having a member of the recruiting age that can scarcely be realised in Western Europe. The number of recruits to be enlisted this year is unprecedented even in Russian military annals—"The Anglo-Russian."



**THE LIFE OF A NOVEL.**

Now that the autumn flowers of fiction are rearing their heads above the ground in such profusion, the thought occurs to one: What of the novels that bloomed in the spring? Alas! when we look around us we are impressed with the fact that most of them have faded and died, and, like all the pomp of Nineveh and Tyre, are "one with yesterday." There is no doubt—and publishers are becoming increasingly alive to the fact—that the life of the average novel is steadily shortening, until it is likely to become a matter of a week or two, instead of, as at present, say three months. And, note you, it has got to be a novel of considerable merit to last anything like three months—"J. A. H." in "The Bystander."



There are forty-three miles of shelves at the British Museum, and the catalogue contains over 3,860,000 entries. So stated Mr. G. K. Fortescue, lecturing at the London School of Economics on Wednesday.





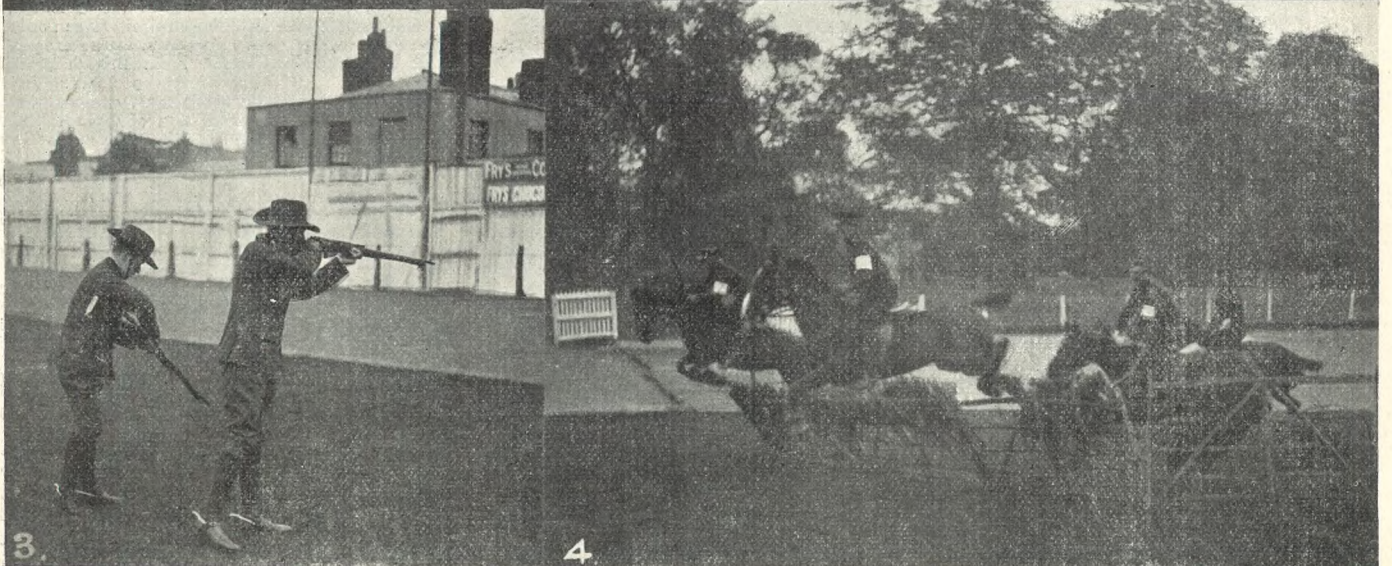
MR. PERCY HUTCHISON, whose company will appear at the Opera House next week in "The Freedom of Suzanne. He is a nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham, and for many years was stage manager and producer to his uncle in London.

MR. PERCY HUTCHISON and MISS BEATRICE LINDLEY as "Charles Trevor" and Suzanne Trevor" in "The Freedom of Suzanne."



FAVOURITE PLACE-NAMES.

What is the most frequently recurrent place-name in these islands? Whatever it is, it is less widely distributed than is that of Saint-Bonnet, in France. In various combinations, such as Saint-Bonnet-le-Bourg, or Saint-Bonnet-le-Chastel, it occurs no less than forty times as the name of French towns and villages. To the best of my belief there is nothing on this side of the Channel to rival it. Stoke, either by itself or in combination, occurs some sixteen or seventeen times, and Kirkby nine or ten; there are seven Leighs and six Actons, and a fair number of other names which are to be found three or four times repeated on our maps, but these are very humble figures.—"T. P.'s Weekly."



MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT ATHLETIC GROUNDS, TUESDAY OCTOBER 3, 1905

- 1. Group of Yeomanry with their horses.
- 2. Tent Pegging at full gallop. Missed.
- 3. Victoria Cross Race. The Enemy.
- 4. Shropshire Yeomanry in Lloyd-Lindsay Competition.



THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM.

An interesting experiment with reference to the Unemployed Problem has been tried, and apparently with a good deal of success, by the Queensland Government, in Queensland. It may be that the experiment is possible only in countries where similar conditions as to land settlement, etc., obtain. Nevertheless, it is an interesting experiment, and is worthy of some attention by all who are interested in Imperial development. The experiment had practical issue last year, though this was not the first time the problem had had to be faced there. By reason of the shortage in stock in the Western country (particularly in the Central and South-West), caused by drought, the sheep and cattle stations were unable to maintain their usual demand for labour, and a great many of the shearers and general station hands marched eastward to the coastal districts in search of employment, thereby adding very considerably to the number of unemployed to be found in the ports. The demand on the Government relief depots rather threatened to become a serious drain on the State finances—of course, from the outset, a very undesirable state of things—and the Queensland Treasurer set himself to straighten matters, and to reduce an expenditure for which there could be no return to the Treasury. A labour bureau was established, with officers selected from the present public service of the State. All able-bodied men receiving relief were told off into gangs. Each gang was placed in charge of an overseer, and sent out into the country to localities recommended by the Lands Department. The localities selected were those in which large areas of heavily-timbered, prickly-pear infested, or scrub lands were situated, and the gangs were appointed to clear these areas in order that such might be made available for agricultural settlement. These areas were offered to settlers as freehold on very moderate terms. The cost of clearing was added to the original upset price of the land. In this way numerous areas of land previously regarded as "not accessible" were made available for selection. How does all this affect Great Britain? Is it not a matter very much worthy the serious attention of the British Government? Why not say to the Government of such a State as Queensland:—"You have made, and are making, special efforts to develop your resources; to settle your vast agricultural areas; to add to your population and to your natural wealth; we can help you"? Would it be hard to assist? It would be a simple thing, effective and profitable. Ten times easier to directly and promptly spend a few thousand pounds in helping families to secure a livelihood in the free air of the colonies than spasmodically spend large sums in the attempt to alleviate distress locally under constantly recurring conditions, which mean want of employment and even want of food for thousands.—"Magazine of Commerce."

THE SUSPICIOUS TEUTON.

Scares evidently travel from one country to another. A few years ago there was a "Made in Germany" panic in this country. We were being outclassed in all directions by German manufacturers and merchants, and for a time we were told to regard German Charlottenburgs and German technical classes as the only trustworthy signposts to efficiency. The scare has died in this country, only to be revived, mutatis mutandis, in Germany. According to Mr. Francis Oppenheimer, our Consul-General in Berlin, an official circular has gone round to Prussian manufacturers to be on their guard against foreign spies, and cautioning the conductors of technical journals against undue prolixity or detail in their reports of inventions, processes, or new industrial developments. "All public reports," says the circular, "should refrain from giving details," and "no complaints about bad business should be published, as this is hurtful to our export trade." The circular concludes with a suggestion that all foreigners should be denied access to German factories. The circular might have gone one step further, and have suggested to the conductors of technical journals that public reports might be manufactured to suit German ends. If the Germans want to adopt a Machiavellian policy, they may as well do it thoroughly.—"Magazine of Commerce."



**BENNINGTON UNITED CRICKET CLUB.**  
PROMOTED FROM DIVISION II. TO DIVISION I. OF THE CHELTENHAM CRICKET LEAGUE, SEASON 1905.

Standing (reading from left to right):—Sid Fisher, E. Toms, Sid Nash, H. Kilmister, B. Davy, T. Moxey, and E. Wheatley.  
Sitting:—G. Jones, P. Bellamy (vice-captain), A. Denchfield (captain), A. Fisher (hon. sec.), and G. Bowen.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

There are many hundreds of wealthy women in Great Britain, women who, when their sympathies are enlisted in a cause, know how to respond nobly, in a whole-hearted fashion, to appeals made to them. I wish that I could enlist their sympathies on behalf of their sister women in this matter. I have neither the desire nor the intention to propose a charity organisation, because the women on whose behalf I am writing do not desire charity. But rich women often find time hang heavily upon their hands; they could often do with something that would add zest to life, and I would suggest to that class of Englishwoman that it would be a wise thing to commence poultry-farming in a practical manner, and so find employment for respectable lasses who want to get away from the cities. Gentlewomen often have the control of fine tracts of land in the country that would be eminently suitable for this sort of work. Why can they not enter into a scheme of the kind? It would pay them handsomely, apart from any other aspect of the case. I am not a believer in colleges for work of the nature I am dealing with. I have far more faith in individual effort, and effort would be required upon each little holding. Not only effort, but good womanly sense, of which I think there is plenty now going to waste for want of opportunity all around us. Surely some of the rich women who now allow their capital to lie idle might see their way clear to invest in a scheme so obviously sound and practical; by so doing they would be adding to their own banking accounts; they would be utilising land which is not now half used; they would be finding an opening for many a sister woman; they would be improving the physique of our womanhood, and conferring a benefit upon posterity.—A. G. Hailles (War Correspondent) in "London Opinion and To-Day."

Dover has been visited by millions of small black flies from the Channel.

CANADA AND PREFERENCE.

Can we give Canada preferential treatment in commerce? This is a markedly contentious question, upon which men of equal ability and equal patriotism hold different views. One side holds that Free Trade has been of such great service to Great Britain in the past that it must be regarded as a foundation-stone in her commercial supremacy. The other side holds that the conditions of to-day (new factors, in particular, having been introduced in the growth of competition of America and Germany, and the possession of Empire) are so totally different to those of the past that the argument loses its force. Preferential treatment, they say, should be granted to the Colonies, as vital parts of the British Empire. It can only be so granted, say their opponents, at the expense of far more important extra-colonial British interests, and so on. The question is proceeding in the usual way towards a settlement, one way or the other, and the free expression of divergent views is really a sign of good health. The matter is admittedly an important one, and will not be settled as quickly and readily as many would suppose. The expression of views from every point and quarter cannot but assist in coming to the most correct decision. But the powerful growth of Canada and the other Colonies will proceed, whether it be under a policy of Preference or not, for there are natural forces at work far stronger than that of the fiscal or any other policy. Policies are subject to natural laws, and the latter are far more powerful to be otherwise than temporarily affected by any policy, if it be in opposition to them as determining true evolution.—Mr. John Macaulay in the "Magazine of Commerce."

The Rev. A. Lumley Dodd, sacristan of Peterborough Cathedral, died on Saturday night.

It has been decided by the Scarborough Golf Club to allow Sunday play on the Ganton links.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 250.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"The Freedom of Suzanne."

NEXT WEEK:

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

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 150th prize is awarded to Mr. R. Dodds, Moorcroft, Grosvenor-street, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church.

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

## PRINTING! PRINTING!!



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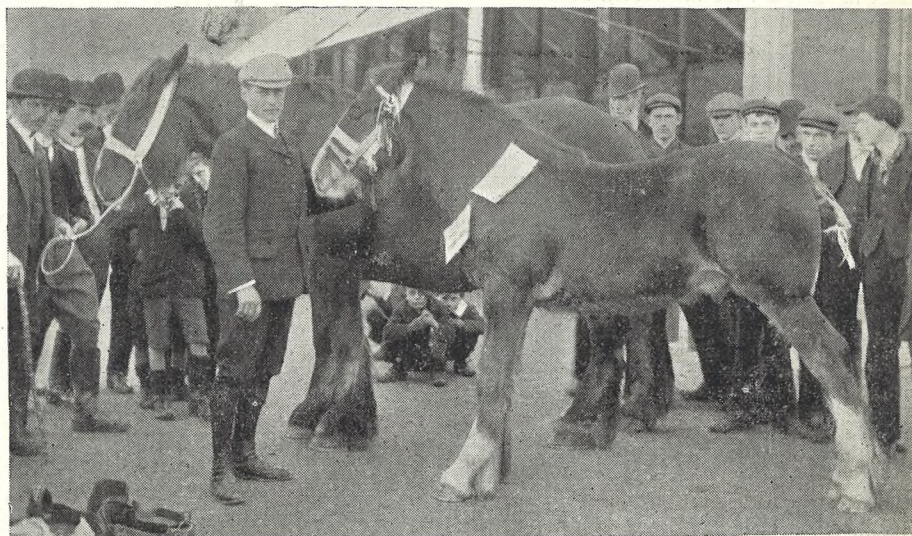
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### SIR HENRY IRVING ON STAGE REALISM.

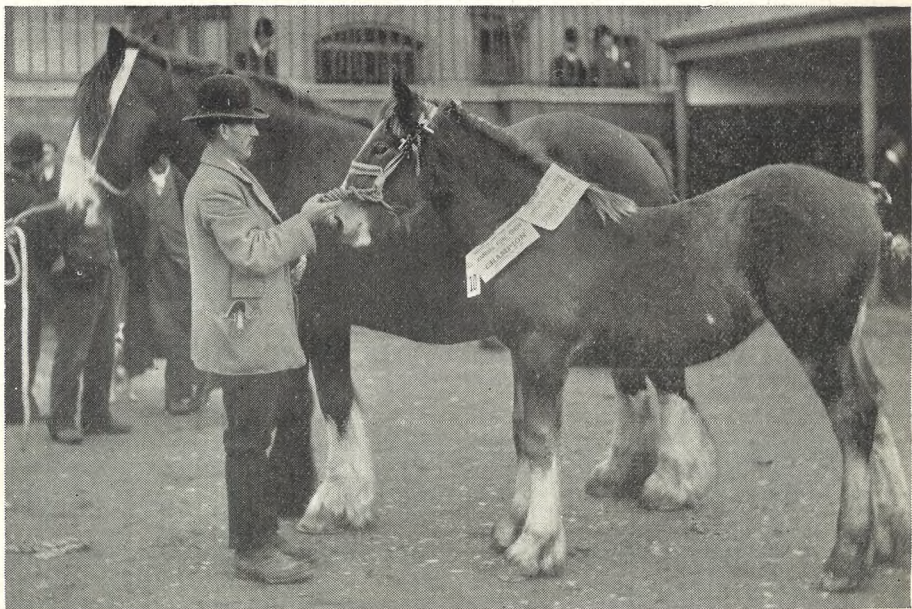
Sir Henry Irving is fond of telling a story which illustrates the actor's motto, "While trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle," remarks "T.A.T." "This lesson was enjoined on me when I was a very young man," he says, "by that remarkable actress, Charlotte Cushman. I remember that, when she played Meg Merrilies, I was cast for Henry Bertram. It was my duty to give Meg Merrilies a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional fashion of handing her a large purse full of coin of the realm, in the shape of broken crockery, which was generally used in financial transactions on the stage. But after the play Miss Cushman said to me: 'Instead of giving me that purse, don't you think it would have been much more natural if you had taken a number of coins from your pocket and given me the smallest? That is the way one gives alms to a beggar, and it would have added to the realism of the scene.' I have never forgotten that lesson."



### GLOUCESTER SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY.

SHOW OF FOALS IN GLOUCESTER MARKET, OCTOBER 9, 1905.

MR. H. W. SURMAN'S (HASFIELD) COLT FOAL, WINNER OF TWO FIRST PRIZES AND SILVER CHALLENGE CUP FOR CHAMPION.



MR. H. B. CHANDLER'S FILLY FOAL, WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE FOR FILLIES.



**"SELINA JENKINS" on THINGS THAT CALL at the DOOR.**

I've jest sent Amos down to the plumber's to get the 'andle and the knocker and the letter-box took off the front dore; and I'll tell you wot it is: I've been a-runnin' hup and down, hup and down, very near 50 times a day fer the last week jest openin' the dore to all kinds of fiddle-faddles as comes along doin' wot they calls canvassin'. I'll tell you wot it is, Mr. Editur, the very nex' one as I catches at it they'll get sich a canvassin' as they never 'ad in their born days, wich I took a hoath to meself, swored on a Beston's cookery book, to settle the very nex' one—yes, the very nex' one—with the wood-chopper.

Ha! there's a knock! I'll give this one some-think to go on with, disturbin' a respectful field-male lady in 'er beauty sleep, wich it's a gross hinsult to carry on so in sich a— Owever, p'raps, after all, it mite be the curate, as comes around to solicit orders fer the missionaries, so I don't think as I'll use the 'atchet, not this time, fer fear of haccidents, becoss, of coorse, I wouldn't mind 'ittin' about a hordinary 'uman bein', but 'twouldn't be rite to turn round on a curate, would it, now? I'll jest see who it is, any'ow, as can't hurt to hear wot they 'as to say!

There were a sort of a faded hindividual on the step, as looked as if he'd seen better days—a long time ago, though.

"Can I show you any gas-burners?" says he. "No, thankye," says I.

"Bobb's patent," says he, stickin' his foot in the dore, so as I couldn't shut it. "No, no!" I says. "I don't care if they was the Dook of Lord-knows-who's patent. I don't want any—"

"Oh, yes you do, lydy. If everybody was to use one of these 'ere patent perforated burners fer a fortnight it would bust up all the gas companies in the country in a week! Just inspect it a minnit. If you looks into it you'll see as 'ow it'll save sich a lot of gas fer you and your good man as the Gas Company'll 'ave to pay you something once a quarter instead of you payin' them! Look at it, I say, lydy! Look at the beautiful stop-check haction of the burner! Ain't it a work of hart and beauty together? Why! do you know it cost the firm up'ard of 5 million dollars to bring that there burner to perfection!"

"Well," says I, "all I can say is I wonder they don't give you a bit more to get yer clothes done up a bit, besides a trifle to 'ave a shave! And as far as savin' of gas goes, you wants to go to some of these 'ere Town Councillors and parsons, etcetera, and so 4th, as really wastes their gas most shameful. Why, I could give you the address of one or two of 'em as wastes I dunnow 'ow many thousand square feet of gas every time they 'as a monthly Council meeting, and I should say your invention would jest suit some of the folk!"

"Ah! but, lydy, I see you're a-laffin' at me! But I assure you it's a very serious thing! Here you 'ave a house wich mite, by the hexpenditure of one shilling only, be turned into a pallis of light and grace. Besides, lydy, our patent burners is well-known to be a antidote fer consumption, and if stood on the mantelpiece is a very 'andsome ornamental 'nick-nack to look at. Won't you

Fortnity Gas Works took his foot out of the dore fer change of air for a minnit, and no sooner done than I'd got the dore slammed to and the bolt across, becoss there ain't no end to the "yap-yap" of these 'ere gentry, and I s'pose I should 'ave been there fer another hour if I 'adn't took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and give 'im the outside ticket!

Jest as I were thankin' me lucky stars fer the man as invented bolts on dores, 'owever, I 'eard somebody turn the 'andle and come straight into the back-kitchen, as leads out into the back garding. It couldn't be Amos, becoss he wouldn't 'ave 'ad time to get up to the plumber's and back by this time; so I takes a humbereller with a good big 'nob on it from the drain-pipe as Mary Ann Tomkins painted, and stands in the front pass-hall, I mean—to put humberellers and sticks in, with a plate under to catch the wet (not that I thinks much of the idea, not meself, becoss of Amos 'aving twice poked his walkin' stick rite thro' the ribs of my best humbereller, becoss of a way he 'ave of pushin' it down with a bang, to show 'is strength of character, wich I considers is about the only way he do show it, and a mitey

pore way, I considers, to damage 'is own wedded wife's umbreller like that!). 'Owsomdever, as I were a-sayin', I picks up the umbreller with a 'nob and makes me way out into the back-kitchen, with vengeance burnin' in me heye and anger runnin' off me forehead in drops.

I opens the dore suddint, so as to catch 'im in the hact of doin' wot he were doin', and, you mark my words, if there wasn't another hindividual sittin' down at the table I does me pastry on, wich he were spreadin' out a reg'lar Free Library of literatoor in tracks and pamphlets all over the place. That I will say, he were makin' 'isself as much at 'ome as if the place belonged to 'im."

"Beautiful day, Madam," he says, lookin' round. "Most extraordinary fine day fer the time of the year," I says.

"I'm an hinsurance agent, Madam! Agent for the Nonsuch Imperial Ripper Life and Plate-glass Hinsurance Company. Smallest premiums, largest profits on earth. Is your 'usband insured?" "No," I says; "but he's into 3 clubs, as is much the same."

"Not at all, Madam," he says. "Think of the advantages we offer. Here is a typical case. No. 347,343. Jest look on this paper a moment, and follow me. Gentleman of 65 and 4 months; insured under Scheme A for £1,000; insurance only completed at 2.30 p.m. one afternoon. In his joy at havin' provided so well fer his family, he partook of a tripe supper to such an extent that

Well, I need not dwell on the harrowing details; but, sufficient to say, that man's widow has one of the most prosperous dressmaking businesses in New York, turning out 342 skirts per day; and all built up on the happy coincidence of the insurance under Scheme A in the Nonsuch Imperial Ripper and a tripe supper."

"But, look 'ere, Mister Imperial Ripper," I says; "much as I likes a bit of spare cash, I'd rather 'ave me 'usband. He may be a bit stoopid sometimes, but he's me 'usband for all that; and if you means to say as you want's me to insure his life and then p'isen 'im off with tripe suppers, I considers as we've discussed the subjeck enuff, and you mite as well go out the way you come in, and be sure you latches the back garding dore after you."

"Oh! Tut, tut! Madam!" says he "I can assure you I had no such idea in my mind as to cause you any distress; but I would urge you to study these schemes, as here set forth at great expence by the Nonsuch Imperial Ripper. I can assure you that it is a positive luxury fer a man to die when he knows that his removal will elevate his wife to a position of haffluence and luxury she has never been able to enjoy during his lifetime. But if Plan A does not commend itself to the onparalleled intelligence and business capacity I see you undoubtedly possess, may I put before you the Nonsuch Imperial Ripper Scheme B, which is a marvell of financial genius probably never before reached since the days of Solomon and—others. In the production of this scheme we have enlisted the genius of a Rockyfeller and the hacumense of a Peerpont Morgan. It is superb, marvellous, and, in one word, onparalleled in its audacity, and yet financial security to the office."

"Well, well!" I says, "p'raps you'll oblige by cuttin' of it short and comin' to the p'int, becoss I be wantin' to get the tea on that there table, and 'owever long you waits I ain't a-goin' to invite you to it, so there!"

"Ho! Madam!" he says, "pray don't think I came 'ere to impose on your generosity or to take tea with you! I want to do you and your 'usband a good turn, and it is fer this only that I live! Our Scheme B, to which I referred just now, is simple in the extreme. You pay into the Nonsuch Imperial Ripper 10s. per annum only, and at death you receive £30 a year for life! Think of it! £30 a year fer life, and a paltry premium of 10s. a year only! Is it not grand?"

"Well, sir," I says, "it do seem all right. You says it's 10s. a year and you gets thirty pound a year for life?"

"Yes, at death!" he said.

"Well, you leave a paper or two, and I'll talk it over with Amos," I says, "and you can call in next time you're passin'," I says.

Well, well, to be sure! To think of me not seemin' it! Amos saw it to once, and he threatens to put the police on that there Imperial Ripper's track when he calls for the first 10s., as he said must be paid in a week, or no use. Talk about £30 a year fer life, at death!

SELINA JENKINS.

**ROWTON HOUSES.**

There is a certain independence in a Rowton House that the lodger in a private house cannot obtain. It is a hotel. He can go out and come in when he pleases. It is open at all hours of the day and night. True, everybody must be out of bed before 10 a.m., but this is not a hardship, for one can go to bed when one pleases after 7 p.m., writes a "Regular Lodger" in "T.A.T." Large rooms, furnished with chests of drawers, wash-stands, etc., can be had for 5s. per week; and these are occupied by the aristocracy of the house. O, yes, there is an aristocracy. Everybody is not hard up. There was a lodger at the Newington Butts House, until the past few weeks, who, it was said, enjoyed an income of £500 a year, while "paying guests" with incomes of from £3 to £5 per week are by no means so rare as might be supposed. At the King's Cross House, one of the lodgers is said to have two fairly fat bank accounts, and is a contributor to the leading reviews. There are champion chess and draught players at Rowton Houses, and men who have had University training and held influential positions in many parts of the world. Many stories of curious Rowton House characters, who have come and gone, and of some who still remain, might be related; and some day they will almost certainly be collected and published in book form. One of the best known characters, just at present, is a gentleman who has a system for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. He is industrious—at his system—and can be seen any day at one of the houses figuring away in a red-covered note-book. He must have broken the bank—on paper—many times over long before this, for he has been at it for years. A gentleman, said to be the greatest critic of the drama at present living, can be seen parading the room with stately tread, his brain doubtless keenly at work. A well-known Fleet-street character, who, in the writer's opinion, is the best singer of Irish songs he has ever listened to, either on or off the stage, condescended to honour a Rowton House with his presence for a brief period some little time back. Then he vanished, having, it was whispered, gone aloft into the upper circles of society through a sudden, unexpected turn of the wheel of fortune. A dark-eyed, melancholy-looking man of romantic appearance, known as the marquis on account of his elegant manner and "Oh, Algy," swagger, swoops down at times at one of the best known of these abodes of neglected geniuses, and, after producing a mild sensation, he disappears. He is pleasant and affable, a good talker, and well informed on a variety of subjects, and he soon gathers a circle of admiring friends, or, let us say, associates, around him. This genial egotism is as much a part of himself as are his dark eyes and his Chesterfieldian manners, and those who know him would be loth to have him lose it. They would not know him again.



**TROUBLES OF LANGUAGE.**

Some years ago an enthusiastic gentleman suggested that the English language should be entirely transformed; that we should cast aside etymological roots, and begin to spell phonetically: and that we should inaugurate an era of sense and reason as opposed to mere learning and tradition. The trouble about spelling phonetically is, however, more real than many people appreciate. You remember the story of the Scottish choir which provided an invisible chorus to a body of English singers. "The shade of night, it flies away!" sang the Southerners. "Flees awa, flees awa" replied the Northern echoers. So you see that the question of phonetics is largely regulated by the pronunciation of different districts. Of course the difficulty would be removed if people would speak correctly and uniformly, but a protracted course of School Board education seems powerless to eradicate long-rooted mannerisms. For instance, in the West of England, despite thirty-five years of the Forster system, the youth of the district still say, "Us will" for "We will," notwithstanding that one might have supposed such elementary blundering would have been killed the first year the Education Act was in force. The real truth is that more bunkum is talked about education than about anything else. Millions of money have been wasted upon the children of this country, and with little result. They talk incorrectly, they spell badly, their manners show no improvement, and the promised period when crime will disappear under the light of advancing knowledge is still a long way off.—"London Opinion and To-day."





**INTERNATIONAL GOLFERS ON CLEEVE HILL, OCT. 10, 1905.—SNAPSHOTS IN A FOG.**

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|--|---|
| 1. Col. Stevenson talking to Taylor.                 | 4. Braid at the eleventh tee.   |
| 2. Vardon and Herd on the first tee.                 | 5. Taylor and Harry Vardon waiting for the return of the two Scotchmen, who were playing off their tie. |
| 3. Braid (open champion) driving from the first tee. |   |

**ARE DIAMONDS DROSS?**

Hatton Garden, although it affects hilarity, is in reality a prey to a more or less foreboding anxiety. And for a good and sufficient reason. The bottom is threatening to drop out of the diamond market, says a "T.A.T." contributor. Over-production is one cause of this. Two tons of diamonds have within recent years been dumped upon the gem-buying community—which, it must be remembered, is a strictly limited community—from Kimberley alone. Ten tons—twenty tons—it is whispered, might have been marketed in a similar fashion were it not that the diamond kings have purposely hoarded them in order to keep up prices. But this policy they can pursue no longer. Other sources of supply are being tapped in South Africa, and on top of that disquieting announcement comes the news of the discovery of diamonds in the Rainy Lake region of the Canadian North-West. Worse than all, experts are becoming convinced that artificial diamond-making on a large scale will sooner or later, and probably rather sooner than later, become a regularly established industry. We shall then be able to buy our diamonds by the pint, like plums, or order them by the pound, as we now do sugar.

**DANGER POSTS FOR MOTORS.**

As all who travel the country know, the little red triangle signs that denote danger and compel speed-slackening are on the increase. At a recent meeting of the Standing Joint Committee of the Huntingdonshire County Council, the Chief Constable stated that the erection of danger-posts had, to an appreciable extent, checked reckless driving. Motorists do observe such road warnings, and they will continue to do so as long as they are only put up where needed. It is to be hoped that these triangle warnings will not be put up unless the particular piece of road is really difficult. If the authorities cry danger when there is no danger, the red triangles will lose their power. Practically speaking, we have only one sign—this red triangle—indicating caution. Whether it is a dangerous corner, cross-roads, or a precipitous place, the sign is the same. In France, on the other hand, they have different signs indicative of various dangers. Black on white, these road signals are visible a long way off. Always placed so as to catch the driver's eye, they tell him exactly what awaits him. If the road authorities will not move in the matter, perhaps the Automobile Club will do something. These signals should be placed well away from the danger-point,

so as to allow the driver to slow up without applying the brakes. There are not many donkey-backs in England, but those that do exist are all the more unexpected. Tonneau passengers, who have been suddenly thrown into the air through the car passing over one of these raised drains, appreciate the necessity for indicating their existence.—"The Bystander."



**THE MIKADO'S INCOME.**

The yearly allowance of the Mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family, is now £300,000, says "T.A.T." Besides, he has the yearly incomes of £100,000 from the interest on the £2,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago; of £50,000 from his private investments, which amount to £1,000,000 or more; of £100,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,873 acres and valued at over £100,000,000, at £20 an acre; or all £250,000. Thus his yearly net income amounts to £550,000. There are in all sixty members of the imperial family, inclusive of eleven married and four widowed princesses, who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth.





**CHELTENHAM AUTUMN STEEPLECHASES, OCT. 4 and 5, 1905.**

1. Well-known Cheltenham sportsmen, including Mr. G. Lawrence, Major Shewell, Messrs. C. Lord and Horace Fisher.
2. Capt. Lambton's "Attractor" winning over last fence.
3. Mr. J. T. Rogers returning after being thrown by "David Grieve."
4. Saddling "David Grieve" in enclosure.
5. Mr. H. Griffiths's "Nonna," winner of Southam Selling Hurdle Race.
6. A Close Finish.





**CHELTENHAM RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM—SEASON 1905-6**

TAKEN PREVIOUS TO MATCH v. EXETER, OCTOBER 7TH.

Top row:—F. Goulding, C. Clifford, H. Manley, L. W. Hayward, R. P. Burn, E. Gridley, S. Such,

Second row (standing):—E. W. Moore (hon. treasurer), H. Winning, B. Davey, G. T. Cottrell, C. Bennett, W. Sawyer (hon. secretary).

Third row (sitting):—H. Pike, A. Goddard, F. H. B. Champain, G. T. Unwin (captain), J. V. Bedell-Siveright, F. Jacob.

Sitting on ground:—W. N. Unwin.

**A REMINISCENCE.**

A lady's silk umbrella, a blue plush "Brodrick" hat, and a dilapidated purse, containing five penny stamps and twopence. The foregoing articles are now at Charlton Kings Police-station waiting to be claimed. One Sunday morning last October, my friend and I started in the darkness before dawn from the Midland and South-Western Railway platform at the Midland Station to Cirencester. The driver, fireman, guard, my friend, and myself made the full complement. We reached Cirencester just as daylight arrived, and after a short look round commenced to walk home to Cheltenham. We left Cirencester as we found it—*asleep*, save for a few ostlers, whose looks seemed to say, "Cold turning out this morning!" The weather was extremely cold and frosty, and we had been on our way quite an hour before the delightful "tingling" sensation came over us. The sun appeared over one hill, only to disappear behind another, as it seemed to us. Half-past seven in the morning in the midst of the Cotswolds! The sunrise, the frosty air, the bells of Bagendon Church ringing merrily, and the pleasures of sharp walking combined to make us realise the glories of the early morning, so rarely witnessed and appreciated by the majority of people. On the Cheltenham side of North Cerney (about four and a half miles from Cirencester) we were surprised to find lying on the grass by the roadside the before-mentioned hat and umbrella, covered with rime (which the sunshine had not yet dispelled); but our curiosity was further aroused by our finding, a few yards further on, two battered and broken side-combs and the dirty purse. We naturally spent some little time searching around for evi-

dence of we knew not what, but found nothing more. This part of the country is quite lonely, and we could not conceive how the articles came there. My friend took charge of the purse with its meagre contents, and I the hat and umbrella (the combs we left, as they looked very uninviting indeed), whereupon we resumed our journey. We had not gone far, though, before a precocious milk-boy, coming in our direction, began spinning a yarn to the effect that our newly-found treasures (?) belonged to "his sister." His face belied his tale, however, but we could not but admire his keen wits, evidently sharpened by the fresh morning air. It was intensely cold, and I soon found out that my friend had the best of matters in carrying the purse in his pocket, inasmuch as I was compelled to frequently change the things from one hand to the other. Through Rendcombe, with its trees continually shedding brown leaves, the countryside was delightful. The sun worked its magic on the white frost covering everything, and soon the beautiful autumnal tints of brown and yellow, with green intermingled, became apparent everywhere. Rabbits "bobbed" away in front of us, for we had the road all to our ourselves, save a tramp we met near Cowley. He did not look particularly fond of work, but he showed no disinclination to walk back a hundred yards or so for a copper, which has incessant appeals had drawn from—my friend's pocket. As we neared Charlton Kings—and civilisation—I began to feel abashed at my hat and umbrella, so incongruous did they seem. It was with an audible sigh of relief that I laid the articles on the table at the Charlton Kings Police-station, where the constable took particulars. We reached home soon after eleven o'clock, not uncomfortably tired, albeit a

trifle foot-sore, having had the pleasure of enjoying nature's transformation from wintry night to autumnal day. The articles (such as they are) we found now, by length of time, become our property; but we would willingly forfeit all claim to them if our curiosity could be satisfied as to how they came where we found them, and the cause of their abandonment. This delightful walk is recommended to those energetically disposed, but the difficulty lies in getting a companion to accompany one. Such a companion I await to undertake it again.

A. L.

**RACEHORSES IN THE MUSEUM.**

Lovers of horses, and of racehorses in particular, will be glad to know that the Prince of Wales's recent gift of a model of Persimmon to the Natural History Museum has just been supplemented by a beautiful model in bronze of Zinfandel, the son of Persimmon, the gift of Lord Howard de Walden. Zinfandel, a chestnut stallion, won the Ascot Gold Vase, the Manchester Cup, and the Brighton Cup in 1903, and the Jockey Club Cup at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting in 1904. The exhibition of these miniatures of thoroughbred animals—of horses, dogs, and cattle—is one of the many innovations of Professor Ray Lankester during his reign at the British Museum. His aim is to establish a permanent record of the present-day standards of perfection, for comparison with those of the past and of the future, and thereby he is rendering students of evolution no small service.—"Country Life."



## LINKS IN A CHAIN.

[BY ANNE STORY ALLEN.]

When Great-aunt Loring died it was found that she had left me one of her most cherished possessions.

"To my niece Gloria I give and bequeathe by gold chain," so read the will.

Great-aunt Loring, convent-reared, could neither spell nor cook; two delinquencies that had increased her unpopularity with the intellectual members of her own family and the domestic relatives of her husband. My dear father, being neither painfully intellectual nor uncomfortably domestic, had named me after his Aunt Gloria, for the simple and comprehensive reason that he liked the name and thought it would please the old lady.

So when Aunt Loring was gathered to her fathers, I came into possession of the heavy chain of huge gold links given her by the young husband who had died shortly after their wedding journey and before he had discovered her inability to cook or had found fault with her phonetic spelling.

At fifteen, being enamoured of silver bangles and desirous of a set, some sixteen abreast, that rattled delightfully as one moved one's arm, I broached the subject to father. Mindful of the fact that sundry favours had been granted in the recent past, and that father hated anything that jingled, I determined to demand nothing but my own.

"Dad," I said, humbly, "I should like to exchange my gold chain for some bracelets." I didn't dare say bangles.

"Eh?" said my father, looking over the top of his morning paper.

But my step-mother interrupted as I was about to make further explanation.

"She wants to exchange your Aunt Gloria Loring's chain for some silver bangles," she said, as I thought, very officiously. "She has about as much idea of money value as you have," she added in a lower tone.

My father's expression changed. The eyes that peered over the paper had looked a trifle vexed from being disturbed. Now they softened. He drew me toward him.

"The chain isn't really yours, Gloria, till you're twenty-one," he said. "If when you are twenty-one you don't want it you can exchange it—for a paper lamp shade if you like." He pulled some money from his pocket. "Get your bangles, child. Try not to rattle them while I'm reading, won't you?" And I promised.

But when my twenty-first birthday came, I wanted nothing that Aunt Gloria's chain could buy me. I wanted only Dad, and he had gone a long, long way, and it was going to be many years before I could start to find him.

Some years later I packed my three trunks and sent them to a most unfashionable quarter of the town; I put my cheque-book and Aunt Gloria's chain into my hand-satchel; I said good-bye to my step-mother, and shook the dust of her Persian rugs from the hem of my frock. As the angel dog and I stepped into the lift to descend in a breath-catching swoop to the lower floor, it was not so much sorrow that I felt, as relief that I had left behind me the approval of my relative and the boredom of her constant society. And six months after that I met with Rosamund.

She was sitting in a corner—it was at one of those gatherings where everyone is strenuously Bohemian—and on her face was a fixed smile, in her eyes a timid expression. She was hemmed in by a newspaper woman in a pink golf coat, and a poet in evening clothes and a string tie. As I approached, the poet moved aside, mentioned our names in introduction, and, with the pink cloth arm linked in his, wandered away. Rosamund received me with a cordiality that I could not flatter myself was personal.

The next day a card was sent up, and my dull little room was brightened by a call from Rosamund. She had a small package in her hand.

"I never would have dared to come so soon if it hadn't been for this," she said.

This was Aunt Gloria's chain.

"I almost never wear it, and hadn't missed it," I replied. "It must have known that I wanted you to come, and got itself unfastened on purpose," and Rosamund dimpled and laughed and the angel jumped in her lap.

The chain having brought Rose and me to-

gether, and linked, as it were, our fortunes, retired once more to its resting-place. It had seldom seen service, nor had it acted by proxy, even during the months when independence was to me like an ill-fitting garment, poor in quality and scant as to pattern, though the thought that it could so act had enabled me to face a bank-book whose figures tottered and fell appallingly as I balanced their ranks, cruelly thinned and scarcely ever recruited. Yes, Aunt Gloria's chain, unconsciously powerful in its blue velvet casket, held my moral courage together with its ugly golden links, and then the tide turned and came slowly in; slowly, but in.

When the happy family left its lodgings and moved to a real apartment with a truly kitchen, it considered itself in quite affluent circumstances. All the potboilers were working merrily. A few extras had provided some long-sighed-for frocks, and Rosamund had received a commission to paint a miniature of a fat-faced child of cherubic size and inanimate expression. "Full length," the fond mother had insisted, and though, as I explained to Rose, she would really have gotten a better price for full width, still it was a good order, and we were thankful.

Upon this calm of our content there appeared one day a little cloud, rather larger than a man's hand, and in the shape of a square grey envelope containing the announcement that Rosamund's Aunt Georgia had arrived in town. Rose's wail was heartfelt and continuous, and the import of it was this.

Aunt Georgia had disapproved of Rosamund's course of action during the past three years. On Rosamund's determination to leave the socially unimpeachable town of Fairchester and the safeguarded home of a devoted aunt, her inheritance had been handed over to her with the prophecy that she would in less than a year "make ducks and drakes of it." Lessons had been expensive, leisure to study and to learn more expensive than the lessons, only for the last year had orders begun to come in, and Rosamund's cheque-book, staggering under the onslaught of her pen, bore eloquent witness to the fulfilment of Aunt Georgia's prophecy. There wasn't enough left to buy one respectable duck, Rose concluded in her mournful monologue.

"If there was, said I, "we'd buy one, or a bird of some sort, and have your aunt here to luncheon to prove to her that you're not down on your luck; that there's money coming in—barrels of it," I finished, indignantly.

"Her idea of prosperity," exclaimed Rosamund, "is to invite people to eat things, expensive things. If I could give her a luncheon, not the kind that Hebe can get up, but an elegant one, even if there was no one but 've three, she'd never suspect my money was all gone, and I do dread explaining so. This is the first time she's been in London for years, and I don't see why she had to come now," and Rosamund with unaccustomed petulance threw the grey envelope into the fire.

I sat and thought hard, and just then a ray of light crept through the blue velvet case where Aunt Gloria's chain lay and out from my desk and across to me, and I saw it clearly. So I said quietly, "Rose, you will give your Aunt Georgia and me a luncheon on Thursday next, if that date suits her. And it will be a luncheon that Aunt Georgia will weep over and will gnash her teeth, with envy, I mean, because she never has given or eaten such a luncheon." And in order not to be questioned or to spoil my rhetorical effect I left the room.

I made up my mind three times, and the last time I walked right past the door and home, quick. It wasn't as easy as I had hoped it might be. I sat down till I got my breath, and then started again. At our door a bright thought struck me, and I rang for a messenger. That was easier.

I smiled pleasantly on the messenger, bade him hasten, and mentally apologised to the blue velvet case as I gave it into his hands, carefully wrapped, Aunt Gloria's chain had never seemed so precious before, and I remembered I had forgotten to take the boy's number. I need not have worried. He was back shortly, and handed me the envelope containing Rosamund's luncheon.

On Thursday, at two o'clock, a hansom stopped in front of our door. Rosamund and I were reconnoitring at the window. The angel dog nosed aside the curtains just as Aunt Georgia

peered out of the cab window through her large, nette. We darted back, and were able to receive her a few moments later with the reposeful air that marks the Vere de Vere hostess.

"Won't you take off your bonnet, aunt?" asked Rose.

"No, dear child, no. I must run directly we've had luncheon. You won't mind, will you? So much to do, but had to come and take a little bite with you, dear, in your own little home. This naughty girl"—turning to me—"got tired of her old auntie, and ran away to seek her fortune—or was it to spend it, dear?" So Aunt George enlivened the minutes before Hebe, red in the face to the point of apoplexy, announced that luncheon was served. I only hoped Aunt Georgia did not notice the awed tone of our faithful servitor when she pronounced the word "luncheon." Something of it must have struck her, for she turned quickly to Rose.

"There were to be no other guests, you said, Rosamund. You've not put yourself out—"

"Not at all, aunt," said Rose. "It was a pleasure to order a few things I know you like, and a few we think they make especially well here."

When the *hors d'œuvres* were served Aunt Georgia's face wore a puzzled expression. When the *consomme*, with her special brand of sherry, was put before her, she put up her lorgnette, and when the lobster cooked *à la* something she had never heard of smoked from the Dresden ramekin on her plate, she made incoherent replies to our remarks, and finally raised the bunch of Russian violets, which we all had, and glanced at the waiter keenly.

"You are extravagant children," she remarked, in a faintly playful tone. "Aou shouldn't have gone to so much—er—trouble for your old auntie."

"We really live very simply," I said languidly.

I thought I detected a slight weakening on Rose's part, and I rushed to the rescue.

"We need the excuse of a guest now and then to revive our hospitable instincts. We always order in, it's so much easier in this little den of ours." As I told Rose afterward, it wasn't a fib, for we do order in—now and then.

And then I went on, "Rose is working too hard. Which do you think would be better for her, a cottage in the country in the summer or a trip to Ireland? Quite simple, you know. One can travel so inexpensively nowadays. I have to count my pennies yet, but the tide's coming in for both of us, isn't it, Rose?"

Aunt Georgia must have thought the tide was coming in, in large and far-reaching waves, for just at that moment the waiter—he looked almost like a butler—put before her an ice in which large strawberries did their best to hide their costly blushes.

The luncheon came to an end. The *a la's* and the *en brochettes* had all been served. Aunt Georgia's tone had distinctly changed from its off-hand semi-affectionate patronage. Surprise, wonder, amazement, incredulity, unwilling admiration, and finally respectful timidity had all expressed themselves through the medium of her voice and had been fortified and complemented by facial accompaniment. It was a subdued Aunt Georgia who sat by our drawing-room fire and sipped her coffee.

While we were talking, the fat infant's mother was announced, and Rosamund excused herself. "It is Mrs. Saunderson," I volunteered. "She has probably come to see about her daughter's miniature." I carefully neglected mentioning the daughter's age.

While Aunt Georgia was putting on the jet pall and arranging her veil, I had a feeling that she wanted to see Rose alone, so I went to my own den for a minute. I didn't dare leave Rose long, however.

I reached the sitting-room door again just in time.

"Oh, no, aunt," I heard Rosamund say, and I entered with more speed than dignity.

"Yes, your hansom is here," I began; and then, "oh, pardon me, I intruded."

"Not at all," said Aunt Georgia. She was holding a cheque in her hand, and spoke more confidently than I had heard her since we sat down to luncheon.

"It's a little present her uncle sent her—that is, told me to give her, if I thought best. I told him he was foolish to encourage her living this way—that is, the way I thought, I mean—well, to be frank, I am surprised at her success—and pleased too. So take it, child, with your



uncle's love. That was a very good luncheon, child—what did you say was the name of that *entrée*?"

I told her the name, for Rose was in no condition to explain, and was holding the cheque in a half-hearted way.

"Lobster à la Bordelaise," I said.

"I must write it down," Aunt Georgia said.

"Bordelaise—why, that has—"

"No, not Bordelaise," said I. "B—b—something," I fastened her glove for her. "I always forget the names of those things." I put her card-case in her hand.

"Yes, Hebe, go to the hansom with Mrs. Seldon. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Good-bye, children," said Aunt Georgia. She looked to me like a benignant beetle, the antennæ in her bonnet quivered good-naturedly. She kissed Rose. "I'm going to send you a little cheque to put aside for that trip this summer," she said in a low tone. "We must keep you well and strong, the only artist in the family. Good-bye."

Hebe piloted her down to her hansom. Rose and I watched it bear her away. Then I sank into the biggest chair I could find.

"Just to think," said I, "that it took my Aunt Gloria's chain to drag that cheque out of your Aunt Georgia's pocket."

"She might have given it to me, anyway," said Rose. "It didn't seem quite honest."

"Rose," said I, "there's the kind of honest that says, 'I have just twenty-five shillings left to my account. Here's an egg and a slice of toast; it's all I can afford.' And there's another kind of honest that says, 'I'm going to succeed. In fact, I am succeeding. Have some luncheon. I don't know what it cost, and don't care.' I like that kind of honest better. Your Aunt Georgia is on the material plane, a good, substantial, well-peopled plane, where things talk loud enough for her to hear what they say. Talk to people on their own plane, my dear, else they may see your lips move but won't know what they are saying."

Rose ran into the hall.

"Get the ticket," she called. "I'm going to ring for a messenger."

ARE THERE UNICORNS IN AFRICA?

Ever since Stanley's famous expedition through the great Congo forest region in search of Emin Pasha, there have been rumours of the existence in the heart of tropical Central Africa of a huge pig-like animal, very strong and ferocious, and which did not hesitate to pursue and attack human beings, says a "T.A.T." contributor. The natives asserted that it was as big as a small buffalo, with bayonet-shaped tusks of immense strength and extreme sharpness, and they evinced the greatest respect for its fighting prowess. It would, they said, engage in combat even with a full-grown bull elephant, and usually got the better of the encounter, charging under its gigantic opponent's belly and disembowelling it. Other similar tales, too, were told of the mysterious creature to later explorers, and many amongst them searched for it, but always in vain; so that at last the giant pig came to be regarded, like the unicorn or the sea-serpent, as altogether mythical. And now, at last, comes the news that the directors of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington have actually received both a skin and a skeleton of the animal, the donor being a certain Lieut. Meinertzhagen, of the East African Rifles. The lieutenant killed the brute in the wilds of Western Uganda, after a desperate encounter, in which he came near to losing his life. It proved, as the natives had all along asserted, to be about the size of a small buffalo, with triangular tusks and a thick, bristly hide. This remarkable find, coming as it does almost on top of Sir Harry Johnston's discovery of that other strange animal, the okapi, open up some startling possibilities. Native rumour has always insisted, for instance, upon the existence in certain of the remote and inaccessible high lands of the interior, of a horse-like animal having a single straight tusk projecting from its forehead; in short, a unicorn. Who shall say that they are lying or are mistaken? We have even yet much to learn about the Dark Continent, vast areas of which, contrary to popular impression, remain unexplored. Seventeen years ago scientific men would have laughed to scorn the idea of the existence there of the race of pygmies described by Herodotus. Yet we have lived to see specimens exhibited on the stage of a London music-hall.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL"]

DUSTING PLATES.

Most of the books on photography recommend that plates should be carefully dusted before they are put into the dark slides. This is good advice; for too much trouble cannot be taken to avoid pin-holes on the negatives, caused by particles of dust. Care should, however, be taken that the brush used for dusting the plates is suitable for the purpose. The sensitive film on the plates is very delicate indeed, and is easily scratched. The merest scratch on the film will cause lines to appear on the finished positives. The brush used should be a soft camel-hair made for the purpose. Some photographers use a soft pad of velvet. On no account use the fingers for removing dust. It will be found on developing the plate that the solution will not flow over the places touched by the fingers.

THE DARK-ROOM LAMP.

An amateur photographer can manage very well in the dark-room with a number of makeshifts for dishes, washing tanks, etc.; but what he should possess is a good lamp. Most amateurs of my acquaintance are contented to work many an hour by the light of a miserable little dark-room lamp which probably burns a candle and gives trouble very often. I suggest that after the camera outfit has been procured, the next step should be the purchase of a well-made lamp. It should be large, and should burn gas or paraffin. The first is preferable, but is not always obtainable. Paraffin oil is the next best illuminant. The grooves for containing the ruby glasses should receive attention. More than one groove should be provided, so that two sheets of glass can be used, one over the other. Two shades of ruby glass should be obtained—one light, the other deep. A yellow sheet is useful in bromide work. One great point to be looked for is the regulation of the flame. The flame should be regulated from outside the lamp, because it is not always possible to open the lamp when the flame requires regulating. The lamp of course should be provided with efficient ventilation, and should be perfectly light-tight. The chimney should be provided with "light traps" to prevent any gleams of white light from escaping. Of course, a lamp made as described above will be rather expensive, but will pay in the long run, as it will out-last half a dozen of the small portable variety of lamps, which are not an atom of use to the man who spends a great deal of his spare time in his dark-room.

PASTE FOR MOUNTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

I have used with success a paste made up from a formula given in "Early Work in Photography."

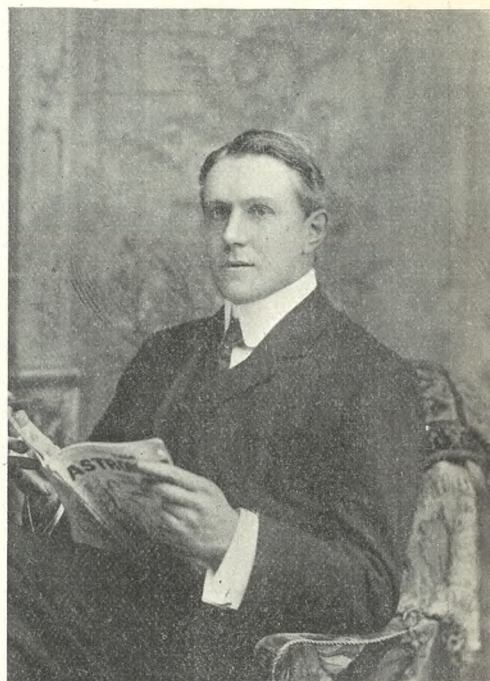
The ingredients are:—

- Bermuda arrowroot ..... 3½ ozs.
- Gelatine ..... 160 grs.
- Methylated spirits ..... 2 ozs.
- Carbolic acid ..... 12 m.
- Cold water ..... 30 ozs.

The paste is made up as follows:—Mix the arrow-root into a stiff cream with 2ozs. of the water, while the gelatine is placed to soak in the remainder. When the gelatine is softened and the arrowroot well mixed, pour all together into an iron saucepan and bring to the boiling point. Keep at this heat for about five minutes, being particularly careful to stir continually from the moment the mixture is placed on the fire. When sufficiently cooked, pour into a basin to cool. When cool, add the carbolic acid and methylated spirit (previously mixed) in a thin stream, with constant stirring. Then bottle and keep well corked. The paste is an excellent one for unglazed prints; but if used to mount highly-glazed prints, which appear now to be the fashion, the glazed surface will suffer. For these prints a gelatine mountant should be used. There are several very good and cheap mountants of this kind to be obtained at any photographic stores.

RATHER HARD LINES.

The present law regarding driving licenses hits the dealer in motor-bicycles rather hardly. In the case of cars or motor-cycles with more than one seat, the dealer, who of course possesses a license, can take an unlicensed prospective purchaser for a trial run, which often ends in an order being booked. On the other hand, a single-seated motor-cycle can only be ridden by one person, and in consequence cannot be tried by anyone not possessing a license. This is undoubtedly a hindrance to trade, as most people naturally like to try a machine before they buy it. Perhaps, when the time comes for framing new regulations, the motor-cycle dealer will be remembered.



RAWSON BUCKLEY in "A Message from Mars" at Cheltenham Opera House next week.

WILLIAM CROOKS OF POPLAR.

In these days, in London, it is hard to find a man who is intimately associated with a district as to be "of" it. He may reside in Belgravia or in Whitechapel. As a rule, he is not "of" either. "Will" Crooks, labour leader and M.P., is as much a part and parcel of Poplar as Poplar's parish pump would be, supposing Poplar possessed such a thing, says a contributor to "T.A.T." His earliest associations are with that somewhat unsavoury riverside borough. There, in 1852, his baby eyes first opened to the light. It was a poor home they rested upon. His father, a stoker, was a cripple. Work was slack. Times were hard. Little "Will's" stomach was more often empty than full. But hunger was not the worst ill that befell the family. To avoid actual starvation, the workless and ailing father had to go into the workhouse, taking "Will" and four others of his progeny with him. His mother, with her two elder children, elected to remain outside and struggle along as best she might. William Crooks, M.P., remembers to this day the parting with his brother and sisters—the bitterness, the degradation, the misery. The iron ate into his soul. At eleven, he went to work, and later on was apprenticed to a cooper. He thoroughly mastered his trade, but found difficulty in getting work owing to his activity for unionism. The masters regarded him as a dangerous man—a demagogue. Perhaps it was as well. At all events it drove him more and more towards politics as a means to an end. He had not then (it is doubtful if he has now) come to regard it in the light of a career. In 1887 we find him a trustee of the parish, and later on the L.C.C. representative for the borough, having turned out the sitting Moderate by over a thousand majority. In 1893 he was elected a Guardian of the very Board which sent him to the workhouse in 1861, and presently Poplar still further showed its confidence in him by choosing him for Mayor; while Woolwich sent him to Westminster to look after its interests in Parliament.

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WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

At a South London Court two motor cycles were held as pledge the other day whilst their owners obtained the money to pay fines that were imposed on them, neither having brought sufficient money to pay the fine. The up-to-date police-court will shortly be provided with the regulation three brass balls for the accommodation of motorists.—"The Motor Cycle."





**PIGEON SHOOTING AT VICTORIA CRICKET GROUND, CHELTENHAM, OCTOBER 6, 1905.**

- 1. Releasing pigeon.
- 2. Competitor shooting. Baskets of live pigeons and heap of dead pigeons on ground.
- 3. Some of the crowd.
- 4. Mr. A. Kemp shooting. A most successful shot, and said to have won over £100 backing his own gun.

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

I would again urge Cheltonians to bestir themselves if they really want to get the town made a cavalry centre, for having read a verbatim report of the speech that the Secretary for War recently made at Norwich, when he laid the foundation-stone of new cavalry barracks to be built there on a site purchased at a cost of £2,500 and presented to the War Department by the citizens and residents in the county, and also possessing some knowledge of what Chester, Gloucester, and Worcester are doing to secure their respective cities being selected for similar centres, I am much impressed with the necessity of Cheltenham taking more active and material steps than at present in her own interests. The War Secretary said that he believed the example set by Norwich was likely to be followed, and it was one of the cardinal points of his faith that nothing but good could come to the Army from closer local association. He was confident that, if the War Office went the right way, they could enlist on behalf of the army that county and local feeling which is so potent in encouraging and maintaining county football and cricket. They in Norwich knew that it was an advantage to have a regiment quartered there. And so much more in the same strain. I would point out in

regard to the action of other cities that at Chester the Duke of Westminster has given £1,000 towards a site; that at Gloucester the City Council, which is in the fortunate position of owning several hundred acres of land, is, I believe, quite ready to give a free site; and that at Worcester the Council are going to back up their proposals by an influential deputation, including Lords Coventry and Cobham. As I understand it, the Cheltenham Council has contented itself by giving particulars of sites for sale. Cannot we, as at Norwich, raise the money by subscription to purchase and present a site? We have some formidable competitors, and we must not be behind them in offers. Remember Norwich.

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I was disappointed that there were not more people present at Cheltenham Autumn Steeple-chases, and can only account for the comparatively small attendance by the tightness and shortness of money with the classes and masses. Divest it of the gambling parasite, I am among the many who think the "sport of kings" is a quasi-national institution well worthy of maintenance. The recent meeting was invested with special local interest by reason of the fact that two young men who have just gone on the turf "won their spurs" here. I allude to Mr. George Young, of Cheltenham, whose six-year old Prickles (which I hear was bought by a Gloucester

dealer for seven guineas when a two-year-old) gained him, in the Charlton Park Handicap, his first win; and to Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, whose colours of blue and gold hoops and blue cap were carried for the first time to victory by Royal Winkfield, one of a string of his lordship's horses in the training of Major the Hon. Charles Coventry, who was present also to see his father's horse, Royal Berry, in his training, carry off the Cheltenham Handicap, though by a head only. Lord Ninian seemed well pleased with his maiden victory. His lordship is the second son of the late Marquis of Bute; and he is a striking smaller edition of his father as I remember him when about the same age.

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If I had not seen it in black and white in one of the chief illustrated papers, I could not have credited the statement that, among the portraits of a number of notabilities at the Church Congress at Weymouth, appears the photograph of our present Bishop, boldly designated "The Right Rev. Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester." By-the-by, it may interest my readers to know that the present Bishop signs "Edgar C. S. Gloucester." After all, the blunder of the illustrated paper is not so bad as that of a Birmingham one, which at the time of the King's Coronation labelled a portrait of the Archbishop of York as "The Coronation Spoon used to anoint the King." GLEANER.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 251.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),  
"A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

NEXT WEEK:

"THE GOLDEN GIRL."

Times and prices as usual.

## CHELTENHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY.

CONDUCTOR—MR. J. A. MATTHEWS.

SEE "ECHO" FOR PARTICULARS.

TO-NIGHT AT 7.45,

THE NELSON CENTENARY CONCERT,  
TOWN HALL.

THE EVENT OF A CENTURY.

## TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

### Local Musical Examinations.

THE New Syllabus and Regulations for the Session 1905-6 are now ready. Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve Local Exhibitions in Theory of Music will be open to all comers in the various grades for Examinations in December.

Apply to MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, Local Secretary, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham.

### WHERE ALL IS MUNICIPALISED.

According to one school of municipal policy, the city of Freiburg, a city of about 70,000 people, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is in a fair way to be destroyed by fire from heaven. A report is made by Consul Liefeld on the growth of municipal ownership there. In addition to the railways within its boundaries, the gas, electric light, and water enterprises, the municipality owns a theatre, a slaughter-house, a pawnshop, a savings bank, schools, a cemetery, building lots, forests, vineyards, and a daily newspaper, which are, of course, run for the benefit of the community, and only secondarily with a view to showing a profit. The figures quoted are interesting. The city's annual report for the year 1904 puts the value of the public buildings, school-houses, etc., at £418,315. This property is covered by insurance to the amount of £268,173. The municipal fields, meadows, gardens, vineyards, etc., within the city limits or in the surrounding towns, are valued at £745,630. The value of the furniture and other furnishings of the buildings and land, of the books in the libraries, the contents of the museum, the fire department apparatus, etc., amounts to £45,085. Besides these, there are bills due to the city, cash in hand, etc., so that the property owned by the city and recorded in the treasurer's office is valued at £1,229,114. The indebtedness of the city amounts to £1,435,760. It is declared, however, that the values stated are far too low, and that a practical valuation at market rates would give the city of Freiburg a net surplus of £1,514,162.



Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham.

## THE LATE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER

(CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, D.D.)

BORN APRIL 25, 1819; CONSECRATED TO EPISCOPACY, LADY DAY, 1863;

DIED OCTOBER 15, 1905.

### JEHUS AS MOTOR-VAN DRIVERS.

No one who has come much in contact with the large business houses that have adopted motor transport can help noticing the fact that the vast majority of their motor drivers are men who have previously been in their employ as horse drivers. It is not difficult to follow the reasons for this state of affairs, for (says "Motor Traction"), apart from the matter of sentiment which quite rightly exists in such a matter, it is open to question whether the converted Jehu is not a better man than the average professional motor driver. In the first place, the quondam horseman is willing to do anything he possibly can. He will keep the van clean, and lend a hand in loading and unloading—a matter in which he is thoroughly versed. He is anxious to learn, and

will do all he reasonably can to keep his place under the new order of affairs, while his knowledge of delivery work, which is not to be learnt in a day, stands him in good stead. It is true that in spite of a month or two of "learning about motors" at the manufacturer's works he is by no means a consummate expert when he begins his motor-driving career, but motor manufacturers nowadays clearly realise the importance of having their products carefully handled, and pay far more attention than formerly to such education. It is therefore hardly surprising that the employer prefers an old servant of tried reputation, even if somewhat wanting in skill, to a stranger of unknown capacity, for a certificate, except from a few well-known schools of motor-driving, means absolutely nothing.



**WANTED—A HOME.**

[By F. E. SMITH.]

It was early in the afternoon when I first found Giles. Let me be honest—for, alas! the time for dissimulation has passed away—and say that Giles found me. Had it been late at night I could have borne it better, for then the passers-by would have been fewer, and he would have had less choice; but the streets were crowded. Yet—oh! the irony of fate—Giles chose me!

I was walking home more quickly than usual, all unconscious of my doom. But that doom lay ready for me.

How he came, or where he came from, I do not know. It is quite enough to know that he came. I took no notice when I first saw his shadowy write form. I never, on principle, speak to stray dogs; but, from his subsequent actions, I might as well have gone on my knees and implored him, by all the largest bones in my vocabulary, not to desert me.

He darted forward as I glanced at him, gave a little yap of joy, and jumped as high as my coat, leaving several paw-marks upon it.

"My master!" he said, as plainly as bark could speak. "My dear master! At last—at last—we have met!"

We had indeed. But still I strolled on in unconscious bliss. How curious, I thought, that the dog should have mistaken me for its master. It was unlike dog nature, but then he looked a cur—and a foolish one at that.

I lived to amend that statement. A cur Giles might be, but his cunning and his brains were as boundless as the ocean.

I walked on—so did Giles. I turned down a side road. Giles, with tail erect—and it was a hideous tail—came too.

I stopped to light my pipe again. Giles sat and waited.

I thought it was time to take steps, and I waved my stick at him with a menacing remark. Giles's impudence was such that he scarcely lowered his tail. I picked up a stone. Giles waited for its delivery, and I missed my mark. It is difficult to hit a dog which sits up and waits to be stoned, with one ear cocked up and a wagging tail. I walked on, conscious that two old ladies were eyeing me with strong disapproval. Giles walked on too.

After half an hour I turned round again. Giles trotted demurely behind, but in his expressive eye I read: "You are my master. We will live and die together."

I grew desperate and hailed a policeman. "I say—this dog has been following me for the last half-hour. I wish—"

I turned to point out the delinquent, but there was no such person. Giles had vanished as suddenly and completely as if he had indeed been—ah! would that it could have been so—a figment of my imagination. I looked extremely foolish—I often do when Giles is in the question—but my relief was great. I was too relieved even to take exception at the policeman's grinning face.

On I went, and—so did Giles. I found that out when I had turned the street corner. The faithful hound was at my heels again. There was no one near. I stopped and tried reason.

"Look here," I said kindly, "you are making a big mistake. I am not your master, and I certainly never shall be. You had better go and look for someone who is. He may be breaking his heart for you. You should really try and find him, and ease his mind. There!" I said it in a final tone, as who should say: "Good afternoon. I am afraid I really must be going."

Giles looked up at me; and oh! the light of affection in that dog's eyes! I had a spaniel once for nine years, but never in his whole lifetime did he look at me as Giles looked then. It brought to my mind visions—visions of Giles and I always together, inseparable, Giles at my side when I ate my dinner, Giles at my heels when I went out. It was too painful. I gave up reasoning, and turned and fled.

I had to resort to strategy; I bolted into the nearest shop, and hastily shut the door on Giles. It was a milliner's, and I was at my wit's end, but at least Giles was not at my heels.

I was inveigled into buying, before I left that shop, no less than three pairs of ladies' gloves, and I raised a considerable amount of amusement and

curiosity in the minds of the shop people. But that was a small price to pay for freedom.

Grasping my packages in my hand, and trying to look as if I had bought them because I wanted them, I made my way, the cynosure of all eyes, to the shopwalker.

"Could you—er—have you another way out?" I demanded.

The resplendent creature propelled himself towards the glass doors.

"This way, if you please, sir."  
"I mean"—I stammered, "the fact is—er—a stray dog has attached itself to me—and I—I want to keep out of its way."

I never it all my life encountered such a glance as that man turned on me. It withered me, it frizzled me, it scorched me. He gazed at my parcel, and remembered that at least had been justly acquired. He glanced at my pockets, the exteriors were not incriminating; he was obliged to let me go.

With conscious honesty bristling in every seam of his coat, he led me through the ladies' hat department, where seven ladies were fitting on six bonnets, and so by another door into the street. I thanked him humbly; he watched me safely off the premises, and then darted away—I know to act as informer to the detectives he fully expected to find waiting for their prey outside the glass doors.

I stumbled as I hastened away—over Giles! I believe he knew what I had been doing, for though he greeted me kindly, there was a reproachful look in his eyes.

"Have you been trying to escape again?" he seemed to say; "what is it you fear? I shall be a considerate master, as masters go." And as he framed our positions thus—probably unconsciously, for he always outwardly kept up the hollow semblance of master and dog—Giles for once in his life spoke the truth.

There was one hope left. There was a wisp of brown leather round his neck; I examined it, trembling as I did so lest I should find no trace of his whereabouts. If there was but an address! The winds themselves would scarcely bear me too swiftly to Giles's residence, and to his sorrowing family.

My hopes were doomed. The one word "Giles" was scrawled across the collar—and that was all.

Had he lived in Giles-road or Giles-street, Giles Mansion or Giles Cottage; or was his own name Giles, or that of his thrice-blessed owner? We shall never know.

He did, indeed, look at me joyfully when I called him "Giles," but then he was always looking at me joyfully, and he would come as fast, or faster, if I called him "Snap" or "Jack," or even "Rover."

I went home slowly and thoughtfully. Thus had my last hope flown. Giles trotted faster; he seemed relieved to think that the toils of day would soon be over, and he probably had visions of a warm fireside and of a prominent bone. It must be tiring work, this attachment of slippery and unwilling masters.

It may have been accident, but I have more reason to believe it was his horrible sagacity, which caused Giles to stop at my gate. Anyhow, he did stop, and politely allowed me to enter first. I left him standing there, shut the garden gate, locked the front door, and wondered what would happen next. Considering all things, I thought I did well not to take too optimistic a view.

Nevertheless, my spirits rose insensibly next morning at breakfast time. I had expected a night made hideous by howls and whines; there had not been a sound. I had expected Giles to be sitting by my chair when I came in; the room was empty.

I sat down with a good appetite, and read my letters.

In the middle of breakfast, a horrible chaos of sound proceeded from the front garden.

I sat transfixed, for I knew—I knew—it was Giles!

A minute or two later the door opened, and my friend Smith came in, decidedly hot and flushed, and with seven distinct paw-marks on his clothes. (It was, needless to say, a muddy morning).

"Didn't know you had started a dog," he said, rather shortly. "You might as well teach it not to kick up such a row every time anyone comes in at your gate."

I explained. He listened, but I read his scepticism in his face.

"Well, take him to Battersea," he said, shortly.

I wasted no more words, though the idea of Giles being taken to Battersea almost made me smile. Soon after, Smith left, and I went with him to the gate.

Giles lay on the mat. He greeted us with an

exuberance of affection, and I could see that Smith's belief in me was still further shaken. Giles apologised for his over-carefulness in a most gentlemanly way, intimated that he himself would see my friend—since he really was my friend, nothing was to good for him—to the gate, and that my presence was therefore superfluous.

Smith stooped to pat him as he left, and called back to me: "You might get the poor brute a new collar. He's not fit to be seen."

A new hope flashed into my mind. The cook hated dogs, and the cook ruled my house.

I washed my hands of Giles, and left his fate to other powers.

Alas! alas! fate pursued me a morning or two later in the shape of Jane, the housemaid.

"Cook, she wants to know if that little white dog you brought home with you, sir"—brought, oh! the irony of it!—"can sleep in the kitchen, if she makes up a bed for it. She 'as taken to it so, and says as how she knows you won't 'ave the 'eart to turn it out."

I went to the cook. Perhaps Giles had not woven the toils too close—her eyes might yet be opened.

But when I saw those two together, I practically threw up my hand. Giles lay on the rug, with an enormous bone. Ever and anon he turned his languishing eye upward, and it rested on the cook's face.

When he saw me, his joy was unbounded. The cook stood and watched us frisking, her fat face a wreath of smiles.

There, if 'e ain't an affectionate creature! Leaving 'is bone and all, to come and welcome you, sir! You're in luck's way to 'ave found 'im, that's what Jane and I says. Such a little dear as 'e is," she went on, warming still more to her subject, "and that fond of me already! Why, if you'll believe me, sir"—I would believe anything and everything—"when 'e came in, 'e was that 'ungry it went to my 'art to see 'im eat; but 'e'd leave all his nice bones and gravy, and follow me into the pantry. 'E just couldn't bear to let me out of 'is sight. 'E's getting less timid now, bless 'im! 'E knows I ain't a-going to be spirited away, and 'e ain't afraid to be left 'ere with 'is bone now. Don't 'e be frightened, then! We'll never turn 'im out, will we, sir?"

Oh! woman, blind—blind—blind! I could have told you why Giles no longer followed you into the pantry. He had discovered that bones were not kept there!

But when did it ever profit to argue with a woman against her affections?

Giles had been beforehand with me. The victory was to him.

"Then, perhaps," I said, with a ghastly smile, "you will look after him? And I suppose I must get a license."

I turned back to look at them as I left the kitchen. The cook was bending over Giles with honeyed words, and he was responding as only Giles could respond.

But one eye was turned on me—and I know he winked.

Giles is very fat and sleek.

He has a special armchair appropriated to his use, and it is an exceedingly comfortable one. In happier days gone by it used to be mine, so I ought to know.

He has a silver collar, which even the cook allows is almost worthy of him. She has insisted on having my name and address engraved in full upon it.

Every day, when I come in from work, I expect to find a brass plate upon the door:—

"Dogs advised as to the choice of comfortable and permanent homes. Advice entirely gratis. Apply within."

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

A great and godly man, in the person of Bishop Ellicott, passed away quietly at Birchington-on-Sea last Sunday afternoon, and Christendom is all the poorer by his death. His lordship did not live long after his retirement from the See of Gloucester, which he held for nigh 42 years, until great age and increasing infirmities made him realise that he could no longer continue to discharge the exacting duties of the high sacred office with anything like the same amount of zeal and energy that he had invariably displayed during his episcopacy, and with further advantage to the Church. I believe Dr. Ellicott fervently desired to die Bishop of Gloucester, but it was ordained otherwise. His memory, however, will remain revered not only in the diocese that he ruled so wisely and well, but also, I think, throughout Christendom, which benefited immensely by his writings, theological erudition, and holy example.

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It was my fortunate lot to be brought very much in contact with the late Bishop during a long professional career, and I can and do testify to his approachability and unfailing urbanity and great kindness to pressmen as a rule. He has several times handed me his concise summary of what has transpired at a meeting before my arrival, after being hastily summoned, while I cannot remember the full number of occasions on which I have been indebted to him for dictating a digest of proceedings of public interest at which the press did not happen to be represented. He had a great fund of dry humour and ready wit (to which I may refer later on), and he keenly appreciated a suitable joke. Suffice it to say, that at a Diocesan Conference some years ago, when inviting, as usual, the members to luncheon at the Palace, he raised a hearty laugh by putting it that he should be pleased to see them "at the sign of the Mitre," which happened to be the name of a notorious Gloucester inn.

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Sir Henry Irving, too, has gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." His end came with dramatic suddenness—in his hotel, at Bradford, just on his return from the theatre, where he had been playing in "Becket." His highly regrettable death, practically with "harness on his back," as he is said to have wished, removes from the British stage the bright particular star of legitimate drama who had so long adorned it. It seems strange that he had never appeared in Cheltenham, and that he should have died at a time when we were all looking forward with pleasurable expectation to his booked visit on January 29th, 30th, and 31st next. Indeed, his appearances in this county were few and far between, but I have personal recollection of them. They were at Gloucester, and when he was plain Henry Irving. The first occasion was in 1869, when we was with Mr. John Toole's company, and created a capital impression by his recitations of "My Uncle" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The second and last visit was in July, 1891, at the centenary of the Theatre Royal. I was one of the first persons to whom Mr. T. Dutton, the then manager, communicated the gratifying intelligence that Mr. Irving had, as the result of a request made to him in his private room at the Lyceum Theatre, cordially consented to bring his company down for the celebration, and with the unasked-for proviso that he should bear all expenses but the locals. And at this centenary performance, on July 27th, Mr. Irving played the principal character in "The Bells," while Miss Ellen Terry did the same in "Nance Oldfield." The Theatre Co. gave him the house free, but raised the prices of admission, with the result that the gross takings (£165) were distributed among fourteen Gloucester charities. On the following night Mr. Irving and Miss Terry were entertained at a public banquet, Sir J. E. Dorington, Bart., M.P., presiding. They thoroughly deserved this honour. GLEANER.

There is a newspaper war raging at Dumfries, N.B. One editor says that his rival "the person who occupies the editorial chair of our local contemporary—that much-ruptured piece of newspaper furniture—is mostly always nasty and dull."



MISS LOUIE POUNDS

AS THE "GOLDEN GIRL" AT THE OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK.

CHARACTER.

I wonder why D. N. B. wants to know what I think about the formation of character. There are quite a lot of nice sweet little books, by Smiles and others, that give one all the recipes. There is a list of things to avoid, such as brown sherry and the society of the irreligious; and there is a list of things to cultivate, such as punctuality and a knowledge of shorthand. Obey the rules given in the nice little books, try to be more like Wilberforce, and keep your temper, and that is really all there is to do. There you are with a perfect character formed for you. Simple, isn't it? In fact it is simple, so easy, that one is really puzzled to find out why everybody has not got a perfect character, and why so many people go about stealing ducks, or otherwise misbehaving themselves. Yet in moments of depression I have sometimes wondered whether I have a perfect character myself. There is that question of temper, for instance. Mine will stand an ordinary strain. I never get angry with my partner at bridge; a gentle melancholy is the most I permit myself. I have never yet struck anybody for telling me that the days were beginning to draw in, though at this season of the year one does get a little weary of being told so often what one is quite capable of observing for oneself. But I have at times got somewhat irritated with the nice little books that show you how to get a perfect character and make a commercial success of it.—Barry Pain in "London Opinion and To-Day."

PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC TRACTION.

"The Tramway and Railway World" for October affords a remarkable indication of the extent to which electric tramways have now been developed in this country. While five years ago the electric systems in the kingdom could be enumerated almost on the fingers of one hand, to-day our contemporary prints a list of 192 electric lines. A succinct description is given of each, including the mileage, type of cars and motors, method of operation, and in many cases the price paid by the tramways for electric current. No fewer than 94 tramways are managed by municipal authorities, the remainder being owned by companies. In many of the municipal systems the tramway departments purchase current from the municipal electric-lighting station, and generally the price charged is high enough to provide a handsome profit to the lighting department. The price per unit varies, however, from 1d. to 2½d. While many of the corporation tramways are worked at a profit, a number show deficits. Interesting analyses of several tramway reports are given in "The Tramway World" for October. Blackburn Corporation tramways show, for instance, that for the past year the loss amounted to £2,792, after paying interest and sinking fund. This is an improvement on the results for last year, when the loss amounted to £5,128. Huddersfield Corporation has a loss of £503, and Southport of £1,052.





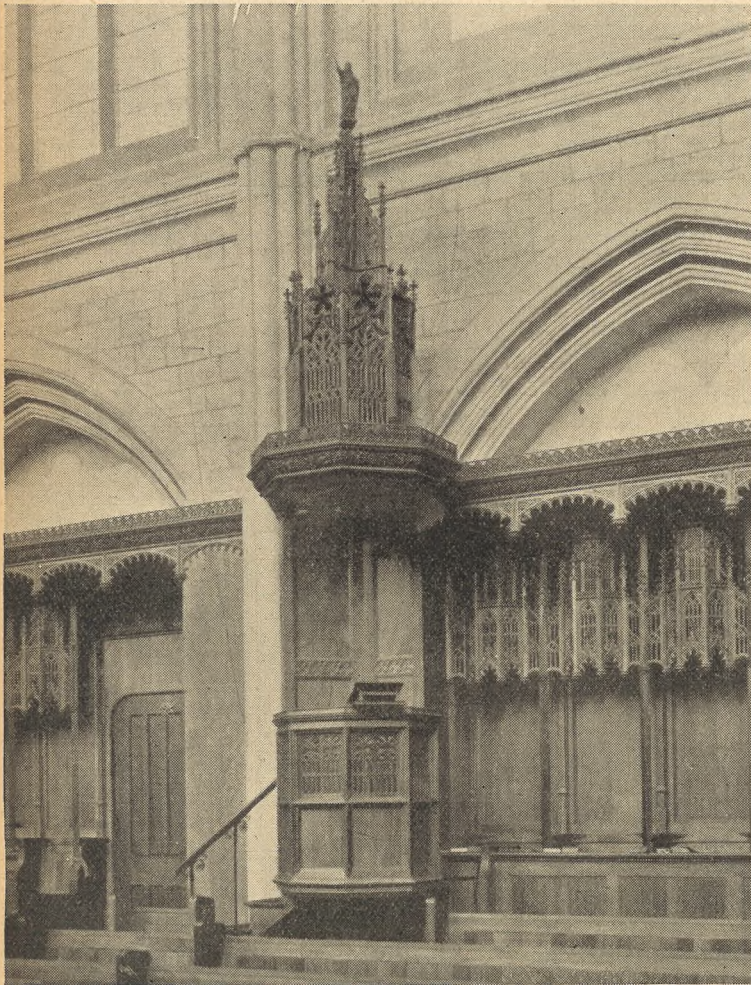
**NEW MISSION HALL FOR ST. PETERS PARISH,  
CHELTENHAM.**

ERECTED BY MEANS OF VOLUNTARY DONATIONS, AND TO BE OPENED  
BY THE MAYOR ON OCTOBER 25.



**THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.**

(Messrs. George May, alto, St. Paul's Cathedral; Wilfred Kearton, tenor, St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Bertram Mills, baritone, Vicar Choral, Westminster Abbey; and W. H. Brereton, bass, H.M.'s Chapels Royal), who will take part to-night at the Town-hall in the Nelson Centenary Concert.



**NEW PULPIT IN CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.**  
THIS PULPIT, WITH SOUNDING-BOARD AND CANOPY, HAS BEEN  
ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE FREDERICK ADAMI,  
AND IS OF ENGLISH OAK.

**DECLINE OF COURTESY.**

Our manners are a failure. We have no time for old-fashioned formalities, and in losing these alone perhaps we do not lose much; but when the rush of the century swept away the laboured outward expression of politeness, it seemed to take with it all courtesy and refined feeling as well. For good manners must be part of the character, or they simply cannot exist; the mere politeness of conventionality—the show manners of social ambition—have always been a failure. We are far more sensitive to good feeling in others than we imagine, and a desire to be an irreproachable hostess has never made one guest feel at his ease, unless the same hostess is a kindly woman. There is only one politeness: the politeness of the heart, as a great Frenchman quaintly termed it; but then such sentiment needs refinement, and it is a sad fact that refinement is not the genius of our age. Formerly, this quality was supposed to be found invariably in the upper classes; it is obvious, however, that if it is a question of character, this supposition cannot have been quite correct; to-day it is an utter fallacy. Men have, perhaps, not degenerated so greatly in this respect as women; and yet refinement was pre-eminently a feminine characteristic, and in losing it woman has failed in her own peculiar sphere. It is easy to find fault; no one will deny that a great deal of roughness, rudeness, and ill-mature exist now which would have shocked our grandmothers, and that such manners as they would have regarded with horror are simply passed over with indifference. But what is the reason of their badness? "Mixing with the world," a chorus of voices is immediately eager to reply. This is not a just answer; experience, far from destroying a naturally refined nature, gives it more to work upon and further opportunities of showing its tact and readiness in every awkward situation. "Hurry," some would suggest. It is partly true that we do not take time to be polite, but never correct that we may not do so if we will. "Push" is a more correct solution—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."





Photo by H. E. Jones,

Northgate-street, Gloucester.

**RELIC OF EARLY TIMES OF GLOUCESTER CITY RIFLES.**

Silver Cup, belonging to Mr. T. A. Washbourn, of Kingsholm, won at the first shooting competition of Gloucester Rifles, which took place concurrently with the formal opening of Witcomb Reservoirs by the Mayor (Mr. William Nicks), who then "turned the water into wine." The cup is thus inscribed: "First prize, presented by Mr. W. Mann, 3rd Company Gloucestershire Rifle Volunteers, for competition by the 2nd and 3rd Companies G.R.V. Won by Thomas Addison Washbourn, 3rd Company, September 20th, 1860."

**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 151st prize is awarded to Mr. J. N. Hobbs, of Concord, Moorend Grove, Cheltenham, for his report of the sermon by the Rev. J. Foster at Cheltenham Workhouse Harvest Festival.

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

**PENNY TRAMWAY FARES.**

The question whether it is financially practicable to adopt a fare of one penny for a journey of any distance on electric tramways in our large towns has been frequently discussed, and it has been generally admitted that if the thing is at all possible, it can only be done by abolishing half-penny fares for short distances, where such fares exist. In one or two towns in England, which are of sufficient size to ensure good traffic, but which are not large enough to possess tramway routes of too great a length, the universal penny fare has been adopted with satisfactory results alike to the public and to the tramway authorities. Some time ago Mr. A. Nance, general manager of Belfast tramways, recommended that on the adoption of electric traction a fare of a penny for any distance should be established. The Town Council has not entirely adopted the proposal, and the current issue of "The Tramway and Railway World," referring to the subject, in connection with a long illustrated description of the new Belfast tramways, says: "One interesting feature of the new arrangements is the scheme of fares adopted. This is an approximation to the universal penny fare which Mr. Nance courageously advocated. The Town Council, while inclined to adopt the single fare system, felt some doubt on the matter apparently, and decided that the universal penny fare should be available only up to eight o'clock. After that hour the fare will be 1d. for two miles, of 2d. for all distances beyond. What is practically a zone system has been arranged, passengers being able to travel throughout the central zone, which extends for a mile around the central junction, for 1d. The scheme is a simple one, and should work well."



Photo by John A. Williams,

47 Keynsham-street, Cheltenham.

**LOCAL FARRIERS.**

MESSRS. G. WREN, R. RUSSELL, C. J. CHICK, AND L. SEAGE, all of Cheltenham, who on September 30th passed their examinations, and are now registered farriers.

An exhibition of cotton grown at places within the British Empire was opened in Manchester on Tuesday. Over £100,000 worth of cotton has been received from these sources, and large shipments are coming in every week.

The Dean of Westminster is still unable to see anybody, his eyesight being still bad. The operation, however, which he recently underwent has given great relief, and the Dean is now very much better.



**Address to Bishop Ellicott.**

On another page appears a reproduction of the address, in Latin, which about 1,500 of the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Gloucester formally presented to the Right Rev. Dr. Ellicott on Lady Day, 1903, congratulating his lordship on the celebration of the 40th anniversary of his consecration as bishop. The address was beautifully illuminated by Mr. Walter J. Lifton, of Gloucester, in his best style, and the photo is by Mr. Arthur H. Pitcher, College-court, Gloucester. The following is a translation of the text of the address:—

"To the Venerable Father in God, Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, Greetings from the Dean and Canons of the Cathedral Church, as well as from the Archdeacons, Priests, Deacons, Churchwardens, and Sidesmen of the whole Diocese.

Forty years having happily passed from the auspicious day on which, consecrated our Bishop, you undertook the charge of the Church of England in this diocese which had been conferred on you by God, we see no better way of celebrating this fortieth anniversary than to congratulate you on an occasion so joyful, and also to profess our gratitude for all the blessings which have accrued during these many years to the diocese entrusted to your care. After a brilliant University career, in connection with which you were elected more than once Fellow of your College at Cambridge, you gave—pass over your other literary works—a vivid life of Our Lord in your Hulsean Lectures. For many years you urged the necessity of a new translation of the Greek Testament, and then you were a distinguished Chairman of the Committee appointed to undertake that translation. You have constantly recommended the study of Holy Scriptures to your clergy, and afforded a brilliant example of such study. You have frequently delivered eloquent sermons on the great mysteries of the Christian Faith with much learning and much diversity of treatment; and we hope that all these may one day be collected together. You have unweariedly devoted much time and much thought to the training of children of both sexes in the knowledge of true religion, incessantly addressing Christ's young soldiers when first putting on their armour for the conflicts of life. You have also exercised a paternal influence over your children the clergy, who have looked up to you these many years with the utmost reverence as to one placed over them by God. As their father you have daily regarded them with paternal love and constantly assisted them with paternal advice. Nor do we to-day recall only the kindnesses of past years which we have received from you, but, looking forward also to the future, we offer our most earnest prayers for your unbroken happiness; and the unanimous petition of us all is that, in the calm and mellow evening of life, the light of Heaven may for a long time continue to shine on you as you draw to the close of your days on earth. Farewell.

Dated the Feast of the Annunciation, 1903."

**ROADS WHICH MOTORISTS LIKE.**

Every motorist enjoys an occasional fast spin over a dead-level stretch, but not one sighs for perpetual levels. As a matter of fact, the ideal road for the motorist is the Roman road—one which goes straight up hill and down dale. What the automobilist would like to see would be some of the dangerous corners taken out of the main roads, and crossings opened up. Then again, perfection of the surface does not really matter to the automobilist, except so far as it affects the question of mud and dust. Of course, the better the roads are in surface the better the motorist is pleased, but after all perfection of surface is not what automobilists sigh for, and it should be clearly understood that such is the case. There is no fun whatever in driving continually on the flat; besides, there is nothing to see. On a road which goes over hills—and with moderation the higher they are the better—one gets magnificent views and all the exhilaration of a change of level. Then again, one of the great pleasures of motoring is the way in which the car climbs. Many people can make a very respectable speed on the level on a bicycle, and everyone can go downhill fast, but one of the greatest charms of motoring is the way in which ascents are taken.—"The Autocar."



Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham.

THE LATE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER ON HIS TRICYCLE.

**CRIMES THAT KILL CITIES.**

The desire of certain inhabitants of Kensal Rise to change the name of their suburb, owing to its connection with the Devereux and Crossman tragedies, has excited a good deal of ridicule. Nevertheless, there is much to be said for view of the matter. Crimes of this kind frequently react to the very serious disadvantage of particular localities, says "T.A.T." Take the case of Whitechapel, for example. It first fell into evil odour over the Wainwright murder, thirty years ago this very month. Then came the shocking series of crimes attributed to the mysterious "Jack the Ripper." The result was that the very name of Whitechapel became a synonym for everything bad and bestial over a large portion of the civilised world. Then, again, the pretty little suburb of Penge had its popularity as a residential locality set back for half a generation, owing to the crimes of the Stauntons. The "Penge Mystery," as it got to be called, was the talk of England for months, and lingered in people's memories for years. A wholesale exodus of the better-class of residents was the result, none others came to take their places, and the value of property dropped fifty per cent. Muswell Hill has been similarly unfortunate, although in a lesser degree. It was the scene, in 1889, of the exploits of that desperate trio of burglars, Lyster, Burdett, and Clarke, all of whom were eventually sentenced to penal servitude for life. Then, in 1896, occurred the shocking murder there of poor old Henry Smith, by the miscreants Milsom and Fowler. Other burglaries there were, too, some accompanied by violence, and the district "got a bad name.



**A BEAUTIFUL HEDGE.**

For an ornamental deciduous hedge almost anywhere there is nothing to surpass, if to equal, the Japan Quince (*Cydonia japonica*). There are a number of deciduous plants that make pretty hedges, but the most of them are difficult to form and troublesome to keep in good shape and order. The *Cydonia* is almost entirely free from these objections, provided only that young plants be used to start with. What a lovely sight it is when in bloom, and how picturesque at all other times! Those who have a fancy for more than one colour can use the rose and white-coloured to mix with the crimson. There is this further to be said in favour of the Japan Quince, that scarcely any manner of neglect can spoil its beauty. It can be easily and quickly brought into shape again. It will always retain its beauty, though it may lose its primness by neglect. No amount of shearing, however, can give it that hard, solid surface so common to evergreen hedges.—"The Garden."

**CAB-COWARDS.**

A cabman, more than conscience, makes cowards of us all. "The legal fare," we say, "is two shillings." The cabman will want half-a-crown. I shall have to pay it. And we do pay it, because we are afraid. Not necessarily of the cabman, of course. Most men, given leisure and a cabman approximating to their own size, would willingly fight him, rather than undergo the moral degradation of knowing that they paid him more than his fare—not out of generosity—but because they had to. Unfortunately most men have not the leisure. They have to catch a train. Or they are in evening clothes. Even a single round under these circumstances would be disconcerting. If they compromise the matter by flying—after paying the legal fare—they know that, as likely as not, the cabman will descend, ring at the door of their hostess's house, and abuse them in the hall till, for very shame, they come out and pay him a shilling to go away. The taximeter will alter all this. Conscious that the fare cannot be disputed, we shall take cabs with a light heart, and probably three times as often. Also, in the knowledge that there is no compulsion about it and no moral cowardice involved, we shall bestow our tips just as often, if not more often, than in the days of our necessity.—"The Bystander."



**THE LEGALITY OF WARNING OF MOTORISTS.**

Referring to the establishment of the Automobile Association, the primary object of which is to warn motorists against the existence of police traps on unfrequented roads, "The Autocar" has the following:—"It is notoriously a matter of common knowledge that upon more than one occasion the police working a trap in expectation of prey, and being deprived thereof by the action of private individuals, who may have taken upon themselves the duty of warning motorists not to break the law where the police, by their action, clearly consider it should not be broken, have intimidated such individuals by threatening them with prosecution on a charge of interfering with the police in the discharge of their duties. The natural inference therefore is that to prevent or advise people not to break the law is to obstruct constabulary duty, of which there seems not to be sufficient to go round except by resorting to such despicable means as police traps. Now the police will be afforded an opportunity of testing the legality of this warning action in connection with the scouts of the Automobile Association, and it will be interesting to note the view that will be taken of the matter by the particular tribunal before which any charge of this kind is preferred."







## PETROL & PICTURES.

### BUYING SPARE PARTS.

The spare parts of some of the standard engines fitted to motor-cycles are rather expensive. To remedy this, many dealers stock "imitation" parts for the various engines. One has to be careful when buying "imitation" spares to see that they accurately fit the engine. It is rather an unpleasant surprise to find, when stranded on the road with a broken exhaust valve, etc., that the spare one bought at a cheap rate will not fit the engine. I can speak from personal experience, having been detained once on the roadside with a reserve trembler blade which was a very bad fit. When buying spare parts it is advisable to have the engine on the spot, so that each separate spare part can be tested.

### PATCHES FOR MOTOR-CYCLE TUBES.

It is not much use to carry a small size cycle repair outfit for the tyres of a motor-cycle. The patching rubber supplied with these outfits is not stout enough for repairing the punctures in a motor-cycle tube. The solution also is not suitable, not being tenacious enough. A fair amount of heat is generated in motor tyres, so that patches and solution should be of a strength greater than is necessary for ordinary cycle tyres. Most tyre manufacturers make special patches for repairing tubes. These are of stout rubber, with graded edges. Most cycle and motor shops now stock these patches and extra strong solution, and the motor-cyclist should, before setting out on a journey, make certain that a supply of patches and fresh solution is in the tool-bag.

### NOT ADVISABLE.

I was asked recently whether it would be safe to convert an ordinary "push" bicycle into a motor-bicycle. As a general rule it is certainly not advisable to do this. No bicycle frame is built to stand the strains to which the fitting of a motor would subject it. A heavy full roadster bicycle might be converted into a motor-bicycle, providing certain necessary precautions are taken. To a man with a taste for mechanics, much pleasure can be obtained by building up a motor-bicycle. Engines and the necessary fittings can easily and cheaply be obtained by watching the advertisement columns of the various motor journals. The frame of the bicycle must be strengthened, especially the forks. Extra forks should be fitted to guard against breakage at this vital part. Care should also be taken as regards the engine, as this will be the heaviest part of the necessary fittings. Only a very low-powered engine should be fitted, as the strain of a high-powered engine would soon pull the machine all to pieces. An engine developing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  h.p. would be as powerful as could be fitted with safety, and this, considering the light weight of the entire machine, would be quite sufficient to drive the machine at a good rate on level roads, and up most hills with slight pedal assistance on the part of the rider. A light spray carburetter, light tank, a small coil, and two small accumulators would keep the weight within the safety limit. Even then, it would not be advisable to drive the machine at more than the limit of speed fixed by law. A breakage of any part of the frame when proceeding at a high speed would result in probably a very serious accident. The driving tyre should be fitted with a stout rubber band, to enable it to successfully withstand the strain from the impulses of the engine.

### FORE-CARRIAGES AND TRAILERS.

Some motorists predicted that the advent and extreme popularity of the fore-carriage would soon drive the trailer off the roads. This has not been the case. The trailer still holds its own, and will continue to do so. It has no rival for ease in attachment and detachment. With a clip, such as invented by a local firm, this can be done in a minute, and is, moreover, quite safe. The first idea of the fore-carriage was that it should be attached to a motor-bicycle when it was required to provide accommodation for a passenger, and that it should be easily detachable when only the single machine was required. This idea was very well in theory, but did not work well in practice. It took a long time to attach or detach the fore-carriage, and then the machine was hardly a success. Most tri-cars are now made so that the front carriage is a fixture.



**ALDERMAN W. N. SKILLICORNE, J.P.**

WHO IS TO BE ELECTED MAYOR OF CHELTHENHAM ON NOVEMBER 9TH.

As for engine power,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  h.p. was at first considered quite sufficient to drive a fore-carriage, now we have tri-cars fitted with up to 12 h.p. engines.

### INTERIORS OF CHURCHES.

The position of the camera is everything when securing photographs of the interior of churches. The worst position is the centre of the aisle. The views obtained from a gallery are often very fine. Sometimes splendid photographs are to be obtained from the pulpit or reading desk.

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

### LONDON AS A HUNTING CENTRE.

Railways have changed hunting a great deal during the past half-century, but they have also developed it. And in these days of quick and universal travel, when Londoners go north to Scotland to shoot grouse, or to Norway to land a few trout or salmon, it is not surprising to find them travelling in ever-increasing numbers during the winter in search of sport with horse and hound, particularly as "hunt specials" are run from most of the London termini when occasion requires, and the various companies vie with each other in granting facilities for the quick and convenient transit at reasonable rates of the hunting man and his horse. It goes without saying that no one would select London as a hunting centre if he had a wider choice. The Metropolitan sportsman has to rise early, and generally to be content with a very late dinner on his arrival home at night. Long and frequent journeyings on rail are by no means conducive to the good health and condition of his horses. There are risks of accident in boxing and unboxing hunters, especially in the case of a sudden frost, and many other drawbacks inseparable from hunting from Town. But sportsmen who make London their hunting centre, not from choice, but through force of circumstance, have some compensations. They have a decided pull when all hunting is stopped by frost, and if they are so minded, and the question of cost does not stand in the way, what a variety of sport they can see, and what a variety of country they can gallop over between November 1 and March 31.—"The Bystander."



**WE CAN SUPPLY**

**PICTURE POST-CARDS**

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



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 252.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),  
"THE GOLDEN GIRL."

NEXT WEEK:

"LE CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

Times and prices as usual.

## TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

### Local Musical Examinations.

THE New Syllabus and Regulations for the Session 1905-6 are now ready. Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve Local Exhibitions in Theory of Music will be open to all comers in the various grades for Examinations in December.

Apply to MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, Local Secretary, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham.

### MARRIAGE PORTIONS.

To be serious a minute, though, don't you think parents in this country are rather too haphazard in the bringing up and disposal of their daughters? They will have the girl taught how to dance, play the piano, and behave prettily, then marry her to a young man who has got nothing, and don't give him anything with her, so that she often has to begin as her own domestic servant, and sometimes gets no opportunity to be anything else for the rest of her life. There is certainly a good deal to be said for the French "dot" system. It rubs a little superficial bloom off the romance of marriage, perhaps, but it adds a lot of healthy bloom to the reality of it. And, after all, the fact that a girl has a trifle of money need not prevent a man from marrying her for love. No, I'm not posing as an authority on this subject; Gibbon pretends to believe I am because he envies me my fine natural modesty; but I was present at a debate that was opened by Mrs. Archibald Little the other evening at the Pioneer Club, and I'm bound to admit that the ladies made out a strong case against the selfishness of parents who think so much of giving their sons a suitable start in the world, and so little of giving their daughters one. Really, when a man who is not even related to you comes forward and nobly offers to relieve you of the expense of keeping your daughter any longer, it does look a bit mean on your part to refuse to put your hand in your pocket and give the young people a good send-off. If you have nothing in your pocket but your hand, that, of course, is rather a decent excuse for you, but undoubtedly the Pioneer ladies were right in insisting that when parents are unable to give their daughters a dowry or leave her some sort of competence, their least duty is to teach her sewing and cooking, that she may go to her husband less dependently, feeling that, at all events, she is contributing some share to their joint household; or they should have taught her a trade, that she may some day earn her own livelihood if she never marries.—St. John Adcock in "London Opinion and To-Day."



### FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS.

D. GALLAGHER, of Auckland (captain of the New Zealand Team, the much-talked-of wing forward), and W. WALLACE, of Wellington (full back and three-quarter).







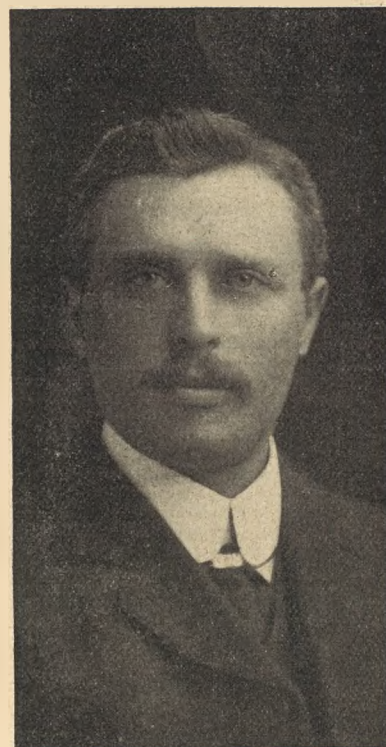
MR. JOHN FIELDING (L),  
candidate for South Ward.



MR. CHARLES W. POOLE (L),  
seeking re-election in the West Ward.



MR. W. COLLETT (L),  
seeking re-election in Lower Barton Ward.



MR. GEORGE PACKER (L),  
seeking re-election in Alington Ward.

GLOUCESTER MUNICIPAL ELECTION CANDIDATES.





**COLOUR-SERGT. CLIFTON, E (CHELTENHAM) Co.  
2nd V.B.G.R.**

DIED OCTOBER 21, 1905, AGED 44 YEARS.

**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 152nd prize is divided between Miss E. Maude Jeffrey, of Leamington House, Pittville, and Mrs. S. H. Joyner, of Fernbank, Moored-road, for their reports of sermons by the Revs. G. L. Gardner and R. Waterfield respectively.

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

**HIGHEST BEDROOM IN THE WORLD.**

The highest bedroom in the world is on the summit of Mont Blanc. It is meant, the "Daily Chronicle" says, for Alpinists who have been overtaken by a storm on the summit or lost their way in the snows. A large camp-bed occupies all the floor of the room, and can contain twenty-two persons. Every stick and stone had to be carried up by porters from Chamonix. The work of construction, which lasted two years, was dangerous to the workmen. During its erection the building was demolished twice and filled with snow nine times.

**CABBY AND COMPETITION.**

The mobus, liked by many, is, I fear, a serious trade competitor to the London cabmen. What with an electrified underground, twopenny tubes, and mobuses, the man on the box is having a bad time. While, of course, better means of communication have told against him, personally I believe that the hard times on which he has fallen are in a measure his own fault. To put in plainly, he's not business. Should he receive but his legal fare, there is apt to be trouble. For the sake of a quiet life, those who travel in cabs generally pay him more than his right fare. Many on this account, ladies especially, only take cabs when they are compelled to. If the length of a journey could be accurately ascertained, if cabby said "Thank you!" on receiving the exact amount due to him, and if, moreover, he would allow you to travel a single mile for sixpence, I really believe he would find a considerable increase in his weekly earnings. But taximeters and sixpenny fares are things which the London drivers refuse to have anything to do with. In Paris, nearly all the cabs have these little distance measurers fixed to them, and you can have 75 centimes' worth. The passenger can watch the dial, and see exactly his indebtedness; he gets his money's worth, there is no arguing, no annoyance, and both parties are satisfied. Our London cabby is not business; he suffers in consequence, and will continue to suffer until he makes up his mind to be business.—Alfred C. Hunter in "The Bystander."



**NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALLERS.**

O. S. MYNOTT ("five-eighth") and G. W. SMITH, (oldest player in the team, and noted for his pace at three-quarter, the fastest man in the team, and a noted jockey in his day).

**NICHOLAS TO ROOSEVELT.**

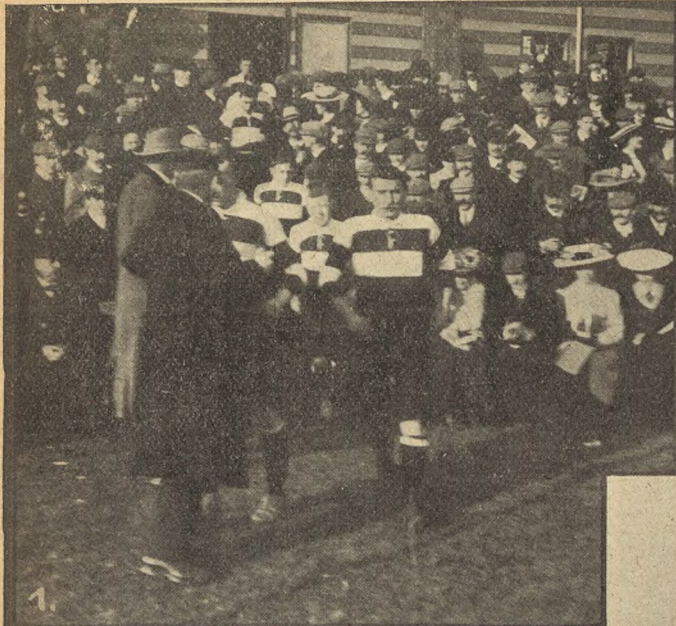
The Czar will, it is said, present two enormous vases of lapis lazuli, adorned with exquisitely-chased gold, and standing on big malachite pedestals, to the President of the United States, to serve as a lasting remembrance of the part which he has taken in bringing about peace with Japan, and there is no doubt that they will constitute a notable feature of the treasures and interesting souvenirs at the White House for some years to come, souvenirs that include, among other things, the office desk at which the President works, and which was presented to one of his predecessors at the White House by the late Queen Victoria, being fashioned out of the timbers of the Arctic relief ship when it was broken up.—"T. A. T."



**A PRINCE IN THE ARCTIC**

For the first time in his life, the Duke of Orleans has managed to do something useful, and to win distinction, which will be sufficient to secure for him a niche, even if a small one, in the Temple of Fame, and a place in the annals of history, says a writer in "T. A. T." For long after his past role as the most cautious of monarchical pretenders, conspiring on paper against the existence of the French Republic, has been forgotten, he will be remembered as the Arctic explorer who discovered and charted for the first time the unknown North-East coast of Greenland. Moreover the Duke has brought to light the fact that Cape Bismarck is not, as everyone believed until now, a promontory of the mainland of Greenland, but an island. Many previous Arctic geographers had endeavoured to explore the 400 miles of Greenland coast stretching southwards of Independence Bay, to thus complete the outlines of the largest island in the world. But the Duke has been the first to accomplish the task.





**FOOTBALL MATCH—GLOUCESTER v. NEW ZEALAND, OCT. 19, 1905.**

1. The Gloucester team coming out.  
2. Breaking up a scrimmage.

3. A big jump for the ball.  
4. Who will get it? A line out at half way.

5. Extra members of New Zealand team watching the match (all those in first two rows).  
6. Another view of some of the crowd.





**FOOTBALL MATCH—GLOUCESTER v. NEW ZEALAND, OCT. 19, 1905.**

1. The crowd before the match.
2. The New Zealanders take the field, and are themselves taken by the cinematograph.
3. Gloucester get the ball from a scrum.
4. Gillett takes a free kick.
5. A Gloucester forward gets possession in a line out.
6. Another section of the crowd. Dr. Macartney, of Cinderford, enjoying a cigar.
7. Gallagher lining out.





**STOW HORSE FAIR.**

PLEASURE FAIR IN MARKET PLACE, SHOWING ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

**A FEATHER IN HIS CAP.**

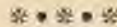
In another interesting article on "Woodcraft" entitled "Playing Injun," in the "Windsor," Ernest Thompson Seton says: "The first part of his Indian outfit that the boy woodcrafter craves is sure to be the head-dress; and the more he learns the more likely he is to covet it, because it is really the index of his fitness for the woods. The typical Indian is always shown with a war-bonnet, or war-cap, of eagle-feathers. Everyone is familiar with the look of this head-dress, but I find that few know its meaning or why the Indian glories in it so. In the days when the red man was unchanged by white men's ways, every feather in the brave's head-dress was awarded to him by the Grand Council for some great deed, usually in warfare. Hence the expression, 'a feather in his cap.' These deeds are now called 'coups' (pronounced 'coos'), and when of exceptional valour they were 'grand coups,' and the eagle's feather had a tuft of horse-hair or down fastened on its top. Not only was each feather bestowed for some exploit, but there were also ways of marking the feathers so as to show the kind of deed. Old plainmen give an exciting picture of Indian life after the return of a successful war-party. All assemble in the Grand Council lodge of the village. First the leader of the party stands up, holding in his hands or having near him the scalps or other trophies he has taken, and says in a loud voice—'Great Chief and Council of my Nation, I claim a grand coup because I went alone into the enemy's camp and learned about their plans; and when I came away, I met one of them and killed him within his own camp.'

**CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.**

**HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN.**

M. Felix Ziem, the famous landscape painter (says a writer in the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine"), is one of the most delightful raconteurs I have ever had the good fortune to meet. There is not a famous man of the past fifty years about whom he cannot tell some anecdote. I remember him relating to me some years ago a particularly good story about Chopin and the composition of his well-known Funeral March. "I daresay you are unaware," said Ziem, "that the idea of this fine composition germinated in the composer's brain in my own studio in Montmartre. Let me tell you how it happened. One evening a number of friends—artists, literary men, and musicians—had assembled *chez-moi* to spend a few hours in pleasant literary and artistic intercourse. One of them—I cannot remember who it was now—began to amuse himself at the piano with a skeleton which I had in the corner of my atelier. He seated the gruesome object on his knees, and, holding its hands, drew forth incoherent sounds from the instrument by tapping with them upon the keys. This had been going on for half a minute or so, amidst the laughter of the company, when Chopin, with the light of inspiration in his eyes, jumped up from his seat, advanced towards the piano, and replaced our friend. But what a different tune he produced! This time the skeleton's hands were guided by a master, and drew forth a series of mournful notes which immediately stopped our laughter. It was as though Death

were seated at the piano playing a funeral dirge. The performance so impressed us that we had hardly heart to applaud when it was over. The next day Chopin transmitted his impromptu composition to paper, and not long after the finishing touches were put to one of the finest funeral marches ever written.



**A MAN WHO SAW QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION.**

In the "Windsor" there is an amusing story entitled "The Fascination of the Free Pass" by B. A. Clarke, from which we quote the following: "It was Uncle Ephraim who saw Queen Victoria's coronation. He had no ticket, but he wore a new silk hat, a frock coat, and carried a silver truncheon terminating in a gold crown. The gold and silver were paper, the truncheon was a piece of broomstick, and the crown was the work of a local carpenter. With this insignia held out before him, he went where he willed; and when the cavalcade arrived at Westminster, Uncle Ephraim was standing in a clear space waving the military back. The old man died some ten years back. He became very infirm, and it was certain he would never leave his bed; but to the very last he was applying for newspaper passes. The end came in a second, as he was opening his letters. He held 'Admit the Editor of the "Volunteer Record"' in his hand when he entered the other world."





**STOW-ON-THE-WOLD HORSE FAIR, OCTOBER 24, 1905.**  
VIEW OF NORTHLEACH AND CIRENCESTER ROAD, AT ENTRANCE OF TOWN.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

An abundance of anecdotes of Bishop Ellicott, generally of more or less accuracy, has been republished of him close after his death. I propose to give one or two which I know to be strictly correct, and which have not been in cold print before. In the closing days of agricultural prosperity, just before his lordship wisely divested himself of his landed estates, handing them over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in consideration of a fixed income, the Bishop used to preside at the periodical rent audit dinners given to his tenants, and most pleasant times were then spent. On one occasion, with a merry twinkle in his eye, the host said that the party would now have to "listen to a sermon." The point of the joke was immensely appreciated immediately Mr. "Surman," one of the principal tenants, rose to reply to a toast. It is within my knowledge, too, that the Bishop keenly enjoyed the propounding of this conundrum when in circulation:—"What is the difference between Bishop Ellicott and Dean Elliott of Bristol?" the solution being "Only a See (C)." I read that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has disclosed the interesting fact in a tribute to the late Sir Henry Irving—"I first met him many years ago at a time when I was proposing to take up the stage as a profession. It was at the house of Mrs. Ellicott, in Cumberland-place, and I had been invited to meet him in the hope that he would give me some practical advice. He met me in a very friendly way, while warning me of the difficulties of such a career."

References have been made to the Bishop's annual visits to Bel Alp, and incidents in connection therewith, but the following extract from that very handsome and highly-interesting book, entitled "Among the Alps," which was written by Mr. Samuel Aitken, F.G.S., of Gloucester, and presented by him to his friends, including the Bishop, deserves wider publicity than it has hitherto had:—"There was, as usual in the Alps, a good deal of wet and broken weather at this time (August, 1888), but no weather seemed to stop the dear old Bishop of Gloucester from his daily visit to the Aletsch Glacier, where he was ever ready to talk to and instruct parties of ladies and others in the mysteries of step-cutting. He was constantly engaged in erecting little stone cairns on the glacier, to point out to lost or wandering humanity the right way—truly a good and noble work for one in his sacred position, in more senses than one."

The Chosen people, and indeed the dwellers round the conspicuous Cotswold outlier, have cause to be joyful again, for "the bells of Chosen, with tongues now frozen," as I ventured to christen them a few months ago, are no longer silent, thanks to a new band of young ringers which has arisen and gladly taken the place of the old campanologists, who had been "resting" for the greater part of this year. It is another illustration of the fact that no man is indispensable. The peal of five bells hangs in the belfry, and there is this inscription at its lower entrance:—"This Belhows was bvylded in the yeere of ovr Lorde God, 1601." Entries in the

church register also show that the bells were hanged and new timbered in 1828 by T. Jacques, of Gloucester, and opened on June 27th by the ringers of St. Mary de Crypt; and that in 1878 the bells were adjusted and the framework made new under John Drinkwater, master of the Ringers' Association. I suppose there will be no entry of the striking incident of 1905.

It does not seem incongruous that there should be an "Onionist" party in the "Garden Town," but a political meeting of "Conservative" and "Onionist" is, as Lord Dundreary would say, "Wha no fellah can understand." Still, that was what was actually announced, in the party organ of the county town, to take place in the Victoria Rooms last night. Of course, it was only a wrong vowel that made all the difference. But it is not the first time that this organ has blundered on Cheltenham Conservative matters, for I remember that in 1899 it congratulated the party on the formation of a Council of 5,000. Only a little nought had been added. "Onionist" must certainly bring tears to the eyes of the allies.

GLEANER.

The success last year at Manchester of the "advance" Christmas posting has led the Postmaster-General to direct an extension of the experiment there this Christmas, and instead of, as hitherto, local letters only, Christmas correspondence for all places in the United Kingdom will be accepted at Manchester, the largest provincial post-office, in "advance" for delivery on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.





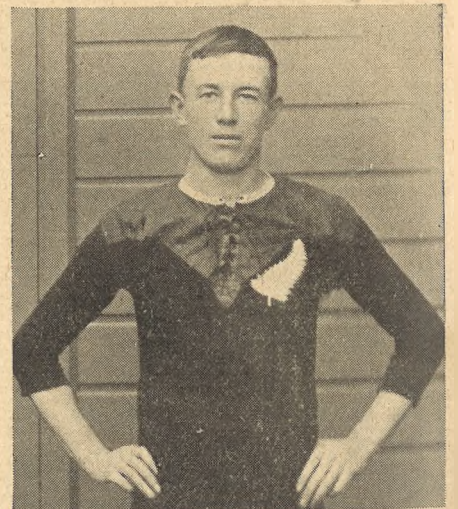
E. E. BOOTH (full back and three-quarter), J. DUNCAN (coach), S. CASEY (forward), W. JOHNSTONE (forward), A. McDONALD (forward).  
FIVE PLAYERS FROM OTAGO, N.Z.



F. NEWTON, of Canterbury, the heaviest forward in the team, 14st. 6lb.



J. HUNTER, of Taranaki, one of the most brilliant "five-eighths" ever seen on any field.



H. D. THOMPSON, of Wanganui, the lightest three-quarter in the team, 10st. 12lb.

**MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S HOBBIES.**  
Among Mr. Morgan's hobbies are two which appeal to modern agriculturists, viz. the desire to have the finest collies in the world, as well as the finest Guernsey cows that can be bred. His collies are mostly kept in America, but the old pensioner "Rover," which we believe cost his master two thousand guineas, is permanently located at Dover House, and the cows are kept

at the same place. The herd consists of about forty head, and among them are some noted prize winners, particularly "Coronation King III.," which during this year has taken first prize at the Royal Show, first at the Oxford County Show, second at the Bath and West of England Show, and second at the Royal Counties show. "Lady Jebbe," "Lily of the Preel," and "Lady Mary of the Spurs" have come out well during this

season; the three having carried honours in taking second and third places at the Oxford County, the Royal Counties, and the Bath and West of England Shows. "Lady Mary" first distinguished herself by taking a third prize at the Guernsey Agricultural Society's Show in 1904. The gathering of the herd together has been the work of six years only.—"The Creamery Journal."