

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

No. 275.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),
"Kitty Grey."

NEXT WEEK THEATRE WILL BE CLOSED
 RE-OPENING ON APRIL 14 WITH
"PEGGY MACHREE."
 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.

Price Lists on Application.

TO OBTAIN
SAFE DAIRY PRODUCE

GO TO
THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY.
 Largest Retailers of High-class Dairy
 Produce in the Town.

DAIRY FARMS AT CHARLTON KINGS,
 400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

All milk sold is guaranteed to be produced
 on other than sewage-fed land.
 TELEPHONE 0819.

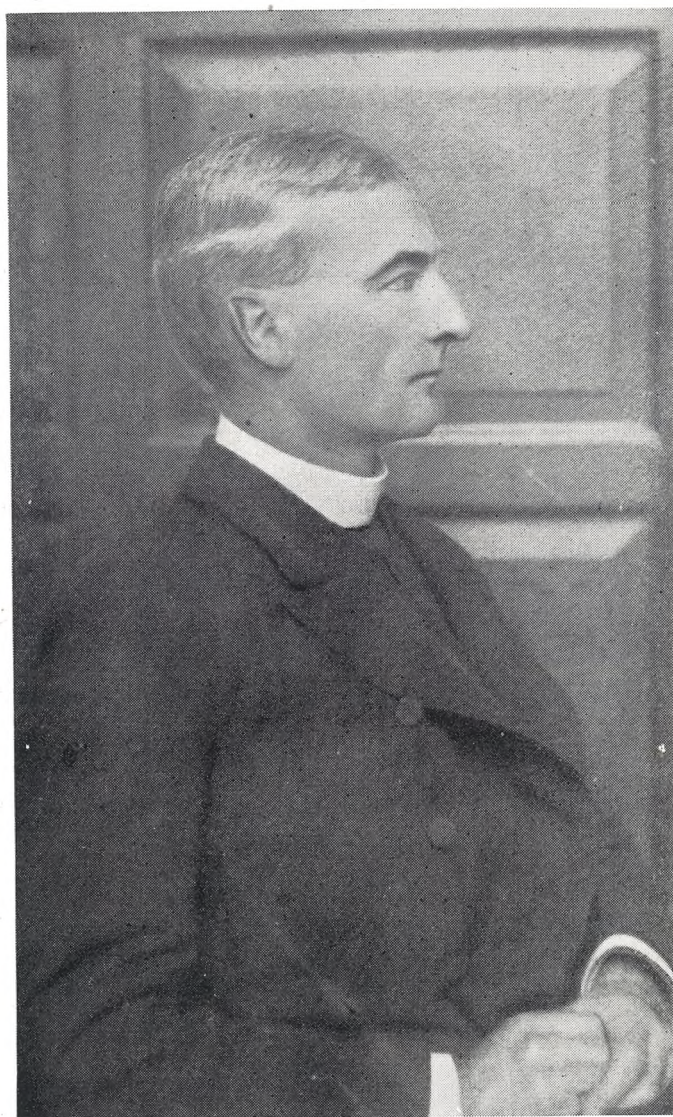
PITCHER & SON,

85 Winchcombe Street,

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR BOOTERS,
 ARE NOW OFFERING THE FINEST
 VALUE IN THE TRADE.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD

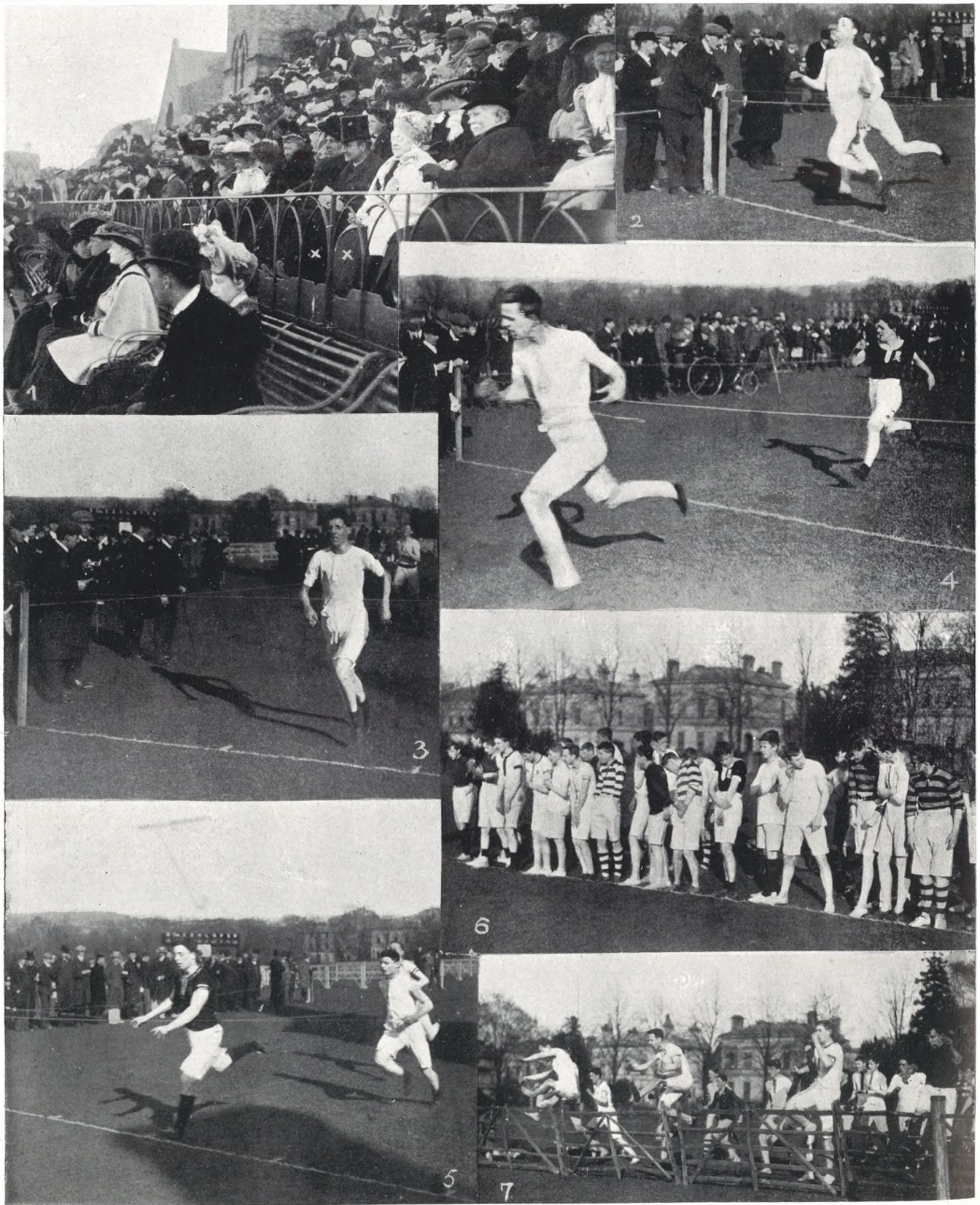
To buy anything but the best. Pitcher's
 Boots are manufactured from the Best
 Materials and made by Skilled Workmen.
**THEY FIT WELL, LOOK WELL, AND
 WEAR WELL!**



THE VICAR OF CIRENCESTER,

THE REV. CANON J. S. SINCLAIR, M.A.

Canon Sinclair, who matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford, was
 ordained in Chichester Diocese in 1876. His curacies were those of
 Pulborough 1876-8, Fulham 1878-83, and St. Dionis, Fulham, 1883-5. From
 1885 to 1898 he was vicar of the latter parish, till he was appointed to
 the living of Cirencester. Bishop Ellicott made him an hon. canon of
 Gloucester Cathedral in 1901. He is also rural dean of Cirencester. He
 married Miss Birchall, of Bowden Hall, near Gloucester



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1906.

1.—The grand stand. The Principal of the College (Mr. Waterfield) and Miss Beale (Principal of Ladies' College), marked X X, watching the sports.

2.—C. C. Rolph wins the Open Half-mile Handicap in a tight finish.

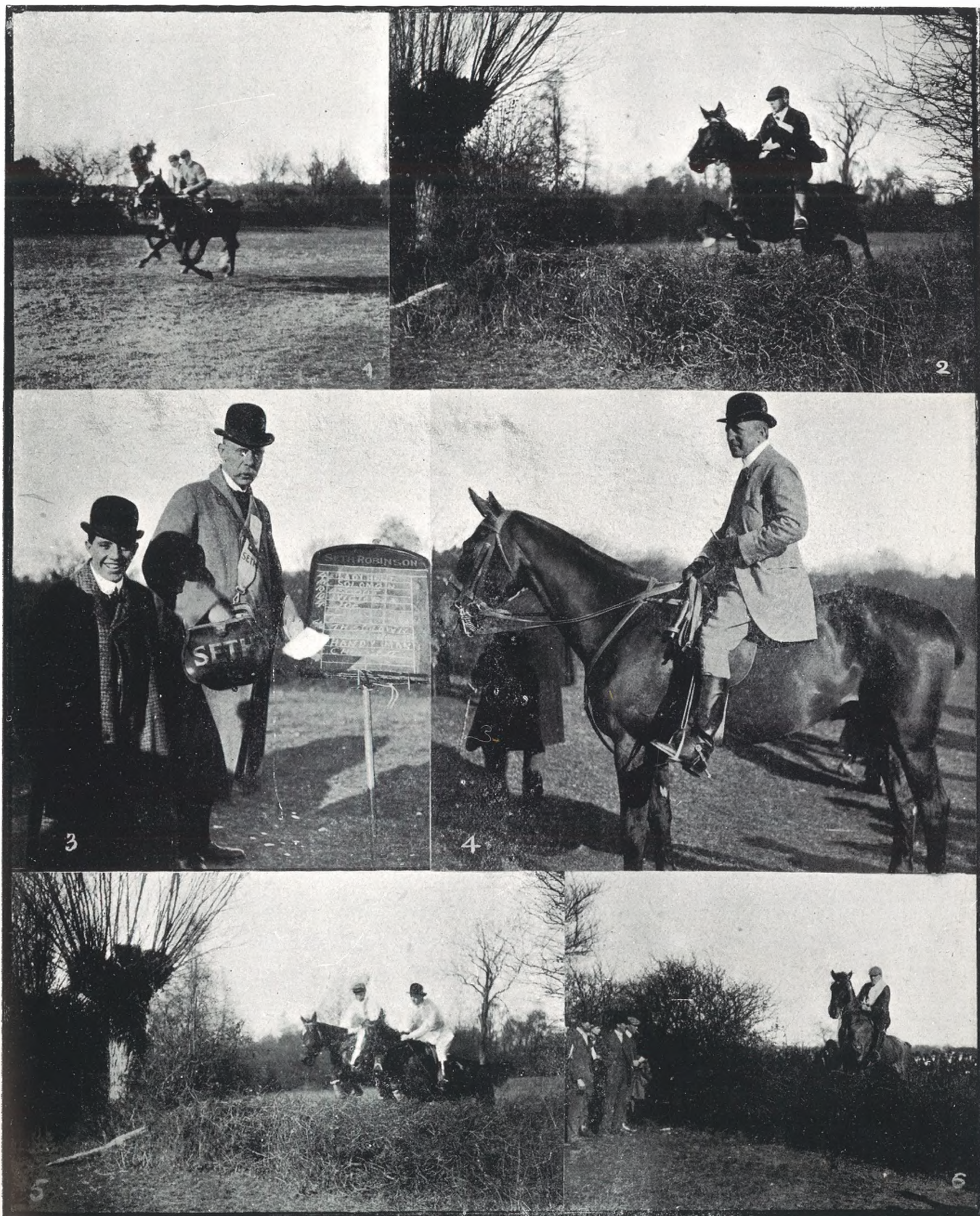
3.—H. V. Hodson winning the Open Mile and creating a College record.

4.—Mather wins the 220 Yards Open Race.

5.—F. H. St. Hill wins the 200 Yards (under 16).

6.—Start of the Open Steeplechase.

7.—Over the hurdles.



BODDINGTON HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES,

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1906.

1.—A close finish.

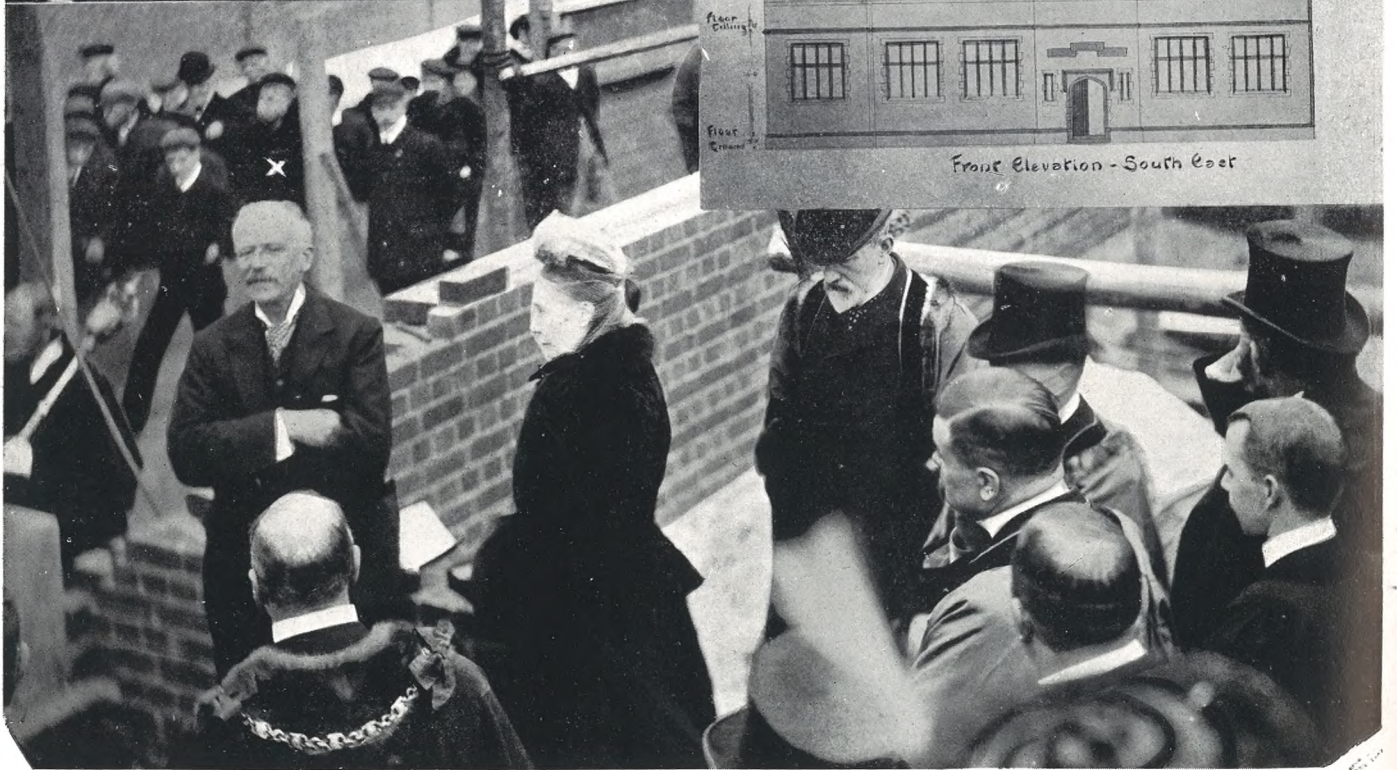
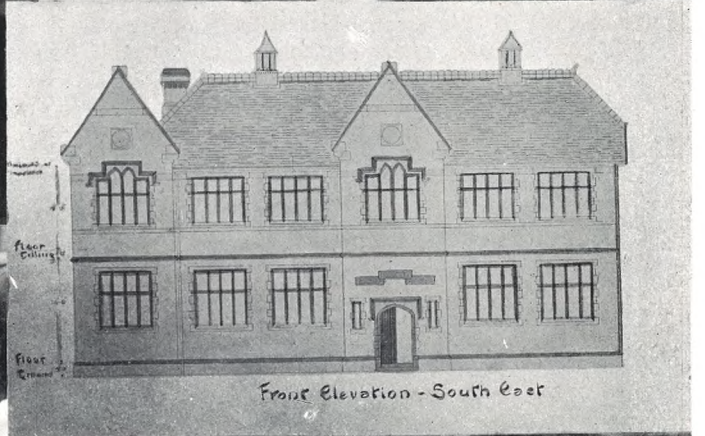
2.—Taking the last fence in the first race.

3.—A "bookie" well-known on local racecourses.

4.—Mr. Gibbons, Master of Boddington Harriers.

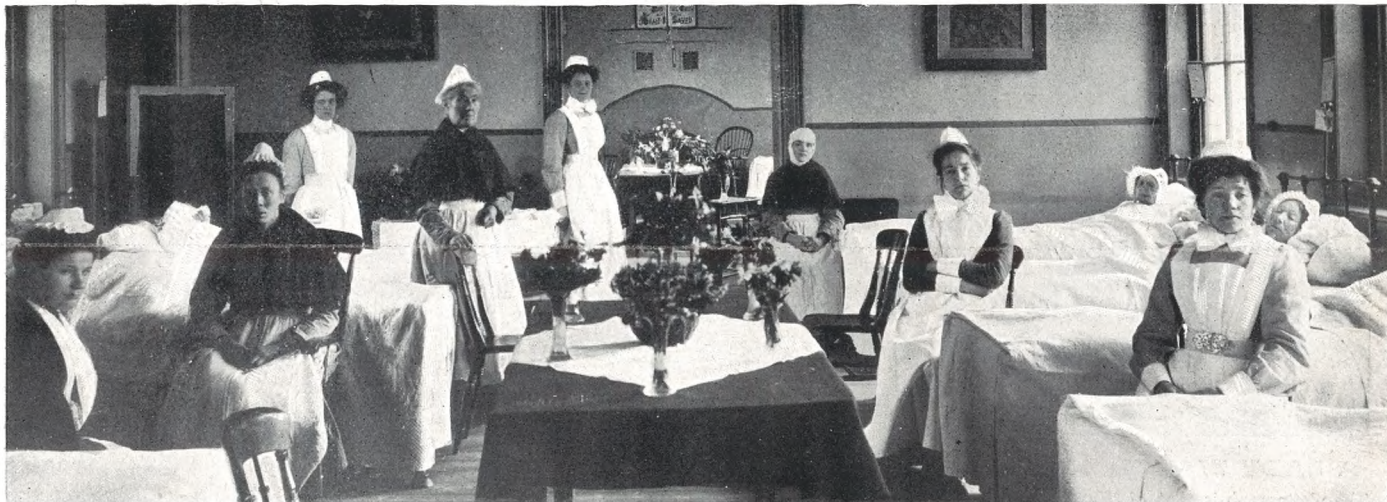
5.—A neck-and-neck race over the last fence.

6.—Romance winning the third race.



**COUNTY COUNCIL SECONDARY SCHOOLS AT TEWKESBURY.
Foundation Ceremony, March 30, 1906.**

1. Mr. Colchester Wemyss (chairman of Gloucestershire Education Committee) lays foundation-stone.
2. Front elevation of building.
3. Mr. Colchester Wemyss addressing Town Council and visitors.



A VISIT TO CHELTENHAM WORKHOUSE.

1. Infirmary—Old Women's Ward.
2. Nursing Staff.
3. Group of Officials.



A LADY WATER DIVINER.

The photograph is that of Miss Isabel Horlick, of the Abbey Restaurant, Winchcombe, who is seen in the attitude of "divining" water on Prescott Hill, near Winchcombe, for the use of the employees of Messrs. Scott and Middleton, the Honeybourne Railway contractors. The water, of splendid quality, was found at a depth of only six feet, and is in enormous supply. Miss Horlick also discovered another spring for the same firm, but the depth from the surface was only three feet in this instance. It will be noticed that she uses the same means (crossed twigs) of divining water as others have done, but points on which she would like to learn something are the depth of the springs discovered and the quantity of water they may yield. So far as we know, Miss Horlick is the only lady water diviner either in the county of Gloucester or adjoining counties.



"EASTFIELD," BOURTON-ON-WATER,

the residence of Mr. E. W. Kendall, which was hired for the purpose of a hospital by the late Mr. John Moore, M.R.C.S., and used as such from March, 1861, and continued under the designation of the "Bourton-on-the-Water and Cotswold Village Hospital" until a more suitable building was erected in 1878-9, at a cost of £1,200. It was the third village hospital established in England. This photograph shows the hospital as it was prior to alteration. The sun-dial is dated 1573, and the well-known name of Silas Wells is inscribed thereon. There are several gargoyles beneath the roof, and these are supposed to have been taken from Bourton Church.



SIR ARTHUR SPENCER WELLS,

SECOND AND LAST BARONET, DIED APRIL 1st, AGED 39 YEARS.

In 1895, when private secretary to Sir William Harcourt, the deceased contested the Parliamentary representation of Gloucester, but was defeated by Mr. C. J. Monk (Unionist). He volunteered during the Boer War, and served in the ranks of the Somerset Imperial Yeomanry. A pathetic incident in connection with his untimely death is that only a few days before it he accepted the presidency of the Gloucester Young Liberals' League.

WHAT IS LOVE?

It is hard to decide, according to Dr. Reich, whether love is egoistical or altruistic. The only modern writer, we are told, who could write about love like Plato was Nietzsche, and he was unfortunately insane. Now the best of all tributes to the power of love (for which overhaul your score of that fine Balfe opera, "Satanella") is the fact that it has avoided and evaded scientific analysis. If it were a calculated, reasoning, philosophical, arguable kind of passion it would not be love at all. Most lovers, in lucid intervals of sanity, feel that they are sliding down a precipice—that they are acting against the spasmodic promptings of cold-blooded common sense. Yet they are helpless. They are willing—nay eager and anxious—to divide their worldly possessions (and, oh, dear ladies, what a small parcel they often turn out to be!) with the daughter of some specially humdrum person who has a more than humdrum wife. A lover is feverish to enter into a life-long contract to maintain the adored one in lodging, food, and raiment—all for the satisfaction of basking in the sunshine of her diamond eyes, and to hear her soft, angel voice periodically whisper, "O Charles, give hover!" Love is not a microbe to be scrutinised under the microscope. It is a sensation which is fanned into flame beneath a man's waistcoat—it blossoms into imbecility in his letters, and it paves the road to ruin through his trousers' pockets.—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion and To-day"

SHIRTS For Easter Holidays.
SHIRTS For Business Wear.
SHIRTS For all occasions.

A. BECKINGSALE,
Shirtmaker,
111 HIGH STREET.

White or Coloured SHIRTS.
Wool or Cotton SHIRTS.
In Stock or to Measure SHIRTS.



ST. PAUL'S UNITED II.

(Winners of Championship of Division II. of the Cheltenham Association Football League.)

Top row (left to right): E. J. Millichamp (referee), C. Pearce, H. Stokes, F. Booy, B. Trueman, W. Evans, F. Eager, P. E. Close, G. Welstead, R. F. Minett, W. Lawrence.
Bottom row: W. Vale, C. Baldwin, J. Phillips, J. E. Wright, F. Close.



Rest of League Team which opposed St. Paul's United II.

Top row (left to right): C. Bloodworth, E. J. Millichamp (referee), sub., C. Poole (Gas Green), F. Challenger (St. George's), F. Finch (St. George's), F. Stanton (Gas Green), H. Jeal (Charlton Kings), A. S. Compton, W. J. Lawrence (ex-secretary of League).
Bottom row: S. F. Benson (Cheltenham Town), O. Waller (St. George's), A. J. Denchfield (St. George's, captain), L. Betteridge (Y.M.C.A.), A. James (Gas Green).



ASTON RANGERS (CHELTENHAM) A.F.C., 1905-6.

Top row (reading from left to right): C. Berry, H. Nash, W. H. Williams, B. Middleton, W. Tanner, W. Holdar.
Sitting: G. Robbins, F. Hall, L. P. Prosser (captain), H. Brace, W. Edwards.
Sitting on floor: T. Evans and T. A. Lloyd.

A COLLEGE BUILT IN MEMORY OF A WOMAN.

Holloway College is built for women, and in memory of one woman, the wife of the founder, Mr. Thomas Holloway. During her lifetime he followed her advice in many matters connected with it, and when she died handed over the building to the nation as a gift, and as a lasting memorial to his wife. Nor did his liberality end here. At his death, some two years before the completion of the college, Mr. Holloway left an endowment of £200,000. In addition to this, a magnificent collection of pictures by modern artists, valued at some £90,000, was also presented for the use and enjoyment of the students. With this splendid equipment the college opened its gates, and since that time progress has been, and still is, its watchword. Twenty-eight students entered Holloway in the first term, and year by year the number has steadily increased, until at the present session there are one hundred and fifty in residence.—"The Sunday at Home."



WILLOW FOR BAT-MAKING.

"To handle the willow" is a well-known cricket phrase that has special reference to the present time, the best bats being made from the timber of the Huntingdon willow. Bats are also manufactured from the Bedford willow (*S. fragilis russelliana*), but they are of inferior quality, and only used by the amateur and in second-class cricket. As long, therefore, as our national game of cricket survives, so long will a large and continuous supply of the timber that has been found best suited for the making of cricket bats be required. Unfortunately at the present time this supply is far short of the demand, and will in all probability remain so for the next ten years at least, repeated warnings regarding the scarcity and value of the timber, and advice as to planting the tree, have to a great extent remained unheeded. True some ten years ago several dampish tracts of land were planted with the Huntingdon willow by a keen and far-seeing landowner, but, generally speaking, the best quality of willow timber is scarce, though one of the readiest to cultivate, and at the present moment by far the most valuable of any home-grown wood.—"The Garden."

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

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FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library),

CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON

(Inst. 1872).—LOCAL EXAMINATIONS:—The last days of entry for forthcoming Examinations at the Cheltenham Centre are—May 23rd for M.K. (Theory), June, 1905. June 16th for 'Practical,' July, 1905. Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve in Theory of Music (tenable at Local Centres), and a number of National Prizes are annually awarded.—Local Secretary: J. A. MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham, from whom the current Syllabus may be obtained.

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 175th prize has been awarded to Mr. Frank H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church.

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



A GLOUCESTERSHIRE WAR MEMORIAL AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

A friend at Bloemfontein writes:—"As a reader of your paper, which is sent out to me by a friend, I enclose two photographs of the monument erected to the memory of Gloucestershire soldiers who fell in action and died of disease in Bloemfontein district. A good many of them being Cheltonians, these photographs appearing in the 'Graphic' will be of interest to your readers at home and abroad. I often wend my way to the cemetery and gaze on this monument to departed comrades. You would be surprised at the number of Colonials I meet of Gloucestershire descent, also from all parts of the Empire."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

On March 15th last the sixth Viscount Bolingbroke and St. John attained his tenth year, and this fact reminds me of the romance of his birth and "discovery." For years the Rev. M. F. W. St. John, a canon residentiary of Gloucester Cathedral, as a grandson of the third Lord Bolingbroke, was regarded as the heir of his cousin, the fifth Viscount, whom almost everyone supposed to be a bachelor. But on the death of the latter, in 1899, this dramatic announcement was made to the astonished relatives who attended his funeral by the solicitor to the estate: "The late Viscount married late in life, and leaves a widow and son, the Hon. Vernon Henry St. John, who succeeds to the title of Viscount Bolingbroke." It transpired afterwards that at the age of 73 years the deceased nobleman, whose seat was Lydiard Park, not far from the eastern borders of Gloucestershire, had on January 5th, 1893, married at the Bath registry office Mary Emily Elizabeth Howard, spinster, aged 32 years, of Lydiard. And the registrar and three witnesses of the marriage respected his lordship's wish for privacy. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke lived in Bath under different names, and after the birth of a child in 1895, which died soon after, they eventually resumed their respective stations at Lydiard Park, her ladyship passing as Miss Howard. Later she returned to Bath, and there little Lord Bolingbroke was born. The father registered the birth himself as follows:—"Name, Vernon Henry; sex, boy; father's name, Henry Mildmay St. John; mother's name, Mary Emily Elizabeth St. John, formerly Howard; father's

rank or profession, Viscount Bolingbroke, of Lydiard Park." Even after this, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke kept their relationship secret, and the boy passed his infancy in Bath. The family motto is "Neither to seek nor to despise honours," and it does not seem inappropriate. The nearest parallel in recent years to the case is that of the Marquis of Donegal, who, at the age of 81 years, married Miss Twinning, of Nova Scotia, a lady of 22 years, as his third wife, and she in due time presented him with a son and heir.

The "Echo," as usual, was the first to intelligently anticipate the desire of the Gloucester Corporation to confer the honorary freedom upon Viscount St. Aldwyn, the Lord High Steward of the city. This was three months ago, and the formal steps were judiciously suspended until the excitement of the general election had passed off. Honours are falling thick—and deservedly—upon the new peer. Bristol stepped in, before Gloucester had passed its resolution, and decided to offer his lordship the freedom of that city. The noble viscount is in the happy position of "He who would rule freemen should himself be free" (from the cares of office and party politics).

I have in former years alluded to the Dymock daffodils. I find that the picking of these yellow "Lent lilies" is now in full swing in the water meadows of this remote corner of the old red sandstone country, and that the rate of payment for twelve bunches, or handfuls, is a half-penny; and that a woman and her children can in this way earn from £8 to £9 between them in the season, lasting five weeks. At least a ton a day

of these wild flowers is despatched from Dymock (G.W.R.) station to various places, chiefly in the North.

Gloucester City Council which, swallowing the wonderful figures put before them, went in with a light heart for buying the old horse tramways and converting them into an electric light railway, have, as I have ventured to say all along, let the ratepayers into a serious liability. I objected to their buying at the excessive price of £26,000 the horse tramways, which had been a losing concern for years; and I decidedly favoured the light railway being constructed and worked by one of several private companies eager to do it. I wrote, on April 16, 1904:—"A striking instance of how ratepayers' money is squandered in municipal trading is just forthcoming at Gloucester. The fourteen trams, valued in to the Corporation at £85 each when it bought the horse tramways as a 'going concern,' were sold by auction at £85 15s. for the lot, thus showing a loss of £1,104." The ratepayers, although they have not generally understood it, have for the past two years been paying a twopenny rate for interest and repayment of this £26,000. Now the capital charges and repayments for the whole concern will, after deducting £3,242 excess in receipts over operating expenses, necessitate a fivepenny rate. And there is an extra twopenny on the education rate, but sets-off in increases in revenue and diminutions in expenditure will save the ratepayers from being mulcted in more than a net fivepence increase. But I fear they do not know the worst yet as to their liabilities for the light railway and education.

GLEANER.

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AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 276.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

TO-NIGHT AND DURING NEXT WEEK at 7.45

(Matinee Saturday, April 21, at 2.30),

THE NEW COMIC OPERA

"PEGGY MACHREE."

Times and prices as usual.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

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MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham, from
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The prevalence of cigarette smoking among
boys has induced a number of Dover lads to
form a "pipe league." They bind themselves to
only smoke pipes. Any member of the league
found cigarette smoking is to be fined.



MR. HENRY JOHN ELWES, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
OF COLESBORNE PARK.

Mr. Elwes, who is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. H. Elwes, and also a brother-in-law of Lord St. Aldwyn, served for five years in the Scots Guards, and has travelled much abroad. He has been vice-president of the Royal Horticultural Society, and is Victoria medallist of the same. He was scientific member of the Indian Embassy to Tibet in 1886. He takes a deep practical interest in agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture, and is a keen entomologist, being president of the Entomological Society of London.

THE SPORT INSTINCT.

Writing in the "Young Man," Mr. C. B. Fry says:—"The quintessence of sport is a large and ample spirit. We speak of 'playing the game,' a significant phrase which sport has contributed to the ethics of humanity. We call that man a bad sportsman who plays for himself and not for his side; we call that man a great sportsman who, when everything is black for his side, makes the great mental effort which converts disaster into victory. Wesley was a great sportsman when he stood up in the midst of a howling mob and braved their sticks and stones for the sake of Truth. I do not pretend that a man of games represents in himself all the virtues. But consider sport in the same patient manner as that in which you regard the social life of humanity. If evolution applies to manners, morals, and politics, so too does it apply to sport. The spirit which, like a little lump of leaven, leavens the whole loaf of social endeavour must also leaven in time the sporting instinct of human nature. Look back to the past of the world, and remark the enormous advance from gladiatorial contests to golf, from the Roman arena to the green fields where villagers play cricket. Some of you are old enough to remember the cock-fights, the bear-baiting, and the rough-and-tumble pugilism of a few decades ago. All that is past. Sport is moving on, with the rest of the world; drunkenness and rowdiness are no longer its accompaniments. More clearly than ever before the sportsman sees in the pursuit of sport, as in other pursuits, an object and an end. Do not condemn sport because miserable follies—such as betting—cling to it, as the parasite clings to the lion; but rather see in sport a fruition of that healthy human instinct which was predestined by nature for definite ends in evolution."

ON GOING TO LAW.

Recently a retired judge was asked what was the most prominent conviction that remained with him after his long judicial experience, and he is said to have replied, "That every means should be tried for the settlement of a dispute before it be taken to the Law Courts." All who have read the famous Furniture Hire-Purchase case will be inclined to agree with him. No matter what support the opinion "the law is a hass" gets from one's observation, it was impossible to read even the baldest account of the Misses Jewell seizure without seeing that in this case at least the scales of justice would weigh in favour of the plaintiffs. The ladies had a good case and were able to prove so to the satisfaction of everyone, including the man in the street. We were all glad when the "three simple girls" gained a victory, and we all felt as if we wanted to shake hands with Miss Ellen Jewell—she proved so conclusively to Mr. Dickens that, though he and his brethren may refuse to allow a woman to become an examining lawyer, they cannot take from her the triumph of shining in the much more difficult role of an examined witness. But though all our sympathies and congratulations go with the Miss Jewells, we must be careful not to let our sense of caution follow, for there is a converse side to the picture, as there is to most of the social panorama of this world. The victory may make any of us who have a little difference here, there, or elsewhere come to the conclusion that a law court is the best place to settle them. There is a curious fascination about going to law: one looks so earnestly for vindication of a feeling of personal wrong; for the seal of public approval on that sense of injustice and grievance which you labour under and which is laughed at by your enemy and only half-heartedly acknowledged by your friends. But should any sense of elation over the recent legal triumph of the weak over the strong guide any readers in the direction of seeking legal advice, let me beg of them that their first steps be towards some friend of the family whose words would be feeless. This, I must stop to say, does not imply that every solicitor urges on a forlorn hope because gain to himself may accrue; but a business is a business, and if a lady has a fairly good case and some money to spend on it a solicitor is merely acting up to the conventions of his profession if he prefers to help in the spending rather than perhaps let it go to another. It is much the same case as that of a doctor who gives advice and medicine to an imaginative patient because he knows if he doesn't a brother practitioner less scrupulous than he is sure to be found.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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The 176th prize has been divided between Miss E. Maude Jeffrey, of Leamington House, Pittville, and Mr. T. T. Beckerlegge, of 2 St. Margaret's-terrace, for reports of sermons by the Revs. Canon Gardner at All Saints' Church and the Rev. E. Aston at King-street Chapel, Cheltenham.

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

SCHOOL ANTHROPOMETRY.

The Bishop of Ripon, writing to the "Times" as Chairman of the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, makes an earnest appeal to public opinion in support of the demand of the League for a complete, systematic, and compulsory medical inspection of schools, an inspection which should include the ascertainment and record, at least once a year, of the height, weight, and chest-measurement of every child; observation of the condition of eyes, ears, nose, and throat; the detection of any disease, deformity, or defect of general health; and the employment of all possible means to remove the causes and to prevent the diffusion of offensive or infectious disease among children. We have the greatest possible respect for the philanthropy and the good intentions of the Bishop, who somewhat reminds us of the pious wish of Henry IV., that every Frenchman should have a fowl in his pot. We should welcome the desired inspection, notwithstanding its inevitable cost, if we saw any indication that the evils which it might disclose would be dealt with by measures primarily directed against negligent or criminal parents. The whole tendency of modern action has been to diminish the sense of parental responsibility; and it is high time to reconsider the position, and to make parents understand that, if society owes any duty to them, they also have a reciprocal duty to society, and one which society is prepared to enforce, if necessary, by strong measures. We have so far had scarcely any mean between absolute neglect and misdirected philanthropy; and it would, perhaps, be hard to say which of the two is calculated to be the more injurious to the parents concerned and to the community. The increased attention which is now being directed towards questions of public health, and towards the physical value of children as a national asset, must necessarily lead us to reconsider a good many accepted notions, the acceptance of which, in many cases, has been due more to intellectual indolence than to careful consideration. We have lately seen a good deal in the newspapers about the formation of a "middle-class party" as a new political organisation; and it is quite clear that its efforts would be directed, in the first place, towards resistance against many demands for so-called improvements which were to be effected mainly at the cost of one section of the community and mainly for the real or supposed advantage of another. Questions of education and of public health have been so far dealt with as if it were the business of the clerk and the small tradesman to provide these benefits for the so-called "working classes," and the aforesaid working classes have succeeded in convincing many politicians that they are the only persons to be considered in modern legislation. Indications are not wanting that the sorely overloaded camel is already looking askance at the straws which episcopal and other reformers are preparing as additions to his burden.—"The Hospital."

Mr. A. C. Morton, M.P., has inaugurated a campaign against the tipping of waiters in the House of Commons.

Fifteen thousand and eighty-one tons of gold ore were taken from the earth in Wales last year, chiefly in Merioneth.

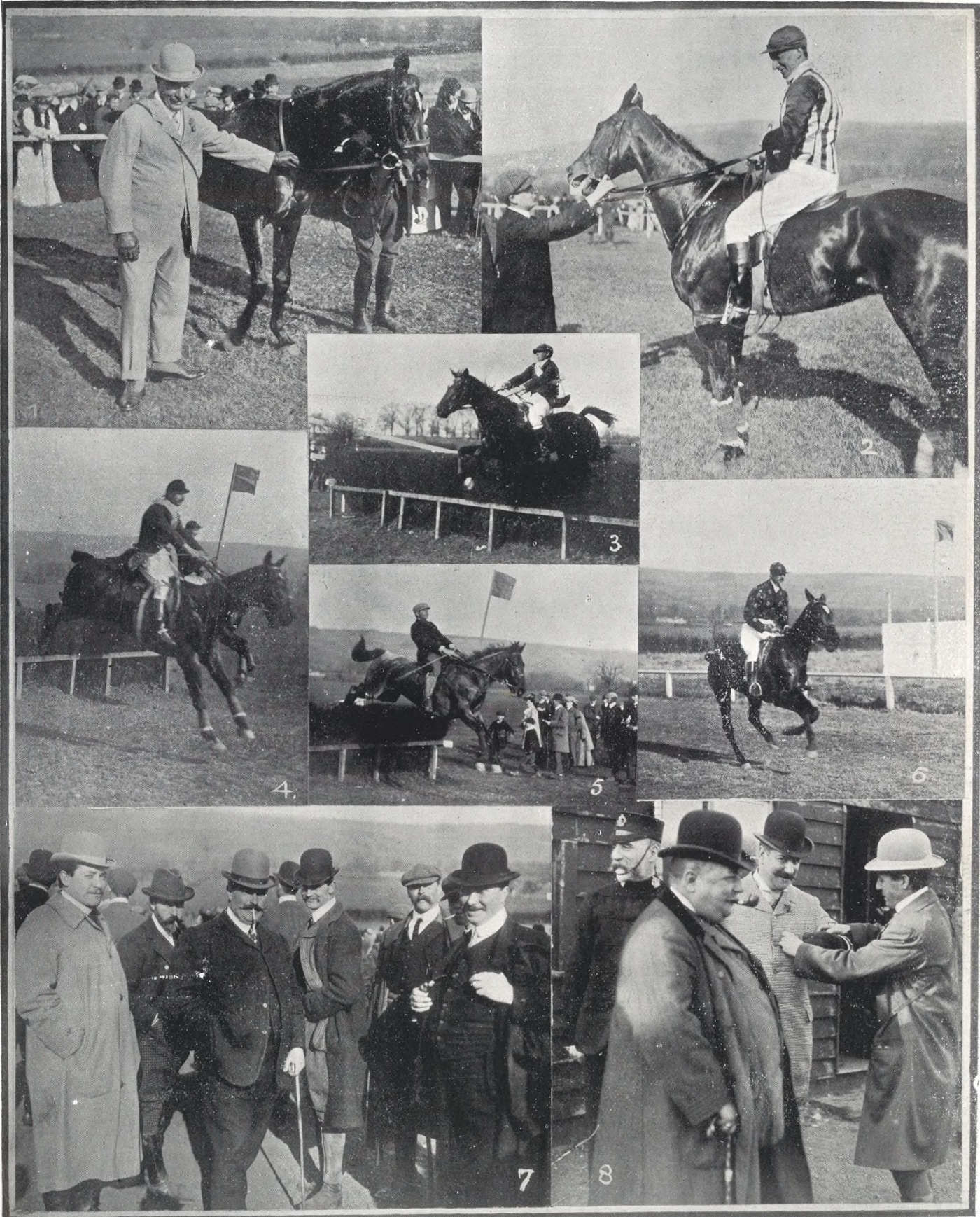
At East Hendred (Berks) a hare gave battle to a number of rooks which had attacked its young. One of the birds was so badly mauled that it had to be killed.

LIQUID ELECTRICITY FOR MOTOR-CARS.

Striking news comes from Italy, where Professor Adolphe Tame, the director of the Electrical Company "La Gada" at Oneglia, in Liguria, Italy, claims to have discovered after seven years of patient study a method of electrifying water or some similar fluid so that it can be used to drive any vehicle and to convey light or heat without any difficulty, the reservoir of liquid being itself the accumulator, and the force being conveyed by wires. The receptacle in which the fluid is held is the special invention of M. Tame, and his experiments prove that an automobile of twenty horse-power carrying twenty quarts of the magical water can make a run of ten hours at a cost of a penny per kilowatt hour; moreover, the electricity only loses 1.75 per cent. of its power in passing into the liquid. It is prophesied by those who have witnessed M. Tame's experiments that vessels will henceforth be driven by electrified water instead of steam, and indeed that such of us as need a little extra energy will be able to take it in any form of liquid nourishment we most affect. There seems indeed no limit to the advantages of the new discovery.—"The Autocar."

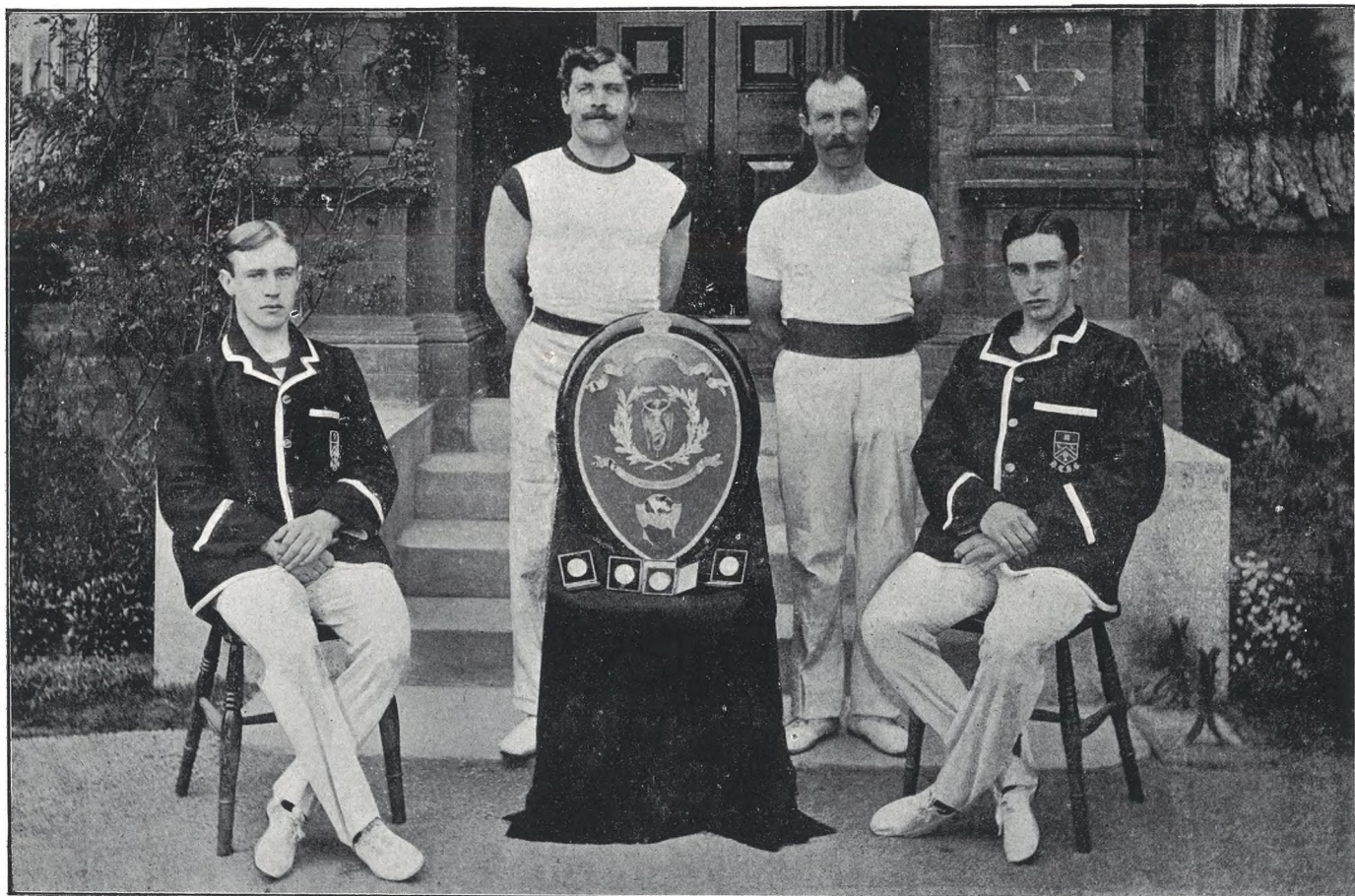
WHY RANJI IS CALLED PRINCE.

There are several points connected with Ranjitsinhji which are not generally known, and which are not discoverable even in Wisden's Almanack. His name even seems to be misunderstood. The 'ji' at the end is not part of the name (which is pronounced correctly Ranjeetsing), and is as an suffix equivalent in some sort to our 'Honourable.' So, in point of fact, there is no familiarity in a stranger addressing him as Ranjitsinhji, which is equivalent to 'Mr. Jackson,' and not to 'Jackson.' 'Mr. Ranjitsinhji' is equivalent to 'Mr. Jackson, Esq.' Even more incorrect is it to write 'K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq.' The letters K. S. are not initials of names, but of the title Kumar Shri, which means, practically, son of a ruling prince. Prince K. S. Ranjitsinhji is simply Prince Ranjitsinhji, and is therefore absurd. In India he would be addressed or referred to as the Kumar Sahib. When Ranjitsinhji is called Prince the title is used as it is generically in India to signify a native ruler, whether a rajah or a maharajah, or whatever the particular title. The title Kumar Shri is a kind of courtesy title given to the sons of Indian princes, and, being untranslatable into English, is not incorrectly rendered by prince in the case of one who, as Ranjitsinhji was when he came to England, is the recognised heir-apparent to an independent native State. Ranjitsinhji was then the heir-apparent of the Jam (i.e. the ruling prince) of the State of Jamnagar, which is situated in the peninsula of Kathiawar, about two hundred miles north of Bombay. The Jam had no son then, and he adopted Ranjitsinhji, who was his nephew. Such adoption in a Rajput family, like the Roman adoption, puts the adopted son in precisely the same position as a son of the body. So in law Ranjitsinhji became the son and heir of the Jam. But a clause in the articles of adoption provided that Ranjitsinhji should not succeed to the Gadi—i.e. principedom—if subsequently a son was born to the Jam by any of his Ranees. After Ranjitsinhji had been in England some years, a son was born to the Jam by one of his wives. But as this lady was a Mohammedan she could not under Rajput law be a full Ranee. We should call her a morganatic wife. Ranjitsinhji therefore regarded the birth of her son as in no way altering his position. However, on the death of the Jam, this boy, while Ranjitsinhji was still away in England, was 'crowned.' Ranjitsinhji at once claimed that he, and not the boy, was the ruling prince of the State, and requested the Indian Government for an inquiry. For some complicated reason, the rights of which are still in dispute, the inquiry was never granted. Ranjitsinhji's supporters claim that he is the rightful Jam of Jamnagar, and, by right, ruling prince. Apparently, he is still the heir-apparent, as Jasvatsinhji, the present occupant of the principedom, has no son. But the case is now enveloped in the most intricate considerations, which it would take too much space to set out, romantic and interesting as they are. In any case, the above particulars may make it clear why Ranjitsinhji is called Prince.—"Fry's Magazine."



COTSWOLD HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES,
PRESTBURY PARK, APRIL 9, 1906.

1. Wild Rose II., winner of United Hunt Steeplechase, and his owner (Mr. H. O. Lord, M.F.H.)
2. Mr. T. J. Longworth on Chilumchee, favourite in United Hunt Steeplechase, which fell.
3. Psyche winning Cotswold Farmers' Light-weight Steeplechase.
4. A splendid finish in the Light-weight Steeplechase. Mr. L. Fane Gladwin on Leigh just beats Mr. T. J. Longworth on Lady Aveline.
5. Victoria wins the Farmers' Heavy Weight Steeplechase.
6. Mr. H. O. Lord's Wild Rose II. canters past the post an easy winner.
7. Town and country friends in the paddock.
8. Four well-known faces in the paddock (Supt. Hopkins, Capt. Hunt, Messrs. Pat Burke and Ransom).



PUBLIC SCHOOLS GYMNASTIC COMPETITION AT ALDERSHOT,

WON BY DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL, CHELTENHAM REPRESENTED BY THE BROTHERS W. G. AND F. J. LIDDERDALE, SONS OF DR. LIDDERDALE, OF PRESTBURY, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

W. G. Lidderdale. C. Leacey (Instructor). F. Fisher (Assistant Instructor). F. J. Lidderdale.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The recent dispersal by auction of 62 choice pictures, forming the collection of the late Mr. E. M. Denny, attracted art connoisseurs, and they realised the highly satisfactory figures of £28,906 10s. Two or three of the pictures had local connections or associations. For instance the picture of the sale was Gainsborough's portrait of Harriet, daughter of Peter Bathurst, of Clarendon-park, who married, February 10th, 1755, Thomas Charles, sixth Viscount Tracy. This portrait, which is of a stately, elderly lady, is a three-quarter length, was acquired by private treaty from the present Lord Sudeley with the companion portrait (now in Lord Burton's fine collection) of Viscount Tracy, by Mr. S. Gooden, of Pall Mall. The appearance of these two Gainsborough portraits in Lord Sudeley's collection is explained by the fact that the only surviving child and heiress of the eighth and last Viscount Tracy (who, as well as the seventh viscount, was the half-brother of the sixth viscount) married her cousin, Charles Hanbury, who in 1838 was created first Baron Sudeley of Toddington, Gloucestershire (the residence of the Tracys). This portrait of Viscountess Tracy was sold by Mr. Gooden in 1895 for £1,500 to Mr. Denny. At the latter's sale bidding was started at 1,000 guineas, and at 6,000 guineas the picture fell to Mr. Vokins. Another example of fluctuations for the better in the price of a picture within a few years was forthcoming when a portrait of the famous Nelly O'Brien, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was sold for 2,500 guineas. This portrait was in the collection of the Rev. B. Gibbons (father, I believe, of Mr. Gibbons, of Boddington Manor), at the dispersal of which, in 1894, it realised 670 guineas; since then it has changed hands once or twice, and was pur-

chased by Mr. Denny in 1898 for £2,400. I observe, however, that among several pictures that had to submit to falls in value was "The Duke of Gloucester and the Murderers," which only fetched 82 guineas, whereas in 1889 it had sold for 160gs., and in 1875 had fetched as high as 400gs.

* * *

No Parliamentary bye-election in recent times attracted so much widespread interest from the personal point-of-view as the one in the Eye Division of Suffolk. Politics had to take a second place there. And several ladies closely connected with Gloucestershire were the principal characters in this election comedy. It was Lady Mary Hamilton who impressed her fiancé, the Marquis of Graham, into championing the Unionist cause; and she and her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton and Gordon, who threw themselves heart and soul into the fight, have hunted regularly for several seasons past with the Ledbury Hounds ever since Mr. Carnaby Forster, who married the Dowager, became the master. And the Countess of Stradbroke, who actively co-operated with them, is a sister-in-law of Mr. C. McNeill, the Master of the North Cotswold Hounds. The heroine on the other side was the wife of Mr. Harold Pearson, the Liberal candidate, and she is a daughter of Lord Edward Spencer Churchill and a sister of the wife of the Hon. Ben. Bathurst.

* * *

The result of the Eye election was an eye-opener to the party in possession, for Mr. Pearson only just managed to get in by a majority of 197 votes, as against the former Liberal member's majority of 1,717. The election will also be memorable for the lively chaff that Lord Graham and Lady Mary Hamilton had to

endure. A funny incident on the polling day was that one of his lordship's ardent supporters turned out with his horse and carriage, the animal having on its forelegs a garment not intended for public gaze, except on clothes lines. Such sights, however, were not uncommon in the good old days of going to the Derby by road.


* * *

I see, with pleasure, that they believe in muscular Christianity for the damsels of prim and picturesque Painswick. I cull this from the Church magazine for the five allied parishes:—"The Mission Room, used by the Girls' Club, is now on Monday evenings assuming quite the appearance of a gymnasium. Girls, in costumes made mostly by themselves, are to be found anywhere and everywhere between the floor and ceiling—swinging on the trapeze, wheeling round the horizontal bar, swarming up ropes, performing suicidal feats on the hanging ladders, climbing like veritable monkeys up and down and through the slanting ladder, and doing other equally fascinating and muscle-developing exercise." And it is further stated that castanet and tambourine drills have been started, while the painting and singing classes have improved, and a prize will be given to the member who cuts out and makes the best under garment. Painswick ought to produce healthy housewives. I hope that cookery, with the line drawn at "bow-wow" pie, is not being neglected.

GLEANER.

The last word in cheap catering has been said by an East End licensed victualler, who has issued the following notice:—"Why go without a nice hot dinner every day when you can get a jolly good feed of hot joint, two vegs., bread, and a glass of ale or beer every day, from 12 till 2, at the —, for 4d.?"




Cheltenham Grammar ❖
School Athletic Sports, ❖
Saturday, April 7th. ❖ ❖

1. MEDD, PRINCIPAL PRIZE WINNER.
2. FRIENDS WATCHING THE RACING.
3. THE TUG OF WAR.

WEIGHT OF HEADGEAR IN EUROPEAN ARMIES.

According to a German military journal the British soldier carries a helmet which weighs nearly 1½ lbs.; the helmet of the Prussian infantryman weighs only a trifle over 14 ounces, whilst the Italian is still better off with a kepi, which turns the scale at 300 grams, i.e. between 11 and 12 ounces. The British forage-cap weighs 230 grams (a little over half a pound), the French kepi 185 grams, the Russian 154, and the Japanese 110 grams. The new pattern of undress headgear lately decided upon by the Austrian military authorities is to weigh 138 grams.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

The ancient custom of carrying the Virgin's crown, or funeral garland, was observed at a recent funeral at the parish church at Abbott's Ann, near Andover. The crown, from which fine paper gloves were hanging, was made of thin wood, covered with paper and decorated with black and white rosettes, and was carried from the house to the church before the coffin by two young girls dressed in white. During the service the crown was placed on the coffin, and at the close it was borne to the grave. The crown was afterwards hung on an iron rod branching from a small shield on the wall of the nave of the church, where there were already some forty crowns suspended.

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THE TOILING POOR.

The necessity for the appeal to public sympathy, which has recently been made by means of the Home Industries' Exhibition in Berlin, is amply proved by the official report for Saxony dealing with the condition of the home-workers. This report, which is published in the "Dresdner Anzeiger," states that lace-makers earn 10 pfennigs (about 1½d.) an hour, and that this is a comparatively high rate of pay. It is no uncommon thing for workers to receive a remuneration of 2 and 3 pfennigs (less than ½d.) per hour, even with the help of their children in the work. The work-room is also in almost all cases kitchen and bedroom at the same time. The condition of the makers of artificial flowers is also a sad one. In Pirna their average earnings per hour are 4½ pfennigs (about ½d.). The greatest distress, however, is found amongst the toy-makers. In most cases they earn less than 5 pfennigs an hour, and work 90 hours a week. Children also work from 60 to 66 hours weekly. The German press and public have lately taken great interest in this terrible social problem, and some kind of remedial legislation has been frequently suggested. Seeing that no Government in the world has done so much for the poor as that of Germany, the prospects of help in this direction are fairly good, and all the more so since the Empress has already manifested her deep interest in the question, and her sympathy for the condition of these home-workers.

Iron ore has been found in the new territories of Hong Kong.

*
THE STUPIDITY OF TREES.

A gentleman-farmer in the South of France—a delightful crank—has made the somewhat startling discovery that here below nothing is so stupid as a tree. Compared to the tree, oysters and mussels are intelligent, and even cultured, for, in the course of centuries, they have picked up some knowledge and experience, whilst the tree is no wiser to-day than he was when the first woman plucked the first apple. Since time immemorial, says our friend, the first days in March are marked by sunshine and heat, and the stupid tree, believing spring is here, begins to blossom. Three weeks later the snow begins to fall, the thermometer marks so many degrees below freezing point, whereupon the crop becomes hopelessly compromised. Every year the same trick is played upon the tree, and every year he allows himself to be caught. The old ones are as silly as the young ones. And the gentleman-farmer intends to ask the State to offer a prize to any one who discovers the means of preventing fruit trees from being bambuzzled in this absurd fashion.—Frances Keyzer in "The Bystander."

During the first three months of the year the German Navy League has enrolled 86,000 new members. The total number of members now is 951,822.

**
Aluminium paper, which is practically a new article of production, is said to preserve the sweetness of butter that is wrapped in it for a very long time.



ST. GEORGE'S (CHELTENHAM) A.F.C.

Top row (left to right): F. Willis, F. Challenger, E. Meredith, F. Wilson, O. Waller, F. Hillenbrand, A. J. Deuchfield, S. J. Norris (V.-P.)
 Bottom row: Sid Fisher, G. Haynes, F. Finch (captain), G. Bowen, and E. Wheatley.

TEA AS A DISEASE PRODUCER.

Attacks on licensed victuallers are common and often unfair. At Preston they have been pursued with such bitterness, and with such marked disregard of the elementary principles of justice, that a well-known medical man has been moved to try and turn the tables on the total abstainers, or at least the considerable portion of them who are inveterate consumers of tea. He asserts his belief, which is founded upon a long professional experience, that the moderate and reasonable use of beer as a beverage is less harmful than the same use of tea, and that immoderate tea-drinking causes more pain, suffering, ill-health, and nervous breakdown than the excessive consumption of beer. Admitting that if a person imbibes too much beer the effects are gross and palpable, he contends that the results of consuming too much tea are quite as bad, or even worse, but that as they are insidious and not generally apparent, they are put down to some other cause; and he declares that amongst the evil effects produced by tea are anæmia, chronic gastritis, dyspepsia, and emaciation, while it also lays the foundation of gastric ulcer, causes irritability of the nerves, and a whole host of nervous disorders. All this is more or less true if it be not new. But the enumeration of the evils of excessive tea-drinking is followed by the novel suggestion that any one desirous of amassing a fortune should make up pills of innocent materials and in the directions for their use stipulate that the patient should, while taking the remedy, refrain from the use of tea. The author of the suggestion thinks that such pills would have an enormous sale, do a vast amount of good, and relieve a great amount of suffering. They might, if the purchasers observed the directions. We do not believe that they would, and even our conviction that the abuse of tea, like the abuse of alcohol, is responsible for much physical disability and premature degeneration, does not impel us to advocate the introduction of another mysterious pill.—"The Hospital."

THE SORROWS OF THE RICH.

It is a touching book, the "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," by George Jacob Holyoake. If I were to say why I feel it so, it is because it is a picture of that always fascinating subject, the striving and difficult youth of poverty struggling to the light of knowledge. Once I remember discussing with Mr. John Morley the sorrows of the rich and the fashionable. I had just left two beings—a husband and wife—who had inherited vast fortunes, and who cowered in the corner of a dimly-lit and sepulchral palace in a fashionable quarter, trembling at shadows, whispering in affrighted and stammering accents, shy to disease—rats in a hole. For they had inherited with wealth that other and frequent heritage which destroys all things—the heritage of hereditary mental disease and hereditary gloom. One of them is since dead; the other is worse than dead; she lives in the twilight of insanity. But Mr. Morley could find no great space, even in his kindly heart, for the sorrows of the rich and fashionable. Their rotten joys and their rotten sorrows, he said, were far less to him than the honest solicitude of the costermonger who wondered whether he would sell his apples from his cart and bring home food and comfort to his wife and children in their back room in the slum. I have the feeling, in reading this book, as if there were no interest in any life that did not begin in poverty and darkness; and that whatever there was wanting in joy in such lives, is more than compensated by the opulence of enjoyment when it came.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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Brought up by hand, a lamb belonging to a farmer near Barnstaple follows its master like a dog, even when he is riding on a bicycle.
 The annual return of the British Army shows that the force has a shortage of 155,000. The enlistment included those of 626 professional men, eleven actors being among the number.

FIRST PROTESTANT LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"Friend to King George, but to King Jesus, more." So runs the description in the "Rolliad" of the Shropshire baronet whose place, Hawkstone Park, was a cradle of the eighteenth century evangelical revival. Sir Richard Hill was the head of one among the oldest families in the border counties. Not less deeply imbued than his young brother with the religious beliefs of Wilberforce, this Salopian M.P. saw in the Coalition's India Bill an impious and hypocritical, as well as disloyal, attack on the Crown, uncompensated by any advantage to the native population. A sixteenth or seventeenth century Sir Rowland Hill had been the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London. Antagonism to Romanising practices and devotion to the Scriptures as the rule of life and faith had ever since been the religious inheritance of the Hawkstone family. As for Charles Fox's conduct in affecting to protect the East India Company, while sacrificing it to his ambition, Hill told his guests at Hawkstone first and his hearers in the House afterwards that he could only compare it with the treachery of Joab to Amasa, who at the moment that he pretended to embrace him stabbed him to the heart.—"The Sunday at Home."

* *

Excessive use of drugs is the cause of death of 20 per cent. of the population of Austria, according to official statistics while 44 per cent. of the medical profession in that country die of heart-disease.

Important antiquarian discoveries have been made in connection with the excavations at the Black Gate, one of Newcastle's ancient landmarks. These include the Heron pit, one of the most dreaded forms of torture in past centuries. It was associated with a notorious sheriff of Northumberland in the thirteenth century, after whom it was named.

THE ORIGATION OF LIFE.

In commenting upon an address given last week by Dr. Charlton Bastian, in which the lecturer strongly supported the hypothesis that living organisms may originate "de novo," "The Hospital" says:—It is certain, we think, that Dr. Bastian has compelled the reopening of a question which had been regarded by many as a closed one, and that all the resources of modern science must be brought to bear in the directions which he has indicated. "The thing which has been," said Solomon, "is that which shall be," and it seems not inconsistent with the order of Nature to suppose that her sources of vitality are inexhaustible, and that the reappearance of life upon the earth, if it were all extinguished, would be an occurrence in harmony with the laws under which it is now perpetuated and sustained. We entertain the highest respect for philosophic caution, but it is necessary to remember that caution may be unduly enhanced by prejudice, and that the brains even of philosophers may place physical obstacles in the way of new methods of thought.

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WOMEN AS PATRIOTS.

Women are patriotic; in war time the best of them have always been willing to give all they love, and would give themselves if they could, for that ideal they call the country. They have emptied their purses, have cut off their hair to sell it, even to make ropes of it when necessary, have burnished the weapons of their husbands and sons and brothers, and have sent them forth for whatever destiny the events of the future might award them. Now, in peace, crises as serious arise, only they do not approach with similar clangour and fanfare, and people do not observe them or understand their meaning until something permanent and evil has happened, and then it is too late. If clear-eyed women could see what certain signs have portended any time these twenty years—that country places are growing desolate, and that towns in their turn are being emptied across the sea—I feel sure they would make great efforts to revive interests in country places, and so to keep a happy generation in a happy homeland.—"The Sunday at Home."

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THE ASSOCIATION BETWEEN CANALS AND AGRICULTURE.

The construction of canals has been a different matter to that of railways. Water needs a level line. It can only be made to run over hills by means of locks, which are costly to construct, wasteful of water used, and which involve permanent charges in the matter of wages for lock-keepers, repairs to plant, etc. As a consequence almost all our canals follow the lines of the valleys and of level ground as far as possible. They often skirt the bases of hillsides. It is just these places where agriculture and market gardening also settle. The fertile soil is washed down the hillsides into the valleys, and often provides rich loam at the base of a hill. Flat places are mostly the home of ancient lakes or swamps, and therefore full of rich earth. Everybody knows what the land is like for twenty or thirty level miles around Peterborough. Few experienced agriculturists willingly choose hillside farming. By common consent farming gravitates into the same districts which canal builders perforce seek for their operations. Hence the fact that canal lines if restored and developed would be primarily beneficial to the cause of rural revival. The old canals run through much farming land of importance, and new ones must do the same.—"Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review."

* *

A man of eighty has been struck off the out-relief list at Clutton, Somerset, because he has resumed his employment, and no longer needs parochial help.

There were chauffeurs long before automobiles. History tells us that about the year 1795 men, strangely accoutred, their faces covered with soot and their eyes carefully disguised, entered by night farms and lonely habitations and committed all sorts of depredations. They garrotted their victims, dragged them before a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet, and demanded information as to the whereabouts of their money and jewels. Hence they were called "chauffeurs," a name which frightened so much our good grandmothers.—"Le Figaro"

UNDERFED SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The Education (Provision of Meals) Bill has passed its second reading and been referred to a Select Committee. Some such measure results as a natural sequence of the premiss whose acceptance gave free education to the children of the country. Whatever be the political views of the profession upon a measure frankly Socialistic like this, it is, as Sir William Collins observed in the course of the debate, impossible to traverse the proposition that "to ask teachers to instil knowledge into the ill-nourished and anæmic brains of underfed children was to ask them to perform, at best, a stupid miracle." Fortunately perhaps for the profession, the political aspect of the problem is outside the purview of medicine. We have to deal with facts as they are, and to regulate our public and practical as opposed to our private and academic attitude accordingly. Considered in this light, the proposition laid down by Sir William Collins must be held by all of us to be incontrovertible. More than this, the same speaker laid stress upon the fact that among other unfavourable conditions which precluded children from deriving full benefit from their education was an insufficiency of clothing. It would be no difficult matter to collect a large body of evidence to show that this is almost a more important matter than the other. Those who have any knowledge of young children know well that warmth is essential to their welfare, and that a very fruitful source of nutritional disorders among the children of the poor is a lack of sufficiently warm clothing, especially for the abdomen and lower extremities. Such a lack, by impairing the digestion, as it undoubtedly will, reduces the value of such foodstuffs as are digested, and thus completes a vicious circle whose expression is chronic intestinal dyspepsia, if not maladies more grave. If it were not that logic is no necessary part of government, we should not wait long for an Education (Provision of Clothing) Bill; indeed, we may soon get it in spite of that circumstance, and it will be hard to deny it some sound justification.—"The Hospital."

* *

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

But the weirdest of all ocean mysteries, the one concerning which old sailors are never tired of theorising, is that involving the fate of the passengers and crew of the Marie Celeste, says "T.A.T." This fine clipper-built ship was spoken in mid-Atlantic on December 4th, 1875, by the captain of the Highlander, and reported all well. The two vessels saluted and parted. Two days later she was again hailed by a different craft, but this time there was no response whatever. As she appeared to be all spick and span, with sails set and everything in order, the captain of the hailing vessel was, not unnaturally, considerably puzzled. Altering his course, he ran his ship close under the lee of the Marie Celeste, and sent a boarding party to investigate. The result was as astonishing as it was inexplicable. No living being was anywhere to be found, either above or between decks; yet the vessel was perfectly seaworthy, the cargo was well stowed and in good condition, and even the brasswork appeared to have been just recently polished. Moreover, in the saloon was a cold luncheon set ready for the passengers, and the steward's pantry showed that preparations for an evening meal were well advanced. Evidently, too, the derelict had not encountered heavy weather, for a phial of medicine stood upright on the table of the captain's cabin. The personal effects of officers, crew, and passengers were undisturbed. Finally, to their unbounded astonishment, the investigators noted that not a single boat was missing. More than thirty years have elapsed since then, but of the one hundred and odd persons that were indubitably on board the Marie Celeste on the 4th of December, and who were as certainly not on her on the 6th, no trace has ever been found. Apparently they vanished into thin air, like so many ghosts. Yet, of course, this is ridiculous. Somehow they left, or were decoyed away. But under what circumstances or by what means, no one knows, no one can guess even, and their ultimate fate is wrapped in an equally impenetrable mystery.

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Workmen at West Lavington (Wiltshire) who were looking over some thatch taken from the roof of a cottage, found a rusty canister containing twenty-five sovereigns, bearing the date 1715, which were valued by the bank at 23s. each.



MISS CLAUDIA LASELL

As an Irish colleen in "Peggy Machree" at Cheltenham Opera House to-night.

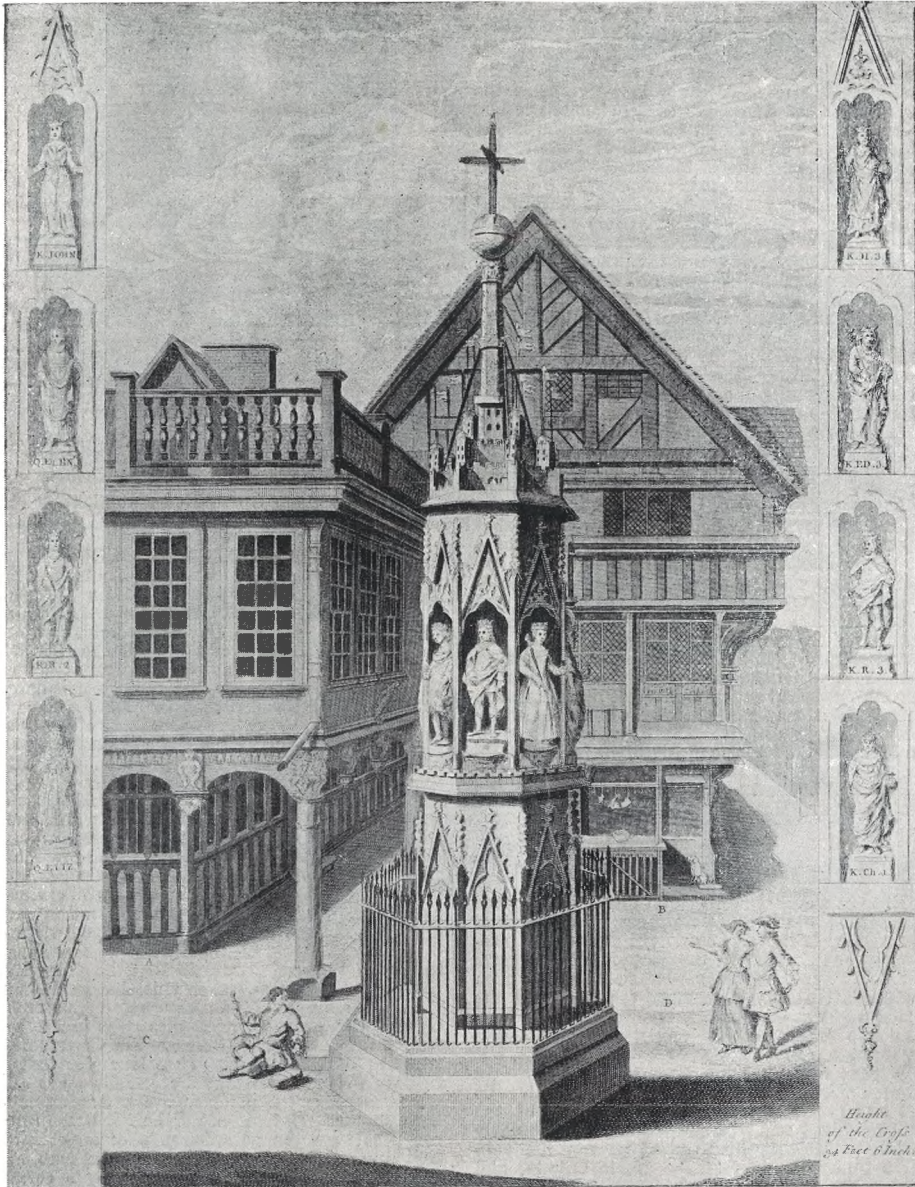
A NATION OF MARKSMEN.

Under the heading, "A Nation of Marksmen," Mr. C. B. Fry, in "Fry's Magazine," draws attention to the excellent system of rifle training which obtains in Switzerland, and holds it up as an example to Englishmen. "Rifle shooting as a national sport," he says, "sounds a very big word to most people, because the terms immediately conjure up rather confused mental pictures of Bisleys on view every five miles or so along every main railroad. But if the thing is analysed into concrete reality it means, in general, very little more than a strip of land 300yds. by 50yds., a safe stop-butt, usually a hill there already, four or five rifles, and a couple of targets, within easy reach of every village; or a dozen such simple combinations within easy reach of provincial towns. The Swiss are a nation of marksmen, and every village has its rifle club; but if you examine a particular rifle club, its constitution and apparatus, in any particular village, you will not discover anything which could not be reproduced in some quite useful form in half the villages in the United Kingdom. It is true that in Switzerland rifles are easy to come by, because the Government practically supplies them gratis, and ammunition is cheap because the Government supplies it at cost price. It is true also that in Switzerland safe rifle ranges are easily made anywhere, because the mountains afford unmissable backgrounds. But, after all, half a dozen rifles cost less than the paraphernalia of an ordinary well-appointed good-class village cricket club, and the British Government might supply a certain amount of ammunition at cost price; and there are a great many spots near a great many English villages where it is difficult to hit anything but a hillside. In fact, the real truth is that, if we as a nation really want rifle clubs, we can have them almost everywhere in some practical shape as easily and as safely as we have railway stations; that is, provided that the law of the land and the influence of authority are for and not against the establishment and maintenance of rifle clubs. Rifles are not dangerous mysteries, except in the hands of incompetent idiots; every Swiss boy of fourteen can handle a rifle safely, and fire it safely with a stop-butt the size of a barn-door. With very moderate precautions open ranges of about 300yds. could be used all over England; for, in point of fact, such ranges are rather simple matters.

"The absolutely ideal marksmanship of a national kind is really possible only in wild countries where game abounds, and the use of the rifle is a part of everyday life—the Transvaal of twenty years ago, for instance. Target practice is really academic shooting; it is educative, and probably produces the best shots; but the actual application of the art of shooting thus acquired to hitting natural objects, especially moving objects, is really very different. But if we cannot in our civilised country have the absolute ideal, we can have a very valuable approximation to the Swiss system."

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A tombstone has just been erected in the West Hampstead Cemetery over the grave of Mrs. Louisa Day, the inscription on which, including a verse of poetry, is in shorthand.



The tall stone of GLOUCESTER CROSS, situated in the center of the city where the four principal streets meet each other. It is not known when it was built; but it has been thought as ancient at least, as the time of RICHARD III, who was himself Duke of Gloucester and a great benefactor to the city. And as his statue was one of the eight, it is scarcely probable that should have been placed there after his death, under any reign of the TUDOR family. For as to the statues of ELIZABETH and CHARLES I, they were erected for particular reasons in later times; and very probably in the room of others, which were either decayed, or removed to make way for them. This draught of it was made in the year 1750, in order to preserve its memory. For an act of parliament having passed the preceding year, for taking down several buildings, and enlarging the streets and market places within the city of GLOUCESTER; to answer the intention of this act the corporation found it necessary that the cross should be taken down, which has now been done accordingly.

See Rob. Adcock's Hist. of Gloucestershire, pag. 100.
 See Nichols's Gloucester, vol. 1, p. 100.

A. The Tower or Town Hall. B. A. half and they now taken down.
 C. South-gate Street. D. North-gate Street. E. West-gate Street.

THE VANISHED CROSS AT GLOUCESTER.
 GONE BEYOND TRACE.

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MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
 LAUREL HOUSE
 (Near Free Library).
CHELTENHAM.
 HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

The Cunard liner Campania arrived at Liverpool on Saturday morning. On Monday evening, when the vessel was 2,350 miles from the English coast, communication was established with Poldhu, in Cornwall. On Tuesday night, when 1,850 miles from Poldhu, news messages were received from Europe and from America.

* *

Mr. W. St. John Hope, an antiquarian, states that he believes that King John's treasure, which is believed to have included the Crown jewels, lost nearly 700 years ago, lies near Sutton Bridge, Lincolnshire. To help him in forming a correct idea, Mr. Hope has worked out the tides right back to the day on which the occurrence took place, and also traced every step of King John. He suggests that shafts might be sunk to find the treasure.

BIG BEN.

The recent stoppage of Big Ben of Westminster—owing to a beam of timber having been carelessly left in its works!—has suggested to me bells as a subject for this week's "Anecdote." By the way, Big Ben's canonical name is "St. Stephen"; but a random nickname given it in the "Times"—suggested by the name of the Chief Commissioner of Works at the date of the bell's casting, Sir Benjamin Hall—caught on, and it will now be known till the end of time, or to the end, at least, of its record of time, as "Big Ben." Perhaps the following statistics of the weights, works, etc., of the largest and most accurate of our clocks may interest my readers. The mere pendulum of the clock weighs 680lbs. and is 15ft. in length; yet its action is so delicate that the additional weight of a single ounce would alter by a second a week the time of the clock. Each of its four dials is 22½ft. in diameter and weighs 4 tons; while the hour figures are 2ft. high and 6ft. apart, and the intervals between the minute marks are 14in. The minute hand, which is 16ft. long, makes a sudden leap of 7in. every half-minute; while it and the hour hand, which is 9ft. long, weigh together more than 2cwt. The weights, which are wound up once a week, hang down a shaft 160ft. in depth.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

* * *

THE MARRIAGE OF DEFECTIVES.

It would not be uncomplimentary to describe the United States as a community in which social experiments are being tried on a large scale. Free from the conservative and restraining influence of a large body of inherited tradition both the individual citizen and the governing authorities are constantly ready to welcome novel proposals and to embark hopefully on policies which elsewhere would need years of hesitating discussion. Perhaps more particularly does this tendency exhibit itself in connection with legislative suggestions, which promise the removal of much individual suffering, or which anticipate a considerable measure of social amelioration. An example of this spirit may be seen in a Bill recently presented to the New York State Legislature for the regulation, or rather for the prohibition, of the marriage of "insane, epileptic, imbecile, and feeble-minded persons." Not only is it proposed that it shall be illegal for any person in one or other of these categories to marry, but also that any such marriage shall be null and void. Whether public opinion will support so marked an invasion of individual liberties remains to be seen, but it can hardly be doubted that the mere introduction of such a suggestion to a responsible legislative body is an indication of an increasing recognition of the right of the State to regulate the conduct of its citizens even in their private relationships. The fact is that with the growing complexities of civilisation it is more and more plainly realised that the acts of the individual touch and modify the responsibilities of the community, and even the most ardent anti-Socialist will hardly question the right of the State to restrain actions which by multiplying the unfit cause an addition to the charges made upon the municipal or imperial exchequer. Whatever other rights may be questioned, the right of the community to protect itself from unfair burdens must surely be recognised.—"The Hospital."

SHIRTS For Easter Holidays.
SHIRTS For Business Wear.
SHIRTS For all occasions.

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

No. 277.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906.

A FIREMAN'S WEDDING. ❁ ❁



WEDDING OF FIREMAN J. PIKE AND MISS ROSE TRINDER AT CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH ON APRIL 14, 1906.



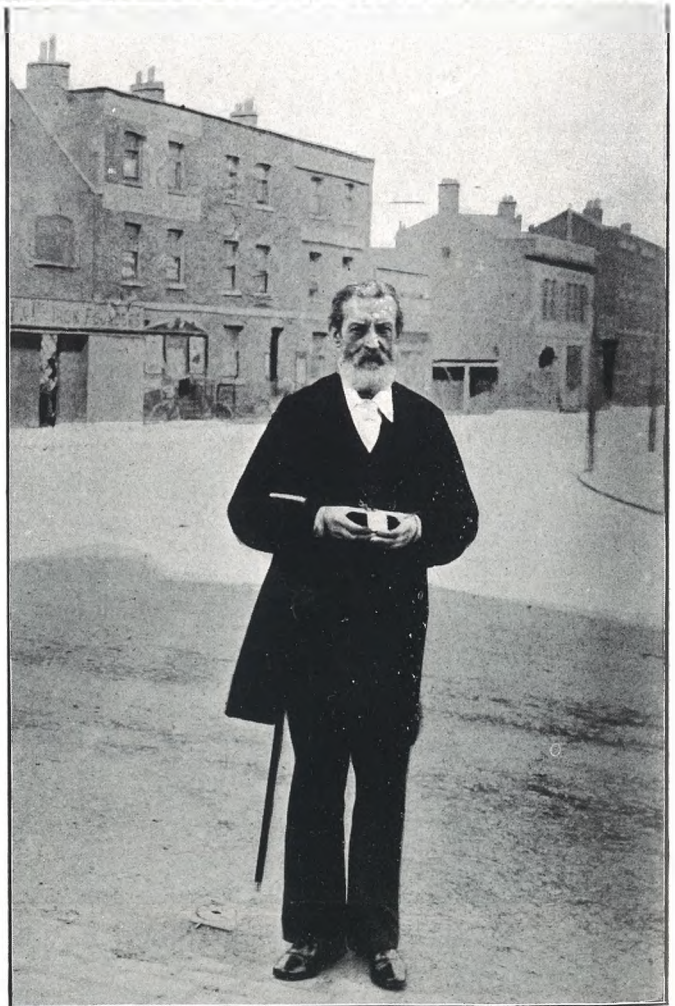


MISS DORA GRAY AND MR. WILLIAM E. ASHCROFT, WHO WILL APPEAR AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK IN "LUCKY MISS DEAN."

Good Friday on Leckhampton Hill.



NEW FENCE TO MIDDLE JENNY BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.



MR. ALFRED WHEATLEY,
A VETERAN GLOUCESTER COMPOSITOR JUST RETIRED
FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.



A DESERTED COTSWOLD CHURCH.

This is a picture of St. Andrew's Church, Cold Aston, near Cheltenham, or, as it is marked on the map, Aston Blank. The church may well be described as deserted, for the attendance on any given Sunday is not more than five, whilst the bells (of which there are five) have only been rung once in ten years, and that was on the death of Queen Victoria. The latter state of affairs is due, it is stated, to the test imposed on the ringers that they should be Communicants and also be regular in their attendance at church.



MR. A. E. NEVE,

who has been connected with Colesborne Horticultural and Poultry Society for fourteen years, and has been chief hon. secretary for eight years. Is a well-known exhibitor at poultry shows.

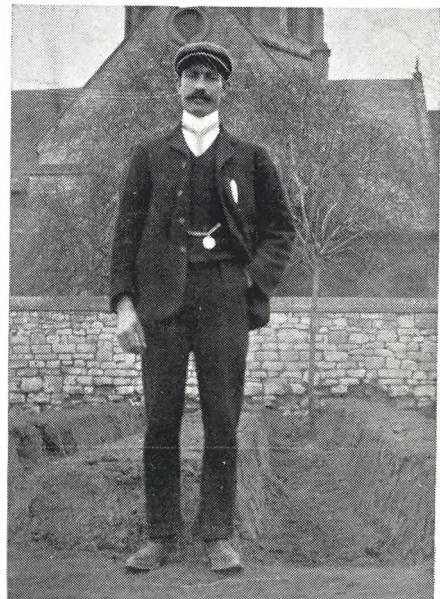


REV. G. G. COVENTRY,

RECTOR OF WOOLSTONE AND OXENTON, WHO DIED APRIL 16, 1906,

AGED 63 YEARS.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN, WOOLSTONE.



C. THORNDALE,

A well-known Cheltenham athlete and captain of the Cheltenham Harriers A.C., season 1905-6, who has left for Toronto, Canada, to take up farming.

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 177th prize has been awarded to Mr. W. Dicks, "Semington," Cleeve Hill, for his report of a sermon by Mr. Barton, missioner of the Evangelisation Society, at Cleeve Hill Church.

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

WHY A NEWSPAPER IS LIKE A WOMAN.

A newspaper offered a certain prize for the best answer to the conundrum, "Why is a newspaper like a woman?" The prize was won by a lady in Oklahoma, who sent the following: "Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbour's."—"Inland Printer."

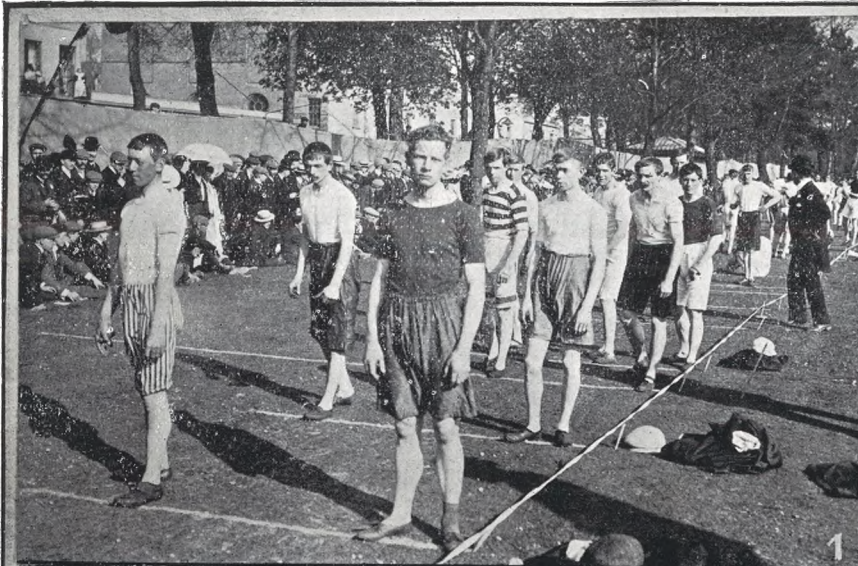


GENERAL GORDON.

Gordon was an idealist, for whom facts were immaterial. To such a man the desert meant death, and Gordon faced the inevitable like the hero that he was. If he could not oppose the forces of the Mahdi, at least he could prove that death was no more terrible to a Christian than to the followers of the Prophet.—"The Academy."

UGLINESS, FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The French artists nearly all run to ugliness—conspicuously—sometimes with a kind of zest and appetite. The French ugliness arises from excess of refinement it is the taste of a jaded and over-wrought civilisation, whilst the German ugliness is bourgeois and naive. This unconsciousness of theirs, combined with an extremely able workmanship, gives the oddest effects, as of Caliban writing verses to Miranda.—"The Academy."



ATHLETIC SPORTS
MONTPELLIER GARDENS
EASTER MONDAY



1. START FOR MILE RACE.

4. F. J. STEPHENS, CHELTENHAM CYCLIST.

2. E. PAYNE, WINNER OF HALF-MILE BICYCLE SCRATCH RACE.

5. R. GARDINER, OF COLWALL, WINNING MILE RACE.

3. VIEW OF GRAND STAND.

6. SOME OF PRINCIPAL OFFICIALS.

7. START FOR 300 YARDS FLAT RACE.



CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH GIRLS' CLUB,

WITH MISS T. PATERSON, CONDUCTOR AND TEACHER OF CLASS, WITH CHALLENGE SHIELD RECENTLY WON.

PITCHER & SON,

85 Winchcombe Street,

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR BOOTERS,
ARE NOW OFFERING THE FINEST
VALUE IN THE TRADE.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD

To buy anything but the best. Pitcher's Boots are manufactured from the Best Materials and made by Skilled Workmen. **THEY FIT WELL, LOOK WELL, AND WEAR WELL!**

HUNTING PARSONS.

*
Now that Sir William Hyde Parker has made up his mind to retire at the end of the season, the list of foxhounds will contain only two Masters who have taken holy orders, namely the Rev. E. A. Milne, who carries on the Cattistock Hounds with all the enthusiasm of the famous Parson Jack Russell, and the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who has hunted the mountainous Coniston country for a quarter of a century.—"The Bystander."

* *

Major Oswald H. Ames, who has served nearly twenty-two years in the 2nd Life Guards, and is the tallest officer in the Army, is retiring from the service.

A PRAYER.

*
The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our (resting) beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* *

Many doctors, we hear, are now recommending smoking for ladies as an inexpensive substitute for a sea voyage.—"Punch."

A huge irrigation scheme is being carried out in Canada, by which it is ultimately proposed to irrigate nearly 2,000,000 acres at an expenditure of £8,000,000.

GOOD FRIDAY ON LECKHAMPTON HILL.



EXPECTANT!



ASSEMBLY BEFORE ATTACK ON COTTAGE.



CROWD HESITATE BEFORE COMMENCING TO STONE COTTAGE.



MISS EDITH V. ELISCHER,
OF CHELTENHAM,

has won first prize and gold medal for dramatic soprano singing at Bristol Eisteddfod, the contest taking place on April 17th last. She gained 66 marks out of a possible 70. Dr. W. G. McNaught, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, adjudicated, and especially commented on her excellent voice production, style of singing, and command of voice. Miss Elischer is a pupil of Miss Alice Crawley, of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

A COLONIAL VIEW OF JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. A. Vaile, the well-known New Zealand author, writing to "Fry's Magazine," gives the following view of some of John Bull's failings:—"I have lived with Mr. Bull for quite a long time now, and one of my earliest impressions has steadily 'hardened' and taken more definite shape, until it has come to pass that now I am prepared to write that which some time ago I did not even care to all w myself to think. Time was when Mr Bull was almost the world's emblem for bluff manliness and honesty; and in commerce he still—to our national credit be it said—ranks with the best in the world so far as regards integrity; but although scrupulously honourable to his customers Mr. Bull is not, in my opinion, honest to himself now. There is in the national life of England to-day a wonderful atmosphere of falseness, of narrowness, of selfishness. I see these things with eyes that have not scales of tradition, custom, precedent, to dim their vision, and I see the pitiful make-believe that is taking such a prominent place in the social life of that which was, and I hope always will be, the greatest nation in the world. This kind of thing does not remain stationary. It will increase or be lessened. What is to lessen it? If it increases it means just one thing, the vulgarisation of England, and in many ways it is trending that way now. Right throughout the social system, in grades where one would not expect to see it, is to be found this pernicious canker. Gone are the stately old courtesies, the genuine, lavish hospitality, the welcome of the home. In their place we find the 'good form' of the present day, the right to buy our way into or about country homes by the grace of the avaricious servants who wait with itching palms on every step; and instead of the home welcome we have the restaurant dinner and the bridge party."

MUSICAL COMEDY AND THE UNDER-GRADUATE.

The undergraduate, released from his arduous labours at Oxford and Cambridge, has thrown himself, with a whole-souled vigour his family and his tutor never suspected to be latent in him, into the pleasant duty of turning up punctiliously at every theatre in London at which musical comedy is being played. The stalls and most of the boxes of a theatre recently were peopled chiefly by youths of bored and vague exterior, very obviously just let out of school—I mean, college—who worried invisible moustaches with a maddening persistency all the time they were in their seats. That, however, was not for long. I don't know what was the matter with them, or whether they just wanted to show their utter boredom at the playing of any member of the cast other than the particular favourites they had come to see, but certain it is that few of them remained in their seats for more than ten minutes at a stretch.—"The Bystander."

* *

VULGARITY OF LAUGHTER.

The common idea that laughter is vulgar is another outcome of that silly convention of straight-laced respectability which over-shadows so many lives. Take an American visitor—male or female. He or she is far more natural and unrestrained in a public place than an English lady with seventy pounds a year, a poodle, and an acid drop. English folk have an inborn horror of letting themselves go, and they cherish the superstition that to be palpably, openly, and avowedly amused is to exhibit the trade mark of low bringing up. Gentility is the curse of our day and generation. It is gentility which drives men to be clerks and assistants in "light" businesses—where the wages are usually lighter than the wares. It is gentility which induces a suppression of the ordinary emotions. One of the most astounding things in our daily life is to see people struggling for all they are worth to obtain a good seat at some temple of amusement, and, having achieved the desire of their hearts, to sit like mutes and statues, fearful to laugh lest the person sitting next them—whom they have never seen in their lives before, and will probably never see again—should suspect them of being humbly bred. And as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are humbly bred, why on earth—except by reason of the snobbery which is innate in them—do they attempt to disguise the fact? The lady who dislocated her jaw is an extreme and singular case of a national being not afraid to be amused by something which amused her. I admire her heartiness, and I trust that she has by this time fully recovered from the inconvenience her good nature imposed upon her.—"London Opinion and To-Day."

* *

THE BOY AT SCHOOL.

No extra subjects! That is my motto for the young and middle-aged boy at school. I would make an exception only if the boy himself showed a strong desire to learn some musical instrument. The essential subjects are very few. The first is the English language. I must ask to be excused for uttering platitudes. They are platitudes which in many schools happen to be more or less ignored. There are renowned schools where boys are taught to write Latin before they can write English, by men who cannot write good English, and who admit that they cannot. One's native language is one's most useful tool in the craft of life; and a boy should be taught to use it as he is taught to use a cricket bat. An inability to express one's meaning, and an inability, to understand the meaning of another, are the cause of quite a large percentage of current evils—from libel actions to bad Acts of Parliament. The French are called a nation of stylists. They are simply a nation who take care that the French language shall be thoroughly taught in schools. The average Englishman cannot even write a love-letter; and look at the correspondence of our statesmen! I doubt if there is a single English school of any kind where anything like adequate attention is given to the English language. Thus an attainment which ought to be universal is practically unknown, and the handful of men who possess it are regarded with suspicion—as phrasemongers.—"The Savoir-Vivre Papers" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

GOOD FRIDAY ON LECKHAMPTON HILL.



CROWD ROUND COTTAGE AFTER READING OF RIOT ACT.



CROWD SURGING ROUND COTTAGE—POLICE PROTECTING SAME.



PATH TO MIDDLE JENNY WITH FENCE BROKEN DOWN.



BONFIRE OF BROKEN FENCES.



BURNING BROKEN FENCES.



Good Friday Demonstration, 1905.

THE GROUP INCLUDES MESSRS. BALLINGER, TOWNSEND, TILLING, MOURTON, C. W. BARRETT, AND W. SPARROW.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),

"Peggy Machree."

NEXT WEEK: The New Criterion Comedy,

"LUCKY MISS DEAN."

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.

Price Lists on Application.

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SAFE DAIRY PRODUCE

GO TO

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY.

Largest Retailers of High-class Dairy
Produce in the Town.

DAIRY FARMS AT CHARLTON KINGS,
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All milk sold is guaranteed to be produced
on other than sewage-fed land.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 278.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45),

"Lucky Miss Dean."

NEXT WEEK:

"DARE DEVIL DOROTHY."

Times and prices as usual.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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FAMOUS FOOTWEAR

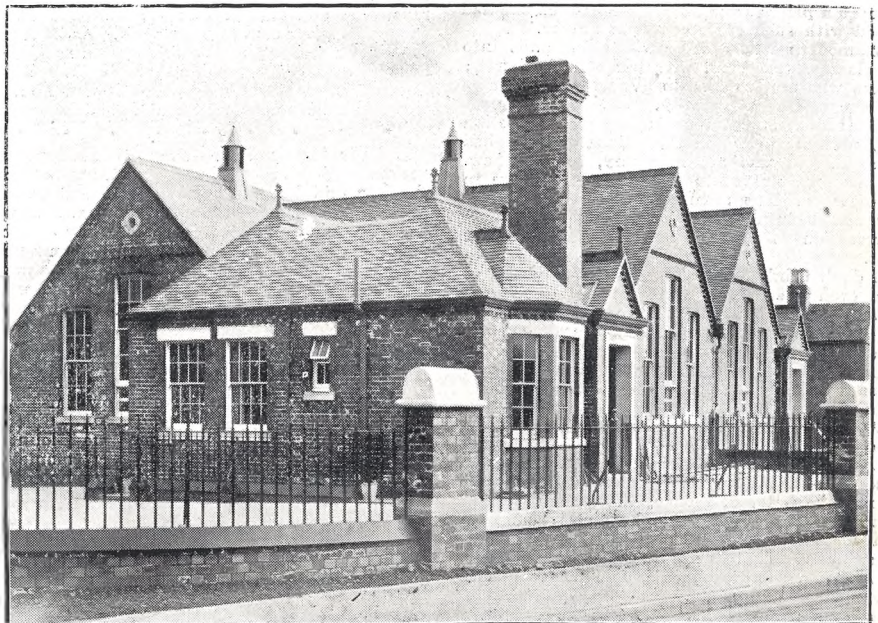
is noted for *Smart Style, Good Fit, Easy
Wear, Durability, and Economy.*

THE NEW SEASON'S STOCK

has been carefully selected, and embraces all the
Latest Styles, made up from the Finest Materials,
and at prices which defy competition.

PITCHER & SON confidently solicit the favour
of your continued patronage.

85 WINCOMB STREET, CHELTENHAM.



**COUNTY COUNCIL SCHOOL IN CHANCE STREET,
TEWKESBURY,**

OPENED BY MR. M. W. COLCHESTER-WEMYSS (chairman Gloucestershire Education
Committee) on April 23rd, 1906.

ARMOUR-CLAD DOG.

*

Finding that his dog was regularly attacked and bitten by the dogs at Lemke, a village he had frequently to pass, a shepherd has invented (says a Kiel correspondent) a coat of armour for the guardian of his flocks. It is made of leather, spiked with great nails, and covers all the animal except the head and tail, so that the dog resembles a huge hedgehog. The village hounds, after a sorry experience of the spikes, now leave their armour-clad rival in peace.

**

A KISSING CUSTOM.

*

A curious custom was witnessed at Hungerford, Berkshire, on Tuesday. Early in the morning the town crier, attired in a new livery for the occasion, blew lusty blasts on the horn, and "tutti-men" went forth with florally-decorated staves, to kiss every lady whom they met, and to demand a penny from each male householder upon whom they called. The Hocktide Jury met in the Town-hall to elect a constable, who is both coroner and mayor, ale-tasters, leather-sealers, keepers of the keys of the common coffer, and other ancient officials, whose duties have become obsolete. All met at lunch at which bowls of punch and churchwarden pipes helped to pass the afternoon. The custom arises out of a gift to the town of the fishery and commons.

RELIC OF THE STONE AGE.

*

Whilst walking on the shore near Scalby Mills, at Scarborough, on Monday, Mr. M. B. Cotsworth, of York, removed a stone which was protruding an inch or two from the boulder clay, and found it was a large stone axe of almost perfect form, alike as to outline and section. The axe measures about seven inches across the blade by nine from the top of the handle to the edge. Mr. Cotsworth is confident the weapon must have been carried down by the glacial debris, and must be many thousands of years old.

**

VICAR'S INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

*

At the vestry meeting of the Parish Church at Whitwick, the Vicar (the Rev. J. W. A. Mackenzie) called attention to an interesting discovery. There were evidences of Saxon architecture in the Parish Church, and he had discovered in the belfry a little sketch, roughly drawn, of a priest who was once in charge of the church. The sketch depicted the priest in his vestments, which were not those of the Roman Catholics. The priest was wearing what was undoubtedly an English cope.—A parishioner asked how it was known that the church was of Saxon origin.—The Vicar explained that there were records which showed that the crypt was Saxon. The only old part of the church left was the tower and clerestories. The crypt showed that the church was originally built in the days of the Saxons.

THE VIOLIN PLAYER.

[By E. BURROWES.]

* *

"She will marry, of course."

The speaker threw a glance at the girl standing at the far end of the room looking out into the gloom of an October evening. The embrasure of the deepest window almost hid her from sight. Severne could only see the folds of her white gown and the brightness of her hair coiled round and round her little head in thick masses.

Lady Marcia Mount looked at him warily, speculatively. One never quite knew how to take Severne, and, clever woman of the world as she was, she knew well that there were depths in his character which she, at any rate, had never sounded.

Marriage is woman's true and best vocation," he said tritely. "It is also a lottery."

She nodded. Her thoughts flew with lightning rapidity to the husband, now mercifully passed to the silence and oblivion of the grave. He had not been a prize in the lottery, into which she had dipped with such eager confident fingers.

"A modern writer had divided husbands into two classes," she said, with her bell-like laugh; "bores who are too good to live with, and brutes who are too bad to live with."

He nodded, and did not ask, as the question tempted him, to which the defunct Blount had belonged. It was not necessary, for he knew. But his eyes strayed to the dim white figure in the distance. The room in which they sat was long and beautiful; its spaciousness allowed of conversation at one end being inaudible at the other.

"I don't think I should ever be too good to live with, even if I were to develop into that modern product—a bore," he said, with a queer smile; "neither should I, I hope, be a brute in everything. And—"

Again his eyes wandered from the handsome presence of Lady Marcia to the motionless figure in the distant window.

"And—I should like to marry Clementine," he said briefly.

Lady Marcia was for once in her life honestly startled. That Severne, the catch of several seasons, the hater of women, the recluse, should want to marry Clementine, but lately emerged from the schoolroom, was in itself an extraordinary thing. That he should state his wishes in so plainspoken and practical a manner was odder still.

Her eyes mirrored her thoughts, and a Severne smiled.

"I am perfectly serious," he said. "Women and matrimony have never attracted me, but, nevertheless, I should like to marry your Clementine, if she will do me such an honour."

This was more surprising still! Do him the honour! She was held for the moment speechless, then her eyes followed the direction Severne had taken. Why, Clementine was a mere child, and such an odd one, too; all dreams and impossible ideals—a phase which would, of course, pass in time.

"I am overwhelmed," she said candidly; "but—she is such a child."

"I know," he said, getting up with a glance at the clock pointing inexorably to six o'clock. "I would not marry her yet. I have no idea of taking a kitten with its eyes shut, dear lady. But—there is such a thing as an engagement. I must be off; I had no idea it was so late. But I shall say 'good-bye' to your daughter first."

He went down the long room, with its hundred treasures of antique furniture, priceless china, silver, and banks of flowers, and, hearing his step behind her, the girl turned from her contemplation of the cold outside world as represented by the Square, where lamps were beginning to flicker in the chill wind.

"Are you going?" she said, and Severne thought again, as he had already thought a hundred times, that the prettiest sound in the world was Clementine's voice.

"Yes, I must go. Duty calls—you know the rest. If I did what I liked, regardless of anything or anyone, I should stay here. What have you been doing with yourself all the afternoon?"

The girl smiled, and a faint colour came into her cheeks.

"Nothing, except look out of the window and—"

"Yes?"

"Think," she simply. "Am I not terribly idle, Lord Severne?"

"It is better to be idle with thought than busy with no thought," he said enigmatically, and they shook hands. Before he let her go, he felt her start a little. At the same moment there came from the lamp-lit, windy outside world the faint weird strains of a violin. Through the gloom Severne could make out the form of a man near the railings opposite the house. It was he apparently who was playing.

There was a curious look on the girl's face, and Severne glanced at her for a moment in silence.

"You are fond of music?" he asked abruptly. At the other end of the room Lady Marcia plied her busy needle, which was ever occupied with a piece of work like unto Penelope's carpet, for whereas it was destined for the adornment of her parish church, it made but little advance; yet it was rarely out of her hands.

"I think it has taught me all I know," said Clementine; "even he"—she looked out at the dim player in the Square—"can teach me something."

As Severne went out and crossed the Square he saw that the violin player was a man only in rags, who muttered presumably a blessing as he dropped a silver coin into his hand. As he turned the corner and got into a passing hansom, to be driven to his bachelor chambers in Duke-street, the haunting wail of the violin followed him. It was pregnant with sorrow and despair.

If Lady Marcia believed Severne's words were spoken in jest rather than earnest, she was destined to find herself mistaken. He had perhaps never been so much in earnest about anything in all his life of thirty-three years. The girl had taken such a firm hold on his heart and mind that her image was ever with him. He was a man of the world, no saint, yet not so bad as his fellows perhaps. He had tasted the sweets of success and the bitterness of failure; had scoffed at love, and derided its influence, then imagined himself to be a victim of the little god's arrows with their poisoned points. But it had always stopped short at imagination. Now this thing which had crept into his life had a different nature. He knew that in Clementine Blount he had found one destined for his own completion, and the strenuousness of his nature prompted him to leave no stone unturned in order to win her for himself.

He did not hurry in the matter, and Lady Marcia watched him with veiled interest; she would not have been less than human had she not inwardly rejoiced at the coming of such a triumph as the subjugation of the man who had posed for so many years as a hater of women and disdainer of matrimony; but she nevertheless was filled with a great wonder that Clementine—her silent, dream-filled Clementine—had accomplished what a dozen others had tried to achieve with such signal failures.

She had brought up the girl on the old-fashioned French principle, in which she was a firm believer. She was accustomed to say that half the worries of the English mother regarding their daughters and their love affairs might be averted if the good old French system of education was more in use. Clementine, then, was bounded on all sides by a complete obedience; honour and self-sacrifice were two points on which Lady Marcia always laid the greatest stress, and under any circumstances she knew that the girl would never fail in her submission to the higher power as represented by her mother.

So thing went on slowly, but surely bearing towards their inevitable climax, which came on Christmas Eve.

Lady Marcia had gone down to the country, where she invariably entertained a small party for the festive season. Severne was one of their number this year. Ever since the day on which he had made his wishes clear to Lady Marcia he had been a good deal with them, and Clementine found herself thrown much in his company. She liked him, looked up to him in her youthful way, but he could not delude himself with the idea that she was beginning to drift towards the turbulent waters of love. There was no hint of the divine passion in her cool clear eyes. If he hoped to awake it, he was doomed to disappointment, for she listened to him quite calmly, with grave eyes that did not fall beneath his ardent gaze, when he took courage and spoke the fateful words on that Christmas Eve. They were in the long gallery where dead and gone Blounts looked down from their painted canvasses on the girl in her straight white gown, guiltless of colour and adornment. Outside a young moon shone on snow-covered hills

and meadows and woods. An owl hooted mournfully in the fir plantations.

"Clementine, will you marry me?" asked Severne abruptly, bringing out the words in eager haste.

She looked at him in unmitigated astonishment mingled with fear.

"Marry you?" she repeated. "Do—do you want me to, really?"

"Yes, I want you to—very much, Clementine. I love you so much, dear, and I would be good to you."

The words were clumsily said. He had not thought it would be so hard to speak to her. But she laughed amusedly.

"How odd!" she said. "Yes, of course, you'd be good to me. But why choose me when there are so many whom you might marry?"

"I am odd enough to choose you," he said whimsically. "But will you marry me, dear? Will you let me teach you what love is? You have never met the all-conquering power yet."

"No," she said, "I have never met it. But I will marry you if you really want me to and—mother wishes it."

He could get nothing further from her than that. She was quite content and happy as a child. She let him kiss her soft pink cheek, but her colour never came more rosily, and her eyes were open and innocent as the day. He wondered, with a sudden pang, whether she was a new incarnation of the fairy-tale ice-maiden.

So the engagement was announced, and a paragraph duly appeared in the papers to the effect that a marriage would shortly take place, between Geoffrey, Marquis of Severne, and Clementine, only child of the late Colonel Blount and Lady Marcia Blount, and then things went on very much as before.

"I told you the child was a mass of dreams and ridiculous ideals, but she is at least amenable and obedient—thanks to my French training of her," said Lady Marcia to Severne in the early days of the engagement. "I believe the only thing in the world she cares about is music—the violin in particular. As a child, she wept and begged me to let her learn the instrument, but there were difficulties in the way. Her father objected, and, in short, it was impossible. Since then my one fear has been that she might take it into her head to run off with a music master simply because he was able to get at her heart through his music, so I have taken a great care of her. Even a street musician has a weird influence over her. She will stand for hours listening to a man who plays in the Square on Tuesday evenings. He may be a genius—so many of them are picked up out of the streets in these days—but, whatever he is, his music gets at the child somehow. Had you been musical—by the way, you ought to be—I believe she would have behaved like the average ordinary girl—fallen in love with you at once."

"With my music, you mean," he said, with a smile; and then a silence fell between them till Clementine came in, and she and Severne wandered off together to the long gallery, where the Blount ancestors looked down with smiling faces upon their young kinswoman.

Lady Marcia's words haunted Severne far into the night. If he had only been musical! He laughed suddenly to himself. That was the joke of the thing. He cast himself back into the past, and saw himself a small boy, playing a violin in the castle, where his pretty young mother listened to him with fond pride. How he had loved his fiddle in those dead and gone days! Even later he had kept it up. A good violin still reposed in its case in the music room at Severne Castle. If only—. His dreams brought him inspiration, and the next day he went up to town called away on urgent business, which might keep him, so he told Lady Marcia and Clementine, for several days.

"It can be done—it must be done," he said to himself as the train whirled him away from Clementine through the snow-clad country. "It will be worth anything to win her heart."

Clementine stood at the window of the long gallery, and looked out into the star-lit frosty night. Downstairs the house-party were pursuing pleasure in varied disguises. Some were playing bridge, others billiards, while Lady Marcia worked diligently at her embroidery, looking on at the others from her seat of honour near the raised, alcoved fireplace. No one missed Clementine, for Severne had not yet returned. This was the third day of his absence, and the girl thought, as she leaned her fair head against the mullioned window, that he surely would soon

return. His note received that morning had told her so, and she was glad of the assurance, for she missed him. She did not know why, and she was not wise enough or foolish enough, as the case may be, to ask herself the question in any severe manner. She only knew vaguely that her mother was pleased, and that Severne himself was pleased, and yet—was there not something strangely like sadness in his handsome eyes when he spoke to her? Was there not a faint stirring within her soul, of a feeling of incompleteness which she could neither describe nor understand? Perhaps if she only had courage to ask Severne he might explain it to her, for he knew so much. But something always prevented anything like confidence; if she only dared to speak. Suddenly she started, and stood listening for a moment intently. Then she unlatched the window and stood motionless, as the sound of a violin floated up to her from below. The frosty air rushed in through the open casement, but she did not heed it in her passionate joy at the strains that came so sweetly tender from the terrace.

The rooms below the long gallery were untenanted. No one, therefore, would be likely to hear that magic music but those who might be in the gallery. She leant out, and distinguished a dark figure in the shadow thrown by the house. She caught her breath with sheep delight as the mysterious player commenced the exquisite opening of the "Berceuse de Jocelyn." Every note quivered with passionate feeling under the masterly hand, and Clementine, in her white frock, stood trembling with some new, untried emotion as the haunting music rose and fell and finally died away into a silence that was exquisite. Oh! this was much better than any music she had ever heard on the concert platform. There was soul, and depth, and breadth, a thousand complex emotions in it. Then the more prosaic thought swung her back to the present. Who was the player? She looked out, for the moon had emerged from behind a dark cloud. No one was there. The cold silvery light bathed the place with soft radiance. Not a creature was in sight. Then who—

A door opened.
"Clementine, are you there, dear? You little owl, come out of the dark! They are asking for you downstairs. Alicia wants to try some charades."

And Clementine went down with her mother. She found an opportunity to speak to the butler as she passed through the hall.

"Benson," she asked, "is there some musician in the village?"

"No, miss; not that I've heard of," replied the old man.

It could not have been a dream, or her imagination, for she heard the enchanting music on three successive evenings. Once the player varied his programme, and broke into Gounod's "Ave Maria," and Clementine lost sight of the mystery and strangeness of the occurrence in the delight given her by the music. It was on the third evening, as she knelt by the open window and listened to the dying notes of the "Berceuse," that she found herself shedding tears—whether of joy or sorrow she never knew. It was something intangible, almost frightening, and, as a hand was laid on her shoulder, she stumbled to her feet with a half-suppressed cry.

"Alone in the dark, Clementine?" said Severne tenderly. "It is time I came back to you."

As she looked into his face the spell broke, sending her back into her accustomed aloofness—that shy sweetness which sometimes sent a chill to Severne's heart as he realised how very far he was from her although he loved her.

"I am glad you have come back," she said with a smile. "Let us go down. I was—thinking."

The barrier which had even been between them prevented her from speaking to him of the thing that had so strangely moved her. He would not understand, she told herself. That night she fell asleep with the thought of the violin player with her.

* * * * *

The wedding was fixed for the first Wednesday after Easter. Lady Marcia had suggested January or early February, but Severne, somewhat to her surprise, begged her to put it off till after Easter.

"I have my reasons," he said enigmatically; and Lady Marcia, thinking it would not do to run counter to the wishes of a future son-in-law of such importance, gave in gracefully, although she saw no reason why the ceremony, which would transform her Clementine into the Marchioness of Severne, should be so long delayed. The

child was perfectly happy and contented in her own quiet way. She had given no trouble, and there was nothing to complain of, either in her attitude or Severne's. However, if it pleased him, let it be Easter by all means. There would be all the more time in which to see about the trousseau, which was to outlive every other trousseau of the season.

And, although no one else seemed to know it, the violin player still came and played beneath the windows of the long gallery. Not every night, but very often, so that Clementine formed the habit of stealing away to the gallery to listen for the music which was as balm to her soul. Once, driven by an irresistible impulse, she crept downstairs in the middle of the delicious melody, and slipped a coin into the hand of the butler, who was passing through the deserted hall.

"Go out and give it to the man who is playing on the terrace," she said quickly. "You will find him there if you go at once."

She waited till the man returned.
"I gave it him, Miss," he said, "and he went off a minute afterwards."

For three or four nights the musician was absent, and Clementine listened for him in vain. Perhaps he had gone on his way, wandering from village to village. Oddly enough, his going left a void in her heart, and Severne found her strangely silent. January was waning, and they were to go back to London to prepare in earnest for the coming wedding. Now that the time was slipping away so fast, the girl began to regard her future with trepidation. She felt the incompleteness in herself, and once took courage to speak to Severne about it, bringing, unknown to herself, a ray of hope to him.

"There must be something wanting in me," she said suddenly; "for other girls feel what I have never felt on the eve of their marriage."

"But you don't hate me, Clementine?" said Severne.

"No, no! indeed I don't. But should one marry simply because one doesn't quite hate?" He laughed.

"Well, it's rather a negative way of doing it, isn't it?" he said. "But Clementine, dearest heart, I believe that some day you will wake."

That very night the violin player came again. Clementine, driven by an impulse to the long gallery, saw him standing below on the moonlit terrace. The sobbing melody crept into her heart. Never before had any music moved her so strangely. Whether it was the overstrung state in which her own thoughts and Severne's words had thrown her, she knew not, but presently, as the music rose and fell on the soft night air, she left the gallery, sped down the stairs in her white dress, across the hall, and so out to a side door which led to the terrace. Something drove her thither. She stopped short within the shadow. A few yards distant stood the violin player. She saw the poverty of his coat and the cap which was pushed down over his face. But as he played it was as if he were playing on the very strings of her heart.

Involuntarily, as the delicious strains died away, a cry broke from her lips, and the player turned and saw the dim white figure in the shadow of the wall.

It was too dark to see his face clearly, but she saw the gleam of his eyes. He was poor, perhaps wretched, but his music had spoken to her of love and joy, and sorrow, and a hundred other emotions. She must speak to him.

"I wish to thank you for the pleasure your music has given me," she said softly. "I never before heard music like it. Do you live here?"

"No, fair lady," said the violin player, in an odd deep voice. "I wander till I find a resting-place, but I am happy indeed if I have given you pleasure."

Oh, something more," she said; "not only pleasure. And yet I hardly know what it is. Who taught it to you? For it was in your music. And what is it?"

The player came a step nearer to her. Their eyes met, and something in his spoke in no uncertain way to her slowly awakening heart.

"It is love," he said slowly, "that you heard in my music, and it was taught to me, as it may be taught to you, by one I love."

Love! Then that was the magic thing. Suddenly her thoughts fled to Severne, and she knew what she had not known known before. The knowledge dazzled her.

"And you," she said. "Who are you?"

For answer the player came nearer to her. He looked silently at her for one breathless moment, then:—

"Don't you know me, Clementine?"

He threw off his cap, the ragged coat dropped from his shoulders, and Severne stood revealed before her.

"You?" she whispered faintly. But something in her blue eyes gave him courage, and the next moment she was in his arms.

The violin player had finished his self-appointed task.

MAKING NEW LAWNS.

Good turf is very expensive and difficult to obtain. Last season we laid down two lawns—one was made in the usual way with turf, and the other with good, clean seeds; and the lawn that was sown down now compares favourably with the other. The seed lawn cost about one-third less. From the middle of March to the second week in April is the best time to sow seed; but to give the seeds a good chance the ground must be thoroughly cleaned and cultivated some time before the seeds are sown. During the winter a good dressing of manure should be given and dug in, leaving it exposed to the weather till the season for sowing arrives; if it is left till the first or second week in April it will give the seeds of annual weeds a chance to break into growth, and these will be destroyed during preparation for seeding. The surface must, of course, be made perfectly level if required for tennis, and then rolled firm.—"The Garden."

* * *

PAYING FOR APPLAUSE.

Whilst very loth to say or do anything calculated to discourage the bestowal of well-merited applause upon the performances of our actors and actresses—it is the breath of their nostrils, so to speak—there is one form of applause which I venture to suggest, in the interests of the profession and the public alike, should be discountenanced at all costs. I refer to the organised "claque," which is becoming such an objectionable feature of many of the "premieres" at West End theatres, more particularly the "first nights" of musical comedies. Many people imagine that the "claque" does not exist here, that it is confined to France and America; but a few visits to the theatres in the Metropolis on the occasion of the production of a new play will suffice to disabuse their minds of any such idea. It not infrequently happens that "vociferous cheers" from lusty-lunged pitties and "gods," who have evidently been paid for the job, follow the most commonplace, and in some cases even an utterly worthless, performance, and one feels inclined to throw something at the ebullient demonstrators in such circumstances. That their enthusiasm is insincere and feigned cannot be doubted. Only the other day thunders of applause greeted the utterance of a few silly words by a "show girl"—I cannot, in fairness to the profession, describe her as an "actress," though, having regard to the recent law case, I have no doubt she so styles herself—yet I am perfectly positive that two-thirds of those applauding did not hear half she said. She had not the faintest notion of delivery or elocution. Later on she attempted a song—the most feeble attempt at singing that could be imagined on the stage—and again hearty plaudits rang out from various quarters of the house. People looked round, astounded disgust clearly written on their faces. The whole thing was obvious to the most obtuse individual.—Harry Stuart Mackay in "London Opinion and To-Day."

* * *

Owing to the opposition raised to foreign musicians, Dover Corporation have decided to engage bandmen themselves this season.

* * *

The excavations which are being carried out at Culross Abbey have resulted in a number of interesting discoveries. A Celtic cross has been found in the south transept, where excavations are being made for a heating chamber. It is five feet long and fourteen inches across the face. A six-inch strip of incised ornamentation runs down the centre of the slab. The arms of the cross have reversing scrolls, and the centre is circled with a slightly raised disc at each side. On the face old Celtic characters or hieroglyphics can be faintly traced. The period of the cross is certainly as early as the eighth century. A number of stone coffins have also been found.

LECKHAMPTON HILL: Police-Court Proceedings, April 23, 1906.



1 WALLACE.
4 LUCE.
7 YOUNG.

THE EIGHT DEFENDANTS AND SOME FRIENDS.

2 HEAVEN.
5 SPARROW.
8 FRIENDS OUTSIDE COURT.

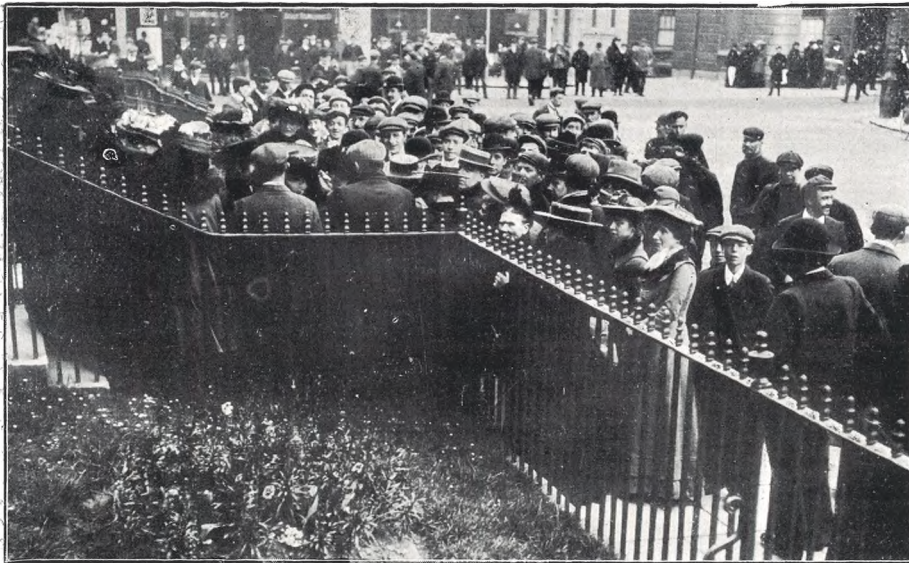
3 WILLIAMS.
6 BALLINGER.
9 BARRETT.

LECKHAMPTON HILL.

DEFENDANTS GROUPED OUTSIDE POLICE-STATION.



Left to right (without hats): Young, Williams, Ballinger, Sparrow, Heaven, Luce, Wallace.



CROWD SEEKING ADMISSION TO POLICE-COURT.

EASY PAYMENT.

*
If the burden of hire-purchase often presses heavily on people with settled incomes, think what it must mean to the man or woman with no surety but a small weekly wage, which may stop at any moment. And it is to such that the most alluring invitations to get into debt are sent forth. A home is offered to young people about to marry in terms glowing with sympathy, generosity, and kindly encouragement; no questions will be asked, the weekly instalment part of the transaction is so minimised that a youthful couple may be pardoned for feeling that they are almost getting a present of the furniture. No thought of the "spider and the fly" comes to Bill and Matilda as they walk through the confusion of glazed gimcrack "suites," glaring mirrors, and bamboo odds and ends; they never dream that such a pleasant entrance could lead to regions of blackness and confusion. The purchases are made with a light heart, and the paper setting forth the transaction signed with a still lighter heart—for it is one of the beauties of the present system of education that the Bills and Matildas are not able to form any intelligent idea of what a simple written contract means.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

RUTHLESS REFORMERS.

DOOM OF AN OLD CAMBRIDGE INSTITUTION.

The Senior Wrangler—the most famous of all Cambridge institutions—will be abolished if certain reforms suggested by the special Board for Mathematics are carried into effect.

The members of this board find that too much time is being wasted on unessential detail at present. "The greater part of the men spend too much time upon an excessive amount of polishing of their mathematical tools," they state.

This prevents the application of their learning to practical scientific work, of which mathematical knowledge is the basis. The remedy brought forward by the board is a simplification of the examination, its division into two parts, and an arrangement of successful candidates' names in alphabetical order.

At present the results are announced in order of individual merit, and the student who stands at the head of the list is known as the Senior Wrangler. The one who comes last on the list is invariably made the recipient of the "wooden spoon"—presented to him in the Senate House by virtue of old tradition, where he receives his degree.

If names are arranged in alphabetical order no one will know who is Senior Wrangler and who has earned the decoration of wooden spoon.

At one time the classical and other triposes were arranged according to individual merit, but the mathematical tripos is the only one in which this order survives. Cambridge men regard these latest suggested reforms with astonishment.

"If the Senior Wrangler and the wooden spoon vanish before the reformers the only really old institution left will be the boat race," said a Cambridge man on Tuesday night, "and before long I expect that even the boat race will be reformed out of existence."

* * *
Drunkards and vain women are in the same category. They make free use of the glass.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

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 178th prize has been divided between Miss L. S. Prichard, of 7 Lansdown-parade, Cheltenham, and Miss A. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, for reports of sermons by the Rev. J. R. Rowland at St. Stephen's Church and Rev. J. H. Jones at Christ Church, Cheltenham.

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

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

LONDON AND THE YOUNG.

DUSTLESS ROADS.

*

Lord Loreburn, the Lord Chancellor, is the patron of three Cathedral canopies and 22 benefices in the Diocese of Gloucester, and during the short term his lordship has held this high office he has presented to two of the latter (St. Michael's, Gloucester, and the vicarage of St. John's, Cinderford), and now another living will shortly fall vacant by resignation. I allude to the rectory of Cold Aston; but, as the net income is only £90 a year, with house, I imagine the Chancellor will find great difficulty in filling it up with a suitable clergyman. Members of the "cloth" are but mortal, and it is unreasonable to expect any one of them to bury himself for what is not a living wage in a place like Cold Aston.

These poor country livings, with big parsonages to keep up, are becoming increasingly difficult to deal with as they fall vacant, especially if the incoming incumbent be liable, through the previous holder having no estate, for the dilapidations to the chancel of the church or to the parsonage, or both. I know of a recent case where liability of this kind largely operated with a clergyman in refusing a country rectory in this diocese. I have expressed my opinion before that the only practical way at present of dealing with vacant livings with large parsonages and small stipends is to allow, by the Archbishop's dispensation, a not over-worked and willing clergyman of an adjacent parish to also hold one or two of such livings. And I believe that a judicious grouping of poor isolated parishes under an incumbent would enable him to work them efficiently with the aid of a curate. It seems to me that Cold Aston could be worked in this way from Bourton-on-the-Water, as for years past some of the former parishioners have gone there for choice to worship.

I am very sceptical about the first annual appearance of the cuckoo unless I hear or see it myself, or have the fact communicated by someone on whose word I can explicitly rely as an expert, for unsophisticated people are frequently deceived by the imitation calls that are very rife about this time of the year. One can dismiss as apocryphal such published statements as these: that the cuckoo was heard "at the back of Hempsted Court last Thursday, February 1st," and that he was seen and heard there on March 27th and 28th. I am in a position to state as an absolute fact that this harbinger of spring was heard at rural Twigworth, near Gloucester, at half-past four in the afternoon of Good Friday. This was four days later than he was seen and heard last year in the village of Matson. And as the nightingale's note was heard in the Huntley schoolmaster's garden at 8.15 a.m. on Saturday, April 14th, and the bore and the elvers are freely running up the Severn, we can safely say now that spring has come, despite the alternations of heat and cold.

The Lord Chancellor has just added to the commission of the peace for the county, on the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant, the names of seven more gentlemen. The list is interesting by reason of the fact that five of the new J.P.'s are quite new-comers to Gloucestershire; and this fact furnishes another proof of the ease with which strangers get on the magisterial bench, provided they can secure the necessary nomination. I hope that in the various lists that are being prepared all over the county by reformers many well-qualified men who are almost native and to the manner born, but are outside the charmed circle, will be given first place in selection.

Having some time ago urged the necessity for the new Central Rifle Range at Sneedham's Green being further improved, I am glad that the Joint Committee of the County and City Councils are having erected a screen between the two ranges and providing a new 500 yards' firing point, so as to allow of simultaneous firing at 200, 500, and 600 yards, and adding bullet-catchers in the stop-butts at four of the targets. No wonder that, as a consequence, the County Rifle Association has decided, for the first time, to hold its annual meeting on the range. GLEANER.

London makes young children sharp, but not clever; indeed, it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally, which is just the most undesirable thing. Again, it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant, excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blasé, fickle, discontented; they see more things, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.—"The Bystander."

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THE AGE OF BARGAINS.

This is an age of bargains. A Gainsborough has been sold for £6,000; for a Nelson "Memorandum" £3,000 has been asked and refused by the British Museum—very properly, too, as it originally was given away to a 'bus-driver in London; £1,300 was paid for an orchid the other day; and £2,000 was recently squandered by an American on an expedition to secure a certain rare butterfly in Sierra Leone. A London bookseller, much more modest than many others of his class, offers certain "Dickens relics" for sale, and possibly he will have to wait a long time for a customer. He asks the sum of seventy-five guineas for "the mahogany office table, the office chair, the high-backed cane chair, and the looking-glass in mahogany frame, which were for many years in daily use by Charles Dickens in his private office at 26 Wellington-street, Strand, where he edited 'All the Year Round.'" There is not the smallest doubt as to the authenticity of these relics, as they were presented by the novelist to the housekeeper, Mrs. Hedderly, signed and witnessed attestation papers being included in the sale. Then there is the writing-desk of Dickens, appraised at 70 guineas. This was the modest storehouse of his papers on his reading tour in the States in 1867-8. Thereby hangs a tale, for writing to Forster on December 22, 1867, Dickens said: "The treatment of the luggage is perfectly outrageous. Nearly every case I have is already broken. When we started from Boston yesterday I beheld, to my unspeakable amazement, Scott, my dresser, leaning a flushed countenance against the wall of the car, and weeping bitterly. It was over my smashed writing-desk." But the last of the relics is one which will specially interest the temperance party. It is "The Unfinished Bottle of Madeira" from Dickens's wine-cellar at Gadshill, with his autograph on the bottle. Surely there is a teetotaler in the kingdom who will expend seven guineas on this treasure, if only to have the privilege of emptying the contents into the sink. Of course, it is rather odd to come across the case of a journalist opening a bottle of Madeira and leaving half of the contents behind him. This statement, however, is made, as the legal fraternity put it, "without prejudice." Fancy securing such a heap of relics for £157 12s. 6d. But there will be no rush for this bargain, although there ought to be.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

**

A young lady who has been studying finance wanted to know the other day whether the day rate of gold affected the nitrate of silver.—"London Opinion and To-day."

SPRING HEADWEAR.

A COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF GENTLEMEN'S

- STRAW HATS.
- SCOTCH TWEED CAPS.
- FELT HATS.

A. BECKINGSALE,
387 High Street,
CHELTENHAM.

A great experiment is in hand (says "The Autocar") with regard to the dust nuisance to prove by practical demonstration that dustless roads can be made at a cost to the ratepayers of considerably less than the present system of dusty roads. In conjunction with the Kent County Council, a length of the London-Maidstone road is to be laid with contiguous sections of various dustless materials, so that the surface and relative wear can be carefully compared under identically the same traffic and similar conditions. These sections will be an object lesson to highway authorities throughout the country, and every information on the subject will be placed at their disposal.

**

THE MEN WHO SUCCEED.

The men who achieve success are not those who spend their time prating of the severity of the competition they are called upon to meet or the hardness of the conditions of production in their respective lines, but they are the men who, having entered the race and made up their minds that they will succeed, consider the conditions that they must overcome, and those that they can put aside, and from that point devote all their energies to the battle with the things that may be changed, not wasting any of their grey matter upon those acknowledged to be unchangeable. No man can accomplish anything by butting his head against the stone wall of the inevitable, and the successful man is he who selects the lines of least resistance and makes headway in them before his competitor realises what has happened, and then it is easy for him to keep in the lead. Some printers need to study the situation from this point of view.—"American Printer."

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VOLCANOES.

The eruption of Vesuvius recalls Byron's historic visit to the crater of Kilauea, near the base of Mowna Roa, in the island of Hawaii. Lord Byron and a party of officers from the Blonde frigate, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, witnessed here "a scene more horribly sublime than anything the imagination of man ever pictured even in the idler visions of unearthly things"—presumably a polite periphrasis for "hell." Arrived at the brink of the crater they stood looking down into a fearful gulf fifteen hundred feet in depth and upwards of two miles in circumference. The edge of the crater was so steep that it seemed as if by a single leap they could plunge straight into the abyss, whose surface had all the agitation of the ocean. Billow after billow tossed its monstrous bosom into the air. The conflict of sounds—muttering, sighing, groaning, roaring—helped so the suggestion of a Dantesque inferno that one of the party, after a single glance, turned away, saying "Call it cowardice or what you please, but I dare not look again!" In the abyss were counted about fifty cones of various heights, all active chimneys of volcanic fires, some ejecting smoke and steam; some ashes, lava, and boiling water; some fragments of rock. What, by the way, was the name of that heroine, a Christian convert, who once descended to the surface of this abyss to plunge a stick into the fiery deluge, in order to convince her own people, who looked on from above, of the baselessness of their belief in Peli, the god of the Kilauea fires, who was supposed to punish with instant death such an intrusion into his sanctuary?—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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A primer of Pitman's shorthand adapted to Esperanto has been published.

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The bride at a Holy Island wedding leaped "for luck" over an ancient stone, which formed the socket of St. Cuthbert's Cross, erected in the ninth century. Failure to leap over the stone is held to be an ill omen for the newly-married couple.

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Dry rot has set in in the roof of the historic Parish Church at Boston, and it will, according to an expert, soon become dangerous, if it is not so already. It was from Boston that John Cotton, then vicar, and his fellow Puritans went out and founded Boston in America.



OPENING OF COUNTY COUNCIL SCHOOL IN CHANCE STREET, TEWKESBURY.

Rev. W. Davies (correspondent) addressing parents and friends before opening. Ald. J. Willis (chairman of managers) in centre, and Mr. Colchester-Wemyss on right.

Mr. G. S. Raiton (head master).

Rev. W. Davies handing silver key to Mr. Colchester-Wemyss, who then unlocked door and walked in, followed by a large gathering of parents and scholars.

THE KING AND HIS "CALLERS."

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Persons presented to King Edward have often been amazed and flattered by his marvellous knowledge which his Majesty seemed to possess of their family, their affairs, and their achievements, remarks "T.A.T." And they have been still more gratified when, after an interval of a number of years, on being brought once more in contact with their sovereign, the latter seemed to have retained not only a perfect memory of the former meeting, but also to have kept track of their doings in the meanwhile. Of course, this conveys the impression to people that the King has been devoting a great deal more attention to their affairs and entertaining a far greater interest in their career than is really the case. The fact of the matter is that the King, like newspaper editors and press agents, has discovered the value of card-indexes, and turns them to excellent account. They are in charge of General Sir Dighton Probyn, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, and are kept at Buckingham Palace. Opposite each name on the card is a memorandum of the last occasion on which the bearer of the name was presented to the King, and a suggestion of what was said on that occasion, as well as other points concerning him and his family, his achievements, and his career. As people never obtain access to his Majesty without a previous appointment or invitation, the sovereign, knowing whom he is going to meet, has plenty of time to have the card-index consulted, and to prime himself beforehand with the necessary information. The card-index system at Buckingham Palace is supplemented by one kept by the Lord Chamberlain's department, where brief records of scandals affecting people in society are preserved so as to avoid the appearance at Court of people compromised thereby.

Misfortune is the least desired of all God's teachers, yet she is the best. Therefore neglect not her lessons.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

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That a connection exists between seismic (earthquake) and volcanic phenomena has been recognised from the earliest times. Volcanic eruptions, indeed, are invariably heralded or accompanied by earthquake shocks. The eruptions of Vesuvius and other volcanoes are nearly always preceded either by a considerable earthquake, or by a succession of small ones. While the volcano of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, was in eruption in 1887, 618 earthquake shocks were felt in the course of nineteen hours; in an eruption in the preceding year forty-one earthquakes were recorded in a single night, while during the eruption of 1866 more than 2,000 shocks are said to have been counted in five days. At one time, indeed, the connection between earthquakes and volcanoes was believed to be so intimate that earthquakes were defined as resulting from "uncompleted efforts to form a volcano." More extended study, however, has convinced geologists that, while volcanic outbursts are always accompanied by earthquakes, the converse of this statement is by no means true. Many earthquakes—and perhaps the greatest and most destructive of them—may and do occur in districts where no signs of volcanic activity exists. The great displacements accompanied by fractures ("faults"), which we now know to be continually occurring in the earth's solid crust, account for many of the vibrations or waves transmitted through the solid rock-masses, and constitute earthquakes. In some cases—and only in some cases—does molten material find a way of escape through these fractures, giving rise to volcanic phenomena.—Professor J. W. Judd in "The Graphic."

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It must be very discouraging to fight a coloured pugilist, because when he is given a black eye his opponent doesn't know it.

The man who lives on little is commended as an economist, while another who lives on nothing is despised as a vagabond.

THE AGE OF GROWLS.

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It is a grumbling era. The majority of us appear to life, and move, and thrive on the minor note. There are moments when one could wish it were not so bourgeois to be cheerful, while the intense aspiring community lift up hands of horror at the very suggestion of a desire to taste a little contentment and happiness.—"The Bystander"

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NEST IN A DRAWING-ROOM.

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A remarkable incident in bird life is reported by Mrs. Armitstead, hon. secretary of the local branch of the R.S.P.C.A., Trefnant, Glyn Garth, Anglesey. She describes the case of a robin which is sitting on its nest of eggs in her drawing-room. The bird comes and goes through the window, and although the members of the family are constantly in the room, together with a Persian cat and a fox terrier, the bird takes no notice of either, while the cat never molests the bird. The nest is built on the edge of a book case standing in a recess at the far end of the room.

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The Worksop Public Library Committee has ordered the librarian to destroy its copies of Hardy's "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure."

A new Roman Catholic church to be opened at Dover is partly excavated from the cliffs, and its scheme of decoration is an exact copy in design and colouring of the Catacombs at Rome.

A Bristol lady writes to the "Spectator" to say that "only last week, at a religious meeting of less than two hundred people, I counted thirteen aigrettes and one bird of paradise in the head-gear of the audience."

The largest clock in the United Kingdom, and the second largest in the world, is being completed at Kilbowie, near Glasgow. The face is 26ft. in diameter, the minute hand is 13ft., and the hour hand 9ft. long. The largest clock in the world is at Philadelphia.