

SOME INTERNATIONAL CUPS STILL TO GET

England Holds Diamond Sculls and Many Other

Important Rowing Trophies That Await Capture by Americans, Besides the "Gold Racquets" in Tennis, the Amateur Golf Trophy and Honors in Long Distance Running

By Charles Odgers.

(Copyright by Curtis Brown.)

LONDON.—England has lost so many international championships in the last few years that one might suppose there was nothing left for American athletes—for instance to carry away—especially since Mark Twain confesses to have taken the Ashes cup.

That isn't so, by a long shot, but perhaps will be soon, to judge by what Eustace Miles, the English ex-amateur tennis champion and all-around athlete has just been saying to me. It would be hard to find any one better qualified to discuss the subject of England's vanishing athletic supremacy than Miles, who, though his championship laurels were taken from him recently by Jay Gould, remains one of the leading authorities on sport in this country. Besides being a football and cricket expert and a member of the American tennis, he is a close student of physical fitness. So before going into this question of what English cups there are left for Americans to try to get, let us hear what the ex-tennis champion has to say about it.

"It is only a matter of time and effort," he declared, "when practically all the English championships which depend upon skill and technique will pass into the hands of the Americans. In point of endurance I believe we are still in front. Athletics in the United States are approached from a very different standpoint from ours. Americans develop their game, study the finer points and use their heads much more than we do. They are never satisfied with their game even though they can defeat every other competitor in the field. There is no 'good enough' for the American. He studies his favorite game like a science and in time it becomes a real business to him.

Lives for Tennis.
"Take young Jay Gould for an instance of what I mean. Gould just lives for tennis. It is his chief interest in life. In his case what was intended for a sport becomes a real business. This is to be regretted in Gould's case, because I do not think he is a very robust boy and I am afraid his health will be undermined by his habit of playing tennis. This habit of the American athlete of studying the fine points of his game has resulted in a general high level of fitness in all forms of sports. To refer again to tennis, there are probably four or five men in the United States who are really only just below the level of ability and could give him a good, close game. When the latter came over here there was no one except myself who could even make a semblance of an interesting contest out of it. As a matter of fact, I am practically the only man on this side who has given the game of tennis real hard study. In England we have no high level of cleverness in sports, but just a few individuals who reach great heights. When men of this character, like the Doherty brothers, retire there is no one to fill their shoes. That is the weakness of England.

Defeats Have Bright Side.
"But these defeats have a bright side. They may reach the Englishman's understanding. There is absolutely no other way of teaching our people anything. Defeat alone will teach them the weakness of our systems and practices."

The foregoing prophecy by Miles cannot fall to encourage transatlantic aspirants for sporting honors, and now let us see what international championships England has left to be "fished" by foreigners, Americans for choice.

First and foremost, perhaps, a word has better be said about polo. It is high time that we recaptured from England the international polo cup, donated so many years ago by the Westchester Polo club of New York, and now decorating the center dining table at the Hurlingham club, London. All who visit there may read on the engraved plate at its base that it was won in 1886, and yet in all those years we never have produced a team capable of bringing it back to the United States. As a matter of pure fact, the only representative team which ever has gone out of the United States with the express purpose of recapturing the trophy was that which failed in its mission in 1902.

So it is good news to all lovers of sport and especially to Americans to



HESKETH PRICHARD
AUTHOR ATHLETE,
EXPLORER AND HUNTER
WHO WILL CAPTAIN THE
ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM
TO AMERICA.

THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CHALLENGE CUP PRESENTED BY WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB OF NEW YORK, WON BY ENGLAND AND HELD SINCE 1886

FOOTRACE MILES. ALL-AROUND ATHLETE OF ENGLAND SAYS THAT AMERICA SOON WILL BE SUPREME IN ALL GAMES DEPENDING ON SKILL.

learn from Lawrence Waterbury that another team from the United States will next year attempt what that team could not do.

England Has Little Left.

Now yet we take lawn tennis and see what Old England has left. Gone is her singles championship to Norman Brookes' sons; her doubles championship to the same crack and his New Zealand partner, A. F. Wilding; Miss Sutton holds the ladies' singles title and with Beala Wright the mixed doubles honors; while the Davis cup, the premier tennis trophy of the world, for four years in possession of England, leaves the shores for Australasia this summer. What remains? In this sport but very little—the ladies' doubles, the only event in which there were no foreign entries at Wimbledon.

It may be remarked, however, that the women players of the States will have a hard row to hoe should they attempt to annex this championship. Miss Sutton told the writer that she did not think she would come to London next year to defend the title which she won this year but would spend the summer at her home in southern California. Eliminating Miss Sutton, it would indeed be difficult to pick two women players in the States who would be capable of wresting the doubles title from the crack players of England. In Mrs. Chambers, who lost the championship to Miss Sutton in 1905, recovered it from her in 1906 and lost it again to the same player this year; Miss Sterry, who has defeated both Mrs. Chambers and Miss Sutton this year; Miss Wilson, Miss Lowther and Mrs. Hilliard, England possesses a quintet of women players hard to vanquish.

Makes Brave Vanquish.
England also makes a brave showing in real tennis, despite the defeat of Eustace Miles by our Jay Gould for the amateur title. Vane Pennell, an

ON THE LEFT IS DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP LAWN TENNIS TROPHY OF ENGLAND WON BY BROOKES AND WILDING OF AUSTRALASIA. THE OTHER IS SINGLES TROPHY WHICH BROOKES ALSO WON.

Englishman, holds the "Gold Racquets," the most prized of all tennis trophies, and Peter Latham is far and away the best professional tennis player of the present day. It remains for another Tom Potts to come out of the States and repeat his feat of carrying the professional honors to America.

Perhaps the most promising field for American athletes on "pot hunting" here is the Henley regatta, which is open to the whole world. The only qualifying provision is that those who compete must be bona-fide amateurs. The big "mug" of the rowing world is undoubtedly the Grand Challenge Cup, which was this year, as last, carried off by the Belgian crew who learned all they knew about rowing on the confined reaches of the canal at Ghent.

But much remains for possible American acquisition. There are: The Diamond Sculls for singles, at present held by Captain W. H. Darrell; the Stewards' Challenge Cup for fours, now in the possession of Magdalen college, Oxford; the Wyfold Challenge Cup for fours, also held by Magdalen; the Thames Challenge Cup for eights, held by Christ's college; the Silver Goblets for pairs of which Leander has possession; the Visitors' Challenge Cup for fours, at present in the keeping of Magdalen. These are all open to members of American universities, and seeing what a fine race Harvard rowed Cambridge some of them might be within the reach of either individuals or crews.

Still Holds Amateur Title.
Although England this year lost the open golf championship for the first

time in its history, to a Frenchman, the amateur title still remains in the country. Walter Travis got his hands on the latter title a couple of years ago, but this year Byers, the 1906 American champion, never got within sight of it. Ball is the present holder of the title.

It must be remembered, too, that although Americans are admittedly supreme in short distance running, hurdling, high jumping, broad jumping, in fact, in almost every branch of athletic sports, we cannot today and never have been able in the past, to challenge England in long distance running. Witness the easy manner in which Shrub, her champion runner of distances from one to 10 miles, disposes of all who question his emence.

Meanwhile, what about cricket? The British national game is not played to any extent in America. It is true, and there is slight chance of its ever displacing the more strenuous game of baseball; yet the American cricketers are no slouches. Perhaps some day we shall have an eleven from the United States making a serious bid for cricket honors here, possibly even for the "ashes," i. e., the championship. There is no international cricket trophy, by the way, though many foreigners assumed that the recent British quest of the "ashes" in Australia was an effort to recapture such a trophy. No, this is only a phrase which dates from the triumph of an Australian eleven over the best English cricketers, several years ago. There is a well known sporting writer said that the "ashes of British cricket" had been carried to the Antipodes, and the term became a popular one. Last year a British team headed by P. F. Warner went out and "brought back the ashes."

Kipling Hurt Sport.
Since Kipling wrote his famous lines about "flannelled fools at the wicket" and "muddled oafs at the goal" there has been a strong tendency in some circles to depreciate devotion to sport as fatal to excellence in more serious pursuits. Hesketh Prichard is a shining example of the contrary. He made a success in literature long before he ever thought of success in cricket. He was only 19 when he made his way into the ultra-exclusive Cornhill magazine, and since then he has gone far. Best of all, the general public knows him best as the creator of "Don Q," the fascinating Spanish brigand, but Mr. Prichard has done other work which has won him high praise from the fastidious. Two or three books written in conjunction with his mother, notably "A Modern Necessary," have placed him in the first rank of writers of dramatic fiction. He is a mighty hunter, too, and a fine shot. Before he was 15 he is not yet 25 he had been everywhere, seen everything and done most things—even to the exploration of Patagonia. He is a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, a fellow of the Zoological society, and a correspondent of a lot of other learned societies.

Americans at Cricket.
That there are some remarkably good cricket players in the United States is fully recognized here, and this autumn the famous and aristocratic Marylebone Cricket club will send over a first-class team to try conclusions with them. The team will leave England on September 7 and open in New York about 10 days later. After that matches will be played in Philadelphia and later in Canada. The team will be composed as follows: Hesketh Prichard, captain; G. MacGregor, F. H. Browning, P. W. Sherrwell (South Africa), R. O. Schwarz (South Africa), S. T. Snook (South Africa), C. T. Branstom, G. H. Simpson-Hayward, G. Jones, G. A. Collins, L. P. Collins; one place is not yet filled. MacGregor's name is a household word here, and he is a first-class English wicket-keeper. Sherrwell, the South African captain, is an equally fine batsman and bowler. Schwarz is a team representing all England. Schwarz is up-to-date the best bowler of this sea-



"OFF HIS PEDESTAL" CARTOON FROM "LONDON OPINION"

FAMOUS ROMANCE RECALLED BY ELECTION -- Henry Chaplin Was Engaged to Lady Florence Paget, When Marquis of Hastings Ran Off With Her



HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.

Wimbleton, a Conservative stronghold. ONDON.—One by one the stricken warriors who fell in the rout of the Tory forces at the general election are returning to the house of commons. The last to get back is the Right Honorable Henry Chaplin. He was recently elected for

in back in the house which he first entered nearly 40 years ago, for he is among the most popular as he is certainly one of the most picturesque figures in English politics. The general rejoicing is not the least among the caricaturists, for the Squire of Blenheim, as he was called in his sporting days, has a figure and physiognomy which are a source of delight to the comic artists.

Extraordinary Ups and Downs.

He has gone through some extraordinary ups and downs in political and private fortune, but it was through a love affair that he helped to make social history that will be remembered long after his political triumphs and defeats have been forgotten. In his younger days he was accounted one of the handsomest men in England and he fell in love with the loveliest woman here, Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the second Marquis of Anglessey. Known as the "Pock-stone" and "Lady Bird," she was as dainty as a fairy in figure and with a face so beautiful that she could hardly venture out of doors without being beset by a small crowd. Many a wooer sought her hand, but the young squire's only serious rival was the Marquis of Hastings, the richly dowered young nobleman who for a few mad years dangled the squire's hand in profligacy and made it gasp by his recklessness, only to perish in early manhood, ruined, discredited and disgraced.

It was nip and tuck between these two suitors for a while. Then Lady Florence became engaged to the squire and all thought that the better man of the two had won. But Lady Florence was as fickle as she was beautiful. One morning she went out shopping with her fiancé. Among other places they drove to Swan & Edgar's big establishment at the corner of Regent street and Piccadilly. Leaving young Chaplin in the carriage to await her return, she went into the shop by the Regent street entrance. She didn't come back. Passing through the establishment she was met by the Piccadilly entrance and there entered a cab in which Lord Hastings was sitting. He was drawing and driving off with him and within an hour she was the Marchioness of Hastings.

Squire Cruelly Jilted.

The squire had been jilted in the most cruel and heartless fashion, but his revenge was equally dramatic. The feud between the two men was fought out on the turf, for they both went in for racing extensively. The discarded lover scored the first point in the purchase of the racehorse Hermit. Lord Hastings forced the bidding up to \$5,000, which was considered an excessively high price for an animal which showed little promise of great speed. Mr. Chaplin bid another \$150 and Hermit was knocked down to him. Lord Hastings congratulated himself on having driven his rival to pay much more for the horse than it was worth. Little did he suspect that that day's work would prove as fresh now as on the day it was his own undoing.



CARTOON OF CHAPLIN.

considered that in the betting he figured heavily against him. The Marquis plucked heavily against the horse until he stood to lose \$500,000 and to win a vastly greater sum. The memory of that sensational and tragic race is almost as fresh now as on the day it was run. The snow was falling as the horses struggled gamely over the heavy

companions, to dine at Richmond, he was apparently the guest of them all. But he never recovered from the stroke that had struck him that day. For years he had lugged him on the turf. His desperate efforts to recoup his losses were in vain. He had just made 11 hours before his death he said to a friend, with a pathetic mingling of pride and grief: "Hermit broke my heart. But I didn't show it, did I?"

Losses Exceeded Winnings.

Mr. Chaplin is said to have won \$720,000 by the victory of Hermit. But despite that, his losses, during his long career on the turf, have far exceeded his winnings. That and the agricultural depression compelled him some years ago to part with Blenheim, which is now the seat of Lord Lonsborough. And he was glad to avail himself of a pension of £10,000 a year as an ex-minister, which was granted him by a Conservative government. He was never distinguished by commercial success and in the days when the war was on he used to be known among his intimates as an advocate of protection that he first entered parliament. For years he was almost the only voice to be heard crying the wilderness. Now he finds many of his way of thinking, though the weaker brethren call it preference.

Balloon Business Is Good.

American Magazine of Aeronautics. A visit to the balloon factory of Mr. Stevens the other day was rather surprising. No less than 11 balloons were found, either completed or in course of construction. One of 80,000 cubic feet capacity is for the United States government.

Bobbin Boys' Wages.

From the Washington Star. John E. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently in Bloomington an address on strikes. Turning to the amusing features of the strike question Mr. Lennon said: "I remember a strike of bobbin boys, a just strike, and one that succeeded. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus the day they turned out they posted in the spinning-rooms of their employers' mill a great placard inscribed with the words: 'The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse.'"

USEFUL TURKEYS How They Helped Kentucky Tobacco Growers

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "I saw a sight out in the country the other day," said an old Kentuckian now visiting in St. Louis, "that recalled a good many memories of the tobacco fields of my native state.

"You know wherever tobacco is grown tobacco worms appears as though by magic. If left alone they speedily destroy the entire crop, so a large share of the attention required by a tobacco field consisted in getting rid of the worms. During slavery days every plantation had a swarm of little darlings whose duty it was to paddle along the rows of plants every day and pick off the worms. Sometimes the pickers were provided with buckets, old oyster cans or things of the kind that into which they would put their worms and the one whose can was fullest at the end of the day's work was rewarded with a small gratuity.

"After the war, however, colored boys and girls preferred going to school to picking tobacco worms, so it was held by the farmers.

"Then some one discovered that turkeys would do the work, and every tobacco grower raised each season a big flock of turkeys and turned them loose in the fields to catch the worms. They soon learned what they were there for and that the best part of the turkey provender was to be found on the leaves rather than on the ground. They would examine every leaf and not a worm escaped them.

"The St. Louis county farmer had a patch of tobacco, for his own use, suppose, and he also knew the trick of keeping the plants clean, for there was a squad of half grown turkeys with an old gobbler and three or four hens leading the procession, marching up and down the rows, turning their heads first to one side, and then to the other, and jumping up with a kick and a flutter after a worm that was too high to be reached from the ground.