

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

No. 318.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1907.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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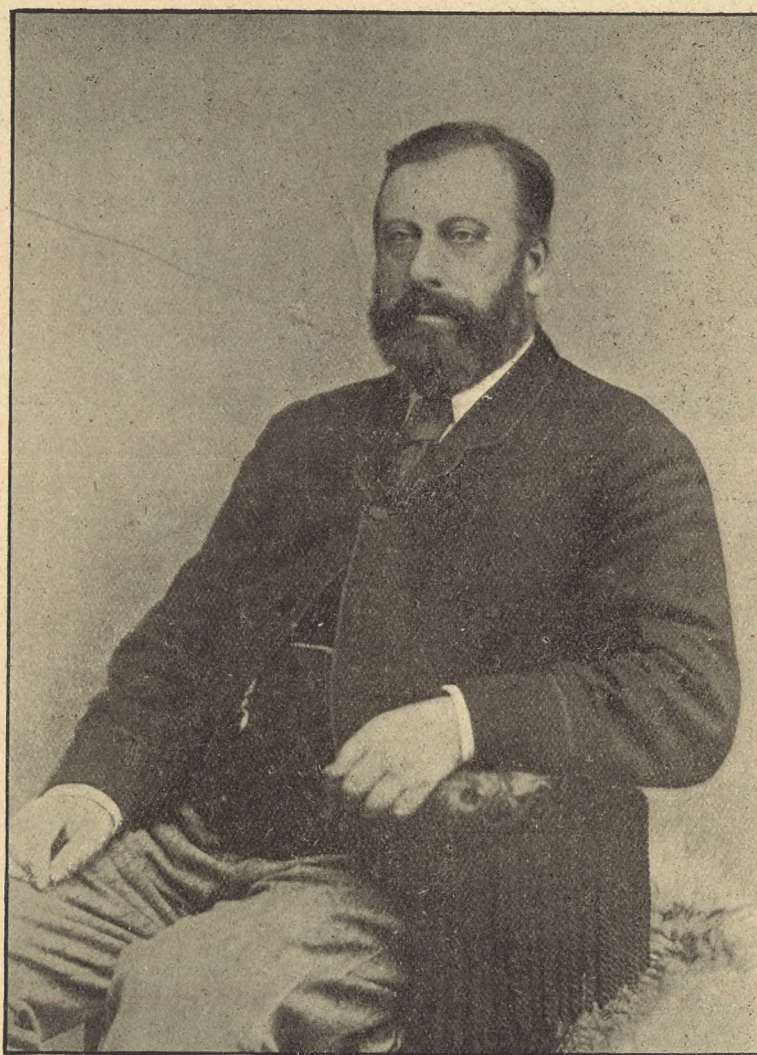
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LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

The Leiston Town Council on Tuesday
rejected a proposal to pay the mayor of the
borough for the time being a salary of £500.

The Tottenham Education Committee has
decided to discontinue the system whereby
scholars in the violin classes purchase their
violins by instalments.



MR. JAMES HENRY STEPHENS, OF WINCHCOMBE,
WHO HELD A NUMBER OF PUBLIC APPOINTMENTS.
DIED JANUARY 28, 1907, AGED 72 YEARS.

The parish clerk and sexton of Stanfoid
Rivers, Essex, Mr. J. Woolmore, on Wednes-
day completed sixty years' service. He suc-
ceeded his father, and the two between them
have dug the graves of all the parishioners
who have died during the last 100 years.

For making several children stand with
their arms raised, as a punishment for their
absence from school through attending a
Primitive Methodist fete, a village school-
master has been censured by the Essex
Education Committee.

THE WINTRY WEATHER.



SKATING AT MARLE HILL ANNEXE, JANUARY 26, 1907.



FROZEN OUT.



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

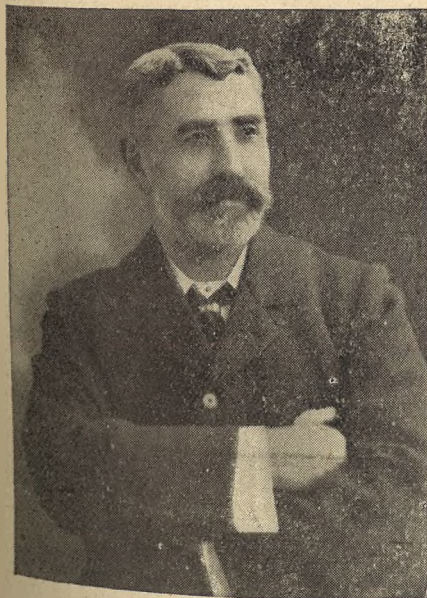
Colour-Sergt-Instructor R. H. HARPER,
I CO. (STOW) 2ND V.B.G.R.



Photo by W. E. Wilkins, Stow.

Private A. PARTINGTON, of Longborough,
a member of I Co. (Stow) 2nd V.B.G.R., who recently won the National Rifle Association's bronze cross for best recruit firing. The competition was open to the whole of the battalion, which comprises eleven companies.

THE GLOUCESTER MUNICIPAL ELECTION PETITION.
THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.



MR. LANGLEY-SMITH (L.)
(Petitioner).



MR. LIONEL LANE (C.)
(Respondent).



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ISAAC SMITH,
SHEPHERD, OF COLN ST. DENIS,
who died there September 7, 1895, and an interesting biography of whom appears in a letter in the main sheet.



UNIQUE SNAPSHOT TAKEN IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL OF GLOUCESTER ELECTION PETITION.

Mr. Gill, K.C., is cross-examining witness O. J. Price (marked X), who is seated in witness-box. Mr. Langley-Smith (petitioner) is seen looking round.

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 218th prize has been divided between Miss B. Lane, 8 Corpus-street, London-road, and Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, for reports of sermons by the Rev. J. H. Versey at Portland Tabernacle and the Rev. W. E. Rees at Wesley Chapel, Cheltenham, respectively.

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

THE REAL FRIENDS.

Call him my friend who seeks me in my den
For quiet chats which light the weary day;
Call him twice friend who knows exactly when
To go away.
Call him my friend whose voice is always free
In my defence when critics' words are rough;
Call him twice friend who understands when he
Has had enough.
Call him my friend who comes, in smiling faith,
For my assistance when the clouds are black.
Call him thrice friend—though he is but a
wraith—
Who pay me back!
—George Fitch in "The Smart Set."

* *

"There will now be an interval for coughing," said the Rev. H. C. Wagnell, conducting a service at the Blackpool Baptist Tabernacle. He added that one coughing person often set the whole congregation coughing.

Norwich has in use 18,000 gas cookers and 18,000 slot meters, and this total is not equalled by any other city of the same population (just over 100,000).

America's exports of manufactures during the calendar year 1906 aggregated £143,800,000, and formed 41 per cent. of the total exports.

Russian paper money to the value of £2,500,000 has been withdrawn from circulation and burned at the State Bank, leaving £123,000,000 still in circulation.

BETRAYED BY AN OMELETTE.

The Revolution which, like Saturn, devoured its own children, devoured with a special appetite those of its sons who were sons also of the nobility. The noblest of these, perhaps, was the Marquis de Condorcet, whom Turgot described as "the highest intellectual and moral personality of the century." As he voted against the death sentence of Louis XVI., and in favour of his banishment, he was himself soon after condemned to the guillotine. He lay for nine months concealed in the house of Madame Vernet, the widow of the sculptor, but finding that her shelter of him imperilled her life, he stole away, and escaped so far at least as Fontenay-aux-Roses, and to the house of his old friends, Suard and his wife. While, however, the heroic Madame Vernet, on whom he had no claim but that of misfortune, sheltered him for nine months at the imminent risk of her life, his old friends, the Suards, refused him a single night's shelter. He wandered for days, homeless and hungry, till at last he ventured to enter an inn at Clamart and to ask for an omelette. "How many eggs will you have in your omelette?" asked mine host suspiciously. "Oh, a dozen," replied the Marquis. Mine host, who was one of the municipals of the Commune, suspecting the Marquis's rank from his preposterous ignorance of cookery, had him arrested, and Condorcet saved himself from the guillotine only by taking poison in his condemned cell.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

* *

Two guardians from Flegg Union deputed to investigate the granite-breaking at Yarmouth Workhouse for tramps reported that the detention of strong men in tiny cells to break granite was "enough to rouse the devil in them." Flegg Guardians decided to try it.

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THE GLOUCESTER (Kingsholm Ward) MUNICIPAL ELECTION PETITION.

LANGLEY-SMITH v. LANE.

1. Commissioner (in centre) leaving court. Mr. E. J. Wilberforce (Registrar) on right.
2. Mr. Lionel Lane, who won Kingsholm seat, entering court.
3. Mr. Langley-Smith (centre), with his son (on the right) leaving court.
4. Mr. Mordaunt Snagge (Public Prosecutor), Mr. Dalley, Mr. Gill, K.C., and Mr. Matthews (reading left to right) leaving court.
5. General public leaving court. O. J. Price (first witness called) marked X.
6. Mr. A. H. Ruegg, K.C., leaving court.
7. Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., and Mr. McKenna leaving court.

AN IMPORTANT CHELTENHAM INDUSTRY.

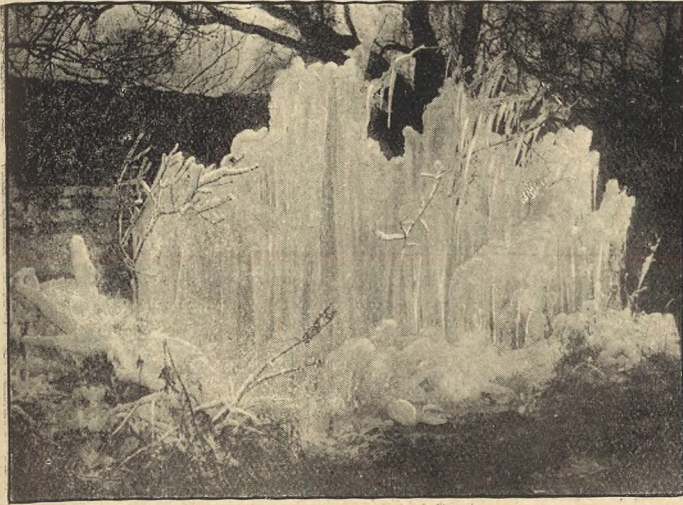
THE HIDE, SKIN, FAT, AND WOOL MARKET IN GLOUCESTER-PLACE, JANUARY 25, 1907.



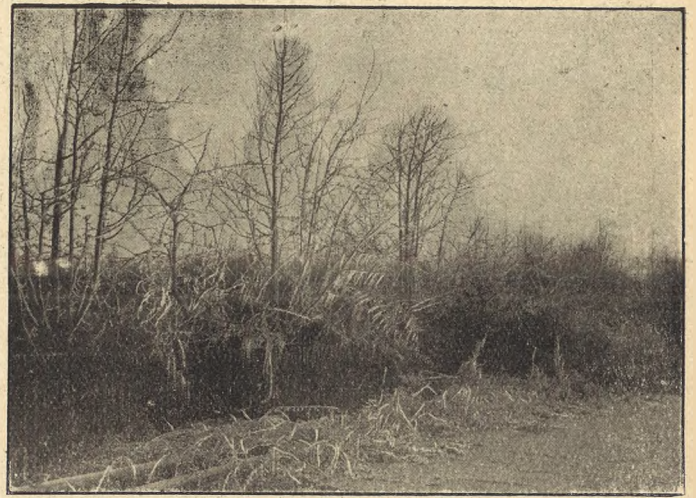
PREPARING FOR HIDE AND SKIN SALE.



GOODS BEING DESPATCHED AFTER SALE (MESSRS. H. WAGHORNE, C. HOLLIDAY, AND A. H. TAYLOR IN FOREGROUND).



Burst Water Pipe at M. and S.W.J.R. siding in Cheltenham: Curious and Beautiful Frost Effect.



Condensed Steam Blown from Cheltenham Electric Light Works: Another Curious Frost Effect.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The greater half of the foxhunting season has now passed, and two considerable slices have been taken out of that by snow and frost. These elements gave a close time to foxes for about ten days at the end of December, and for quite a week towards the finish of January. For the first time during Mr. Herbert Lord's mastership the annual Boxing Day meet of the Cotswold Hounds in Cheltenham had King Frost's veto put on it. Sport in January possessed several specially interesting features, notably the frequency with which some of the local packs ran in full cry into their neighbours' country. Thus on the 4th the Cotswold ran twice into the North Cotswold, killing one fox at Dumbleton; on the 5th and 6th they "invaded" the Heythrop; on the 8th hounds entered the Croome and finished up the day with a fast four-mile point to Cleeve Hill; and on the

21st they ran a fox from Daglingworth and killed him on top of the Sapperton Tunnel, most of the run being in Lord Bathurst's country. The North Cotswold on the 5th had a remarkable run from Dumbleton to Salperton, in the Cotswold confines, where hounds changed foxes and left off 17 miles away from their kennels; having made a ten-mile point. The Duke of Beaufort's will have a very big tally of kills at the end of the season, and the record number of 19 foxes accounted for during the week ended the 12th will help to swell it considerably. Among the fine runs were two seven-mile points on the 21st. This pack had a narrow escape on the railroad on the 18th, and one hound was then killed. Once his Grace had to take the extreme step of ordering hounds home early in the day so as to teach "thrusters," who had got right in front of them, a lesson. The longest run went to Lord Fitzhardinge's on the 7th, when they ran a fox from 2.30 till 6 p.m. and covered quite 18 miles.

Time, tide, trains, and ice wait for no man, or woman either. Those who did not seize the golden opportunity last Saturday of practising the graceful art on the frozen lakes at Pittville must have bitterly regretted it, and will perhaps recognise the force of this saying, if they waited for the morrow to go in for the exhilarating pastime of skating. How frequently it happens—as it did on this occasion—that a thaw setting in overnight dashes the hopes of expectant skaters on the morrow! It is true they were spared the possibility of being looked upon as Sabbath-breakers by strict Sabbatharians. But I have never been able to see any harm in the healthy exercise of skating. In fact I place it in the same category as walking or driving or cycling, provided the indulgence does not interfere with anyone attending church or chapel. I happen to know that was the decided and sensible view the late Bishop Ellicott took of Sunday skating.

* *

Memories of 1902 and 1903 were recalled to me by the brief spell of skating that reigned on Pittville lakes this last January. For it was in those years that the park last presented a similar appearance to what it did recently. Most of us are so used to only seeing Pittville in its summer garb that it is quite in the nature of a revelation to us to visit and view it in its rare Alpine aspect. I was glad to notice the ubiquitous "Graphic" artist on the spot taking plates of the picturesque and animated scenes for permanent record. I wonder how many who were on the ice last Saturday remember the night of January 31st, 1879, when there was skating on the lake in front of the Pump-room, aided by electric light generated by a portable engine brought over from Gloucester, and which had done similar duty at a football match. This was really the first installation of the light in the Garden Town.

GLEANER.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

A football match in a field between Coxley and Bilston, near Dudley, on Saturday, was interrupted by a fox, which rushed past the players. The men gave chase, and the fox rushed through a foundry, over a wall, and hid itself under a railway arch. A footballer caught hold of its tail. It released itself, but was at last captured. Then it was set free, and soon disappeared.



Photo by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

RUSPIDGE, FOREST OF DEAN,
WHERE FATAL COLLIERY ACCIDENT OCCURRED A FEW WEEKS AGO.



MR. W. C. BELCHER, OF WINCHCOMBE,
PAST PROV. GRAND MASTER CHELTENHAM DISTRICT
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS, M.U.



THE VERY REV. FATHER FENN, D.D., C.C.
(LATE OF THE MYTHE, TEWKESBURY),
55 YEARS AGO.



THE WAYS OF THE BULLFINCH.

*
One would not willingly kill such a beautiful bird as the bullfinch, but in the early spring he is such a wholesale destroyer of buds on pear, plum, gooseberry, and currant trees that stringent measures become necessary. Nature apparently armed the bullfinch with a beak expressly intended for the purpose of pecking out fruit buds, and he is a master hand at this operation. Wary, too, to a degree, bullfinches soon get to know the meaning of a gun, but as far as I am aware this is the most effective weapon for protecting your interests against the marauders.—
"Agricultural Economist."

* *
A CALAMITY'S LESSONS.

*
I can honestly say (writes a San Francisco correspondent in "P.T.O.") that I've heard hardly any unpleasant gossip since the fire. Why, I don't know, unless it is that the women have grown above the petty nasty sayings and have decided that if they can't say anything nice they won't say anything at all. And snobbery! There hasn't been the least evidence of it since those days of six months ago. Women who were incapable of any deep or sincere feeling, who used to be classed as mere shells beneath charming exteriors, proved themselves worthy of the name of woman in the hour of trouble. They didn't fret or cry or make any fuss over the loss of their belongings; they accepted the situation with a light heart, and immediately set to work to help others in whatever way they could.



CHELTENHAM WATER POLO TEAM, 1906-7.

Standing:—Alan Lewis (hon. secretary), A. F. Waite, F. Fry, T. W. Halliwell (hon. treasurer), C. Lewis, R. H. Wilkinson, H. Pilkington (bath manager).
Sitting:—W. Cooke, W. Lewis (captain), T. Halliwell.

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No. 319.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

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Rewards for the killing of herons near the
 estuary of the Exe are being offered by the
 Exe Board of Conservators, as the birds are
 injuring the fishing, one which was shot
 recently having forty-two small trout in its
 crop.



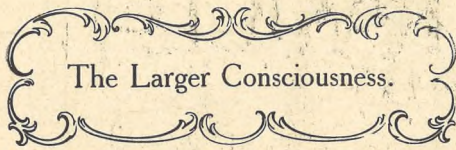
SILVER GILT LOVING CUP,

Presented to Cheltenham Town Council by Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, a Freeman
 of the town, at their meeting on February 4th, 1907.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

At the little village of Wotton, near Dork-
 ing, on Sunday, the curious custom of
 "Forty-shilling Day" was observed. The
 custom found its birth in 1718, when a Mr.
 Glanville by his will directed that five boys
 should visit his tomb on the anniversary of
 his burial and, placing their hands on the

tombstone, repeat the Lord's Prayer, the
 Apostles' Creed, and the Commandments.
 The boys, for saying the prayers at his tomb
 annually, were to be each rewarded with £2,
 this payment giving rise to the appellation
 "Forty-shilling Day." Wotton Churchyard
 is memorable as the burial place of John
 Evelyn, the diarist.



The Larger Consciousness.

[HELIODORE IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

* *

During the last thirty years a very large amount of evidence has been accumulated by scientific men and others, which goes to show that human consciousness is not confined to our every-day waking life, but touches other worlds than our mother-earth, and has wider possibilities than our grandfathers, and their grandfathers before them, could have imagined. Yet, on this point, religion has always spoken very definitely; to take but the single instance of dreams, we find in the Bible many cases of dreams in which communications were received from inhabitants of another world, and we see that great importance was given to the interpretation of dreams. Joseph, by interpreting the dreams of the King of Egypt, became ruler of the land, and, guided by the meaning of the dream, preserved Egypt from famine. Daniel rose to royal favour, and was able to protect his countrymen by his interpretation of the king's dream. The life of the infant Jesus was saved by the warning of an angel in a dream. And it is given as a mark of divine favour that "your old men shall see visions, and your young men shall dream dreams"—significant and useful dreams evidently.

While most Christian people will, on account of the prominence given to dreams in the Bible, admit that they may be significant and may convey information from denizens of higher worlds, they will, for the most part, regard this value of dreams as belonging to the past, rather than to the present. "Such things do not happen now," is the usual remark made if any argument be offered, based on their acknowledged acceptance of Bible stories. But if they ever happened, why should they not happen now? There is no reason to suppose that man is feebler, less thoughtful, less capable, than were men in former ages, nor that the inhabitants of other worlds are more limited in their powers now than they were then. Why should not the same kind of thing happen now as happened then? A subtle scepticism, based on the views of a materialistic science, has caused dreams to be regarded with contempt, and has led to the branding of those who believe in their value as superstitious. But science is outgrowing its swaddling clothes of materialism, and is now gathering much evidence with regard to dreams, as proofs that we possess a larger consciousness than that of our waking lives.

It is true that many incoherent dreams are merely due to physiological causes, to variations of bodily conditions, to indigestion, and so on. Even coherent and vivid dreams may be caused by pressure from outside on different parts of the body, and even by pressure from inside. The first arise in the denser parts of the brain, and the second in its subtler portions. Neither the one nor the other can be said to belong to the larger consciousness, nor to have any interest beyond the light thrown by them on some of the obscurer workings of our physical body.

But it is quite different with vivid and coherent dreams, whether symbolical or not, which arise in the astral or mental body, and represent the working of the larger consciousness. A dream which conveys information not known to the waking consciousness; which explains some point, or fills up some gap, in a subject which is studied in the

ordinary way; which foreshadows some event still in the future on this earth; which reveals some characteristics of higher worlds, or brings the dreamer into conscious touch with the inhabitants of those worlds; all such dreams belong to the larger consciousness, and are direct proofs of its existence. And the evidence for the happening of such dreams is overwhelming.

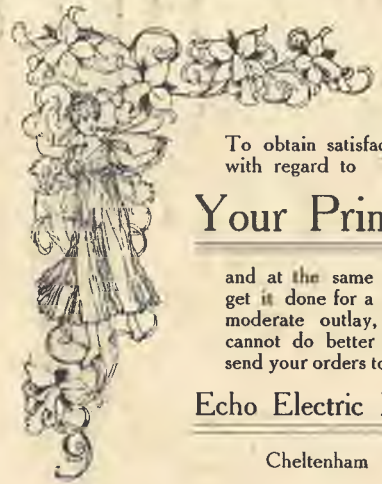
Another class of evidence is drawn from the artificial dream-state called trance, in which the consciousness, driven out of the physical brain (which is rendered inert, and incapable of functioning), shows its powers far more vividly and strongly than it can do when imprisoned in the brain. From a consciousness thus set free, information of what is taking place in a distant country may be obtained, and subsequently verified. Information as to the past events of the "dreamer's" life, forgotten when he is "awake," may be gained. He can be communicated with without words or writing, thought reaching him directly, and a command, issued mentally only, is at once obeyed. In the study of the records of such experiences, the indubitable proofs are found of the existence of a larger consciousness.

Another class of evidence is drawn from religious experiences, those called "mystic." An impression so powerful is made upon the mind, as in "conversion," that the whole current of the life is changed. The impression is of a character quite different from that of the man's ordinary thoughts. It runs directly counter to his usual line of ideas. It forces itself upon him, sometimes against his will, and imperiously compels his attention and obedience. The larger consciousness has seen some truth veiled from the consciousness blinded by the flesh; it sends down its knowledge to the brain with a force that overbears all its ordinary functioning, sweeps away its feebler activity, and carries the man into a new untrodden world. How many can bear evidence to the reality of such intrusions from the larger consciousness? Yet another evidence is what is called genius—that abnormal strength and insight which does and sees without an effort that which ordinary men do and see far less well, though labouring with perseverance and strenuousness. The larger consciousness flashes into, illuminates, the lower, as a ray of sunlight flashes into a dark room.

What is the method of the workings of this larger consciousness? It is merely that the spirit, which is ourself, cramped and hindered while working in the dense matter of the physical body, can show more of itself, and is less restricted, when it works in finer matter. The spirit is not clothed only in this garment of the flesh; it has nobler raiment, belonging to higher worlds, and it is clothed in it now, while living on the physical earth. In that subtler clothing it contacts the higher worlds and their inhabitants, receives impressions and transmits them to the brain, lives in larger worlds, uses a wider vision. Only a little of the spirit is put down into the physical brain, and serves as the waking consciousness. Its fuller life is ever going on in other worlds, and this is the larger consciousness.

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A large portion of a forest bed has been exposed at Bacton, on the Norfolk coast, by the recent high tides. Numerous fossils have been found, and among them were the remains of a monster animal. Some of the bones were injured by the scour of the tide, but one was secured measuring 3ft. 9in. long, and having a girth of 2ft. 6in.



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THE CHRISTIAN FAITH A HARDY PLANT.

The consideration of the persecutions Christians have endured for their loyalty to Christ is a painful yet exhilarating study. Here we find matter for pride and thankfulness. When Christians have suffered most they have been most effective in their testimony to Christ and most real in their discipleship to Him. Persecution has at least this beneficent result. It turns out all half-hearted followers; it sifts out all double-minded men. In days when to become a Christian was to place oneself outside the shelter of the law, and often to be thrust out of one's own family, it required a strong and steadfast will to profess the faith. But it was not by any means all loss. In the stern crucible of suffering the dross was separated and cast out, leaving behind the pure gold of steadfast love and courageous faith. The ages of suffering have been the ages of greatest advance in the Christian Church. The words of Tertullian have been more than justified—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." It is literally true that when the Christians have suffered most from their enemies the power of the Gospel has been most clearly vindicated. Looking back, we can confidently affirm that the period of trial has always been the period of the Church's most solid expansion. The Christian faith is a hardy plant, apparently growing better in the rigours of persecution than in the sunshine of the world's favour.—Rev. S. Kirshbaum, M.A., in "Sunday Reading Guild" in "The Sunday at Home."

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The 219th prize has been divided between Mr. Percy J. Piggott, of 9 Windsor street, and Mr. Probert, of Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for sermons respectively by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Chapel and Rev. P. A. Nash at St. John's Men's Conference.

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



FOOTBALL MATCH IN CHELTENHAM.

CHELTENHAM v. GLOUCESTER, FEBRUARY 2, 1907.

1. Line-out at centre.
2. Rest in the hay at half-time.

3. Some of Gloucester team refreshing at half-time.
4. Gloucester get the ball from a scrum.
5. Appeal to referee.
6. Scramble for ball.
7. Line-out.

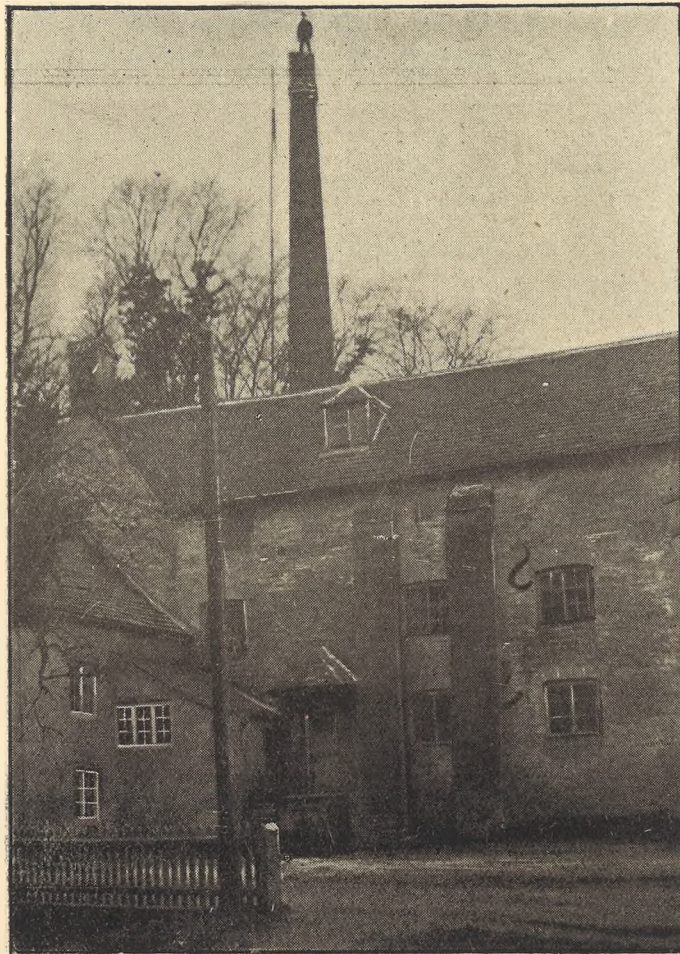


Photo by T. Musto, Bibury.

ARLINGTON MILL, BIBURY.

The mill is said to be about a century old. It is not now used for mill purposes. The chimney has just been demolished.



MR. GEORGE OSBORNE,
A WELL-KNOWN LOCAL COMEDIAN.



MR. BRYAN'S ADOPTION.

An interesting figure in the household of Mr. W. J. Bryan is a young Japanese. In Japan an aspiring youth can adopt some man of eminence as his father, and immemorial custom compels the person thus honoured to take and care for the foundling, at least until he comes to the age for self-support. In 1896 (says "Munsey's Magazine") the fame of the Democratic candidate penetrated to Japan and fired the ambition of a young student. "I have chosen you to be my father," he wrote in effect to Mr. Bryan, "and will sail at once for the United States." The message aroused some natural trepidation in the household at Lincoln, and appeals to the collector of the port at San Francisco to avert the yellow peril were unavailing. So one morning Mr. Bryan, answering in person a ring at the door, was confronted by a trim Japanese boy, who remarked with simple directness "I have come." He was adopted, was given the same education as Mr. Bryan's children, and is about to return to Japan.

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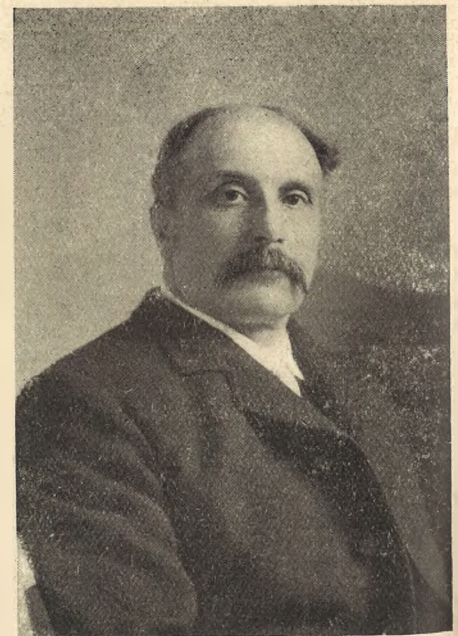
A gold coin—one-third of a guinea—bearing the date 1802, has been found in a collection box in Peterborough Cathedral, with a request that it should be sold and the proceeds given to the Cathedral Restoration Fund.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

A young Irish doctor named Ogilvy, a friend of Sir William Hamilton's, who was in practice in Rome, was called out by a stranger and driven off in his carriage. While in the carriage, Ogilvy was informed that before he entered the house of his patient he must submit to have his eyes bandaged. Ogilvy's eyes were bandaged accordingly before he reached the house; and when, after he had reached it, the bandage was removed, he found himself at the top of a narrow staircase, confronted by armed men, one of whom thus addressed him: "We have sent for you to put to death a lady who has brought dishonour upon an ancient house. Refuse, and your refusal, while it will not save her life, will cost you your own." After some moments of agonising hesitation, the doctor consented to be the lady's executioner. Admitted to her presence, he opened her veins with a lancet, and bled her to death with all the celerity of science. He was then offered a bag of gold for the murder, which "according to his own account," writes Mr. Escott in his "Society in the Country House," he refused. —"T.P.'s Weekly"

* *

"Before the end of the century Canada will have a population twice as numerous as the present population of Great Britain," said Lord Strathcona, who arrived at Liverpool on the Campania on Saturday.



MR. E. PLAYNE,
OF SPRINGFIELD, MINCHINHAMPTON.
Died in London, Feb. 1st, 1907, aged 62 years.

He was chairman of Stroud Board of Guardians and Rural District Council, first county councillor for the Minchinhampton Division, and chairman of the Parish Council, among other local public offices.

A GOOD WORK IN CHELTENHAM.



SALVATION ARMY FREE MEAL AND SOUP KITCHEN IN NEW-STREET.



GROUP OF CUSTOMERS ONE COLD MORNING THIS WEEK.

A DOMESTICATED FOX.

An interesting story of a domesticated fox has been received from a landowner in Silesia. One of the keepers (says an occasional correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette") came on a litter of young foxes, each about the size of a half-grown cat. There were eleven of them, and ten were quickly disposed of in the neighbourhood. The eleventh, however, was delicate. He seemed to have had a blow across the loins in babyhood, and was but a sickly little fellow. His condition awakened sympathy in the household, and he was taken in and nursed and petted into robust health. But care and gentle treatment are now showing

their effect, not only on young Reynard's physique, but on his general behaviour and the view he takes of things. Before all others, he loves his kind master and mistress. Next to them, he esteems the house dog. In fact, should a "pack" now come across his way Foxy would probably show delight and an inclination to take each on for a game. Brushed and combed, it is his pride to show himself in the drawing-room when requested, or to accompany his dear lady on her walk. A few weeks ago he was missed, and it was found that he had gone to pay his devoirs alone at a house where he has been petted, getting no further, however, than the front door, where he stood importunately scratching.

Nor is it all "take" on his part and no return. He has become a very expert mouser. By day, however, he loves best to recline before the kitchen fire on a little old rug he recognises as his very own.

* *

Two hundred millions of atoms of matter could lie in a row on an inch, and it would take a hundred thousand electrons to equal the size of an atom of matter, said Sir Oliver Lodge in the course of a lecture at Birmingham University on Tuesday night.

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

HOCKEY. Trial Match at Cheltenham, Saturday, February 2nd.



NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Standing (left to right): G. H. Morton (umpire), F. L. Pickersgill, G. Hardy, G. V. Spooner, L. W. Alderson, A. H. Noble E. C. Wingrove.
Sitting: E. N. Nicholson, R. N. Milne, A. I. Draper, A. D. Bond.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Gloucester has recently obtained a gratuitous bold advertisement, bringing her prominently before the world, but one that I believe she would rather have been without. It was in reference to some malpractices at the last election of a City Councillor for the Kingsholm Ward, as elicited, with the accompaniment of considerable quaint humour, at the trial of the petition for the seat. The malpractices actually proved or admitted in the shape of bribery and treating were "quite small beer" as compared with the indictments in the particulars. Still, they were sufficient to unseat the sitting member, who gave up defending the seat, and was made responsible for the unauthorised acts of individuals who were held to be legally his agents. Their evidence showed to what reprehensible lengths some enthusiastic politicians will go in order to secure the temporary triumph of their candidate and the defeat of an opponent whom they do not regard with much favour. The question which now most concerns Gloucesterians is if the Public Prosecutor will take any action by criminal proceedings upon any evidence adduced in court or on information contained in the particulars of the recriminatory charges to the petitioner's claim to the seat, which, however, he abandoned in court, and which charges the respondent then withdrew before they had been gone into.

I hear from credible sources that the costs of the petition and the Commissioner's enquiry, payable in certain proportions by the litigants, will be nearer two than one thousand pounds. And I can easily understand this, considering that three months were occupied in getting evidence together and preparing their respective cases, and that the Court sat for a week, and that eight learned counsel were engaged in the matter, the leaders having a retaining fee of 150 guineas marked on their briefs and a "refresher" of from 25 to 30 guineas a day. And then there are the expenses of the witnesses. But the gentlemen of the long robe will undoubtedly get the lion's share.

* *

It would be useful and interesting if the general public could know what the costs totalled in the various election petitions that have been tried in this county during the last 33 years, commencing with Gloucester in 1873, 1880, 1890, 1901, and 1907; then Stroud, three petitions in 1874; Cheltenham, in 1880; Tewkesbury, in 1880; Thornbury Division, in 1886; and Cirencester Division, in 1893. I shrewdly suspect that one would be rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice if one had the thousands of pounds the petitions must have cost safely invested or in the bank. We can only marvel where all the money came from to pay for these shots. But I knew some men who put down their five hundreds in the good old times.

When I compare the stray half-crown and few fugitive shillings that were proved to have indiscriminately passed in the Kingsholm Ward with the extensive and systematised corruption previously disclosed in Gloucester before the Commissioners in 1880-1, I am greatly fortified in my opinion that the lesson the city then learnt had the desired salutary effect. It was found that at the 1874 Parliamentary election the two political parties spent £5,400 in bribery and £3,600 at the 1880 one. There were 1,916 persons scheduled as proved to have been bribed in 1880, and the Commissioners assumed from the amount of money unaccounted for that 840 bribees were undetected. The 220 bribers included four magistrates, 18 members of the Town Council, five solicitors, several Poor-Law Guardians and members of the School Board, and a waywarden. No witness was refused a certificate of indemnity. The ratepayers had to pay £4,161 18s. as the cost of the Commission on 36 days, and each of the 23 parishes of the city had to contribute according to its number of voters, instead of on the rateable value, with the result that one parish had to pay a rate as high as 2s. 6d. in the £, while one or two others get off with one as low as fourpence.

GLEANER.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

The Woolwich Board of Guardians have decided to buy only leadless glaze crockery in future for use in the institutions under their care.



WEST OF ENGLAND.

Standing (left to right): Dr. Bernard (umpire), G. L. Wheatley, J. E. H. Tripp, A. W. R. Cheales, J. Thorburn, S. R. Brazier, Stephen Fletcher.

Sitting: Elwell, Basil Hatch, A. A. Jenkins, H. S. Slade.

[Butland, of Tewkesbury, is not in the group, not turning up until play was in progress.]

DOCTORS AND DEATH AS A NATURAL INSTINCT.

"How wonderful is Death—
Death and his brother Sleep."

—Queen Mab.

Sleep, "The Hospital" thinks, is an instinctive need for rest; natural death in like manner is the manifestation of an instinctive want, and the instinct of death is often seen in very old people, who die as easily and quietly as children fall asleep. This instinct of death has always been recognised, and it has been associated from all time with the gift of prophecy, for as Aretæus tells us in his essay on the burning fever of Hippocrates: "the soul, whilst shuffling off this mortal coil and disentangling itself from the incumbrances of the body, becomes purer, more essential, more entirely spiritual, as if it had already commenced its new existence"; or, as Shelley phrased it, "like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun." The predictions of Jacob before "he drew up his feet into the bed and yielded up the ghost" are known to everyone, and the poets have made full use of this gift of prophecy just before death. Sophocles in the "Œdipus Colonus" represents Œdipus, as he is walking to the spot where he is to die, foretelling to Theseus the prosperity of Athens and of his family. Virgil makes Orodes prophesy the death of Murentius. Old John of Gaunt says as he dies "Methinks I am a prophet new inspired!" But medical men are concerned more with the practical side of death

than with the folk-lore and superstitions which have gathered round it. It is their duty to attend the death-bed and to alleviate sufferings associated with it as far as possible, making the departure from this life easy and gentle. This is a part of their art to which Francis Bacon in his treatise "De Augmentis Scientiarum" applied the term "Euthanasia." The subject deserves the most careful study, for it well repays anyone who has made himself master of it. No broad principles are involved; it consists wholly of details of isolated acts of attention done at the precise moment when they are needed.

* *

AN IMPENDING ELECTRICAL REVOLUTION.

*

This year would appear as destined to see the universal adoption of metallic filament lamps. The tantalum lamp has during the past few months become known at its true worth as a decided economical advance. The use of osmium and tungsten and their alloys for filaments is, says "The Electrical Magazine," now established beyond doubt as the line to follow in incandescent lamp manufacture. There are already "Osram" and "Osmi" lamps available, but they are as yet scarce; we had occasion to enquire for some of these lately, and ascertained that the dealers were quite unable to cope with the demand. However, that is a trouble that can easily be righted, and before very long we

shall doubtless see the new lamps installed everywhere and our old favourite since the beginning of electric lighting—the carbon filament lamp—finally ousted as a standard illuminant. We have already published a deal of information about the new metallic filament lamps, and need not enter into details here. With their introduction electric lighting will be able to compete with any form of gas lighting so far as cost per candle-power-hour is concerned, and at the same time all the other well-known advantages and economies of electric lighting will be maintained. Tests of these lamps show such remarkable economies as an average current consumption of 1 watt per candle-power, and this high economy maintained over a life of at least 1,000 hours; the tests show further that their average life is considerably above 1,000 hours.

* *

THE OFFICER AND THE EYEGLASS.

*

"A pet aversion of Lord Kitchener is effeminacy. During the war a certain colonel came to him with his eyeglass fixed. Kitchener spotted it at once," says the narrator of the anecdote in "The Penny Magazine," "'Colonel X—,' he said, 'is it necessary for you to wear that eyeglass?' 'Absolutely, sir,' replied the other. 'That's a pity. I was going to offer you a place on my staff. As it is you must go down to the base. I want no short-sighted men here.'"

OPERA AT STOW: "EYES AND NO EYES."

Last week performances of "Eyes and No Eyes" were given by the Stow Amateur Operatic Society in aid of the funds of Stow Rugby Football Club. The following are

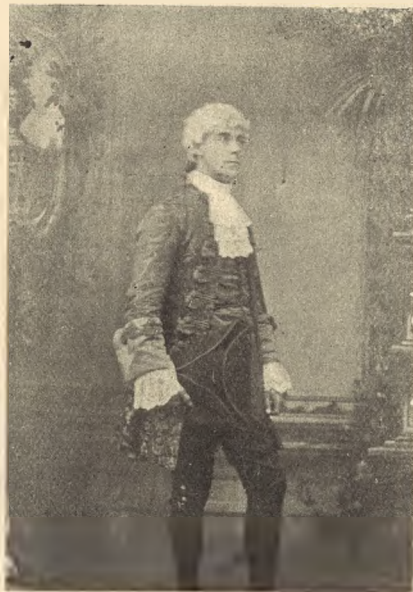
SOME OF THE CHARACTERS:



MR. A. B. GREEN AS NICOLETTE.



MISS HANKS AS COLUMBINE.



MR. F. C. BABER AS PIERROT.



MISS E. YEAP AS CLOCHETTE.

Photos by Chas. F. Nichols; Stow-on-the-Wold.

The Hare and Hounds Inn, Alcester, which is 400 years old, is to be given into the hands of the housebreakers. This is one of the few inns that retain relics of the time when petty sessions were held in hostleries. Behind the large room of the inn are several cells which were used to hold prisoners brought up for trial.

A Hull keelman, fully clad, dived into the Fish Dock, saved a drowning man, and quietly slipped away without leaving his name behind him.

During a run with the Quorn Hounds a fine fox which was being hard pressed was intercepted by two shepherd dogs and killed before the arrival of the pack

QUICKER THAN AN ANTELOPE.

*

The African hunting dog may be seen at the Zoo. It is a hideous beast, resembling a lean hyæna. Its colouring—black, yellow, and white—is startlingly repulsive, and its large rounded ears and sloping hind-quarters give it an uncanny look. Like the hyæna, it has only four toes on each foot, but the teeth are those of a dog. It stands little over 2ft. high at the shoulder, and is only about 3ft. from the nose to the root of the tail. Though an ugly creature, its appearance gives the idea of speed. A small pack of these creatures is able to run down the largest and fleetest antelopes. When the quarry is overtaken, pieces are torn out of it by quick snapping bites, and it soon falls from exhaustion and loss of blood. The ravages of these creatures is very marked in some parts of Africa, where they have thinned down all other quadrupeds to an alarming extent.—"P.T.O."

* *

THE DIVINE SARAH

*

Sarah Bernhardt takes her work so much in earnest that those around her catch much of her enthusiasm. It has been said that when playing "Lorenzaccio," the scene where she practises with the fencing master baffles description, and her companion on the stage used to be really afraid. But perhaps something of the spell she casts over her audience is well shown by a mournful little tragedy which took place in Paris some years ago. A clerk in a mercantile house never failed to attend the theatre whenever Madame Bernhardt played, and at length he appears to have fallen in love with the actress, and told her so in a letter, which, of course, was not answered. Then followed letter after letter, until they reached fifty-eight. They stopped, owing to their writer going out of his senses, and for fifteen years he was an inmate of an asylum. But he died in the belief that his affection was returned, and that he was about to marry the "Divine Sarah."—"P.T.O."

* *

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN'S GOOD TIME.

*

The desire of women to remain young has been a fruitful source of merriment to the vulgar and sarcasm to the philosopher. Yet the desirè is, perhaps, really one of the best traits in a woman's nature, whose central motive of conduct is the wish to please. From childhood upwards she is striving to do this to please her parents, her lover, her husband, her children. When too old to do so her mission in life is over. What wonder that she seeks to prolong her season of charming, and clutches with desperate hands at everything that gives her youth, even fleeting doubtful youth. In the present wave of increased femininity she has acquired a new lease of life, a prolonged youth. Certainly middle-aged women have a good time nowadays. Young men desert young girls to play bridge with old women, they escort them to the play, they sup with them, write to them, and get up a kind of simulacrum of love. It is a curious development, and it will be still more curious to see whether the present fashion of worshipping middle age will last. A century ago a woman of forty had no pretensions to please, and Ninon de l'Enclos was cited as a solitary instance of a woman of fifty preserving her empire over her lovers. Now the woman of forty is at the zenith of her reign, and the girl contents herself, forsooth, to play the second part.—"The Graphic."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 320

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

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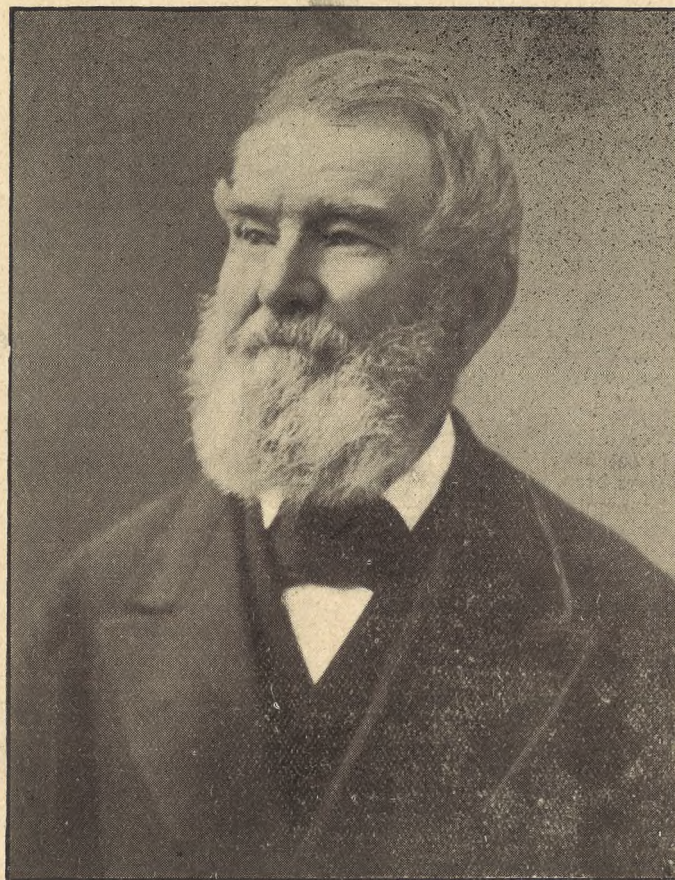
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LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

The medical officer of the Thetford (Norfolk) District Council reports that the deaths during the past quarter were only 6.9 per 1,000, which he believes is the lowest death-rate ever recorded.



MR. CHARLES PHIPPS

is the oldest inhabitant of Bledington, near Chipping Norton, and also a native of the village. He was born Nov. 25th, 1813, at the corner shop, which has recently been rebuilt, and is now in the possession of Mr. Reeves. His father at that time owned the establishment, and carried on business as tailor and outfitter, where Charles also, until nineteen years of age, lived and assisted his father in the business. At this age, in the year 1832, he went to America, and it may be interesting to learn that the vessel on which he sailed was of the ordinary sailing type, and the voyage lasted six weeks. After following his trade for a short time only, he secured a position as surveyor under the Surveyor-General, and was very successful in this undertaking. He crossed the Atlantic eight times in all, the last being in the year 1873, when he attained the age of 60. Since that time he has lived with his niece, Mrs. Weale, and has enjoyed good health. At his great age (93) he still possesses all his faculties, takes his daily walks as upright as lots of men who are seventy years younger, and can be often heard singing a song of the "Battle of Waterloo." He is a bred musician, and also has a thorough knowledge of geography.



Love and a Cough.

[BY JEAN COURTENAY.]

* *

"I would if I could—"

"Honestly, Hetty?"

"If I couldn't, how could I?"

"I don't believe you've ever tried."

The last words were clearly indignant. The speaker stood with frowning brows, looking down from his six-feet-three altitude at the small tantalising person before him. He had just proposed, and this was how she took it!

"Some things are not to be had for the trying, Jim," she said firmly. "Love's one of those things."

"But, Hetty—we've been chums so long," he pleaded. "We've always hit it off so well. Why shouldn't we make a match of it? I'm awfully fond of you, dear."

His young voice shook slightly. The girl looked up at him as if startled.

"Are you, Jim?" she said softly. "Yes—I really believe you are."

The two faced each other for a moment in silence. There was a passionate love in his grey eyes, a growing wonder and pity in her brown ones. Her softened voice and look emboldened them. He caught both her slim hands and held them tight.

"Hetty—darling," he murmured, with an infinite longing in his tones.

The girl slowly but firmly withdrew her hands.

"I'm awfully sorry, Jim, dear," she said regretfully. "You see, I never knew. I'm just as ready to be chums—real chums with you, as I've always been. But—"

"I'm not," interrupted Jim hoarsely. "I couldn't be anything to you now, Hetty—if I wasn't everything. Friendship offered to a man who wants love, is—giving him a stone when he is starving for bread. Didn't you ever guess, dear, that I was simply starving for love of you?"

"Poor old Jim!" said the girl softly, and her brown eyes were full of tears. "If I had bread to give you, I shouldn't let you starve a minute longer. But—I couldn't offer you imitations if the real thing was missing, dear; and so—if good slices of friendship won't do you any good, why, what can I do?"

A whimsical smile flashed across her face, for Hetty could never be serious for long. Then it as quickly vanished, and a shadow crept into the bright expressive eyes.

"Love's a nuisance," she cried petulantly, "a horrid nuisance. Why did you go and catch it, Jim? Or, if you couldn't help that, why didn't you keep it dark?"

He sighed.

"'Love and a cough,' you know, dear, 'cannot be hid.' Must I go, Hetty?"

A pucker of perplexity wrinkled the girl's smooth white forehead.

"Did you really mean what you said, Jim?" she asked anxiously. "Am I to lose my chum? If so, I simply hate love!"

There were tears in her voice as well as her eyes now, and Jim wondered whether Hetty really cared more than she knew. Anyhow, he realised that her happiness was far dearer to him than his own. If she wanted him in any capacity she should have him.

"Don't say that, dear," he said, resolutely shutting the door on his own desires, and trying to be once more the "chum" she needed, "because it's for love's sake that I will not fail you. You shall not lose your

chum, Hetty, and I promise you that that other—the man in love—shall not intrude."

Hetty gave him a rainbow smile, and held out her hand.

"You're a brick!" she said fervently.

And the brick did his best to smile.

But it didn't answer, somehow.

Though both tried hard, they could not make the old comradeship as beautiful and satisfying as it had been before. They felt even in their friendliest moments as if acting a part, and suffered from the consciousness of effort. Hetty at first talked confidently of the enduring charms of friendship; but after a while she said less and thought differently.

She was "growing quite womanly," said her elders with satisfaction. "Her less boisterous spirits and quieter tenderness added the finishing touch to her charms."

And that resolute absentee—"the man in love"—quite agreed with them.

And then they were swept apart. Hetty was to spend her first season in London, to make her appearance as one of the prettiest debutantes of the year. Jim's duties lay close round his beautiful estate in Devon, and when inclination urged him to forget his responsibilities and follow Hetty to town, something far wiser kept him quietly at home. The months would pass—with patience, and the girl would have time to enjoy her maiden triumph, and—perhaps, if she did not lose her heart to some more fortunate man, Hetty would find she had left it behind her in her chum's keeping.

So Jim, like the dear brave fellow he was, gave his mind honestly to the business connected with his property; made himself acquainted with his tenants and their needs; lived a busy, healthy, manly life, and kept Hetty enshrined alone in his heart.

And Hetty?

Well, she was whirled along in the endless round of excitement and pleasure, which Society prescribes for maids who are "out." And at first she thoroughly enjoyed it all. Then came a longing now and again for a quiet chat with Jim, a long lazy afternoon under the cool dark cedars that spread their velvet shadows on the green shaven lawns; or among the cosy cushions of the punt, while Jim pretended to fish. The very thought of it made London seem stifling and her throat parched.

But there was little leisure for such idle dreams. Society insisted on stealing every moment she could snatch from sleep, and required, too, that she should always be at her prettiest and gayest.

"She will make a great match," said those who thought they knew. And they smiled knowingly and nodded when Hetty passed with young Lord Elston, who was clearly "head over ears" in love.

If the girl looked pale, and failed a little in her usual gay repartee, they regarded it as a distinctly favourable symptom for Lord Elston. If she rather shrank from his attentions, and pleaded for solitude, they said it was "quite as it should be, a charming maidenliness that was refreshing to meet."

They forgot—or knew nothing of—her chum, Jim.

And, indeed, it was not so much of her "chum" that Hetty thought. It was "that other—the man in love," the lonely banished one for whom her whole warm nature ached. He had never pleaded so eloquently to this winsome wayward maid as he did by his unselfish silence.

"Only Jim would have done it," she thought contritely. "I was a horrid little wretch to treat him as I did." And then rather irrelevantly it seemed, she murmured "When I could, I wouldn't; now I would, I couldn't! Will he?" And she sighed.

Jim came to town.

He had heard on the best authority, from those who thought they knew, that "a marriage would shortly be arranged" between Hetty and Lord Elston. He chafed and brooded over this news for forty-eight hours, and then he decided to come up to London and see for himself how matters stood.

"I believe you've grown," was his first remark after he found Hetty's hands in his.

And the girl thought she had in some ways, even if actual inches was not one of them.

"How nice and open-air you look, Jim," she said, mentally comparing him with the town-bred men around her. She found him better than her best memories of him. "You have grown too, surely," she added, laughing. "You are a perfect giant!"

"I'm afraid I must have been getting 'smaller by degrees, and beautifully less,' dear, in your thoughts, if I loom so big to you."

"Must you?" said Hetty softly, and then she turned to Lord Elston. The two men measured each other across the dainty girlish figure, and both felt the presence of a formidable rival. Only Lord Elston had seen a light in Hetty's brown eyes when she saw this stranger, which he had never been able to conjure into their soft depths. However, he banished the thought, and continued to hope.

That evening, between the fifth and sixth dances at Lady Bassenthwaite's ball, he proposed—and was rejected.

The punt was drawn up under a wide-spreading willow. Jim, a cool comfortable figure in flannels, was coaxing the kettle to boil. Hetty, white-robed and unusually silent, lay lazily watching him.

"It's beginning to purr," said Jim, rising from his attendance on the kettle. Stretching himself to his full height, he contemplated the small person nestling so contentedly among the cushions. She was very quiet. Was she fretting over Lord Elston's sudden departure for a cruise in his yacht? He had dared to hope that Hetty had something to do with Elston's leaving England. Jim shook himself sternly. These thoughts must be checked in the bud. They jeopardised that calm comradeship which was all Hetty wanted from him.

"Comfie?" he said.

"It's just perfect!" she replied. "I've been dreaming of this sort of thing all through the heat and—oh, the general fussiness of town, and now—" She paused.

"And now you are dreaming of the delights you have left there, eh, and forgetting the heat and fussiness?" said Jim slowly.

Hetty laughed, a low soft laugh. "Of course!" was all she said.

The kettle, feeling neglected, here began to boil over violently, and Jim turned his attention to tea-making.

"There you are," he said presently, handing her a cup, carefully creamed and sugared to her liking, "and I'm sure it tastes better than any you have drunk in crowded drawing-rooms lately."

"I'm far too contented and amiable this afternoon to contradict you," remarked Hetty, laughingly. "'I would if I could'—" She stopped suddenly, and a wave of colour flooded her cheeks. The funny old saying had memories for her—and for Jim. What a wretch he must think her to recall them! But Jim showed no signs of remembrance. Perhaps the memories had ceased to hurt—with him.

She drank her tea in silence, and tried to do justice to the cakes and peaches Jim produced from his hamper.

"Jim," she said, after a while, "I have often wanted to ask you—" The intended question began to seem impossible.

"What, little girl?"

"About—the other—the man in love. Has he got over his—attack?" Her head was

bent over a refractory peach-stone, which refused to leave its down-coated fruit. Jim could not see her face.

"No, dear. He's a silly fool, I daresay; but he actually hugs his torment closer every day."

"Poor fellow," said a voice from beneath Hetty's wide-brimmed hat. "I should have thought he might have found something much more comfortable—to hug." There was surely a tremble of laughter in the voice, but Jim did not hear it.

"Bless you, *he* doesn't think so," he replied. "There's only one thing he would prefer to hug—and that's denied him."

"What is that?" whispered Hetty. "His tormentor," said Jim, a trifle gloomily.

Again a flood of vivid colour rushed over Hetty's face. What a dear, blind, stupid, Jim was, after all! It was dreadful, but *she* would have to do it.

"He would if he could?" she hazarded boldly.

"Wouldn't he!" Jim was rather surprised at her persistence, and it struck him that perhaps some tender scruple about hurting *him* was separating Hetty and Lord Elston. He must lay that to rest at any cost. "But, look here, little girl," he said hurriedly, "don't worry your pretty head about him. He isn't worth it. He's old enough to know better by this time."

Hetty did not seem to hear. She was very pale now. Suddenly she lifted her head with a resolute gesture, and faced him, her soft cheeks whiter than her gown, her eyes shining with a light that dazzled him. With lips that trembled, she said:

"Jim—you know I once told you—that other you—that 'I would if I could, but I couldn't'?"

Jim nodded, and looked across the shimmering river. She was going to confess to him that she loved Elston.

The pretty trembling voice continued:—

"Oh, don't think it horrid of me, *please* Jim—but it's Leap Year, isn't it?—and you *won't* see for yourself, although you once told me 'Love and a cough' couldn't be hidden. Jim, dear—I *can* now. Won't you?"

There was a sudden cry and a hasty movement from Jim. It was fortunate they were in a punt.



A CRIMEAN VETERAN.

Corporal Thomas Edwin Meredith (34th Regiment), of 179 Gloucester-street, Cirencester, who served through the Crimean Campaign (1854-6) and Indian Mutiny (1857-9). He was in the siege of Sebastopol and the relief of Lucknow, for which he received medals and bars. Altogether the old veteran won three medals and two bars. He is 75 years of age, and enjoys the best of health, and is able to follow his occupation of an upholsterer.

THE HATRED OF SCIENCE.

*

A large section of the British public—and the governing classes contribute largely in this direction—cultivates a distrust or even an active hatred of science and its defenders. —The Hospital.

* *

THE REGISTRY OFFICE BLACK LIST.

*

"The servant question's surprise packet is the Black List. Many years ago," writes "Ensign's Saturday Journal," "soon after the first registry was opened, many complaints were received there about a certain girl. Inquiry showed that the complaints were justified, and as the girl did not mend her ways her name and character were written down for mistresses to see, and to beware of. Then unsavoury stories began to circulate about a certain mistress, and finding them quite true, the registry people made entries of these as well, in order that out-of-work girls might know where not to go. Now the Black List of London is enormous. One agent alone has ten thousand places and twelve thousand servants on his Black List, and the numbers are being added to every week."

INCOMPETENT ACTORS.

*

There are actors in London commanding a salary of £20 a week who would do well to join an elocution class. If they cannot find such a class, let them advertise in the papers and they will find plenty of needy old actors only too willing to teach them, for a few shillings a lesson, more about declamation in one week than, at the present rate of progress, they are likely to learn in a year.—"The Bystander."

* *

FLOATING TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

*

An interesting contract taken by the company during the year is for an installation on the new Cunard express steamship Lusitania. This superb vessel will be the first Atlantic liner to be equipped with a branch telephone exchange adapted to make the city and long-distance service available from the ship when in port. That such a novel and useful facility will be appreciated by many Atlantic passengers there can be little doubt.—"National Telephone Journal."

* *

A white-headed pheasant has been shot on the Stagenhoe Park estate, Whitwell Herts, one of the tail feathers of which measured no less than 57 in.

Printing

AS YOU WANT IT
WHEN YOU WANT IT



— "ECHO" —
ELECTRIC PRESS
Producers of Good Work

A Wheel of Fortune.

[BY T. BARON RUSSELL.]

* *

On the banks of a certain river, which at this place, although rather dirty, has an extraordinary beauty, so that it is loved by all who look upon it, stands a large city, where it is generally raining. When there is no rain there are often fogs, which hide the face of the sun or transform it to a strange orange-red in colour; while always the high buildings and the smoke make the streets obscure. But sometimes, in spite of all these things, and in spite of the dense mesh of telegraph wires, the sunlight pours down upon the city and gilds its thousand spires, and, sun or no sun, those who dwell therein love it exceedingly, and would be citizens of no meaner city.

Yet London is a hard place to thrive in, and the difficulty of picking up a living is very great, especially if you begin under disadvantages, such as drunken parents, ragged clothing, and a more or less relished uncleanness. Consequently the small boys who run through its streets are by no means conscious that it is the most estimable of all cities. These boys are usually of an extraordinary craftiness, quick of thought and speech, and very alert in the matter of personal gain.

Miffles, who began life with all the disadvantages above recited and several others, was a London street-boy. He had talent for the newspaper trade, and had been known, when his capital did not permit of even a small armful of "Stars" from the publishing office, to buy a couple of copies at retail in a shop, and sally forth to the sale of them for the pure joy of the thing, reinforced by the knowledge that when you haven't a half-penny change to give (or say you haven't) careless purchasers will sometimes leave the penny with you, which is a profit not to be reckoned upon by larger tradesmen.

But the opportunities of the business are many. There exists an aristocracy of newspaper boys, riding with miraculous daring upon shabby bicycles, threading the traffic of the slipperiest streets, with heavy bags of halfpenny newspapers dependent from bowed shoulders. Miffles, fourteen years old, and not tall for his age, regarded this occupation as the hill-top of ambition. With the strange facility of the London boy he could ride a bicycle fearlessly and well, having acquired that art no one knows how. But youth and his small stature would have made difficult for him this coveted employment, even if he had possessed the requisite bicycle. The publishers' managers in every halfpenny newspaper office in London were familiar with his importunities. Familiar was Miffles with the injunction to eat of several more Christmas puddings and then get him a bicycle before he came bothering again; whereupon he absented himself for a week and turned up again, asking for a "start." On one remarkable occasion, having acquired the unprecedented wealth of five shillings from the contents of a purse which dropped from an omnibus and was quickly restored by the agile Miffles (there was a policeman on the kerb), he proffered this great sum as deposit and guarantee for the safety of the bicycle he applied for.

"Why, you shrimp, you're too little. You'd get yourself smashed up the first day," said the publisher's manager. "Besides, we don't keep bicycles; you must find your own."

Miffles went outside and endeavoured to bribe one of the aristocrats with half-a-crown to let him do his work for the afternoon. Failing in this, he sought desperately to help himself to a bicycle momentarily unattended, and was tumbled into the mud for his pains. Then he retired to perpend the matter, and evolve schemes of guile.

The bicycle which the newspaper-boy rides is of a type by itself. Strongly built, with the seat well forward, to prevent sideslips; low, that the legs may easily touch ground when shut in by the traffic; innocent of nickelling and even of handles, they adapt themselves to their business with the same marvellous facility as their owners. The greasiest streets, the most discursive traffic, have no terrors for these boys. Suddenly brought to a halt by a stopping van, they steady themselves by a tail-board, creep along between two vehicles with a hand on wheel, shaft, or horse-flank, and are at the front when the press of carts and omnibuses moves on again. In couples, with a hand on each other's shoulders (because two bicycles can stand still alone) they will work together wherever they can, and the sag of the heavy papers, which would throw any other rider asprawl, in no way disturbs their faultless balance. No trick rider of circus or music-hall excels their skill. Boy and bicycle are a unit, invulnerable, not to be separated. This is the sort of oligarchy to which Miffles aspired.

II.

The five shillings soon went the way of current coin. In fact the depressed Miffles was in some sort contributory to his own ruin. In a moment of weakness he gave some of the money to his mother, who possessed herself of the remainder during her son's unsuspecting slumbers that night. It took Miffles a day or two to grow accustomed to poverty again; one does not drop from affluence to beggary without a certain disorganisation of the mind. Thereafter he returned to the improving spectacle of the streets, with an especial eye to omnibuses and purses. But Fortune does not smile continuously on the incompetent.

III.

Later, on a fog-stained afternoon, Miffles found himself in the southern suburb. He had not betaken himself there in any purposeful spirit. A pantechicon van, climbing laboriously the northern slope of Blackfriars Bridge, was at once the cause and the instrument of his journeyings. Scrambling on the tail-board, Miffles abandoned himself to the careless joys of travel. Having no taste for strife, he slid down and moved unobtrusively off when the van stopped before an empty house in Camberwell New-road, and began to unload. He then wandered aimlessly in the gloom until he found himself in an evil-looking thoroughfare, full of dirty windows. Before one house a covered van, like a greengrocer's cart, had just stopped. The door of the house was opened without being knocked upon, and the driver of the van was met by a couple of men in brown caps, who assisted him in unloading the vehicle with a great and even feverish rapidity. The van yielded up a remarkable miscellany. There were two or three bales of what looked like cloth; a large green baize bag, which rattled as it was moved, and appeared to be heavy; three brand-new cricket bats, a long roll of sheet lead, and—what most interested Miffles—a bicycle. This last the men stood up against the wheels of the van, on the side away from the pavement, while they carried in the sheet lead, which needed the whole strength of the party to convey. Apparently there was some difficulty about bestowing it within the house, for the men were a long time absent, and Miffles had leisure for inspection.

Certainly it was a bicycle of bicycles! It had a plated front bar, ending in proper handles. It had two brakes, and, as our friend assured himself, a free wheel. His inspection ended, Miffles walked off, turning at the corner to stare after a lad of eighteen or so, with a black patch over one eye, who rode into the street on another bicycle.

When this individual arrived abreast of the van, Miffles saw him stop, and quickly get

down to peer, first at the closed door of the house, and then up and down the street. Without further hesitation he next proceeded to remount his own bicycle, and then, with a hand on the new machine, cycle off as quickly as he could, leading the latter along with him.

IV.

Miffles, with no very definite purpose in his mind, pursued. The clatter of his thick boots on the road made the marauder look hastily round. Seeing only a boy he held on, Miffles still pursuing. You cannot "lead" a bicycle from the saddle of another at any great speed, especially when you have a great desire to turn as many corners as you can, and Miffles was soon abreast of the prey. The larger boy regarded him with disfavour.

"What 'orspittle do you take that face to?" he enquired earnestly.

"It's no good to you," Miffles answered, prompt, though panting. "They don't take in no incurable cases."

"Garn," said the bicyclist ineffectively. "You sling off. Go on."

"Shan't," said Miffles. But they were in a dark, empty street now, and he kept his distance, aware of a disadvantage. Presently they crossed a busy thoroughfare, and here he suddenly swung himself in the path of the led bicycle, and seized it by a handle. "Where yer going with that bike?" he inquired breathlessly.

A passing clerk slackened his pace. The big boy dropped a foot to earth. "Mind your business," he replied.

"Go on. Give me my bike," whined Miffles.

The clerk stopped. "Tain't his bike," said the other boy.

The clerk passed on. Miffles stood out of reach.

"What you lookin' at, ugly?" pursued the boy. "Take yer 'and off of my bike. Go on, now."

Miffles, who knew that the enemy could not reach him without letting both machines fall, fenced for time. He expressed fluent distaste for the appearance and manners of his interlocutor, and an unfavourable view of his prospects hereafter. "You give me my bike," he concluded.

"Your bike," said the other, with a sneer. "You ain't got a bike. You never see a bike like this 'ere," he added with conviction, "since you was found in the gutter under a lam' post."

Suddenly his voice dropped, and his hold on the bicycle slackened. Miffles, the alert, pulled it quickly towards him, and was in possession. At the same time he looked up the street, and saw what he had expected—the cause of this sudden change. A policeman had just turned the corner behind them.

The two boys eyed each other. Then each mounted the bicycle he held. The stolen one was far too high for Miffles's convenience, but he rode off as best as he could, the stranger close behind him.

V.

Then began a grim chase, Miffles, regardless of direction, striving to shake off his pursuer. The other boy, not quite sure of what to do, hoped for a dark street where a sudden assault might repossess him of his booty. Fate, unknown to either, lurked on a street refuge far down the Camberwell New-road. A policeman, suddenly stepping forward, seized Miffles by the elbow. "Where's your lamp?" he asked.

Now Miffles is a gentleman who is not easily caught at a disadvantage.

"'Old 'im," he cried excitedly, pointing to the other boy as he came up. "'Old 'im. He stole this here bike. I see him."

The policeman, bewildered, looked from one to the other. The pursuer had slackened speed, and the dismounted Miffles promptly stopped him by the handle-bar, being nearly

over-set by the shock. The stolen bicycle fell with a crash.

"Now, then. What's all this?" inquired the policeman stolidly.

"I see im steal it," Miffles repeated.

"Well, how do you come to be ridin' it, then?" said the constable.

"Took it away from 'im," Miffles explained.

"Ho, yuss! I think I see yer," said the other. "Took it away from me, eh? I'll tell you what you done. I was taking this here bicycle for my governor to a gentleman's house in Vassal-road, wot it belongs to, and w'en I was lightin' my lamp, wot 'ad gone out, you jumps on it and rides off. I take me oath he did, governor!"

"Yer lie!" said Miffles with indignation. "I see you steal it off the side of a van in Monk-street, and I run after you and took it away when you was afraid to say anythink because there was a slop comin'."

"He never. He stole it w'ile I was a-lightin' my lamp, same as wot I told you. If I stole it, wot was he a trying to run away with it for?"

The case of Miffles' adversary was certainly a strong one, and the policeman for a moment looked puzzled. Then:—

"Look here," he said impassively, addressing the elder boy. "If he stole your bicycle you've got to come along to the station and charge him. So come on, the pair of you."

He impounded the two bicycles, and shouldering through the thin crowd which had collected, led the way to the police-station a few yards off.

VII.

The inspector in charge made a strong impression on Miffles as the first policeman he had seen without a helmet. He was surprised to notice that his captor also uncovered as he explained matters. On the inspector's inquiry as to what they had to say, both boys began talking at once.

"One at a time," the inspector interrupted testily. "What's your name?"

Miffles supplied the information, and answered a skilful interrogatory as to his version of the story. The other boy restrained himself from interruption by superhuman efforts, assisted by the constable. When Miffles named the street where the bicycle had been stolen, the fire of questions suddenly ceased. The policemen exchanged glances, and the inspector looked hard at Miffles. There was a pause.

"What was the number of the house?" he asked.

"I dunno," replied Miffles. "It was the third house from the corner of Friar-street."

"What else was there in the cart?"

The observant Miffles ran over the list.

"Humph!" said the inspector. "What were you doing there?"

"Nothink," replied Miffles cautiously.

"Look here," said the inspector, with sudden severity. "You'd better make a clean breast of it, that's what you'd better do. What's your part in the game?"

"Wot game?" inquired Miffles indignantly. The inquiry was out-running his comprehension.

"Where did you bring the van from—the gang of you?"

"I ain't no gang. I see it drive up," Miffles repeated. "Wot're you giving us?"

"Take the pair of them into the other room," commanded the inspector, "and send Detective-sergeant Wilson here."

The two boys were conveyed into the presence of a number of constables off duty, all wonderfully helmetless, and some—the stouter members of the company—without belts.

Miffles felt that the Philistines were upon him. This conviction did not prevent his replying with energy and point to some joenlar remarks, and he discovered to his profound astonishment that the British Con-

stabulary is, unofficially, of a surprising similarity to other humans. The bigger boy was not easily sullen, to the great detriment of his credit with their original captor, had he but known it.

VII.

Many things happened to Miffles before he was allowed to go home, with, wonderful to relate, a policeman to see him there, and his omnibus fare paid. In the interval he entirely lost sight of the bicycle-stealer. Once he gave himself up for lost. This was when the detective-sergeant conducted him to the house in Monk-street, and the carman answered the door, and the detective's questions, with marked reluctance. This man, it appeared, was a forgetful person. He had entirely forgotten the events of the afternoon. He even stoutly denied all knowledge of any bicycle. "He hadn't lost no bike. Never 'ad no bike." He fervently declined the officer's invitation to exhibit the other contents of the van. In fact, he went so far as to deny having driven any van, and called Miffles, in the vernacular, a singularly complicated little story-teller, when the latter endeavoured to refresh his memory by pointing out the end of the roll of lead which protruded from a doorway at the head of the passage.

Subsequent reflections and the remarkable events of the next ten days, showed Miffles that the house in Monk-street was the residence of a "fence," which is the technical name of a receiver of stolen property. For, being now apparently divested of the unaccountable delusion that he, Miffles, was connected with the inhabitants of the van, the detective-sergeant, whom Miffles found hardly recognisable in plain clothes, awaiting him one evening, questioned him all over again as to what he had seen, and made notes of his replies in a pocket-book. Thereafter, a uniformed constable conveyed Miffles to the South London Police-court (whereby Miffles gained a great accession of importance and some mistrust in his social circle) for further questioning. On his return that day, Miffles found himself under the necessity of fighting an acquaintance who had the rudeness to call out after him that he was a copper's nark. A "nark" is an individual who makes his living by giving valuable information to the police, and the occupation is not regarded with favour in Miffles' circle.

The boy with the black patch—Miffles' opponent—was brought up on this and another occasion, before the magistrates, Miffles giving evidence which provoked unaccountable amusement in court. There was first a remand, owing to some uncertainty as to the real ownership of the bicycle, as the man of Monk-street stolidly disclaimed both the loss of a bicycle and any desire to prosecute anybody for stealing one. But the proprietor of the machine had now been found, and gave testimony that it had been stolen from his outhouse several weeks previously, and mourned as lost.

When the proceedings ended, Miffles found himself in conversation with this gentleman and with a lady whose remarkable clothing rather disconcerted him. Miffles was made to tell his story all over again, in which he had by this time gained considerable practice, and when he had finished the lady patted him on the head and said he was a good little boy (which he wasn't), and a very clever one (which he was). Then, turning to the gentleman, who appeared to be very much interested in her, she said:—

"Poor little fellow! You ought to do something for him, Jack." Her friend looked sheepish. "When we are so happy!" she added, as she laid a hand on his arm.

"We will do anything for him that you like," he replied. "What do you want, sonny?"

"I dunno. I don't want nothink, governor," Miffles answered vaguely. The

extraordinary splendour of the lady's dress perturbed him. She stooped down, very close to him, and asked him again.

"What would you like?" she asked. "What do you want more than anything else in the world?"

Miffles fidgeted and turned red.

"A bike wot's in a shop in the Camberwell New," he replied at last, seeing no purpose in this information.

"A bicycle! Why, what do you want with a bicycle?"

"Carry newspapers," replied Miffles promptly. He knew quite well what he wanted a bicycle for.

The two looked at each other. There was no one else in the courtyard, and they looked at each other for a long time, as it seemed to their companion, and they whispered some things which he could not hear. But what he did hear the lady say was:—

"Jack, if you want to make me really happy, this is what you can do. I know you will give me some present next week when we—some wedding present, I mean. Give me this." She blushed very prettily.

"He shall have it," said the man.

"You are an old dear," said the lady, which again Miffles could not understand at all, because the gentleman wasn't really at all old. "Come along. Let's take him there now!"

So in a four-wheeled cab, in which Miffles sat opposite these bewildering acquaintances, and was told to be careful with his boots, they repaired to the bicycle shop, and Miffles, quite unable to believe his own good fortune, found himself the possessor of a bicycle after his own heart—a bicycle he had often stopped to stare at in his journeys to and from the police-station. It had only the very dull remains of black enamel on it, but it was a small bicycle, suited to Miffles' stature, and it had a seat that pitched well forward, and the front bar, innocent either of plating or handles, was well curved, so that you could hold it in the middle; and there were toe-clips to the rusty pedals of a pattern which appealed strongly to Miffles' imagination. When the lady had patted him on the head again, and again said (quite erroneously) that he was a good boy, and had wiped her eyes when he assured her that his fortune was made (he didn't use these words; what he did say was that this was a bit of all right, and no kid about it), Miffles rode off, and by the time he had found his way to the other side of the river he was quite sufficiently himself again to repair to his favourite newspaper office and demand a "job." He was even sufficiently himself to lie fluently about his age when the circulating manager questioned him, and to account for the discrepant smallness of his size by saying that his mother had fed him on gin when he was a baby.

This was a very wicked slander, because from what I know of Master Miffles' mamma, I am quite sure that that lady would not have wasted so desirable a beverage in any such manner.

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 220th prize has been awarded to Mr. C. A. Probert, Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's, Cheltenham.

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

THE FUTILITY OF FRAUD.

[BY MAURICE DOUGLAS IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

*

In these days of keen competition things are done and methods are adopted in business that would have astonished our forefathers. Many of these actions and methods are perfectly legitimate, and mean nothing more than the application of shrewder thought and greater cleverness to the work which has to be done; but unquestionably the boundary of what is legitimate and honourable is not infrequently overstepped, and means are employed to which the honest merchant of an earlier age would never have descended.

Indeed, there has come to be a sort of tacit understanding that business has a morality of its own, and that ordinary standards of integrity are not to be applied to it. A man at the head of a very large mercantile house once said to me "If I tried to do business according to the golden rule 'do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you' I should simply starve; I should be bankrupt in a month. The form in which it runs in business matters is much nearer to that immortalised by David Harum, 'Do unto the other man as he would like to do unto you, and do it first.' And many others to whom this remark was quoted frankly agreed with him. Men who in all other respects are good and honest and honourable feel themselves bound in such matters to do as others do. "Business is business," they say, "and the moralist who objects does not know its conditions."

Undoubtedly, people who manage their affairs along the lines of sharp practice sometimes acquire large fortunes thereby; and those who regard life superficially envy them for what they consider their success. But those who have accustomed themselves to look a little deeper into the underlying realities recognise that it is not success at all—that in truth there has been no profit in such a transaction, but a very serious loss.

To explain how this is so, we must go back for a moment to first principles. The only reasonable and coherent theory of life is that which regards man as a soul in process of evolution towards perfection, temporarily stationed here on earth in order to learn certain lessons and to achieve a certain stage of his progress. Now if that be so, it is obvious that the only thing that matters is to learn those lessons and to make that progress. If man be in truth, as many of us know he is, a soul that lives for ever, the true interest of the man is the interest of that soul, not of the body, which is nothing but its temporary vesture; and anything that hinders the progress of that soul is emphatically a bad thing for the man, no matter how advantageous it may appear for his body.

Readers of these pages are familiar with the idea that at our present stage the soul is acting through and advancing by means of certain vehicles of which the physical body is only one, and that the lowest. Manifestly, therefore, before we are able to pronounce whether any course of action is really good or bad for us, we must know how it affects all of these vehicles, and not only one of them. Direct evidence as to how the higher bodies of finer matter (commonly called astral and mental) are affected can be had only from those who have developed within themselves the latent faculties which enable them to observe these; but we can all of us use our common-sense with regard to the report they give us, and see whether it commends itself to us as reasonable.



SEWERAGE WORKS AT PITTVILLE.
SUBSTITUTING CONCRETE PIPE FOR BRICK SEWER.

Suppose that one man over-reaches another in some transaction, and boasts blantly of his success and the profit which it has brought him. The student of the inner side of nature will tell him that there has been in reality no gain, but a heavy loss instead. The trickster chinks his money in his hand, and in his shortsightedness triumphantly cries "See, here is the best proof; here are the golden sovereigns that I have won; how can you say that I have not gained?"

The occultist will reply that the gold may do him a little good or a little harm, according to the way in which he uses it; but that a consideration of very far greater importance is the effect of the transaction upon higher planes. Let us put aside altogether, for the moment, the injury done to the victim of the fraud, though, since humanity is truly a vast brotherhood, that is a factor by no means to be ignored; but let us restrict ourselves now exclusively to the selfish aspect of the action, and see what harm the dishonest merchant has done to himself.

Two facts stand out prominently to clairvoyant sight. First, the deceiver has had to think out his scheme of imposture; he has made a mental effort, and the result of that effort is a thought-form. Because the thought which gave it birth was guileful and ill-intentioned, that thought-form is one which cramps and sears the mental body, hindering its growth and intensifying its lower vibrations, a disaster in itself far more than coun-

ter-balancing anything whatever that could possibly happen upon the physical plane. But that is not all.

Secondly, this duplicity has set up a habit in the mental body. It is represented therein by a certain type of vibration, and since this vibration has been set strongly in motion it has created a tendency towards its own repetition. Next time the man's thoughts turn towards any commercial transaction, it will be a little easier than before for him to adopt some knavish plan, a little more difficult than before for him to be manly, open, and honest. So that this one act of double-dealing may have produced results in the mental body which it will take years of patient striving to eliminate.

Clearly, therefore, even from the most selfish point of view, the speculation has been a bad one; the loss enormously outweighs the gain. This is a certainty—a matter not of sentiment or imagination, but of fact; and it is only because so many are still blind to the wilder life, that all men do not at once see this. But even those of use whose sight is not yet open to higher planes should be capable of bringing logic and common-sense to bear upon what our seers tell us—sufficiently at least to comprehend that these things must be so, and to take timely warning, to realise that a transaction may appear to be profitable in one direction and yet be a ruinous loss in another, and that all the factors must be taken into account before the question of profit and loss is decided.

FUNERAL OF MR. J. H. HAY, J.P.,
IN CHARLTON PARISH CHURCHYARD, FEBRUARY 11, 1907.



LEAVING DECEASED'S RESIDENCE.



CORTEGE PASSING INTO CHURCHYARD.



ENTERING CHURCH.



SERVICE AT GRAVESIDE.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*
The recent death of the Marchioness of Hastings led to much more writing in the newspapers about the meteoric career of her first husband, who gave her this title under romantic circumstances, than the life of her ladyship herself received at the hands of the biographers. But I have seen no reference made to the early connection of the ill-starred Marquis with this county. Well, I happen to know that as a boy he was one of the pupils of the late Rev. Erskine Knollys, a clergyman who received the sons of noble men and gentlemen in high life at Quedgeley Rectory, just outside Gloucester. This was about the middle of the last fifties, before the Marquis went up to Eton. I have seen a letter, in boy's bold handwriting, that he sent as a requisition for £10 to a Gloucester tradesman with whom he dealt. I am told by one or two friends, who lived at or near Quedgeley at the time, that the pupils from the Rectory used to play high jinks in the neighbourhood when they were out on their own. And in February, 1855, when the severe frost froze the Severn hard, some of the lads had a fine trip, as they skated over it from the Rea to Worcester and back. And on another occasion the Rev. Erskine Knollys, who also taught them swimming among their accomplishments,

jumped off the top rail of the Rea Bridge into the canal. He was wearing old clothes, with the view to induce them to follow his lead, which the boys did to an extent, by diving from the deck of the bridge, which they tipped the bridgeman to open and thus make their plunge easier.

* *

I read in the "Echo" a few days ago that friends and relatives of the late Mrs. Arthur Maitland Wilson, a daughter of Col. Sir Nigel and Lady Emily Kingscote, have filled several windows in Didmarton Parish Church with stained glass as memorials to her. And noticing that by the proposed inscription on one window it "is given by Rock, Winifred, her sister, and their three children," it has been recalled to my memory that "Rock" is the name by which the Marquis of Cholmondeley, one of the donors of the window, is familiarly known, it being an abbreviation of the Earl of Rocksavage, a sub-title of the marquisate. I should say that this will be the first time that a church memorial will, with authority, bear a name of this kind, certainly in the Gloucester Diocese.

* *

The Earl of Lisburne, who attained his fifteenth birthday last week, is a grandson of the late Major Edmund Probyn, of Huntley Manor, in this county. His lordship succeeded as seventh earl when seven years old.

His step-grandmother, widow of the fifth earl, to whom I saw her married at Huntley Church on May 15th, 1878, is now, and has been for many years past, the wife of Earl Amherst. Her stepson, the sixth earl, married her sister Evelyn, and the two sisters were Countesses of Lisburne at the same period; and that was a coincidence probably unparalleled in the peerage. And Major Probyn had three daughters married to peers, for Miss Charlotte Eugenia Probyn in 1903 became Lady Rodney. I think that was an unique record for any Gloucestershire squire. And it may be noted that Mr. Stayner Holford's two daughters both became countesses.

* *

The will of Dr. E. Toller, who died at Scarborough, is of interest in this county, for he was formerly medical superintendent of its Asylum, and left an estate of £14,177, which amount, curiously enough, approximates to the total of the sums of £500 a year that he received as a pension from the county fund for over 24 years. And he left an immediate legacy of £100 to Gloucester Infirmary, did not forget his household and some of his medical friends, and willed seven-twelfths of the ultimate residue of his estate, subject to family life interests, for charitable purposes, the Gloucester Infirmary being appointed as one of the reversionary institutions.

GLENER.



A DIAMOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whittard, of Cheltenham, celebrated the diamond anniversary of their wedding on Wednesday last. It was on February 13, 1847, that Mr. Whittard, a Cheltonian by birth, was married at St. Mary's, Painswick, to Miss Sarah Ward, daughter of Mr. Thomas Rushworth Ward, of Painswick.



MR. H. E. HORNE,
CHELTENHAM'S NEW M.R. STATION
MASTER.

Mr. Horne, who has just taken up his duties here, commenced his railway career some twenty years ago as weighbridge clerk at Armley (under his father, who was then and is now station master at that place), a busy station on the Leeds and Bradford section of the Midland main line. After occupying several positions at that station he was transferred to Newlay and Horsforth as goods clerk; from there to Newark upon Trent as parcels clerk (afterwards as chief clerk); from there to the Superintendent's office at Derby as relief-clerk, and subsequently as relief station-master, a position

which he occupied about four years, when he was appointed station master at Harpenden in 1899, since when he has seen the place develop from a village into an important residential town. The station has become a very busy one; only last year it was much enlarged, and now has five platforms, compared with three formerly. It is also a junction for the Hemel Hempsted branch.

GIANT SUNSPOTS.

*

At the present moment the sun's surface appears to be in a state of unwonted activity. A great procession of huge spots is crossing the disc somewhat south of the Equator. First of all there is a fine stream over 100,000 miles in length, then nearer the centre of the disc, a great, nearly circular spot, with double nucleus, and an area of over 700,000,000 of square miles; lastly, an enormous disturbance, more than 120,000 miles in length, and covering fully 2,000,000,000 square miles. As this last group is divided into two chief clusters, easily seen apart by the naked eye, there are at present no fewer than four distinct groups on the sun within the range of unassisted sight; an almost unprecedented event. Two smaller, but still considerable, groups lie a little to the north of these.

The largest of these giant groups was on the central meridian of the disc on Tuesday, and will be visible until the beginning of next week. The group first mentioned, on the other hand, is already close to the west limb, and will soon be lost to us.



MR. JOHN JAMES SMITH,
who died February 5, 1907, aged 70 years.
Deceased was a highly-respected inhabitant
of Swindon.

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

No. 321.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 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 Flagon.
"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.

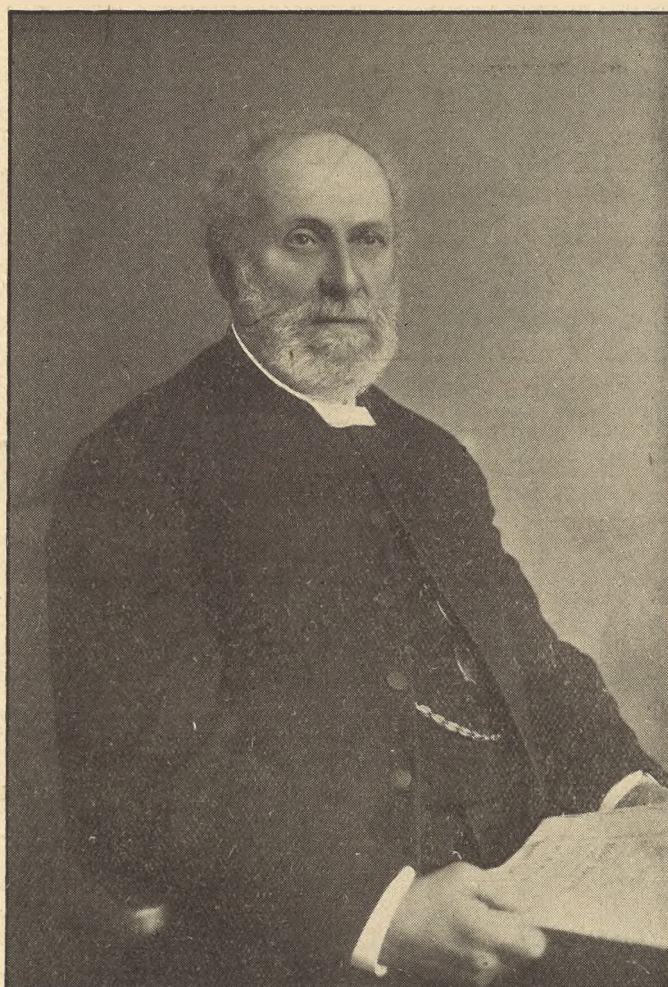
W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,
FRUITERS, FLORISTS,
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS,

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.

During last year the birth-rate in England
and Wales was 27.0 per 1,000 of the popula-
tion, which is lower than the rate in any
other year on record, and shows a decrease
of 1.7 per 1,000 as compared with the average
in the ten years 1896-1905.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

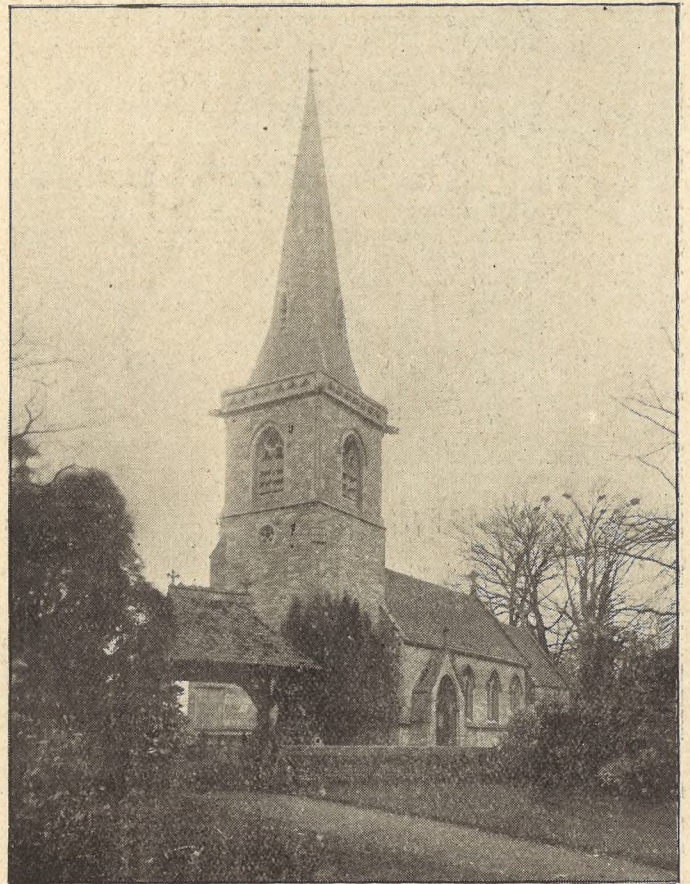


REV. F. W. BROWN,
Minister of Painswick Congregational Church.
CHAIRMAN OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF
GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE, 1907.
Has spent forty years in the ministry in the county. Author of
Commentaries on Leviticus, Jonah, etc.; Prize Poems; Lecturer;
Popular Preacher; Chairman of Painswick Burial Board; member
of Board of Managers of Painswick Group of Council Schools; etc.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHURCHES.



MR. H. HILL,
PROV. GRAND MASTER CHELTENHAM DISTRICT
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS, M.U.



LOWER SLAUGHTER

Printing

AS YOU WANT IT
WHEN YOU WANT IT

— "ECHO" —
ELECTRIC PRESS
Producers of Good Work

A Saxon penny fetched £18 and an Edward V. great £7 10s. at Messrs. Sotheby's on Monday.

A great new harbour is to be constructed at Rotterdam at a cost of £350,000, for which the municipal authorities are issuing a loan.

SOVEREIGNS FROM THE SEA.

*

TREASURE HUNTERS' SUCCESS.

More than four years ago a terrible shipwreck occurred between Sydney and Auckland, N.Z., when the Elingamite, a passenger steamer, bearing between 100 and 200 passengers and £17,300 in specie, went down on some dangerous rocks called the Three Kings. The majority of the passengers and crew were saved, but the sufferings of some who were cast adrift on a raft, and subsequently picked up by a passing steamer, read like the romance out of a story-book, many going mad from thirst and plunging into the sea.

Needless to say, the recovery of the specie has been a subject of no little thought, and several attempts were made to get possession of it. The first lot of treasure hunters could not locate the Elingamite; the second succeeded in locating the wreck, but, owing to the accompanying diver's unwillingness to descend, the expedition was abandoned.

A third expedition from Wellington, N.Z., was more elaborately organised, and included arrangements with a London firm of underwriters, whereby the treasure seekers were to retain 75 per cent. of what was recovered. But, owing to bad weather, the difficulties of diving were very great, and, finally, the party returned to Wellington to await the summer and calmer meteorological conditions.

While waiting news came that an American syndicate was on the same errand bent, and that they meant to use scientific operations

to assist them. At once the Wellington party set out for the wreck, and the diver's report was a very disconcerting one. The ship had been shattered by explosives, no portion of the wreck was more than 3ft. above the rock, and the bullion had vanished, it being the diver's opinion that the cases had been swept off the shelving rock into the sea. Then a fifth expedition was made by a syndicate from Aratapu, N.Z., with the result that they report the recovery of 1,500 sovereigns from the wreck (says the Auckland correspondent of the "Adelaide Advertiser" in this week's Australian mail).

* *

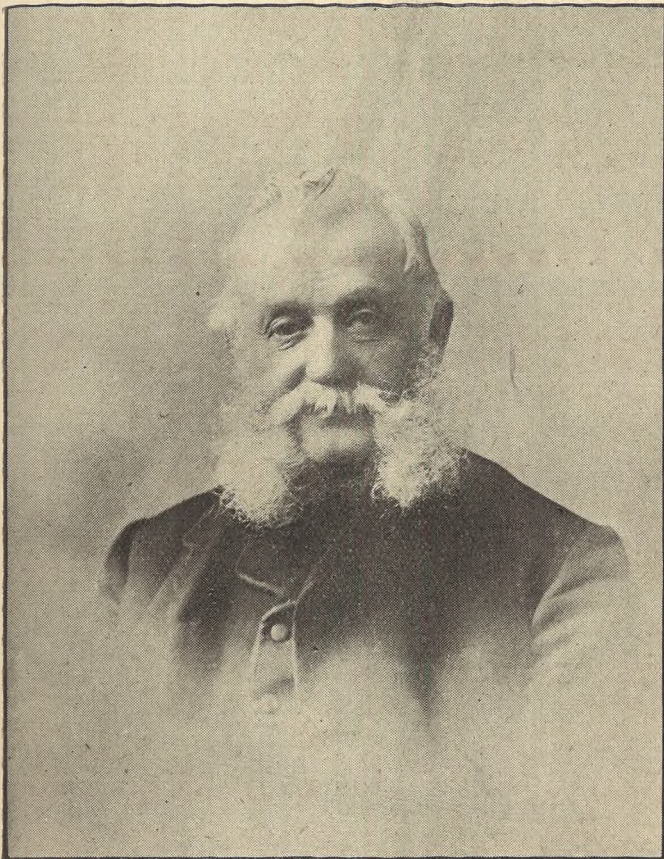
SENDING STAMPS BY POSTCARD.

*

The excellent suggestion is being made that the blank half of the address side of a postcard might be used for remitting small sums, the overpaid postage to be handed in by the postman who delivers the postcard. This would suit newspapers exactly. At present a copy of a halfpenny newspaper received by post costs the person who sends for it 2d. The overstamped postcard would also be very useful for small advertisements.

*

When a party of parishioners of Pirton, Herts, who are restoring their church under the direction of the vicar, split a large block of stone, they found a fish in the centre. It was as hard as the stone it was embedded in, but the scales were still silvery.



STOW'S OLDEST ODDFELLOW

The above is a portrait of Mr. William Bubb, P.G.M., of Sheep-street, Stow-on-the-Wold—the founder, with Mr. H. Teague, P.G.M., of the Loyal Cotswold Lodge (Stow) of Oddfellows. Mr. Bubb, who was born in Townsend-street, Cheltenham, in 1835, went to reside at Stow in 1848. Recognising the great need of a benefit society, he, with Mr. Teague, in 1867 persuaded twenty-two others to adopt their views. The establishment of the Lodge was signalled by festivities. The membership rapidly increased, and even to-day, despite keen competition, the Lodge has no fewer than 288 members. In 1891 a Juvenile Branch was started, and is in a flourishing condition. On April 4th next Mr. Bubb will be 72 years of age. He certainly carries his years well. He enjoys fairly good health, and it was not until recent years that he came on the funds of the society. He recalls the fact that his father erected the first cottage in Townsend-street, Cheltenham (St. Anne's Cottage), the street formerly being part of an allotment site.



**MR. S. H. BROOKES,
OF CHELTENHAM.**

DIED FEBRUARY 18, 1907, AGED 61 YEARS.



THE HOUSE HUNTER.

*

As one who finds his house no longer fit,
Too narrow for his needs, in nothing right,
Wanting in every homelike requisite,
Devoid of beauty, barren of delight,
Goes forth from door to door and street to street
With eager-eyed expectancy to find
A new abode for his convenience meet,
Spacious, commodious, fair, and to his mind;
So living souls recurrently outgrow
Their manial tenements; their tastes appear
Too sordid, and their aims too cramped and low,
And they keep moving onward year by year,
Each dwelling in its turn prepared to leave
For one more like the mansion they conceive.
W. M. MACKERACHER, in "Montreal Daily
Witness."

Master E. Langford Guest, organist of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Carshalton, though not sixteen years of age, has qualified by examination for an associateship of the Royal College of Organists.

DON'T CALL AMBASSADORS NAMES.

*

"How is it that we treat foreign ambassadors to these shores as if they were princes of royal blood? In the first place they are, in so many words," says "The Penny Magazine," "the country they represent personified. Secondly, it was a piece of ruffianism that led to this law. Whilst Queen Anne sat on the Throne some ruffians dragged the Russian Minister from his carriage whilst he was driving down Pall Mall—nay, more than that, they kept him a close prisoner for a week. Had the telegraph been then in existence, this would probably have ended in war. As it was we spent £1,100 in sending a Minister to St. Petersburg to apologise, and Queen Anne gave all foreign Ambassadors to these shores the same privileges as the Sovereign. This law is still valid. Not long after this, in George II.'s time, a City merchant said the Russian Minister was a dog, and for the insult the British Government hanged him."

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 221st prize has been divided between Mr. A. L. Drinkwater, 4 Clare-place, Cheltenham, and Mr. Frank Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by Rev. D. Austin Fisher at Emmanuel Church and Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church, Cheltenham.

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

A wren's nest, containing five eggs, has been found in a cowshed at Alphington, Devon.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

[By "A.B." IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

Among the many indications that we possess knowledge which influences our emotions and our conduct, while not appearing as definite ideas in the mind, is that curious feeling, which nearly all of us have experienced, of a sudden liking or disliking when we meet a person for the first time, someone of whose very existence, even, we had been ignorant.

"Mrs. Robbins, may I introduce you to Mrs. James?" Mrs. Robbins looks up, with the usual conventional smile and bow, and suddenly feels a rush of liking or of disliking for the stranger just introduced. The other is probably similarly affected, and the two new acquaintances, in the first case, sit down together, and are presently talking as intimately as if they had known each other for years; or, in the second case, after a few frigid words, they move apart and do their best to avoid each other in future. While, in the majority of cases, this strong feeling is not felt at the first meeting, now and then it rushes outwards impetuously and will not be denied. Whence does it come, irrational as it seems?

Apart from this violent and immediate like or dislike, we fairly constantly find ourselves becoming more intimate with new acquaintances than with people we have known for years. We talk to them of our struggles, our hopes, our fears, and unveil to them, instinctively, sufferings and troubles which we sedulously conceal from near relatives, and the acquaintances of many years. These are the friends of our soul, the intimately beloved, the prized beyond all others. And often if we are asked why we so love and trust one who, to the ordinary eye, looks very much like anyone else, perchance even less attractive than a more outwardly-endowed bystander, we find ourselves puzzled to justify our preference, and we say lamely: "I am sure I don't know; somehow he suits me; I like him."

With equal lack of reason, as it seems, we remain strangers at heart towards some with whom we are thrown into close physical relations. When they come near us we "shut up inside"; we give them counters for coin, and instinctively are ever on our guard when they are near. And the antipathy can no more be justified than the preference, for the object of our antipathy may be well-endowed, attractive, outwardly in every way unobjectionable. Yet in us remains the irrational but obstinate feeling of repulsion: "I do not like him"; and no argument moves us.

For these common experiences there must be some cause, some reason. Many think—the present writer among them—that these likes and dislikes grow out of our past. The soul is everlasting; most people in the West apply that only to the future, but great thinkers have applied it to the past as well, and in the pre-existence of the soul have seen the rational explanation of many of the otherwise puzzling psychological problems which perplex thoughtful men and women. The lover of poetry will remember Wordsworth's lines:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, Who is our home."

"Not in entire forgetfulness," and these likes and dislikes, having no foundation in our present experiences, belong to the longer memory of the soul, and are the outgrowth



MR. H. WARD,
ON PROMOTION FROM CHELTENHAM TO BEDFORD.
M.R. STATION MASTER.

of the experiences of that "afar" in which it set, ere rising again in our present body. As the sun rising in the East is as a new sun, but is only the same sun reborn to us, and, while away from our ken, has shone on other lands; so the soul, which sets in death, passes on to live in other worlds, and is reborn here for a new day of life.

In those past lives that stretch behind us we have had many friends and many foes. Some have loved and some have hated us; some have benefited and some have wronged us. The accounts of those lives are not closed by death; the written pages remain, and the angel of birth begins our new ledger by inscribing in it the credits and the debits of previous lives; the good for which payment is due to us; the evil for which we have to pay.

When an old friend and helper presents himself to us, in a new dress as a new acquaintance, soul cries out to soul across the new bodies: "Well met, old friend." And when one who has wronged us deeply, or whom we have wronged, comes into view, the soul recognises an ancient enemy across the barriers of flesh, and again cries to soul: "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" and shrinks back from the unwelcome vision. With the one we feel at once familiar, for we are familiar, and a friend in a new dress

is still a friend, and heart answers heart. With the other we are on our guard, for we have injured him and fear revenge, or he has injured us and we fear a repetition of the injury.

What is the best thing to do with regard to anyone towards whom this inner dislike is felt at sight? With the friend, we have only to rejoice in the renewed friendship; but what with the foe? The best plan is to avoid him so far as possible, and thus diminish the opportunity for mutual injury in the present life; obey the warning of the soul who remembers, and do not obstinately flout it and insist on running into danger. But to remain apart is not enough, for mere separation does not pay the debts contracted by the soul. The best plan is to deliberately call up the person before us time after time, and surround him with friendly wishes, kindly thoughts, and gentle hopes of good. Should opportunity offer to do him an unsought service, we should spring forward to do it, but let it remain unknown. In this way we may gradually pay off the debt incurred in the past, and the enemy, by the constant play upon him of our good thoughts, will gradually turn insensibly into a friend, or at least a neutral. Thus shall an obstacle be cleared out of our path, and an ancient evil be changed to a present good.



CHELTHENHAM MIDLAND STATION MASTER AND STAFF.

Front row:—Messrs. O. Carter (inspector), Orton, Smith, Hill, Ward, Ligo, Metcalf, Cooper, Vaughan.
 Second row:—Messrs. Day, Wright (inspector), Jones, Reid, Peach, Fry, Whale, Havard, Havard, jun., Hamlet.
 Third row:—Messrs. McConnell, Scott, Moulder.
 Fourth row:—Messrs. Pride (inspector), Burge, Bradley, Havard, Walters, Summers, Pinchin, Dagley, East, Morley, Cotton.
 Back row:—Messrs. Everett, Cole, O'Hanlon, Jones, Cooper, Portlock, Tombs, and Gibbins.

IMITATION COINS.

PAPER MONEY IN A CHURCH PLATE.

In the annals of Scottish Presbyterianism, especially in country districts, a copper coin, the bawbee for preference, has always been reserved for the church plate. That is the tradition, at least. Now, however, it is said that churches are plagued by imitation money made of silvered pasteboard being put into the offertory on Sunday. In a letter to the "Scotsman," a clergyman says: "Twice I have been grieved to find this 'paper money' in the church plate, and to-day, among a handful of change given to me by a shopkeeper, I discovered an apparently new, but entirely worthless, shilling. No one can quarrel with the ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of these 'coins.' They are absolutely perfect—to look at. It is only when the victim begins to count his money on his return home that he discovers 'weighty' reasons for rejecting them as legal tender. In my opinion their issue should be made illegal."

Other clergymen in the district have had a similar experience. It seems (says an Edinburgh correspondent) that these stiff paper coins are found in boxes of a certain class of sweets, and are favourites with children for playing at "shop." Inquiry in Edinburgh at the headquarters of the Presbyterian churches and at the police office failed to disclose that the practice of putting this imitation money into the plate on Sunday was widespread. It is apparently done only by those shabby people who, if they had not a pasteboard sixpence or threepenny bit, would put a button into the offertory.

The police laughed at the idea that such money would go into circulation. Nobody in their senses would be deceived by it, and it is on that account that nothing has ever been done to put a stop to its issue. So far as the Edinburgh police know, nobody has ever tried to pass off an imitation pasteboard sixpence or other coin as a genuine coin of the realm. However, it was stated that if the practice was growing of money of this kind being put into the church plate, it might be a question whether the Government could not interfere to prevent its manufacture, on the ground that clergymen were being defrauded. But in that case they might have to stop also the Birmingham button trade.

A RAIN OF FISHES.

At the town of Ortona, on the shores of the Adriatic, heavy rain has fallen, bringing with it a shower of fish of various sorts and sizes. The principal square and the neighbouring streets were literally alive with fish, and when the rain ceased the inhabitants rushed along the streets with baskets and jugs to gather them up. It is presumed that a waterspout passed from the sea and discharged itself over the town, but the people interpret the curious occurrence as a special intervention of Providence on behalf of the poor.

Hull Corporation decided on Monday to allocate £15,000 from tram profits to the rates.

PARISH CLERK FOR 63 YEARS.

One of the most interesting characters to be found in the county of Nottingham is Mr. Elijah Lindley, who for the past 63 years has held the position of sexton and parish clerk of the suburb of Burton Joyce, about six miles from Nottingham. It was in February, 1844, that Lindley was appointed sexton and parish clerk, and his father before him held the same position. Elijah is now 84, and, prior to his official appointment, had been connected with the church six years as organ-blower. He was born in the house in which he now lives, and has only been away from the village on four Sundays in the whole of his life. He has served under five vicars, and has assisted at 310 marriages, 1,500 baptisms, 1,000 funerals, and has dug over 900 graves. He has tolled the bell for the deaths of three sovereigns—George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. He was only six years old when George IV. died, but his father took him into the belfry and helped him to pull the bell. He is still able to look after the church, and can see and hear as well as thirty years ago.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Yorkshire countryman (to tricarist who has been vainly attempting to start a refractory engine by means of the starting handle): Say, maister. Can you play t'Old Bull and Bush?

Tricarist (savagely): No! But I have been playing the Hard Pull and Push this last half-hour.—"The Motor Cycle."



COTSWOLD HOUNDS MEET AT SOUTHAM DE LA BERE,

FEBRUARY 14, 1907, TO WELCOME THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Charles with the bitch pack. | 4. Waiting in the lane; hounds are in Queen Wood. | 6. Whips. |
| 2. Outside Lodge gates. | 5. Master (Mr. Herbert Lord) and huntsman (Charles Travess). | 7. Blank draw in Queen Wood; coming down lane. |
| 3. Duke of Beaufort chatting with Miss Yorke | | |



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AT THE SOUTHAM MEET.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

The Winter Assizes at Gloucester this year lasted longer than was expected, having regard to the lightness both of the calendar and of the cause list. The criminal business was disposed of in a day, four of the prisoners in three cases saving time by pleading guilty. And the other three cases, in which four prisoners were concerned, that went to a jury, filled up the remainder of the day. A record was there established in the fact that there were four civil cases only and all for slander. The hearing of three to the bitter end accounted for three days. Well might the Judge, Mr. Justice Bigham, remark that such actions are, as a rule, of little public importance. But they certainly afforded amusement to the listeners, and very interesting copy for the papers. The Judge was incidentally enlightened as to the meaning of several local phrases, and he was also able to spend his Sunday on the Cotswolds, as the guest of Mr. Dent Brocklehurst, instead of going through the formality of Assize Sunday in the city. It was again bad business for the Bar as among the 140 barristers on the circuit last, briefs went to seven only, the lion's share going to one stuff-gown counsellor, who altogether was in six cases, being well

to the front, as he invariably is. A solitary King's Counsel appeared in two cases.

* *

The vital statistics for the quarter ended December 31st last, show that the births registered in the Gloucester district, 399 in number, and a decrease of 7 from the preceding quarter, were equal to an annual rate of 25.2 per 1,000 persons living. Stroud had the lowest rate in the county (14.8). Cheltenham being next (19.8), then Cirencester (21.6), Tewkesbury (21.8), and Westbury-on-Severn (29.5). There were 251 births in the Cheltenham and 40 in the Charlton District, while the deaths were 202 and 27 respectively. The 289 deaths in Gloucester District showed an increase of 55, and were 39 above the average for the previous three December quarters. They were equal to an annual rate of 18.3, in Tewkesbury 12.3, in Westbury 13.8, Cheltenham 15.9, Cirencester 16.8, and Stroud 17.9. So that the latter district had the lowest birth rate and almost the highest death rate in the county.

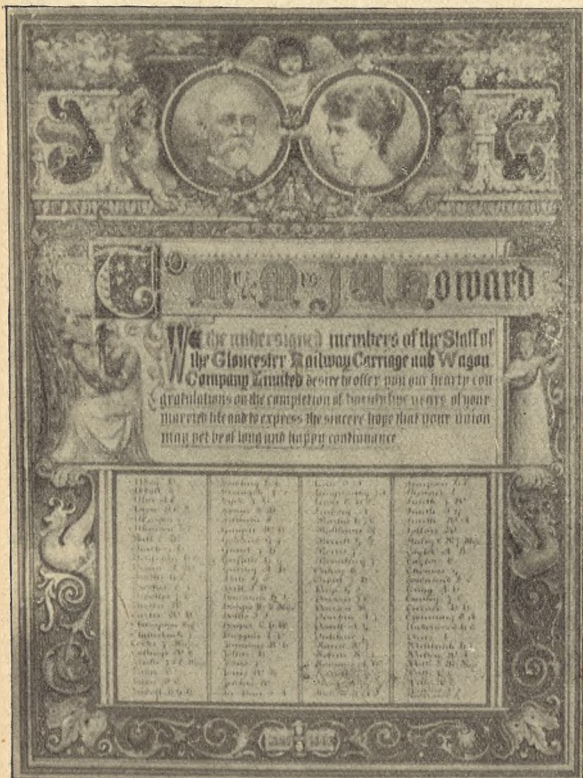
* *

The march of time, with its changes and ravages, has been forcibly brought home to me by a comparison of the list of original members of the County Council with its constitution at the present time. When the Council was formed in 1889, there were con-

tests in 25 out of the 60 single-member divisions. I find that only four of the then successful councillors, namely, Mr. J. C. Kimmins, Mr. R. N. Hooper, Mr. R. A. Lister, and Mr. S. J. Elsom, who have sat uninterruptedly for their respective divisions, are now members, but Mr. W. F. Hicks Beach, who won the Andoversford Division, is as an alderman. Of the 35 councillors returned unopposed only nine are now sitting, and the bulk of them have had walk-over every three years. Two of them—Col. Griffith and Lord Estcourt—will not seek re-election. Coming to the twenty original aldermen, I find that only eight have sat continuously. The deaths among this body number nine, while at least 25 of the first councillors have gone over to the great majority. Thus I make it that the Council has been attenuated during the 18 years of its existence to the extent of 42.5 per cent. by deaths, and of 17.6 per cent. by voluntary retirements or rejections at the polls. At least six of the present councillors will not seek re-election. The first election cost £2,000, charged upon the rates. Fortunately there are no signs of a repetition to this extent.

GLEANER.

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



SILVER WEDDING PRESENTATION
 TO MR. J. W. HOWARD (GENERAL MANAGER OF GLOUCESTER RAILWAY CARRIAGE AND WAGON COMPANY, LTD.) AND MRS. HOWARD, AT A DINNER TO THE STAFF GIVEN BY THEM ON FEBRUARY 12, 1907.

Solid silver inkstand and pair of candlesticks, together with a congratulatory address (illuminated by Mr. W. J. Lifton) from the staff, and a solid silver rose-bowl from the Directors.

Petrol and Pictures.

[By "ARIEL."]

*

STARTING OUT.

Presuming a car is in good running order, says the "Motor Review," what should form the regular practice of a good careful driver before starting away for a tour, or even a day's drive? Before quitting the motor-house or garage and getting beyond the range of convenient supplies, he should make sure that his lubricating oil tank is fully replenished and that he has a spare tin of lubricating oil in the boot. See that the petrol tank is full, and be sure that the spare can of spirit is in its usual place. Fill up the radiator tank, if necessary, with rain-water from the butt or cistern with which all garages should be fitted for radiator water alone. Test foot and side lever applied brakes, pump up any tyre that looks the least slack, and make sure the spare tubes, repair outfit, and pump are aboard and in good order. Run the engine with the car at rest long enough to note that valve springs are in order and that all valves are working freely. See that the radiator fan belt drives properly. Oil up generally, but do not over-oil; give all grease cups a turn or two, and refill any that are nearly hard down. Note the operation of carburetter, and if this is fitted with any automatic device, make certain that it has not got out of adjustment, and that everything is secure. When on tour or making long runs a little time should be given to the car before leaving it for lunch or the night. It is always well to drop the hand on the hubs and brake drums to make sure that there is no unusual heating, for friction of the kind if left undetected will not only increase petrol consumption, but will bring many other evils in its train. Inspect the tyres for any sign of deflation, or for the presence of nails or flint

spars, which a few more miles running would drive through into the inner tube. Give a general look round for leaks, for during a mid-day or night halt an incipient leak may be attended to with profit.

TWO-SPEED GEARS FOR MOTOR-BICYCLES.

A valuable and interesting paper was read before the Auto-Cycle Club recently by the Rev. B. H. Davies, who is an acknowledged authority on motor-cycles. The subject of his paper was the vexed question of two-speed gears for motor-bicycles. He prefaced his remarks by stating that motor-bicycles might be said to have assumed a settled pattern in 1905. This was proved by the shows of 1906 and 1907, which produced no very radical innovation. So the question from the spring of 1905 was whether the motor-bicycle of the day had any serious defect. His riding had proved that the motor-bicycle is seriously defective in hill-climbing powers. Given four requisites:—(a) A dry day; (b) a clear road; (c) an expert driver; (d) time for preparation—the bicycle of 1905 could climb the main road hills of the country with only two or three trivial exceptions. Given either a wet day, or a duffer on its back, or an ovine obstacle, and the name of the hill the 1905 machine could not even look at was legion. If either the sport or the trade are to flourish permanently we must provide the worst duffer with a machine that will take any main road hill in any district, under any conditions, with certainty, safety, and comfort. That is the standard we must keep in mind, and it implies two powers that not one motor-cycle in a thousand can claim to-day—the power to take any hill slowly; the power to stop and re-start on any hill. To show the necessity for variable gears Mr. Davies contrasted the 1906 End-to-End run and the Birdlip Hill climb. In the former the cream of both the amateur and professional riders were engaged, and practically every known make of motor-cycle competed. Along the whole of the route there was only one really trying hill. Yet each of those numerous little insignificant slopes had one or more victims to its credit before the

run was ended. One report of the run went so far as to state that there was not a rider who did not fall on one hill or another. Obviously, therefore, there is a wide difference between a machine specially tuned up for a crack hill climb and the same machine in laborious progress through a six-day tour. Turning to the hill climb at Birdlip, there we saw crack amateurs and crack trade riders swoop up the contemptible incline at speeds ranging up to 40 miles an hour, and if there were one or two failures the machines were not to blame for them. What is the explanation of the difference, as one looks on this picture and on that? Why, simply that at Birdlip we had a known hill, a cleared road, plenty of practice, and plenty of time to adjust and experiment with every item of the machine, to try a new pulley, etc. But if we had met a wet day the competition would have been put off. Still, the terrific speed attained by some riders was very far from being the really instructive feature of the day. The real value of the afternoon was to be found in the pitiable struggles put up by non-entrant amateur customers of the great firms, riding machines apparently identical with those of the competitors. There was scarcely a single machine under 5 h.p. that got up as far as the Knap without pedalling. Also, when the riders in the 1,000 miles trial came to that same hill, only one rider on a 5 h.p. twin-cylinder succeeded in making a clean ascent on a single gear. It was obvious, then, that variable gears were a necessity.

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

Mrs. Richard Ayr Colne, who followed the occupation of a barber for thirty years, died near Burnley on Tuesday. She retired some six years ago, but one old gentleman, who drove to her establishment daily, had shaved regularly for twenty-eight years up to a few days ago.