

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

No. 314

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907.

**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.*

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHELTENHAM.

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

NEW NATURAL FORCE.

\*

INTERESTING DISCOVERY BY A GERMAN  
SCIENTIST.

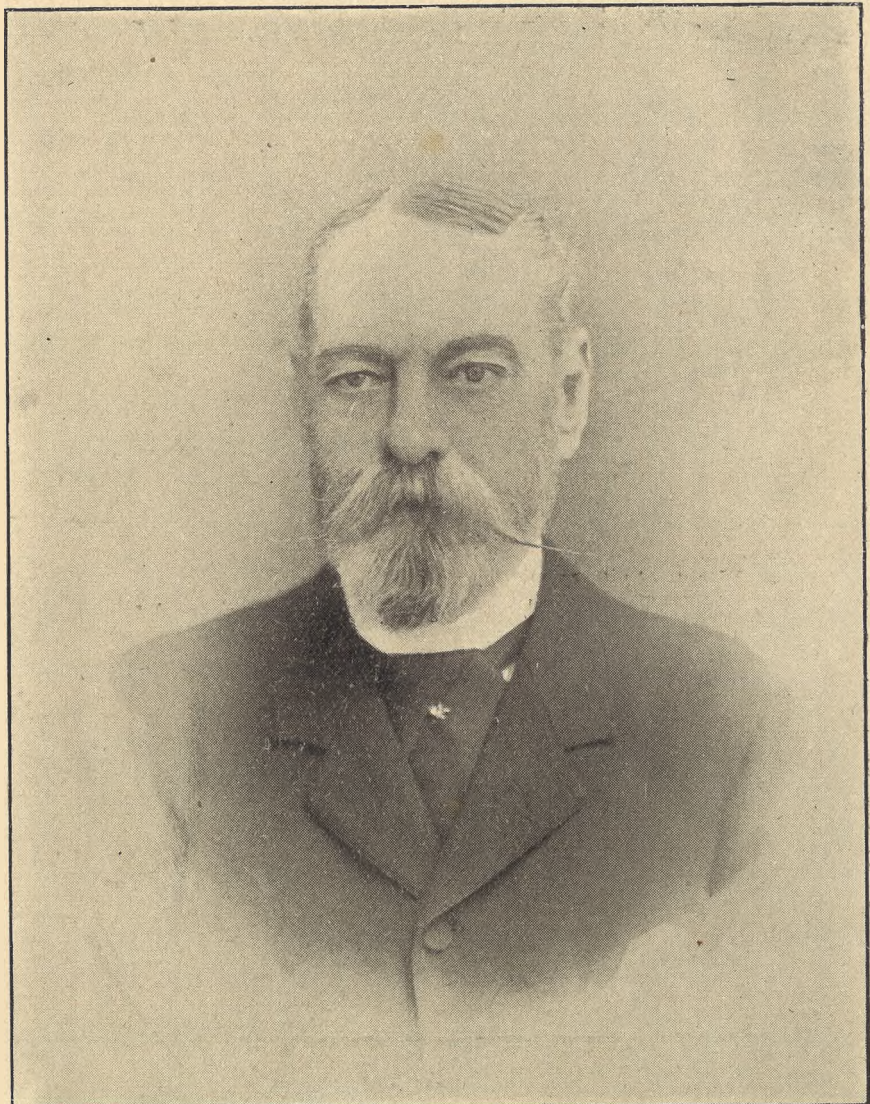
Herr C. Gruhn, of Berlin, whose apparatus for telegraphing handwriting attracted much attention some years ago, believes that he has discovered a force of nature which has been hitherto unnoticed.

A wooden rod, suspended by a silk thread from the top of a closed glass vessel, was found under certain conditions to be influenced from the outside by another rod consisting of metal or stone. As the rod outside was brought nearer to the vessel, the suspended wooden rod was sometimes drawn towards it, and at other times repelled.

Experiments showed that the conduct of the wooden rod depended on the condition of the atmosphere, and the apparatus can even be used, says Herr Gruhn, for prognosticating weather.

Each kind of weather is found to correspond with a particular behaviour of the suspended rod, and changes can be forecast from twelve to thirty-six hours ahead.

As the force which influences the rod passes through substances which effectively insulate electricity, an electrical theory does not explain the phenomena. Herr Gruhn and other scientists are continuing investigations.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR RODNEY STUART RIDDELL, Bart.,

of Cheltenham, who died Jan. 2nd, 1907.



**BROWNING'S VIEW OF LIFE.**

[BY WALTER J. BAYLIS, M.A., IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

\*

Robert Browning, though a great poet, is perhaps still greater as a philosopher and psychologist. His style is frequently rugged, because he paid more attention to the idea he had in his mind than to the manner of its expression. His mind teeming as it did with profound and lofty thoughts, which it was his constant effort to set forth to his fellows, he naturally despised nothing so much as mere prettiness. He seems to hold in contempt the decorations with which other poets adorn their work.

Browning is remarkable for the ease with which he discusses difficult questions in a brilliant conversational and yet poetical style. In his dramatic monologues we feel that he is writing exactly as the finest gentlemen would talk if they could. Good examples of this may be found in his "Clive" and in his "Bishop Blougram's Apology." Browning's purview of the map of life and his contemplation of the human soul ever included a future state of existence. We are here, he thinks, to grow in spiritual stature, that we may be fitted to take our part in another life or lives.

Failure in this world is not to be taken as ultimate failure; in fact, some kinds of failure are better than some kinds of worldly success. To fail in realising a lofty ideal is better than to succeed in a poor and ignoble aim. In fact, the worst failure is to be content with what the world can give. If our soul should ever say "I want no more than this; what I have here—the pleasure, fame, knowledge, beauty, or love of this world—is all I need or care for," then, in the poet's view, we are lost indeed.

Failure, on the other hand, is often actually beneficial, because it opens out to us larger vistas of hope; a brighter light gleams for us. Failure serves to suggest to us that this life is but the threshold of an infinite existence, and that our true life has too vast a range and too magnificent prospects to be ruined by anything that earth can inflict upon us. We may look for the fulfilment of all noble desires in the life to come.

Browning's advice would be, however: Whatever your aim may be, do the best you can to accomplish it.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

This is one side of Browning's doctrine: Live your life and fulfil what in life you take to be your mission or task. Do what you really think is the thing you have to do, even if, for doing it, the majority of people would condemn you. Do not be a mere critic of other men's actions. Be a man; lead a man's life. He protests strongly against letting ourselves drift like mere will-less organisms, at the mercy of external circumstances or ruled by stronger wills than our own. Like the great Norwegian dramatist Ibsen, Browning objects strongly to *halfness*.

He would have endorsed the motto of Ibsen's hero, Brand: "All or nothing." Do everything thoroughly, he would tell us; do even crime thoroughly, if be a criminal you must. A criminal may, at any rate, be a man—which a being without will-power can never be.

The very "ring" of Browning's poetry, so to speak, and the masterly touches that we find everywhere in his work, teach us the same lesson. We feel that, if ever there was a manly poet, here is one. We detect the note of thoroughness in every word he utters. Even through his ruggedness, his uncouth expressions, his occasional obscurity, we find the efforts of a strong soul working out its meaning.

Browning considered it a terrible thing for a man to die without having accomplished, or at least striven hard to accomplish, his life-task. The souls of such he calls "frustrate ghosts," and writes:

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

The poet has much sympathy, however, for the man whose aspirations are too vast for fulfilment, the man who takes all eternity into his ken, and who is confident of ultimate success beyond the tomb, even though his life seems to be a failure in this world. In "A Grammarian's Funeral" the two types of men are well contrasted—the one, easily satisfied, who aims at something small, clear, and definite, which he can reasonably hope to accomplish in the course of his present life, and who dies after comfortably fulfilling his aim; and the other, who builds for all time, who never seems to think of death, but pursues vast plans and projects, for the execution of which several generations perhaps would be required.

"He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success  
Found or earth's failure:

'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered!  
Yes:

Hence with life's pale lure!  
That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it:

This high man with a great thing to pursue  
Dies ere he knows it."

It is in a poem entitled "La Saisiaz" that Browning discourses on his hopes for a future life; which hopes indeed form a sort of background in all his other works.

This poem is sometimes called Browning's "In Memoriam," as it is a sort of parallel piece to Tennyson's beautiful poem of that name.

Both were called forth by the death of a dear friend; in Browning's case, the friend was a lady, Miss Ann Egerton Smith, who, whilst spending the autumn of 1877 with Mr. and Miss Browning at La Saisiaz, a villa near Geneva, died suddenly of heart disease. Browning was greatly shocked at her sudden death. He had arranged a day's excursion with her up the Alps.

"All awaits us ranged and ready; yet she violates  
the bond,

Neither leans nor looks nor listens; why is  
this? A turn of eye

Took the whole sole answer, gave the undisputed  
reason 'why!'"

Death had come without any sign or warning, and the shock of it led the poet to serious reflections on the subject. In the poem referred to, he discusses the arguments for and against the future life, resting his case mainly on the fact that this present life of ours is inexplicable, and, in fact, meaningless, if all ends with the grave. He exclaims with some vehemence:—

"There is no reconciling wisdom with a world  
distraught,

Goodness with triumphant evil, power with  
failure in the aim,

If you bar me from assuming earth to be a  
pupil's place,

And life, time—with all their chances, changes  
—just probation-space."

Browning's optimism, exuberant as it was, was absolutely dependent upon his belief in the immortality of the soul. One would have supposed that, as human lives go, Browning's life was a tolerably happy one.

Yet he writes:—

"I must say—or choke in silence—Howsoever  
came my fate,

Sorrow did and joy did nowise—life well  
weighed—preponderate."

Thus Robert Browning had a clear and definite, yet broad and tolerant faith.

In this he was distinguished from most other poets of the Victorian age. In Tennyson and in Matthew Arnold, for instance, not to mention others, we find a note of sadness, of doubt and hesitation, as though the foundations of religion were being shaken by the great scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century. But in Browning we discern a faith that never faltered; a belief in man, in goodness, in love, and in God.



**UNABLE TO SPEAK ENGLISH.**

"It is not generally realised," say "Cassell's Saturday Journal," "what an immense number of Britons born and bred at home have never succeeded in mastering the national language. In Wales there are over 500,000 people who cannot speak English. Welsh being their only language; in Scotland there are over 40,000 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic; and in Ireland there are over 80,000 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue."

**Printing**

AS YOU WANT IT  
WHEN YOU WANT IT

— "ECHO" —  
**ELECTRIC PRESS**

Producers of Good Work

**THE FIRST UMBRELLA.**

\* \*

It is a popular error of course to suppose that Hanway invented the umbrella, which was no novelty to Sennacherib. A bas-relief in the British Museum shows us that monarch enjoying the advantage of both coach and umbrella as he moves at the head of his army. But long before his day, under the dim dynasties of young China, the umbrella was in high honour. "A Chinese legend," says M. Octave Uzanne, in a delightful essay on parasols and umbrellas, "attributes the invention to the wife of Lou-pan, a celebrated carpenter of antiquity. 'Sir,' said this incomparable spouse to her husband, 'you may make with extreme cleverness houses for men, but it is impossible to make them move, while the object which I am framing for their private use can be carried to any distance beyond even a thousand leagues.' And Lou-pan, stupefied by his wife's genius, then saw the unfolding of the first parasol." It must be remembered that the umbrella and the sunshade are essentially the same; the parapluie merely found a fresh use for the parasol. An umbrella (Latin "umbra") is merely a shade. As such it haunts the mysteries, the processions, and the gorgeous ceremonies of the East back into the morning mists of history. In India it was always an emblem of majesty. The Maharratta Prince who reigned at Poonah and Sattara held the title of "Lord of the Umbrella." Many a man would forego being a Maharratta Prince if he could be lord of his umbrella for three months together. It is important to remember that Hanway was only the first male Londoner to carry an umbrella. Gay in his "Trivia; or, Art of Walking the Streets of London," describes prudent housewives, who

"underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread."  
— "P.T.O."

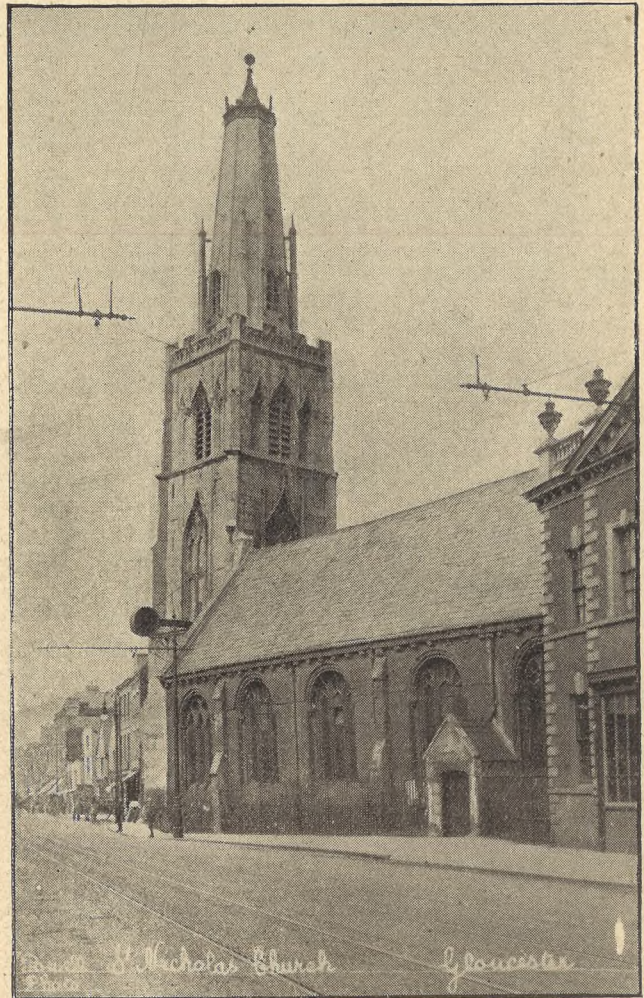
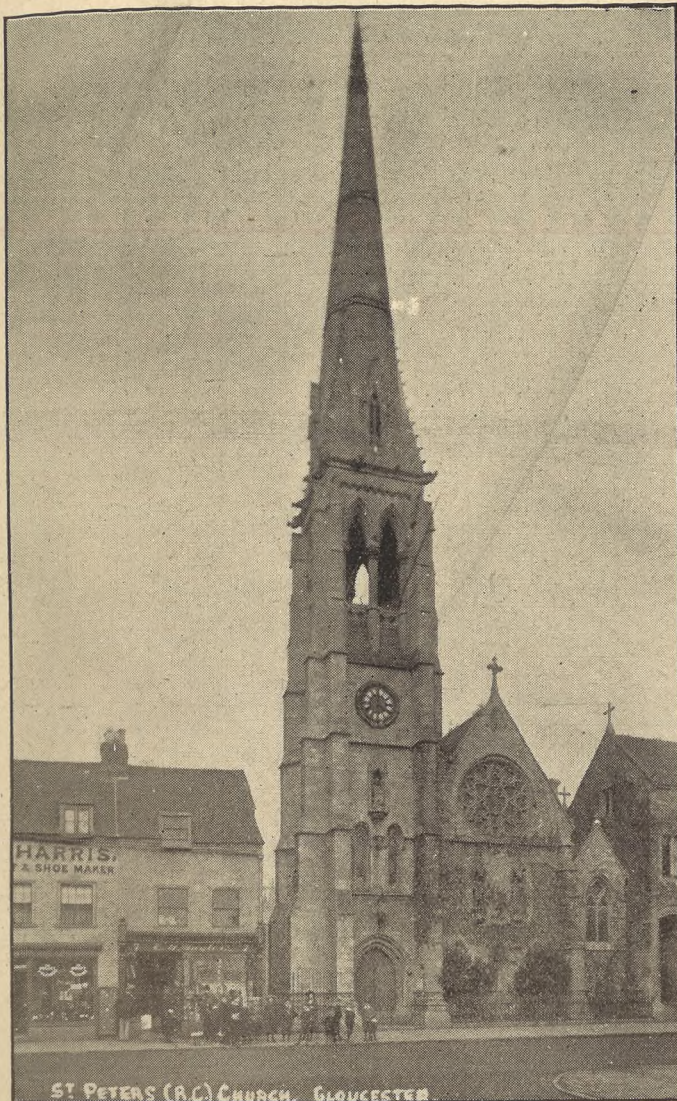
**W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,**

FRUITERERS. . . . FLORISTS,  
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS.

92, 92a High Street,  
16 Montpellier Walk.

Choice Collection of  
Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.  
Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Ducks, and Game  
. . . of all kinds at . . .  
**LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.**





## Gloucestershire Gossip.

I am not "a lightning calculator," but the results of my cast, made New Year's Eve, of the totals of the sums left by Gloucestershire testators, as appeared in the list of wills proved during the year just ended is as follows:—Cheltenham, £618,281. (last year £863,950); Gloucestershire, £1,505,445 (£1,827,730); Gloucester, £118,761 (£144,177); former residents in county, £814,940 (£696,015); grand total £3,957,427 (£3,531,872). So that with one exception the amounts under the various groups show a falling off as compared with the corresponding totals in the previous year, the aggregate deficiency being about half-a-million pounds. I am, of course, dealing with the gross amounts at which the estates were valued, as the net sums on which probate duty is paid never become public property. The falling-off is mainly accountable to the fact that there were only three wills running into six figures, as against six on this scale in the previous year. Still, we may take it that this county is going on "paying imperially" in probate duty. Further analysing, I find that the 65 recorded Cheltenham wills average £9,358 each, while the 18 from Gloucester work out at £6,598.

I ventured to say last week that the returns for 1906 would show a very marked increase over the number of those who left bequests for charitable or religious or benevolent purposes in previous years. And I find they well support this optimism, some dozen testators having donated

for charity or benevolence sums amounting altogether to £121,765. To Miss Beale belongs pride of place, with the magnificent sum of about £55,000 for the sustentation of Cheltenham Ladies' College and kindred institutions; while Mr. W. H. Milligan, formerly of Cirencester, also did nobly by willing the ultimate residue of his estate (estimated at £50,000) for charitable purposes. Gloucester fared much better than for years past, as Dr. T. Corbett, of Droitwich, left £2,000 to its Infirmary; and in the fulness of time the latter institution and the Children's Hospital will share the residue estimated at several thousand pounds) of the estate of the late Mr. William T. Clutterbuck, a native of the city. Another gratifying feature of the testamentary dispositions is a more general recognition shown of services rendered. For instance, Miss Beale charged her estate with three annuities amounting to £70. And a gentleman left his housekeeper £1,500, while another bequeathed the residue of his estate to his "housekeeper and true friend." That grand old man, Mr. W. O. Maclaine, of Thornbury, left annuities of £40 and £36 and a house to four servants. I hope to report at the end of 1907 further progress all round.

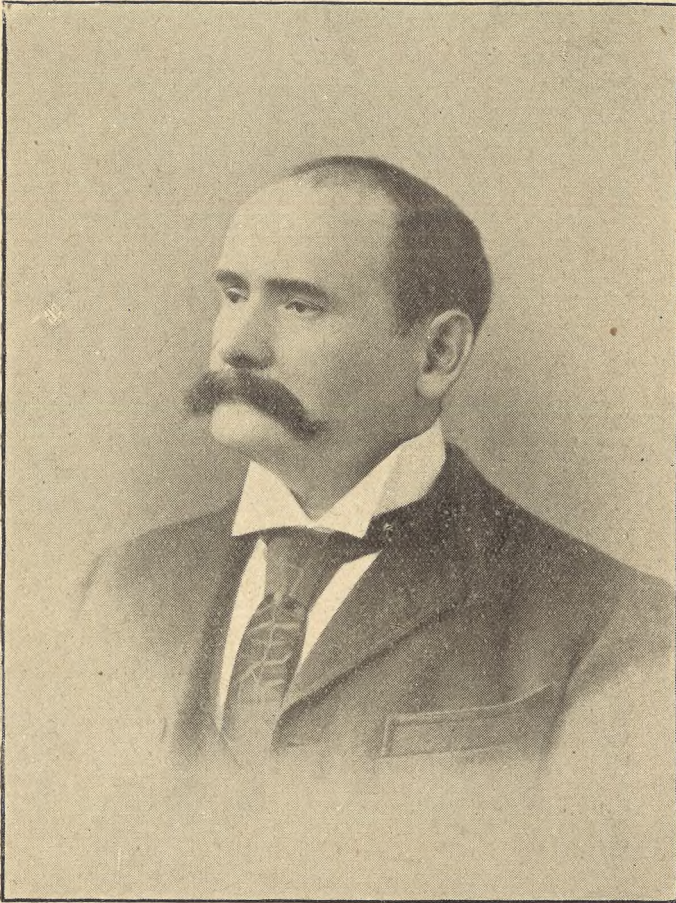
Looking through the list of deceased local nonagenarians in last week's "Chronicle," I noticed that of the 33 there three died in work-houses, one being of the reputed age of 102 years. These facts emphasise what I have pointed out on two or three occasions—that inmates of work-houses and asylums, as a rule, live to a great age because they get, without the trouble and anxiety

of earning it, plenty of wholesome food regularly, and warmth and other comforts. I am told that within the past few weeks a female patient in her 96th year, chargeable to the Cheltenham Union, has been removed to the County Lunatic Asylum. This ought not to be made a "lying-in" place if patients are tractable. The interesting incident of the Mayor of Gloucester gallantly accepting the mistletoe invitation of a giddy dame, 93 years old, when on his tour through the Workhouse Infirmary, and imprinting a chaste kiss on her face, may be supplemented by the following unique and touching event at the meeting of the Long Ashton Guardians, whose Union adjoins this county. There Mr. F. Weatherly, the chairman, who is 87 years old, sent his New Year's greetings, together with a photograph of himself and Honor Coleman, of the ascertained age of 106 years, and in receipt of out-relief, the picture being inscribed: "Well, Honor, we must soon be going homeward side-by-side." GLEANER.

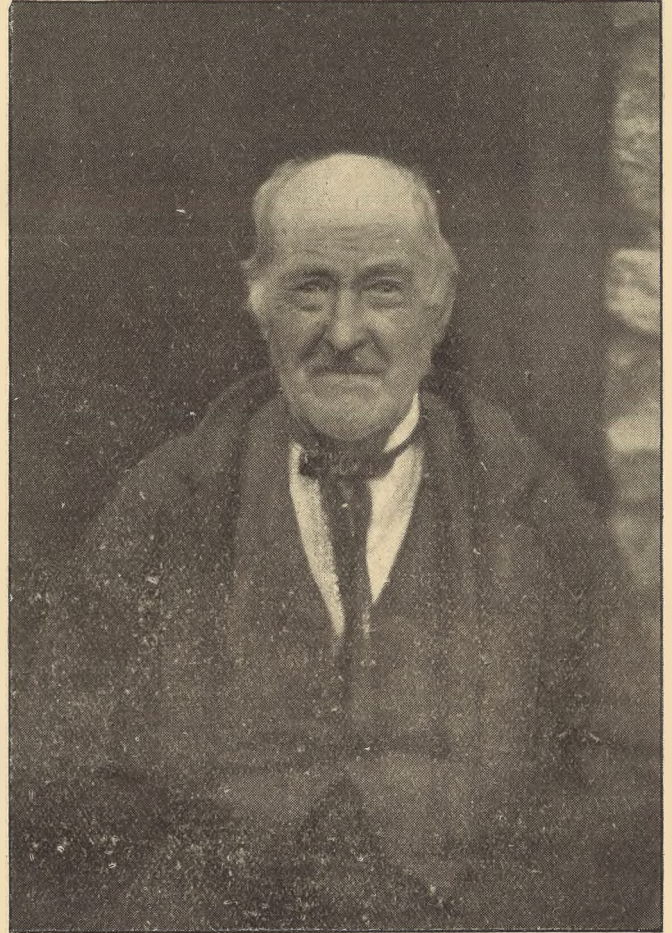
Excavating in the cellar of a house in Beechworth, Victoria, in which an old woman named Mrs. Pratten had died, partly from starvation, the police discovered 4,526 sovereigns, most of them packed in jars.

The following muddled advertisement appeared in one of the Darwen papers:—"St. John's Parish Church. The reredos erected to the memory of the late vicar will be unveiled before morning prayer by the Rev. W. G. Proctor, who will also preach. Stalls (reserved), 1s. 6d.; pit stal's, 1s.; circle, 9d.; pit, 6d.; gallery, 3d."

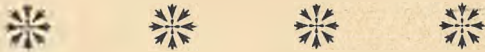




**MR. EDWIN ROBERTS,**  
OF GLOUCESTER, DIED DEC. 27, 1906, AGED 56 YEARS.  
The eighth of ten sons of Mr. W. Roberts, of Oxstalls Farm



**MR. ANTHONY MUSTOE,**  
of 12 Moorend-street, Leckhampton, will be 94 years of age next June. He has lived at 12 Moorend-street since he was married, sixty-four years ago. He went to London as a witness in the Leckhampton Hill dispute, being the oldest witness called. Notwithstanding his great age, he is possessed of all his faculties, and informed our representative that he assisted to build St. Luke's Church, the Catholic Church, and the first Great Western Station. He went to London in the first G.W.R. train that ran from Cirencester, walking from Cheltenham in the morning to catch it.



## HOW TO SING.

### ADVICE OF DR. CUMMINGS.

In an address at Buxton on Wednesday to the members of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, Dr. W. H. Cummings said that the chairman had alluded to his singing in Westminster Abbey in 1873. The first time, however, that he sang the Passion music was before that date in Exeter Hall. Sims Reeves had refused to sing it, and the trouble was to get a substitute. Sims Reeves said "Oh, ask Cummings; he is such a donkey, he will do anything."

Dr. Cummings, in the course of his lecture, said that in voice culture many grievous errors had to be guarded against. A very common one was that of trying to remedy false intonation by singing louder. He denounced the use of the laryngoscope as an aid to teaching singing. It was, of course, a most valuable accessory of the surgeon's consulting room, but as an aid to singing it was a ghastly failure. The late Senor Garcia, the inventor, had more than once expressed to him his great regret at the unwise and improper use which was frequently made of his invention.

Our English singers, he went on, far too frequently presented a stolid countenance, quite regardless of the sentiment of the words they were singing. Facial expression included the use of the eyes, the cheeks, the mouth, and certainly the

lower jaw. If the latter was fixed there could be no perfect expression. The art of breathing was all-important. The pupil should learn to expand his or her chest, and keep it expanded. It not only facilitated breathing and improved the appearance, but it also helped to conquer nervousness. Frequently ladies moved the chest like the flaps of a pair of bellows alternately rising and falling. This was very faulty. It was quite possible to keep the chest uplifted whether the lungs were fully or only partially inflated.

A good thing was to sing with a walking-stick passed under the arms at the back. No singer ought to begrudge from three to five years for acquiring the indispensable technique. If the breathing exercises could be properly accomplished, the singer need have little fear that he will fall into the reprehensible habit of singing tremolo, a most distressing fault to the auditors, who frequently listened in doubt as to the precise pitch of the note the singer was endeavouring to produce.

An experienced master would study the idiosyncrasies of each student and devise the best mode of treating every individual case. The student should be impressed with the desirability of regulating the volume of his voice to the size of the hall or room.

In conclusion, he said that a great deal of the singing of the present day was very amateurish. Among other things, singers should not mind standing properly, instead of leaning up against the piano for support.

Sir Edwin Ann, deputy-mayor of Derby, who on Tuesday expressed the hope that more music would mean fewer crimes, explained on Wednesday that he had made a general reference to music as an educating and refining influence. He had no particular class of music in his mind's eye whereby savagery might be soothed out of the breasts of the criminal classes.

\* \*

### SURVIVOR OF JELLALABAD.

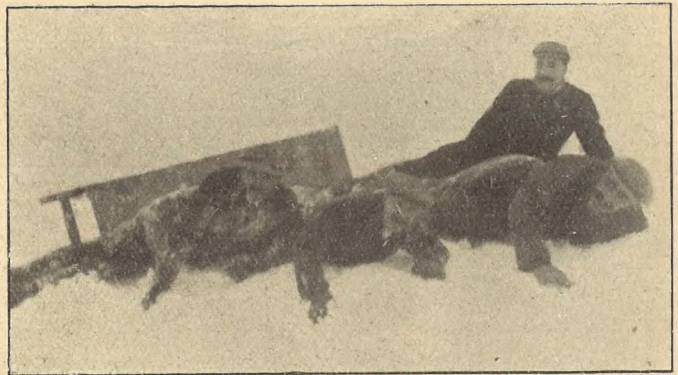
\*

Sergeant John Moore, one of the three survivors of the garrison of Jellalabad, died on Monday at Southampton. An Irishman by birth, he enlisted at the age of eighteen in the 18th Foot, and, serving in India from 1835 to 1845, went through the Afghanistan campaign. In 1840-1 he was present in several engagements in forcing the passes from Kabul to Jellalabad, and took part in the defence of the latter fortress in 1841-2. He participated in the general action at Jellalabad in the latter year, and at the recapture of Kabul. Sergeant Moore was possessed of three medals for service in the field, and in 1840 was promoted from corporal to sergeant for gallantry.

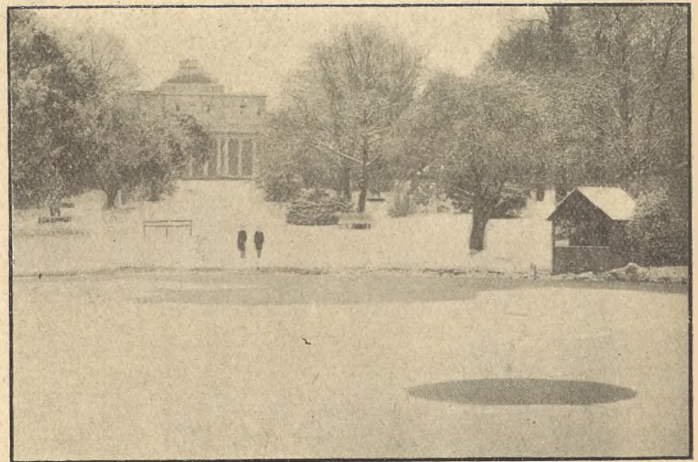
For Printing of every description \* \*  
\* \* Try the "Echo" Electric Press.



THE "OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS" OF 1906.



A NEW SPORT FOR CHELTONIANS: TOBOGANNING IN THE SNOW ON CLEEVE HILL.



PITTVILLE IN WHITE MANTLE.

Photo by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

TOBOGANNING AT BATTLEDOWN.



Photo by A. Collett, Bourton-on-the-Water.

SNOWDRIFTS IN WHITESHOOTS HILL, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.

Last year's shipbuilding returns for the United Kingdom, which are nearly complete, show an aggregate output of about 2,000,000 tons, as against 1,825,000 tons last year.

\* \*

There are 24,244 persons in receipt of pensions from English local authorities, according to a return issued on Friday, the average annual pension being £56.

\* \*

Recruits in the year ending September 30, Mr. Haldane stated on Tuesday, numbered 36,465; the wastage, which was exceptional, was 46,414; and the estimated wastage for the current year is 48,894.

For Evening Wear.

- DRESS SHIRTS, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6.
- DRESS GLOVES, 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6.
- DRESS TIES, from 6½d. per dozen.
- DRESS WAISTCOATS, Single and Double Breasted.
- Embroidered Cashmere & Silk Socks for Dancing.

**A. BECKINGSALE,**  
111 and 387 HIGH STREET,  
Cheltenham Telephone 406.





Photo by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

### THE OLD CHURCH, UPTON-ON-SEVERN.

The congregation having migrated to the new Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, this interesting edifice is fast falling into ruin. The old pews and cenotaphs remain in the church, but the roof in places lets in both sunshine and rain, and glass is missing from the windows. Apparently only the organ has been removed. The building is left for birds to inhabit. Upton folk should make an effort to protect this link of the past from the destroying effects of the weather.

The tower, with the exception of the dome, familiarly known as "the pepper-pot," is much the older portion.

The church is indelibly associated with the thrilling story of a fight between eighteen Parliamentary soldiers and three hundred Scots a few days before the great battle of Worcester, of which Mr. Willis Bund says no braver act is recorded in all the Worcestershire fighting—and there was much fighting there in the great Civil War. When, bent upon crossing the old bridge at Upton to invest Worcester from the west side of the river, as it was already invested on the east, Lambert, acting under Cromwell's commands, marched to Upton, he found the bridge broken down, but a plank had been left across the ruined arches by which it was possible that a few bold and daring men might effect a passage, if the Scots, who to the number of three hundred men were stationed on the other side, happened to be keeping a bad outlook. Without the crossing of the river the general plan could not succeed. Eighteen men were chosen, and, says Mr. Willis Bund, "never were troops given a harder task—in dim daylight to walk in single file over a long narrow plank, high above a deep rapid river, with the prospect each moment of being fired upon—a task before which the bravest might quail." When they got on to the plank they could not stand the running water below them; their heads swam, and they were in danger of falling. So they sat down on the plank, straddling across it, and all reached the opposite bank in safety.

As they formed up they were perceived by the Scots, who at once fiercely attacked them. They retreated, first into the churchyard, and then into the church itself, fastened the door, and fired through the windows. The Scots attacked fiercely, set fire to the church, and shot at the survivors of the eighteen through the windows, trying to thrust them with their pikes. Lambert, now the alarm had been raised, could send no succour over the plank, but ultimately ordered a regiment of dragoons to attempt a passage some way below, at Fisher's Row, in which they succeeded swimming their horses across. Taking the Scots in the rear, they rescued the survivors of the gallant eighteen, who had held the church against such overwhelming odds. Cromwell came himself to Upton to thank Lambert's men for their courageous behaviour and to see that the best use was made of their triumph.

### THE BLIND.

"What the Blind Can Do" is the title of an article contributed to "The Quiver" by Helen Keller. From it we quote the following:—

"In London there is a tea agency of which the managers are wholly or partially blind. Many blind agents are selling its teas, coffees, and cocoas all over England. Last June there was held in Edinburgh an exhibition of the work of the blind all over the world. A whole floor was devoted to weaving machines and typewriters, and blind people demonstrated their skill as weavers, masseurs, carpenters, and musicians. At the Glasgow Asylum the blind have produced saleable articles for eighty years, and in three recent years the average annual sales amounted to £29,000. In English cities from 6 to 13 per cent. of the blind are in workshops, while in America, of 64,000 blind persons, only 600, or 1 per cent., are employed in industrial establishments."

### THE FORCE OF WAVES.

#### EFFECT ON SEA WALLS.

Instances of the power of waves and descriptions of some attempts to measure or calculate it are given in "La Nature" (Paris) by R. Bounin. He says: "The power of waves is the sum of two efforts—one dynamic and due to the orbital movement of the water particles, the other static and dependent on the height of the centre of gravity of the mass raised above its normal position. Theory and observation seem to show that the total power of waves is divided equally between these static and dynamic effects. If a body of water meets the wall of a structure, there is a shock, and this is most violent at the water surface, diminishing with the depth. At the moment of meeting, jets of water rise sometimes to very great heights. Thus at the old Eddystone Lighthouse the waves sometimes rose to a height of 75ft., overtopping the cupola that surmounted

the lantern. At the jetty at Cherbourg breakers 115ft. high have been seen. When these fall with accelerated speed, they often, even in deep water, undermine the structure and cause it to fall. This is notably the case with sea walls, and it is also true of the piles of rock that serve as the foundations of jetties. There are also produced at the moment of shock reflex waves, which, by their interference with those coming up behind, neutralise some and augment the intensity of others, resulting in concentrated shocks of great power. The maximum power of waves is a subject that has long been studied without being positively settled. It is a very complex one, like that of the effect of wind on structures. This power is undoubtedly very great, however, in certain cases. Thus at the breakwater of the port of Wick, on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, a monolith of concrete, weighing 1,350 tons, was displaced in 1871 during a storm and overturned on the supporting rock masses. In 1877, at this same breakwater, another monolith of 2,600 tons, that replaced the former, was also displaced. At the Cherbourg jetty in 1836 during a storm blocks of stone weighing four tons were thrown into the sea below, and huge concrete blocks were moved 20 metres (66ft.), some being completely overturned. During the building of the Dhuheartoch Lighthouse in 1872, fourteen stone blocks, weighing two tons each and locked together, were thrown into the sea from a height of 50ft. above its level. Many other instances of this kind could be given. Starting from such facts, attempts have been made to calculate the power of the waves that displaced these masses; but the results have not been conclusive. Such calculations depend on hypotheses regarding friction and the strength of cements, and on formulas of the strength of materials whose application appears to be doubtful in the case of such enormous forces."

In 1842, the writer goes on to say, the English engineer Thomas Stevenson attempted to measure these forces with an instrument that he devised for the purpose, consisting of pistons acting on powerful springs. This was able, however only to give the maximum pressure of a wave at a given moment and on a very small element of surface. More recently Captain Gaillard, of the United States Army, has constructed improved instruments, with which he has measured both the static and the dynamic effects of waves, chiefly in Lake Superior. His conclusion is that the effect of a mass of water on a vertical wall is the same as that of a current of water with the same surface as that struck, having the speed of propagation of the wave plus that of the orbital motion of its particles. The writer suggests also that a careful measurement of the length, height, speed, and periodicity of waves would enable us to make a comparative table of their power, though this could not be given absolutely in pounds or tons. Something like this is now being done by the French Lighthouse Administration. M. Bounin goes on to say: "We thus see how difficult it is to get at the power of waves exactly. Stevenson, at the conclusion of his numerous experiments, stated that the maximum pressure at Skerryvore Lighthouse, Scotland, in violent tempests, was 30 tons to the square metre. . . . M. Quinette de Rochmont, inspector-general of roads and bridges, in his work on maritime engineering, estimates that on the coast of France and Algeria the pressure is not over 20 tons. Waves producing pressures of 16 to 18 tons are rare, he says, and occur only on the rocky coasts of the Atlantic. He adds that when the wave breaks on a gentle slope its power would appear not to exceed 8 to 10 tons to the square metre. Finally, in most of our ports, damage to masonry structures may be caused by pressures of 4 to 6 tons. These figures of course apply only to the case of direct shock, for in oblique shock, which is more frequent, the force of the water is much less."

\* \*

### THE ODD MAN IN THE VILLAGE.

In the English village of twenty-five or thirty years ago there used to be a number of half-employed people, many of whom, as far as our own recollection goes, belonged to the class of amusing "ne'er-do-wells." Under modern circumstances these seem to have been almost completely eliminated from country life.—"Country Life."

\* \*

Showing a decrease of 357 as compared with 1905, the number of failures in England and Wales last year was 4,446, says "Kemp's Mercantile Gazette."



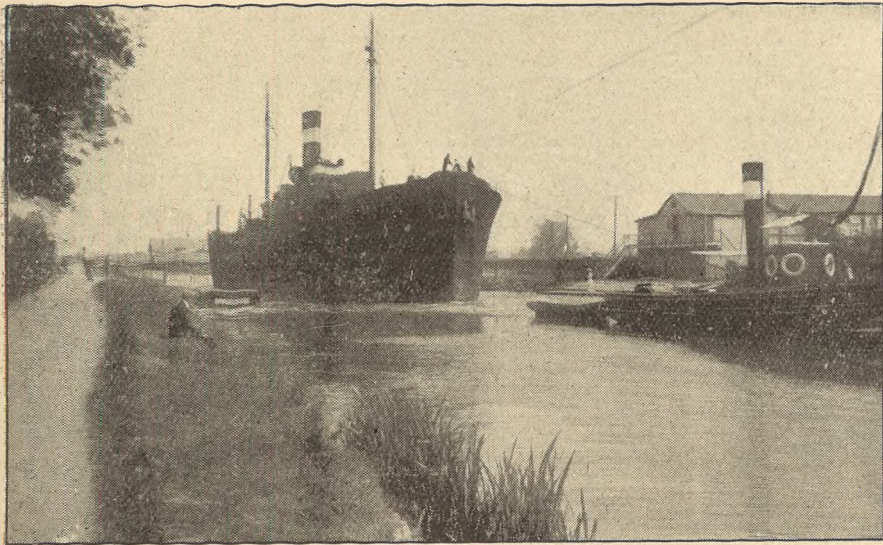


Photo by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

## THE "SAPPHO."

THE LARGEST VESSEL NOW TRADING TO GLOUCESTER, LEAVING THAT PORT AFTER DISCHARGING HER CARGO OF MERCHANDISE FOR XMAS.

## THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

Attention has recently been drawn to the circumstance of remarkable events taking place on similar dates. That is, after all, more typical than exceptional. The use of "the long arm" by dramatists and writers of fiction (says the "Morning Post") is often made a subject of ridicule, but it finds abundant sanction in fact, for the course of history is studded with examples of great events being linked together through the accidental similarity and co-ordination of dates. Thus the Free Church of Scotland appeal in the House of Lords emphasised the curious circumstance that the two chief points in the case, namely, the Westminster Confession of Faith of 1643 and the Disruption of 1843, were separated by an exact interval of two centuries. Two of the greatest epochs of the modern world are associated with the year 1492 and 1792 respectively; for in the first of these Columbus discovered America, and the second was adopted as inaugurating the new era created by the French Revolution. The death of Mohammed took place in 632, and in 1632 Gustavus Adolphus fell at Lutzen, while as if to connect the two events it was in 1532 that the invasion of Germany by Solymán the Magnificent led to the revocation of the anti-Protestant Edict of Augsburg. In the case of our own history we find that the progress of democracy was crowned by the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. There is yet another curious chronological parallel between Protestantism and Islam, for the Reformation commenced with the nailing of the theses by Luther at Wittenberg in 1517, while correspondingly the downfall of the Turk in Europe became assured by Prince Eugene's victory at Belgrade in 1717. The foundation of the British Constitution was laid at Runnymede in 1215, the climax of our Mediaeval era was reached at Agincourt in 1415, and latter-day high-water mark was attained at Waterloo in 1815. A sort of romantic primacy attaches to the Battle of Otterbourne in 1388, which inspired the immortal ballad of Chevy Chase, but a more solid title to remembrance is connected with 1588 on account of the defeat of the Armada, and with 1688 as the year of the Revolution. A quotation from Macaulay furnishes a remarkable illustration of our subject. "The life of Burleigh was commensurate with one of the most important periods in the history of the world. It exactly measures the time during which the House of Austria held decided superiority and aspired to universal dominion. In the year in which Burleigh was born Charles V. obtained the Imperial Crown. In the year in which Burleigh died the vast domain which had, during near a century, kept Europe in constant agitation were buried in

the same grave with the proud and sullen Philip."

The year 1660, which saw the Restoration of Charles II., saw also the birth of George I., and 1688, the year of the Revolution, was also the birth-year of George II., while the century beginning in 1660 and ending in 1760 precisely measures the lives of the first two Hanoverian Sovereigns. On the accession of George I. in 1714, the Elector of Hanover was elevated to the rank of King; by an Act of the Peace of Paris in 1814 the Electorate of Hanover was promoted to the position of a Kingdom. The Empire of India came into existence potentially when the East India Company sent out its first expedition in 1601; the Kingdom of Prussia was formed from the Electorate of Brandenburg in 1701; the union between Great Britain and Ireland was consummated in 1801; and the English line of the House of Hanover ceased on the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. The quasi-independence of Ireland terminated in the Angevin conquest of 1172, and that of Poland was brought to an end by the first partition in 1772. But the latter event had been foreshadowed by the extinction of the royal line of Jagellon in 1572, a year which was also rendered remarkable by the Revolt of the Netherlands, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Battle of Lepanto. The forty-five is the familiar reference to the period of the last Jacobite rising in the eighteenth century, but two hundred years previously an incident of much graver historical importance identified the year 1545 with the opening session of the Council of Trent. The English House of Commons begins its record in 1265, and in 1765 it perpetrated a blunder pregnant with consequences of world-weighty import in the passing of the American Stamp Act. In 1648 the Treaty of Westphalia brought to an end the long-drawn horrors of the Thirty Years' War, in 1748 the shorter but hardly less destructive war of the Austrian Succession came to a conclusion with the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1066 the Battle of Hastings provided, perhaps, the most powerful integrating factor in the history of the English race. In 1766 the annexation of Lorraine to France on the death of Stanislaus Leczinski created a complication which was only partially solved by its partial re-surrender to Germany after Sedan. In 1866 the victory of Prussia at Sadowa gave her the prize of the hegemony of Germany and transferred to Berlin the centre of gravity upon the Continent of Europe.

Clive's great triumph at Plassey was gained in 1757, and in 1857 the British Empire was convulsed by the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. There is good reason for believing that in his solitary instance the centennial coincidence was arranged in fulfilment of a prophecy, and must, therefore, not be included in the catalogue of

chronological curiosities. As we have seen with regard to 1572, many years stand out as being doubly entitled to note, although not claiming analogues in other centuries. Thus 1346 is remarkable by reason of the victories of Crecy, where the King of Bohemia was slain, and of Neville's Cross, where the King of Scotland was captured. In like manner, if in a less degree, 1759 was marked by the Battle of Quiberon Bay, of Quebec, and Minden, as was 1798 by the Irish Rebellion and the Battle of the Nile. The year 1805 saw two crowning triumphs, that of Nelson at Trafalgar and of Napoleon at Austerlitz. The news of the last-named event broke the heart of Pitt, who died in the following year, as did also his life-long rival Fox—antagonists "whom fate made brothers in the tomb." But even more striking and dramatic than the summoning within a year of Pitt and Fox, was the decease of Jefferson and John Adams, both ex-Presidents of the United States dying on the same day, and that day the fourth of July, the anniversary of the great occasion when, exactly fifty years before, they had both signed the Declaration of Independence. Though lacking in this singular closeness of coincidence the cases may also be cited of Queen Mary Tudor and Cardinal Pole dying on November 17th, 1558, of Cervantes and Shakespeare on April 23rd—Shakespeare's birthday—in 1616, and, to cite a more modern case, of the Duke of Clarence and Cardinal Manning on Jan. 14th, 1902. A bad pre-eminence has been claimed for the 24th of August, as being identified with the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, Alaric's sack of Rome, the execution of Sir William Wallace, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, as also, of course, with the martyrdom of the Saint himself. The year 1904 was itself memorable for the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War; but it marked the bicentenary of Blenheim, the thirteenth centenary of the Bishopric of London, and the twenty-ninth centenary of the dedication of Solomon's Temple. It remains to be seen whether the present year of grace will turn out annus mirabilis; but it may be pointed out, by way of augury, that 1806 saw the Battle of Jena and 1706 that of Ramillies, that in 1106 Normandy was conquered by England under Henry I., while exactly 1,600 years ago the Emperor Constantine assumed the title of Cæsar of Britain.

\* \*

## ON CLEANING BLOUSES.

In the matter of blouses, the prevalent "slip" is invaluable; it can be washed and cleaned so easily; but for true economy much ruching, gauging, insertions of fragile materials and laces, should be avoided. Tucks do well, also pleats, gathers, and bouillonnes up to a certain point, but it rather depends on the materials, of course. Strappings and manipulations of silk, braid, and so forth, clean, but do not wash. Among laces, guipure, especially point de venise, and most emphatically "Irlande" are invaluable—a blouse of soft satin or crepe de chine, especially the thicker make, will "clean like a rag," and even wash well; indeed, Irish lace washes admirably, and I have a Clones collar which takes a tub whenever it "feels to want it!" All washing blouses should be forbidden starch, and the same naturally applies to all laces; indeed, even with the most masculine shirt in the feminine wardrobe the cuffs and collars alone should be stiffened. People think a little starch keeps the things clean longer than none—a most decided mistake. A washing blouse or shirt which creases directly a coat is put on, as if it is starched it is bound to do so, looks soiled, and, at any rate, "un-fresh" at once.—Mrs. Evan Nepean, in "P.T.O."

## PRIZE COMPETITION.

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 of chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 214th prize has been awarded to Mr. Wm. C. Davey, Exon, Ryeworth-road, Charlton Kings, for report of sermon by the Rev. F. B. Maenutt at St. John's Church, Cheltenham.

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



ROUND ABOUT BECKFORD.



THE TOWERS.



COURT HOUSE.



BECKFORD HOUSE.



THE MANOR HOUSE  
(Home of Mr. Walter Scott, of Walter Scott and Middleton,  
Railway Contractors).

LONG HAIR AND MUSIC.

\*

DR. COWEN ON THE SUBTLE INFLUENCE OF FLOWING LOCKS.

\*

Why it is that so many musicians, foreign musicians especially, wear long hair? Is it eccentricity, advertisement, or some subtle necessity?

Dr. Frederic Cowen, who is not addicted to the long-hair habit, discusses the subject in the new number of the "Strand Magazine." To the executive musician who is in personal contact with the public (provided, of course, that he has the requisite artistic ability) an abundance of hair is an important, almost a necessary, factor for his success upon the concert platform, or at all events for his immediate popularity. Those executant musicians who have extraordinary heads of hair draw by far the largest audiences.

He makes this classification: (1) Men who have won fame chiefly as composers appear to have been short-haired men; (2) those entirely famous as executants have favoured long hair; (3) practically all great composer-executants, standing in a class by themselves, possess long hair.

"When I contemplate," he remarks, "the portraits of the most eminent of living players, be they pianists or violinists, I find heads of hair of such appalling luxuriance that I can only stand aghast and wonder how on earth they do it."

The custom is a hoary one, and the only serious reason Dr. Cowen puts forward is that religion and music have always been closely connected, and the priests of all nations used to wear long hair.

THE POWERS OF RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

There is an interesting article in this month's "Financial Review of Reviews" on the powers of directors, by Mr. Ernest E. Williams, of the Inner Temple. The writer points out that the lack of power in a general meeting to coerce shareholders does not apply to every company, but to those only which are constituted under the Joint-Stock Companies Acts. The great majority of companies at present working are constituted under those Acts, but there are some important exceptions—railway companies for example. These excepted companies are legislated for under a different set of Acts—the Companies Clauses Acts; and it happens that the section of the Companies Clauses Act, 1845, which defines the powers of directors, concludes with this proviso: "And the exercise of all such powers shall be subject also to the control and regulation of any general meeting specially convened for the purpose." A shareholder in a railway company, therefore, is, as this section explains, and as the case of the Isle of Wight Railway v. Tabourdin some years ago made clear, in a different position regarding his power over directors from, say, a shareholder in a brewery or gold-mining company. In both classes of companies we may now, it is true, speak of the directors as managing partners, but the railway director's large powers as a managing partner in the business have been formally curtailed by the section in the Act quoted, and he has been placed under the orders of a general manager.

\* \*

The Coventry Guardians decided on Wednesday to provide tweed suits for the inmates of the workhouse in place of the ordinary corduroys.

AN "UNEDUCATED" EARL.

Addressing a gathering of science and art pupils at Gravesend on Wednesday, Earl Darnley said: "I place myself before you as an example of deficiency in education. I went through the ordinary public school course, and received a University education. I found myself at twenty-two a B.A. of Cambridge, with a certain knowledge of Latin and Greek, which I have never found of any particular use, but without any knowledge of French, German, or science. From my example I hope you will glean some benefit by securing that knowledge which it is now too late for me to acquire."

SONGS THAT THRILL.

"German troops can march to battle singing Luther's hymns. Frenchmen will work themselves into a frenzy by a song of glory and of Fatherland. Our martial poets," says A. Conan Doyle in "Cassell's Magazine," "need not trouble to imitate, or at least need not imagine that if they do so they will ever supply a want to the British soldier. Our sailors working the heavy guns in South Africa sang 'Here's another lump of sugar for the bird.' I saw a regiment go into action to the refrain of 'A little bit off the top.' The martial poet aforesaid, unless he had the genius and the insight of a Kipling, would have wasted a good deal of ink before he had got down to such chants as these. The Russians are not unlike us in this respect. I remember reading of some column ascending a breach and singing lustily from start to finish, until a few survivors were left victorious upon the crest with the song still going. A spectator inquired what wondrous chant it was which had warmed them to such a deed of valour, and he found that the exact meaning of the words, endlessly repeated, was 'Ivan is in the garden picking cabbages.'"



**THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE**  
**AND**  
**GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC**

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No 315

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907.

**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.*

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.  
 FOR

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**

**FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,**

GO TO

**MR. SUTTON GARDNER,**

**LAUREL HOUSE**

(Near Free Library).

**CHELTENHAM.**

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

**For Evening Wear.**

**DRESS SHIRTS,**

3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6.

**DRESS GLOVES,**

1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6.

**DRESS TIES,**

from 6½d. per dozen.

**DRESS WAISTCOATS,**

Single and Double Breasted.

Embroidered Cashmere & Silk Socks for Dancing.

**A. BECKINGSALE,**

111 and 387 HIGH STREET,

Telephone 406.

**CHELTENHAM**

SLOW OLD-BRITAIN!

\*

American criminal statistics show that that great and glorious country made solid advancement in murders, suicides, and embezzlements for 1906 as compared with the previous year. Such hustling makes us poor Britishers "feel like ten cents."—London Opinion.



**ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CLEEVE HILL,**  
 OPENED BY THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER ON JANUARY 9, 1907.



CHOIR IN PROCESSION FROM VESTRY TO CHURCH.



## Travellers' Tattle.

The old lady in the railway carriage who said "she often wished she was a commercial traveller," evidently knew a thing or two—or thought she did.

Asked why she had such a desire by a commercial gentleman present, she said that "they lived on the best of fare, saw new scenes, enjoyed constant change of air, carried a silver-mounted umbrella, pocket-book, and pencil, and persuaded shopkeepers into what they could not sell, at double the price they ought to pay, and after sending orders to their respective firms, played billiards or skittles all the evening."

Now, every calling, or at all events those carrying any responsibility, has disappointments, anxious moments, dangers, and risks—none more so than the one referred to by the old lady.

Travelling is not all "beer and skittles," as some of the following tales will show.

It was a stormy night, the rain pattering against the window panes—(this is not the commencement of an exciting novel; I am merely stating a fact)—when a party of commercial men, having finished tea at a temperance hotel in Stratford-on-Avon, agreed—in lieu of going out to face the elements—to gather round the fireside and indulge in chat, tales personal and otherwise forming the main part of the conversation, which tales are here set forth, and should the reader find a chestnut or two amongst them—well, you cannot always sup on "almonds."

Those who had orders to send off (or apologies to their firms for having none) quickly got their writing over and letters despatched to post.

The tall man, supposed to be something in the ironmongery trade, and who had been sent from the warehouse as a substitute for the regular traveller, said his orders would do next day, and was cussing the fair town of Stratford and all people therein. Trade with him had evidently not been brisk.

Here, you see, the pocket-book and pencil were not required, and not much heart for the billiards or skittles.

"I call upon grocers," said one gentleman (after pipes were started), "and last week-end found me in a small town where I had a single customer—the leading grocer of the place. It was Saturday, and I looked in to see him. 'Cannot order now; busy day. Travellers should know this, and keep away.' This my reception. My dear sir," I replied, "I merely looked in. See you 9.30 a.m. Monday. Am staying in your pretty town over Sunday."

"Now, at service time, I strolled down the street, and noticed that this very Sunday our friend the grocer was preaching in the Baptist chapel, so the handbills and posters set forth. Partly to pass the time and (I will admit) with the hopes of business on the morrow, I stepped in and listened to an excellent discourse, which left no doubt on my mind that were the grocer in a similar frame to-morrow orders should come easy. 9.30 on the Monday found me in his shop, when the same voice I had heard speak so calmly on the previous day yelled out: 'Sorry. Am just going away. Day off from business. Cannot give you a moment. Any orders for your people I will post direct,' and before I could remonstrate he had taken up his hat and was gone. I slowly wended my way to the station."

Now some shopkeepers show every consideration for commercial men. Some give one to understand that the casual "Pleased to see you" is no commonplace remark. Yet there was not a single person present but had experienced similar misfortune at one time or another.

A Jewish fur traveller, selling cheap muffs, coats, etc., to a trader in one of the health resorts, which shall be nameless. Cases open; samples to right of him, samples to left of him, and just in the middle of his job was informed that the "boss" was going home, and would finish on Monday!

"Tell him that what will bring me back to ——— from my home at Ashton-under-Lyme, or keep me in ——— over Sunday; and beg twenty minutes more of his time, if you will."

Back came the reply: "If you cannot meet his convenience, he can order elsewhere"; and this cost the traveller or his firm a sovereign, besides which the Jew has similar feelings to the Gentle, I presume.

Now, the writer saw this trader gossiping at his shop door fully an hour after the "furry" man had been dismissed.

Coming up in the train I had met a friend, representing a leading chocolate house, who related his experience to me on the previous day in ——— Town, where he made a call at the co-operative store.

"I don't buy now," said the manager. Go upstairs and see the president; new man, just elected."

This advice was followed, and in the upstairs office sat an old gentleman filling his pipe.

"Who be you, young man?" was my greeting, and, in the words of the narrator, I handed my calling card.

"Did he order anything? Because if I catch he giving orders now I am on the job, he puts on his hat and coat and goes up the street or down, whichever way he likes." This of the manager.

"You see, Mr., I be president, and all orders comes from I. Made my way up to this, and ain't to be had. Show your stuff."

To cut down the story, by aid of a few congratulatory remarks and promises to wait upon his nibs each journey, friendship was established, and a decent order secured.

Commercial men are very keen observers—their business makes them so.

It was one of the fraternity, hailing from the "village" (Birmingham), who discovered that Bidford folk never die—at least, not very often.

Having some spare time and more curiosity, he strolled to a graveside in Bidford churchyard, where a funeral was in progress, and noticed an aged couple standing by the coffin bowed down with grief.

Casually looking at the name-plate, he saw that John Smith, of Bidford, had died, aged 73.

The old lady was quite prostrated with woe. "He is better off and free now from pain," said the old gentleman, by way of soothing her grief.

"Aye," she replied, "but I cannot help thinking what a promising lad he was. I always said we should never rear him."

This story is reminiscent of one told by a motoring man, who stopped his car to ascertain the reason for the grief shown at the roadside by a white-haired old man.

It appeared that he had received a thrashing from his father for throwing stones at his grandfather up in an apple tree!

"We lives as long as we can," said the Bidford yokel, "and when we dies we turns into cattle and grazes out on the common, and arterwards old Dowdeswell has our hides, and then us wears longer nor ever."

"Old Dowdeswell" is not a local name for the evil one with fork and tail, but is the local saddler, who presumably followed the old-fashioned country custom, and skinned horses for the sake of the leather, this making excellent whip-thongs.

Our friend in the ironmongery line, who had never previously seen Stratford-on-Avon could not repress his surprise at the homage—not quite disinterested—paid by all therein to the memory of the immortal Bard. Anyway, Shakespearean associations have spelt fortune there. Even school children glibly recite his plays, and it is said that any tales they tell derogatory to his memory are punishable at school.

The Yankees, however, are never tired of tales, literature, or relics relating to Shakespeare, and may be seen tipping these urchins after listening to their Shakespearean yarns.

A favourite one always is about a visit paid by Shakespeare on a Saturday night to the before-mentioned Bidford on a drinking expedition, which was so pursued that the poet slept all day on Sunday, starting to walk home on Monday morning!

Seeing a labourer ploughing, he remonstrated with the man, and denounced his master for breaking the Sabbath day by sending him out to plough.

The man only laughed, and said the day was Monday, whereupon Shakespeare thrashed him for attempting to make him out to be a liar.

There being time for one more tale, I give it here, to encourage the cultivation of a good memory—and careful study of the Scriptures.

"She was bargaining with the monumental mason for a tombstone to the memory of her lately departed spouse. Both had adopted atheistic principles, and he was dead. 'I will pay your price,' she said, 'on condition that you get it put up bearing the inscription 'There is no God.' The other arrangements of writing I leave to you; but this is to go atop.'"

Now, no clergyman would allow such sacrilege in any churchyard under his care and jurisdiction, and the mason knew it. He accepted the offer, however, and when the stone appeared in the churchyard it bore this inscription: "The Fool Saith in His Heart There is no God. Sacred to the memory of," etc.

'It was now time for candles and roost.

GEO. A. POWELL.

## W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,

FRUITERS. . . . . FLORISTS,  
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS,

92, 92a High Street,  
16 Montpellier Walk.

Choice Collection of  
Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.  
Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Ducks, and Game  
of all kinds at . . .  
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

## PRIZE COMPETITION.

\*

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 of chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 215th prize has been divided between Miss M. Turner, of 15 Suffolk-square, for a report of a sermon by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church, and Miss M. D. Watson, of 17 Lansdown-parade, for a report of the Bishop of Gloucester's sermon at St. Peter's Church. The latter, however, is not published, a report by one of our own staff being already in type when Miss Watson's was received.

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

## Printing

AS YOU WANT IT  
WHEN YOU WANT IT

"ECHO"  
ELECTRIC PRESS  
Producers of Good Work



THE PREVENTION OF CORRUPTION ACT.

\*

The only considerations which should regulate legitimate commerce are price, quality, and delivery. As things are, no manufacturer or merchant can be certain that his goods will in every case receive the consideration which their quality and price merit, or that a prohibition will not be placed upon them, unless he gives a commission or a valuable consideration of some sort to the agents or employees of his customers. On the other hand, no purchaser can be certain that the goods he is buying are being procured on a basis of price and merit alone, because his agents or servants may be obtaining commissions, gifts, or considerations from the suppliers, and consequently are forbearing to show favour to some other article which may be better in quality and cheaper in price, but which is prohibited by them because it carries no commission. In any case, the cost of the article to the purchaser must be increased by the amount of the commissions paid. These corrupt principles, which are repugnant to all honest people, have unfortunately been found to permeate in a greater or less degree practically all trades and professions. They affect all employers, and they are prejudicial to all purchasers, whether these be corporate bodies, companies, clubs, or private individuals. The London Chamber of Commerce, which was incorporated for the purpose of guarding the commerce of the principal city of the world, recognised that in many cases fair trading was being fettered by corrupt considerations, and promoted the Prevention of Corruption Act. A Secret Commissions and Bribery Prevention League has now been formed by the Chamber with the object of seeing that the Act is duly enforced.—“Magazine of Commerce”

\* \*

THE CLERK DIFFICULTY.

\*

Is it not a remarkable fact that despite modern bustle, and modern requirements, telephones, adding machines and slide rules, the same bald advertisement appears in the papers: “Junior clerk wanted; good handwriting and arithmetic indispensable?” And the schoolboy cons it greedily, conscious of the possession of this lofty equipment for a start in life, and hugs himself in the anticipation of a wage so easily earned; what time his parents see themselves relieved of their responsibilities, and, appropriating half his salary, leave him henceforth to make his way unguided. I do not, of course, pretend that such indifference to the future is universal, but I claim this example as typical of a very large section of the clerk-producing community, from which may be expected a resultant physical and mental deterioration. If it is necessary for a boy to leave the school oven half-baked, then, I say, every penny he earns should be spent in completing his general education—the foundation of commercial success. Suppose the demand for arithmetic and penmanship were supplemented by English grammar and composition, together with a certificate as to industry, memory, and powers of application; what would be the economic result? Fewer candidates, better work, and fewer clerks, who would command a higher reputation, and consequently higher pay. And for the residue whose abilities do not lie in these channels, there are still ships to be worked and land to be tilled and many other occupations requiring dexterity, more or less, but little exercise of the brain.

I am quite sure that it is, first, his imperfect general education and, afterwards, his lack of judicious training that makes the way of the clerk so steep. Moreover, he is beset with this double difficulty: he does not know what he lacks, or even that he lacks anything at all, and his employer often does not know or cannot define exactly what he himself wants or expects. After all, it is far from easy to say precisely what constitutes a good clerk, and it is this very elusiveness and intangibility that baffle the beginner and lure him into a false sense of complete equipment. —“National Telephone Journal.”

\* \*

Sunday being the Feast of Epiphany, the ancient ceremony of presenting the King's offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, in the presence of a large congregation.



CHELTENHAM POST-OFFICE.

[The Promenade Post-office has been much enlarged and the frontage greatly improved.]



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHELTENHAM, DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS.

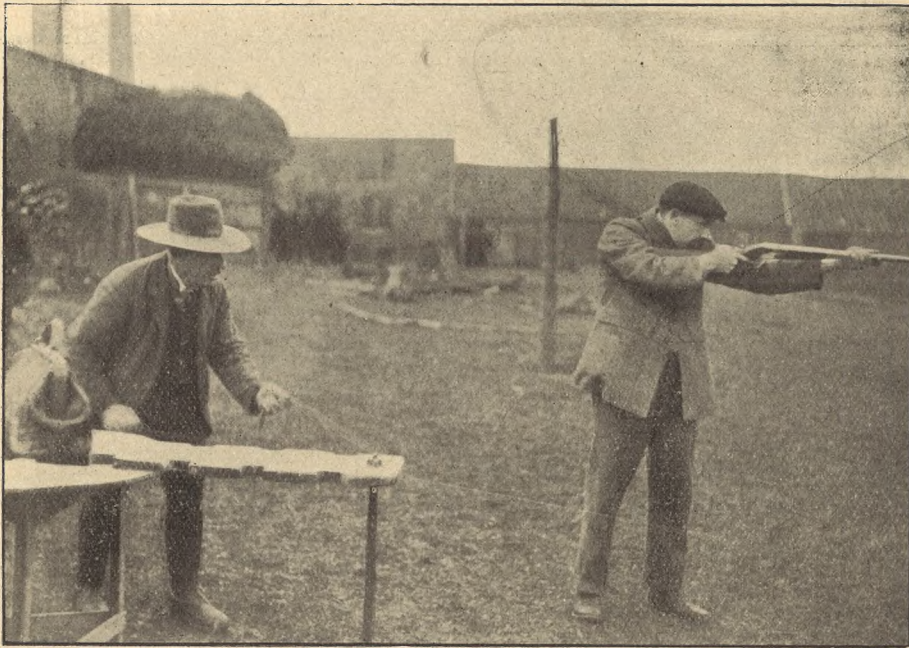
SUGGESTED COSTUME EXPERT.

\*

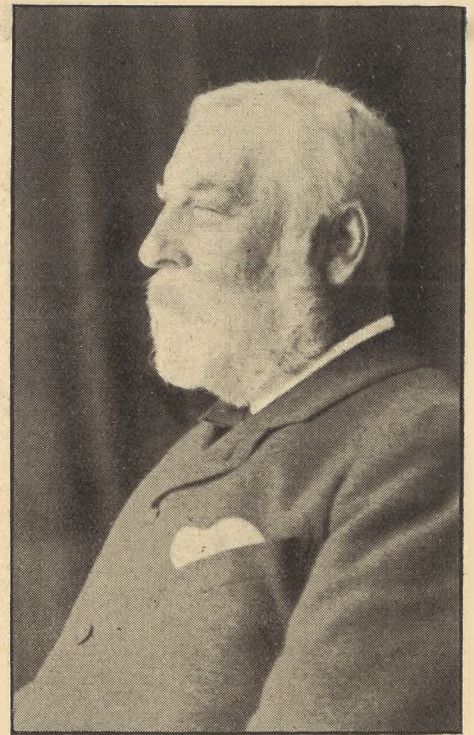
We want in the present day what I might call, or the want of a better name, a sensible Costume Expert who should advise people how they should effectively attire themselves. Anyone can dress in the fashion—who can, and often who cannot, afford to pay their milliner's or their tailor's bill—but very few know what garments are really becoming to their face and figure. The height

of the fashion which may be suitable to the few often puts the majority at a terrible disadvantage, and what the Costume Expert is required for is to obviate these drawbacks. He, or she, as the case might be, would say to consultants “You must not wear certain colours, you must assume a particular form of garment, and your hair should be arranged in an especial fashion.” They would endeavour to keep in harmony with the prevailing mode, but at the same time would especially remember the face and figure of clients. —“The Graphic.”





STARLING SHOOT AT CHARLTON KINGS ON JAN. 9th, 1907.  
A GOOD SHOT. JOE SMITH PULLING THE TRAPS.



MR. B. W. COOKE,  
PRESIDENT OF PAINSWICK & DISTRICT  
LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.



SPORTSMEN AND SPECTATORS.

LONDON'S GROWTH.

\*  
"How fast does London grow? is a question that may perhaps best be answered," says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal," "by indicating the rate at which the Metropolis increases in size every day. Excluding, of course, Sundays and Bank Holidays, it may be taken that one new street is formed in London each day during the twelve months. This representing more than seventy-five new houses that are finished building every twenty-four hours. Each week-night that closes in finds the mileage of London's streets increased by a quarter of a mile. These calculations do not take into account the thousands of houses at the time unfinished that are always to be found in London.

GHOST AS A WILL-FINDER.  
ROMANTIC RECOVERY.

\*  
A farmhouse on the Duke of Bedford's Thorney Estate, near Peterborough, has long had the reputation of being haunted by a lady in a red chintz dress, who witnesses assert always beckoned towards the ceiling of a certain bedroom.  
Investigation amongst the beams of the roof have now led to the discovery of the will of a farmer named Cave, who died at the farm over a century ago, leaving an estate of £10,000.

\* \*  
According to official statistics France imports annually 170 tons of human hair, 25 tons of which come from Italy and 100 tons from China.

FRIENDSHIP.

\*  
What is a friend?  
'Tis one who dows another  
With comprehensive sympathy,  
Which laughs or mourns  
According as occasion needs:  
A true friend pours forth balm of Gilead  
In the red painful wounds of him  
Who was erstwhile a stranger:  
'Tis one who listens to the dreams of youth  
Without that curl o' the lip  
Which robs the dreamer of his Paradise  
And freezes all his generous impulses.  
Further, 'tis one who saves the tired mind  
From morbid musings,  
And suffuses eyes grown blind to Love celestial  
With spiritual euphrasy.  
Such friendship is divine  
In essence and in power,  
And he who lacketh or restraineth it,  
Though he be rich as Croesus,  
Is but a pauper:  
Whilst he is rich,  
However poor in this world's goods,  
Who can proclaim he *has and is* a friend.  
SIDNEY POULSTON.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

"Are there any grounds for the supposition that the harmony of the home will be disturbed when women vote at Parliamentary elections?" was the question put to Miss Clementina Black by a "Cassell's Saturday Journal" interviewer. Her reply was "None whatever, in my opinion. If a woman differs very violently from her husband on political subjects, she will differ from him whether she has a vote or not. Is not that so? It has not been found that the privilege of voting at political elections which is enjoyed by the women of Australia leads to quarrelling between husband and wife, so why should it do so here? I don't anticipate any marked revulsion in politics when we secure our rights, but it may be instructive to note that since the women of Australia have been able to vote, men of bad character have, it is said, stood no chance of being elected to the Parliament of the Commonwealth. The women insist on having decent individuals to represent them."





A GOLDEN WEDDING COUPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cole, of Bishop's Cleeve, celebrated their golden wedding on January 4th. They were married at Norton Bavent, Wilts, in 1857; and of their fourteen children ten are still living. Mr. Cole was in the employment of the late Rev. W. L. Townsend, rector of Bishop's Cleeve, for nine years, and afterwards was gamekeeper for twenty-four years at Cowley Manor. Both he and his wife are in good health. The photo was taken by their son, Mr. A. Cole, 22 Albert-place, Cheltenham.



ONE OF STOW'S OLDEST INHABITANTS.

MRS. ELIZABETH EDGINTON, OF STOW-ON-THE-WOLD  
(widow of the late Thomas Edginton),  
DIED JAN. 1, 1907, IN HER 92ND YEAR.

DRINK AND PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

\* \*

AMUSING ESSAYS BY CHILDREN.

\* \*

Since July, 1904, when the Committee on Physical Deterioration reported strongly on the evils of alcohol, more than a hundred cities and boroughs have issued official placards to the same effect. So said Mr. W. McAdam Eccles, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, lecturing on Tuesday night to the Society for the Study of Inebriety at the rooms of the Medical Society of London, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square. He added, however, that the Corporation of Leeds had been surcharged for posters of this kind, but had been relieved by means of a fund formed by the temperance party in the city. More recently an attempt to surcharge had been made at Tunbridge Wells, but it remained to be seen whether the Local Government would uphold the decision of the District Auditor. The result was that the municipal authorities, who had done yeoman service on the side of health against alcohol, were rather fighting shy of these posters, and it was earnestly to be hoped that Mr. John Burns would encourage them to resume the work by relieving them of fear (hear, hear). The lecture was illustrated by lantern reproductions of many of the municipal placards, and in addition there appeared some amusing extracts from essays by school children at Hull on the effects of alcohol. Among these quotations were the following:—"It is not right for people who go to church to touch, as it is more for sinners." "Another dangerous thing about alcohol is that should a person take too

large a quantity of beer he would be taken or go to a very hot place." "Seafaring men who are in the habit of drinking are liable to collide with other vessels." "To-day many people are in gaol for committing suicide under the influence of drink." "Alcohol is a mocker. At last it biteth like a servant and stingeth like a hatter," "Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst," "Medical men have found that there are more dead than there were," "Doctors say that the increased death rate shortens lives more" (laughter and cheers). The Chairman, after complimenting Mr. McAdam Eccles on his lecture, remarked that army surgeons were acting as apostles of temperance to soldiers. They had been ordered by the Director-General of the Army Medical Service to call the attention of recruits to the importance of the present crusade. He held that medical officers of health should not be content with writing placards on the physical deterioration resulting from alcohol, but should enforce their lessons by public lectures, and he rejoiced that the Board of Hygiene and Temperance was training school teachers to spread the truth on this subject (cheers).

\* \*

HOW TO BE HAPPY ABROAD.

I make a slight bid for popularity when abroad by acclaiming the manners, customs, and points of view of my foreign hosts (says "The Bystander"). Is the man a humbug who falls into ecstasies over the ways of the foreigner? By no means. He is merely one who is tired for the time of belonging to the greatest nation in the world. Superiority is a fatiguing state.

DENTAL EXAMINATION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

\* \*

With the Education Bill defunct, says "The Hospital," the provision for medical inspection of the children of public elementary schools must necessarily for the time being remain in abeyance. It is at least a step in the right direction that the principle of the provision received such general support from the various political parties, but it is to be hoped that in the event of a still further protracted delay in the settlement of the education controversy some means may be found of giving practical effect to this part of the Bill. We are accustomed to regard ourselves as a nation in the foremost van of civilisation, yet we are strangely halting in our progress in these matters. In many parts of Germany the education authorities not only provide for the medical inspection of all school children, but have also called in requisition the services of the dental surgeon. Proper supervision of the children's teeth has been carried out in Strasburg since 1902 by a dental surgeon duly appointed by the city, and the German dental societies are now making strenuous efforts to force upon the attention of the authorities the importance of the proper care of the teeth, and to induce them to carry out the recommendations of the Congress of the International Dental Federation, held in August, 1906. The medical profession is now fully alive to the fact that carious teeth are responsible for many disorders, often of a serious nature, and it is recognised that a healthy mouth is one of the chief essentials for a healthy body.



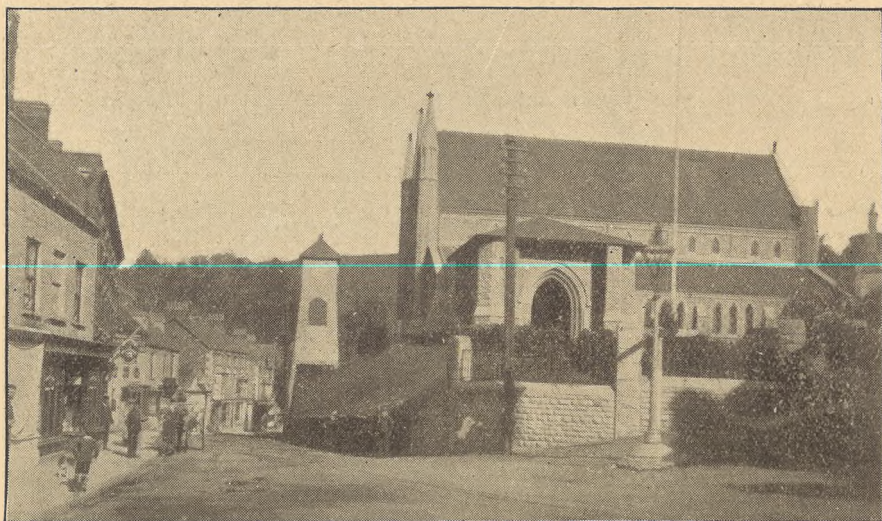
GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHURCHES.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



CHEDWORTH.

Chedworth Church has a Norman tower, and a late Norman arcade of three bays in the nave, the general characteristics of which, however, are of 15th century Perpendicular work. Dates marking the latter period are cut in different parts of the church, viz. 1491 (on the jamb of the south door), 1461, and 1485. The Perpendicular work was a gift of Henry VII., who confiscated the manor. In the chancel is an Early English piscina; and the church also possesses a font the bowl of which is of the Norman type. Altogether the old church is of much interest to the student of an antiquarian turn of mind.



Photos by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

NAILSWORTH.

St. George's Church, Nailsworth, was erected in 1900 on the site of a very old edifice, and cost £7,000. It consists at present of a nave, aisle, and the base of the tower. Want of funds prevented the completion of the tower and the placing of bells therein. It will be seen by the picture that the ground on which the church is built is much higher than the principal streets of the town. For safety, the foundations had to be laid at an unusual depth. Readers will notice a clock tower separate from the church. This was erected at the expense of Mr. W. G. Clissold, J.P., C.C., but the clock (a faithful friend) formerly did duty on the old church. When the tower is completed the clock will be placed in it.

MIDDLE-CLASS OBSEQUIES.

\*

Deep down in the mind of the lower middle classes, and of all people who possess middle-class intellects, is the idea that a death in the family is a thing to be intensely proud of. There are, indeed, poor families who, on the death of the bread-winner, spend the entire insurance money on funeral obsequies and the purchase of "blacks." To such people it may be a pleasing thing that their habiliments may turn conversation into the direction they desire. But the more

sensitive mind shuns any allusion to deep grief. Those are intimately concerned in the matter will hear of in in due course. They will sympathise—delicately or clumsily. But it is a very painful thing that your clothing should enable, and, perhaps, practically compel, a chance acquaintance to say to you "Hullo, old man, I'm sorry to see you're in mourning." You then have to explain the nature of your sorrow. The moment is uncomfortable for both parties, and a man with even a moderate acquaintance suffers from many moments of the sort in the day.—"The Bystander."

\*

I see that the "Echo," with its usual enterprise, endeavoured to get confirmation of the current rumour that army manoeuvres on a large scale are to be held in or contiguous to Gloucestershire next autumn. Going to the fountain-head, the War Office, it elicited a diplomatic and ambiguous reply, that no information is yet available on the subject. I should say that, even if the proposal is being favourably entertained by the Army Council, no details are yet settled or will be until a few weeks hence. Several things have certainly happened in the last year or two in this county which point to the probability of its being selected as a ground for mimic warfare. I allude to the Staff rides directed by General Sir John French in the autumn of 1904, and by General Sir Neville Lyttelton in the autumn of 1906. And also to the fact (which I noticed early in 1904) of several high officials of the War Office having recently visited the district between Birdlip and Painswick Beacon, and carefully surveyed and marked the common land on maps. I then suggested and hoped that they were prospecting for a site for a permanent camp. At any rate, I trust that there is some fire in the recent smoke, and that Gloucestershire will this year at the earliest find itself between the fires of opposing armies of her own countrymen.

\* \*

Some of the Gloucester people are not happy because the Great Western Railway Co. has not complied fully with their application for week-end facilities and fares. They wanted, in fact, to be placed on the same footing as Cheltenham, but the company does not see its way to that. They grant Saturday to Monday fares, but "week-ends" (as understood from Friday till Tuesday) are refused. Gloucester's grievance is, to my mind, exaggerated in the bookings to Cheltenham. Travellers from Paddington to Gloucester can still, as many others have done in the past, get out and finish their journey instead of going the full ride to Cheltenham. I am informed on the best authority—and I can easily understand it—that the ordinary bookings from Cheltenham on the company's system are much more numerous and remunerative than those from Gloucester. There are, decidedly, a far greater proportion of travellers to and from the town of pleasure at the higher fares than business Gloucester yields. As showing how little the company's recent concessions are understood by the public, I may mention an incident that I heard when standing at the booking-office in the Cathedral city. "Third week-end to Cheltenham," called out a would-be cheap passenger. The clerk, with an amused smile, promptly responded by saying there were none issued to that station. I imagine the company has too good a bit of paying line in that branch to think of lowering fares.

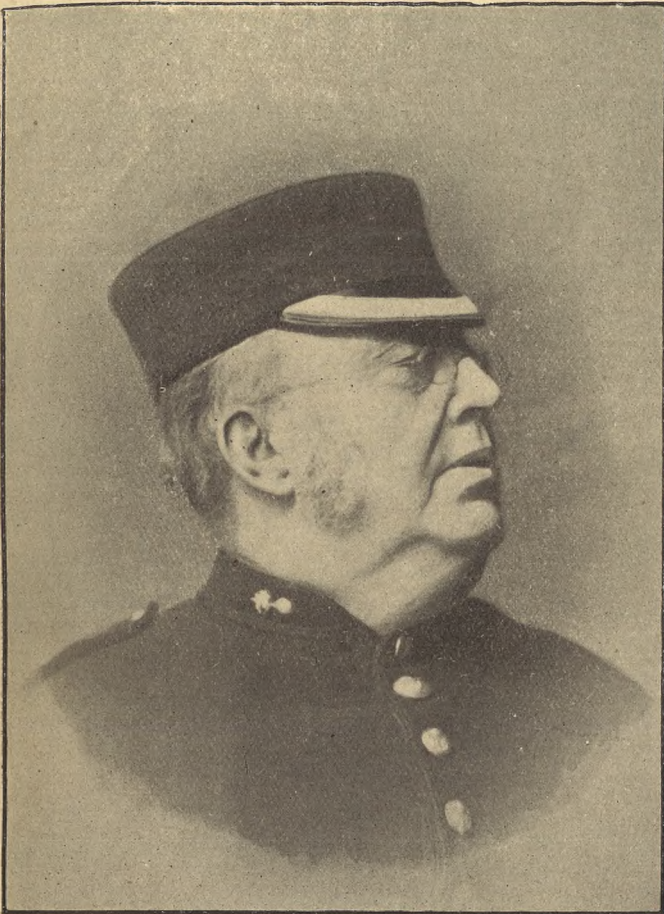
\* \*

"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" is a trite saying, and an apposite exemplification of it is furnished by the action of a Gloucester paper in emulating in a way what the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. set their contemporaries with the present century. There are certainly very few local churches left for the followers to "institute." The picture of St. Peter's (R.C.) last week has led several Gloucester readers who wish to refresh their memories to enquire when the ascent of the outside of its spire was made. I well remember it was shortly before the second week in October, 1868, when the enlarged new church was consecrated by Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, and Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth, preached at one of the services. Canon George Case, the munificent priest, who spent £5,000 of his own money on the edifice, was the first to be hoisted up in a large basket, to see the workmen fix the cross on the capstone of the spire. And in descending a hook caught the basket and it was tilted a bit until speedily put right. Among others who thus went aloft were the wife of a deceased newspaper proprietor and a chimney sweep who lived under the spire's shadow.

GLEANER.

For Printing of every description \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Try the "Echo" Electric Press.

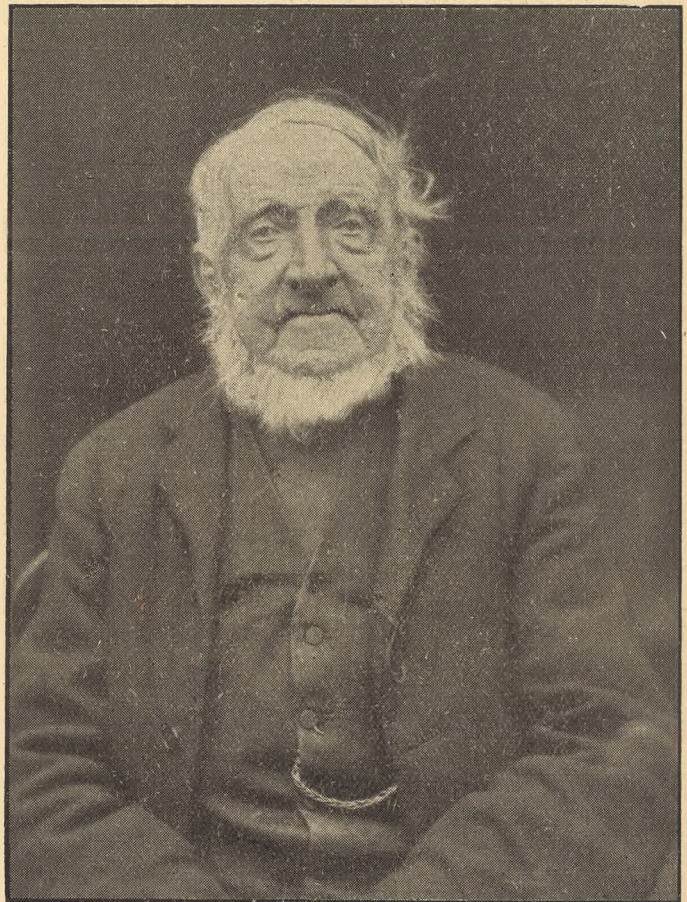




MR. BEN WHEELER.

DIED AT GLOUCESTER JANUARY 4TH, AGED 74 YEARS.

In the Uniform of the Gloucester Volunteer Artillery Band, of which he was an original member, and in which he played the big trombone.



OUR OLD INHABITANTS.

MR. WILLIAM CLUTTERBUCK, of Commercial-street, Cheltenham.

Mr. Clutterbuck was born at Minchinhampton on February 21, 1811, but has lived in Cheltenham for over sixty years. He is in full possession of his faculties, and gets about without assistance. He was formerly a carpenter. His son died last week, aged 66 years.

A PLEA FOR THE SCARLET COAT.

\*

The start of the hunting season proper brings with it a welcome brightening up in the garb of the follower of hounds. Mufti is no longer de rigueur, and after the drab and rather cheerless appearance of the cub-nunting fixtures, it has been good to see the well-dressed fields at recent opening meets, "dotting the meadows with scarlet and white." And yet each season we seem to see less scarlet than before. Whether it is mere indifference, or whether just because our insular prejudice is against making "anything of a show," I am afraid that hunting-men do not come out in "pink" so often as they should do. I say "should do," partly because it is a compliment to the M.F.U. for the subscriber to come to the meet in orthodox costume, and partly because the farmers like to see the scarlet in the field. They know that the wearer of a pink coat is a subscriber to the hunt, and, accordingly, are glad to welcome him over their property; but when nearly all are attired in black or grey, they cannot distinguish the hunt member from the non-subscribing stranger, and they do not like it.—'The Bystander.'

\*\*

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

\*

"The effect of athletics on women is readily seen," remarked Lady Colin Campbell to a 'Cassell's Saturday Journal' interviewer. "The present generation of girls is developing on far bigger lines than previous ones. It is a case of the sound mind in the healthy body."

THE "UNCLE SAM" CAST OF COUNTEenance.

\*

Tobacco-chewing—a loathsome habit which happily appears to be going out of fashion among civilised people—has been productive of a cast of countenance which will remain historic for all time. "Uncle Sam" will probably be forever portrayed as an individual "lean of flank and lank of jaw," as Oliver Wendell Holmes verbally depicts him in his humorous apotheosis. Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced sallow heroes were tobacco-chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and working men of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the "typical Yankee" of caricature.—From "Chins and Character," in "Blackwood's Magazine."

\*\*

Under the heading of "Squaring Accounts" "Punch" thus sums up the position of domestics as it will be when the new Prevention of Corruption and Workmen's Compensation Acts come into operation:—"Cook: Well I never, Mr. Binns! No more little presents from the butcher! 'Ow am I to live?—Butler: If you'll take my advice, you'll just fall haccidental hover the coal-scuttle, and get it back hout of the master."

THE DAILY BATH.

\*

"The Hospital," writing on this subject, says: There will, of course, be no difficulty in securing medical assent to the proposition that boys and girls should be educated to look upon a daily bath as a duty they owe to themselves and to society. Nor will there be hesitation in endorsing the remark that infants and young children require tender treatment in the matter of baths, and that this gentleness implies more or less warmth. For vigorous and active youth the cold tub is a valuable and tonic discipline. Even some adults who have reached or passed middle life practise it with impunity, or even with advantage. But for most men of sedentary habits the cold tub is not suitable. It has a heroic and Spartan aspect, and, being more or less disagreeable, is often therefore argued to be virtuous. Popularly hot water is supposed to "open pores" or to "relax fibres," to use the pseudo-scientific jargon of the day, and so to provoke to "catching cold" and other evils. The question in any individual case must be settled by actual experience, but there can be no doubt that many a middle-aged man would enjoy both better health and better temper if he took a warm instead of a cold bath. Personal comfort and domestic peace often have a secret and unsuspected enemy in the chilling influence of the morning tub.

\*\*

The peasants throughout the Tyrol have decided to light bonfires on the Alps on the promulgation of the order for universal suffrage.

By taking a plebiscite of women residents in a large number of typical streets in the West End, the "Observer" has ascertained that there is a majority against woman's suffrage.





MR. JOSEPH ALLDUM,  
OF FAIRVIEW ROAD, CHELTENHAM.  
Died Jan. 7, 1907, aged 84 years

## The Appreciation of Poetry.

[BY COLIN STERNE IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

\* \*

Why is it that so few people care for poetry? It is true that not many are willing to admit they do not like it; but the fact remains that the volumes of poems, as a rule, do nothing but accumulate dust on the library shelves.

Again, of those who do read poetry, a very large number seem to have little taste or discrimination. They are generally ready to admit, theoretically, that Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others are great poets; but practically they read little beside such lesser lights as Longfellow, Adelaide Proctor, and Mrs. Hemans.

We cannot help thinking that all this arises from a misconception as to the true essence and function of poetry. There is a common impression that verse is merely a rhymed and rhythmic way of saying what might just as well be written in prose.

The late George Macdonald, who was both a poet and prose writer of no mean order, held it as a maxim that nothing ought to be set forth in verse which could be equally well said in prose. And this saying leads us to the essential distinction between the two.

Poetry seems to be incapable of a brief and exact definition. Primarily, it is the expression of feeling and emotion; but its distinction from prose lies in the many and varied devices used to enhance and refine that expression. Poetry is the perfect music of speech; and, as such, it demands rhythm as one of its factors; although we may note in passing that, just as occasionally we may have unrhymed music (the recitative), so we sometimes get unrhymed poetry, as in the Psalms for example, and the poems of Walt Whitman. Rhyme is also used in much poetry; though it is by no means essential, some of the very greatest poetry being in blank verse. Other elements are the fitting of the sound to the sense; the use of alliteration, emphasis, contrast; the invention of similes and metaphors; whilst the genius of blank verse has other means of effect peculiar to itself.

It is the conscious or unconscious appreciation of these various elements that largely constitutes a liking for poetry. We must clearly grasp the idea that poetry is no mere rhyming jingle. The greater portion of verse that is written is not

worthy of the name of poetry at all. Most of us are acquainted with the would-be poet who contributes to the corner of local newspapers. He appears to think that when he has vented a number of platitudes in rhyming and jingling lines that he has written a poem; whereas, in all probability, he has never understood the nature and mission of poetry at all. Let us consider these in a little more detail.

First, poetry is the expression of emotion. We might also say that it is often a description of the beautiful; but this would generally come under the same definition; for the sense of beauty is emotional in its accompaniment, and seeks emotional expression in poetry. Verse which merely describes what might be perfectly portrayed in prose is tedious, and is not poetry. The first essential of the poet, then, is that he must be capable of deep feeling and insight, and be extremely responsive to beauty in all its forms. If he do not feel deeply himself, he cannot rouse emotion in others. We do not want verses laden with commonplace and superficial feeling. The newspaper versifier tells us that flowers are sweet and lovely, that the breeze whispers in the leaves, that the stars are bright, and many other interesting facts. But this is not poetry, even if the lines are rhymed; it is mere drivel. But when Wordsworth says

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"  
we feel that we are in the presence of a different class of emotion altogether.

Second, Poetry must be spoken music. To this end many minor elements contribute; the chief being rhythm, rhyme, alliteration, and contrast.

Rhythm comprises the arrangement of accents or "feet" in the lines, and the formation of lines into stanzas. Both require a musical ear, to avoid harshness on the one hand and monotony on the other. The latter fault is more common than the former, so much verse that is written moving in a wearisome and unvarying rhythm that is insufferably tiring. What a contrast when we turn to the best work of such poets as Keats, Shelley, and Browning! The "Ode to the West Wind," of Shelley, for example, is full of varied effects of rhythm.

Rhyme is not necessary to poetry; but it is an element that is capable of wonderful effects in the hands of a master. There is, however, little room for originality in this department now, most of the avail combinations having been used over and over again. Amongst the moderns, Swinburne is remarkable for the easy yet subtle management of his rhymes.

Alliteration has always been considered one of the important ornaments of poetry. It is the playing upon one sound, lingering upon a letter as if loth to leave it. It contributes largely to beauty of a line; but it is very liable to abuse, and is often overdone. The greatest poets use it with a fine artistic restraint; but in some of the lesser it is so prominent as to become an affectation. Beautiful and musical as the verse of Swinburne is, we cannot exonerate him from the charge of excess in this direction.

Under the term "Contrast" may be included all that varying of the sound of the verse that acts pictorially and dramatically upon the imagination, helping us to feel and see the thing described. It is here, more than anywhere else, that the art of the poet shows itself.

To illustrate some of these points of style, let us take a passage from Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur." Sir Bedivere is carrying the wounded king on his back down the cliffs to the lake:—

"Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black clif clang'd round him, as he  
bared

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon."

Note, first, the varying rhythm of the lines; the altered position of the pause, avoiding any monotony; the changes of speed, adding to the pictorial effect. Next, take the alliteration, the play upon the hard consonants (B and hard C) in the early part, and of the softer L in the last two lines. Finally, notice the wonderful contrast in the music of the earlier and latter portions. The verse rings with the sound of the knight's footsteps; the short vowels A and I are the basis of this word-painting. But what a contrast in the liquid long-drawn music of the last line and a

half! We seem our-elves to emerge from a barren chasm and see before us the silent mystery of a moonlit lake. A few long O's and an interwoven and subtle play upon the consonants L and N are used with an effect that contrast alone can give.

Such are some of the materials of the poet. Did space allow we might go on to speak of similes, metaphors, and other devices; of the peculiar beauties of the sonnet and other special forms; of the texture and strength of good blank verse, and many other details that go to the fashioning and perfecting of the art of poetry.

But after all, these things are materials only. A man may have studied them deeply and acquired a certain mastery over them by diligent practice. But if he have not the poetic mind, if he be devoid of insight, imagination, and passion, his verse will leave us cold and unmoved. "The poet is born, not made," says the Latin proverb. What it is that shapes the soul of the poet, who can say? That soul may have passed through numbers of varied lives, over many heights of human joy, through man abysses of human pain; and the concentrated fire and vivid glory that illuminate his verses may be the unconscious reflection of a manifold experience. But if the man's soul be undeveloped, or developed along different lines, he may be able to produce verse, but the divine electric thrill, the inevitable insight, the subtle atmosphere of beauty, tenderness, and force, that make up the true essence of poetry, will be altogether wanting.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

### "THE BARONESS."

It may have been a fancy of mine, but somehow or other, I never saw the Baroness Burdett-Coutts without thinking of Cardinal Manning. To my eyes, they were so much alike in appearance in manner, and in mind as to be able to pass for brother and sister. They had the same tallness, the same spareness of figure; they had the same long, narrow face, the same thin, but pronounced nose, the same thin-lipped and firm mouth; they even spoke with the same low, gentle voice. Mentally and morally, there seemed to be something of kinship also between the two. You knew that both were devoured by a living flame of love for their kind, and yet a sense of reserve, of stern self-control, almost of frigidity, was what you always felt in their presence. Of that one contrast between the icy manner and the heart burning with affection, which is characteristic of the English nation at its best, there could be no more perfect types. If I wanted to show to the world two beings who, to my mind, were the flower and the glory while presenting all the curious and misleading outward characteristics of the English character, I would have chosen this man and this woman.—T.P. in "P.T.O."

\* \*

### WHY ANARCHISTS KILL.

Very diverse are the motives which actuate militant anarchists in their warfare against society and State. With some the act of 'propaganda' is the result of long-continued brooding over the ills of society. Others seek revenge for injuries inflicted personally on themselves or their families. Generally speaking," says the writer of "The Confessions of an Anarchist" now appearing in "The Penny Magazine," "the anarchist assassin is a man who has failed in life, and who is prone to lay the cause at the world's door, instead of at his own. But the ruling factor which animates all propagandists by deed"—aye, and most anarchists theorists also—is the desire to secure notoriety at whatever cost. This statement is borne out by the fact that the votary of 'action' does not discriminate between the just and the unjust. King Alfonso is an enemy to no man; Presidents McKinley and Carnot were certainly not tyrants; nor could it be suggested that the Empress of Austria was anything but amiable in her dealings with her subjects. The same may be said with regard to the many other victims of anarchist hate. But the anarchist is quite blind to such considerations. He is usually an ill-balanced youth who is attracted to some anarchist meeting, where he hears with satisfaction the ravings of the brotherhood anent the injustice of things in general."



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 316

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1907.

**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.*

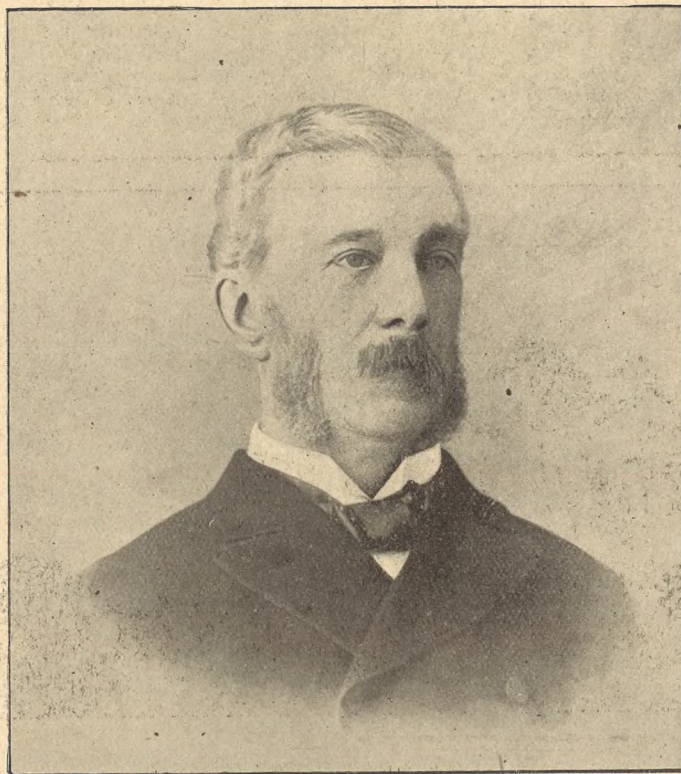
Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.  
FOR  
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,  
FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,  
GO TO  
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,  
LAUREL HOUSE  
(Near Free Library).  
CHELTENHAM.  
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

## For Evening Wear.

DRESS SHIRTS, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6.  
DRESS GLOVES, 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6.  
DRESS TIES, from 6½d. per dozen.  
DRESS WAISTCOATS,  
Single and Double Breasted.  
Embroidered Cashmere & Silk Socks for Dancing.

**A. BECKINGSALE,**  
111 and 387 HIGH STREET,  
CHELTENHAM.  
Telephone 406.

Mr. Jameson, the engineer for the borough of Sney, has prepared a report on the recent snowfall. He estimates that 150,000 tons of snow fell in the borough. Large quantities were melted by means of salt, 1,855 loads of snow were shot in the Thames, and 4,270 disposed of by means of the sewers. 1,961 men were engaged on snow removal, and the additional wages paid amounted to £1,106.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, BART.  
KILLED IN EARTHQUAKE AT JAMAICA, JAN. 14, 1907.

### THE DEAD SHAH.

I remember staying about two years ago at the Ouvel Hotel, Vichy, when the late Shah and his suite were there. The Shah's love of the grotesque in human shape was so well known that even at Vichy there were several candidates for his favour. One morning as I descended the staircase I saw before me two strange beings that were so unexpected and so unusual that at first I did not quite believe my eyes, and thought that I must be dreaming. There they stood before me—a midget of a man and a midget of a woman, so young in size, so ghastly old in contrast, and made the more grotesque, unreal, and I think I might add pathetic, by being both garbed in evening dress, the dwarf man in his swallow-tail coat and white tie, and dwarf woman in a richly-

coloured silk and low bodice. They were both also rouged up to the very eyes. They had an air of such expectancy, of such a desire to please, and of such friendliness withal, that I could not help returning their smile as I passed and giving them a cordial and friendly *salute*. I gathered that they were suitors for a place in the big retinue of this Oriental Sovereign of boundless wealth and extravagance. It was during the interval when their fate was undecided that the ill-temper and malignity of the elderly dwarf already installed reached its climax. He went about in a black rage for days, and was only restored to comparative good humour when the Shah decided that one dwarf was enough for him, and these poor little French supplicants for a place in his train were dismissed.—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in "P.T.O."



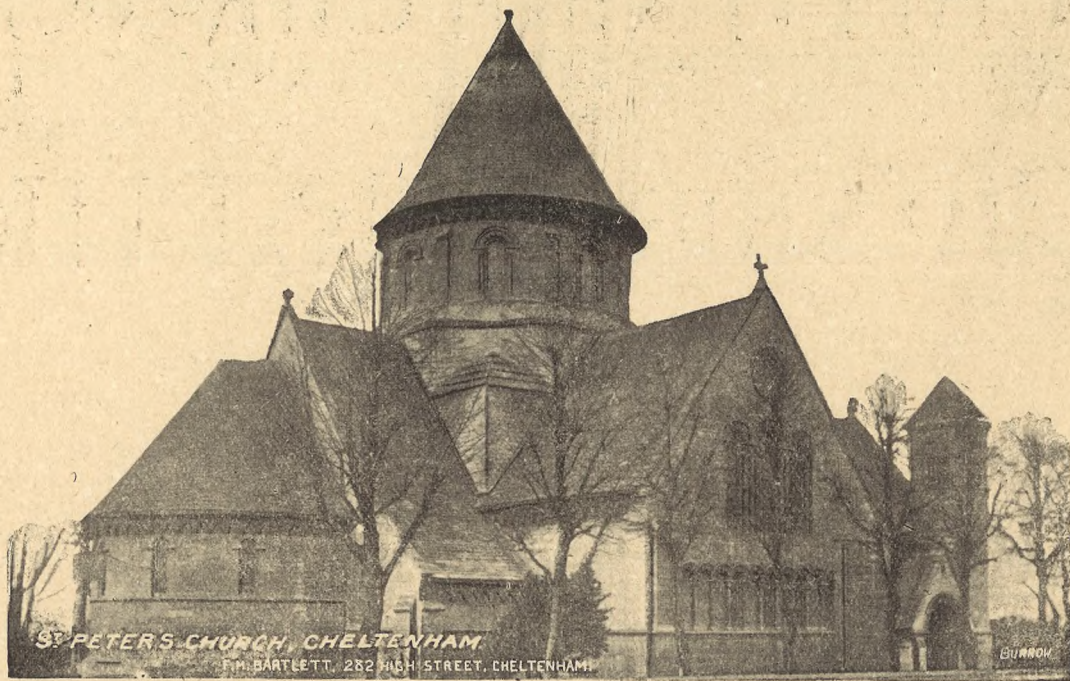


Photo by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

**BREDON CHURCH.**

To the ecclesiologist Bredon Church is one of the most interesting churches in Worcestershire. Its beautifully proportioned spire, its fine Norman doorways (of which there are three, all handsomely adorned with the characteristic embellishments of the period), its Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular windows, are among the varied external features which will attract the attention of the visitor. The chancel possesses an Easter sepulchre and "low side window," the latter, situate under the easternmost window on the south side, showing in our photograph. The beautiful pointed chancel arch with Norman mouldings is worthy of notice as a specimen of transitional work; and the ornate tomb in the south aisle is one of the most beautiful of its kind for many miles around. The remains of Bishop Prideaux, who from a poor Devonshire chorister rose to be Bishop of Worcester, and then fell upon such troublous times during the great Civil War that he had to sell his plate and his library to provide the necessaries of life, lie in the church. A brass with the emblems of the bishop is to be seen in the chancel. In the churchyard are many interesting tombs, among them some of very early type and date.

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

The rail-motor train service on the Great Western Railway through the Stroud Valley, which the company introduced in the autumn of 1903 as an experiment on their line, must have, I should say, according to my observations and information, succeeded far beyond the sanguine expectations of the late Sir Joseph Wilkinson, the general manager, who first announced to the Committee of the House of Commons that was considering the Stroud and District Tramways Bill, when he was giving evidence against it, the intention of his company to interpolate between

their ordinary train service rail-motors to ply between the different stations and new haltes to be erected. The best latest proof of its success is furnished by the fact that during last month a record number of passengers was carried, running into between sixty-seven and sixty-eight thousand. In reference to the industries of Stroud district, I am glad to hear that the cloth trade had a reaction during last year, though it is now slackening a little. Messrs. Holloway Brothers, Ltd., are adding a shirt-making department to their extensive clothing factory, and the establishment of a soft cap branch is also on the tapis. Then Messrs. Townsend, I am informed, are also

going in to the soap-making line, utilising in this the oil by-product in their manufacture of cotton-cake for cattle food. Let us hope that Stroud's old and new industries will prosper.

\* \*

I have seen and heard Sir John Dorington under many and varying circumstances, including the occasion, on June 26th, 1901, when he occupied the pulpit of Cleeve Hill Church and performed the ceremony of formally opening it. And I imagine that was the only time the right honourable baronet found himself in a position so unique. I ventured at the time to suggest in this column that the church, which had received, as Sir John told the congregation, the high approval of Bishop Ellicott, should henceforth be known as the "Bishop's" Cleeve Church. At all events, it did not astonish me to find that this little tin church run on inter-denominational lines should fall very short of the ideal of many local Churchpeople residing in the higher part of Bishop's Cleeve parish, and that an organised effort, with the rector of Bishop's Cleeve at the head, was in progress to meet their wants. The culmination was on the 11th inst., when there was dedicated by Bishop Ellicott's successor St. Peter's Mission Church, a building constructed of "frazzi," a patent Italian terra-cotta brick, which is of great strength and has a handsome appearance, the total cost being about £1,000. We have now two "Bishop's" Cleeve churches on the hill, both "high" by reason of their position, but the one, as I have said, inter-denominational, and the other and most recent place of worship denominational. People can suit themselves which to attend, but I hope they will go to the one or the other.

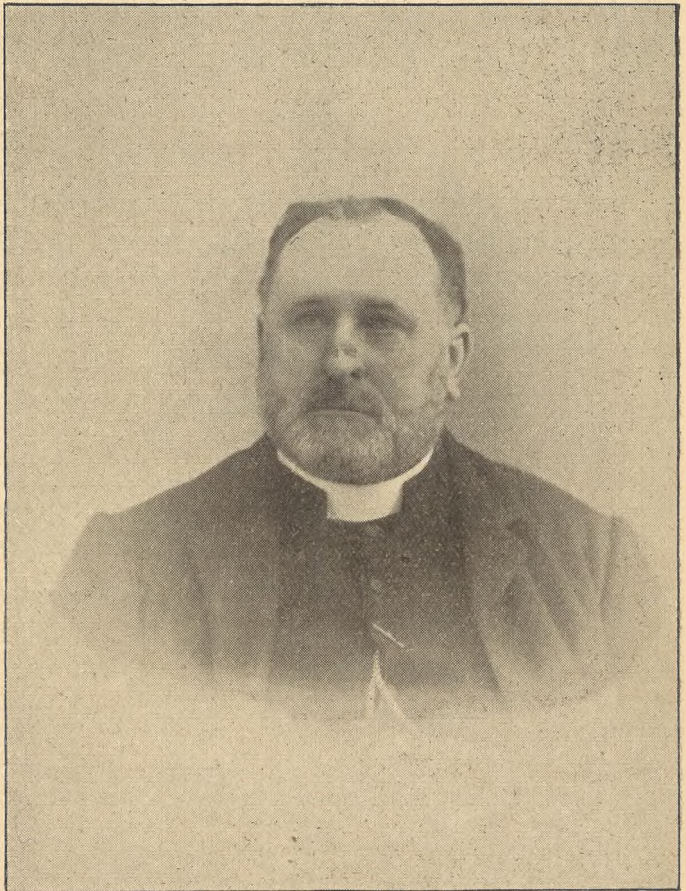
\* \*

The annual reports of the Committee of Visitors of the County Asylums to the Gloucestershire County Council always lacked the originality and literary style that the late Dr. Craddock imparted to his digests for the year. And the report just presented is no exception to the rule. It is not, however, without points of importance and interest. For instance, we learn that the increase of 38 in the number of patients in the year 1905 is attributed to a lower death and recovery rate. After alluding to the contract entered into, at £18,520, for the construction of a female epileptic block, the report mentions that there is no immediate necessity for increased accommodation on the male side. A profit of £553 12s. 5d. was made on the out-county, criminal, and private patients received. Pensions of £20 10s., £48, £30, and £500 lapsed by the death of ex-officials, while a pension of £26 had been provisionally created. Thus the ratepayers are £572 10s. to the good on the present year in these items. It will go towards paying the interest on the loan for the asylum extension. GLEANER.

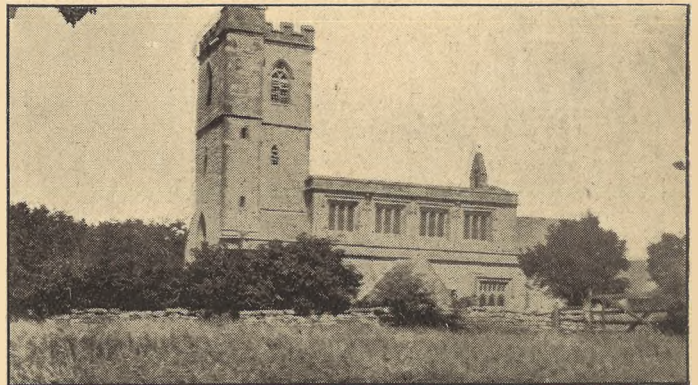




ST PETER'S CHURCH, CHELTENHAM. (Interior) BURTON  
BARTLETT, 232, HIGH ST., CHELTENHAM.



REV. J. A. HARTSHORNE, M.A.  
35 YEARS VICAR OF BLEINGTON, CHIPPING NORTON.



BLEINGTON CHURCH.

The church, built in the 12th century, is of considerable interest, having features in it of Early English, Decorated, and Tudor architecture. There are fine remains of painted glass in the windows, and several other points of no small interest about the building which have induced members of the Gloucestershire, N. Oxon, and Birmingham Archæological Societies to visit the church.

W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,

FRUITERERS, . . . . FLORISTS,  
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS.

92, 92a High Street,  
16 Montpellier Walk.

Choice Collection of

Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.  
Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Ducks, and Game

. . . of all kinds at . . .

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.



HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

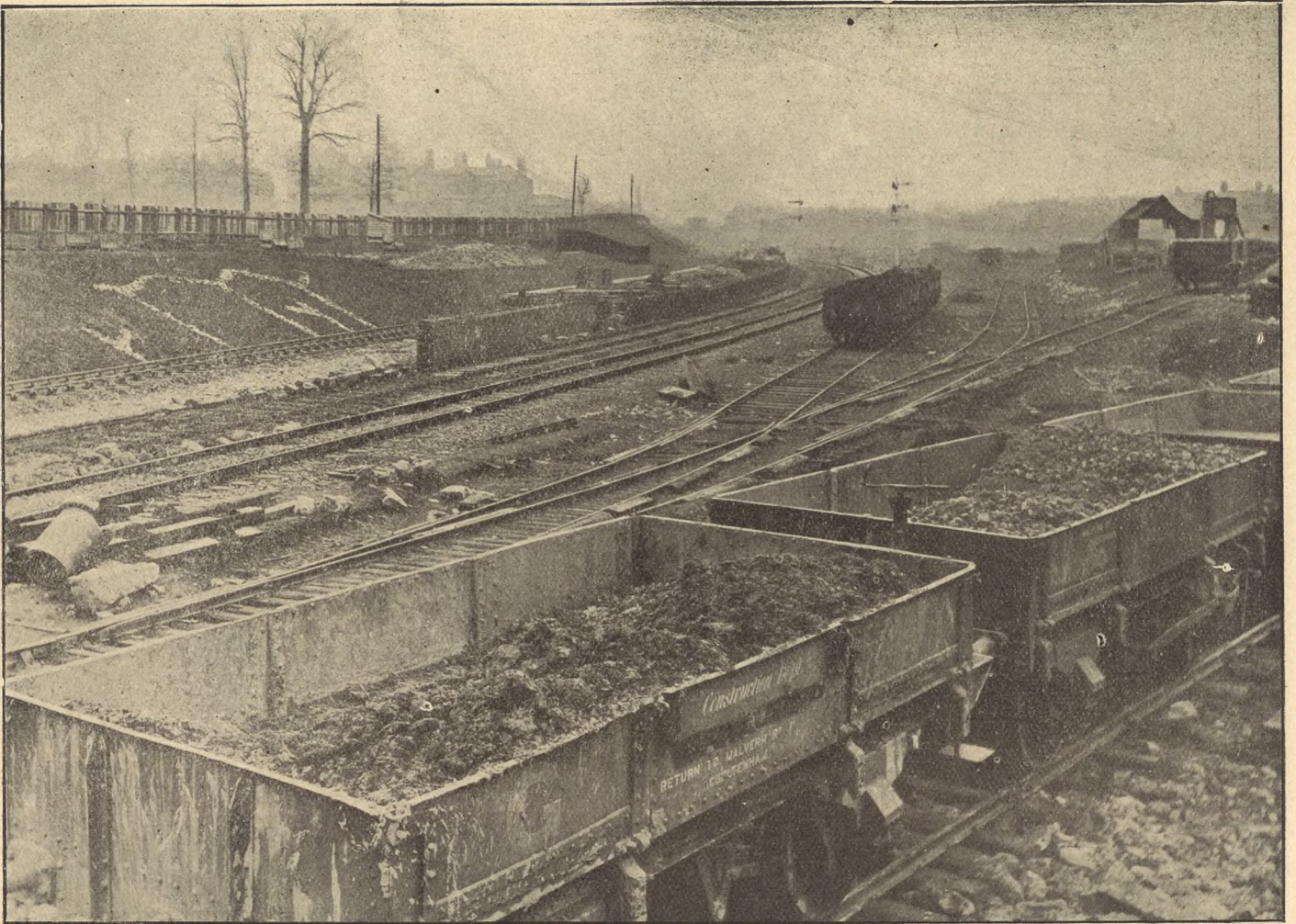
Being out all day in the hurry-burly, the husband gets tired, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," "therefore soothe him; being hard-worked, he is often bored, therefore amuse him; being human, he sometimes errs, therefore forgive him; being angelic, he is often angry, therefore kiss him; being thirsty, he needs drink, therefore pass him the decanter; then lure him gently on to his feet, and he will last for years, and be thankful no other woman ever got him." NB Take care that his buttons are always in the place where he expects to find them."

WOMEN AS CENTENARIANS.

Once more woman has demonstrated her superior vitality, to the discomfiture of mere men. Of the centenarians who died in the United Kingdom during last year, forty-two were women, and only a paltry sixteen were men; in 1905 the numbers were thirty-six and twenty-two respectively; and in 1904 forty-one and twenty-two. During the last ten years the women who died after completing 100 years at least of life exceeded the male centenarians by 327 to 177—an advantage of nearly 85 per cent. Tested by length of life

woman can easily claim the superiority. Bridget Danaher, who died last March in Limerick, was said to be 112 years old; Mary O'Hare, another daughter of Erin was only two years younger; and Mrs. Sarah Egan, of King's County, was credited with 107 years; while Bridget Somers, who ended her days in Sligo Workhouse in March, 1904, had reached the ripe old age of 114. So healthy is Ireland, in spite of her troubles, that, it is said, she has at present over 500 centenarians; while England, Scotland, and Wales can only muster 192 among them.





## THE NEW G.W.R. STATION IN MALVERN ROAD, CHELTENHAM.

GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new station is shown by the brickwork in centre, which building will when completed be an island platform. The line of metals opened on Sunday last may be seen on the far side of it. Ladies' College playground in background behind railings.



GANG OF MESSRS. SCOTT AND MIDDLETON'S MEN AT DINNER ON SITE OF NEW PLATFORM.

### PRIZE COMPETITION.

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.

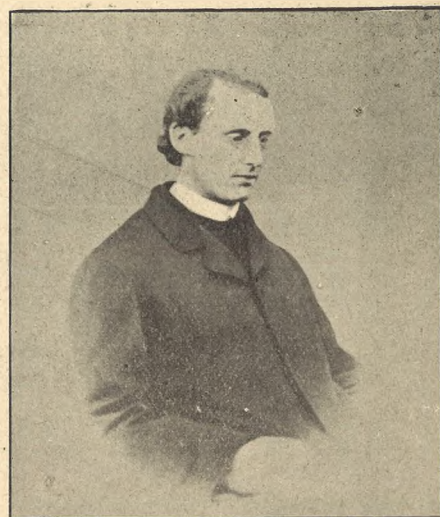
The 216th prize has been awarded to Miss Annie Mabson, of 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church, Cheltenham.

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

### BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S EARLY ROMANCE.

It is, I think (says a writer in "The Bystander"), common knowledge that it was an early romantic attachment which kept the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts a spinster until she was very nearly seventy years of age. It may not, however, be universally known that the object of this romantic attachment was none other than Count Alfred d'Orsay, poet, exquisite, sportsman, sculptor, and arbiter of the elegances. The handsomest man of his age (even Byron in verse admired him), the friend of Lady Blessington, whose daughter he married, and the companion and confidant of Prince Louis Napoleon, little wonder if the late Baroness for so long flaunted the willow for him. She might have done worse; and, certainly, her romantic fidelity served to save her from falling into the hands of many a fortune-hunter.





FATHER WILKINSON FORTY YEARS AGO.



Other Illustrations on this page.

\*

Building Principal Signal-Box of New G.W.R. Station.—Temporary signal-box is seen behind, with signalmen at levers.

\* \*

Gang of Local Platelayers at Dinner.

\* \*

A Good Work in Cheltenham.—St. John's Parish Soup Kitchen.—The soup is sold to parishioners at a penny per quart, except in the case of very poor persons, who on production of tickets from the district visitors are supplied free.

MILITANT JOURNALISM.

\*

I remember reading some years ago in "Truth" the opinions of the editor uttered by two chance acquaintances whom he had made. When Mr. Labouchere rented Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, nothing delighted him more than to boat by easy stages from London, putting up at wayside hotels en route. One day he and Mrs. Labouchere were lunching at an hotel near Richmond, when two gentlemen, who were taking their meal at an adjoining table, got into conversation with them. Curiously enough, the talk turned on "Truth," and from one of the gentlemen Mr. Labouchere elicited the fact that it was a "most blackguardly paper." And Mr. Labouchere himself, volunteered the other gentleman, was a "thorough scamp." After lunch they entertained him with a series of stories—purely imaginary—about himself, his habits of life, and his financial position, all the time roundly abusing him in the strongest language. Mrs. Labouchere, who enjoyed it immensely afterwards used to say that it was "as good as a play," and she ought to have known, for she was an authority on the drama. One of the gentlemen at length confidentially asserted that, if Mr. Labouchere met with a violent death, he would wish nothing better than to be able to dance on his grave. The editor of "Truth" did not betray his identity when he took leave of these candid critics, nor did he ask their names; but it must have caused them considerable astonishment to read in the following issue of "Truth" that racy account of the chance meeting with the man at a Richmond hotel—Mr. Labouchere himself.—"P.T.O."

\* \*

Containing an almost complete human skeleton in a decayed state, together with an urn, a stone coffin, apparently of the Bronze Age, was dug up by a workman on the North Berwick golf links on Tuesday, and other bones, human and animal, were lying outside the coffin.



**PECTORAL CROSS**

(FRONT AND REVERSE)

PRESENTED TO THE LATE VERY REV. FATHER WILKINSON. O.S.B. (for 39 years Priest at St. Gregory's R.C. Church, Cheltenham), upon his appointment in 1901 as Cathedral Prior of Gloucester.



**The Duty of Happiness.**

[BY VICTOR KING IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

\* \*

Unquestionably God means man to be happy. Happiness is a duty—I do not mean merely philosophical calm, though assuredly that is a good thing—I mean active happiness. It is a duty, not only to the Divine Power and to ourselves, but also to others, as I shall presently show; and it is a duty not difficult of accomplishment, if we will only exercise the inestimable faculty of common sense. Yet the majority of men and women are obviously very often not happy; why?

Since unhappiness is a mental condition, the suffering which comes from sickness or accident is not strictly part of our subject, yet there is often a mental side to it which may be greatly minimised by the application of reason. Since eternal Justice rules the world, nothing can, by any possibility, happen to us that we have not deserved; and since that eternal Justice is also eternal Love, everything that happens to us is intended to help us forward in our development, and is capable of doing so, if we will only take it in the right way and try to learn the lesson which it is meant to teach. If this be true—and those who have probed most deeply into the mysteries of life and death assure us that it is—to grumble or to repine at suffering is manifestly not only to waste much force uselessly, but also to take an entirely inaccurate and foolish view of life, and to lose what is designed as an opportunity.

Let us consider some of the more frequent causes of this prevalent unhappiness, in order to see how it can be avoided. Man has displayed exceeding ingenuity in inventing reasons for being miserable, but most of them can be classed under one or other of four heads—desire, regret, fear, and worry.

**DESIRE.**—Much unhappiness arises because people are perpetually yearning for what they have not—for riches, for fame, for power, for social position, for success in all sorts of undertakings. I do not forget that contentment may sometimes denote stagnation, and that what has been called "divine discontent" is a pre-requisite to progress. That we should unceasingly endeavour to improve ourselves, to better our position, to augment our power of helpfulness to others—all this is good and estimable, and tends to our evolution; but most of our discontent is anything but divine, because the desire is not for improvement and usefulness, but rather a mere selfish craving for the personal enjoyment that we expect to derive from riches or from the exercise of power; and that is why so much misery results from it. Press forward, indeed, as ardently as you will; but be happy in your pressing, be cheery under failure, and never be too busy to hold out a helping hand to your fellow pilgrim.

Among the most poisonous of the manifold forms of this great weed desire, are those called envy and jealousy. If men would only learn to mind their own business and leave other people alone, many fertile sources of unhappiness would disappear. What is it to you that another man has more money or a larger house, that he keeps more servants or owns better horses, or that his wife is able to indulge in more astonishing vagaries of millinery and dressmaking? All these things afford him a certain kind of opportunity—a test of his capacity for using them aright; he may be succeeding or he may be failing, but in any case you are not his judge, and your business is clearly not to waste your time in criticising and envying him, but to be quite sure that you yourself are fulfilling to the uttermost the duties which appertain to your own state of life.

Perhaps of all the passions which poor human nature cherishes, jealousy is the most ridiculous. It pretends to love fervently, and yet objects that any other should share its devotion, whereas unselfish affection but rejoices the more when it finds the object of its adoration universally appreciated. Jealousy loathes, above all things, to see evidence of the fondness of others for its idol, and yet it is always eagerly watching for confirmation of its suspicions, and will take any amount of trouble to prove to itself the existence of what most it hates! See, then, how much utterly unnecessary unhappiness is escaped by the man who

is strong enough and sensible enough to mind his own business, and refuses absolutely to be drawn into the meshes either of envy or jealousy.

**REGRET.**—It is pitiable to think how many thousands every day are suffering needless, hopeless, useless agonies of regret. You had money perhaps, and it is gone; you had a position, and you have lost it. That is no reason why you should squander your strength and your time in unavailing lamentation. Start at once to earn more money, to make for yourself another position. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and turn your thought to the future.

Yes, and this is true, even though the loss has been caused by your own fault, even though that which you regret be a sin. You may have failed, as many a man before you has failed, but you have not time to waste in remorse. If you have fallen, do not lie mourning in the mud, but get up at once, and go on your way more circumspectly. Set your face forward, and push resolutely ahead. If you fall a thousand times—well, get up a thousand times and go on again; it is absolutely useless to sink discouraged by the way. There is just as much reason for the thousandth attempt as there was for the first, and if you persevere success is certain, for your strength grows by repeated effort. A great teacher once said: "The only repentance which is of the slightest value is the determination not to commit the same sin again." The wise man is not he who never makes mistakes, but he who never makes the same mistake twice.

The greatest of all regrets, I know full well, is that for "the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still." Yet even that most sacred of sorrows may be dispelled if we are willing to take the trouble to understand. When those whom we love pass from the sight of our physical eyes, we are no longer left gazing at a blank wall, clinging with desperate faith to nebulous uncertainty, hoping against hope for some far distant reunion, as were so many of our forefathers.

Science now treads where ignorance once reigned, and anyone who is ready to examine the available evidence may convince himself that death is but the stepping from one room into another, the gate of a higher and fuller life, and that we have not in any sense lost our friends, as we so often erroneously say, but have only lost for the time the power to see them. A little patient study of the facts soon enables us to turn from a selfish contemplation of this illusion of our bereavement to the glorious certainty which opens out before those who are so much dearer to us than ourselves; and thus one of the saddest forms of unhappiness is at least very greatly mitigated even when not entirely removed.

**FEAR.**—I suppose that only those who, like some of the clergy, have had special opportunities of knowing the inner side of men's lives can be aware of the extent to which humanity suffers from the fear of death. Many a man who shows a brave front to the world, and laughs and smiles with the best, is yet groaning inwardly all the while under the oppression of a secret horror, knowing that death must come, dreading lest the sword should fall. Yet all this is quite unnecessary, and comes only from ignorance, as indeed does all fear; for those who comprehend death feel no dismay at its approach. They know that man does not die, but simply lays aside his body as one lays aside a worn-out suit of clothes; and to them one process is no more terrible than the other. The man who in this twentieth century does not yet know the facts about death is simply the man who has not taken the pains to look into the matter, and if he suffers from fear of that which does not exist he has only himself to blame.

Many are haunted by the apprehension of loss of property, of lapsing into poverty. There are thousands who just manage to live upon such incomes as they can earn, but they feel that if through sickness or from any other cause supplies should fail them, they would at once be plunged into direst distress. Yet this ever-present anxiety in no way helps them; they are no whit the safer because this terror hovers over them and darkens all their day.

These poor souls also should try to understand life, to grasp the purport of this great scheme of



evolution of which they find themselves a part; for when once they comprehend a little of its plan they will realise that nothing comes by chance, but that truly all things work together for good, and so that pain and trouble and sorrow cannot come unless they are needed, unless they have their part to play in the development that is to be. So they will look forward with hope instead of with fear, knowing that if they loyally do the best they can with each day as it passes, they will have nothing wherewith to reproach themselves whatever the future may bring forth.

WORRY.—The same considerations show us the futility of worry and grumbling. If the world be in God's hands, and if we are all working under His immutable laws, manifestly our business is to do our duty in our corner, and to try to move intelligently along with the mighty stream of advancement; but to grumble at the way in which it is working, or to worry as to how matters will turn out, is obviously the height of folly. How often we hear men say: "If it were not for the unfortunate circumstances which surround me, I should be a very fine fellow indeed; I would soon show you what I could do along this line or along that; but, cramped as I am, how can you expect anything from me?"

Now the man who talks in that way simply has no conception of the meaning of life. What each man would like best, no doubt, would be a set of circumstances which would give him a chance of using such powers as he already possesses, of showing what he can do. But we must remember that Nature wants to develop us in all directions, not in one only; and to that end we often find ourselves thrown into conditions where we *must* do the very thing that we would say we cannot do, in order that we may learn that lesson and unfold that power which at present lies latent within us.

So, instead of sitting down and grumbling that we are under the control of adverse circumstances, our business is to get up and control the circumstances for ourselves. The weak man is the slave of his environment; the strong man learns how to dominate it, which is precisely what he is intended to do.

Then, again, see how we worry ourselves about what others think of us, forgetting that what we do is no affair of theirs, so long as it does not interfere with them, and that their opinion is, after all, not of the slightest consequence. Our endeavour must be to do our duty as we see it, and to try to help our fellows whenever occasion presents itself; if your conscience approves your action, no other criticism need trouble you. It is to God that you are responsible for your deeds, not to Mrs. So-and-so, who is peeping through the blind next door.

Perhaps the same worthy lady says something spiteful about you, and half-a-dozen kind friends take care to repeat and exaggerate it. If you are foolish you are mightily offended, and a feud is set on foot which may last for months and involve a host of innocent people; and then you actually try to throw the responsibility for all this silly unpleasantness on the shoulders of the neighbour at whose remark you chose to take offence! Use plain common sense for a moment, and just think how ridiculous that is.

In the first place, in nine cases out of ten, your neighbour didn't say it at all, or didn't mean it in the sense in which you take it, so that you are probably doing her a gross injustice. *Ever in the tenth case, when she really did say it and meant it, there was most likely some exasperating cause of which you know nothing; she may have been kept awake all night by a toothache or a restless baby! Surely it is neither kind nor dignified to take notice of a hasty word uttered under the influence of irritation. Of course it was quite wrong of her, and she ought to have exhibited the same angelic charity that you always show yourself; I am not defending her in the least; I am only suggesting that because she has done one foolish thing there is no real reason why you should do another.*

After all, what harm has she done you? It is not she who is responsible for your annoyance, but your own want of thought. What are her words but a mere vibration of the air? If you had not heard of them you would not have felt offended, and yet her part of the action would have been just the same. Therefore, the feeling of anger is your fault and not hers; you have unnecessarily allowed yourself to be violently excited by something which in reality is powerless to affect you. It is your own pride which

has stirred up your passion, not her idle words. Think, and you will see that this is so. Simple plain common sense, and nothing more; and yet how few people see clearly enough to take it in that way! And how much unhappiness might be avoided if we only used our brains more and our tongues less.

These considerations show us that the clouds of unhappiness can be dispelled by knowledge and reason; and it is unquestionably both our interest and our duty instantly and vigorously to set about that dispersion. It is our interest, since when that is done our lives will be longer and more fruitful; "a merry heart goes all the day; a sad one tires in a mile." Make the best of everything, not the worst; watch for the good in the world, and not for the evil. Let your criticism be of that happy kind which pounces upon a pearl as eagerly as the average atrabilious critic flies at a flaw; and you have no idea how much easier and pleasanter your life will become. There is a beauty everywhere in Nature if we will only look for it; there is always plenty of reason for gladness, if we will but search for it, instead of trying to hunt out causes for grumbling.

It is our duty, for it is thoroughly well established, that both happiness and misery are infectious. Those who have studied these matters assure us that vibrations of matter, finer than we can see, are continually radiating from us in every direction, and that they carry with them to those around us our feelings of joy or of sorrow. So if you will allow yourself to give way to sadness and despondency, you are simply radiating gloom—darkening God's sunlight for your neighbours, and making your brother's burden heavier for him to bear; and you have no right to do this.

On the other hand, if you are yourself full of happiness, that radiant joy and peace is poured upon all who come near you, and you become a veritable sun, showering life and light and love in your small circle on the earth, even as God Himself floods them forth through all the universe; and so in your tiny way you are a fellow-worker together with Him.



MR. PETER MILLS,  
OF COLUMBIA-STREET, CHELTENHAM.  
DIED JAN. 8, 1907, AGED 79 YEARS.  
Was for sixty-four years employed in the same business, though under different proprietors.



To obtain satisfaction  
with regard to - -

## Your Printing

and at the same time  
get it done for a very  
moderate outlay, you  
cannot do better than  
send your orders to the

Echo Electric Press,

Cheltenham

\* \*

Artistic Work a speciality.



### THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

Snapshot taken by permission at Comtrexeville in August, 1902, by Miss Dorothy Ryland, of Cheltenham. Shah holding flower in hand.

### THE BELL OF THE CYCLIST.

The cyclist's bell, in these days of arrogant pedestrianism, is losing all the dread influence it once wielded. "Thank goodness," you mutter, on hearing it tinkle, without stopping or even looking round, "it's not a motor." The cyclist's bell no longer clears the street, and its chief use seems to be to remind the cyclist himself that he is passing, and to warn him to be careful.—"The Bystander."

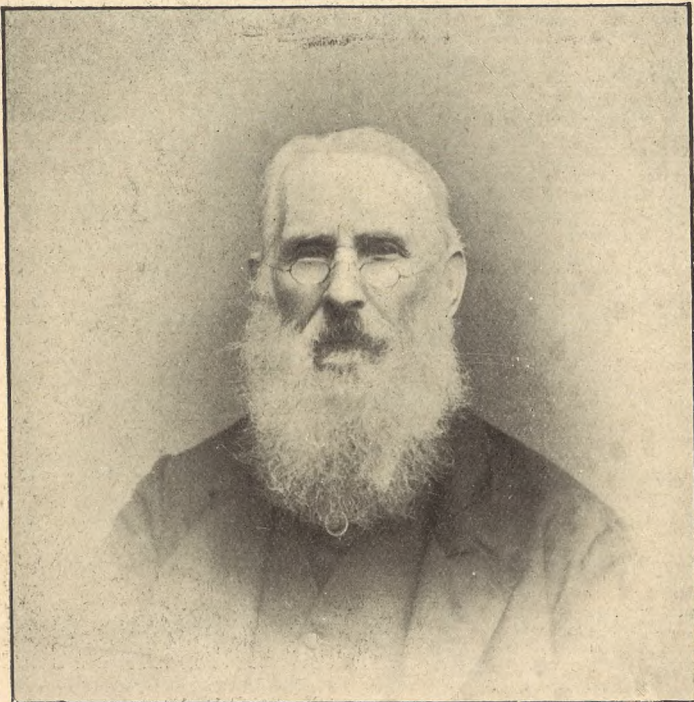
### HUSBANDS AS HOBBIES.

\*

"One of the most interesting and useful hobbies for ladies," says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," "is the art of training a husband, for it can be practised even in spare moments, is generally pleasant, and always profitable. It is necessary, first of all, to catch the husband, who is a queer fish at the best. This is rather more difficult than it used to be by reason of his increasing scarcity, consequent on the lamentable rise in rent, rates, and taxes. But it may be occasionally managed by the use of tempting bait and a tactful manipulation of line and net; a silk line and a wide net being the best for the purpose."



Two of Gloucester's Oldest Citizens.



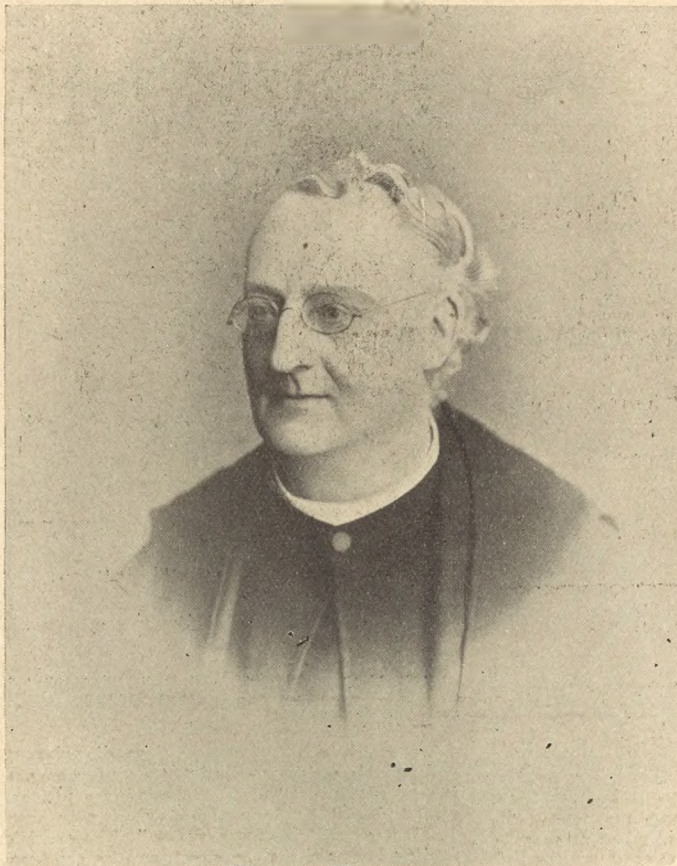
MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON, F.R.A.S.  
DIED JAN. 11, AGED 87 YEARS.

A native of Dumfries, for many years settled in Gloucester, where he dealt in antique furniture and curios.



MR. JOHN JAMES THOMAS PACKER.  
DIED JAN. 9, AGED 78 YEARS.

A native of the city, the oldest printers' overseer, and an ex-registrar of births and deaths.



THE REV. FATHER WILKINSON, O.S.B.,  
FORTY YEARS PRIEST AT ST GREGORY'S, CHELTENHAM.  
DIED JANUARY 13, 1907, AGED 70 YEARS.



ADDRESS PRESENTED TO BRO. E. C. ROGERS, P.P. AND  
SCRIBE OF SANCTUARY "TOWN OF CHELTENHAM,"  
No. 2256, ANCIENT ORDER OF SHEPHERDS FRIENDLY  
SOCIETY.



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE  
AND  
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 317.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1907.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

**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.*

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.  
FOR

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,  
FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,  
GO TO  
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,  
LAUREL HOUSE  
(Near Free Library),  
CHELTENHAM.

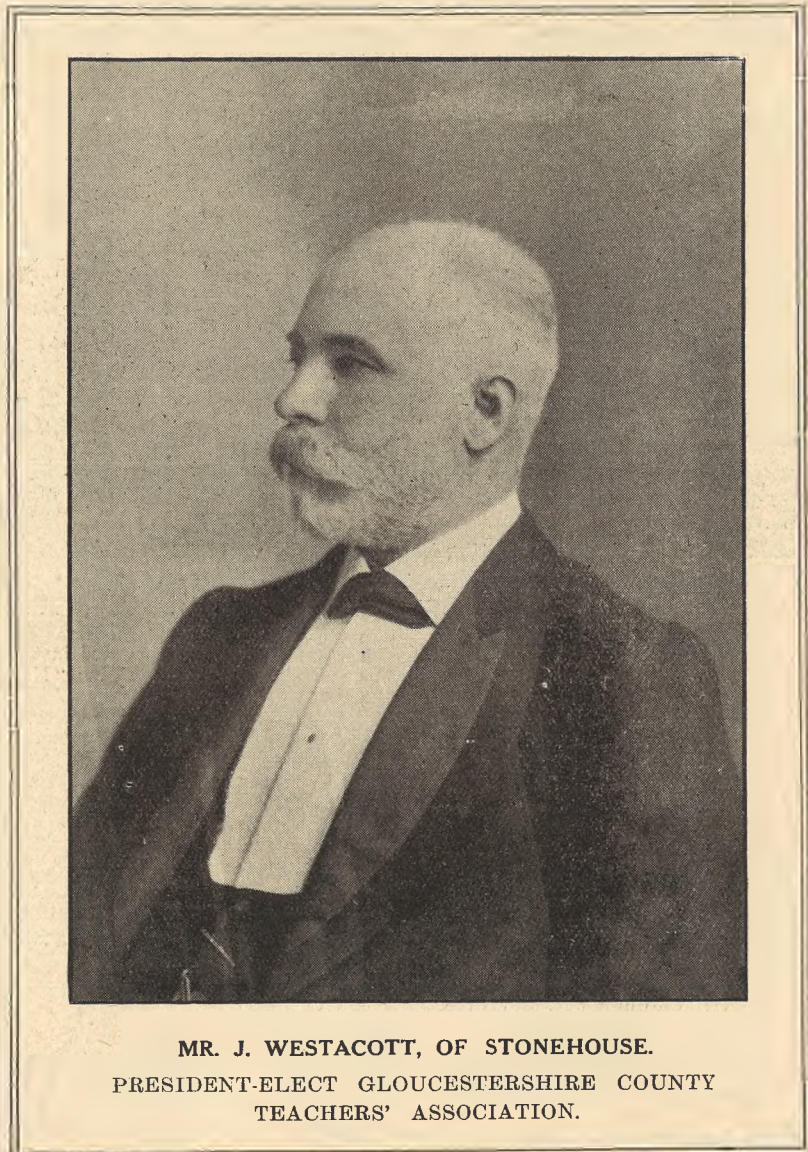
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

**W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,**  
FRUITERERS, . . . . FLORISTS,  
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS,

92, 92a High Street,  
16 Montpellier Walk.

Choice Collection of  
Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.  
Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Ducks, and Game  
. . . of all kinds at . . .  
**LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.**

The Earl of Shaftesbury was on Wednesday installed as Lord Mayor of Belfast, in succession to Sir David Dixon, Bart., M.P., who has held the position for seven years.



**MR. J. WESTACOTT, OF STONEHOUSE.**  
PRESIDENT-ELECT GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY  
TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce stated on Wednesday that they were founding a scholarship in the faculty of commerce at Birmingham University. £2,000 was required, and £600 had already been promised.

Lieutenant Real was sentenced by court-martial at Berne to ten days' imprisonment and a fine of £65 for having, during the manoeuvres, wounded two soldiers who were taking him prisoner in a sham battle.





STARTING THE WORK.

FELLING BARRETT'S MILL CHIMNEY.

CHELTENHAM, JANUARY 18, 1907.



CHIMNEY FALLING.

It did not break till it touched the ground.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The passing away of the Very Rev. Robert Aloysius Wilkinson, O.S.B., "a shepherd beloved of his flock," as was well and truly said of him in the able and appreciative notice in the "Echo," while it naturally evoked unfeigned sorrow among the congregation of St. Gregory's, wherein he had ministered for well-nigh forty years, also touched a responsive chord of sympathy in the breasts of Cheltonians generally, for "he bore a good name in this town," according to the panegyric delivered over his body by the Rev. C. A. Thomas, O.S.B., of Kemerton. And the large and imposing funeral was a striking public tribute to his memory. Apropos of the revival and conferment by a foreign Romanist body upon Father Wilkinson of the title of "Cathedral Prior of Gloucester" I remember writing at the time of its bestowal that the tranquil way in which the news was received was a very salutary sign of the times in the shape of toleration, and expressing my opinion that if it had occurred fifty years previously there would probably have been held another such great meeting of Protestants as the one that took place on November 25th, 1850, at the Shire-hall, Gloucester, to resist Papal aggression in the establishment of an episcopal hierarchy in this country. The wise Father, however, took no steps to assert the position of Prior in our Cathedral.

I was particularly interested last week in those erudite and entertaining "Notes and Queries" that form so acceptable a feature of the contents of the "Chronicle." The notes about "The disappearance of all the Gloucester brewers" were those that specially appealed to me. I was struck by the fact that a bit of history of several centuries ago has repeated itself in a way. We are told in these "Notes" that "the reason that all the Gloucester brewers retired from business was not that they were compelled to do so as being 'a hyndraunce to the commonwealthe of the cytie,' but that the inn-keepers brewed a brew more to the taste of their customers themselves, and ruined the brewers by competition." It is a remarkable fact that within recent years all the breweries of any size (at least six) have been closed down, outside firms of brewers having bought them up and the public-houses attached thereto, and dispensed with brewing in the old city, but utilising the old premises as storehouses, etc. As a matter of fact, very little beer is now brewed there, and, as a consequence, Gloucester has for the last two or three years been dis-rated as an Excise station, and handed over to the capable charge of the Cheltenham Supervisor of Excise.

of Colonel J. A. Fergusson, of Cheltenham), assert that he was the last Parliamentary survivor of the Crimean War. Well, I know of another, belonging to our own county, who carries his 76 years lightly, and is by no means yet worn out in several fields of activity. I allude to Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote, who not long after his first election for West Gloucestershire was called to the front, he being a captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards; and he served as aide-de-camp to Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, gaining the Crimean medal and four clasps for his services. I do not think that Gloucestershire should be deprived of any honour or credit that belongs to it.

\* \*

I am glad to find that the Brockworth Parish Council is alive to the importance and necessity of preserving the rights of common on Cooper's Hill, and has appealed to its big brother, the Gloucester Rural District Council, to assist it in upholding them. I have alluded to this subject on a previous occasion, and know that the more popular revival in recent years of the wakes on Whit Monday on the hill has been with the view to enlisting public sympathy and support in the maintenance of rights that have existed from time immemorial. GLEANER.

\* \*

One or two London papers, in referring to the lamented death in the Jamaica earthquake of Sir James Fergusson (elder brother

For Printing of every description \* \*  
\* \* Try the "Echo" Electric Press.





STEEPLEJACKS WORKING AT BASE.  
Shows how chimney was cut away.



CHIMNEY AFTER FALL.  
Railings near tree were broken by the top stones.

### PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE & 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 217th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, "Rugby," Alstone-avenue Cheltenham, and Miss Grace Jones, Oxford-lawn, London-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Chapel and the Rev. H. E. Noott at St. Luke's Church, Cheltenham, respectively.

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

Excavations at Thebes have brought to light the ruins of what is believed to have been the palace of King Cadmus.

Among the reasons for abandoning the performance of "The Messiah" at Norwich, which has been carried on for twenty-six years, is the strong counter-attraction offered by football.

After it had travelled thirty-seven miles on its way to its former home, a sheep-dog, bought by a Preston butcher at Kendall, was caught at Long Preston the day after it had made its escape from its new owner.

Mr. W. P. Hartley has just distributed £3,086 among 700 of his workpeople, at Aintree, under the profit-sharing scheme inaugurated twenty years ago, since which £45,370 has been distributed.

### A FIGHTING MYSTIC.

To me, Mr. Campbell appears the absolute antithesis of his predecessor at the City Temple. True, they are both to be numbered among the fighters in the cause of religion, but where the dead pastor would sway his hearers by the vehemence of his exhortation, the living man conquers by his winsomeness. He calls himself a fighting mystic; but in his appearance there is certainly no suggestion of the fighter. He stands in the pulpit erect, alert. The old-young face wears a gentle and perpetual smile, and the snow-white hair, which from a distance seems like a halo above the black-robed figure, fills one with a sense of wonderment. In profile it is seen that the chin projects from the lower jaw with a sharpness and directness that reveal the preacher's character, his strength of purpose. His personality arrests attention—magical, but not majestic, and his purity shines in the depths of his eyes. That vast Congregational church, which once resounded with Dr. Parker's thunderous promises of wrath to come now is filled with a gentler music. The pastor's voice flows clearly and smoothly. It is without emotion, but vibrant with the eloquence of earnest utterance. What manner of man is this? He is a man whose life is one of sweet simplicity, possessed of a rare and subtle beauty that not all the expression of heterodox views can ever quench or destroy.—"P.T.O."

### CANADA FOR WOMEN.

The women wanted in the greater West are home-workers—women capable and women willing—women who can take charge of a house, and who understand the ordinary household branches of labour; to such, I would say, the chances in the West are beyond telling. Women cooks, laundry workers, children's nurses—in short, the "general" house-worker, one who can turn her hand to every branch of domestic work. Then the hotels require housekeepers, cooks, chambermaids, laundresses, waitresses, etc. Specialists in sewing—women tailors, milliners, etc.—find openings, with rewards that stagger English belief; for in the city of Winnipeg (as elsewhere) a dressmaker who can cut and fit well, who can turn out a good piece of work artistically done, can command as high as three dollars (twelve shillings) per day, her lunch and dinner included. Such women will find themselves with engagements six months ahead.

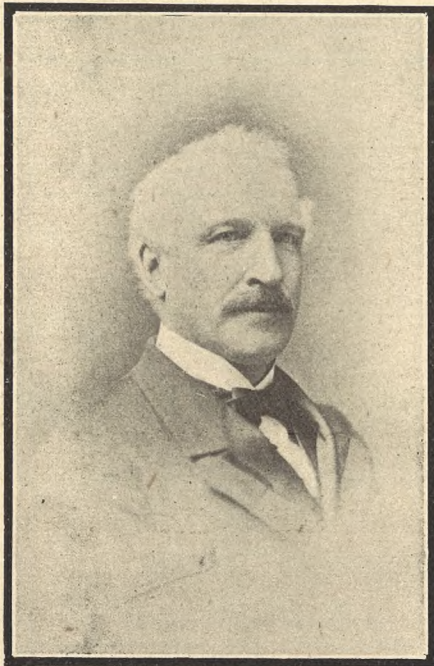
The woman who can undertake general housework, who is a good plain cook, who is of nice manner and well-spoken, is much in demand. Houses are not large in Canada West, and owing to the necessity of mistress and maid being in more or less close communication on this account, there is need for the home assistant to be of a class to be desired; children imitate, and mothers seek women helps who are calculated to be desirable associates for their children. This is why the well-bred girl need not fear to take up household work in Western Canada; she finds herself a sort of companion-help—if she proves companionable—and her status is not that of a "servant" as the term is understood in English.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

Two gulls were seen to suddenly attack a hawk over the river Dart a day or two ago. A fierce fight ensued, and the hawk eventually dropped into the river a much-mutilated carrier pigeon it carried in its beak.

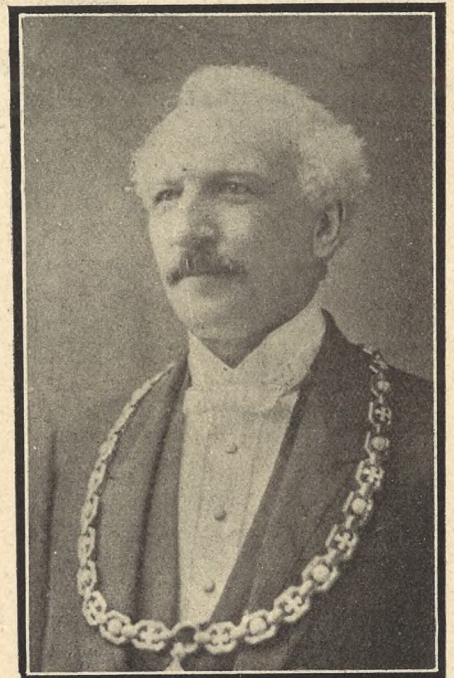
A "fat lady" weighing 42st. travelled to Stoke on Tuesday on the North-Western Railway. She was accommodated in a brake van.



❁ THE BARON AND BARONESS DE FERRIERES. ❁



As M.P. for Cheltenham (about 1882).



As Mayor of Cheltenham (1877-78).



Photo by C. Nichols, Stow-on-the-Wold.

**STOW AND DISTRICT RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.**

Back row: Sergt. Harper (trainer), H Spregg, H. Andrews, W. Harris, Arch. Spregg.,  
H. v. Hodson.  
Second row: H. Scarrott, F. C. Baber, A. B. Green (hon. secretary), G. Burden (captain).  
E. A. Pullin (hon. treasurer), F. Hookham, H. Hookham (plain clothes, gateman).  
Front row: T. Ellens, B. Hookham, J. Spregg, E. A. Lapham (vice-captain), C. Robinson.

A codfish condemned at Halifax was found, on microscopical examination by the medical officer, to be affected with cancer.

According to the report of the Military Secretary of the American Army on the Militia, more than thirteen million men of the United States are available for military service.

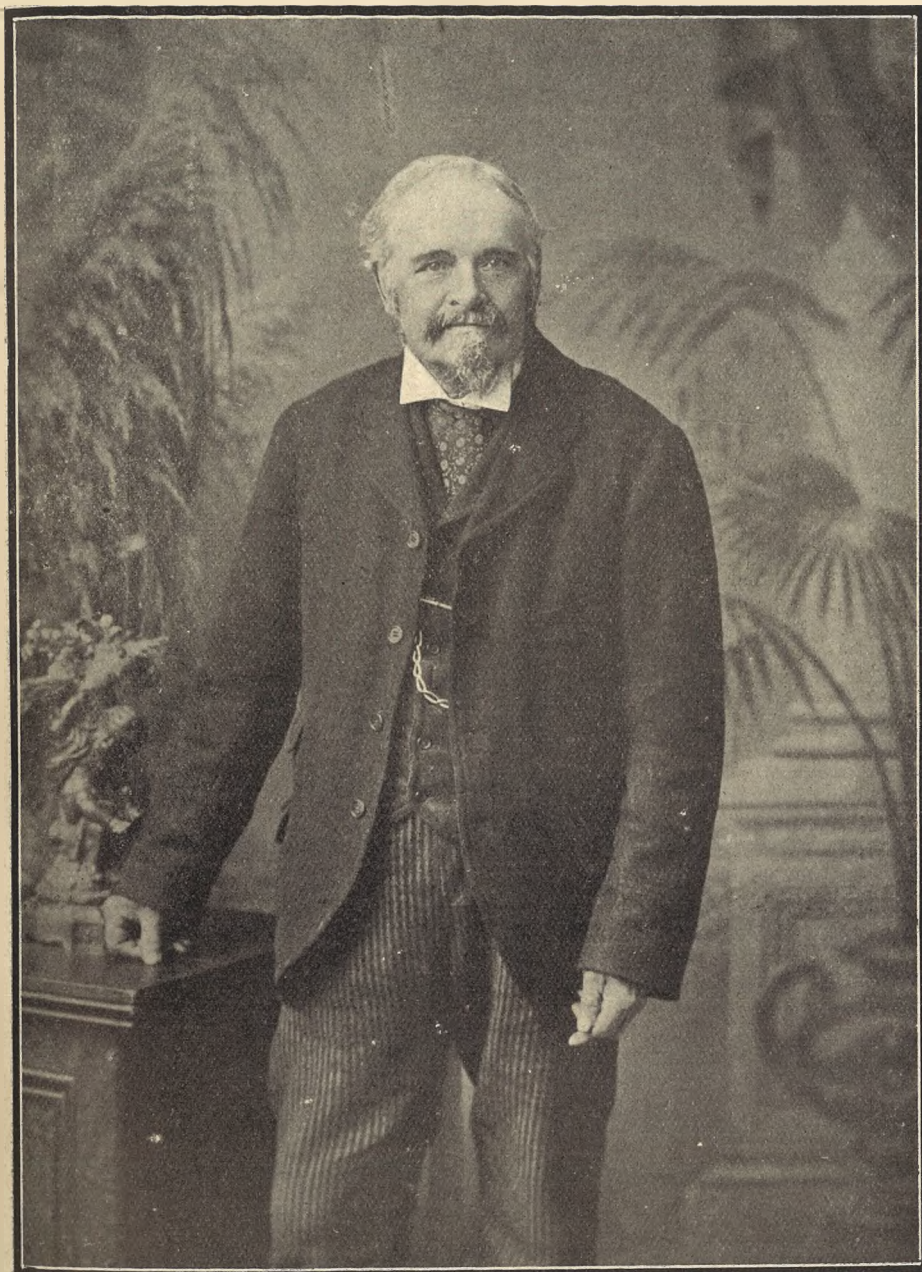
**Printing**

AS YOU WANT IT  
WHEN YOU WANT IT

— "ECHO" —  
**ELECTRIC PRESS**

Producers of Good Work





**MR. GEORGE HASLUM, OF WINCHCOMBE,**  
BORN JULY 21, 1829; DIED JANUARY 15, 1907.

This photo was taken between seven and eight years ago, soon after his retirement as relieving officer for Winchcombe Union, and is the most recent available.

Music was his forte and recreation. In his younger days he possessed a voice (bass) of fine sonority and power, was a splendid reader of music, and had the gift of absolute pitch. He was a choirman practically all his life, both at St. Mary's, Sudeley, and at Winchcombe Parish Church. He assisted in the chorus at the Triennial Festivals at Gloucester and Worcester at the time when Dr. Done (Worcester) and Dr. Lloyd (Gloucester) were respectively the organists.

In the early forties he occasionally played the G trombone on singing Sundays in Winchcombe Parish Church, and was a member of the old Winchcombe Brass Band, his instrument being the now almost obsolete ophicleide.

He gave up singing in Winchcombe Church choir about five years back, as he often said he "hadn't got the 'puff' (breath) to sing as he used to."

In Mann Legislative Council, the Attorney-General introduced a Bill for the suppression of gaming and betting, and in a quarter of an hour it ran through all its stages without alteration. Hitherto there has been practically no legislation on the subject in the island. The Bill is drawn on the lines of the English law.

At Wigan four recently-appointed Liberal J.P.'s have had their goods "under the hammer" for passive resistance.

Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty, has informed a correspondent that he regrets that there is no prospect of Berwick being made a naval victualling yard, as the port is not accessible to big ships.



**MR. GEORGE WHEELER,**  
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH OF  
HASELTON.

Died January 18, 1907.

For fifty years he took recreation in following on foot the Cotswold Hounds.

**LONELY JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.**

Lieut. Boyd Alexander, of the Rifle Brigade, who, with his brother, Captain Claud Alexander, and Captain Gosling, left the coast of Nigeria on a surveying expedition across Africa, arrived at Port Soudan on January 14th. The lieutenant is the sole survivor of the party, his two companions having died on the way, one of blackwater fever and the other of enteric, near Lake Chad. Lieut. Alexander left Port Soudan on Wednesday for Port Said, where he will take ship for England.

Captain Claud Alexander died in November, 1904, and his brother and Captain Gosling struggled on to the north of the Congo Free State, where Captain Gosling succumbed in June, 1905.

Lieut. Boyd Alexander still persevered, and travelled up the Welle river, then skirted the west of the British Soudan, finally reaching the Lado Enclave, and proceeding north to Khartoum.

**WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD.**

Do men love women less than they did, and do women love men less than they did? are two curious questions which are being asked with increasing frequency in the United States and in England. It has come about that the men pursue the making of money and their various ambitions more than they ever did before, and that women are not compelled to marry as they were formerly. Love is not so irresistible a factor as it was, and there is a tendency for the members of either sex to retire to opposite camps and snarl at each other. "We will marry," say many of the women, "when you can make it worth our while"; "We will marry," say many of the men, "when we find a wife who shall improve our prospects!" Meanwhile the men complain that the women have become mercenary and hard-hearted and unmanageable when married, and the women that the men are more selfish. Circumstances are removing the centre of happiness from the heart to the pocket, and both men and women are obtaining now just so much happiness as the pocket can provide!—"Marmaduke," in "The Graphic."





**FUNERAL OF THE VERY REV. FATHER WILKINSON, O.S.B.**  
CHELTENHAM CEMETERY, JANUARY 17, 1907.  
SERVICE AT GRAVESIDE, SHOWING OFFICIATING PRIESTS.



SERVICE AT GRAVESIDE



MOURNERS AROUND GRAVE.

Staffordshire Education Committee have decided not to appoint women teachers in future, except in very exceptional circumstances.

A great gathering of the Salvation Army was held at Exeter Hall on Monday night for the purpose of "swearing-in" 1,200 new London "soldiers."

According to a telegram from Ottawa it is expected that 250,000 emigrants, mostly bound for the west, will go to Canada this year.





MOURNERS SPRINKLING HOLY WATER ON COFFIN.



PRIESTS SPRINKLING HOLY WATER ON COFFIN  
AFTER BURIAL SERVICE.



PRIESTS LEAVING GRAVESIDE.

For forty-six years the late postmistress of Shaldon (Devon) was connected with the post-office, and in her earlier days, lantern in hand in the evening, and with letters in her basket, she went her round. She was borne to the grave last week by postmen in uniform.

The King has caused a gratuity of £3 to be sent to Mr. Wiltshire, a Devizes artist, who is a cripple, but who draws and paints by holding the pencil or brush between his toes. Mr. Wiltshire painted a picture of the King wearing his Coronation robes, and sent it to Buckingham Palace.

At Messrs. Glendining's rooms on Tuesday, a Ceylon 8d. deep yellow-brown stamp of 1857-9 realised £14.

\* \*

Although Northampton has a population of over 90,000, the borough police have not made an arrest for the past week.

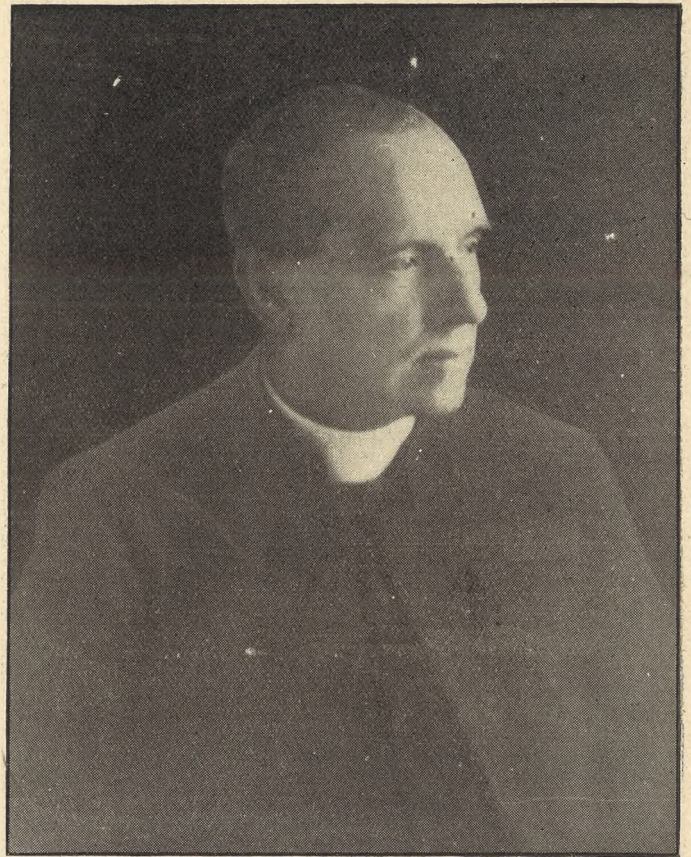




LIEUT. WITTS,

COMMANDANT I CO. (STOW) 2ND V.B.G.R.

Lieut. Witts takes the keenest interest in the shooting of the company, and in the annual team match, ten a-side, with the Chipping Norton Co. Oxford Light Infantry, has during the two years that he has been in command of I Co. made the highest individual score on either side, I Co. winning each year. The pride taken in the company is, indeed, common to all ranks.



THE REV. O. W. D. LANE,

CURATE-IN-CHARGE OF LOWER SLAUGHTER WITH CLAPTON,

VICAR-DESIGNATE OF TEMPLE GUITING.



CAPT. G. A. GRAHAM, J.P.,

the aged and much respected Chairman of Dursley Bench of Magistrates, with his Irish wolfhounds, on the lawn of "Rednock," his picturesque home at Dursley.

Capt. Graham, who is well known in Cheltenham and related to a Cheltenham family, is the greatest living authority on this breed of hounds. He not only founded the Irish Wolfhound Club, and officiates at many shows in Irish wolfhound classes, but by his efforts and staunch adherence to the breeding of these dogs, literally saved them from extinction.

Major Percy Shewell now owns the premier kennel of the breed.

HORACE WALPOLE'S "TWIN-WIVES."

Mary Berry was three-and-twenty, and Agnes, her sister, a year younger when they first met Horace Walpole, then in his seventy-first year. He was as fascinated by them as Goldsmith by the two Hornecks—"Little Comedy" and "The Jessamy Bride." "They are," he wrote to the Countess of Ossory, "the best-informed and most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age; exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank; and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation. . . . They are of pleasing figures: Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost."

The girls had had a strange upbringing. They were left motherless at the age of twelve and eleven—left, as Mary, the elder, tells us, to their own devices, to be as idle as they liked, to read what books and choose what employment they pleased. Their father—"a little merry man with a rotund face"—was a happy-go-lucky shiftless creature who might have sat for the portrait of Harold Skimpole. He loved to ramble in a desultory, dilettante fashion about the Continent, taking his daughters with him. Upon Mary devolved all domestic responsibility. She had to be a mother to her father and her sister. She was the dominant spirit of the household; but the two sisters were devoted to one another despite the autocracy of the elder.—"T.P.'s Weekly."