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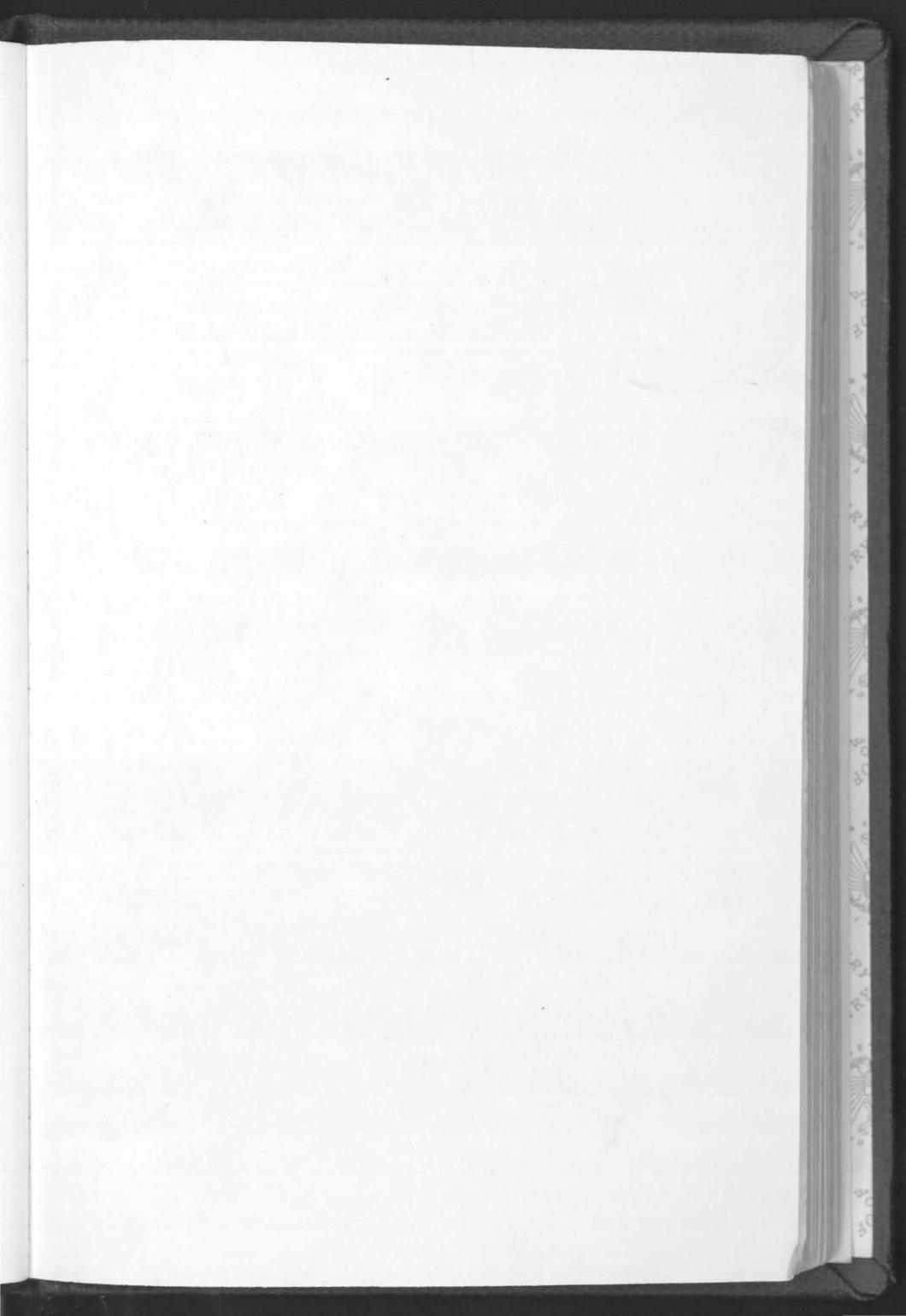


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(T.P.) TED SULLIVAN
Managing Director, World's Tour—1913-1914



History of World's Tour

Chicago White Sox

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New York Giants



BY

TED SULLIVAN

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THIS HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S TOUR OF
1913-1914 IS DEDICATED TO THE PLAYERS OF
BOTH THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX AND NEW YORK
GIANTS WHO, BY THEIR CONDUCT AND DEMEANOR
WHILE TOURING THE WORLD, REFLECTED CREDIT
NOT ONLY ON THEMSELVES AS THE EXPONENTS
OF AMERICA'S NATIONAL GAME BUT ALSO ON
AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

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TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

After touring the world, my patriotism inspires me to write these lines to the American people. After passing through the high and turbulent waves of the Northern Pacific ocean—through the placid and waveless waters of the Southern Pacific Ocean—through the inland Japan Sea and the outland Chinese Sea—through the Indian Ocean, Arabian Sea, Red Sea, and through the Mediterranean Sea, but the waters of waters that enthused us all were the waters whose breaking waves dashes its spray on the shores of the U. S. A.

We saw the Sphinx and the Pyramids, the sculpture and paintings of Angelo and Raphael in the galleries of Naples, Rome and Paris. We saw statues that represented great men and statues that symbolized the greatness of nations, but the statue of statues that roused all the Americanism in us is a piece of art that stands at the portals of Manhattan Isle called the Statue of Liberty.

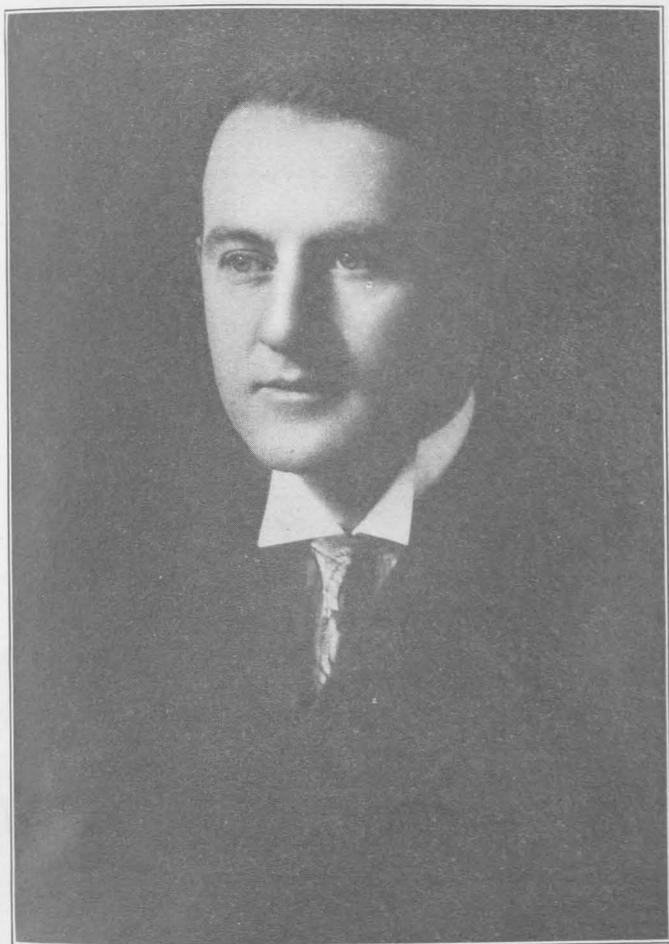
We met Kings and Queens, Dukes and

Duchesses, Counts and Countesses, and the Khedive of Egypt, but the King of Kings that we ever cared to live with or live under is that good old plain, dignified American citizen, and a citizen who is ever ready to protect American interests at home and abroad.

The world's tour of 1913 of the Chicago White Sox, and New York Giants, under the auspices of Charles A. Comiskey, President White Sox, and John McGraw, Manager of the New York Giants, will go down in base ball history, as the greatest achievement of the National game of America, for the reason that it was planned, executed and jointly financed by the game's two greatest leaders and sportsmen. These gentlemen did not ask the aid of any advertising firm to help them to finance their circuit of the globe, but they risked and invested the money they made out of their country's game in trying to transplant it on foreign shores. Base Ball teams of America have invaded foreign countries before. The first trip was made in 1874 by the Boston and Athletic teams of the National League; those two teams however, only went as far as Great Britain—namely England, Ireland and Scotland. The first tour of the world was made in 1889 by the Chicago National League Club, and a picked team made up from the American Association and National League Clubs; this combination of American Touring ball players left San Francisco, November, 1889, and returned to

America by the way of England in April, 1890. The circuit of the globe of 1913 by American Ball players, brings back early memories of the game's early struggles for existence—within the confines of the United States—the country that gave it birth. Its first struggles were in trying to become a profession. As the game started as a sport and recreation—the people at that time thought that no man should be paid for playing the game. The first team organized to play the game was the Knickerbockers of New York City—organized in 1845 by gentlemen of leisure; this team was organized strictly on amateur basis. Other Amateur Clubs sprung up in New York City and its vicinity afterwards, with the same Amateur rules. So strictly was this rule observed that if it was found out that any team had a paid player on it, that team was further barred from playing any Club, and as there was no other clubs in existence but amateur clubs at that time—the team that presented the paid player had to disband; this strict rule prevailed up to 1865—the close of the civil war. The game was getting too elastic and big to be kept within such narrow limits—that finally professionalism crept into the game, under many disguises. Towns and cities that wanted expert players, would give them jobs, political or commercial, but the players were paid more for what they could do on the ball field, than for what services they could render in their fake jobs. Finally in 1866, the mask and disguises of amateur ball

were cast aside entirely and teams were organized on professional basis by paying players by a division of gate receipts. Under this rule, great professional clubs of the East came into existence, such as the Atlantics and Eckfords of Brooklyn, Mutuals of New York, and the Athletics of Philadelphia. The game was spreading towards the West, and was on its onward march to higher ideals, when some great sportsman in Cincinnati organized the first regular salaried team in 1869, called the "Famous Cincinnati Reds." This was a step upward and onward for the game, as it took the sport out of the meshes of its questionable legitimacy, in paying players by a portion of gate receipts. Even after 1869, professional ball had its hurdle to surmount—to keep its existence—as a game for the American public. Many a gentleman had to draw on his personal bank account to keep the game alive in the big cities of America, and he did it for the love of the sport only and nothing else. Professional ball had no foundation for existence, until the National League was organized in 1876, and even then the National League had to battle for an existence for years. City after city would fall out after a year's heavy financial loss and then a hunt had to be made to coax another city in to keep up a quota of six or eight clubs. To keep professional base ball clean, it is a revelation to the person who follows the game to-day to know that New York City and Philadelphia



JAMES J. CALLAHAN, Manager
CHICAGO WHITE SOX

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were expelled for questionable methods in the fall of 1876; indeed such towns as Hartford, Conn., Troy, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Worcester, Mass., Milwaukee, Wis., were admitted year after year before those two cities were taken back into the National League. The writer organized the first minor League of 1879 in the entire West, Southwest and Northwest, a league from which other leagues sprang up afterwards. This is all old news to the followers of the game, but I think it is a proper preface to this second tour of the world, to show the public that the National Game of America had a hard struggle for existence before it was ever taken abroad to exhibit in foreign countries.

It is wonderful when any enterprise is planned, executed, and brought to a successful issue, how many people want to rush into the spotlight of its success, and claim they did this or that in aiding it. In the past two or three years both Mr. Comiskey and Mr. McGraw were talking of making a world's tour, but never talked of making it jointly. In 1896 the writer went to Europe for the Baltimore Club, but as that club could not leave America until late in the Fall, the tour was abandoned. Mr. McGraw who was to be the leader of that enterprise, spoke to me in January, 1913, while he was filling a theatrical engagement here in Chicago, about going ahead of the New York teams should they go around the world. I told him Mr. Comiskey was thinking of the same thing. And why not

make it a joint affair, as it would look bigger in the eyes of the world in having the two great teams, from the two largest cities of America! With that initiative and quick perception which is characteristic of this leader of leaders, he said. "All right, Ted, you arrange for me to meet Mr. Comiskey." When I told Mr. Comiskey what Mr. McGraw said, he was delighted and they both met and the result was that the machinery of the world's tour was at once put into operation. The writer was selected to be the Managing Director of the Tour, and Mr. O'Neil, President of the Western League, was selected to do the clerical work of the entire trip abroad. I at once selected the design of the printing, giving the object, and aim of the world's tour of the two ball teams. The trip across the continent as far as the Pacific Coast was directed by myself and Mr. O'Neil, and the ending of the trip at Portland, Oregon, placed Mr. McGraw and Mr. Comiskey in a position to care very little whether they got any revenue in foreign lands or not, but at that I will say for the sportsmanship of Comiskey and McGraw, they put the exhibition of America's game in foreign countries far above the dollar mark, and at that the amount of money got in foreign countries would not make five per cent. of the total outlay of the tour. The teams traveled in the highest style, both on shipboard and in the hotels at home and abroad, and if the enterprise broke even in a financial way it would be wonderful, but if there was any

loss, those two gentlemen never spoke of it, but I am positive that there was no gain. Mr. O'Neil acted as Treasurer on the trip, and the New York Business Manager, Mr. Harry Sparrow, with Mr. O'Neil, deserve great credit for their laborious task in foreign countries, from the time we landed at Yokohama, Japan. When a Treasurer or Treasurers have to exchange money for 65 people, and that from Japanese to Chinese, and back again to Chinese, then again to the realm of the coin of the Philippines to the pound shillings and pence of Australia, back again to the money of Colombia, then to the money of Egypt, then to the Italian and French money, then to the pound shilling and pence of Great Britain, and then to the Exchange of that money to the good old dollar and dimes of U. S. A., those two men should deserve the love and acclamation of that entire touring party of 65 people.

The meeting of the players of both teams, Managers, Treasurers and Secretaries at Cincinnati, on October, 18, 1913, to begin the tour of the world will be ever remembered by those who participated in the social affair of that day, that was promoted by that social king, August Hermann, Chairman of the National Commission. The great German Luncheon given by Mr. Hermann and the people of Cincinnati, on that date was never duplicated in the entire tour, whether at the \$10 a day hotel of Heliopolis, Egypt, or on the swift

sailing palace ship *Lusitania*, that brought the party from Liverpool to New York. From the time both teams left Cincinnati to begin their trip across the American continent to take ship, ovation after ovation was tendered to the touring players in cities and towns where they played. Towns with a resident population of 1,500 gave the teams an audience from 6,000 to 7,000—that number being made up of people who came into those towns from a radius of 300 miles. The players on their part rose to the situation, and absorbed the spirit of the tour, and gave a magnificent exhibition of the game to those enthusiastic cities. The last game played on American soil before leaving for abroad, was played at Portland, Oregon. That city, with its American patriotism, not only gave the two clubs an audience of 15,000 people, but gave them a banquet on the night before their departure, where speeches of bon voyage were made by the toast master. Mr. Baker, and Judge McCready, President of the Portland Base Ball Club. Two American flags were given to the teams, one to the New York Giants, and another to the White Sox. Those two flags were carried around the world.

With hats waving, banners streaming, music straining, and loud cheering, the touring party steamed out of Victoria, on the sturdy, well-equipped sea fighter, "*Empress of Japan*," of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, on the night of November 19. The dawn of the next

morning found many of the party in their state rooms, who had to pay their first tribute to Neptune before taking any of the excellent food of the ship. Neptune was on "a tear" for six or seven days of the first part of the voyage, and showed his mean disposition more than once by exacting more than one tribute off some of the passengers in the way of a disagreeable stomach. While he turned the waves of the Northern Pacific Ocean to be named by the tourists "The wave of the Terrible Pacific Ocean" with the name "Pacific" a misnomer, the old fellow at last found more than his match in the hardy sea fighter, "The Empress of Japan," who fought him to a finish. During those bad days on the Pacific, the ladies of the party were ever the heroines, meeting every one with a smile. One gentleman, by the name of Mr. Lynch of Chicago, made up for the loss of appetites of the rest, and the Chinese waiters stood in a row of seven, with plates of different kind of food for this big, genial man from the West. Some thought that the food might run out, if Mr. Lynch kept eating, but an inventory made by the chef said all would be right if the rest of the passengers would not regain their appetites. When nearing Japan, we were notified that we could not pass through the Orient to Australia, without being vaccinated. The Pitchers and Catchers of the Clubs were the most alarmed. Pitcher Hearn, of the New York Giants, said it was not necessary for him to be vaccinated, as

he was bit by a rattlesnake in the arm in North Carolina two years ago. Joe Benz, of the White Sox, wanted to be vaccinated above the ankle, as he wanted the right use of his arm for the coming season, but after Dr. Stewart of the ship explained matters, all the party submitted to the operation.

After our sea journey of fun and fear on the sea, Yokohama came in sight and we saw the dock covered with people cheering and waving us a welcome.

YOKOHAMA

Yokohama has a beautiful harbor and the eyes of the tourists feasted on many things as the ship steamed in towards the dock. As soon as we left the boat, we were surrounded by our American friends residing there and the Japanese authorities from the Mikado and the Tokio University. Human vehicles in the shape of jinrickishas—a wagonette drawn by men—surrounded the tourists who accompanied the players and insisted they should ride. If you did not ride in those wagonettes, those Japs would follow after you and call you cheap. The players and officers of both teams were taken in charge by the people of Yokohama and brought to the Grand Hotel, where they lunched before going to the Tokio University. After luncheon a special train was waiting for

them to carry them to Tokio, which is a distance of about twelve miles. As both teams entered the ball grounds of the University they were cheered to the echo by about fifteen thousand people composed of students and Japanese residents. The players presented a magnificent appearance in their world's tour baseball uniforms. When the American players went through the machinery of their practice their magnificent physical appearance, with their quick and snappy actions in handling the ball, set the Japanese wild. Two games were played on the University grounds, one on Saturday, Dec. 3, and another on Sunday. The teams left Sunday night for Nagasaki and Kobbe. A private banquet was tendered to the tourists that night at Yokohama, and it was followed with a midnight tea before the parties took the boat to continue their journey on to Nagasaki, where they took on the players of both teams next day.

NAGASAKI

Human horses tackled us here again, for the few hours we had in those two cities. In the United States a person would be ashamed to have a man draw him through the streets like a horse, yet those jinrikisha fellows in Japan and China would pester the life out of a man if he did not ride. They generally pick the small men of a party and would shy away from men weighing from two to three hundred pounds.

There was one man of our party, by the name of Thomas Lynch of Chicago, weighing nearly two hundred and seventy-five pounds, that those sharp Japs took on for a purpose. After carrying him about two blocks the machine would break down and they insisted that it was his weight that caused it and insisted that he should pay them five dollars for the breakage of the machine. After this occurred twice in those Jap towns and he being penalized five dollars a break, he was finally told that it was a trick of those Japanese jinrikisha fellows. So Tom after that hired an automobile all for himself, whenever he chose to ride in those Japanese towns. The trick is worked by pulling a screw or board from under the jinrikisha, and good-natured Mr. Lynch suffered by this trick twice. The Chinese Rickisha men do not resort to those tricks, they are big and are like stallions in stature and build, compared to the pony-like appearance of the Japs.

SHANGHAI

We entered Shanghai, China, on the Empress, and a sight met our eyes in many ways that was quite a novelty. Chinese women, men and children were on boats and rafts, who came along aside of the ship, extending little baskets on long poles, begging us to put money in them, and even the little babes were sitting in a position by their mothers to extend their hands for alms.



CHICAGO WHITE SOX WORLD'S TOUR TEAM
Taken at Cairo, Egypt, February 3, 1914

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To our great regret, rains stopped the teams from playing in Shanghai. The English-speaking people, who were composed of Americans and English, were very anxious to see the game, as also were the Chinese. Before we went back to the boat that evening, a luncheon was served by the people of Shanghai, where speeches were made by both the people there and members of the touring party.

HONG KONG

We left Shanghai at midnight, and the ship departed for Hong Kong, whose harbor and city presented an attractive sight to the tourists. The resident portion of this city stands on very high ground and is covered with beautiful residences. The ladies and gentlemen of the party did some purchasing there, although it was Sunday, a day the Chinese do not know from any other day. Hong Kong is under the jurisdiction of the British authorities, and the conditions that we were allowed to play the game there on Sunday were that we should not charge any admission. This ultimatum was sent to the ship by wireless on our way to Hong Kong and Comiskey and McGraw, to show that they were not dollar chasing on foreign lands, especially in exhibiting America's National game, Marconied back to Hong Kong that they would play without charge, and play they did—without charging. As we were to change ships

at Hong Kong and leave the Empress of Japan, we thought we could not do so without showing some appreciation to the Captain and his crew for the attention they paid us since we left Victoria, B. C. The night before we got into Hong Kong, a banquet of a very high order was given to the touring party by the Captain of the ship and as a diamond cross was purchased by the officers of the World's Tour to be presented to the Captain on leaving the boat, the writer was selected to make the presentation speech. The substance of the speech which I made to him, I herewith give. "Captain Hopcraft, the entire Worlds Tour party feel that they cannot leave you or your ship without giving you some token of their esteem and gratitude. Since boarding your ship at Victoria on the night of November 19, last, we have found you and the Officers of your ship ever courteous and affable and self-sacrificing to every one of the entire party. Whether your ship was battling the waves of the Pacific Ocean or the placid waters of Japan, we have found you the same courteous gentleman, so you will kindly accept this token of the esteem of the entire Touring Party."

The tribute the entire party paid to this well-managed ship of the Canadian Pacific Line, and that after sailing on the St. Albans from Hong Kong to Sidney, Australia, the Orontes, who brought us from Adelaide, Australia, to Suez, Egypt; the Prince Henry, that

brought us from Alexandria, Egypt, to Naples, Italy, and that floating palace of the Cunard Line, Lusitania, that brought us from Liverpool to New York. After sailing on all those boats, we, the touring party, with unanimous voice have hailed the Empress of Japan, the "Queen of the Seas." The game that was played in Hong Kong was played on the British Military parade grounds, and so rapidly was the game played by the two teams that one British officer said to the other: "Say, Colonel, those Americans are so quick on their feet that, bless me 'eart, it would be 'ard to stop them from capturing a fort."

St. Albans was a beautiful little ship and we enjoyed it very much during our stay on her. We pulled out of Hong Kong in a most joyous mood and the desire to see Americans in lands beyond the seas filled us with great expectations, nor were we disappointed; as we came in sight of Manila Harbor and Bay many were the questions asked, "Where did Dewey open up his fire and whereabouts near the harbor did his first cannon-shot strike?" The wreck of an old boat was seen on a distant shore and all glasses were focused on the place. It was a wreck that still remains on the shore, where Dewey won his victory. As we were all looking at the beautiful harbor, Mr. "Would-be High-brow" of the party made his first appearance to tell us of things that we did not know. He said to many of the boys, "Gentlemen, you are

looking in the wrong direction. To the left of the shore is where George Dewey called to Gridley, "Are you ready?" Nobody answered "Mr. Would-be," but the Captain of the boat said we were looking in the right direction. As we neared the harbor of Manila, strains of music fell on our ears. Yes, the American people and the Filipinos were waving hats and flags, welcoming us, the great representatives and exponents of their National game, to Manila. As the ship steamed into the dock, the cheers of our countrymen rent the air, and before we had a chance to land, officers of the American army and navy boarded the ship to let us know they were glad to see us. Two days of receptions and banquets tendered the touring players, their wives and friends, consumed our time in Manila. Two games were played in those two days before 14,000 people, which were composed of the natives and men of the American army and navy. On the afternoon that we were to leave, a banquet was tendered to the entire party at the Army and Navy Club by Gen. Bell and other officers of the Navy. Gen. Bell made a great speech of welcome to us, and, on behalf of the touring party, the writer was selected to answer the General. On the afternoon of December 13, we steamed out of Manila for Australia, 'midst the cheering of our American friends. As the ship was backing into the outer harbor the band on shore struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," which set us all cheering. Our ride

to Brisbane, Australia, was pleasant and picturesque. The warm climate necessitated a change in our clothes from winter garments to thin linen suits, which we had purchased in Manila. The most picturesque ride of our sea trips was the sight of the many little islands we saw from Manila to Brisbane. Thursday Island was the first stop we made before we struck Australia. The boat remained there four or five hours. This gave the tourists a chance to mail many letters and cards back to the United States. While at Thursday Island, we were told that cannibals were on an island near Cairns, Australia. After we boarded the ship to continue our journey many of the tourists were alarmed about those cannibals, but the ladies of the party, who were ever heroic in danger, only smiled. While in this state of trepidation, Tom Lynch of Chicago, the heavy man of the party, came forward and said, "Boys, although I am a little hurt from falling out of jinrikishas, I am willing to sacrifice myself as a feast to those cannibals if they board the ship, and after they get through eating me I know they will have no appetite for anyone else." We all presented Mr. Lynch a vote of thanks for his willingness to sacrifice himself.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

Our entry into Brisbane, Australia, will never be forgotten by a single one of the sixty-five tourists. The hospitality of those

people in that commonwealth south of the equator was never surpassed nor equaled unless it was at the reception they tendered to the American navy when it circled the globe some years ago. I want to say, if America ever wants to claim any kinship to any nation, let them give it to those open-hearted and magnetic people of Australia. When people vie with each other to entertain you and lionize you who are 7,000 miles away, then all America can imagine what hosts they are to all Americans. Let it be understood by the people of the United States that the reception to us was in deference and respect to the great Republic we hailed from, which makes it greater and more National. We entered the harbor of Brisbane New Year's morning, and we were not out of our staterooms before 20 automobiles were waiting for us at the dock to carry us around the city. After breakfast we were welcomed by cheers and hurried into the automobiles and driven all over the beautiful city of Brisbane. The officials of the city gave us an official call at 10 o'clock in the library of the ship, and the welcome was to Queensland and Australia.

That afternoon both teams played a game, in the beautiful driving park of Brisbane. We started back to the ship after the game was over and steamed out of Brisbane Harbor amidst cheering from our Australian friends.

SYDNEY

After two days' ride on the St. Albans, the boat we boarded at Hong Kong, we entered Sydney Harbor on January 3, 1914. Sydney Harbor is the most picturesque of any harbor we ever saw before. We were captivated by the beauty and construction of its entrance. Here we were met at the dock with music and cheers and the list of our receptions was placed in the tourists' hands by the city officials of Sidney, when we left the boat. Here we bade good-bye to our ship St. Albans, and thanked the Captain and crew for the courtesy while aboard the ship. As it was Saturday, January 3, the game was already arranged at the Sydney Cricket grounds, which began at 3 p. m. on the day of our arrival. Luncheon was prepared for the two teams at the clubhouse on the grounds. An audience of about 6,000 people appeared before the teams, but a thousand of that 6,000 were members of the Sydney Cricket Club. The game was played with that dash and vigor that characterized all the games played along the route by the two teams. All followers of outdoor sport know that the Australian people are the most sport-loving in the world, especially manly outdoor sport. The first banquet was tendered to us the night of our arrival by the great sportsman of Australia, "Snowy" Baker. On Sunday a launch ride was enjoyed around the beautiful harbor of Sydney.

At noon on Monday, the day of our departure, a grand luncheon was given to the tourists in the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor of Sydney. This ceremony in Australia is considered an honor, as it recognized us officially. A speech of welcome was made by the Lord Mayor, and it was answered on behalf of the American People by the writer. Sydney has a population of 600,000 people. The population is entirely British, composed of English, Irish and Scotch. We left on the night of the 5th for Melbourne. While the receptions in Brisbane and Sydney were great, Melbourne seemed to outdo itself in receiving us. In the morning of our arrival in Melbourne, the Reception Committee awaited us at the depot with automobiles. After we were hurried to our hotel a programme of the day's reception was thrust into our hands. The first and great reception was tendered to us at the City Hall at 11 a. m. on the morning of our arrival, and three hours afterward a garden party was given to us at the Government House by Lady Denham, wife of Lord Denham, Governor of Australia. The luncheon and reception at City Hall represented the officialdom of New South Wales. Besides the speech by the Governor General of Australia, speeches of welcome were given in oratorical style by the distinguished scholars and statesmen of Australia and it was all in praise of the great Republic we represented as exponents of its National Game. As I was selected by Mr. Comiskey, McGraw and



NEW YORK GIANTS
World's Tour Team, 1913-'14

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Callahan to speak for the touring party, I felt that the touring party was only an incident to match the sentiments of those three historians and scholars that spoke for Australia and knew so much about the United States. So the American people were in my mind, and I gathered myself together to answer for the great country that I hailed from, so I give here, without egotism, the speech I made to those people:

“Mr. Chairman and Citizens of Melbourne: We first thank you on behalf of the American people for this grand reception tendered to the representatives and exponents of America's National Game. When the tour of the world was contemplated a year ago, many suggestions were made to the promoters that a circuit of the globe could be made quicker and shorter by leaving Australia out of the itinerary of the trip, but with one voice the backers of the tour, namely, Mr. Comiskey and Mr. McGraw, said: ‘No Australia, no world's tour’, and we are here, gentlemen, to verify that statement. From the time the great American oarsman, Edward Hanlon, of Toronto, Canada, met honest and square defeat on Australian waters, have we known of the physical prowess of the Australian people in all departments of athletics. It was a British subject, Captain Cook, who saw the great future and possibilities of this renowned commonwealth south of the Equator, when pathfinders of other nations looked upon it as a barren waste and the British people, to

affirm the judgment of their countrymen, came to this country, and are making it and will make it one of the greatest centers of the white race in the world. It is always noticed that wherever the British race go, or settle, in no matter what climate, they always bring with them that flavor and fragrance of a companionable and progressive people, their love for manly and square out-door sports. History tells us, gentlemen, that the National game or games of any country has a wonderful healing and cohesive power in cementing nations who were ever engaged in Civil War. The Olympian games of ancient Greece were the medium that brought those warring factions of Greece together; namely, the Spartans and Athenians, and we see where 11,000 of those solidified Greeks defeated a quarter of a million Persians on the plains of Marathon. We see ancient Rome, the once-cradle of civilization, engaged in civil war as either the followers of Caesar or Pompey, blending their voices afterwards in cheering on the victors of their chariot races.

“We come down to another link in history, and we see the English people indulging themselves in festive gaiety over their National game of Cricket with a race of people whom they formerly met in mortal strife that lasted twenty years in its periods, called the ‘War of the Roses.’ We next crossed to the American Republic, a Republic that has ever been open to the talents and energy of the world without the

distinction of birth and a Republic that will never have a superior in its extent of territory and resources. We had a war, a fratricidal one, of four years, the memory of which is fast passing into thankful forgetfulness, and when it is known that in the last twenty years the sons of the South have become the baseball idols of the North and the sons of the North have become the baseball idols of the South, and the few smoldering embers that remain of that civil strife passed on to cold oblivion last July on the battlefield of Gettysburg, where the survivors of that terrible three days' battle met once more, not to renew hostilities but to meet, embrace and fraternize with each other, to forever make the American Republic a united and inseparable Nation."

"The object of the world's tour of the exponents of America's game is not to try and supplant the National game of any country but to exhibit it in countries where they have no vigorous outdoor sport, for those nations to adopt of their own volition for both the mental and physical development of the youth of their country. So far, Japan has adopted the game, and America's game in the Philippines has gone hand in hand with other American civilized methods that has raised those natives above the level of the cockpit and other semi-civilized pastimes. I assure you, gentlemen, that there is not a liberal, broad-minded sportsman in America that will ever want to see the National game of

England fade away, for the traditions of Cricket go back to the greatest achievements of the British Empire. It was the Duke of Wellington who said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the field of Eton. English statesmen and Englishmen of letters have played the game from Eton to the University of Oxford and Cambridge, and the average Briton would no more give up his game of cricket than he would stop eating roast beef or plum pudding. The National game of America is a game that is different in its magnetism from any sport of any other nation, ancient or modern. It is not a game of the classes, such as polo or golf, but its democracy makes it a game of the masses. It is the only game in all the world that levels all minds to one plane during its playing action, whether it is the highly judicial of the literary man, he will find his peer in the most humble citizens of this country in his knowledge of the strategical features of the game. Baseball is the creation of American temperament and genius and it is co-existent with the growth of the American youth. Its playing machinery has all the inherent temperament, initiative and snap of the typical American. The game started as a sport pure and simple and finally developed into an honest and legitimate profession. The game in many ways has been a material help to certain classes of American youth. It has enabled the farmer's son to help his father to lift an old mortgage off his farm

or help him buy a new one. It has placed the struggling student in a position to pay his way through college and it has taken the humble boy from the city lots and gave him a chance to gain a little knowledge and culture of the outside world, besides helping his parents to educate a sister or brother. Any nation without a vigorous outdoor sport becomes effete. In final words, I wish to pay this tribute to the magnanimity and hospitality of the Australian people. In ages past some upheaval of the earth separated the two sister oceans, Atlantic and Pacific, at the junction of the two Americas, but it took American skill and enterprise to remedy that error of nature by digging the Panama Canal and allowing these oceans to mingle their waters once again at that point, but by digging the Panama Canal it did more for this country. It brought this great commonwealth, Australia, 4,000 miles nearer the Atlantic seaboard of the American Republic, but be that as it may, I want to say to you, gentlemen, that the treatment and cordiality tendered to the American touring party since they landed in Australia, will ever bring American hearts nearer to Australia than can ever be measured by miles or time."

STEAMSHIP ORONTES.

After our great reception in Melbourne, we took train for Adelaide to board the ship

Orontes. This was another English ship, English captain, English crew, and English passengers to the number of one hundred. We were on this boat for three weeks, from the time it left Adelaide to the time we left it at Suez, Egypt. After leaving Adelaide, we stopped at Freemantle and Perth, on our way north, five or six hours. The days on the Orontes were spent in many ways. All the ships since we left America were English boats and manned by British captains and crew. The English passengers on the Orontes were exclusively English and of aristocratic and House-of-Lords persuasion. Still everything went on pleasantly. The ginger of the Americans amazed the English and the reserve of the English amazed the Americans. The Americans, with their magnetic gingery temperament, can never assimilate with the English, with their frigid-zone temperament, but there is one thing that can be said, and I say it truthfully, without fear of contradiction, an Englishman's temperament will never blend with an American temperament.

COLOMBO.

A wireless from land on our route to Colombo told us a game could be arranged there if we did not charge, as that part of the country is also under British jurisdiction. We wired back: "All right, we will play without charging, and especially it will please us to play for the natives."

This magnanimity on the part of the baseball tourists led those British to know that they were dealing with American sportsmen. That world's greatest sportsman, however, Tom Lipton, would not let the tourists stop at Colombo without entertaining them, and this grand man, with his grand big parts, did entertain the American tourists with a grand banquet, and in addition to that he gave 10 pounds of tea, as a present, in neat boxes, to each one of the party. After the game that night we boarded our ship to continue our journey to Egypt. While going through the Red Sea, the land of the Old Testament came before our eyes. Mr. and Mrs. "Would-be High-Brow," of our party, had an argument as to where the Garden of Eden was located. As the shores of Arabia, Africa and Egypt could be seen at different times from the deck of the ship, they presented a sandy appearance. Mr. "Would-be High-Brow" said, "No apples could grow on such soil as that." Mrs. "Would-be High-Brow" said, "You must know that the Garden of Eden could grow anything on its soil." "Would-be" gave her a look of scorn and said, "You will find in Tennyson's Saucer (meaning Chaucer), if you have ever read him, that water and soil will change every hundred years. The Garden of Eden had more than apples in it." "Middle-brow" now comes to Mrs. "Would-be's" assistance, and said that the Garden of Eden was one hundred miles back from the shore, as he had

read commentaries on the Genesis of the Old Testament. Finally Mr. "Would-be" got disgusted with both of them and said he would go to his stateroom and read Jack London on Poetry. This royal family of the "three Brows" had many a debate on the tour, but "Would-be High-Brow" snubbed them all by referring to some author when he would get their names mixed.

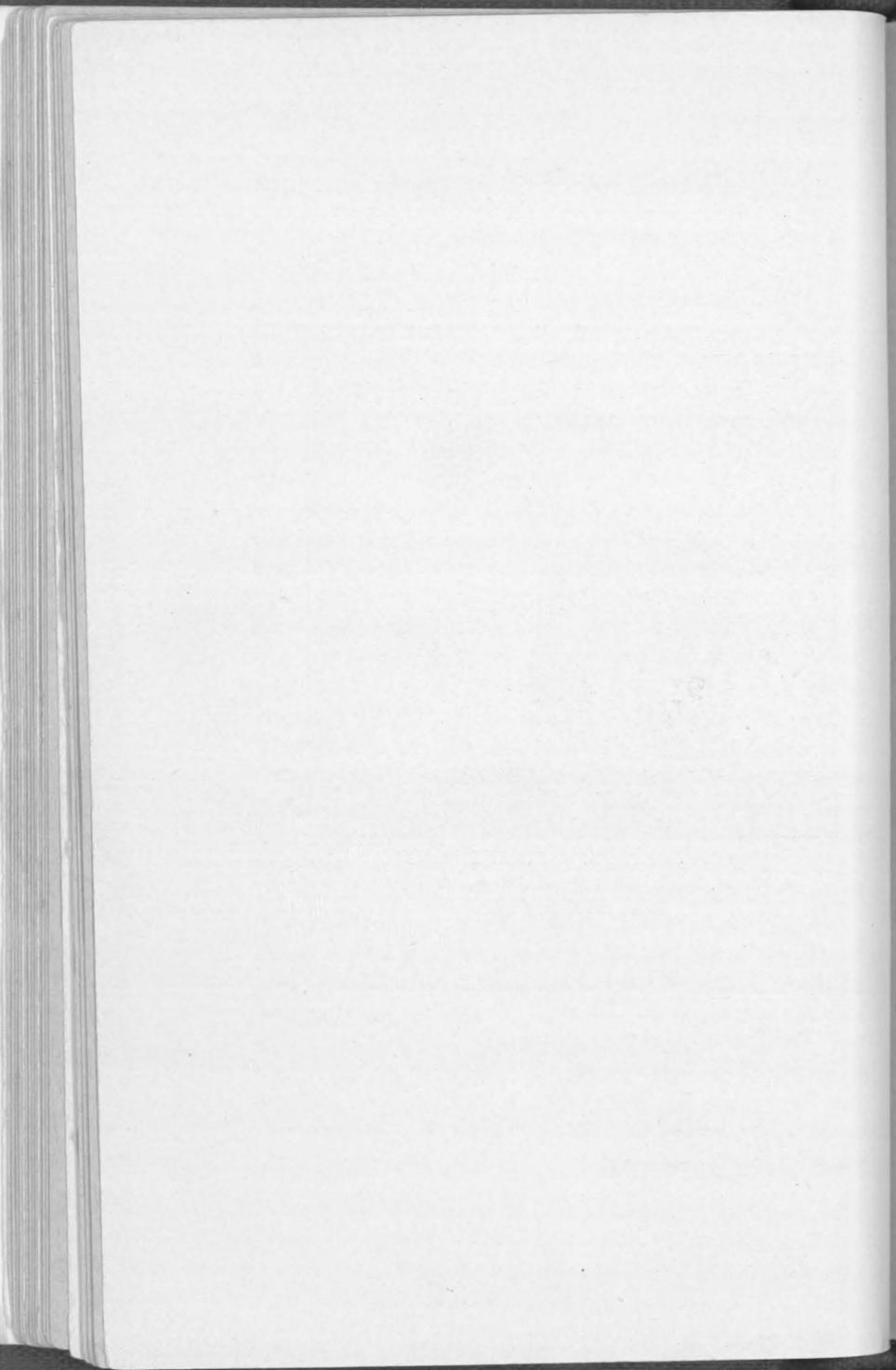
Mount Sinai, where Moses got the Commandments, was the next Bible story the tourists bent their eyes to see. Finally, the high peak of a mountain appeared; whether it was Mount Sinai or not we do not know, but finally one of the officers of the boat said it was the Bible mountain. During this heated discussion trying to locate the old Testament landmarks along the Red Sea, the dinner gong sounded, and we left for the dining-room. The shores of Africa and Arabia were in sight for two days, and the sunsets on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean were something that no painter could put on canvas. The ladies and gentlemen of the party enjoyed those sunsets with a great deal of pleasure, if they were not bothered with the superior intelligence of "Would-Be High-Brow," "Middle Brow," and Mrs. "Would-Be High-Brow."

Our voyage now was coming to a close, and we were all ready to leave the ship at Suez, Egypt.



MR. AND MRS. C. A. COMISKEY
on H. M. S. Empress of Japan, en route
to Yokohama, Japan

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SUEZ, EGYPT.

The leave-taking of the ship *Orontes* at Suez by the American party was not as regretful as leaving the *Empress of Japan* at Hong Kong. How the party felt nobody knew, but nevertheless there was no anxiety on the part of anyone to suggest that we present the Captain and his ship with a loving cup. The frigid-zone temperament of the English aristocracy on ship made no hit with the magnetic Americans. The English suffragette, the "Queen of Gossip Row," waved her American notes at us while we were leaving, but a gust of wind blew the notes out of her hand and the cigarette she was smoking into Lord Dudley's face. The Englishman exclaimed: "It is shameful that women with men's habits have not better manners than smoking a degenerate's luxury." As already stated in this history of the tour, this English suffragette was named the "Duchess of Loud Talk," from her strong voice in the dining-room, that reached every part of it.

At Suez we met the advance guard of Ali Baba and his forty thieves from Cairo in the shape of card sellers, cap sellers, and any other wares that they could sell. They would begin at ten dollars and then come down to ten cents. A night's ride from Suez brought us to Cairo, the land of the Pyramids and Sphinx, and the headquarters of Ali Baba himself and his well-trained forty thieves.

CAIRO AND HELIOPOLIS.

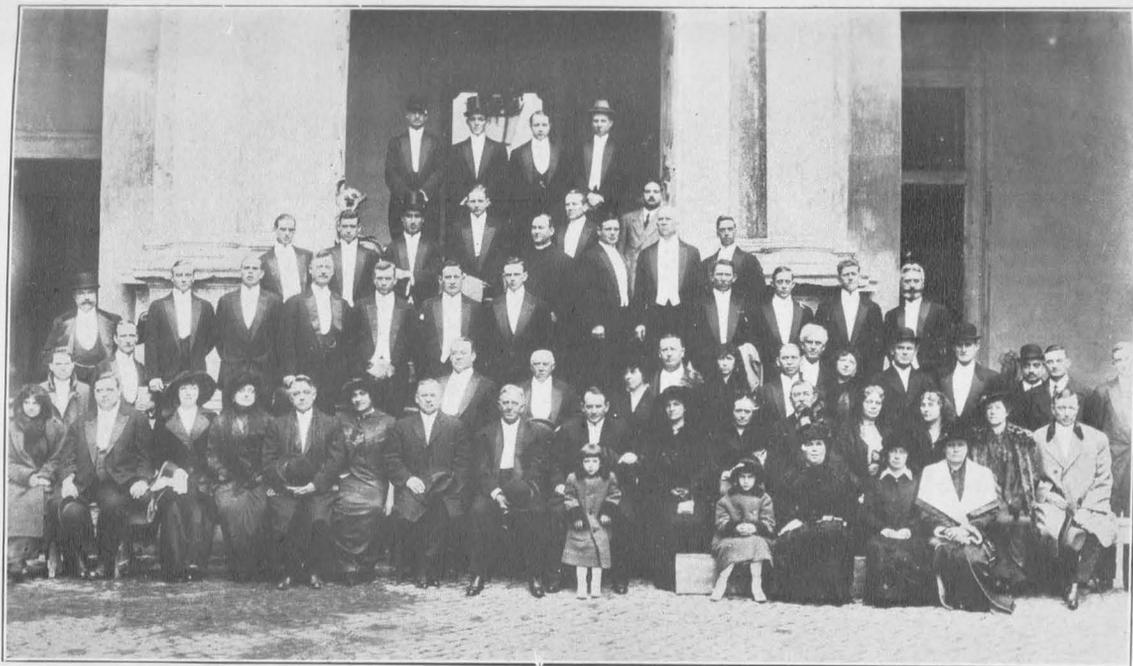
After arriving at Cairo in the morning, we were autoed to Heliopolis and stopped at the great hotel at that place called the Palace. Heliopolis can be said to be in the suburbs of Cairo. The Palace Hotel has been acknowledged as the best hotel in the world, by traveling tourists. No one can gainsay but that it is a great hotel, and a swell one, at that. Its architecture is quite novel, and the rates that the tourists pay there were at a price that equaled any hotel in the world, but I will say for Mr. Comiskey and Mr. McGraw that by their direction we stopped at the best hotels in making the tour of the world. Two games before the Khedive were arranged in Cairo, and his Majesty enjoyed both very much. I met him, and found him a very worldly man knowing a great deal of the history of America. He told me that his subjects were thinking of taking up our game, and he hoped that they would. Four days spent in Cairo was generally sight-seeing. The great past of Egypt entrances all. The higher class of the Egyptians are fine-looking people physically. On our arrival at Heliopolis that morning our first thought was a visit to the Pyramids, which we took in automobiles. Ali Baba had his forty henchmen well scattered. They remained outside the hotel and never left it from dawn to nightfall, to see if they could not sell us a

postal card or show us the part of the Nile where Moses was found. We met the other part of Ali Baba at the base of the Pyramids. After putting one of us on a camel, he wanted pay for that, and if another one of them put his hand on the halter of the camel he wanted pay for that, and after we rode to the base of the Sphinx he wanted pay for telling us how Napoleon's cannon balls disfigured the face of it. Mr. Tom Lynch, our three-hundred pounder, had a hard time with Ali Baba and his henchmen. They wanted two dollars for helping him to get on the camel and then wanted a dollar more for helping him off. The Duke of Beaufort told Ali Baba that he carried six valets with him and they did all his work. Finally, Ali Baba insisted that the Duke of Beaufort should look at a pet camel he had that could eat bread without butter. If there were ever a swarm of bees got around a hive, Ali Baba and his pests duplicated their acts. The second day of our stay was the most interesting of all. It was a visit to the Great Mosques, conducted and engineered by Mr. McGlynn, who represented Mr. John Gleason, of the Pathe Moving Picture Company. Mr. McGlynn toured the world with us and has taken many of the most interesting pictures of our trip. Victor Miller, the young man he had with him as an assistant, did great service to us all the entire tour. The third day at Heliopolis was spent with Ali Baba and his henchmen

showing some of the party where Moses was found in the bulrushes along the Nile. After some of the party returned that night to the hotel and compared notes on where Ali Baba showed them where Moses was picked up by good Pharaoh's daughter, Moses in his basket must have drifted along the banks of the Nile for miles before Pharaoh's daughter found him. There were nine different places that were shown by Ali Baba's energetic crew, and even they go so far as to plant bulrushes for a mile along that Nile to show the unsophisticated where Moses was found. Mr. Mullen and Mr. Lynch of the party were shown where Pharaoh's daughter gave goat's milk to revive little Moses, when she found him in those weeds that the Egyptians call bulrushes.

CAIRO

The big ball at the Palace Hotel, Heliopolis, ended our stay in Cairo. The elite of the British colony was represented at the ball. British officers in golden braid were startled with the beauty and grace of the ladies of the American touring party. The blondes of the party were Mrs. Louis Comiskey, Mrs. Joseph Farrell and Mrs. James McAleer. There were no ladies in the English set to compare with these. The brunettes of the party were Mrs. Larry Doyle, Mrs. Sam Crawford, Mrs. James Thorpe, Mrs. George Wiltse, Mrs. William Klem (the umpire's wife), Mrs. John McGraw, and Mrs. James Callahan.



WORLD'S TOURISTS

Entire Party, Taken After Reception by Pope Pius X,
March, 1914

NAPLES.

On the morning of February 5 we left the Pyramids and Ali Baba and his forty henchmen at Cairo and took train for Alexandria. We arrived in Alexandria after five hours' ride and boarded the magnificent steamship Prince Henry of the German-Lloyd Line. After a ride of three days on this grand boat we entered the Bay of Naples on February 7. This grand Bay of Naples is only second to Sydney Harbor in its picturesque beauty. As the boat was pulling up to the dock at Naples, we were serenaded with all kinds of music by the vaudeville talent of Naples that do their performance on flatboats, from a tango dance to the warblings of an a la Caruso. These performers, of course, expect money to be thrown to them by the passengers. When pieces of silver or gold thrown to them miss their hands and fall into the water, they dive for it, and after a certain time under the water they appear on the surface with the money in their hands. The American Duke de Beaufort threw an English sovereign to one of the tango dancers but it bounded off her hand into the water. Her fellow dancer dove after it and came up with it instantly. Mr. "High-Brow" appeared and told us that all Italians had water sight, as he had been reading Horace and Virgil on that very thing. After we docked we were at once brought to the great hotel called Bertolini's

Palace Hotel, a hotel that is on the highest point of Naples and gives a view of the Bay and the country for miles. No game was played in Naples, as the Duke de Shadow, who was in advance of us, had made no game there.

The party spent three days in Naples looking at the many historical sights. The ruins of Pompeii were the point of interest for all, Vesuvius being next. Both places are of great interest to those who read about them, but never saw them. The ruins of Pompeii, with the singular inscriptions on the wrecked palaces and bath-houses, meant food for thought for the tourists. The two "Brows" were conspicuous, viz., "Would-Be High" and "Middle Brow." They had a great dialogue at Pompeii. "Would-Be" said it was not Vesuvius that destroyed it. Mr. "Middle" said it was a fire that took place before the great fire in Chicago, and that he had not read guide books for nothing. During the conversation Mr. Lynch of Chicago came along, and said both the "Brows" were wrong, as an earthquake had demolished it.

Three days were spent in Naples, where a great deal of purchasing was done by the ladies before we took a special train for Rome, a city that all wanted to see. We entered Rome at 5 p. m., after a four hours' ride from Naples. The scenery along the route was picturesque and many an old castle along the route was interesting to us.

Rome, the once mistress of the civilized

world, captivated us all. The Hotel Bristol, one of the best in Rome, was at our disposal. The rain that we encountered in Naples followed us to Rome; and after the teams waited four days there to play, the game was called off. However, Rome presented to the touring party places of interest that kept them busy for the days they remained. The second day of our stay in Rome gave us an audience with the Pope. Nothing was more imposing to us all, irrespective of the creed of the members of the party than the entrance to the room, in which we were seated, of this grand old man of the Roman Catholic Church. His beautiful, classic face, his manner of giving us his blessing, impressed all very much.

The many interesting historical scenes of Rome, the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Catacombs, were the most sought after. The beautiful churches of St. Peter and St. Paul were visited by all the tourists. The guides in Rome are intuitive to know whether a man knows the history of Rome or not. They can equal Ali Baba and his forty thieves in Cairo in many things. They are as liable to show you, if it suits their convenience, the equestrian statue of Victor Emanuel for Cæsar's or to show you a tunnel for the Catacombs. The Coliseum and the Forum are the rendezvous of those pests of guides and postal sellers. One of these guides approached Mr. "Would-be High-Brow," and showed him the rooms in the

Coliseum where they kept the lions and the Christians. He looked with scorn at the guide and said to his fellow tourist, who came up while he was talking to the guide, "What do you think of this guide here wanting to tell me that they kept the prisoners and lions all in one room?" But the guide, with his Italian English, said: "No; separate room." "Would-Be" looked at him with scorn, and said: "I know all about the gladiators that fought in this arena. I have not read the life of Victor Emanuel for nothing."

While in Rome Mr. Comiskey became suddenly ill and had to remain over a day after the party had left for Nice, France. The writer and Mr. O'Neil, the treasurer, remained with Mr. Comiskey, but we left for Paris next day.

PARIS.

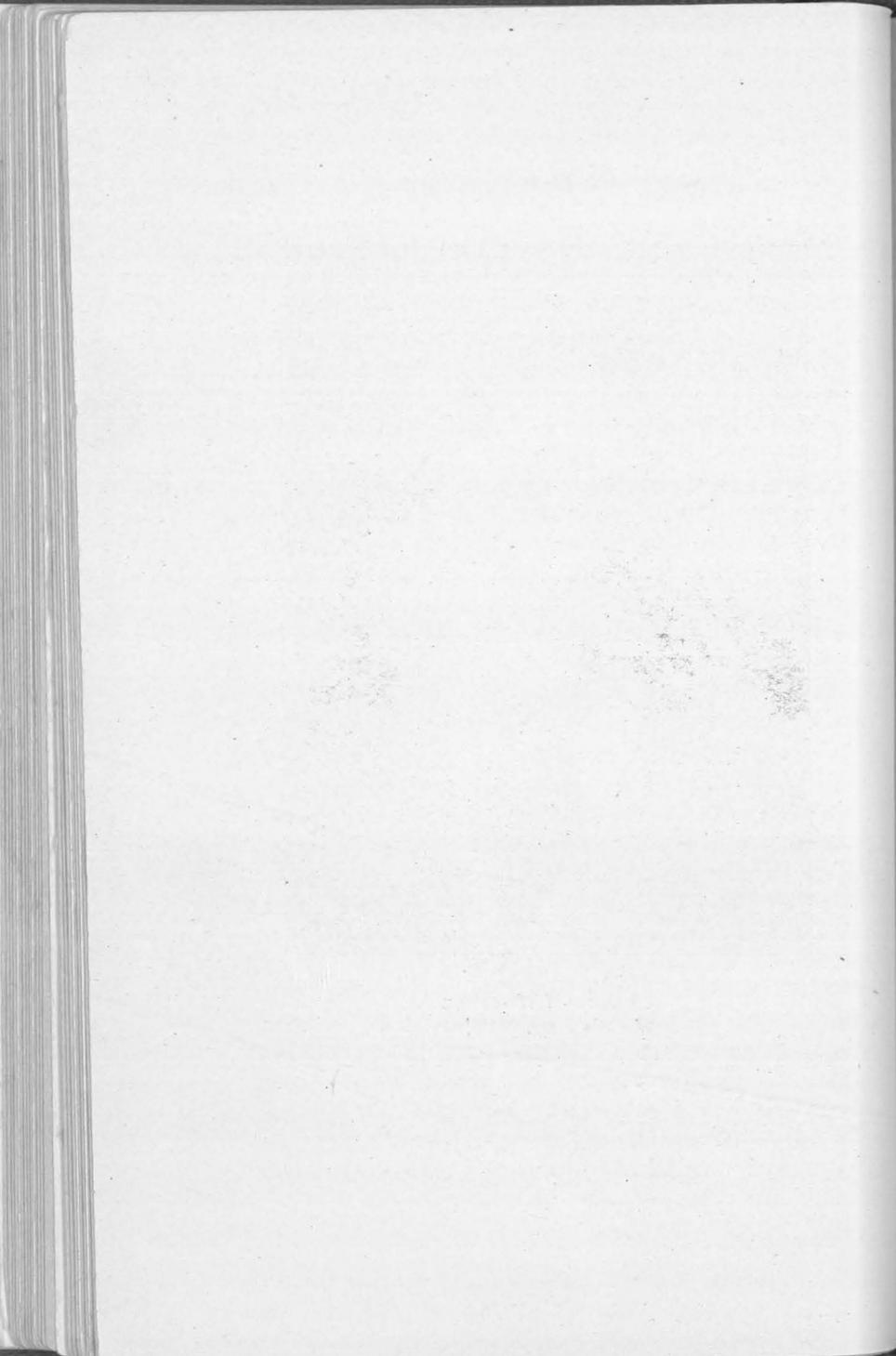
The long-sought city, with all its history, was the cynosure of all eyes. Rain continued its journey with us, and here for four days it gave us continual showers, so no game was played in Paris during our stay. A banquet was served here to the party the second day after our arrival by Mr. Kessler, the wine king of France. The third day we were luncheoned by Ambassador Herrick.

Of the many places the tourists visited in Paris Napoleon's tomb and the Louvre were the



N. L. O'NEIL
Treasurer of White Sox
World's Tour, 1913-'14

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most sought after. The writer went out to Versailles, which is a distance of 12 miles from Paris, and saw all the grand war paintings of Napoleon and his period. The statuary there of his great Marshals, equals the best sculpture in Paris.

Mr. "Middle Brow" and Mr. "High Brow" had a discussion at the tomb of Napoleon. Mr. "Middle" said that he died in Elba and Mr. "Would-be High" said that he was killed at Waterloo, as he had been reading Hugo Victor's *Les Miserables*.

All preparations were made on the night of Feb. 19 to go to London, the last stop before the touring party would take ship for America.

We did not expect to play a game in London, but as the writer left a day before the party, the London papers sought me out at the Cecil Hotel and wanted to know, if the weather was favorable, would we play a game. I told him certainly, and to my astonishment the London papers did not know whether we were making a tour of the world or had we just arrived from New York? When I explained to the affable gentleman of the London Mail the object of the tour of both clubs, and that they had left America the 19th of last November, and played in countries which I named, and particularly about our great reception in Australia, he wrote up the whole history of the trip and the parties who were at the head of it, which interested all London. Before I arrived in London, there

was not a word of our tour mentioned in the papers. I must give credit to the gentlemen on the London Mail for pushing and boosting our game there. After the King had consented to come out, there were at least 400 Americans in London who claimed it was their influence that brought out the King, but wishing to rob nobody of the glory of it, whether they were with the party or not, I wish to state to the American public, that it was a letter from Ex-President Taft that was given to me last Winter in Washington to the Ambassadors abroad, stating the purpose of the tour and who I was, that led to the appearance of the King. This letter I showed to people of influence in London that gave to our tour a rating and placed it in its proper position.

Five days in London were spent by the party sight-seeing and accepting a few invitations to receptions got up by American friends in London.

We were all sorry that we could not put in a day at Dublin, but as the steamship did not stop there and as we would have only one day there any way, and that with the uncertainty of the weather, we left for Liverpool on the morning of February 28, to take the Cunarder Lusitania for the good old U. S. A.

Our entry into New York Harbor was a scene that will never be forgotten by the world's tourists. As the Lusitania was steaming down the bay toward the dock, we were met by a delegation of one hundred and fifty people

from Chicago, who chartered a boat and with flags flying in the breeze, men cheering, and music playing, it indeed enthused us, to be met by our countrymen and those countrymen coming from the heart of America, Chicago. This grand delegation of Americans did not wait at the dock until the party arrived, but after coming one thousand miles from Chicago to greet their friends, they went down the Bay and accompanied the ship to the dock, cheering their favorites that were on the steamship. There is not a record in the history of the homecoming of any representatives of America's game or of the game of any other nation where people ever went that far to welcome their countrymen home, but to the credit of Chicago, she has ever taken the initiative in any enterprise, and she showed it in this case, in welcoming Mr. Comiskey and his party home.

JOHN MCGRAW.

This modest man, John J. McGraw, gets more salary by five thousand dollars for managing the New York Giants than our first President got, viz., \$30,000, and I assure the public he deserves it. Since managing the New York Giants he has given more to worthy charity out of the back door of Silence than any man ever connected with the game gave out the front door of Publicity. There is nothing of the spotlight about him in handling his men,

and his intuition in knowing whether a player is of major-league caliber or not, and his faculty in getting it out of him, if he has, John McGraw has no equal in the entire baseball profession.

It might be expected that I might highly color the acts of this gentleman by his joining with Mr. Comiskey in making me the Managing Director of the World's Tour, but in all my life I never praised a man but only on his merits. I knew John McGraw from the time he joined the old Baltimore team, and have noticed particularly the great intellectual development that has taken place in him the past ten years. A man can give his friend credit without slopping over or bestowing superfluous praise. While on this tour of the world he gave class to his profession and made people of the foreign world know that the heads of American professional ball are not an ignorant set of men by any means. During this tour I have heard the very highest compliments paid to the bearing and dignity of both Mr. McGraw and James Callahan.

JAMES J. CALLAHAN.

A tour of the world is a pleasure when it is made with a man who has pride in his profession, and a tour of the world is still greater when a man handling his ball team in foreign lands has pride of country and is equal at all times and on all occasions to demonstrate it.

And that is what James Callahan, manager of the White Sox, did. More than once was I proud of his Americanism by the neat, quiet and brief addresses he made to the officials of all countries who entertained us. Would that there were more leaders in the baseball profession that could give the class to it in foreign countries like James Callahan and John McGraw.

TRIBUTE TO THE PLAYERS.

Should I have written the history of the world's tour without commenting on the demeanor and conduct of the excellent young men that composed both clubs, I would have forgotten to tell the people of America of one of the most essential things that made the world's tour of America's ball players an artistic success. Those young men showed their American patriotism in demonstrating before foreign countries, that the major league professional ball player of America had social class, that no other profession of its like in the world could equal, and let it be known also to a class of American people who are always picking out the collegian as the well-mannered and well-bred man of the baseball profession, that not one of the players who composed both teams ever got a diploma from Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Cornell. They graduated from the school of common-sense and the diploma of their past conduct on and off the ball field was the

diploma that Messrs. McGraw and Comiskey recognized in selecting them to make the world's tour. I wish to state that from the time the two teams took ship at Victoria on November 19 last, to the time they landed on foreign shores, they at all times and under all conditions, whether playing before the high officials of Japan, China, Philippines, Australia, or before the Khedive of Egypt, or the King of England, conducted themselves in a manner that not only reflected credit on themselves as the exponents of America's National game, but also on American citizenship.

JOHN SHERIDAN AND WILLIAM KLEM, UMPIRES.

While many features of the world's tour added to its greatness, there was one feature of it that was only second to the playing part of the team, and that was the finished and dignified umpires, John Sheridan of the American League and William Klem of the National. These two gentlemen gave the game class and tone, and the voice of Mr. Klem in calling off the names of the players as they came to the bat for the different clubs they hailed from while in America was very pleasing to the spectators.

EFFECT OF THE TOUR IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

The tour of the world will be more far reaching in its influence and effect than can be imagined today in America. The dash, the celerity of foot, and physical appearance of the players of both teams while in action on the ball field will ever lead those foreign countries to know that any nation that can give birth and development to such types of physical manhood would be a very hard nation to defeat in case of war.

The trip abroad so far has planted the game in Japan and the Philippines. The game has sown its seed in Australia, and whether the sporting soil of that country can ever give baseball a healthy growth is problematical. Australia has cricket for the classes and football and horse-racing for the masses. Whether baseball can wedge in between these three sports we do not know.

AMERICAN FISH IN FOREIGN WATERS.

American fish in the shape of the gullible man or woman may not bite at everything in their own waters, but in foreign waters they will not bite the bait only, but the hook and line and even the man that is holding the rod. This I have seen not only on this trip but other trips to Europe. Goods or articles that they may buy in Hong Kong or Japan or in Europe, can be purchased sometimes for less money in

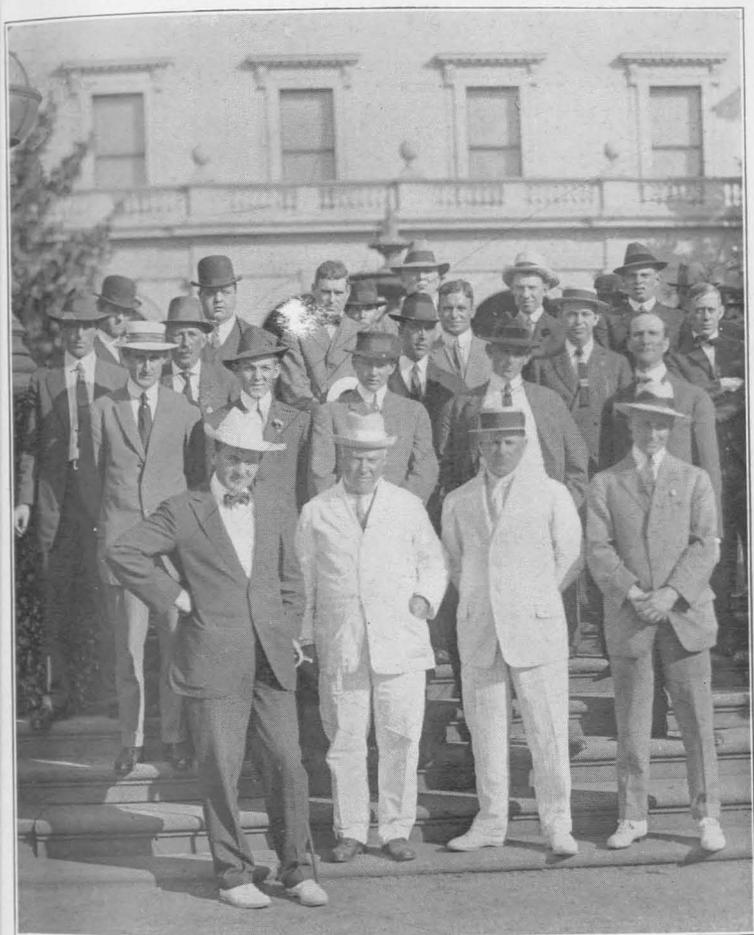
their own country, but, as the phrase reads, "Distance lends enchantment and far pastures look green," give me the credulous American to find both places.

BERT KINNEY.

This fine gentleman from Truxton, N. Y., who accompanied the New York team around the world, was the man who put John McGraw into baseball. When people are four months in each other's society, in hotels and on boats, they cannot but form an opinion of each other's social and mental qualities. Mr. Kinney impressed me very much as being a gentleman of excellent sense and innate modesty. He is from that rock-ribbed part of New York State that turns out more men of native good sense than they do of the spotlight and creampuff order. John McGraw insisting that his sponsor in baseball should accompany him around the world shows the amount of "auld lang syne" there is in that real Napoleon of the game, and I wish to state that he possesses some of the parts of the great Napoleon of military fame, and that is, he never forgets the friends of his humble and obscure days.

MR. HILL OF ALBANY.

Mr. Hill of Albany was the silent tourist of all our number. He played solitaire when the waves were high, he played solitaire when the



Reception at Government House, Melbourne, Australia, Jan. 6,
1914. Standing, in front row, reading from left to right,
Callahan, Ted Sullivan, McGraw and Magee

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sun of the Orient was sending its burning rays into every part of the ship, and he played solitaire while looking at the Pyramids. He was one man Ali Baba and his forty "con men" could not sell a card to, or show him the camel that was shot in the foot by Napoleon's army.

HERMAN SCHAFFER.

Of the many excellent and jovial players of both teams, Herman Schaffer of the Washington Club was the bright particular star. He was the sunshine of all and his partner in comedy, Steve Evans, a player of the Sox, was an able second to Schaffer at all times. Those men picked time and place for everything. They did it to amuse the party, and when dignity was at a premium their manner was equal to the best. Schaffer's original song, called "The Garden House", was given in all countries, with tremendous applause.

WORLD'S TOUR SEXTETTE.

Out of the Sox and Giants Teams a sextette was organized called the World's Tour Sextette. The leader of that Sextette was Joe Benz of the White Sox, and the voice that led all of that Sextette came from Amby Slight, the excellent catcher of the White Sox. While on boat or land those boys blended their voices in such harmony and strength that they received the

plaudits of the very elite on foreign shores. During the long days and nights on the many ships we sailed, the voices of that Sextette singing patriotic American songs were welcomed by the ears of the entire party, who were thinking of far-away America.

I must not forget to mention that one of the principal singers of that Sextette was George Weaver of the White Sox. The Sextette was composed of Benz, Slight, Scott, Weaver, Hearne and Merkel.

WOULD-BE MRS. HIGH-BROW.

Would-be Mrs. High-Brow bought a necklace from an Ali Baba and was showing it to the other members of the party. She said: "What do you think, the variety and color of these beads on this necklace I could not buy in the United States for \$100. Some of the corals were gathered out of the Red Sea and some of the other colored ones taken from the Nile, and to think that I only paid \$20 for them." There was a little laugh among some of the ladies, when one of the ladies took a necklace out of her bag. "Why, Mrs.—, here is the same kind of a necklace as yours, and I only paid fifty cents for it. The Arab at first wanted thirty dollars for it, and I told him I did not want it at all. Finally he followed me to the door of the hotel, asking me what I would give. Just to drive him away from me, I told him I

would give him fifty cents. He immediately threw the necklace into my arms, so I would not change my mind, and said take it." Mrs. Would-Be High-Brow never spoke after that about buying anything.

SPOTLIGHT MAN.

The spotlight man was in evidence to a degree that was alarming on this world's tour; wherever the moving picture man was he was there. Time and time again did this man step on my feet when Mr. Comiskey or Mr. McGraw asked me to sit near them when any picture was to be taken where the group of the officers was sought after by Mr. McGlynn, the manager of the Pathe Moving Picture Company. This spotlight man was everywhere that was prominent. You could not keep him away from anything that was to be photographed. He even tried to get on top of the Sphinx when the moving picture was in operation.

COLONEL N. E. McBRIDE, known as the Duke of Beaufort.

Of the many excellent gentlemen that were with us on the World's Tour none was more classy in appearance, in dress, manners and physique than Colonel McBride of Chicago. At the garden party given to the tourists by Lady Denham at Government House, Melbourne, Mr. McBride happened to walk across the lawn.

One of the distinguished Australian ladies said: "That American gentleman looks like the first Duke of Beaufort." Mr. McBride was told of it, and said: "Let it go any way. I am a descendant from the great Scotch chieftain, the Black Douglas." The touring party afterwards had no other name for Mr. McBride but the Duke of Beaufort. On the ship *Orontes*, on which, as I have stated, the passengers were all English, many asked me, "When did we come to have Dukes in America?" And they further asked me to find out the Duke of Beaufort's descent. I told them that his descent was from the great Scotch chieftain, the Black Douglas; that English mothers used to hush their crying children into silence by the mere mention of his name. An English gentleman flew up in a rage, and said: "Why, Mr. Sullivan, the Black Douglas was nothing but a vicious cowboy who used to come into England and run off sheep and cattle to Scotland." I told this to Mr. McBride, and that our American Duke should not stand for an insult to his great ancestor. Nothing was said further until the night of the big ball at the Palace Hotel at Heliopolis. Swelldom was represented there in great shape, but the American Duke of Beaufort outclassed all. He especially outclassed the English Duke of Northumbria in grace, dress and physique, who was considered by the whole ballroom as a small Beau Brummell. The Duke of Northumbria was a small, insig-

nificant man in build. The Duchess of Etruria, who was dancing with him, asked Lady Sophomore, who was introduced to Colonel McBride by the Countess of Lancaster, for an introduction to the American Duke. This was finally granted, and the Duchess of Etruria became thoroughly fascinated with the Duke de Beaufort. The Duke of Northumbria became thoroughly furious when he saw his partner for the evening talking to the American Duke, and came forward to escort the Duchess of Etruria to luncheon. She would not notice him. It made his temper glow with more fire and heat than did ever Vesuvius. He at once asked the Duke of Beaufort for his line of descent. Beaufort was there quick. Looking at Northumbria, he addressed him in the following manner: "Duke de Shadow, I will tell you my descent; it is from the Black Douglas, who chased you English robbers out of Scotland and bagged ten thousand of you at the Battle of Bannockburn. Now, my dear Duke, take a promenade for yourself, for I am tired looking at shadows masquerading as real men. I'll take care of the Duchess and dance with her the rest of the night." Then Colonel McBride, looking the Duchess of Etruria in the eyes, with a graceful bow, said: "Allow me to escort your ladyship to the dining room, and for you, Duke of Northumbria, go back to the House of Lords, London, and put your titles up for auction, like the rest of you Robin Hoods of the Sixteenth Century."

WOULD-BE MR. HIGH-BROW.

The man or woman who goes abroad with nothing to recommend them but the dollar sign becomes a prey to the guides, who at once can tell the illiterate, ignorant dollar man from the educated and literary American. I am sorry to say we had one or two of those would-be Mr. High-Brows with us on this tour of the world, but he was only a tourist at that, and not a player or officer of either club by any means.

This "would-be high-brow," who mixed in once in a while with Mr. "Would-Be Middle-Brow," would butt in once in a while on a conversation of learned men of the party. While talking with the Governor-General of Australia, Lord Denham, at the garden party at Government House, given by Lady Denham to the tourists, Lord Denham said: "Mr. Sullivan, we English people admire your poet Longfellow very much." I remarked: "I am sure you do, for you have a bust of him in Westminster Abbey, London." "Would-be High-Brow" butts in and says: "Why Ted, Longfellow never was the poet Jack London is." I stepped on his foot to stop him from talking and changed the subject to the weather, which was about his intellectual speed.

GOSSIP ROW.

On Steamship Orontes.

After three days out from Freemantle, Australia, on our way to Egypt, a gossip society was organized amongst the ladies of the party, and a suffragette from London, England, was made the queen of the row and chairman. This English suffragette was christened the "Duchess of Loud Talk," on account of her voice in the dining room reaching to all parts of it during meal hours. The subjects of Gossip Row were men and women's ages, how they wore their hair, etc., or whether the diamonds were real or not, and where was their hair bought. One day the Duchess of Loud Talk had her notes on American ladies and gentlemen blown into the sea. A seagull picked them up, however, and followed the ship and flew into the window and laid the notes down before the American ladies. That settled the standing of the Queen of Gossip Row, the Duchess of Loud Talk, and she was not recognized afterwards by the American ladies.

We started a daily paper on the boat, with myself as editor, called the Sea Gull Express. News was to be received by wireless and seagulls. This paper was typewritten and was handed to the passengers at the breakfast table in the morning, but after three days' circulation the paper had to go out of business. Gossip Row had given all the news to the pas-

sengers before the Sea Gull Express was off the press. The Duchess of Loud Talk warned me that no newspaper could get news out quicker than she as long as she was the Queen of Gossip Row.

Mrs. C. A. Comiskey and her companion, Mrs. Hugh Keough, enjoyed the trip from the start. Mrs. Comiskey, from her youthful appearance, could not be distinguished at times from any of the younger set of the party.

LITERARY TEST.

Our Government should have two tests of illiteracy, one for the emigrant coming into America and one for our quick-rich-dollar American going to visit foreign countries. The one coming in might possibly stand the test, but the one going out—for the reputation of our country, we should never let escape to foreign parts without testing how much they know about their own country. This human bat and owl to whom the resources and opportunities of the United States gave a chance to make some money, after hoarding it up, generally wants to go to foreign shores to show his ignorance and to further show that he knows nothing outside the limits of the little country town he lives in, or within the walls of a big city, beyond which he thinks there is nothing to be seen. This American "boob" is a prey to the guides of foreign countries, and they can tell one of



NEW YORK GIANTS—CHICAGO WHITE SOX
Officers and umpires, homeward bound—Steamer Lusitania at sea,
March 4, 1914

our illiterate people at once. They tell me in the British museum that one of those month-after laugh Englishmen showed one of our people Washington's sword. Our man, although born, sometimes, of ancestors who came to this country before the Revolution, was not posted or witty enough to tell this dull Englishman that Cornwallis came over to America to get Washington's sword but instead of getting Washington's sword, Washington got his at Yorktown, and it is in the Museum at Washington today.

A vote of thanks is due the American cities and towns where the Chicago White Sox and New York Giants played before taking ship for their tour of the world.

I would not consider that I had written this history of the trip should I have forgotten to thank the people of those towns and cities where the Giants and Sox played on their way across the American Continent. Their patriotism in patronizing to make the tour a financial success, will never be forgotten by the promoters of the World's Tour.

HUMAN PESTS.

After passing through the Japanese jinrikisha men and tradesmen, the Hindoo salesmen in Colombo, Ali Baba and his forty ketch'em-quick in Cairo, if that combination ever occupied one town a Jew or a Scotchman would starve to death; they could not live.

DROWNING OF THE ISRAELITES.

As we were passing through the Red Sea, many questions came up as to the exact place where the water separated to let the children of Israel pass when they were pursued by the Pharaoh and hosts. Some said that the water did not separate, but at that age the tide used to come in and go out and the waters were low, and while it was out the children of Israel went over and when the Pharaoh and hosts came along to cross, the tide came in and drowned all. Mr. Would-be High-Brow and Would-be Middle Brow were listening to this contradiction of the Bible. Would-be High-Brow said: "Gentlemen, you must remember that waters never meet after once separated. I was just reading in my stateroom Tyndell Huxley on that very subject. Middle-Brow, who was more logical, said: "What are you talking about? Weren't the waters high in the Ohio last year? Didn't they have a re-union then? Didn't they all go back to their natural banks afterwards? For goodness sake, Mr. High-Brow, let up on Jack London's fables."

Mr. "Would-be High-Brow" had a great laugh when he returned to the hotel. He said Ali Baba and his forty co-laborers could not fool him, as he knew all about Napoleon's visit to the Pyramids, which were nothing but the breastworks the Egyptians erected to keep Napoleon off from conquering Egypt. Here-

upon, a highly intelligent Egyptian asked Mr. Would-be High-Brow to beg his pardon, but that he wished to inform him that those Pyramids were not breastworks and that they were built 4000 years before Christ. Here the touring party had a great laugh on Mr. Would-be High-Brow and told him that he ought to read Jack London on Poetry.

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

In a world's tour the Americanism of a man will show itself sometimes under conditions that he cannot hide. The true American is not always the man who can boast of his birth—after the Puritans landed from England at Plymouth, Mass. Not at all, nor is the ideal American one who is continually disparaging other countries when abroad, to the glorification of his own. A great poet says: "Where we are soul born is the country we belong to, not the country we first opened our physical eyes to," so the man who may have the accident of birth in foreign countries—who comes to the United States and absorbs its greatness, and liberties and full spirit is one hundred times a better American in its broad and truer sense than any fawning, servile, and lick-spitting American, who is only American when it suits his convenience. It was a native American named Benedict Arnold who betrayed our country in the war of the Revolution. We had

a few of those accidental Americans with us on this tour of the world, and they were not players or officers of the tour by any means. Two of them went through the tortures of a surgical operation when I was making a speech of which some part of it extolled American institutions. The phrase that hurt them the most was where I said the American Republic is a Republic that was ever open to the talents and energy of the world, without the distinction of birth. That open door to the talents of the world gave us a Fulton in steam, a Morse in telegraphy, a McCormick in farming implements and a Tom Edison, in his inventions of electricity.

Mr. James McAleer, the ex-President of the Boston American Club, and his beautiful wife, enjoyed the trip very much.

LONDON PAPERS ON PITCHERS' DELIVERIES.

While we were in London the newspaper men wanted to know all about how certain deliveries of our pitchers got their names, and particularly the "fade-away." I told them that Mr. Mathewson had the patent on the fade-away and no one could use it without his permission, and as he could not make the tour, he gave Mr. Wiltse the right to use it in foreign countries, by paying him a small fee. I told them that Mr. Benz, of the White Sox, had the "shadow ball," but the sun must be very bright for him

to put the shadow on the ball. I told them that Mr. Scott had the "jump ball," and the days he felt good he could put this jump on the ball, and the days he was not right the batters jumped it for him. All those gyrations of the ball they had in the paper in the form of a diagram, showing what course the ball would take as it left the pitcher's hands. This semi-comic description of the deliveries they believed, and should I have told them that the ball did not take the course as stated, they would not believe me.

NEPTUNE'S VISIT ON SHIPBOARD.

It is the custom of that Old Man of the Seas, Neptune, to visit all ships on the Red Sea, whether going or coming from Australia. This gentleman came aboard of the ship Orontes, with his attendants and dressed in the traditional garb of his ancestors. I was summoned to meet him by our party, and after telling him he was a little rude to us on the first part of our voyage, he made up for it afterwards, by giving us calm waters on all the other oceans. A collection was made, however, among the passengers, and he departed down the side of the ship on a rope ladder the way he ascended. This scene was brought about by a sailor dressing himself up in one of the lower decks and ascending to the main deck.

PLAYERS.

Tris Speaker proved himself to be one of the most jovial and companionable of the players, and he made friends on the tour that will last forever.

Sam Crawford and his affable wife suffered a great deal with seasickness at the beginning of the trip, but he regained his spirits and health afterward, and so strong did he get, that when it was up to him in the ninth inning in London in the game before the King he tied up the game by making a home run.

If the American people could see the representatives of their game at receptions and banquets in foreign countries, in full dress, they would indeed be proud of the professional major-league ball players of their country.

Mike Donlin, of the Giants, put ginger into all the games he played while on the tour, and judging from his work, he seemed to have regained all his former speed on the ball field. There is one thing about a ball player and that is his personality on the ball field. While you can get men to play as well mechanically as the man with the magnetic personality, but still the man with the magnetic personality with fair mechanical speed we always have found him the winner in a ball game.

GUS AXELSON.

Mr. Axelson of the Chicago Record-Herald was one of the most prominent tourists we had.

His long work to keep his paper in Chicago posted on matters pertaining to the trip did not stop him from being courteous and kind to all. His former travels and literary ability brought him in contact very much with Mr. Would-Be High Brow, but anyway Gus was a very entertaining companion.

SHIPS THAT PASSED IN THE DAY AND NIGHT.

We were taught at school that the earth was three-fourths water and one-fourth land. The world's tour party will never dispute that. We rode on five ships since we left America; namely, the Empress of Japan, from Vancouver to Hong Kong; the steamer St. Albans, from Hong Kong to Sydney, Australia; the Orontes, from Adelaide, Australia, to Suez, Egypt; the Prince Henry, from Alexandria, Egypt, to Naples, Italy; The Cromwell, that brought us across the English Channel, from Calais to Dover, England, a distance of 21 miles; the Lusitania of the Cunard Line, that brought us from Liverpool, England, to New York. After all that time on water we were afraid that we might become webfooted, but at that we all enjoyed every hour and day of the journey.

CHARLES A. COMISKEY.

As the world's tour has been the dream of Mr. Comiskey's life since he became a magnate

in Chicago, it will be necessary for me to give a brief sketch of his life. Mr. Comiskey's baseball life has been written up by many people in the last ten years. Some of these statements were substantially true, while others had a great deal of the glamour of fiction. I wrote an authentic history of his life some three years ago for the Chicago Journal, so it might look superfluous on my part for me to repeat it now, but I feel that no history of the tour would be complete without a biography of the chief backer of it.

A great many baseball men's lives are gleaned by unsophisticated writers at "fanning bees" of ball players, and even the very men themselves sometimes are liable to dream backwards—when telling of their own lives to those credulous reporters.

Mr. Comiskey's close alliance with me, both in a business and baseball way, since we met at St. Mary's College, Kansas, puts me in a position to know of all his struggles in the game. Mr. Comiskey became a professional ball player technically, without knowing it or expecting it. After I returned from college, I went to my original home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. While playing in an amateur team in Milwaukee, a team that played once a week, I invited Charles Comiskey to come up there and be my guest. Charlie then was long, lean and lanky, at about the age of 18. He was delighted to come up and play, and his idea of baseball at that time

was to play for the pleasure of it, and he would have played as hard for nothing as he would for Rockefeller's bank account. The President of that amateur team was Thomas Shaughnessey, now Sir Thomas Shaughnessey, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was an early playmate and schoolmate of mine in Milwaukee. At a meeting one evening the friends of the team collected \$50, and gave it to me to defray the expense of repairing the fence of the ball park. Instead of using the \$50 for that purpose, I gave the \$50 to Charlie and told the street car company, who were the beneficiaries of the game, to fix the fence themselves. When I handed the \$50 to Charlie, he looked at me in surprise and asked me what that was for. I told him he could not stop hot grounders and make lightning throws from third to first base for nothing. Charlie, with a smile, said: "Then I am a professional player now?" I answered, "Yes, you are, even if you get the money by the Santa Claus route." Two years afterwards Charlie joined me again, and in the interim he had become a pitcher on the prairies of Chicago.

I went from Milwaukee to Dubuque, Iowa, as a superintendent in Chicago got me the news agency rights on the Illinois Central Road, running from Chicago to Dubuque, and thence to Sioux City. I also got the rights on two other roads, which compelled me to put my supply headquarters at Dubuque, handling

about 14 news agents. Having always played ball, I at once organized an amateur team in Dubuque, and as other towns were hiring professional pitchers, we in Dubuque thought we should have one also, so my thoughts at once turned to Charlie, and I ran over to Chicago and brought him to Dubuque, where he pitched on the amateur team and clerked for me in the office. He was then about twenty years of age, and the year was 1878. As we had very few clubs to play at that time, I thought of organizing a professional league, and it was the first minor league that was organized in the Middle West, the Far West, the Southwest or Northwest. This was the following year, 1879. The Dubuque team won the championship of that league, as it had players in it that became famous afterwards, notably the great Radburn. Comiskey was the youngest of that number of men, and as he had been a pitcher there was no place to use him unless I played him as a substitute or tenth man. He injured his arm while pitching the year before. The first baseman on that team of '79 was a Chicago boy named Lapham. There was not a first baseman outside the National League that could compare with him playing the base at that time. About the middle of '79 I played Mr. Comiskey regularly on the team, either in the field or on second base. The Northwestern League, which was composed of Rockford, Davenport, Omaha, and Dubuque, went out of existence at the end of

'79. As no other league was organized, Dubuque could not retain their players, so at the end of '79 those players went to different clubs in the East, but Dubuque having a taste of baseball thought they would organize an independent team and play whenever they could arrange a game, and they went so far in their desire to duplicate the strength of their championship team of the year before, that they brought professional players from New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. To my surprise, in that year, 1880, they left Mr. Comiskey out of the team, and the late Mr. Tom Loftus played first base. So I wish to correct the many assertions that have been made that Mr. Comiskey played first base on a regular professional club in Dubuque, as it is a mistake. I was not connected with the independent team in Dubuque, organized in 1880. If I had, Comiskey would have played. Nevertheless, Comiskey kept working for me in my office and often went on the road to see how the boys were getting along. The independent team in Dubuque lasted about a month, as there were no clubs for them to play but a few amateur clubs that came over from Chicago. However, Mr. Comiskey and myself played for pleasure once or twice a week. I placed him on first base, and it was then I saw the great possibilities in him as a first baseman, and I told him so. In practice I used to throw the balls at his feet to the right and left of him in wide range, to see him stretch out and get those

badly thrown balls and get back to the bag. I furthermore told him that he could revolutionize the whole position by making the first baseman as important a position in fielding the ball as the other positions, and that if he could not get back to the bag in time, either the second baseman or the pitcher should cover it. Those points of the game he introduced when he went to St. Louis, and that made him the best first baseman that ever played the bag. He remained with me until the beginning of 1882, working for me and banking my money. The American Association was organized in the winter of 1881, and the organization of that team gave Mr. Comiskey a chance to show his ability as a ball player. The chance came from St. Louis. On my recommendation, and by my persuasion he went there. He had no offer from Louisville before he went to St. Louis, but he had an offer from Louisville at the end of 1882, after he had played a full season on the St. Louis Browns. He was neither Captain nor Manager of the St. Louis Browns in 1882. He was simply a player, but he turned out to be a sensational first baseman his first year. The American Association was composed of but six clubs in 1882. It was the first rival of the National League. The cities that composed the Association of that year, were Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Philadelphia. The manager of the St. Louis Browns in 1882 was the once great fielder and batsman, Edward

Cuthbert. The Browns at the end of 1882 came in fifth in that League of six. In the Fall of 1882 war was going on between the National League and the American Association. The National League did not recognize the American Association until the Association was able to fight back and snatch up five or six of their stars, then came peace and the reserve rule. In the Fall of '82 the late Mr. Chris Von der Ahe opened up negotiations with the writer to both organize and manage his club for 1883. After I signed a contract, I began at once to cull out incompetent players of the Browns and add fresh and skillful players to the team. Before opening the season of 1883, I made Charles Comiskey Captain of the team.

The Browns started that race of 1883 and kept pace with the Athletics of Philadelphia for the lead, down to the last month and homestretch of that memorable race. With two weeks to play and four games in the lead of the other clubs, Mr. Von der Ahe tried to interfere with me in the running of my team. I would not tolerate it, and the result was that I resigned my position. It was evident by my action that I was more for the glory of winning a championship than for the money that was in it or I would have remained and taken the kick in the back and got my salary. I have ever been a booster of the game from a clean, sportsmanlike standpoint, and wherever I have organized a league or

run a ball club I have the whole country to endorse my statement. When I left the Browns Mr. Von der Ahe made Mr. Comiskey manager of the Club. The Browns finally lost out in the race by one game. Mr. Von der Ahe at the end of 1883 engaged another manager to handle the St. Louis Browns for 1884; namely, James Williams of Columbus, Ohio. The writer joined Henry Lucas, who organized a new league, called the Union Association. The writer organized the Lucas Club, called the St. Louis Maroons. This team started off the season that year in the Union Association by winning the first 23 games. The St. Louis Browns of '84 remained under the management of James Williams and the Captainship of Charles Comiskey and they ended up fifth in that race of '84. Mr. Von der Ahe dispensed with the services of Mr. Williams before the end of 1884, and made Mr. Comiskey manager of the team. The beginning of '85, with a few new players added to the Browns, Mr. Comiskey began his great career as a manager. I want to say for Mr. Comiskey that from the very start I knew he had the merits of a great leader, and it only took time, age and experience to show it, and he would have shown it, whether he passed through my tutelage or not. My tribute to Mr. Von der Ahe is this, the game never had a greater sportsman in its true patriotic sense than good old Chris, and I want to state that he did not die penniless, despite his extreme liberality.

The cry is today, if a man don't leave a million dollars behind him he dies a pauper.

Mr. Comiskey stands alone today in baseball without a peer. His tour of the world with his partner in the enterprise (Mr. McGraw) was conducted in grand style. The best of hotels were patronized, and no one should have anything to say detrimental to the entire tour. Of course, there were a few of the party that were a little incensed because they were not introduced to his Majesty, the Khedive of Egypt. One in particular wanted a rebate on his trip because there was one crowned head that he came particularly to see. Mr. Comiskey and Mr. McGraw, however, should not be blamed for that. The Khedive could only give us one audience, and if Ali Baba kept this particular man away in showing him his trained camels, Mr. Comiskey and Mr. McGraw should not be blamed for it.

MR. McGLYNN.

Mr. McGlynn, who had charge of the moving pictures of the World's Tour, under the auspices of Mr. John Gleason, who bought the rights, did great service to the touring party. He did great work for Mr. Gleason in his knowledge of the important events to be taken, and his cleverness and affability to the ladies and gentlemen of the party made him a great many friends.

WISE AND HALF WISE.

During the first part of our voyage three or four of the half wise tourists from Chicago introduced a joke that is older than the Pyramids of Egypt. Canada Bill and his "con men" used to pull it off on the railroads some years ago, when I as a boy used to sell books and papers on those trains out of Chicago. The one that those intellectual sparrows selected to work the trick was a poor, big innocent slob from the prairies of Chicago who had his clothes full of clover. Of the two that believed that he had pulled it off, one was a very much "spot-light" man, possessing the rare quality of having a creampuff brain. The joke is a case where a man is supposed to throw loaded dice on his friend to win his money. So this poor big whale of the party came to me one morning and said: "What do you think, Mr. Sullivan, So-and-So threw loaded dice on his friend So-and-So, winning \$500," at the same time showing me the crooked dice, and telling me to examine them. I thought to myself: "Here is a chance to have the last laugh on a few half-wise men." So I feigned surprise and indignation. I said to this poor "Omadhan" (Irish for stupid): "I will examine these dice; I think it's a shame that one respectable man of Chicago would cheat another respectable man out of his money in that nigger game of crooked craps." He at once flew from my stateroom, and was nearly out

of breath, when he began to circulate it through the cabin that he had Ted Sullivan going on the trick. When I thought they had laughed enough, I went to the Captain and said: "There is so much laughing along the rails of the ship since yesterday that I am afraid one of them will fall overboard on a supposed old barnacle trick of loaded dice, so here Captain, here's the dice, and tell them, 'that he who laughs last laughs best.'" The Captain commenced to laugh, and remarked: "Mr. Sullivan, I knew all the time that you would have the last laugh." When the few owls and sparrows found out that it was they themselves who were fooled they commenced to chirrup on different trees after that.

SEE YOUR OWN COUNTRY FIRST, AMERICA.

After touring the world and seeing the greatness of other nations, it prompts me to say this to the American people: See your own country first before going abroad. When you see the forests and seacoasts of Maine, the small, thrifty and well-kept farms of New England, the classical city of Boston, the modern Greece of America; the States of New York and Pennsylvania, with beautiful farms, on which stand barns in build and cost equal to many of the homes of the middle class of Europe; Niagara Falls, with nothing like it on earth;

the States of Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Southern Wisconsin, and Southern Michigan, with soil so fertile and grass so rich that, produce some of the finest stock in the world, and with such resources and agricultural wealth that it will make Chicago in time the metropolis of the entire world; from Chicago go around the chain of lakes of the Northwest, namely, Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie and Superior, and the traveler will see nothing in the entire world that will surpass that chain of lakes in its entirety and their beautiful shores and harbors.

Then go west from Chicago and see the great States of the Middle West and the Far West, namely, the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Utah, and California. There are three States of that number that could supply the entire Western Hemisphere in corn and wheat. The two Dakotas could supply the wheat and Kansas the corn. Within the borders of the States named have we a diversity of scenery that duplicates the best in Europe, and we have versatility of soil and climate that is not equaled in the whole world, and to think that all these states comprise that one territory that can be traveled under one flag and one tongue, without a change or search of baggage. So I say glory to U. S. of A.

LIST OF TOURING PARTY.

Charles A. Comiskey and wife.
John J. McGraw and wife.
James J. Callahan, wife and two children.
Mrs. D. Hardin.
Ted Sullivan, Managing Director.
Mr. G. Axelson.
Mr. and Mrs. Buhl.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Comiskey.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Crawford.
Mr. T. Daly.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Doyle.
Mr. M. Donlin.
Mr. M. Doolan.
Mr. S. Evans.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Farrell.
Mr. F. Farrell.
Mr. U. C. Faber.
Dr. F. Finley.
Mr. J. Hill.
Mrs. Hugh Keogh.
Mr. A. T. Kinney.
Mr. and Mrs. William Klem.
Mr. F. C. Leverenz.
Mr. and Mrs. John Lobert.
Mr. Thos. Lynch.
Mr. Lee Magee.
Mr. and Mrs. J. McAleer.
Mr. McGlynn.
Mr. N. E. McBride (Duke of Beaufort).
Mrs. N. R. McLean.

Rev. J. McNamara.
Mr. F. Merkle.
Mr. Victor Miller.
Mr. J. Bliss.
Mr. N. L. O'Neill.
Mr. W. Ryan.
Mr. James Scott.
Mr. H. Schafer.
Mr. J. Sheridan.
Mr. Andrew Slight.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Thorpe.
Mr. Geo. Weaver.
Mr. I. V. Wingo.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Wiltse.
Mr. D. Egan.
Mr. A. Hearne.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mullen.
Mr. H. Sparrows.

AUSTRALIAN POLITENESS.

There is one thing the tourists observed during their stay in Australia, and that was the uniform politeness and deference that people have for any high class man that ever figured in clean sport, but in total the Australians are very polite toward each other. They never use the word has been. There is nothing slangy or abrupt in their conversations, and they always give the post of honor to any of the old men that was either a great player in his time or a promoter of any clean sport. There

is a class of Americans that can learn a great deal in the arts of politeness, conversation and sporting phraseology, from the Australian.

WILL OUR GAME TAKE ROOT IN FOREIGN LANDS ?

Many questions have been asked since the baseball teams got back from the tour of the world what nation is liable to take up our game and adopt it for an out-door field sport. To that question, I will say this: Japan has the game and will play it, and when you see any country adopt the national game of another country it is more of a positive proof that it will be more of an ally of that country than an enemy. The Filipinos at present are playing the game and have adopted it. The game will take root in France and it may in Australia, but it will take professional coachers in both countries to stay there, year out and year in, to teach those nations the rudiments of the game. It will not take in either of those countries without a thorough nursing, and the game must start in the schools of those countries.

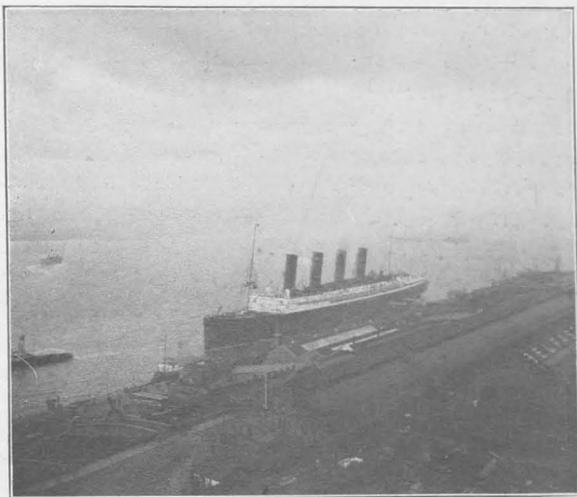
RETROSPECT OF WORLDS' TOUR.

As years roll on, the ladies and gentlemen who made the World's Tour of 1913 by the New York Giants and Chicago White Sox will look back with pleasure on the many countries they have seen and the manners and customs of the peoples of those countries. Players in years to come will tell their children that they circled the globe in 1913 and 1914, and their children, in turn, will tell their children, "your grandfather played in Japan, China, Australia, and before the Khedive of Egypt and the King of England." Other memories will dawn on the tourists when they realize that they passed for days through the island-dotted Sea of Japan, and then they will recall that they were in sight for one whole week of the land of the Bible, while passing through the Red Sea and the Gulf of Suez. They will also know that while they were gazing at the shores of the Mediterranean and while within the walls of Rome they were in the atmosphere of the birth of European civilization. When in Rome, standing at the portals of the old Coliseum, looking up at its three galleries, they could imagine they heard the shouts and cheers of the people of ancient Rome cheering on the victors in their chariot races, or the successful gladiator who killed the most men in the arena below.

While looking at the ruins of the Old Forum of Rome they could feel the thrill of Marc Antony's speech inciting the Roman populace

to avenge the death of Cæsar. Their visits to the Churches of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome could recall memories of the martyrdom of the early Christians, who gave up their lives to follow the teachings of Christ. As the tourists entered Paris they would know that French history in its most crucial periods was made within its boundaries. The French revolution with its hideous changes, that made a hero of a man one day and held him up to execration the next, with his reward the guillotine. Our visit to Napoleon's Tomb set a moving picture of thought of the life of one of the world's greatest generals and a military genius that never had an equal, in ancient or modern times. As we entered the Church of the Invalides, where the Tomb is located in the center, and I looked down over the railing enclosing it, a feeling of solemnity came over me that entranced or held me spell-bound. Having read every account of Napoleon's life from history to biography, and memoirs of his Marshals, great periods of his life passed before me while gazing on his tomb. It seemed to me, for awhile, that I was looking at a moving picture. The first picture of his life shows him as an onlooker and a non-partisan of the French Revolution; the next, as suppressing the revolt in Paris against order and peace, which was the last spark of the French Revolution. Then, in a vision, I see him at the head of the Army of Italy, putting together the remnant of a half-starved army and winning battles that

brought peace and prosperity to France, and liberty to many cities in Italy. As I stood, spellbound, leaning on the railing around the tomb, other periods of his life arose before me. I see him return to Paris after his victories in Italy, receiving the plaudits of the French people. The Directory, the then governing power of France, lays before Napoleon two propositions for future work, one was to go to Ireland and help the patriots of that country throw off the yoke of tyranny, or go to Egypt and the East. Had he by miracle seen the future and gone to Ireland, his fearless cavalry, seventeen years afterwards, might not have dashed itself to pieces against the granite breasts of the Irish Squares on the field of Waterloo. In another picture that comes before my eyes, I see him in Egypt before the Pyramids, battling with the Mamelukes. While in Egypt the cry comes to him from home to return and restore to France what he had gained in Italy but was lost in his absence by the imbecility and maladministration of the French Directory. The next picture that arises from that tomb shows him landing in France amid the applause of the French people, who call on him to take the reins of government himself and stop the invasion of France by the Austrians. He enters Paris without ostentation or display and solves how to grant the wish of the French nation without shedding a drop of French blood. This he accomplishes and thus begins the uplift of France from the chaos and



Steamship Lusitania, Cunard Line, carrying World's Tourists home
from Liverpool to New York, March 6, 1914

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ruins of the revolution. He gathers around him men of talent with a patriotic devotion to their country. While at the head of the French government as First Counsel, he shows the attributes of a statesman and diplomat, by offering peace to England and the rest of Europe. England, who has ever been the pharisee and hypocrite of the nations of Europe, spurned his offer of peace and told him that France and himself must restore the other branch of the Royal Syndicate of Europe; namely, the Bourbons (which the French nation drove from the throne) before England would consider any peace-offering from France. So it can be frankly and safely said that from the time Napoleon became head of the French nation, it was a battle of aristocracy against democracy, and democracy stood erect in France until it finally went down to defeat on the last charge of the Imperial Guard of France, on the field of Waterloo about the sunset of June 18, 1815. Napoleon's answer to England was, "Your asking France to restore her former king to the throne of France would be the same as if I asked England to restore the House of the Stuarts that England drove into exile and off the throne of England for William and his minister, Prince of Orange."

This home thrust of Napoleon to George the Third of England brought no more requests on Napoleon to restore the Bourbons. What he had to ask by the terms of peace which meant to let him and France alone, he had to win on

the plains of Marengo. While the thoughts of his legislative acts were passing through my mind, another picture of his life arises from his tomb. I see him mounted on the throne of France and his Imperial Eagles from the battle of Austerlitz, routing the allied armies of Europe, and he himself appearing like an eagle amongst the crows, jackdaws and sparrows, in the shape of the kings and generals of Europe. It would not do for this royal syndicate of families of Europe to allow this democratic ruler of France to live in their midst, who seemed to reverse the divine laws of kings and privilege, by rewarding merit instead of privilege and divine rights. England, who ever used Austria as a catspaw, in her hatred for Napoleon, was the cause of three-quarters of his wars. All the wars of Napoleon were wars of defense, except two—one was the war on Spain and the invasion of Russia. The war on Spain was the result of ambition to put his brother Joseph on that throne, and the invasion of Russia was in a measure to try and cripple England, but it was more for his ambition and vanity, which fault has ever been the downfall of some of the greatest men that ever lived. The next apparition rising from his tomb, shows me the weeping Josephine, his first wife, the woman that brought him his first fortune and his first promotion, by her influence in having him appointed to the Army of Italy, and the one woman that would have held Paris against the treason of Marshal Marmont and his fol-

lowers, who handed over Paris to the allies when Napoleon was on his meteoric flight to save his capital in march 1814. With his separation and divorce from the woman who loved him began his downfall, and it will be ever thus with the man who ignores the one who was his aid and counselor in his humble days. That picture fades away and another one follows. I see Napoleon at the head of the finest army that ever marched to the strains of marshal music, on his way to Russia, in the latter part of the summer of 1812. The vision of that triumphant army is followed by another, showing him at the head of his broken ranks, struggling homeward in retreat through the snows of Russia. What an enemy could never do to him in open battle the elements accomplished, and all impartial students of Napoleon's life will state that nature defeated him and not the martial prowess and generalship of the combined world. The continuous rains on the eve of Waterloo, which prevented him from attacking Wellington at six in the morning instead of the noon of June 18, 1815, would have given him the victory before Blucher came to the aid of Wellington at seven, of that day. So it can be said that it was the triple alliance of nature; namely, the burning of Moscow, the snows of Russia, and the continuous rains on the eve of Waterloo that defeated the greatest military genius the world ever knew—and not the perfidy of his marshals, the intriguing of his ministers, Talleyrand and

Fouche, or the combined forces of Europe. Another picture of his life moves before my eyes and I see him enter Paris with only the remnants of the great French army that he brought to Russia. The French were his soldiers and loved him; his allies were with him only as long as he was successful. This is demonstrated in a certain battle in his campaign of 1813 and 1814, where a body of Saxons fought with Napoleon in the morning and in the afternoon of that same day turned around and emptied their remaining cartridges into the bodies of his soldiers. After he returns to Paris, he gathers together a young army of recruits and gives to the world an exhibition of his military genius that overshadowed all his former energy and talents on the battle-field. In this great campaign of 1813 and 1814, wherever he appeared in person, he was victorious. The nations of Europe allied themselves against him, but nevertheless, he routed them wherever he met them, with the exception of the battle of Leipsic, and to consider that he was winning battles in 1813 and 1814 when one of his most trusted marshals deserted him; namely, his brother-in-law, Murat. England was ever there with her bribes and it was she that told Murat that Napoleon's cause was lost and if he would desert him he could retain his kingdom of Naples. Yet in spite of desertion and intrigue, he continued victorious for a long time. But the final stroke came and it nearly broke his heart when he arrived at the

suburbs of Paris fifteen hours after its surrender, whereas, if it had held out until his coming, his very appearance would have changed defeat into victory. But, no, the weakness of his brother Joseph and the treason of Marshal Marmont brought on the surrender of Paris and Napoleon's final abdication and removal to the Island of Elba. Had Josephine been in Paris, she would have appeared and inspired the French soldiers like the Maid of Orleans, Joan d'Arc. I have my hand still on the railing of his tomb, and another picture of his life comes up from it, showing him bidding the remnants of his old guard good-bye at Fontainebleau after his abdication. I was about to arise and look around and see if my friends were near, but the most impressive scene of his whole life now arises before me, that of his return from the Island of Elbe to France. The allied powers of Europe called him an outlaw, but the peasant leaving his plow; the shepherd leaving his flock, did not consider him so. Louis, on the throne of France, sends out division after division of soldiers to capture Napoleon and to bring him into Paris. They did go out and capture him, but it was a capture of love, where they raised him from his horse and bore him on their shoulders into the Tuilleries of Paris and seated him on the throne of France. Such a reception was never before given to man under such conditions. The waves of soldiery sent out to capture him became reflux in their course and bore him back to the capital

on their crests. The allied powers, holding their meeting at Vienna, were willing that Napoleon should stay on the throne of France, as they considered he was the choice of the French people. But the arch-traitor Talleyrand, former minister of France, opposed vehemently and consenting to him they pledged themselves to keep an army in the field until they defeated him. The last and final picture of his military life appears before me.

WATERLOO

I see Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, glass in hand, raising it to his eyes once in a while, to see the effect of a charge of one or other of his generals. Remember, Napoleon was the aggressor all that day from the start of the battle, while Wellington was on the defense, until Blucher and his Germans came to his aid. As Blucher's fire began to take effect on Napoleon's forces, then it was that the great Duke used the words: "Up guards and at them."

The booming of the cannon at Waterloo was urging Blucher to get to Wellington's aid, since he eluded Grouchy at Wavre the morning of the battle. The sound of Napoleon's cannon, from its first boom at 11:30, is also falling on the ears of the marshal he trusted, namely, Grouchy, but it falls on a deaf and perhaps a treacherous ear. Had the sound of the cannon the same effect on Grouchy, as it had on Dessaix at Waterloo, Grouchy would have beaten Blucher

to the battle of Waterloo by two hours, and Waterloo would have been a Marengo instead of a Waterloo, and if Dessaix acted like Grouchy did at Wavre, Marengo would have been a Waterloo instead of a victorious Marengo. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I see Napoleon raise his glasses again to his eyes, only to see his great and unconquerable cavalry flounder in the morass and sunken road of Ohain. Out of that gully he sees only two-thirds of his matchless cavalry arise and make an assault on the Irish squares of Waterloo, only to see it fall back like the spray of the breaking waves that dash themselves against the seawalls of Galveston, Texas.

At 5 o'clock his glasses are raised again to his eyes, anxiously gazing at the black speck on the far horizon in the direction of Wavre, hoping to see his long-expected Grouchy. At this hour Wellington's line is falling back under the pounding of Napoleon's artillery and infantry. It is now a case of retreat and defeat for Wellington, and he is looking at a lost battle. While in that anxiety, a courier arrives ahead of Blucher and tells Wellington the Germans are at hand. He becomes elated and sees a possible defeat turning into a victory. Napoleon, on the other hand, wishing to decide the issue of the day, calls on his guard, a guard that never failed him in all his military career, but he forgot that the body and substance of the great Guard of his empire who won the battles of

Austerlitz, Friedland, and Jena, were billowing the soil of Russia, but the young Guard of Waterloo had only the traditions of the bravery of the Old Guard to spurn them on, and they went to their death gallantly in their last charge at Waterloo, with vive la Emperor on their lips. This young Guard was led by the great Marshal of France, called the "Bravest of the Brave," Marshal Ney, a man who endeared himself to humanity by his heroism and unselfish conduct in the retreat of Bonaparte's army from Russia. With four horses shot under him in that battle, he appears in that last charge of Waterloo, encouraging the young Guard to come on, like the incarnation of battle itself. Blucher arrives as the guard advances, and with the combined attack of Wellington and the German army under Blucher, I see the French falling back. Then I felt somebody touching me on the shoulder, who told me that my friends had left some time ago and he thought I had gone with them and was surprised to see me in a sort of daze.

In conclusion, will say that the shooting of Marshal Ney, by the order of the Bourbons, a man who fought five hundred battles for France and not once against her, quoting his own words, was the crime of the nineteenth century, and the man who could have saved the "bravest of the brave," was a man who possessed the coldness of a Saxon heart—Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington.

LONDON.

One more look back by the Tourists of 1913 and 1914 and they will realize they were in the metropolis of the World, London, England, the once home of good kings, bad kings, and indifferent kings. The Tower with its many tragedies; parliament building, whose inside walls resounded with the great oratory of the greatest statesmen of the British Empire; Westminster Abbey, where rests all the immortal dead of England; the historical Thames, whose waters could tell of many tragedies and suicides, so the World's Tourists will remember all those scenes while in London in 1914.

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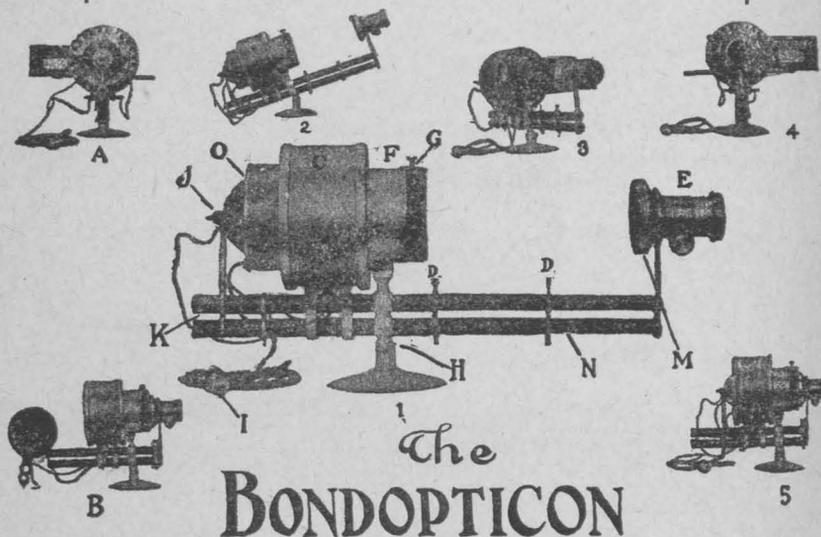
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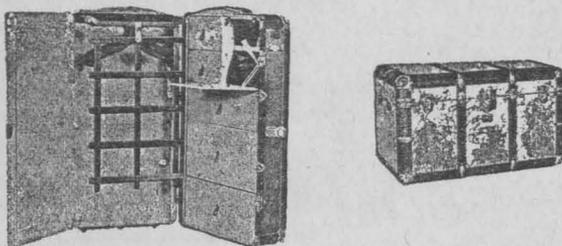
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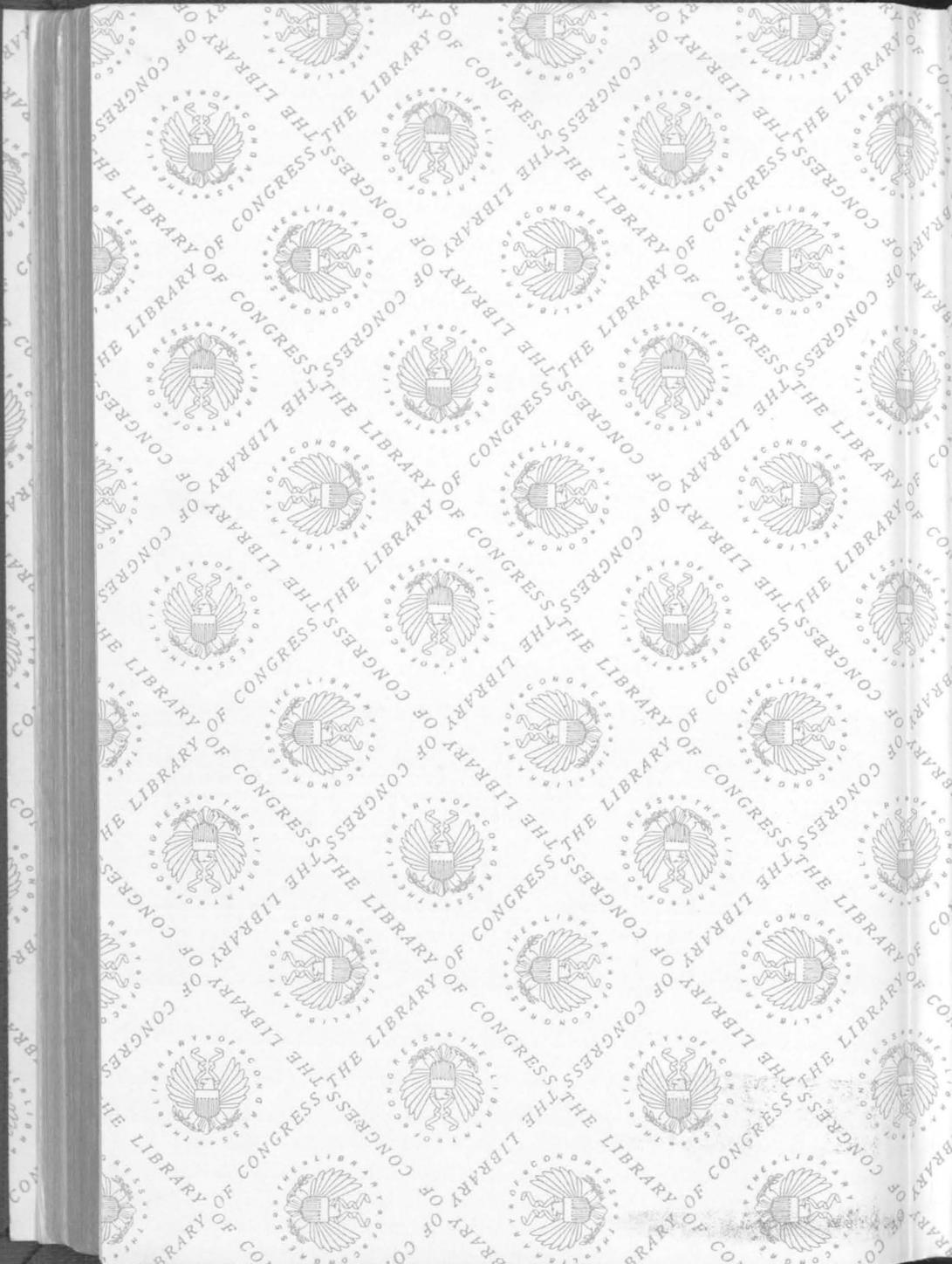
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