

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 266.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.0) AND EVENING (7.45),

"On the Love Path."

NEXT WEEK:

"LADY MADCAP."

Times and prices as usual.

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.

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LARGEST PRODUCERS AND PURVEYORS
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DELIVERIES TWICE DAILY TO ALL
PARTS OF THE TOWN AND DISTRICT.

Samples and Price List on Application.

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 166th prize has been divided between Miss
A. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, and
Miss H. M. Toms, 30 Promenade, Cheltenham.
for sermons respectively of sermons by the Bishop
of Gloucester at Christ Church and the Rev. W.
Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian
Church.

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

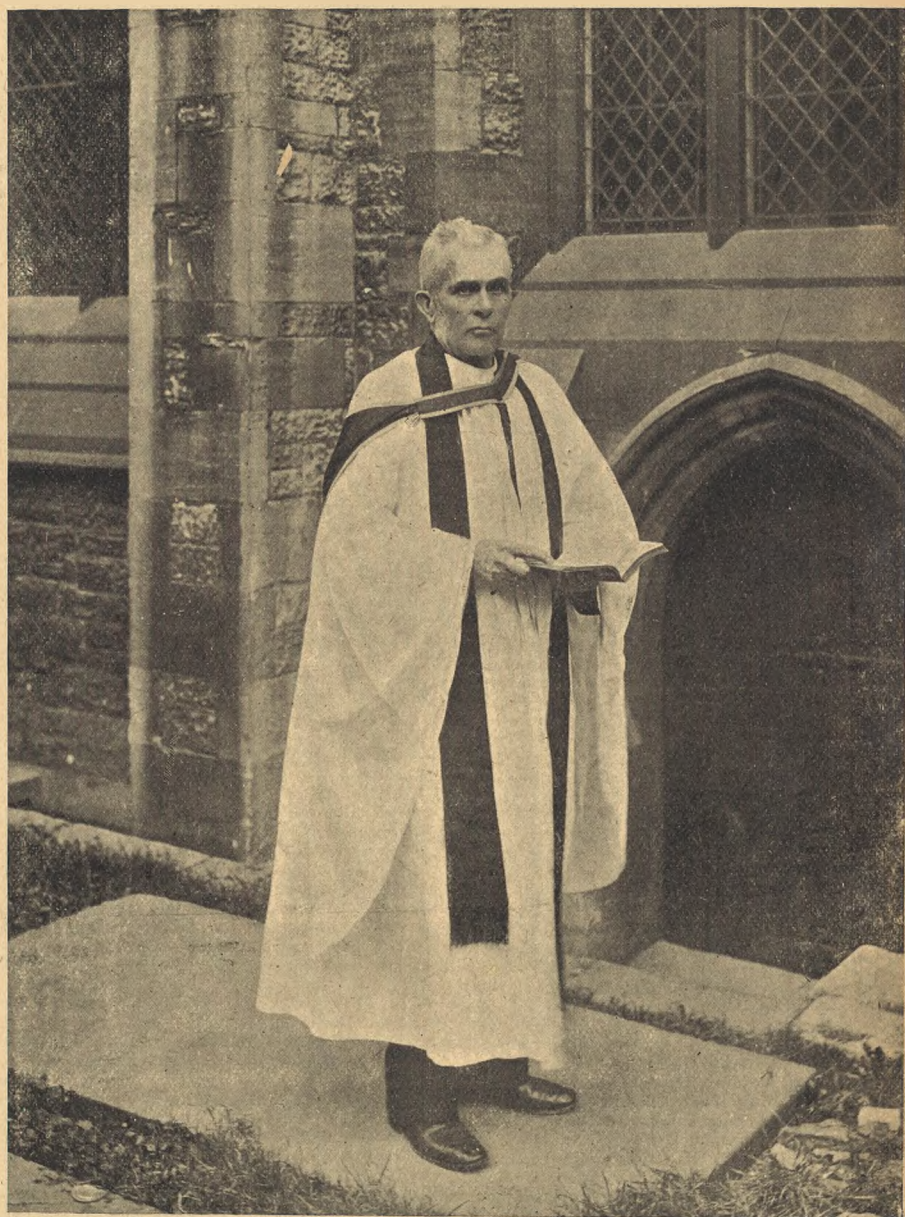


Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

REV. GEORGE JAMES, M.A.,
HON. CANON OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL,
RECTOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, GLOUCESTER.
SENIOR INCUMBENT OF THE CITY.

Died January 27, 1906.



REV. L. B. BUBB, M.A.,

RECTOR OF COLN ST. DENIS AND OF COLN ROGERS.

THE PARSON'S BRUSH.

[BY ALFRED STODDART.]

If the doctor had not ordered the Rev. Frederick Saunders to take horseback riding for his liver; if the Rev. Frederick Saunders had not determined to purchase a horse; and if he had not by chance gotten hold of old Alexander—in his time one of Ralph Goring's best and staunchest hunters; if he hadn't come along just as— But why indulge in these useless speculations? The doctor did prescribe horseback riding for the rector of St. James. The rector did, after due deliberation, make up his mind to purchase a saddle horse, and the animal which he acquired from William Stobbs, the principal horse dealer in Meadowthorpe, was no other than the redoubtable Alexander, who had carried his old master in the first flight through many a bruising run. As for the rest, it would be best to begin at the beginning.

The Rev. Frederick Saunders was about the only man within twenty miles of Meadowthorpe who was opposed to fox hunting. True, there were a few farmers who made a great fuss about their young crops being ridden over and their fences being damaged; but they only did this as a pretext to enable them to collect large bills from the club for their injured property. There were around Meadowthorpe so many farmers who would scorn to accept a shilling of such money that these few were compelled to talk against the sport to keep themselves in countenance.

The Rev. Frederick Saunders's motives, however, were more unselfish. He considered fox hunting cruel, in the first place, and a vain waste of time in the second, and there were other counts in his indictment.

Under these circumstances it may seem strange that the Rev. Frederick Saunders should purchase a hunter for a saddle horse, but the fact of the matter was that he had very little choice. Then, too, he got Alexander at a great bargain.

Indeed, there were not many horses around Meadowthorpe that were not hunters, more or less.

All the horses in harness looked as if they didn't quite belong there. If you came down there from Saturday till Monday, the chances were largely in favour of your friend meeting you with a giddy young timber toppler, reduced for the time being to the painful necessity of going between the shafts of a dog cart—treatment which the animal seems to resent most emphatically.

"Rather fresh," you observe to your friend as the horse does a few steps of a cake-walk on his hind legs before leaving the station.

"Second time in harness," gesticulates your friend, as his whip swishes through the air and descends upon the horse's flanks. "But he's quiet as a kitten," he adds, as the animal starts off with a bolt that almost parts the trace leathers.

No doubt he is as quiet as a kitten, but you have rather a bad quarter of an hour getting home. He nearly jumps out of his skin every time he touches the shafts, and your friend bustles him down hill at a frightfully reckless pace, because he does not know what the consequences will be when he feels the weight of the cart. Oh, yes! of course he's as quiet as a kitten, but the sight of your friend's house is a welcome one, and you willingly concur in his opinion, that perhaps it would be better to drive right around to the stable. You are both thoroughly aware that your friend could now no more stop the animal, who has had enough of this nonsense, than he could stop the Flying Scotsman.

But to return to the Rev. Frederick Saunders and Alexander. The former was assured by the horse dealer, Mr. Stobbs, that Alexander would make him just the sort of a saddle horse which he and his liver required—in other words, a good steady animal with a nice square trot—a little old for hunting perhaps, but all the better for a saddle horse. And Mr. Stobbs priced him to the Rev. Saunders at the absurdly low figure of twenty-five guineas. Thirty-five had been his price all along, but then the Rev. Saunders was entitled to a clerical discount, and, besides, Mr. Stobbs wanted him to have the horse.

Why is it that horse dealers always want you to have horses which they also profess to dislike

parting with? How can they want you to have them and still want them for themselves? It sounds rather paradoxical.

At all events, the transfer was effected, and so we find the Rev. Frederick Saunders on this crisp morning in February riding slowly along the road known as Church Lane, mounted on his purchase. His costume, while not exactly clerical, was as much of a compromise to equestrian custom as he would permit himself. He was clothed, of course, in black, and wore a huge overcoat which Mrs. Saunders insisted he should. This he found unpleasantly warm, and hence allowed it to fly open. His hat was a soft one of a peculiar pattern such as clergymen frequently wear, and he wore russet-leather leggings of pronounced newness.

His mind was dwelling upon the sermon he intended to deliver on the following Sunday. He had determined to make one more valiant stand against the sin of fox-hunting, which seemed to grip Meadowthorpe with a grasp of iron, and he was going over his arguments mentally.

Naturally his thoughts turned to his daughter, and the Rev. Saunders sighed. Alas, the girl, a dutiful child in all other things, had fallen in love with one of the enemy, young Bruce Harrington, than whom there was no more ardent fox-hunter in or about Meadowthorpe. Bruce was devoted to Emily Saunders, but her father sternly refused to countenance anything like an engagement between them until Bruce finally in desperation sold his hunters and announced his intention of giving up fox hunting. Out of deference to the decided views of his future father-in-law, Bruce adhered manfully to this resolution, but it went hard with him when he chanced to see the hounds on their way to the meet, and it was said of him that the sight of a pink coat brought tears to his eyes. Emily Saunders was almost heartbroken over this state of affairs. Torn between love for her sweetheart and her sense of duty to her father, she was indeed to be pitied.

The rector was relentless, however, and he was just steeling his mind to further endeavours in the anti-fox hunting field, when a chorus of short yelps and barks was borne to his ears by the wind, and he noticed Alexander pricking up his ears in an unwonted fashion. The noise increasing in volume, the rector suddenly became aware of its cause.

He had met the enemy. Caught him red-handed, or red-coated at all events, and he reined in Alexander to view the approaching cavalcade. Suddenly, the Rev. Frederick was startled to see a small red object jump down from a bank and cross the road, almost beneath his horse's nose, and the rector's kind heart was stirred with compassion, when presently a yelping stream of black, white, and tan poured down the bank and over the road as the pack followed hot upon the scent.

Alexander's ears were cocked very high by this time and his nostrils were quivering with excitement, but the rector was thinking not of him. "Shameful! Shameful!" he was saying to himself. "I must stop this thing."

So saying he chirped to Alexander, who was only too glad to take him at his word.

"Aha!" the old horse must have said to himself. "They will put me on the shelf, will they? My hunting days are over, are they? Well, we shall see."

Whereupon Alexander wheeled suddenly, and before the rector knew what he was doing, had popped over a low fence into the field where the hounds were running.

"Whoa, Alexander! Whoa!" cried the rector vociferously, but Alexander wouldn't whoa. The Rev. Saunders had been taken quite unawares when Alexander jumped the fence, and consequently it was only by a lucky chance that he made connections with the saddle when they landed. As it was, he lost one of his reins, which could only be regained by drawing the other one through his hand, and that was impossible at the moment. He was otherwise engaged in clinging to the saddle and in endeavouring to regain his left stirrup, which had also been lost in the shuffle.

Just at that moment, too, the huntsmen came into view, and Alexander, as he heard the clatter of hoofs crossing the road, was inspired to still greater exertions.

Great was the amazement of the members of the Meadowthorpe Hunt as the astonishing figure of their rector presented itself before them. His overcoat was flying wildly to the winds

and his knees were pressed desperately against Alexander's shoulders, while he vainly attempted to recover the lost stirrup and rein. And all the while Alexander was galloping like mad.

Suddenly a fence loomed up before them, and the Rev. Saunders breathed something that was almost a prayer, as just in the nick of time his foot found a resting place in the lost stirrup. He had the good sense not to worry about his reins at this juncture, but gave Alexander his head—or rather he gave him the other rein—and applied himself by holding on by the saddle pommel.

Alexander described a semicircle in the air, and the rector did also—of somewhat greater radius but limited in this respect by his firm grasp upon his saddle tree. At all events he was still in the saddle when Alexander had resumed his stride, and to save himself the rector could not repress a certain feeling of elation caused by this fact.

The rector's face was glowing, and his eyes snapped with excitement. Slowly and by degrees he managed to secure a fairly good grasp of the reins. Still he could not stop Alexander.

All his tugging at the reins, all his threats and entreaties were in vain. Alexander was fox hunting that day, so he finally gave up in despair.

Indeed, by the time he had successfully negotiated another fence it is extremely doubtful if the rector wished to stop Alexander, and before they had gone a mile the most extraordinary thing happened. The rector was actually urging Alexander on with voice and heel, and then it was that the Rev. Frederick Saunders came to know what it meant to lead the first flight in a fast run with the Meadowthorpe hounds.

The Hunt Club men saw and marvelled greatly, but they could not get near to him. There were Ralph Goring and Dick Middleton, and young Tom Halliday and old Major Barclay, all well mounted and notoriously straight riders, but they could not live with the rector and Alexander that day.

Over hill and dale he led them, a unique figure in his flying overcoat, never stopping for anything. Alexander jumped like a bird, and the rector always managed by hook or crook to land in the saddle. The fox was heading for the barrens across the valley, and his way led past a little homestead known as Higgins's Farm.

Here the hounds pressed him hard, and it suddenly dawned upon wily Reynard that he could never hope to reach that snug hole in the barrens with his brush intact. So he cast about him for some avenue of escape.

Farmer Higgins's front gate was closed, and Reynard slipped under. Straight to the kitchen door, which was wide open, he sped, with the hounds close at his heels. Then to the closed gate came the rector and Alexander, and the astonishment of Farmer Higgins and his family can be better imagined than described as they saw the reverend gentleman take the four-barred gate without a moment's hesitation.

The fox meanwhile had sought refuge beneath a bench upon which numerous pails of milk were set, as is the frequent custom with farmers in the winter. He was straightway followed, however, into the kitchen by the now frenzied pack of hounds, who were snapping and snarling at him, trying to dislodge him from his asylum.

In a moment the Rev. Saunders had thrown himself from Alexander and was down on his hands and knees in the midst of the pack. He seized Master Reynard in triumph, and was about to resume an erect attitude when something, either the impatient surging of the hounds or his own awkwardness, upset the bench, and several gallons of milk were overturned upon the reverend sportsman.

It was thus that Ralph Goring and Tom Halliday found him as they rode up to the kitchen door, dripping from every point with lacteal fluid but flushed and triumphant with success, and holding the fox, unharmed, high above the reach of the hounds.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I believe that the first one 'in at the death' is entitled to the 'brush' upon an occasion of this sort. In this case I claim the whole fox."

The rest of the field coming up by this time, the rector's claim was vociferously allowed, and there was some disposition to give him three cheers into the bargain, but this the rector checked with upraised hand.

"This is my first hunt," he said, "and my



ST. JAMES'S, COLN ST. DENIS.

This church, owing to the dilapidated condition of the tower, was in danger of destruction, but now, thanks to the skill of the architect, Mr. Wm. Weir, is quite sound. The cost of the work was £1,100, of which sum only about £50 remains to be raised. The church was reopened after restoration on April 26, 1905.



ST. ANDREW'S, COLN ROGERS.

fast, I trust. But, gentlemen, that's a good horse of mine."

So it transpired that Master Reynard escaped with a whole skin, and lived to a ripe old age as a pampered if somewhat ungrateful pensioner in a snug cage at the rectory. But the rector didn't preach his anti-fox hunting sermon on the following Sunday.

Bruce Harrington was surprised on the following morning when the rector's groom, riding Alexander, delivered to him this note from his master.

"Dear Bruce,—I send by the bearer, as a present, my horse Alexander. He is too good a hunter to carry a parson over the roads, and now that I have tasted its delights (this is strictly between ourselves) I cannot find it in my heart to deprive such keen sportsmen as yourself and Alexander of so much enjoyment.

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK SAUNDERS."

MR. CARNEGIE'S MUSIC.

"New every morning," according to his place of residence for the time being, is the music which awakens Mr. Carnegie from his innocent slumbers. In New York, on the stroke of eight, "Lead Kindly Light" bursts forth from an organ, and not only inspires Mr. Carnegie for the day, but makes his waking thoughts soothing and pleasant. At Skibo Castle, N.B., at 7.45 he is awakened, not by hymns, but by the skirl of the bagpipes (three of them) under his window. At eight, the native musicians (sic) depart, Mr. Carnegie apparently finding fifteen minutes of the bagpipes enough and to spare.—"The By-stander."

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Over 300 bags of scallops, containing about 50,000 of these shellfish, were landed at Dover on Monday, and dispatched to the London markets, this catch being the result of only three days' fishing.



COTSWOLD HUNT AT BROCKHAMPTON COURT,

the residence of Mr. J. Fairfax Rhodes, J.P., who is standing by the breakfast table with his back towards the spectator. This was the first time the hounds had met at Brockhampton Court since Major de Freville was M.F.H.

"MR. KING."

Norway is setting an altogether new pace in the matter of constitutional monarchies, for she has decided to do away with the predicate of "Your Excellency" for ministers and great dignitaries of the Court and State, and has even gone to the length of dispensing with the prefix of "Majesty" in connection with the King and Queen, says "T.A.T." The new sovereign in all speeches and orations of welcome to which he has been subjected since his arrival in Norway has invariably been addressed as "Mr. King," instead of as "Sire," or "Your Majesty."



SOCIETY OLD AND NEW: A PARALLEL.

It was not only in old France that the great country estates, and the villages which owe their prosperity to the well-being of such estates, lay neglected and untenanted while the landowners "kept up their position" in town. In its mania for pleasure, in its ever-varying expedients for killing time, in its love of gambling, and that old comfortable code of honour which makes it shameful to steal a loaf of bread when you are starving, but not to ruin a tradesman when you have ten thousand a year, society now and then are not unlike. The extravagances of fashion which made women adopt coiffures "a little lower than the Monument," only seem absurd because they are bygone extravagances, and are very little more ridiculous than the extremes of a much later date. The whole fashionable world still sways before a new craze as a field of corn sways to a wind. People are still very serious over their amusements, and very amusing over their duty and their career. They still discuss with an amazing freedom the diseases of the body and the most sacred feelings of the soul, and if reverence had no place in the eighteenth century, neither is it a characteristic of the twentieth. Then it was the fashion to talk of the simpler life in rooms replete with every extravagant refinement of luxury—and to end in talk. And this happens even to-day. Then it was "de rigueur" to have no religion, and now, to have a new, special pet one every two or three years—with results not dissimilar. It was then the fashion to hide from the thought of death, and to look at life as a series of amusing hours, and as a great whole—never. Is it sometimes so still? One wonders. That the Nemesis which overtook the old regime is in the least likely to overtake society now, no sane person can suppose. But now, as then, each man shall pay his price. The constant pursuit of gain and pleasure brings him the dissatisfaction and the eternal ennui it brought old France. While he misses for ever that consciousness of duty done, of powers developed, of help afforded, which alone can make him face with tranquillity the ironies of life, the irreparable robberies of death, and the Great Unknown beyond it.—"Cornhill Magazine."

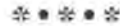
RELIGION IN ART.

Under this title Mr. Raymond Blathway contributes an article on Mr. Ernest Normand to the February number of "The Quiver." Of the painter's memorable series of the scenes from the Book of Esther the author gives some interesting facts:—The value of these pictures lies greatly in the wealth of detail, the archaic accuracy of that detail, and the marvellous insight they give us into the mystery of the Orient and the almost undreamed-of splendour of those far-off days—glimpses, indeed, of a lofty civilisation of which in certain respects, for all our boasting, we are incapable to-day. The curious part of it is that though he has since travelled far and wide, yet in the days when he painted these special pictures Mr. Ernest Normand had had no practical experience of either Egypt or the Holy Land. How came he, then, to depict so accurately and with such splendid detail the habit of life and the surroundings of these Biblical celebrities? The answer lies in a nutshell—by sheer scholarship. As he himself expressed it: "In those days I was more scholar than artist; when I painted those pictures I had never been in the East. But I had worked in the British Museum, and it was the influence exercised over my mind by those magnificent memorials in stone, by which the museum is enriched from Egypt and Assyria, that I really came to the painting of Bible subjects. Speaking one day of Edwin Long's pictures, an official at the British Museum said to me, "What a pity it is that no artist ever takes advantage of the vast store of information that is treasured within these walls in order to give a realistic idea of the actual surroundings amid which the Bible characters lived and moved and had their being!" As a rule (continued Mr. Normand) Biblical pictures are based on tradition, and they are treated conventionally according to tradition. That is right and proper from one point of view, for too much realism is apt to detract from the inner meaning of such pictures. But it is as possible to go too far in conventional treatment as it is to transgress in the way of realism. Certain subjects, such as the Crucifixion and the Last Supper, are better handled as they were by the Old Masters than if they were to be treated with modern realism. But the majority of my pictures are on a different plane altogether, and while I avoided realism in its fullest sense as it is understood to-day, I felt that they would be all the better and would serve their purpose more thoroughly if, at all events, greater attention had been the case in the past were paid to the circumstances and surroundings under which the incidents may fairly be supposed to have taken place



With a new steel wire gun tested at Sandy Hook on Saturday a muzzle velocity of 3,410 feet per second was attained. This is believed to be a record.

The Tewkesbury Division, true to its political traditions of 65 years (for it used to constitute a large area of the old Eastern Division), proved the lifeboat by which one only of the seven Conservative candidates for Gloucestershire, who were shipwrecked at the recent general election, was able to reach the electoral beach in safety. The majority of 127 votes obtained by Mr. Michael Beach is remarkable in several respects, but I will only elucidate the aspect of coincidence. Sir Lionel Darell, with evident surprise and pleasure, called the attention of several gentlemen at the declaration of the poll to the fact that P.C. Buffin, standing alongside the successful candidate, had the corresponding number on his collar to the majority. And the genial and observant baronet could have seen that 127 was also the number of the shop opposite, the occupier of which is Mr. Weeks Best. Pursuing coincidences, Sir Michael Hicks Beach was 27 years old at the time he was first returned for East Gloucestershire, in 1864, and his son was also 27 years old when selected to stand for the seat that he was destined to win by 127 votes.



Apropos of Sir Lionel Darell supporting Mr. Beach at the Shire-hall, his father, the late Rev. Sir William Lionel Darell, led into the same building in January, 1854, to be declared elected for the Eastern Division, after a memorable contest, Sir M. Beach, the grandfather of Mr. Beach. And there is an interesting connection between Sudeley Castle and these two elections, for the present owner of this historic mansion, Mr. Henry Dent Brocklehurst, is the High Sheriff who officially declared Mr. Beach elected, and it was therein that his uncles, the Messrs. Dent, gave a big and brilliant ball on February 24th, 1854, to celebrate the return of his grandfather; and I read in the published account that Sir Michael opened the country dance with Mrs. Dent, Sir Christopher Codrington, the other member for the division, having Mrs. Brocklehurst as his partner.



The fact that Mr. Balfour, the rejected of Manchester, will have a safe seat found him in the City of London, reminds me that a Gloucestershire borough, under somewhat similar circumstances, once afforded a haven for that distinguished statesman, Lord John Russell, after he was defeated in South Devon in 1835. Then Col. Fox, one of the two members for Stroud, made way for Lord John, and he was rewarded for his "disinterestedness" by the Whig Cabinet with the Secretaryship to the Ordnance. Lord John continued to represent "the land of Gotham" till 1841 (fighting one contest at the general election in 1837, when Mr. Sergeant Adams was his opponent), and then he resigned to sit for the City of London. Lord John had a residence at Amberley while he represented Stroud, and when he was raised to the peerage, in 1861, he took the title of Earl Russell, of Kingston Russell, Dorsetshire, and Viscount Amberley, of Amberley, Glos., and of Ardsalla, co. Meath. And in reverse order, more recently, we have the cases of Sir Charles Dilke, another statesman, who, when rejected by a London constituency, found an impregnable seat in the Dean Forest Division, and of Mr. R. W. Essex, who, failing to woo a London borough, found the Cirencester Division a willing partner at the first time of asking. Thus the world wags, and Gloucestershire is not left behind.



One of the most important and necessary steps yet taken by the Bishop is the issuing of a commission to enquire into the existing and prospects needs and resources of the Church in Gloucester. There is a strong feeling in the Cathedral city that several of the sparsely-attended old churches in its centre might well be re-distributed into the new districts that are churchless. I think the unexpected vacancy that has occurred in the rectory of St. Michael ought to make it easier for the carrying out of a proposal, if considered expedient to adopt, to sell the site of the church and throw it into the two narrow streets at the Cross and apply the funds (which would be large on the basis of the prices that property is now fetching there) to the building of a church or churches where wanted. GLEANER

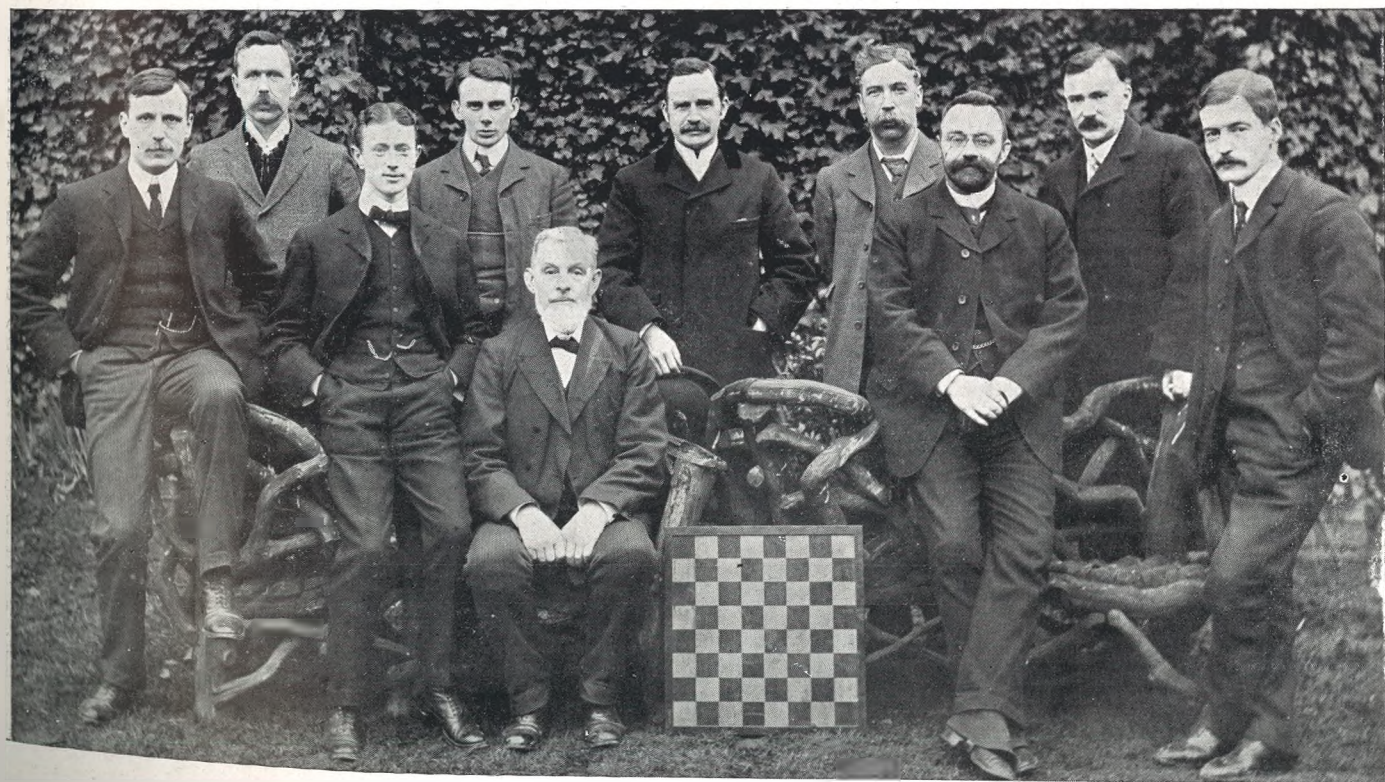
CHESS—CHELTENHAM v. BRISTOL.

COUNTY CUP COMPETITION IN CHELTENHAM, JANUARY 27, 1906



CHELTENHAM TEAM.

A. L. STEVENSON, H. M. MACVICAR, W. YATES, F. G. PERRINS, F. J. CADE, S. W. BILLINGS,
H. A. FOXWELL, DR. MASON, COL. E. LAW, T. WHITTARD.



BRISTOL TEAM.

F. T. FRYER, S. W. VIVEASH, H. G. BARNES, S. T. JEY, F. RICKMAN, A. AXTELL,
C. W. MATTHEWS, W. HALL, H. BYRNES, C. A. MORETTI.

SEAWEED BRINGS FORTUNES.

Fortunes are being made in the south-west of Norway out of seaweed, which is collected by the farmers and peasants with holdings running to the seashore and burnt. The ashes are sold to British agents, says Consul Lasmussen, of Stavanger, and contain many valuable chemical products, including iodine. As a source of income, adds the Consul, seaweed has in a very few years surpassed fishing and agriculture in fortune building. Old debts have been paid off, and land that was formerly unproductive has been drained and tilled.

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THE LUST OF BLOOD.

What Tennyson calls "the ape and tiger" in us is caged only, and leaps out when the cage has been unbarred in war, or broken open in revolution. The Russian peasant, e.g., is naturally a kindly creature, and kindest of all towards children; yet, when the Russian peasant has become a soldier and has tasted blood, he can commit such atrocities as those recorded in Father Gapon's "The Story of My Life" (Chapman and Hall). On that dreadful Sunday in St. Petersburg, January 22, 1905, when nearly a thousand unarmed and unoffending processionists were slaughtered, and five thousand were wounded, "the captain of the Preobrajensky Regiment, Nicholas Mansuroff, who ordered the first volley to be fired near Dvortsovaya-place, not satisfied with the evidence of the heaps of slain and wounded, found it necessary to examine the rifles of his soldiers, eight of which were found not to be discharged. The eight men were immediately put under arrest. The poor children, many of whom fell victims to a natural curiosity either to see better or to save themselves, climbed into the trees. One corporal approached Mansuroff, and, pointing to a child on a branch of a tree, asked permission of 'his honour' to bring him down. The officer consenting, a bullet quickly finished the little life."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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SLEEP AND MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

A discussion has for some time been proceeding in the non-medical press, the full importance of which has been to a great extent obscured by the urgency of political strife during the preparations for and the conduct of the general election. This discussion has had reference to the question whether the time allowed for uninterrupted sleep, in many schools, is really sufficient for the needs of growing children; and it was originally started by a memorial from the Association of Medical Officers of Schools, founded upon a paper read before that body by Dr. Acland. The continuance of the discussion has served to bring into curious prominence the failure of large numbers of persons, and, among them, of many eminent members of the teaching profession to realise that, in the present state of knowledge, no severance between "bodily" and "mental" acts or activities is possible. It has been gravely maintained that "mental" action is something different from, and even distinguishable from, "bodily" action; and it has been more than suggested that the energetic performance of the latter will in some way afford relief from fatigue incidental to the former. The question of what is meant by "mind," of what may be its nature, and of how far it can be supposed to exist as an independent entity, we are content to leave to metaphysicians; and we approach the question only as physiologists. From this point of view, the intellectual acts of a schoolboy, the recollection of grammatical rules or the meanings of words in classic tongues, are not acts of the "mind," but acts of the *brain*; and the brain, like other structures of the body, is susceptible of exhaustion from over-work, and requires constant renewal of its energies by the action of sleep and food. In relation to these requirements, it is not possible to distinguish the divisions of the nervous system which govern muscular from those which govern intellectual effort; and to maintain, as is apparently maintained by many schoolmasters, that bodily exercise is itself recuperative after "mental" effort, so that the boy who has been exhausted by study can be restored to his pristine "mental" vigour by a paper chase or by compulsory running, or by any other form of severe and sustained "bodily" exertion, seems to us to be the very extremity of physiological ignorance and of practical unwise. It is like lighting a candle at its lower end to make amends for its consumption at the top.—"The Hospital."



FUNERAL OF MR. CHARLES GILDING.

- 1. Arrival at Cemetery Church.
- 2. Procession to Grave.
- 3. Service at Grave.
- 4. A Last Look at the Coffin by Old Friends.

SELINA JENKINS ON THE "UNEMPLOYED."



Of course there's onemployed and onemployed. For instance, there must be a wonderful lot of Conservative members of Parliament out of a job jest at present. Wot they be goin' to do, all of 'um, I don't know. It seems 'ard, after 'aving been in constant employment fer so many years, to find themselves, so to speak, forced to sing small fer a living, all thro' that there Chamberling's fishal propositions, as 'ave perdooced the greatest catechism ever known in the perlitical world, so the newspapers says!

Of course I know there's they as says everybody's gone off their heads, and 'ave voted agens their best friends by mistake; but, 'owever that may be, there's been sich a clean sweep as there won't be no chance fer Mr. Chamberling, 'ceps to 'ave the words "Tariff Reform" cut on 'is grave-stone. It's tolerable certain there won't be anybody else anxious to take up the same cry as he 'ave smashed 'is party against, becoss fer why? He's the only man as actooaly and really beleeves in this 'ere Tariff Reform! If you askes me why this is, agen I should say, Becoss he 'aven't studied the matter a lot, and we've only got 'is word fer it that Tariff Reform would be any good at all. It was goin' to 'elp the onemployed; but the only thing Tariff Reform 'ave done up to now is to swell the ranks of the onemployed with a hundred and 50 out o' work Hem P's.

Then there's the onemployed as lives up Lansdown way and drives motor-cars, likewise 'as bridge parties, at-'omes, and their names in the Arrivals and Departures list, wich is the same, only different, as the man said when they put 'is name into the deaths by mistake, and then put it rite by sticking 'im into the births, becoss it wouldn't do fer a newspaper to contradict itself or say as 'ow it 'ad made a mistake, bein' contrary to edikett, as they calls it.

Yes! There's a awful lot of onemployed—of the sort as is worried to death to know 'ow to kill time. Like the lilies, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet life is a burden to them. They never knows from day to day 'ow they be goin' to get thro' the next, wot with the 'ard labour of dressin' and comin' down stairs jest to pay a lot of calls (wich is about the only thing they does pay prompt, so I hears).

But I understands there's a movement on to give lots of these folk work to do goin' round with-drawin' their custom and generally making things 'ot fer the pore deluded lunatics as 'ave dared to vote Liberal and stand to it during the last election! Some of 'em 'ave started this usefule work already, and they tells me that six or seven grocers and a draper or two 'ave been threatened that if they don't at once go down on their knees fer votin' for a F.R.I.B.A. stranger and a architeck instead of a real gentleman like Mr. Agg-Gardner they will be hexcommunicated and retaliation of the deepest dye brought to bear on them by ruinin' their biznesses. Now, it's all very well to let feelin's run 'igh durin' the election, but this 'ere vindictiveness isn't to be encouraged, and as Cheltenham is the 'ome of the aristocracy and gentry of the land, we'll 'ope that these 'ere folk will show that they knows 'ow to receive a defeat like gentlemen, wich is jest where good breedin' comes out. Anybody can look 'appy when they be the victors; it takes a real "onemployed" gentry to keep cool and smilin' under defeat!

But I was really goin' to say somethink about wot they calls the genuine onemployed and the Distressed Committee, when I got on to the above, as come to me mind like this: The other day I was walkin' up the street, when I see a young strappin' fellow in the road singin' "Tell mother I'll be there" with a vice like a motor horn; wich he put on wich a hair of misery I hups and I says, "My friend," I says, "I don't like to see you a-walkin' in the gutter like that there," I says, "You come along of me, and I'll see if I can't find you a bit of work in the back garding, wich there's a lot of weeds all down one side of the path, and 'raps you mite 'elp me out with the washin' by turnin' the mangle between whiles."

"Wot's that, Missus?" he says. I says, "I can give you a bit of work if you come to my 'ouse and askes fer me." I says, "Work!" he says. "Who says I wanted work?" he says. "I don't want work," he says; "I'm one of the onemployed! Can't you see the ticket I 'as

on me chest?" And, sure 'nuff, he 'ad a card on 'is chest, statin' as 'ow he were one of thirteen, and 'ad a wife and 3 children dependin' on 'im fer their daily breads, and 'ow he'd been drove out of work by this 'ere German competition, likewise ending up with, "Kind friends, you are asked to help to sustain one of England's heroes, having lost his situation through no fault of his own." Wich, when I'd read all this through I says to 'im, "But where's yer wife and 3 children, as it speaks on?"

"Ho, as fer they," he says, "I left me wife up in the public at the corner, so as to know where to find 'er when I've collected enuff fer our daily breads."

"Yes, but the children! Where be they?" I says. "Well, if you must know, Missus," he says, "I 'ad this 'ere card off another man, as really 'ad got 3 children, and I thought it were a pity to rub it out, so I leaved it on! And, after all, wot do it matter if I ain't got 3 children? I be one of the genuine onemployed, and I demands injustice, that's wot I demands! And I asks you fair and square, 'Ow would you like it to be thrown out of yer reg'lar employment, and then instead of folks givin' a trife towards the cause, 'aving hods and hends of work throwed in yer face? I arskes you, wot good is that to me? That's wot I arskes you. All I wants is injustice, That's all I wants!"

"Hall rite," I says, "hall rite! Don't you get egscited," wich he were shoutin' away at me as if I'd insulted 'im by mentionin' the word "work," and I was glad enuff to get off by 'andin' over a copper towards his daily bread, as I don't mind sayin' was of the sort they sells at the publicks at so much a pint, from the look of things. So when I gets back 'ome I says to Amos, "Amos," I says, "ain't there a sort of a fund and a committee to look after the onemployed in Cheltenham?"

"You're rite, Selina," he says, laffin' all over 'is face; "wich they've met a good few times, and collected 300 pound odd, only to find that there ain't no onemployed here, not to speak of! Why, aven't you seen the advertisement in the 'Echo' fer a strong able-bodied man to search for 'um at a pound a week? And, wot's more, they do say as there's another advertisement comin' out in the 'Lost' collums, as 'ow 'a reward of 5s. will be given to anybody as can find a genuine onemployed workin'-man, and bring 'im along to be photographed fer the papers, becoss there is they as is sayin' one can't be found, and 'twould be nice to see the photograff of sich a curiosity, wouldn't it?"

"Well, but," I says, "I jest met one of 'em out in the street, and he wouldn't undertake a bit of work out in the back garding not at no price. He said work was beneath contempt, and not to be thought of! 'Twas money he wanted!"

"Yes, Selina," says Amos, "that's jest the difficulty! Here's crowds of hindividoosals as is quite willin' to come along and share the proceeds of a fund, or anything like that, but when it comes to turnin' up their shirt-sleeves and doin' a bit of 'onest work, that's quite another thing! One 'aven't been used to this, and another couldn't come down to that, wile the next one isn't goin' to sile 'is 'ands with a pick and shovel after bein' 43rd cousin of someone who was butler to a duke! And so it goes on, and it's a pretty tough job to keep them to their work! I 'eard one of 'em talkin' the other day, and he said as 'ow this were a reglar 'have,' if anythink were, wich he'd been gave to understand there were over £300 collected fer the onemployed, and when you comes hup to get your share there ain't no cash at all, only about 20 yards of railings to paint down, or a hole to be dug in the road fer drains. He said he considered it were disgracefule to treat 'uman beings like it, after them takin' the trouble to walk all the way to the Corporation officials to ask about it."

"Well, Amos," I says, "if that's the sort of onemployed we has in Cheltenham I don't think a lot of 'em! I egpects there's a tidy few as don't care to come on charity, wich is feelin' times a bit 'ard, but the weather 'ave been mild of late, and I don't b'leeve there's a great lot of real genuine bad cases about here! The only remedy fer the present state of affairs is fer most of the employers of labour in Cheltenham to give their men the sack, as they calls it, ontill this ere Three 'Under odd is used up, and then take 'em back again. We 'as the Onemployed Committee; also we 'as the Onemployed Fund. Well, then, we must 'ave the Onemployed some-



MR. JAMES A. FRANKLIN, of Gloucester (a former student at St. Paul's Training College, Cheltenham), who was last week appointed Headmaster of the Calton-road Schools, Gloucester. Mr. Franklin was formerly Headmaster of the Tredworth Schools, Gloucester.

how to use the Fund, and make the whole thing complete, and that's the only way I can suggest to put it rite. Wot's the good of a committee and a Fund without the Onemployed? I'll rite to the paper, and hoffer 'em the hidea, as seems to me to meet the case ezackly," I says! Wich I 'ave done, as above!

SELINA JENKINS.

ELOPING TO ORDER.



The proprietor of one of the principal firms in a certain provincial town had remarked that his chief clerk, for whom he had a great liking, had fallen into a melancholy state, and though, says "The Penny Magazine," he tried his best, he could not find out what was the matter with the young man. One day, at last, the sufferer owned that he was in love.

"Well, marry her," said the chief. "Oh, but," here the young man nearly broke down, "she belongs to one of the best families in the town—the parents will never consent."

"Pooh. Your position is good, your name honourable; they won't refuse. I will demand the girl for you. Does she love you?"

"Yes, but it's no use; her parents won't listen." "Well, then, elope with her. Do you know the girl?"

"Yes; she will be at your ball next Tuesday." "Now, listen to me," said the employer. "Leave the ball quietly with her. Joseph, my coachman, will wait for you at the door and drive you to the station. He will ask no questions. When you are out of the way I will see the father and settle everything agreeably for you."

"Is that really your advice?" gleefully exclaimed the youth. "Do you want me to do it?" "Yes, I command you to do it. Now, cheer up."

The next day the clerk proposed the plan to his sweetheart, who made some objection at first, but, overcome by his reasons, she said at last— "Well, if he really orders it, I must obey."

What was the general stupefaction when, after the ball, the daughter of the house was missing. "Mad fool that I was," exclaimed the enraged parent. "It was my own daughter!"

The next day, however, he wired— "Come back; all will be forgiven."

A SCHOOL-TEACHER'S STORY.

[By ELEANOR B. PORTER.]

The schoolroom was very quiet. The master sat at the desk, wearily leaning his head on his hand, his eyes fixed on a boyish scrawl decorating the blackboard across the room.

"This world is all a fleeting show for man's delusion given," he read, with a mild wonder as to how Bobby Green chanced to express so pessimistic a doctrine.

The misquotation, as it stood, was certainly in sad accord with his own ideas, but that was no reason why the children should learn the truth thus early in life. He could remember a time in his own past existence when he had believed quite the opposite of this dreary sentiment, but that was before she came into his life—or, rather, it was before she went out of his life. Unconsciously he heaved a sigh, and equally unconsciously Polly, on the front seat, echoed it.

Scott Fairfield, the new master of the district school at the village, had the name of being a "powerful hand for grammar and composition," but to-day he had outdone himself. After a lengthy and painstaking explanation of the word "biography" he had startled the children by requesting each one to write the biography of some friend or relative; and it was with many laborious sharpenings of pencils and much rattling of paper that the youthful writers had begun their task.

As closing time drew near, Polly's sigh was echoed in all directions, and the abstracted gaze and fiercely bitten pencils of the discouraged biographers plainly testified that more time was needed for their unaccustomed task; so it was with the assurance that they could complete their work in the morning that Fairfield sent them home at four o'clock.

Polly Dean walked down the street in a brown study. She had listened faithfully to all the master said—that is, as faithfully as she could, when all the time Tommy Brown across the aisle was drawing on his slate those queer-looking pictures for her especial benefit—but now she was not quite sure that she knew what "biography" meant.

At the Deans' supper table that night, during a momentary lull in the conversation, came Polly's opportunity.

"Mamma, what's a biography?"

"Bless the child!—what is she up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean in gentle surprise.

"It's writing a whole lot of nice things about somebody—praising him away to the skies, when it isn't true at all!" snapped Aunt Madge, who had just been reading the eulogy of a man she cordially disliked.

"It's telling of everything a person *did* do, and a few things he didn't," declared brother Ned with a shrug of his shoulders.

"My dear, it's a full account of one's life which one would never recognise as one's own," said her father, as he pushed back his chair; and in the general laugh that followed, Polly slipped away.

The biographies were to be read on Friday afternoon. When the appointed time arrived, the youthful authors betrayed some excitement and nervousness as they rose one after another to offer their contributions. The master looked down very kindly at Polly's flushed cheeks and shining eyes, but he started slightly as she announced in a shrill treble:—

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF MY AUNT MADGE.

"This beautiful lady was born, oh, I don't know how many years ago, but ever so many—much as twenty, maybe. She isn't dead yet, so I don't know when she died. She is tall and slim, and has got a lot of shiny gold hair piled all up on top of her head, and she is the prettiest lady I ever saw. I love her very, very much. She is never cross, and never says, 'Run away.' I don't know anybody else who don't say 'Run away' sometimes. But this beautiful lady is very sad. Sometimes when I look at her I want to cry, but I don't know why, so I don't. Once upon a time she had a lover. I know this because she has got his picture upstairs in her room. I don't think he is as pretty as she is, and I told her so one day. She looked awful funny, and took the picture away quick. He looks a little like my teacher, only my teacher has got whiskers, and he hasn't. This lovely lady has not been here very long, but I wish she would stay for ever. That is all I know about her.

POLLY ANN DEAN."

Scott Fairfield's face was white, and his voice

was very low and husky as he called on Tommy Brown for the next biography.

When Polly started for home that night, she found the master beside her.

"May I walk with you, dear?" he asked, with a wonderfully sweet smile.

Polly was raised at once to the seventh heaven of delight. She blushed and hung her head, but she looked sideways out of her eyes to see if Mary, Ellen, and Susie were watching—the master was not wont to be so gracious.

"Do you think your Aunt Madge is at home to-night?" questioned Fairfield again, with a strange diffidence.

Polly nodded.

"Perhaps you will take me to see her," he suggested, almost deferentially, and then he was strangely silent.

Polly trotted happily along, vainly trying to bring her short steps to the long strides of the preoccupied man at her side. Now and then she stole an upward glance at his face, and once she found him smiling.

"It must be Madge," he was thinking. "It is just like her own proud self to make no sign. Pride! What was pride worth, anyhow? He was sure he would throw his to the winds. He would humble himself, too—in the dust. Madge was worth it—the dear girl! Misunderstanding? Bah!—away with the whole thing! He had found her at last—Madge!"

His blood was coursing madly through his veins and he was tingling to his finger-tips when Polly opened the gate before a pretty white cottage; but he contrived to walk with proper sedateness behind his small guide, who was fairly quivering with the delightful importance of the occasion. He was pacing nervously up and down the parlour, however, when Polly disappeared in quest of Aunt Madge.

"Teacher wants you!" exclaimed the child as she burst unceremoniously into her aunt's room a minute later.

"Wants me!" queried the mystified young woman, with a fleeting memory of the dread import of those words in the long ago after some schoolgirl prank. "Me—did you say, dear? It must be your mother, Polly"—in sudden sternness—"is it possible you have been up to mischief?"

Polly shook her head with decision.

"No, not the slightest bit! He said he wanted my Aunt Madge," asserted the small girl, excitedly.

With a furtive glance into the mirror, and a hasty touch here and there, Aunt Madge allowed herself to be escorted to the parlour.

Scott Fairfield started quickly forward at the door opened, but his impassioned "Madge" died on his lips, and his outstretched hands dropped to his side. Polly was leading a small, dark-haired, bright-eyed woman up to him and saying—

"This is my Aunt Madge, Mr. Fairfield."

Every vestige of self-possession left the master of the village school, and he stumbled and blundered in hopeless confusion, while his face went from white to red, and red to white.

"I—er—oh—there is some mistake—er—I'm delighted, I'm sure—" then to Polly with wrathful recklessness—"Why, child, you said she was tall and—" he stopped short with a sudden realisation of the vivid colour that was staining scarlet the face of the pretty little woman at his side.

"Apparently my niece has been favouring you with my personal description—and the reality disappoints you," she began frigidly, but with the suggestion of a twinkle in her eyes—there was something wonderfully ludicrous in the picture of confusion before her.

The poor man opened his mouth to speak, but Polly came to his rescue.

"Papa said you wouldn't recognise it!" said she, gleefully.

"Recognise what?" questioned Aunt Madge, turning to Polly in surprise.

"Your biography, of course, and you said it was praising 'em way to the skies when it wasn't true, too!"

Aunt Madge coloured and bit her lip, and the ghost of a smile flickered for an instant across the distressed face of the man; then he gathered all his scattered wits and made a mighty effort.

"I sincerely beg your pardon. The fault was all my own. I was led, by what this little maid said in her biography, to think that in her Aunt Madge I had discovered a long-lost friend. I only hope you will kindly excuse my awkward stupidity when you realise how great must have been my surprise as I saw, not my friend, but an

entire stranger enter the room." Then he turned to Polly with a faint smile, but a deep pain far down in his eyes. "I fear, my dear, that my meaning was not quite clear to you about the biography. I did not intend that you should imagine it all."

"I didn't!" asserted Polly, stoutly. "I was telling all the time about a beautiful lady that I love very dearly, and it's all true, every bit of a word. It's Miss Weston, over at Cousin Mabel's. I just wrote about her for Aunt Madge's biography—that's all," added Polly, with a sob in her voice.

She means Madge Weston, who is visiting my brother's family across the street; the young lady has suddenly become Polly's idol," explained Aunt Madge hastily, marvelling at the great light which transformed the face of the man before her, as the name passed her lips.

Five minutes later, he had mingled hasty adieus and apologies, and had turned quick steps toward the house across the way.

Aunt Madge, with a sympathetic little thrill for that other woman's coming joy, saw through the window the door of the opposite house open and close on Fairfield's stalwart form; then Polly was surprised with a spasmodic hug and a fervent kiss from her usually undemonstrative auntie.

The next morning Bobby Green's scrawl on the blackboard had disappeared, and in its place, in the master's bold handwriting, was:—

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.

WOMAN IN INDUSTRY.

Mr. G. H. Wood, F.S.S., addressed a meeting convened by the Women's Industrial Council on "The Economic Position of Women as Wage-Earners," at Bedford College, on Monday evening. He said that during the last fifty years some very remarkable changes had taken place. For instance, in agriculture, in 1851, there were three men to one woman, but now there were 18 men to each woman. Perhaps the chief women's industry, apart from domestic service, was the cotton trade. There, in 1851, men and women were practically equal, but in 1901 there were ten women to every seven men. In the lace trade, on the other hand, men seemed to be slowly displacing women. During the past twenty years women's wages had increased in cotton, wool, and worsted, and hosiery, but had lost in other trades. It was very significant that, whereas among men there was a marked tendency to leave badly-paid trades for those where better wages could be obtained, no such movement could be observed among women.

MOTOR BODY.

Two generations hence (says a writer in "The Autocar"), while our grandchildren are discussing the purchase of a motor-car, some curly-headed, blue-eyed rogue, anxious to air his recently acquired French, will ask, "Why 'tonneau' body, father?" Father will ponder the thing for a moment with a mental picture of a cask contrasting oddly with the catalogue illustration of the tonneau body, replying weakly, "I don't know, my boy; I expect it is just a name." As if anything in the world were causeless! Possibly even to some of us in 1906 the origin of the term may be obscure or only half understood. In point of fact, the evolution of the tonneau is one of the most extraordinary phases of a romantic business. The writer traces the various phases through which the motor body passed in the endeavour to accommodate the largest number of passengers in the smallest space available, and points out that at the time, unluckily, most makers held large stocks of short frames designed for two-seated bodies. Necessity stimulates invention, and some genius suggested the fitting of two seats wagonette wise, tucked up closely to the back of the present phaeton front seat with a little door. Thus was born the "tonneau," so called from the fact that the added seats bore a strong resemblance to split casks or tubs. As the early "tonneau" was constructed to fit existing frames and bodies it is not very surprising on that account to learn that it was ludicrously uncomfortable. Still the little door at the back appealed to the childish love of toys which characterises the adult of all ages.

A Bill authorising the granting of loans to agricultural co-operative associations was adopted by the French Chamber on Monday.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 267.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

MR. GEORGE R. WHITE,

LATE ASSISTANT AND NOW ELECTRICAL ENGINEER TO
GLOUCESTER CORPORATION.

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 167th prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Chapel and Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church respectively.

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

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.0) AND EVENING (7.45),
"LADY MADCAP."

FEBRUARY 15 16 and 17,

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

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WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
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c106

GLOUCESTER MIDLAND RAILWAY AMBULANCE CORPS.

WINNER OF CORPS AND CITY SHIELDS, 1905



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.
 TOP ROW : E. G. STOCK (SECRETARY), A. CAMM (PRESIDENT), W. E. HOGG, AND E. JONES.
 SITTING : A. T. DENNIS, F. C. CLARKE (CAPTAIN), DR. W. HODGES (SURGEON-INSTRUCTOR), H. E. BROWN, C. A. NEAL,
 AND H. W. LEECH.
 RECLINING : E. O. HANLON.

THE DUTY OF MARRIAGE.

The payment of taxes is a duty which the citizen owes to the State. Marriage, with the begetting of children, is not a duty which the citizen owes to the State. Marriage, with its consequences, is a matter of personal inclination and convenience. It never has been anything else, and it never will be anything else. How could it be otherwise? If a man goes against inclination and convenience in a matter where inclination is "of the essence of the contract," he merely presents the State with a discontented citizen (if not two) in exchange for a contented one! The happiness of the State is the sum of the happiness of all its citizens; to decrease one's own happiness, then, is a singular way of doing one's duty to the State! Do you imagine that when people married early and much they did so from a sense of duty to the State—a sense of duty which our "modern luxury" has weakened? I imagine they married simply because it suited 'em. They married from sheer selfishness, as all decent people do marry. And do those who chatter about the duty of marriage kiss the girls of their hearts with an eye to the general welfare? I can fancy them saying, "My angel, I love you—from a sense of duty to the State. Let us rear innumerable progeny—from a sense of duty to the State." How charmed the girls would be!—"T.P.'s Weekly."



Statistics show that 140,000 children in Belgium—over 13 per cent. of the population—are without any education.

A YEAR'S ELECTRIC PROGRESS.

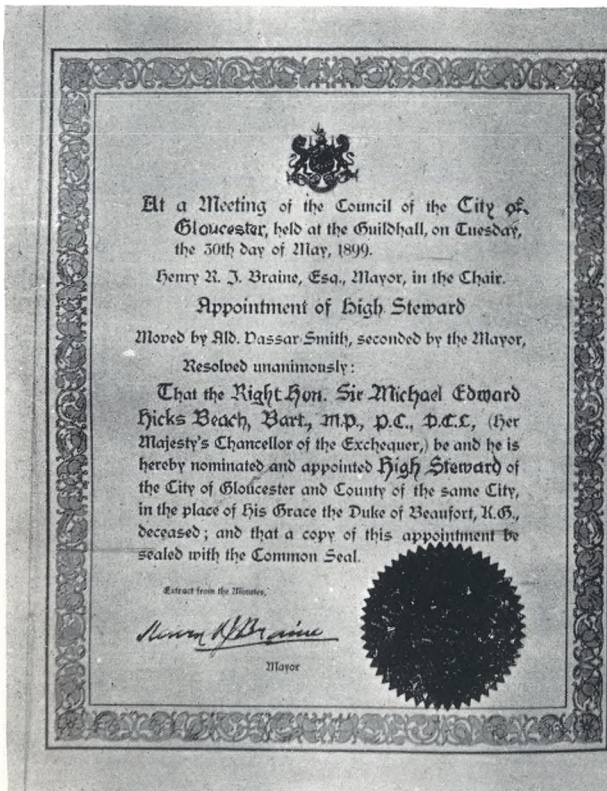
In again reviewing a year's record of electric progress it is an even more pleasurable task than at this time twelve months ago devolved upon us, says "The Electrical Magazine." Every sphere of electrical activity returns striking evidence of continued progress and genuinely constant expansion such as gives high hopes of something approaching a boom in the near future. Trade developments have now reached into the most remote countries of the world, and distance is no longer a barrier to either sales or construction work on sites thousands of miles from the factory. The marketing of electrical apparatus is at the moment a matter requiring the strictest organisation, as the field to be covered is broadened to an extent which demands proper direction of effort if a remunerative connection is to be built up. In this regard we are at the moment excelled by our American and Continental neighbours, who succeed in placing their goods in our Colonies under the very nose of British agents. Colonial trade, however, presents encouraging prospects for home makers, and the year's record brings abundant testimony of this. If we are to expect a boom in any branch of electrical enterprise it will take place in that represented by electricity supply. Electric lighting has made rapid strides during the year, and the new incandescent lamps, though costly, are finding favour on all sides. Whatever representations the gas people may make in favour of their particular illuminant, they will never shake public confidence in elec-

tricity. That is now too firmly established. Arc lighting can boast of great advantages and an increased degree of support from light-users of every class. In street lighting the flame arcs bid fair to sweep out gas entirely, and it will certainly be better appreciated when the underhand tactics of gas advocates are exposed. Our gas rivals should come out into the open and fight the battle like men.



DUSTLESS ROADS.

The necessity for attacking this old-standing problem of dust on roads (says "Motor Traction") becomes day by day more acute, and it is evident that the methods now employed must be supplanted or radically improved at no distant date. The effect of the powdering of so-called macadamised roads, caused principally by horse traction, becomes more and more noticeable when the dust so formed is raised by increasing numbers of mechanically-propelled vehicles, and the somewhat primitive attempts at road repair which are now, unfortunately, the rule rather than the exception, inevitably result in an irregular surface plentifully sprinkled with holes. Consequently, though the constructional methods in most cases will not hold water, the same cannot be said of the roads themselves, and where mud can be formed dust will quickly follow. The problem is a great one, and presses for solution.



List of former High Stewards

1558	...	The Most Hon. the MARQUESS OF WINCHESTER.
1580	Dec. 22nd	The Right Hon. LORD BURTON, Lord Treasurer of England.
1604	Jan. 6th	The Right Hon. LORD COCK, afterwards Earl of Salisbury.
16	...	The Right Hon. WILLIAM COMPTON, EARL OF NORTHAMPTON.
1862	Aug. 16th	The Right Hon. SIR EDWARD COKE, Lord Chief Justice of England.
1827	Sept. 7th	The Right Hon. SIR THOMAS COWLEY, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England.
1849	July 17th	The Right Hon. JOHN, LORD SMITH, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England.
1842	Mar. 11th	The Right Hon. EDWARD, LORD LITTLETON, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England.
1651	Sept. 26th	HIS EXCELLENCY OLIVER CROMWELL, Lord General of the Parliamentary Forces, afterwards Lord Protector.
1653	Feb. 16th	LORD HENRY CROMWELL.
1658	...	RICHARD CROMWELL, afterwards Lord Protector.
1660	June 13th	HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.
1660	Jan. 24th	The Right Hon. HENRY, LORD HERBERT, afterwards Duke of Beaufort.
1699	Aug. 6th	The Right Hon. CHARLES, EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.
1694	Feb. 11th	The Right Hon. CHARLES, LORD DUNSTON, afterwards Earl of Berkeley.
1710	Sept. 18th	The Right Hon. JAMES, EARL OF BERKELEY.
1727	Sept. 16th	The Right Hon. AUGUSTUS, EARL OF BERKELEY.
1735	July 14th	The Right Hon. MATTHEW, LORD DUNELM.
1764	Aug. 11th	The Right Hon. PETERBENK ASSISTON, EARL OF BERKELEY.
1811	Sept. 13th	The Most Noble CHARLES, DUKE OF NORFOLK.
1853	Dec. 21st	The Hon. HENRY HOWARD MONTAGU, afterwards Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard.
1841	July 6th	HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILLIAM FEINBERG, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.
1831	Dec. 21st	The Right Hon. WILLIAM FITZHARDINGE, BARRON SAGREAVE.
1836	April 11th	The Most Noble HENRY, DUKE OF BEAUFORT.
1834	May 15th	The Right Hon. the EARL FITZHARDINGE, BARRON SAGREAVE.
1837	Nov. 9th	The Most Noble HENRY CHARLES FITZROY, DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

* They are included in the category of Bishops, Judges, and Peers. The Right Hon. the Mayor of Gloucester and the Earl of Northampton were Lords Lieutenant of the City.

RESOLUTION, OR PATENT, OF GLOUCESTER CORPORATION APPOINTING SIR M. E. HICKS BEACH (NOW VISCOUNT ST. ALDWYN) HIGH STEWARD OF THE CITY (AN HONORARY OFFICE).

[A fac-simile of Cromwell's receipt for his first year's salary of £5 as Lord High Steward of Gloucester appeared in the "Gloucestershire Graphic" of July 12, 1902.]

Gloucestershire Gossip.

A voice from the grave has been cited to elucidate the question whether the High Steward of Gloucester should properly have the prefix "Lord." This voice was that of the late "H. Y. J. T.," the indefatigable searcher after truth in local lore, as expressed by him in a letter a few years ago. I endorse the concluding sentence: "I think the illustrative evidence adduced is sufficiently cogent to convince us that Lord High Steward is the primary, original, and proper designation." In fact, "H. Y. J. T." proves by the Corporation minutes, extending over 200 years, that it was only after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 that High Steward was used; but still, on Nov. 16th, 1857, the Duke of Beaufort was elected Lord High Steward.



I have seen the original appointment of Viscount St. Aldwyn, and I must demur, as I understand his lordship did at the time, to the term High Steward therein used. At all events, the full title was not on the Mayor's toast list last week. I may supplement "H. Y. J. T.'s" findings by pointing out that there is extant in the Corporation's records the receipt that Oliver Cromwell gave for £5, his first year's salary as Lord High Steward; also that Mr. P. Bingham and Mr. D. Jardine, the Royal Commissioners, who enquired into the Gloucester Corporation in 1833, reported, inter alia, that this body included a Lord High Steward. I am glad that Lord St. Aldwyn promptly acceded to a suggestion to present his portrait to the Guildhall, and I hope it will be painted in his peer's robes. It is a pity that all the Lord High Stewards—27 in number and commencing with the Marquis of Winchester in 1558, and including the three Cromwells, did not leave their portraits. I should not be surprised if the Corporation does not before very long make Lord St. Aldwyn an honorary freeman.



January meal now be added to the spent months of the present hunting season. The Duke of

Beaufort's had on the 11th Jan. a seven-mile point, on the 25th a run of 105 minutes, on the 29th they killed a leash, one fo standing up for 80 minutes during the first half and giving a five-mile point. The Cotswold on New Year's Day ran a fox for two hours from Stoke Orchard to Twynning, the last two miles being in the Croom country, and he escaped across the Avon; on the 10th they killed a leash, one of which gave a fast half-hour; on the 17th they had a futile spin after a released fox that had been curiously trapped in a portable fowls-house at Churchdown; on the 22nd they had a kill after 90 minutes near Birdlip; on the 26th they accounted for a brace from Queen Wood; and on the 30th they killed their fox after a two-hours' run. The North Cotswold had the quickest quarter-hour this season, with a kill, on the 10th inst.; and on the 19th they killed a brace, one after a run of 85 minutes. The Croom on the 13th had a ten-mile point after a fox, which swam the Avon near Strensham and ultimately beat hounds; and one day this pack had a hound killed on the railway. On the 29th the Ledbury chased a fox for quite three hours. The new Master of the North Cotswold has been elected, and he is Sir John Hume-Campbell, from the Ormond country. A follower of the Cotswold, Mr. W. A. R. Cannon, was unfortunately killed at Shrewsbury on the 29th by being thrown from his hunter. On the 4th inst. Will Thompson, huntsman to Lord Fitzhardinge's, sustained concussion of the brain through his horse falling with him.



This afternoon there will be a pathetic chapter of local history made in the Chapter House of the Cathedral. I refer to the unveiling of the memorial window to the 430 officers and men connected with this county who fell in the Boer War. A cursory view of the window impressed me with its bright colouring: in the nine lower, nine centre, and five upper lights are depicted Biblical and historical warriors associated with the Cathedral, and coats of arms. The window, by Mr. Whall, ran into over £500; the cost of the names of the fallen, inscribed on copper plates worked at the School of Crafts, Chipping Campden, was £100; and the incidentals, including a tea to

the soldiers who will be present, will amount to about £100; and it is satisfactory that the money is all raised.



I hear that "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" and the "Wedding March" are likely to be heard again before long in the Mother Church of the Diocese—at the marriage of a daughter of a baronet living not far from Gloucester.



A general topic of conversation in the Diocese is the will of the late Bishop Ellicott, and much natural surprise is expressed that out of a fat estate of £73,562 not a penny should have been left to charities or for Church purposes, having regard to the fact that his lordship held the Bishopric and its emoluments for nearly 42 years. The only excuse I have heard for the omission is that for many years the Bishop annually subscribed about £60 in all towards certain Church and benevolent institutions. GLEANER.

MINING FOR MAMMOTHS.

Another mummied mammoth, or saurian, known as the Tyrannosaurus—the most formidable fighting animal of which there is any record whatever—has been resurrected in the "Bad Lands" of Montana, and is now being restored in skeleton outline at the Museum of Natural History. Not since the great Brontosaurus skeleton was received at the same institution a year ago have archaeologists and savants been so interested in a prehistoric discovery as in this new Tyrant Saurian, which is declared to be the king of all kings in the domain of animal life, says "T.A.T." The newly-discovered monster was the absolute war lord of the earth in his day—and his day was something like 8,000,000 years ago. Think of that! Seven million five hundred thousand years before the advent of man on earth, according to archaeologists. The Brontognagian brute weighed, when full grown, about thirty tons. This is, of course, not a record, as regards mere bulk, among prehistoric monsters. The Giant Brontosaurus, for instance, weighed nearly eighty tons; but he was "not in it" as a fighter, when compared with the Tyrannosaurus.



CONSERVATIVE REJOICINGS AT CHURCHDOWN.

VISIT OF MR. M. H. HICKS BEACH, M.P. FOR THE TEWKESBURY DIVISION, FEBRUARY 5, 1906.
THE NEW MEMBER IN THE CARRIAGE IN WHICH HE WAS DRAWN ROUND THE VILLAGE BY HIS SUPPORTERS.



THE DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE OLD ELM—MR. J. H. JONES SPEAKING.

The decorations of the parish were neatly carried out under the directions of Messrs. W. Edwards, J. Yeates, and other willing workers. Mr. Yeates acted as drum-major, waving the flag heading the procession.

WEST v. NORTH.



WEST OF ENGLAND TEAM.

TOP ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT: MISS G. DICKSON (GLOUCESTERSHIRE), MISS D. ILES (SOMERSET), MISS F. THOMPSON (GLOS.), MISS L. CLARK (SOMERSET), MISS J. PONSONBY (DORSET), AND MISS WATKINS-BAKER (GLOS.)
 BOTTOM ROW: MISS BISHOP (GLOS.), MISS J. CARROLL (DORSET), MISS B. KELLEY, CAPT. (GLOS.), MISS B. MALDEN (WILTS), AND MISS A. O. SWAYNE (WILTS).

THE HUMAN BOY AND POLITICS.
 It is, of course, concerning such a subject as this that we should rather expect some boys to give surprising definitions, says the writer of an article, entitled "Boys Interested in Politics," in "Chums" for February. "How is England governed?" for instance, was once declared to be by "The King, the House of Lords, the Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor, and Police Force." "Give the meaning of the rights of a citizen?" was answered, or rather not answered, by "In the City when it is crowded you always walk on your right. In some places you see 'Keep to the Right' put up." One boy, on being asked to say something as to the British Constitution, announced that, "thanks to the Roast Beef of Old England, it is splendid."

elections." Some wars are unpopular, but if in wartime everybody who wanted us to fight the other nation went to war, and everybody who didn't stayed at home, there would be no unpopular wars." "The Franchise is how people vote in France. We call it the ballot." A bye-election was "one of the old elections where people bought other people's votes. This is now illegal, but is sometimes done, hence the term." Those are a few more definitions as rendered by some young gentlemen.

SAVOURIES AND BEAUTY.

COMPLEXIONS DESTROYED BY SPICED DISHES.

About fifteen years ago women woke up to the epicurean delights of the hors d'œuvre and the savoury, and ever since there has been a clamour for beauty doctors and face masseuses. The "bread-and-butter miss" sung by Byron had a complexion of milk and roses, but the modern young lady, who starts her dinner with olives and anchovies and ends the evening with devilled kidneys or Welsh rarebit at supper, has to take to artificial "make-up." The destruction of a girl's complexion is wholly due to these "restaurant" foods, says the "Family Doctor," for a woman cannot eat the strong diet of a man, drink his strong drinks, and smoke his cigarettes without paying the penalty. An unnatural diet causes unnatural wear and tear, and steaming, strapping, or face massage with creams at a guinea a pot will never completely remove the traces left by the highly-spiced savouries which nowadays form such an important item in nearly every meal of the day.

"Every nation has a navy," declared a boy politician recently. He was corrected with, "Switzerland has no navy; she has no coastline." This was really unanswerable, so the youth shifted ground. "Every nation, for its own safety, ought to have a navy, and Switzerland could keep hers in Lake Geneva." Presumably, unless any possible enemy journeyed to Lake Geneva for the fighting, the Swiss warships were to be sent overland to find the foe.

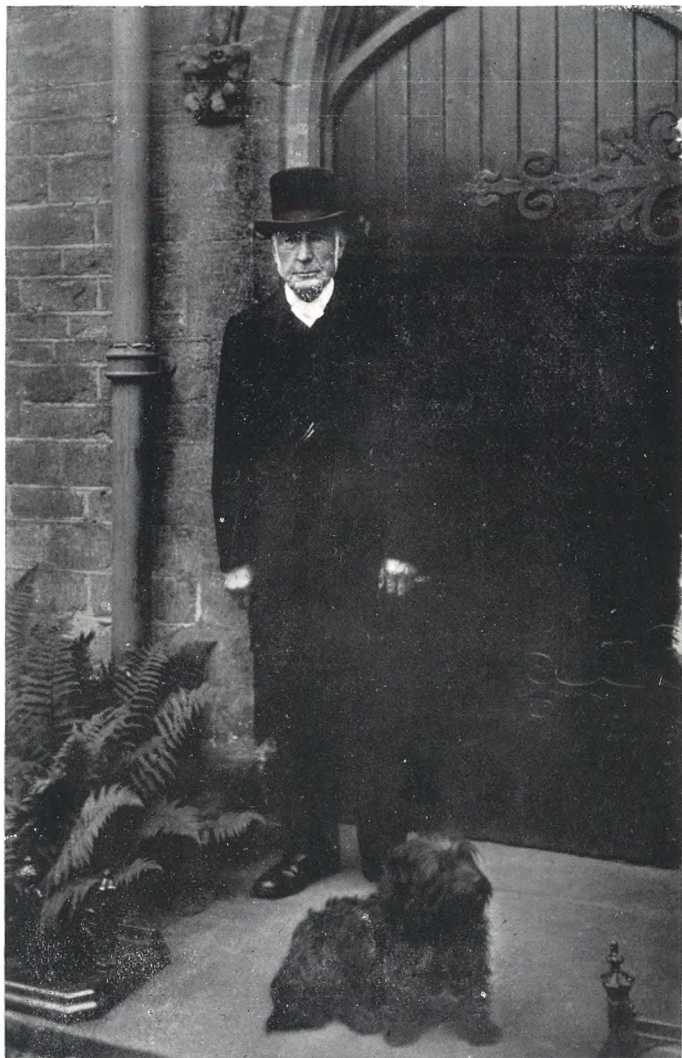
Zebras are to be imported into the United States for breeding purposes to try to obtain a better hybrid than the mule.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's pet collie has been killed by being run over by a tramway-car in Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

It was suggested at a meeting of the Bourne Board of Guardians that delegates to a conference on Labour Colonies should be teetotalers. It was urged that representatives of this sort would be of less expense to the ratepayers.

A suggestion has been made that the Churchmen in the Exeter diocese should give the Bishop a motor-car to enable him to get into the remote parts of his see with greater facility. There are close upon 500 parishes in the diocese, many of which are miles from a railway station.

If a member of Parliament were elected for life it would save all the bother and expense of



THE REV. W. H. STANTON, M.A., J.P.,
FOR 46 YEARS RECTOR OF HASELTON, AND HON. CANON
OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL SINCE 1887.



HASELTON CHURCH, near NORTHLEACH.

DEMOCRACY IN CHURCH LIFE.

Some time ago, in a little village in the heart of Surrey, where the heather-laden downs invite man to repose, and the peace which prevails withdraws him from the world, I turned into a little conventicle, in order to judge of the relationship which existed between the various sections of the congregation, and also, I hope, reverentially to join in the praise of the Maker of us all. It was a simple scene, but full of suggestiveness. There were people of varied positions in life. Tenant farmers, farm labourers, local workmen in a number of trades, and successful business men who had sought refuge from brick and smoke in the pure air of the Surrey Weald. The worship was inspiring in its devotion, the sermon was sensible in the homeliness and directness of its appeal. But what struck me most of all was the freedom of social intercourse at the conclusion of the service between all members of the congregation, and this in a country district where distinctions are supposed to be traditional. I could not help contrasting this picture with that which we witness in some of our great churches in London, where obsequious deacons clear the aisles officiously for the moneyed members of the church, and where there is absolutely no bond of any kind between the wealthy and the poor worshippers. The decay of Nonconformist influence in the big towns over the working classes is undoubtedly due to the lack of that sweet human companionship which should subsist between all members of the congregation. I know there are notable exceptions. The Rev. C. Sylvester Horne has grappled with the difficulty in a manly, earnest way, and the Rev. W. Carlile is doing it in another direction. Would that all followed their example. If you make the poor members of a church a socially and religiously inferior class, you must not be surprised at the working man's absenteeism.—“London Opinion and To-Day.”



AN EARLY HORSELESS VEHICLE.

When I was a very little boy (says a writer in “The Autocar”), so small that if my elders did not bear me out I should imagine I had dreamt it, a very marvellous vehicle used occasionally to be met with down in pleasant Somerset. The designer and driver was a parson long in advance of everyone else in his ideas and performances. This vehicle was nothing more or less than a light four-wheel horseless carriage drawn by a kite—not the bird, but the common or garden toy of boyhood. He lived in a fairly open country near the top of the Mendips, and in those days telegraph posts were fewer and farther between than now. He would start with a fair wind, and career like a bird along the road upon his way. I have heard that public-house signs were his choice aversion, and that he never passed the fishing-tackle dealers without bagging the gold-fish that dangled and twiddled over half the street. I suppose he went on and on till the wind veered round and he was able to sail back, but, after all, it was a light conveyance, and if he had to push sometimes he was better off than the motor pioneers who used to have to do likewise with a heavier vehicle. I expect also he carried a spare pair of shafts, and so if the worst came to the worst he could drive home, and none would know it wasn't an ordinary horse-drawn turn-out.



WHERE WILL THEY STOP?

Friday's racing at Daytona, in Florida, was of a sensational character, the speeds attained being far in excess of any previously recorded in the history of the automobile. The day's programme commenced with a ten-mile race, which was won easily in 7min. by an 80 h.p. Darracq driven by Vaughan. Next followed a series of attempts on the kilometre record, in which the Stanley steamer, driven by Marriott, the 200 h.p. Darracq, driven by Chevrolet, the Napier, Cedrino's Fiat, and a six-cylinder Ford took part. The Stanley car covered the distance in 18 2-5sec., which is equivalent to 195 kil. 650, or 121.57 miles an hour. The Darracq's best time was 19 2-5sec., the Napier being third with 21 3-5sec., and the Fiat fourth with 22 4-5sec. In a mile race restricted to steam cars, the Stanley did even better, as it established a record which it is difficult to believe can ever be beaten. The time recorded was 28 1-5sec., which works out at 205.45 kilometres, or 127.66 miles an hour, or over 185ft. per second.—“Country Life.”

THE PREVALENCE OF INSANITY.

"Pearson's Magazine" is discussing, under the general head of "Pressing Problems of To-Day," various questions of national and social importance. The editor deals in the February number with the present-day prevalence of Insanity. One person in ever, 285 of the population is a certified lunatic, and this heavy proportion tends to increase. The time has surely come for careful inquiry into the causes of insanity, and for the application of the remedies advocated by medical experts.

"A suggestive passage from the report of the medical superintendent of Claybury Asylum may be quoted: 'After very careful inquiry I believe that alcoholic stimulants of various kinds have been the exciting or predisposing cause of insanity in 33 per cent. of all the males admitted, and of 18 per cent. of all the females. I know by my experience here that the immoderate use of alcohol also impels to disease, affecting not the life of one generation only, but which is potential for harm to an untold number of innocent descendants. It is also the case that the further and more carefully the investigations into family history are carried out, the more numerous are the cases revealed with an hereditary history of mental or nervous disease.'

It is well said by Dr. Forbes Winslow, M.B., D.C.L., LL.D., in an interesting statement that he has given me on the causes of insanity and the remedies therefor: '*Insanity is now becoming a vice as well as a disease.*' In other words, vicious habits, for which the individual alone is responsible, conduce to insanity. Statistics show that more than 25 per cent. of lunacy in the whole universe is to be attributed to intemperance. And it is a significant fact that in the countries where drunkenness prevails to the largest extent, not only insanity, but crime, exists to the highest degree.

"Only drastic remedies are likely to affect intemperance and hereditary influence as causes of insanity. Dr. Forbes Winslow says, and most of us will agree with him:

"I would punish every drunkard, male or female, without distinction as to class, as I regard such an individual in a most dangerous light. An habitual drunkard, I consider, is too dangerous to be at large, inasmuch as the progeny of such an individual is either a criminal lunatic or drunkard. I would place every drunkard who has been previously convicted by the police in a reformatory for at least one year. There should be special establishments built for this terrible class of the community. With regard to anyone who should have relapsed after this period of detention, I would give a further incarceration of five years. I would insist upon proper legislation for the compulsory confinement of habitual drunkards, and I would prohibit marriage by these individuals. Further and more effectual control should be exercised over public-houses, and I would see that the present law relating to them with regard to not supplying drunken individuals with drink was made a reality instead of a theory and a mockery.

"I would prohibit all those who have been of unsound mind from marrying, as also those who have hereditary insanity on both sides, as well as paralytics, epileptics, and consumptives. It may not be generally known that the latter disease and insanity are allied to one another in a very close relationship. Experience has shown me that many women who have completely recovered from an attack of lunacy would in all probability have remained exempt from a subsequent attack had they not married."

"Dr. Forbes Winslow points to cigarette smoking among boys as a fruitful source of mental degeneration. It should be regarded as criminal, for not only the boys but their progeny will help to pile up the number of mental degenerates. If every boy under fifteen who smokes a cigarette were introduced to Mother Birch, the dose to be further increased on second conviction, it might not only be beneficial to himself, but in all probability would prevent another degenerate from being added to the long list."

* * * * *

LITERARY SKILL IN ELECTIONEERING.

More literary art has been displayed in this contest than on any previous occasion. The distinguishing characteristic of the speeches delivered and the articles written has been cleverness, and this applies particularly, we think, to those compositions which are more or less in the nature of caricatures.—"The Academy."



MR. JOHN SWATTON.

Northleach postman; just pensioned, who estimates that during his walks for thirty-three years he traversed 250,000 miles.



WITHINGTON FOOTBALL TEAM.

Matches played to date, 10; won 8, lost 1, drawn 1.

Back row: O. Osborne, Fred Osborne, G. H. Humphries, G. R. Keen, C. Hadland, F. Humphries, H. Bliss.

Middle row: J. Keen, J. Ayton, J. Cuss, A. Shaw.

Front row: D. Bliss, A. Osborne, H. H. Bliss, R. Wilcox, F. Bliss.



NEW CHELTENHAM-HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY.

THE CHELTENHAM WORKS.

VIEW TAKEN FROM ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARDS CLEEVE.

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND "THE CENTRAL TEXT OF CHRISTIANITY."

Under the above title Mr Bernard Alderson contributes an article on Sir Oliver Lodge to the February number of "The Quiver." The author writes:—Addressing a Bible-class of over a thousand men in the Lozells-street Hall, Birmingham, on a recent Sunday afternoon, Sir Oliver Lodge made a spirited defence of Christianity. Choosing as his subject "The Dignity and Opportunities of Humanity," Sir Oliver proceeded to survey the essential elements of Christianity and its record of service. He had asked himself what was the central doctrine of Christianity, and why had it such power over the world, and had survived the struggles of centuries? The central text of Christianity to his mind was "The Kingdom of God is within you." That aspect had become very vivid to him. He believed that the most essential element in Christianity was a conception of a human God—a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, outside and distinct from it, but immersed in it. He believed that the Deity was not outside His creation; not outside nature, looking at it, mending it, interfering with it as something foreign to it, and the immense miseries in it. It was indeed a part of Him, and, if seen rightly, was a revelation of Him. Some had compared the world to a factory with a manager who went and tinkered with it every now and again, scolded someone, dismissed a workman, and put a machine right or wrong. That was not a good analogy. The world was a factory, but for the production of souls and character. The Manager, the Guider, the Controller was not outside it, as on every hand was the sign and outcome of His direct operation. Our conception of God must be revealed of God to us by the highest part of nature—man. The highest example of man we ever had

was represented in Jesus, and in Him he thought was the perception of Christianity, the perception of a human God. Did not Christ tell them that when He said, "I and the Father are one"—the Son of man and equally the Son of God—"I am in the Father and the Father in Me"; "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," etc. In that conception He was revealing God to man. The genuine humanity of Christ was now well recognised. There had been attempts to ignore it, but the steady and unique truth had prevailed, and now the whole world was giving that attention to the question which it deserved. There had been attempts to consider Christ as apart from humanity, but orthodox theologians had now come to the belief that He was fully, truly, and completely a man. But they had to go further than that. We had to realise that if a man alone He would be able to help us, but Christ urged again and again that we were one with Him, and were to be equal with him. That, he thought, supplied the first principle of humanity, and showed what humanity might become. By recognising the ordinary humanity of Christ we recognised the first and potent truth.

Free medical and legal advice and a bathroom in every house are features of the programme of the Social Democrats at Milwaukee, says the "Herald's" correspondent.

The Manx Government Board which has charge of the advertising of the Isle of Man as a health resort reports that 412,000 persons visited the island last year.

The Chief Constable's annual report to the Birmingham Licensing Bench shows that there is a licensed house for every 261 inhabitants of the city.

A RELIC OF FEUDAL LAW.

Much interest has been aroused by the promise of Mr Leif Jones, M.P. for North Westmorland, to bring before Parliament a Bill to abolish by equitable means the ancient practice of levying manorial fines. One of the most vexatious of these fines is the "heriot," whereby the lord of the manor is entitled to seize his tenant's best beast or other chattel in the event of that tenant's death. The "heriot" dates from the time when the copyholder's property and the copyholder himself belonged to the lord. Quite recently articles of great value have been seized as "heriots," including in one case a racehorse valued at £3,000.

There were 264 applications for the post of secretary to the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society.

A prosecutor in a theft charge at Marlborough-street Police-court on Tuesday was a bandmaster, whose Christian-name was Octave.

At the sale in New York of Mr. H. G. Denny's library the first four Shakespeare folios printed in London, between 1623 and 1685, were sold for £1,790.

M. Aretowski, the Belgian explorer, who will try to reach the South Pole by means of motor-boats and sledges, has announced that his expedition will leave Antwerp next year.

A movement is on foot amongst the leaders of the medical profession in Austria to promote a Bill in Parliament for the compulsory stamping of doctors' prescriptions, the proceeds to be applied to the formation of a State pension fund for the widows and orphans of physicians.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 268.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING, AT 7.45—
MR. AND MRS. KENDAL AND THEIR CO.
IN

"The Ironmaster."

NEXT WEEK—

"CLAUDIEN."

Times and prices as usual.

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MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

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"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

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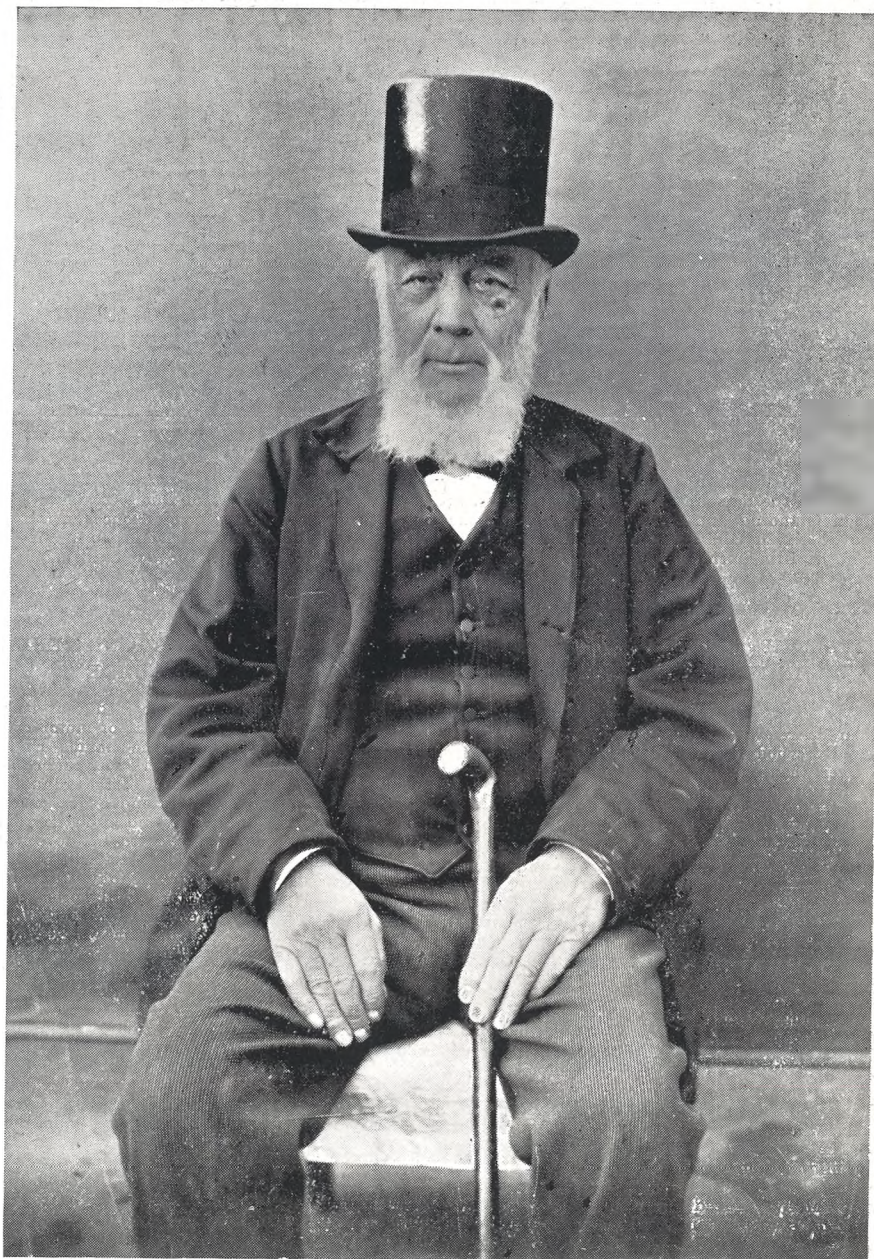
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A COTSWOLD CELEBRITY.

MR. WILLIAM LANE, OF BROADFIELD, NORTHLEACH.

[See Page 4 for Biography.]



UNVEILING OF WAR WINDOW, FEBRUARY 10, 1906.

On the dais, in the front row, sitting, are, in the centre, the Earl of Ducie (Lord Lieutenant, who unveiled the window), the Bishop, the Dean (standing and speaking), Brigadier-General Collings, and the Mayor of Gloucester (Mr. G. Peters), all to the left; while, on the right, are the Sheriff of Gloucestershire (Mr. Dent Brocklehurst), the Right Hon. Sir John Dorington, Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., and the Sheriff of Gloucester (Ald. T. Blinkhorn). Also on the dais are Cathedral canons, the Mayors of Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, and military officers.

**EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AMUSEMENTS
IN FRENCH SOCIETY.**



When there were no theatricals there were cards. Everybody gambled then. It was in the air. Over the card-table men not only lost estates, fortune, and honour, and women staked the jewels from their breasts and the portions of their children, but beside them, in the clutch of one of the most disfiguring of the vices, their daughters exchanged their freshness and their beauty for the feverish eyes, the trembling lips, and the hideous expression of rapacity of the accomplished gambler. The good Queen herself embraced this means of forgetting for a while her wrongs and sorrows. Her favourite game, quadrille, gave its name to a ribbon—quadrille de la reine. At her table, as at the Mistress's and the King's, those inevitable cronies of the gambler, the cheat, and the card-sharper, were present—here dressed as a lady-in-waiting, and there as a noble lord. "Do you not see that you are playing with swindlers?" whispers incautious Voltaire in the ears of his Madame du Châtelet, who is gambling at her royal mistress's side. The words, overheard and repeated, cost him a midnight flight from Court, and a brief exile at Sceaux. The gamblers paid more heavily. Many, indeed, only in ruined homes and fortunes; but some, whose counters had been the lives of the wretched creatures from whom their fortunes were wrung, in the vengeance of the Terror. When the cards were over came supper. "Supper," said Madame du Deffand, "is one of the four ends of man. I cannot recollect the other three."—"Cornhill Magazine."

**THE AUTO CYCLE CLUB'S LAND'S END TO
JOHN-O'-GROATS RIDE.**

The Auto Cycle Club has decided that it will hold only one long distance trial of motor cycles this year, and this will be the Land's End to John-o'-Groat's run, which will be carried out as far as possible on the lines of the annual six days' trial. The ride will extend over six days, and the distances to be covered each day have been arranged in accordance with the severity of the road to be traversed. The start will be made at 7 a.m. from Penzance, on Monday, June 11th, and thence the competitors will proceed to Land's End, whence the start proper will be made at 8 a.m. The total distance is 805 miles, and the daily stops are Taunton, Warrington, Lockerbie, Pitlochry, Tain, and John-o'-Groat's. The time schedule is to be worked out on a basis of a minimum speed of 15 m.p.h. and a maximum of 20 m.p.h. The trial is open to all classes of touring motor cycle, and it is expected a large number of private riders will take part in the run as a holiday tour. "The Motor Cycle" says: "Any man who with a certain amount of practice can ride 200 miles in a day without discomfort, and most of us can do that if we do but try, has every chance of doing what perhaps he may never have the opportunity of repeating, viz. that of seeing his country from one end to the other. Day by day the scenes are changed. First come the round-topped hills and mild climate of the south-west, then the good roads and fair country of the west, then the manufacturing districts, the passes of Cumberland, the lowlands of Scotland, the rugged glories of the Grampians, and lastly the sea at Britain's northernmost point."

THE NOVELIST IN PARLIAMENT.

A curious feature of the time is the desire of the popular novelist to figure in politics. Fortunately he cannot be calculated upon to take one side in preference to another. Sir Gilbert Parker, who has secured an increased majority, is a Unionist. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who just missed getting in for his Scottish constituency, is of the same way of thinking. On the other hand, that rising and popular novelist, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, is to represent Coventry in the Liberal interest.—"The Academy."



SHRUBS FOR LOW WALLS.

There are walls—retaining walls they may be termed—which soon assume a dirty tint if left uncovered, and they are not high enough for fruit trees or free-growing roses. These walls might easily be made presentable if planted with something that grows reasonably close or that may be trimmed a little at the right season. The yellow winter-flowering jasmine is very beautiful now on a low wall. Forsythia *birdissima* may be used in a similar way, as may also *F. suspensa*, a more graceful form, which flowers a little later. I have recently seen a low wall prettily covered with *Euonymus radicans variegata* and mixed China roses, such as the old pink and white Monthly, Queen Mab, Laurette Messimy, and others. The planting was arranged in panels, the dividing bands being formed with the variegated *Euonymus*. Something is required that will grow freely enough to hide the wall.—"The Garden"



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL WINDOW,

CHAPTER HOUSE OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

[For description of window and report of unveiling ceremony last Saturday see main sheet.]

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF HOUNDS.

Last week I noted (writes "X" in "County Life") the excellent work of a hound holding a line through a deep covert, along a stretch of grass, and then over a wild common, till he ran up to his quarry some miles further. In the kill and the breaking up he took apparently but little interest; yet he had pressed to the front throughout the chase. His huntsman told me that was one of his good days; sometimes when asked to draw, he would turn round and trot straight home. There was a famous hound, Layman, in the York and Ainsty kennels, that was not only good in his work, but when he had done much of the work in a run he always insisted on carrying the fox's head. In due course, a son of his, Villager, was put on, and, being a larger and more powerful hound, poor old Layman had to resign the privilege of carrying the head after a kill to Villager.

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 168th prize has been divided between Mr. Will T. Spenser, 40 New-street, Gloucester, and Mr. H. Wallace Bridgman, of Bank House, Cudnall, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by the Dean at Gloucester Cathedral and the Rev. H. A. Corke at Holy Apostles', Charlton Kings.

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

UNCLE SAM'S ILLITERATES.

"About 100 out of every 1,000 persons in the United States more than thirteen years of age are unable to write." This is the leading fact in a bulletin just issued at Washington by the Census Bureau. It goes on to state that the proportion for the native white population is 46; for foreign-born white population, 128; and for negroes, 445 in every 1,000. In 1890 the illiterates of the United States numbered 133 per 1,000 of the total population, 62 for the native white population, 130 for the foreign-born white population, and 568 per 1,000 for negroes. The report also points out that illiteracy is more prevalent among females than among males, the proportion being 112 for females and 101 for males per 1,000. There has been a greater gain in literacy among females than among males since 1890, because, it is suggested, boys are less subject to parental control than girls, are more inclined to play truant, and are more frequently wage-earners.



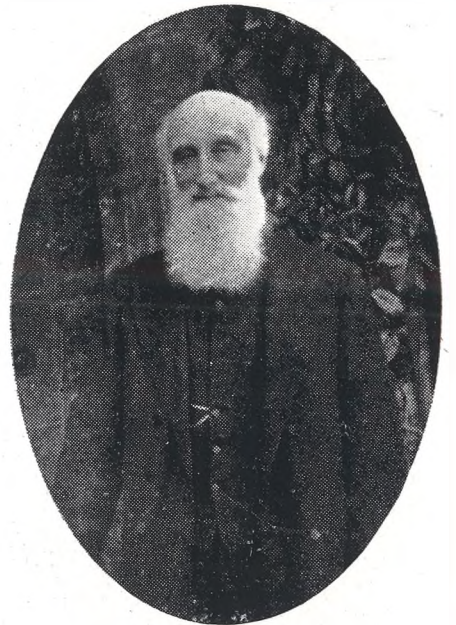
FIVE GENERATIONS.

Mrs. William Sparrow, who resides in the village of Leckhampton with Mrs. Addiman, is in her 91st year, and of her five daughters and five sons six are now alive—three daughters and three sons. One of the sons is Mr. W. Sparrow, whose letters to the "Echo" are so well known, and he is the only son residing in the same parish as his mother. Mrs. Sparrow was born in Leckhampton, and has resided there all her life. For between sixty and seventy years she was a regular attendant at Pilley Baptist Chapel and the former Mission Room, and for many years she was a member of the Women's Bible Class, in which she took great interest. On Wednesday night she was present at one of the social gatherings of the class held at "Greenhills," Old Bath-road, when the hon. secretary (Mrs. Thorne) and the teacher (Mrs. Wicks), who had held office for fourteen and six years respectively, were presented with silver tea-pots in recognition of their services. Mrs. Sparrow is still in possession of all her faculties, and can even do sewing without the aid of spectacles.

MR. WILLIAM LANE, OF BROADFIELD, NORTHLEACH.

Mr. Lane was born and has lived on the same farm all his life, farmed under three Lords Sherborne, is now 92 years of age, and had never spent a Christmas away from home until 1904. It is interesting to know that his mother, an aunt of the late Mr. Robert Garne, of Aldsworth (also a well-known Cotswold sheep and shorthorn breeder), lived to see her 100th year, and died at Broadfield. Mr. Lane purchased a Cotswold ram at Mr. William Hewer's sale at Northleach in 1865 for 230 guineas. At that time he was considered the finest judge of Cotswold sheep in the world. He also bought a grand pen of two-shear ewes at the late Mr. E. Handy's sale at Sierford in 1875, averaging £14 each, believed to be the highest price ever paid for a pen of ewes. Mr. Lane is highly respected by all who know him, both at home and abroad (where he has supplied many rams from his well-known flock). He is to-day a gentleman hearty and well, and daily enjoys a walk over the farm where he has lived all his life, and, to use his own words, "he is only just getting acclimatized."

[We are indebted to Mr. Barry Burge, of Northleach, for photo and biography.]



A COTSWOLD CLERGYMAN.

REV. D. F. VIGERS, M.A.

The Rev. Duncan Fermin Vigers, M.A., Rector of Notgrove since February, 1858, and who yesterday (Friday) celebrated his 89th birthday. The rev. gentleman is now an invalid, he having about Christmas time met with a slight accident at the Rectory, which has been followed by a mild attack of influenza, which naturally leaves him rather weak.

THE PLAGUE OF SWEETS.

An inquest was held recently at Eccles respecting the cause of death in the case of two boys of five and six. The children, who died suddenly the previous day, had been given a halfpenny, with which they purchased two chocolate wafers. In the evening they began to vomit, and the medical man who was called in the next day discovered signs of irritant poisoning. Before night they expired, and at the inquest it was decided to hold a post-mortem and to analyse the biscuits. It transpired in evidence that eighteen of the wafers had been sold from the same tin, and that, as far as it was known, no other instance of the consumers having been poisoned was forthcoming. This may mean that the rest of the consumers were not so susceptible to the irritant, or that the deaths were due to another cause. But, however that may be, the incident serves as a reminder of the ever-increasing mischief wrought in this country by the inordinate consumption of sweets. We are not at all sure that the evil consequences to health are not as great as those from the sale of intoxicating liquors. The amazing thing is not so much that grown-up people munch chocolate in all parts of the theatre, and that every young maidservant on her evening out treats herself to caramels or comfits, but that persons who cannot afford to give their children sufficient bread, find regularly each week a copper for the cheap confections displayed in the windows of multitudinous shops, which, for some occult reason, are allowed to be open on Sundays as well as week days. If not poisonous, the sweets are often cheap and nasty; they are the source of all sorts of unsuspected ailments; they are ruinous to a healthy appetite, and in the aggregate a vast sum of money is wasted upon them which might be devoted to the purchase of badly-needed food. We are afraid that the plague will not be easily stayed, but it would perhaps be mitigated by a material augmentation in the price of sugar, if our new Chancellor of the Exchequer has the courage to face a little passing odium.—"The Hospital."

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A single wire can be used for sending both telegraph and telephone messages at the same time.

"They call it electric light," Pat confided to his lordship, "but it do beat me how they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."



JAMES NUNNEY,

AGED 61 YEARS, OF WHICH 41 WERE PASSED IN THE EMPLOY OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.
KILLED AT ASHCURCH ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1906.

[Mr. Nunney in foreground with spanner on shoulder.]

MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH.

After five years' study in the physical laboratories at Nottingham University College, Dr. P. E. Shaw has invented an apparatus for measuring the 70,000,000th part of an inch. It consists of a fine micrometer screw, with six levers acting in conjunction with it, and is of such extraordinary sensitiveness that it has to be suspended in a closed box lined with felt. The least vibration affects it, so it is only used in the night time, when the traffic has ceased.

SEEDS TO SOW NOW.

There are many seeds that ought to be sown now by those who have a heated greenhouse, or even a frame from which frost can be excluded. Important among them is the tuberous begonia, such a valuable plant for filling beds in the garden during the summer months, as it provides an uninterrupted and brilliant display of bloom from July to October—until, in fact, the frost puts an end to its beauty. The seed of the tuberous begonia is very small, and needs to be carefully sown.—“The Garden.”

A DEAD LEVEL.

Modern centralisation is the death of provincial talent. The emporium with its octopus-like branches in every country town strangles any attempt at local originality. This mechanical standardisation of taste naturally results in an insufferable monotony. At any given moment you may be certain that, in no matter what town you alight, you will find the people of the place all wearing white boas or aquascutum, and talking about the last machine-made novel, by the author of “When all was blue.” What a disturbing contrast to the fresh and endless variety of a hundred years back, when every country town worthy of the name was a little independent world of light and leading!—“The Academy.”

QUAINT INSCRIPTIONS ON BELLS.

The commonest black-letter inscription on bells was usually “Ave Maria” or “Sancte—ora pro nobis,” but after the Reformation these of course were no longer employed. Many of the later inscriptions were poor enough. Here are a few examples:

This bell was broake, and cast againe, as plainly doth appeare;
John Draper made me in 1618, wich tyme churchwardens were
Edward Dixon for the one, whce stode close to his tacklin,
And he that was his partner there was Alexander Jacklin.

Repent, I say; be not too late;
Thyself al times redy made
Let us all sound out,
Hee keep my place no doubt.

More interesting are the inscriptions on a set of eight bells in St. Helen's Church, Worcester, cast in the time of Queen Anne to commemorate victories gained in her reign. Here are three of them:

BLENHEIM.

First is my note, and Blenheim is my name,
For Blenheim's story will be first in fame.

BARCELONA.

Let me relate how Louis did bemoan
His grandson Phillip's fight from Barcelon.

RAMILIES.

Deluged in blood, I, Ramilies, advance
Britannia's glory on the fall of France.
The fate of many church bells, intended for the good offices of peace and goodwill, was to be cast into cannon during the Civil War—cannon often directed no doubt against men whose ancestors had had them hung in peaceful bellfries. On the other hand, however, cannon have been cast into bells.—“The Romance of Bells,” in “T.P.'s Weekly.”

THE OLD EDITOR AND THE NEW.

Mr. Greenwood and Mr. John Morley raised the whole tone of journalism, and used it as a means of impressing their honest convictions on the public. They have been succeeded by men who are possibly just as clever, but in an entirely different way. The genius of the modern journalist seems to find expression less in rhetoric and the moulding of opinion than in the collection, arrangement, and presentation of news.—“The Academy.”

TEA AT £8 10s. A POUND.

“I sold last week,” said the tea expert, “a pound of tea for £8 10s.—was worth the money, too. It was gold tip. On every tea bush grow four or five minute gold tips. These are as superior to ordinary tea leaves as champagne is superior to beer. They are laid, after picking, on strips of flannel, so that they may be neither broken nor soiled. To gather a pound of gold tips will take a man a week or more, and a 3,000 or 4,000 acre plantation will yield only a few pounds. The Japanese and Chinese nobility usually have a little gold tip tea on hand for special occasions. A pound of it was sent to King Edward by the Japanese Emperor last year. It is seldom, though, that any of this delicious tea gets on the market. It looks like bird's-eye tobacco, and in flavour and in strength it is many times superior to ordinary tea.”—From “T.A.T.”

The Brazilian Government has ordered the law forbidding the entry into the Republic of liquors containing absinthe to become operative. Fitted with “purdah” blinds, which makes it impossible for those outside to see the occupants, though the latter can see out quite clearly, a luxurious motor-car has been made for the Maharajah of Vizianagram, says the “Car,” in which his wives will be able to ride.

VERONICA'S CAPTIVE.

[By E. R. PUNSHON.]

*

Pride made a brave stand, but at last it gave way, and Veronica slipped from the drawing-room to the head of the stairs.

"Andrews," she called softly, and then more loudly: "Andrews," and then with a distinct tremor of anxiety: "Oh, Andrews, are you there?"

"Eh, Miss, is that you?" came a sleepy voice. "Lor! I believe I should have been asleep in another moment."

Veronica gave a little gasp at this. That anyone should sleep under such conditions—they two alone in the house, and storm howling outside—appeared to her very marvellous.

"I'm not frightened either, Andrews," she remarked presently.

"Bless your heart, Miss, that's right!" said Andrews, approvingly. "I think I'll go to bed, Miss."

"Oh, will you?" said Veronica in a dismayed tone. "Er—er—Andrews."

"Yes, Miss."

"If you are at all nervous, Andrews, you can come and sit with me in the drawing-room."

"Lor, Miss, if you like," said Andrews, cheerfully, and Veronica, hearing her heavy step on the stair, slipped away back to the drawing-room, and began reading the paper with a fine appearance of unconcern, though it is true that she did not as a rule show so much interest in the market reports. In a moment or two the smiling Andrews appeared in the doorway.

"It was just such a night as this," she remarked cheerfully, as a particularly wild gust of wind drove the rain rattling against the window panes, "as I remember my Aunt Jessica Elizabeth telling how two poor lone women—as it might be you and me, Miss—had their throats cut by—"

"Oh! Andrews," screamed Veronica. "Don't!"

"It is quite true, Miss," said Andrews in an injured tone; "my Aunt Jessica Elizabeth saw the blood—"

"Andrews," said Veronica, desperately, as she tried in vain to keep her teeth from chattering, "how is your rheumatism?"

"Which it is bad enough," said Andrews, gloomily, if a little surprised at the change of subject, quite willing to give all the details Miss Veronica would listen to; "and that there shooting pain in my left arm." And Andrews went on in full flood till all of a sudden she was stricken into a palsied fear, as in a momentary lull in the gusty wind they heard quite distinctly a heavy footstep on the gravel path just below the window.

Veronica sat trembling but upright, while Andrews slid to the floor and endeavoured to crawl beneath the sofa. Then Veronica hastily extinguished the lamp as they heard the footsteps pause for a moment and then go on again.

"Oh, Miss, Miss," said Andrews, weeping, "what did you do that for? If we are to be killed and murdered, let it be in the light, Miss."

"Father told me once," explained Veronica, surprised to find that now her teeth no longer chattered, "that was the best thing to do, because then the burglar can't see you, and you can see him if he has a lantern."

But this was too subtle a precaution for Andrews, who, abandoning in despair the project of concealing her substantial person beneath the sofa, was now hopefully examining the chimney. But as a closer view proved that certainly too small, she crept behind the piano, and audibly bargained with Heaven on the basis of living an absolutely perfect life for the future in consideration of not being murdered that night.

"Andrews," said Veronica, "don't be silly."

"Hide in the china closet, Miss," said Andrews, "and dripping I will never touch again—perhaps they won't look there—which it was me, Miss, as I freely confess, what broke that there best teapot, black and blue though I swore it was the cat. Oh-h-h! I can hear them at the back door." And Andrews collapsed in a heap, too terrified even now to weep.

Gathering up her skirts and slipping off her shoes, Veronica crept silently down the passage to the head of the short flight of stairs that led to the kitchen. Andrews had left the lamp burning, and by its dim light Veronica with horror and choking fear saw a man crawling in through the window. She held her breath in deadly terror while the intruder wriggled his way on to a table, and thence to the ground. She wondered whether

he would go away quietly if she offered him everything of value in the house, but she had a conviction that if she opened her mouth to speak she would begin to scream and not be able to stop. Meanwhile the intruder turned up the lamp, so that she had a good look at him.

She was surprised, and a little relieved, to perceive that he was both young and good-looking, with crisp, curly hair, frank grey eyes, and an open, pleasant countenance. He looked, however, pale and tired, and his rough cycling costume was plentifully bespattered with mud, while the drenching rain had soaked him through and through, till now the water ran from him in streams, making a puddle in the centre of the floor.

"He looks very desperate," said Veronica, with a shudder; "but I hardly think he will murder us," she added, more hopefully, "for he does not look wholly bad."

"Now, the first thing," observed the stranger, aloud, "is to get something to eat. By Jove! won't they stare in the morning!"

He laughed—rather a pleasant laugh he had, Veronica thought—and then she observed with some surprise that he walked straight to the pantry. He opened its door and went in, and with a sudden leap of the heart, Veronica saw that he was fairly inside, and that the key was in the lock on the outside.

"Dare I?" she thought. "Oh! I daren't—I daren't—I know I daren't!"

But, none the less, she darted swiftly across the kitchen, going silently in her stocking-feet. Just as she reached the pantry the stranger, hearing the slight noise she made, turned sharply and faced her, with open eyes and dropped jaw, in his amazement letting fall the half of a cold chicken he had just picked up. Thus for one wild, palpitating moment they faced each other. Then with desperate fingers Veronica clutched the door handle, endured a lifetime's agony as the key seemed to evade her grasp, saw herself pleading for mercy with a glittering knife held to her throat, then breathed again as she banged the door, turned the key, and, tearing it out, flung it far away.

"Oh! Andrews!" she screamed, as she fell sobbing on the nearest chair, "I've got him—I've got him!"

From within the pantry came a low whistle of dismay. Then silence, broke only by Veronica's sobbing.

"Andrews!" called Veronica again, as she endeavoured to check her sobs; "Andrews, it's all right now."

"Has he gone, Miss?" inquired a very shaken and cautious voice from above.

"I've locked him up in the pantry. Come down, and bring father's big—loaded—gun with you," called Veronica, pronouncing the last few words very loudly and distinctly, and at the same time making desperate faces at Andrews for fear she should proclaim that there was no such thing in the house.

"Excuse me," said a meek voice through the keyhole of the pantry door. "May I explain?"

"Certainly not!" said Veronica. "Not on any account."

"But if you will just listen for one moment," pleaded the meek voice.

But Veronica was firm. She picked up a broom, and pushed the end of the handle against the door.

"If you just say a word," she announced, "I'll fire this big gun through the keyhole."

"You are a formidable young person," said the voice, with a sigh. "I surrender; my hands are up."

Very likely, now you're caught," said Veronica, wisely. "But you'll stay where you are till the police come."

"You're jolly rough on a fellow," said the voice, and Veronica almost thought she heard a sound remotely like a chuckle. "May I have something to eat?"

Veronica considered this question, and the chuckle that had accompanied it, rather impatient. She made no reply, and presently sounds that reached her showed the prisoner was making good use of his opportunities. She saw, too, that he had got a candle lighted. Presently he tapped at the door again.

"Certainly," said Veronica, in the deepest voice she could summon. "I am here with my gun across my knee." And she again pushed the broom-handle against the door.

"Is not Mr. Copping living here now?" enquired the prisoner.

"It's no business of yours," said Veronica with severity, "who is living here now. I am expecting the police every moment now."

"May I not try to explain?"

"Don't you listen to him, Miss," said Andrews. "He'll talk us over and bamboozle us into letting him out, and then he'll cut both our throats."

"He stays there," said Veronica, firmly, "till the police come to take him away."

But in spite of the firmness with which she spoke, she began to entertain a feeling of some compunction as she saw a little trickle of water issuing from beneath the door, and remembered how extremely wet his clothes had been.

"He'll catch his death of cold," she said to Andrews, "locked up in that cold pantry all night in his wet things."

"A good job, too," said Andrews, with an audible sniff.

He had rather a nice face," observed Veronica. "I daresay he wouldn't really have hurt us."

Andrews sniffed again. She was not in the least inclined to share in her young mistress's compassionate feelings.

"Are you very wet?" enquired Veronica, tapping on the pantry door.

"It's not what I call exactly a dry night," observed the prisoner.

"Well, I am going to give you a change of things," announced Veronica. "We will put them through the little square window in the wall."

"I say, that's awfully good of you!" said the captive prisoner.

"Only mind," said Veronica, in her deep voice, "I have still got my loaded gun."

"Don't let it go off by accident," urged the prisoner, and Veronica was much disturbed at something in his voice which seemed to suggest the mention of the gun had not properly impressed him.

Grumbling, Andrews departed to obtain the necessary apparel from the room of Veronica's father, but had scarcely gone when she was back again, trembling in every limb, her face ashen.

"Dear Lord, have mercy on our souls," she said, looking wildly round; "there's two more of 'em in the dining-room."

"What do you mean?" stammered Veronica, an awful fear assailing her.

"There's two more burglars in the dining-room," groaned Andrews, "for the lamp is lit, and I hear 'em talking and plannin' how to murder us. Oh-h-h! Our throats as good as cut already," and with this reflection the unhappy Andrews subsided into a huddled heap in a corner, emitting muffled groans at irregular intervals.

Veronica crept to the foot of the stairs, and heard indeed a low murmur of voices and saw a gleam of light from the dining-room. She stood still, paralysed with fear at this accumulation of horrors. Her heart almost stopped beating, and her tongue literally clung to the roof of her mouth, till a persistent knocking at the pantry door forced itself on her attention.

"Excuse me," said the captive's voice, "is anything wrong?"

"Oh, I had forgotten you," said Veronica despairingly; "it's only some more burglars."

"What?" said the prisoner in a new voice.

"Two more burglars," said Veronica, with a hard, dry sob. "Oh, what will become of us?"

"Under those circumstances," said the captive, with a low whistle, "I think I had better come out, if you don't mind," and, putting his shoulder to the door, he burst it open with a vigorous push.

Veronica gave a little cry, but after all things could not be any worse than they were already. And now she came to look at him again, this burglar really had a very nice face. Moreover, his grey eyes were shining in an oddly comforting way.

"Could you always have done that?" she asked, looking in rather an awed way at the broken door.

"Well, it's not very strong," he remarked apologetically, "only I didn't want to frighten you. Where are those burglars?"

"In the dining-room," she answered.

"Then may I trouble you for the poker?" he asked, and, taking it, he ran swiftly up the stairs, with Veronica hard at his heels.

They burst together into the dining-room, where two mild-faced, elderly people were having some wine and biscuits.

"Father! Mother!" screamed Veronica wildly from the background.

"Dear me!" said the elderly gentleman. "We thought you had gone to bed, Veronica. Captain Forestier, is that you? This is an unexpected pleasure; but why are you endeavouring to hide that poker behind you?"

"Captain Forestier!" gasped Veronica. "It's not; it's a burglar I have had locked up in the pantry, and I thought you were burglars, too. Oh, mother!"

Then she burst into tears while her father looked in mild inquiry at Captain Forestier, whose face was now extremely red. But he recognised Veronica's father as a Mr. Lathom whom he had several times met in the company of his uncle, and for this slight acquaintance he blessed his lucky stars as he began his story.

"You see," he said, "my uncle, Mr. Copping, used to live here."

"I took the cottage over from him three months back," said Mr. Lathom.

"I was coming down to pay him a visit," continued Captain Forestier; "but my bicycle broke down, and I was late getting here. Just as I arrived, I saw the light go out in the room uncle used to use as a bedroom, so I thought that instead of knocking him up on such a wild night, I would just camp out in the kitchen. I was in the pantry getting something to eat, when Miss Lathom appeared and locked me in. Of course, I guessed at once how badly I had put my foot in it—uncle has played this trick of suddenly rushing away without a word to anyone before now—and as Miss Lathom evidently did not believe my explanations, I thought the fairest thing I could do was to stay where I was, and not frighten her any more than I could help."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Lathom. "We ourselves returned rather unexpectedly, as my wife thought Veronica might be nervous as being alone so much. So she locked you in the pantry, eh?" Then he began to chuckle. "Well, you must stay the night now, Captain," he continued. "And, Veronica, you will have to try and make amends to your prisoner."

"It was my fault," said Forestier, hastily. "He never was my prisoner," said Veronica, hastily, "for he could have got out any time he liked."

"But I didn't like," said Forestier in a low tone, under cover of the laughter that Mr. and Mrs. Lathom had been politely endeavouring to repress. "I am quite content to remain your captive all my life, for you are the pluckiest girl I ever knew."

"Oh! but you are set free," said Veronica, blushing.

"But I won't be set free," retorted Forestier. And he and his wife appear so happy together that there is no reason to suppose he has ever regretted his determination to surrender his liberty, and remain permanently "Veronica's Captive."

BOOMING THE ELECTRIC TRAM.

The cry now raised in this country is all for the motor-omnibus, and no more electric trams, says "Popular Electricity." The excellent public service given by the latter is of little consequence. They are obsolete, clumsy, restricted, and noisy, say the motor-busites, and the sooner they are done away with the better for public nerves and pockets. But where would the motor-bus be without the roads? In the gutter we hear someone remark. Exactly, just there. In this country, fortunately for petrol-driven vehicles, we have excellent roads, but "on the other side" such things are mainly conspicuous by their absence. But what is lacking in roads is made up in electric tramways and railways. There's no humbug about American "street cars." Public convenience is absolutely worshipped in the desire to make those trams pay. At least, that's what the traffic manager will tell you. As a matter of fact, the paying comes first, but the people do come in for a lot of good things which they wouldn't have if those trams weren't there. The traffic manager weighs up the case in this way: the trams are to ride on, and folks will ride if there's something to ride for. Why can't I fix up that something somewhere, run my lines to it, and then persuade everybody it's worth coming out to see? And he does it. The "tramway park," to use the local expression, is now an institution of American and Canadian life, and, needless to say, it would not continue to exist if it did not pay. Here's a tip for British electric tramway managers. It merely needs a little business enterprise to give us tramway parks.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

The bachelor in a position to marry, but not in love, will assuredly decide in theory against marriage—that is to say, if he is timid, if he prefers frying-pans, if he is lacking in initiative, if he has the soul of a rat, if he wants to live as little as possible, if he hates his kind, if his egoism is of the miserable sort that dares not mingle with another's. But if he has been more happily gifted he will decide that the magnificent adventure is worth plunging into; the ineradicable and fine gambling instinct in him will urge him to take at the first chance a ticket in the only lottery permitted by the British Government. Because, after all, the mutual sense of ownership felt by the normal husband and the normal wife is something unique, something the like of which cannot be obtained without marriage. I saw a man and a woman at a sale the other day; I was too far off to hear them, but I could perceive they were having a most lively argument—perhaps it was only about initials on pillow-cases; they were absorbed in themselves; the world did not exist for them. And I thought: "What miraculous exquisite Force is it that brings together that strange, sombre, laconic organism in a silk hat and a loose, black overcoat, and that strange, bright, vivacious, querulous, irrational organism in brilliant fur and feathers?" And when they moved away the most interesting phenomenon in the universe moved away. And I thought: "Just as no beer is bad, but some beer is better than other beer, so no marriage is bad." The chief reward of marriage is something which marriage is bound to give—companionship whose mysterious interestingness nothing can stale. A man may hate his wife so that she can't thread a needle without annoying him, but when he dies, or she dies, he can say: "Well, I was interested." And one always is. Said a bachelor of forty-six to me the other night: "Anything is better than the void."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

EYE MINIATURES.

Writing in "Pearson's Magazine," Dr. G. C. Williamson contributes an article on the quaint old art of eye miniature painting, now undergoing a revival. He writes: "It was a curious fashion which induced our great-grandparents to have their eyes painted in miniature by the leading artists of the day. It is possible that the extreme care with which some miniature painter copied the eye in a portrait, upon which he was at work, may have given the suggestion that the eye alone was sufficiently beautiful to be the subject of a painting. It may, perhaps, have been that a beloved son was leaving for foreign parts, and there was not time to paint his whole portrait, and the mother had to content herself with a representation of his eye. The origin of the fashion might have arisen in the wish expressed by some lover that the eye of the fair maiden whom he worshipped should be always with him; or she, on her part, may have presented him with her eye ere he wandered on the Grand Tour, that he might feel it was ever before him, watching over him in all his travels. Some say that Cosway set the fashion when, for the Prince Regent, 'the first gentleman in Europe,' he painted the eye of Mrs. Fitzherbert, that the Prince might wear it on his wrist as a bracelet; and that the Prince returned the pretty compliment by giving her a representation of his eye. Whatever the reason, the curious fashion spread with considerable rapidity, and the great miniature painters of the day were soon hard at work representing eyes. In the carefully kept fee book of George Engleheart, which has been handed down to his descendants, there are many records of painting eyes. He painted the eyes of half-a-dozen members of the Beauchamp family, several of the Metcalfes, several of the Plowdens, and four members of the Paquet family, who afterwards gave to the peerage the earldom of Uxbridge and the marquissate of Anglesey. Half-a-dozen of the Beauchamp eyes still remain in the possession of the family, and are illustrated, with other examples of the work of this clever artist. Cosway was attached to the Court of the Prince Regent, and painted its frail and fair beauties, while Engleheart was miniature-painter to the King, and his sisters were of a far more serious frame of mind. The art of painting the eye in miniature is worth reviving, and, in fact, has been revived by Mr. Alyn Williams. The highest praise that can be given to him is to say that two people who did not know the names of his sitters recognised the persons in a flash from the eyes he had painted."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

The Dean of Gloucester, in his "deep speech" at the historic Chapter House last Saturday, eloquently said that the War Window then unveiled would be more than another translucent wall of splendid colour and noble design added to the building, as it would silently teach the lessons of duty, self-sacrifice, nobility of aim and purpose, and, above all things, Patriotism. A close inspection of the window has strengthened the admiration with which a first cursory view impressed me. One detail particularly delighted me, and that was the representation of the tower of the Cathedral and roof of the nave skilfully merged into the figures in the upper central lights.

Never before—not even when the records were unveiled with Masonic ritual accompaniment, or when the splendid thanksgiving service took place on the return of the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry from the war—has there been such a picturesque gathering in the Cathedral as the one last Saturday to uphold the principle, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." I was again sorry to notice that the Lord Lieutenant did not don his official uniform at this memorable function. I must also take exception to the assumption that the 469 names on the tablets comprise a full list of Gloucestershire men. Even leaving out the 54 Old Cheltonians, I could furnish from the files of the "Cheltenham Chronicle" the names and regiments of at least 23 killed and 34 who died of disease that are as much entitled to be "graven on this bronze" as the other brave fellows. When I find such omissions as Lieut.-Col E. C. Knox, 18th Hussars; Lieut.-Col. W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., of the Gordons; Lieut. Gilbert C. D. Fergusson, of the Rifle Brigade; Lieut. Edward Noel, of the Gloucesters; and Surgeon J. Wichenford Washbourn, of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, I cannot resist hoping that, in justice to their memories, these 57 names will be given place as well on the walls. Having said this, I ungrudgingly testify to the great measure of success that has attended the efforts of Miss May Lloyd-Baker (the enthusiastic hon. secretary) and her colleagues in having searched out a list of 469.

If any writer requires highly-interesting and true material upon which to found a three-volume novel, he has it to hand in the sensational case of the "Princess Soltykoff," just sentenced to eighteen months' "hard" for defrauding tradesmen. I remember writing on February 1st, 1902: "The strange case of the adventures, described as a woman of 'fascinating appearance,' who at the recent Suffolk Assizes was sentenced to 15 months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences, reminds me that Prince Alexis Soltykoff, whom at the trial she alleged she married at Gretna Green in 1891, and lived with him in Cheltenham, was a brilliant meteor in the Garden Town and in the neighbourhood of Bourton-on-the-Water in the early part of the last decade; and that some of the financial responsibilities that he incurred for jewellery and on bills gave much work for the lawyers here and in London." And now this fascinating man-catcher is convicted in the name of Margaret Trew Prebble, which name was given her at the hymenal altar by a medical student, whose father (a Gloucestershire gentleman) was not pleased with the mesalliance, and in the end the bridegroom enlisted. Another illustration this is of how the county is associated with many remarkable events.

A grievance that I have against the G.W.R. Co. is that, for the purposes of the Honeybourne line—they have taken off a slice of the field of the Ladies' College and put up a high fence, so that passengers can no longer see hundreds of bright girls playing at hockey, lawn tennis, etc. Soon the steam-navy will be on the strip, grunting and digging thousands of tons of "muck." The whole line will, I hear, be finished before the end of the year. Already the company has expended on it £505,285 8s., and the shareholders on Thursday voted another £150,000. So that the cost is getting towards a million.

GLEANER.



CHELTENHAM HAND AMBULANCE LITTER.

PRESENTED TO THE TOWN BY HIS WIDOW IN MEMORY OF SURGEON-GENERAL MANLEY, C.B., V.C.

THE OLD OXFORD AND CHELTHENHAM COACH.

The February issue of "Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes," which appeals to a wide range of readers, contains an interesting article on the old Oxford and Cheltenham coach, from which we quote the following:—"To some who have read and heard what a sight it was in the old days to witness the coaches—both mail and stage—coming into and leaving Cheltenham, it may be a matter of surprise to learn that as late as 1862 a mail coach was running daily between Oxford and Cheltenham. It appears that the coach first commenced to run in 1846-7, and did not carry mails until 1848, from which time till October 1st, 1855, mails were carried by it free of charge, i.e. merely in consideration of freedom from tolls; but from the date mentioned the sum of £150 per annum was given to the proprietors in addition to this privilege. The original owners were Mr. Waddell and Mr. Dangerfield, of Oxford, but after three or four years the concern was taken over and worked by Isaac Day, the trainer, of Northleach (through which quaint, and to this day remote, little town the coach of course passed daily); John Mills, of Burford; and Daniel Blake, of Cheltenham; and a little later the last-named took it over entirely, ultimately disposing of the business to Messrs. Edward Allen and William Colee, of the George Hotel, Cheltenham. Mr. Allen died in 1854, and the coach was then run by William Colee himself till the summer of 1856, when Mr. Richard Glover took it over, Colee retiring. Though starting from the Old Three Cups Hotel, Oxford, the coach was kept and the horses stabled at the Lamb and Flag, St. Giles; the horsekeeper's name there was Morgan. The coach made its last journey in January, 1862, in which month the Witney branch of railway was opened. Though a mail, the coach was not a fast one, being timed at from seven to eight miles an hour."

"Slow, sure, and determined" is Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.'s, motto in life.

MOTOR-CAR LIGHTS.

When one meets a car at night with an acetylene head lamp, the side lights (says a writer in "The Autocar") are never visible till the car is quite close. The rays from the gas lamp appear to completely absorb those from the side lights. Naturally, this is still more noticeable when there are two acetylene head lamps, but, of course, it is only a question of degree. The car approaches closer before the side lights are detected. This is due to no slight visual aberration caused by one's own car. I have proved this repeatedly by stopping and watching the approaching light. Not only so, I have noticed precisely the same thing when walking on a dark night in the country. Some cars carry only a single acetylene head light in the middle. This is illegal, as the regulations say that the light must be at the extreme right of the car. Others have it on the off-side, but this is a most dangerous practice, because there is always the possibility that the approaching machine may be taken for a motor-bicycle, as the difference between a big acetylene light on a car and a little one on a bicycle is not apparent till one is quite close, despite what some agitators say to the contrary. It is necessary, therefore, that in addition to the head light, proper side lights should be carried, indicating roughly the width of the vehicle.

Lord Tweedmouth has informed the Mayor of Aberystwyth that in future the Naval Reserve will drill at sea, and that shore batteries will be abolished on the Welsh coast.

Mr. R. R. Brooks, of New York, a noted banjoist, who played before King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, in 1890, and became very popular in London, has died of cancer.

PRIZES WITHOUT SHOWS.

We understand that a movement is on foot for inspecting and awarding prizes to cattle not prepared for exhibition, and this scheme deserves the fullest approval. It is a well-known fact that animals prepared for the show-yard are often made ready at the cost of their efficiency as milk-producing animals. Therefore it happens that one can find in a herd kept purely for utilitarian purposes that the animals, though quite unsuitable for exhibition, are first-rate in their own way. Obviously, it would be a very good thing to institute a scheme of prize-giving in which the animals would be considered purely and simply as dairy cows. We assume that something more than appearance would be taken into consideration—viz. the quantity of milk they give and the number of days in the year during which they remain in milk. If this were done a wholesome check would be applied to a system which has the effect of exaggerating the value of "points" as compared with efficiency.—"Country Life."

THE VOTER AND THE MOTOR.

Among the amusing features of the general election is to be numbered the surprise of some of the rustics at obtaining for the first time in their lives a ride on a motor-car. Those who have been canvassing on either side can scarcely fail to have observed how the eyes of the humble voter glistened with joy at the prospect, and it perhaps would not be exaggeration to say that the novelty of this little trip has been the subject of as much—is not more—discussion as the fiscal policy itself. No one will grudge the labourer this innocent pleasure which the general election brought in its train.—"Country Life."

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

No. 269.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING, AT 7.45--

"CLAUDIAN."

NEXT WEEK:

THE LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY.

"AFTER THE BALL."

Times and prices as usual.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

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

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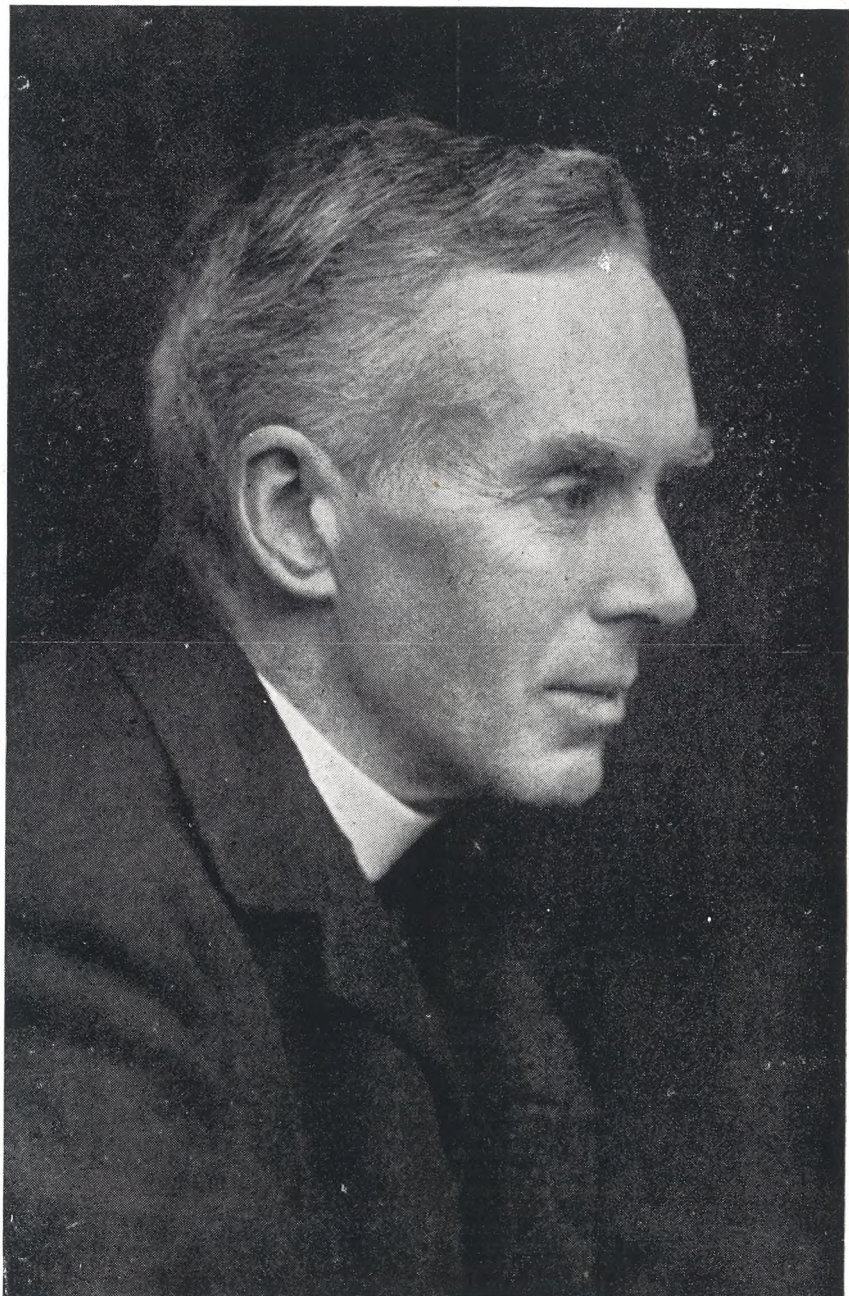
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REV. GEORGE GARDNER, M.A.,

VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', CHELTENHAM, AND HON. CANON OF GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ASSIZES.



MR. JUSTICE CHANNELL
LEAVING THE SHIRE-HALL.



THE HERALDS.



THE FOOTMEN.

THE PRETENCE OF BEING BUSY.

* * *

The Americans claim to be the busiest people in the world, yet, nevertheless, they have abundance of leisure for unprofitable occupations. They have been so busy lately neglecting their own business to pry into the concerns of poor Miss Roosevelt that ten policemen have had to form a bodyguard to protect her from their impertinences. It is strange that the world's boss hustlers should be able to spare so much time for recreations which are not merely ungracious but unremunerative. But when we look around nearer home we see that we ourselves are not much better. London, as we are often reminded by vain-glorious Britons, is the busiest city on earth. Its people, we are told, hurry to and fro frantically, with breathless eagerness for the next task, and a fixed stare into the future for the recognition of the next opportunity of profit. But I fear this reputation is baseless. There are more leisured people in London than is good for our convenience. If an electrician opens a man-hole in the street to repair the cables, scores of the busiest city's busy citizens crowd round to watch him; if a policeman reprimands a cabman the hurrying throng loiters to hear the exchanges of repartee. A gramophone playing at a shop door will draw an audience large enough to make the heart of the theatre manager heavy with envy. A man perched on a telephone pole attracts a crowd of people who forget their business while they gaze heavenward. And even in the city that welter of strenuousness, the bare-headed clerks, though bursting with zeal, are content to saunter in the streets with their hands in their pockets. Are we really such a busy people as we profess to be? Or is all our bustle merely uncomfortable make-belief?—"London Opinion and To-Day."

POPULAR NATIONAL LOTTERIES.

The plan for making a popular theatre in Paris and the provinces is likely to be carried out. The funds towards the undertaking are to be raised by means of a national lottery. £320,000 are required to launch the scheme—a gigantic amount—but in a rich country like France easily found, especially as these lotteries appeal to the lower classes. We had a proof of this not long ago in the Press lottery for £1,200,000, which was subscribed for over and over again within a week. It is a fine democratic idea to give the people opportunities to hear masterpieces of every kind—comprising operas, tragedies, comedies, operettas, etc.—performed by the very best artists. The prices, almost needless to say, will be popular; good seats obtainable as low as sixpence.—"The Bystander."

THE MINOR POET AND POLITICS.

It is curious to note that the minor poet as a rule avoids the House of Commons, his ethereal imaginings not perhaps fitting in very appropriately with the "matter-of-factness" of legislation. So far as we know, Mr. Hilaire Belloc will be alone in the Lower House as a poet who has systematically published verses. Of course it would be a very rash assertion that of all those six hundred people who compose the legislative assembly there was no other who had sent poetry to the newspapers.—"The Academy."

* * *

"Congregations are divided into three classes," said Dr. J. F. Sawyer, lecturing at Brighton on Tuesday, "those who sing, those who cannot sing, and those who think they can sing but cannot."

A WINCHCOMBE WEDDING.

SMITH-WOOD-HALL.



MISS LOUISA HOLDER HALL.



MR. ERNEST EDMUND SMITH-WOOD.



THE BRIDAL PARTY.



MR. ROBERT FRY POMEROY,

recently presented with an oak smoking-cabinet by the Zetland Masonic Lodge of Instruction on retiring from the treasurership, after fourteen years of devoted service. Mr. Pomeroy is one of the oldest tradesmen of Gloucester, having been in business as an ironmonger since 1852. A native of Stonehouse, Devonshire, he was the first president of the Devon and Cornwall Society. For eleven years he was parish churchwarden of St. John's, and he has been a Guardian of the poor.

Business carried on by Mr. Collis and his successors, Messrs. Albin and Co., Jewellers and Silversmiths, High Street, Cheltenham.

SYDNEY T. STEEL,

MANUFACTURER, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM,

Having done all the Jewellery Repairs, Mounting, Replating, etc., for this firm since June, 1902, trusts you will now

TRANSFER YOUR ORDERS FOR THAT WORK TO HIM,

as the above are no longer undertaking it. During that period thousands of orders have come in, and if you dealt there yours were included. Mr. Collis has never had to complain of Prices or Promptitude, and Messrs. Albin & Co. have written respecting work done: "Everything quite satisfactory." 25 per cent. more employed at this work by S.T.S. than at four largest local jewellers combined.

According to a Blue-book issued on Monday 337 people were killed and 1,795 injured on railways in the United Kingdom during the three months ended September 30 last. Included in the killed were 61 passengers.

Navvies may be said to pick their way through the world.

Lieut.-General Wynne has been granted an extension of one year in his command of the 6th Division at Colchester.



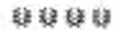
Mr. John Reynolds, J.P., and Mrs. Reynolds,
OF LANSDOWNE, BOURTON-ON-WATER,
who on Wednesday, February 14th, celebrated
their golden wedding.



MR. GEORGE PAYNE,
HEADMASTER OF BOURTON-ON-WATER
COUNCIL SCHOOLS FOR 20 YEARS.

TIPS FROM JOCKEYS.

There are misguided individuals who hang about to get "tips" from any jockey with whom they may happen to be on speaking terms. To begin with, it is the business of a jockey to hold his tongue; secondly, nine jockeys out of ten are very indifferent judges of racing: few of them have even the slightest knowledge of what other horses have been doing in a race; and, thirdly, most of them have an inward conviction that they can ride any other jockey's "head off."—"Country Life."



THE ÆSTHETICS OF LIGHTING.

The coming into use of gas as a means of household lighting happened to synchronise with the decadence of the decorative arts of the home, and the so-called gaselier of the last generation, struggle as it would, never succeeded in becoming an object of beauty. On the contrary, the very method in which the light came from the burner prevented the use of the many fine examples of antique design which had in the past been used for lamps or candles. But we may congratulate ourselves on belonging to a happier period, when the use of electric light admits of a return to the excellent designs of Georgian days, or periods far anterior.—"The Bystander."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The Winter Assize at Gloucester for 1905-6 is now a matter of history, but there was nothing very exciting in the cases. Cheltenham again furnished a fair proportion (four) of the ten cases from the county, and the charges in three of these were admitted by the prisoners. And of the civil causes—only three in number—two came from the Garden Town. Cheltenham also figured at the Shire-hall this week in a Sheriff's Court to assess the damages against a defendant who had allowed judgment to go by default in a breach of promise action brought against him. I missed from the Assizes, for the second time in succession only for many years, the familiar figure of Mr. J. Mathews, the Clerk of Assize, sitting under the judge. Judges have come and judges have gone, but for the past forty years, except on very rare occasions when illness kept him away from sitting at the feet of "Justice," Mr. Mathews has been, as it were, a permanent visitor. The Oxford Circuit counsel list contains about 120 names, the first being that of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, K.C., the leader; while Mr. T. H. Maddy and Mr. W. H. Clay (a revising barrister in this county) are now the two "senior juniors."

* * * * *

The vital statistics of the county for the quarter ended December 31st last show that Cheltenham has second lowest place for birth rate, being 18.6 per thousand, as against 17.7 in Stroud; Tewkesbury being the highest, with 26.6, and Cirencester next, with 25.3. On comparing ours with the rate for the whole country, which was 25.5, the sterility of Cheltenham is apparent. But it makes up for this deficiency by a somewhat low death rate, equal to 16.1, which, however, is not so small as is generally the case. In point of fact, Cheltenham has the highest but one rate (Stroud, with 16.3) in the districts of this county. And when one considers that the rate in the aggregate of the 141 large towns of the country is only 13.7, one must admit that Cheltenham has not come off so well this December quarter in the grave matter of mortality.

* * * * *

I rather like this candid speech of Mr. Ernest E. Wood, of Winchcombe, in acknowledging the presentation of pieces of plate to him by the townfolk in view of his marriage which duly took place last Wednesday:—"When ladies were enthusiastic he thought they exceeded men. What did they think his near-better-half did? Her political affection for Mr. Chamberlain was so great that she wrote to him, and said that Winchcombe was roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the mere mention of his name on the platform that they were able to put a Conservative at the top of the poll (cheers). She asked for a flower to wear at their wedding. Many people in that position would have considered it a piece of impertinence. Not so Mr. Chamberlain. He actually wrote wishing her every happiness, and saying that he had given instructions to his gardener to send a box of orchids for their wedding (loud cheers). The gardener sent a box of orchids, but wrote later saying that he was very sorry that he had misread Mr. Chamberlain's instructions, and another box would be forwarded on the 19th (cheers). One of these orchids he held up before them now. It was lent to him on the express condition that he returned it. She would not part with a flower from Mr. Chamberlain for anything; he believed she would rather lose him first (laughter). So the bunch of orchids his bride would carry on the 21st would represent Mr. Chamberlain's personal charm over the Winchcombe Conservatives."

* * * * *

I have from time to time alluded to the delay that has not infrequently been caused at Cheltenham Police-court either owing to the absence of magistrates or the non-attendance of a sufficient number. Two or three such delays recently have led me to repeating my contentions that magistrates ought to be disqualified if they neglect duty for over six months, and that there would be no difficulty in finding a number of desirable and qualified men to infuse new blood



MR. W. B. MINCHIN,

OF HAZLETON, NEAR NORTHLEACH,

who holds a worthy record in the work of local administration. He is chairman of Northleach Board of Guardians and Rural District Council. He has been a member of the Guardians for the parish of Hazleton since 1875, and was also waywarden from the same year till the Highway Board was superseded by the Rural District Council by the Act of 1894, since when he has sat as Guardian and District Councillor. He has also been overseer of the parish since 1872, and was assistant collector of taxes for twenty-eight years (1872-1900). But his and his family's connection with Hazleton dates back many many years beyond 1872. Mr. Minchin is leaving his farm next month, after a tenancy commencing in March, 1873, previous to which it had been in his mother's family for years. His great grandfather's baptism was registered at Hazleton in 1760. The latter's widow died in 1858, aged 97 years, and Mr. Minchin well remembers her living in his present house. And Mr. Minchin's connection with the parish is even still more close from the fact that his paternal ancestors came to the other farm, now occupied by his brothers, in or about the year 1765. This is going back a long time, and shows how well the Minchin family has maintained the splendid traditions of the English yeoman.

"PULL YOUR SOCKS UP."

The "smart set" have got hold of another neat expression, says the "Onlooker." "You must pull your socks up" is the latest form of saying "Never mind" or "Pull yourself together." The other day, at a bridge dinner, it was amusing and a sign of the times to hear a certain youthful eldest son recommend a Dowager Countess of seventy to "pull her socks up."

to the Bench. Already Liberal party organs are urging early steps to reform the system of appointing county magistrates. They would go behind any unyielding Lord-Lieutenant and submit names direct to the Lord Chancellor, as was done when Lord Herschell held the Great Seal. There is no necessity, I think, to abolish the property qualification, as foreshadowed in the Government's programme, but the amount might reasonably be reduced.

GLEANER.



Photo by Mr. R. W. Dugdale, Gloucester.

**THREE PLAQUES, SILVER ENAMELLED,
CONNECTED WITH THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER.**

recently generously presented to the Corporation by Mr. Charles H. Dancey, a citizen, who had bought the plaques at the dispersal of the effects of Judge J. J. Powell, Q.C., and got Mr. G. Armstrong Howitt to mount them on carved oak. The plaques are at least 350 years old, and were probably parts of civic maces that were broken up during some civil disturbance, and being portable portions they were happily rescued from the melting-pot.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER."

It was on an October day in 1867 that Alexander Muir, then a vigorous young man, walked with a friend in a Toronto garden. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, and one fluttered down on to the coat sleeve of Alexander, and stayed there because of the roughness of the cloth. He tried to brush it away. He thought he had done so. But no, it was still there. Its tenacity made an impression upon him. Then he was struck by the beauty of its crimson and gold hues. "You have been writing verses; why not write a song about the maple

leaf?" asked his companion as they were saying farewell. Muir went home, and, in less than two hours he had written the poem that has made his name known in every part of Canada. When romping with his children the next day he repeated aloud the words of the poem, and his wife, who heard them, suggested that he should set them to music. Several melodies he tried did not please him, but at last he composed one himself, and the splendid tune that has inspired thousands and thousands was at last on paper. The poem vibrates with love for Canada, for England, for Ireland, and for Scotland.—"T.P.'s Weekly."



Miss May Florance,
who takes a leading part in the new musical comedy "After the Ball," which will visit Cheltenham Opera House next week.

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 169th prize has been divided between Messrs. Frank Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Frank A. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church and the Rev. R. C. Griffin at Horfield Baptist Church.

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

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF RIFLE RANGES.

Mr. C. B. Fry, writing in "Fry's Magazine" for March, suggests that every football and cricket club—or any other athletic organisation for that matter—should possess its own rifle range and offer facilities for rifle practice to its members. From such an addition numerous advantages would accrue to the club, and among them is the social factor.

"In the usual way," says Mr. Fry, "the members of an athletic club seldom come together except in the field, and perhaps at the annual dinner. As a result, the club is very often not a club in the best sense of the word. It lacks that essential factor in successful concerted action, cohesion. The rifle range, which affords a natural rendezvous for members with a spare evening upon their hands, offers just those opportunities of mutual intercourse which the athletic club, to its own disadvantage, at present lacks.

"There are various ways for erecting a miniature range. A dining-hall or long room can be converted to meet requirements; an iron building, specially designed, can be put up; or one can be formed (for summer daylight use) in the open air upon a small patch of unused ground. This is especially possible in the country, where a gravel or chalk pit offers a natural stop-but.

"It is important to point out that the addition of a rifle range to its existing premises (if any) entails very little expenditure of the funds of the club. A small initial outlay is necessary to provide arms, stop-but, target apparatus, etc., but no more. Income is derived from the sale of ammunition, which can be made to yield, at an average rate of four shots a penny, about 100 per cent. profit. This, with small additional subscriptions and fees (the amount of which depends of course upon local conditions), is sufficient to pay the rent of a hall, if that course is adopted, or eventually to refund the initial outlay if a special building is erected.

"A hall of suitable dimensions is easily adapted to the requirements of a miniature range. Fifty feet should be about the minimum of length, and about 12ft. the minimum of width. Doors and windows at the stop-but end need to be carefully blocked up with steel plates or 8in. planking, but otherwise the only matters required are the stop-but, target apparatus, rifle rack, lying stools (for practice in the prone position), and some provision for the comfort of members."



BANDMASTER C. JAMES.

One of the most widely known of local musicians is Bandmaster C. James, of Cheltenham, whose musical career commenced in 1862, when he became what is described as a band boy, and on March 10th, 1863, he played at the local celebration of King Edward's wedding. In 1876 he joined the Cheltenham Rifle Volunteers' Band, and in 1879 he was appointed bandmaster—a position he has held ever since. The band during his mastership has gained a prominent position, and has perhaps a unique record for a provincial band. It has massed with the bands of the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots Guards (twice each), and Gordon Highlanders. It has also had the distinction of being three times inspected by the Duke of Cambridge, and in band contests won two first prizes and one second prize. Mr. James is a notable teacher, and there is scarcely a band in the district that does not possess some of his old boys. The Long Service medal was presented to Mr. James by Colonel Griffith in 1901 at the Winter Garden on the last celebration of Queen Victoria's birthday. Mr. James has been music instructor to the Gordon Boys' Brigade since its formation in 1890.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE COTSWOLDS.

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Mr. Ellis Marsland in London delivered a lecture illustrating by the aid of many lantern slides the transition of the characteristic building of the Cotswolds from its original simplicity to the Renaissance style. The district being isolated had, he said, to rely on local material, and developed an unaffected manner of much beauty based on ancient needs and limitations. The staple was stone, and this was used for all exterior work, specially noteworthy being the stone roofs, which were by ingenious treatment made sound and watertight as well as picturesque. The windows were very characteristic, being glazed directly into the stone mullions, and having four openings on the ground floor, three on the first floor, and two on the floor above. The prevailing note of the exteriors was simplicity, and the interiors also showed the simple life lived by the inmates. There was some fine stonework in the chimney openings, but these had in many instances been filled up and modern stoves have been introduced, with the result that serious fires had occurred. Coal having taken the place of wood as a fuel, soot had accumulated, and the dry beams had become ignited, thus, as the lecturer remarked, depriving the present generation

of many an interesting specimen of this old-time architecture. The floors were carried by stout oak or chestnut beams appearing below the ceiling, with splayed or moulded edges. Walls were plastered or oak-panelled; the use of iron-work was limited, but there were some charming remains of casement stays and fastenings and simple hinges and door-knockers. The old window glass and lead glazing were a source of charm, but the modern sash and frame usurped the space occupied by mullion and glass in the craze for change. The old style lasted a century, and gave place to the Renaissance, which brought many changes, especially through the desire for more lofty rooms. The lecturer commended the Cotswold work as honest and true, and pointed out how admirably its many gables and other peculiarities fitted in with the landscape.

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The King of Spain has ordered a supply of Irish tweeds from Ballinrobe.

That a man in his time plays many parts was exemplified on Saturday at Worcester at a meeting of the creditors of Sidney James Grist, who had been soldier, sailor, policeman, railway clerk, bookmaker's clerk, and publican. He said that the most profitable employment was bookmaker's clerk.

THE HUNGRY SEA.

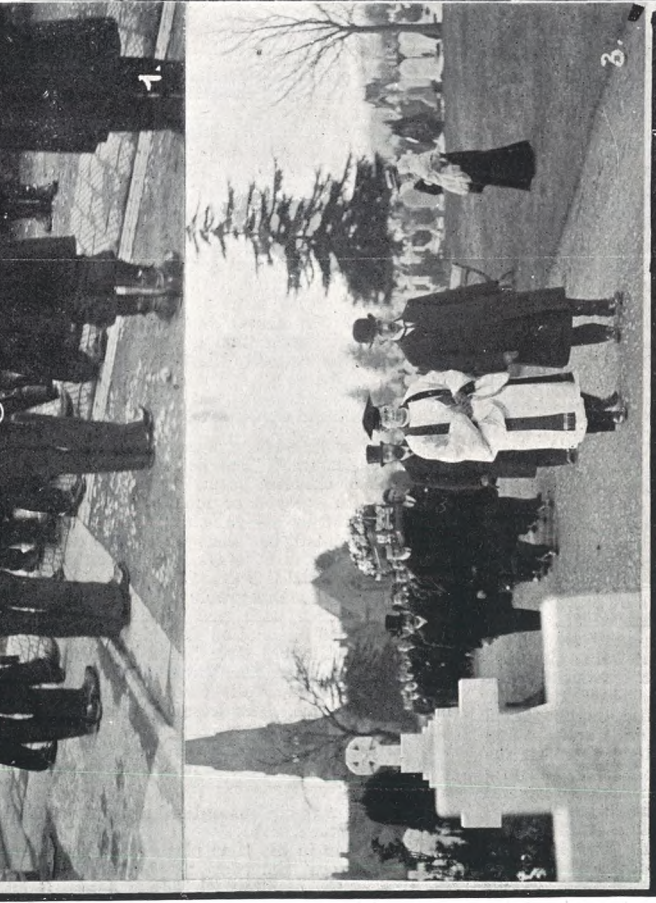
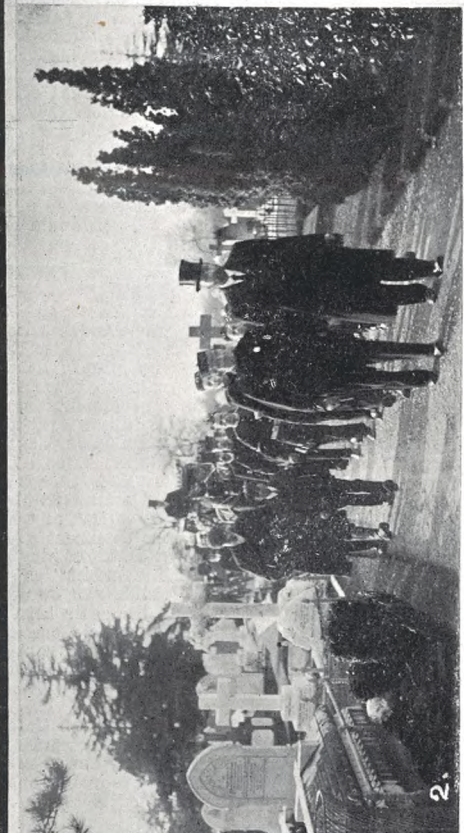
The subject of coast erosion is one of perennial interest; year after year the sea is ceaselessly eroding our coasts. It has been estimated that every year England loses an area of land equal to the size of Gibraltar. According to the returns of the Board of Agriculture, the area of our islands is steadily decreasing; in 1867 they gave the area of Great Britain as 56,964,260 acres, and in 1900 as 56,782,056 acres, making a loss of 182,204 acres in thirty-three years; but it must be borne in mind that these figures include land reclaimed from the sea, and therefore the loss is really greater than the figures given would indicate.—“Country Life.”

SPORTING M.P.'S.

The opening of Parliament finds many well-known sportsmen among the recently elected members, and on both sides of the House there will be no lack of hunting people. Other branches of field sport will likewise have their share of votaries. Among the representatives of the Metropolis, Sir Samuel Scott is a very keen follower of hounds; Mr. Sydney Buxton, the new Postmaster-General, is a recognised authority on shooting and fishing; while Mr. B. S. Straus has been too many years actively interested in the turf not to be opposed to any measures which may be brought forward to the detriment of the best interests of racing. Mr. H. Bottomley can also be reckoned among the “turfiters” of the new Parliament. Another well-known owner of racehorses, Mr. George Faber, has again been returned for York; while the House of Commons' polo team can still rely on the good services of Mr. Winston Churchill, and receives two valuable recruits in Lord Castlereagh and Lord Wodehouse. An old polo player and ex-M.F.H., Viscount Valentia, has retained his seat at Oxford, and Mr. Ivor Guest, the new Liberal member for Cardiff, bears a name that is widely known in the hunting and polo fields. Lord Morpeth, one of the victorious Birmingham Unionists, is the hon. secretary of the Cumberland Hunt. Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. A. Priestley, though differing in their political creeds, are agreed on the charms of a gallop over the open behind a good pack of hounds, and who is fonder of hunting than Mr. Walter Long, the elected of South Dublin? Aquatics have two stalwart champions in Mr. Dudley Ward and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, and motor-ing interests will be looked after by Mr. Henry Norman and Mr. Henry du Cros.—“The By-stander.”

PARLIAMENTARY RED TAPE.

Parliament having met, many of us will be doomed to disappointment if not by the oratorical shortcomings of our members, at any rate by the red tape which bars our entry into the Strangers' Gallery. In this free country, where everything that takes place in the House of Commons is supposed to be public property, and is public property on the following day through the medium of the Press, it seems to me ridiculous that it should be a matter of such difficulty, entailing an absurd amount of personal inconvenience, to obtain admission to the House when debates are in progress. If you have worried your member into sending you a ticket and presented yourself in the Outer Lobby, it does not at all follow that you will be admitted straightway into the debating chamber. On the contrary, in all probability you will have to stand on the cold, tessellated floor for half an hour or so and be bullied by a policeman because you do not stand exactly in the line. You may then proceed in Indian file up a narrow stone staircase, and if, when you reach a room where you must sign your name in a book, you are not informed that the gallery is already full, you may then find a seat where you can see, perhaps, a quarter of the House, perhaps less—and catch a few words of one speaker out of three. This is what happens if you are lucky. On the other hand, your member is more than likely to tell you he has given all his tickets away, or if not, you find there is no room and go away in disgust. If you are a woman you are in even worse case. You cannot go with your husband or any other male relative or friend; but if you can secure a ticket—in itself no easy matter—you must sit among the other ladies behind the grille, peering through the interstices of the ironwork. This antiquated system wants revising.—“London Opinion and To-Day.”



FUNERAL OF SERGT. MORSE,
SUPERINTENDENT CHELTENHAM GORDON BOYS' BRIGADE,
FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

1. Leaving the Home for last time.
2. Carrying body to grave.
3. Arrival at Cemetery.
4. Gordon Boys at grave side.
5. Lowering coffin into grave.