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THE ILLUSTRATED

### Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1909.

#### GLORIOUS GOODWOOD.

This delightful meeting holds a sharply defined position in the annals of the racing year, inasmuch that it is the equatorial line between the tropics of the summer and autumn campaigns. As a society function it is always a brilliant success, and though the total money value of the prizes to be won at Goodwood is considerably less than half the amount which may be picked up at "Royal Ascot" by fortunate owners, this in no way affects the quality of the sport provided by the executive. Among the chief items of a momentous week may be mentioned the Richmond, Findon, Lavant, Prince of Wales's, Rous Memorial, and Molecombe Stakes for two-year-olds; the Sussex Stakes for three-year-olds; the time-honoured Goodwood Cup, and those popular handicaps, the Chesterfield and Stewards' Cups, the latter affording a striking example of British prejudice in favour of speculation on certain races, in spite of all the efforts of the Anti-Gambling League. But Goodwood, popular resort as it is with all classes of racegoers, differs widely from all other race-meetings in this respect, that it is to all intents and purposes a private meeting. The course, the stands, the whole *mise-en-scène*, belong in their entirety to the House of Richmond, and it rests with the reigning representative of that house to say how long he will permit the races to be held in his park, or on what terms he may choose to admit the public. Fortunately, each holder of the title, up till now, has taken a keen interest in the "sport of kings," but should any future Duke hold different views this historic meeting might possibly cease to be held in the dual park. As long ago as 1801 the officers of the Sussex Militia, with the approval of the Committee of the Goodwood Hunt, got up a meeting which took place on the racecourse, which had just been laid out by the fourth Duke of Richmond. This gathering was similar to the local hunt-meetings of the present day, and proved such a success that in the following year regular races were organised. About £315 was collected to be run for, and owners of horses subscribed nearly as much more. The inaugural meeting, however, turned out to be but a flash in the pan, for next year the gathering received but little local support, in consequence of which, in 1804, the meeting was cut down to one day.

In those days the Grand Stand was merely a wooden building with a thatched roof. This was reserved for the principal families of the neighbourhood, whilst the farmers, tradesmen, peasantry, and their wives and daughters, took up their position on any kind of vehicle, or on horseback, opposite the winning-post. A race-dinner finished up each day's proceedings, and, on the evening of the second day, a ball was given at the Chichester Town Hall. The Goodwood Cup was established in 1812, in which year it was won by Shoestrings, a four-year-old, carrying 7st. 9lb., but the race did not begin to assume any importance until 1829, when Mr. Radcliffe's Fleur-de-Lis was returned the winner, and a year later the same animal, carrying the colours of his Majesty, William IV., was again successful. So pleased was the King at the old mare's victory, that he made his trainer a present of fifty guineas, and each of his jockeys twenty-five guineas. During the next twelve years the added money at this meeting did not exceed £500, while the sweepstakes ranged from £60 to £600. Matters would doubtless have been more prosperous had not the Duke of Richmond's diplomatic duties kept him away from his Sussex home. But it was to his son and successor, Charles, the fifth Duke, and the grandfather of the present holder of the title, that Goodwood really owes many of its present glories. It was he who gave the necessary fillip to our oldest handicap, the Goodwood Stakes, which he won with Miss Craven in 1827, and under his patronage the meeting not only began to make headway, but was frequently designated "Glorious Goodwood," while the added money was increased to £2,000. In 1824 there was a race at Goodwood called the "Cocked Hat Stakes," which was won by Lord George Bentinck on Mr. Poyntz's mare, Olive, after two dead-heats with Lord Lennox's Swindon, piloted by Captain Berkeley, then in the zenith of his career. The new Grand Stand was erected in 1830, and next season a Royal Purse of £105 was added to the programme, and in 1837 the stakes were worth £11,145, or more than twice the sum run for during the first dozen years of the meeting. In this year the Waterloo Shield, a magnificent piece of plate, valued at 1,200 guineas, presented by Lord George Bentinck, was first run for over the tiring King's Plate Course of three miles and five furlongs. There were eighteen runners, and the shield was won by Colonel Peel's slave, who claimed a 7lb. allowance for having been beaten in the Cup by Carew.

Among the many notable victories which have been achieved on this famous racecourse, none have given greater satisfaction to the dual family than that of Mus, who won the Orleans Cup in 1841 from Hyllus, to whom he was conceding 15lb.; and that of Miss Elis in 1845, when Lord George Bentinck's beautiful mare supplemented her victory in the Stakes by winning the Goodwood Cup from Mr. Gully's Weatherbit and ten others. To commemorate this event, Lord George pre-

sented to John Kent, his trainer, a portrait of the winner, which had been painted by Abraham Cooper, R.A., at a cost of 1,200 guineas. This picture now adorns the house of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Newmarket. Passing over intermediate years, it is now known how pleasurable an outing this is to sportsmen. Of the lovely scenery, the excellent racing, and the enjoyable times many of us have had in the Duke of Richmond's park, nothing need be said; only let us hope that for many a long year to come "Glorious Goodwood" will still go on and prosper.

#### ROUND THE THEATRES.

By "VELETTE."

Of course I do not know whether it would have been practicable, but would it not have been desirable to get together for the revival of *Two Little Vagabonds* the chief members of its well-remembered Princess's cast? For myself I should dearly have liked to see once more the artistic contrast between the dashing little Dick of Miss Kate Tyndall and the woe-inspiring Wally of Miss Sydney Fairbrother, to say nothing of the picturesque handling by Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Ernest Leicester respectively of the showman-burglar and the jealous husband. No doubt it may have chanced that some of these revivals were not available for the brief career which the revival is intended to enjoy as an interlude at the Lyceum between the withdrawal of Mr. Norman Forbes's melodrama and the production of Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's. But if even one of them had been secured it would have been a welcome reminder of the pleasant work of thirteen years ago.

As to the piece itself, which is characteristically anglicised or cockneyfied, from the *Deux Gosses* of Pierre Decourcelles by Messrs. Sims and Shirley, it is a capital specimen of its eminently workmanlike kind. No doubt it is starchy, but only, or chiefly, in that better sense of the word which implies mechanical aptitude for the special purpose undertaken. The coincidences and chance-meetings upon which the development of its plot depends are just sufficiently plausible to be accepted without undue strain. The domestic sentiment, though highly accentuated, never rings false. There is indeed something really touching in the attitude of the two waifs towards one another, and also in that towards both of them which is assumed by the unhappy mother, upon whom Wally is palmed off as her lost child. The scenes between these three are now played at the Lyceum for all they are worth, and—by Miss Frances Dillon—for a little more. The Marion Thornton of this actress is handsome and earnest and eloquent. But many of her graceful gestures and statuesque poses suggest classical tragedy rather than modern melodrama, so that their effectiveness is marred by their incongruity. On the other hand, the touch of dignity which that excellent actor, Mr. Frederick Ross, manages to give to Thornton's furious jealousy and subsequent remorse is invaluable in its perfectly natural force. In Miss Peryl Mercer, whose wonderful thumb-nail sketch in the last act of *Diana of Dobson's* still lingers in one's memory, the management has secured the best imaginable successor to Miss Fairbrother as poor, plaintive little Wally. Her consumptive outcast once more has the true cockney drawl and whine, and affords a pathetic foil to the more robust humour of his sturdy pal and protector Dick. This latter has a spirited if occasionally too self-conscious interpreter in Miss Eva Lumley, while the burglarious showman Mullins, who brings up the boys in the way they should not go, is embodied with swaggering truculence by Mr. Major Jones. Others who distinguish themselves are Mr. George Ellisor as the "Cough-drop," who is admirably described as "the real paretic"—Mr. Eric Mayne as Captain Darville, and Miss Blanche Stanley as the Biddy Mullins, whose amiable weakness is gin. The revival is capitally staged, but somehow I did not think the sensational lock-scene quite so effective as it used to be. That, however, may have been the fault of my remiss taste, for it is certain that the spectacle was hailed by the bulk of its Lyceum audience with vociferous enthusiasm.

At each of my visits to the Coronet for Mr. Robert Arthur's Robertsonian revivals I have been impressed by the firm hold over the ordinary—as distinguished from the exceptionally superfine—playing public which is still possessed by what is sometimes sneeringly spoken of as "teacup-and-saucer comedy." I was particularly struck by this when at Notting-hill-gate the other night I found a crowded house shaking with laughter over the alcoholic humours of Eccles and the sprightly sallies of his daughter Polly, for all the world as though they were now being enjoyed for the first time. I must admit that the sentiment of the aristocratic George D'Alroy in his love for the humbly-born Esther seemed to be taken rather less seriously than it was in days gone by, and this although Miss Phyllis Relf and Mr. Murray Carrington were playing with such sincerity and considerable charm. But the audience was in the mood for laughter rather than for tears, and it absolutely revelled in the rich drollery of Mr. Charles Dodsworth as the working-man who won't work, and of Miss Madge Crichton as the ballet-girl engaged to the plumber of the Borough-road. Miss Madge Crichton's pretty Polly, with her vivacious vulgarities, makes a very good third to those of Lady Bancroft and Miss Marie Tempest, while Mr. Dodsworth's Papa Eccles, broad in comic style and sound in method, has for his only fault a tendency to over-emphasise the sordid failings of that typical pot-house orator. Mr. James Carew also, though with an accent rather too American for a British officer, gives all due weight to the impassive stolidity of the typical heavy swell, who looks "equal to tongue," and Mr. Permain hits off very naturally indeed the manners and philosophy of the typical self-respecting mechanic, Sam Gerridge. The company indeed—which included Miss Helen Rous for a traditionally pompous Marquise—was a thoroughly competent one all round. The eminently popular result of its efforts suggested to me—as did the St. James's *matinée* of this same *Caste* the other day—that the time has come round again for money to be made out of a spell of first-rate Robertson revivals on a first-rate London stage.

Writing in a much more frivolous mood than has, I fancy, been usual with him, Mr. Norreys Connell has elaborated in his "light comedy," *Thalia's Teacup*, the study of a character which seems to me hardly worth studying at all. His comedy, which seems to me hardly worth a run—instead of for the tentative *matinée* to which it appeared more appropriate—proved to be so very light that it was hardly distinguished from nonsensical farce. Bearing as its sub-title *The Delights of Deceit*, the piece is written round a heroine who lies for the sake of lying, and whose fibs grow monotonous long before she has finished telling them for our edification. She began her

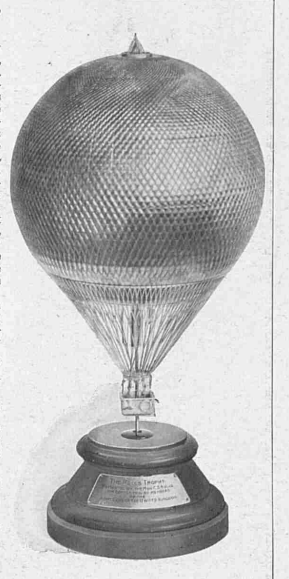
story-telling at a school where a few sound whippings might have saved her from giving and suffering much subsequent trouble through her habit of chronic and often aimless mendacity. She cheated and swindled everybody all round till the time came for her to practise her deceptions on sundry admirers whom she lured into making proposals for her hand only in order that she might laugh at them and hold them up to the ridicule of other people. Miss Thyra Norman acted with a good deal of bright gaiety as a mix much too artful to command any kind of sympathy, and it was hardly her fault if she grew tiresome in her taradiddles, and missed the kind of wicked charm which Miss Annie Hughes has sometimes contrived to impart to better-conceived characters of the same worthless type. *Thalia's Teacup* would have done better as a sketch than as three-act comedy, in which no one but the heroine had any chance of distinction.

QUITE recently a large male leopard, measuring more than six feet in length, was shot by two sportsmen, Messrs. P. Van der Byl and J. Buyskes, on the farm Glen Alpine, at Constantia, which is only a few miles from Cape Town. It is curious to find leopards lingering so near civilisation, but, as a matter of fact, these animals are still to be found all over Cape Colony, chiefly in hill and mountain country, where they are extremely difficult to dislodge. Lions have been exterminated in Cape Colony proper for some fifty or sixty years, yet the leopard still easily maintains its ground right away from the Orange River to the Cape Peninsula, in spite of the fact that rewards are paid for its destruction, and that many Poisoning Clubs, for the destruction of harmful carnivora existing among the Cape farmers. The leopard is a shy and secretive brute, working chiefly at night, and being seen, as a rule, only by accident in daytime. It is a destructive animal, feeding on sheep, goats, and other stock, and often killing foals and calves. It preys also on klipspringers—small mountain antelopes—and baboons, and is, in consequence, heartily loathed by these formidable apes. Occasionally, exasperated by the death of one of their number, a troop of baboons will set upon their common enemy and tear him to pieces, not, however, before several of their force have sustained fatal wounds, for the leopard dies very hard. Anyone who has hunted leopard knows of the curious "larder" formed by these animals. Having secured a carcass, the leopard often sets it up in a low tree, there to await his appetite at a convenient season. Sometimes more than one carcass adorns the larder, and the whole environment is very "high."

A new record has lately been established for the great Indian rhinoceros. Hitherto the finest horn of this species was one from a rhinoceros shot in Nepal by Lord Curzon, which measured 21½ inches. But the horn belonging to a huge beast quite recently killed in Assam measured no less than 24½ inches, and easily tops the record. This enormous rhinoceros taped at the shoulder 6ft. 4in., which is only a quarter of an inch less than a gigantic specimen shot some years ago by that keen sportsman, the Maharajah of Cooh Behar. At the present day the Indian rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros unicornis*) is found in that country only in the dense jungles of the great Assam plain and in Nepal. It is believed also to exist in small numbers in Upper Burma, on the borders of Assam. This rhinoceros is distinguished from the two African species by its curiously folded hide, and by the fact that it bears only a single horn. The fore horns of the African rhinoceroses far exceed in length that of the Indian beast. The record horn of the common black rhinoceros, for example, measures 4ft. 5½in.; while that of the great white rhinoceros reaches the enormous length of 5ft. 2½in. This last horn was from a specimen shot by Roualeyn Gordon Cumming some sixty years ago, in South Africa, and is in the possession of his relative, Colonel W. Gordon Cumming. The white or square-mouthed rhinoceros, once common all over South Africa, from the Orange River to the Zambezi, stood as much as 6ft. 6in. at the shoulder and weighed about four tons; it is now, unfortunately, almost extinct in that country, a few yet surviving in Mashonaland and Zululand. In recent years this species has been rediscovered in Central Africa, where it ranges in the tract of country known as the Lado Enclave.

#### 4 "Hare and Hounds" Race in the Air.

The new Rolls trophy represents a hot air balloon, modelled in solid silver. The model, which is perfect in every detail, has been presented by the Hon. C. S. Rolls for competition by the members of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom in a "Hare and Hounds" race, which was held on Saturday, the 17th inst., starting from Hurlingham. Mr. Rolls personally took the part of "hare" in a small balloon, the "Imp," which carries only one passenger, and the smallest private balloon in England. The "hare" came to earth between Wicklow and Rayleigh in Essex, a distance of thirty-five miles, the winning balloon being Mr. A. M. Singer's "Sally," which landed within nineteen yards of the "hare"; the second, the Hon. Mrs. Harbord's "Valkyrie," piloted by Mr. G. E. Pollock, which landed in the same field seventy yards off; the "Esperance," owned by the Baroness Heeckeren, and piloted by Mr. Griffith Brewer, was third. The trophy won was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112 Regent-st., London, W.



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