



BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.



THE ninth Australian team is a standing witness to the democratic tendencies of colonial life. Our southern dominions know nothing of the sharp division between "gentlemen" and "players" that time-honoured custom has sanctioned in England. In Australia cricket is a hobby, not a business, and all the great players have their occupations apart from the game. Except once a year when colony is pitted against colony to obtain the supremacy of the continent, and on special occasions like the visit of an English team, matches only take place on Saturday afternoons, from half-past two till six, when there is a general half-holiday. The professional cricketer is practically unknown, and though a few men are given constant employment on the principal fields, they take no part in contests of any note, merely "fagging" for the players. Everyone who can do good work is welcome on equal terms with the others, altogether apart from his social position.

Thus in the team now visiting us the members are drawn from very varied callings. Several are civil servants, and three are barristers and solicitors. Banking has its representative in Trumble, and bricklaying in Jones the Demon; Clement Hill is preparing to be an engineer, Iredale is a surveyor, Graham's fancy lightly turns to dentistry, and Darling is at the head of a sports depot.

There is not a teetotaler in the team, though one or two are almost abstainers; and the devotion of all to the soothing weed is remarkable. The members of the

Anti-Narcotic League would not obtain much support from any of them. On the matter of diet most take up the simple rule, "Eat what you like and what agrees with you." I doubt if there is a dietetic faddist among them; if there is, he has managed to conceal his fad with remarkable skill. In short, so far as their personal habits are concerned our visitors adopt the simple methods of healthy young Britishers.

The selection of the Australian team was a task compared to which the choice of a ministry is a trifle. Every colony is firmly convinced that it has enough good men to fill at least half the places in the team, and that nothing but the jealousy of the other colonies could prevent this honour being given to it. The duty of selection lies finally in the hands of the Australasian Council, a body of twelve members drawn in equal parts from each of the three principal cricketing colonies, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia. The Council leaves the work in the hands of a committee, composed this year of Messrs. G. Giffen, W. Bruce, and T. Garrett. When the names picked by this committee were made known early last February a cry of disappointment went up from all over Australia. Each colony asserted that rank injustice had been done to it, and some critics went so far as to declare that even if the team won every match in England still they would be a bad choice, because those left out could have done much better. No one could understand the omission of the names of Clement Hill, Turner the Terror, and A. E. Trott, whose record against Stoddart's party secured him such fame. It will be remembered that

Turner was kept out of the great Anglo-Australian match at Melbourne last year, and after all was over Stoddart went up to him and solemnly thanked him for having contributed to the English success—by his absence! Many appeals were made to the Australasian Council to overrule its committee, but the Council (wisely, as it has since proved) remained firm except on two points. Clement Hill was added to the team as a fourteenth member at the last moment, and Harry, the famous fast bowler, had to make way for another, J. J. Kelly, greatly to his wrath and disappointment.

A few months ago a Melbourne satirist drew a picture of "The Apotheosis of Trott," in which the genial captain of the team was shown seated on a double pedestal, arrayed in flannels and with hand on breast, languidly surveying the crowds of men falling down to worship him. The picture was not very much over-drawn, for Harry Trott is a real hero in the eyes of young Australia. Never, it may be safely said, has there been a merrier or more good-natured idol. The big florid young giant does not allow his temper to be disturbed by trifles, and he can take defeat or success equally with a smile. He was born thirty years ago in a suburb of Melbourne, and when nineteen came to the front by his record against South Australia in the intercolonial match. He first visited England when twenty-two, and has been here three times since. He is a Government official, and is one of the two married men in the team.

"This will be my last visit to England, and I hope to make it a good one," George Giffen declared to his friends before leaving Adelaide, and he is going the right way to keep his intention. No antipodean cricketer has greater fame in England than the "Australian Grace"; but to see George Giffen at his best one has to witness his performances at the Adelaide Oval or in Sydney, with the thermometer registering 106° in the shade. The English climate does not suit him and our treacherous winds and moist air are more than he can stand with comfort. The change from the heat of an Australian March to the bleakness of an English April put him out of condition immediately on his arrival here. No man can do his best when his head is splitting and his eyes are burning with an influenza cold, and that has been Giffen's state during at least part of the last three months. It may be said that most of the Australians, with the exception of one or two like

Johns, find our climate trying. The heat they do not mind, though they would prefer the dry scorching atmosphere of the south to our muggy June temperature; but the sudden variations from heat to cold and the constant rains are not altogether to their taste.

George Giffen is the senior member of



From a photo by]

GEORGE GIFFEN.

[Hawkins, Brighton.

the team, and was born at Adelaide thirty-seven years ago. When his colony, South Australia, first entered the intercolonial matches he was one of its representatives, and he soon came to the front among the players of the South. Since 1882 he has been a member of every Australian team visiting England, except two, and his record in 1886, when he had the best batting and best

bowling average, added to his already great fame. His greatest feat as a bowler was accomplished in 1894, in the match of the Anglo-Australian team against the combined eleven of Australia, when he obtained ten wickets for sixty-six runs—a performance that will be remembered along with Hearne's record at Lord's last June. Giffen is without question the greatest all-round player Australia has yet produced. The infinite patience of his defence as a batsman,

veritable giant, weighing well over fifteen stone, and it would be hard to find a finer athlete. The colony from which he comes, Tasmania, does not take a very high place in cricketing records, and in order to meet fit rivals Eady has often had to play for the Melbourne C.C. His magnificent physique makes him a dangerous player, and, as a Melbourne critic said, "Next to George Bonnor he is the finest type of an athletic Australian we have seen in cricket." He is



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J. Darling.	H. Trumble.	A. E. Johns.	H. Musgrove	C. J. Eady.	E. Jones.	Thoms
			(manager).			(umpire).
G. Giffen.	T. R. McKibbin.	G. H. S. Trott (captain).	H. Donnan.	F. Iredale.		
S. E. Gregory.		J. J. Kelly.		C. Hill.		

THE TEAM OF AUSTRALIANS WHICH PLAYED THEIR FIRST MATCH, MAY 11, 12, 13, 1896, IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

the variety and success of his methods as a bowler and his smartness as a field have for ten years and more been the admiration of wielders of the willow in three continents. He is about to appear soon, he tells me, in a new line, that of author; and he is now planning a volume of cricketing recollections which is certain of eager reception from all friends of the game.

Among many tall men in the present team two stand specially out, Hugh Trumble and Charles J. Eady, the first being six feet three and the second six feet two. Eady is a

also one of the foremost footballers in Australia. By profession he is a barrister and solicitor of Tasmania, and was admitted to the Bar a year ago.

Trumble is a man of different build, slight, and with a stoop, acquired at the wickets. He comes from a well-known Melbourne family of players, his elder brother having done good work here in 1886; and he has had a long career in intercolonial cricket. Few members of the team are more popular, either socially or as players. Trumble has proved himself to be a good all-round hand, a

first-class bowler, and perhaps the best short slip to be found in a very long radius. The work he has done during this visit has only fulfilled the expectations all who know anything of colonial cricket had formed of him.

A. E. Johns is generally looked upon, both by his fellows and by the outside world, as the aristocrat of the party. This tall, handsome, well-groomed young lawyer has earned his fame as a wicket-keeper; and it is an open secret that his inclusion in the team was regarded with considerable disfavour by many outside the selection committee. Here, however, the committee proved that it knew its business better than its critics. Johns is one of the comparatively few exponents of university cricket in Melbourne. The Australian 'varsity man, as a rule, is a very serious young fellow, not nearly so keen on sport as his brothers of the Cam and the Isis. A large proportion of men at Oxford regard athletics as the main business of life, and exams., with the necessary reading they entail, as quite secondary matters. In Australia, on the contrary, the average undergraduate enters the university to immediately prepare for some profession, and works with the knowledge that his future largely depends on how he gets through. Johns started as a cricketer at Wesley College, Melbourne, and when an undergraduate at the capital of Victoria got well known as a wicket-keeper. After leaving his university and being called to the Bar he still worked with the university team; he was picked as a player in the intercolonial matches, and from that his promotion to the team to England was a natural step.

As a wicket-keeper Johns has one rival—J. J. Kelly, of New South Wales. In the first selection of the team Kelly's name was not included, and later on, when Johns injured his hand in a match at Sydney, it was proposed that Johns should be left and Kelly taken. In the end it was decided that both should come.

"Clem" Hill, the youngest member of the party, was, like Kelly, only included by the committee on second thoughts. The passion for cricket may be reasonably said to run in his blood, for his father, an ex-Commissioner for Railways in South Australia, took prominent part in colonial play when younger, and his brother is famous as a brilliant bat. Hill is a cricketing prodigy, and his performances give promise that he will be the Grace of the coming generation. As a lad, in school cricket, he was noted for his immense scores, mounting sometimes to several

hundred runs, and in first-class Australian games his runs piled up in a way that astonished the most experienced. In playing against Stoddart's team he greatly distinguished himself, and when the words first went forth that he was not to be one of those selected for England no one could understand the conduct of the committee. Even those selected felt that a big mistake had been made, and headed by their manager, Mr. Musgrove, they made such vigorous representations that the mistake was repaired. Hill, who is only nineteen, is a left-handed batsman and a singularly clean, hard hitter.

In this company of giants, Sydney Gregory, standing only five feet five in his stockings, seems a dwarf, hence his popular designations, "The Midget" and "Little Tich." Like Hill, he comes from an old cricketing stock, is nephew of the captain of the first Australian eleven, and son of the well-known caretaker of the Association Grounds at Sydney. He naturally had every opportunity of developing the cricketing talent that was in him, and when nineteen he was chosen as a member of the seventh team. He has proved himself a worthy son of a worthy sire, and in his hands the name of Gregory is not likely to lose its old reputation. The accident that crippled him for a time at Mitcham in April is only one of many such misfortunes that he has suffered. When a lad just entering his teens he was confined to his room for over half a year through slipping under a heavy roller on the Sydney cricket-grounds, and he has a record of broken arms and collar-bones which few of his age can equal. He is twenty-six years old.

Harry Graham, of Victoria, Gregory's great friend, was equally unfortunate on his arrival here in April, being laid on one side for a week or two by rheumatism, caused by the sudden change of climate. In height he is only an inch and a half taller than Gregory, but like him he makes up in pluck what he lacks in inches. His brilliant batting in 1893, on his first visit to England, and his feats against Stoddart's team are fresh in the memory of every cricketer.

The Darling of the team is so devoted to the sport that he changed his business in order to be better able to attend to it. He is the son of the Hon. J. Darling, a South Australian legislator, and began life as a farmer, but felt that he must be where he could take part in the game; so he threw up country life a little over two years ago, went to Adelaide and opened a sports depot there. He soon proved his mettle in matches

against other colonies; and his left-handed playing and clean hitting make him a cricketer beloved by spectators. He is an all-round sportsman, and, much as he loves cricket, he shines equally well in football. Although accustomed to the atmosphere of Adelaide, where matches are sometimes played when the heat registers 111° in the shade, he admits that our English June sun has been anything but comfortable, and tells on him in a way the dry South Australian heat never does. Darling has one rule for training, and only one. Before playing a

man who has to stand up against his bowling needs a very cool nerve. Donnan, Iredale and McKibbin are comparatively new men, this being their first visit here. Donnan, like Gregory and Graham, belongs to the comparative midgets of the team, being only five feet six high. Although he has played with credit for some years in colonial matches, he did not really come to the front till last winter, when his brilliant scoring, particularly in the match of New South Wales against Australia, secured him a place in the present team.



From a photo by]

[Hawkins, Brighton.

Lilley
Davidson.

West (umpire).
Ranjitsinhji

Shrewsbury.
W. G. Grace (captain)
A. Hearne.

Pougher.
F. S. Jackson.

Gunn.

Mold.
C. B. Fry.

LORD SHEFFIELD'S ELEVEN WHICH PLAYED THE AUSTRALIANS, MAY 11, 12, 13, IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

match he takes care to eat no fatty foods; apart from that he believes that a man's appetite and common sense are the best guides for keeping in condition, and not the cast-iron laws of athletic manuals.

There remain four members of the team who must be dismissed rather briefly. "Express delivery" Jones, the lawful successor of Turner the Terror, has probably rendered as many good cricketers *hors de combat* as any man of the century. In his hands a cricket-ball is only a shade less dangerous than a repeating rifle, and the

To describe the team without mentioning Mr. Harry Musgrove would be like playing "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Musgrove is the *beau idéal* of a manager—calm, ready to see the humorous side of things, and not easily put out. Even on the memorable June day when Hearne disposed of one after another of the Australians for next to no runs, the manager murmured softly to himself, "It's cricket; it's luck," readjusted the flower that adorned his button-hole, and walked into the pavilion. Mr. Musgrove no doubt partly

owes his equable frame of mind to long experience in dealing with the most impatient and exacting of all people—theatrical companies on tour. He is one of the Anglo-Australian firm of dramatic agents, Williamson & Musgrove, and for fifteen years has managed the affairs of English companies touring in the South. A business manager in the land of the gum-tree and kangaroo meets with so many obstacles and hindrances that he must learn to treat troubles lightly or must prepare for an early grave. Mr. Musgrove prefers the former, and though the companies under his charge have sometimes numbered nearly a hundred, and although the distances to be travelled between performances have at times been fully a thousand miles, he is able to boast that he and those under his charge have always been the best of good friends.

Mr. Musgrove is a Surrey man by birth and an Australasian by adoption. A few months ago he chanced to see an advertisement in a Melbourne paper asking for a manager for the coming team, and after ascertaining that the affair was not cut and dried in the interests of some friend of the

committee, he decided to apply. There were thirty-two other candidates, many very well known men, but the committee selected him. One special qualification Mr. Musgrove had for the post. Besides being an old business manager, he is an excellent cricketer, and could, if necessity arose, make one of the eleven. When Shaw and Shrewsbury's team were at Ballarat, he made his *début* as an international cricketer by scoring 109 against them, a record feat for a first match against an English team. Mr. Musgrove is one favoured by fate, and Neptune in particular seems to regard him with great friendliness. A ship always has a good passage, if his own accounts are to be credited, when he is on board.

Before the team left Sydney certain saturnine critics foretold that colonial jealousies would split it up into cliques and ruin it. Like most forebodings of evil, this has proved very wide of the mark. The motto of one and all is "Advance Australia," and even the rivalries of Melbourne and Sydney are forgotten in the desire to prove the power of the young South against the old North.

