

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 257.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"The Walls of Jericho."

NEXT WEEK: Welcome return visit of

"MY LADY MOLLY"

Times and prices as usual.

LEIGH JAMES,  
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### 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 157th prize has been awarded to Miss F. M. Ramsay, 1 St. Albans-villas, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon at Holy Trinity Church by the Rev. E. Wilson-Hill.

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

### THE COBRA'S HOOD.

The so-called hood of the cobra is formed by an expansion of the skin of the neck, supported by the ribs, which are somewhat longer in this region of the body than further down; this expansion causes isolation of the scales, which, when the animal is at rest, are imbricate or overlapping, and the naked, distended skin becomes exposed between them. The object of this curious display is evidently to inspire terror, and a cobra with raised body and expanded hood, the head turned towards its foe, is, indeed, a formidable-looking creature. On the other hand, the spectacle-shaped marking, which is usually regarded as a warning sign, is so placed as to be invisible to the enemy.—"Country Life."



REV. HENRY MADAN PRATT, M.A., J.P. Glos.,  
Rector of Great Rissington.

### THE MODERN NOVEL.

Whatever may be said with truth about the lack of great writers to-day, as compared with twenty or thirty years ago, there can be no manner of doubt as to the general excellence of the body of contemporary fiction. It is vastly superior to any standard that has ever obtained since the novel rose into favour. I do not

believe that "the dead have all the glory of the world," and I am certainly of opinion that at no past time in the history of our literature has so much native talent been devoted to reactive literature. The fact that so many of our novels are doomed to lives of butterfly briefness is but stronger proof of the high level which the art of fiction has reached.—"J. A. H." in "The By-stander."

# WEE MACGREGOR.

"SHIPS THAT PASS."

[By J. J. B.]

The small boy in the trim sailor suit, broad-brimmed straw hat with "H.M.S. Valiant" in gold letters on the dark blue ribbon, spotless white collar with gold anchors at the corners, and fine shoes and stockings, stood helplessly on the sunlit shore, and with misty eyes gazed hopelessly at his toy yacht drifting out to sea.

"Whit wey dae ye no' wade in efter yer boat?" demanded Macgregor, who for half-an-hour had been envying the owner his pretty craft from a little distance, and who now approached the disconsolate youngster.

The latter glanced at his questioner, but made no reply.

"Gaun! Tak' aff yer shoes an' stockin's quick, or ye'll loss yer boat," said Macgregor, excitedly. He looked about for a rowing-boat which might lend assistance, but none was visible in that quiet part of the bay. "Gaun! Wade!" he repeated. "Are ye feart?"

"Mamma said I wasn't to wade," said the alleged member of the crew of "H.M.S. Valiant."

"Whit wey?"

"She said it was too cold." He gave a sniff of despair as his eyes turned to his toy.

"Ach! It's no' that cauld. I'll wade fur yer boat if ye like."

"Oh!" It was all he could say, but he looked with gratitude at Macgregor, who was already unlacing one of his stout boots.

A minute later Macgregor had rolled his breeches up his bare legs, and checking an exclamation at the first contact with the water, was wading gingerly after the model yacht.

"It's awfu' warm," he remarked, with a shiver. "Don't get your trousers wet," said the other. "Nae fears!" returned Macgregor, stepping into a small depression and soaking several inches of his nether garments. "I'm no' heedim' onywey," he said bravely.

"You can't get it. It's too deep," cried the anxious one on the shore. "Oh, my!"

The exclamation was caused by Macgregor taking a plunge forward, soaking his clothes still further, but grabbing successfully at the boat. Then he turned and waded cautiously to the shore, and presented the owner with his almost lost property, remarking—

"There yer boat. Whit wey did ye no' keep a grup o' the string?"

The other clasped his treasure, and gazed with speechless thankfulness at the deliverer.

"It's a daft-like thing to be sailin' a boat if ye dinna wade," observed Macgregor, sitting down on a rock and proceeding to dry his feet and legs with his bonnet. Suddenly he desisted from the operation, as if struck by an idea, and getting up again said easily—

"I'll help ye to sail yer boat, if ye like."

The other youngster looked doubtful for a moment, for Macgregor's previous remark had offended him somewhat.

"Come on," said Macgregor, with increasing eagerness. "You can be the captain, an' I'll be the sailor. Eh?"

Evidently overcome by the flattering proposal, the owner of the yacht nodded, and allowed the proposer to take the craft from his hands.

"My! It's an unco fine boat!" Macgregor observed admiringly. "Whaur got ye it?"

"Uncle William gave me it," replied the other, beginning to find his tongue, "and it's called the 'Britannia.'"

"The whit?"

"The 'Britannia.'"

"Aw, ay. It's no an awful nice name; but it's a fine boat. I wisht I had as fine a boat. Whit's yer name?" he inquired, wading into the water. "Mimes is Macgregor Robison."

"Charlie Fortune."

"That's a queer-like name. Whaur d'ye come frae?"

Charlie looked puzzled.

"D'ye come frae Glesca? Eh?"

Yes.

"I never seen ye afore. Whaur d'ye bide in Glesca?"

"Kelvinside. Royal Gardens, Kelvinside."

"Aw, ye'll be gentry," said Macgregor, a little scornfully.

"I don't know," said Charlie. "Are ye gentry?"

"Nae fears! I wudna be gentry for onythin'."

Charlie did not quite understand. Presently he asked shyly. "Has your mamma got a house at Rothesay?"

"Naw. But Granpaw Purdie's got a hoose, an' I'm bidin' wi' him. Hoo lang are ye bidin' in Rothesay?"

"Three months."

"My! I wisht I wis you! I'm gaun hame next week. But I'll be back again shin. Granpaw Purdie likes when I'm bidin' wi' him. Thon's him ower thonder." And Macgregor indicated the distant figure of the old man who sat on a flat boulder placidly smoking and reading a morning paper.

Mr. Purdie reminded Charlie of an old gardener occasionally employed by his wealthy father; but the boy made no remark, and Macgregor placed the boat in the water, crying out with delight as her sails caught a light breeze.

"Gang ower to thon rock," commanded Macgregor, forgetting in his excitement that, being the sailor, it was not his place to give orders. "an' I'll gar the boat sail to ye."

Charlie obediently made for a spur of rock that entered the water a few yards, and waited there patiently while his new acquaintance managed the yacht, not perhaps very skilfully, but entirely to his own satisfaction.

"I'm daein' fine, am I no'?" exclaimed Macgregor jubilantly, as he approached the captain, who on his way along the spur had soaked his nice brown shoes in a shallow pool, and who was now crouching on a slippery rock, fearful lest his mother should come down to the shore and catch him.

"I'm daein' fine, am I no'?" repeated Macgregor.

"Yes," returned Charlie, rather dejectedly.

"Weel, I'll tak' the boat ower thonder, an' sail it back to ye again."

"I wish I could sail the boat too," said Charlie.

"But ye canna sail if ye canna get takin' yer bare feet. But never heed. Captains never tak' their bare feet," said Macgregor cheerfully, wading off with the yacht.

He enjoyed himself tremendously for nearly an hour, at the end of which period Charlie announced, a trifle timidly, that it was time for him to go home.

"Will ye be here in the efternune?" inquired Macgregor, leaving the water on bluish feet and relinquishing the "Britannia" with obvious regret.

Charlie shook his head. "I'm going a drive with mamma."

"Are ye gaun in the bus? Granpaw whiles tak's me fur a ride to—"

"Mamma has a carriage," said Charlie, without meaning to offend.

"I thoct ye wis gentry," said Macgregor, with a pitying gaze at Charlie. There was a pause, and then his eyes turned again to the yacht. "Will ye be here the morn'?"

"I don't know," said Charlie, who wasn't sure that he liked Macgregor's manner of speech, but who still felt grateful to him and was also impressed by his sturdiness.

"Ye might try an' come. An' tell yer maw ye want to tak' yer bare feet, an' we'll baith be sailors. Eh?"

"I'll try. Thank you for—saving my boat." "Aw, never heed that. Jist try an' come the morn, an' I'll come early an' build a pier fur the boat to come to."

"I'll try," said Charlie once more, and, with a smile on his small delicate face, he hurried up the beach.

Macgregor warmed his legs on the sunny shingle, and got into his boots and stockings; then rejoined his grandfather, hoping the old man would not notice the damp condition of his breeches.

Mr. Purdie laid down his paper, and smilingly looked over his spectacles at his grandson.

"I see ye've been makin' a new freen', Macgregor. Whit laddie wis thom?"

"Chairlie—I furget his ither name. He lost his boat, an' I tuk ma bare feet an' gaed in an' got it back fur him."

Mr. Purdie beamed with pride and patted the boy's shoulder. "Deed, that wis rare kind o' ye, ma mannie. He wud be gled to get back his boat, an' he wud be obleeged to yersel' fur gettin' it. I'm thinkin' ye deserve a penny," and out came the old man's old purse.

"Thank ye, granpaw. An' then I sailed his boat fur him. He cudna sail it hissel', fur his maw winna let him tak' his bare feet. She maun be an auld daftie!"

"Whisht, Whisht!" said Mr. Purdie, reprovingly. "But whit like is Chairlie?"

"Och, he's gey peely-wally, an' I thing he's gentry; but his boat's an' awfu' fine yin."

"Whit gars ye think he's gentry?"

He bides in Kelvinside, an' his maw rides in a carriage, an' he speaks like Aunt Purdie when she's haein' a party."

At the last reason Mr. Purdie gave a badly suppressed chuckle. "Weel, weel, Macgregor, ye're gettin' on. Ye're the yin to notice things."

"Ay, I'm gey fly, granpaw," said Macgregor.

"But mind an' no' lead Chairlie intil ony mischief, Mr. Purdie went on. "An' yer no' to temp' him to tak' his bare feet if his mither disna want him to dae it. Noo, it's time we wis gaur hame to wur denner. Gi'e's yer 'aun', ma mannie."

Next day, when Macgregor had almost given up hope, and stood disconsolately eyeing the pier he had constructed as promised, Charlie arrived, panting, with the "Britannia" in his arms.

"I thoct ye wisna comin'," said Macgregor.

"Mamma didn't want me to play on the shore to-day."

"Whit wey?"

"I don't know."

"Did ye rin awa' frae her the noo?"

"No; but Uncle William came in, and he asked her for me, and then she said I could go for half-an-hour. But Im not to get wading."

"Are ye no'? I wudna like to be you," said Macgregor, dabbling his already bare feet in the water. "Weel, ye can be the man on the pier. Some o' the stanes is a wee thing shoogly, but ye'll jist ha'e to luk whaur ye pit yer feet, Charlie."

Charlie, after a little hesitation, walked gingerly down the narrow passage of loose stones which terminated with a large flat one, where he found a fairly sure foothold.

"That's it!" cried Macgregor, wading out from shore till the water was within half an inch of his clothing. "Ye're jist like a pier man."

Charlie was so gratified that he nearly fell off his perch. Very cautiously he placed his model afloat, and the wind carried it out to sea, Macgregor moving along so as to intercept it.

Macgregor wanted to have the "Britannia" sail back to its owner, but the mystery of navigation was too much for him, so he carried it to Charlie, who set it off again.

After all, it wasn't such bad fun being a pier man, and in about ten minutes the youngsters were as friendly as could be. And they spent a glorious hour and a quarter.

"Will ye be the morn'?" asked Macgregor, when his new chum said, rather fearfully, that he must depart.

"Yes." There was a flush on Charlie's face that ought to have done his mother good to see. "Yes," he repeated, eagerly, "And I'll bring my other boat."

"My! Ha'e ye anither boat, Charlie?"

Charlie nodded. "Not as big as the 'Britannia,'" he said. He smiled shyly at his friend. "I—I'm going to give it to you, Macgregor," he stammered, pronouncing the name as he had it from its owner.

"Ach, ye're jist sayin' that!" cried Macgregor, overcome with astonishment.

"Really and truly," said Charlie.

"Ye—ye're faur ower kind," whispered Macgregor, fairly at a loss for once in his little life. He did not know that Charlie had never had a real boy companion, for Charlie, between his clever father, his would-be "fashionable" mother, and his plaintive tutor, was being brought up to be a "gentleman," and nothing more.

Feeling and looking more awkward and awkward, Charlie took the liberty of touching Macgregor's arm between the wrist and the elbow.

"Please take the boat," he murmured.

Macgregor fumbled in his pocket. "I'll gi'e ye ma penny," he said, producing it.

But Charlie drew back, and somehow Macgregor understood he had done something stupid.

Charlie, with a poor smile, ran off, and Macgregor, after a curious gaze after him, resumed his boots and stockings.

The day following was wet as it can be on the west coast of Scotland, and in spite of Macgregor's open yearning for his new toy, his grandparents would not allow him out of doors.

"Maybe Chairlie'll be there wi' ma boat," he pleaded.

But Granpaw Purdie gently said: "It's no' vera

## BOOK CHAT.

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## "SIMPLE LIFE" LITERATURE.

The present revival of an ideal long-cherished amongst civilised man, especially when society has been more than usually artificial in one direction or another—that ideal, to wit, which has recently become a household phrase as "the simple life"—is naturally represented by its own literature, a literature which at the outset encouraged its growth, and which is now increasing perhaps even more rapidly than the movement itself. Several well-produced interesting sixpenny and threepenny brochures have, for instance, been published by Mr. A. C. Fifield, London, under the title of "The Simple Life Series." One of the most attractive of these is "Edward Carpenter: the Man and his Message," by Tom Swan. It is a pleasantly written sketch of the life, work, philosophy, and social and ethical teaching of an interesting character, at once poet, mystic, and Socialist, by one who is evidently an ardent disciple. Carpenter was in his young days not only fellow of his college at Cambridge, but also in holy orders in association with Frederick Denison Maurice; but, having thrown up his fellowship and broken from the Church, he threw himself with self-sacrificing zeal into the Socialist movement, living amongst the people in the slums of our great cities, speaking at street corners, and doing everything possible to promote the Socialist propaganda and the cause of social salvation. He also found time for travel, especially in the East, in order to make first-hand acquaintance with the ancient Wisdom-religion of India, and to enjoy close friendship with some of the greatest Oriental pundits and sages of the day. His best-known work is "Towards Democracy"; but he has also written many essays and poems, besides an account of his experiences in the East—"From Adam's Peak to Elephanta." "His writings," says Mr. Swan, "range from the smoke nuisance to the meaning of life; from market gardening (it seems that he cultivates his own plot on the borders of Sheffield) to the immortality of the soul." "Other men," says Mr. Swan again, "may specialise, some becoming land nationalisers, vegetarians, rationalists, religionists, educationalists, or political reformers. Carpenter embraces all of these and more. In him we have personified all the best characteristics of our race and time—a period made illustrious by the fact that the claims not only of men, women, and children, but of all the animal kingdom, are beginning to be recognised." His "philosophy," notably his mystical interpretation of the evolution of the human soul "from its tiny, spark-like germ in the lowest form of life," his "message to the individual," and his "message to society," are all sympathetically set forth by Mr. Swan, whence we gather that mankind, having literally descended into hell and sounded the depths of alienation from its own divine spirit, is now turning its face towards the communal life near to nature, towards a time when "mutual help and combination will have become spontaneous and instinctive: each man contributing to the service of his neighbour as inevitably and naturally as the right hand goes to help the left in the human body—and for precisely the same reason. Every man—think of it!—will do the work which he likes, which he desires to do, which is obviously before him to do, and which he knows will be useful—without thought of wages or reward; and the reward will come to him as inevitably and naturally as in the human body the blood flows to the member which is exerting itself." Edward Carpenter is evidently a man of boundless faith in the ultimate triumph of the ideals which he cherishes. The little book contains many quotations, not only from him, but also from dear old Walt Whitman, a forerunner and a kindred spirit; and it is embellished with several good portraits of Carpenter.—Another interesting booklet in the same series is "The Rustic Renaissance," by Godfrey Blount, author of "The Science of Symbols," "Arbor Vita," etc. This is an eloquent plea for utility in art, for the true work of "ploughman and potter" and the "manufacture" (in its literal sense of hand-making) of the things we actually require, as opposed to the useless possessions with which we encumber ourselves, "by hammer and hand." It is equally a passionate protest against the growing complexity of that machinery which is dispensing with the labour of mankind.—"The Religious Education of Helen Keller" is an account of the mental awakening and development of a blind, deaf, and dumb girl. It is a touching as well as an interesting story; and Helen is claimed by her kind tutors as a "living negation of the doctrine of total de-

pravity and a positive confirmation of the ethics of Confucius" with regard to the natural goodness of human nature.—Another work published in the same series is Edmund Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society," a classic which, though its pedantic reasoning has been much criticised, well repays perusal for its literary and historical interest, as well as for the fact that it is written in Burke's most glowing style.

## THE MAGAZINES.

The personal note predominates in the December number of the "Sunday at Home." George Macdonald, the Rev. Samuel Green, and the president of the Wesleyan Conference (the Rev. Charles H. Kelly) are the subjects of three of its special articles; while Mr. David Williamson treats of a number of our most eminent modern preachers in a well-illustrated article entitled "Preachers I have heard." Literature and topography are pleasantly combined by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, who, under the title of "A Stevenson Pilgrimage," describes a journey through Belgium and Northern France along the route of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Inland Voyage." The frontispiece is a reproduction of the masterpiece of the Hungarian painter Munkacsy, "Christ before Pilate," and the picture is accompanied by an analysis of its composition and meaning by the Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A. There are also excellent short and serial stories, the latter being respectively by S. R. Crockett and Amy Le Feuvre.—The "Boy's Own Paper" and the "Girl's Own Paper" are this month accompanied by attractive Christmas numbers. For the boys there are tales of adventure galore, interspersed with papers on sport, travel, and the various "hobbies" of the day, while the extra number boasts of three gorgeous coloured plates. For the girls, there are the usual stories, short and serial, with useful articles on cookery and nursing, as well as others of general interest. The Christmas number contains a long complete story by Tracy Trewer.

The most interesting article in this month's "Cornhill" is Capt. von Herbert's account of his recent visit to Plevna. As a young man the writer endured the terrible siege with Osman Pasha's forces, and the reminiscences aroused by scenes so touchingly associated with past sufferings and mental impressions are realistically set forth. Another contribution dealing with famous battle scenes, though from the point of view of the historical military critic, is Lieut.-Colonel Picquart's able explanation of the factors involved in the battle of Austerlitz apropos of the centenary of the greatest of Napoleon's achievements. Colonel Picquart attributes much of Napoleon's devouring activity on the Continent to the fact that Great Britain had hopelessly beaten him at sea; and he seems to fear that should Germany become involved in a war with Great Britain that history would, in a sense, repeat itself, viz. that the German militarists would endeavour to take their revenge for inevitable disasters at sea by attacking their inoffensive neighbours. He therefore fears that, in the event of an Anglo-German war, the whole of Europe would be plunged into a series of campaigns excelling in magnitude those of Napoleon and his rivals. By way of relief to the pessimism of the French writer, the Rev. Canon Beeching, editor of the literary remains of Canon Ainger, gives some delicious instances of unconscious humour by candidates in examinations in English literature; but it must be said that many of these "howlers," especially those which are chiefly due to really clever attempts to cover ignorance of matters which might very well be left to take care of themselves in encyclopædias and dictionaries of quotations, are the natural sequel to the stupid questions usually set by the average examiner. The serial features, notably "Q's" tale, the Diplomatist's Reminiscences of St. Petersburg prior to the Crimean War, and "From a College Window," well maintain their interest; and some of the short articles and stories have a suitable Christmas flavour.

## WANTED—SIMPLE MUSIC.

Simplicity in music is not deserving of a sneer, but of unreserved congratulation. We want very much more smooth, melodious music in these days, and very much less of that overwrought, hysterical raging and tearing which the Richard Strauss school has loosened upon us.—"The Bystander."

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The intrinsic value of the present bronze penny is less than one farthing.

likely"; and Granmaw Purdie remarked: "Ye wud jist yet yer daith o' cauld, ma dearie."

But the morning after broke brilliantly—too brilliantly perhaps to last.

At ten o'clock Mr. Purdie was sitting on his favourite rock, his pipe in his mouth, his specs on his nose, and his newspaper before him. "I wud like to come an' see yer fren' Charlie," he had said, when his grandson left him; "I like weans that's kind til ither weans." And Macgregor had promised to wave a signal when Charlie came with the boats. (Mr. Purdie had filled his pockets with sweets for the occasion).

Macgregor reached the appointed place, which seemed so familiar, although it was only his third visit, and, his friend not being in sight, proceeded to repair the pier which several tides had somewhat disarranged.

He became so busy and so interested that he did not hear the sound of flying feet until they were close upon him. Then he rose from his stooping posture, and beheld Charlie with a beautiful—such a beautiful—little boat in his arms.

"Here's your boat, Macgregor!" gasped Charlie.

"My!" cried Macgregor, taking it. "Oh, Charlie, ye're awfu—"

"Mamma said I wasn't to play with you any more; but—but I ran away, and—"

"Whit wey?"

Charlie shook his head. "I like you," he panted. "I never had another little boy to—to play with. I—"

"Charlie, come here at once!"

"Good-bye, MacGregor," said Charlie, and, turning, ran some fifty yards to the elegantly-dressed lady who had called him.

"She's gentry," said Macgregor to himself; but he, of course, did not hear her say crossly to Charlie: "What do you mean by speaking to that horrid boy after I told you never to speak to him again?"

Macgregor, after waiting awhile in the hope that Charlie would return, hastened towards his grandfather to exhibit his prize, but as he proceeded his pace slackened.

"Ye've got yer boat, Macgregor!" the old man exclaimed. "Dod, but it's a bonny boat! It wis unco kind o' Charlie to gie ye that. Bless the laddie. But whit wey did ye no' wave on me? Eh? Is Charlie waiting' over thonder?"

Macgregor laid his boat on the ground. "Charlie ran awa'. He said his maw didna want him to play wi' me ony mair. Granpaw, whit wey?"

"Whit's that ye're saying, Macgregor?"

"Charlie said his maw didna want him to play wi' me ony mair. I think she's gentry. She's an auld footer. I like Charlie."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Purdie, suddenly. Then he uttered several words wildly.

Macgregor gasped. Never before had he heard his grandfather use such words.

But a quarter of an hour later he was sailing his boat—how well it sailed!—with love in his young heart for Charlie Fortune.

## CHANGE IN LADY NOVELISTS.

It would be difficult indeed to name a novel by a lady which allows for other interests in the world than love and marriage. In the past it used to be that the hero and heroine had their quarrels and misunderstandings in the first twenty-three chapters, and got married in the twenty-fourth, to "live happily ever after." But now the fashion seems to be to get them married in the first chapter, and let them live unhappily for the remainder; or, at most, to have the couples re-arranged and re-married differently at the end.—"The Bystander."

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## THE MODEL TOYMAKER.

Why should toymaking be a foreign or even an East End industry only? Our artisans and working people of all sorts flock to London; if we could but persuade them that many industries can be carried on equally well in the country, where living is cheaper, we should have done a great deal towards solving a difficult problem. Toymaking is a trade which would be no disgrace to the best-planned garden city, and is eminently suited to rural districts; but it is an art, and as such deserves special attention; for it remains a fact, violently as some people deny it, that in this country the so-called skilled workman is not always skilled, and defective training is answerable for a good deal of his misfortune.—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."



THE CABMAN'S SHELTER.

By W. C. YARCOTT.



**PITTVILLE PARK DRAMA.**  
MOTHER AND CHILDREN SAVED FROM DROWNING.  
THEIR RESCUER—MR. T. B. STEWART.

FAMOUS RACONTEURS.

Writing in the Christmas number of "Pearson's Magazine," Mr. Harry Furniss has collected together a lot of stories and witticisms of the most famous raconteurs of the past few years. We have an idea that he has also added a few stories of his own, but for these and for his pictures we are only too thankful.

Mr. Furniss gives the following excellent example of Scotch humour:—

The bearish Lord Chancellor Eldon, the terror of the Bar of his day, had a passage of words with John Clerk, the celebrated Scotch advocate, who was pleading before him, and had pronounced several times the word 'enow' for enough.

"The Chancellor drily remarked: 'Mr. Clerk, in England we sound the *ougn* as *uff—enuff*, not *enow*.'

"'Verra weel, ma Lord,' continued the self-possessed pleader, 'of this we have said enuff; and I come, ma Lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, ma Lord, into what in England would be called pluff-land; a pluff-land being as much land as a pluffman can pluff in one day and pluff-men—'

"'But his lordship could withstand the ready repartee no longer, and burst into a laugh that shook the woosack, saying: 'Pray proceed, Mr. Clerk, we know *enow* of Scotch to understand your argument.'

"There is a great art in choosing the time for a story. Edmund Yates, of 'The World,' was a raconteur of the first water. But he had an unfortunate experience once that I shall not forget. It was at a small dinner party in the house of a man who had been celebrated for many years for well-selected company. One night, however, the

company was not well selected. The conversation turned on physiological subjects. The dinner was a failure.

Edmund Yates sat through it all, till just before we adjourned to the smoking-room. Then he let off, a propos of nothing, three stories. In the slight laughter that followed we walked out. It was a painful moment, for it was so evident that he had come prepared, and was determined, in spite of not having any chance, to let us have his stories somehow.

"In our day Mr. W. S. Gilbert stands alone in his satire; both in his writings, and, as a worthy follower of Douglas Jerrold, in conversation.

"A specimen of his biting satire was his well-known remark to the editor of a humorous paper, who said at dinner, 'Oh, yes, we get hundreds of jokes sent to the office every week.'

"'Then why the dickens don't you print some of them?' said Gilbert."

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STAGGERING RICHES.

With respect to the statement that Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's income for the present year is estimated at £8,000,000 and that his fortune amounts to £100,000,000, it is worthy of note that the millionaire has declared himself unable to state, within several millions, the total of his enormous wealth. Mr. Rockefeller's wealth is growing at the rate of about £15 per minute, and it has been estimated that he could pay the incomes of kings and emperors and pay off national debts every year, without encroaching upon his capital at all. A Kansas paper has published a calculation showing that in 1927 he would be worth about £655,000,000.

It was two o'clock in the morning; and raining. The light from the lamp-post made a misty yellow circle embracing the notice that here was standing room for sixteen hackney carriages; the table of distances and fares; and the head and shoulders of a steaming wet and most disconsolate horse attached to the shafts of an ancient four-wheeler. Behind this showed the lights of two other growlers and a hansom.

Inside the cabman's shelter it was warm and pleasant, and the four drivers were quite comfortable. One of them, known to his friends and admirers as "Potty," was observing indignantly: 'S'elp me! I druv 'im three mile an' 'e offered me one-an'-eightpence.'

"An' wot did you do?" asked Ginger Bates, sympathetic, and anxious for the credit of his calling.

"Do! I asked im, as perlutely as my feelin' would let me, 'e could direct me to the nearest work'ouse, as I was goin' to retire."

"An' wot did 'e say?"

"'E sed 'e'd take my number."

"An' wot did you say?"

"Say! I sed to 'im—"

The entrance of another driver, doffing his dripping cape, and swearing with the enthusiasm of one who realises that he has a reputation to maintain, interrupted the speaker, and Potty's observations to his one-and-eightpenny fare are lost to posterity; which is rather fortunate.

Yus! said the new-comer. "It is wet; bloomin' wet. I'll 'ave a steak an' a cup o' coffee."

"Wot luck, Bill?" inquired Ginger.

"'Orrid! Five bob in four hours. Ugh! 'Urry up with that coffee."

"An' then they say we ought to 'ave tanner fares," remarked Ginger with disgust.

"I tell you wot it is," said Potty. "I can tell you wot's acrushin' us down an' down an' doin' us out of a livin'. Its 'lectricity!"

"It's wot?"

"It's 'lectricity! Wot with 'lectric trains an' 'lectric trans an' 'lectric motor-cars, I can see we'll soon 'ave to sell the gees for catsmeat an' start aturnin' wheel's drove by paraffin or wot-ever it is makes that 'orrible smell."

"That's a fac'," agreed Bill, poisoning a section of steak between plate and mouth. "If I could get 'old of the bloke wot invented 'lectricity an' 'ave 'im in the yard for ten minutes, I'd drive my mother-in-law about free for a month. 'lectricity's beastly, an' ought to be put a stop to."

"I dunno!" observed an old man with a purple face. "'lectricity ain't altogether bad. It's done some good. Why! it saved my life once."

"Yus! but 'as it done any good?" said Potty.

"'Wot?" The old man evinced a strong desire to assault Potty.

"Don't take no notice of 'im, cockie," said Bill, soothingly. "Treat 'im with silent contempt—silent contempt!" He repeated the last words with a certain relish. "'Any'ow, tell us 'ow it saved your life."

"All right," said the old man, fixing a severe glance on Potty. "When I was young I was as andsome a feller as you'd see in a day's march."

"'Ow people do change, remarked Potty to the ceiling.

"They do," agreed the old man. "So p'raps there's a chance of you bein' quite good-lookin' before you die."

He paused to let the retort sink in, and then resumed.

"As I was sayin' when somethin' interrupted me, I was as 'andsome a young feller as you'd see in a day's march—"

"A day's march in the Sahara Desert," commented Potty, who seemed to think he had a grievance.

"Am I to tell this story, or ain't I?" demanded the old man of the others.

"Yus! go on," said Ginger. "You shut up, Potty. Don't try to improve on nature by makin' yourself a bigger ijliot than you are."

Well!" continued the old man, "as I was sayin', I was as 'andsome a feller as—"

He broke off abruptly and looked stonily at Potty, who had placed his head on the table and groaned.

"You'd better go outside if you feel ill," he observed coldly. "Well! bein' so 'andsome, I



used to cut a very smart figure on the box, an' there was a young woman in service at Bayswater as I used to drive to the big shops whenever 'er missis sent 'er there. She was a favourite with the missis, who always told 'er to take a cab; and this young woman fell in love with me. 'Ad a soft spot in 'er heart for yours truly. See."

"In 'er ead, more like," murmured Potty, but the old man was oblivious to it. His eyes were fixed on vacancy with a reminiscent stare. The audience respect'ed his emotion for five seconds. Then Bill remarked reproachfully:—

"You might say good-night before you go to sleep, cockie."

The old man started. "Sorry!" he said, apologetically. "I was lost in dreams."

"Lost, was you?" said Potty. "Bill, wojer want to wake 'im for?"

"Shut up," admonished Bill, and requested the old man to continue his tale.

"Well! you mustn't interrupt' so I was alrigh in those days. This young woman 'an me got on very well together, an' once or twice I took 'er to the play at the Surrey. Real good blood and thunder .. was too. Ah! you never see them sort now like they was then. Well! one night we was takin a little supper near by, and she quite upset me by sayin' as 'er missis 'ad taken a 'ouse in the country 'an they was goin' down there for six weeks. Well! I couldn't bear the idea of not seein' 'er for six weeks, so I sed as I'd go down an' stay near where she was for a fortnight in the middle o' the six weeks. Yus! I was very like then wot Potty is now. Light-footed, light-eared, an' a bit light-eaded—"

"Wot?" said Potty, but the old man took no notice.

An' I 'ad the lightest touch with the w'ip you ever seed. Why, my ol' gee never wanted a sun-bonnet in the 'ottest weather. I used to make the w'ip circle round an' round over 'is 'ead, an' it kep' the air as cool as ice. That ol' gee used to fairly enjoy the 'ot weather. Many a time when we was agoin' along 'e'd 'alf turn 'is ol' nose round' to me, so as I could flick the flies off for 'im.

"Old on!" said the other old man who had not previously spoken. "D'you call that a light touch? My ol' pal Joe Brown, wot died twenty years ago, 'e could 'ave shown you somethin' with the w'ip. I once saw 'im get 'is w'ip and tickle a fly wot 'ad gone to sleep on 'is gee's back till that fly fairly smiled with pleasure."

There was obvious disbelief in the silence that greeted this remarkable statement, so he hastened to place it in a more favourable light.

"Of course," he explained, "it wasn't an ordinary small fly. It was a bluebottle."

Lumme!" exclaimed Bill. "I'll 'ave another cup o' coffee. Wot about that 'lectricity tale?"

"I'm tryin' to tell you, only you will keep on interruptin'," said the original tale-teller.

"Well! as it was the summer an' the place she 'ad gone to was only in Essex, I thought I'd walk down, instead of goin' by train. So I set out one fine Monday mornin' as 'appy as a bird. I soon lef' London be'ind, bein', as I said, a bit light-footed, an' I went awalkin' on an' on, an' I got fairly out in the green fields and country roads, an' about the middle of the afternoon I went to a little pub an' 'ad some bread an' cheese, an' I felt a treat.

"Well! I 'ad a glass o' beer with the landlord. 'E was a very nice chap, too; only 'as face spoiled 'im. 'e would 'ave seemed more natural-like on a monkey. I never *did* see such a face before or since until—"

He paused effectively, and looked carefully at Potty. "Well! I never see such a face *before* I met that landlord."

There was an undue emphasis on the "before" that vastly irritated Potty, but he could think of no retort that seemed to be suitable; so the old man went on, with a trace of triumph in his tones.

"This landlord told me to take a short cut across some fields, which I could save a couple o' miles, so I went that way. An' I'd just got a mile from anywhere when it started rainin'. Well! I turned up my collar an' stepped out a bit faster, though I didn't think it 'ud be much, but inside o' three minutes it came down like one o'clock. Just like it is now."

He paused that the others might listen to the rain beating on the roof. The interlude was quite dramatic, and he resumed amid expectant silence.

"Presently I spotted a sort of barn in the middle of a field, so I picked up my legs an' made a run for it. The door was fastened with a latch, so I lifted that and pulled the door towards me. It opened outwards. See?



COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT ANDOVERSFORD, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

"Well! I'd no sooner got it open than I sees the ugliest and fiercest-looking bulldog I ever set eyes on. 'E stood in the doorway an' looked at me, an' I looked at 'im. I don't mind a decent dog like that when he knows me an' I know 'im, but I didn't know this one at all, an' 'e looked the most unsocialist critter on earth. Well! I 'opped back a bit, so there was a few yards between us. I 'ad a thick walkin' stick with a 'ook 'andle, an' I took 'old of it very tight. I s'pose 'e thought I was goin' to 'it 'im, so 'e came for me open-mouthed.

There was a tree about fifty yards away, an' I thought I'd go an' see wot wood it was made of; an' as it was rainin' so, I thought I'd run. The bulldog, 'e ran too, but I got there fust, an' dodged round that tree like a flash. I thought I'd be able to get round an' 'alf way to the barn again before 'e could stop 'isself, but 'e was on me before I'd got ten yards towards the barn.

"I turned round suddenly, an' as 'e came I shoved my stick out in front of me, an' 'e gripped the end 'ard. Well, now, when a good bulldog gets 'is jaws shut on anything 'e'll 'ang on till 'e busts, an' I knew that very well. So I got 'old o' my end very tight, an' puttin' out all my strength I swung 'im round an' round my 'ead, an' with a tremenjus effort I chucked 'im up into that tree. The 'ooked 'andle of the stick caught in one of the branches an' there it 'ung with the dog 'oldin' on like grim death.

"Well! I stood stock still with amazement. I couldn't 'ave moved if you'd offered me a quid; I was that astonished. I knew 'e couldn't 'ang on for ever, an' u'd come an' pretty nigh kill me directly 'e dropped, but, as I said, I simply couldn't move."

The old man stopped and filled his pipe, slowly and deliberately. The others were all gazing earnestly at him, but he made no attempt to resume the thrilling story.

"Well! wot 'appened?" enquired Bill, finally. "An' wot's 'lectricity got to do with it?"

"Oh! 'lectricity? Why! all of a sudden there was a terrific flash o' lightning came out o' the sky, and nex' thing I knew the tree was all on fire, an' the bulldog was lyn' dead underneath. Lightnin's 'lectricity, you know!"

There was a long silence when the old man finished, and he fixed his eyes on vacancy, while the others looked at each other. Presently Ginger gave a sigh and observed:

"Yus! 'lectricity is a wonderful thing. I 'ear they 'ang people by it now in America. Wot they call 'lectrocute 'em."

"Is that so?" said the old man eagerly, and a spasm of hope crossed his face. "Why don't you go there, Potty?"

"Me!" exclaimed Potty indignantly. "Wot for?"

"Oh, nothin'—nothin'," said the old man, and the hope in his eyes died away.

ROMANCE IN THE AUCTION-ROOM.

Everyone has felt a certain thrill when present at a big auction sale; there is an indefinable romance about the most humdrum transaction if gone through with to the accompaniment of the auctioneer's hammer. In stories of famous sales which appear in the Christmas number of "Pearson's Magazine" this romance is well shown. No auction sale had more of romance in it than that at which Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire was sold. We quote an account of this extraordinary affair from the article in "Pearson's": "A famous sale in auction annals was that of the Wynn Ellis collection, in May, 1876, for at it the celebrated portrait of Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, by Gainsborough, fetched 10,100 guineas. A few days later London was petrified with astonishment to learn that the picture had been stolen from the rooms of its purchaser, Mr. Agnew, of Old Bond-street, having been cut out of the frame during the night. A reward of £1,000 was offered, and for many years police investigations went on, but without success. The following year a portrait purporting to be 'The original and famous portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire' was exhibited, but found to be an impudent fraud. Other so-called originals have made their appearance from time to time, but only last year the picture itself made a dramatic reappearance in London. It had, it seems, been stolen by Adam Worth, an American professional criminal, who has since died in England. The robbery was carried out under cover of a London fog, and was not undertaken for the purpose of making money, but to induce Mr. Agnew to go bail for one of Worth's burglar friends, who was under arrest in Paris. The picture was nailed into the false bottom of a trunk and smuggled to America. The hue and cry prevented Worth from coming forward, but eventually, through the mediation of two men named Pat Sheedy and Robert Pinkerton, the painting was restored to the Agnew family. Mr. Agnew eventually sold it to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, in whose possession it now remains, for the sum of £40,000."

It is worth noting that Mr. Morgan also possesses the following art treasures, the prices appended being what he paid in each case:

Raphael's Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua .....	£100,000
Van Eyck Gothic tapestry .....	100,000
Fragonard panels painted for Madame du Barri .....	70,000
Four tapestries after Boucher .....	80,000
Gainsborough's "stolen" Duchess .....	40,000
Guilimano silver collection .....	60,000
Mannheim collection of majolica .....	90,000
The Limoges Triptych, by Nadan Feni-cauld .....	20,000
Garland porcelain collection .....	150,000
Landscape by Hobbema .....	50,000

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I am glad to find that the form of the proposed memorial to Bishop Ellicott in Gloucester Cathedral is not yet definitely settled upon. The "small meeting" which the Earl of Ducie modestly says he called to consider the subject was, I know, of a highly influential character, and this assembly wisely decided to cut their coat according to their cloth, i.e. to first get in the funds. Although a costly pulpit was the object generally favoured—a statue or a recumbent effigy of the late Bishop being objected to because he was not buried in the Cathedral—I still hope that a counterfeit presentment of the great scholar prelate in the shape of a bust may be selected and find place, say in juxtaposition to the pulpit, and a tablet recording his long episcopacy and his beneficent labours as a bibliast. A most encouraging commencement has been made, upwards of £150 having been promised towards a memorial.

The paragraph in the "Echo" stating that "On the high road between Cirencester and Fairford there is a public-house called 'The Three Magpies,' and a late landlord was named Arthur Sparrow, and he married a Miss Thrush," reminds me of an extraordinary conjunction of names, also in the ornithological line, that happened in Gloucester a few years ago. Then, Mr. E. Nest, an old-established bookseller and stationer, of Westgate-street, sold his business to Messrs. Partridge and Robins, who carried it on for some time. And in the neighbouring town of Stroud some years ago three taverns in close proximity to one another had as landlords, the Greyhound Dame! Darke, the Golden Heart one Allday, and the Green Dragon Robert Knight. And a former landlord of the Talbot Inn, Gloucester, was Mr. Fright, while his next-door neighbour was Mr. Fear, cooper, and it used to be rightly said that "Fear and Fright naturally went together." The occupants of three adjoining premises in Northgate-street were Messrs. Long, Short, and Round. And I might give other curious examples of nomenclature.

One month of the hunting season proper has already passed by, and it has been an eventful period. It is true that a great number of foxes have not been killed, but some good runs have occurred. For instance, the Cotswold had one of seventy minutes on the opening day; two, of seventy and ninety minutes respectively, the latter with a kill, on the 2nd; and another of nearly two hours, chiefly in the North Cotswold country, on the 24th. The Ledbury had a grand hunt, on the 24th, of ninety-five minutes to Pendock, where the fox got to ground, but was subsequently assisted to his doom by a terrier. At least on two occasions the Heythrop and North Cotswold have clashed in runs, and joined forces once. On the opening day of the Duke of Beaufort's a fine two-hours' gallop, with a seven-mile point, was forthcoming. The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) had a remarkable run on the 24th, covering a nine-mile point and traversing both the Duke's and Mr. Butt Miller's countries, and the pace led to the death of no fewer than three horses. Hunting out of the ordinary run has been organised with dogs in quest of a mysterious animal that has been preying upon sheep and blood-sucking them to death in the Badminton country. And there have, unfortunately, been a more than usually plentiful crop of human casualties. A groom named Dunningham died from the effects of a fall when out with Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds at Olveston; the Master of the North Cotswold has been laid up with a sprained ankle, and Charlie Beacham, the first whip of the Cotswold, with the cup of his shoulder badly fractured; while Mr. Craig and Mr. Barnett have both met with bad accidents when hunting with Lord Bathurst's pack. GLEANER.

In the city of Marseilles there used to be kept, by public authority, a ready-prepared poisonous draught, to be administered to any person who could prove to the satisfaction of the supreme council that he had good reason for ending his life.

AUTUMN CROCUSES.

Autumn crocuses are invaluable flowers for giving colour at a season of the year when the majority of plants have passed out of bloom. Some of them are well adapted for naturalising in grass, like *C. speciosus*, a mass of which in flower makes an effective picture towards the end of September or beginning of October, with their delicately-veined purple-blue flowers, set off by the orange-coloured anthers. When grown in a border it is advantageous to have a carpeting of some low-growing plant which does not grow too thick, and will set off the flowers which appear before the leaves. The whole crocus family is comprised of a number of kinds which will give a succession of bloom from August, when those of the autumn section start flowering through the winter and spring.

The culture of the crocus is very simple, as any light garden soil suits the bulbs. Their main requirements are sun and shelter from cutting winds. Shelter from rain in the form of a bell-glass, or lights for the rarer kinds would be an advantage in many places. The corms should be planted as early as possible to allow for the formation of roots before the flowers are produced, and autumn-flowering crocuses should be in the ground in July. They should not be planted deeply, some growers barely covering the corms with soil, but about 2 inches below the surface is a suitable depth to plant.—"The Garden."

A "WALKING FERN."

*Adiantum caudatum ciliatum* is so called on account of the production of new fronds on the ends of the old ones, which in their turn take root and send out others. This prolific growth goes on indefinitely, and enables the plant to cover a considerable space in a short time. It is a charming plant for a hanging basket, and when well grown will continue to produce a wealth of its graceful pale green fronds, forming a specimen 3ft. or more in depth. To grow the plant well it requires the temperature of the stove-or intermediate house, and if cut back to the older fronds in early spring and repotted in good loam and leaf-soil it will in a few weeks make fresh young growths. These produce a quantity of offsets, and form a fine specimen by the middle of the summer.—"The Garden."

QUEEN AND BEGGAR.

The Queen's philanthropy is a by-word to the nation, but of her private charity very little, naturally, is heard. Some time ago she received a piteous letter from a woman in the East End of London, something which immediately made successful appeal to the royal sympathy. The Queen sent for her chaplain, and informed him that she intended to send the woman £10. Her chaplain, however, persuaded her to allow him to at least make a cursory investigation into the case, and he at once wired to the vicar of the begging-letter writer's parish asking for a verification of the woman's tale of woe. A reply came by return and to the effect that the woman was a well-known fraud and an adept at her sorry trade of imposing on the charity of the tender-hearted. The chaplain took the telegram at once to the Queen, intimating that of course her Majesty would rescind her decision of sending £10; but, oh, the refreshing uncertainty of woman! the Queen merely said, "Very well, I will send her £5." And send it she did.—"The Bystander."

Thirty-two knots an hour is the highest speed ever attained by a torpedo-catcher, and this, of course, is the record for all craft. This speed, however, was only maintained over a single knot.

HOW THE MASSES ARE REACHED.

Revival missions have been greatly to the fore lately, and there is an article in the Christmas number of "Pearson's Magazine" in which famous missionaries themselves describe their methods in appealing to the masses. Among those contributing their ideas on this subject are the Rev. W. Carlile, General Booth, Father Ignatius, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Dr. Torrey, and Mr. Charles Alexander. We quote a few words from what Rev. W. Carlile has written:—

"It has been my endeavour," he says, "to carry the Gospel to the masses rather than to wait for them to come to hear it. In these days, more almost than in any former time, it is necessary to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. It is for this reason that, in connection with the services at St. Mary-at-Hill and with Church Army missions, free use is made of open-air processions. Men, women, and children are attracted by the white-robed procession, and by the music of instrument and voice, and the crowd follows to gaze and wonder. Then it is no hard task to gather them into the church or mission-hall and compel them to hear."

"For the same reason I employ all lawful means of bringing the Gospel to bear on their minds. Our ancestors knew well the importance of teaching through the eye as well as through the ear, by means of stained glass, of mural paintings, and of mystery plays; and if they had been fortunate enough to possess magic-lanterns in the old days I have no doubt that they would have made as free use of them as we do."

"Or, again, if a monsterphone in the course of a service will compel men to listen, why not make use of this means also? The words spoken are not less words of truth because they are reproduced by a machine, instead of coming immediately from the mouth, and if they reach the heart of the hearer more readily in this way I am quite content to employ it."

"I would stand on my head in the pulpit if by so doing I could save one soul. This is but another way of saying, with the Apostle, 'I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.' I am prepared to be a fisher of men by every means. 'Doll Sunday,' 'Egg Sunday,' 'Plum-pudding Sunday,' and similar occasions will get men to church, and induce them at one stroke to hear the Gospel and to give of their substance to the poor, and I am unaware of any valid objection to the employment of such methods."

"I endeavour to speak to hearers as one of themselves, using language that they understand. Even experienced missionaries often lose sight of the fact, I think, that in using language of religion and devotion, familiar to themselves as household words, they are speaking in a foreign tongue just as much as if it were Latin or Greek."

"I select familiar, every-day topics as parables for my discourses, and it requires no very great exercise of ingenuity to draw Gospel teaching from any subject that may be chosen. Thus, I remember being once blamed for selecting 'Jumbo's Broken Heart' as the theme for a sermon, this subject being just then in all men's mouths. As I pointed out at the time, after a very few words of introduction, 'Jumbo' was cast aside, and the attention of the vast congregation was drawn to the loving heart of Jesus, broken for our sins."

"The common people came gladly to hear about an elephant, when the announcement of an ordinary sermon would have appealed to them in vain; and, having gathered them in, I could speak to them of more worthy and important matters, still based upon the illustration."

TROUBLES OF THE CALLER.

Calling is eminently unsatisfactory. If I like a person I want to have a long chat with her, not to jump up again in twenty minutes in search of someone else. I like to be asked to take off my jacket; to have a plate for tea and put my feet on the fender, if I feel so disposed. I like the other people in the room to be on about the same terms of intimacy with myself and each other—not to find myself in an apartment and see scattered there promiscuously my best friend, my worst enemy, a family I met for the first time last week, and three other people I never saw in my life before.—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."

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ARTISTIC & GENERAL

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AT THE . . .

"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS

## "Selina Jenkins"

AT THE PALESTINE EXHIBITION.

"I think," ses Amos, "we'll go hup and 'ave a look at this 'ere Jeroosalem expedition, Selina," he ses; "its only 6d. after 6 p.m. in the hevenin', and a very good expedition, too, so I hears, wich it's wonderful wot times we lives in, with all they 'Ebrew paterarks brought rite to our very dore, as you mite say, at 6d. per head, and speshull terms for schools and sich-like. Really, 'twasn't like when we was young, was it, Selina?"

"Speak fer yerself, Amos," ses I (as can't a-hear any mention of me age, not bein' good taste to talk of sich things in publick).

"Speak fer yerself," ses I. "But about this 'ere Jeroosalem expedition; wot is it supposed to be in haid of, because I always likes to know where me money is goin', and if it's only 6d., it's 'onest money, wich I don't forget as 'ow I were took in onct thro' superscribin' to a fund for sendin' him-books to the Feejee Islands, as turned out to be a 'ave, pure and simple, becos of the collector 'avin' mixed up 2 collectin' books he were carryin', and put me down for 2 casks of bitter ale, bein' a beverage as I never touches; wich were all the fault of his taking superscriptions for the Feejee him-books and orders for a brewery all to the same time!"

"Well, Selina," ses Amos; "I think this 'ere expedition is hall rite, becos there's a very tidy lot of the most respectable people mixed up with it; and from wot I can make out, all the proceeds is to go to the Sassiety for the Peperation of Atrocities amongst the Jews!"

"Go on with yer stuff," I ses; "you've got it wrong altogether; that ain't the name as I 'eard Mary Ann Tomkins say the other day when she were speakin' about it. Let me see, wot was it, now? Ho! I know! It's in aid of the Sassiety for the Propagation of the Jews!"

"Yes, that's it, of course, Selina," ses Amos. "Wot a wonderful 'ead you 'as for names, sure-ally!" (in which he were quite right; I always was to remember sich things as this as easy as shellin' peas; whereas Amos 'as a 'ead like a sieve, and if you tells him anythink, he's totally onaware of it the next minnit. He's real awful like that sometimes, and a great worry to me, as prides meself on bein' very correck in such matters).

So we went up to the Jeroosalem expedition! The Promenade was runnin' over with parsons, of all shapes and sizes, all of wich was connected with the show in -one way or other. There was a howdacious crowd of people goin' in thro' the turnstile as you never see, as was more like a Bank 'Oliday than Jeroosalem, in my hapynion; but we got on alrite ontill we come to that dreadful revolvin' dore, as always gives me the fidgets, and this time were very near bein' me death. You see, it were like this—jest as I gets hup to the dore there were Mrs. Podbury, as I 'aven't seen for years, jest standin' in one of the compartments, as weren't goin' round jest fer the moment; so I hups as I says, "Laws-a-mussy-me," I says, "and who'd 'ave expected to—" when, all of a suddint, without a word of warnin', the man at the helm commenced to turn the dore round, as swept Amos and Mrs. Podbury and 7 or 8 children round with it in a strugglin' mass. "Help! Murder!" I ses (becos, of course, my best feather-bed stole were draggin' round with 'em, and nothink seemed to stop that there dore in its mad career). "Help," I ses, "somebody help!" but no sooner 'adn't I said the words that the next compartment come round, and 'it me sich a one on the side as very nearly knocked me silly, and afore you could say Jack Robinson I were goin' round too! I can tell you I 'ad to run to keep up with the goin's-on of that there dore, and I verily believe as I must 'ave gone round 3 or 4 times afore I were violently ejected into the 'all. Wich, as I said to Amos, weren't wot you may call in French a very "apropo" way of enterin' Jeroosalem, not to mention the damage to me stole, as come out lookin' like chewed string! I don't 'old with these 'ere dore, and never shan't, as is beyond everythink, so I considers, after you've paid yer 'onest money, to be treated to sich atrocities!

When I catched me breath a bit, and egspined to Mrs. Podbury 'ow sorry I were to be snatched away in the prime of me remarks like as I were, wich took about 20 minutes or so, we 'ad a look around. It were all as busy as a railway-station; on every 'and there was children with 'ob-nailed boots, as made a reg'lar recreation ground of my

pore feet. They was let in at redooiced prices, so I hears, and I 'opes they understands it all, and learnt a lot of lessons as 'll teach 'em 'ow to be better children, and not to step on old lady's corns in the future to come.

Amos was very struck with the notices up on every hand, "Smokin' Prohibited"; "I never 'eard sich a thing," he says, "why! jest fancy smokin' not bein' allowed in Jeroosalem; there's choc'lates, and sweets, and plates of cold meat, and jam, likewise pickles, fruit and cream, grilled bones, and other amousements; why they can't allow smokin' I can't think, not meself?"

"Well," I says, "I considers it's a very good thing, Amos," I says, "wich you men would be the very first to cry out if we ladies was to want to start off blowin' volumes of smoke over everythink and everyone we come in contact with; wich there's a lot of diff'rence between choc'lates and 'baccy, as we all knows the former is pattered by all the nobility, clergy, and aristocracy of the land as a food, whereas 'baccy always ends in smoke. As fer they grilled bones, I don't like the sound of it! it don't sound 'uman, egzackly, and reminds me of all they Turkish atrocities; as I s'pose 'ave crept into the refreshment list in mistake fer the museum department; like as Cousin John told me once about 'ow he'd 'eard of a gent wich were cremated to ashes and kept by 'is widdow in a tea-caddy in the sideboard, ontill when she were away on a visit fer a week to London the mother's help thought he were black pepper and put 'im into a beef-steak puddin', much to 'er onbounded sorrow! Wich, of coorse, you never knows, does you?"

Well, there was other things, 'owever, besides notices about smokin' to be seen; there was "muddles" of 'ouses, sich as they 'as in the East, with flat roofs, so 'as to let the rain run off better; there was a lodge in a garden of cowcubbers, only being winter the cowcubbers was missin'; down in one corner also Mr. Lee Wood, the lawyer, was givin' a discoorse on 'ow they eats wot they calls the Passover; wich its astonishin' wot small happytites they Jews seems to 'ave, from the way the table was laid.

Besides these there was Jeroosalem picture postcards, and a native of Jeroosalem who 'rote year name in 'Ebrew fer the charge of one penny; I've got it now in me purse, fer luck, only I don't 'old with these 'ere langwidges as you can't read, not meself; why shouldn't they rite English like Habraham and Hisaac and all they others, as was good enuff fer the Law and the Profits, and so ought to be fer them? Still, it was worth a penny to see it done, wich looks like a spider 'ave endeavored to commit suicide in a bottle of ink, and changed 'is mind, walkin' about on a bit of paper instead, leavin' 'is finger-marks fer the letters.

I notissed there was a 1d. or 2d. or somethink to pay to go in to see all the extry features, and wherever you didn't 'ave to pay you was expected to subscribe, as showed there was somethink to do with the Jewish persuasion in it, ondoubtedly. One of the things as I liked best was a serious of little dolls dressed up to represent Jacob and Sarah and other well-known characters. There they was—the women workin' 'ard (as usual) and the men lookin' on and drinkin' coffee out of a sort of bucket (as usual), besides other things too numerous to mention. Not that I thought it were a very good likeness of Jacob, 'owever, from the photograph of 'im as were in our family Bible, wich 'ad a white beard, whereas this 'ere "muddle" as they calls it, 'ad a dark one, and they couldn't both be rite! Like as when I went to a mission service the lither day, where they 'ad magic lantern slides of the "Prodigal Son," and in 1 picture 'e was a middle-aged man with a beard feedin' the pigs, while in the very next 'e was out on the road towards 'ome as a young boy not more than 15 at the outside. Wich isn't conscientious and oughtn't to be done!

But talkin' about conscientious, there was 1 thing about that there Jeroosalem expedition as weren't egzackly conscientious, so I considers; I refers to the Rock-Hewn Tomb, as they calls it. It were stuck hup as "One penny admission, and smokin' not allowed," wich wasn't wot you may call the very best good manners to charge fer admission to a tomb. As I said to Amos, ses I, "When I wants to go to a tomb I'll go; but till I be berried satisfactory, I don't want to secure admission to no sich thing, and I don't agree with you goin' either, Amos, as isn't nice, so I considers, to make shows of sich things as rock-hewn tombs!"

'Owever, that there man must pay 'is 1d. and go in, wich I told 'im 'e ought to be ashamed of 'isself, same as above, thinkin' of sich things, 'e a married man, too!

When 'e come out, I ses, "Well," I ses, "and wot about yer rock-hewn tomb, now?"

"Selina," 'e ses, "you be rite, as per usual! Talk about yer rock-hewn tomb! I knowed it couldn't properly be did fer the money! You mark my words, it's only cardboard painted, Selina, becos I poked me 'and thro' it comin' out!" Wich, as I says, it 'ain't conscientious and straitforward to advertize rock-hewn tombs that turns out to be only brown paper painted over; and I'm rather surprised sich things should be allowed in a Jeroosalem expedition!

There was a good deal more we saw, 'owsomd-ever, as was very hinstructive and useful, wich you couldn't 'elp hunderstandin' all about Solomon and Julia Caesar and the Profits ever so much easier when you'd listened to wot the young ladies behind the stalls told you. Not that I thinks any better of 'em becos they used to wear long cloaks and wash theirselves in olive-hoil! They wasn't all good in they days, and, altho' I 'opes the Sassiety fer 'he Perpetration of the Jews will go on and prosper, so long as there's any Jews left, yet I don't 'old with they as acts like the party as 'ad twins and asked the parson to christen 'em Beersheba and Beelzebub, becos of being Bible names! Bible names don't make 'onest hearts and true. If they did, Selina would 'ave been in the Bible. But then, of coorse, you know— Ho! there's my cakes burnin', I can smell 'em. So no more at present.

SELINA JENKINS.

## THE "UNDICTIONARY" WORD.

Lancashire seems certainly to be the headquarters of the "undictionary" word. Here is a further selection, forwarded by a Chorley correspondent, all of them being new to me: "Swaler," a corn or provender dealer; "swillwood," firewood; "dilla," very bad; "squabb," a sofa; "neighve," the first; "moo," a stack of hay or corn inside a building. All of these, adds my informant, are in common use in the neighbourhood of Chorley. He also corrects a definition of the meaning of the word "jannock," given in this column a short time back, pointing out that its meaning is more correctly "fair play," as "that's not jannock"—"that is not fair." This word also occurs as the name of a leavened oatmeal bread, rarely seen nowadays, but the only bread in certain country districts a few generations back. May not the more modern use of the word be derived from this—"jannock" bread having been regarded as a standard for all that was excellent?—"T.P.'s Weekly."

\* \* \*

## CARLYLE AND HIS PIPE.

Probably all that has been written of the man does not represent anything like the Carlyle who smoked his pipe and dreamed his dreams in Cheyne Row. We might fancy his white clays, yellow at the mouth, took from the world the nebulous external influences which the busy brain crystallised into thoughts. We might fancy even the opposite—that the idle wisps of smoke curling slowly from a spiral column to whirling vague clouds of vapour took from the smoker more entrancing speculation, never clothed in words, never articulated, personal, private, and grand—the heart of the man himself. Great men are too often unknown, or, what is worse, misknown." There were, maybe, fugitive moments in the fire-lit room when even Carlyle may have chased the elusive personality problem—a certain knowledge of himself—and in a whirl and a blaze of illuminating thought have lost the nebulous will o' th' wisp, as all men do who sit solitary under the good of tobacco, with an unsatisfied inquiring mind, scaling the silent heights. One can imagine the old man coming down the mountain side, wakening on the kitchen floor, and tap, tapping the burnt-out bowl on the worldly grate, as he shuffled, baffled again, to his rest. So the scent of tobacco should linger in Cheyne Row. It helps us to know the man whom Whistler saw so truthfully. We know Carlyle and we know his thunder. But we can think there was a more human man behind the thunder; an old man pulling his pipe, warming his slipped feet, mellowing to an evening mood, winking to a laughing fire and tapping a hot, honest intimate clay on the bars of an unimpressed stolid fire-grate.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



## The Wooing of Nettie.

\*  
[BY ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.]  
\*

One afternoon the post brought me a letter from Bob marked "Urgent." It ran as follows:—

"DEAR HARRY,  
"I want you to come down for a few days at once. I persuaded the Professor to take a cottage in the country in order that he might finish his new book in rural peace. Nettie and her aunt, Miss Larkins, have the next cottage. It would be a coincidence—if I hadn't known beforehand they were going to Darlington. The aunt has become a perfect dragon. She never lets Lettie out of her sight. Worse still, she—that is the aunt you know—is awfully gone on cats, and her house is chock full of them. They are all over the place, and you cannot hear yourself shout at night for the noise. The Professor gets frantic, and there is a frightful row on. Nettie seems to side with her aunt, and the Professor is engaged in the construction of an infernal, cat-killing machine. I can't stop him, and I expect there will be a hecatomb of cats if it works. Then it will be all over with me with Nettie. You might come and lend me a hand, old chap! Wire and I'll meet you at the station. Your afflicted pal,  
"BOB."

Now Bob is one of the best of fellows, though misguided in that he hankers after matrimony. I had heard many stories of his maternal uncle, that famous electrician, Professor Samuel McSlumper, and was rather curious to see him. I could get away from town for a few days, and the prospect as depicted in Bob's letter sounded at least interesting. Then, Miss Nettie Eglington is quite a charming girl, and it is always wise to be friends with the future wife of your best chum. So I went to Darlington.

On the way from the station Bob enlarged gloomily on his woes. I gathered that a state of warfare existed between the occupants of the two cottages on the outskirts of that peaceful Berkshire village. A crisis had been reached when Professor McSlumper had run a wire along the top of the wall separating the two gardens, and sent an electric current through it. However, before any of the disturbing animals had been electrocuted, Miss Larkin's gardener had come in contact with the wire and sustained a snock. Legal proceedings had been threatened in consequence. The gardener's mistress firmly maintained that the wall belonged to her, and that she had been deprived for some time of the services of a trusted retainer—"he spent the whole of two days at the village inn drinking beer to recover himself," averred Bob indignantly. On the other hand the Professor contended that the man's language was calculated to provoke a breach of his Majesty's peace, and he had been with difficulty restrained from applying to the nearest magistrate to have the offender bound over. The result of the trouble had been the removal of the offending wire, and increased audacity on the part of the cats.

"Meanwhile I never get a moment with Nettie," concluded the despondent Bob. "I haven't even seen her for twelve hours. After coming down here on purpose to meet her as often as possible! It just maddens a fellow—all this fuss about a few beastly cats. Not but what they are pretty bad though," he added reflectively.

It was a charming country lane with many trees, and I sought to change the subject by remarking on the beauty of the evening light upon the autumn foliage. The dogcart turned a sharp corner.

"Hist!" shouted Bob with sudden fierce energy, and the vehicle swerved violently so that I was nearly ejected. An enormous white cat sprang agitatedly across the road.

"That's Ulysses," said my companion. "What a mercy I saw him in time to prevent his being run over!"

I gasped; it was all I had breath for at the moment.

"Hope you weren't bumped too much, old chap," said Bob kindly. "But that cat is the favourite of the whole lot—a white Persian, quite unique I'm told. Called 'Ulysses' because of his roving habits, I expect," he explained with a grin.

Before I could fully express my natural indignation we had pulled up at the cottage. A

small black cat was sitting in a scornful attitude on the door-step, and had to be chivied away to make room for our passage. A large packing case encumbered the front garden.

"More of Uncle Sam's apparatus," commented his nephew. "Do you know anything about electricity?"

"Not a bit," I replied somewhat apprehensively.

"No more do I," he agreed with cheerfulness.

"So I never interfere with the Professor's belongings. Too many unexpected shocks and sparks about them for my liking. I shouldn't touch anything if I were you."

"I won't," said I with emphasis, and I began to realise I was in for a lively time.

At dinner Professor McSlumper appeared and greeted me cordially. He was a small thin man with a determined looking visage, and fierce little eyes; otherwise as far as clothes and general appearance went he resembled nothing so much as a travelling pedlar with umbrellas to mend. For a time he was urbaneity itself.

There was an excellent dinner. Once Bob made a hurried exit through the French window on to the lawn and calmed two warring cats with a croquet mallet. This incident disturbed the Professor's serenity.

"The feline species," he informed me, "invariably inspire the utmost antipathy in a man of my studious constitution. It is not that I object to any of nature's humble creatures, provided they remain in their intended sphere. But you would hardly conceive the sufferings I have endured—with the utmost patience I may remark parenthetically—through certain wild specimens of the Felidae, with which, I regret to say, this neighbourhood abounds."

Here, as the Professor paused and seemed to expect some comment on my part, I murmured expressions of sympathy and wonder. He received them with approval.

"My nephew Robert, I am pained to add, does not display that concurrence in my views on this subject which might be looked for from our mutual relationship. In fact, the propinquity of numerous specimens of the cat genus has led to controversy between us, and like other questions where science is involved, such controversy has but two alternatives—a right one and a wrong one. Mine is the right."

Fortunately Bob had wandered away into the garden again, intent, I believe, on longing glances at the back windows of the house where dwelt the fair Nettie. Consequently I acquiesced with the Professor entirely.

"I am at this time engaged," continued the man of science, "in revising the proofs of my forthcoming work on Induction Coils. Yet instead of experiencing in this rustic seclusion the peace which is so essential to my labour, I have been grievously disturbed by the unwarrantable presence of numerous cats. In particular there resides in the next house a person with whom I no longer associate, who favours a white cat of enormous size, besides many lesser ones." The Professor stopped and glared with a combative air, while I hastily agreed that it was intolerable.

"I condescended to remonstrate," he went on, "with the owner of the felines, but she was loud in her defiance, despite the fact that my suggestion to destroy the cats was made in the kindest manner. Are you acquainted with the subject of electricity?" he asked.

I deplored my ignorance, and he continued:—"No one can acquire knowledge in all things. However, I will show you how I propose, by means of my slight attainments in that science, to deal with this scourge. Imagination is often necessary in some forms of scientific activity. My method might possibly be unauthorised by the purest science, but it is at the same time not hostile to it. I have constructed a decoy cat which I may be pardoned for saying displays remarkable ingenuity."

Here the Professor most unexpectedly jumped to his feet, seized me by the arm and hurried me from the dining-room. I was led unresisting to a workshop fitted with alarming apparatus. He produced a weird looking object and purred with contentment over it like one of the much-abused pussies.

"As in the case of many great inventions, this is simplicity itself," explained the Professor, fondly patting the wooden framework. "Here is the skeleton of my decoy cat. To-morrow I shall cover it with real cat-skins, obtained from London, and you will see the resemblance will be

strikingly complete. Within are two compartments which I will describe to you in language understandable of the lay mind."

His invention at the moment no more resembled a cat than it did a flying machine. From what I knew of the species I did not see where the decoying part of the performance was to come in, and I am afraid he read my doubts in my face.

"The fore chamber of my decoy," he continued, "will contain a gramophone construction, by means of which all those noises peculiar to the living species of cat will be uttered in life-like manner. Controlled by an electric wire I shall be able to make its tail swell, and its nose sniff with the utmost realism. I shall place my imitation cat in a prominent position in the garden, and by this means attract all the cats of the neighbourhood around it, but it will be to their doom."

The Professor had warmed to his subject, and went on tragically:—

"I say to their doom, since the second chamber of my decoy will contain an explosive of virulent properties. As soon as the concourse of cats is complete, I shall, by means of a wire, cause a devastating explosion. It is one of the peculiarities of my explosive—which is also entirely my own invention—that it scatters destruction on all sides at the level from which it is fired. In this manner I confidently anticipate that our cottage garden will be strewn with cats. Few, few shall part where many meet. You may not know the quotation, but it is classic. Is it not a grand idea in its simplicity?"

"It is," said I, inwardly resolving to remain at a prudent distance during the operation of converting the lawn into a mausoleum of cat fragments. I might have added more, but that a sudden catastrophe occurred. The window of the workshop was open, and Ulysses suddenly arrived on the window sill with a vicious catterwaul of defiance at some unseen foe below.

This was maddening to the inventive scientist. He seized the nearest missile and flung it at the intruder. The missile happened to be a bottle. It missed the cat and broke into many fragments against the wall, whereupon there arose the most appalling stench. I gathered afterwards that the bottle had contained an ingredient for the new explosive. I held a hasty handkerchief to my nose, and was conscious that the Professor was explaining that the diffusion of noxious smelling chemicals was to be deplored. As for Ulysses, what the bottle had failed to effect, the odour of its contents did, and he vanished. Bob found me exhausting myself with language unfit for polite ears, and led me gently to the bedroom, where from the dressing-table a stray cat fled in great agitation at my threatening appearance. I began to sympathise with the Professor.

Next afternoon Bob and I called formally on Miss Larkins; I had known her slightly in town. She was a pale thin lady with a rather high-pitched voice and a manner which clearly rendered contradiction of any sort inadvisable. She sat up stiffly in a straight-backed chair, and nursed a mother cat with several kittens.

The plan of campaign, only assented to by me after considerable demur, was that I should entertain Miss Larkins, and finally warn her of the Professor's machinations. I was to beseech her—from Bob—to keep Ulysses and her other favourites under lock and key, for a day or two only, as presumably when the decoy cat exploded it would destroy itself in the process. Afterwards there would be safety for such animals as had survived, and Bob would acquire merit as the saviour of many of the dearest. Since the explanation on my part promised to be a long one, Bob and Nettie were to wander casually into the garden. There Bob was to seek the inspiration as he put it—or screw up his courage as I said—to ask the important question which he repeatedly assured me was to decide his whole future existence.

(To be continued next week.)

Fans came from the East during the Crusades, being brought back by returning knights as presents for their friends. A French nobleman brought the first ostrich fan to Paris about 1100.

The precursors of the town churches of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Dunfermline each receive an annual Government pension of £5 a year. These annuities date from very ancient times, and in fact their origin is forgotten.

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 258.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



**MR. H. DENT BROCKLEHURST, J.P., C.C.,**  
HIGH SHERIFF OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

### THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GUN.

The most powerful gun in the world has just been completed at the famous Krupp works, says "T.A.T." Technically, this great "peacemaker" is called a 16-inch breech-loading rifle. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the "16 inches" refers to the diameter of the bore, or the calibre. In fact, this is so large that a man of ordinary size can crawl inside the muzzle without difficulty.

A better idea of the gun can be gained when it is stated that the forgings for the tube and jacket weigh no less than 184 tons. The tube itself is 49½ft. in length, and, as the gun is of the built-up type favoured by artillery officers of the present day, it is reinforced at the base by the jacket, which was shrunk into position. The tube is further strengthened by four sets of hoops, which really make it of four thicknesses of metal between the centre of the tube and the breech.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"My Lady Molly."

NEXT WEEK:

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Times and prices as usual.

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### FROZEN.

Very occasionally it has happened that even the plumage of birds is so frozen that they are unable to fly, although not only living, but even fairly vigorous. White of Selborne mentions such an instance. It happened in a storm of sleet in January, and a number of rooks, attempting to fly, fell from the trees, with their wings frozen together by the sleet which congealed as it fell. Once only, within my own personal experience, have I known of such a thing happening. This was some twenty-five years ago, when just such a frozen shower fell, producing what in France is known as "verglas." For a time everything touched by the rain—gates, trees, bricks, the road, etc.—was instantly coated with ice. I saw birds on this occasion which were undoubtedly prevented from flying by frozen plumage. Bishop Stanley, in his "History of Birds," makes mention of a narrative of the days when kites were plentiful in England, in which no less than fifteen of these birds are said to have been taken from a lofty elm tree, to the branches of which their feet had been frozen by some such sudden visitation. And Evelyn, in his Diary, speaking of the terrible winter of 1658—one of the hardest ever known in England—tells us that crows were actually taken with their feet frozen to their prey. There is nothing impossible in either of these statements, although the kite story seems rather a tall one. Yet, even in our own time, most wildfowls have had experience of fowl being occasionally frozen to the ice and thus fettered.—"H. A. B.," in "Country Life."



# The Wooing of Nettie.

[BY ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.]

(Continued from last week.)

I was nervous, nor was I put more at my ease by accidentally treading on the tail of Ulysses as I entered the room. There was a commotion, and I apologised—to Miss Larkins—not to the cat. She regarded me with such evident disfavour that I hurriedly invented a friend on the spur of the moment, who, by means of a Home for Lost and Destitute Cats, collected stray animals from the streets and won prizes with them at cat shows, owing to his startlingly humane and original treatment. Miss Larkins unbent and displayed so much interest in the details that my imaginative powers were sorely taxed. Nettie smiled upon me with softened sweetness, and Bob suggested an immediate visit to the rose garden.

"Take care of auntie," said Nettie demurely to me, as she preceded Bob through the French window. "She will be delighted to talk to a true lover of cats, because they are so rare now."

Personally I considered Miss Larkins of an age to be perfectly able to take care of herself, but I steeled my heart to my task and discussed for a while the decadence of the present race of kittens.

"The great thing," said I enthusiastically, "is when you've got a fine cat to guard it zealously from harm."

Here I stroked Ulysses gingerly. White cats are of particularly uncertain temper I believe. Ulysses responded by purring rather doubtfully.

"The fact is," Miss Larkins, I continued, "I have come here with a purpose. I have great reason to fear that a catastrophe is impending which Bob and I are powerless to avert. Professor McSlumper—she gave a little sniff at the name—is an authority on electricity and explosives. He is not to be trusted; moreover, he is vindictive."

The lady agreed to this with emphasis. "Poor Stubbs, my gardener," she informed me, "has suffered cruelly owing to his wickedness. Stubbs is a dear, hardworking creature, with nine children and a cast in one eye. He has not been the same man since, and his nerves require constant cordials to enable him to continue his work."

"My dear Miss Larkins," said I with husky solemnity, "a far worse disaster is about to happen. It is absolutely essential that you should keep Ulysses and your other pets at home till Bob and I—but especially Bob—have discovered that the peril is past. More of this I would tell you if I dared." I added melodramatically, "but my lips are sealed."

She regarded me with horror. In her indescribable emotion she inadvertently upset the mother cat into an adjacent wastepaper-basket. I fetched it out, and restored it to its owner's lap. It showed its gratitude by viciously digging its claws into me.

At that moment there came through the window a weird and wondrous noise. On the stillness of the afternoon air was wafted an appalling mew. This was followed by a series of screeches as of an animal in prolonged agony, but a metallic note in the discord convinced me that the Professor was practising with the gramophone department of his new invention.

"Bless my soul!" cried Miss Larkins, hastily rising and depositing her interesting family on the same chair with my silk hat. "This is horrible. It sounds as if some poor creature were in pain."

The noise ended abruptly with a sudden splutter. Something had gone wrong with the works of the decoy. Miss Larkins flew to collect her pets from harm, and I snatched up my hat and rushed into the garden.

I found Bob and Nettie among the rose bushes, but in a most unloverlike attitude. Clearly there was a disagreement in progress. Both were visibly ruffled.

"You care more for Ulysses than you do for me," I heard Bob say indignantly.

"He never says rude things to me like that," she retorted. A pretty girl defiant always interests me, so I waited a minute before interrupting them.

"I'll be the death of some of these confounded cats," muttered Bob vengefully. He must have fairly lost his head.

"If you hurt them I'll never speak to you again," the girl challenged hotly. "You say you

love me, and that you want to please auntie! Why don't you show some affectionate interest in her pets, then? You never notice the dear, sweet things."

Bob's open honest countenance was a perfect study. I could see he was almost choking in his efforts to restrain himself from uttering his feelings aloud. Unfortunately he didn't quite succeed.

"Not notice them!" he burst forth at last "Great heavens! as if anyone within a mile of this place could help it. They are a perfect pest. There was one on my bed this morning."

"I hope you treated it kindly," said Miss Eglinton coldly.

"I gave it a swim in the bath before I let it go," confessed the candid Bob sulkily. "Just to teach it better manners." It was foolish of him to admit it, but I sympathised with him.

The girl turned with dignity. "When you show me that you are no longer cruel, I shall be pleased to meet you again," she said; "but you must prove it first. Till then—good-bye."

Hereupon I thought it wise to break in upon the scene, stimulated to promptness by the vision of Miss Larkins approaching.

There was an absence of cordiality about our farewells all round which I deplored. I dragged Bob home to drown his sorrows in whisky and soda. A hammering noise from the workshop betokened the Professor at work on alterations and repairs. Presently he appeared mopping his head with a large red cotton handkerchief. He also partook of refreshment with the air of having passed successfully through a harassing experience.

"I have had difficulties to overcome," he intimated. "But I have wrestled with them so that all is now complete. I am sanguine that the morrow will see my efforts crowned by the sweeping destruction of many cats. Science will once more demonstrate its elevating influence."

I led Bob aside and spoke to him seriously.

"Now here is your chance, my dear fellow," said I with impressiveness. "Let the decoy get to work and collect the cats all round it. You must hang about and get hold of Ulysses when he arrives on the scene. Then when the thing explodes rush frantically into Miss Larkins with Ulysses under your arm, and explain how you have saved his life at the risk of your own."

"He isn't easy to catch," said Bob with gloomy countenance.

"Nonsense!" I assured him with growing confidence in the brilliancy of my idea. "You might take another cat under your arm at the same time, if you look lively about it."

"But suppose the infernal thing should explode unexpectedly," objected Bob, hesitating most unreasonably. "The Professor is clever, you know, but still, it might go off before I got clear."

"You can't be heroic without some risk," I urged. "Think how you will score with Nettie!"

"Very well," he agreed in a tone of ungrateful resignation. "But I hope nothing will go wrong. You never can count on explosives being punctual; it is just as likely to damage me as the cats."

I also trusted that nothing would go wrong. I had my secret doubts, but I suppressed them and refused to discuss further details. It wasn't wise. The thing I feared most now was that Miss Larkins would follow my advice—given before I had conceived this higher strategy—and keep her especial pets at home. I ventured to hint this one objection to Bob.

"If you told her to do one thing," said he emphatically, "you may rest assured she will do something else." Which was a disparaging view to take of the character of a deserving lady.

Then the morrow came.

The Professor was up early, sniffing—as the proverbial warhorse, the scent of battle. While I shaved I saw him proceeding warily down the garden like the conspirator in a melodrama; only in place of the dagger of orthodox tragedy he carried the cat which was to decoy. I peered anxiously at the completed animal presently planted in the middle of the lawn—it really wasn't much like a cat—and descended to breakfast with expedition. The coming experiment proved fatally inconsistent with a restful meal such as breakfast should always be. Conversation was strained and abbreviated, and the Professor's eyes wandered constantly to the window in longing expectation of the triumph to come. Then we all got to work with great energy laying wires and connecting batteries. In this process, which I did not understand in the least, I sustained two unexpected electric shocks. My caustic comments thereat irritated the inventor, who also

seemed to have mislaid most of the things he required. Our tempers became sorely strained. The Professor suggested I should shift the decoy while he manipulated the batteries indoors. I declined abruptly, and Bob, the now patient devotee of science, tripped over some connection, so that something fearful almost happened. Finally, the Professor announced that all was ready. It was an exciting morning.

There was some discussion as to the hour of the day most suited for the collection of roving cats. The Professor was eager to begin straight away, but Bob and I overcame this idea, because we had watched Nettie start out on a shopping expedition to the village. The Professor knew no natural history, however great his other attainments, and I assured him confidently that the afternoon was the favoured time for cats to promenade. He bowed to my superior knowledge of cat habits, but my attempts to pose as an authority on the species created a precarious situation, when he inquired thoughtfully whether cats moved their tails vertically or horizontally. However, I first ascertained that the decoy did the former, and satisfied him as to its correctness on this point.

It was a thrilling moment when I watched from a safe distance the Professor switch on his current. The decoy cat really acted in most extraordinary fashion. It began by howling dismally. Next it catterwaulled in a manner distinctly resembling a cat, provided the listener's imagination was decently vivid. Then it mewled invitingly, and again screeched defiance. It wailed with shrill and searching shrieks, and jerked its head about so violently that I wondered if the Professor had fastened the cat-skins strongly enough to stand the strain. It certainly wagged what was meant for its tail as no such appendage was ever wagged by natural possessor before. The most striking demonstration of all was when real cats began to respond to the challenge.

A savage-looking little tabby first appeared from under some bushes, and a large black tom arrived from the stable, manifesting distinct anger. Then I perceived Ulysses walking along the wall delicately sniffing. It was a low wall, and I became apprehensive when I saw three heads rise above it with startling suddenness. They belonged to Miss Larkins, Nettie, and Stubbs respectively. Things were happening rather differently from what I had anticipated.

To the onlookers over the wall our garden must have appeared empty. This evidently prompted Mr. Stubbs to valour. To my exceeding horror he flung a brick at the decoy, now in the full career of its calling. Mercifully it missed.

I fear the worthy gardener had been soothing his nerves with an undue allowance of beer, for he gazed wildly at Professor McSlumper's new invention with a bleary eye. Next moment he was over the garden wall with a spade firmly clutched in one hand. Stealthily, though rather unsteadily, he stalked the decoy with the air of a man who has discovered something dangerous and is going to destroy it or perish in the attempt. It was dangerous, though not in the manner he surmised. I held my breath and gazed. He crept up behind it till a new idea seemed to strike him, and he paused. Then he suddenly drove the spade violently into the ground between the decoy and the house with such force that it completely severed the electric wires which we had been at such pains to lay that morning. The invention became mute and lifeless at once.

Then, after carefully reconnoitring the foe, Mr. Stubbs seized the decoy, recovered his spade, and rushed for the wall with great expedition. Had he been in normal condition, he must have noticed the unnatural hardness and the uncanny weight of his capture. But he evidently didn't.

There was a howl of wrath from Bob, who most imprudently gave chase. Infected by his ardour, I followed with heroism and slower steps. As I did so I heard the Professor's voice in sultry communion with himself from the workshop window. The gardener gave one glance at his pursuers and deposited the decoy on the top of the wall preparatory to following it itself. But we had all overlooked Ulysses.

What mortal white Persian cat could stand the insult of so unspeakably fiendish an apparition planted just under his nose on his favourite walk of wall? Ulysses turned lazily, rounded his back, stretched himself, surveyed his legs and paws with deliberation, and then sprang savagely at the intruder. Down it went with a crash.

There followed a most terrific bang. Never had that peaceful Berkshire garden re-echoed with so shattering a report. It boomed, it reverberated, it appalled. But proof is now indisputably established that the chief merit of Professor Mc-





**TRAVELLING TO TOWN TO RESIGN THE PREMIERSHIP.**

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., LEAVING STANWAY HOUSE, NEAR WINCHCOMBE, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD ELCHO.

Slumper's explosive consists in the noise it makes when fired by concussion rather than in the material damage it effects. This characteristic on its part undoubtedly saved our precious human lives, though many cucumber frames suffered, and the resultant hubbub was very considerable.

I saw Ulysses describe a parabolic curve off the wall, skim devastatingly through two rose bushes, and come to an abruptly final pause on a heap of garden compost. We heard Miss Larkins—worthy soul—go straightway into hysterics, and Bob was about to rush to her assistance.

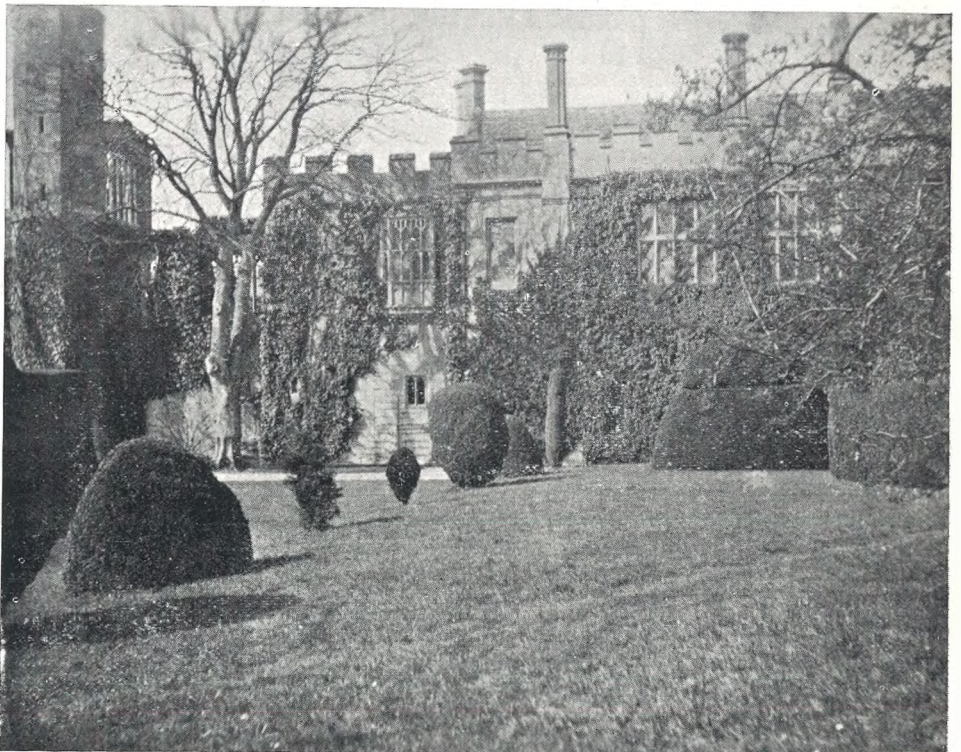
It is the mark of a great mind to rise swiftly to sudden emergencies, and I shall always pride myself on the skill of my behaviour on that difficult occasion. First I boldly secured Ulysses, who spat and fluffed at me alarmingly, but allowed me to pick him up without too violent struggle. I turned to Bob.

"Here is the cat, Ulysses," I said, triumphantly. "Take it—quick, man! Remember what I told you—you have saved him from a horrible death, as proof of the love she required of you. Have it out with Nettie, and I'll look after Aunt Jane—bless her!"

Miss Larkins was so softened at our miraculous preservation that she produced an alcoholic cordial, of which we both partook in undignified gulps. Stubbs, scared almost into sobriety, was left to calm several of the lower orders of the village who arrived to rest their elbows on the front railings and made rude remarks. Various cats were unearthed by frightened domestics, and the roll call was read. When the collection was found to be intact there was an affecting scene. I was so moved that I returned to the garden.

After some search I discovered Bob and Nettie in the summer-house. They seemed contented and happy, so much so that I ventured to offer my congratulations. These being well received, I went away, as the situation did not require a third party.

I am to be best man at Bob's wedding next month. My present to the bride is a miniature gold cat set with diamonds. I rather pride myself on the design; anyhow, it won't explode during the ceremony.



**SUDELEY CASTLE,**

SHOWING WINDOW OF CATHERINE PARR'S ROOM, WHERE SHE DIED.



**How "Selina Jenkins" brought about the Resignation of the Government.**

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You see, 'twas like this 'ere. I ain't no sort of a professional interviewer, as goes about forcin' their ways into people's back kitchings and findin' out wot they eats and drinks, and 'ow often they stops bout late o' nites, and so 4th, jist to publish it in the papers broadcast. Wich I don't 'old with nothink like that, no I don't, as is takin' the fambly skellytons and publishin' of 'em on the 'ouse-tops, and not wot I should stoop to, not meself, 'avin' been brought up perfectly respectable, altho' one of seven. But when you gets knocked in the 'ead as a hintroductio to a Prime—but there—there. I'll tell you all about it, wich I never 'ad sich a turn in me life!

You see, 'twas like this! Last week me and Amos thought we'd jist go hup and take the resh hair on Clevee 'Ill, thro' a touch of the bilious attacks as I'd had fer a week or more; not that you can say its over and above like hup on the 'Ill now, but I'd read in the papers as there were some lords and dooks and things a-playin' this 'ere goff hup there, and, of course, you don't see a dook every day, does you, now?

So we gets in the electric car and drives hup to the top, as was as cold and mis'able a journey as you never seed, that I will say; and then to be knocked on the 'ead with a ball by—but there—I'm comin' to that in a minnit or 2!

Wich we strolls hup that there old lane by the "Risn' Sun"—that one with the ruts in it, as they do say a sheep were drowned in one of 'em last year, after a storm of rain—and no sooner 'adn't we got well on to the top of the 'ill, when I ses to Amos, ses I, "Amos!" I ses, "who's 'ouse is that over these? I don't remember to 'aving seed it afore!"

"'Ouse!" he ses, "that ain't a 'ouse! That's the new goff-shed as 'ave been put up by the Town Goff Club! I don't mean the Gentlefolks' Club, you understands, Selina," he ses, "but only the trades-peoples, as isn't allowed to mix with the aristocracy—parcels to the back-dore, and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Wot nonsents!" I ses. "Do you mean to tell me as they 'as 2 separate clubs?"

"Why, certainly," he ses. "Only them can use the Hold Club as goes away in the Hannuair List of Arrivals! The common 'erd can't be egspected to be allowed to dissociate with real blue blooded gentlemen."

"Well," I ses, "it strikes me—"

And you mark my words if somethink *didn't* strike me, jest at the moment, rite aside the 'ead, like a bombshell, as made me see 8 or 10 stars and a moon afore I could ketch me breath!

"Lor, bless me 'eart and sole!" ses I to Amos. "Here! quick! I've been shot through the 'ead!" ses I. "Run fer sumbody, quick! fer certain sure I shan't live more'n a minnit or 2!"

"Well I never!" ses Amos. "I never 'eard sich things as goes on hup 'ere. I didn't 'ear nothink in the natur of a gun-shot neither. Are you sure it were a shot, Selina?"

"Why, of coorse I be, you silly nincompoop!" ses I, as I were a-settin' on the ground a-nursin' me pore 'ead, "and I don't know wot's the rite thing to do fer first aid to a body as is shot thro' the 'ead! They never told us that hup to them Hambulance Classes! Why don't you do somethink, Amos? and not stand there like a stuffed howell on a mantel-piece! Run fer yer life down to the club-'ouse, and get help of some sort!"

Wich he toddled off down the slope of the 'ill, wile I waited for me last moment; wich its a funny thing as the only thing as worried me was that I'd bought 2 tickets for the New Zealanders' Football Match, wich I shouldn't never live to see, and the money 'ould be wasted!

After a bit, 'owever, I 'ears voices; and when I looks there was Amos and 2 or 3 tall chaps in overcoats, etcctery, comin' hup the 'ill-side. Amos were lookin' very respectful towards 'em, as if they was somebody very pertikler. So thinks I to meself, "Sure-a-lie, he've found a doctor or 2 down there, so I shall be in good hands!"

But no! not he! When they come up to where I was a-settin' on the damp grass, Amos steps forward, and ses, ses he, "It wasn't a shot from a gun at all, Selina! It were jist a special driver over the bunker as he was settin' on the edge of as done the trick."

"Wot d'you mean?" ses I. "Why can't you speak English! Who be you a callin' bunkers and things, and wot's a drive to do with me bein' shot clean thro' the hintelleck, I should like to know?"

Upon wich one of the gents, a lanky-lookin' hindividoal, jist turmin' a little grey in places, ses, "I'm sorry, my good woman, if you were in the way, but you see I had no idea there was anyone over the brow of the hill when I made that drive! It was *my goff-ball* that came into juxtaposition with your cranium!"

"Wot!" ses I. "And you dare to stand hup there and call me sich wicked names as a juxta-wot-is-it, after 'ittin' me across the 'ead with a goff-ball, as ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought, goin' about like ragin' lions seekin' whom you may devour, as all you goffer chaps be! I 'aven't got no patients with sich nonsents, not meself! I don't play goff, so wot do the likes of you want to for, that's wot I askes? Why don't you pay a shilling like anybody decent, and go and see the New Zealanders play cricket, instead of 'ittin' goff-balls about so free to the detriment of respectable fieldmales? or else 'snaps' a very good game, and don't mean knockin' yer neybor's head about till further orders, same as you've done with mine, wich—"

"But, Selina, you musn't—" ses Amos.

"Yes I must!" I ses, wich you keep yer place, Amos, and don't interfere between man and man," I ses; "and, as I was a-sayin', there's a lump on the side of me 'ead so big as a potato nearly. And wot be you a-goin' to do about it?" I ses, "you unmannerly, theivin'—"

"Here Selina—" ses Amos, tryin' to get in a word agen, and lookin' so fritened as could be.

"Give over, Amos," I ses, "aven't I told you to 'old yer tongue? Who's head was it was injured fer life, I'd 'ave you know? Was it mine or yours? Then 'old yer tongue," I says, "this is my bizness, not yours!"

"But Selina," shouted Amos, fairly ' beside hisself fer frite, "Don't you know this is the Primmer, the Rite Honorary Mister Balfore."

"Law bless me 'eart and sole," says I. "Why didn't you tell me before, Amos, you silly gowk you? 'Ow d'you do, sir," ses I, "and many of them," ses I, "and I 'opes as you'll egscoose the little bit of temper as I've showed under great revocation," ses I; "dear! dear! I 'opes I aint give no offence, sir" (becos, of coorse, you never knows, with people like that, as mite 'ave yer 'ead took rite off, without so much as a reason why, accordin' to wot they says in the hist'ry books about that there Crumwell, who were a Tory Prime Minister!). The Rite Honorary looked rather amosed, and said somethink under 'is moustache as I couldn't catch; it was a very hawkward heppisode, sure, as mite 'ave led to contempt of coort or somethink worse for all I knew! Still, I thought I mite put it rite by a little blarney, so I hups and I ses, "Well, sir, we won't say nothink more about that, and I 'opes the good lady and the little Balfores is so well as can be egspected."

Wich only made the gents laff more than ever, and the other one, not Mr. Balfore, turned to me and said: "My dear Mrs. Wot-is-it, you're really too funny; the Prime Minister is a Bachelor. I thought everyone knew that!"

"Law bless 'ee, sir," ses I, "I don't take no hinterest in politicks, so I never didn't know! Not but wot you reminds me of pore Jenkins, as was my first, as sat down on a piece of cobbler's wax once to a perlitical meetin', and stuck to the seat so arid that he had to be took 'ome in a carriage with the chair, and couldn't be got off without the greatest of difficulties. I considers as you've stuck to yer seat in the 'Ouse of Commis like a Christian 'ero, in spite of that there Joe Chamberlain, as was trying to pull you off one side, and Mister Camwell Bannerman the other!"

"Yes, my good woman. You see, I have a strong sense of duty which impelled me almost to entertain a settled conviction that I was the only leader who could steer the ship of State through the difficulties that beset her."

"Well, as for that, sir," I ses, "I donnow much about ships, altho' I 'ad a huncle as was a captin' of a barge down the Sharpness canal, as could play the accordion like a hangle; but I sees very well you 'as a strong sense of duty, wich I consider it's every man's duty to stick to his situation, espeshully if he draws a nice bit of salary out of it all the time! No offence, sir, I 'opes," I ses, for the Honorary Mr. B. looked as black as thunder when I said this.

"No," ses he, rather short-like; "go on, but please be careful what you say; you are most personal in your remarks."

I didn't know a bit wot he meant; but I goes on: "Well, sir, if you was to ask me," I ses, "I thinks you be over-worked; you needs a rest and change, wich I should think you've saved enuff to take a bit of a 'oliday on the proceeds. I know there's them as thinks you can't be spared; but, law bless 'ee, sir, if you and me was gone, I don't suppose the world would be a penny worse off from wot tis now, wich it's astonishin' 'ow easy folks is able to fill yer place! I thought I never shouldn't get over pore Jenkins goin', but now and agen I be very near 'appy with Amos, by accident, as you mite say, sir! But if I mite be so bold as to ask you, sir, a pertikler question, wot is your hapnyion on—"

"No, my dear woman," he says, "for goodness sake don't worry me with any questions as to Chinese labour, the Education Act, the Licensing Act, or the fiscal policy! These wretched matters have already injured my health, and I am in a perpetual state of philosophic doubt as to whether I did right in allowing the Acts to come into force. Every Nonconformist I meet scowls at me as if I was the representative of his Satanic Majesty, while every member of my original Cabinet has resigned or taken sides against me. Yet I personally have no desire to injure even a Nonconformist fly; and the brewers are not personal friends of mine. I have never solicited so much as a pint of XXX from any one of them for my labours in behalf of temperance. Then, as to Chinese labour, what was I to do? The Boer War was fought to find a market for the white man's labour in South Africa, but when we had finished fighting there were no white men left to take over the work in the gold mines. Apparently they had all been killed or injured! The natives, too, had all retired on the proceeds of their share of the booty from the Boer farms, so the only resource left was to call in the Chinese! Then, of course, all these people I have fallen out with—Devonshire, Ritchie, Gorst, Hicks Beach, Lord Hugh Cecil, Churchill, and all that crowd—well, I was in the right all through, only I couldn't get them to see it! Chamberlain, too; he holds such strong opinions he is unbearable. I can't stand people with decided opinions; they always are unbearable. For my part, I have no settled convictions on anything, excepting one: for furious driving, a mistake on the part of my chauffeur. This cost me a good sum, the amount of which I am unable to recall at the moment."

"No, sir," I says, when he'd finished; "I wasn't goin' to ask you anything about all these 'ere perlitical matters; I was jist about to say, when you did me the honor of hinterpuptin' me, wot is your hapnyion respectin' playin' goff up here Sundays?"

"Ho, it's that, is it," ses he. "Well, I consider that goff is a very healthy exercise; and for the life of me I can't see why it should not be indulged in on Sundays as much as on week-days! Surely no one raises an objection to that in this enlightened town below here?"

"Ho! don't they, then," ses I. "You mark my words! You'll 'ave the 'ole country down on you if you says things of that kind in public hearin', wich or'nary folk, as isn't Prime Ministers and so 4th, considers 6 days is quite enuff for risks of sudden death sich as I've 'ad this afternoon! And wot you've egspressed on this matter won't make yer existence as a Prime Minister worth a day's purchis, that I can tell you. The best thing you can do under the circumstances is to resign, becous you've been and gone and done it by sayin' that there about Sunday Goff, and if you don't 'ear a word of a sort from the King, as is very partikler about 'ow he spends 'is Sundays, I shouldn't be surprised. I *ham* surprised at you, there now!"

Sure enuff, only 2 days afterwards the papers come out with the heading:—

**"RESIGNATION OF MR. BALFOUR. FALL OF THE GOVERNMENT."**

And I knowed who brought it about to come to pass.

Why! 'twas me! jist between ourselves, of course. **SELINA JENKINS.**

A cork tree is fifty years old before it produces bark of a commercial value.

In America "robin" is the name applied to a species of the thrush.



SHOP WINDOW LIGHTING.

The central station manager has for some time, says "The Electrical Magazine," appreciated the benefit which accrues to him as well as to the customer through the sale of electric current for advertising in the form of electric signs; yet the field of window lighting, which should prove fully as lucrative, lies in a state of more or less neglect. During the rush of business hours people have no time to stop and view window displays. That pastime is reserved for the evening stroll after dinner, when business worries have been put aside for the day and people are actually on the lookout for something to claim their interest. Needless to say, a dismal, poorly-lighted business street at night repels about as many pleasure seekers and strollers in search of recreation as a brightly-lighted thoroughfare attracts. The advertising value of well-illuminated store windows during the evening hours after business has ceased is not a theory, but a substantial fact, which any up-to-date merchant will appreciate and be eager to take advantage of just as soon as the electric lighting company meets him half-way with a reasonable proposition. The merchant has the incentive, but awaits the inducement. Meanwhile he continues to throw off his window switch at closing time. Window lighting service is needed continuously during a definite period of each day. It is more or less isolated and free from interference, and is much the same as electric sign service. Consequently the flat rate system of charging is especially applicable, and has its strong advocates. In any case, whether the meter or flat rate be employed, the problem of shutting off the light at midnight, or earlier if desired, is easily solved by the use of an automatic time switch, which may be sold or rented to the customer.

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A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

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THE POTENTIALITIES OF SUCTION GAS PRODUCER PLANT.

In view of the enormous development in internal combustion engines of late years, anything new in this direction, and especially in regard to their commercial aspect, is eagerly seized upon, for although the normal type of engine using petrol as fuel has proved eminently satisfactory in light work, for more laborious duties (e.g. propelling a cargo vessel) the cost of working is likely to prove prohibitive. Experiments in the direction of utilising the heavier products of petroleum have been fairly successful so far, and would greatly reduce the fuel cost in such a case as mentioned above, and would no doubt be practicable to a limited extent. A solution of the problem, however, seems to be in the employment of the gas-engine in conjunction with a suction gas producer. The economy of such a plant cannot be doubted. With the growing use of the spirit and the oil-motor for small powers, it seems to be evident that in the course of time the world will not produce sufficient oil to keep pace with the demand, or, at least, the price of this fuel will so increase as to make the use of the engine employing it no longer sufficiently remunerative. The advantages, however, of the internal combustion motor for many purposes, and particularly for certain classes of marine work, are so obvious that it is desirable to retain it. Apparently the first to realise the great future before the suction gas producer for marine work was the firm of John I. Thornycroft and Co., Limited, engineers, of Chiswick. On March 24th, 1904, Mr. J. E. Thornycroft read a paper before the Institute of Naval Architects on the probabilities of the gas producer, and shortly after this it was discovered that the principle had been very thoroughly thought out by Herr Emil Capitaine, the result being that an arrangement was come to whereby the firm of Thornycroft entered into an agreement with this gentleman to take over the British rights in his system, sharing this privilege to some extent with Messrs. William Beardmore, of Glasgow. Herr Emil Capitaine has fitted several vessels with his gas-engines and producers, with which he has achieved some quite remarkable results in sheltered waters on the Continent; but the yacht which Messrs. Thornycroft have built and engined with plant constructed on the Capitaine system is the first vessel of its kind to run in the open sea. This yacht, which, out of compliment to the inventor, the manufacturer christened Emil Capitaine, is built as a sea-going small motor-yacht, and is fitted with permanent cabin accommodation.—"Magazine of Commerce."

CHRISTMAS JOLLITY.

"Laugh and grow fat" seems to be no longer a Christmas watchword. Merriment to-day is not so boisterous as of yore. The very existence of the waits, the carol singers, and the mummers which delighted the more homely souls of our ancestors and the days of our childhood is seriously threatened. Snap-dragon is regarded as vulgar: the Twelfth Cake, with its concomitant characters and crackers, is as dead as either the dodo or Quee Anne; and the Christmas tree alone survives. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the jest-book, which helped so materially to enliven the long evenings of the old-fashioned winters of pre-railway, pre-telegraph, and pre-halfpenny newspaper times, has shared the fate of the Twelfth Cake and half-a-dozen other time-honoured institutions.—"The King."

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THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

There are three classes of American travellers in England. There is the comic type, represented by Artemus Ward and Mark Twain—shrewd critics of our ways and institutions, but gaining access to the House of Wisdom through the back-door of buffoonery. There is the journalist type, which strikes the "personal note" loudly, as it were on the big drum, and "interviews" all the celebrities which it encounters on its path. Examples are Tickenor and N. P. Willis—he who abused the hospitality of Lady Blessington, drew a disdainful letter from the first Lord Lytton by her personalities, and afterwards apologised with a humility that was sickening and fulsome. Finally there is the man of letters, who has for the antiquities of England something of an Englishman's respect for the antiquities of Greece, and who goes about with a sensitive mind, garnering and recording impressions.—"The Academy."

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ELECTION FEROCITIES.

The talk in the papers about a general election set me thinking of the contrast between the barbarous "good old times" and the decorous dullness of to-day on the occasion of such an appeal to the people. In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, written April 11, 1784, Horace Walpole thus describes the amenities of a general election of that day: "Mr. Fox is still struggling to be chosen for Westminster, and maintains so sturdy a fight that Sir Cecil Wray, his antagonist, is not yet three hundred ahead of him; though the Court exerts itself against Fox in the most violent manner by mandates, arts, etc.; nay, sent a body of two hundred and eighty Guards to give their votes as householders, which is legal, but which my father in the most quiet seasons would not have dared to do. At first the contest threatened to be bloody. Lord Hood, the Admiral, being the third candidate, and on the side of the Court, a mob of three hundred sailors undertook to drive away the opponents, but the Irish chairmen, being retained by Mr. Fox's party, drove them back to their element, and cured the tars of the ambition of a naval victory. In truth, Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster; indeed, is so amiable and winning that could he have stood in person all over England I question whether he could not have carried the Parliament. The belldames hate him; but most of the pretty women in London are indefatigable in making interest for him, the Duchess of Devonshire in particular. I am ashamed to say how coarsely she has been received by some worse than tars! But nothing has shocked me so much as what I heard this morning. At Dover they roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory!—a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. Base, cowardly wretches! How much nobler to have hurried to London and torn Mr. Fox himself piecemeal!"—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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A curious account has recently been published of the average number of letters received daily by European sovereigns. The Pope breaks the record, as his daily average of letters and papers reaches the enormous number of from 22,000 to 23,000. Thirty-five secretaries are kept fully employed with his Holiness's correspondence. King Edward must find his daily quota of 1,000 letters and 300 newspapers a heavy tax on his attention. The Czar and the German Emperor receive from 600 to 700 a day; the Emperor likes to answer many himself. The King of Italy gets 500, and the young Queen of Holland struggles under the daily burden of between 100 and 160 letters.

LIGHT AND LEADING.

The electric light is a good light and a cheap, but it wants leading—badly. The art of illumination by electric lamps needs crystallising into something like definite shape, according to "The Electrical Magazine," and good men are wanted at once to do it. There is no lack of materials, munitions of war as it were, but the experience in assembling and marshalling these to best advantage has yet to be definitely embodied in a distinct class of experts, men whose yea or nay on matters illuminating shall be final. The problem is a perfectly simple one, and the factors determining its solution are few. When light is required in a building it should obviously be put to the best use, that is effective distribution should be ensured with a proportionate consumption of energy, and unless this is done the contractor consultant, or whatever he styles himself, has not satisfactorily completed his contract. Failures of this kind are unfortunately too frequent, and can be traced to the unprofessional conduct of architects and others who trade on the lack of knowledge in these matters of their clients. The chief offences against our known laws of artificial illumination are committed in large mansions, public halls, theatres, and churches. The proprietors or owners leave everything in the hands of one general adviser who has his fingers in every contractor's pocket, and cares little for the effect of the completed work on those resorting to these places. We have light makers and lamp sellers enough, but have small stock of men who can say from back of their experience, "That lamp is worthless there, and must go here." The cry now is for more light, and this we take up and repeat, but let us make ourselves heard above the clamour, let us have light and leading.

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HOW THE CHRISTMAS CARD CAME.

Many accounts have appeared in print concerning the origin of the Christmas card as a vehicle for the conveyance of seasonable wishes, some writers professing to trace the custom back to a very remote antiquity. Doubtless this is correct, in a sense, for people have almost certainly greeted absent friends at Christmastide by written or printed messages from well-nigh time immemorial, and the addition to any such message of any kind of embellishment, such as, for instance, a bordered design, or an illuminated capital, would constitute it a "Christmas card," using the term in its broadest sense, writes a "T.A.T." contributor. Nevertheless, such private epistolary greetings were local and individual. It was not until 1846, when Mr. J. Calcott Horsley, a well-known Royal Academician of his day and generation, designed, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Cole, a Christmas card for general use, that the custom as we know it to-day came into being. Even then, however, and for several years thereafter, there was little to foreshadow the gigantic dimensions to which the Christmas card industry was destined to attain. Cards, mostly hand-painted, and consequently very expensive, were exchanged in slowly increasing numbers between the wealthy and cultured classes at each anniversary of the festive season. But for the ordinary everyday man of moderate means the pretty little souvenirs had no existence. Then came the invention of oleography. An oleograph is not considered particularly high-class art to-day, the process having been largely superceded by others and improved methods of colour reproduction. But it served its purpose. It rendered possible the Christmas card.

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 153th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church; and Mr. Percy J. Piggott, 9 Windsor-street, Cheltenham, for a report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Church.

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





GRAVEL PITS ON THE ESTATE OF MR. E. CLIFFORD AT FRAMPTON-ON-SEVERN FROM WHICH GRAVEL IS BEING TAKEN FOR NEW DOCK AT AVONMOUTH BEING MADE BY SIR JOHN AIRD.



GANG OF NAVVIES EMPLOYED AT FRAMPTON.



POLICE-SUPT. HOPKINS  
(NORTHLEACH DIVISION).



## Gloucestershire Gossip.

\*

The Bishop of Gloucester still continues to perform his episcopal duties in an unsparing manner. He is here, there, and everywhere throughout the diocese, but I hope he will not find the strain too much for him. We in Cheltenham are especially favoured with the frequent presence of his lordship. Only last week he was twice doing duty within our borders—holding his first confirmation at the College Chapel on the Tuesday, and preaching in St. Stephen's on the Sunday morning, while in the evening he occupied, for the first time, the pulpit at the nave service in Gloucester Cathedral. This occasion was the second within five days that his lordship had preached twice in one day, the other being on the previous Wednesday, when, in the morning, he was the preacher in St. Andrew's Church, Churchdown, after he had consecrated it; and in the evening at the intercessory service for missions at the Cathedral. I have noticed that the Bishop's favourite attitude when preaching extempore is to clasp his hands behind his back. The innovation by his lordship in instituting clergymen to benefices in their respective parish churches, instead of in the Palace Chapel as heretofore, frequently entails the expenditure of much time and long railway journeys on his part. This was strikingly illustrated by the fact that on December 1st he instituted the vicar of Beachley, a parish at the

extreme south-west of the diocese; and on the following day the rector of Marston Sicca, right up in the north-east of it.

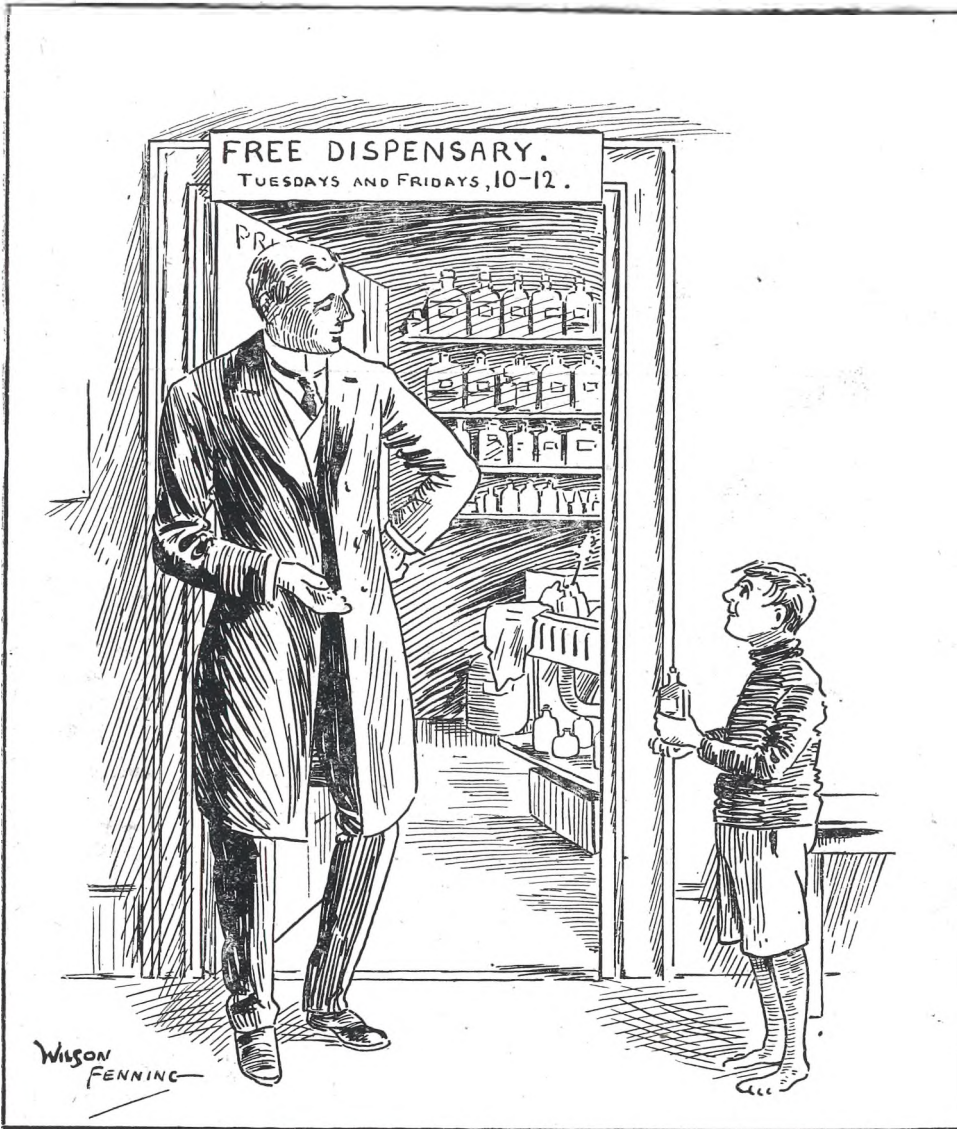
\* \* \*

The second largest amount under which a will of a resident in the county has been proved during the present year is £308,327, the biggest being that of Lady Sherborne's will (£321,731). The late Mrs. Eliza Eyre, of Dursley, who left this vast sum, did not forget in her testamentary dispositions the precept up to which she invariably acted during her lifetime—"the charity that never faileth." Her public bequests amount to the magnificent total of £17,500, among eleven institutions. And Mrs. Eyre also stands first for munificence among the not few number of ladies who have in recent years left large sums for religious and benevolent objects, and whose names I have from time to time had the pleasure of recording on my scroll of honour. It is satisfactory that £2,500 is left by Mrs. Eyre to two institutions in this county. Seeing that the estate of this estimable lady included a half-share in the New River Company, and remembering that among the material benefits that she, while alive, conferred upon the people of Dursley was a water supply, I can quite understand that she was particularly desirous that they should have of this essential of life a copious and pure service, and that she was well able to provide the necessary funds to secure it out of her investment in the New River Company, which is well known to be a veritable "gold mine."

To my list of curious local wedding presents that have appeared in cold print I have added the record of the "Book of Job," which figured as a lady's gift to the bride at a recent fashionable wedding in Cheltenham. I don't know whether this book was intended to inculcate the exemplary virtue of patience. On looking through my list, I see that a late yeoman farmer and well-known cattle breeder gave one of his daughters, who married an agriculturist, a pedigree shorthorn calf. A gallant officer presented his bride with a bit of his skull (removed in an operation following a wound that he received during the advance on Kimberley), set in gold in a star brooch. A certain solicitor gave to an hotel manageress Tennyson's poem, "Crossing the Bar." In connection with some very ordinary weddings to the public, except to the circles immediately concerned, I noticed in the list that an obliging newspaper gave to the world the striking present of "coal-hammer, wood-axe, and copper kettle," also "pair large flower bowls," and "silver teaspoons and sugar tongues." Of course "bowls" and "longs" were the articles in question, but the identical newspaper, which often went wrong over orthography, gave them as quoted above. GLEANER.

At Malta duelling is permitted by law, but under this curious restriction—the duellists are enjoined on the severest penalties to desist and put up their weapons at the desire of a priest, a woman, or a knight.





**OIL!**

Scene: Free Dispensary.

DOCTOR (from neighbouring village): Why, Tommy, this is the third time you've come for castor oil. Who is it that wants it?

TOMMY: Faither.

DOCTOR: What does he do with it?

TOMMY: Rubs it on his boots.

[At the meeting of Cheltenham Charity Organisation Society, during a discussion on the hospital ticket system, Col. Croker-King, J.P., said it was a curious thing what a great appetite people developed for medicine when they got it for nothing.—Vide "Echo."]

**THE HARDEST KNOWN SUBSTANCE.**

For centuries the diamond has been recognised as the hardest of all known substances, remarks "T.A.T." The polish power of diamond dust, the boring power of the diamond drill are familiar facts; so is the fact that nothing can polish or cut a diamond except another diamond. But a new substance has made its appearance which, if it can be obtained in sufficient quantity, will probably replace the diamond alike in the operations of drill-boring and in the lapidary's workshop, for it is harder than diamond, so hard, in fact, that the only effect produced by a diamond drill, worked day and night for three days on a sheet of the substance one twenty-fifth of an inch thick, with a speed of 5,000 revolutions per minute, was a slight dint in the sheet and the wearing out of the diamond. This substance is pure metallic tantalum.

\* \* \*

A scientific experiment once drew from the body of a single spider three thousand four hundred and eighty yards of spider silk—a length little short of two miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossily brilliant than that of the silkworm, being of a golden colour.

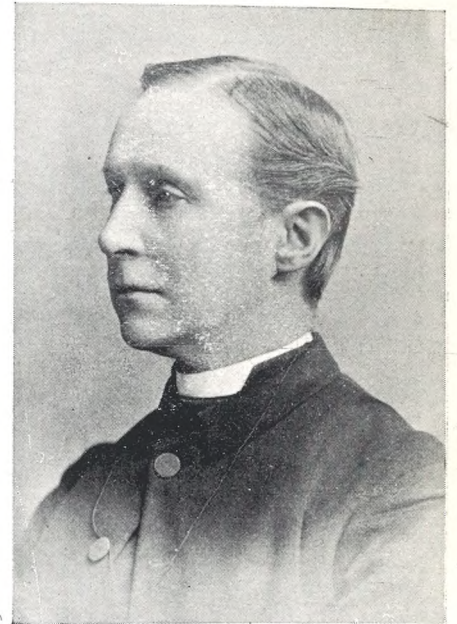
**£1,207 FOR A CLOCK.**

The remarkable sum of £1,207 10s. was realised for a clock of the period of Louis XV. at Christie's rooms on Friday. The case is of oak, veneered with tulip and kingwood, the whole being beautifully mounted with ormolu, and standing 7ft. 6in. high.

\* \* \*

**POISON IN THE CHALICE.**

The use of the curious term "credence" in the sense of a side-table is incidentally explained by a writer in the December "Burlington Magazine." It originated in the practice of testing food before it was served, in order to protect the banqueters from poison. A "credence table," says the writer, means simply a tasting table (Italian for la credenza—to taste), whether in church or hall, and its name in either case had the same origin. To this day in Rome the wine and water are tasted before the offertory at Papal and Pontifical masses by the sacristan (who also eats one of the two wafers provided), though it may be hoped that the necessity for the ceremony has disappeared. In the days when credences began to be used, it was as necessary in church as elsewhere.



**REV. E. H. F. COSENS,**  
Vicar of Holy Trinity, Tewkesbury,  
Recipient of Testimonial on completion of a  
quarter of a century's incumbency.



**MR. LEONARD JOHNSTON,**  
A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.MECH.E.  
THE NEW GENERAL MANAGER OF GLOUCESTER  
CORPORATION LIGHT RAILWAYS.

Mr. Johnston, who is now 29 years old, was educated at the Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, and has had ten years' experience in electrical engineering, mostly on tramway work. In March, 1904, he was appointed Chief Assistant Engineer to Blackburn Corporation Tramways, and afterwards Joint Manager and Chief Engineer, and at the end of his first year the annual loss was reduced from £5,318 to £2,792, and the balance-sheet for six months ending last September shows a net profit of £1,413. Gloucester Corporation unanimously appointed Mr. Johnston solely on his merits, but it is interesting to note that his father, Councillor Bruce Johnston, of Croydon, is a native of Gloucester, and his grandfather, Mr. William Johnston, one of her most respected citizens.





**FIRE AT IDLOES CABINET WORKS, STROUD, DEC. 3, 1905.**

VIEW OF EXTERIOR.



VIEW OF INTERIOR.



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

No. 259.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"Beauty and the Barge."

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY NEXT:

FIFTH ANNUAL BENEFIT of  
MR. OSWALD REDFORD

(General Manager).

Ye Signe of "NOAH'S ARK,"  
Ye Olde  
353 HIGH STREET.

W. T. COSSENS has Dolls and  
Toys for Girls and Boys, and  
Seasonable Presents to suit  
Old and Young.

SEE SHOW ROOMS.

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**

WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,

419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Tarragona Port 1/1 per quart.

"Invicta" Table Ale 2/6 per doz.

Stout (Guinness) 3/6 per doz.

Pilsener Lager Beer.

Syphons of Soda Water 3/- per doz.

Hop Ale (Non-intoxicating).

Price Lists on Application.

Capital punishment was abolished in Switzer-  
land in 1874, and reinstated in 1879.

Mechanics head the list of inventors; clergymen  
come next.



**THE LATE MR. W. McLANDSBOROUGH, M.I.C.E.,**

FORMERLY WATER ENGINEER TO THE BOROUGH OF CHELTENHAM.

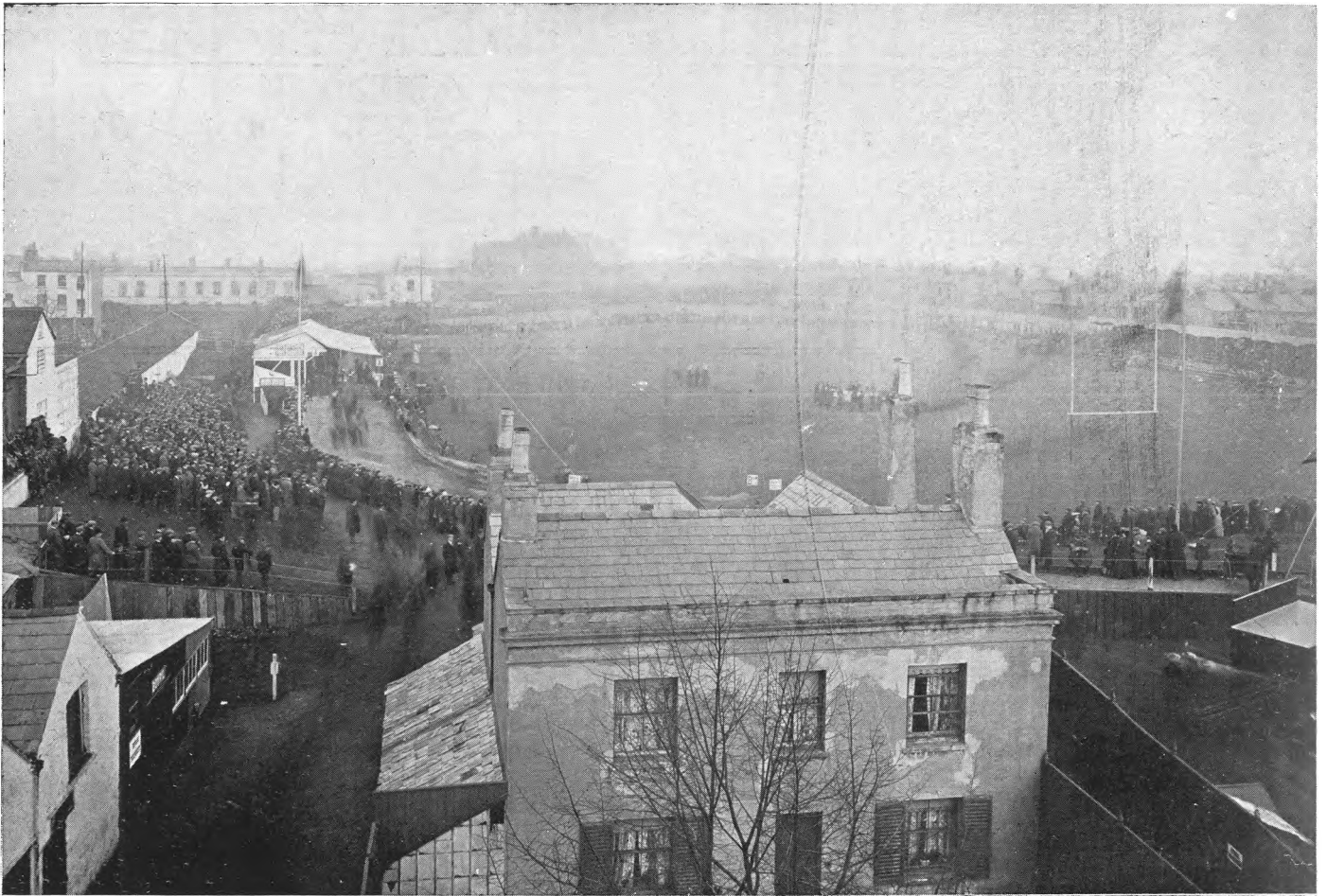
DIED DECEMBER 5, 1905, AGED 76 YEARS.

JOCKEYS AS HUNTSMEN.

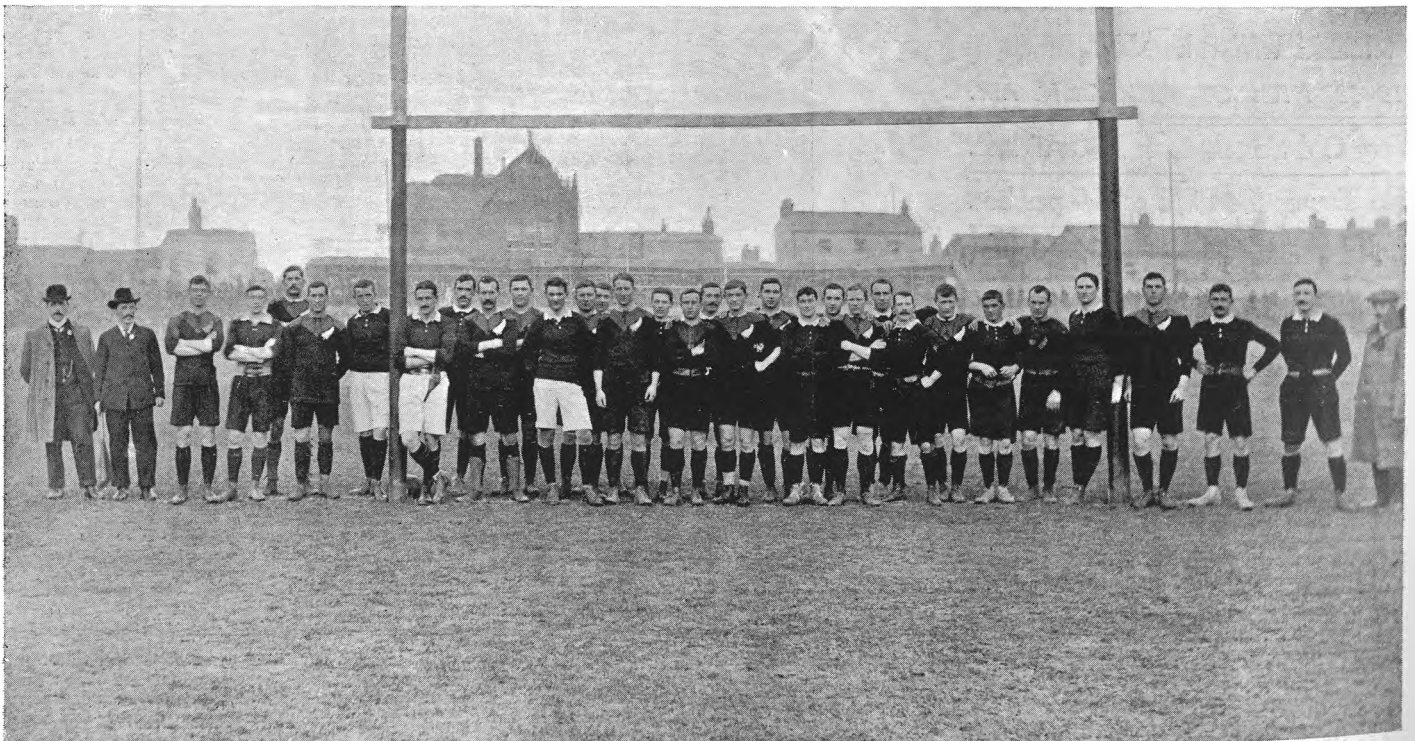
In the winter "Morny" Cannon, the famous jockey, is an ardent votary of the chase, and one of the hardest of the many hard riders in the Vale of Aylesbury, where he throws in his lot with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds and the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds. The popular "Morny" resembles most of his brother jockeys in being a

keen hunting man, and when the Newmarket and Thurlow are near to the headquarters of the Turf their following is largely swelled by well-known jockeys. That fine horseman, Harry Custance, was, in his day, one of the best men in Leicestershire, and another famous jockey always in the first fight with hounds was Fred Archer.—"The Bystander."





**THE GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH—NEW ZEALAND v. CHELTENHAM,**  
**Played on the Cheltenham Athletic Ground, Dec. 6, 1905.**  
VIEW OF THE GROUND AN HOUR BEFORE THE START. BAND PLAYING IN THE CENTRE.



THE TWO TEAMS.





CHELTENHAM v. NEW ZEALAND—SPECTATORS.





MR. FRANK BURROUGHS, JUN.

(Son of Mr. F. C. Burroughs, Kayte Farm) served in the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry during the Boer War, and recently emigrated to Canada, being entertained to dinner by his friends before leaving.

**THE PASSING OF THE HORSE OMNIBUS.**

No greater vehicle than the London omnibus has been devised by the sons of men. Sir Walter Gilbey says that the London omnibus is a triumph of carriage building. "It is probably the lightest and strongest vehicle in the world for carrying twenty-eight people at a speed of nearly eight miles an hour." That is an expert's opinion. Mr. Howell thinks that of all London sights the procession of omnibuses is the most impressive. "Whole populations lifted high in the air, and lurching and swaying with elephantine gait." And the people—we—on their roofs: "They are no longer ordinary or less than ordinary men and women bent on the shabby businesses that preoccupy the most of us; they are conquering princes, making a progress in a long triumph, and looking down upon a lower order of beings from their wobbling steeples. It is the wobble of the horse omnibus that we shall miss—that hint of majestic delirium which permits a nice woman to smile at you from her seat faintly and suppliantly as you swing round Waterloo-place into Pall Mall. The motor-buses don't wobble, they lean. Leaning is too stern a trial; under it the eye of woman dilates, but does not respond as in the wobble's divine recoveries. But men and women alike will miss the dark dance of the two manes below, and the play of bone and muscle along those honest friendly backs.—"The Passing of an Old Friend," in "T.P.'s Weekly."

•••••  
**A GOOD SEASON.**

The publishers are said to have done very well during the season that is now drawing to a close. As a rule, when the newspapers are exciting, the demand for books declines. They have been very exciting during the past autumn, but the demand for books has nevertheless increased, and the thrills of the Russian Revolution have by no means blocked the way for novelists. The explanation, however, is obvious. Of supping on horrors, as of all carnal pleasure, cometh satiety at last. Readers have been glad to turn their backs upon the massacres.—"The Academy."

**POETRY.**

✱  
**THE SKY AT SUNSET.**  
✱

Could any artist possibly paint  
A more truly beautiful sight  
Than the sky, when the sun is sinking low,  
Heralding the long, dark night?

When the sky is golden toward the west,  
And purple, and red, and blue,  
Could anyone wish for a picture more fair,  
With such an exquisite hue?

Dark clouds from each side come hurrying up,  
And hide the bright sky and the light;  
The birds homeward fly, man goes to his rest,  
For the day is far spent—Good-night!

GWYNETH M. STARR (Aged 12½).

London-road, Gloucester.



SCENE OF HAVOC IN THE DOUBLE-STALL SHED.



CHARRED REMAINS OF NINE WEANING CALVES IN OUTER SHED.

**FIRE AT BRICKHAMPTON COURT FARM—Sunday, Dec. 10, 1905,**

BY WHICH 45 CATTLE BELONGING TO MR. W. H. SMITH WERE DESTROYED.

**SWEET BRIAR HEDGES.**

The Penzance Briars make charming hedges five feet or so in height. We have seen them higher, but then there is a tendency to nakedness at the bottom. Up to six feet, with careful training, they may be kept quite full at the bottom. The site should be thoroughly trenched and manured before planting—a month or so, if possible—to give time for settlement. To make a

perfect hedge, only good, healthy plants should be selected, and planted one foot apart. Cut rather hard back the first season after planting to fill up the bottom. Afterwards a little annual trimming with the shears will suffice. There is much variety in these hybrid sweet briars, and a hedge is not only bright when in blossom, as after the flowers fade the scarlet hedges give another long period of brightness which is very effective.—"The Garden."





Photos by Mr. Merrett,

AMONG THE RUINS.

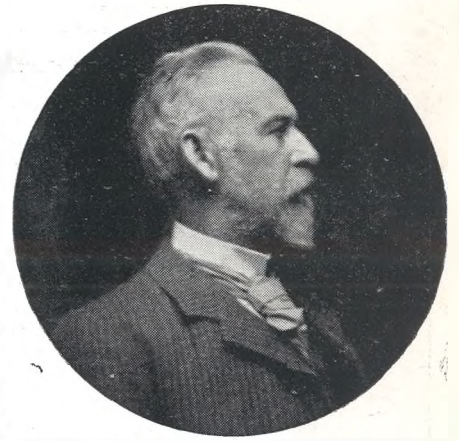
Churchdown.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the cavalry that if a trooper become dismounted he must lie still. If he does this the whole squadron will pass over him without doing him injury.

If quacks are the greatest knaves in the world, their patients are the greatest fools.

Fame, at the expense of a good name, is dearly bought.

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will go to swell the profits of banking institutions.



MR. WILLIAM S. FRITH,  
A DISTINGUISHED GLOUCESTRIAN.

From this photo a medallion was modelled and recently presented to Mr. Frith at a dinner at Covent Garden Hotel, to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of his service as head modelling master of the Kennington Modelling Schools of the City and Guilds of London Institute. The company included several R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s. Mr. John Tweed wrote:—"I think our flourishing British school of sculpture owes all to the logical system of Frith and Dalou. Indeed, he has made the Lambeth School a kind of incubator for Academy medallists." Mr. Frith has executed much first-class carving and sculpture, and he is now engaged, with his brother, Mr. Henry C. Frith, of Gloucester, upon the carving of the new Government offices at Westminster and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Among his local work are a bust of the late Dean Law and a medallion portrait on the memorial to the late Mr. Barwick Baker in Gloucester Cathedral.



ST. PAUL'S (CHELTENHAM) SALE OF WORK, TOWN HALL, DEC. 7, 1905.





**CHELTENHAM v. NEW ZEALAND.**

OFFICERS, COMMITTEE, AND STEWARDS OF THE CHELTENHAM CLUB.

**When the Eye Doesn't See.**

\*\*\*

[BY MATTHEW HURLEY.]

Gloom was in her pretty face.  
 "What ails you, Helen, dear?" asked her husband in his kindest tone.  
 "It is nothing, Reginald," was her reply, which of course meant that at that moment "It," whatever it was, was everything.  
 "Was there anything in the post this morning that—"  
 "The post," she cried. "How can you think that?"  
 "Well, is it my going—"  
 "No—no. Why you are often away. Why should that trouble me?"  
 "Yet you grew serious as soon as I mentioned it just now."  
 "Did I? Oh, no; it is not your going. Not at all—not at all."  
 So much denial on that point surely contained some little admission.  
 A hint of this seemed to come to him.  
 "Helen, tell me candidly."  
 He put his arms around her.  
 "You shudder a little. Come now, Helen. What is the matter?"  
 "I don't know."  
 This, again, is a famous formula when anything bordering on feminine delicacy is endangered.  
 Reginald, like a true hero, gave it up.  
 "Well," said he, "I must be off. It will be inconvenient for me to get away until late, and the last train leaves Hallwell at 10.30. That means I shan't get back till to-morrow evening. I daresay I shall be able to get here in good time for dinner. Good-bye, Helen."  
 He meant to kiss her. She put her hands upon his shoulders, and the pleading sorrow in her eyes stopped him.  
 "Reginald," she said, "you seem very eager to be off. Especially as you won't be home to-night."  
 Reginald's turn now came for evasions.  
 "Upon my honour, Helen, one would think from the very way you say that, that I was always anxious to be away."

"No. But can't you come back to-night?"  
 "Impossible."  
 "You are trifling."  
 "Trifling!"  
 She had aroused his indignation.  
 She smiled. "Now," thought she, "he can be made come home in order to prove his own innocence; and he will never know how anxious I am that he shall not stay away to-night of all nights. I dare not hint at that. I must make him return in self-defence."  
 Now Reginald loved his wife—loved her very much. In fact, there was no woman in the world, he felt, that he could love so much. Still, an occasional absence from what one loves very much is an agreeable contrast; if only to give new life, as it were, to one's affection. But if one is denied such a means of intensifying one's love what is a man to do?  
 "Well," said he forebodingly, "if you are willing to risk seeing too much of me—"  
 She laughed.  
 "You needn't laugh, Helen."  
 "You'll come back to-night?"  
 "Yes; good-bye. I shall not be back in time for dinner."  
 Five minutes afterwards he was on his way to Halwell, from which place, upsetting all his arrangements, he would return that same evening. So Mrs. Reginald had gained her point without letting him know it.  
 Another five minutes later she went out heavily veiled. She went far away from the house, and did not stop till she reached the General Post-office. Any other place in London was too small for the telegram she had to send.  
 "You are quite wrong. There shall be no 'one last look' in my history. I have insisted upon my husband being home this evening. Take this to mean definitely you must never dare communicate with me again."  
 There was no signature; the sender's features were hidden, and not the slightest clue was left whereby the origin of the message might be traced.  
 Mrs. Reginald sighed as she edged her way out of the group in the midst of which she had intentionally placed herself, so as to confuse the telegraph official's mind—if that were necessary—

on the point of the sender's general appearance.  
 "That is definitely settled," said she to herself outside the building. "If there is one strong proof of Reginald's being fond of me, it is the fact that he is still jealous of the man to whom I was once engaged. The mention of his name sends him into an absurd rage. What would happen if he knew he had written me a letter? Could I prove he had had no encouragement? Then if it ever came to his ears that he had actually been to see me in Reginald's own house! And if they were to meet there—heavens! He would kill the other man and me too. Greatrex has no right to still keep thinking of me. How absurd some men are about a pretty face. They have no sense; not even a perception of the abstract morality of it."  
 Whether Mrs. Reginald thought a man went into a metaphysical disquisition first, and afterwards exercised ordinary common sense as to whether he ought or ought not to become the slave of a fascination need not be discussed. The fact is she was in a state of real uneasiness. And when she got home, the first thing she did was to take a letter out of her pocket, put it on the fire, and watch it become ashes. This is how she would have treated a document before going out, but the address of the writer was so important a thing that she dared not trust to memory in sending the wire. She feared even now that some mistake would prevent the message from reaching its destination. Or course she read it once again before burning it.  
 "When I returned to London and found you had married as a retaliation upon my indifferent conduct, I knew I should never be happy in this country. I determined to leave London straight away. But I want to see you—I want to see you so much. I know it is wrong, but right or wrong is nothing to me. I am coming to take one last look at you, hear your voice for the last time. I have discovered when the hateful being ('That's my husband,' commented the reader) will be absent. I implore you to let me see you this evening."  
 "Ah!" sighed Mrs. Reginald complacently, watching the last of the letter in the fire. "A man in love is a ship without a port. This man has no notion of where he is drifting to. But



thank heaven I have sufficient common sense to know my duty to Reginald and to decency. There is no need to say more. I am Reginald's wife, and no other man has a right to look at me except with respect."

Perhaps it was because Mrs. Reginald's common sense was so pronounced that she had decided not to tell her husband anything about the letter.

"Why should I do anything to hurt his feelings, or arouse bad blood? It might for ever make his life and mine unhappy. Besides," she added, with the generosity which women extend to men whose extravagance takes the form of this personal adoration, "this poor fellow could not help himself, I suppose. No; instead of causing any unpleasantness I have done the wisest thing. I have put a decided stop to the man's antics. He was always good looking and well-dressed, too," she commented irrelevantly.

She took off her things wearily. The excitement, the journey, and the strain of the whole thing had really worn her out.

She rang for Jane.  
"I am too unwell to see anyone. So shall not be at home this afternoon."

"Yes, m'm," said Jane.  
A little rest soon restored the good spirits of Mrs. Reginald. She had just taken a cup of tea, which cheered her considerably; and after Jane had cleared away and lit the lamp, she sat thinking of her eventful day. The hour at which the upsetting visit had been threatened was past.

"The institution of 'the wire' is an excellent thing," she thought with complacency. "But I don't know what I should have done if Reginald had not promised to come back. I don't know what I should do. But no doubt I should have thought of some other way to keep the infatuated person at a distance. At any rate, that is now a thing of the past and Reginald shall never be disturbed by a hint of it. Jane, if anyone calls send them up."

"Yes, m'm," said Jane.  
The door bell rang, and Jane hurried down.

Mrs. Reginald's best intentions were frustrated: the man who had caused all her perturbation during the day was, in spite of all she had done, row ushered into her presence.

He was young, tall, dark, handsome and well dressed. The intense excitement of standing before the woman he loved and the pain of seeing her for the last time gave his face a glow which seemed to surround him like the halo of a martyr meeting his doom.

But anguish also found a home in the heart of the woman.  
"You will not speak to me, Helen?" said the man.

"Mr. Greatrex," she returned, with a cold, hard manner, "why have you been foolish enough to do this? You deliberately endanger the happiness of a husband and wife. Has all sense of honour left you?"

"You are cruel. I had no thought of bringing harm upon you. You have made my life a torture for all the years to follow. I thought you could spare me one little moment in which to be happy."

"The past is the past. I am a wife. You have intruded yourself here after my forbidding it."

"Forbidding it?"  
"You had the message?"  
"What message?"  
"The telegram I sent this morning."  
"Where did you send it?"  
"To the hotel address on the letter."  
"I am sorry. That letter was written in the afternoon. Then your brother came and insisted upon my spending the night under his roof, as it is my last in London. I have not been to the hotel since."

The woman groaned.  
"I am punished for my self-confidence," was the agonising thought. "I see now I ought to have told my husband of the letter instead of depending on myself. If he were to return now what must he think? Never again will I have a secret from him. I was over-confident in myself. He is my protector. I am punished for what I did. Now, I must do what is right."

She looked pleadingly at Greatrex.  
"If you have any kindness left for me," she said, "leave my husband's house this moment. Do not let us delay. Go at once."

"Without a kind word from you, Helen?"  
"I am deeply sorry, Mr. Greatrex, that I should ever have caused you a moment's unhappiness. I can say no more. The past is the past. I was not a wife then. Now, I have no right to

be more than polite to you. Your right is limited in the same way towards me."

"Ah, Helen, my right is not so easily defined. By right you are mine. My feeling for you has never lost its power. I think of you night and day."

"You were not always so ready to show it. Your treatment of me was not all that could be desired. But that is the past. I ask you to be silent on that and leave me. Can't you see how your being here terrifies me?"

"I did not know how I valued you till I lost you. Now I know—"

The woman's agitation was too evident to allow him to proceed. He took pity.  
"Well, I take my leave."

"Yes, yes."  
"Good-bye, Helen."

He held out his hand. She hesitated, every fibre strained in terror.  
The street door was thrown open. She dreaded to think this might be her husband. If so, then her punishment was complete.

A sound of pain came up from the hall.  
Helen, Helen!" called the voice of her husband in unmistakable agitation.

Helen covered her face with her hands.  
"They will kill one another!" she cried.  
Mr. Greatrex stood motionless. The terror of the woman took away for the moment his presence of mind.

"Helen, Helen!" called her husband again.  
She wondered why he delayed coming up.  
A groan came from the hall.

Helen recovered herself a little. She looked up.  
"Stay here," she whispered tremblingly.

She ran softly to the landing, and saw her husband at the foot of the stairs, moving strangely about the hall like a man in the dark, although the hall lamp had been lighted. He seemed to be trying unsuccessfully to take off his coat with one hand. The servant was not there.

"He must have let himself in with the latch-key," said Helen to herself. Then with a groan she wondered what cruel fate had sent him home so unexpectedly. Her agitation would seem to him an admission of guilt. How could she explain the presence of Mr. Greatrex, whom Reginald so hated? She made an effort to appear calm, and ran down the stairs, questioning herself.

The truth would now seem fictitious. What could she do? In her own mind she believed that the death of one of the two men must be the outcome of this meeting.

"Helen; is that you?" asked Reginald.  
"Yes," she replied, trying to suppress her agitation.

Now she perceived that something had happened to him. He held his hand tightly over his left eye.

"Has anything happened?"  
"Take me upstairs. I should think something has happened," he returned with a groan. His pain was intense, apparently.

"What is it?" asked his wife, delaying him at the foot of the staircase, while she slowly took off his coat.

"The beastly horse went down on a hill just as I was driving to Jenks and Co.'s place this afternoon in Hallwell. The hansom went all to smash. The front window sash broke, and I was thrown on to it. I think it's ruined my left eye. The doctor dressed it and put a cap on it."

Helen's sorrow was as great as her husband's pain. But in a moment the feminine quickness of thought caught at a means of salvation for her own and her husband's happiness (whatever might be the effect upon his left eye).

"The gas light is terrible," she cried. "If the sight of one eye is injured, it will endanger the sight of the other if left exposed to gas light. Let me bind it."

Without waiting for permission, she swiftly drew out her handkerchief. In another instant she had bandaged his right eye, and he was completely blind.

"Now, dear," she said, taking his arm, "let me lead you up to our room."

"What a kind little woman you are, dear," said Reginald, who, like all men when the slightest thing ails them, demand and appreciate all the sympathy in their neighbourhood.

He stumbled upstairs beside her. Without hesitating she led him into the room where Greatrex stood in wonderment.

"As she passed over the threshold, Helen made a sign indicating that he must leave the room at once.

Greatrex moved past the husband and wife to the door.

"Who's that?" querulously demanded the husband.  
"Only Jane," replied the wife, with her hand upon her heart, as if she feared the terror within would burst it.

"Oh," said the husband satisfied.  
Greatrex went slowly down the staircase and out of the house, which he should never again enter.

The wife, who had led her husband to the sofa, now stood with her hand still upon her heart, at the door of the room, watching the other man till the hall door closed behind him. Then she burst into tears, and, returning to the sofa, knelt at her husband's feet.

THE MONARCHY.

I never felt I never realised—more than in reading Mr. W. H. Wilkins's 'Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.," how far and how widely we are separated from the period of the Georges. My first and most potent impression was that of the tremendous strength the late Queen and the present King gave to the cause of Royalty. It is hard to believe that a few more reigns and personalities like that of George IV. would have allowed the system or the dynasty to continue. Whether he deserved to have done it or not—on which I may have some words to say later on—it is quite clear that George IV. brought the monarchical system to such a degree of weakness and disfavour that it would have required very little more to have destroyed it. I am further surprised to find how far we have improved in morals and manners since the days of the Georges, which is not the popular view. The popular view usually is that we are constantly going to the dogs, and that every successive epoch is a little more wicked than the epoch which has preceded it. That is not the impression I get from these books. We eat too much, drink too much, we spend too much to-day, it is true; but we are more sober, more temperate, less recklessly spendthrift to-day than our ancestors of the days of the Georges. In short, we are better altogether.—T. P., in "T. P.'s Weekly."

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A MODEL ELECTRIC KITCHEN.

For his model electric kitchen exhibited at the Olympia Electrical Exhibition the judges awarded a special prize to Mr. Henry Dowsing. The kitchen demonstrates at a glance the completeness with which electricity fulfils every requirement of this important department. It produces heat for cooking and warming, light, ventilation, and provides power for various functions which are usually performed laboriously by manual labour. There being no combustion, there are, of course, also no ashes or cinders to remove; the smell of cooking, instead of being dispersed over the house, is expelled by means of two electric fans, one at the centre, the other at the back of the kitchen. In this kitchen there need never be any crowding, and the old proverb of too many cooks spoiling the broth does not apply here; in order to cook it is not necessary to be even near the stove or oven, for most of the saucepans and kettles have heating appliances attached so that they may be termed self-contained cookers. Other cooking utensils are provided for use on the electric hot-plate, which can readily be made as hot as the top of a kitchen, and will fry, boil, grill, and toast. The heat can be regulated to a nicety by switching the heat lamp on or off, and the hot-plate will keep a number of dishes hot; it is heated by means of radiant lamps which project their heat rays upwards on to this thin iron plate, which, being an excellent conductor, readily transmits the heat to the vessels placed upon it. On the hot-plate is a Bain-Marie with three saucepans of different sizes. The electric oven is very accessible; the inside shelves are heated by means of Huntley's detachable elements, while for the salamander or browning plate, four large heat lamps at the top of the oven throw down powerful heat rays. The roaster and jack is self-contained, and roasts without fire; five large lamps aided by a powerful reflector project their rays upon the meat as it turns on the jack; the roaster can stand anywhere in the kitchen. Means are provided for airing clothes and towels electrically; and knives and boots are cleaned and plate polished by the use of electric power. Electric sweeping and cleaning machines, an electric clock and a telephone complete the equipment of this model kitchen.—"Magazine of Commerce."



**A CHRISTMAS MEAT SHOW AT WILLIAM JAMES'S,  
82 HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.**

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**



**Finest Quality of Meat only.**

**May I receive your patronage?**

**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 159th prize has been awarded to Mr. Chas. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for his report of an address by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt delivered at St. John's Men's Conference.

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

**HOW WE GET THE CHRISTMAS PLUM  
PUDDING.**

The unskilful or unlucky housewife whose pudding this 25th of December shows signs of "slackness" when brought to table may console herself with the reflection that plum-porridge was undoubtedly the immediate progenitor of the pride and glory of our modern Christmas dinner. The dish was, however, not served near the end of the banquet, but right at the beginning, says a "T.A.T." contributor. Its chief ingredients were boiled fat beef or mutton—answering to the modern suet—brown bread crumbled, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace, ginger, and ground almonds. The whole, when boiled, was served in a tureen, like soup, and eaten with spoons out of silver or horn cups. This, as has been said, was the immediate progenitor of the Christmas pudding as we know it to day; but plum-porridge (also termed indifferently by our ancestors plum-pottage and plum-broth) can in its turn be traced back to a favourite dish of still earlier times, styled indifferently by mediæval compilers of cookery codes, furrante, frumenty, or furrumety. This latter, then, is the true ultimate source of the modern Christmas plum-pudding. Furrumety was concocted—according to the most ancient formula extant—in this wise: "Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar, that the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean fresh broth and sweet milk of kine, and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs; boil it a little, and set it down (? in front of the fire), with fat venison or fresh mutton." There are other instructions, too lengthy to be quoted here, and the recipe concludes with the not inappropriate direction, "mess it forth."

**CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE AT  
MIDSUMMER.**

In Germany are whole villages devoted to the production of Christmas toys, and their busiest time is just about midsummer. By the end of August the receiving depots are crammed with Christmas clowns and Christmas mechanical puppets, Christmas drums, and wooden horses—children's Christmas presents, in fact, of all sorts and kinds; and the travellers start out—east, west, north, and south—with their Christmas samples about the time the corn is ready for the sickles of the reapers, says "T.A.T." In Holland, too, where more than one town is devoted absolutely and entirely to the making of Christmas dolls, the same rule holds good. During May, June, July, and August every man, woman, and child in these places seems in some way to be occupied with the manufacture of miniature babies. Even at school, during these particular months, the sewing-lessons are taken with dolls' clothes for models.

**HOW WE GOT THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER.**

The modern cracker, so far as its early history can be traced, seems to have been evolved, by slow degrees, from the "kiss"—not the kiss osculatory, but a species of comfit so called. It consisted of a sweet wrapped in coloured paper, and a love motto; and, of course, these primitive "crackers" did not "crack," says "T.A.T." Evolution proceeded in this matter slowly but surely, as evolution invariably does. Enterprise, probably stimulated by competition, caused certain of the vendors of "kisses" to put in more and more sweets, with the result that the finished article became bulkier and bulkier. Finally, when it grew customary, as it did after a while, to introduce into the packages some small article of jewellery, it became necessary to devise some method for more securely confining the "kiss" than the mere twisting the coloured paper at the top. Some genius, whose name has not been handed down to fame, hit upon the happy knack of tying the "kiss" at both ends, and when these ends were "fringed" with a pair of scissors, something very like the modern cracker in appearance came into being. In appearance only, however. The "bang," the soul, so to speak, of the finished entity of to-day was lacking. This last and greatest touch of all was added soon afterwards, and the addition heralded the birth of a new and important British industry.

To Gloucestershire has fallen one of the nine new peerages that the King has been pleased to create on the recommendation of Mr. Balfour before giving up the Premiership. Sir Michael Hicks Beach is, as was generally expected, this new local peer, a viscountcy having been conferred on him. He will really be the only viscount from this county with a seat in the House of Lords. His eminent services to the State and general fidelity to his party have met with their just reward, and the Gilded Chamber will receive in the "Father of the House of Commons" (he having sat there continuously since 1864) a well-qualified recruit and dignified personage.

I confess I am much disappointed that Sir John Dorington was not ennobled with Sir Michael, and his mature experience and ripe judgment thus retained to the State in "another place" to the Commons. A very cursory investigation of the public claims of the other eight new peers satisfies me that Sir John has far greater claims from the party point of view for honour than either of them. Indeed, he was fighting Parliamentary battles—and stiffish ones, too, before one or two of them were born, or, at least, when they were in their pupillage. Sir John's first contest was as far back as 1867, and altogether he has fought eleven battles in three constituencies. He has been unswerving in his loyalty to his party, but the only rewards for his long and faithful services have been a baronetcy, conferred in 1886, and a Privy Councillorship in 1902. What would merely have been a life peerage has been denied him. This shabby treatment, as compared with the preferential recognition of plutocrats, has more than ever confirmed me in the long-felt belief in the dictum, "There is no gratitude in party politics." And it is not as if Sir John Dorington would not have been a credit and an ornament to the Upper Chamber. That goes without saying.

Gloucestershire is not so well favoured with resident peers that another added to its list would have given it an undue proportion, if indeed that had been taken into account. In fact, the peers connected by residence or territorial ties with this county are the Duke of Beaufort, Earls of Ducie, Eldon, St. Germans, Gainsborough, Harrowby, Coventry, Beauchamp, Bathurst, and Wemyss and March, and Barons Fitzhardinge, Sherborne, Redesdale, Estcourt, and Biddulph. Only four of these have some local place appended to their title, namely Tortworth to Lord Ducie, Campden to Lord Gainsborough, Deerhurst to Lord Coventry, and Sherborne to Baron Fitzhardinge. Gloucestershire, however, has also furnished names to the following living noblemen.—Berkeley and Dursley (Viscount) to the Earl of Berkeley, Hardwicke to the Earl of Hardwicke, Tewkesbury (Baron) to the Earl of Munster, Hawkesbury to Lord Hawkesbury, Amberley (Viscount) to Earl Russell, and Toddington to Lord Sudeley. Altogether this county has only a score of peers associated with it either by residence, or territorial ties, or place names. Considering its size and importance, the county, and more especially the county town, is badly off for resident aristocrats.

It is just over a year ago that I saw the local engineers of the Great Western Railway and those of the contractors for the construction of the Honeybourne line pegging out the land near Follylane for a commencement of operations in this town. And what a change has been effected since then in the district in question! Houses pulled down (including the Cherry Tree Inn) high earth embankments made with brick retaining walls, and bridges with iron girders across several streets denote the great progress made. I hear that before long St. George's-road, at the top of Great Western-road, will be "up" for the delicate operation of putting another bridge to carry the highway over the line just at the junction point. For the past few Sundays gangs of men have been relaying the cross-overs and metals at Lansdown Junction. I believe that shortly we shall see Great Central trains calling at Cheltenham South Station (Leckhampton) for passengers to and off their system. Indeed, a G.W.R. train called there last Saturday for Collegians for Rugby, on the Great Central, to play in or watch the football match. And the Hatherley loop will soon be brought into use to save G.W.R. and Great Central through trains running over congested Lansdown Junction.

GLEANER.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 260.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



*William Booth*

**GENERAL BOOTH'S VISIT TO CHELTENHAM,  
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1905.**

*Autograph Portrait to the Editor.*

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

Tuesday next (Boxing Day) afternoon and evening, most elaborate production, for two weeks only, of the PANTOMIME  
"CINDERELLA."

### A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,

419-420 HIGH ST., CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Tarragona Port 1/1 per quart.

"Invicta" Table Ale 2/6 per doz.

Stout (Guinness) 3/6 per doz.

Pilsener Lager Beer.

Syphons of Soda Water 3/- per doz.

Hop Ale (Non-intoxicating).

*Price Lists on Application.*

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

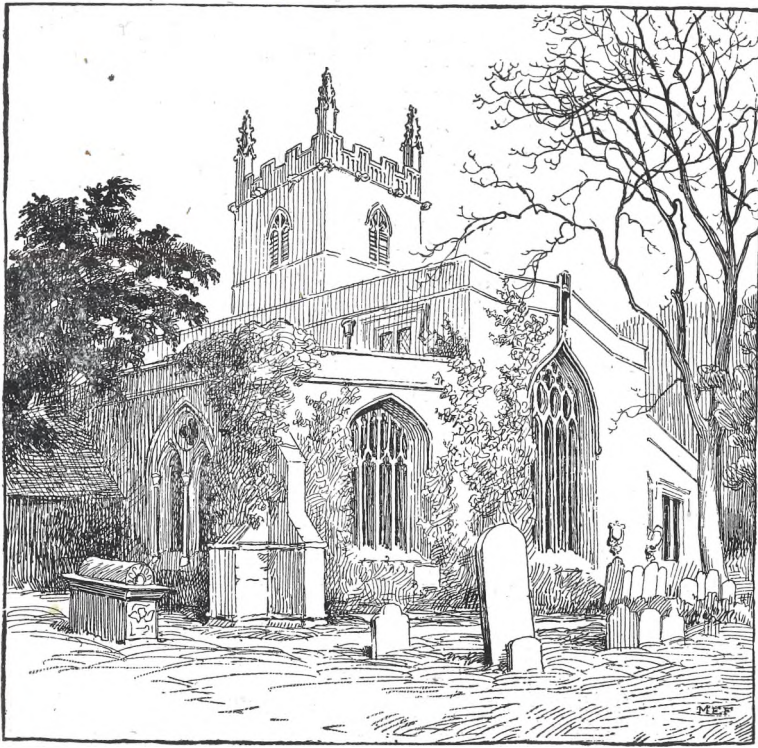
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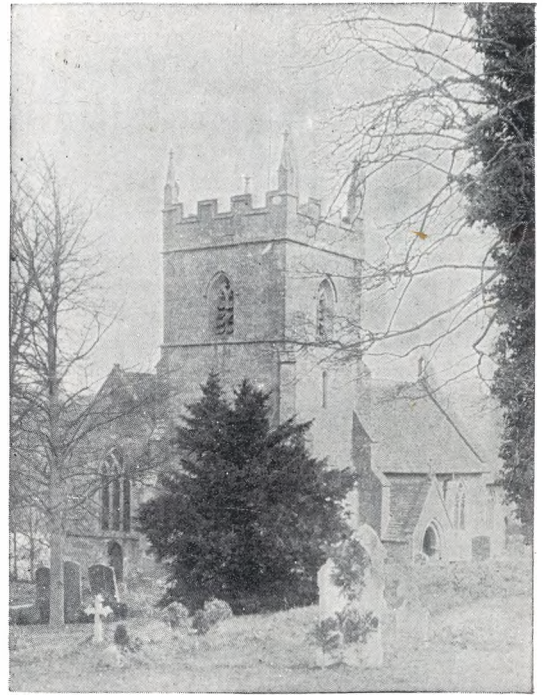
The 160th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively delivered by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church and the Rev. A. Hoad at Wesley Church.

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





STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.



UPPER SLAUGHTER.



ODDINGTON

## GOTSWOLD CHURCHES.

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the Editor of Stow  
Deanery Magazine  
(Rev. F. T. Evans,  
Rector of Stow).*



GREAT RISSINGTON.

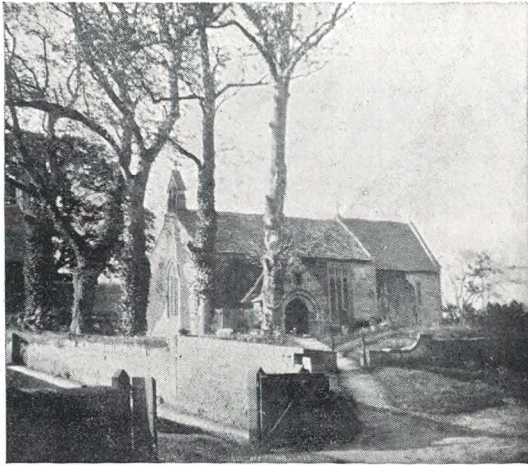


BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.

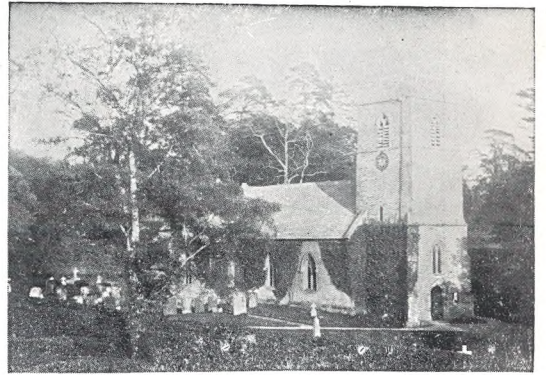


CLAPTON.





UPPER SWELL.



ADLESTROP.



LOWER SLAUGHTER.



NAUNTON.



GREAT BARRINGTON.

COTSWOLD  
CHURCHES.



WYCK RISSINGTON.





**MR. C. P. ALLEN,**  
**Liberal Member for Stroud or Mid-GloUCEstershire Division.**

**“Selina Jenkins”**

ADDRESSES A POLITICAL MEETING.

Such a hawful thing as 'appened last week you never 'eard tell on, wich of coorse it were all that there Amos's fault, thro' his mistookin' the place of meetin'; and 'ow was I to know, all perlitical meetin's bein' alike to me, namely very close and very dull? But I'll tell you 'ow it come to pass, and then you'll sympathise with me, I know.

You see, a gent come along to me last Monday week, and he says to me, “Mrs. Jenkins,” says he, “if you will favor us with your views on the fishcal question and the heddicatoin difficulty at a Liberal meeting we are holdin' in a few days, I am sure we shall be greatly obliged to you.”

“Well, well,” says I, “onaccustomed as I ham to public speakin', I dunnow 'ow I shall stand the strain, as they says. 'Owsomdever, I 'as me views, and they be jest so good as other people's in my hapynton, or mebbe better, so p'raps it's jest as well I should 'ave me say; but, if I mite be so bold as to ask, sir,” I says, “wot is the Liberal views on the subject? becos I dunnow exactly 'ow to keep me tongue from pickin' and stealin' as the sayin' is, and, not bein' a polerticknicon, I mite p'raps no sooner open me mouth than I should put me foot into it!”

“Ho! don't mind that, Mrs. Jenkins,” says the gent; “we shall be only too pleased to leave the matter entirely to you. We recognise your ability and the sweet reasonableness of your utterances in print, and if you will honour the platform with your esteemed presence and support the chairman, we shall be delighted.”

“Wot's the matter with the chairman?” says I; “becos I don't want any sich to-do's as once before, when I went to speak at a wimmen's rites meetin'—no, it weren't; it were in aid of the 'Prevention to Children'—to wich the chairman 'ad a fit rite in the middle of me speech, as they said were caused by the strength of me argyments; but I consider it were more to do with the 'eat of the atmosphere; and I can't be expected to support chairmen as goes in fits or anythink like that! Is your chairman quite 'ealthy and moderate in 'is 'abite?”

Well, he persuaded me, as it were, all rite, and if it were any help they'd get a live medical doctor on to the platform, on conditions of wich I agreed to support the platform and speak for Free Trade, England, 'ome, and beauty!

So on the appointed nite I sallied forth on Amos's arm to go to the place where the meetin' were to be 'eld, in the North Ward; wich, after we'd started hout and gone a good way, I says to Amos, “Amos,” I says, “whereabouts is the room as we're lookin' for? Wot is it called?”

“Upon my word, Selina,” says he, “if I 'avent come away without the paper as the chap 'rote it down on. 'Owver, it were a school or somethink; that I declare, becos I remembers that much.”

“Ho! Amos!” I says, “I did think you'd 'ave gone away brought that paper with you; and as for remembering the place, you knows very well I've forgot more than you ever remembered, so there ain't much chance of your thinkin' of it now! Wich you must be a silly gowk to—”

“Very well, Selina,” says he; “that's enuff,

wich if you never didn't do no worse you wouldn't 'urt! But wot's the good of worritin'? Let's ask a pleeceman if he've 'eard of sich a meetin'?”

So we ups and we askes 6 pleecemen one after another if they knowed of sich a thing, but not one of em 'ad 'eard of it, until we come to a fried-fish van, as said he 'ad arranged to stand outside the dore as they come out, becos of a good few of 'is customers bein' at the meetin', as he said ha knowed were a perlitical meetin' for certain, becos it couldn't be a mission from the numbers of men as were goin' to it!

Silly-like, we took 'is word for it, and never thought of arskin' if this yer were the Liberal perlitical meetin' as we was bound for; as were the cause of all the hupprore, so it turned out, becos there were 2 meetin's on the same hevenin', and we never knowed!

So when we got to the place there was a hawful squash of 'uman bein's, etceetery, crowded into the doorway, as made us go round to the back entrance, wich led to a litlle dore on to the platform. We was jest in time, and the chairman was already speakin' a few words, as I couldn't make no 'ead or tail of wotever becos of the haudience clappin' and stampin' afore he'd finished every sentence, so that you never got the end of 'em at a.l!

It sounded somthink like this: “Ladies and gentlemen (there weren't no ladies present' cep's me, but that dicn't seem to matter), “I 'ave the greatest pleasure in standing before you this evening on behalf of—(applause). I am fully convinced that the only party which can lead this country onwards in the paths of true greatness and Imperial glory is—(loud applause). I would not have you think, however—(applause)—because there is no doubt that Mr. Ballour is the greatest—(applause)—and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is likely to—(applause). But, ladies and gentlemen, I exhaust your patience—(applause)—and I willingly take my seat, as the gentleman whom I have the pleasure of—(applause)—will take his seat in Westminster as soon as you have done your duty by getting rid of Mr.—” (long and continued applause).

At this juncture I considered it were time to rise to the occasion. There was somebody or other on the platform as wanted to recite a piece of poetry or somthink home made; but I says, says I, “Ladies first, please.” I says to the chairman, “You've asked me to speak, and you'll 'ave to 'ear me out now.” The chairman looks at me hup and down, and at last he askes me in a whisper as made me think of the bar of a public, “Have they asked you to speak to-night?” “Why, certingly,” I says; “and here goes!” So I pokes this 'ere poetry chap in the sma.l of the back with me humbereller and motions of 'im to sit down until I'd finished. The chairman thought he'd make the best of a bad job, so he jest clears 'is throat a bit and calls for order, bein' a tidy bit of a row on, wot with remarks from the haudience and so 4th; wich he hannounced that Mrs. Jenkins 'ad “come to speak on behalf of the mothers and sisters of Hengland about the fishcal question and other matters. Would they give her a patient hearing?” After which I steps to the front, and, knockin' over a glass of water on to the chairman's lay with me humbereller, I said as follows:—

“Dear friends and fellow-brotheren,” I says, I as the greatest pleasure in standin' before you this hevenin' as the hincorruptible hadvocate of employment for all, and justice for heverybody regardless of hexpense (applause). You may think that me shawl isn't over smart, wich I never wears me best one out unless it's to a upper class reception, or sich like, fer fear of haccidents; but, fellow-brotheren, beneath that shawl beats a warm 'eart (great applause), wich I'll defy any man, woman, or child to prove the hoppersite (applause). I am ready to give 2s. 6d. to the 'Ospital if this statement can be unproved (applause). But I stands 'ere chiefly as the hincorruptible hadvocate, wich is to say one that isn't to be bought with pounds of beef, or baccy, or promises of good orders; wich I don't agree with a man as is puttin' up fer Parleymunt bein' allowed either to worrit people fer their votes, or bein' worrited 'imself to superscribe to this, that, and the other! If he's the best man, why, then, let's elect 'im for the post; but if he isn't, no amount of money gave to cricket clubs or dog shows will ever make 'im a good member of Parleymunt (a few groans and boo's occurred jest 'ere).

Well—you can groan until you perishes in the attempt,” I says, “I don't care! I be come 'ere to tell you the truth, and wot aids the lot of you I can't think! We 'as now a splendid Government in stock, and it's only to vote for the



Liberal candidate to see Chinese slavery doned away with, the Heducation Act put right, employment foud for everyone without charge, and no taxes put on the people's food! Just here there was a hawful huppror, cries of "Put 'er out," "Next please," and "Who let her in?" until I lost me temper, that I ll admit; and I says, says I, "Now look 'ere," I says, "all you 'owlin' menageries, I bain't goin' to be shet up by jest a lot of men like you, as is only able to make all this ere row while you be away from yer 'earth and 'ome. I'll be bound that most of you, when you comes 'ome late, takes yer shoes off afore you goes up to bed fer fear of yer wife and master (there was loud howls here). I knows yer ways! I 'aven't been married 2ce without knowin' that men is like fireworks—a lot of noise, but only ends in smoke! Wich I'm determined to 'ave me say, wich is that you'll 'ave to work yer 'ardest this time to put in a Liberal fer Cheltenham, so as we shall be properly represented in Parly-munt! Mr. Agg-Gardner—he's all rite—but if you elects 'im again he'll be up there in London all the tyme, and wot'll become of Cheltenham without 'im and 'is superscriptions I asks you? Wich it's well known he's down for the Mayor's chair next time, and if he gets packed off to Parlymunt again you spiles 'is chances fer that! You remember that, you 'owling motor-cars, you."

All the time I were sayin' this there was still a pretty considerable noise, and the chairman took to pullin' my sleeve every minnit or 2, until I were fair like one of these 'ere stags at bay, and I shouts, "Once and fer all," I says, "I stands 'ere fer peace, retrenchment, and reform! As fer this 'ere Home Rule, well, I tell you it's all fell through," I says. "I'll show you wot I mean—"

Wot 'appened next I don't egsactly know, but when I come to meself there was several men around poring water on me marble brow, and Amos slappin' me 'ands with a book, whiles somebody else 'ad put the key of the 'all down me back!

"Wotever is the matter," says I; "'ave the meetin' fell thro?"

"No, Selina," says Amos, "'twasn't egsackly that! 'Twas you fell thro! Wich there appears to 'ave been a loose plank in the platform, as gave way no sooner as you mentioned 'Ome Rule."

"Law," I says, "jest to think of that, Amos! But I always considered as 'Ome Rule were a bit of a mistake somewheres; there, there, now! bless me! 'Ow onfortnit, wich all one side of me is bruised black and blue, I'll be bound, from the feel of it! Wot sillies they be to 'ave sich shaky platforms."

"Yes; but look 'ere, Selina," says Amos, "that ain't the worst of it!"

"Wot!" I says, "Is the chairman killed?"

"No; worse than that!" he says.

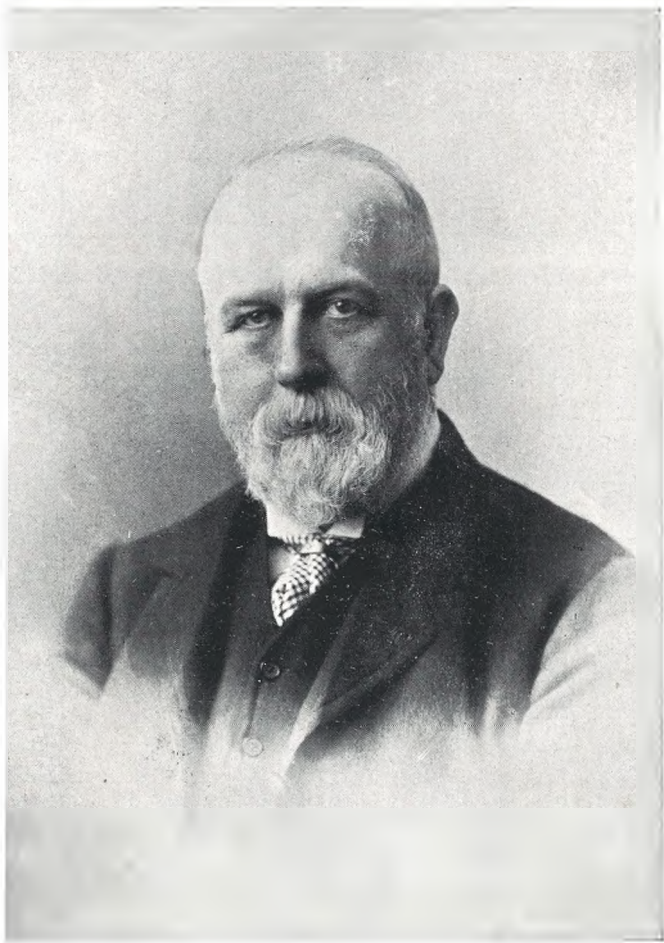
"Wot d'yer mean?" I says, 'a-settin' uprite with surprise.

"Well, Selina, I dunno 'ardly 'ow to break the news to you," he says, "but it comes to this—in short—that, as you mite say—without beatin' about the bush—altho', mind you, I don't take the blame of it all on meself—that we—so to speak—"

"Hout with it," I says, "man! Come to the pint and don't prevaricate.

"Well, Selina, I won't tell you no lies! The fact is—we come to the wrong meeting! There was two on the same evening—one Conservative and the other Liberal—and you've spoke a *Liberal* speech at the *Conservative* meeting! !!!!"

SELINA JENKINS.



MR. F. J. BROWN,

A RESPECTED CITIZEN OF TEWKESBURY,  
CLERK OF THE PEACE, REGISTRAR OF COUNTY COURT, &c.

Died December 16th, 1905, aged 71 years.

Last week was published a fine Xmas Show at Mr. Wm. James's Imperial Meat Market, 82 High Street, Cheltenham. This week we show the same stores as seen every morning at nine o'clock with carts about to start for first delivery.



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Opium kills about 160,000 persons annually in China.





MR. DAVID HUGHES (baritone).



MR. HENRY BEAUMONT (tenor).



MISS MILDRED JONES (contralto).

❁ CHRISTMAS ❁  
 ❁ FESTIVAL, ❁  
 TOWN HALL, CHELTENHAM,  
 WEDNESDAY NEXT,  
 ❁ DECEMBER 27, ❁  
 ❁ at 3 and 8. ❁



MISS ALICE HARE (soprano).





THE TURQUOISE ORNAMENT

[BY ITO YAMA.]

By mysterious means an old man had got into the Palace. No one could tell how. He had reached even the very door of the throne room before anyone discovered him. But there the two soldiers who guarded the door seized him—just as he tried to enter the sacred chamber.

"The Emperor sleeps!"  
The soldiers said this in a fierce whisper. They did not wish to hurt the old man. His mysterious presence there and then, and his appearance intensified that feeling. His head was shaved as bald as the face of a maiden. But his grey eyebrows stood out fiercely, and his eyes gleamed from beneath like a fox's under a bush. His face looked as wrinkled as a lake in the March wind. He held up his hands to defend himself, and they were like brown withered leaves on the end of two bare branches. His age belonged to countless years. No wonder the soldiers felt afraid, or that they wished to conciliate him, even while they dreaded making any noise.

"Who are you?" they asked in a terrified whisper.  
The old man drew his ragged cloak tight and folded his arms, to keep the tattered thing about him.

"I will tell that only to the Emperor," he answered.

The guards looked at each other in terror. "We shall lose our heads if we admit him," they said. "No. You will be rewarded," declared the old man.

"But the Emperor sleeps," said they.  
"He is sad. I come to cheer him."

The old man went forward. He had put his hand upon the door. But the soldiers, though fearing him, yet feared the consequences more. They seized him violently.

"It is death to disturb him," they whispered. They tried to draw him away. But to their surprise the door opened, and Amako, favourite of the Emperor, stood beside it.

The old man bowed low before this richly dressed noble.

Amako, with a look of terror, swiftly drew his silk robes about him. He stared at the old man.

"Wonderful!" he whispered, awe-stricken. "The Emperor, awakened from strange dreams, bade me seek a magician who promised him happiness. And lo! I find on the threshold this strange old man! Who are you?"

"The Emperor's slave," answered the stranger, with a smile and a cunning gleam from his fox-like eyes.

Amako shuddered. Then, turning inwards, he said, "Follow me."

He led the old man into the chamber, to the foot of the high-placed golden throne.

There sat Yoritimo, the greatest of all the ancient Emperors of Japan, who had fought so hard against might and against right to win that throne. He had gained the thing that should make him happy. Yet he looked unhappy: he looked sad. Bright colours fluttered around him: lords and ladies in glittering robes, which threw beautiful rainbow hues upon the shining marble of the walls and columns. As if in weariness, he had allowed his head to droop until his chin rested on the golden arm of his throne, and he looked sadly upon the gay groups of courtiers moving about him.

Amako stood silently by. Then he ventured to speak.

"Son of Heaven," said he, bowing low. The Emperor's eyes slowly turned upon him.

"Have you found him?" he demanded.  
"Look!"

The old man had thrown himself at full length under the Emperor's eyes, saying in a high-pitched voice:

"Son of Heaven! I am your slave, the dust at your feet. I prostrate myself before the Son of Heaven."

The courtiers stared. The Emperor roused himself. His eyes shone with an eager light.

"Who are you?" he asked quickly.  
"I am Shikano, a poor magician, who gives his life in your service."

"A magician! Amako," he cried, triumphantly, "my dream was true."

Amako shuddered.

"I tremble for your Majesty," he said, staring at the old man.

"Raise him," commanded the Emperor.

Two courtiers lifted the old man to his feet. He stood in front of the throne.

"Why do you come?"  
"To bring you happiness."  
The Emperor leaned back in his throne and smiled sadly.

"Old man," said he, "you cannot bring me what is already here."  
The old man bowed low.

"The Son of Heaven," said he, "wishes to test me. I answer: Did not the weariness of life overcome your Majesty but a moment ago? You said to Amako: 'My empire is great, my subjects many, my riches untold; I have all this, and I have not happiness.'"

The Emperor sighed.  
"You say the truth. I have gained all things and I am not happy. In weariness of spirit I fell into slumber here upon my throne of gold and dreamed—oh! I have dreamed such things! I dreamed a magician sought to transform me into a strange shape. He sought to enter my very soul under pretence of bringing me happiness. Amako feared for me when I bade him seek this phantom—"

"Son of Heaven," put in the old man, "your mood shall be your remedy. A life of fighting leaves no time for love—"

"What?"  
"I mean that your crown lacks a jewel."  
"A jewel! Is not my crown complete?"

The old man bowed humbly.  
"It is not complete: it lacks the turquoise ornament."

"The turquoise ornament!" exclaimed the Emperor in anger.

The courtiers around, as they heard this, drew closely together in an excited group, staring at the old man and the Emperor.

"Can this be true?" said Yoritimo.  
He lifted up his arms and took the crown from his head. He rested the precious thing upon the golden arm of the throne. Then he stared down upon it, and in the heart of the glittering jewels that covered it he detected a vacant place.

"The turquoise is lost!" he exclaimed.  
But Amako and the other courtiers looked on in terror; they feared the consequences of this astounding mishap.

The Emperor's face became angry, yet full of sorrow.

"Oh!" he cried, "my dreams were not false. I dreamed that a magician entered my soul under pretext of cheering it, but he brought there instead tortures beyond bearing." He turned upon the mysterious old man, and cried, "Is this your magic?"

The old man bowed humbly, smiled cunningly, and said:

"I have found the malady—shall I find the remedy?"

"Your life shall depend upon that. What says your magic now?"

The answer took away the breath of nearly all present:—

"My magic says that in this the master shall obey his slave."

A cry of anger came from Amako.

"Dog!" he exclaimed, outraged at the old man's audacity. And he motioned to the soldiers to remove this foolish slave.

But the Emperor said:

"Stay, Amako. No magic can harm me. I cannot be made more unhappy than I am. I will give this slave his wish. Speak on."

The old man raised his head and looked steadily before him. His eyes now gleamed from out of their deep, dark sockets like two bright far-off stars in a black sky. He crossed his arms upon his breast, and said:

"The son of Heaven will obey his slave and will sail in the boat upon the sacred lake within the walls of this royal Palace."

The Emperor looked down upon him suspiciously.

"Is this all your magic?"  
"It is."

"Then let the royal boat," commanded the Emperor, "be made ready with all the rowers—"

"The rowers must be chosen by me," put in the old man quickly.

"It shall be so," agreed Yoritimo.

He came down from his throne and led the way out of the Palace to the sacred lake. The courtiers followed, but the mysterious old man suddenly disappeared.

When the Emperor came to the brink of the lake he found the royal boat ready, and in the boat sat twenty virgins, with beautiful long black hair and lovely forms and shapely limbs; and they were arrayed in silver nets instead of ordinary robes. Each maiden held an oar, and all the twenty oars were made of ebony inlaid with gold.

No one could find the old magician. But the Emperor, true to his promise that he would sail upon the sacred lake, stepped into the boat. As he did so he could not help noticing the beauty of the young girl who sat behind all the others in the stern and seemed to be their leader. The Emperor sat behind her, and, looking at her dark hair his heart leaped—for binding the shining black folds he saw the turquoise ornament he had lost from his crown.

Now, instead of hurling a command of death at the delinquent, he found a strange pleasure in wishing that this beautiful girl should never lose an ornament which so became her. And he sat and kept silence.

The maidens drew back their oars, the royal boat glided from the shore, and the voyage in search of happiness was begun. As they rowed the twenty virgins sang a sweet melody; and as they bent, rowing about hither and thither, the Emperor watched them, and his heart became released from all care. His gaze roamed about the charming scene, but ever returned to the young girl who was the leader, and a feeling which he had never known, a feeling of humility, of worship, possessed his heart. Never had he known before any feeling except proud superiority over all the world. But now he wished to throw himself in adoration at the feet of the simple virgin.

He could not restrain an impulse to take her in his arms. He leaned forward.

As if she had read his thoughts she bent lower over her oar to avoid his embrace. And as she bent so low, the long dark strands of her hair slipped around her and became entangled with the silver network which clothed her. It interfered with her rowing, and the Emperor with his own hands tried to free the entangled strands. But his hands trembled, and by an unhappy movement he disturbed the turquoise ornament. It slipped from its place, fell into the lake, and sank out of sight. He did not see this because the beauty of the wearer absorbed his attention, and he had forgotten the ornament.

But she ceased rowing, and the other nineteen maidens stopped also and rested on their oars. The boat stood still upon the lake at the spot where the turquoise ornament had sunk into the water.

"Why will ye not row?" asked Yoritimo of the maidens.

"Our leader has ceased rowing," they replied.

"Why do you cease?" he asked in gentleness of the maiden he adored.

"My ornament of turquoise has fallen into the water and I dare not row."

"Dare not?"  
"Nay."

"What power do you fear?"  
"I know not what power. I know that my doom is to follow the turquoise, and I must soon bid you farewell."

And from the eyes of the maiden tears began to fall.

Now it was that Yoritimo felt pain and sorrow. At once he knew that never before had he been unhappy. All his life had been a dull content. But now the anguish and darkness covered his soul. And he said sorrowfully:

"If your doom is to sink beneath these waters, maiden, so shall be mine; for I will follow you to the underworld and my spirit shall adore yours for all eternity."

No reply came from the weeping virgin.

Then a sudden suspicion roused the Emperor's anger.

"You are in the power of the magician who sent you. He shall die!"

"No! Blame him not, O Son of Heaven. Let me pass from your sight, forgotten."

The virgin dropped her oar, and leaned over the side of the boat to throw herself into the lake.

"Only if the turquoise be saved can I be saved. The turquoise is lost, and so it is with me. Farewell!"

At that moment a mysterious stupor came upon Yoritimo. He saw her put white hands on the edge of the boat to spring over the side, but could not move to prevent her. When at last he came to himself he leaped towards her. But the stupor had held him too long. He saw her form slowly sink down beneath the surface of the water, on the spot where the turquoise had sank.

"Oh!" he groaned; "this is my dream again. The magician stole into my soul, cheered me for a time, then left my soul tortures without name."

Between the despair of losing her and the hope of saving her, he leaped into the lake.

(Continued on Page 8.)





Drawn by J. A. Probert, Cheltenham.

When the ripples and circles cleared away, the nineteen virgins, looking over the side into the water, could see the form of the maiden far below, and that of Yoritimo striving to sink more rapidly in order to catch her.

Suddenly the magician, Shikano, appeared in a boat beside the virgins.

"Fear not," said he, "Yoritimo loves her truly; both shall be happy."

At that moment the Emperor rose out of the water, holding closely to his breast the form of the virgin who had sought death.

He clambered into the boat, then sank down unconscious. They took her from his arms, and the magician set to work with his skill and medicines to bring the two back to life.

Soon there were good signs.

"But," said the magician, "one thing only will make them live; I must seek a herb which grows at the bottom of the lake"

He quietly slipped into the water.

In his absence the Emperor opened his eyes; at the same moment the eyes of the maiden opened and met his. And she knew then that she was the beloved of the Emperor; and he knew that he was beloved of her.

"But woe, woe!" cried the maiden, "my doom is still to lie at the bottom of the lake with the turquoise ornament; and unless that be found, I am but a lost spirit."

The Emperor took her hand.

"I defy all the gods of darkness to take you to the underworld."

"Nay, there henceforth I must dwell," she cried sadly.

"Not so," cried a voice.

They looked and beheld the old magician emerge from the lake. As if his body possessed no deterrent weight he lightly sprang into the boat.

"Know, O Son of Heaven," he said; "that the loss and the sinking of the turquoise ornament was the work of the Unseen. How else should you know that life is not life unless this maiden be near your heart?"

"True, magician," sadly returned the Emperor. "I cannot live without her. Therefore must we die together; for the unseen powers will demand her of me unless the turquoise be found."

The magician lightly touched the head of the maiden.

"See," he said, "she must have sunk on the exact spot where the ornament lay. And lying prone at the bottom of the lake, her hair was tossed about and around the turquoise which became entangled with the raven strands and rose

to light and life with her."

"They looked and saw that the turquoise indeed now again shone in her hair. None had observed the magician's deft act of restoring the jewel which he had brought from the deep.

Yoritimo drew the virgin to his breast.

"Have I cheered your heart, O Son of Heaven?" asked the magician.

"I have found happiness," the Emperor vouchsafed to reply.

Then the nineteen virgins bent over their oars of ebony inlaid with gold, singing their sweet melody as they rowed to the shore.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

A voice from the grave, as it were, has been called upon to elucidate the question of the proposed memorial to the late Bishop Ellicott, a matter which was first publicly mentioned in the "Echo," to where one's eyes always turn for intelligent anticipations of events. This voice, though stilled, is none other than that of the deceased prelate himself. It appears that Mrs. Ellicott, in looking through some business papers of the late Bishop, came across a volume which her husband called his "Last Book"; and she has, I consider, performed a useful service, in view of the unsettled question of the form of the memorial, in causing the following extract from the book to be published:—"Should I be thought worthy of any memorial, what I should wish myself is a simple recumbent form in stone, to be placed somewhere in the Cathedral of Gloucester, preferably on the south side of the choir, more eastward than the recumbent figure already there, and similar in support and structure so as the better to harmonise with the venerable building."

Here then we have the wish, most modestly expressed, of the man whom it is rightly proposed to honour. It is only fair to say that the exact form of the memorial, as I have before pointed out, is not finally settled, but it is known that a pulpit was what was generally favoured at the small preliminary meeting. I should say that the great scholar Bishop's solemn wish will have much weight with the general body of subscribers to the fund, who, I presume, will be consulted as to the memorial's form. I only hope that both "a simple recumbent form in stone" and a pulpit may be forthcoming.

One thing that somewhat troubles me in regard to the change of Government is a matter

in which my readers will remember I have shown some interest, namely, the quartering of the Gloucesters, as the territorial regiment, in the county town; and the establishment of cavalry barracks in the county, either at Cheltenham or Gloucester. These were schemes that Mr. Arnold-Forster, the late War Secretary, had firmly set in his mind, and which the local authorities had approved, though not so warmly or promptly as they might have done. Another Secretary of State has arisen in the person of Mr. Haldane, K.C., and the question naturally crops up as to whether or not he will act on the continuity of principle policy in these schemes. It is helpful, and not unhelpful, to find from an authorised statement issued that Mr. Haldane's new task is necessarily a very complicated one, and requires time for the formation of a satisfactory judgment about it. It would be unreasonable to expect Mr. Haldane to adopt the proposals of his predecessors, even though he might think them (on the face of them) desirable, without close consideration. And that consideration must necessarily be not merely of proposals as to the auxiliary forces as an isolated matter, but of those proposals in their relation to the army scheme as a whole. That scheme is already engaging the close attention of the new Secretary, and he has determined to put forward nothing that he has not sifted to the utmost of his capacity. In view of this statement, I think all that watchers like myself can do is to mark time at present. So the "Echo" was right again when, concurrently with the return of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry from the camp at Wells last May, it foreshadowed that its next training would be at Cirencester.

That there are foxes in the vicinity of Chosen Hill, despite the golfers and the changed character of the place from rural to semi-urban, is proved by the fact that one of the vulpine species was run over and killed by a train, when it was crossing the railway during the prevalence of fog several nights ago near Badgeworth Bridge. A little bird in the know tells me that two or three of the platelayers who first came across the carcass actually thought it was that of a big hare, but they were "jugged." Foxes, like hounds, occasionally fall victims to passing trains, and I remember the fact that last season, on a Saturday when the Cotswold Hounds were hunting in Chedworth Woods, a platelayer on the M. and S.W.J. Railway brought to the huntsman a dead fox that a passing train had just run over.

GLEANER.



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

No. 261.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

**OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

**CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.**

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*Price Lists on Application.*

**TO TEAR A PACK OF CARDS.**

To tear a pack of cards in two is regarded by some as a marvellous feat of strength, and yet the trick is possible to anyone with fairly strong fingers, says "T.A.T." The secret of the trick lies in the fact that the entire pack is not torn at once, but, in pretending to get a grip on the pack, the strong man so manipulates the cards that they overlap. In this way but a single card is torn at a time, and once the surface is torn the rest is easy. To anyone who can hold a pack of cards firmly the trick is fairly easy, and, while in olden times a single pack of cards was considered to be the limit of strength, many of our strong men tear three and four packs at a time. The cards are restored to their original form before being given out for examination, and in this sense it will be extremely democratic.



**REV. G. A. AMBROSE,**

MINISTER OF BOURTON-ON-WATER BAPTIST CHURCH,

HON. SECRETARY OF NORTH COTSWOLD FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.





**BOURTON-ON-WATER BAPTIST CHURCH.**

This building dates back to 1650, although for fifty years prior to that date meetings of Nonconformists were held. The present building, which superseded the old Chapel, was opened on August 1st, 1876, and has 326 sittings, but on special occasions has accommodated 500 persons. It is a beautiful chapel, and contains a handsome stone pulpit, a memorial to the late Mrs. Burnett (nee Miss Amelia Kendall). There are also several memorial tablets to former ministers and others, prominent amongst which are Benjamin Beddome, the hymn writer, who held the pastorate for 52 years, and Thomas Coles, who was minister for nearly 40 years.

**JIU-JITSU.**

We went on to the stage and faced an audience of several thousands of people and an orchestra of several thousand horse-power. A solemn moment! I had quite forgotten my work. I had, in fact, perceived that the importance I attached to my work and the work of people like me was grotesque. Here I was amid a group of some scores of the Brahmins of the world of sport, people who lived utterly different lives from mine, who probably never thought the same thoughts as I think, who would probably have carelessly glanced at me (had they known my trade) as at a wild and harmless animal escaped out of a cage, and yet who were just as much the inevitable product of their individualities and their environment as I was the inevitable product of my individuality and my environment. I saw clearly that the most important thing in the universe was Jiu-Jitsu wrestling, and that hitherto my perspective had been all wrong. Here was a whole cosmos exciting itself about Jiu-Jitsu. Indeed, within a short period, the cosmos was quite passionate about Jiu-Jitsu. For in two minutes and a half the London champion had incapacitated the Paris champion—had apparently come near to killing him—and Paris didn't like it. The Parisian sporting crowd, which in some respects, unhappily, resembles a Sydney cricket crowd, shouted "Foul play!" and began to rain down footstools and other too too solid things upon us defenceless occupants of the stage. We fled.—"The Savoir-Vivre Papers" in "T. P.'s Weekly."

**HEDGE PLANTS.**

We were visiting a garden some years ago on the banks of the Mersey late in autumn, and saw Escallonia macrantha forming one of the most delightful hedges we have ever seen. The hedge was bright with blossoms, and was wonderfully attractive. We have never seen it so good inland, but round the South Coast there used to be large bushes of it, and it is a charming wall plant. Under similar conditions the laurustinus is seen at its best in winter, and then it makes a delightful hedge. A hedge of white and purple lilacs planted alternately makes a rather picturesque background, and laburnums trained to wires on each side of a walk or alley running through the garden, form rather a pleasant feature. Berberis stenophylla when permitted to grow and not too closely trimmed is one of the best hedge plants we know.—"The Garden."

**WHY THE CHILD IS PERT.**

A pert child is an abomination. When parents realise the pertness and disagreeableness in their little ones it is often too late to repair the injury. Nine times out of ten the parents, who so deeply regret the fault, are directly or indirectly responsible for it, says the Newark "Advertiser." Parents laugh at pertness in the year-old son, but they punish the same son at five for the same misdemeanour. Is this just to the child? Or parents say saucy, witty, clever impertinent things to the child and to one another and punish the child for repeating the words and tone to a visitor. Is this just to the child? Many a child is taught to be forward by being forced into public life in a small way. The little girls are taught rhymes and verses. This is considered an accomplishment, and neighbours and friends are entertained by the "showing-off" of the child. She is petted and praised and fondled. In two or three years these same neighbours are complaining about the forwardness of that "little Jones girl." The remark reaches the parents' ears, but they have no idea that those "pieces" are directly responsible for the little girl's present lack of modesty.

Children are in this day and age thrust altogether too prominently into the foreground. Let them cling to mother's skirts a little longer, and don't insist upon their answering questions of guests who happen to take a fancy to them.

The mother who permits her little daughter to be kissed and fondled by friends is making a grave mistake, and one for which she may pay dearly. Some mothers actually insist upon their little ones kissing the men who, innocently enough, "make up" to the children. This objection to promiscuous kissing is not based upon the germ theory.

**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 161st prize has been divided between Mr. Charles A. Probert, of 58 Brighton-road, and Miss F. E. Gregory, of Norwood House, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's and the Rev. R. Waterfield at St. James's, Cheltenham.

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

**POETRY.**

**OUR BOYS' BRIGADE.**

There's a regiment of soldiers that has never been to war,  
And most of 'em they never mean to go;  
But a gallant lot of fellows everybody says they are—

And surely everybody ought to know.  
I should think you must have heard them, marching by at three o'clock,

And wondered at the music that they made;  
So kindly let me mention that what gave you such a shock

Was the muster of the noble Boys' Brigade.

For Sandy takes the bugle,  
And he plays the latest tune,  
Till on ev'ry side the people  
Want to send him to the moon—  
With his ta-ra,  
Ta-ra,  
All the afternoon.

There's Captain Monk, the clergyman, he's always in the van;

And Corporal McHaisey marches near;  
Lieutenants Gray and Jenkinson find places where they can,

And Sergeants Brown and Smith bring up the rear.

In between there come the soldiers, with their caps on the slant,

Ev'ry face with resolution all aglow;  
And so fierce resound the feet which on the road they firmly plant—

You begin to feel quite sorry for the foe!

For Sandy takes the bugle,  
And he plays the latest air,  
Nearly choking all the people  
Who are dining in the Square—  
With a tu-tu-te tum,  
Tu-tu-te tum,  
Sounding everywhere.

Now, perhaps you think I'm jeering; but I beg to you assure

That there's no more staunch admirer you could find

Of the officers and soldiers who compose the gallant corps—

Than yours very, very truly, undersigned.

So permit me, in these verses, season's greeting to convey,

And to wish them luck throughout the coming year,

For they very well deserve it— Hark! a band's begun to play,

And it sounds as if the boys are marching near—

Yes, Sandy takes the bugle,  
And the band begins to vamp,  
While the troopers step it bravely  
Through the cold and through the damp,  
With a tramp, tramp,  
Stamp, stamp,  
Round the Gordon Lamp.

A. T. STAMFORD.



**LORD ROBERTS'S CALL TO ENGLISHMEN.**

Can you hear the great Earl calling, whilst Cabinets are falling?

Can you hear his voice like silver trumpet ring?  
Let each heart beat true and steady, let each man and boy be ready

To fight for merrie England and the King.

Does it set your pulses beating, will you send him back a greeting,

That will fill his great old lion heart with pride?  
Let your voices proudly ring, that for country, God, and King,

You will die if need be as your fathers died.

For the cottage by the sea, and the farmhouse on the lea,

And the wives and little children dear,  
You would fight whilst wives were praying, till your arms grew slack with slaying,

For the nation, as a nation, knows no fear.

Send the stout Earl back this token, that ye heed what he has spoken,

Bid him hang a rifle over every door,  
That in the hour of need, ye may rally with all speed,

To hurl the bold invader from our shore.

Let England heed the warning, for dark days may be dawning,

And he who speaks is no vain carpet knight,  
But a warrior tried and true, who has fought and bled for you,

A Solon in the council and the fight.

—A. G. HALPS (War Correspondent) in "London Opinion and To-Day."





Photos by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.



**COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT COOMBE HILL.**

THE RUNNER AND HIS TERRIERS.

TRAVESS. MR. UNWIN, AND CHARLIE BEACHAM AND MR. HENEGAN (STANDING).

**Answered by the Postmaster.**

[BY HAYDEN CHURCH.]

Moses Briggs, Postmaster at Carlsfontein, stood in the back room of the Post-office sorting letters. Briggs was a tall man, and a thin, angular one, whose clothes did not fit him. He looked wretchedly shabby as he stood there in his shirt-sleeves with faded waistcoat unbuttoned and the tabs of his braces showing beneath it. His baggy, threadbare trousers were tucked into high boots that had grown yellow through wear. About his neck was a stringy red handkerchief, his face was unshaven, and his hair rumpled.

From where he stood, behind the row of pigeon-holes, each with its initial letter, Briggs could look through into the front room beyond. It originally had been fitted up as a general shop; but now the show cases were covered with a thick dust, and the cloth draperies which had shielded the dry goods on the side shelves hung moth-eaten and in tatters. No one ever came into the shop now except to get his letters. The fireplace was filled with rubbish, and all that remained to show where a social circle of men once had joked and told stories was one rickety chair with a broken leg. The place had gone to seed.

Moses Briggs was sorting the afternoon post. He worked mechanically, pausing only occasionally to puzzle over the superscription of a letter. Soon there was only one left in his hand, and as he read its address he gave a start of surprise. "To the Postmaster at Carlsfontein," he read aloud; then walked slowly into the back part of the room and sat down at a table with his letter in front of him.

As he sat there the light from a window at the side of the room shone full upon his face. His forehead was furrowed with deep wrinkles, his eyes were bloodshot and had no lustre in them. His nose was sharp and red, and in each side of it were tell-tale patches of tiny pink veins.

The Postmaster picked up the letter and tore it open slowly, using his long forefinger as a paper-knife. Inside were a return envelope, stamped, a typewritten letter, and a printed slip with blank spaces. The letter was addressed: "To the Postmaster," and it was signed, Briggs noticed, by "The Golconda Life Assurance Company," of Johannesburg.

"Dear sir," it began, "may we request you to favour us by answering the few questions on the enclosed enquiry sheet and returning to us? The person named has just proposed to us for a policy of assurance, and as he lives in your neighbourhood we think that you may be both able and willing to oblige us with the data required in such cases."

It was simply the ordinary enquiry which most assurance companies make regarding applicants who are unknown to them. Briggs had answered many such, so it was without any surprise that

he opened the accompanying form to see which of his townsmen had been fortifying against adversity. As his eye fell on the name, however, he laughed aloud, in his high, cracked voice. The person enquired about was "Moses Briggs, forty years of age; occupation, shopkeeper, Carlsfontein; proposing for £200."

Briggs knew how it had happened. He remembered now signing a proposal for two hundred pounds in the "Golconda," but he had had no idea of taking a policy. The local agent of the company had asked him to apply, explaining that, though his signature bound him to nothing, his proposal would swell the agency's record of business for the year. The agent had bought Briggs a drink that day, and then proposed his signing as a personal favour—mentioning that it would be better not to give his occupation as that of Postmaster. So Briggs had signed, and again accepted the agent's courtesy, and the result was this set of questions.

To Briggs's mind there was something grimly humorous in the idea of writing about himself, and so he decided to answer the questions. Pulling the sheet towards him, he dipped his pen into the muddy ink.

The first question was: "Does this person appear to be in good health?" Still keeping up the jest, the Postmaster rose, stepped over to where a jagged piece of looking-glass stood on a shelf, and examined his reflection therein critically. When he sat down again his face was more sober, and, picking up his pen, he wrote, "No."

"Is he of temperate habits?" asked the sheet. The reader winced the veriest trifle, but again wrote plainly, "No."

"Has he always been temperate? If not, state particulars in 'Remarks.'"

The Postmaster smiled rather sadly as he read the question. "Seems as though they was bound to have it all out," he muttered aloud, "an' s'elp me, they shall, too!" He thought that he would make a rough draft of what he was going to write, and set about it in a scrawling, shaky hand.

"This man," he wrote, "is a plain drunkard. He has been a drunkard for the last five years. He married a nice girl here, and started to keep a shop. But after a while he got to drinking, and kept it up. He had three little children—a boy and two girls—but they didn't keep him straight, and soon he got to abusing his wife; and when she couldn't stand it no longer, she left him. She is now supporting herself and the children, while he is despised by everyone. No one will do business with him now except such as have to, and his trade is all gone. He has a Government position here, which he will probably lose soon, and that will be the end of him. He is a wreck, and couldn't pay the first premium on a policy if it was no more than sixpence. His wife is getting old before her time, but people respect her and pity her children for having such a father. That is the kind of man Moses Briggs is."

The Postmaster laid down his pen and slowly read over what he had put in his rough draft.

"That's what I'll write under 'Remarks,'" he said, "just the plain truth. Then we'll see if they want to issue any policy."

He rose from his chair again, and, walking over to the window, looked out. The Post-office was built on a height overlooking a river. The sun was setting, and the sky behind the distant hills was rose pink. In the blue above one early star twinkled feebly.

The man stood there drinking in the scene—the water flashing in the dying sunbeams, the dusty slope, and, over all, the single star. Then suddenly his frame grew erect, his eye flashed, and he threw both arms out straight from the shoulders, his fists clenched.

"It's all true," he muttered, "for I mean it, and it can't do anyone any hurt if I say so. I couldn't take out a policy, anyway. And it seems as though I'd like to see it written down that way."

He sat down again and pulled the enquiry sheet towards him, and dipped his pen into the ink. The two questions with "No" after them seemed less offensive now. Under "Remarks" he wrote with a firm hand:

"Used to drink hard. Has reformed.—Postmaster."

**THE "MOVING" TOY CRAZE.**

The demand for mechanical toys has developed into a perfect craze; little and big children are affected by the spirit of motion that grows with their growth, and the silent, still toy is as uninteresting to them as a Lent sermon. Everything must move nowadays, the toy with the rest. Even the doll, or the dog, that could be taken up or left on a chair, dragged about by a string or kicked into a corner, has become a thing of the past. Dolls talk and dogs bark, and the mechanisms of these cardboard emblems of men and animals make unearthly noises with or without intention; but as long as the manufacturers do not require us to find answers to their dolls' questions we do not complain. We never know, however, what is in store for us, and we may be expected to bring up our children to discuss Nietzsche and vivisection with their toys, if they both continue to be popular themes as the science of toy-making develops.

To-day at every corner of the street, the "came-lot" stands twisting the interiors of the dolls he has for sale, and the pavement, in certain thoroughfares, is alive with little people dancing, singing, or playing their different trades. Violinists scrape, pianists move their fingers over the keyboard, and the most doleful of sounds issue from the miniature instruments; while a cook sharpens his knife, a hairdresser drops a restorative lotion on a bald head; and an orange woman wheels her barrow. The big ones look on amused, but the little ones hold out their hands for the brown bears, the eternal bears that waddle and roll over their paws, that have been more successful as speculations than all the newer ideas in mechanical toys.—"The King."





**HON. BEN. BATHURST,**  
CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR CIRENCESTER DIVISION.



**ON THE QUI VIVE—THE FERRETS IN.**  
A shepherd carries the bag.



**CHELTONIANS ON THE COTSWOLDS.**  
GOOD SPORT AT NOTGROVE.

The dog has just retrieved one rabbit, and another is expected to bolt.

**VAST SALARIES OF KINGS AND QUEENS.**

The Kaiser receives about £750,000 a year as King of Prussia, but nothing as Emperor of Germany. Besides this he has an enormous private income, derived from mines, fisheries, and estates, of which he owns more than any other man in Prussia, says "T.A.T." The King of Bavaria receives £270,000 a year; the King of Saxony, £175,000; the Grand Duke of Baden, £80,000. The Czar of Russia is paid £1,350,000 for his private use, while each Grand Duke receives £200,000 a year. In addition to these enormous salaries each of these rulers has a large income from royalties and perquisites of many kinds, of which few outsiders know anything.



**THE SCARBOROUGH LILY.**

Each season various notes on this beautiful bulbous plant appear, but it cannot be overpraised when the beauty of its blossoms and its simple cultural requirements are taken into consideration. This latter remark applies to the old-fashioned Vallota of our gardens, for of late immense numbers have been sent annually to this country from South Africa, and they frequently fail to become established in a satisfactory manner. These imported bulbs usually reach here in a dormant state in July or August, when they should be at once potted and kept cool and fairly dry during the winter. Then, owing to the change of seasons, many of them will push up flower-spikes about the month of May following.—"The Garden."

**COLOUR IN WINTER.**

While clumps of lavender and rosemary give tints of grey, and the common evergreen Berberis Aquifolium has a warm glow of bronze at this season, carnations and pinks are pleasant to look upon now in the mass. Grey-leaved plants may be had in abundance, in such things as Santolina incana, Cerastium tomentosum, Stachys lanata, and Eucynimus radicans variegatus. Ivies, both climbing and bush, can be had in much variety, and no garden is well planted without some of them, and, in large places where there is scope, a good deal can be done to give colour to a garden by planting clumps of the red dogwood and the golden willow.—"The Garden."



**THE MOTOR TO HOUNDS.**

One cannot help thinking sometimes that a great deal of the fascinating charm of fox-hunting is destroyed by the increasing use of the motor as a covert-hack. But its convenience is undeniable, both as a means of arriving at the meet and of getting home after the day's hunting, many a tiring ride on a wearied horse along highways and bridle-roads being saved by the handy conveyance. And so it is certain that all the growling in the world will not check the career of the motor-car in this connection, and its opponents must perforce accept the situation with as much grace as they can command as being one of the penalties of modern progress.—"The Bystander."

**APPROPRIATENESS OF EPITAPH.**

The essential thing about an epitaph is that it should be appropriate, not only to its subject, but also to the circumstances of death itself; in it there is no room for heroics, and seldom for the expression of violent personal griefs. "It ought to contain," says Wordsworth, "some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed." It has often been remarked that there is hardly any variety in the tone of epitaphs, no distinction of character, which Dr. Johnson attributed "to the fact that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." But Wordsworth will have none of this, commenting, "The objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every man has a character of his own to the eye that has skill to perceive it." The real trouble is that the composer of epitaphs—in this connection all texts, extracts from hymns, and so forth, are laid aside—should have just that faculty of characterisation which is so rare. "A distinct conception should be given . . . of the individual lamented." But since nearly all epitaphs are laudatory, and naturally so, the task becomes increasingly difficult. And again, an epitaph is, in a sense, public property; it is not "a proud writing shut up for the studious; it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant. . . . Therefore the note should be simple.—"T.P.'s Weekly."





THE CHELTENHAM CONTEST—NEAR NEIGHBOURS.



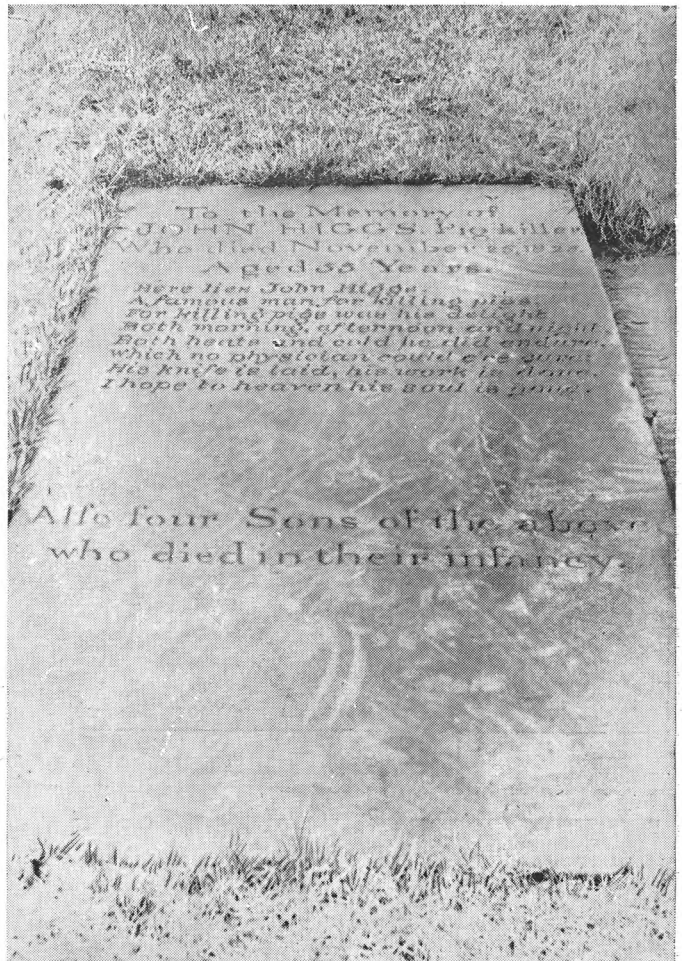
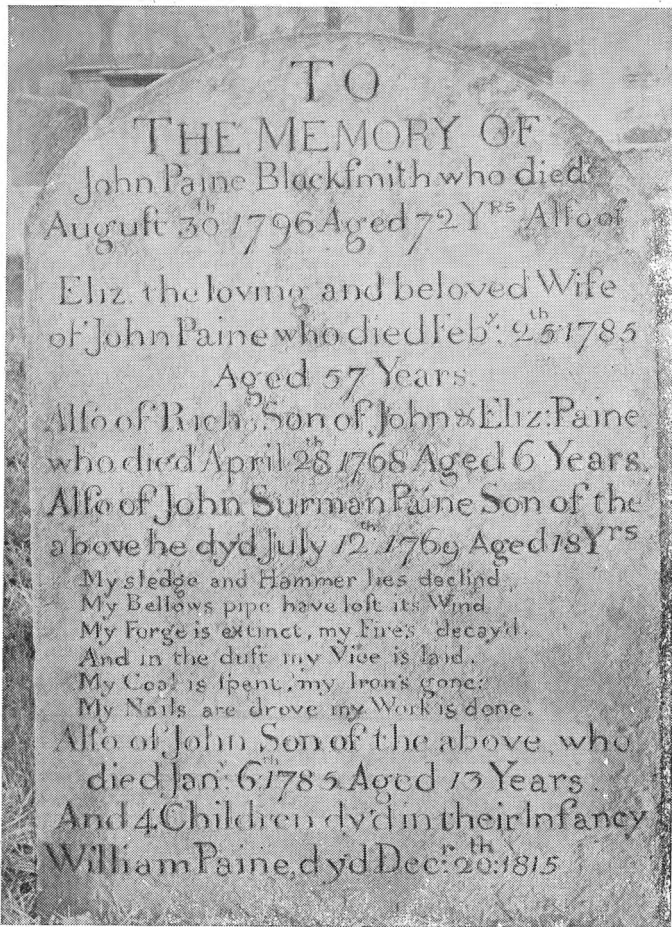
EX-COLOUR-SERGT. JOHN KEEN,  
OF STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.  
Hon. Member I Co. (Stow) Rifles and Hon. Sec.  
to Prize Fund.



**COLONEL GRIFFITH'S CHALLENGE CUP**  
FOR BEST SHOOTING COMPANY IN 2ND V.B.G.R.  
I COMPANY (STOW) REPRESENTATIVES RECEIVING THE TROPHY AT GLOUCESTER.







**CURIOUS TOMBSTONE EPITAPHS IN CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCHYARD.**

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

There is still gold, and in large quantities too, in this county. Proof positive of its existence is furnished by the published record of wills of persons connected with Gloucester that have been proved under £1,000 and upwards during this year. I have totalled the amounts appearing in the complete list, which was, as usual, given in the "Echo." The county proper comes out top with an aggregate of £1,827,730, as against £1,242,731 in the previous year. This aggregate was swollen by the three big estates of Mr. Peter Stubs (£452,729), Lady Sherborne (£321,731), and Mrs. Eyne (£303,327). Cheltenham, for the first year since the "Echo" started giving these lists, has second place, with a total of £863,950, as compared with £1,284,885 in 1904. There have been only two six-figure wills this year to hit up the gross total, namely those of Mrs. Ernle Erle-Drax (£135,782) and of Col. R. O. Cumming (£109,270). The city of Gloucester has gone up with a big bound from £63,821 to £144,177, the largest amount but one in the four previous years. Then the wills of persons formerly living in the county yielded £696,015, the biggest sum in the same period. Altogether we have a grand total of £3,531,872 left by Gloucestershire persons at one time or another, and getting on for three-quarters of a million above the record for last year. The 66 Cheltenham wills recorded make an average of £13,100 in amount, as against £6,000 for the 24 from Gloucester.

To Mrs. Eyre, of Kingshill, Dursley, a benevolent lady in her lifetime, belongs the palm of being the biggest among the too few posthumous benefactresses, for she left £17,500 to religious and philanthropic institutions, the county town getting £2,500 of it. Mr. J. Proctor Mann, of Moreton-in-Marsh, comes next, with benefactions of £700. Cheltenham has not done nearly so well as usual with testamentary dispositions, although the death roll of ladies, from which quarter benefactions generally come, has been very heavy.

But for the sums, amounting to £2,250, left by Miss C. C. Gibbings, the town would have made a poor show in posthumous charity. I notice, however, with pleasure, that the names of domestic servants are now more frequently finding corners in the wills. But, taking the wills as a whole, and the big estates involved in many of them, 1905 was a very disappointing year for local charities. I only hope that those persons who had to leave the five and six figures behind them did their duty in their lifetime to the poor and sick and spiritually necessitous. Taxpayers will find satisfaction that the State has taken heavy toll of the three millions odd that Gloucestershire folk left behind them.

"Lord Beverston" has a good ring to it. I believe there is a sub-stratum of truth in the report current that this is the title that Sir Michael Hicks Beach will assume for his viscounty. This name of an historic village in Gloucestershire, from which some of the ancestors of Sir Michael sprang, was in the patent creating the Hicks baronetcy in the year 1619. As the family motto is "Tout en bon heure," we shall doubtless officially know the title "all in good time." Sir Michael did not disclose the secret at the Masonic gathering in Cheltenham, but he tactfully alluded to the difficulty in finding a name without godfathers and godmothers. The revival of the Earldom of Liverpool in person of Lord Hawkesbury reminds me that the late Sir George Samuel Jenkinson, of this county, freely expressed his opinion that he was entitled to it. The present creation revives an earldom which has been extinct since 1851, and was last held by the present Lord Hawkesbury's grandfather, who, curiously enough, occupied the same position, Lord Steward, in Sir Robert Peel's Administration when Free Trade was the great issue, that his successor holds in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government now. The Barony of Hawkesbury, in Gloucestershire, was first conferred in 1786 on Sir Charles Jenkinson, who was afterwards advanced to the Earldom of Liverpool. GLEANER.

**DO UNIVERSITY MEN MAKE GOOD JOURNALISTS?**

The recent revival of interest in the history of the "Gentleman's Magazine" suggests a question which it is always exciting to stir up. Its founder, Edward Cave, comes first in our long list of "able editors." He was a self-made man. If one hesitates to say he was a self-educated man, that is only because it is difficult to feel sure that he was ever educated at all. At any rate, he was expelled at an early age from school, and never went to a University. Are we justified in concluding that an academic training is rather a hindrance than a help to a University man? The truth is, of course, that there are admirable journalists both among University men and among non-University men; but they may be journalists of different types, and the greater the excellence they respectively achieve, the more widely do the types diverge. The typical University men on the Press are men like Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. E. T. Cook, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Herbert Paul, Mr. Max Beerbohm. They are not in the least like each other, but they have a certain common University touch and tone. The non-University type has been most brilliantly represented by such men as Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Douglas Cook, W. H. Mudford, and Mark Lemon. They do not start their careers with the same outfit of scholarship; and, as a class, they are more unconventional, and perhaps more original. A University would have tamed them and toned them down. It takes all sorts to make even the little world of Fleet-street. —"The Academy."

**QUICK-CHANGE WEDDING PARTY.**

While the Worthing Fire Brigade was celebrating the wedding of one of its members on Saturday afternoon, a call was received to a stack fire. The bridegroom and his guests hurriedly exchanged their frock-coats and silk hats for tunics and helmets, and hastened away to extinguish the flames.



## FEET OF CLAY.

[BY E. BURROWES.]

She was young and eager—eager to learn and worship, eager to see what she had heard spoken of as life. Life which meant more than the song of birds, the babbling of the mountain brook, the scent of roses, mingled with the hum of bees. For of such things she knew much; among them she had lived and moved and had her being all her life long, and at eighteen her soul chafed against the restraint of solitude; she panted for the freedom of the crowd, not understanding what she sought.

One brilliant day Althea, her beautiful widowed cousin, came to the vicarage. She watched the girl with lovely cynical eyes, and she spoke of her to the vicar as they walked in the garden that evening. Nan was bending over her beloved roses, and their words did not reach her.

"Don't turn the child's head," the vicar was saying as she joined them; "send her back to me unchanged; she is all I have, you see, Althea."

Lady Kenyon laughed sadly. "Wisdom brings its own sting," she said; "yet we all crave to be wise, not knowing that it does not always mean happiness. But I will be careful with her. Nan, dear, I want you to come back with me to London. Your father will spare you to me for a month. In a month one can see a good deal."

The colour leapt to the girl's cheeks. "Oh, Althea! But do you really want me? I should love to go with you."

"Yes, I want you, I think, even more than your flowers and birds do."

A week later, and Nan found herself in London, that goal of all her dreams and ambitions. The noise and roar of seething humanity, the gloom over the great city filled her with awe. Althea watched her as one might watch the unfolding of a flower, and as she watched she sighed; yet she was a woman of the world.

Nan was enjoying and drinking in eagerly this new and beautiful life. Her enthusiastic letters brought a smile to the vicar's lips. A night at the opera filled her with rapture; a day spent in the National Gallery with Althea's maid in attendance—Althea was of course far too busy to waste her time with the old masters, so she said—was something to remember for ever, and she could not understand why Althea cheerfully confessed that old masters and churches and architecture bored her to death.

Her lovely new clothes delighted her in a lesser degree. She looked with loving admiration at Lady Kenyon's smooth, creamy skin and magnificent hair, that shone like spun gold, in which diamonds winked and twinkled, and the wistfulness in the elder woman's eyes surprised her vaguely. She did not guess the passion of envy with which Althea regarded her youth and unspoilt freshness.

They went one night to a crush, where all the world and their respective wives were elbowing each other in the crowd. Lady Kenyon mentioned a few names which filled the girl with wonder. That she should be in the presence of the great ones of the world of letters, of art, of society, was almost too wonderful to be true.

She looked up as a man was brought up to her—a man with a kindly smile and a magnificent physique.

Althea pronounced his name, but the girl did not catch it.

"Everyone here is so great," she said in her sweet little voice, "it makes me afraid. I hope you are not one of them—what Althea calls a lion."

A whimsical smile touched the man's lips. "At any rate, I promise not to roar," he said. "Shall we go out on the balcony? It will be cooler and quieter there."

A fresh breeze was blowing, the roar of the distant traffic sounded like a mighty sea beating against a pebble beach. Above, a silver moon sailed in the dark sky, stars twinkling bravely in her wake.

Nan looked up as she leant on the flower-twined railings, and the man watched her with a new interest stirring within him.

Althea had spoken to him of the girl—fresh from Arcadia.

"Then you are not literary?" she said. "I scribble—verses," he confessed. "You will not be afraid of me because I do that much?" "No; I love poetry. You see, I learn everything from what I read. My home is quite in the

country, and I know nothing and have been nowhere, and—I am very ignorant, I think; but I am sure I shall learn something while I am with Althea; she is so clever; she seems to know everything. Perhaps I am stupid."

"When ignorance is bliss, little girl, 'tis folly to be wise. Do you know, many people here to-night would envy you your ignorance. Keep all your illusions—"

He broke off abruptly, and Nan was silent. This was a very strange man!

"Tell me about your home," he said presently; and then he listened, watching the eager young face, the starry blue eyes, the little tender hands, as she told him of her birds, and flowers, and bees, and books, and the bubbling stream where her father fished while she sat on the bank among the forget-me-nots and reeds. He wondered if the serpent would ever obtain an entrance into such an Eden.

"How bright the stars are," she was saying, and he roused himself from the dream into which he was plunged. They always remind of those pretty words—do you know them?

"The little stars are lambs, I guess, 'The gentle moon their shepherdess.'"

"You brought those lines from Arcady," he said. "Do you know that our life in London has the reputation of stealing the freshness and bloom of youth away? Of destroying our beautiful ideals and illusions? Little girl, go back to your Arcady; believe me, you are happier and wiser there."

She looked at him gravely. "I am going home next week," she said simply; "but I should like to be cleverer."

They went back to the flower-scented room, and he pointed out celebrities to her, watching the look of veneration which crept into her pretty eyes as he pronounced each great name. And when Althea came up he looked across at her, with a smile and a sigh.

"That was a nice man, Althea," said Nan, as they drove home through the quiet streets; "he wasn't a bit literary or great. Just a nice ordinary man. I liked him."

Althea looked at her with a curious smile. "My dearest Nan! don't you know he is the greatest of living poets? Why, he was the lion of the evening! A dozen women were envious of you for monopolising him half the evening!"

"And I talked to him about flowers and birds and—the river at home," cried Nan. "What must no think of me? But indeed I didn't know."

Althea was silent. The days slipped by, and a letter came from the vicar which Nan read with bright eyes, and Althea wondered at the bright colour which flooded her cheeks.

"Dick has come home! You remember Dick Verner, don't you, Althea? How nice! He has a year's leave, and I shall see him when I go home."

"Happy Dick," murmured Althea, but the girl did not hear her. The door had opened to admit a visitor—the man who was London's latest lion. Nan had got over her first spasm of fear, and she talked to him shyly. How wonderful he was. She feasted on the noble and beautiful thoughts which his pen had clothed in such exquisite language. She pondered them in her heart, and high on a pedestal she placed him. She was born for hero worship, and she had never heard that idols have feet of clay.

Only four days remained of her visit, for she was going back on Saturday—to Arcady.

Each day crammed with engagements, the time slipped away till Friday came, on which day Althea was giving a reception.

A favoured few dined at the beautiful house first, and Nan, seated beside her idol, was supremely happy.

Later on, in the big flower-decked drawing-rooms, she slipped away into a quiet corner, and watched the crowd of beautiful women and celebrated men—she knew a good many of them by sight now—who passed and repassed before her. In the distance she could see Hildyard, her idol, talking to Althea. Fragments of conversation reached her now and then, and once she leant forward with flushed cheeks and eager eyes.

A celebrated author of the day was standing just beside Nan talking to a beauty of the hour. Nan looked at the woman's flashing diamonds and matchless beauty, and listened spell-bound for the words of wisdom which must fall from the lips of one who wrote words that stirred the heart of the world.

They did not see or notice the little white-clad figure half hidden by the banks of flowers and overhanging palms.

As she listened the girl's cheeks flushed hotly, and her head grew cold and heavy, for they were speaking of Hildyard—and Althea.

"It's been going on for a long time," the woman was saying; "they say she means to marry him. But who knows? He may tire of her as he has tired of others. Before her husband's death people were talking, and you know—"

"No smoke without a fire," laughed the man. "Well, well—it's the way of the world, and even Hildyard is not immaculate. One can hardly blame him; she is lovely, rich, and young—even the lion of the day can hardly hope to do better than that."

They said more that the girl did not understand, but she began to see with a flash of intuition that her idol had feet of clay. The pedestal was tottering, and a touch would bring it to the ground in dust. He had been quite right when he told her that she was far happier—in Arcady.

Althea wondered at her silence as they drove to the station the next day, but before they got to Paddington Nan told her with averted eyes and hot cheeks what she had overheard.

"My dearest child, you take things so seriously," she said, with an attempt at a laugh which was not altogether successful. "I told you he was after all only a man like the rest; but you put him up on a pedestal, and behold he has only feet of clay after all. Forget us all, my dear; you are better as you are."

"But, Althea, are you really going to marry him?"

"Who can say, dear? I leave it to fate. Here we are; take care of yourself, and give my love to the vicar. And, Nan, dearest—"

"Yes?"

"Be nice to Dick. He is a dear, good boy; I met him once. But don't put him on a pedestal, dear! Good-bye—good-bye."

The train moved slowly away, and Nan went back to Arcadia.

When the silver moon and the bright stars were shining, Nan walked down the rose border. The heavy flowers, all wet with dew, hung their fragrant heads in the still night air. Nan touched them with tender fingers. The garden gate clicked and someone came up the path; someone who put a hand on her shoulder and turned to him with a little cry of joy.

"Why, Dick!" she said, and the sound of her voice—tremulous with gladness—was the first opening of the gate of Eden to Dick Verner.

## SPIDER-SILK.

A committee of experts sat at Lyons, where they know something about silk, and carefully weighed the arguments for and against the new rival of an old favourite. On the whole their report is not sanguine of an immediately brilliant future for the spider; but they admit that it has many desirable qualities, and that if, as is suggested, a coating of clarified stearine gets over the difficulty of preserving the natural gloss, since this silk cannot, like that of the wormsilk cannot, like that of the worm, be washed in soap and water, it may yet prove, at any rate, a very valuable item in the exports of Madagascar. Moreover, though, as they freely recognise, it seems hopeless to attempt to perpetuate the beautiful golden tints of the silk as it emerges from the spider, there is no reason why it should not be dyed in fast colours. The production of spider-silk has now reached important dimensions at Antananarivo and elsewhere in the island. For several years increasing winding machinery has been introduced, until hundreds of spiders are wound off, twelve at a time, to each machine, every day, their abdomens all pointing to the bobbin, which reels off their joint contribution, to be subsequently twisted in twenty-four strands to a skein.—"Country Life."

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## NO TITLES IN NORWAY.

The court of the new King of Norway and his English-born Queen will differ from all others in Europe excepting those of Belgrade, of Athens, and of Bucharest, by its absence of nobles, remarks "T.A.T." In Serbia, Greece, and Roumania nobility titles have been abolished by law, cannot be therefore sported at court, and are only kept for foreign use by those who have hereditary pretensions thereto. But in Norway there is no law against titles. There simply is no nobility caste, and the half-dozen families or so who have titles hold them from foreign Governments, and do not use them. There will therefore be no dukes or counts or barons at the Court of Christiania, and in this sense it will be extremely democratic.





**GLOUCESTER ST. ALDATE-STREET IMPROVEMENT.**

We have previously published two views of the IMPERIAL MEAT MARKET, 82 High Street, Cheltenham, and this week place before you the proprietor,



**MR. WILLIAM JAMES,**

one of the oldest Colonial Meat Salesmen in the British Isles, having been in the trade forty years, and noted for the finest quality of meat only.

**RICHES IN THE ARMY.**

An officer is not the better or the worse, as an officer, by being rich or poor; but the rich officer undeniably has advantages for improving his professional knowledge and prospects that his poorer comrade has not; he can attend foreign manoeuvres, spend his leave abroad to learn languages and generally gain better preparation for the Staff College examination. Moreover, he can be seen, and his merits, if he has any, are thus more likely to attract the notice of some influential person—and influence is much. To the nepotism of birth we owe Wellington, and to that of brains and character Wolseley and Roberts. The nepotism brought the opportunities, but it was the personal merit of the man himself that in all three cases brought the military successes and the consequent reputation. Upon some men the best of opportunities are wasted, and only to a few can they be given; selection is supposed to secure them for the best men, but actually it affords them to those whose merits become known to the most powerful patrons.—Lieut.-Col. Alsager Pollock in "London Opinion and To-day."

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**THE GOVERNMENT'S MEN OF LETTERS.**

The new Ministry as a whole is clearly superior to the old in literary ability. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is more than suspected of being an excellent critic, especially of current fiction. The Liberals have in Mr. John Morley unquestionably the most eminent of literary statesmen now living. In Mr. Haldane the new Government possess a philosopher as brilliant as Mr. Balfour, and at the same time more deeply read. Next to Mr. Morley on the Liberal side must be ranked Mr. Bryce, who has, indeed, won a far higher position in literature than in politics. Mr. Birrell, among his other distinctions, shares with Captain Boycott, the late Mr. Burke (of Purke and Hare), and some others, the glory of having added a new word to the English language. We can recall no Conservative politician who is given to "birrelling" though we have always had the suspicion that Mr. Wyndham could do it if he chose. Lord Crewe is not only the inheritor of a great literary and social tradition as the son of Monckton Milnes, but he has also himself "meditated the thankless Muse." Lord Burghclere is another Liberal peer of cultivated taste, as he showed not long ago in his translation of the Georgics of Virgil—"The Academy."

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**A GREAT SCHOLAR.**

The late Sir Richard Jebb, writes a correspondent who knew him well, was one of the most shy and reserved of men, and these qualities made the touches of humour which now and again adorned his speeches the more incisive and telling. These speeches, even at the least-foreseen moment, and on subjects most remote from his ordinary interests, never failed to be felicitous, and even scholarly, in their finish. The present writer, quoting from memory, cannot attempt to reproduce the polished manner of its delivery, but even in its unadorned substance how delightful was his pleasantry in returning thanks for Literature before a body of scientists, and likening the relations between the two to those of two pythons at the Zoological Gardens, whereof the husband had lately swallowed the wife, and thereby provided every newspaper in the kingdom with "copy." "Science," he observed, "had, as they were often told, fast swallowed Literature in a similar way; but," he added, slyly, "what a day that will be for Literature when she is in a position to see Science from the inside."—"Country Life."

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**FOREIGN MOTOR IMPORTS INCREASING.**

Various writers have from time to time described the motor-cycle trade as declining, and the demand that existed a year or two ago as gradually falling off. Such is not the case, and it will be difficult for them to explain why the imports of foreign motor-cycles are increasing yearly. From January to November last 1,588 motor-cycles, costing £52,138, were imported into England, and parts to the value of £20,817—a total of £72,955. "The Motor Cycle" points out that all these figures are greatly in excess of the previous year's Board of Trade returns.



