

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 370.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1908.

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
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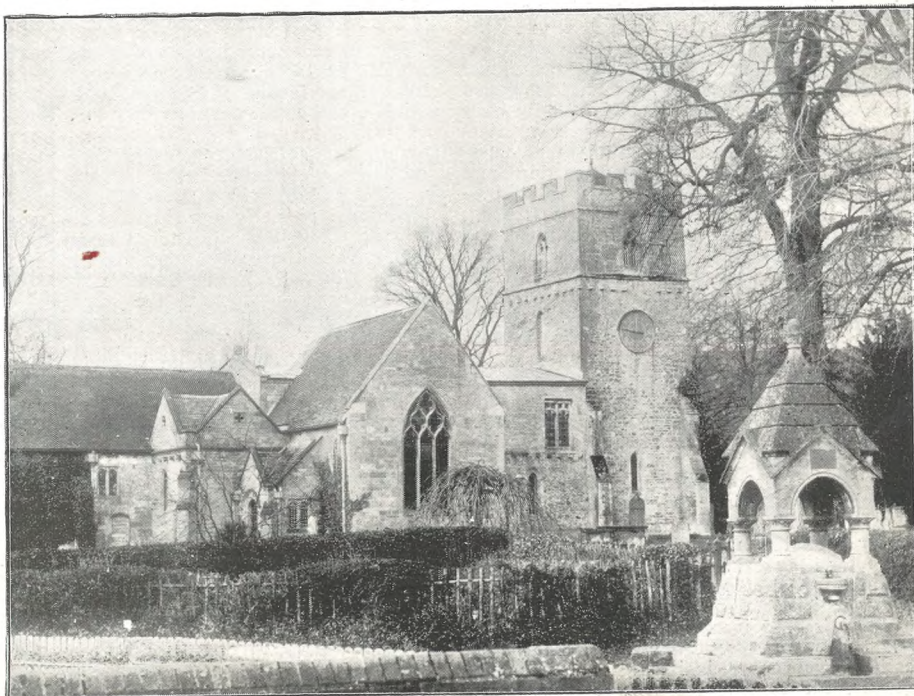
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LAUREL HOUSE  
(Near Free Library).  
CHELTENHAM.

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

## DUMBLETON CHURCH.



### "SON OF THE CZAR, FEAR THE RED!"

\*

The Czar has issued an order that several State buildings in St. Petersburg, which had been painted red since the time of Nicholas I., must be repainted some other colour. The fact is, he dislikes the colour red. Neither his wife, his daughters, the little grand duchesses, nor the ladies of the Court ever wear red in the Czar's presence. His abhorrence of the colour is not due altogether to its associations with anarchy and rebellion. When he was quite a boy he was with his parents at Livadia. While walking with some companions one afternoon, Nicholas came upon an old gipsy woman who was telling fortunes. There has always been a strain of the mystic in Czar Nicholas; he insisted that the woman should "read" his hand. Long she gazed at his palm and studied its lines; then, supposedly ignorant

of his identity, she said: "Son of the Czar, fear the red!" The incident deeply impressed him. He described it to his father and mother, who only laughed at him. But the impression remained in his mind, and gradually has grown stronger. The Czar's fear of red has been increased by the events of recent years, and by the knowledge that it is the colour of the Revolutionists.—  
"P.T.O."



It is claimed for Lydford, Devonshire, which is over 60,000 acres in extent, that it is the largest parish in England.

Having only celebrated four marriages in twelve months, Father Carney, of St. Dunstan's, Fredericton (New Brunswick), declares "something is wrong with the young men," and counsels the young women of his congregation to take full advantage of Leap Year.

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English Geese, Capons, Ducks and Chickens.  
Pheasants, Wild Duck, Hares from 3/-.

A Nottingham lace manufacturer has  
bequeathed £325,000 to needy widows and  
spinners of that place.



## Beethoven: Human and Divine

\* \*

A MEDITATION AND REVIEW.

[BY ARTHUR G. MEEZE.]

\* \*

["Beethoven," by Romain Rolland. Authorised translation by Fred. Rothwell, B.A. Publisher, Henry J. Drane, London.]

This charming little sketch of Beethoven is entirely on right lines, and M. Romain Rolland must be congratulated on having found so capable and sympathetic a translator as Mr. Rothwell. The author's prose poem has been done out of French into English *con amore* by a promising word-artist who is at once a scholar, a musician, and a liberal thinker, with the requisite spice of mysticism in his make-up. Mr. Rothwell moves freely in the fetters of affiliated authorship; but the immortal master's life-story is one that will stand retelling yet again and again as the times change or the viewpoint of the sempiternal mystic advances: that is, as often as the souls of the world's great dreamers mount from step to step the staircase of the stars. It nothing abates from the merit of the present book to say that it would be well for the life of Beethoven to be re-written at no distant date by just such an alert spirit as that of the present translator—one who has kept house with Nature in the open places of earth and read somewhat the elemental secrets of her soul. The occasional re-writing of such a life—direct, it may be, from the same old raw materials, only once more re-marshalled by a developed mystical intuition in balanced subjection to reason—is a perpetually recurrent need, arising from the relation in which genius stands to progress. Doubtless in any such re-telling, purple patches and emotional extravagances will prove so increasingly facile and natural as to call for a more than ordinary artistic restraint; but yet, if we would not either miss the truth or fall short of it, due regard must be paid to the Shakespearian injunction—"Be not too tame, neither."

The great appeal of talent is made to the masses, and may be suffered to rest with them; but genius always requires genius of a progressed phase to give it full interpretation. A history of thought or a record of material progress may be compiled in cold and critical detachment of mind: a camera-like eye for mere externals and the insight of a moderately animated milestone are sufficient equipment for the work. Not so the true story of a human life. That, certes, is a spiritual thing which, no matter how humble its history, is ever incapable of adequate treatment except as essential poetry. The poetic call is even more insistent in the case of genius, for that is the manifestation of a highly-specialised struggle for expression—a crowning effort of the man who is finding himself to voice the ineffable secrets of his inner light, to breathe the sacred verb, and tongue the mute inglorious silences of the elemental strife that forces wide the portals of the infinite. Man, lost and blind in the intellectual seclusion of his own apparent separateness, wanders away from the heart of things and the inner illumination to seek externally the eternal gleam—to blossom in the wilderness of illusion as a flower and to fade back, after realisation, with the cry "All is vanity": back, day by day, into apparent nothingness. Not, however, into absolute nothingness, but only, once more, back into the dream-depths of his real or Kosmic existence, to the end that his naked worth may be conserved for a perennial rebirth. In this way the good within him, that is, the "god," survives to constitute his only true "spirit." All life is perpetual motion and progress, despite the croakings of the pessimist, and to partake of immortality is therefore, here and now, perpetually to cast

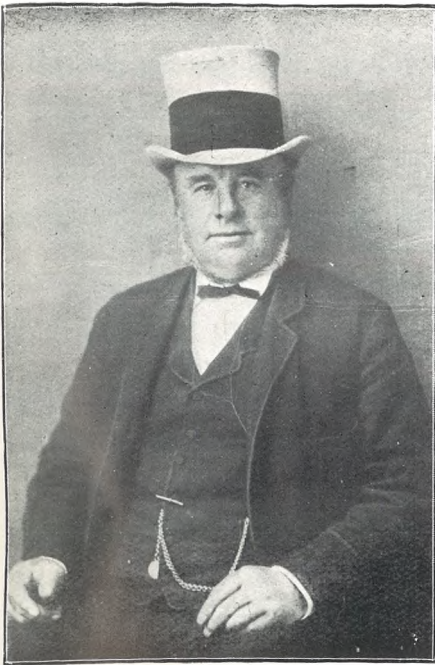
aside the baser part of our being. To the recurrent emancipation of life from the karma of its realised past, we, in the darkness of our mining operations for truth, give the name of "death." But there is nothing mortal about men except his illusion of mortality itself, and that is one with the supreme illusion of all—the mistaken sense of human separateness. Truly we might exclaim "Immortality, thy name is man!" For art, philosophy, and even science, in its latest out-breathings, all conspire to a new re-picturing of death in quite intelligible terms: terms hostile enough, it may be, to the dry-as-dust, moth-eaten concepts of Christianity in its ecclesiastical vestments, but strangely of a piece with the esoteric mysticism of the historic founder of the sect. Of a piece, too, with the teaching of all the congeners of Jesus—the mystic masters of the world's great faiths and up-builders of its spiritual strength. To the thinker who, having escaped from the water-tight compartments of so-called "exact" knowledge, has the temerity to transcend the limits of the conventional and meditate a little apart from men of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and to dwell openly with music makers, ecstasies, philosophy dreamers, and poets, in the crepuscular haze that curtains with enchantment the borderland of their seeming, it has of late years become increasingly certain that individual death, whatsoever else in the Kosmic scheme it may or may not stand for, includes a state of submerged personality that may be lured back to the threshold of consciousness by various forms of service and self-render, and particularly by the "magic rites" of love, there to "materialise" or otherwise manifest, "spirit" to "spirit," from the vasty deep. Then and there, in moments of musical ecstasy and other modes of mystical abandonment—moments that are at once the heritage of genius and sacred to its highest inspiration—there may come, as "a flash of memory in the mind of God," a reconstruction or re-attunement of the harp of personality for the "living" and a re-awakening of consciousness for the "dead." Evidence that "magic" of this kind is an incident of the essence of things and of every-day experience makes one extend a very grateful welcome to this delightful little translation of Rolland's book, and also encourages one to foster the hope that Mr. Rothwell will himself be tempted to go yet further and give us a full mystical or teleosophical reading of Beethoven the Divine.

Beethoven the human was a medium for the gods—a man with a message and all the technique necessary for its expression. He had none of that "art for art's sake" whose other name is "artifice," and he carried bravely a heavy cross from the cradle to the grave. Born at Bonn on the 16th of December, 1770, in the loft of a cottage; his mother a cook, the widow of a valet; and his father an utterly drunken tenor singer, there was not much of promise in his immediate pedigree. Behind it, however, was a Dutch ancestry and at least one hereditary potency in a grandfather, Ludwig, born at Antwerp, who became preceptor to the prince-elector, and with whom Beethoven had many traits in common. From the outset he had to face a "sad and even brutal struggle for existence." Violence was used in his teaching, and at the age of four he was seated hours together at the harpsichord or left alone with the violin to practise. All this that the father might exploit him as an infant prodigy. The bright side of the picture is that it so perfected the plastic human instrument that it became, in the ripening hour of expression, a veritable orchestra for the gods. But for this perfecting discipline, the passport to all achievement and mystic initiation, the powers that be themselves would have been dumb to the world. What Beethoven ultimately voiced is too long a story to be told here, and is one only to be reached by a

detailed analysis of his works and their mystic up-setting as an expression of the elemental forces, Kosmic and eternal, that stirred in the background of the great master's hourly environment. The distinctive note of M. Rolland's little book is that it does in some sort contribute gleanings towards the true solution of this problem. It invites us to "Throw open the windows! Let in the free air of heaven! Come under the inspiration of heroic deeds!" The world, "choking, dying of asphyxia, in its base and prudent egoism," wants relief from the vile materialism that crushes thought and trammels action. The art-life of Beethoven is just this call to the wild: it "makes no appeal to the pride of the ambitious; it is dedicated to the poor and miserable." It has an undercurrent of ever-present faith in immortality—a faith which enables man to take a long perspective view of temporal affairs and to emancipate himself from living in a hurry. It reminds us that the end is not yet, if ever, and that "we are not alone in the fight: the world's night is lit up with divine lights." It woos us to follow with unfaltering faith "in the wake of all who have struggled in solitude and isolation." Success, as the times appraise it, matters little; the main thing is to be great, not to appear so. Here the pen of the master comes to the support of his music: "I recognise no other sign of superiority than goodness." What a glorious old-time Radical! In the midst of all his trials his one wish was that his example might be a help to other sufferers and inspire a little courage into humanity, that its faith in life and man might be restored. As for his fitful monetary success, this is what it meant to him: "I see a friend in need; if my purse does not permit me to come to his aid at once, I have only to sit down in front of my desk, and in quite a short time I have extricated him from his difficulty. . . . Think how charming it is to be able to do this!" Then he muses: "This art of mine must be devoted to no other aim than to relieve the poor." To Count Gallenberg, who brought bitterness into his life and robbed him of his sweetheart, he freely extended help: "He was my enemy, for which reason it was my duty to do him all the good I could." The genius of revolution and the spirit of freedom, like a robust giant, dominated one whole period of his musical expression, as love dominated another; and in the "Sonata Appassionata" he is conceived to have concentrated "the sobs and struggles of a whole life." These, Kosmic powers, were the unconscious factors of his art: using the poor human instrument, short-sighted and stony deaf though it was, as a holy voice, although, consciously, he claimed that "Socrates and Jesus have been my models." And, oh! that deafness! About 1825 one who saw him playing the piano said "In the softer passages the keys gave forth no sound at all." Is there in the whole history of art a more pathetic picture than that? Think what it means! A mighty receptive automaton, conscious to the world above, unconscious of that below, accepting a celestial message in ravishing harmonies and delivering it to earth in dumb show! To watch in the silence the muscular contractions, the rapture and emotion of the facial movement, and all the delicate adjustments for nuances of expression, and yet to hear no sound! It was the great spirit speaking to him, and he heard, though deaf. Shall we, then, who are not deaf, be content to miss this music of the spheres and groan in ignorance for ever of its meaning?

One word by way of epilogue to point the moral. It is not altogether superfluous, in these narrow materialistic times, to direct attention to the need of a more liberal and Kosmic interpretation of experience than is usually given to the little things of life. The fall of a sparrow is an accident to most of us, but to the philosopher an accident may





**MR. FRED HARVEY,**  
OF HILL VIEW, CHURCHAM.

Died Jan. 21, 1908, aged 83 years.

Mr. Harvey was formerly a prominent agriculturist and large horse-dealer. As an owner and occupier of lands in the Duchy of Lancaster, his live stock was exempt from toll at the fairs and markets held in the Duchy limits.

Photo by Barrett and Son, George-street, Gloucester.



**MISS KATIE CLARKE**

as the "Living Christmas Tree" at All Saints' Junior Sunday School Treat, January, 1908.

Photo by F. E. Pearce, Cheltenham.



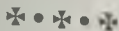
**STOW'S NEW POSTMISTRESS.**

MISS A. A. FISHER

(formerly of Bromsgrove).



be the most highly specialised manifestation of Providence. As such, the phenomenon of Beethoven the Human, highly perfected by discipline, is open to a new and illuminating emphasis: in him we see the receiver of a Kosmic efflux rather than a mere maker of music. That is, we are called upon to interpret him as a "medium" for the expression of elemental forces that are simultaneously manifesting in utterly different ways in his working environment. In this light the Beethoven problem is to piece together upon their psychic background and in their proper relations the corresponding elements of the complex social, political, and religious fabric of which he was but a mere human unit. The wide view finds in the powers that lashed the waters between Scylla and Charybdis the same operative factors as those that inspired the song the Sirens sang, and lifts the God of the Universe from a maker of mud-pies into an architect, sanctifying the mediumship of the one and the purpose of the other.



**AN OLD CHESTNUT.**

One of the largest and oldest of the chestnut trees in the famous avenue in Bushey Park, Hampton Court, has been cut down by order of H.M. Office of Works, consequent on its decayed condition. It was 200 years old, 100ft. high and about 30ft. at its thickest part.

**COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.**

Speaking on "Flower Photography and Swiss Flora" at the fortnightly show of the Royal Horticultural Society on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. T. E. Waltham remarked that there was a great future in store for colour photography, and especially for the new autochrome process as soon as the inventors learnt to print their results on paper.



**MASTERS AND THEIR DIFFICULTIES.**

The frequent changes in Masterships are not altogether surprising when one comes to think of the great difficulties which the modern M.F.H. has to face. The enormous increase of game preservation; the "craze" for cheap fencing, and the consequent appearance of barbed wire on farms where it was previously unknown; the reluctance on the part of many regular followers of hounds to contribute their proper share to the maintenance of the country, thereby increasing the Master's heavy financial burden; the inconsiderate conduct of thoughtless motorists, who in some districts now do much to spoil sport; and the selfish, jealous riding and ignorance displayed by a certain section of modern fox-hunters, all go to render the task of showing sport harder than it has ever been before.—"The Bystander."

**BRITISH APPLES THE BEST.**



Kentish-grown Wellington apples at the present time command as much as 15s. a bushel. Compared with the American barrel package, that is equal to 45s. a barrel. Yet if 100,000 bushels of sound good imported apples were wanted they could be bought easily at the rate of 5s. a bushel or 15s. a barrel.

The British apple is practically beyond competition, despite the expenditure of immense sums by Agricultural Departments in foreign countries to improve the position of foreign-grown apples in the British markets.

**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 261st prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, Exon, Charlton Kings, and Miss Ruth Powell, Ellborough Cottage, Charlton Kings, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. Edgar Neale at Charlton Kings Parish Church and the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.



Meet of North Cotswold Hounds at Dumbleton Hall, January 28, 1908.



1. Bitch pack.

2. Kennel huntsman.

3. Field making for cover in Park.

4. Master (Sir J. Hume Campbell) on right, and Secretary (Mr. P. J. Pelly).

WHERE RED HAIR IS FOUND.

\*  
BROWN LOCKS AS SIGN OF A NEW TYPE.

Red hair is found in distinct excess north of the Grampians, and especially in the north-east of Scotland. Mr. Tocher, Peterhead, who has made the question of pigmentation a special study, and has just been helped to conclude a colour survey of the school children—over 500,000—of Scotland, announced this as one of his results in a lecture to the Educational Institute at Dumfries recently.

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In North Germany and Sweden it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunette. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant colour among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be

shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark. If it is so, there is evidence of the formation of a new type in Scotland.

The proportion of red hair throughout the country is a little over 5 per cent.—high compared with the Continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red-haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

Mr. Tocher has found a distinct difference between the colour distribution of children in densely populated parts and in rural and less populated districts. Emigration has also produced an apparent tendency to excess in certain forms of mental and physical defects. In the main the difference between the distribution of colour in Glasgow and the general population is due to children of Irish and foreign nationality.

FAMOUS FOPS.

Though known by many names, fops have always been with us, and the most famous of these are the subject of an interesting article in "Pearson's Magazine." Beau Brummell was undoubtedly the best-known of them all, and the two best-known stories of this famous dandy refer to the Prince, one of which we quote:—

"On a certain memorable occasion when the Prince was present, Brummell turned to him and said, 'Wales, ring the bell.' Without a word the Prince pulled the bell-rope, and, when the servant appeared, ordered the beau's carriage. This story, however, Brummell himself denied, and it is recorded by one of his biographers that he heard him say, 'I was on such intimate terms with the Prince that if we had been alone I could have asked him to ring the bell without offence; but with a third person in the room I should never have done so; I knew the Regent too well.'"



Meet of North Cotswold Hounds at Dumbleton Hall, January 28, 1908.



THE MASTER, SIR JOHN HUME CAMPBELL (WHO HAS JUST NOTIFIED HIS IMPENDING RESIGNATION), WITH BITCH PACK AT GATES OF DUMBLETON HALL. FIRST WHIP ON LEFT.



THE REDDINGS ROAD.

Chiltonian Corporation will not undertake the repair of this road. View looking towards the Reddings, showing its condition.

WHERE WOAD, WHICH CLOTHED OUR ANCESTORS, IS STILL GROWN.

\*

"Little as you would think," says the writer of an article in "Penny Magazine," "the warlike ancient Briton and the peaceful policeman have at least one extraordinary thing in common. The former clothed his nakedness with the blue juice of the woad plant, and the latter proudly parades himself in a uniform of woaded cloth. The growing and manufacture of woad for commercial purposes is now confined to three villages, two—Algarkirk and Skirbeck—in South Lincolnshire, and one—Parson Drove—in Cambridgeshire. Algarkirk and Skirbeck are both near Boston, and Parson Drove within a few miles of Wisbech. Those travelling on the Great Northern railway between Spalding and Boston get a good view of the Algarkirk woad factory just outside the station, and it is easily recognised by its white-painted hooded ventilators, giving it the appearance of a Kentish malting-house. On one side of the factory are a number of quite trim little cottages, and here are housed the woad workers, all of whom belong to families that for hundreds of years have followed the same occupation. They are a people apart; and their lot is happier than that of the ordinary agricultural labourer in that they are busily engaged all the year round, and so know nothing of lean weeks and months. They speak of themselves as 'wad' workers, caring nothing whatever for the dictionary pronunciation of the word 'woad.'"





Cheltenham Crèche,  
or Public Day  
Nursery For Children  
of the Poor,  
Albion Street.



**MRS. ELIZABETH STEPHENSON,**  
A NORTHLEACH BENEFACTRESS.

DIED IN LONDON JAN. 20, 1908, AGED 85 YEARS.

Photo by Barry Burge, Northleach.



**ST. PETER'S (WINCHCOMBE) ASSOCIATION  
FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907-8.**

Top row:—Mr. E. A. Jones (linesman), C. Pigeon, Mr. N. Nightingale (referee).

Middle row:—A. Williams, R. Bowl, H. Smith, J. Lane (treasurer), R. Field.

Bottom row:—R. Rowe, P. Nightingale (vice-captain), J. Roberts (captain), H. G. Woodward (hon. secretary), W. Nightingale.

Photo by W. R. Brown, Winchcombe.



In a case at the London Bankruptcy Court on Tuesday it was stated that the debtor's liabilities were £7,000, and that his principal asset appeared to be a gold watch and chain.

The Debenham Sparrow Club, as the result of its first year's work, records the destruction of 17,456 sparrows and 10,592 sparrow eggs.

When a fine oak tree was felled at Cawthorpe (South Lincolnshire) it was found to be the home of swarms of bees, and many pounds of honey were taken out of its trunk.





**Cheltenham Friendly Societies' Ambulance Class—Session 1907-8.**

Back row:—J. H. Hands, E. A. Gater, C. Gater, E. Durham, W. Hampton, H. J. Woodhouse, F. Chapman, E. H. Ballinger, F. E. Cooke.  
 Middle row:—C. P. Gater, T. Shaw, S. H. Newman, A. Hill, J. K. Troughton, T. Lloyd, F. Westmancote, A. Bannister, W. T. Knee.  
 Front row:—F. Metral, S. Jones, W. Tandy (hon. secretary and treasurer), W. J. T. Mullins (instructor), Dr. W. Hutton (lecturer), J. W. Amery (president), A. Spreadbury (vice-president), H. E. Durham.

**DIABOLO!**

\*

"The new game of Diabolo" I heard somebody speaking of the other day. Why, bless me, there is nothing new about it. It was invented ages ago. It is among my earliest recollections of games of any description, and then it was considered to be quite old-fashioned. It was known as a game that was very popular when my grandmother was a little girl. It was known as "The Devil on Two Sticks." People who were more polite spoke of it as "Le Diable Boiteux." I can recollect it was not very popular in our nursery, as it required a deal of thought and patience, and as we were neither thoughtful nor patient we did not care about it. Besides, it frequently ended in our jerking the reel through a pane of glass, and then there was trouble. As old games are beginning to be fashionable, we may look for a revival of cup-and-ball, or that mysterious and difficult instrument called—I know not why—the "bandelore." Possibly we may again see that curious apparatus, something between a top and a flying machine, where you pulled a string and a red-winged missile shot up to the ceiling and sometimes hit an irascible uncle in the eye. Perchance we may see the leather-covered hoop and sticks of "Les Graces" once more the rage. Peradventure, "Aunt Sally," "Pharaoh's Serpent," the gyroscope, and other well-known mild amusements of the past may be revived and denominated novelties.—J. Ashby-Sterry in "The Graphic."

**AN INTERESTING FIND.**

\*

A second brass of the Emperor Hadrian, who died A.D. 138, has been found in a field on the farm of Mr. Eames, at New Barn, near Winchester. It is in an excellent state of preservation. The reverse has a representation of a twelve-oared galley, the oarsmen habited as Legionary soldiers, while on the prow is a seated soldier holding a standard. Broken pottery and other evidences of residential Romans or Romano-Britons have previously been found in the same field.

**HARVEST PROSPECTS IN INDIA.**

The Governor-General, telegraphing to the Secretary of State for India on January 27, stated that rain, for the most part light, fell during the week in every province except Bombay. The improvement in the prospect of the spring harvest is maintained. Most of the affected area shows, however, a steady increase in the numbers on relief works. The number of persons in receipt of State relief in the whole of India is now 393,458. Prices have fallen slightly in parts of Northern and Central India, but are still very high everywhere.

\*

**A NOVEL PEN.**

The fountain-pen is a boon and a blessing appreciated by all who have writing to do, but an American who is not particular over his finger nails, has hit upon an unusual scheme whereby he always carries his writing pen with him. He has been letting the nail of his forefinger grow for more than a year, until now it is nearly an inch long, and it is cut and shaped like the nib of a goosequill pen. Whenever he wishes to use pen and ink he dips his finger into the ink and scribbles along at a very rapid rate. Writing in this way was not as easy as it looked. With no long holder to give the hand balance, and with an entirely different position of the hand and fingers to master, this human penholder found that it required some practice and skill to do as well with his novel instrument as with the ordinary one.—"P.T.O."

**"CUTICOLA"**

A FOOD FOR THE SKIN.  
 Summer or Winter Use.

**Prevents chapped hands, and removes sunburn, freckles, etc.**

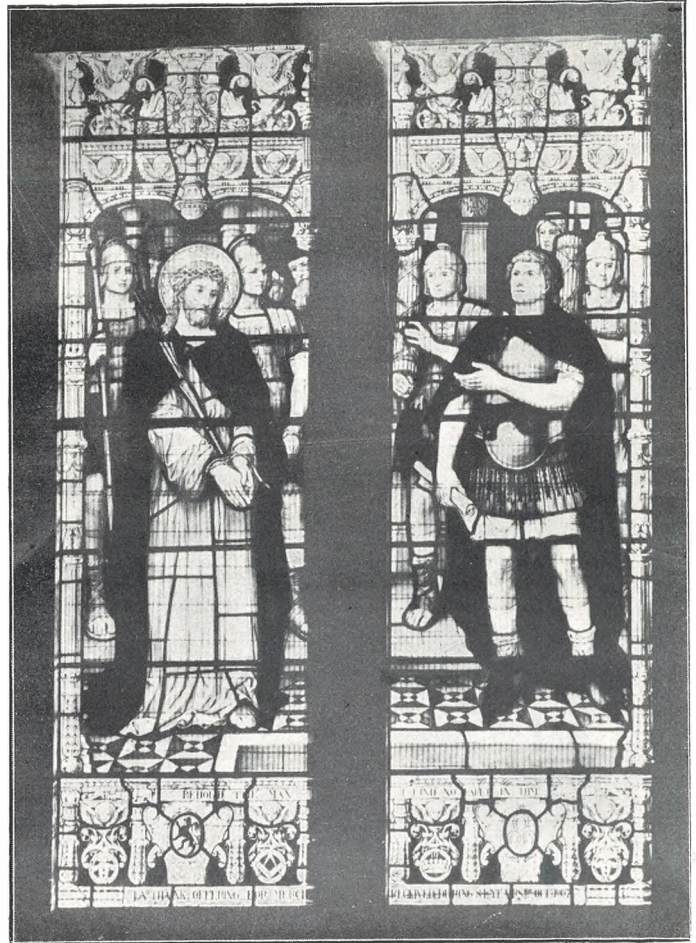
EXCELLENT FOR USE AFTER SHAVING.  
 IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

\* \*

**A. C. SAXBY, CHEMIST & OPTICIAN,**  
 397 High Street, Cheltenham.



Last two Stained Glass Windows recently erected in Christ Church, Cheltenham, by Baron de Ferrieres.



1. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." A thankoffering for 84 years of mercies received: 28th July, 1907.

2. "Behold the Man. I find no fault in Him." A thankoffering for mercies received during 84 years: 2nd Oct., 1907.



**BOODLE'S TEETH**

We attend at North Place, CHELTENHAM, Every Day; Mr. Collett's, High Street, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, Every Tuesday; and at Hartwell's (Ironmonger), High Street, CHIPPING-NORTON, Every Wednesday.

A proposal to install shower-baths in one of the council schools, in order to make the children brighter and more alert, has been referred by the Norwich Town Council to its Education Committee.

**MAKING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.**

It is easy to indicate the faults and shortcomings of the past, but the business of the present is to do better. The wise among us know now that the "breaking of the will," which was part of the educational discipline of earlier centuries, resulted sometimes in broken tempers or lives or hearts, but never in a nature broken to sweetness. The happy child to-day is left to grow, to enjoy the peace of home, the sunshine of family affection, the restraint of that discipline which proceeds from surrounding good manners, and is only taken to task when it transgresses those laws of social life which should govern the nursery, and the wide world, and commerce, and politics, and intellectual effort equally. A clever writer once said that the children of nice families are taught to be unselfish, frank, courteous, considerate of other people, and then at maturity they are plunged into a world where these very qualities, that have been carefully and sometimes painfully instilled, handicap them at every point, where if they do not jostle they lose their train, if they do not lie they miss their appointment, if they do not flatter the strong and flinch from the weak their acquisitions fall far below the average. This is one of the half-truths that momentarily silence the theorist by looking like whole truths. The old system, bad as it was in some ways, had longer views than

sometimes obtain to-day; it thought of the completed article so much that it dealt hardly with it while in course of production. But the result was that gentlemen and ladies of the old school were gentlemen and ladies indeed, or seem such to us through the haze of time.—"Sunday at Home."



Oklahoma, the newest State in the American Union, has passed a law forbidding negroes from using the public telephone.



PLAIN or CHASED  
7/6  
9/6  
15/=

The Anti-Rheumatic Ring that cures RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA

WAITE & SON, THE OLD-ESTABLISHED JEWELLERS,

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CHELTENHAM.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

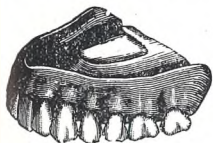
ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 371.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1908.

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,  
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Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.  
Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.  
Australian Wines in Flagons.  
Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.  
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TEETH.**

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,  
**MR. SUTTON GARDNER,**  
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(Near Free Library).  
CHELTENHAM.

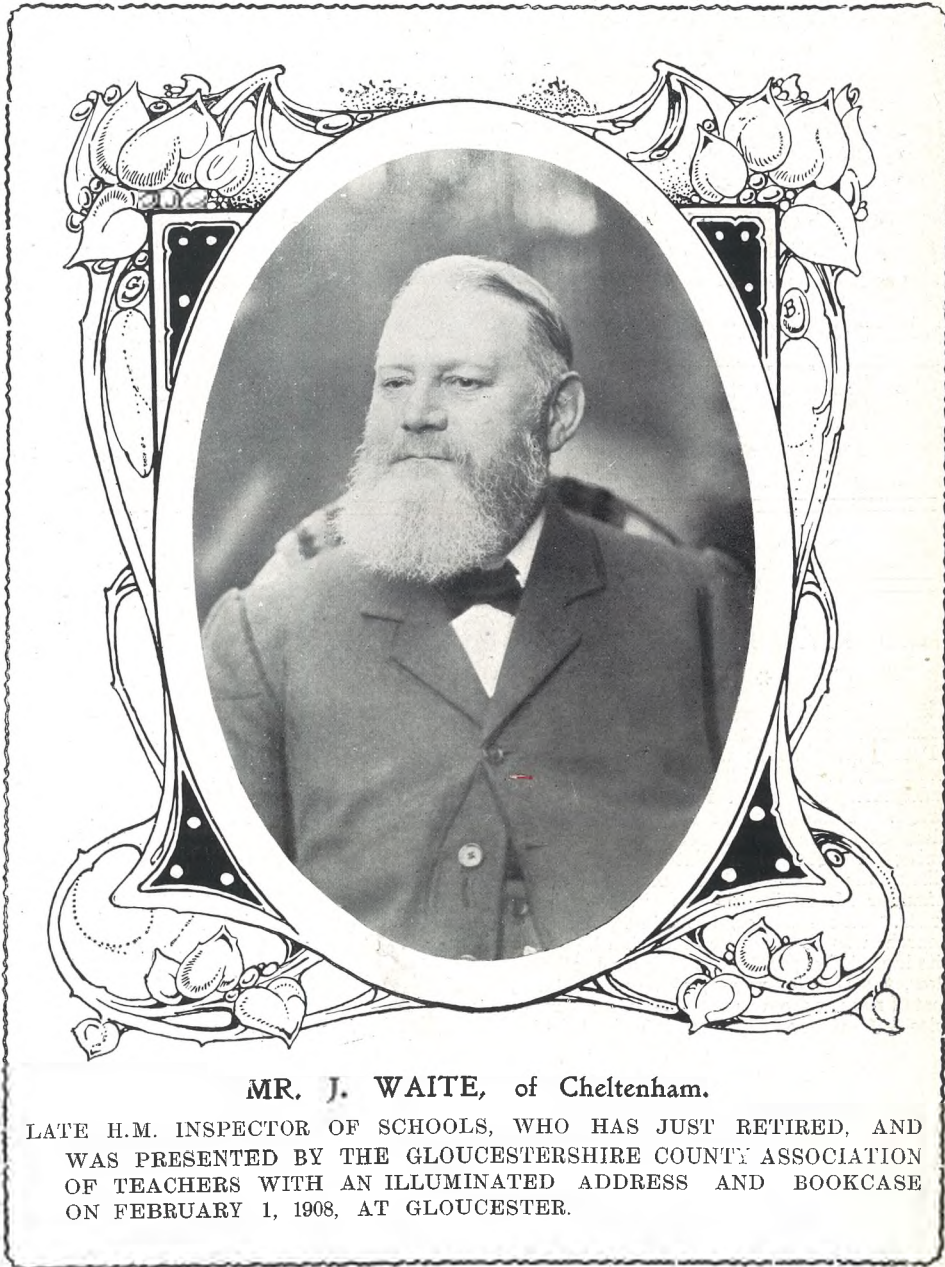
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

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FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS.

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Large Variety of  
Fresh Pineapples, Black and White Grapes, and  
all choicest Fruits and Vegetables obtainable.  
Prime English Turkeys from 10d. per lb., Best  
English Geese, Capons, Ducks and Chickens.  
Pheasants, Wild Duck, Hares from 3/.



**MR. J. WAITE,** of Cheltenham.

LATE H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, WHO HAS JUST RETIRED, AND  
WAS PRESENTED BY THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY ASSOCIATION  
OF TEACHERS WITH AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS AND BOOKCASE  
ON FEBRUARY 1, 1908, AT GLOUCESTER.

It is intimated from the War Office that  
mounted infantry will not form part of the  
territorial force.

In a case at Brentford on Tuesday a Lon-  
don cabman said his wife had £1,000 in the  
bank and that he had a riverside residence.

According to a report just issued, Mr.  
Thomas A. Edison has nearly 1,000 patents  
to his name.





**REV. J. H. VERSEY,**  
WHO WAS LAST WEEK ELECTED PRESIDENT OF  
THE CHELTENHAM AND DISTRICT FREE CHURCH  
COUNCIL.



**MR. S. E. TURNER,**  
THE WELL-KNOWN LOCAL BANJO PLAYER,  
who played with such great success at the Clifford Essex Festival  
in London on December 12 last.



## Gloucestershire Gossip.

\* \*

Humanity has been staggered by the assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal. Words would have failed, I should say, even the late Lord Beaconsfield to adequately condemn this diabolical double outrage. I happened to be present in the gallery of the House of Lords on a March evening in 1881 when that statesman described the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. of Russia as "a horrible murder." Dom Carlos, the late Portuguese monarch, was no stranger in England. His visits included several stays with his brother-in-law, the Duc d'Orleans, at Wood Norton, situated not far from the north-eastern boundaries of Gloucestershire. Indeed, his Majesty's last visit there, in November, 1904, will be pleasantly remembered by many of the local folk, who were charmed by his bonhomie. A crack shot, Dom Carlos contributed in no small measure to the 4,169 head of pheasants (to say nothing of hares, rabbits, and wild ducks) that formed the "bag" of the two days' battues in the Duc's preserves.

\* \*

The greater half of the present foxhunting season has passed with January. Owing to frost and fog, the month gave but few opportunities to sportsmen to follow hounds. The best and most satisfactory run of the Cots-

wold was on January 29, when Charles Travers added to his laurels by securing a kill after hounds had chased a fox from Hazelton Grove well into the Heythrop country at Farmington Pillars and thence back to the New Gorse. And on the previous day an incident that threatened to end in disaster to the pack, when swarming on the railway embankment under Chosen Hill, was fortunately averted by the driver of an approaching goods train promptly pulling it up. Three local packs have to look out for a new master, the North Cotswold by the retirement of Sir John Hume-Campbell, though efforts are being made to get him to re-consider his determination; the Croome by Mr. G. Dudley Smith's resignation; and the Ledbury by that of Sir William Cooke. And Travers will gracefully make way for Charlie Beacham as Cotswold huntsman.

\* \*

The death of Sir Henry Tyler adds another name to the long list of distinguished men who had Cheltenham as their cradle. As Captain Tyler, R.E., he was Chief Inspector of Railways for the Board of Trade before he was knighted and became a railway magnate and M.P. I have a distinct recollection of attending on February 15, 1877, an important enquiry that he held for the Board at Gloucester and Cheltenham into allegations at an inquest of racing between Great Western and Midland trains on the parallel lines between Tuffley and Standish

Junction, and to his reporting that racing had existed. And I remember what a flutter of excitement was caused among the "sports" by our advent at the Plough Hotel, when it got noised abroad that there was "a racing enquiry on!" GLEANER.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

"Well, if he is a Scotsman, that is his natural position," said the Judge at Westminster when told that a defendant who was thrown out of his motor-car lay with his head towards London.

## "CUTICOLA"

A FOOD FOR THE SKIN.  
Summer or Winter Use.

Prevents chapped hands, and removes  
sunburn, freckles, etc.

EXCELLENT FOR USE AFTER SHAVING.  
IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

\* \*

**A. C. SAXBY,** CHEMIST &  
OPTICIAN,  
397 High Street, Cheltenham.



DO HATS CAUSE BALDNESS?

It has been remarked by a well-known scientist that a soft and loose hat, as opposed to the conventional "topper," is much better for the growth of a good crop of healthy hair, and he brings forward in support of his theory the assertion that Blue-coat School boys, who wear no hats at all, are especially favoured by providence in this respect. But that even the scholars at Christ's Hospital are not immune from future baldness may be seen from a perusal of the following letter from Dr. Upcott, their popular head master:

"You ask me," writes Dr. Upcott to the "Strand," "whether the traditional practice of going without headgear at Christ's Hospital during boyhood has, so far as observation has been recorded, tended in after life to preserve the scholars from baldness. I am sorry that I have no statistical information to give you upon the subject.

"As far as my own limited experience goes there is no evidence in either direction. The proportion of cases of baldness among former scholars of Christ's Hospital appears to be much the same as among men who have been educated at other schools."

On the other hand, Dr. A. W. Ireland writes:—  
"As an old Blue-coat boy, who firmly believes that his hereditary tendency to baldness was arrested in youth by the practice of leaving the head uncovered in all weathers, unprotected save by its natural thatch, I think this practice worthy of general imitation.

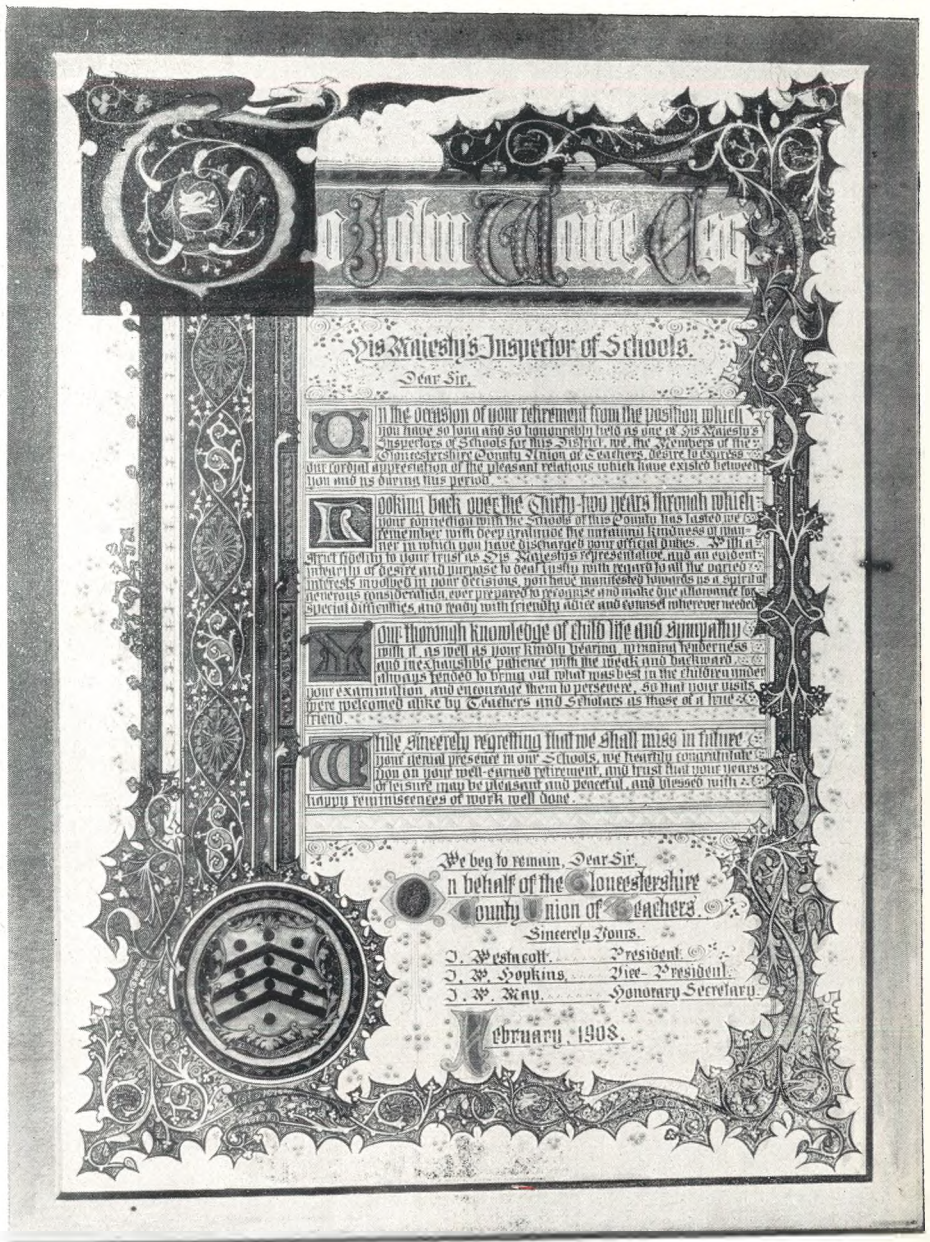
"Have you not noticed how the most luxuriant turf, when denied sun and air and water, becomes 'bald'? Are there not bare patches on the lawn which the sun never irradiates? It is the same with the most luxuriant cranial lawn—cut it off from sunlight, and ultimately it will wither away."

"Although," writes Lord Armstrong to the "Strand," "I cannot claim to be in any way an expert on the subject of baldness, I may claim to have practical experience in the same, as I began to get bald at the age of twenty-one, and I have got steadily bald and yet more bald until I have reached the vanishing point on the top of my head. I cannot say that baldness is hereditary in my case; and, although undoubtedly early baldness is a characteristic in certain families, I should attribute the same, in the absence of a direct cause in the nature of an illness, to various reasons, chief among which I should place sedentary habits, and especially the wearing of unfavourable headgear, the tendency of which is to decrease the circulation of blood amongst those vessels that carry nourishment to the roots of the hair.

"It is a noticeable fact that women are usually much less bald than men, and that those who are accustomed to go about in the open air without a hat are remarkable, as a rule, for their thick heads of hair. I attribute my baldness to more or less sedentary habits and to wearing a hat—not, as I have heard some people attribute it, to an excess of brain-power.

"It would be of interest to hear of people who have grown a new crop on a bald head."

Dr. Torrey, the famous "revivalist," writes: "My baldness is partly hereditary; my father was bald and grey at a very early age. But it was doubtless promoted by the fact that every summer I had my head clipped down to the skin when I was a boy. My hair was very fine and very thick. That was the only way I could find comfort. Another reason I believe to be that I often plunge my head in cold water in the morning, and at other times during the day. Wearing a high-topped hat has also helped on the good work. Of course, my whole life has been spent as a professional man, and I have done a good deal of studying, but I think that the other causes had more to do with the baldness."



ILLUMINATED ADDRESS

presented to Mr. John Waite, of Cheltenham, late H.M. Inspector of Schools, together with a bookcase, by the Gloucestershire County Union of Teachers, Feb. 1, 1908.

A COUNTRY PROBLEM.

Among many attractive features in the "Windsor" is an important article entitled "Some Country Problems and their Solution." The writer says:—

"If you speak to the village folk themselves, particularly to the rising lads, who in past times would have been preparing for regular service upon the land, you find that they are intent upon seeking the nearest town. Friends and relatives who have migrated can tell them fascinating stories about the wages that factories and workshops offer, and, when you explain that a higher rate of pay is associated with increased cost of living, with foul air and doubtful food, they neither believe nor understand. They cannot see that to earn twenty-five shillings, and to be compelled to spend twenty shillings in town, leaves a man worse off than if he earns eighteen shillings and only spends twelve shillings in the country, even if the food and air were of the same quality in both places.

"Perhaps the lack of reasonable amusement may be another serious item that makes for unrest. Our villages are generally devoid of all attraction save what is supplied by the annual fair and the local ale-house. Lads who are just entering upon their service on the land cannot join their elders in the tap-room. Few of them take any interest in Nature; all find the country dull. There is hardly a villager who would not change an Elizabethan cottage, with oak beams, inglenook, and thatch, for an abomination newly built of brick and slates. Then, again, one and all are alive to the uncertainty of work on the land, to the absence of provision against the day when it is no longer possible for a man to plough his acre. They believe that it may be possible to save money in the town, or at least to associate themselves with some institution run on communal lines that will rescue them from the worst troubles of old age."





### Convention of Delegates from Village Free Churches around Cheltenham.

Last year, to link up village causes with the town churches and to help their work by sympathetic exchange of ideas, the Cheltenham and District Free Church Council inaugurated a series of conventions to which every village Free Church in the district was invited to send delegates. Another of these conventions was held on Friday week at Wesley Church, Cheltenham. The names of the gentlemen seated (from left to right) are: Rev. S. A. Worrall (Wesleyan), Rev. J. Foster (Countess of Huntingdon's), Rev. A. T. Le Gros (Wesleyan), Rev. C. E. Stone (Baptist), Mr. T. D. Dodsworth (Primitive Methodist Evangelist), Rev. J. H. Versey (Church of Christ), Mr. J. J. Sims (Canadian Missioner), and Rev. W. E. Holt (Congregationalist).



MR. J. BUTLAND,

the Tewkesbury Hockey Club centre-forward, who has just left the town for Woking. He played for England against Scotland in 1904, and in a draw of two goals each scored for England. He has frequently played in the County and Western Counties matches.

### A NAPOLEON OF CRIME.

\*

If the marauders of to-day would attain a genuine success, they must be scientific as well as intrepid. They must, says a writer in "Musings Without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine," learn a hundred lessons which their simpler ancestors neglected. Benson, one of the greatest criminals, whose prowess was a danger to property thirty years ago, new all the benefits of education. He spoke foreign languages with elegance and accuracy. His refinement of manner and ease of approach enabled him to shine in all societies. To carry out a profitable fraud upon the Turf, he arranged a complete newspaper of his own, gathered the news, and wrote the necessary articles with a cunning pen. Had he chosen, he could readily have distinguished himself in some cultured profession. He did not choose. To live on the cross was the first necessity of his nature, and much as he hated the restraints of prison, he was compelled by his evil genius to a career of shifts and chances directly he had paid toll for the last of his crimes. A still later expert, one Raymond, whom Sir Robert Anderson properly calls a Napoleon of crime, was Benson's superior in the variety and range of his enterprises. The plot which he devised for the theft of diamonds, worth £90,000, and which he carried out with a masterly forethought and address, is unrivalled in our annals. Diamonds were habitually sent from Kimberley to the coast just in time to catch the mail steamer for Europe. Were the convoy delayed, the gems were locked up in the

post-office until the next steamer left the harbour. Raymond, profiting by a knowledge of these facts, visited the port of departure. He made friends with the post-master, learned his habits, and took wax impressions of his keys. He then returned to Europe, leaving behind him a memory of pleasant manners and good fellowship. A few months later he was in Africa again, disguised and unknown. He made his way up country to the point where the diamonds had to be carried across a ferry on their way to the coast. Unshipping the chain of the ferry, he sent the boat down stream, and the next convoy of diamonds missed the mail. All that remained for Raymond to do was to unlock the safe in the post-office and go off with the treasure, which, by a fine stroke of ironical humour, he presently sold to its rightful owners in Hatton-garden. This was Raymond's masterpiece, before which the well-advertised theft of the famous portrait by Gainsborough — another of his exploits — pales to insignificance.



### PARNELL AND BALDNESS.

\*

The late Mr. Parnell at an early age was attacked by baldness. It gave him a good deal of concern, and he tried many methods for the purpose of arresting the disappearance of his once luxuriant locks. He allowed his beard to grow, he shaved his chin, making an extraordinary difference in his appearance by doing so, and then he allowed his beard to grow again, but the hair obstinately refused to cease disappearing. — "P.T.O."

“Medical attendance is so poorly paid nowadays that I would rather make my son a crossing-sweeper than a doctor,” says the South-West Lancashire Coroner.



**Gloucestershire County Association of Teachers.  
Annual Meeting at Raikes Memorial Hall, Gloucester, February 1st, 1908.**



GROUP OF TEACHERS AND DELEGATES.

G. W. S. Brewer, F.G.S. (Editor of "Gloucestershire Scholastic Magazine"), J. A. Emery, F.R.Hist.S. (Vice-President County Teachers' Association), J. W. May (Hon. Secretary and Treasurer County Teachers' Association), J. W. Hopkins (President County Teachers' Association, and Representative on County Education Committee), A. R. Pickles, M.A. (President N.U.T.), J. Westacott (Ex-President County Teachers' Association), B. A. Tomes (Press Correspondent County Teachers' Association), F. H. H. Cresswell.

THE EVILS OF ALCOHOL.

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

The eighth Lees and Raper memorial lecture was delivered in the Town-hall, Oxford, on Tuesday night by Mr. McAdam Eccles, M.S., F.R.C.S., under the presidency of Professor William Osler, F.R.S., M.D., LL.D.

In the course of his lecture Mr. Eccles said that soon after the appearance of life upon the earth it was subjected to a struggle for existence, and chiefly by reason of irritation by poisons around it. One of these was alcohol, a liquid which is very abundant in nature. Its action upon living tissue tends to produce deterioration in the individual and also in the race. The effect of alcohol given to infants either through their mother's milk or by the spoon or from the glass is so bad that many hospitals issue specific warnings concerning it. This abuse of stimulants commences to act even before the birth of the child, continues its effects in infancy, and is often perpetuated in youth and in adult life. Alcohol is a selective poison—that is to say, it pricks out one tissue for deterioration more than another, and one individual to a greater degree than his neighbour. Alcohol acts harmfully upon the cells of the blood and the cells of the blood vessels. Consequently the vital fluid of the body and the vessels through which it is circulated are both apt to be so altered by repeated "moderate" doses of alcohol that a serious inefficiency of their functions results.

The lecturer suggested the education of mothers and fathers, the prohibition of entrance of children into public-houses, the feeding and teaching of the children of the land, limitation of the opportunities for adults to obtain liquor, the provision of sound recreation, and the promotion of research with the publication of its results. The education derived concerning the effects of the abuse of alcohol from municipal posters could not be over-estimated. The recent disclosures as to the results on child life of the entrance of children into public-houses call for immediate and adequate legislation.

If the public-house goes, something should take its place. What could be better than a happy home, with a cheerful hearth, and a decent "winter garden" or concert-house within reasonable distance? But to alter still further the trend of public opinion, the Universities should themselves encourage research into the many problems involved in the question of alcohol, and publish the results with their weight of authority.



CATS.

Mr. George Robey continues his reminiscences in "The Penny Magazine." Among other stories he tells how he advertised for twenty-five cats for a special "turn," and how he got them. "I inserted an advertisement," he says, "in a local press to the effect that I wanted twenty-five cats, and awaited results. I had not long to wait. Within twenty-four hours from the time of the advertisement's appearance the street in which

my hotel stood was a sight for the blind. Old women, young women, fat women, lean women, tall girls, squat girls, well-fed children, under-fed children, children who could scarcely walk—the pavements were crowded with them. They had seen my advertisement and were bringing me cats to buy! Cats! They none of them had less than two of the creatures, and many of them carried baskets full of the gentle animals! Heavens, what a time I had with them! It took a long time, but in the end I did get my five-and-twenty cats!"



Claim to be the oldest living Scotsman is made by Archibald MacCrimmon, of Skye, aged 109.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

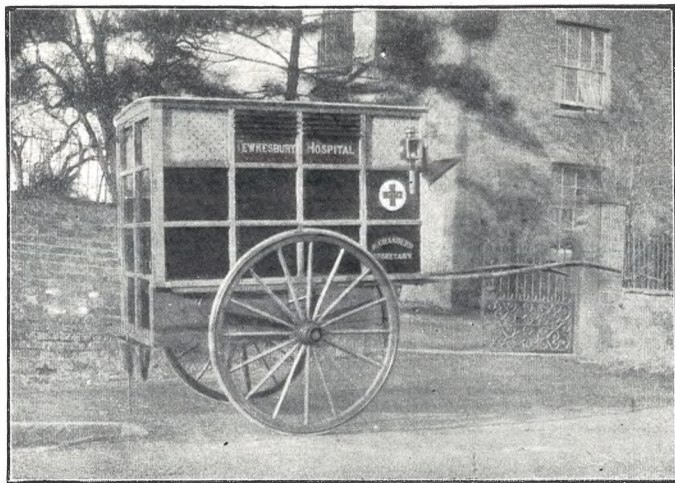


The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE & GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 262nd prize has been divided between Mr. Frank H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Henry W. Williams, 72 Jersey-road, Gloucester, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, and Rev. F. Billett at St. James's Church, Gloucester.

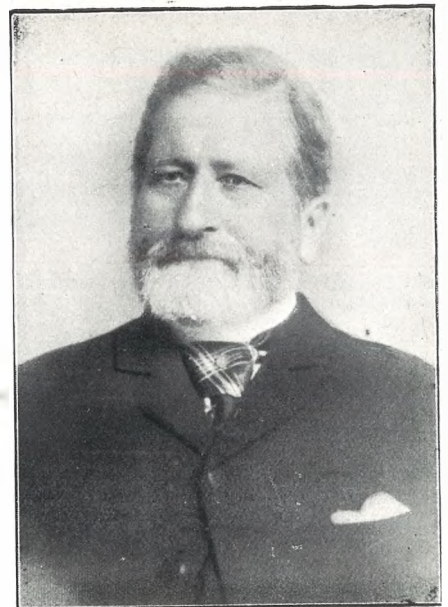
The sermons will be found in the main sheet.





AMBULANCE CARRIAGE

presented to Tewkesbury Rural Hospital by Mrs. Devereux (wife of the acting hon. surgeon, Dr. W. C. Devereux) and the Hospital Ball Committee.



MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

who died on Jan. 31st, and had been in business at Tewkesbury as a tailor and draper for over half a century.

BEAUTY AND THE CAMERA.

\*

"It is a mistake to suppose," says Mr. Lafayette, one of the ablest portrait photographers of the day, "that mere physical beauty lends itself easily to the camera. In fact, I should be rather inclined to reverse the proposition.

"The more beautiful the sitter, the more difficult it becomes to reproduce her glowing charms with any degree of fidelity. For physical attributes alone do not constitute the perfect woman. She has soul, personality, magnetism—call it what you will—and here it is that the camera, save in the hands of the artist, so often is disappointing. It is easy for it to see and record the surface of things. The effects of light and shade may be reflected with microscopic exactitude, but how often does it happen that the resulting picture is dead, inanimate, and lacking in all semblance of vitality?"

In this respect the painter would seem to have an insuperable advantage over the photographer. The skilful wielder of the brush will so draw out the individuality of his sitter that the finished portrait becomes valuable rather as a psychological study than by reason of its physiological accuracy. Such an apocalypse of soul the camera can with difficulty achieve, albeit it can and often does obtain effects which are exceedingly pleasing to the eye. More especially is this the case with children. Their entire freedom from self-consciousness, together with the sprightly proclivities so frequently found among diminutive humanity, renders them delightful subjects for the photographer's art.

Several firms, indeed, make a speciality of this kind of work, and many are the wiles they employ to bring laughter to the lips of their tiny patrons. Certainly the prospect of a portly photographer striving on hands and knees to reproduce the peculiar vagaries of some jungle denizen cannot fail to edify and entertain the most blasé of twentieth-century infants.

With the grande dame, however, it is different, and few are they who succeed in acquiring what Lady Randolph Churchill has called the "art of being photographed." When the lady of high degree faces the camera she is apt to assume an air of impassive stolidity. The photographer dare not ask her to look pleasant, and if he did his subject would probably relax into an expression of anguished amiability painful to behold. He cannot even emulate Mr. Hoggenheimer and dangle a blue monkey in front of her ladyship's nose. And so a picture is frequently taken which, as an index to the personality of the sitter, is absolutely devoid of value.

What, then, is the secret which causes the aristocratic sitter to reveal so much of her soul to the wielder of paints and pigments, and at the same time to present an impenetrable mask to the photographer? The relations between patron and patronised are stiff and unnatural. There is no unbending—no pretence at geniality. The subject is never at her ease, and expressionless, listless, lifeless portraits are not un seldom the result. Here the actress and the professional beauty has the advantage of her more highly-placed sisters. With many stage darlings posing to the photographer is quite as important and arduous a profession as pirouetting to the public, and certainly no less remunerative.

"Artist and sitter," observes the head of the firm of Bassano, "must co-operate. Light is the spirit of the medium, but if the spirit is only summoned formally and perfunctorily, what can you expect but a formal and perfunctory result? As to the progress of our art, if you compare the photographs taken to-day with those of twenty-odd years ago, you will see what advances have been made. One apparently trifling detail may strike you—we do not insist so much upon contemporary sartorial fashions. Hence come the grace, the freedom, the indefiniteness of a bared neck and shoulders which may belong to any decade, or even to any century."—"Strand Magazine."

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"Echo" Office, . . Cheltenham.

Owing to the actors being frost-bitten and ice having formed on the stage, a performance of "Nero" at the Ochaer Theatre, St. Petersburg, had to be abandoned.



BOODLE'S TEETH

We attend at North Place, CHELTENHAM, Every Day; Mr. Collett's, High Street, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, Every Tuesday; and at Hartwell's (Ironmonger), High Street, CHIPPING NORTON, Every Wednesday.





EVENLODE CHURCH.



EVENLODE RECTORY



Evenlode Church is late Norman, and has many interesting features: Norman arch, rood loft, pre-Reformation font, and oak pulpit; Norman sedilia, very similar to the one in Canterbury Cathedral. Under Mr. Cutts (architect) the nave was restored thirty years ago, the chancel a few years later, the tower in 1906, and the whole fabric is now in a beautiful state of preservation. There are five bells, two of which were re-cast, the peal re-hung, with new fittings and steel frame, constructed also to carry a sixth bell, in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897. The registers date back to 1561, and are in an excellent state of preservation.

The charities connected with the church are: (1) By deed, dated 1701, an annuity of 10s. on certain lands called the Castwells, in the parish of Longborough, now the property of Lord Redesdale; (2) by deed, dated 1756, an annuity of £2 on a piece of land called Campden's Close, in the parish of Evenlode, now the property of Mr. G. Sandys, The Slade, Stroud; (3) by Parish award, 1765, Poor's Land, containing about five acres, pasturage of village green and roadsides. It is somewhat unique to see such a quantity of pasturage on the roadsides. This is let annually in accordance with an Act of Parliament dated 1765, and the rent applied in providing fuel for the poor of the parish. The receipts from the various charities produce about £16 per annum.

The Rev. Henry James Kelsall, M.A. (Worcester College, Oxford, and Lichfield Theological College, ordained by the Bishop of Lichfield, 1885), has been rector of Evenlode, of which he is also the patron, since 1895. The gross value of the living is £348, the net value £312.

Since the last census the population and rateable value of the parish has increased, mainly owing to the building of Coldicote House, with its lodges, by Mr. Milne Bansley. Mr. Dauber was the architect, and the result is a typical Cotswold residence, with every modern convenience. The farmhouses, buildings, and cottages are all substantially built and there are practically no voids. The land is mostly pasturage, and out of twenty holdings sixteen contain about 50 acres or under—an interesting fact by the side of the recent Small Holdings Bill. There is no large landowner, and the parish has thirty-eight property owners.

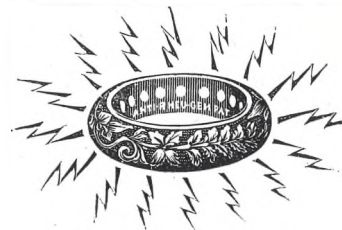


THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

\*

The vocabulary of America like the country itself, is a strange medley. All the languages of Europe, besides Yiddish, have been pilfered for its composition. Some words it has assimilated into itself; others it holds, as it were, by a temporary loan. And in its choice, or invention, it follows two divergent, even opposite paths. On the one hand, it pursues and gathers to itself barbarous Latinisms; on the other, it is eager in its quest after a coarse and living slang. That a country which makes a constant boast of its practical intelligence should delight in long, flat, cumbersome collections of syllables, such as "locate," "operate," "antagonise," "transportation," "commutation," and "proposition," is an irony of civilisation. These words, if words they may be called, are hideous to the eye, offensive to the ear, and

inexpressive to the mind. They are the base coins of language. They bear upon their face no decent superscription. They are put upon the street, fresh from some smasher's den, and not even the newspapers, contemptuous as they are of style, have reason to be proud of them. Nor is there any clear link between them and the meaning thrust upon them. Why should the poor holder of a season-ticket have the grim word "commutation" hung round his neck? Why should the simple business of going from one place to another be labelled "transportation"? And these words are apt and lucid compared with "proposition." Now "proposition" is America's maid-of-all-work. It means everything or nothing. It may be masculine, feminine, neuter—he, she, it. It is tough or firm, cold or warm, according to circumstances. But it has no more sense than an expletive, and its popularity is a clear proof of a starved imagination.—"Blackwood's Magazine."



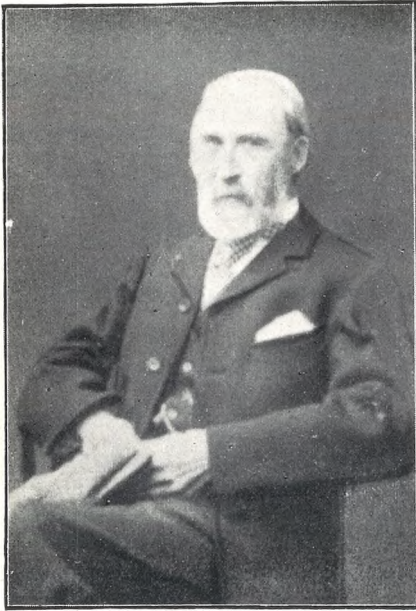
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The Anti-Rheumatic Ring that cures  
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APPLY TO **WAITE & SON,** THE OLD-ESTABLISHED  
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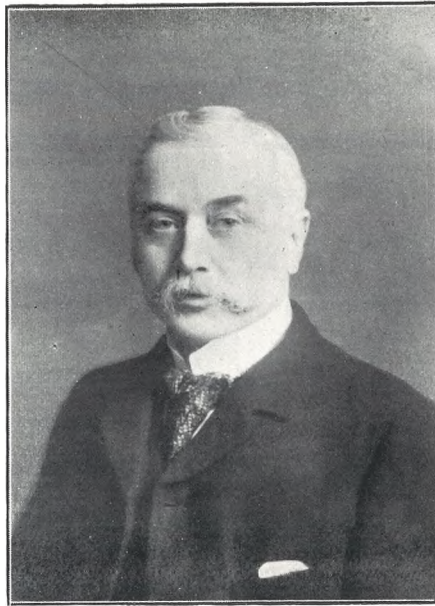
Sixpence an hour is to be paid by the Edmonton Guardians to able-bodied paupers who are to do the work of clearing and leveling the site for the new infirmary to be erected.



**MORETON-IN-MARSH BANK MANAGERS.**



**MR. R. L. BAKER,**  
who was manager of the Capital and Counties Bank, Ltd., at Moreton-in-Marsh for forty-one years, and has just retired.



**MR. J. A. RIDDEY,**  
new manager of Capital and Counties Bank, Ltd., at Moreton-in-Marsh.



**MR. S. F. HUNSTON,**  
manager of the Old Bank (Metropolitan Bank of England and Wales, Ltd.) at Moreton-in-Marsh, in his uniform as chief officer of Moreton Volunteer Fire Brigade.



**MR. BAKER'S RETIREMENT.**

This week we give portraits of Mr. Reginald Langford Baker, who has just retired from the responsible position of manager of the Moreton-in-Marsh Branch of the Capital and Counties Bank, Ltd.; of Mr. J. A. Riddey, his successor, who has been at Kettering five years, and was formerly at Wellingborough and Woolwich; and of Mr. S. F. Hunston, for twelve years manager of the Old Bank, a branch of the Metropolitan Bank of England and Wales, Ltd.

In the course of a chat with Mr. Baker on Saturday last a representative of this journal gleaned that he is a West Country man, son of Mr. John Baker, of Cullompton, Devon, and was born at Chepstow in 1836—just a year before the late Queen's accession. He entered the banking service with friends of his father at an early age in the town of Newport, Mon. Subsequently he joined a bank at Hereford, where he remained eight years, and then became manager of the Bank of Wales there. During the thirteen years he was in that city he actively interested himself in public movements. He was one of the original committee that organised the Hereford Volunteers, and was enrolled in No. 1 Company, in which he held the rank of sergeant. He was treasurer and an active member of the Hereford Regatta Committee for several years, and on leaving the city was presented with a handsome dining room clock "in appreciation of his able services as treasurer." Mr. Baker also associated himself with the fortunes of the Herefordshire Philharmonic Society, one of the leading societies of the day, conducted by the famed Henry Leslie, and was a member of the committee as well as treasurer.

Coming to Moreton-in-Marsh in 1867—41 years ago—to take charge of the bank, of which he had been continuously manager up till the end of January last, Mr. Baker renewed his connection with the Volunteers

by joining the Moreton Sub-division of the Stow Company, now known as the I Co. 2nd V.B. Gloucestershire Regiment. He was a capable marksman, at one time being second best shot in the county, and his ability to hit the bull's-eye earned for him an appropriate sobriquet. By his efforts subscriptions were raised to purchase a silver challenge cup, which cost close upon £20, to be competed for annually. It was shot for on the Stow and Draycot ranges, the latter of which has long since been closed, and eventually Mr. Baker, using one of the then recently-introduced Enfield rifles (afterwards converted to the Snider), won the trophy outright, although he voluntarily handicapped himself five points. He declined a commission owing to the demands of his official duties.

The Moreton Philharmonic Society—which for four or five years, under the conductorship of Mr. Ewart West (formerly organist at the Parish Church), gave some excellent performances in the Redesdale Hall, rendering some of the best-known oratorios—owed its inception to Mr. and Mrs. Baker, the former being secretary and treasurer.

Mr. Baker has been, and is still, a manager of the Girls' and Infants' Schools and chairman of the managers of the Boys' Council School. He is, too, the representative of the schools on the County Education Committee.

He assisted, in conjunction with Mr. A. Rushout and Mr. Jas. Gray, to establish the Moreton Sanitary Steam Laundry twelve years ago, and is still a director of the company, having the control of that useful institution, which finds employment for a number of girls and women. He has also been hon. auditor of the Shire Horse Society's accounts for a number of years.

For several years in succession he was Rector's warden of the Parish Church, and both he and Mrs. Baker and also the Misses Baker assist in Church and philanthropic work.

Mr. Baker is in good health and still active despite his having reached the allotted span of life, and keenly appreciates the exercise of golf. He is one of the committee of the Moreton Golf Club, inaugurated a little more than a year ago.

As already stated, he intends to remain in the parish in which he has resided so many years, having taken a house in High-street, and we wish him every happiness in the days to come.



**SUNSET ON CLEEVE HILL.**



The work and the play are over once more,  
All Nature's voices call to rest;  
Let us sit on the hillside's grassy floor,  
And look to the West!

Slowly and grandly the orb of day  
Sinks in the sky 'midst a flood of light,  
With the wondrous beauty which cannot stay,  
Dazzlingly bright.

A purple mist spreads over the vale,  
Cleft by a shaft of purest gold;  
And earth's best treasures look poor and pale  
In the glory untold.

And we seem to gaze on those gates so fair,  
Which never open for sin to pass;  
And the Heavenly City beyond compare,  
And the sea of glass!

The show is done, and the Master-Hand  
Draws down the curtain, puts out the light;  
Reverently, silently, humbly we stand,  
While gathers the night.

Charlton Kings. E. M. HANCOCK.



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

ART  
 AND  
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 372.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1908.

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

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.  
 Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.  
 Australian Wines in Flagons.  
 Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.  
*Price Lists on Application.*



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**Artificial**  
**TEETH.**

**FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,**  
**MR. SUTTON GARDNER,**  
**LAUREL HOUSE**  
 (Near Free Library).  
**CHELTENHAM.**

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

Established 1825.

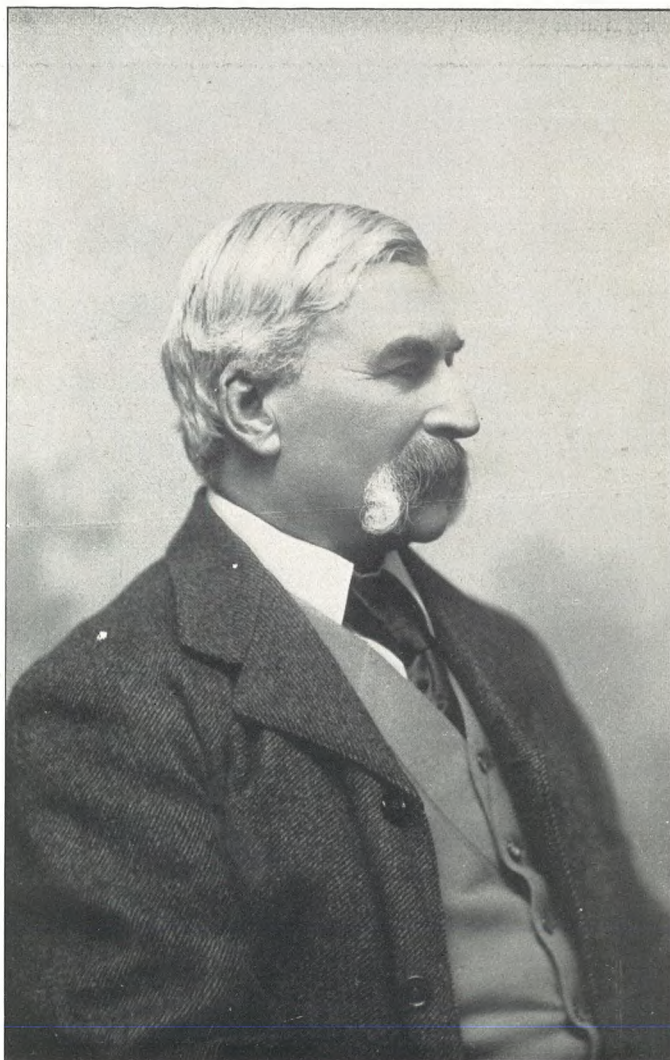
**W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,**  
**FRUITERERS. . . . . FLORISTS.**  
**FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS.**

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 all choicest Fruits and Vegetables obtainable.  
 Prime English Turkeys from 10d. per lb., Best  
 English Geese, Capons, Ducks and Chickens.  
 Pheasants, Wild Duck, Hares from 3/-.

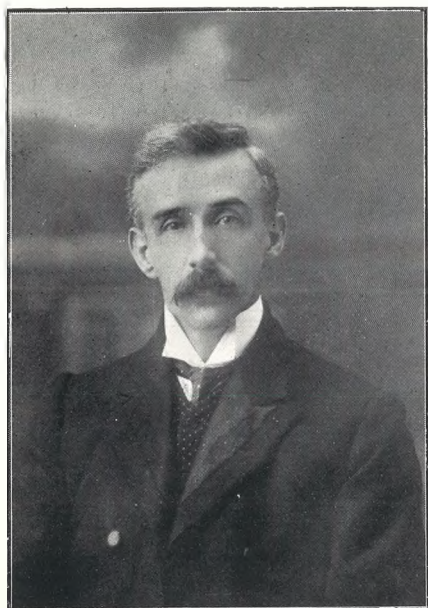
The total number of fatal accidents in the  
 United Kingdom during 1907 was 1,179,  
 while the number during 1906 was 1,116, an  
 increase during the past year of sixty-three  
 deaths, says a Home Office return.

**Our Portrait Gallery.**



**CHELTENHAM PAGEANT.—COL. ASHBURNER,**  
**VICE-CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.**





**MR. CHARLES WILLIS,**  
Late Superintendent Cheltenham Cemetery,  
now occupying similar position at Cardiff.



**CHELTENHAM CEMETERY STAFF.**



**Icomb Place, Gloucestershire.**

Photo by Rev. William Cope Hopton. [By permission of "Herefordshire Magazine." See main sheet.]



Cafe Chantant at Cheltenham Town Hall in aid of Ear, Eye, and Throat Hospital, Feb. 8, 1908.



CHELTENHAM LADIES IN ANCIENT GREEK DRESS, IN WHICH THEY PERFORMED CLASSIC DANCES.  
Standing: Miss Newton, Miss D. Barton Gardner, Miss L. Swinley, Miss Harvey, Miss Lindsay Niell, Miss Rankin, Miss du Boulay, Miss Daniell.  
Kneeling: Miss Harcourt, Miss Miller, Miss James.



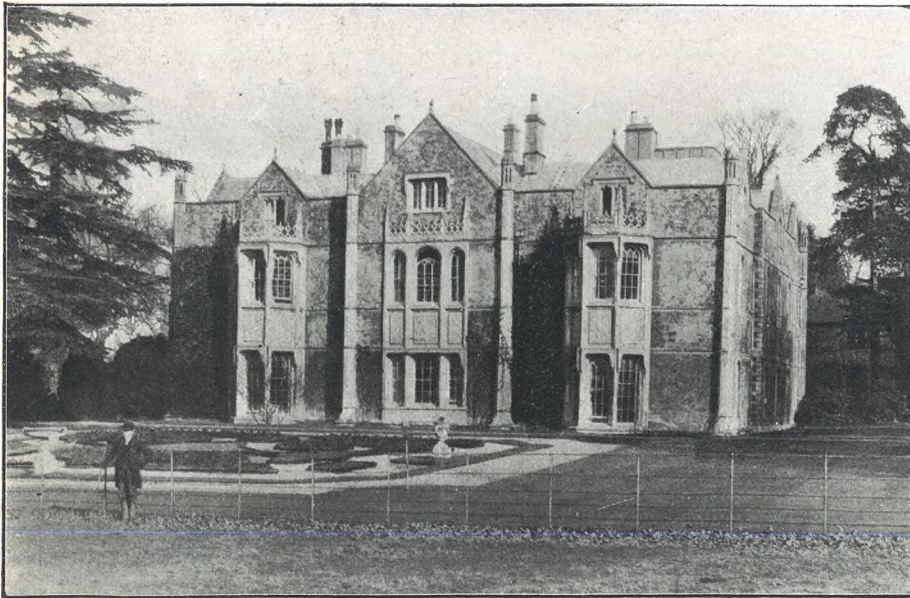
SPANISH DANCERS.  
Miss E. Rathborne, Miss Barton Gardner, Miss Routh, Miss Winterbotham, Miss Mout-Biggs.



CHELTENHAM PAGEANT.



MRS. GOLDING'S WORKING PARTY AT PAGEANT HOUSE.



ADLESTROP HOUSE, near CHIPPING NORTON,  
RESIDENCE OF MR. H. SEYMOUR HOARE, WHERE BRILLIANT MEET  
OF HEYTHROP HOUNDS TOOK PLACE FEB. 12, 1908.



**BOODLE'S TEETH.**  
We attend at North Place, CHELTENHAM,  
Every Day; Mr. Collett's, High Street,  
BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, Every Tues-  
day; and at Hartwell's (Ironmonger), High  
Street, CHIPPING NORTON, Every  
Wednesday.

A petition signed by 1,035 students of the University of London has been forwarded to the Battersea Borough Council, requesting them to remove the words "University College" from the inscription on the "Brown Dog" monument in the Latchmere recreation ground.



# "CUTICOLA"

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Summer or Winter Use.

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sunburn, freckles, etc.

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\* \*

**A. C. SAXBY,** CHEMIST &  
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397 High Street, Cheltenham.

## 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 263rd prize has been awarded to Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. Alured G. Clarke at St. John's, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

## CHELTENHAM PAGEANT.



MISS WHISHAW, MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.



**MR. E. H. MORGAN.**

Mr. Morgan is a member of a well-known Cheltenham family, and was formerly a member of Christ Church choir. Has just been appointed tenor at York Minster out of a great number of applicants. He gave up carving to take appointment as tenor lay clerk at Ripon Cathedral, from which he gained his new position. His brother Charles is tenor at Manchester Cathedral, and another brother (Frank) is alto at Eton College.



MISS ETHEL GRIFFITHS, DESIGNER OF COSTUMES  
OF GEORGIAN PERIOD.



## HOW CHELTENHAM POOR ARE CARED FOR.

HALFPENNY MEALS TO CHILDREN ATTENDING ST. PETER'S SCHOOLS



SEATED AT THEIR MEAL OF BREAD AND JAM AND SOUP.



GROUP WAITING TO BE ADMITTED.





1



2



3

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH  
 AT CHARLTON PARK.  
 Gloucestershire v. South Wales  
 THURSDAY, FEB. 6th, 1908.



4



5

1. The Gloucestershire Team. Top row: Miss N. Walker, Miss M. Sale, Miss R. Byng-Morris. Middle row: Miss D. Bishop, Miss K. Watkins Baker, Miss R. Junor, Miss G. Watkins Baker, Miss M. V. Baker. Bottom row: Miss H. Herring, Miss F. Thompson, Miss M. Bruce. 2. Melee in front of South Wales goal. 3. Gloucestershire score a goal. Ball is seen in net. 4. Gloucestershire attack hotly. In foreground is South Wales goalkeeper. 5. The South Wales Team. Back row: Miss Gribble, Mrs. Stanley Jones, Mrs. T. George Smith, Miss Littlehales, Mrs. Stockwood. Middle row: Miss Randall, Miss Kinloch, Miss Joseph (captain), Miss Lloyd. Seated on ground: Miss Gibbs, Miss Singer, Miss Harris.





**Meet of Heythrop Hounds at Adlestrop House, Feb. 12th, 1908.**

- 1. Capt. Daly, Over Norton, Deputy-Master, who hurt his back during day jumping, and had to return home.
- 2. Two followers—Mr. White, of Blenheim Palace, and Mr. Spencer, of Kitebrook, Moreton-in-Marsh.
- 3. Field moving off to cover from meet.
- 4. Well known lady follower.

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

\*

In the issue of June 22nd last I alluded to the fact that it was on June 23rd, 1483, that the Lord Mayor and citizens of London repaired to Crosby Hall and offered the Crown of England to Richard Duke of Gloucester. I recalled this episode at the time of the beginning of the efforts made by local authorities with the view to averting the demolition of this historic hall in order to provide a site for a new bank. As further showing that Gloucestershire had a sentimental interest in the preservation of the hall, I mentioned the fact that it was from that city that Mr. Alexander Gordon, then a clerk in the Gloucestershire Bank, went forth about 1868, and in conjunction with his brother Frederick, and his relative, Mr. Thos. Blake, the first M.P. for the Dean Forest Division of Gloucestershire, opened and ran the restored Crosby as a restaurant for many years. Six months have now passed since the reference above, and the London Corporation and County Council having been unable to raise or provide sufficient funds with which

to buy the hall from the banking company, it has now passed into the hands of the housebreakers. Some little satisfaction, however, may be derived from knowledge of the fact that every stone of the walls and section of the splendid oak ceiling of the banquetting-hall are being carefully numbered, and will be set aside to be used if the whirligig of time should bring about the rebuilding of the hall on another site. It seems within the irony of events that the eleventh scene in the forthcoming London Pageant should be "The election of Richard III. at Crosby Hall."

\* \*

Mr. Justice Grantham, who is now presiding at the Winter Assizes at Gloucester, is the judge who prudently removed the trial of the county cases at the corresponding assizes in 1896 from the Cathedral city to Cheltenham because of the epidemic that then prevailed in the county town. And his lordship was fortunate in having elected to go the Oxford Circuit this present time, for a nice bit of patronage, in the shape of the Clerkship of Assize, fell into his gift as Judge, and the post, carrying with it £800

a year with not very exacting duties, was promptly bestowed by him on his son, Mr. T. W. Grantham, a barrister. I think these Assizes will be more than ever remarkable for the small attendance there of King's counsel. Now that Mr. R. H. Amphlett, K.C., has a County Court judgeship, the small number left is still further reduced. Fortunately there are several smart juniors (whom it would not pay to take silk) quite able to handle the briefs in the not heavy list of cases, so that the interests of justice and of the parties concerned will not suffer by the lack of K.C.'s.

\* \*

Our Territorial Forces Association is now formed, with its full complement of thirty-six members, and Capt. M. F. Colchester-Wemyss, J.P., as secretary. The great bulk of the members have had military experience, and that qualification is much required on the new body. And a satisfactory selection of representatives of employers and workmen has also been made. Bristol has certainly no cause to complain of its proportion of representatives—about fifteen.

GLEANER.



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

No. 373.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1908.

**Our Portrait Gallery.**

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**LAUREL HOUSE**  
 (Near Free Library).  
**CHELTENHAM.**

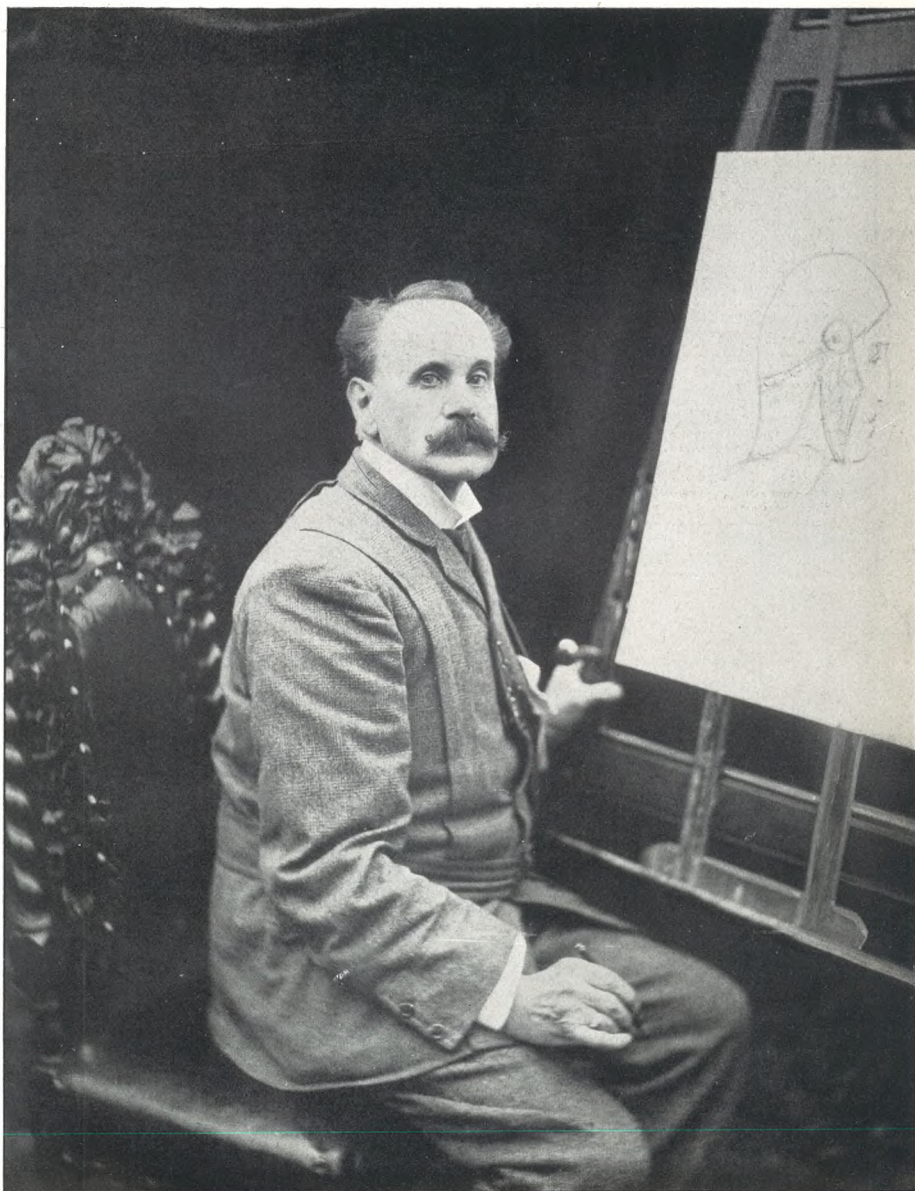
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 Pharmigan, Black Game, Capercaillie, Hares.

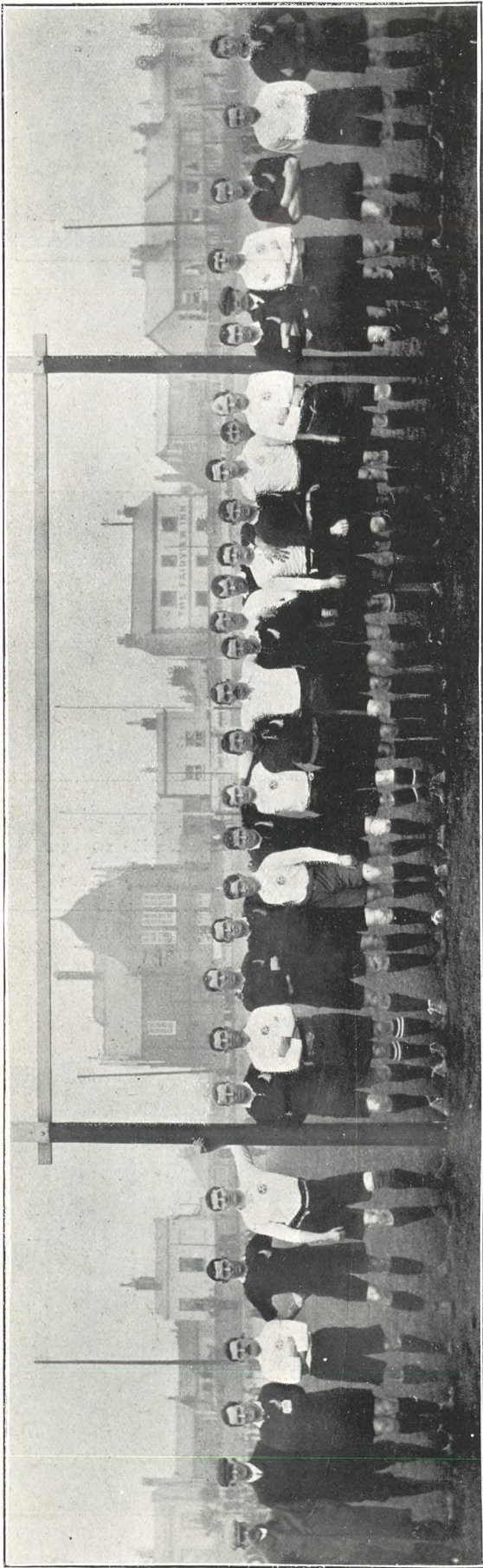


**Preparing for the Pageant.**

**MR. SYDNEY HERBERT,**  
**OFFICIAL DESIGNER OF COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES**

Claim to be the oldest teetotaler in the world is made by Mr. J. Thomas, of Southport, aged eighty-eight, who signed the pledge when a boy of thirteen.

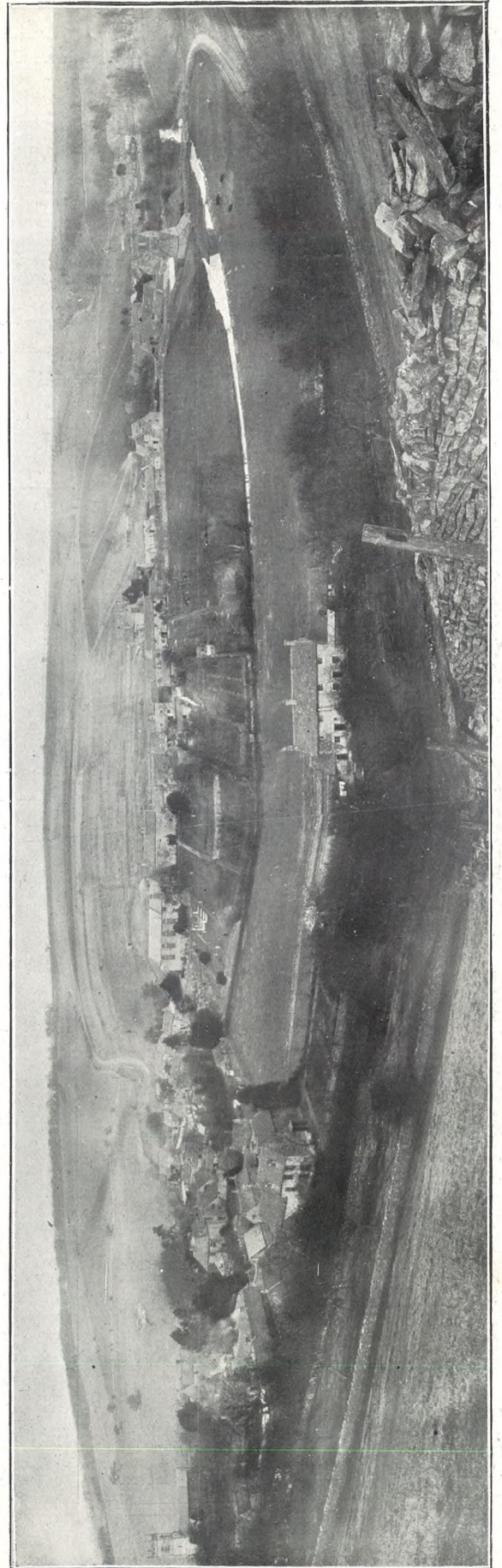




**International Football in Cheltenham. England (Northern Union) v. New Zealand. Athletic Ground, Feb. 15, 1908.**

**TEAMS PREVIOUS TO MATCH.**

Linesman, Mr. McCutcheon (referee), Messenger (N.Z.), Tyson (E.), Johnson (N.Z.), Spencer (E.), Wrigley (N.Z.), Clamp<sup>st</sup> (E.), Cross (N.Z.), Pearce (N.Z.), Thomas (E.), Smith (N.Z.), Taylor (E.), Tyler (N.Z.), Wilson (E.), Turvill (N.Z.), Holder (E.), Gilchrist (N.Z.), Jenkins (E.), Wynyard (N.Z.), Smith (E.), Jolly (E.), Birch (E.), Todd (N.Z.), Mr. Houghton (linesman), Batten (E.), Dunning (N.Z.), White (E.), Trevarthen (N.Z.)



PANORAMIC VIEW OF NAUNTON (TAKEN FROM ROAD ABOVE).





**International Football in Cheltenham. England (Northern Union) v. New Zealand.**

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1. New Zealand forwards just about to form scrum. Left to right—Wynyard (half), Tyler, Wrigley, Dunning, Byrne, Trevarthen, Gilchrist.</p> <p>2. Some of the English team at half-time, showing their muddy condition.</p> | <p>3. English team take the field. Note the difference in colour of jerseys to previous photo.</p> <p>4. New Zealand team dispute with referee.</p> <p>5. Messenger taking a drop kick.</p> | <p>6. Mr. McCutcheon, the referee.</p> <p>7. New Zealand team chanting war cry at commencement of match.</p> <p>8. Four New Zealanders: Todd, Messenger, Dunning, and Wynyard.</p> |
|---|---|--|



## HOCKEY INTERNATIONAL TRIAL MATCHES IN CHELTENHAM.

NORTHERN v. EASTERN COUNTIES. EAST GLOUCESTERSHIRE GROUND, FEBRUARY 19, 1908.



### NORTHERN COUNTIES TEAM.

Back row:—Miss H. Leech (Lancs.), Miss D. Abraham (Cheshire), Mr. W. Gaave (umpire), Miss M. Holmes (Lancs.), Miss A. Abraham (Cheshire).  
Sitting:—Miss M. Bryant (Lancs.), Miss M. Stitt (Lancs.), Miss F. A. Mack (captain, Lancs.), Miss P. Holmes (Lancs.), Miss M. Chavasse (Lancs.).  
In front:—Miss S. Johnson (Lancs.), Miss H. Wild (Cheshire).



### EASTERN COUNTIES TEAM.

Back row:—Miss Manser (umpire), Miss Tanner, Miss B. Gibson (Kent), Miss M. Akenhead (Lincoln), Miss B. Hawtrey (Kent), Miss B. Richards (Suffolk), Miss A. Eckenstein (Kent).  
Front row:—Miss I. Carpenter (Kent), Miss V. Cox (Kent), Miss M. Gibson (captain, Kent), Miss I. Huleatt (Kent), Miss M. Hilden (Suffolk).



PREPARING FOR THE PAGEANT.



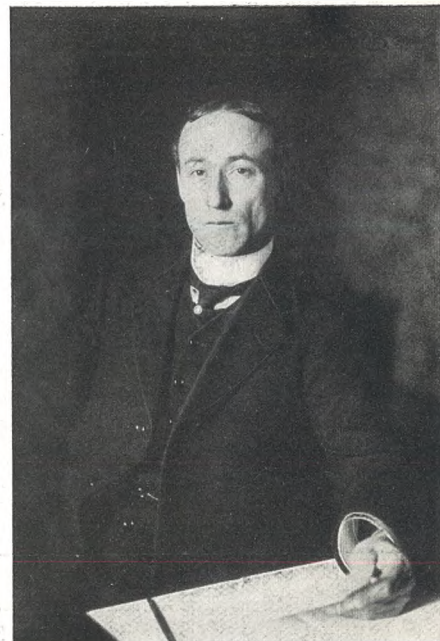
MRS. BARTHOLOMEW'S WORKING PARTY AT PAGEANT HOUSE MAKING COSTUMES.



MR. E. BARING  
(Baring Bros., Managers of the Pageant).



MRS. EDWARDS  
(Cutter of Costumes).



MR. A. A. E. DAVIES,  
Secretary to the Managers.





**New Zealanders at Practice on Athletic Ground, Feb. 14.**

Back row:—H. J. Palmer (manager), J. Lavery, H. Wright (captain), D. Gilchrist, C. Byrne, H. H. Messenger, W. Trevarthen, E. Wrigley, A. H. Baskerville (promoter and secretary).

Kneeling:—A. Callan, E. Watkins, D. Fraser.

Sitting:—H. Rowe, W. Tyler, C. Dunning, L. B. Todd, J. Gleeson, R. Wynyard.



**New Zealanders Enjoying their Visit.**

AT BIRDLIP ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 16, 1908.

Cheltenham friends took some of them in two motors through Cranham Woods to Painswick, Stroud, and Birdlip on Sunday. Reading left to right are Messrs. Loveridge, Norman, Flood, Wright (N.Z.), Fraser (N.Z.), Long, Tuson, Eaton, Martindale, Wynyard (N.Z.), Buckenham, Palmer (N.Z. manager), Todd (N.Z.), Miss Tuson, and Mr. Kersey.





**STOW FREE CHURCH FOOTBALL TEAM.**

Back row: M. Walton, H. Ryland, C. Yearp.

Middle row: P. Alcock, W. Hicks, E. Groves.

Front row: R. Ellens, A. H. Barton, F. Ryland (captain), R. Phipps, R. Alden.

THE SONG OF THE SIMPLETON.  
 A VALENTINE FROM PAINSWICK.  
 I long to lead the Simple LIFE  
 And dwell with SIMPLE folk;  
 I'm "SATED" with this World of Strife—  
 It is my "STANDING" joke.  
 A RIBald life in "PARADISE"  
 With heart upon my sleeve,  
 I tried awhile, but 'twasn't nice  
 For "ADAM" or for "EVE"!  
 I strove to keep Creation right,  
 Like Noah with his Ark,  
 But steering by the DOG-Star bright  
 I nearly wrecked my "BARK."  
 Tho' all I own I've earned—and more—  
 In one way or in t'other,  
 I'm willing, quite, to share MY store  
 With some MORE PROSPEROUS  
 brother.  
 I am, in sooth, a SOCIALIST—  
 A common CommunISTER!  
 I'd take the richest maid unkist  
 And gladly call her "SISTER."  
 I'm not a bit PARTICULAR—  
 I'll pool with ANYbody:  
 There's naught in me auricular  
 Come ROTHSCHILD or—Tom NODDY!  
 I simply CRAVE for Simple Life—  
 I'm such a SIMPLE one:  
 The world can have the WORK that's rife,  
 I only want the FUN!  
 February 14, 1908. SIMPLE SIMON.



**MR. WALTER MADGE, J.P.,**  
 Chief Secretary Gloucester Conservative  
 Benefit Society.  
 Died Feb. 17, 1908, aged 67 years.

**PRIZE COMPETITION.**

\*

The 264th prize has been divided between Miss Ida Marshall, 2 York-terrace, Cheltenham, and Mr. Will T. Spenser, 40 New-street, Gloucester, for reports of sermons by the Rector of Cheltenham at St. Matthew's Church and the Rev. A. T. S. James at Southgate Congregational Church, Gloucester.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

**"CUTICOLA"**

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 Summer or Winter Use.

Prevents chapped hands, and removes  
 sunburn, freckles, etc.

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 IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

\* \*

**A. C. SAXBY,** CHEMIST &  
 OPTICIAN,  
 397 High Street, Cheltenham.

The Californian orange crop is estimated  
 at 30,000 carloads—9,000,000 boxes, or  
 1,350,000,000 oranges.



**BOODLE'S TEETH.**

We attend at North Place, CHELTENHAM,  
 Every Day; Mr. Collett's, High Street,  
 BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, Every Tues-  
 day; and at Hartwell's (Ironmonger), High  
 Street, CHIPPING NORTON, Every  
 Wednesday.



**ROSE BOWL**  
 presented to Mr. Horace Edwards by the  
 Charlton Kings Working Men's Club,  
 February 11, 1908.  
 Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

One of four keys found on a man committed  
 for trial at North London, charged with  
 housebreaking at Highbury, was made out  
 of a spoon.

Depositors in the Post-office Savings Bank  
 held at the end of the year £157,518,000, and  
 those in trustee savings banks £52,000,000.

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 "Echo" Office, . . Cheltenham.





**Councillor and Mrs. Merrett and Family.**  
SILVER WEDDING CELEBRATION, FEB. 15, 1908.



**MR. ROBERT SMITH,**  
late of Gate House Farm, Framilode, where he resided for forty-nine years. Died at "Rosedale," Calton-road, Gloucester, on February 8th, 1908, aged 92 years.

THE EXPENSIVE RAT

When one comes to think it over, the money and labour expended in trying to circumvent the depredations of rats on a farm is a very important consideration. We build our cornstacks on stands or stathels so as to be out of reach of the brutes; we thresh out the stacks which are on the ground in a hurry after harvest, and thus glut the market and reduce prices, so as to get rid of the grain before the rats take possession; we make concrete floors and walls to our barns to prevent them from burrowing and gnawing holes about the same to waste the corn therein stored up; we use galvanised bins in our stables when cheap wooden ones would do; and so on with many other things. —"Country Life."

\* \*

THE LUST OF RUBBER.

\*

The rubber-tree is one of the curious provisions made by Nature for the use of mankind. From earliest times what is narrowly described as india-rubber has contributed to native life and pleasure. It is a cosmopolitan product of the Far Eastern and Southern worlds, sweeping round to the forests of America and Mexico, the West Indies, and across to West and Central Africa. Dusky maidens, from the Nile to the Amazon, have turned it to account as a means of personal adornment. The rebellious locks of Fuzzy-Wuzzy have been brought into subjection by means of it. A forest beauty, anxious to secure an unguent, will lightly stab a rubber tree and leave it to bleed to death, so long as her pristine purpose be served from the trickling vital stream of black fluid. Blood in oceans has been shed to secure, in times past, a rubber concession, with as well as without conditions. White traders on the big Equatorial rivers have betrayed their Christianity to the limit of sharing in a cannibal feast rather than not "do trade" with a savage king of a rubber tract. The lust of rubber and palm oil is bringing even a European kingdom down to the dregs of barbarism. Seen in the weird moonlight of a tropical forest, the grey ghostliness of the rubber tree seems to speak to the traveller of unspeakable outrage, waste, knavery, and of all the cardinal sins of human infamy committed in the name of the trade it represents. —"Magazine of Commerce."

THE ENTHUSIASM OF WESLEY.

\*

It would be difficult to describe the low level of religious life amongst the great mass of the population when Wesley returned to Oxford after having served for some time as a curate to his father at Epworth. He did not at once feel himself charged to bring the message of the Gosepl to the poor in our large towns and scattered country villages. At first he headed what was little else than a group of zealous churchmen specially strict in their care for the discipline and order of the Church. But under an impulse of zeal for the souls of men, he and his associates found themselves called to deliver a forgotten message to their fellows. This message was the need of conversion, the necessity of being made a "new creature in Christ Jesus." Wesley did not desire to break away from the Church. Even when the opposition of the clergy and their supporters was most violent he still wished to retain his place in its ministry, and perhaps he never fully realised that he was actually breaking away from it. But he could not have been altogether unaware of the consequences of his determination to ordain ministers for his own society. It was an overt act of separation.

Before Wesley's death his society had assumed the form of an organised body, with carefully elaborated rules of government and discipline, numbering over 100,000 adherents in this country and America. The history of Wesleyanism shows the world what can be done by the "commonplace man" in the most difficult circumstances when he is inspired by the Spirit of God and turns to the task of preaching the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-men in the strength of personal experience of its redemptive power. It is the fashion in some quarters to speak disparagingly of religious enthusiasm. We should say that enthusiasts have done all the good that has been

done since the world began. But let us be on our guard. Enthusiasm is not to be confounded with fanaticism. When St. Francis offered to go through fire if it would convert the Saracen, or when Xavier, stretching out his hands to the farthest East, cried, "More sufferings, more sufferings, Lord," we see the passion of the enthusiast. When the monks of Alexandria tore Hypatia to pieces for the glory of God, or the followers of Cromwell butchered the inhabitants of Basing Castle for the sake of the Gospel, we have illustration of a riotous fanaticism.—"Sunday at Home."

\* \*

A PORTRAIT OF PHARAOH.

\*

There are many faces which accord but ill with the character of the men as we know them; not so Pharaoh. No plebeian face his: the clean-shaven head in its long sweep, the high-arched nose, almost hawk-like in its lines, the long lean jaw and thin-cut mouth, they were all there; the eyes alone, which might in some passing gleam of kindness have tempered that iron jaw and that stubborn mouth, were absent. Pharaoh, as he is depicted in Exodus, lay on the table in the Cairo Museum; the three thousand years had not softened him.

One touch of human frailty he presented, for while the stubble lay rough to the fingers on his lips, the top of his head was smooth. Pharaoh was bald. To reconstruct his appearance during life would not be difficult from a consideration of his present condition and the results of anatomical examination.

He was a clean-shaven corpulent old man of somewhat below the average height, dark-complexioned and bald, save for a tonsure-like fringe of white hair; toothless, except for one somewhat prominent front tooth in the upper jaw, which but inadequately could have kept his somewhat hooked nose from contact with his chin.—"Strand Magazine."



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

No. 374.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1908.

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
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 BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, Every Tues-  
 day; and at Hartwell's (Ironmonger), High  
 Street, CHIPPING NORTON, Every  
 Wednesday.

**Our Portrait Gallery.**

❖ Preparing for the Pageant. ❖



**MR. G. P. HAWTREY,**  
 Master of the Pageant.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery.



West Ward Election in Cheltenham, February 20th, 1908.



1. Mr. Brown and supporters (Mr. Brown on extreme right).  
 2. Mr. Jones and supporters (Mr. Jones second from left).  
 3. Outside polling-booth (Mr. Arnold, poll clerk, in centre).  
 4. Mr. Frank Brown, defeated Independent candidate, on steps of committee room.

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\* \*

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 397 High Street, Cheltenham.

**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 265th prize has been divided between Miss Begbie, of Kinsham Villa, Gloucester-road, and Mr. Frank Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by the Rev. M. E. Welldon at the Parish Church and the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Church, Cheltenham, respectively.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

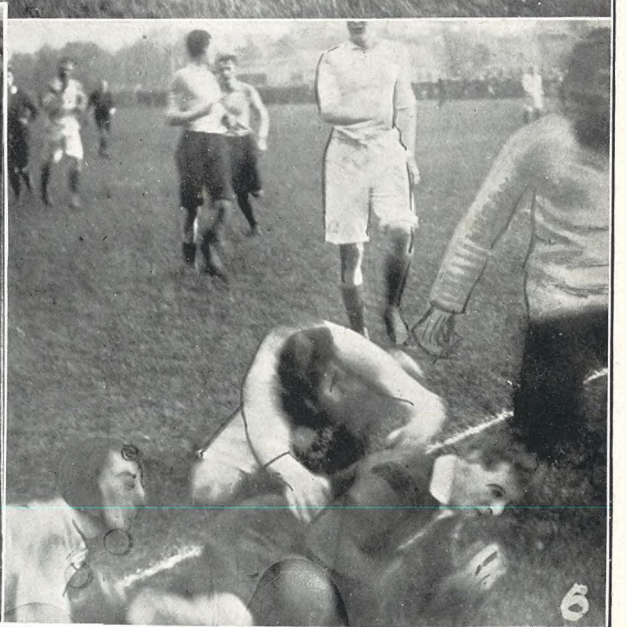
**IS THE CHIROPODIST NEEDED?**

\*

The services of a chiropodist need never be required if proper care be taken of the feet from childhood. Very high-heeled shoes should never be worn by growing girls, nor yet sharply pointed toes. It is quite a mistake, also, to suppose that boots and shoes a size too small improve the appearance either of the feet or the countenance of the wearer; the latter inevitably revealing a sense of general discomfort. Having myself suffered from being compelled to wear tight boots and shoes in childhood from a mistaken idea of keeping the feet from "spreading."—"The Throne."



Town v. College. Annual Football Match on Cheltenham College Ground, Feb. 19, 1908.



1. Referee (Mr. Page, of Gloucester) was badly knocked out by a Collegian accidentally charging him. He is seen being led off ground by Goddard and Cooper (trainer).—2. The "gate" of the season, showing some of the crowd leaving ground.—3. Cheltenham players at half-time—Tinson, G. T. Unwin, Cossens, Romans, and Beck.—4. Good scrum—Cheltenham get ball.—5. Collegians resting at half-time.—6. Beck crosses line, but try is not allowed.



Funeral of Rev. John Hewetson, Vicar of Chedworth, at Chedworth, Feb. 24, 1908.



PROCESSION FROM CHURCH TO GRAVE.



SERVICE AT GRAVESIDE.



FUNERAL OF VICAR OF CHEDWORTH.



1. Children lining path of churchyard before funeral. 2. The old gravedigger. 3. Vicar's churchwarden (Mr. Newman) awaiting mourners. 4. The two sons of deceased vicar entering church.

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PIKE BRAINS AND OTHERS.

\*

At the School of the Humanities, Mall Hall, Kensington, on Monday evening, Dr. Bernard Hollander, lecturing upon "The Mental Functions of the Brain," related the result of an experiment showing how slowly the brain gets rid of ideas when once they have taken root, thus accounting for the persistence with which some people cling to antiquated notions and habits. A pike in a tank repeatedly dashed its nose against a glass partition in its fruitless endeavours to catch minnows confined on the other side. At the end of three months the pike, having learned that its efforts were of no use, ceased to continue them. The sheet of glass was then removed, but the now firmly-established association of ideas never seemed

to have become disestablished, for the pike never afterwards attacked the minnows, though it fed voraciously on all other kinds of fish. Thus a pike resembles many respectable members of a higher community, who spent one-half of their lives in assimilating the obsolete ideas of their forefathers and through the other half stuck to those ideas as the only possible truths. They could never learn when the hand of science had removed a glass partition.

\* \*

"Simply answer this question, and don't talk," was a bail made by Judge Willis at Southwark County Court.

\*

At Messrs. Christie's on Friday £1,995 was given for a suite of Louis XVI. furniture covered with Beauvais tapestry.



Ladies' International Trial Hockey Matches in Cheltenham, Feb. 21, 1908. West v. South.



Western Counties Team (which defeated the Southern Counties by 4 goals to 1):—Back row: Miss C. Abell (Glos.), Mrs. Hodgson (Devon), Miss H. Herring (Glos.), Miss Sawtell (Wilts), Miss C. Baldwin (Somerset), Miss D. Barnes (Cornwall). Front row: Miss D. Bishop (Glos.), Miss G. Watkins-Baker (Glos.), Miss F. Thompson (captain, Glos.), Mrs. Wilcox (Devon), Miss B. Stokes (Wilts).



Southern Counties Team:—Back row: Miss U. Hooper, Miss E. Strick, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss E. Sargeant, Miss E. Thompson, Miss V. Fraser, Front row: Miss G. Everitt, Miss L. Davenport, Miss A. Murray (captain), Miss M. Walter, Miss C. Bond.



Ladies' International Trial Hockey Matches. West v. South.



1. Rest at half-time.

2. Dashing run by West, saved well by South goalkeeper.

3. Miss Abell shoots goal for West.

4. Consultation of South team at half-time.

5. Grand run by West forwards.

6. Miss Abell goes through with ball for West.





**Disbandment of the 4th Battalion (Militia) Gloucestershire Regiment.**

OFFICERS ON PARADE AT LAST TRAINING.

Top row:—Captain and Quartermaster R. J. Gray, Lieutenant Hon. M. H. Hicks Beach, Captain C. Capel, Second-Lieutenant J. S. Townshend, Lieutenant J. St. John Gore.

Bottom row:—Captain and Hon. Major C. H. Harding, Captain and Adjutant L. Guy Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Goodlake, Colonel Earl Bathurst, C.M.G., Captain and Hon. Major Hon. A. B. Bathurst, Captain and Hon. Major M. E. G. R. Wingfield, Captain W. J. Paley Marling.



**Meet of Cotswold Hounds at Lansdown Inn, Feb. 25, 1908. Foot Followers Outside Inn.**