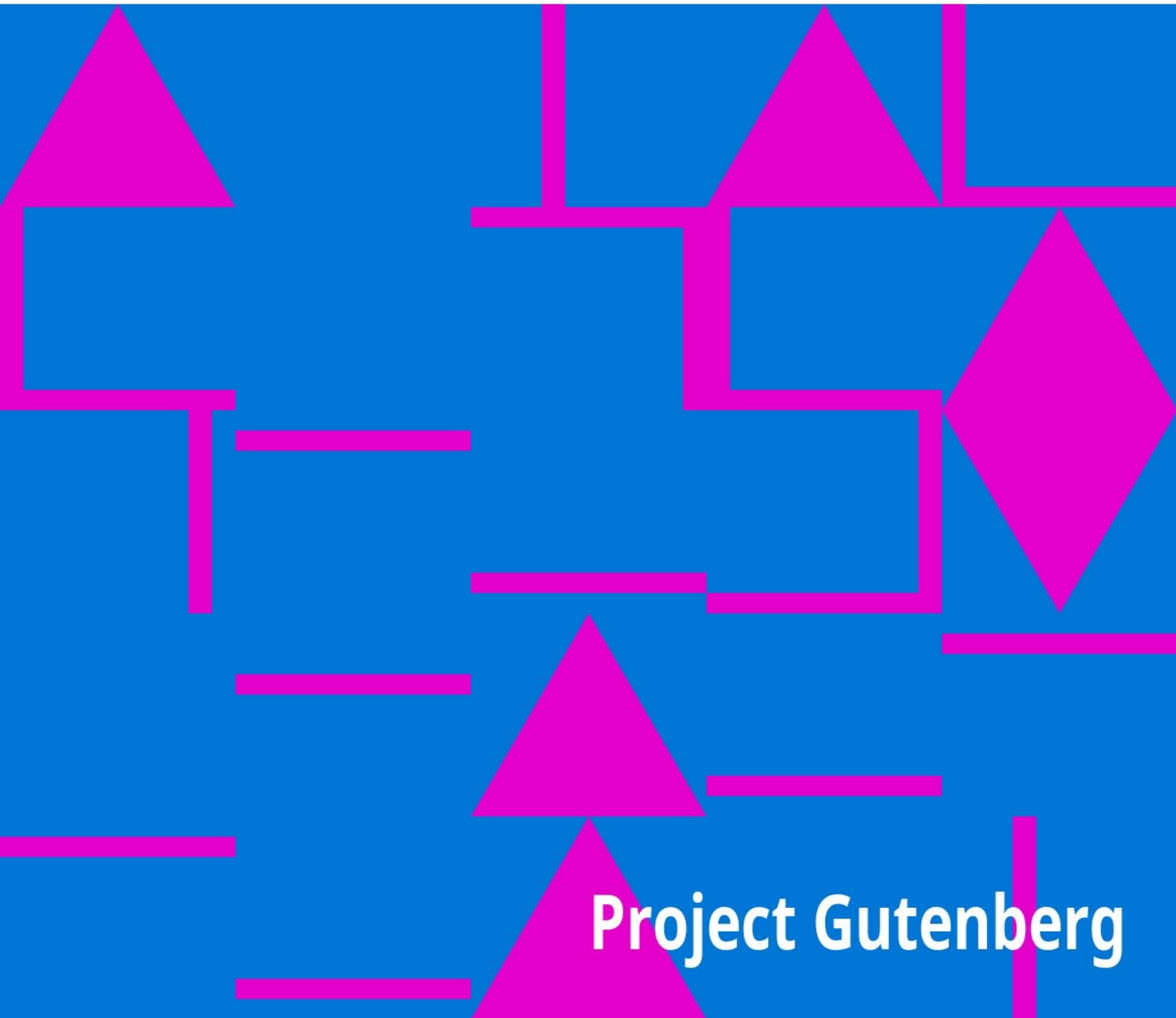
A Ball Player's Career

Being the Personal Experiences and Reminiscensces of Adrian C. Anson

Adrian Constantine Anson



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A BALL PLAYER'S CAREER

Being the PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES of ADRIAN C. ANSON

Late Manager and Captain of the Chicago Base Ball Club

1900

**To My Father Henry Anson of Marshalltown, Iowa,
to whose early training and sound advice I owe my fame**

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CHAPTER I. MY BIRTHPLACE AND ANCESTRY.

The town of Marshalltown, the county seat of Marshall County, in the great State of Iowa, is now a handsome and flourishing place of some thirteen or fourteen thousand inhabitants. I have not had time recently to take the census myself, and so I cannot be expected to certify exactly as to how many men, women and children are contained within the corporate limits.

At the time that I first appeared upon the scene, however, the town was in a

decidedly embryonic state, and outside of some half-dozen white families that had squatted there it boasted of no inhabitants save Indians of the Pottawattamie tribe, whose wigwams, or tepees, were scattered here and there upon the prairie and along the banks of the river that then, as now, was not navigable for anything much larger than a flat-bottomed scow.

The first log cabin that was erected in Marshalltown was built by my father, Henry Anson, who is still living, a hale and hearty old man, whose only trouble seems to be, according to his own story, that he is getting too fleshy, and that he finds it more difficult to get about than he used to.

He and his father, Warren Anson, his grandfather, Jonathan Anson, and his great-grandfather, Silas Anson, were all born in Dutchess County, New York, and were direct descendants of one of two brothers, who came to this country from England some time in the seventeenth century. They traced their lineage back to William Anson, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, an eminent barrister in the reign of James I, who purchased the Mansion of Shuzsborough, in the county of Stafford, and, even farther back, to Lord Anson, a high Admiral of the English navy, who was one of the first of that daring band of sailors who circumnavigated the globe and helped to lay the foundation of England's present greatness.

I have said that we were direct descendants of one of two brothers. The other of the original Ansons I am not so proud of, and for this reason: He retained the family name until the Revolutionary war broke out, when he sided with the King and became known as a Tory. Then, not wishing to bear the same name as his, brother, who had espoused the cause of the Colonists, he changed his name to Austin, and some of his descendants my father has met on more than one occasion in his travels.

My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Rice, and she, like my father, was of English descent, so you can see how little Swedish blood there is in my veins, in spite of the nickname of "the Swede" that was often applied to me during my ball-playing career, and which was, I fancy, given me more because of my light hair and ruddy complexion than because of any Swedish characteristics that I possessed.

Early in life my father emigrated from New York State into the wilds of Michigan, and later, after he was married, and while he was but nineteen years of age, and his wife two years his junior, he started out to find a home in the West,

traveling in one of the old-fashioned prairie schooners drawn by horses and making his first stop of any account on the banks of the Cedar River in Iowa. This was in the high-water days of 1851, and as the river overflowed its banks and the waters kept rising higher and higher my father concluded that it was hardly a desirable place near which to locate a home, and hitching up his team he saddled a horse and swam the stream, going on to the westward. He finally homesteaded a tract of land on the site of the present town of Marshalltown, which he laid out, and to which he gave the name that it now bears. This, for a time, was known as "Marshall," it being named after the town of Marshall in Michigan, but when a post-office was applied for it was discovered that there was already a post-office of that same name in the State, and so the word "town" was added, and Marshalltown it became, the names of Anson, Ansontown and Ansonville having all been thought of and rejected. Had the name of "Ansonia" occurred at that time to my father's mind, however, I do not think that either Marshall or Marshalltown would have been its title on the map.

It was not so very long after the completion of my father's log cabin, which stood on what is now Marshall-town's main street, that I, the first white child that was born there, came into the world, the exact date of my advent being April 17th, 1852. My brother Sturges Ransome, who is two years my senior, was born at the old home in Michigan, and I had still another brother Melville who died while I was yet a small boy, so at the time of which I write there were three babies in the house, all of them boys, and I the youngest and most troublesome of the lot.

The first real grief that came into my life was the death of my mother, which occurred when I was but seven years old. I remember her now as a large, fine-looking woman, who weighed something over two hundred pounds, and she stood about five feet ten-and-a-half inches in height. This is about all the recollection that I have of her.

If the statements made by my father and by other of our relatives are to be relied upon, and I see no reason why they should not be, I was a natural-born kicker from the very outset of my career, and of very little account in the world, being bent upon making trouble for others. I had no particularly bad traits that I am aware of, only that I was possessed of an instinctive dislike both to study and work, and I shirked them whenever opportunity offered.

I had a penchant, too, for getting into scrapes, and it was indeed a happy time for my relatives when a whole day passed without my being up to some mischief.

Some of my father's people had arrived on the scene before my mother's death, and, attracting other settlers to the scene, Marshalltown, or Marshall as it was then called, was making rapid strides in growth and importance. The Pottawattomies, always friendly to the whites, were particularly fond of my father and I often remember seeing both the bucks and the squaws at our cabin, though I fancy that they were not so fond of us boys as they might have been, for we used to tease and bother them at every opportunity. Johnny Green was their chief, and Johnny, in spite of his looks, was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, though he was as fond of fire-water as any of them and as Iowa was not a prohibition State in those early days he managed now and then to get hold of a little. "The fights that he fought and the rows that he made" were as a rule confined to his own people.

Speaking of the Indians, I remember one little occurrence in which I was concerned during those early days that impressed itself upon my memory in a very vivid fashion, and even now I am disposed to regard it as no laughing matter, although my father entertains a contrary opinion, but then my father was not in my position, and that, ofttimes, makes all the difference in the world.

The Pottawattamies were to have a war dance at the little town of Marietta, some six or seven miles up the river, and of course we boys were determined to be on hand and take part in the festivities. There were some twelve or fifteen of us in the party and we enjoyed the show immensely, as was but natural. Had we all been content to look on and then go home peacefully there would have been no trouble, but what boys would act in such unboyish fashion? Not the boys of Marshalltown, at any rate. It was just our luck to run up against two drunken Indians riding on a single pony, and someone in the party, I don't know who, hit the pony and started him, to bucking.

Angrier Indians were never seen. With a whoop and a yell that went ringing across the prairies they started after us, and how we did leg it! How far some of the others ran I have no means of knowing but I know that I ran every foot of the way back to Marshalltown, nor did I stop until I was safe, as I thought, in my father's house.

My troubles did not end there, however, for along in the darkest hours of the night I started from sleep and saw those two Indians, one standing at the head and one at the foot of the bed, and each of them armed with a tomahawk. That they had come to kill me I was certain, and that they would succeed in doing so

seemed to me equally sure. I tried to scream but I could not. I was as powerless as a baby. I finally managed to move and as I did so I saw them vanish through the open door-way and disappear in the darkness.

There was no sleep for me that night, as you may imagine. I fancied that the entire Pottawattomie tribe had gathered about the house and that they would never be content until they had both killed and scalped me. I just lay there and shivered until the dawn came, and I do not think there was a happier boy in the country than I when the morning finally broke and I convinced myself by the evidence of my own eye-sight that there was not so much as even a single Indian about.

As soon as it was possible I told my father about my two unwelcome visitors, but the old man only laughed and declared that I had been dreaming. It was just possible that I had, but I do not believe it. I saw those two Indians as they stood at the head and foot of my bed just as plainly as I ever saw a base-ball, and I have had my eye on the ball a good many times since I first began to play the game. I saw both their painted faces and the tomahawks that they held in their sinewy hands. More than that, I heard them as well as saw them when they went out.

That is the reason why I insist that I was not dreaming. I deny the allegation and defy the alligator!

There were two Indians in my room that night. What they were there for I don't know, and at this late day I don't care, but they were there, and I know it. I shall insist that they were there to my dying day, and they were there!

CHAPTER II. BOYHOOD DAYS AND MEMORIES.

What's in a name? Not much, to be sure, in many of them, but in mine a good deal, for I represent two Michigan towns and two Roman Emperors, Adrian and Constantine. My father had evidently not outgrown his liking for Michigan when I came into the world, and as he was familiar with both Adrian and Constantine and had many friends in both places he concluded to keep them fresh in his

memory by naming me after them.

I don't think he gave much consideration to the noble old Romans at that time. In fact, I am inclined to believe that he did not think of them at all, but nevertheless Adrian Constantine I was christened, and it was as Adrian Constantine Anson that my name was first entered upon the roll of the little school at Marshalltown.

I was then in my "smart" years, and what I didn't know about books would have filled a very large library, and I hadn't the slightest desire to know any more. In my youthful mind book-knowledge cut but a small, a very small, figure, and the school house itself was as bad if not worse than the county jail.

The idea of my being cooped up between four walls when the sunbeams were dancing among the leaves outside and the bees were humming among the blossoms, seemed to me the acme of cruelty, and every day that I spent bending over a desk represented to my mind just so many wasted hours and opportunities. I longed through all the weary hours to be running out barefoot on the prairies; to be playing soak-ball, bull pen or two old cat, on one of the vacant lots, or else to be splashing about like a big Newfoundland dog in the cool waters of Lynn Creek.

About that time my father had considerable business to attend to in Chicago and was absent from home for days and weeks at a time. You know the old adage, "When the cat's away," etc.? Well, mouse-like, that was the time in which I played my hardest. I played hookey day after day, and though I was often punished for doing so it had but little effect. Run away from school I would, and run away from school I did until even the old man became disgusted with the idea of trying to make a scholar of me.

Sport of any kind, and particularly sport of an outdoor variety, had for me more attractions than the best book that was ever published. The game of base-ball was then in its infancy and while it was being played to some extent to the eastward of us the craze had not as yet reached Marshalltown. It arrived there later and it struck the town with both feet, too, when it did come.

"Soak Ball" was at this time my favorite sport. It was a game in which the batter was put out while running the bases by being hit with the ball; hence the name. The ball used was a comparatively soft one, yet hard enough to hurt when hurled by a powerful arm, as many of the old-timers as well as myself can testify. It was

a good exercise, however, for arms, legs and eyes, and many of the ball players who acquired fame in the early seventies can lay the fact that they did so to the experience and training that this rough game gave to them.

So disgusted did my father finally become with the progress of my education at Marshalltown that he determined upon sending me to the State University at Iowa City. I was unable to pass the examination there the first time that I tried it, but later I succeeded and the old man fondly imagined that I was at last on the high road to wealth, at least so far as book-knowledge would carry me.

But, alas, for his hopes in that direction! I was not a whit better as a student at Iowa City than I had been at home. I was as wild as a mustang and as tough as a pine knot, and the scrapes that I managed to get into were too numerous to mention. The State University finally became too small to hold me and the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, then noted as being one of the strictest schools in the country, was selected as being the proper place for "breaking me into harness," providing that the said "breaking in" performance could be successfully accomplished anywhere.

To Notre Dame I went and if I acquired any honors in the way of scholarships during the brief time that I was there I have never heard of them. Foot-ball, base-ball and fancy skating engrossed the most of my attention, and in all of these branches of sport I attained at least a college reputation. As a fancy skater I excelled, and there were few boys of my age anywhere in the country that could beat me in that line.

The base-ball team that represented Notre Dame at that time was the Juanitas, and of this organization I was a member, playing second base. The bright particular star of this club was my brother Sturgis, who played the center field position. Had he remained in the business he would certainly have made his mark in the profession, but unfortunately he strained his arm one day while playing and was obliged to quit the diamond. He is now a successful business man in the old town and properly thankful that a fate that then seemed most unkind kept him from becoming a professional ball player.

Looking back over my youthful experiences I marvel that I have ever lived to relate them, and that I did not receive at least a hundred thrashings for every one that was given me. I know now that I fully deserved all that I received, and more, too. My father was certainly in those days a most patient man. I have

recorded the fact elsewhere that I was as averse to work as I was to study, and I had a way of avoiding it at times that was peculiarly my own.

While I was still a boy in Marshalltown and before I had graduated (?) from either the State University or the college of Notre Dame, my father kept a hotel known as the Anson House. The old gentleman was at that tune the possessor of a silver watch, and to own that watch was the height of my ambition. Time and again I begged him to give it to me, but he had turned a deaf ear to my importunities.

In the back yard of the hotel one day when I had been begging him for the gift harder than usual, there stood a huge pile of wood that needed splitting, and looking at this he remarked, that I could earn the watch if I chose by doing the task. He was about to take a journey at the time and I asked him if he really meant it. He replied that he did, and started away.

I don't think he had any more idea of my doing the task than he had of my flying. I had some ideas of my own on the subject, however, and he was scarcely out of sight before I began to put them into execution. The larder of the hotel was well stocked, and cookies and doughnuts were as good a currency as gold and silver among boys of my acquaintance. This being the case it dawned upon my mind that I could sublet the contract, a plan than I was not long in putting into practice.

Many hands make quick work, and it was not long before I had a little army of boys at work demolishing that wood pile. The chunks that were too big and hard to split we placed on the bottom, then placed the split wood over them. The task was accomplished long before the old gentleman's return, and when on the night of his arrival I took him out and showed him that such was the case he looked a bit astonished. He handed over the watch, though, and for some days afterwards as I strutted about town with it in my pocket I fancied it was as big as the town clock and wondered that everybody that I met in my travels did not stop to ask me the time of day.

It was some time afterwards that my father discovered that the job had been shirked by me, and paid for with the cakes and cookies taken from his own larder, but it was then too late to say anything and I guess, if the truth were known, he chuckled to himself over the manner in which lie had been outwitted.

The old gentleman seldom became very angry with me, no matter what sort of a scrape I might have gotten into, and the only time that he really gave me a good dressing down that I remember was when I had traded during his absence from home his prize gun for a Llewellyn setter. When he returned and found what I had done he was as mad as a hornet, but quieted down after I had told him that he had better go hunting with her before making so much fuss. This he did and was so pleased with the dog's behavior that he forgave me for the trick that I had played him. That the dog was worth more than the gun, the sequel proved.

A man by the name of Dwight who lived down in the bottoms had given his boy instructions to kill a black-and-tan dog if he found it in the vicinity of his sheep. The lad, who did not know one dog from another, killed the setter and then the old gentleman boiled over again. He demanded pay for the dog, which was refused. Then he sued, and a jury awarded him damages to the amount of two hundred dollars, all of which goes to prove that I was even then a pretty good judge of dogs, although I had not been blessed with a bench show experience.

I may state right here that my father and I were more like a couple of chums at school together than like father and son. We fished together, shot together, played ball together, poker together and I regret to say that we fought together. In the early days I got rather the worst of these arguments, but later on I managed to hold my own and sometimes to get even a shade the better of it.

The old gentleman was an athlete of no mean ability. He was a crack shot, a good ball player and a man that could play a game of billiards that in those days was regarded as something wonderful for an amateur. My love of sport, therefore, came to me naturally. I inherited it, and if I have excelled in any particular branch it is because of my father's teachings. He was a square sport, and one that had no use for anything that savored of crookedness. There was nothing whatever of the Puritan in his makeup, and from my early youth he allowed me to participate in any sort of game that took my fancy. He had no idea at that time of my ever becoming a professional. Neither had I. There were but few professional sports outside of the gamblers, and even these few led a most precarious existence.

I was quite an expert at billiards long before I was ever heard of as a ball player. There was a billiard table in the old Anson House and it was upon that that I practiced when I was scarcely large enough to handle a cue. It was rather a primitive piece of furniture, but it answered the purpose for which it had been

designed. It was one of the old six pocket affairs, with a bass-wood bed instead of slate, and the balls sometimes went wabbling over it very much the same fashion as eggs would roll if pushed about on a kitchen table with a broomstick. In spite of having to use such poor tools I soon became quite proficient at the game and many a poor drummer was taken into camp by the long, gawky country lad at Marshalltown, whose backers were always looking about for a chance to make some easy money.

Next to base-ball, billiards was at that time my favorite sport and there was not an hour in the day that I was not willing to leave anything that I might be engaged upon to take a hand in either one of these games.

When it came to weeding a garden or hoeing a field of corn I was not to be relied upon, but at laying out a ball, ground I was a whole team. The public square at Marshalltown, the land for which had been donated, by my father, struck me as being an ideal place to play ball in. There were too many trees growing there, however, to make it available for the purpose. I had made up my mind to turn it into a ball ground in spite of this, and shouldering an ax one fine morning I started in.

How long it took me to accomplish the purpose I had in view I have forgotten, but I know that I succeeded finely in getting the timber all out of the way. It was hard work, but you see the base-ball fever was on me and that treeless park for many a long day after was a spot hat I took great pride in.

At the present time it is shaded by stately elms, while, almost in the center of its velvet lawn, flanked by cannon, stands a handsome stone courthouse that is the pride of Marshall County.

Then it was ankle deep in meadow grass and surrounded by a low picket fence over which the ball was often batted, both by members of the home team and by their visitors from abroad.

Many a broken window in Main Street the Anson family were responsible for in those days, but as all the owners of stores on that thoroughfare in the immediate vicinity of the grounds were base-ball enthusiasts, broken windows counted for but little so long as Marshalltown carried off the honors.

CHAPTER III. SOME FACTS ABOUT THE NATIONAL GAME.

Just at what particular time the base-ball fever became epidemic in Marshalltown it is difficult to say, for the reason that, unfortunately, all of the records of the game there, together with the trophies accumulated, were destroyed by a fire that swept the place in 1897, and that also destroyed all of the files of the newspapers then published there.

The fever had been raging in the East many years previous to that time, however, and had gradually worked its way over the mountains and across the broad prairies until the sport had obtained a foothold in every little village and hamlet in the land. Before entering further on my experience it may be well to give here and now a brief history of the game and its origin.

When and where the game first made its appearance is a matter of great uncertainty, but the general opinion of the historians seems to be that by some mysterious process of evolution it developed from the boys' game of more than a century ago, then known as "one old cat," in which there was a pitcher, a catcher, and a batter. John M. Ward, a famous base-ball player in his day, and now a prosperous lawyer in the city of Brooklyn, and the late Professor Proctor, carried on a controversy through the columns of the New York newspapers in 1888, the latter claiming that base-ball was taken from the old English game of "rounders," while Ward argued that base-ball was evolved from the boys' game, as above stated, and was distinctly an American game, he plainly proving that it had no connection whatever with "rounders."

The game of base-ball probably owed its name to the fact that bases were used in making its runs, and were one of its prominent features.

There seems to be no doubt that the game was played in the United States as early at least as the beginning of the present century, for Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declared a few years ago that base-ball was one of the sports of his college days, and the autocrat of the breakfast table graduated at Harvard in 1829. Along in 1842 a number of gentlemen, residents of New York City, were in the habit of playing the game as a means of exercise on the vacant lot at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, where Madison Square

Garden now stands. In 1845 they formed themselves into a permanent organization known as the Knickerbocker Club, and drew up the first code of playing rules of the game, which were very simple as compared with the complex rules which govern the game of the present time, and which are certainly changed in such a way as to keep one busy in keeping track of them.

The grounds of this parent organization were soon transferred to the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken, N. J., where the Knickerbockers played their first match game on June 19th, 1846, their opponents not being an organized club, but merely a party of gentlemen who played together frequently, and styled themselves the New York Club. The New Yorks won easily in four innings, the game in those days being won by the club first making twenty-one runs on even innings. The Knickerbockers played at Hoboken for many years, passing out of existence only in 1882. In 1853 the Olympic Club of Philadelphia was organized for the purpose of playing town-ball, a game which had some slight resemblance to base-ball. The Olympic Club, however, did not adopt the game of base-ball until 1860, and consequently cannot claim priority over the Knickerbockers, although it was one of the oldest ball-playing organizations in existence, and was disbanded only a few years ago.

In New England a game of base-ball known by the distinctive title of "The New England game" was in vogue about fifty years ago. It was played with a small, light ball, which was thrown over-hand to the bat, and was different from the "New York game" as practiced by the Knickerbockers, Gotham, Eagle, and Empire Clubs of that city. The first regularly organized club in Massachusetts playing the present style of base-ball was the Olympic Club of Boston, which was established in 1854, and in the following year participated in the first match game played in that locality, its opponents being the Elm Tree team. The first match games in Philadelphia, San Francisco and Washington were played in 1860. For several years the Knickerbocker Club was alone in the field, but after a while similar clubs began to organize, while in 1857 an association was formed which the following year developed into the National Association.

The series of rules prepared by a committee of the principal clubs of New York City governed all games prior to 1857, but on January 22d, 1857, a convention of clubs was held at which a new code of rules was enacted. On March 10th, 1858, delegates from twenty-five clubs of New York and Brooklyn met and organized the National Association of Base-ball Players, which for thirteen successive seasons annually revised the playing rules, and decided all disputes

arising in base-ball.

The first series of contests for the championship took place during 1858 and 1859. At that time the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., were the great center of base-ball playing, and here the Knickerbockers, Eagle, Gotham and Empire Clubs of New York City ruled supreme.

A rival sprung up, however, in the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn, and its success led to the arrangement of a series of games between selected nines of the New York and Brooklyn Clubs in 1858. In these encounters New York proved victorious, winning the first and third games by the respective scores of 22 to 18, and 29 to 18, while Brooklyn won the second contest by 29 to 8. In October, 1861, another contest took place between the representative nines of New York and Brooklyn for the silver ball presented by the New York Clipper, and Brooklyn easily won by a score of 18 to 6. The Civil war materially affected the progress of the game in 1861, '62 and '63 and but little base-ball was played, many wielders of the bat having laid aside the ash to shoulder the musket.

The Atlantic and Eckford Clubs of Brooklyn were the chief contestants for the championship in 1862, the Eckfords then wresting the championship away from the Atlantics, and retaining it also during the succeeding season, when they were credited with an unbroken succession of victories. The champion nine of the Eckford Club in 1863 were Sprague, pitcher; Beach, catcher; Roach, Wood and Duffy on the bases; Devyr, shortstop; and Manolt, Swandell and Josh Snyder in the outfield.

The championship reverted back to the Atlantics in 1864, and they held the nominal title until near the close of 1867, their chief competitors being the Athletics of Philadelphia and the Mutuals of New York City.

The Athletics held the nominal championship longer than any other club, and also claims the credit of not being defeated in any game played during 1864 and 1865, the feat of going through two successive seasons without a defeat being unprecedented at that time in base-ball history. The Eckfords of Brooklyn, however, went through the season of 1863 without losing a game, and the Cincinnati Reds, under the management of the late Harry Wright, accomplished a similar feat in 1869, the latter at the time meeting all of the best teams in the country, both East and West.

The Atlantic's champion nine in 1864 and 1865 were Pratt, pitcher; Pearce, catcher; Stark, Crane and C. Smith, on the bases; Galvin, shortstop; and Chapman, P. O'Brien and S. Smith in the outfield. Frank Norton caught during the latter part of the season and Pearce played shortstop.

The Athletics in 1866 played all of the strongest clubs in the country and were only twice defeated, once by the Atlantics of Brooklyn, and once by the Unions of Morrisania. The first game between the Atlantics and Athletics for the championship took place October 1st, 1866, in Philadelphia, the number of people present inside and outside the inclosed grounds being estimated as high as 30,000, it being the largest attendance known at the baseball game up to that time. Inside the inclosure the crowd was immense, and packed so close there was no room for the players to field. An attempt was made, however, to play the game, but one inning was sufficient to show that it was impossible, and after a vain attempt to clear the field both parties reluctantly consented to a postponement.

The postponed game was played October 22d, in Philadelphia.

The price of tickets was placed at one dollar and upwards, and two thousand people paid the "steep" price of admission, the highest ever charged for mere admission to the grounds, while five or six thousand more witnessed the game from the surrounding embankment. Rain and darkness obliged the umpire to call the game at the end of the second inning, the victory remaining with the Athletics, by the decisive totals of 31 to 12. A dispute about the gate money prevented the playing of the decisive game of the season.

The Unions of Morrisiana, by defeating the Atlantics in two out of three games in the latter part of the season of 1867, became entitled to the nominal championship, which during the next two seasons was shifted back and forth between the leading clubs of New York and Brooklyn. The Athletics in 1868, and the Cincinnatis in 1869, had, however, the best records of their respective seasons, and were generally acknowledged as the virtual champions.

The Athletics of Philadelphia in 1866 had McBride, pitcher; Dockney, catcher; Berkenstock, Reach and Pike on the bases; Wilkins, shortstop; and Sensenderfer, Fisler and Kleinfelder in the outfield. Their nine presented few changes during the next two seasons, Dockney, Berkenstock and Pike giving way to Radcliff, Cuthbert and Berry in 1867, and Schafer taking Kleinfelder's place in 1868.

The Cincinnati nine in 1869 were Brainard, pitcher; Allison, catcher; Gould, Sweasy and Waterman on the bases; George Wright, shortstop, and Leonard, Harry Wright and McVey in the outfield.

In 1868 the late Frank Queen, proprietor and editor of the New York Clipper, offered a series of prizes to be contested for by the leading clubs of the country, a gold ball being offered for the champion club, and a gold badge to the player in each position, from catcher to right field, who had the best batting average. The official award gave the majority of the prizes to the Athletic club. McBride, Radcliff, Fisler, Reach and Sensenderfer, having excelled in their respective positions of pitcher, catcher, first base, second base, and center field. Waterman, Hatfield and Johnson, of the Cincinnatis, excelled in the positions of third base, left field and right field, and George Wright of the Unions, of Morrisiania as shortstop. The gold ball was also officially awarded to the Athletics as the emblem of championship for the season of 1868.

The Atlantics of Brooklyn were virtually the champions of 1870, being the first club to deprive the Cincinnati Reds of the prestige of invincibility which had marked their career during the preceding season. The inaugural contest between these clubs in 1870 took place June 14th on the Capitoline grounds at Brooklyn, N. Y., the Atlantics then winning by a score of 8 to 7 after an exciting struggle of eleven innings. The return game was played September 2d, in Cincinnati, Ohio, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Reds, by a score of 14 to 3.

This necessitated a third or decisive game, which was played in Philadelphia October 6th, and this the Atlantics won by a score of 11 to 7.

The Atlantics in that year had Zettlein, pitcher; Ferguson, catcher; Start, Pike and Smith on the bases; Pearce, shortstop, and Chapman, Hall and McDonald on the outfield.

The newspapers throughout the country had by this time begun to pay unusual attention to the game, and the craze was spreading like wildfire all over the country, every little country town boasting of its nine, and as these were for the greater part made up of home players, local feeling ran high, and the doings of "our team" furnished the chief subject of conversation at the corner grocery, and wherever else the citizens were wont to congregate.

With the advent of the professional player the game in the larger towns took on a

new lease of life, but in the smaller places where they could not afford the expense necessary to the keeping of a first-class team it ceased to be the main attraction and interest was centered in the doings of the teams of the larger places.

That the professional player improved the game itself goes without saying as being a business with him instead of a pastime, and one upon which his daily bread depended, he went into it with his whole soul, developing its beauties in a way that was impossible to the amateur who could only give to it the time that he could spare after the business hours of the day.

This was the situation at the time that I first entered tile base-ball arena, and, looking back, when I come to compare the games of those days with the games of to-day and note the many changes that have taken place, I cannot but marvel at the improvement made and at the interest that the game has everywhere excited.

CHAPTER IV. FURTHER FACTS AND FIGURES.

The professional player of those early days and the professional player of the present time were totally different personages. When professionalism first crept into the ranks it was generally the custom to import from abroad some player who had made a name for himself, playing some certain position, and furnish him with a business situation so that his services might be called for when needed, and so strong was the local pride taken in the success of the team that business men were not averse to furnishing such a man with a position when they were informed that it would be for the good of the home organization.

Prior to the year 1868 the professional was, comparatively speaking, an unknown quantity on the ball field, though it may be set down here as a fact that on more than one occasion previous to that time "the laborer had been found worthy of his hire," even in base-ball, though that matter had been kept a secret as far as possible, even in the home circle.

Up to the year mentioned the rules of the National Association had prohibited

the employment of any paid player in a club nine, but at that time so strong had the rivalry become between the leading clubs of the principal cities that the practice of compensating players had become more honored in the breach than in the observance and the law was practically a dead letter so far as these clubs were concerned.

The growth of the professional class of players, and the consequent inequality in strength between these and the amateur players made a distinction necessary and in 1871 the National Association split up, the professional clubs forming an association of their own.

The first series of championship games under a regular official code of rules was then established, and since then the contests for the professional championship have been the events of each season's play.

The first convention of delegates from avowedly professional clubs was held March 17th, 1871, in New York City, and a code of rules were then adopted, the principal clause being the one suggested by the Athletic Club of Philadelphia, to the effect that the championship should belong to the club which won the greatest number of games in a series of five with every other contesting club.

The professional Association thus organized consisted of the following clubs: Athletics of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Forest Citys of Cleveland, Forest Citys of Rockford, Haymakers of Troy, Kekiongas of Fort Wayne, Mutuals of New York' City, and Olympics of Washington. The Eckford Club of Brooklyn entered the Association about the middle of the season, but its games were not counted. The Kekiongas disbanded in July, but their games were thrown out.

That season marked my advent on the diamond as a professional, I being a member of the Forest Citys of Rockford; so it can readily be seen that I was among the first of the men in America who made of base-ball playing a business.

The additions to the Association in 1872 were the Atlantic and Eckford of Brooklyn, Baltimore, National of Washington, and Mansfield of Middletown, Conn., the last mentioned, however, disbanding before the close of the championship season. The Forest Citys of Rockford did not enter the arena that year, but I was "still in the ring," having transferred my services to the Athletics of Philadelphia, where I remained until the formation of the National League in 1876.

In 1875 the Athletics had a rival in the new Philadelphia club; the Maryland of Baltimore and the Resolute of Elizabeth, N. J., also entering the championship arena. The Forest City of Cleveland and the Eckford of Brooklyn dropped out after 1872, and the two Washington clubs were consolidated. The Chicago club, which had been broken up by the great fire of 1871 and had been out of existence in 1872 and 1873, again entered the Association in 1874, when Hartford was for the first time represented by a professional club. The Washington, Resolute and the Maryland Clubs were not members of the Association in that year.

Thirteen professional clubs competed for the championship in 1875, the St. Louis team being the only one of the new entries that did not disband before the season closed. This was the last season of the Professional Association, it being superseded by the National League, an organization which still exists, though it lacks the brains and power that carried it on to success in, its earlier days, this being notably the case in Chicago and New York, where the clubs representing these cities have gone down the toboggan slide with lightning-like rapidity.

In this connection the names of the teams winning the Professional Association championships, together with the players composing them are given:

1871. Athletic, McBride, pitcher; Malone, catcher; Fisler, Reach and Meyerle on the bases; Radcliffe, shortstop; Cuthbert, Senserderfer and Heubel in the outfield, and Bechtel and Pratt, substitutes.

1872, Boston, Spalding, pitcher; McVey, catcher; Gould, Barnes and Schafer on the bases; George Wright, shortstop; Leonard, Harry Wright and Rogers, in the outfield; and Birdsall and Ryan, substitutes.

1873. Boston, Spalding, pitcher; Jas. White, catcher; Jas. O'Rourke, Barnes and Schafer on the bases; George Wright, shortstop; Leonard, Harry Wright and Manning in the outfield; and Birdsall and Sweasey, substitutes. Addy took Manning's place in the latter part of the season.

1874. Boston, Spalding, pitcher; McVey, catcher; White, Barnes and Schafer on the bases; George Wright, shortstop; Leonard, Hall and Jas. O'Rourke in the outfield; and Harry Wright and Beal, substitutes.

1875. Boston, Spalding, pitcher; Jas. White, catcher; McVey, Barnes and Schafer on the Bases; George Wright, shortstop; Leonard, Jas. O'Rourke and Manning in

the outfield, and Harry Wright and Beal, substitutes. Heifert and Latham each played first base during part of the season.

It will thus be seen that the Boston Club held the championship in those early days for four successive seasons, and playing against them as I did I can bear witness to their strength and skill as ball players.

Many of the men, who like myself were among the first to enter the professional ranks in those days, have achieved distinction in the business world, the notables among them being A. G. Spalding, now head of the largest sporting goods house in the world, with headquarters in Chicago; George Wright, who is the head of a similar establishment at Boston, and Al Reach, who is engaged in the same line of business at Philadelphia, while others, not so successful, have managed to earn a living outside of the arena, and others still, have crossed "the great divide" leaving behind them little save a memory and a name.

In those early days of the game the rules required a straight arm delivery, and the old-time pitchers found it a difficult matter to obtain speed save by means of an underhand throw or jerk of the ball. Creighton, of the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, however, with his unusually swift pitching puzzled nearly all of the opposing teams as early as 1860. Sprague developed great speed, according to the early chroniclers of the game, while with the Eckford Club of the same city in 1863, and Tom Pratt and McBride of the Athletics were also among the first of the old-time pitchers to attain speed in their delivery. About 1865, Martin pitched a slow and deceptive drop ball, it being a style of delivery peculiarly his own, and one I have never seen used by any one else, though Cunningham of Louisville uses it to a certain extent.

The greatest change ever made in the National Game was the introduction of what is known as curve pitching, followed as it was several seasons afterwards by the removal of all restrictions on the method of delivering the ball to the batter. Arthur, known under the sobriquet of "Candy," Cummings of Brooklyn is generally conceded to have been the first to introduce curve pitching, which he did about 1867 or 1868. Mount, the pitcher of the Princeton College and Avery of Yale are accredited with using the curve about 1875, but Mathews of the New York Mutuals and Nolan of the Indianapolis team were among the first of the professional pitchers, after Cummings, to become proficient in its use, which was generally adopted in 1877, and to the skill acquired by both of these men in handling of the ball I can testify by personal experience, having had to face

them, bat in hand, on more than one occasion.

Many people, including prominent scientists, were for a long time loth to believe that a ball could be curved in the air, but they were soon satisfied by practical tests, publicly made, as to the truth of the matter.

With the doing away with the restrictions that governed the methods of the pitcher's delivery of the ball and the introduction of the curve the running up of large scores in the game became an impossibility, and the batsman was placed at a decided disadvantage.

Reading over the scores of some of those old-time games in the present day one becomes lost in wonder when he thinks of the amount of foot-racing, both around the bases and chasing the ball, that was indulged in by those players of a past generation. Here are some sample performances taken from a history of base-ball, compiled by Al Wright of New York and published in the Clipper Annual of 1891, which go to illustrate the point in question.

The largest number of runs ever made by a club in a game was by the Niagara Club of Buffalo, N. Y., June 8th, 1869, when they defeated the Columbias of that city by the remarkable score of 209 to 10, two of the Niagaras scoring twenty-five runs each, and the least number of runs, scored by any one batsman amounted to twenty. Fifty-eight runs were made in the eighth inning and only three hours were occupied in amassing this mammoth total. Just think of it! Such a performance as that in these days would be a sheer impossibility, and that such is the case the base-ball players should be devoutly thankful, and, mind you, this performance was made by an amateur team and not by a team of professionals.

One hundred runs and upward have been scored in a game no less than twenty-five times, the Athletics of Philadelphia accomplishing this feat nine times in 1865 and 1866, and altogether being credited with scores of 162, 131, 119, 118, 114, 114, 110, 107, 106, 104, 101, and 101. On October 20th, 1865, the Athletics defeated the Williamsport Club by 101 to 8 in the morning, and the Alerts of Danville, Pa., by 162 to 11 in the afternoon. Al Reach in these two games alone scored thirty-four runs.

It strikes me that the ball players of those days earned their salaries even if they did not get them, no matter what other folks may think about it.

In 1867, a game was played in which, the losers made 91 runs and the winning

club 123, of which 51 were made in the last inning. The Chicagos defeated the Memphis team May 13th, 1870, by a score of 157 to 1, and the Forest City Club of Cleveland four days later beat a local team 132 to 1, only five innings being played. The Forest Citys made in these five innings no fewer than 101 safe hits, with a total of 180 bases, this being an unequalled record. The Unions of Morrisiania were credited with 100 safe hits in a nine-inning game in 1866.

The largest score on record by professional clubs was made by the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia July 5th, 1869, when the former won by 51 to 48. Fifteen thousand people paid admission to the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, where the game was played, and the Atlantics made six home runs and the Athletics three during its progress. The greatest number of runs in an inning in a first-class game was scored by the Atlantics of Brooklyn in a match with the New York Mutuals, October 16th, 1861, when they scored 26 runs in their third inning. George Wright umpired a game between amateur clubs in Washington, D. C., in 1867, in which the winners made 68 runs in an inning, the largest total ever made.

The most one-sided contest between first class clubs was that between the Mutuals and Chicagos June 14th, 1874, when the former won by 38 to 1, the Chicagos making only two safe hits. The greatest number of home runs in any one game was credited to the Athletics of Philadelphia, September 30th, 1865, when they made twenty-five against the National Club of Jersey City, Reach, Kleinfelder and Potter each having five home runs to their credit on this occasion. The same club was credited with nineteen home runs May 9th, 1866, while playing an amateur club at New Castle, Delaware. Harry Wright, while playing with the Cincinnatis against the Holt Club June 22d, 1867, at Newport, Ky., made seven home runs, the largest number ever scored by any individual player in a game, though "Lip" Pike followed closely, he making six home runs, five in succession, for the Athletics against the Alerts, July 16th, 1866, in Philadelphia.

These were, as a matter of course, exceptional performances, and ones that would be impossible in these days of great speed and curve pitching, but serve to show that there were ball players, and good ones, even in those days when the National Game was as yet, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, and the National League, of the formation and progress of which I will speak later on as yet unheard of.

It must be remembered that, the greater number of these old-time games were not played upon enclosed grounds and that the batter in many cases had no fences to prevent him from lining them out, while the pitcher was so hampered by rules and regulations as to give the batsman every advantage, while now it is the pitcher that enjoys a wide latitude and the batsman who is hampered.

It was a much easier matter to hit the old underhand delivery, with its straight ball, and to send the pigskin screaming through the air and over a low picket fence, than to hit the swift curved ball of to-day and lift it over the high board fences that surround the professional grounds, as any old-time player can testify.

CHAPTER V. THE GAME AT MARSHALLTOWN.

If my memory serves me rightly it was some time in the year 1866 that the Marshalltown Base-Ball Club, of which my father was a prominent member, sprung into existence, and among the men who made up the team at that time were many who have since become prominent in the history not only of Marshalltown but of Marshall County as well, among them being Captain Shaw, Emmett Green, A. B. Cooper, S. R. Anson and the old gentleman himself, it being owing to my father's exertions that Marshalltown acquired the county seat, and he has since served the town as both Mayor and Councilman and seen it grow from a single log cabin to a prosperous city.

Prior to the organization of this team base-ball had been played there in a desultory fashion for some time, but with its formation the fever broke out in its most virulent form, and it was not many weeks before the entire town had gone base-ball crazy, the fever seemingly attacking everybody in the place save the baby in arms, which doubtless escaped merely because of its extreme youth and lack of understanding.

In the absence of any records relating to those early days it is impossible for me to say just who, the Marshalltown team beat and who it did not, but I do know that long before I became a member of it and while I was still playing with the second nine, which went by the name of the "Stars," the team enjoyed a ball-playing reputation second to none in the State and the doings of "our team" every week occupied a conspicuous place in the columns of the local papers, the editors of which might have been seen enjoying the sport and occupying a front seat on the grass at every game, with note book in hand recording each and every play in long-hand, for the score book which has since made matters so easy for the game's chroniclers had not then been perfected and the club's official scorer kept a record of the tallies made by means of notches cut with his jack-knife in a stick provided for the occasion.

Prior to June, 1867, the Marshalltown team had acquired for itself a reputation that extended throughout the length and breadth of the State, and at Waterloo, where a tournament was given, they had beaten everything that came against them. In a tournament given at Belle Plaine in either that year or the next they put in an appearance to contest for a silk flag given by the ladies of that town, but so great was the respect that they inspired that the other visiting clubs refused to play against them unless they were given the odds of six put-outs as against the regular three. This was handicapping with a vengeance, but even at these odds the Marshalltown aggregation was too much for its competitors and the flag was brought home in triumph, where, as may be imagined, a great reception awaited the players, the whole town turning out en masse to do them honor.

There was nothing too good for the ball players of those days and they were made much of wherever they chose to go. A card of invitation that recently came into my possession and that illustrates this fact, reads as follows:

Empire Base Ball Club.

Yourself and lady are cordially invited to attend a Social Party at Lincoln Hall, on Thursday Evening, June 27, 1867, given under the auspices of the Empire Base Ball Club of Waterloo, complimentary to their guests, the Marshalltown B. B. C.

While this aggregation of home talent was busily engaged in acquiring fame but not fortune let no one think for a moment that I was overlooking my opportunities, even though I were only a member of the second nine. On the contrary, I was practicing early and late, and if I had any great ambition it was to play in the first nine, and with this end in view I neglected even my meals in order that I might become worthy of the honor.

My father was as enthusiastic over the game as I was myself and during the long summer seasons the moment that we had swallowed our supper, or, rather, bolted it, he and I would betake ourselves to the ball grounds, where we would practice until the gathering darkness put a stop to our playing.

My brother Sturgis, who was also a member of the team, was not so enthusiastic over base-ball as were my father and myself, and he would finish his supper in a leisurely fashion before following us to the grounds. He was far above the

average as a player, however, and excelled both as a thrower and a batsman. I have seen him on more than one occasion throw a ball a distance of from 125 to 130 yards, and in a game that was played at Omaha, Neb., he is credited with making the longest hit ever seen there, the old-timers declaring that he knocked the ball out of sight, which must be true, because nobody was ever able to find it.

It was some time after the tournaments at Belle Plaine and Waterloo before I was promoted to the dignity of a first-niner, and then it was due to the solicitation of my father, who declared that I played as good ball as anybody in the team, even if I was "only a kid."

If ever there was a proud youngster I was one at that particular time, and I think I justified the old gentleman's good opinion of me by playing fairly good ball, at least many of my friends were good enough to tell me so.

With my father playing third base, my brother playing center field and myself playing second base the Anson family was pretty well represented on that old Marshalltown nine, and as the team held the State championship for several years the Anson trio must at least have done their share of the playing.

It was while I was away at Notre Dame that misfortune came to Marshalltown. The Des Moines Club challenged for the flag and the home team accepted the defy. The Des Moines organization was then one of the strongest in the State. The game was played at Marshalltown, and to the horror and astonishment of the good people of that town, who had come to look upon their club as invincible, Des Moines won, and when they went back to the State capital they took the emblem of the championship with them.

This emblem I determined the town should have back, and immediately upon my return from the Indiana College I organized a nine and challenged for the trophy. That team was made up as follows:

Kenny Williams, pitcher; Emmett Green, catcher; A. B. Cooper, A. C. Anson and Henry Anson on the bases; Pete Hoskins, shortstop; Sam Sager, Sturgis Anson and Milton Ellis in the outfield; A. J. Cooper, substitute.

We had the best wishes of the town with us when we departed for Des Moines and were accompanied by quite a delegation of the townspeople who were prepared to wager to some extent on our success. The game was played in the presence of a big crowd and when we came back to Marshalltown the flag came

with us and there it remained until, with the other trophies that the club had accumulated, it went up in smoke.

The night of our return there was "a hot time in the old town," and had there been any keys to the city I am pretty certain that we would have been presented with them.

The fame of the Forest City Club of Rockford, one of the first professional clubs to be organized in the West, had been blown across the prairies until it reached Marshalltown, so when they came through Iowa on an exhibition tour after the close of their regular season we arranged for a game with them. They had been winning all along the line by scores that mounted up all the way from 30 to 100 to 1, and while we did not expect to beat them, yet we did expect to give them a better run than they had yet had for their money since the close of the professional season.

The announcement of the Rockford Club's visit naturally excited an intense amount of interest all through that section of the country and when the day set for the game arrived the town was crowded with visitors from all parts of the State. Accompanying the Forest Citys was a large delegation of Chicago sporting men, who had come prepared to wager their money that the Marshalltown aggregation would be beaten by a score varying all the way from 8 to 20 to 1, and they found a good many takers among the townspeople who had seen us play and who had a lot of confidence in our ability to hold the visitor's score down to a low figure.

Upon the result of the game A. G. Spalding, who was the pitcher for the Forest Citys, alleges that my father wagered a cow, but this the old gentleman indignantly denies, and he further declares that not a single wager of any sort was made by any member of the team.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain, and that is that the game was witnessed by one of the largest crowds that had ever gathered around a ball ground in Marshalltown, and we felt that we had every reason to feel elated when at the end of the ninth inning the score stood at 18 to 3 in their favor.

So disgusted were the visitors and their followers over the showing that we had made in spite of their best endeavors that they at once proceeded to arrange another game for the next day, cancelling another date ahead in order to do so.

Speaking of this second game my father says: "The rules of the game at that time made the playing of a 'Ryan dead ball' compulsory, and this it was the province of the home club to furnish, and this was the sort of a ball that was played with the first day. To bat such a ball as this to any great distance was impossible and our fielders were placed well in for the second game, just as they had been in the first, but we soon discovered that the balls were going far beyond us, and on noting their positions when our turn to bat came we found their fielders placed much further out than on the day before. My first impression was that the great flights taken by the ball were due to the tremendous batting, but later on I became convinced that there was something wrong with the ball, and called for time to investigate the matter.

"On questioning our unsophisticated management I discovered that the visitors had generously (?) offered to furnish the ball for the second game, as we had furnished the ball for the first, and had been allowed to do so. We later learned that they had skinned the liveliest kind of a 'Bounding Rock' and re-covered it with a 'Ryan Dead Ball' cover. This enabled them to get ahead at the start, but after we had learned of the deception we held them down so close that they won back but a very small share of the money that they had lost on the game of the day before, though they beat us by a score of 35 to 5.

"Let me say right here, too, that the visitors had their own umpire with them, and he was allowed to umpire the game. He let Al Spalding do about as he pleased, and pitch as many balls as he wished without calling them, and once when I was at the bat and he could not induce me to hit at the wild ones that he was sending in he fired a vicious one straight in my direction, when, becoming irritated in my turn, I dropped the bat and walked out in his direction with a view of administering a little proper punishment to the frisky gentleman. He discovered what was coming, however, and meekly crawled back, piteously begging pardon and declaring it all a mistake. There was one result of the game, however, which was that when the Rockford people were organizing a professional nine they wrote to Marshalltown and tried to secure the whole Anson family, and Adrian, who was still only a boy, was allowed to sign with them, I retaining his older brother at home to aid me in my business."

I am inclined to think that the old gentleman is mistaken in the substitution of a "Bounding Rock" for a "Ryan Dead Ball" in that game, although I do remember that the stitching was different from anything that we had ever seen before, and it may be that we were fooled as he has stated. If so the trick was certainly a clever

one.

That same fall Sager and Haskins were engaged by the Rockford team, and I have always thought that it was due to the representations made by them that I was engaged to play with the Forest Citys the following season. I signed with them for a salary of sixty-six dollars a month, which was then considered a fairly good salary for a ball player, and especially one who was only eighteen years old and a green country lad at that.

All that winter Sager and I practiced as best we could in the loft of my father's barn and I worked as hard as I knew how in order to become proficient in the ball-playing art.

Before saying farewell to Marshalltown and its ball players let me relate a most ludicrous incident that took place there some time before my departure. A feeling of most intense rivalry in the base-ball line existed between Des Moines and Clinton, Iowa, and one time when the former had a match on with the latter I received an offer of fifty dollars from the Clinton team to go on there and play with them in a single game.

Now fifty dollars at that time was more money than I had ever had at any one time in my life, and so without consulting any one I determined to accept the offer. I knew that I would be compelled to disguise myself in order to escape recognition either by members of the Des Moines team or by some of the spectators, and this I proceeded to do by dying my hair, staining my skin, etc.

I did not think that my own father could recognize me, when I completed my preparations and started to the depot to take the train for Des Moines, but that was where I made a mistake. The old gentleman ran against me on the platform, penetrated my disguise at once and asked me where I was going. I told him, and then he remarked that I should do no such thing, and he started me back home in a hurry. When he got there he gave me a lecture, told me that such a proceeding on my part was not honest and would ruin my reputation. In fact, he made me thoroughly ashamed of myself. The team from Clinton had to get along without my services, but I shall never forget what a time I had in getting the dye out of my hair and the stain from my skin.

That fifty dollars that I didn't get bothered me, too, for a long time afterwards. I am glad now, however, that the old gentleman prevented me getting it.

Dishonesty does not pay in base-ball any better than it does in any other business, and that I learned the lesson early in life is a part of my good fortune.

CHAPTER VI. MY EXPERIENCE AT ROCKFORD.

I can remember almost as well as if it were but yesterday my first experience as a ball player at Rockford. It was early in the spring, and so cold that a winter overcoat was comfortable. I had been there but a day or two when I received orders from the management to report one afternoon at the ball grounds for practice. It was a day better fitted for telling stories around a blazing fire than for playing ball, but orders were orders, and I obeyed them. I soon found that it was to test my qualities as a batsman that I had been ordered to report. A bleak March wind blew across the enclosure, and as I doffed my coat and took my stand at the plate I shivered as though suffering from the ague. This was partially from the effects of the cold and partially from the effects of what actors call stage fright, and I do not mind saying right now that the latter had more than the former to do with it. You must remember that I was "a stranger in a strange land," a "kid" both as to years and experience, with a knowledge that my future very largely depended upon the showing that I might make.

Facing me was "Cherokee Fisher," one of the swiftest of the old-time underhand pitchers, a man that I had heard a great deal about, but whom I had never before seen, while watching my every move from the stand were the directors of the team, conspicuous among them being Hiram Waldo, whose judgment in base-ball matters was at that time second to no man's in the West, and a man that I have always been proud to call my friend.

I can remember now that I had spent some considerable time in selecting a bat and that I was wondering in my own mind whether I should be able to hit the ball or not. Finally Fisher began sending them in with all the speed for which he was noted. I let a couple go by and then I slammed one out in the right field, and with that first hit my confidence came back to me. From that time on I batted Fisher successfully, but the most of my hits were to the right field, owing to the fact that I could not at that time successfully gauge his delivery, which was much swifter than anything that I had ever been up against.

In after years a hit to right field was considered "the proper caper," and the man who could line a ball out in that direction at the proper time was looked upon as a most successful batsman. It was to their ability in that line of hitting that the Bostons for many years owed their success in winning the championship, though it took some time for their rivals in the base-ball arena to catch on to that fact.

After that time I was informed by Mr. Waldo that I was "all right," and as you may imagine this assurance coming from his lips was a most welcome one, as it meant at that time a great deal to me, a fact that, young as I was, I thoroughly appreciated.

The make-up of the Rockford Club that season was as follows: Hastings, catcher; Fisher, pitcher; Fulmer, shortstop; Mack, first base; Addy, second base; Anson, third base; Ham, left fielder; Bird center fielder; and Stires, right fielder; Mayer, substitute.

This was a fairly strong organization for those days, and especially so when the fact is taken into consideration that Rockford was but a little country town then and the smallest place in size of any in the country that sup-ported a professional league team, and that the venture was never a paying one is scarcely to be wondered at. To be sure, it was a good base-ball town of its size, but it was not large enough to support an expensive team, and for that reason it dropped out of the arena after the season of 1871 was over, it being unable to hold its players at the salaries that it could then afford to pay.

There were several changes in the make-up of the team before the season was over, but the names of the players as I have given them were those whose averages were turned in by the Official Scorer of the league at the end of the season, they having all, with one exception, played in twenty-five games, that exception being Fulmer, who participated in but sixteen. I led the team that season both in batting and fielding, as is shown by the following table, a table by the way that is hardly as complete as the tables of these latter days:

Players	Games	Avg base hits	Avg put out	Avg assisted
Anson, 3d b	25	1.64	2.27	3.66
Mack, 1st b	25	1.20	11.	0.44
Addy, 2d b	25	1.20	2.72	3.33
Fisher, p	25	1.20	1.16	1.88

Stires, r f	25	1.20	1.27	0.33
Hastings, c	25	1.12	3.33	0.83
Ham, l f	25	1.00	1.50	0.55
Bird, c f	25	1.00	1.66	0.11
Fulmer, s s	16	1.00	2.35	3.57

These averages, in my estimation, are hardly to be relied upon, as changes in the personnel of the team were often made without due notice being given, while the system of scoring was faulty and not near so perfect as at the present writing. This was not the fault of their compiler, however who was obliged to take the figures given him by the club scorer, a man more or less incompetent, as the case might be.

Before the regular season began my time at Rockford was mostly spent in practice, so that I was in fairly good shape when the day arrived for me to make my professional debut on the diamond. My first game was played on the home grounds the Rockford team having for its opponent the Forest City Club of Cleveland, Ohio, a fairly strong organization and one that that season finished fourth on the list for championship honors, the Athletics of Philadelphia carrying off the prize.

I had looked forward to this game with fear and misgivings, and my feelings were by no means improved when I was informed that owing to the non-arrival of Scott Hastings, the regular catcher, I was expected to fill that responsible position, one to which I was a comparative stranger. There was nothing to do but to make the best of the situation, however, and this I did, though I can truthfully say that for the first five innings I was as nervous as a kitten.

We were beaten that day by a score of 12 to 4, and though I had a few passed balls to my credit, yet on the whole I believe that, everything considered, I played a fairly good game; at least I have been told so by those who were in a better position to judge than I was.

With that first game my nervousness all passed away, and I settled down to play a steady game, which I did all through the season. As I have said, however, the Rockford team was not a strong one, and of the thirty-two record games in which we engaged we won but thirteen, our winning scores being as follows: May 17th, at Rockford, Rockford 15, Olympics of Washington 12; May 23, at

Fort Wayne, Rockford 17, Kekionga 13; June 5th, at Philadelphia, Rockford 11, Athletic 10; June 15th, at Philadelphia, Rockford 10, Athletics 7; July 5th, at Rockford, Rockford 29, Chicago 14; July 31st, at Rockford, Rockford 18, Mutual 5; August 3d, at Rockford, Rockford 4, Kekionga 0 (forfeited); August 7th, at Chicago, Rockford 16, Chicago 7; August 8th, at Chicago, Rockford 12, Cleveland 5; September 1st, at Brooklyn, Rockford 39, Athletics 5; September 2d, at Brooklyn, Rockford 14, Eckford 9; September 5th, at Troy, Rockford 15, Haymakers 5; September 16th, at Cleveland, Rockford 19, Cleveland 12.

In the final revision many of these games were thrown out for one reason and another, so that in the official guides for that year the Rockford Club is credited with only six games won and is given the last position in the championship race, several of the games with the Athletics being among those declared forfeited.

I learned more of the world that season with the Rockfords than I had ever known before. Prior to that time my travels had been confined to the trips away to school and to some of the towns adjacent to Marshalltown, and outside of these I knew but little. With the Rockford team, however, I traveled all over the East and West and learned more regarding the country I lived in and its wonderful resources than I could have learned by going to school for the half of a lifetime. The Rockford management treated the players in those days very nicely. We traveled in sleeping cars and not in the ordinary day coaches as did many of the players, and though we were obliged to sleep two in a berth we did not look upon this as an especial hardship as would the players of these latter days, many of whom are inclined to grumble because they cannot have the use of a private stateroom on their travels.

I made acquaintances, too, in all parts of the country that were invaluable to me in after days, and though I had not finished sowing my wild oats I think the folly of it all had begun to dawn on my mind as I saw player after player disappear from the arena, the majority of them being men who had given promise of being shining lights in the base-ball world.

Of the men who played with me at Rockford but few remained in the profession, and these but for a season or two, after which they drifted into other lines of business. Bob Addy, who was one of the best of the lot, was a good, hard hustling player, a good base runner and a hard hitter. He was as honest as the day is long and the last that I heard of him he was living out in Oregon, where he was engaged in running a tin shop. He was an odd sort of a genius and quit the

game because he thought he could do better at something else.

"Cherokee" Fisher was originally a Philadelphian, but after the disbandment of the Rockford Club he came to Chicago, securing a place in the Fire Department, where he still runs with the machine. He was a good man in his day and ranked high as a pitcher.

Charles Fulmer was a fair average player. He, too, drifted out of the game in the early '70s, and the last that I knew of him he was a member of the Board of Aldermen in the Quaker City.

Scott Hastings, the regular catcher, was a fair all-around player, but by no means a wonder. After he left Rockford he went to Chicago, where he was employed for a time in a wholesale clothing house. He is now, or was at last accounts, in San Francisco and reported as being worth a comfortable sum of money.

The other members of the old team I have lost sight of and whether they are living or dead I cannot say. They were a good-hearted, jovial set of fellows, as a rule, and my association with them was most pleasant, as was also my relations with the Rockford management, who could not have treated me better had I been a native son, and to whom I am indebted for much both in the way of good advice and encouraging words; and let me say right here that nothing does so much good to a young player as a few words of approbation spoken in the right way and at the right time. It braces him up, gives him needed confidence in himself, and goes a long way further toward making him a first-class player than does continual fault-finding.

It had been an understood thing, at least so far as the old gentleman was concerned, when he gave his consent to my playing with Rockford for a season, that I should at the end of it return home and resume my studies, but fate ordained otherwise. Several times during the season I was approached by members of the Athletic Club management with offers to play as a member of their team the next season, that of 1872, and they finally offered me the sum of $1,250 per annum for my services. This was much better than I was doing at Rockford, and vet I was reluctant to leave the little Illinois town, where I had made my professional debut, and where I had hosts of friends.

When the end of the season came and the Rockford people offered to again sign me et the same old figures I told them frankly of the Philadelphia offer, but at the

same time offered to again sign with Rockford, providing that they would raise my salary to $100 per month. The club had not made its expenses and they were not even certain that they would place a professional team in the arena during the next season. This they told me and also that they could not afford to pay the sum I asked for my services, and so without consulting the folks at Marshalltown I appended my name to a Philadelphia contract, and late in the fall bade good-by to Rockford and its ball players, turning my face towards the City of Brotherly Love, where I played ball with the Athletics until the formation of the National League in 1876, and it was not until five years had elapsed that I revisited my old home in Marshalltown, taking a bride with me.

CHAPTER VII. WITH THE ATHLETICS OF PHILADELPHIA.

The winter of 1871 and 1872 I spent in Philadelphia, where I put in my time practicing in the gymnasium, playing billiards and taking in the sights of a great city.

The whirligig of time had in the meantime made a good many changes in the membership of the Professional League, for in spite of the fact that 1871 had been the most prosperous year in the history of base-ball, up to that time, many clubs had fallen by the wayside, their places in the ranks being taken by new-comers, and that several of these were unable to weather the storms of 1872 because of a lack of financial support is now a matter of history.

Conspicuous among the absentees when the season opened was the Chicago Club, which had been broken up by the great fire that swept over the Queen of the Inland Seas in October of 1871, and not then reorganized; the Forest City of Rockford, the Kekiongas of Fort Wayne, and several others.

At the opening of the regular playing season the League numbered eleven members, as follows: Boston, of Boston, Mass.; Baltimore, of Baltimore, Md.; Mutuals, of New York; Athletics, of Philadelphia; Troy, of Troy, N. Y.; Atlantic, of Brooklyn; Cleveland, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mansfield, of Mansfield, Ohio;

Eckford, of Brooklyn; and Olympic and National, both of Washington, D. C. Of these eleven clubs but six finished the season, the others falling out, either because of bad management or a lack of financial support, these six being the Athletic, Baltimore, Boston, Mutual, Atlantic and Eckford teams. The first four of these were regularly salaried clubs, while the two last were co-operative concerns.

The make-up of the Athletics that season was as follows: Malone, catcher; McBride, pitcher; Mack, first base; Fisler, second base; Anson, third base; McGeary, shortstop; Cuthbert, left field; Tracey, center field; and Meyerle, right field. Outside of the Bostons this was the strongest team that had yet appeared on the diamond. It was even stronger than the team that represented the Hub in some respects, though not equal to them as a whole, the latter excelling at team work, which then, as now, proved one of the most important factors in winning a championship.

That the Athletics were particularly strong at the bat is shown by the fact that six of their players that season figure among the first eleven on the batting list, the Bostons coming next with three, and the Baltimore third.

In some of the games that we played that season the fielders had a merry time of it and found at least plenty of exercise in chasing the ball. In the first games that I played with the Athletics, our opponents being the Baltimores, the fielders did not have 'a picnic by any means, the score standing at 34 to 19 at the end of the game, and this in spite of the fact that the ball used was a "dead one."

During the entire season and not counting exhibition games we played forty-six games, of which we won thirty and lost sixteen, while the Bostons, who carried off the championship, took part in fifty-nine games, of which they won 38 and lost 11.

Figuring in twenty-eight championship games, I finished fourth on the list of batsmen, with forty-seven base-hits to my credit, an average of 1.67 to the game, a performance that I was at that time very proud of and that I am not ashamed of even at this late date.

The season of 1873 saw some changes in the make-up of the Athletics, the nine that season being made up as follows: McGeary, catcher; McBride, pitcher; Murnane, first base; Fisler, second base; Fulton, third base; Anson, shortstop;

Cuhbert, left field; Reach, center field; Fisler, right field; and McMullen and Sensenderfer, substitutes.

This was, if anything, a stronger all-around team than the one of the preceding year, and if it failed to make equally as good a showing it was because the teams that were opposed to it were also of a better calibre. The demand for good ball players had risen, and as is usual in such cases the supply was equal to the demand, just as it would be today under similar circumstances.

The opening of the championship season found nine clubs ready to compete for the championship honors, viz.: The Athletics, Atlantics, Baltimore, Boston, Mutual, Maryland, Philadelphia, Resolute and Washington, and five of these beside the Athletics had particularly strong teams, the Maryland, Resolute and Washington teams being the weaklings.

During the year the Athletics took part in fifty professional games, of which they won twenty-seven and lost twenty-three, and in fourteen exhibition games, of which they won twelve and lost two, being defeated in the exhibition series twice by their home rivals, the Philadelphias, which numbered among its players several who had helped to make the Athletics famous in former years, among them being Malone and Mack.

Between these two nines there was the strongest kind of a rivalry, and as both were popular with the home people great crowds turned out to see the contests between them. One of these contests resulted in a thirteen inning game, the score then standing at 5 to 4 in favor of the Philadelphias, greatly to our disgust, and to the intense joy of our rivals.

For the second time since the formation of the Players' League, Boston carried off the championship honors, while we were compelled to content ourselves with the third position, but I still stood forth on the batting list, and that was some consolation, at least to me.

The opening of the season of 1874 again saw nine clubs ready to do battle for the championship, but the Maryland and Resolute Clubs were missing from the list and in their places were the re-organized Chicagos and the Hartford aggregation, both of which presented strong teams and teams that, properly managed, might have made much better showing in the pennant race.

Still more changes had been made in the make-up of the Athletic team, which in

May of that year was composed of the following players: Clapp, catcher; McBride, second base; Sutton, third base; McGeary, shortstop; Gedney, left field; McMullen, center field; and Anson, right field.

From the way in which I was changed around from one position to another in those days it can be readily surmised that I was looked upon as a sort of a general-utility man, who could play in one position about as well as in another, which in my humble judgment was a mistake, for in base-ball as in all other trades and professions the old adage holds true that a jack-of-all trades is master of none.

The year 1874 will ever be memorable in the history of the game by reason of the fact that base-ball was then introduced to the notice of our English cousins by a trip that was made to the "Tight Little Isle" by the members of the Boston and Athletic Clubs, a trip of which I shall have more to say later, and also by reason of the fact that the game that season enjoyed a veritable boom, clubs of the professional, semi-professional and amateur variety springing up in every direction.

The clubs going to make up the Professional League were admittedly stronger than ever before, and to take the pennant from Boston was the avowed ambition not only of the Athletics but of every team that was to contest against the "Hub" aggregation. The effort was, however, as futile as those of the two preceding years had been, and for the third successive season the teams from the modern Athens carried off the prize, not because they were the better ball players, but for the reason that better discipline was preserved among them and they were better managed in every way than were any of their opponents. For the second time we were compelled to content ourselves with the third place in the race, the second going to the Mutuals of New York, that being the first time since the Professional League was organized that they had climbed so high up the ladder. The Philadelphias fell from the second to the fourth place and the Chicago "White Stockings," of whom great things had been expected, finished on the fifth rung of the ladder.

Of the fifty-two record games that were counted as championship contests and that were played by the Athletics, we won thirty-one and lost twenty-one, while of the sixty games in which the Bostons figured they won forty-three and lost but seventeen, a wonderful showing when the playing strength of the clubs pitted against them is taken into consideration.

Among the batsmen that season I stood eighth on the list, the lowest position that I had occupied since I broke into the ranks of the professional players.

When the season of 1875 opened I little realized that it was to be the last year that I should wear an Athletic uniform, and yet such proved to be the case. While playing with them my salary had been raised each successive season, until I was now drawing $1,800 a year, and the limit had not yet been reached, as I was to find out later, although at the time I left Philadelphia for Chicago I would, for personal reasons that will appear later, have preferred to remain with the Athletics at a considerable less salary than I was afterward paid. This, too, was destined to be the last year of the Professional League, the National League taking its place, and as a result a general shifting about among the players took place in 1876, many of the old-time ball tossers being at that time lost in the shuffle.

The year 1875 saw no less than thirteen clubs enter the championship arena, Philadelphia being represented by no less than three, while St. Louis, a new-comer, furnished two aspirants for the honors, the full list being as follows: Boston, Athletic, Hartford, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, Mutual, New Haven, St. Louis Reds, Washington, Centennial, Atlantic and Western, the latter organization representing the far Western city of Keokuk.

The series consisted of ten games, six to be played as the legal quota, and at the close of the season but seven of the thirteen original championship seekers had fulfilled the conditions, three of the clubs having been disbanded when the season was but about half over. Again and for the fourth time the Boston aggregation carried off the honors, with a record unsurpassed up to that time, as out of seventy-nine games played they won seventy-one and lost but eight, while the Athletics, who finished in the second place, played seventy-three games in all, losing twenty and winning fifty-three.

That three of the clubs that started in the race should have dropped out as they did is not to be wondered at, and why one of them at least was ever allowed to enter is a mystery. Looked at from a purely geographical standpoint, the Keokuk Club, known as the Western, was doomed to failure from the very start. It was too far away from the center of the base-ball interests and the expense of reaching it too great to warrant the Eastern clubs in making the trip, and the city itself was too small to turn out a paying crowd, while the other two local clubs found the field already too well covered and succumbed to local opposition.

Small scores in 1875 were the rule and not the exception. The sharp fielding and the restrictions placed on the batter, which had grown closer with each passing season, made the running up of such big scores as marked the game in the early days impossible, while the many close contests that took place added greatly to the popularity of what was now fully recognized as distinctively the National Game of America.

It was not all smooth sailing for the promoters of the game, even at this time. In the many poolrooms then existing throughout the country and especially in the larger cities great sums of money were wagered on the result of the various contests, and as a result "crookedness" on the part of various players was being charged, and though these charges were vigorously denied by those interested the denials carried but little weight in view of the in-and-out performances of the teams in which they were engaged.

There was a lack of discipline, too, among the players, and it was the necessity for prompt action in stamping out the evils then existing that caused the birth of the new National League and the death of the old organization.

There are "crooks" in all professions, but I venture the assertion right here that the "crooks" in base-ball have indeed been few and far between. Once detected, they have been summarily dismissed from the ranks, and with the brand of dishonesty stamped upon them they have been forced to earn a living in some other way.

It has long been a maxim among the followers of racing that "a crooked jockey" is always "broke," and this same saying holds good regarding the crooked ball players. I might mention the names of several players who were summarily dismissed from the league ranks because of crookedness and who have since that time managed to eke out a miserable existence by hanging about poolrooms and bucket-shops, but what good would it do? They have learned their lesson and the lesson has indeed been a bitter one.

It must be remembered, however, that the charges against these men were proven. They were not dismissed because of idle hearsay, but because of absolute and convincing proof. The breath of scandal has assailed more than one ball player without any good and convincing reason, and will doubtless do so again, just as it has assailed private reputations of men in other walks of life. The breath of truth has blown these scandals aside, however, and to-day the

professional ball player stands as high in the estimation of his fellow men, providing that he conducts himself as a gentleman and not as a loafer, as does the professional man in other walks of life.

CHAPTER VIII. SOME MINOR DIVERSIONS.

Philadelphia is a good city to live in, at least I found it so, and had I had my own way I presume that I should still be a resident of the city that William Penn founded instead of a citizen of Chicago, while had I had my own way when I left Marshalltown to go into a world I knew but little about I might never have lived in Philadelphia at all. At that time I was more than anxious to come to Chicago and did my best to secure a position with the Chicago Club, of which Tom Foley, the veteran billiard-room keeper, was then the manager. As he has since informed me, he was looking at that time for ball players with a reputation, and not for players who had a reputation yet to make, as was the case with me, and so he turned my application down with the result that I began my professional career in Rockford instead of in Chicago, as I had wished to do. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," however, and for the Providence that took me to Rockford and afterward to the "City of Brotherly Love," I am at this late day truly thankful, however displeased I may have been at that time.

I have often consoled myself since then with the reflection that had I come to Chicago to start my career in 1871, that career might have come to a sudden end right there and then, and all of my hopes for the future might have gone up in smoke, for the big fire that blotted out the city scattered the members of the Chicago Base Ball club far and wide and left many of them stranded, for the me being at least, on the sands of adversity.

Shakespeare has said, "There is a Providence that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will," and it seems to me that the immortal Bard of Avon must have had my case in mind when he wrote that line, for I can see but little to complain about thus far in the treatment accorded me by Providence, though I am willing to admit that there was some pretty rough hewing to do before I was knocked into any shape at all.

When I began playing ball at Rockford I was just at that age when, in my estimation, I knew a heap more than did the old man, and that idea had not been entirely knocked out of my head when I arrived in Philadelphia. The outdoor life that I had led when a youngster, the constant exercise that I had indulged in, together with the self-evident truth that the Lord had blessed me with a constitution that a young bull might envy, had all conspired to make me a young giant in strength, and as a result I was as full of animal spirits as is an unbroken thoroughbred colt, and as impatient of restraint.

Good advice was, to a greater or less extent, thrown away upon me, and if I had any trouble it rolled off from my broad shoulders as water from a duck's back and left not a trace behind. In the language of the old song, I was, "Good for any game at night, my boys," or day, either, for that matter, and the pranks that I played and the scrapes that I got into were, some of them, not of a very creditable nature, though they were due more to exuberation than to any innate love of wrong-doing.

In any contest that required strength and skill I was always ready to take a hand, and in these contests I was able to hold my own as a rule, though now and then I got the worst of it, as was the case when I entered the throwing match at the Union Grounds in Brooklyn in October, 1872. The entries were Hatfield and Boyd, of the Mutuals; George Wright and Leonard, of the Bostons, and Fisler and myself, representing the Athletics. The ball was thrown from a rope stretched between two stakes driven into the ground one hundred and ten yards from the home-plate. Each competitor was allowed three throws, and the rules governing the contest required that the ball be dropped within two large bags placed on a line with the home-plate and about sixty feet apart. Hatfield led us all in each of his three trials, and on the last one he beat his own record of 132 yards made at Cincinnati in 1868 by clearing 133 yards 1 foot and 7 1/2 inches. Leonard came next with 119 yards 1 foot 10 inches, Wright third with 117 yards 1 foot 1 inch, Boyd fourth with 115 yards 1 foot 7 inches, Fisler fifth with 112 yards 6 inches, while your humble servant brought up the tail end of the procession with a throw of 110 yards and 6 inches, not a bad performance in itself, but lacking a long ways of being good enough to get the money with.

Among the famous characters of which the Quaker City boasted in those days was Prof. William McLean, or "Billy" McLean, as he was generally called, an ex-prize fighter and a boxing teacher whose reputation for skill with the padded mitts was second to no man's in the country. To take boxing lessons from a

professional who really knew something touching the "noble art of self-defense," as the followers of ring sports would say, was something that I had never had an opportunity of doing before, and it is hardly to be wondered at that I availed myself of the chance before I had been there a very long time.

I towered over McLean like a mountain over a mole hill, and I remember well that the first time that I faced him I thought what an easy matter it would be for me to knock his reputation into a cocked hat, and that before a man could say "Jack Robinson." In a very few moments, however, I had changed my opinion. I had fancied that I was a pretty good sort of a man myself with or without the gloves, but long before the end of that first lesson I had come to the conclusion that my education in that line, as well as others, had been neglected, and that I still had considerable to learn. McLean went around me very much as a cooper goes around a barrel, hitting me wherever and whenever he pleased, and the worst of the matter was that I could not hit him at all. It was not until after he had convinced me just how little I knew that he began to teach me, beginning with the rudiments of the art. I proved to be an apt pupil and soon became quite proficient at the game, in fact so good was I that I sometimes fancied that I could lick a whole army of wildcats, this being especially the case when the beer was in and the wit was out, for be it beer or wine, the effect is generally the same, a fact that I had not yet learned, though it dawned on me long before I left Philadelphia, and I quit it for good and all, to which fact I attribute the success that I have since met with both in the sporting and the business world.

It was in 1875 and during my last season with the Athletics, if I remember rightly, that I became involved in a saloon row, that, to say the least of it, was not to my credit, and that I have been ashamed of ever since. We had been out to the grounds practicing until nearly nightfall and on the way home we stepped into a German saloon on the corner for the purpose of refreshing the inner man and washing the dust out of our throats. In some way the conversation turned on the doings of various fighters and I expressed myself pretty freely concerning their merits and demerits, for having taken boxing lessons, I was naturally anxious to set myself up as an authority on matters pugilistic.

Just as we were in the midst of the argument a fresh policeman happened along and "chipped into the game" with the remark that if there was any fighting to be done he would himself take a hand in it.

That was my chance. For what had I taken boxing lessons unless I could at least

do a policeman? "Come on!" I yelled and then I smashed him. He was not the only policeman on the beat, however. There were others—in fact, several of them, and they clubbed me good and plenty, finally leading me away with the nippers on.

Arriving at the police station, and a pretty tough-looking object I was, as you may imagine, I immediately sent for the President of the club, who, as good luck would have it, was also a Police Commissioner. When he put in an appearance he looked at me in astonishment and then asked me what I had been doing.

I told him that I hadn't been doing anything, but that I had tried to do the whole police force, and with very poor success. I was released on honor that night and the next morning appeared before Alderman Buck, who listened to both sides of the story, and then let me go, thinking by my appearance, doubtless, that I had already been punished enough. After court had adjourned we all adjourned on my motion to the nearest saloon, where we had several rounds of drink and then —well, then I started in to celebrate a victory that was, after all, a good deal more like a defeat.

While thus engaged I was unfortunate enough to run up against the young lady that I had already determined to make Mrs. Anson, and not being in the best of condition, she naturally enough did not like it, but as Rudyard Kipling says—that is another story.

That experience ended the wild-oats business for me, however, and although the crop that I had sown was, comparatively speaking, a small one, yet it was more than sufficient for all my needs, and I now regret at times that I was foolish enough to sow any at all.

The only other row that I ever had of any consequence took place on a street car one day when I was going out to the ball grounds, a game between the Athletics and Chicagos being scheduled for decision. The most intense rivalry existed at that time between these two organizations and the feeling among their partisans ran high. A gentleman on the car—at least he was dressed like a gentleman—asked me what I thought in regard to the relative strength of the two organizations. At that time I had some $1,500 invested in club stock and naturally my feelings leaned toward the club of which I was a member, still I realized that they were pretty evenly matched, and I so stated.

He then remarked in sneering tones, "Oh, I don't know. I guess they play to win or lose as will best suit their own pockets."

I informed him that if he meant to insinuate that either one of them would throw a game, he was a liar.

He gave me the lie in return and then I smashed him, and I am not ashamed to say that I would do it again under the same circumstances.

I have heard just such remarks as that made even in this late day, remarks that are as unjust to the players as they are uncalled for by the circumstances. Lots of men seem 'to forget that the element of luck enters largely into base-ball just as it does into any other business, and that things may happen during a contest that cannot be foreseen either by the club management or by the field captain.

An unlucky stumble on the part of a base runner or a dancing sunbeam that gets into a fielder's eyes at some critical time in the play may cost a game; indeed, it has on more than one occasion, and yet to the man who simply judges the game by the reports that may read in the papers the thing has apparently a "fishy" look, for the reason that neither the sunbeam nor the stumble receives mention.

If every sport and business man in this world were as crooked as some folks would have us to believe, this would indeed be a poor world to live in, and I for one would be perfectly willing to be out of it.

The real truth of the matter is that the crooks in any line are few and far between. That being the case it's a pretty fair old sort of a world, and I for one am glad that I am still in it, and very much in it at that.

CHAPTER IX. WE BALL PLAYERS GO ABROAD.

The first trip that was ever made across the big pond by American ball players and to which brief reference was made in an earlier chapter, took place in the summer of 1874. London was, as a matter of course, our first objective point, and I considered myself lucky indeed in being a member of one of the organizations that was to attempt to teach our English cousins the beauties of America's National Game.

The two clubs selected to make the trip were the Bostons, then champions, and the Athletics, and the players who were to represent them, together with their positions, are given below:

BOSTON	POSITIONS	ATHLETIC
	Catcher	John E. Clapp
A. G. Spalding	Pitcher	Jas. D. McBride
Jas. O'Rourke	First base	West D. Fisler
Ross C. Barnes	Second base	Jos. Battin
Harry Schafer	Third base	Ezra B. Sutton
Geo. Wright	Shortstop	M. E. McGeary
A.J. Leonard	Left field	Albert W. Gedney
Cal C. McVey	Right field	A. C. Anson
Harry Wright	Center field	Jas. F. McMullen
Geo. W. Hall	Substitute	Al J. Reach
Thos. H. Beals	Substitute	J. P. Sensenderfer
Sam Wright, Jr.	Substitute	Tim Murnane

James White of the Boston team declined to go at the last moment, his place being taken by Kent of the Harvard College team while Al Reach was kept from making the trip by business engagements. Alfred H. Wright of the "New York

Clipper" and Philadelphia "Sunday Mercury," and H. S. Kempton of the "Boston Herald" both accompanied us and scored the base-ball games that were played on the trip, while the first-named officiated in the same capacity when the game was cricket. In addition to these men, both clubs were accompanied by large parties of friends who were anxious to see what sort of a reception would be accorded to us by our British cousins, who had never yet witnessed a base-ball game, their nearest approach to it having been to look on at a game of "rounders."

The entire cabin of the steamship Ohio had been engaged for ourselves and our friends, and on July 16th a great crowd assembled at the wharf to see us off and to wish us God-speed on our journey. The trip across was fortunately a pleasant one and as we were a jolly party the time passed all too quickly, the seductive game of draw poker and other amusements of a kindred sort helping us to forget that the old gentleman with the scythe and hourglass was still busily engaged in making his daily rounds.

It was my first sea voyage, and to say that I enjoyed it would be to state but the simple truth. The element of poetry was left largely out of my make-up and so I did not go into ecstasies over the foam-crested waves as did several of the party, but I was as fond of watching for the flying fish that now and then skimmed the waves and for the porpoises that often put in an appearance as any of the rest of the party. If I speculated at all as to the immensity of the rolling deep by which we were surrounded, it was because I wished that I might be able to devise some plan for bottling it up and sending it out West to the old gentleman to be used for irrigating purposes. That such an amount of water should have been, allowed to go to waste was to me a matter for wonderment. I was looking at the practical side of the matter, and not at the poetical.

July 27th we arrived at Liverpool and as the majority of us had grown tired of the monotony of sea life we were glad enough once more to set foot on solid land. With fourteen games of ball to be played and seven games of cricket we had but little time to devote to sight-seeing, though you may be sure that we utilized the days and nights that we had off for that purpose.

There was considerable curiosity on the part of our British cousins to see what the American Game was like and as a result we were greeted by large crowds wherever we went. We were treated with the greatest kindness both by press and public and words of praise for our skill both at batting and fielding were to be

heard on all sides. Exhibition games between the two clubs were played at Liverpool, Manchester, London, Sheffield and Dublin, the Boston Club winning eight games and the Athletics six.

When it came to playing cricket we proved to be something of a surprise party. In these games we played eighteen men against eleven and defeated with ease such, crack, organizations as the Marylebone, Prince's, and Surrey Clubs in London, the Sheffield Club at Sheffield; the Manchester Club in Manchester and the All-Ireland Club in Dublin, while the game with the Richmond Club was drawn on account of rain, we having the best of it at that time. While I was, comparatively speaking, a novice in this game, at which the Wrights were experts, they having enjoyed a reputation as first-class cricketers in America for years, yet I managed to make the highest score of all in our game with the All-Ireland Eleven, and to hold my own fairly well in the other cricket games that were played.

It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the treatment that was accorded to us on this trip both in England and Ireland, where peer and peasant both combined to make our visit a pleasant one. We were entertained in royal style wherever we went and apparently there was nothing too good for us. Lords and ladies were largely in evidence among the spectators wherever we played and among our own countrymen residing in the British metropolis we were the lions of the day.

The contrast between the crowds in attendance at our games there and those that greeted us at home attracted my attention most forcibly. An English crowd is at all times quiet and sedate as compared with a crowd in our own country. They are slower to grasp a situation and to seize upon the fine points of a play. This, so far as base-ball was concerned, was only to be expected, the game being a strange one, but the same fact was true when it came to their own National game, that of cricket. There was an apparent listlessness, too, in their playing that would have provoked a storm of cat-calls and other cries of derision from the occupants of the bleaching boards at home.

It was our skill at fielding more than at batting that attracted the attention of the Britishers and that brought out their applause. Our work in that line was a revelation to them, and that it was the direct cause of a great improvement afterwards in their own game there can be no reason to doubt.

Between sight-seeing and base-ball and cricket playing the thirty days allotted to our visit passed all too quickly and when the time came for us to start on our homeward journey there was not one of the party but what would gladly have remained for a longer period of time in "Merry England," had such a thing been possible. It was a goodly company of friends that assembled at the dock in Queenstown to wish us a pleasant voyage on August 27th, which was just one month to a day from the date of our arrival, and we were soon homeward bound on board of the steamship Abbotsford. The voyage back was anything but a pleasant one and more than half the party were down at one time and another from the effects of seasickness. Old Neptune had evidently made up his mind to show us both sides of his character and he shook us about on that return voyage very much as though we were but small particles of shot in a rattle-box.

We arrived at Philadelphia Sept. 9, where we were the recipients of a most enthusiastic ovation, in which brass bands and a banquet played a most important part, and after the buffeting about that we had received from the waves of old ocean we were glad indeed that the voyage was over.

The impression that base-ball made upon the lovers of sport in England can be best illustrated by the following quotations taken from the columns of the London Field, then, as now, one of the leading sporting papers of that country:

"Base-ball is a scientific game, more difficult than many who are in the habit of judging hastily from the outward semblance can possibly imagine. It is in fact the cricket of the American continent, considerably altered since its first origin, as has been cricket, by the yearly recourse to the improvements necessitated by the experience of each season. In the cricket field there is at times a wearisome monotony that is entirely unknown to baseball. To watch it played is most interesting, as the attention is concentrated but for a short time and not allowed to succumb to undue pressure of prolonged suspense. The broad principles of base-ball are not by any means difficult of comprehension. The theory of the game is not unlike that of 'Rounders,' in that bases have to be run; but the details are in every way different.

"To play base-ball requires judgment, courage; presence of mind and the possession of much the same qualities as at cricket. To see it played by experts will astonish those who only know it by written descriptions, for it is a fast game, full of change and excitement and not in the least degree wearisome. To see the best players field even is a sight that ought to do a cricketer's heart good;

the agility, dash and accuracy of tossing and catching possessed by the Americans being wonderful."

This, coming at that time from a paper of the "Field's" high standing was praise, indeed, but the fact remains that the game itself, in spite of all the efforts made to introduce it, has never become popular in England, for the reason perhaps that it possesses too many elements of dash and danger and requires too much of an effort to play it.

Commenting after our return to this country upon this tour and its results, Henry Chadwick, the oldest writer on base-ball in this country and an acknowledged authority on the game, said:

"The visit of the American base-hall players to England and the success they met there, not only in popularizing the American National Game but in their matches at cricket with the leading Cricket Clubs of England, did more for the best interests of base-ball than anything that has occurred since the first tour through the country of the noted Excelsior Club of Brooklyn in 1860. In the first place, the visit in question has resulted in setting at rest forever the much debated question as to whether we had a National Game or not, the English press with rare unanimity candidly acknowledging that the 'new game of base-ball' is unquestionably the American National Game. Secondly, the splendid display of fielding exhibited by the American ball players has opened the eyes of English cricketers to the important fact that in their efforts to equalize the attack and defense in their national game of cricket, in which they have looked only to certain modifications of the rules governing bowling and batting, they have entirely ignored the important element of the game, viz., fielding; and that this element is so important is a fact that has been duly proved by the brilliant success of the American base-ball players in cricket, a game in which the majority of them were mere novices, and yet by their ability as fielders in keeping down their adversaries' scores they fully demonstrated that skill in fielding is as great an element of success in cricketing as bowling and batting, if it be not greater, and also that the principles of saving runs by sharp fielding is as sound as that of making runs by skillful batting. But, moreover, they have shown by this self-same fielding skill that the game of base-ball is a better school for fielding than cricket, the peculiarity of the play in the former game requiring a prompter return of the ball from the outfield, swifter and more accurate throwing, and surer catching than the ordinary practice of cricket would seem to need.

"Another result of the tour has been to show our English cousins the great contrast between the character and habits of our American base-ball professionals and those of the English professional cricketers, taking them as a class. One of the London players warmly complimented the American players on their fine physique as athletes and especially commented on their abstemious habits in contrast, as the paper stated 'with our beer-drinking English professional cricketers.' In fact, the visit of the baseball players has opened old John Bull's eyes to the fact that we are not as neglectful of athletic sports as he thought we were, for one thing, and in our American baseball representatives we presented a corps of fielders the equal of which in brilliancy of play England has never seen even among the most expert of her best trained cricketers. So much for our National Game of base-ball as a school for fielding in cricket. We sent these ball players out to show England how we played ball, but with no idea of their being able to accomplish much at cricket; but to our most agreeable surprise they defeated every club that they played with at that game, and Bell's Life does the American team the justice to say that an eleven could no doubt be selected from the American ball players that would trouble some of the best of our elevens to defeat.

"The telegrams from England in every instance referred to the games played as between twenty-two Americans and eleven English, but when the regular reports were secured by mail it was found that it was eighteen against twelve, quite a difference as regards the odds against side. The first dispatch also referred to the 'weak team presented against the Americans,' but the score when received showed that the eighteen had against them in the first match six of the crack team which came over here in 1872, together with two professionals and four of the strongest of the Marylebone Club. Englishmen did not dream that the base-ball novices could make such a good showing in the game, and knowing nothing of their ability as fielders they thought it would be an easy task to defeat even double their own number, the defeat of the celebrated Surrey and Prince's Club twelves in one inning, and of the strong teams of Sheffield, Manchester and Dublin by large scores, opened their eyes to their mistake, and very naturally they began to hold the game that could yield such players in great respect.

"Worthy of praise as the success of our base-ball representatives in England is, the fact of their admirable deportment and gentlemanly conduct on and off the field, is one which commends itself even more to the praise of our home people. That they were invited to so many high places and held intercourse with so many of the best people fully shows that their behavior was commendable in the

extreme. Considering therefore the brilliant success of the tour and the credit done the American name by these base-ball representatives, it was proper that their reception on their reappearance in our midst should be commensurate with their high salaries, for in every respect did they do credit to themselves and our American game of `base-ball.'"

CHAPTER X. THE ARGONAUTS OF 1874.

The players that made the first trip abroad in the interest of the National Game may well be styled the Argonauts of Base-ball, and though they brought back with them but little of the golden fleece, the trip being financially a failure, their memory is one that should always be kept green in the hearts of the game's lovers, if for no other reason than because they were the first to show our British cousins what the American athlete could do when it came both to inventing and playing a game of his own.

That they failed to make the game a popular one abroad was no fault of theirs, the fault lying, if anywhere, in the deep-rooted prejudice of the English people against anything that savored of newness and Americanism, and in the love that they had for their own national game of cricket, a game that had been played by them for generations.

I doubt if a better body of men, with the exception of your humble servant, who was too young at the game to have been taken into account, could have been selected at that time to illustrate the beauties of the National game in a foreign clime.

They were ball players, every one of them, and though new stars have risen and set since then, the stars of thirty years ago still live in the memory both of those who accompanied them on the trip and those who but knew of them through the annals of the game as published in the daily press and in the guide books.

Harry Wright, the captain of the Boston Reds, was even then the oldest ball player among the Argonauts, he having played the game for twenty years, being a member of the old Knickerbockers when many of his companions had not as

yet attained the dignity of their first pair of pants. He was noted, too, as a cricketer of no mean ability, having succeeded his father as the professional of the famous St. George Club long before he was ever heard of in connection with the National Game. As an exponent of the National Game he first became noted as the captain of the celebrated Red Stocking Club of Cincinnati, a nine that went through the season of 1869, playing games from Maine to California without a single defeat. As captain and manager of a ball team Mr. Wright had few equals, and no superiors, as his subsequent history in connection with the Boston and Philadelphia Clubs will prove. He was a believer in kind words and governed his players more by precept and example than by any set of rules that he laid down for their guidance. As a player at the time of this trip he was still in his prime and could hold his own with any of the younger men in the outfit, while his knowledge of the English game proved almost invaluable to us. Harry Wright died in 1895, and when he passed away I lost a steadfast friend, and the base-ball world a man that was an honor in every way to the profession.

A.G. Spalding was at that time justly regarded as being one of the very best pitchers in the profession, and from the time that he first appeared in a Boston uniform until the time that he left the club and cast his fortunes with the Chicagos he was a great favorite with both press and public. As Harry Chadwick once wrote of him, "In judgment, command of the ball, pluck, endurance, and nerve in his position he had no superior." He could disguise a change of pace in such a manner as to deceive the most expert batsman, while as a scientific hitter himself he had few superiors. He had brains and used them, and this made him a success not only as a ball player but as a business man. As a manufacturer and dealer, Mr. Spalding has acquired a world-wide reputation, and it is safe to say that none glory in his success more than do his old associates on the ball field.

James O'Rourke, or "Jim," as we all called him, was a splendid ball player and especially excelled in playing behind the bat and in the outfield, which position he played for many years. A sure catch, an active fielder, a good thrower, and a fine batsman, O'Rourke was always to be relied upon. Born of Irish parentage, he hailed from the Nutmeg State and was when I last heard of him in business at Bridgeport, Conn., and reported as doing well. He was a quiet, gentlemanly young fellow, blessed with a goodly share of Irish wit, and a rich vocabulary of jawbreaking words.

Ross Barnes, who held down the second bag, was one of the best ball players that ever wore a shoe, and I would like to have nine men just like him right now

under my management. He was an all-around man, and I do not know of a single man on the diamond at the present time that I regard as his superior. He was a Rockford product, but after his ball playing days were over he drifted to Chicago and was at the last time I saw him circulating around on the open Board of Trade.

"Harry" Schafer was a good, all-around player, but I have seen men that could play third base a good deal better than he could. Sometimes his work was of a brilliant character, while at others it was but mediocre. He was a native of Pennsylvania and his usually smiling face and unfailing fund of good nature served to make him a general favorite wherever he went.

George Wright, a brother of the lamented Harry, was another splendid all-around ball player, and one that up to the time that he injured his leg had no equal in his position, that of shortstop. He was one of the swiftest and most accurate of throwers, and could pull down a ball that would have gone over the head of almost any other man in the business, bounding into the air for it like a rubber ball. As a cricketer he ranked among the best in the country. Retiring from the ball field, he became a dealer in sporting goods at Boston, Mass., where he still is, and where he is reported to have "struck it rich."

Andrew J. Leonard, a product of the Emerald Isle, was brought up in New Jersey, and excelled as an outfielder, being a splendid judge of high balls, a sure catch, and a swift and accurate long-distance thrower. He was a good batsman and a splendid base runner, and was nearly as good a player on the infield as in the out. He is at present in Newark, N. J., where he is engaged in business and reported as fairly successful.

Cal C. McVey, the heavy-weight of the team, came like myself from the broad prairies of Iowa, and was built about as I am, on good, broad Western lines. He was a fairly good outfielder, but excelled either as a catcher or baseman. He was conscientious and a hard worker, but his strongest point was his batting, and as a wielder of the ash he had at that time few superiors. He is somewhere in California at the present writing, and has money enough in his pocket to pay for at least a lodging and breakfast, and does not have to worry as to where his dinner is to come from.

Young Kent, the Harvard College man, who took Jim White's place on the trip, was a tall, rangy fellow and a good amateur ball player. He never joined the

professional ranks, but since his graduation has written several books, and made himself quite a reputation in literary circles.

John E. Clapp, the regular catcher of the Athletics, was a cool, quiet, plucky fellow, and one of the best catchers at that time the profession could boast of. He hailed originally from New York, I believe, and while in England surprised the cricketers by his fine catching, no ball being too hot for him to handle. Unless I am greatly mistaken, he is now a member of the Ithaca, N. Y., police force, and an honored member of the blue-coat and brass-button brigade.

James Dickson McBride, who was better known the country over as "Dick" McBride, was at that time the most experienced man in his position that the country could boast of, he having been the regular pitcher of the Athletics since 1860. He had speed in a marked degree, plenty of pluck and endurance and a thorough command of the ball. He was a man of brains, who always played to win, and to his hard work and general knowledge of the fine points of the game the Athletics owed much of their success. "Dick" was a good cricketer, too, that being his game prior to his appearance on the diamond. He hailed from the Quaker City, where he still resides, having a good position in the postoffice.

West D. Fisler was a fine, all-around ball player, remarkable for his coolness and nerve. He was a very quiet sort of fellow and one of the last men that you would pick out for a really great player. He could play any position on the team, was thoroughly honest and always played the best he knew how. He is still living in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and though not rich in this world's goods, has still enough to live on.

Joe Batten was the youngest member of the Athletic team and at that time quite a promising young player. He did not last long with the Athletics, however, and after playing on one or two other league teams he dropped out sight. He was a bricklayer by trade, and the last time I heard of him he was in St. Louis working at his trade.

Ezra B. Sutton then ranked as one of the best third-base players in the country. He was one of the most accurate throwers that I ever saw; a splendid fielder and a good batter, though not a particularly heavy one. When he finally quit the game he settled down in business at Rochester, where he was still living the last I heard of him. A good man was Sutton, and one that would compare very favorably with the best in his line at the present day.

M. H. McGeary was a Pennsylvanian by birth, though not a Dutchman, as his name goes to prove. He was not only an effective and active shortstop but a good change catcher as well, being noted for his handling of sharp fly tips while in the latter position. He was in Philadelphia when last heard from, and doing fairly well.

Albert W. Gedney was the postoffice clerk of the New York State Senate at the time of our trip, and was one of the best of left fielders, being an excellent judge of high balls and a sure catch, especially in taking balls on the run. He is now a prosperous mill owner near New York City and does not have to worry as to where the next meal is coming from.

James McMullen, who played the center field, was an active and effective man in that position. He was also a fairly good left-handed pitcher, and a rattling good batsman, who excelled in fair-foul hitting. McMullen was an all-around good fellow, and when he died in 1881 he left a host of friends to mourn his loss.

J. P. Sensenderfer accompanied the club as, a substitute, as did Timothy Murnane, and both were good, all-around ball players, and are both still in the land of the living and doing more than well, Philadelphia being the abiding place of the former, while the last named is the sporting editor of the "Boston Globe."

I take particular pride in calling the attention of the public to the fact that but one player of all those making the trip went wrong in the after years, that one being George W. Hall, who accompanied the Bostons as a substitute and who in company with A. H. Nichols, James H. Craver and James A. Devlin was expelled by the Louisville Club in 1877 for crooked playing, they having sold out to the gamblers.

That there should have been but one black sheep among so many, in my estimation speaks well for the integrity of ball players as a class and for the Argonauts of 1874 in particular.

That the great majority of these men have also made a success in other lines of business since they retired from the profession is also an argument in favor of teaching the young athletic sports. A successful athlete must be the possessor of courage, pluck and good habits, and these three attributes combined will make a successful business man no matter what that particular line of business may be.

For the companions of that, my first trip across the Atlantic, who are still in the

land of the living I have still a warm place in my heart. I have both slept and eaten with them, and if we have disagreed in some particulars it was an honest disagreement. Whenever the information comes to me that some one of them is doing particularly well, I am honestly glad of it, and I have faith enough in human nature to believe that they have the same feeling so far as I am concerned.

For the two that are dead I have naught but kind words and pleasant memories. They were my friends while living, and dead I still cherish their memory.

To me they are not dead, only sleeping.

CHAPTER XI. I WIN ONE PRIZE AND OTHERS FOLLOW.

If it is true, as some people allege, that marriage is a lottery, then all I have to say regarding it is that I drew the capital prize and consequently may well be regarded as a lucky man, for truer, fonder, and more sensible wife than I have, or a happier home cannot be found even though you search the wide world over. It was in Philadelphia that I wooed and won her, and I was by no means the only contestant that was in the field for her heart and hand. There were others, and one in particular that was far better looking and much more of a lady's man than myself, but when he found that I had a pull at the weights he retired, though not without a struggle, and left me in undisputed possession of the field.

Just why I happened to be the successful suitor is now, and always has been, to me a mystery. I have asked Mrs. Anson to explain, but somehow I can get very little satisfaction. I was by no means a model man in the early days of my courtship, as my experiences detailed elsewhere go to prove, but I was an honest and faithful wooer, as my wife can testify, and that perhaps had as much to do with the successful termination of my suit as anything. I had been used to having everything that I wanted from my babyhood up, and after I had once made up my mind that I wanted my wife, which I did very early in our acquaintance, I laid siege to her heart with all the artifices that I could command.

I am sometimes inclined to believe that I fell in love with her, at least part way,

the very first time that I met her, else why should I remember her so vividly?

Her name was Virginia M. Fiegal, and she was one of a family of two, and the only daughter, her father being John Fiegal, a hotel and restaurant man in the Quaker City.

The first time that I ever saw her was at a ball given by the National Guards in Philadelphia, and though she was then but a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of some twelve or thirteen summers, and still in short dresses, she attracted my attention. Just how she was dressed on that occasion I could not tell you to save my life, nor do I think I could have done so an hour after the ball was over, but for all that the memory of her sweet face and girlish ways lingered with me long after the strains of music had died away and the ball-room was given over to the flitting shadows.

Some months, or weeks, perhaps, I have really forgotten which, drifted by before I saw her again, and then it was at a club ball, and this time I paid her considerable attention, in fact, I liked her better than any girl that I had yet met and was not afraid to show it, although I could not then muster up the necessary courage to go on boldly about my wooing. In fact, I left a great deal to chance, and chance in this case treated me very kindly.

Some time later, when the summer days were long, I met her again in company with a Miss Cobb, later the wife of Johnnie McMullen, the base-ball pitcher, at Fairmount Park, and that was the day of my undoing. After a pleasant time I accompanied her home to luncheon at her invitation, and that I had lost my heart long before the door of her house was reached I am now certain.

Once inside the door I asked her rather abruptly if her father or mother was at home, and I fancied she looked rather relieved when she found out that the only reason that I had asked her was that I wanted to smoke a cigar, and not to loot the house of its valuables.

Prior to that time I had circulated among the ladies but little, my whole mind having been concentrated on base-ball and billiard playing, and the particular fit of my coat or the fashion of my trousers caused me but little concern. From that afternoon on, however, things were different, and I am afraid that I spent more time before the mirror than was really necessary. I also began to hunt up excuses of various kinds for visiting the house of the Fiegals, and some of these were of

the flimsiest character. I fancied then that I was deceiving the entire family, but I know now that I was deceiving only myself.

I was not the only ball player that laid siege to Miss Virginia's heart in those days. There was another, the handsome and debonair Charlie Snyder, who was a great favorite with the girls wherever he went. I became jealous very early in the game of Charlie's attentions to the young lady that I had determined upon making Mrs. Anson. It was rather annoying to have him dropping in when I had planned to have her all to myself for an evening, and still more annoying to find him snugly ensconced in the parlor when I myself put in an appearance on the scene.

So unbearable did this become that I finally informed him that I would stand no more trespassing on my stamping grounds, and advised him to keep away. But to this he paid but little attention and it was not until my sweetheart herself, at my request, gave him his conge that he refrained from longer calling at the house. It was the old story of "two is company, three is none," and I was greatly relieved when he abandoned the field.

I was now the fair Virginia's steady company, and long before I came to Chicago we understood each other so well that I ceased to worry about any of the callers at her home and began to dream of the time when I should have one of my own in which she should be the presiding genius of the hearth-stone.

She was not in favor of my coming to Chicago, and had it been possible for me to remain with honor in Philadelphia I should have done so, but that being impossible I left for the great metropolis of the West, promising to return for her providing her father would give his consent to our marriage as soon as possible.

I think one of the first things almost that I did after arriving in Chicago was to write the daddy of my sweetheart asking for her hand. I had been a little afraid to do so when at close range, but the farther away I went the bolder I became, for I knew that whatever his answer might be I was certainly out of any personal danger.

The old gentleman's answer was, however, a favorable one, and so after my first season's play in Chicago was over I returned to Philadelphia and there was united to the woman of my choice, and I am frank to confess that I was more nervous when I faced the minister on that occasion that I ever was when, bat in

hand, I stood before the swiftest pitcher in the league.

The first little visitor that came to us was a baby girl that we called Grace, who was born October 6, 1877. That seems a long time ago now. The baby Grace has grown to womanhood's estate and is the happy wife of Walter H. Clough, and the proud mother of Anson McNeal Clough, who was born May 7, 1899, and who will be taught to call me "grandpa" as soon as his baby lips can lisp the words.

Adrian Hulbert Anson was our next baby. He was born Sept. 4, 1882, and died four days afterward, that being the first grief that we had known since our marriage. Another daughter, Adele, crept into our hearts and household April 24th, 1884, and is still with us.

Adrian C. Anson Jr. came into the world on September 4th, 1887, and died on the eighteenth day of January following. He lived the longest of all of my boys and his death was the cause of great grief both to his mother and myself.

The storks brought me another daughter, my little Dorothy, on August 13th, 1889, and she, thank God, is still engaged in making sunshine for us all.

John Henry Anson was born on May 3d, 1892, but four days later the angel of Death again stopped at my threshold and when he departed he bore a baby boy in his arms, whither I know not, but to a better world that this I feel certain, and one to which his baby brothers had journeyed before him.

Virginia Jeanette arrived November 22d, 1899, and has already learned to kick at the umpire when her meals are not furnished as promptly as she has reason to think they should be. She is a strong, healthy baby, and bids fair to remain with us for some years to come.

Before returning again to the ball field, on which the greater portion of my life has been spent, I wish to record the fact that all that I have and all that I have earned in the way both of money and reputation in later years I owe not to myself, but to Mrs. Anson. She has been to me a helpmeet in the truest and best sense of the word, rejoicing with me in the days of my success and sympathizing with me in the days of my adversity.

It was owing to her good counsel that I braced up in the days when she was my sweetheart, and it was to please her that I have staid braced up ever since, and am consequently still strong in mind and limb and as healthy a specimen of an

athlete as you can find in a year's travel, albeit a little too heavy to run the bases still and play the game of ball that I used to play.

I have never found it necessary when I have lost $250 on a horse race or a match of any kind to go home and inform Mrs. Anson that owing to my bad judgment I had lost $2.50, but on the contrary I have made it a point to tell her the truth at all times, so that she knows just as well how I stand to-day as I do myself.

She and I are not only husband and wife in the truest sense of the word, but we are boon companions as well, and I always enjoy myself better on a trip when Mrs. Anson accompanies me that I do if I am alone.

I am as proud of my daughters as any man can well be and my only desire is that they shall all be as good as their mother and make the husbands of their choice as good and true wives.

At the present writing the only one of my birds that has left its parent nest and started out to build a home of its own is in Baltimore, where her husband, as fine a fellow as any man could wish to have for a son-in-law, is at present engaged in superintending the putting up of an office building contracted for the George H. Fuller Co., of Chicago, in whose employ he is.

CHAPTER XII. WITH THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

It was some time in the fall of 1875 and while the National League was still in embryo that I first made the acquaintance of William A. Hulbert, who afterwards became famous as the founder of that organization and the man whose rugged honesty and clear-headed counsels made of base-ball the National Game in the truest and broadest sense of the word.

At that time Mr. Hulbert was the President of the Chicago Base-Ball Club, and in company with A. G. Spalding he came to Philadelphia for the purpose of getting my signature to a contract to play in the Western metropolis.

It was the ambition of the Chicago management to get together a championship

team, and with that object in view they had already signed the big-four who had helped so many times to win the pennant for Boston, viz.: Cal McVey, first base; James White, catcher; Ross Barnes, second base; and A. G. Spalding, pitcher, and the latter, who was to captain the Chicago team, had suggested my engagement as third baseman. I finally agreed to play with the team at a salary of $2,000, or $200 more than I was then getting with the Athletics.

I well remember Mr. Hulbert's appearance at that time. He stood in the neighborhood of six feet, and weighed close to 215 pounds. He had a stern expression of countenance and impressed one right from the start as being a self-reliant business man of great natural ability, and such he turned out to be. He was good-hearted and of a convivial nature when business hours were over, but as honest as the day was long, and would tolerate nothing that savored of crookedness in any shape or form. As an executive he had but few equals and no superiors. He was quick to grasp a situation and when once he had made up his mind to do a thing it took the very best sort of an argument to dissuade him.

During the winter of 1875-6 the National League sprang into being, the Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford, who was afterwards elected Governor of Connecticut, being its first President, he being succeeded by Mr. Hulbert the following year. The clubs composing the league were as follows: Athletics of Philadelphia, Bostons of Boston, Hartfords of Hartford, Chicagos of Chicago, St. Louis of St. Louis, Louisville of Louisville, Ky., Mutuals of New York, and Cincinnati of Cincinnati, Ohio.

When I came to consult with the future Mrs. Anson in regard to my proposed change of base she not unnaturally objected to my going so far from home, for I had learned to regard Philadelphia as my home by that time.

I naturally thought it would be an easy matter for me to get my release from Chicago, and being naturally anxious to please her I made two trips to Chicago that winter for the purpose, and finally did what no ball player ever did before—offered $1,000 to be released from my promise.

It was no go, however, as both Messrs. Hulbert and Spalding had made up their minds that I should play on their team, and both of them knew me well enough to know that I would keep my word at all hazards, no matter what my personal likes or dislikes in the matter might be.

The last few months of my stay in Philadelphia passed all too quickly, and a short time before the opening of the regular season found me in the Garden City ready to don a Chicago uniform and do the very best I could to help win the pennant for the latest city of my adoption.

The constitution of the new league provided for an entrance fee of $100 per club, and also provided that no city of less than 75,000 inhabitants could become a member. It also provided that each city should be represented by one club only, this prohibiting the danger of local opposition, such as the Professional Players' Association had suffered from in Philadelphia, St. Louis and other cities. Other reforms were the adoption of a player's contract, which enabled the clubs to keep their players and prevented them from being hired away by rival organizations.

This was the first step toward the reserve rule that followed later. It also provided for the expelling of players who were guilty of breaking their contracts or of dishonesty, and such players were to be debarred forever afterwards from playing on the league teams. Gambling and liquor selling on club grounds were prohibited and players interested in a bet on the result of games or purchasing a pool ticket were liable to expulsion.

The make-up of the Chicago team in full for the National League's initial season was as follows; A. G. Spalding, pitcher, captain and manager; James White, catcher; A. C. Anson, third base; Ross Barnes, second base; Cal A. McVey, first base; J. P. Peters, shortstop; J. W. Glenn, left field; Paul A. Hines, center field; Robert Addy, right field; and J. F. Cone, Oscar Bielaski, and F. H. Andrus, substitutes.

All through the season of 1876 the most intense rivalry existed between the Chicago and Boston Clubs. The management of the latter organization, smarting under the fact that the "big four" had been hired away from them by the Western Metropolis, had gotten together as strong a team as was possible under the circumstances, the list including Harry Wright, manager; J. E. Borden ("Josephs"), T. H. Murnane, F. L. Beals, H. C. Schafer, A. J. Leonard, J. H. O'Rourke, J. F. Manning, F. T. Whitney, George Wright, John F. Morrill, Lewis Brown, T. McGinley, and W. R. Parks.

Our strongest opponents, however, proved to be the Hartford Club, of which Robert Ferguson was captain and manager, and which numbered among its players Allison, Cummings, Bond, Mills, Burdock, Cary, York, Remsen,

Cassidy, Higham, and Harbidge.

As I have said before, it was anything to beat Chicago, so far as the Bostons were concerned, but this feat they were unable to accomplish until the very tail end of the season, and after we had beaten them in nine straight games.

The first game that we played on the Boston grounds that season I remember well, because of the enormous crowd that turned out to witness the contest. The advent of the "Big Four" in a new uniform was of course the attraction, and long before the hour set for calling the game had arrived the people were wending their way in steady streams toward the scene of action. Every kind of a conveyance that could be used was pressed into service, from the lumbering stage coach that had been retired from active service, to the coach-and-four of the millionaire. Street cars were jammed to suffocation, and even seats in an express wagon were sold at a premium.

It was Decoration Day, and therefore a holiday, and it seemed to me as if all Boston had determined to be present on that occasion. By hundreds and thousands they kept coming, and finally it was found necessary to close the gates in order to keep room enough in the grounds to play the game on. With the gates closed the crowd began to swarm over the fences, and the special policemen employed there had their hands more than full of trouble.

The "Big Four" were given a great ovation when they put in an appearance, and of course the whole team shared in the honors that were showered upon them. The game that followed was, as might have been expected, played under difficulties, but thanks to the excellent pitching of Spalding and the fine support given him by the entire team we won by a score of 5 to 1, and the Hubbites were sorer than ever over the "Big Four's" defection.

Our other victories over the Boston aggregation that season were as follows: June 1st, at Boston, Chicago 9, Boston 3; June 3d, at the same place, Chicago 8, Boston 4; July 11th, at Chicago, Chicago 18, Boston 7; July 12th, at the same place, Chicago 11, Boston 3; and July 15th, again, Chicago 15, Boston 0; September 15th, at Boston, Chicago 9, Boston 3; September 16th, Chicago 7, Boston 2; and September 22d, at Chicago, Chicago 12, Boston 10. September 23d we met Boston for the last time during the season, and, anxious as we were to make our victories over them ten straight, that being the number of games called for by the schedule, we failed to do so, being beaten by a score of 10 to 9.

I think that Harry Wright was happier that day when O'Rourke crossed the home plate and scored the winning run than he would have been had somebody made him a present of a house and lot, so anxious was he to win at least one game from Chicago during the season.

Both the Athletics and Mutuals failed to play out their scheduled games in the West that fall, and as a result they were expelled at the annual meeting of the League held in Cleveland the December following, leaving but six clubs to contest for championship honors in 1877.

That first year of the League was not a success when viewed from a financial standpoint, as not a single one of the clubs that composed it made any money, even the Chicagos, who carried off the pennant, quitting loser. The men who had organized it were by no means discouraged, however, and that they finally reaped the reward of their pluck and perseverance is now a matter of history.

In the fall I again signed with Chicago, as did Spalding, McVey, Barnes, Peters, Andrus, and Glenn of the old team, while Jim White returned to his first love, the Bostons. The new-corners on the team were Bradley, who had pitched for the St. Louis Club the year before, and who was accounted as being one of the best in the business, and H. W. Smith a change catcher and outfielder.

This was a year of disaster as far as Chicago was concerned, and we brought up the tail end of the pennant race, the whip going to Boston, which won 31 games and lost 17, while Louisville stood second on the list with 28 games won and 20 lost, to its credit, Hartford being third, St. Louis fourth, and Chicago fifth, the Cincinnatis having failed to weather the financial storm, being expelled from the League because of non-payment of dues.

There would doubtless have been a different tale to tell in regard to the championship of 1877 had it not been for the crookedness of some of the Louisville players. The team on paper prior to the opening of the season was justly regarded as one of the strongest that had ever been gotten together, and going off with a rush in the early part of the year its success seemed to be almost assured. By the middle of the season the team had obtained so great a lead that the race seemed to be all over but the shouting.

In those days poolrooms were a much greater evil than they are at the present time, and the betting on baseball was hot and heavy. The Louisville having such

a lead were favorites at long odds. When the club started on its last Eastern trip they had some twelve games to play, out of which they had less than half to win in order to land the pennant. On this trip enough games were thrown to give Boston the pennant, and when the directors of the Louisville Club came to sift matters down they had but little difficulty in finding out the guilty parties, who were A. C. Nichols, William H. Craver, George Hall and James A. Devlin.

How much money this quartette netted by its crooked work is not known to this day, but it has been proven that Devlin secured but a beggarly $100 as his share, as once the others had him in their power they could compel him to do just whatever they pleased under threats of exposure.

These four players were promptly expelled for selling games by the Louisville Club, whose action was later ratified by the League, and though they made application time after time in later years to be reinstated, their applications were denied and they passed out of sight and out of hearing as far as the base-ball world was concerned.

They were all of them good ball players, better than the average, and Devlin, a really great pitcher, undoubtedly had a brilliant future before him. The inability to stand temptation, however, caused his downfall and left him but little better than a wreck on the shores of time.

The year, taken as a whole, has been generally set down as being the darkest in the history of the League. As in the preceding year, all the clubs lost money and the outlook seemed indeed a dark one.

The darkest hour comes just before the dawn, however, and the following year saw a change for the better in base-ball prospects.

CHAPTER XIII. FROM FOURTH PLACE TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The year 1878 saw but six clubs in the league race, there being the Boston, Cincinnati, Providence, Chicago, Indianapolis and Milwaukee clubs, and they

finished in the order named, the Hub's representatives winning by a margin of four games from their nearest competitor. The early part of the year saw the Cincinnatis in the lead, with Chicago well up toward the front, and it looked for a time as though the honors of the season might be carried off by the Western clubs. The Cincinnati Club went into the air during the summer, however, and surrendered the first place to Boston, the latter team playing finely together, and though it rallied strongly afterward it found itself unable to overtake the leaders.

The Chicago team was not a strong one that season and minor ailments and accidents made it still weaker than it would otherwise have been. A. G. Spalding having retired from active ball playing, had gone into the sporting goods business, and Robert Ferguson had been selected to take his place as manager and captain of the team, which was made up as follows:

Robert Ferguson, shortstop and captain; Anson, left field; Start, first base; Cassidy, right field; Remsen, center field; Hankinson, third base; McClellan, second base; Frank Larkin, pitcher; Harbidge, catcher; Hallman and Reis, substitutes.

There were several weak spots in this team and it was not long before the fact became evident. Ferguson himself, while a fair shortstop, was by no means a top-notcher, and neither was he a really good manager, he not having the necessary control over the men that he had under him.

Harbridge was not even a fair catcher; in fact, according to my estimate, he was a poor one. He was a left-handed thrower and made awkward work getting a ball to the bases.

Joe Start was a good ball player, indeed, a first-class man. He was always to be depended upon, worked hard, was a sure catch, a good fielder and a first-class wielder of the ash. He was known far and wide as "Old Reliable" and his reputation was in every way above reproach, both on and off the field.

McClellan, who played the second base, I first saw play at St. Paul in 1876. He was a nice fielder, but only a moderate batsman. Taking him all around, however, he was better than the average, but not to be compared with some of the men who afterwards played in that position.

Cassidy, the right fielder, was only an average player, and Hankinson, who played third base and change pitcher, was never in the first class.

Larkin, who had pitched the year before for the Hartford Club, was a rattling good man and a really first-class pitcher, who would have won more games than he did had he met with the support that he should have had.

Remsen was a fine fielder and a fast base-runner, but his weak point was in hitting. He was a good thrower, too, though I beat him in a match at Hartford by covering 127 yards and 4 inches, a performance that surprised some people who had wagered their money on his success.

During the greater part of that year I was troubled with a frog felon on my right hand that nearly incapacitated me from playing altogether. It was absolute torture to me to catch, but I managed to worry along with it in some sort of fashion, though unable to do myself justice, and for that reason I stood lower on the list of averages than I might otherwise have done.

A felon is a mighty unpleasant thing to have at the best, and a man deserves some credit for playing ball at all that is afflicted in that way.

When the season ended none of the clubs had made any money, but the game was growing steadily in public favor, and it was evident to even the most superficial observer that there was "a good time coming."

The following year, 1879, saw a great many changes both in League memberships and in the personnel of its players. At the annual meeting held in Cleveland December 4, 1878, the Indianapolis Club resigned its membership and the circuit was filled by the admission of clubs from Cleveland, Buffalo and Syracuse. The Milwaukee Club afterward failing to come to time the Troy, N. Y., Club was taken in to fill the vacancy.

George Wright, one of the greatest players of the day, and the man to whom Boston owed much of its success in winning the pennant, deserted Boston for Providence, taking O'Rourke with him, and after the hardest sort of a fight with Boston, Chicago and Buffalo he succeeded in winning the pennant with that organization, he having the services of John M. Ward and "Bobby" Matthews as pitchers, Lewis J. Brown as catcher; Joe Start, M. H. McGeary and W. L. Hague on the bases; with "Tommy" Stark, Paul Hines and James O'Rourke in the field. Emil Grace and John Farrell replaced Brown and Hague toward the close of the season.

It was a great year of changes all around and the League teams taken as a whole

were stronger than they had ever been before.

Among the pitchers outside of these I have already mentioned were such stars as McCormick, "Jimmy" Galyin, Bradley and Will White, all of whom are famous as twirlers in base-ball history.

The Chicago team was that season the strongest that the "Windy City" had yet put in the field. To succeed Ferguson, who had gone elsewhere, I was selected as captain and manager, a position that I have always had reason to believe came to me through the influence of Mr. Hulbert, and that I retained for many a year, through both good and evil report, finding it but a thankless job at best. The make-up of the team in full was as follows: Larkin, pitcher; Flint, catcher; Anson, first base; Quest, second base; Hankinson, pitcher and third base; Peters, stortstop; Dalrymple, Gore, Remsen and George Schaffer in the field, with Williamson alternating with Hankinson at third base.

Quest, Flint, Williamson and George Schaffer all came from the Indianapolis team of the year before, and Dalrymple, who afterward became a great favorite with Chicago "fans," from the Milwaukees.

Geo. C. Gore was a newcomer in the League ranks, he hailing from New Bedford, but he soon made for himself a name, being a first-class fielder and a batsman that was away above the average, as is shown by his record made in after years.

It was my first season as a first baseman, though T had played the position at odd times before, and that it suited me is shown by the fact that I led the League with a fielding average of .974 and stood first among the batsmen with .407, which was the largest percentage ever made up to that time. Flint that season stood first in the list of catchers, and Quest led the second basemen. It was some time during the close of the season that an unfortunate accident happened to Larkin, and one that caused his retirement from the diamond for some time afterward. A line ball from my bat struck him on the head, and as a result, it was at least so stated, he had to be sent to an asylum, where he remained for some time, though I believe that he afterwards fully recovered from the effects of the injury.

It was during this year also that the first reserve rule was adopted, it being in the shape of a signed agreement by the terms of which each League club was permitted to reserve five men for the following season, an agreement that I have

always looked upon as being one of the best things that could have happened, for the reason that it enabled all of the clubs interested to reserve at least the nucleus of a strong team as a foundation upon which to build.

The season of 1880 I have always looked upon as a red letter one in my history, and for good reasons, as that year the Chicago team under my management brought the pennant to Chicago, and this in spite of the fact that the teams it had to, encounter were made up of first-class material in nearly every case.

The Chicago team of that season outclassed all of its competitors, it being made up as follows: Corcoran and Goldsmith, pitchers; Flint, catcher; Anson, first base; Quest, second base; Williamson, third base; Burns, shortstop; Dalrymple, Gore and Kelly in the field, and L. T. Beals, substitute.

Unlike the majority of the clubs the Chicago Club did not have to depend upon the services of one first-class pitcher, but had two, both of whom were "cracker-jacks," and were therefore able to play them on alternate days instead of breaking them down or laming them by continued and arduous services.

In catchers, too, the club was especially fortunate, as Flint, who ranked as one of the best of his day, had an efficient ally in Mike Kelly, who could fill the breach when necessary.

This was an especially strong team, too, at the bat, as is shown by the records, Gore leading the League with an average of .365, with myself second with .338, Dalrymple third with .332, Burns fifth with .309. In fielding Williamson led the third basemen with an average of .893, while the fewest hits of the year were made off Corcoran's pitching. Among the first basemen I held second place with a percentage of .977. Sullivan of the Worcester team being first with .982 to his credit.

The Chicago Club that year made a little money, but it was the only one of the lot that did, the others losing, that is, some of them, more because of bad management than for any other reason.

In consequence of an agreement in regard to the sale of liquors in club grounds the Cincinnati Club that season forfeited its membership, and at the annual meeting of the League held in New York December 8th, 1880, the Detroit Club was elected to the vacant place.

The team that had represented Chicago in 1880 was good enough for me, and also good enough for the club directors, and that we were able to hold the players was a matter for self-congratulation.

The only new man on the list in 1881 was Andrew Pearcy, who took T. L. Beal's place as substitute, and who cut but little figure, as he was called upon to play but seldom.

That the Chicago Club again won the pennant in 1881 was due to two reasons. First, its strength as a batting organization, and in this respect it was undoubtedly the superior of all its rivals, and, secondly, the superb team work, the entire team playing together as one man and having but one object in view, and that the landing of the championship. Record playing was entirely lost sight of by the members of the club, and sacrifice hitting was indulged in whenever a point could be made by so doing.

The race throughout the season for everything except the last place was a close and exciting one, and up to the very last week the result was in doubt, so close together were the four leaders.

When the season finally closed, however, we had 56 games won and 28 games lost to our credit, against 47 games won and 37 games lost by the Providence Club, which finished in the second place.

Buffalo came third with 45 games won and 38 games lost, and Detroit fourth with 41 games won and 43 lost; Troy being fifth, Boston sixth, Cleveland seventh and Worcester eighth on the list.

In batting that season I again led the list with an average of .399 and stood at the head of the first basemen with .975 to my credit.

When the season came to a close the majority of the League clubs had made money and base-ball was more popular than ever with the public, who had learned to look upon it as a square sport, and one over which the gamblers had no control whatever.

The grounds occupied by the Chicago Club at that time were the most accessible of any in the country, being situated on the lake front near the foot of Randolph street, and within five minutes' walk from any part of the business district. The only fault that could be found with them were that they were too small, both for

the crowds that thronged them when an important game was being played, and because of the fact that the fences interfered too often with the performance of the League's star batsmen.

With such a team as the champions then boasted of what was the use of making any changes? No use whatever, and so the season of 1882 found the same old "White-Stocking" team in the field, the only new player that had been signed being Hugh Nichols, who came from Rockford, and who was signed as an outfielder.

There was no change either in the clubs that went to make up the League, each and every one of which was bent on wresting the championship from the Garden City, and with that object in view every other club in the league had been strengthened as far as was possible.

The attempt was a vain one, however, although the race from the start to the finish was a hot one, and one that kept the lovers of base-ball on tenter hooks until the season was over, while the betting in the poolrooms throughout the country was hot and heavy, and be it said right here, to the credit of the ball players, there was not the slightest suspicion or whisper of crookedness in connection with the games. The rivalry was most intense, and as a result the crowds that greeted the players everywhere were both large and enthusiastic, this being especially the case on the home grounds, where, owing to our long-continued success, we were naturally great favorites. The majority of the clubs in the League that season made money and to all appearances an era of prosperity, so far as the National Game was concerned, had begun.

The close of the season again saw the Chicago Club in the lead, they having won 55 games and lost 29, while Providence stood second on the list with 52 games won and 32 games lost to its credit.

Buffalo stood third, Boston fourth, Cleveland fifth, Detroit sixth, Troy seventh, while Worcester, as in the preceding year, brought up the tail end of the procession.

Brouthers of the Buffalo Club headed the batting list with a percentage of .369, while I came next with .367, and that I had had my eye on the ball throughout the season is a fact that the opposing pitchers could bear witness to.

Prior to the beginning of the season, the exact date being April 10, 1882,

President Hulbert, the founder of the League, and one of the best friends that I had ever had either inside or outside of the profession, passed away, leaving a void in base-ball circles that was indeed hard to fill. It has often been a matter of sincere regret, both to myself and others, that he could not have lived to witness the fruition of all his hopes. Arbitrary and severe though he may have been at times, yet the fact remains that he was the best friend that the ball players had ever had.

Appreciating the possibilities of the game as a moneymaker, when rightly conducted, he bent his energy toward rescuing it from the hands of gamblers, into which it seemed about to fall, and place it where it belonged, at the head of all of American outdoor sports.

Many and many a time since than have I missed his cool-headed judgment, his cheering words and his sound advice, and I have no hesitation in saying to-day that to him the ball players owe even now a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

CHAPTER XIV. THE CHAMPIONS OF THE EARLY EIGHTIES.

The team that brought the pennant back to Chicago in the early '80s was a rattling good organization of ball players, as the "fans" who remember them can testify, and while they were the cracks of that time, and perhaps as strong a team as the League had seen up to that date, yet they were not as strong either as a team or as individual ball players as the team that represented Chicago several years afterward. The secret of the club's success in those days lay in its team work, and in the fact that a goodly portion of the time was spent in studying and developing the fine points of the game, which long practice made them fairly perfect in. There were one or two weak spots in its make-up, but so well did it perform as a whole that these weak spots were quite apt to be lost sight of when the time for summing up the result of the season's play had arrived.

In its pitching department the team was particularly strong at that time as compared with some other of the League clubs.

Larry Corcoran, upon whose skill great reliance was placed, was at that time in the zenith of his glory as a twirler. He came, if my memory serves me rightly, from somewhere in the neighborhood of Buffalo. He was a very little fellow, with an unusual amount of speed, and the endurance of an Indian pony. As a batter he was only fair, but as a fielder in his position he was remarkable, being as quick as a cat and as plucky as they made them.

A sort of an all-around sport was Larry, and a boxer of no mean ability. I remember a set-to that he had one night in the old club house with Hugh Nichols, in which he all but knocked Hughy out, greatly to that gentleman's surprise, as he had fancied up to that time that he was Corcoran's master in the art of self-defense.

After his release by the Chicago Club he drifted back East, where he pitched for a time in some of the minor leagues. Later on he was given another trial by the Chicagos, but his work proved unsatisfactory, he having outlived the days of his usefulness in the pitching line. After that he again went East, where he died several years ago.

Fred Goldsmith, the other pitcher, was a great big, over-grown, good-natured boy, who was always just a-going to do things that he never did. He, too, came from the East, and was, I believe, pitching for the Tecumseh, Canada, Club when he signed with us.

He was the possessor of a great slow ball and was always cool and good-natured. As a batsman he was only fair, and as a fielder decidedly careless. When it came to backing up a player "Goldy" was never to be relied upon, and after the play was over and he was asked why he had not done so, he would reply: "Oh, I'd a-bin thar ef I'd bin needed." But in spite of this the fact remains that he was rarely on hand when he was needed, and many an overthrown ball found its way into the field that would have been stopped had he been backing up the basemen in the way that he should have done.

I remember seeing him in a game at Troy, N. Y., once when pitching for Chicago, when he was a sight to behold. He was playing and the rain was coming down in torrents while the grounds were deep in mud and water. Hatless, without shoes and stockings and with his breeches roiled clear up to his thigh, as if he were preparing to ford the Hudson river, "Goldy" was working like a Trojan, and I am not over sure but that he was one at that time.

His arm was gone when he left us, and if he played ball any afterward, it was only in desultory fashion. He tended bar in different places for a time, but finally settled down to the business of market gardening near Detroit, where, from all that I can learn, he is making a good living.

Frank S. Flint, "Old Silver," originally hailed from St. Louis, where he first came into notice as the back stop of an amateur team.

He came to us direct from the Indianapolis Club, where he had been engaged in catching the delivery of "the only Nolan," who was at that time one of the most celebrated of the League pitchers. He was a fine ballplayer, a good, hard worker, but a weak batter, batting being his weakest point. He was generally reliable, and that in spite of the fact that he was a hard drinker, the love of liquor being his besetting weakness. A pluckier man never stood behind a bat, there never coming a ball his way that was too hard for him to handle, or at least to attempt to. In "Old Silver's" day the catcher's glove had not come into use, and all of his work was done with hands that were unprotected. Those hands of his were a sight to behold, and if there is a worse pair to-day in the United States, or a pair that are as bad, I should certainly like to have a look at them. His fingers were bent and twisted out of all shape and looked more like the knotted and gnarled branches of a scrub oak than anything else that I can think of.

Long before the gloves now used by catchers were invented I had a buckskin mitt made at Spalding's that I thought would fill a long-felt want, and this I finally persuaded "Old Silver" to try.

He tried it for about half of an inning, then threw it down, declaring it was no good, and went on in the old way. After his playing days in Chicago were over he went into the saloon business and died a short time afterwards of consumption. His wife died in California a little time after him with the same disease, which she had contracted while nursing him. Prior to her departure from Chicago and when she had been informed by a physician that her days were numbered, she sent for me, and after telling me that she had "roasted" me in the papers all her life, begged my forgiveness, saying that she had found out her mistake. This, of course, was granted.

Mrs. Keene and my wife saw that she had every comfort, and Mr. Keene, Mr. Spalding and myself furnished the money that took her to the Golden State, where she lived but a short time after her arrival.

Joe Quest, who played the second base, was another player who came to us from the Indianapolis team, but prior to that time he had been playing around New Castle, Pa. Joe was a good, reliable, steady fellow, but a weak batsman. He was a conscientious player, however, and one that could always be depended upon to play the best ball that he was capable of. His strongest point was trapping an infield fly, and in this particular line he was something of a wonder.

Joe played on several teams after leaving Chicago, and with varying success. Of late years he has been employed in the City Hall at Chicago, where he holds a good position.

Ed Wiliamson was another player who came to us from Indianapolis, where he had already made for himself quite a reputation. He, too, hailed originally from some-where around New Castle, and was playing in Pittsburg the first time that I ever saw him. My wife knew him long before I knew him, however. He was then a member of an amateur club in Philadelphia, for which she acted as a sort of treasurer, taking care of the money that they raised to buy balls with, etc.

Ed was, in my opinion, the greatest all-around ballplayer the country ever saw. He was better than an average batsman and one of the few that knew how to wait for a ball and get the one that he wanted before striking. He was a good third baseman, a good catcher and a man who could pitch more than fairly well, too, when the necessity for his doing so arose. Taking him all in all, I question if we shall ever see his like on a ball field again. He was injured some years later while the Chicago Club was making a trip around the world, and was never the same fellow afterward. After his retirement from the diamond he ran a saloon in company with Jimmy Woods, another ball-player, on Dearborn street, Chicago, which was a popular resort for the lovers of sports. He died of dropsy at Hot Springs, Arkansas, leaving a wife, but no children.

Williamson was one of the most popular of the many players that the Chicago Club has had. A big, good-natured and good-hearted fellow, he numbered his friends by the hundreds, and his early death was regretted by all who knew him.

Thomas E. Burns was playing with the Albany, N. Y., Club, who were then the champions of the New York State League when I signed him to play with Chicago. He was a fair average batter, but was hardly fast enough to be considered a really good shortstop.

He was a fair base-runner, using excellent judgment in that respect, and a first-class slider, going into the bases head first when compelled to make a slide for them, instead of feet first, like the majority of the players of that day and generation; in fact, he was more of a diver than a slider, and he generally managed to get there.

After his release by Chicago he went to Pittsburg, where I had secured him a five-year contract as manager at a handsome salary, and where he had some trouble that resulted in the club's breaking the agreement and in the bringing of a lawsuit, which he won.

He then took charge of the Springfield, Mass., Club, a member of the New England League, Springfield being not far from his old home at New Britain. Two years ago he took my place as manager of the Chicago Club, and that he has not made a success of it is due to certain causes that will be explained later on.

Abner Dalrymple was brought into the Chicago fold from Milwaukee, where he had been playing. He was only an ordinary fielder, and a fair base runner, but excelled as a batsman. I have said that he was a fair fielder, and in that respect perhaps I am rating him too high, as his poor fielding cost us several games that in my estimation we should have won. Dalrymple was a queer proposition, and for years a very steady player. He was never known to spend a cent in those days, and was so close that he would wait for somebody else to buy a newspaper and then borrow it in order to see what was going on. Later on he broke loose, however, and when he did he became one of the sportiest of sports, blowing his money as if he had found it and setting a hot pace for his followers.

He finally settled down again, however, and now holds a good railroad position in the Northwest, where he is living with his family. His was about the quickest case of "loosening up from extreme tightness" that I have ever run across.

George F. Gore, who played the center field, came here from New Bedford, Mass., being brought out by Mr. Hulbert, who was in charge of the club at the time he came to us. He was an all-around ball player of the first class, a hard hitter and a fine thrower and fielder, and had it not been for his bad habits he might have still been playing ball to-day. Women and wine brought about his downfall, however, and the last time that I saw him in New York he was broken down, both in heart and pocket, and willing to work at anything that would yield him the bare necessities of life.

Mike Kelly, who afterwards became famous in baseball annals as the $10,000 beauty, came to Chicago from Cincinnati, and soon became a general favorite. He was a whole-souled, genial fellow, with a host of friends, and but one enemy, that one being himself.

Time and time again I have heard him say that he would never be broke, and he died at just the right time to prevent such a contretemps from occurring. Money slipped through Mike's fingers as water slips through the meshes of a fisherman's net, and he was as fond of whisky as any representative of the Emerald Isle, but just the same he was a great ball player and one that became greater than he then was before ceasing to wear a Chicago uniform. He was as good a batter as anybody, and a great thrower, both from the catcher's position and from the field, more men being thrown out by him than by any other man that could be named. He was a good fielder when not bowled up, but when he was he sometimes failed to judge a fly ball correctly, though he would generally manage to get pretty close in under it. In such cases he would remark with a comical leer: "By Gad, I made it hit me gloves, anyhow."

After his return to Boston he played good ball for a time, but his bad habits soon caused his downfall, just as they had caused the downfall of many good players before him, for it may be set down as an axiom that baseball and booze will not mix any better than will oil and water. The last time that I ever saw him was at an Eastern hotel barroom, and during the brief space of time that we conversed together he threw in enough whisky to put an ordinary man under the table. After leaving Boston the "only Mike" had charge of Al Johnson's team at Altoona, Pa., but whisky had become at this time his master, and he made a failure of the managerial business. Not being able to control himself it is hardly to be wondered at that he failed when it came to the business of controlling others. He died some years ago in New Jersey, a victim to fast living, and a warning to all ball players. Had he been possessed of good habits instead of bad

there is no telling to what heights Kelly might have climbed, for a better fellow in some respects never wore a base-ball uniform.

Tommy Beale was a nice, gentlemanly little chap, who had played at one time with the Boston Club. He was never a howling success as a ball player and after being released by Chicago he umpired for a while and then drifted down to Florida, where he had an orange grove and was doing well until, one night, "there came a frost, a killing frost," that not only destroyed his orange grove but that burst him up in business as well. Since that unfortunate event happened, I have lost sight of him, and where he is now, or what he is doing, I know not.

Hugh Nichols was a little fellow who came from Rockford, Illinois. He was never a star player, but was a fair and showy player, lacking in stamina. He was only a fair batsman, and after his release by Chicago he played for a time in some of the other League teams, principally Cincinnati. He then managed the Rockford team in the Illinois State League, after which he settled down as a billiard-room keeper, in which business he is still engaged.

CHAPTER XV. WE FALL DOWN AND CLIMB AGAIN.

At the annual meeting of the League held in Providence R. I., December 6th, 1882, the Worcester and Troy Clubs resigned their membership, neither of them being cities of sufficient size to support a team as expensive as one good enough to have a chance for championship honors in such company must of necessity be, and New York and Philadelphia were elected to fill the vacancies. At the same time A. G. Mills was elected to fill the vacancy in the League Presidency caused by the death of Mr. Hulbert.

The League Circuit in 1883 again consisted of eight cities, while the number of games necessary to constitute a series had been increased from twelve to fourteen. The only change in the personnel of the Chicagos was the substitution of Fred Pfeffer for Joe Quest at second base. The fight between Chicago and Boston, Providence and Cleveland was veritably a battle of the giants, and as a result excitement throughout the country ran high and big crowds everywhere were the rule.

The Boston team, with M. Hines and Hackett as catchers, Buffington and Whitney, pitchers; Morrill, first base; Burdock, second base; Sutton, third base; Wise, shortstop; Horning, left field; Smith, center field; Radford, right field; and Brown, substitute, proved to be a trifle the strongest, they carrying off the pennant with a total of 63 games won and 35 lost, while Chicago came next on the list with 59 games won and 39 lost. Providence, which stood third, won 58 games and lost 40, while Cleveland, which came fourth, had 55 games won and 42 games lost to its credit.

Buffalo, New York, Detroit and Philadelphia followed in the order named.

Brouthers of the Buffalo team again stood first on the list of batsmen with a percentage of .371, while your humble servant had fallen down to the twelfth place on the list, my percentage being .307.

The event of the season, or of the year perhaps, I should say, was the adoption of a document then known as the tripartite agreement, now known as the National Agreement, which was formulated by A. G. Mills, John B. Day and A. H. Soden, representing the League; O. P. Caylor, William Barnier and Lewis Simmons, representing the American Association, and Elias Mather of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, Club, acting for the Northwestern League.

This document, among other things, provided that no contract should be made for the services of any player for a longer period than seven months, beginning April 1st and terminating October 31st, and that no contract for their services should be made prior to October 20th of the year on which such services terminated.

It also provided that on the 10th day of October of each year the Secretary of each Association should transmit to the Secretary of each other Association a reserve list of players, not exceeding fourteen in number, then under contract with each of its several club members, and of such players reserved on any prior annual reserve list, who had refused to contract with said club's members, and of all other eligible players, and such players, together with all other thereafter to be regularly contracted with by such club members, are and shall be eligible to contract with any other club members of either association party hereto.

The object of this was to prevent what was then at that time a growing evil, the stealing of players by one club from another, and that it was successful in that

respect there can be no denying.

The reserve clause was not popular with many of the players, however, and it was this that later on led to the Brotherhood revolt and a general shaking up in base-ball circles.

Such had been the boom in base-ball in 1883, and so promising did the outlook seem from a monetary standpoint for a similar boom in 1884 that Henry V. Lucas, of St. Louis, evidently believing that there was millions in it, organized and took hold of the short-lived Union Association, the failure of which wrecked him in both purse and spirit.

This Association was organized at Pittsburg in September, 1883, and was launched with a great flourish of trumpets, the cities agreed upon for the circuit being Washington, St. Louis, Altoona, Pa., Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Of the fifty League players, who, it had been given out, would break their contracts and join them, not a baker's dozen showed up when the time came. Only five of the original clubs played out their schedules, these being the St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, Baltimore and Nationals of Washington, they finishing in the order named, Boston and Baltimore being tied for the third place.

The Union Association season opened on April 17th. Within six weeks of that time the Altoona Club gave up the fight, being succeeded by Kansas City. The Keystone Club of Philadelphia lasted until August, and was then succeeded by the Wilmington, Del., Club, which had been persuaded to desert the Eastern League by Mr. Lucas. In September they, too, passed it up and Milwaukee took the vacant place, they lasting but a short time.

The Chicago Union Association Club, a weak sister at the best, played along to almost empty benches until August, when it gave up the fight and transferred its team to Pittsburg, but that city refused to support it and it finally gave up the ghost about the middle of September.

In the meantime the League, which had expelled the deserting players, was having a most exciting and prosperous season, though the majority of clubs had signed many more players than they had any use for, the object being to keep them away from the Union Association. For the Chicago Club that season no less than nineteen players were signed, some of whom were seldom called upon

to play.

The regulars, that is, the men who were depended upon to do the playing, were Corcoran, Goldsmith and Clarkson, pitchers; Flint and Kelly, catchers; Anson, first base; Pfeffer, second base; Williamson, third base; Burns, shortstop; Dalrymple, Gore, Kelly and Sunday in the outfield.

In some way or other we got started off with the wrong foot first, as the horsemen would, say, and the end of May found us in the fifth place, Boston and Providence being the leaders, and at the end of June we had not improved our position.

From that time on the Providence Club played great ball, the wonderful endurance of Pitcher Radbourne being one of the features of the season, and though we rallied in September and October, winning every game that we played in the last-named month, the best that we could do was to beat New York for the fourth place, each club winning 62 games and losing 50.

The championship record showed 84 games won and 28 lost for the Providence Club, 73 games won and 38 lost for Boston, and 64 games won and 47 lost for Buffalo, while Philadelphia, Cleveland and Detroit brought up the rear.

In the matter of averages James O'Rourke again led the list, with a percentage of .350 to his credit.

The position that the club occupied at the close of that season was not satisfactory to me, as I felt that it should have been better, but there was no use crying over spilt milk, the only thing to do being to try it again.

At the close of the season Corcoran, whose pitching days were about over, was released, as was also Goldsmith, whose work had not been of the first class, and Clarkson and McCormick, the latter having played with the Cleveland team the year before, were relied upon to puzzle the opposing batsmen, the other members of the team being Flint, Kelly, Anson, Pfeffer, Williamson, Burns, Dalrymple, Gore and Sunday. O. P. Beard, C. Marr, E. E. Sutcliffe and. Joe Brown were all given a trial, but released early in the season.

The St. Louis Club, of which Mr. Lucas was the President, was taken in in order to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Cleveland, and this act on the part of the League so incensed President Mills that he resigned, the three offices

of President, Secretary and Treasurer being combined in Nicholas E. Young, who is still at the head of the League affairs, with headquarters at the National Capital.

The records of 1885 show that there were really but two clubs in the race from start to finish, these representing the rival clubs of New York and Chicago, and as between them it was nip and tuck almost to the last minute.

At the end of the month of May the New York team was in the lead, they having won 17 out of the 21 games they had played that month, while Chicago, which stood second, had only won 14 out of the 20 games that it played. The month of June saw a change in the program, however, Chicago winning 21 games out of the 23 played that month, while New York only won 15 out of the 20 that it took part in.

During the month of July it looked like anybody's race as between the two leaders, each winning 18 games, though Chicago sustained but six defeats as against seven for the representatives of the Eastern metropolis. In the succeeding month New York had a shade the better of it, they winning 18 out of 21 games played, while Chicago won only 15 out of 19. In September it was again our turn, however, and we won 17 games out of 20, New York having to be content with 13 out of 19.

The last of September and the first of October saw the pennant "cinched," so far as we were concerned. The New Yorks finished the season with four games at Chicago and three of these they needed in order to win the championship. They had already won nine out of the twelve games that they had played with us during the season, and looked upon the result here as a foregone conclusion. They reckoned without their host, however, on this occasion, as we won three straight games from them, the scores being 7 to 4, 2 to 1, and 8 to 3 respectively.

Our totals for the season showed 87 games won and 25 lost, as against 85 games won and 27 lost for the Giants. Philadelphia came third with 56 games won and 54 lost, while Providence occupied the fourth place with 53 games won and 57 lost. Boston, Detroit, Buffalo and St. Louis finished as named.

There were a good many funny stories told about those closing games between New York and Chicago. The admirers of the Giants came on to witness the games in force, and so certain were they that their pets would win that they

wagered their money on the result in the most reckless fashion.

Even the newspaper men who accompanied them on the trip caught the contagion. P. J. Donohue, of the New York "World," since deceased, was one of the most reckless of these. He could see nothing in the race but New York, and no sooner had he struck the town than he began to hunt for someone who would take the Chicago end of the deal.

About nine o'clock the night before the playing of the first game he appeared in the "Inter Ocean" office and announced that he was looking for somebody who thought Chicago could win, as he wished to wager $100 on the result. He was accommodated by the sporting editor of that paper. The next night after the Giants had lost P. J. again appeared on the scene and announced his readiness to double up on the result of the second game. He was accommodated again, and again. New York was the loser.

Still a third time did P. J. appear with an offer to double up the whole thing on the result of the next game. This looked like a bad bet for the local man, but local pride induced him to make the wager. For the third time the Giants went down before the White Stockings, and that night P. J. was missing, but a day or two afterwards he turned up quite crestfallen, and had a draft on New York cashed in order that he might get back home again.

Mr. Donohue was not the only man who went broke on the result, however. There was not a man on the delegation that accompanied the Giants that did not lose, and lose heavily on the games, which went a long ways toward illustrating the glorious uncertainties of base-ball.

The season of 1886 saw another change in the National League circuit, Buffalo and Providence dropping out of the fight. The vacant places were taken by Kansas City and Washington. The Detroit Club, thanks to a deal engineered by Fred Stearns, was greatly strengthened by securing the quartette of players from the Buffalo Club known as the "Big Four," these being White, Rowe, Richardson and Brouthers, which made them a most formidable candidate for championship honors, and which, indeed, they might have won had it not been for the Philadelphia Club, of which Harry Wright was the manager.

Commenting on the League season for that year Spalding's Official Guide for 1887 says: "The past season of 1886 proved to be a very profitable one to a

majority of the eight League clubs, those of Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Detroit all finding it a successful season financially, while Chicago profited by bearing off the honors of the League championship for the sixth time during the eleven years' existence of the National League.

"The clubs of St. Louis, Kansas City and Washington, however, failed to realize expectations, all three being on the wrong side of the column in profit and loss, As hitherto, good and bad management of the club teams had a great deal to do with the results of the season's campaign, financially and otherwise.

"A feature of the season's championship contest was the telling work done by the Philadelphia Club. This club closed their first season in the League as the tail end of the eight clubs which entered the list that year, the eight including Cleveland, Providence and Buffalo. In 1884 Philadelphia closed the season as sixth. In 1885 they finished third and in October of 1886 they held third place, but finally had to close a close fourth, after giving Detroit and Chicago a terrible shaking up. In fact, the championship games in Philadelphia, the latter part of September and first week in October, were among the most noteworthy of the season, for from the 22d of September to the close of the season in October the club in games with Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City and Washington won 13, lost 3 and had two draws.

"The struggle for the pennant after the May contest lay entirely between the Chicago, Detroit, New York and Philadelphia Clubs, the other four having no show from the very outset.

"A notable incident of the campaign was the fact that in the closing month it lay entirely in the hands of the Philadelphia Club to decide whether' the pennant was to go to Detroit or Chicago.

"When Chicago left Philadelphia for Boston the last of September all Detroit was in a fever of excitement at the prospect of their club's success. The only question of interest was, 'Would they go through Philadelphia safely?' It was only when Harry Wright's pony League team captured the Detroits twice out of four games, one being drawn, that Chicago felt relief from anxiety as to the ultimate outcome of the pennant race. It was a gallant struggle by Philadelphia, and it made the close of the campaign season one of the most exciting on record.

"The League schedule had been raised that season from sixteen to eighteen

games, nine to be played on the grounds of each club, and of these only twenty-four remained unplayed at the close of the season, fifteen of which were drawn with the score a tie."

This was one of the hardest seasons that I had ever gone through, and when it was over I felt that we were lucky, indeed, to have captured the pennant for the third successive time.

The champion team of that year showed but little change in make-up from that of the preceding year, Clarkson, McCormick and John Flynn being the pitchers; Kelly, Flint and Moolie, catchers; Anson, first base; Pfeffer, second base; Burns, third base; Williamson, shortstop; Dalrymple, left field; Ryan and Gore, center field; and Sunday, right field.

It was a close race that season between, Mike Kelly and myself for the batting honors of the League, and Michael beat me out by a narrow margin at the finish, his percentage being .388 as against .371, while Brouthers came third on the list with .370.

That was the last season that the championship pennant was flown in Chicago up to the present writing, and looking back at it now it seems to me an awful long time ago.

CHAPTER XVI. BALL-PLAYERS EACH AND EVERY ONE.

The team that brought the pennant back to Chicago in the years 1885 and 1886 was, in my estimation, not only the strongest team that I ever had under my management but, taken all in all, one of the strongest teams that has ever been gotten together in the history of the League, the position of left field, which was still being played by Dalrymple being its only weak spot. The fact, however, that "Dal" was a terrific batter made up for a great many of his shortcomings in tile field, which would scarcely have been overlooked so easily had it not been for his ability as a wielder of the ash. In its pitching department it was second in strength to none of its competitors and behind the bat were Flint and Kelly, both of whom were widely and favorably known. The outfield was, to say the least,

equal to that of any of the other League clubs, and the infield admittedly the strongest in the country. This was the infield that became famous as "Chicago's stone wall," that name being given to it for the reasons that the only way that a ball could be gotten through it was to bat it so high that it was out of reach. The members of that famous infield were Williamson, Pfeffer, Burns and myself, and so long had we played together and so steadily had we practiced that there was scarcely a play made that we were not in readiness to meet. We had a system of signals that was almost perfect, and the moment that a ball was hit and we had noted its direction we knew just what to look for. We were up to all the tricks of the game, and better than all else we had the greatest confidence in each other.

I had shifted the positions of Williamson and Burns and the former was now playing shortstop and the latter third base. At third base Burns was as good as the best of them, he excelling at the blocking game, which he carried on in a style that was particularly his own and which was calculated to make a base-runner considerable trouble. At short Williamson was right in his element and in spite of his size he could cover as much ground in that position as any man that I have ever seen. While his throwing was of the rifle-shot order, it was yet easy to catch, as it seemed to come light to your hands, and this was also true of the balls thrown by Pfeffer and Burns, both of whom were very accurate in that line. Of the merits of Williamson and Burns as ball players I have already spoken in another chapter.

Fred Pfeffer, who came from Louisville, Ky., was a ball-player from the ground up, and as good a second baseman as there was in the profession, the only thing that I ever found to criticize in his play being a tendency to pose for the benefit of the occupants of the grand stand. He was a brilliant player, however, and as good a man in this position according to my estimate as any that ever held down the second bag. He was a high-salaried player and one that earned every cent that he received, being a hard worker and always to be relied upon. He was a neat dresser, and while not a teetotaler, never drank any more than he knew how to take care of. As a thrower, fielder and base runner he was in the first class, while as a batsman he was only fair. Later on he became tangled up in the Brotherhood business, in which he lost considerable of the money that he had laid by for a rainy day. It was some time after the Brotherhood revolt, in which Fred had been one of the prime movers, and a brief history of which is recorded elsewhere, that he was taken back into the fold. He was anxious to play again in Chicago, and I gave him the chance. His health was, however, bad at that time and he was unable to do himself justice and to play the ball that when a well man

he was capable of. I hung on to him as long as I could, but when the papers began to howl long and loud about his shortcomings I was finally forced to release him. It was his, health that put him out of the business and nothing else, and had it not been for that drawback he might still be playing ball. At the present writing he is engaged in the poolroom and bookmaking line at Chicago and making a living, to say the least of it.

John Clarkson was a really great pitcher, in fact, the best that Chicago ever had, and that is saying a great deal, as Chicago has had some of the very best in the profession since the game first became popular within its suburbs. He was the possessor of a remarkable drop curve and fast overhand lifting speed, while his change of pace was most deceiving. He was peculiar in some things, however, and in order to get his best work you had to keep spurring him along, otherwise he was apt to let up, this being especially the case when the club was ahead and he saw what he thought was a chance to save himself. As a fielder he was very fair, and as, a batsman above the average, so far as strength went, though not always to be depended upon as certain to land upon the ball. His home was down at Ocean Spray, near Boston, but he came to us from Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was released to the Bostons in the spring of 1888 for the sum of $10,000, and played with that team for several years. He is now in the cigar business in Michigan and is, I ant glad to learn, successful. Pitchers of Clarkson's sort are few and far between, as club managers of these latter days can testify.

Jim McCormick, who was Clarkson's alternate in the box, was also one of the best men in his line that ever sent a ball whizzing across the plate. He was a great big fellow with a florid complexion and blue eyes, and was utterly devoid of fear, nothing that came in his direction being too hot for him to handle. He was a remarkable fielder and a good batsman for a pitcher, men who play that position being poor wielders of the ash, as a rule, for the reason, as I have always thought, that they paid more attention to the art of deceiving the batsman that are opposed to them than they do to developing their own batting powers. The most of McCormick's hits landed in the right field, owing to the fact that he swung late at the ball. He came to Chicago from Cleveland, Ohio, but prior to that had pitched in Columbus, Ohio. He was going back when he joined us, but for all that he pitched a lot of good ball and won many a good game, thanks both to himself and also to the good support that he received. After he left us he drifted down to Paterson, N. J., which seems to be a sort of Mecca for broken-down ball players, and became identified with the racing business, owning and training for a time quite a string of his own and horses that won for him quite a considerable

sum, of money. He is now running a saloon in that New Jersey town, and is fairly well-to-do.

John Flynn, who was the third pitcher in the string, came to Chicago from Boston and was another good man in the twirling line. He had a wonderful drop ball, good command of the sphere and great speed. He was also a good batter for a pitcher, and a fast fielder. His arm gave out while he was with us, however, and besides that he got into fast company and, attempting to keep up the clip with his so-called friends, found the pace much too rapid for him and fell by the wayside. John was a good fellow, and with good habits, and had his arm held out, he might have made his mark in the profession, but the good habits he lacked and the arm was not strong enough to bear the strain, so he dropped out of the business, and what has become of him I know not, though I think he is in Boston.

Moolie, who had been signed to relieve Kelly and Flint behind the bat and to handle the delivery of Flynn, was never much of a factor in the game, he not being strong enough to stand the strain. He was let out early for that reason and never developed into a player of any note. He is somewhere in New England at the present time, but just where and what engaged at I am unable to state.

James T. Ryan was at that time and is now a good ball player. His home was in Clinton, Mass., and he came to us from the Holy Cross College, in which team he had been playing. He was a mere boy when he first signed with Chicago but promised well, and though for a time he did not come up to the expectations that I had formed regarding him, I kept him on the team. His greatest fault was that he would not run out on a base hit, but on the contrary would walk to his base. This I would not stand, and so I fined him repeatedly, but these fines did little good, especially after the advent of James C. Hart, who refused to endorse them and supported Ryan in his insubordination, in regard to which I shall have more to say later. Ryan was a good hitter, not an overly fast base runner, and a good judge of a fly ball. He was also an accurate left-handed thrower. He could never cover as much ground as people thought, and though he ranked with Lange as a batsman, he was not in the same class with that player either as a base runner or a fielder, the Californian in the two latter respects being able to race all around him. Ryan at the present writing is still a member of the Chicago team, and, though by no means as good a player as he was some years ago, is quite likely to remain there as long as Mr. Hart continues at the head of affairs.

William A. Sunday, or "Billy," as we all called him in those days, was born in Ames, Iowa, and was as good a boy as ever lived, being conscientious in a marked degree, hardworking, good-natured and obliging. At the time that I first ran across him he was driving an undertaker's wagon in Marshalltown, though it was not because of his skill in handling the ribbons that he attracted my attention. There was a fireman's tournament going on at the time of my visit, in which Sunday was taking part, and it was the speed that he showed on that occasion that opened my eyes to his possibilities in the base-ball playing line. He was, in my opinion, the fastest man afterwards on his feet in the profession, and one who could run the bases like a scared deer. The first thirteen times that he went to the bat after he began playing with the Chicagos he was struck out, but I was confident that he would yet make a ball player and hung onto him, cheering him up as best I could whenever he became discouraged. As a baserunner his judgment was at times faulty and he was altogether too daring, taking extreme chances because of the tremendous turn of speed that he possessed. He was a good fielder and a strong and accurate thrower, his weak point lying in his batting. The ball that he threw was a hard one to catch, however, it landing in the hands like a chunk of lead. Since "Bill" retired from the diamond he has become noted as an evangelist, and I am told by those who should know that he is a brilliant speaker and a great success in that line. May luck be with him wherever lie may go!

I have said that Sunday threw a remarkably hard ball to catch, and this was true, but I have noted the same peculiarity in regard to other players that I have met. How to explain the reason for this is a difficult matter. He was not as swift a thrower as either Williamson, Burns or Pfeffer, all of whom sent the ball across the field with the speed of a bullet and with the accuracy of first-class marksmen. In spite of the extreme speed with which they came into the hand, however, they seemed to sort of lift themselves as they came and so landed lightly, while Sunday's balls, on the contrary, seemed to gain in weight as they sailed through the air and were heavy and soggy when they struck the hands. This is a strange but true fact, and one that, perhaps some scientists can explain. I confess that I cannot, nor have I ever been able to find anybody that could do so to my satisfaction.

Of the members of this old team the most famous in the history of Chicago as a base-ball city, three are dead, Flint, Williamson and Kelly, while the others are scattered far and wide, Ryan being the only one of them that is still playing. Over the graves of three of them the grass has now been growing for many a

year, and yet I can see them as plainly now as in the golden days of the summers long ago, when, greeted by the cheers of an admiring multitude, we all played ball together. If it were possible for the dead to come back to us, how I should like once more to marshall the members of that championship team of 1884, '85 and '86 together and march with them once more across the field while the cheers of the crowd rang in our ears. But that I can never do. The past is dead, and there is no such thing as resurrecting it, however much we may wish to do so.

I cannot close this chapter without mentioning little Willie Hahn, our mascot in those days, and, a mascot of whom we were exceedingly proud. Not more than four or five years ago his parents lived in a three-story house not far front the old Congress street grounds. The first time that I ever saw him he came on the grounds arrayed in a miniature Chicago uniform, and so cunning was he that we at once adopted him as our "mascot," giving him the freedom of the grounds, and he was always on hand when the club was at home, being quite a feature, and one that pleased the lady patrons of the game immensely. I had lost sight of him for years, but one day a fine, manly-looking fellow walked into my billiard-room and introduced himself as the mascot of those other days. I was glad to see him and also glad to learn that he has a good position and is getting on in the world.

CHAPTER XVII. WHILE FORTUNE FROWNS AND SMILES.

Should I omit to mention herein the two series of games that the Chicagos played with the St. Louis Browns, champions of the American Association, in 1885 and 1886, somebody would probably rise to remark that I was in hopes that the public had forgotten all about them. Such is not the case, however. The games in both cases were played after the regular season was over and after the players had in reality passed out of my control, and for that reason were not as amenable to the regular discipline as when the games for the League championship were going on. The St. Louis Browns was a strong organization, a very strong one, and when we met them in a series of games for what was styled

at the time the world's championship, in the fall of 1885, they would have been able, in my estimation, to have given any and all of the League clubs a race for the money.

In the series of games, one of which was played at Chicago, three in St. Louis, one at Pittsburg, and two at Cincinnati, we broke even, each winning three games, the odd one being a tie, and as a result the sum of $1,000, which had been placed in the office of the "Mirror of American Sports," of which T. Z. Cowles, of Chicago, was the editor, to be given to the winning team, was equally divided between the two teams.

At the close of the season of 1886 the St. Louis team, having again won the championship of the American Association, another series of games was arranged and a provision was made that the gate money, which hitherto had been equally divided between the two clubs, should all go to the winner. The series consisted of six games, three of which were played in Chicago and three in St. Louis. The first and third of these games we won by scores of 6 to 0 and 11 to 4, but the second, fourth, fifth and sixth we lost, the scores standing 12 to 0, 8 to 5, 10 to 3 and 4 to 3 respectively, and as a result we had nothing but our labor for our pains.

We were beaten, and fairly beaten, but had some of the players taken as good care of themselves prior to these games as they were in the habit of doing when the League season was in full swim, I am inclined to believe that there might have been a different tale to tell.

There was a general shaking up all along the line before the season of 1887 opened. The Kansas City and St. Louis clubs, neither of which had been able to make any money, dropped out, their places being taken by Pittsburg and Indianapolis.

The sensation of the year was the sale of Mike Kelly to the Boston Club by the Chicago management for the sum of $10,000, the largest sum up to that time that had ever been paid for a ball player, and Mike himself benefited by the transaction, as he received a salary nearly double that which he was paid when he wore a Chicago uniform.

The Chicago team for that season consisted of Mark Baldwin, Clarkson and Van Haltren, pitchers; Daly, Flint, Darling and Hardie, catchers; Anson, Pfeffer,

Burns and Tebeau, basemen; M. Sullivan, Ryan, Pettit, Van Haltren and Darling, fielders. Pyle, Sprague and Corcoran, pitchers, and Craig, a catcher, played in a few games, and but a few only.

The season, taken as a whole, was one of the most successful in the history of the League up to that time, both from a financial and a playing standpoint. The result of the pennant race was a great disappointment to the Boston Club management, who, having acquired the services of "the greatest player in the country," that being the way they advertised Kelly, evidently thought that all they had to do was to reach out their hands for the championship emblem and take it. "One swallow does not make a summer," however, nor one ball player a whole team, as the Boston Club found out to its cost, the best that it could do being to finish in the fifth place.

The campaign of 1887 opened on April 28th, the New York and Philadelphia Clubs leading off in the East and Detroit and Indianapolis Clubs in the West. At the end of the first month's play Detroit was in the lead, with Boston a good second, New York third, Philadelphia fourth and Chicago fifth. The team under my control began a fight for one of the leading positions in June, and when the end of that month came they were a close fourth, Detroit, Boston and New York leading them, while Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington and Indianapolis followed in the order named.

The boys were playing good ball at this stage of the game and our chances for the pennant had a decidedly rosy look. During the month of July we climbed steadily toward the top of the ladder, and at the end of that month we were in second place, and within striking distance of Detroit, that team being still the leader, while Boston had fallen back to the third and New York to fourth place. These positions were maintained until the last week of August, when the Chicago and Detroit teams were tied in the matter of games won. At this time it was still anybody's race so far as the two leaders were concerned.

The middle of September saw a change in the condition of affairs, however, Detroit having secured a winning lead, and from that time on all of the interest centered in the contest for second place between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. By the end of September New York was out of the fight so far as second place was concerned, the battle for which had narrowed down to Chicago and Philadelphia, which finally went to the latter after a hard struggle.

The Detroits that season won 79 games and lost 45, the Philadelphias won 75 games and lost 48, the Chicagos won 71 games and lost so, Boston, Pittsburg, Washington and Indianapolis finishing in the order named.

The champions of that year also succeeded in doing what we had failed to accomplish, that is, they beat the St. Louis Browns by one game in the series for the world's championship that was played after the close of the regular League season.

In the matter of the batting averages for that year I stood second on the list, with a percentage of .421, having taken part in 122 games, while Maul, of the Pittsburg team, who led the list with .450, had only taken part in sixteen games, these figures including bases on balls as base hits.

The League circuit for 1888 remained the same as in 1887, and all of the clubs made money with the exception of Detroit, Washington and Indianapolis, and their losses were small.

The attendance at the games everywhere was something enormous, and the race between the four leaders a hot one from start to finish.

Early in the spring the Chicago club management pocketed another check for $10,000 for the release of a player, the one to join the Hub forces this time being John Clarkson, a man who had often pitched the Chicago Club to victory, and a player that I personally regretted to part with. With the assistance of this really great pitcher the Boston management hoped to get even for their disappointment of the preceding season and once more fly the pennant over their home grounds, to which it had for some years been a stranger.

With Clarkson and Kelly out of the way we were looked upon prior to the opening of the season as a rather soft mark by the other League clubs, but that they reckoned without their host is shown by the records. We were in it, and very much in it, from start to finish, finishing in the second place, the championship going to New York, the team from the Eastern metropolis winning 84 games and losing 47, while Chicago won 77 games and lost 58, Philadelphia came third on the list with 69 games won and 61 lost, and Boston fourth with 70 games won and 63 lost, Detroit, Pittsburg, Indianapolis and Washington following in the order named.

The Chicago team that season consisted of Baldwin, Tener, Krock and Van

Haltren, pitchers; Daly, Flint, Farrell and Darling, catchers; Anson, Pfeffer and Burns on the bases; Williamson, shortstop, and. Sullivan, Ryan, Pettit and Duffy in the outfield.

Among the men signed, and who were given a trial, were Hoover, Sprague, Brynon, Clark, Maine and Gumbert.

In the matter of batting averages I again led the League with .343, Beckley of Pittsburg being second with .342, a difference in my favor of only a single point.

A long time before this season was over I became interested financially in a proposed trip to be made by the Chicago Club and a picked team, to be called the All-Americans, to Australia and New Zealand, A. G. Spalding, Leigh S. Lynch and one or two others being associated in the venture. The management of this trip and the details thereof were left entirely in the hands of Messrs. Spalding and Lynch, the latter-named gentleman having been associated with A. M. Palmer in the management of the Union Square Theater at New York, and having passed some time in Australia in connection with the theatrical business, had a wide acquaintance there. When the subject was first broached, it is safe to assert that there was not a man connected with the enterprise that had any idea that the journey would be lengthened out to a trip around the world, but such proved to be the case.

In February of 1888 Mr. Lynch departed for Australia in order to make the necessary arrangements there for the appearance of the tourists. Posters of the most attractive description were gotten ready for the trip, and long before the season was over the fact that we were going became known to every one in the land who took any interest in base-ball whatever, the proposed trip even then exciting a large amount of interest. Mr. Lynch, who had returned, had awakened considerable interest among the Australians, and long before the actual start was made the prospects, both from a sight-seeing and money-making standpoint seemed to be most alluring.

One would naturally have thought that with such a chance to travel in strange lands before them, every ball player in America would have been more than anxious to make the trip, but such was not the case, greatly to my astonishment, and to the astonishment of Mr. Spalding, upon whose shoulders devolved the duty of selecting the players who should represent the National Game in the Antipodes.

Ten players of the Chicago team signed to go at once, these being Ned Williamson, Tom Burns, Tom Daly, Mark Baldwin, Jimmy Ryan, Fred Pfeffer, John Tener, Mark Sullivan, Bob Pettit and myself, but the getting together of the All-American team was quite a difficult matter. Many of the players who had at first signed to go backed out at almost the last moment, among them being Mike Kelly of the Bostons and Mike Tiernan of the New Yorks. The following team to represent All-America was finally gotten together: John M. Ward, shortstop and captain; Healy and Crane, pitchers; Earle, catcher; Carroll, Manning and Wood on the bases, and Fogerty, Hanlon and T. Brown in the outfield. George Wright accompanied the party to coach the two teams in their cricket matches. One of the pleasantest incidents of the year 1888 that I can recall to mind occurred during our last trip to Washington. Frank Lawler, who was them a member of Congress from Chicago, and who was as big-hearted and wholesouled a fellow as ever stood in shoe leather (he is dead now, more's the pity), learned of our projected trip and procured for us an audience with President Cleveland at the White House, where we met with a most cordial reception, and I think I am violating no confidence when I say that had we been at home when the election took place in November following, he would have received the vote of every man in the team, though I am afraid this would not have affected the result to any appreciable extent.

When I was introduced to him as the captain and manager of the Chicago Club he shook hands with me in a most cordial fashion and remarked that he had often heard of me, a fact that did not seem so strange to me as it might have done some seventeen years earlier, when my name had never been printed in anything besides the Marshalltown papers.

The impression that I gained of President Cleveland at that time was that he was a level-headed, forceful business man, a genial companion, and a man that having once made up his mind to do a thing would carry out his intentions just as long as he believed, that he was right in doing. For each and every member of the team he had a cheerful word and a hearty grip, and when we finally took our departure he wished us a pleasant trip and a successful one.

I had made up my mind to take Mrs. Anson with me, and so, as soon as the playing season was over, we began making the necessary preparations for our departure. These did not take long, however.

The afternoon of October 10th the Chicago and All-American teams played a

farewell game in the presence of 3,000 people on the League grounds at Chicago, which was won by the Chicagos by a score of 11 to 6, and that night we were off for what proved to be the first trip around the world ever made by American ball players, a trip that will ever live in base-ball annals and in the memories of those who were so fortunate as to make it.

CHAPTER XVIII. FROM CHICAGO TO DENVER.

It was a jolly party that assembled in the Union Depot on the night of October 20th, 1888, and the ball players were by no means the center of attraction, as there were others there to whom even the ball players took off their hats, and these were the ladies, as Mrs. Ed. Williamson, the wife of the famous ball player, and Mrs. H. I. Spalding, the stately and white-haired mother of Mr. Spalding, as well as my own blue-eyed wife, had determined upon making the trip that few people have the opportunity of making under circumstances of such a favorable nature. In addition to these outsiders, so far as ball playing was concerned, were President Spalding, of the Chicago Club; Harry Simpson, of the Newark, N. J., team, who acted as Mr. Spalding's assistant; Newton McMillan, the correspondent of the New York "Sun;" Mr. Goodfriend, of the Chicago "Inter Ocean;" Harry Palmer, correspondent of the Philadelphia "Sporting Times" and New York "Herald," and James A. Hart, then of the Milwaukee Club, but now of Chicago.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad had provided for our accommodation two handsomely furnished cars, a dining and a sleeping car, and in these we were soon perfectly at home. It was just seven o'clock when the train pulled out for St. Paul, that being our first objective point, with the cheers and good wishes of the host of friends that had assembled at the depot to see us off still ringing in our ears. We had dinner that night in the dining car shortly after leaving Chicago, and long before the meal was over the tourists had become a veritable happy family.

As we sailed along through the gathering darkness over bridges and culverts and by stations that seemed like phantoms in the dim light the song of the rail became monotonous in our ears, and we turned for recreation to that solace of

the traveler, cards, with which every one in the party seemed well provided. It was not long before the rolling of the chips made the sleeper resemble a gambling hall more than anything else, and the cheering and enthusiastic crowds that greeted us at every stopping place received but a small share of our attention at our hands. As the ladies in the party had given the boys permission to smoke where and when they pleased, the blue veil that hung over the various tables was soon thick enough to cut with a knife. A mandolin and guitar in the party added to our enjoyment, and it was not until the midnight hour had come and gone that we sought our couches.

When we arrived at St. Paul on Sunday morning we found a large crowd at the depot to greet us. A game had been scheduled for that afternoon, St. Paul being in those days a wide-open town, and Sunday the one great day in the week so far as base-ball was concerned.

"The frost was on the pumpkins" and the air so chilly that a winter overcoat would have felt much more comfortable than a base-ball uniform. Nevertheless it would not do to disappoint the people, 2,000 of whom had assembled at the grounds to see us play.

In the absence of Mike Kelly, who had faithfully promised Mr. Spalding that he would join us at Denver, and didn't, Frank Flint, "Old Silver," who had been prevailed upon to accompany the party as far as Denver, was sent in to catch for the All-Americans, and as Kelly's name was on the score card it was some time before the crowd discovered that it was "Old Silver" and not the "Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty" that was doing the catching. Flint's batting was not up to the Kelly standard, however, and they soon tumbled to the fact that Flint was an impostor. At the end of the sixth inning, and with the score standing at 9 to 3 in favor of the Chicagos, the game was called in order that the Chicago Club might play a game with the St. Pauls, then under the management of John S. Barnes. This game attracted far more interest than the preceding one, owing to the local color that it assumed, and the crowd waxed decidedly enthusiastic when the game was called at the end of the seventh inning on account of darkness, with the score standing at 8 to 5 in St. Paul's favor.

So elated was Manager Barnes over the victory of his pets that he at once challenged me for another game with the Chicagos, to be played at Minneapolis the following day, a challenge that I accepted without the least hesitation.

The special cars in which we journeyed were run down to Minneapolis the next morning, where we had a royal reception, in which a parade in a dozen landaus drawn by horses with nodding plumes of old gold and new gold blankets, and headed by a band of twenty-one pieces, led by a drum-major resplendent in scarlet and gold, was not the least of the attractions. In spite of the fact that the day was even colder than the one that we had encountered at St. Paul, some 2,000 people assembled to witness the game. Van Haltren pitched an excellent game for the All-Americans on this occasion, while Tener was freely hit and badly supported, the result being that we were beaten by a score of 6 to 3, but four innings being played. Then followed the game that the crowd was most anxious to see, that being the one between the Chicagos and St. Pauls. For the St. Pauls Tuckerman pitched and Billy Earle caught, while I sent in Mark Baldwin to do the twirling for the Chicagos. It was a pretty game, and as neither side scored for four innings the excitement ran high.

In the fifth inning the St. Pauls were again retired with a goose egg and Pfeffer crossed the home plate with a winning run for the Chicagos. It was a great game for the St. Paul Club to play, and Manager Barnes had a right to be proud of the showing they had made, as he certainly must have been.

There was but little time for sight-seeing left when the game was over, and at seven o'clock that evening we were on the road for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which was to be our next stopping point. The great majority of us retired early, but the sleep that we got was scarcely worth talking about, as Tom Daly, whose propensity for practical jokes was unbounded, kept the car in a roar of laughter. No one was exempt that could be reached, and as a result there was no sleep for any of us.

At Cedar Rapids, where we arrived Tuesday morning, we were the recipients of quite an ovation, and our cars, which had been switched on a side-track near the Union Depot, attracted as much attention as though they contained a whole menagerie instead of a few traveling ball players. Special trains were run in from adjacent towns, and long before the hour set for the game the town was crowded with visitors. The day was a beautiful one and the crowd that assembled at the grounds would have done credit to a League city, the attendance numbering 4,500. A crowd like that deserved to see a good game, and that is what they were treated to, the score being a tie in the fifth inning and again in the eighth, it then standing at five each. In the ninth inning Ryan crossed the plate with the winning run for Chicago, and the crowd cheered themselves hoarse over the result,

though they would doubtless have cheered just as long and hard had the All-American team been the victors.

At 6:30 that evening we left Cedar Rapids for Des Moines, arriving at the State capital the next morning. Thus far all of our traveling had been done in the darkness, but as there was nothing to be seen save the rolling prairies, that I had been familiar with as a. boy, this occasioned no regret so far as I was concerned.

At Des Moines some 2,000 people turned out to witness the game, which proved to be close and exciting. At the request of some of the citizens Hutchinson and Sugie, of the Des Moines Club, were allowed to fill the points for the All-Americans, Baldwin and Ryan doing the pitching for Chicago. The local men proved to be decidedly good in their line, and as a result the score at the end of the ninth inning stood at 3 to 2 in favor of the All-Americans.

On across the prairies, where the ripened corn stood in stacks, the train sped to Omaha, where we arrived the morning of October 25th, and we were met with another great reception. Here Clarence Duval turned up, and thereby hangs a story. Clarence was a little darkey that I had met some time before while in Philadelphia, a singer and dancer of no mean ability, and a little coon whose skill in handling the baton would have put to the blush many a bandmaster of national reputation. I had togged him out in a suit of navy blue with brass buttons, at my own expense, and had engaged him as a mascot. He was an ungrateful little rascal, however, and deserted me for Mlle. Jarbeau, the actress, at New York, stage life evidently holding out more attractions for him than a life on the diamond.

Tom Burns smuggled him into the carriage that day, tatterdemalion that he was, and when we reached the grounds he ordered us to dress ranks with all the assurance in the world, and, taking his place in front of the players as the band struck up a march, he gave such an exhibition as made the real drum major turn green with envy, while the crowd burst into a roar of laughter and cheered him to the echo.

When, later in the day, I asked him where he had come from, he replied that Miss Jarbeau had given him his release that morning. I told him that he was on the black list and that we had no use for deserters in our business.

"Spec's you's a' right, Cap'n," he replied and then he added, with a woe-begone

expression of countenance that would have brought tears of pity to the eyes of a mule: "I'se done had a mighty ha'd time of et since I left all you uns." I told him that he looked like it, but that he had deserved it all, and that we were done with him, and this nearly broke his heart. When I got back to the car I found the little "coon" there, and ordered him out, but the boys interceded for him, raised a purse, in which I chipped in my share, of course, and I finally consented that he should accompany us as far as San Francisco, and farther, provided that he behaved himself.

The little coon did not prove to be much of a mascot for Chicago that afternoon, as the All-Americans dropped to Ryan's slow left-handed delivery after the fifth inning, he having been a puzzle to them up to that time, and pounded him all over the field, they finally winning by a score of 12 to 2. The heavy batting pleased the Omaha people, however, and they cheered the All-Americans again and again.

That night we were off for Hastings, Neb., where we were scheduled to play the next day. Arriving there Clarence Duval was taken out, given a bath, against which he fought with tooth and nail, arrayed in a light checked traveling suit with a hat to match, new underwear and linen, patent leather shoes and a cane. When he marched onto the field that afternoon he was the observed of all observers, and attracted so much attention from President Spalding, who had been absent on a trip to Kansas City, and who had returned just in time to see his performance, that it was at once decided to take him to Australia. The contract that he was made to sign was an ironclad one, and one that carried such horrible penalties with it in case of desertion that it was enough to scare the little darkey almost to death. When I looked him over that night on the train I told him that I should not be in the least surprised were he again to desert us at San Francisco, and especially if Miss Jarbeau should run across him.

"Den dat's jest 'case you doan' know me," he retorted; "I specs dat if dat 'ooman sees me now," and here he looked himself over admiringly, "she's jes' say to me, 'My gracious, Clarence, whar you been? Come right along wid me, my boy, an' doan' let me lose sight ob you no more.' I know she'd just say dat."

"What would you say then?" I asked.

"What I say? Why, I jes' say, 'Go on, white 'ooman, don't know you now, an' I nebber did know you. No, sir, Mr. Anson, I'se done wid actresses de rest ob my

nat-rel life, you heah me."

To my astonishment he kept his word, remaining with us all through the trip and returning with us to Chicago. Outside of his dancing and his power of mimicry he was, however, a "no account nigger," and more than once did I wish that he had been left behind.

Just before the game at Hastings began a section of the grand stand, some twenty feet in height, gave way, but as no one was killed, and as there were 3,000 people present, many of whom had come from the surrounding towns to witness the game, the accident was soon lost sight of. The game resulted in a victory for Chicago by a score of 8 to 4. Baldwin pitched for the Chicagos and Van Haltren for the All-American team.

On our way from Hastings to Denver that night we met the train from St. Louis at Oxford, Neb., and were joined by Capt. John Ward and Ed Crane of the New York team; Capt. Manning of the Kansas Citys had joined us at Hastings, and when Billy Earle of St. Paul, who had been telegraphed for, met us at Denver, the party was complete, Hengle, Long and Flint leaving us at that point to return to Chicago.

The early morning of the 27th found us speeding over the plains some fifty miles east of Denver. As we looked out of the car windows while at breakfast that morning we caught glimpses of the snow-capped mountains in the distance, and so near did they seem to be in the rarefied atmosphere that they seemed not more than six or seven miles away, consequently we were much surprised when informed by the conductor that they were forty-eight miles distant. I have since been told the story of a sleeping-car conductor who had been running into Denver for some time, and who sat in the dining-room at Brown's Palace Hotel one morning looking over toward the foothills, remarked to the steward that the next time he came there he intended to take a little run over there before breakfast. Asked how far he thought it was he replied, some two or three miles, and was astonished when informed that they were twenty-two miles distant.

We found Denver a really beautiful city and both my wife and myself were astonished by the handsome buildings that were to be seen on every side and by the unmistakable signs of prosperity that surrounded us. The parade to the grounds that afternoon was a showy one and we were greeted by great crowds all along the line.

The game was witnessed by 7,500 people, who recognized every player the moment he appeared. The field was a bad one, and this, combined with the rarefied atmosphere, to which the players were not accustomed, caused both teams to put up a decidedly poor game, as is shown by the score, which stood at 16 to 12 in favor of the Chicagos.

The next day, however, in the presence of 6,000 people, the players more than redeemed themselves, John Ward making his first appearance with the All-Americans, and playing the position of shortstop in a masterly fashion. The fielding on both sides was superb, and it was not until two extra innings had been played that the victory finally remained with the All-Americans, the score standing at 9 to 8. The feature of the game and the play that captured the crowd was Hanlon's magnificent running catch of Sullivan's long fly, which brought the crowd to its feet and resulted in a storm of cheers that did not cease until that player had raised his cap to the grand stand in recognition of the ovation. Our two days' stay in Denver was made decidedly pleasant, and we saw as much of the city as possible, although not as much as we should have liked to have seen had we had more time at our disposal.

CHAPTER XIX. FROM DENVER TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Colorado Springs, the fashionable watering place of all Colorado, was to be our next stopping place. Leaving Denver on the night of October 27th, we were obliged to change from the broad-gauge cars in which we had been traveling, into narrow-gauge cars, in which we journeyed as far as Ogden, and they seemed for a time cramped and uncomfortable as compared with the "Q." outfit.

We soon became used to them, however, and managed to enjoy ourselves as thoroughly as though we had no end of room in which to turn around and stretch ourselves.

I have neglected to say that the old gentleman, or "Pa" Anson, as the boys soon began to call him in order to distinguish him from myself, had joined us at starting, and the fact that accommodations for poker parties were rather cramped, gave him a chance to grumble, that he was not slow to take advantage of. He soon became a great favorite with all the party and as base-ball and poker had always been his favorite amusements, he found himself for at least once in his life in his natural element, it being one of his theories of life that he would rather play poker and lose right along than not to play at all. He found no difficulty in that crowd in getting up a poker party at any time, and was consequently happy, though whether he won or lost, and how much, I cannot say.

There was a large crowd at the Denver depot to see us off, and we left the Colorado metropolis with many regrets, so pleasant had been our visit there. The day was just breaking when we arrived at Colorado Springs the next morning, and save for a few early risers, the depot was deserted. At the depot awaiting our arrival were carriages and saddle horses, which had been telegraphed for from Denver in order that we might enjoy a flying visit to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods before playing the afternoon game.

There was a general scramble at the depot for a choice of steeds, the park

wagons, three in number, having been reserved for the use of the ladies and such members of the party whose education in the riding line had been neglected. I was not as quick as I might have been and had the comfort of Mrs. Anson to look after beside; as a result there fell to my lot a cross-eyed sorrel that had evidently spent the greater part of his life in chasing cattle among the mountains, and that true to his natural proclivities gave me no end of trouble before the morning was over. The sun was just turning the top of Pike's Peak, some eighteen miles distant, into a nugget of gold, when we left the depot, but so plainly could we see the crevices that seamed its massive sides that it looked not to be more than five miles distant. To our right rose the peaks of sandstone that form the gateway to the Garden of the Gods, and below us ran the narrow roadway through the valley like a belt of silver.

Manitou, six miles distant, was reached without accident, and here we stopped to have breakfast at the Cliff House, and to drink of the clear waters of the Silver Springs that have become justly famous the world over. Breakfast over we resumed our ride, turning off into a little valley a mile below the hotel that formed the rear entrance to the Garden of the Gods. The sandstone formation here was of the most peculiar character and the ladies of the party went into ecstasy over "Punch and Judy," "The Balanced Rock," "The Mushroom Rock," "The Duck," "The Frog," "The Lady of the Garden," and the "Kissing Camels." The great sandstone rocks that form the gateway come in for their share of admiration and I think we could still have found something to look at and admire had we remained there for a month instead of for the brief time that was at our disposal.

That one morning's experience did more to convince me than anything else that there is no use for the American to travel in search of scenery, as he has some of the grandest in the world right here in his own country.

After admiring the many remarkable things that were to be seen there we made on through the gateway down the valley and then to the summit of the hill, some two miles in height. Here we debouched on to a little plateau, from which we obtained a magnificent view of Pike's Peak crowned with its eternal snows; Cheyenne Mountains, looking dark and sullen by contrast, and the ranges of the Rocky Mountains that upraised themselves twenty-five miles away, and yet seemed but a few miles distant.

That cross-eyed sorrel of mine had persisted in taking me off on a cattle herding

exhibition not long after we had left the Springs, and at Manitou I had turned him over to the tender mercies of Bob Pettit, who had more experience in that line than I had, and in whose hands he proved to be a most tractable animal—in fact, quite the pick of the bunch, which goes to show that things are not always what they seem, horses and gold bricks being a good deal alike in this respect. Mark Baldwin's mustang proved to be a finished waltzer, and after the saddle-girth had been broken and Mark had been deposited at full length in the roadway, he turned his animal over to Sullivan, who soon managed to become his master.

It was a morning filled with trials and tribulations, but we finally turned up at Colorado Springs with no bones broken, and so considered that we were in luck. The Denver and Rio Grande people had promised to hold the train an hour for our accommodation, but greatly to our surprise word came to us right in the middle of the game that we had but fifteen minutes in which to catch the train, and so we were obliged to cut the game short and make tracks for the depot.

The exhibition that we put up in the presence of that crowd of 1,200 people at Colorado Springs was a miserable one, the rarefied air being more to blame for it than anything else, and when we stopped play at the end of the sixth inning with the score at 16 to 9 in our favor I could hardly blame the crowd for jeering at us. At this point Jim Hart came very near to being left behind, he having stopped at the ground to adjust the matter of finances, and had he not made a sort of John Gilpin ride of it he might even now be browsing on the side of a Colorado mountain, and if he were, base-ball would have been none the loser.

I am very much afraid that the residents of Colorado Springs have not to this day a very high opinion of the Australian base-ball tourists, but if they are any sorer than I was after my experience with that cross-eyed sorrel, then I am sorry for them.

The trip through the Grand Canon of the Arkansas that we entered just as the sun was going down, was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, we viewing it from an observation car that had been attached to the rear of the train. Through great walls of rock that towered far above the rails the train plunged, twisting and turning like some gigantic snake in its death agony. Into the Royal Gorge we swung over a suspended bridge that spanned a mountain torrent, and that seemed scarcely stronger than a spider's web, past great masses of rock that were piled about in the greatest confusion, and that must have been the result of some great upheaval of which no records have ever come down to us.

We stopped for supper at the little mountain station of Solida, and then with the train divided into two sections steamed away for Marshall Pass, the huge rocks around us looking like grim battlements as they loomed up in the gathering darkness. Up and still up we climbed, the train running at times over chasms that seemed bottomless, upon slender bridges and then darting through narrow openings in the rocks that were but just wide enough for the train to pass. Reaching the summit of the pass, 10,858 feet above the sea level, we jumped from the coaches as the train came to a standstill and found ourselves standing knee-deep in the snow.

In the brief space of six hours we had passed from a land of sunshine to a land of snow and ice, and the transition for a time seemed to bewilder us. We had now climbed the back bone of the continent and in a few minutes afterward we were racing down its other side, past the Black Canon of the Gunnison, that we could see but dimly in the darkness, we thundered, and it was long after midnight when, weary with sight-seeing and the unusual fatigue of the day, we retired to our berths. Breakfasting the next morning at Green River, we soon afterwards entered the mountains of Utah, that seemed more like hills of mud than anything else after viewing the wonders of the Rockies.

On the night of October 30th we reached Salt Lake City, the stronghold of the Mormon faith, and one of the handsomest and cleanest cities that the far West can boast of. That morning we took in the tabernacle, the Great Salt Lake and other sights of the town, returning to the Walker House in time for dinner. The ball ground there was a fairly good one, and we started to play our first game in the presence of 2,500 people. In the first half of the fifth inning it started to rain, and how it did rain! The water did not come down in drops, but in bucketfuls. The game, which was called at the end of the fourth inning resulted in a victory for the All-Americans, they winning by a score of 9 to 3. All night long the rain fell, and as it was anything but pleasant under foot, we were content, that is, most of us, to remain within the friendly shelter of the hotels. The grounds next day were still in bad shape, and long before the game was over we were covered with mud from head to heels. The game was a good one so far as the All-Americans were concerned, but a bad one on the part of the Chicago players, the game going against us by a score of l0 to 3.

That we could not have had pleasant weather and seen more of Salt Lake City and its environs is a matter of regret with us to this day. The evening of November 1st found us aboard the cars and off for 'Frisco, the Paris of America.

Arriving at Ogden at midnight, we found two special sleepers awaiting us, and were soon once more en route.

The next day time hung somewhat heavy on our hands and the view from the car window soon became monotonous. Dreary wastes of sage brush greeted us on every hand, walled in by the mountains that, bare of verdure, raised their heads above the horizon some thirty miles away. To the pioneers who crossed those arid wastes in search of the new El Dorado, belongs all honor and praise, but how they ever managed to live and to reach the promised land is indeed a mystery.

The morning of November 3d found us away up among the mountains of the Sierra Nevada range, and here the scenery was a magnificent description, the great peaks being clothed almost to their very summits in robes of evergreen. Down toward the valleys clad in their suits of emerald green we rolled, the mountains giving away to hills and the hills to valleys as the day drew on, until we finally reached Sacramento, where we stopped for breakfast. Here we found just such a crowd to greet us as had met the train at Denver, the base-ball enthusiasts, who had been notified of our coming, having turned out in full force. Leaving Sacramento we passed through a most prosperous country dotted with orchards and vineyards as far as the eye could reach until we finally came to a standstill at the little station of Suison, thirty miles from San Francisco.

Here we were met by Mr. Hart, who, in company with Frank Lincoln, the humorist, and Fred Carroll, had gone on ahead of us to 'Frisco from Salt Lake City, and who had come out to meet us accompanied by a party of Pacific Coast base-ball managers, railroad men and representatives of the San Francisco press.

A telegram from E. J. Baldwin, better known by his soubriquet of "Lucky Baldwin," had been received by Mr. Spalding during the day, welcoming us to the city and to the Baldwin Hotel, and apprising us that carriages would be found in waiting for us at the foot of Market street. Landing from the ferry boats that carried us across the bay from Oakland, we found the carriages and proceeded at once to the Baldwin Hotel, where comfortable quarters had been provided for us. I had been notified by Mr. Hart while on the steamer, as were a half a dozen other members of the party, to get into a dress suit as soon as possible, and this I did with the help of Mrs. Anson, shortly after our arrival at the hotel. At 6 o'clock the invited members were escorted by members of the San Francisco Press and the California Base-ball League to Marchand's, one of the leading

restaurants of the city, where we found a dainty little supper awaiting us, to which I for one at least did full justice.

After supper we attended a performance of "The Corsair" at the Baldwin Theater, two proscenium boxes having been reserved for the members of the two teams, all of whom were in full dress, and it seemed to me as if we were attracting fully as much attention, if not more, than were the actors.

There was a big Republican parade the night that we arrived there and the streets in the neighborhood of the hotel were literally jammed with people, while the cheering and the noise that continued long after the bells had proclaimed the hour of midnight made sleep an impossibility. Tired as we were, it was not until the "wee sma' hours" had begun to grow longer that Mrs. Anson and I retired, and even then the noise that floated up to our ears from the crowds below kept us awake for some time, and that night in my dreams I still fancied that I was on the train and that I could hear the surging of the rails beneath me. Glad, indeed, was I the next morning to wake and find that I was once more on solid ground.

CHAPTER XX. TWO WEEKS IN CALIFORNIA.

We were booked for a stay of two weeks in San Francisco, and that two weeks proved to be one continual round of pleasure for every member of the party. The appearance of the city itself was somewhat of a disappointment to me, and I soon grew somewhat tired of climbing up hill only to climb down again. The really fine buildings, too, were few and far between, the majority of them being low wooden structures that looked like veritable fire-traps. They are built of redwood, however, and this, according to the natives, is hard to burn. The fact that the towns had not burned down yet would seem to bear out the truth of their assertion, though the Baldwin Hotel was built of the same material, and that went up in flames a little over a year ago in such a hurry that some of the people who were stopping there thought themselves lucky to get off with the loss of their wardrobes and baggage, while others who were not so lucky never got out at all.

The natural surroundings of the city are, however, decidedly handsome, and I doubt if there is a handsomer sight anywhere than San Francisco Bay, a bay in which all of the navies of the world could ride at anchor and still have plenty of room for the merchant vessels to come and go. The shores of this bay are lined with beautiful little suburban towns that are within easy reach by boat and sail from San Francisco, and it is in these towns that a large proportion of the people doing business in the city reside. The people are most hospitable and at the time of our visit the base-ball foes and cranks, both in the same category, were as thick as were the roses, and roses in California greet you at every turn, not the hot-house roses of the East, that are devoid of all perfume, but roses that are rich with fragrance and that grow in great clusters, clambering about the doorways of the rich and poor alike, drooping over the gateways and making bright the hedges. Flowers were to be seen everywhere, and their cheapness at the time of our visit was both the wonder and delight of the ladies.

The day after our arrival, November 4th, dawned bright and beautiful, but the haggard faces and the sleep-laden eyes of the tourists when they assembled at a late hour in the Baldwin Hotel rotunda boded ill for a good exhibition of the art of playing base-ball that we were to give that day.

My forebodings in this respect proved true. The Haight grounds were crowded, 10,500 people paying admission to see the game, and great crowds lined the streets and greeted us with cheers as we drove in carriages to the scene of action. The practice work on both sides prior to the opening of the game was of a most encouraging character, but as for the game itself—well, the least said the better. Tired out with travel and the late hours of the night before, we were in no condition to do ourselves justice. We were over-anxious, too, to put up a great game, and this also told against us. Baldwin who pitched for us had no control of the ball, and the stone wall infield of the Chicagos, which included yours truly, was way off and could not field a little bit. The score, All-American 14 and Chicago 4, tells the story of the game. That the crowd was disappointed was easy to see. They were good-natured about it, however, and it is safe to say that they did not feel half so badly as we did. Our reputation was at stake and theirs was not. That was the difference.

Two days afterward the All-Americans played the Greenwood and Morans on the same grounds, and the 3,000 people who had assembled to witness the game saw the All-Americans get a most disgraceful trouncing at the hands of the local team, the score at the end of the game standing at 12 to 2. It was my misfortune

to umpire this game, and I have often been accused since of having given the All-Americans the worst of the decision. It is always the privilege of the losers to kick at the umpire, however, and I have even been known to indulge in a gentle remonstrance myself when I thought the circumstances were justifiable. The truth of the matter is that it was the old story of late hours and a lack of condition, Crane being unsteady and the support accorded him not up to the standard, while the local club played a good game throughout, getting their hits in where they were needed and playing a really strong game in the field.

Before another crowd of 4,000 people, on November 6th, the All-Americans played the Pioneers, another local organization, and though Healy pitched a good game for the visitors they were beaten this time by a score of 9 to 4. Ward did not take part in the game on this occasion, he having taken a day off to shoot quail, and the defeat was largely chargeable to the costly errors divided up among Hanlon, Crane, Manning, Von Haltren, Wood and Fogarty.

In the meantime I had taken the Chicago team to Stockton, where on the same grounds as the All-Americans and Pioneers played we stacked up against the Stockton Club, then one of the strongest organizations in the Golden State. The 4,000 people assembled at the grounds there saw on that occasion as pretty a game as they could wish to see, the fielding on both sides being of the prettiest sort, and the work of the opposing pitchers, Tener for Chicago and Daly for Stockton, of the most effective character. At the end of the ninth inning the score was tied at 2 each, and the darkness coming on we were obliged to let it go at that, the people of Stockton being well pleased with the exhibition that they had been treated to by both teams, and especially jubilant over the fact that their own boys had been able to tie a nine of our calibre. The next day the Stockton team came down to San Francisco to measure strength with the All-Americans, Baker and Albright being their battery on this occasion, as opposed to Crane and Earle. The All-Americans, smarting under their two defeats at the hands of the local team, simply wiped up the ground with the Stockton boys on this occasion, pounding Baker all over the field and running up a score of 16 as against a single for their opponents. The showing made by the visitors on that occasion opened the eyes of the Californian ball-players and from that time on both the Pioneers and the Stocktons fought shy of both the visiting teams.

On the afternoon of November 10th we, and by that I mean the Chicago team, played the Haverlys before 5,000 spectators and defeated them after a pretty contest by a score of 6 to 1, Baldwin pitching an excellent game for the

Chicagos, and Incell, who was at that time the idol of the Pacific Coast, a good game for the local team, though his support was weak.

The following day 6,000 people passed through the gates at the Haight street grounds to witness the second game between Chicago and All-American teams, and though this was marred by poor work here and there, the fielding was of such a brilliant character, especially the work of Chicago's stone wall, as to work the enthusiasm of the crowd up to the highest pitch. Tener and Von Haltren did the twirling on this occasion for Chicago and All-Americans respectively, and both of them were at their best. The All-Americans showed strongest at the bat, however, and as a result we were beaten by a score of 9 to 6. During the next week the team made a flying trip to Los Angeles, where two games were played, we being white-washed in the first one and beaten by a score of 7 to 4 in the second. This ended our ball-playing in California, for though it had been the intention to play a farewell game prior to our sailing for Australia, a steady rain that set in made this impossible.

When we were not playing ball we were either sightseeing in the neighborhood of San Francisco or else being entertained by some of the numerous friends that we made during our stay in "the glorious climate of California," the first supper at Marchand's being followed by a host of others, and dinner parties, banquets and theater parties were so thickly sandwiched in that it was a matter of wonderment that we were ever able to run the bases at all.

There was scarcely a single place of interest accessible to the city that we did not visit, from the Cliff House, which is one of the most popular resorts that Sari Francisco boasts of, its spacious grounds and verandas being thronged with people on Sundays and holidays, to the Chinese quarter, a portion of the city that no visitor to the Golden State should miss seeing, even if he has to make a journey of one hundred miles to do so.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is a city in itself, and one in which the contrasts between wealth and poverty is even more marked than it ever was in the Seven Dials of London.

The stores of the well-to-do Chinese merchants are filled with the richest of silks, the rarest of teas and the most artistic of bric-a-brac, the carvings in ivory and fancy lacquer work being especially noticeable, but close to them in the narrow streets are the abodes of vice and squalor, and squalor of the sort that

reeks in the nostrils and leaves a bad taste for hours afterward in the mouths of the sight-seer. At the time of our visit both the opium dens and the gambling houses were running in full blast, and this in spite of the spasmodic efforts made by the police to close them. John Chinaman is a natural born gambler, and to obtain admission to one of his resorts is a more difficult matter than it would be for an ordinary man to obtain an audience with the Queen of England. He does his gambling behind walls of steel plate and behind doors that, banged shut as they are at the slightest sign of danger, would have to be battered down with sledges or blown open with dynamite before one could gain admission, and by that time the inmates would have all escaped and nothing would be left behind to show the nature of the business carried on.

Crime runs rampant in this section of the town, and when a Chinaman is murdered, in nine cases out of ten the slayer escapes punishment at the hands of the law, though he may have it meted out to him in some horrible form at the hands of the dead man's friends and relatives.

To go through the Chinese quarters by daylight is a sight well worth seeing, but to go through there with a guide after the night's dark shadows have fallen, is more than that. It is a revelation. These guides are licensed by the city, and are under the protection of the police.

They are as well known to the Chinamen as they are to the officers of the law, and the visitor is always safe in following wherever they may lead.

The tenement houses in the poorer sections of any great city are a disgrace to modern civilization, but a Chinese tenement house is as much worse than any of these as can be imagined. In one section of the Chinese quarter at San Francisco is a four-story building above ground, with a double basement below, one being under the other, and with an open court extending from the lower basement clear to the roof. In this building, which is jocularly styled by the guides, "The Palace Hotel of the Chinese quarter," and in which a hundred Americans would find difficulty in existing, over a thousand Chinamen live, sleep and eat, all of the cooking being done on a couple of giant ranges in the basement, which is divided up into shops, opium dens and sleeping quarters.

In these shops are some clever artisans in brass and ivory, and the locks that are turned out by hand by some of these brass-workers, and made to a great extent on the same principles as the celebrated locks made in this country by the Yale

Company, are marvels of workmanship in all of their parts, the joints being as neatly filled in as though turned out by the latest improved machinery, the wonder of it all being that the principles upon which they were made have been known to the Chinese for thousands of years, the Yale locks being apparently nothing but a slight improvement on the original John Chinaman ideas.

In the opium dens one sees nothing but squalor and misery. A visit to one of them is a visit to them all, and one visit is generally enough to disgust the seeker after strange sensation, the acrid smell of the smoke and the noisome stench of the close rooms being almost unbearable.

The Joss Houses, in which are hideous idols before which tapers and incense are constantly burning, and the Chinese theaters, with their never-ending performances, are all strange sights in their way, and sights that are well worth the taking in. The Chinese quarter is a blot on the fair name of San Francisco, however, and leaving it one wonders how and why it has ever been allowed to grow into its present huge proportions. The memories of these after-dark trips still linger with me even now, like the shadow of some dark dream, and yet I am glad that I made them, if only for the purpose of seeing how the other half of the world manages to exist.

In company with Tom Daly, Bob Pettit, Harry Palmer and others of the party I enjoyed several horseback rides through the residence and suburban portions of the city, where I found much to wonder at and admire.

During our stay President Spalding, Captain Ward, Captain Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Williamson, Messrs. McMillan and Palmer, and Mrs. Anson and myself were handsomely entertained at Oakland by Mr. Waller Wallace, of the California "Spirit of the Times," a paper now defunct, and the glimpses of the bay and city that we caught at that time made the day a most pleasant one, to say nothing of the hospitality that greeted us on every hand. Messrs. Spalding, Ward, McMillan, Palmer and myself were also handsomely entertained by the Press Club, and also by the Merchants' Club of San Francisco, an organization that numbered among its members at that time many of the leading business men of San Francisco and vicinity.

The day of our departure for Australia had been finally fixed for November 18th, and the evening before Spalding, as a recognition of the kindness with which we had been treated during our stay, gave a farewell banquet to the members of the

California League and the San Francisco Press Club at the Baldwin Hotel, covers being laid for seventy-five guests, among them being several men of prominence in the social and business world of the Pacific Coast. The menu card for that occasion, which is circular in form and represents a base-ball cover, now lies before me, the idea originating in the fertile brain of Frank Lincoln. Under the heading of "score-card," on the inside, is the magic injunction, "Play Ball," with which the majority of us who sat at the table were so familiar, and among the courses, "Eastern oysters on the home run," "Green turtle a la Kangaroo," "Petit pate a la Spalding," "Stewed Terrapin, a la Ward," "Frisco Turkey a la Foul," together with other dishes, all of which had some allusion either to base-ball or to our contemplated Australian trip.

After we had played ball, the debris cleared away and the cigars lighted, there followed a succession of impromptu speech-making, the toasts and those who replied being as follows: "Early Californian Ball-players," Judge Hunt of the Superior Court; "The National League Champions, the New York Base-ball Club," ex-Senator James F. Grady, of New York; "The San Francisco Press," W. N. Hart, of the San Francisco Press Club; "The Good Ship Alameda," Capt. Henry G. Morse; "A G. Spalding and the Australian Trip," Samuel F. Short-ride; "The Chicago Nine," yours truly; "The All-Americans," Capt. John M. Ward; "The 'Base-ball' Cricketers," George Wright. In closing Spalding thanked the press and the base-ball people of the coast for the magnificent reception that we had received, and for all the kindness which had been showered upon us since our arrival, after which we bade farewell to those of our friends that we should not see again before our departure.

That night all was bustle and confusion about, the hotel. With an ocean journey of 7,000 miles before us there was much to be done, and it was again late before we retired to dream of the King of the Cannibal Islands and the Land of the Kangaroo.

Eleven years have rolled away since that trip to San Francisco was made and many of the friends that we then met with and that helped to entertain us so royally have passed over the Great Divide that separate the known from the unknown, but their memory still lingers with us and will as long as life shall last.

There was not a minute of the time that was spent on the coast that I did not enjoy myself. I found the Californians a warm-hearted, genial and impulsive people, in whose make-up and habits of life there still live the characteristics of

those early pioneers who settled there in:

"The days of old, the days of gold, The days of '49."
and to whom money came easily and went the same way.

CHAPTER XXI. WE VISIT THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

"We sail the ocean blue, Our saucy ship's a beauty.
We're sailors good and true, And attentive to our duty."

So sang the jolly mariners on the good ship Pinafore, and so might have sung the members of the Chicago and All-American base-ball teams as they sailed out through the Golden Gate and into the blue waters of the Pacific on the afternoon of November 18, 1888. Only at that time we were not in the least sure as to whether the Alameda was a beauty or not, pleasant as she looked to the eye, and we had a very reasonable doubt in our minds as to whether we were sailors "good and true." There was a long ocean voyage before us, and the few of us that were inclined to sing refrained from doing so lest it might be thought that, like the boy in the wood, we were making a great noise in order to keep our courage up. We were one day late in leaving San Francisco, it having been originally planned to leave here on Saturday, November 17th, and this delay of one day served to cut short our visit at Honolulu. The morning of our departure had dawned gray and sullen and rainy, but toward noon the clouds broke away and by two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour set for our departure, the day had become a fairly pleasant one.

At the wharf in San Francisco, a great crowd had assembled to wish us bon voyage, conspicuous among them being my paternal ancestor, who would have liked well enough to make the entire trip, and who would doubtless have done so could he have spared the necessary time from his business at Marshalltown. Here, too, we bade farewell to Jim Hart, Van Haltren and others of the party who had accompanied us on our trip across the country, and who were now either going to return to their homes or spend the winter in San Francisco. Hardly had we left the narrow entrance to the harbor, known as the Golden Gate, and entered the deep blue waters of the Pacific before a heavy fog came down upon the

surface of the deep, shutting out from our gaze the land that we were fast leaving, and that we were not again destined to see for many months. The steamer was now rising and falling on the long swells of the Pacific Ocean, but so gently as to be scarcely perceptible, except to those who were predisposed to seasickness, and to whom the prospects of a long voyage were anything but pleasant. I am a fairly good sailor myself, and, though I have been seasick at times, this swell that we now encountered bothered me not in the least. Some ten miles from the harbor entrance, the steamer stopped to let the pilot off, and with his departure the last link that bound us to America was broken.

Our party on board the steamer numbered thirty-five people, and besides these there were some twenty-five other passengers, among them being Prof. Wm. Miller, the wrestler, whose name and fame are well known to athletes the world over, and who in company with his wife was bound for Australia. Sir Jas. Willoughby, an effeminate-looking Englishman of the dude variety, whose weakness for cigarettes and champagne soon became known to us, and who was doing a bit of a tour for his own pleasure; Major General Strange, of the English army, a tall, awkward-looking man, with eagle eyes, gray beard and a bronzed complexion, who had for years been quartered in India, and who had taken part in the Sepoy rebellion, some of the incidents of which he was never tired of relating; Frank Marion, his pretty wife and bright-eyed baby, the parents being a pair of light comedians, whose home was in the United States and who were going to Australia for the purpose of filling an engagement at Sidney, and to whose ability as musicians and skill in handling the guitar and banjo we were indebted for a great deal of pleasure before reaching our destination; Colonel J. M. House and a Mr. Turner, both from Chicago, where they did business at the stock yards, and who were hale and hearty fellows, a little beyond the meridian of life, and who were making the Australian trip for the purpose of business and pleasure; and last but not least Prof. Bartholomew, an aeronaut, who hailed from the wilds of Michigan and talked in a peculiar dialect of his own, and who joined our party for exhibition purposes at San Francisco, and proved to be a constant source of amusement to us all.

We could not have had a more delightful trip than the one from San Francisco to Honolulu had the weather been made expressly to our order, the sea being at all times so smooth that one might almost have made the entire trip in a racing shell, and that without shipping water enough 'to do any damage. It was blue above and blue below, the sky being without a cloud and the water without so much as even a gentle ripple, save at the bow of the boat where the water parted to let us

through, and at the stern, where it was churned into masses of foam by the revolving screw of the steamer. But if the days were beautiful the nights were simply grand, and the ladies were to be found on deck until a late hour watching the reflections of the moon and the stars upon the water and enjoying the balmy salt breezes that came pure and fresh from the caves of old Ocean. The second afternoon out of San Francisco the passengers were suddenly startled by the clanging of a bell and the mad rush on deck of a lot of half-clad seamen, who seemed to come from all sorts of unexpected places, and who, springing to the top of the cabins and boiler rooms began quickly to unreel long lines of hose and attach them to the ship hydrants, while a score or more of sailors stood by the life buoys and the long lines of water buckets that lined the deck. That the ship was on fire was the thought that naturally came to the minds of many of us, and it is not to be wondered at that pale cheeks were here and there to be seen, for I can conceive of nothing in my mind that could be more horrible than a fire at sea. The alarm proved a false one, however, it being simply the daily fire practice of the ship's crew, in which we afterwards took considerable interest.

In spite of the fact that we were steaming along the beaten paths of navigation it was not until our fifth day that we encountered another ship, and then it was about eleven o'clock at night, and after the majority of the passengers had "sought the seclusion that a cabin grants," to again quote from Pinafore. Suddenly, as we plowed the waters, the scene was brilliantly illuminated by a powerful calcium light on top of the wheel-house, and by its glare we saw not far distant a steamer that we afterward ascertained to be the one bound from Honolulu to San Francisco. She had left San Francisco for the islands before the Presidential election had taken place, and as the Hawaiian Islands were not connected by cable with the United States, its passengers were ignorant of the result. It had been arranged, however, that a single rocket was to be sent up from the Alameda in case of Harrison's election, and two in case of, his defeat. As Harrison had been elected only a single rocket from our steamer cleft the blue, leaving behind it a trail of fiery sparks, and this was answered by a shower of rockets from the "Australia," that being the name of the sister ship that we had met, after which her lights grew dimmer and dimmer until they were finally lost to sight below the horizon.

With music, cards and games of chance of every kind and variety the days and nights passed pleasantly enough on board ship, and if there was anything that we had not bet upon before the ship arrived at Honolulu it was simply because it had been overlooked in some careless manner by the tourists. When it came to

making up a poker party the old gentleman was greatly missed, as "Pa Anson" had never been found wanting when there was a card party on hand and a chance to wager his chips.

Before leaving San Francisco Mr. Spalding had met the Liverpool, England, agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, a Mr. S. A. Perry, and as a result of a long conversation it was agreed upon that the latter should visit such European cities as the tourists might desire to play ball in, and cable the result of his investigations to Australia. III case he found the indications were favorable to our doing a good business in Great Britain, where we were again desirous of giving exhibitions, it had been about decided by Mr. Spalding and myself that we should continue on around the world instead of returning directly home from Australia, as we had first intended. The possibility of a change in our plans we had, however, kept to ourselves, the newspaper correspondents only being taken into our confidence. The matter was allowed to leak out, however, during the voyage to Honolulu and the proposed trip was greeted with great enthusiasm by the ball players, who looked forward to it with the most pleasant anticipations, and who talked of but little else until the details were finally agreed upon at Melbourne and the proposed trip became a reality instead of a mere "castle in the air."

The details of this trip had already been made public in the United States the week after our departure from San Francisco, so that the people at home were aware of what might occur even before the ball players themselves had had a chance to realize that they were to become globetrotters.

Owing to the fact that we had left San Francisco a day late we were a day late in arriving at the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, where we had been scheduled to play a game on Saturday, November 24th, but where, owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, we were fated not to play at all in spite of the fact that every preparation for our doing so had been made and that King and court were more than anxious to see the American athletes in action. The nightfall of Saturday found us still plowing the blue waters of the Pacific 150 miles from the islands, and as we sat on deck in the moonlight we could picture in fancy the despair of our advance agent, Mr. Simpson, who had gone on ahead of us from San Francisco and who was still in ignorance of the cause of our detention.

It was just as the day began to break on the morning of Sunday, November 25th, that the cry of "Land ho!" from the lookout on the bridge echoed over the

steamer's decks, and it was but a few minutes afterward when the members of our party had assembled next the rail to gaze at what was then but a faint blur upon the distant horizon. An hour later the green verdure of the islands and the rugged peaks of the mountains that loomed up against the rosy tint of the changing sky were plainly discernible, as were the white buildings of the city of Honolulu and the little fleet of shipping that was anchored in its bays. The sight was a beautiful one, and one upon which .we gazed with delight as the steamer sailed in past Diamond Head and slowed down in the still waters of the bay upon whose shores Honolulu is located.

Nearing the shore we were met by a ship's boat containing Mr. Geoffrey, the steamship company's resident agent; Harry Simpson, our advance guard; Mr. F. M. Whitney and Mr. Geo. N. Smith, the latter a cousin of Mr. Spalding, then residing in Honolulu, together with a party of natives bearing baskets that were filled with wreaths of flowers called "Leis," with which they proceeded to decorate each member of our party as a token of welcome and good will. As the steamer cables were made fast and we were drawn slowly to our berth at the dock we looked down from our perch on the rail at a crowd of fully 2,000 people that assembled there to bid us welcome, the King's band, "The Royal Hawaiian," with dark complexions and uniforms of white duck, occupying a conspicuous place and playing for our benefit such familiar tunes as "The Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee-.Doodle," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," each and every one of them bringing out an answering cheer from the Alameda's passengers.

The morning was a bright and beautiful one and the mountains touched with the gold: of the sunrise, the plantations lying green and quiet along the shores, and the rapidly-growing crowd upon the dock, all combined to make the picture beautiful, and one that will never be forgotten.

The officers of the U. S. Cruiser "Alert," which lay not far distant, had given us a hearty cheer as we passed, while the cheers that greeted us from the dock were almost incessant and told us in an unmistakable manner that we were indeed welcome to the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Looking down from the steamer deck one saw people of almost every clime, the dark complexioned, straight-haired and intelligent-looking natives being in the majority, their white suits and dark faces adding greatly to the color of the scene. Pretty girls, too, were very much in evidence, and the eyes of many of our party strayed in their direction, especially those of the unmarried men, which variety

composed the majority of our party.

Business in Honolulu the day before had been entirely suspended in expectation of our arrival, and great was the disappointment when the day passed without the steamer being sighted. It was then thought that we would not put in an appearance before Monday, and so, when the word went around on Sunday morning that the "Alameda" was coming in, the entire city was taken by surprise and everything was bustle and confusion.

King Kalakuau had set up a great portion of the night awaiting our coming, and so disappointed was he when we failed to put in an appearance that he accumulated an uncomfortable load, and this he was engaged in sleeping off when he was awakened by his courtiers and informed of our arrival.

Shortly after we had shaken hands with the members of the reception committee and the steamer had been made fast to the dock we entered the carriages that had been provided for us and were driven to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, passing by the palace of King Kalakuau on the way. The streets were in themselves a novelty, being lined by stately palms, cocoanuts and bananas, laden with fruits and nuts, while there were flowers everywhere. The hotel, which stood in the center of beautifully laid out grounds, seemed like some palatial residence, and we were no sooner seated in the spacious dining-room, with its open windows extending from floor to ceiling, than the Royal Band began a concert in the music-stand beneath the windows.

This band was certainly a magnificent one, and one that has but few equals in the world, or had at that time, it being then under the leadership of Bandmaster Berger, a musician of the first class.

At breakfast that morning we were served for the first time with the native dish of "Poi," a pink-colored mush that, to be appreciated, must be eaten in the native manner, the people to the manner born plunging a forefinger into the dish, giving it a peculiar twist that causes it to cling, and then depositing it between the lips, where the "Poi" remains and the finger is again ready to seek the dish. In eating in such a fashion Frank Flint would have had away the best of it, and, as it was, I noticed both then and afterward that men like Williamson, Ward and others, who boasted of a base-ball finger, managed to get away with something more than their share of the delicacy.

On the balconies after breakfast we again listened to the sweet strains of the "Aloha Oe," the welcome song of the native Islanders, with which we had been greeted on our arrival at the docks.

As we stood on the balconies taking in the beautiful sights by which we were surrounded, we were informed that his majesty, "the King of the Cannibal Islands," as some members of the party irreverently referred to him, would be pleased to receive us at eleven o'clock at the palace. An invitation from a King is equivalent to a command, and so we at once made ready for the reception. When the appointed hour arrived Clarence Duval, clad in the full regalia of a drum major, took his place at the head of the Royal Band, which had formed in front of the hotel, and behind the music, headed by United States Minister Morrill and Mr. Spalding, were the members of the two teams in double file, the ladies following in carriages. In this order the procession marched to the palace, where the King and his cabinet were awaiting our arrival.

The grounds surrounding the palace were beautiful, indeed, and as we reached the massive portico at the entrance the band formed on one side as, with hats off, we filed up the steps, being met on the landing by members of the King's Cabinet, and by attendants, who directed us to the blue room, where we deposited our hats and canes. We were then requested to follow Minister Morrill, who took Mr. Spalding's arm and led the way across a great hall hung with pictures of the Island's dead-and-gone rulers, and into the throne room, the latter an imposing apartment large enough for several hundred couples to dance in, where the King, arrayed in citizen's clothes, stood before his throne with a Gentleman of Honor in court costume on either side. Minister Morrill introduced Mr. Spalding to the King, and he in turn introduced the other members of our party as they filed in by him, be bowing to each of the party as the name was mentioned. After the reception was over we wrote our names on the court register, and then, after being shown through the palace, were escorted back to the hotel by the band.

King Kalakuau was by no means a bad-looking fellow, being tall and somewhat portly, with the usual dark complexion, dark eyes and white teeth, which were plainly visible when he smiled, that distinguished all of the Kanaka race. Somehow, and for no apparent reason, there came to my mind as I looked at him the lines of that old song:

"Hokey, pokey, winky wum,

How do you like your murphys done?
Sometimes hot and sometimes cold,
King of the Cannibal Islands,"

and I tried hard to fancy what might have happened had we landed on those same islands several centuries before.

Sunday amusements of all kinds being prohibited by an old Hawaiian law, a relic of the old missionary days, made an exhibition by the members of the two teams an impossibility, although the members of the Reception Committee, backed by many of the native Islanders, petitioned that we should do so, offering to bear any and all of the expenses incurred by us should any trouble be forthcoming. Couriers bearing petitions to the same effect were also sent around the city, and soon over a thousand names to these had been obtained. The risk was too great a one to be taken, however, as in case anything did happen we were almost certain to miss our boat and be detained in Honolulu for a longer period of time than we could afford to spend there. Our refusal to defy the law and play ball anyhow was a great disappointment both to the American contingent and to the natives, they having been looking forward to the game for weeks with most pleasant anticipations. They took their disappointment good-naturedly, however, and proceeded to make our stay among them as pleasant as possible. The most of our time was devoted to sight-seeing, some of the party going in one direction and some in the other.

In company with several others, Mrs. Anson and myself drove out to the Pali, viewing the magnificent scenery to be found there from the plateau, where, according to the tales of the natives, it rains every day in the year between certain hours. I was not there long enough to swear to the truth of the story, but as it rained the one day that we were on hand I am willing to assume that it rained the other three hundred and sixty-four, and let it go at that. We then drove through many of the city's most beautiful avenues, past the Royal mausoleum, where sleep the former Kings and Queens of Hawaii, from Kamehameha to the Princess Like Like, who was the last of those that had been interred there at the time of our visit. The parks and roadways of Honolulu are of rare beauty, and many of the principal residences and public buildings of a kind that would do credit to any country in the world. At the residence of the Hon. A. S. Claghorn, where we stopped for a few minutes, we were introduced to the Princess Kaiulani, a really beautiful Hawaiian girl, and one who was the possessor of rare accomplishments and of a most winning manner. We also paid a visit to the

residence of one Hon. John H. Cummins, one of the Hawaiian sugar kings, where we were entertained in a most handsome manner. The time spent in driving around passed all too quickly, and, reaching the hotel, we began to prepare for the grand Luau, or native feast, that was to be given in our honor by King Kalakuau and Messrs. Samuel Parker, John Ena and George Beckley, and which proved to be one of the most novel and delightful features of our trip.

This feast was given in the Queen's grounds, in the center of which was placed her private residence. As we drove past the King's palace and through an avenue lined by towering palms and came unexpectedly upon the brilliantly illuminated-grounds, with their magnificent groves of banana, date, cocoanut, royal palms and other trees and plants of a tropical nature, the scene was a never to be forgotten one. The spacious enclosure was literally ablaze with light. Japanese lanterns of all colors, flaming torches of oil gleaming close together among the foliage.

As the uniformed officers at the gates made way for us we entered the grounds. Minister Morrill, Mr. Spalding, Capt. Morse of the "Alameda," and the ladies leading the way and walking toward a great tree near the center of the grounds, beneath which stood the King, the Hon. John Cummins, and the members of the King's Cabinet. At the birth of each member of the Royal family, according to custom, a tree was planted upon royal ground, and as this tree flourishes or decays it is supposed to foreshadow the future of the child for whom it was planted. King Kalakuau on this occasion stood beneath his own birth-tree, planted some, fifty years before, which at that time gave no indication of the fate that a few years later was to overtake him in a strange land. Greeting each of his guests cordially he bade all make ourselves thoroughly at home, a thing that we proceeded at once to do without further ceremony, wandering about the grounds and seeing whatever was to be seen.

An hour after our arrival the King, offering his arm to Mrs. Spalding, led the way toward the grove where the banquet was to be served, he being followed by H. R. H. Lilino Kalani, the King's sister, Prince Kawanonakoa, Mr. Spalding, Capt. Morse and the rest of the party. The tables were laid upon blocks elevated not more than six inches from the ground, in the shape of a letter U, and upon each side lay long strips of matting, upon which we sat cross-legged, like Turks, while shapely Kanaka girls in flowing robes of white stood over us moving fans of gorgeous colors. Poi was given to us in huge calabashes, while upon the big platters that were set before us and incased in the long, coarse-fibred leaves in

which they had been baked, were portions of beef, pork, veal, fish, chickens and other viands usual to a banquet in our own land. Bands of native boys with stringed instruments played continuously' during the feast, making music of a peculiar character, that rose and fell as the busy hum of conversation and mingled with the joyous laughter of the men and maidens that were gathered about the table.

At last silence was requested, and as the noise died away the King's Attorney General, speaking for his majesty, expressed the pleasure that the Hawaiian ruler felt in entertaining such a representative body of Americans in his own islands. To this speech President Spalding responded in well-chosen words, thanking both the King and the residents of Honolulu for the hospitality shown us, after which, at the King's request, Lincoln entertained the guests with his satire on after-dinner speeches, his "A B C" orations, and his mixing of a soda cocktail, all of which provoked roars of laughter. After the banquet the King and the members of his court and family held a levee beneath his birth-tree, where, just before nine o'clock, we all filed by to bid him farewell, Clarence Duval having danced for him in the meantime to the patting of hands by Burns, Pfeffer, Ryan and Williamson, a performance that amused his majesty greatly, a tea-dollar gold piece being the reward that he gave to the little coon for his performance.

At the outskirts of the grounds we paused to give three cheers for King Kalakuau, three more for our Honolulu friends, and three more for the ladies, after which we were driven to the hotel and thence to-the steamer, which was to sail at ten o'clock. At the dock another great crowd had assembled to see us off, and as we swung out to sea there came to our ears the sweet strains of the "Aloha" song, from the members of the Royal Band, growing fainter and fainter as the distance between the steamer and the shore increased, until at last it died away altogether as we rounded the headlands, and it was heard no more.

CHAPTER XXII. FROM HONOLULU TO AUSTRALIA.

The majority of our party, and among them Mrs. Anson and myself, remained upon the deck that evening chatting of the many beautiful things that we had seen and gazing in the direction of the fast-vanishing islands until they were at last lost to sight behind the mystic veil of the moonlight, and then we sought our stateroom to dream of the wonderful sights that were yet to come. There was now an ocean trip of 3,900 miles before us, before we should set foot on shore at New Zealand, and with never a stop between save a brief wait for the mail at the Samoan Islands. We were all pretty fair sailors by this time, having become used to the motion of the vessel, and so the long voyage had for us no terror, though we could not help but hope that the sea would remain as smooth as it had been up to that time, and that we should encounter no storms before reaching our destination.

How to keep the members of the two teams in anything like good condition for playing had been a problem with me for several days and one that I had spent some time in studying over during the first week of our voyage. The boys were all getting restless for lack of active exercise, and it was plain to me that something would have tot, be done or they would be in no condition when Australia was reached to do themselves or the country that, they represented justice.

"See here, George," I said to Wright the afternoon after we had left Honolulu, as we were sitting beside the steamer rail and looking across the blue expanse of waters, "this sort of a life will never do for American ballplayers who expect to exploit the beauties of the game in foreign lands. We shall be as stiff as old women and as fat as a lot of aldermen by the time we reach Australia unless we take exercise of some kind during the voyage. Can't we manage to get some cricket practice in some way?"

George thought we could do so, and a little later we held an interview with Capt.

Morse, who was one of the best fellows that I ever sailed with. The result was on the following morning half a dozen sailors were set to work to roof over and wall in with canvas the rear end of the quarter deck promenade, upon the larboard side of the ship, which being done prevented the balls from going into the sea. This, when completed, gave us an enclosed cricket alley of about forty feet long, eight feet wide and ten feet high. The wickets were set in the extreme edge of this alley, the bowler facing the opening of the tent, twenty feet beyond it, so he had plenty of room to swing his arm and ample distance in which to break the ball in spite of the smooth decks and the rolling of the ship. A fifty-foot stretch of cocoa matting that Mr. Wright had thoughtfully provided gave a surface upon which to bowl almost as goad as genuine turf, and each day from that time on until the voyage was over several hours were put in by the boys at practice, the exercise proving to be just what was needed, the members of both teams, thanks to this, reaching Australia in good playing condition. After our cricket alley had been built the time did not hang as heavily on our hands as before, and between practice at the English national game, cards, music, conversation and reading, the days glided by both swiftly and pleasantly. The weather became very warm soon after we left Honolulu and many of the boys preferred sleeping, in the steamer chairs upon the deck rather than in the close staterooms that had been allotted to them. The decks at this time presented some queer sights, and the practical jokers in the party managed to extract a lot of fun at the expense of the sleepers. At 5:30 in the morning the slumberers were awakened by the sailors who started in to wash down the decks, when they would retire to their staterooms, doff their pajamas and return en natural to the vicinity to the smoker, where there were two perforated nozzles, and get their salt water baths. A sponge-off in fresh water followed and then a cup of black coffee and a soda cracker that was provided by the steward, and that stayed their stomachs until the welcome sound of the gong called us to breakfast.

We crossed the Equator some time between 1 and 2 o'clock on the morning of December 1st, and the occasion was celebrated by a musicale in the cabin under the supervision of Frank Lincoln, during the progress of which everybody who could help entertain in the least was pressed into service. A thrilling account of his own experiences during the Sepoy mutiny in India and his adventures during the celebrated siege of Lucknow, told by Gen. Strange, proved most interesting. Later on at the bow of the ship the whole party assembled and whiled the time away with song and story until Capt. Morse came himself to inform us that we had crossed the line and were now safe on the Southern Seas. I did not see the line nor did I even feel the bottom of the steamer scrape it as she went over, but

it may be that owing to the darkness and the music I noticed neither of these things.

Early in the morning of December 2d it began blowing hard and by the time the noon hour had arrived the steamer was rolling about like a bass-wood log in a mountain torrent. There were some familiar faces missing from the tables at meal time that day and the stewards who waited upon those whose stomachs were still in eating order worked under difficulties, it being always a question of where they would bring up when they entered the cabin door. All that day:

It was rough, mighty rough,
But the boys they stood by,
And they ran on a bluff
On the grub on the sly,

while the sick ones that lay in their staterooms were hoping and praying they'd die.

That night there was no comfort to be had on deck, which was wet and slippery, so a mock trial was held in the cabin that afforded considerable amusement, General Strange acting as the presiding judge and Sir James Willoughby as the prisoner at the bar. Charges had been preferred to the effect that Sir James was not a peer of the realm as he had represented himself, and that he was carrying concealed weapons in violation of the ship's law. John Ward acted as counsel for the defendant, Col. House as prosecuting attorney, and Jimmy Forgarty as court crier. The witnesses were all sworn not to tell the truth, and anything but the truth, and as a result there were such whoppers told as would have made the original Annanias turn green with envy. Thanks to the eloquence of John Ward, however, Sir James was acquitted with all honor, but that trial was one of the most amusing incidents of the voyage.

The spell of heavy weather lasted but a few hours, after which time the wind died away, the waves calmed down and the sun shone as brilliantly as ever. On the night of December 30th and while the weather still left much to be desired, we sighted the Northernmost Island of the Samoan group, which are famous by reason of the destruction of a fleet of United States cruisers anchored in one of the harbors by a tornado, a native insurrection that threatened to bring about war between the United States and Germany, and as the home and burial place of Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous writer. Ed Crane and several others of the

party and myself were sitting on deck and under the shelter of an awning watching for a glimpse of the land that we all knew was not far away, when a little after 11 o'clock we ran suddenly under the lee of a mountainous ridge of land that loomed up like a huge shadow in the uncertain light, and almost immediately found ourselves in smooth water.

Walking toward the bow of the boat we reached there just as a green signal light was flashed from the bridge. Before us lay the land, and as we watched, a light twinkled on the shore nearly five miles away in answer to our signal. Slowly we steamed toward it, the signal lights flashing their messages at short intervals through the darkness until we reached the harbor, where we lay about half a mile from the land until a sloop and a dory reached us with the mail and passengers for Auckland. Of both the land and the natives we had but a glimpse, one of the latter, a red-headed and stalwart specimen of his race, clambering to the steamer's deck in order to get a receipt for the mail and a glassful of gin, both of which were given him by the purser. The former he stowed away somewhere in his scanty clothing and the latter he gulped down as though it were water, after which he swung himself over the rail and disappeared from sight in the darkness. A few moments later we had left Samoan Islands behind us and were again tossing on the foam-topped waves. Samoa was left not far behind, however, when the weather turned colder and before many hours had passed we were all glad to change our clothing of a tropical weight for garments that were much heavier, and to seek comfortable places in the cabin at night rather than the open deck. Even the cricket practice had begun to get monotonous, and we were all looking forward with pleasure to the time when we might once more feel the solid land beneath our feet.

It was with feelings of delight therefore that we heard early on the morning of December 9th that we were within sight of our destination and that we should be on shore, barring accident, by the noon hour. Standing on deck long before it was time for breakfast, we feasted our eyes on the green hills that were in plain sight, and then fell to wondering what sort of a welcome awaited us in the New Zealand seaport that we were rapidly nearing.

While at the breakfast table that morning Capt. Morse was presented by Gen. Strange, on behalf of the passengers, with a purse of $200 as a testimonial to his skill, kindness and uniform courtesy. The big Captain was taken by surprise, but he acknowledged the gift in a brief and manly speech that brought out a round of applause from the listeners.

The harbor at Auckland is reached by means of a winding passage walled in by hills of volcanic origin, and the bay itself is second only to that of Sydney in beauty, the sides of the high hills that wall it in being dotted here and there by pretty residences of white stone, surrounded by broad porticos and handsomely arranged grounds. The town was as quiet as a country funeral and this we marveled at until we were informed that we had lost a day from our calendar and that instead of being Saturday as we had thought, it was Sunday. Leigh Lynch, who had been detained at Sydney, had sent his cousin, Will Lynch, to meet us and as the steamer was made fast to the dock he came on board with a bouquet of flowers for the different members of the party. Several newspaper men, who followed him shortly afterward, expressed their regret that we had not arrived the day before, as then we could have played to some eight or ten thousand people. We had expected to remain in Auckland but a few hours and were therefore agreeably surprised when Capt. Morse informed us that the Alameda would remain there to coal until 5 o'clock the next afternoon.

After a good dinner at the Imperial Hotel, Mrs. Anson and myself, accompanied by others of the party, drove about Auckland and its environs and though a drizzling rain was falling we found much to admire and to wonder at in the vicinity of that New Zealand seaport. Soon after sundown the skies cleared and that evening we enjoyed ourselves in strolling about the streets, being determined to make the most of the short time on shore that was allotted to us.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful, and, after paying a visit to the City Hall, where we received a warm welcome from Mayor Devore, we proceeded to get into our base-ball uniforms and prepare for the game that was to take place that afternoon.

During the noon hour the local band came marching down the principal street to the dock, and shortly afterward it started at the head of a procession of carriages containing the ball players and two tally-hos containing the passengers of the Alameda, who attended the game as our guests. The enclosure in which we played that day was as handsome as any that we saw in New Zealand, the grounds being as level as a billiard table and the turf as smooth and soft as velvet. The game was one that was remarkable on both sides for its heavy batting, the ball rolling away over the smooth surface of the outfield in a way that almost broke the hearts of the fielders and at the same time gave them more exercise than they had had for weeks. The 4,500 people that witnessed the contest waxed enthusiastic over the heavy batting of the visitors from the

"States" and also over the splendid fielding. Baldwin was in the box for us in this game and pitched great ball, Crane doing the twirling for the All-Americas. The Chicago: proved to be the winners and the score, 22 to 13, shows the cannonading done on both sides. This was a good game for both teams to play when the fact is taken into consideration that the players still had their sea legs on and simply shows the good condition that the cricket practice on board the ship had kept them in.

When the "Alameda" left the dock at Auckland that afternoon, a crowd of at least 2,000 people had assembled to see us off. With Sydney 1,243 miles distant we still had quite a voyage before us. That night we skirted the coast until after the darkness had fallen and watched the green hills that seemed to rise abruptly from the water's edge. When the morning came and we once more sought the deck there was no land in sight and nothing to be seen save the watery waste of the ocean that stretched away to the horizon on every side. We had a rough voyage from Auckland and were glad enough when, on the afternoon of December 14th, we sighted the Australian coast. At five o'clock that evening, after a hearty dinner, we again assembled on the deck to watch the headlands that grew each moment more and more distinct, and' soon afterward a tugboat came to meet us, bringing the pilot and Manager Leigh Lynch, the latter notifying us as soon as he could gain the deck of the great reception that was awaiting us at Sydney.

The harbor at Syndey is a delight to the eye, and as we steamed through the Heads with the white-winged gulls circling around our masts and the dolphins playing about our bow, we drank in the beautiful sight with greedy eyes. Several steamers laden with gentlemen and ladies, and with bands of music playing our national airs, steamed down the harbor to meet us, and long ere we reached the quay we were surrounded by a fleet of small craft gaily decked in colors and carrying crowds of cheering and kerchief-waving people. Our national colors were to be seen everywhere, even the lighthouse on the point being draped from top to bottom in clouds of red, white and blue bunting. The Stars and Stripes greeted the eye on every hand, and, let me say right here, that there is no place where the flag of our country appears so handsome to the eyes of an American as when it greets him in some foreign harbor. The storm of cheers that greeted us from the throats of the enthusiastic Sydneyites we answered as best we could, and the strain upon our vocal organs was something terrific. Viewed from the steamer's deck the city of Sydney and the beautiful harbor, surrounded by the high hills and bold headlands, presented a most entrancing picture. Clear down

to the water's edge extend beautifully-kept private grounds and public parks, and these, with grandly built residences of white stone, with tower-capped walls and turrets that stand among the trees upon the hillside, glistening in the sunshine, made the whole picture seem like a scene from fairyland. At the quay there was another crowd of cheering people, and it was with difficulty that we made our way to the four-horse tally-ho coaches and to the Oxford Hotel, where quarters had been arranged for us.

The entrance to the Oxford Hotel, as well as the dining-room, was handsomely decorated in red, white and blue, evergreens and colored lanterns, and, after receiving a brief greeting from U. S. Consul Griffin, we retired to our rooms to prepare for the formal welcome to Australia that was to be given to us that night at the Royal Theater.

We were to spend some little time in Australia, and that we had fallen among friends was evident at once from the reception that had been accorded us. It was a relief to know that our voyage was at least over for a time and to feel the solid land once more beneath our feet, though we parted with Capt. Morse with regret, he having endeared himself to us all by the uniform kindness and courtesy that he had shown our party on the long ocean trip.

CHAPTER XXIII. WITH OUR FRIENDS IN THE ANTIPODES.

That night after the gentlemen of the party had donned their dress suits and the ladies their best bibs and tuckers, we repaired in a body to the Royal Theater, where a large and fashionable audience had assembled to bid us welcome. The theater, presided over at that time by Jimmy Williamson, an American, was handsomely decorated for the occasion with American flags, and as we took our places in the private boxes and in the section of the dress circle reserved for us, we were greeted with round after round of applause.

After the closing act of "Struck Oil," in which both Mr. Williamson and his wife appeared, our entire party passed through the box circle to the stage, upon, which we were arranged in a semi-circle facing the audience, which cheered us heartily as the curtain rose.

Just as the curtain went up a kid in the gallery, who must have been an American, who at some time in his career had seen me play, and to whom my face and form were familiar, cocked his head over the rail and shouted in tones that could be heard all over the theater, "'Rah for Baby Anson," a salutation that came so unexpectedly that it almost took my breath away and that caused both audience and players to laugh heartily. Mr. Daniel O'Connor, a member of the Australian Parliament, then introduced us to the audience in a brief address that was full of kind allusions to the country that we came from and eulogistic of our fame as ball players, he referring particularly to our pluck in coming so far without any guarantee against financial loss or artistic failure except our own confidence in the beauties of our National Game and in the sport-loving spirit of the Australian people. He tendered us a hearty welcome on behalf of the Colonies, and bespoke for us a generous patronage on behalf of the lovers of square sports, both in Sydney and elsewhere.

To this address Mr. Spalding responded for the American ball players in happy fashion, his remarks being greeted with generous applause on the part of the audience, after which we returned to our seats to witness an after-piece illustrating in farcical style the evils of Chinese immigration, and then, returning to the hotel, we were introduced to many of the leading business men of the city, remaining up until a late hour.

At eleven o'clock the next morning we again assembled in the office of the Oxford for the purpose of making a formal call upon Mayor Harris at the City Hall, and as we drove through the principal streets to our destination we were greeted all along the line by cheering and enthusiastic crowds. We were received in the Council Chamber of the City Hall by the Mayor, who was dressed in his official robe of purple and ermine, and who escorted us across the hall to his chamber, where an elaborate lunch awaited us, and the champagne corks were soon popping in lively fashion. The Mayor's speech of welcome was what we Americans call a "dandy," and I wish right now that I had a copy of it in order that I might reproduce it for the benefit of my readers. He stated among other things that, while he did not understand the game of baseball thoroughly himself, yet he thought well enough of it to predict that in time Australia would have a league of her own, the professionals of which would be able to hold their own with the professionals of the United States. He then tendered us the freedom of the city during our stay, and bade us make ourselves at home. This address was responded to in our behalf by U. S. Consul Griffin, after which his Honor again arose to remark that so long as America treated Australia with the kindness and

consideration that they had in the past, the Australians would do their best to make it pleasant for their American cousins while they were on Australian soil.

"My reason for believing that our athletes will emulate your ball players," concluded the Mayor, "are manifold. In the first place, we have adopted your American ideas of trading, and we have managed to scrape up material enough to beat you! best oarsman," here his Honor turned toward Ned Hanlan, the ex-champion sculler, who had quietly entered the room and taken a seat near Mr. Spalding, the reference securing a cheer for the modest little athlete from the members of our party, "and," continued the Mayor, after the applause had subsided, "if all Americans will yield the palm with as good grace as Mr. Hanlan has done, we will entertain as high an opinion of them as we now do of Mr. Hanlan." After responses to the Mayor's address had been made by Messrs. Spalding and Lynch, and a dozen or more toasts proposed and drunk, we gave the Mayor of Sydney three cheers and a tiger and returned to our hotel, feeling certain that if all Australians were like the ones we had met thus far, a good time in Australia was assured to us.

We played our first game in Australia that afternoon upon the grounds of the Sydney Cricket Association, and it is but fair to say that we had nothing in the United States at that time, nor have we now, that will compare with them either for beauty or convenience. The playing field, with its covering of green turf, was as level as a floor and was surrounded by sloping lawns that were bright with flowering shrubs, while the club houses were models of their kind. The great annual foot-races at Botany that afternoon, and the horse-races elsewhere proved to be strong rival attractions, but in spite of them, and of the threatening weather, 5,500 people had assembled to see how the American National Game was played. Fortunately the members of bath teams were on their mettle, and the result was a game full of exciting features from start to finish, the pitching of Teller for the Chicagos and Healy for the All-Americas being of the gilt-edged order, while the fielding and base-running of both teams was up to the mark. At the end of the first inning the game was a tie, each team having scored four runs, and it so remained until the ninth inning, when the All-Americas sent a man across the plate and scored the winning run in what proved to be one of the hardest fought games of the entire trip. At the end of the sixth inning there was an interval of fifteen minutes, and during that time we were received at the Association Club House by Lord Carrington, who was at that time Governor of New South Wales, and who gave, us a warm welcome to the Colonies and wished us every success in introducing the game in Australia. After Mr. Spalding

had thanked Lord Carrington for his good wishes on behalf of the players, and we had cheered everybody from Lord and Lady Carrington to Queen Victoria, we returned to finish the game, being heartily cheered by the crowds as we again took up our positions on the diamond. That exhibition gave the game quite an impetus in Australia, where it is now quite popular, thanks, I believe, to the visit of the American ball players.

The ride back from the grounds was an enjoyable one and after dinner there was a general exodus from the hotel on the part of the tourists, who were determined to see everything that there was to be seen and to let no opportunity in that line escape them. Just how Mrs. Anson and myself passed the evening I have forgotten, but that we passed it pleasantly I am certain, for how could it be otherwise in a place where everyone had combined apparently to make our visit a pleasant one, and where nothing was left undone that could add to our comfort and pleasure.

The following day, Sunday, was bright and beautiful, and in parties we drove over the city and its suburbs, going, among other places, to Coogee Bay, the fashionable watering resort of the Sydney people, and a beautiful place, too, it is. Sydney Bay was in itself a sight well worth seeing, when viewed from the surrounding hills, and the "Point," from which a magnificent view is to be obtained, impressed one with its rugged grandeur. Many of the residences of Sydney are extremely handsome and picturesque, and Mrs. Anson and I picked out more than one during the day's outing that we should like to have owned, that is, providing that we could have moved both the house and its surroundings back to Chicago.

The next morning the Chicago and All-America teams played their first game of cricket on the Sydney grounds, Messrs. Spalding, Wright, Earl and George Wade doing the greater part of the bowling, and this game resulted in a victory for the All-Americas by a score of 67 to 33. I had been bragging considerably during the trip in regard to my abilities as a cricketer, and was therefore greatly chagrined when I struck at the first ball that was bowled to me and went out on a little pop-up fly to Fogarty. This caused the boys to guy me unmercifully, but I consoled myself with the reflection that they had to guy somebody, and if it were not me then somebody else would have to be the sufferer.

That second afternoon we played our second game of ball in Sydney, in the presence of some 3,000 people, the batteries being Baldwin and myself for the

Chicagos and Healy and Earl for the All-Americas. It was another pretty exhibition on the part of both teams, the All-Americas finally winning by a score of 7 to 5.

We played our first game with the Australian Cricketers the next day, and, though we played seventeen men against their eleven, we were ignominiously beaten, the Americans making 87 runs while the Australians ran their score up to 115, for only six wickets, the game, which had begun at eleven o'clock in the morning, being called at four p.m., to allow of another game of base-ball, which resulted at the end of five innings in another victory for the All-Americas by a score of 6 to 2, both teams being too tired to do themselves justice. The cricket game was the last of its kind that we played in Australia, and I am confident now that had we been as strong in bowling as in fielding we would have beaten the Australians at their own game, though our batting on this occasion was also decidedly on the weak side.

That night we attended a banquet tendered us by the citizens of Sydney, at the Town Hall. Two hundred plates were laid in the reception hall of the big building, the columns, dome, and windows of which were almost hidden by the English and American flags with which they were draped. The marble floor was covered with soft carpets and great banks of cut flowers and rare plants were arranged on every side, while at the end of the hall a raised platform had been built upon which a musical and literary entertainment was given after the banquet. That banquet at Sydney was certainly a memorable affair, and one that overshadowed in magnificence all that had gone before. The toasts, which included "The Queen," "The President," "The Governor," "Our Guests," "The Ladies," "The Press," and "The Chairman," were responded to by U. S. Consul Griffin, Daniel O'Connor, M. P., John M. Ward, Leigh Lynch, Newton McMillan, E. G. Allen of the Sydney Star, and others, after which followed a musicale in which some of the best amateur and professional talent in Sydney took part, the cornet solos of Mrs. Leigh Lynch being the bright particular feature of the entertainment. Mrs. Lynch, who was formerly a member of the Berger Family of Bell Ringers, is a most accomplished musician, and one that afterwards helped us to while away many an hour when time would otherwise have hung heavily on our hands.

The next afternoon we were to depart for Melbourne, and as we had nothing else to do we spent the greater part of the time in strolling about the streets and in bidding farewell to the many friends that we had made in Sydney. With button-

hole badges of the Stars and Stripes and red, white and blue bands on the soft straw hats that we wore, it was an easy matter for the Australians to distinguish us wherever we went. At the Grosvenor Hotel we all assembled about an hour before departure, at the invitation of the Hon. Daniel O'Connor, to bid farewell to himself and to other prominent representatives of New South Wales. Here we were handsomely entertained, and when we left to take our seats in the special train that had been prepared, it was with cheers that fairly shook the rafters. My memories of Sydney are all pleasant ones, and it was with sincere feelings of regret that I left the many friends that I had made while there.

The coaches in which we journeyed to Melbourne were built in the English style, with compartments, and are not nearly so comfortable as the sleeping and drawing-room cars to be found in America, and had the old gentleman been with us I am afraid he would have kicked loud and long over the poker playing facilities that they afforded. The road itself is excellently built, however, and the country through which it runs rich, fertile and well wooded. It was a little after nightfall when we got supper at a small way station, after which we proceeded to rest as best be could. At 5:30 in the morning we were routed out on the borders of the Colony to have our baggage examined by the custom house authorities, which caused Mrs. Anson and myself but little annoyance, as we had left all our dynamite at home on the piano. At 6 o'clock we were again on the way and at eleven o'clock that morning we pulled into the station on Spencer street in Melbourne, where quite a crowd was waiting to greet us.

The Reception Committee, made up of American residents of Melbourne and members of the Victorian Cricket Association, met us with four-in-hand drags appropriately trimmed with the American colors, and as we entered them and drove up Collins street we felt that we were the observed of all observers. At the Town Hall we were received by Mayor Benjamin and the members of the City Council, and here a crowd of several thousand people had assembled to bid us welcome, which they did in the hearty fashion of the Australian people, who are as warm-hearted and as hospitable a class as any people that I ever met. In the audience hall up stairs, was a great pipe organ, and there we were treated to some beautiful music by the town organist, Mr. David Lee. The rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," carried us back again to the land that we had left, and as the strains of "God Save the Queen" rang through the hall we stood with uncovered heads until the music died away along the lofty corridors. In the Mayor's private room a generous lunch was awaiting us, and among those present to receive us were the Hon. Mr. Choppin, Consul General of the United

States at the Melbourne Exposition; Mr. Smyth, Acting Consul; the Hon. J. B. Patterson, D. Gaunson, and Messrs. Smith and Pierce, together with a large delegation of the lovers of outdoor sports, including cricketers and base-ball players. The Mayor's speech of welcome was a plain and hearty one, and was followed by addresses of welcome by the Hon. Mr. Smith, of the Victoria Cricket Association; Acting United States Consul Smyth and Mr. S. P. Lord, the latter being introduced as "an old Colonist, who came from America in 1853," and a "base-bailer." Mr. Spalding followed in a brief speech, expressing our appreciation of the cordial welcome that had been accorded us and hoping that the Victorians would take as kindly to the game itself as they had to its exponents, after which Captain Ward and myself were called upon to say something, which we did to the best of our ability, though I somehow have never managed to acquire fame in the speech-making line, and would rather play ball at any time than make even a few remarks, that is, unless I could talk to an umpire.

Brief addresses by Mayor Wardell, Town Clerk Fitzgibbon and Mr. David Scott followed, after which we were driven to the Grand Hotel, where we found most comfortable quarters and a good dinner awaiting us.

This hotel was in close proximity to the exposition buildings, the Treasury building, the Parliament building and the Fitzroy Gardens, and was convenient to a great many of the objects and places of interest with which Melbourne abounds. One feature of the hotel, and one that greatly pleased the majority of our tourists, was the fact that a number of pretty colonial girls were employed in nearly every department, they waiting on the table and taking the place of the bellboys, in fact, doing everything except to fill the positions of porter and baggage-smasher.

That evening, at the invitation of Manager Musgrove, a partner of Mr. Williamson of the Royal Theater, in Sydney, we occupied a full section of the dress circle in the Princess Theater, where we witnessed a splendid production of "The Princess Ida," by an English company. At the end of the third act we were called out to drink the health of Mr. Musgrove, who informed us that the door of his theater were open to us at all times.

It was after midnight when we returned to the hotel, and so tired were we that we were glad to go at once to our rooms without stopping for the customary chat in the office or corridors, knowing that we had yet to make our first appearance as

ball players before a Melbourne crowd, and must rest up if we wished to make even a creditable showing.

CHAPTER XXIV. BASEBALL PLAYING AND SIGHTSEEING IN AUSTRALIA.

We played our first game at Melbourne on Saturday, December 22d, the second day after our arrival from Sydney, and in the presence of one of the largest crowds that ever assembled at the Melbourne Oval, the handsomest of their kind in Australia. The surroundings were of the most beautiful character and the day itself as perfect as any one could have desired for base-ball purposes. The lawn in front of the Club House was thronged with ladies in light attire, and the many-hued sunshades that they carried gave to it the appearance of an animated flower garden. The Club House balconies were crowded and even the roof had been pre-empted by the ladies and their escorts as a coign of vantage from which to view the game. The grand stand was filled to overflowing and the crowd that overflowed from it encircled the field, extending from the grand stand clear around to the Club House grounds. The scene was indeed an inspiring one, and it is not to be wondered that a good exhibition of the beauties of the game were given under such circumstances. The base-running was of the most daring character, the fielding sharp on the part of both teams, and the batting heavy. Baldwin and Crane were both at their best and pitched in superb style, while the exhibition of base-running that was given by some of the boys brought the onlookers fairly to their feet and they cheered themselves hoarse in their excitement.

Up to the seventh inning the score was a tie, but we managed to get a man across the plate in the seventh inning, as a result of Burns' three-bagger, and Baldwin' single, and another in the eighth, the result of a single by Sullivan and a long right-field hit for three bases by myself, and that I foolishly tried to make a home run on, being put out at the plate by Brown's magnificent throw from the field. The game finally resulted in a victory for Chicago by a score of 5 to 3, and leaving the field we congratulated ourselves on the fact that both at Sydney and Melbourne we had played first-class ball.

Supper parties and banquets were now becoming every-day occurrences with us, and that night we were handsomely entertained by an English actor of note, Mr. Charles Warner, who was at that time touring the colonies, the place selected for the entertainment being the Maison Dore, the swell restaurant of Melbourne. Here we spent a very pleasant evening until it was again time to retire.

The next morning, in the big reading room of the hotel, the boys were given some information by Mr. Spalding that I was already acquainted with, viz., that we should continue our trip around the world, returning home by the way of Egypt, the Mediterranean and Continental Europe. In spite of the fact that it was Sunday morning, this announcement was greeted with a burst of applause by the players, many of whom, even in their wildest dreamings, had never thought that such a trip would be possible for them.

After giving the players some good advice regarding their habits and physical health, Mr. Spalding stated that he wished to land every member of the party in New York sound and well and with only pleasant recollections of the tour, and that he hoped that all would, co-operate with him to that end. That morning the proposed trip was about the only subject of conversation among the members of the party, and pleasant indeed were the anticipations of one and all concerning it.

There was scarcely a spot of interest in or about Melbourne that we did not visit, the weather being delightful, while so constantly were we being entertained that there was scarcely an evening that our dress suits were given a chance to rest. It was the day before Christmas—not the night before—that we played our second game of base-ball in Melbourne, and the crowd, while not so large as that which witnessed the first game, was still of goodly proportions, some 6,000 people passing through the gates. Ryan pitched for the Chicagos and Healy and Crane for the All-Americas on this occasion, and all three of them were pounded in a lively fashion, there being a perfect fusillade of base hits on both sides, and the hard hitting seemed to the liking of the spectators, who cheered every drive to the outfield frantically. In spite of the hard hitting the game was closely contested, the All-Americas finally bearing off the honors by a score of 15 to 13. Following the game Prof. Bartholomew gave his first balloon ascension and parachute drop in Australia, a performance that was new to the Australians, and that they watched with almost breathless interest.

Christmas day in Melbourne the weather was terrifically hot and the lightest sort of summer attire even was uncomfortable. It seemed strange to us to think that at

home on that same day there was probably snow on the ground and an icy wind blowing. Christmas in a hot country somehow does not seem like Christmas at all, an opinion that was shared by both Mrs. Anson and myself. That afternoon at three o'clock we departed for Adelaide, where we were scheduled to play three games, and this time we were delighted to find that "Mann boudoir cars" had been provided for us instead of English compartment coaches.

We missed the ladies on the trip, they having been left at Melbourne because of the heat, as had Ed Crane, with whom the hot weather did not seem to agree. At Ballarat, about four hours' distance from Melbourne, where we were scheduled to play a game on our return, we found 'a reception committee at the depot to meet us, together with a number of ladies. The country through which we journeyed that afternoon was fairly attractive, but thinly settled and literally overrun with that pest of the Australian farmer, the rabbits, which, like good race-horses, seemed to come in all shapes, color and size. The country swarmed with them and for the first time we began to realize what an immense damage they were capable of doing to the growing crops in that section.

It was about half-past ten o'clock the next morning when we reached Adelaide, and so hot that a Fourth of July day in St. Louis would have seemed like Arctic weather by comparison. At the depot we found United States Consul Murphy and a committee of citizens in waiting, and were at once driven to the City Hall, where Mayor Shaw made us welcome to the city. The usual spread and speeches followed, after which we were driven to the hotel. That afternoon we played our first game on the Adelaide Oval, which was the equal of either the Sydney or Melbourne grounds, so far as the actual playing grounds were concerned, though far inferior to them in buildings and natural surroundings. Owing to the intense heat and the fact that it was the opening day of the great race meeting at Melbourne there were only about 2,000 people present, and they witnessed a game remarkable for its heavy batting, both Teller and Healy being severely punished. The game went to the credit of the All-Americas by a score of 19 to 14.

That night our party occupied the Governor's box in the Royal Theater, where we attracted far more attention than did the play, the house being a crowded one.

The next morning we were the guests of Mayor Shaw, who took us for a drive in a big four-horse drag, and this proved a delightful experience to us all, the Sea Beach road, over which we drove, being cool and comfortable. Ten miles out we

stopped at the wine yard of Thomas Hardy & Sons, who were at that time the most extensive grape and fruit raisers in Australia. Here we were shown over the immense wine yards and wine cellar, after which we drove to Henley Beach, returning in time for the game that afternoon.

At this second game the attendance was somewhat better than the first, and with Baldwin pitching for Chicago and Healy and Ward for All-America, we managed to turn the tables on our conquerors of the day before and win by a score of 12 to 9.

The next day was a holiday, and of these the Australians have many, it being the fifty-second anniversary of South Australia's existence as a colony, and as we were to leave in the afternoon we played our farewell game in the morning, play being called at ten o'clock. With Ryan in the box for Chicago and Simpson for All-America we won the easiest sort of a game by a score of II to 4, having Sir William Robinson, Governor of the Colony, for a spectator during the last four innings. After the game he came out on the grounds and shook hands with us all, complimenting us in a nice little speech on the skill that we had shown and expressing his own liking for the game that he had that morning seen for the first time.

That afternoon we left for Ballarat, the great gold-mining center of Australia, and at one time famous as the home of the bushrangers who for years terrorized that section of the country.

It was six o'clock in the morning when we arrived there, and we were just climbing into the drag that was awaiting us when some one missed Tom Daly. After a search he was found fast asleep in one of the compartments of the car, and being awakened was released by an obliging guard, looking a bit the worse for wear. In the early gray of the dawning we reached Craig's Hotel, where lunch had been arranged for us, after partaking which we were driven to the Botanical Gardens, the roadway winding along the shores of a beautiful lake. The gardens were well worth a visit, and after spending a brief half hour in admiring the flowers and statuary, we were driven back to the hotel for breakfast, stopping on the way for a plunge in the great Ballarat Swimming Aquarium. After breakfast we were driven to the Barton Gold Mines, situated on the edge of the town, going down to a depth of ii,000 feet after we had attired ourselves in overalls, slouch hats and other nondescript disguises. From the mine we were driven to the Town Hall, of West Ballarat, Ballarat being divided into two municipalities,

West and East, where we met with the usual Australian welcome at the hands of Mayor Macdonald, thence to East Ballarat, where Mayor Ellsworth did the honors, the latter afterwards accompanying us on a visit to the Ballarat Orphan Asylum, where an invitation was given to the youngsters to the number of 200 to witness the game that afternoon, and that they were all on hand is a certainty.

The crowd that attended the game was 4,500 strong, and they saw the All-Americas win a rather easy game by a score of 11 to 7, the boys being too nearly tired out to play good ball. The ascent and fall of Professor Bartholomew was, however, the sensation of the day, the parachute failing to sustain his weight in that high altitude, and as a result he came down with great speed, and, striking a cornice of a building in the business district, was laid up for a month, it being a lucky thing for him that he was not killed outright. At seven o'clock that night we left for Melbourne, arriving there some four hours later in an all but used up condition.

The next day, Sunday, our whole party started for a drive of twenty-five miles over the mountains in a big four-horse drag, we being the guests for that day of Mr. J. K. Downer, a wealthy citizen of Melbourne. Through a rolling and well-settled country we bowled along until we reached the foot-hills, that were green and well-wooded, the clear notes of Mrs. Leigh Lynch's cornet every now and then waking the echoes. After three hours' ride we reached Fern Glen, the residence of a Mr. Bruce, a friend of the gentleman whose guests we were, and to whose broad veranda we were soon made welcome. The scenery here was beautiful, the house itself being situated in a rift of the mountains and surrounded by giant trees on every side, the grounds about being possessed of great natural beauty. After enjoying a splendid lunch provided for the occasion at Melbourne, and sent out ahead by wagon, we strolled through the beautiful glen, with its great ferns that arched the pathway, and the roots of which were watered by a little mountain stream.

After an extempore entertainment we again climbed to our seats in the drag and were driven back to Melbourne, stopping en route at the stock farm of J. H. Miller, who had gone into the business of breeding American trotters, and who again persisted in wining and dining us before he would let us go. "The Travelers' Rest," "The Golden Swan," "The Bull's Head Inn," and other resorts of a like kind were stopped at on our way back, and it was eleven o'clock at night when we were finally set down at the doors of the Grand Hotel, having spent one of the most enjoyable days since our arrival in Melbourne.

A great day's program of sport had been prepared for Monday, the last day of the year, in which cricket, baseball and foot-ball were all to have had an inning. The weather, however, interfered with the base-ball and cricket part of the program. The foot-ball game between the Carleton and St. Kilda foot-ball teams proved to be a most interesting contest, however, and one that we were glad to have the opportunity of witnessing, a heavy shower driving us back to the hotel before we could indulge in either base-ball or cricket.

Two games were scheduled for New Year's day, but only one of these was played and that in the morning, the attendance being 2,500, and the Chicagos winning by a score of 14 to 7, Tener pitching for us and Healy for the All-Americas. That same day there were 4,000 people at the races and probably as many more at the various cricket matches and athletic games going on in the city and vicinity, so it can readily be seen that Melbourne was a decidedly sporty place and that we had pretty hard competition to go up against, even for New Year's day. After luncheon at the cricket grounds we were treated to an exhibition of rope-skipping and boomerang throwing by a lot of aborigines that was little short of wonderful, and that must be seen to be appreciated. The natives could make these curved pieces of wood do all kinds of seemingly impossible things, while for us they would simply do nothing, but I expect that with a set of billiard balls several of our party could have made them look as much like monkeys as they did us with their boomerangs.

We were booked to sail from Port Melbourne for Ceylon on Monday, June 7th, and Saturday afternoon we played our farewell game in the Victoria capital before a crowd that tested the capacity of the grounds, the gate count showing that 11,000 people had paid their way into the enclosure. The program for the afternoon was a varied one, a two-inning game between the Australian Cricketers and the All-America team being the starter, and in this the American players easily demonstrated their superiority. Next came a game of foot-ball between the Port Melbourne and Carleton teams that was played under a modification of the old Rugby rules, and that proved close and exciting. A four-inning game between Chicago and All-America followed, Baldwin and Daly and Crane and Earle being the batteries, and it is safe to assert that a prettier exhibition of base-running and fielding was never witnessed in Australia than the one given on that occasion. With not a fielding error on either side my boys won by a score of 5 to 0, Pettit finally ending the game with a splendid running catch of Earle's long fly to right field, a performance that the spectators cheered again and again.

An exhibition of long distance throwing followed, Crane, Williamson and Pfeffer attempting to beat the Australian record of 126 yards 3 inches, for throwing a five and one-half ounce cricket ball, and this feat Crane accomplished, he sending the ball 128 yards 10 1/2 inches, a performance that the crowd appreciated.

At three o'clock on Monday afternoon, having said farewell to all of our friends in Melbourne, we took the train for Port Melbourne, seven miles distant, and were soon assigned to our staterooms on board of the "Salier," which was to begin her voyage the next morning.

The scene about the dock where the "Salier" lay that afternoon was an impressive one, the Turks and Hindoos, with their dark skins, red turbans and bright costumes, the circling seabirds with their peculiar cries, and the many craft of various kinds that moved hither and thither over the blue waters, all combining to make a picture that once seen can never be forgotten.

We left Australia with many genuine regrets. In the matter of hospitality that country easily stands at the head of the list of all of those that we visited, and if we could have shot a kangaroo or two before our departure and run up against a party of bushrangers, black-bearded and daring, even though they had managed to relieve us of a few of our valuables, we should have been made happy, but alas! the bushrangers, like the bad men of our own glorious West, had been wiped out by the march of civilization, and even the kangaroo had taken to the woods when he heard that we were coming, so we bore our disappointment as best we could, trusting for better luck in case we should ever be so fortunate as to again visit Her Majesty's Australian Colonies.

CHAPTER XXV. AFLOAT ON THE INDIAN SEA.

The "Salier," which was one of the German Lloyd line of steamers, sailed from Port Melbourne at daybreak on the morning of January 8th, 1889, and before many of us had put in our appearance on deck, although we were awakened long before by the cries of the sailors and the usual noise and bustle that precedes the departure of a steamer from her dock in all parts of the world. Long before we

had left Port Melbourne out of sight, however, we had assembled at the rail to wave our last adieus to the many friends who had come down from Melbourne to see us off. The "Salier" was a delightful vessel and one that was most comfortably equipped, as are all of the vessels of this line, and the quarter deck, with its open-windowed smoking and card-rooms, soon became the chosen lounging place of the boys by day and the sleeping place of many of them by night, they preferring to don pajamas anti sleep in the easy steamer chairs rather than to seek the seclusion of the staterooms, which, as a rule, were hot and sultry. Captain Tallenhorst, who commanded the "Salier," was a fine fellow, and both he and his officers were inclined to do pleasant one, and a pleasant one indeed it proved.

In the steerage we carried a mixed lot of emigrants from all sections of the world, among them being Chinamen, Hindoos, Turks, Cingalese, Italians and Germans, and to walk through their quarters and listen to the strange languages that they spoke was to get a very good idea of the confusion that must have reigned when the building of the tower of Babel was in progress, and gave us at the same time a chance to study some of the manners and customs of a people that were strange to us.

The meals that were served on board the "Salier" were an improvement on those of the "Alameda," though we had found no fault with those given us on the latter, but there was one drawback to our enjoyment of them, however, and that was that the waiters spoke nothing but German, and consequently those of us who were unfamiliar with the language had some difficulty in making ourselves understood, our efforts to make known our wants by the sign language often resulting in ludicrous blunders. Fred Pfeffer was right at home, however, and as a result he managed to get the best there was going, the waiters evidently mistaking him for nothing less than a German Count, judging from the alacrity with which they flew about to execute his orders. We had been out but a few short hours before we began to miss Frank Lincoln, whose never-failing fund of humor had helped to while away many an hour and who had bid us farewell at Melbourne, having decided to remain for some little time in Australia. Among our fellow-passengers in the cabin were a couple of civil engineers from England, who had been making a tour of Australia, and very pleasant companions they proved to be; a Melbourne lady who was taking her two little daughters to Germany to be educated; and last but not least in his own estimation, if not in that of others, a Mr. Theophilus Green, a loud-mouthed, bald-headed, red-faced and portly gentleman of middle age, who, according to

his own story, was possessed of unlimited funds, a desire to travel, and an inclination to pass himself off wherever he might happen to be as a representative American, God save the mark! Mr. Green journeyed with our party as far as Suez, and when he left us the long-drawn sigh of relief that went up from all hands was like unto the rushing sound that is caused by the passage of a hurricane over the surface of the waters.

Among the second cabin passengers were two stalwart Australians who were bound for Zanzibar, Africa, and who meant to penetrate into the interior of that wild country in search of big game. They were well equipped with firearms, of the most improved designs, and unlimited quantities of ammunition, and had the appearance of men who were perfectly capable of taking care of themselves in any country, no odds how wild and uncivilized it might be. They accompanied us as far as Aden, where they left us, taking with them our best wishes for their success and safe return.

The second night after leaving Port Melbourne we stopped at Port Adelaide, a little seaport seven miles distant from Adelaide, where we remained until two o'clock the next afternoon to take on a cargo of Australian wool. This was a hot town, at least to look at, the streets being dusty and devoid of shade trees of any kind, and the buildings of a low and inferior description. We had considerable sport while laying there fishing from the rail of the steamer and watching a big shark that came nosing around the stern of the boat in search of food. After he swam away for some distance some of the boys amused themselves by shooting at him with their revolvers, but if they succeeded in hitting him, of which I have my doubts, his sharkship gave no sign of being in trouble and pursued the even tenor of his way until he was lost to sight.

For days after we left Port Adelaide the weather was of the most disagreeable variety, the sky being overcast by clouds of a leaden hue while the huge waves were lashed into foam by the wind, and this, together with a heavy ground swell, gave to the steamer a most uncomfortable motion. This sort of affair was too much for my wife, and also for the other ladies in the party, with the exception of Mrs. Williamson, who proved to be a good sailor, and they remained in their staterooms. I had thought that I, too, was an immune, not having been sick since we left San Francisco, but the motion of the boat proved to be too much even for me, and I was forced to pay common tribute to Neptune that the King of the Seas is wont to exact from most land-lubbers. Tener and Fred Pfeffer were about the only ball players that escaped, and that Pfeffer did so I shall always insist was

due to the fact that he could speak German and so got all the good things to eat that he wanted, while the rest of us, not being so fortunate, were obliged to put up with what we could get. Even Daly and Fogarty were obliged to keep qniet for a time, and this was something of a relief to the more sober members of the party. One afternoon after the last-named gentleman had begun to feel a little better he called to a passing waiter and asked for a cheese sandwich. The Dutchman, doubtless thinking that he was doing that irrepressible a favor, brought up a big plate of sauerkraut and steamed bolognas, and the effect of this on the weak stomachs of those who happened to be in that vicinity can be better imagined than described. If John Tener had not happened along and grabbed that waiter by the scruff of the neck and the slack of his pants, hustling him out of sight, there is no telling what might have happened, but I am inclined to think that murder might have been done.

After we had left the Australian Bight behind us and entered the Indian Ocean the seas calmed down and, the weather, which prior to that time had been cool and uncomfortable, became warm and pleasant. The ladies were again enabled to join us on deck and with music, cards, books and conversation the time passed pleasantly enough.

The steerage passengers were to us a never-ending source of amusement and interest, as we watched them working in their various ways and listened to their strange and incomprehensible gibberish. An old Hindoo one day raffled off a richly-embroidered silk pillow at a shilling a chance, and this, with my usual good luck I won and turned over to Mrs. Anson for safe keeping.

The Hindoos and Mohammedans on board would eat nothing that they did not cook themselves, even killed a sheep every few days, when it became necessary, and carrying their own supply of saucepans and other cooking utensils. One of the Hindoos, a merchant of Calcutta, who had been ill from the time that the steamer left Port Adelaide, died when our voyage was about half over. His body was sewn up in a piece of canvas with a bar of lead at the foot and laid away in his bunk. It was in vain that we asked when he was to be buried, as we could get no satisfactory answer to our queries, but the next night, when the starlight lay like a silver mantle on the face of the waters, the steamer stopped for a moment, a splash followed, and the body of the Hindoo sank down into the dark waters, and in a few days the episode had been forgotten. Such is life.

Clarence Duval, our colored mascot, had been appreciated on the "Alameda" at

his true value, but on the "Salier" for a time the waiters seemed to regard him as an Indian Prince, even going so far as to quarrel as to whom should wait on him. A word from Mr. Spalding whispered in the ear of the captain worked a change in his standing, however, and he was set to work during the meal hours pulling the punka rope which kept the big fans in motion, an occupation that he seemed to regard as being beneath his dignity, though his protests fell on deaf ears.

One hot afternoon a mock trial was held in the smoking-room, with Fogarty as the presiding Judge, and then and there a decree was passed to the effect that, "in view of the excessively warm weather and through consideration for the comfort and peace of our entire party, Clarence Duval, our chocolate-colored mascot, must take a bath."

Now, if there was any one thing more than another that our mascot detested it was a bath, and the moment that the court's decree was pronounced he fled to the darkest depths of the steerage in hopes of escaping the ordeal, but in vain, for he was dragged out of his hiding place by Pettit, Baldwin and Daly, who, in spite of his cries for mercy, thrust him beneath a salt water shower and held him there until the tank was emptied. A madder little coon than he was when released it would be difficult to find, and arming himself with a base-ball bat he swore that he would kill his tormentors, and might have done so had not a close watch been kept over him until his temper had burned itself out and he had become amenable to reason.

The afternoon of January 22d, as we were lounging about the deck, John Ward, glancing up from the pages of a book that he was engaged in reading, happened to catch a glimpse of a sail ahead, and announcing the fact, .there was a rush made by all hands to the steamer's rail in order to get a good view of the welcome sight, for a strange sail at sea is always a welcome sight to the voyager. She was under a cloud of canvas and, as we drew near, with the aid of a glass, we made out her name, "San Scofield, Brunswick, Me." A moment later the Stars and Stripes were thrown to the breeze from her masthead and the cheers that went up from our decks could have been heard two miles away. If there were tears in the eyes of some of the members of our party as they saw the old flag gleaming in the sunlight and thought of God's country at that time so far away, the display of emotion did them no discredit.

We were all astonished one morning by a performance on the part of our mascot that was not down on the bills, and that might have resulted in his becoming

food for the sharks with which the Indian Ocean abounds had he not played in the very best of luck.

The performance of Professor Bartholomew had fired the "coon" with a desire to emulate his example, and he had made a wager with one of the boys that, using an umbrella for a parachute, he could jump from the rigging some thirty feet above the deck and land safely on the awning. It was late one afternoon when half a dozen of the party were sitting beneath its shade that a dark shadow passed over them followed by a dull thud on the canvas that made it sag for a foot or more, and a wild scream of terror followed. Climbing up the rope ladder to where they could overlook the awning, the boys found the mascot crawling on his hands and knees toward the rigging and dragging behind him an umbrella in a badly damaged condition. When Fogarty asked him what he was doing, he replied, after a long interval of silence, "Just been a practicin'," after which he informed them that had he landed all right he should have attempted to win his bet the next morning. One experience of this kind was enough for him, however, and though the boys begged him to give them another exhibition of his skill in making the parachute leap, nothing could induce him to do so.

"Craps," a game introduced by the mascot, soon became more popular in the card-room than even poker, and the rattle of the bones and the cries of "Come, seben, come eleben, what's de mattah wid you dice," and other kindred remarks natural to the game coming from the lips of the chocolate-colored coon were to be heard at all hours.

The nights during this portion of our trip were especially fine, and we enjoyed them immensely sitting on deck until the "wee sma' hours" watching the starlight that turned the surface of the water into a great field of glistening diamonds, and the silvery wake of the ship, that stretched away out into the ocean like a track of moonbeams, growing dimmer and dimmer until it was lost in the darkness that lay beyond.

It was just as the sun peeped above the distant horizon on the morning of January 25th that we first caught a glimpse of the shores of Elephant Island, lying just off the coast of Ceylon, and at ten o'clock the shores of the island of Ceylon itself were full in sight. As we drew nearer the narrow-bodied proas, the boats of the natives, paddled by dark-skinned boatmen innocent of clothing came crowding about the steamer in great numbers, while the white-winged gulls hung above the vessel in clouds, darting so near to us at times that we could almost

touch them with our hands. Past Point de Galle, with its crumbling walls of white cement, that made them appear as if they had but recently been whitewashed, we steamed until we came in sight of Colombo, and stopped at the entrance of the breakwater to await the arrival of the harbor master. That gentleman was apparently in no very great hurry and the hour and a half that we laid there awaiting his pleasure we spent in looking at the great stone breakwater and the city that lies upon the open coast, the harbor being an artificial and not a natural one. It was after four o'clock when the harbor master's boat, manned by half-clad Cingalese, came alongside, and a short time afterwards we steamed to a place inside the breakwater and dropped our anchors.

In an incredibly short space of time the steamer was surrounded by boats of all shapes, sizes and colors, manned by Malays, Cingalese and Hindoos, clad in all the colors of the rainbow, and all talking and yelling at the same time. Four little Cingalese boys, the oldest of which could not have been more than twelve of age, and who paddled a bamboo canoe around with barrel staves, attracted the most of our attention. They could swim and dive like otters, and shillings and sixpences cast into the water they brought up from the bottom, catching it in many instances before it had found a resting place on the sands. "Frow it," they would shout, and scarcely had the shining piece of silver struck the water before they were after it, disappearing from sight and then coming up with the coveted coin secure in their possession. The decks were soon swarming with hotel runners, moneychangers, and tradesmen of various sorts. As yet we were uncertain as to our destination, and depending upon word that was to have been left here by our advance agent, Will Lynch.

A drenching rain was falling when Messrs. Spalding and Leigh Lynch went ashore in search of news, and when Mr. Spalding came back an hour later he had heard nothing but had arranged for the accommodation of the party at the Grand Oriental Hotel, and we were soon on our way to the landing place in steam launches provided for the purpose, still uncertain, however, as to whether we were to go on in the "Salier" or not.

CHAPTER XXVI. FROM CEYLON TO EGYPT.

We landed in Colombo on the steps of a pagoda-like structure containing the Custom House, and passing through found ourselves on a broad avenue that led direct to the Grand Oriental Hotel, said by travelers to be the finest south of the Mediterranean, and in their opinion I can certainly concur, as we found it to be everything that could be desired so far as our limited experience went. The rooms were large and carpetless, with latticed windows and high ceilings and the immense dining-rooms opened on broad stone porticos with massive columns and surrounding galleries, on which were Turkish divans for the comfort of the guests. The dark-skinned native servants, with their picturesque, flowing garments and tortoise-shell combs, gave to the whole an oriental air that up to that time we had read about but never seen. We were fanned by great swinging punkas during the dinner hour, the meal being an excellent one, after which we went out to see the town, the Indian shops under the hotel coming in that night for the largest share of our attention. First, because they were easy to reach, and, second, because of the really handsome stock of articles of Indian manufacture that they contained. Carvings in ebony and ivory, in the most beautiful designs, inlaid work of all descriptions, shawls that a queen might envy, together with embroidered articles of rare beauty, delicate tapestry and quaint and curious figures of all kinds, were for sale there and at prices that were not more than one-third or one-fourth what the same articles could be purchased for at home, though the price that was at first asked for them by these shopkeepers would be at least three or four times what they expected to get.

The jinricksha, which answers the same purpose as the hansom cab in Chicago or New York, and which is a much lighter and smaller vehicle, being drawn by a Cingalese who trots along between the shafts as though it were a pleasure instead of a business, is about the only sort of a vehicle known to the natives of Colombo, and a ride in one of them is by no means an unpleasant experience, as you are certain of one thing, and that is that your horse will not shy with you and run away, no matter what strange objects he may encounter. They are so gentle, too, that a lady can drive them and will stand anywhere without hitching. These are great advantages, and yet, after all, I think that I should prefer to hold the ribbons over a good horse, and I am sure that Mrs. Anson is of the same opinion. The jinriksha, with its human motor, must, it struck me the first time that I saw them, be a decided obstacle to courtship, for what young fellow would care to take his best girl out riding behind a horse that could understand everything that was said and done, and tell the groom all about it when he returned to the barn. I shouldn't have liked to do so, when I was courting my wife, and I don't believe that she would have cared to ride after that kind of a horse.

Visiting the American Consul that evening Mr. Spalding was informed that on account of the steamship and railroad connections, and also because of the unhealthy condition of Calcutta, it would be impossible for our party to make a tour of India, and therefore that part of the trip was given up, greatly to our regret, as we had looked forward to it with the most pleasant anticipations. This disappointment was general among the members of the party, but as it could not be helped we determined to make the best of it.

Arrangements were made that evening, however, to hold the "Salier," which was to have left at daybreak the next morning, until five o'clock in the afternoon, in order that we might play a game of base-ball before our departure.

The sun was up but a trifle earlier that we were the next morning, as we, wished to see all of Ceylon and the Cingalese that was possible in the limited time at our disposal. The Hotel balconies in the early morning were fairly given over to the crows, great big birds of a leaden color that circle around you in the most impudent manner and are as hard to get rid of as the beggars, which follow you about the streets in swarms and annoy you with their cries of "bachsheesh, bachsheesh," until you long even for the sight of a policeman to whom you might confide your troubles. Colombo is not a prepossessing city to the eye of the traveler, the buildings being of an ancient style of architecture and built more for comfort than for show, but the market places and bazaars are well worth a visit.

There is a beautiful beach drive that extends from the military barracks along the shores of the ocean for miles, and this is the fashionable drive of all Colombo, though it was all but deserted in the early morning hours. The Buddhist temples, and there were several of them in Colombo, we were obliged to inspect from the outside, no admittance to European visitors being the rule, but the strange gods that peered down at us from the walls gave us a very good idea of what might be found inside and served, at least, to take the edge off of our curiosity.

An invitation having been tendered us that morning at the office of the U. S. Consul to visit the corvette "Essex," Captain Jewell commanding, then lying in the harbor, we repaired at one o'clock to the wharf, where gigs, manned by the ship's crew, awaited us and we were soon on board, where we were entertained by officers and crew in a handsome manner. The rendering of "America" by Mrs. Leigh Lynch on the cornet brought out an enthusiastic round of applause, while Clarence Duval captured the hearts of the seamen by doing for them a plantation

breakdown in his best style. Captain Jewell kindly sent us aboard the "Salier" in the ship's gigs, which waited for us until we had donned our uniforms, and then took us to the shore.

The procession out to the Colombo Cricket Grounds, where the game was played, was indeed a novelty, and the crowds of Cingalese that surrounded us as we left the hotel and looked on in open-eyed wonder were by no means the least impressive part of the circus. There were no drags and carriages on this occasion and no gaily-caparisoned horses with nodding plumes, but in their places were heavy-wheeled carts drawn by humpbacked little bullocks and jinrickshas drawn by bare-legged Cingalese. About these swarmed the natives in their rainbow attire, the whole scene being one of the kaleidoscope kind.

At the grounds 4,500 people had assembled, the officers and crew of the "Essex" being on hand as well as a crowd of English residents and native Cingalese. We played but five innings, the result being a tie, three runs for each team, a good game under the best of circumstances, and one that apparently pleased everybody, the natives going wild over the batting and making desperate efforts to get out of the way whenever a ball happened to do in their direction. The journey back to the hotel was another circus parade, and one that Barnum, with all his efforts, never was able to equal. From the hotel we went directly to the wharf, where the steam-launch was in waiting, and with a cheer from the crew of the "Essex" in our ears we started for the steamer. As the "Salier" started again on her voyage we climbed into the rigging and lined up along the rail, cheering the crew of the "Essex" until the white forms of the men that lined her rigging were lost to sight.

The voyage from Ceylon to Egypt over the Arabian sea and the Gulf of Aden was a most enjoyable one, both sea and sky being deeply, darkly and beautifully blue, with not so much as a cloud or a ripple to mar the beauty of either, and so beautiful were the nights that it was a rare thing for any member of the party to retire until long after the ship's bells had proclaimed the hour of midnight.

The second morning after we had left the Island of Ceylon behind us we were all made the victims of a cruel practical joke, of which Lynch and Fogarty were the authors, and for which lynching would hardly have been a sufficient punishment. It was in the early hours of the morning and while we were still "dreaming the happy hours away," that the loud report of a cannon shook the steamer from stem to stern, this being followed by cries of:

"Pirates, pirates; my God, boys, the Chinese pirates are upon us!"

The report of another gun followed, and then a scene of confusion such as had never before been witnessed outside of a lunatic asylum. Tener, who was the treasurer of the party, grabbed his money-bags and locked himself in his stateroom. Ed Hanlon rushed into the cabin with his trousers in one hand and his valise in the other, and they say that I filled my mouth with Mrs. Anson's diamonds, grabbed a base-ball bat and stood guard at the doorway, ordering my wife to crawl under the bunk, but that statement is a libel and one that I have been waiting for years to deny. I only got up to see what a Chinese pirate looked like, that's all. It was a scared lot of ball players that assembled in the cabin that morning, however, and the cloud of smoke that came rolling down the stairway only tended to make matters worse. Finally we caught sight of Fogarty galloping around the saloon tables and yelling like a Comanche Indian. We began then to suspect that he was at the bottom of the trouble, and when he burst into roars of laughter we were certain of it. It afterwards developed that the "Salier's" guns had been simply firing a salute in honor of the birthday of the German Emperor, and that Fogarty and Lynch had taken advantage of the opportunity to raise the cry of pirates and scare as many of us nearly to death as possible. I would have been willing, myself, that morning to have been one of a party to help hang Fogarty at the yardarm, and some of the victims were so mad that they were not seen to smile for a week.

It was during this voyage, too, that Mark Baldwin, the big pitcher of the Chicagos, had an adventure with a big Indian monkey that the engineer of the steamer had purchased in Ceylon that might have proved serious. This monkey was a big, powerful brute, and as ugly-looking a specimen of his family as I ever set my eyes on. He was generally fastened by means of a strap around his waist and a rope some five or six feet long, in the engine-room, but one morning Mark, without the engineer's knowledge, unfastened him and took him on deck. The sight of the ocean and his strange surroundings frightened him badly, and after Mark pulled him about the deck a while he took him down stairs and treated him to beer and pretzels, then brought him back to the deck and gave him some more exercise. Becoming tired of the sport at last Mark took him back to the engine-room. The iron grating around the first cylinder enabled the monkey to get his head on a level with Mark's as he descended the stair and Mr. Monk flew at his throat with a shriek of rage. Mark luckily had his eye on the brute and protected his throat, but fell backwards with the animal on top of him, receiving a painful bite on the leg. The monkey then bounded over to his corner, where he glared at Mark, his grey whiskers standing out stiff with rage. After satisfying himself as to the extent of his injuries, the big pitcher again went for the monk, but the latter jumped from the grating to the piston-rod of the engine, and at every revolution of the screw he would go down into the hold and then come up again, shaking his fist at Mark at every ascent, and chattering like a magpie. This sight was so comical that the big pitcher roared with laughter, and though he laid for a chance to get even with Mr. Monk the rest the voyage the latter was never to be caught napping, and kept himself out of danger.

Into the waters of the Arabian Sea, blue as indigo, we steamed on the morning of February 1st, and soon after daybreak the next morning the volcanic group of islands off the African coast were in plain sight from the steamer's deck. Two hours later we passed the great headland of Guardafui, on the northeast corner of Africa, a sentinel of rock that guards the coast and that rises from the waves that are lashed to foam about its base in solitary grandeur. The following afternoon we came in sight of the Arabian coast, some forty miles distant, and later the great rocky bluffs that protect Aden from the gulf winds were plainly discernible. It was nearly supper time when we landed and we had but barely time for a glance through the shops and bazaars, when we were again compelled to board the steamer, which left at nine o'clock for Suez.

The next morning the sound of a gong beaten on the steamer's deck aroused us

from our slumbers, and inquiring the wherefore we were informed that we were approaching the straits of Bal-el-Mandeb, the entrance to the Red Sea. This brought all of our party on deck to greet the sunrise, and as we passed between the rockbound coast of Arabia on the right and the Island of Perin on the left we could hear the roar of the breakers and discern the yellow and faint light of the beacons that were still burning on the shore. That morning at 10 o'clock we steamed by the white walls and gleaming towers of the City of Mocha, that lay far away on the Arabian coast, looking like some fairy city in the dim distance. The weather as we steamed along over the surface of the Red Sea was not as hot as we had expected to find it, and yet it was plenty warm enough for comfort, and it was with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy that we entered the harbor of Suez on the morning of February 7th and drew slowly toward the little city of the same name that lay at the end of the great canal, the building of which has tended to change the business of the continents. The huge bluffs of the Egyptian coast stood out in bold relief in the clear air of the morning, while from the shores opposite the sands of the great desert stretched away as far as the eye could reach. Among the larger vessels that lay in the harbor were an English troop-ship and an Italian man-of-war, and as we dropped anchor we were at once surrounded by a fleet of smaller craft. After bidding good-by to Captain Talenhorst and his officers, and seeing that our baggage was loaded on the lighters we were transferred to the decks of a little steamer that was to take us to the docks of Suez, some two miles distant. Hardly had we set our feet on the shores of Egypt before we were besieged by swarms of Arabian and Egyptian donkey-boys in loose-fitting robes, black, white and blue, driving before them troops of long-eared donkeys, with gaily-caparisoned and queer-looking saddles and bridles, and mounting to our seats as quickly as possible be trotted off to the railroad station, some four or five miles distant, and took our places in the train that was to bear us to Cairo. Suez, the little that we saw of it, impressed us as being about the dirtiest place on God's green footstool, and the few Europeans that are obliged to live there have my profound sympathy, and deserve it.

Through the village, with its dirty streets lined by huts of mud and past little villages of the same squalid character, the train sped. Then across the arid desert region that extends northward from Suez to Ismalia, running parallel with the canal for a distance of thirty-five miles, and leaving the desert we entered the rich valley of the Nile, where the vegetation was most luxuriant. Groves of palm and acacias dotted the fields and flocks of sheep and goats were to be seen along the roadways of the irrigating canals that appeared to overspread the valley like a net. Camels plodding along beneath their heavy burden and water buffalos

standing knee-deep in the clover were not uncommon sights at every station, while the train was surrounded by motley crowds of Bedouins, Arabs and Egyptians, the women being veiled to the eyes, a fact for which we probably had reason to be devoutly grateful, if we but knew it, as there was nothing in their shapeless figures to indicate any hidden beauty.

Just as dusk we pulled into a little station some twenty miles from Cairo, and here Ryan started a panic among the natives by dressing Clarence Duval up in his drum-major suit of scarlet and gold lace, with a catcher's mask, over his face and a rope fastened around his waist, and turning him loose among the crowd that surrounded the carriages. To the minds of the unsophisticated natives the mascot appeared some gigantic ape that his keeper could with difficulty control, and both men and women fell over each other in their hurry to get out of his way. It was after dark when we arrived at Cairo where, as we alighted from the train, we were beset by an army of Egyptians, and we were obliged to literally fight our way to the carriages that were in waiting and that were to take us to the Hotel d'Orient, where rooms had already been secured for us, and where an excellent dinner was awaiting our arrival.

CHAPTER XXVII. IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The Hotel d'Orient, while not as fashionable as Shepard's or the Grand New, was a most comfortable house and set one of the best tables of the many that we encountered on the trip. It faced a big circular open space from which half a score of thoroughfares diverged like the spokes of a wheel, and was accessible from all parts of the city. In the big public garden opposite one of the Khedive's bands was playing at the time of our arrival, and on every hand were to been the open doors of cafes, bazaars, gambling hells and places of amusement, while the jargon of many tongues that surrounded us made confusion worse confounded. We were too tired the first night of our arrival to attempt much in the sight-seeing line, and contented ourselves, with a quiet stroll about the streets radiating from the circle, and a peep into some of the bazaars and gambling houses, gambling, then, as I presume it is at the present time, being conducted on the wide-open plan, and roulette wheels being operated within full view of the crowded streets. There is nothing that is known to any other city in the world

that cannot be found in Cairo, and there are representatives of every nation in the world to be found among its denizens. Seen in the gloom of the evening, its towers and minarets showing in the moonlight, its streets pervaded with the dull red glow of the lights that gleam in the adjacent bazaars and cabarets, and with its white-walled buildings towering in the darkness, Cairo looks like a scene from the Arabian Nights, but viewed by daylight the picture is not so entrancing, for the semi-darkness serves to hide from the eye of the traveler the squalor and filth that the sunlight reveals and that is part and parcel of all oriental cities and towns.

As no arrangements had been made for a game the day following our arrival, the members of our party were at liberty to suit themselves in the matter of amusement, and the majority of them overworked the patient little donkeys before nightfall. I am in a position to testify that I met many a little animal that afternoon bestrode by a long-legged ball player who looked better able to carry the donkey than the donkey did to carry him, but for all that both boys and donkeys seemed to be enjoying themselves. In company with Mrs. Anson and others of the party the day was spent in sight-seeing, we taking carriages and driving through the Turkish, Moorish, Algerian and Greek quarters of the town and over narrow streets paved with cobblestones and walled in by high buildings, with overhanging balconies, where the warm rays of the sun never penetrated. The rich tapestries and works of art to be found in all of these bazaars were the delight and the despair of the ladies, who would have needed all the wealth of India to have purchased one-half of the beautiful things that they so much admired. We then drove over the bridge that spans the Nile to the Khedive's gardens, the roadway being lined with magnificent equipages of all kinds, for this is the fashionable drive of Cairo and one of the sights of the place, the gorgeous liveries of the coachmen and outriders, the gaily-caparisoned and magnificent horses and the beautiful toilettes of the ladies all combined to make a picture that entranced the senses. One of the Khedive's palaces, and, by the way, he has half a dozen of them in Cairo, is situated at the far end of these gardens, which are finer than any of our parks at home, and their palaces being built in the Egyptian style of architecture, are a delight to the eye.

The day passed all too quickly, and when night came and we returned to the hotel, we had not seen half as much as we wished.

That evening after dinner, wishing to see how Cairo looked by gaslight, Mrs. Anson and I drove out in search of a theater, which I naturally thought it would

be no very difficult matter to find, though which of the many we wished to go to we had not made up our minds. The driver, unfortunately, could not understand a word of English, that being the trouble with half of the beggars one encounters in a strange land, and so as we drove down by the Grand Hotel and French Opera House and came to a palatial-looking building, with brilliantly lighted grounds and colored awnings extending down to the sidewalk, and looking the sort of a place that we were in search of, I stopped the carriage and tried to find out from the driver as best I could what sort of a theater it was. His answer sounded very much like circus, and I thought that it would just about fill the bill that evening, as far as Mrs. Anson and I were concerned. Helping my wife to alight we passed under the awning and by liveried servants that stood in the doorway, the music of many bands coming to our ears and the scent of a perfumed fountain whose spray we could see, to our nostrils.

"This is a pretty swell sort of a circus, isn't it?" I said to my wife, who nodded her head in reply.

Through the open door we could catch glimpses of large parties of ladies and gentlemen in full dress, but it had never occurred to me that it could be anything but what I had understood the driver to say it was, a circus, and I began to look around for a ticket office in order that I might purchase the necessary pasteboards. At last, running up against a dark-complexioned and distinguished-looking man in full uniform, I asked him if he could tell us where the tickets could be bought.

"Tickets! What tickets?" he asked, in very good English, but in a rather surprised tone.

"Why, the tickets to the circus here," I answered, nervously, for I began to fear that I had make a mistake. "There is no circus here, my friend," said the stranger, as he turned away his head to hide a smile, "this is my private residence. I am Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian Army, and am simply entertaining a few friends here tonight. I would be much pleased if you would remain and—"

"Don't say a word, sir," I replied, feeling cheaper than I had ever felt in my life, "it is my mistake and I hope you will excuse me," and bowing my self out as best I could we drove back to the hotel, where Mrs. Anson, who had been laughing at me all the way back, had of course to tell the story, the result being that I was guyed about my experience "at the circus" for some days and weeks

after Cairo had become only a memory. That evening in the office of the hotel the following bulletin was posted:

"Base-ball at the Pyramids. The Chicago and All-America teams, comprising the Spalding base-ball party, will please report in the hotel office, in uniform, promptly at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. We shall leave the hotel at that hour, camels having been provided for the All-Americas and donkeys for the Chicago players, with carriages for the balance of the party. The Pyramids will be inspected, the Sphinx visited, and a game played upon the desert near by, beginning at 2 o'clock."

The next morning at half-past nine the court of the Hotel d'Orient held what it had never held before, and what in all probability it will never hold again, twenty of the best-known exponents of the National Game that America could boast of having congregated there in uniform and in readiness to play ball in the presence of the countless ages that look down from the summits of the Pyramids and the imprint of whose fingers is seen in the seamed and scarred face of the Sphinx. In front of the hotel lay a dozen long-necked camels, saddled and bridled, and contentedly chewing their cuds, while about them stood as many more of the patient little donkeys that became so familiar to so many of the visitors to the Streets of Cairo during the World's Fair days at Chicago. The dragoman in charge had provided all the donkeys necessary for the occasion, but other donkey boys managed to get mixed up in a general melee, and when the boys had mounted the wrong donkeys and went to get on the right ones a row followed that would have put a Donnybrook Fair melee to shame, the disappointed donkey boys biting and scratching their more fortunate competitors and the policemen laying about them with their bamboo staffs. At last we were all in the saddle, the All-America team being mounted on the camels and the Chicago boys on the donkeys and with the ball players leading the way and the carriages following we moved through the streets of Cairo, past the residence of the American Minister, where we cheered the old flag that floated over his quarters, thence over the bridge of the Nile and down through the Khedive's gardens, the "ships of the desert" lurching along with their loads like vessels in an ocean storm, and the donkeys requiring an amount of coaxing and persuasion that proved to be a severe tax upon the patience of their riders.

The road leading to the Pyramids was a beautiful one running beneath an avenue arched with acacias until it reached the lowlands of the river across which it winds until it arrives at the edge of the desert upon which these great monuments

of the kings and queens dead and gone for centuries are built. Half way to our destination an interchange of camels and donkeys was made by the members of the two teams, an exchange that, so far as the Chicagos were concerned, was for the worse and not for the better. At two o'clock we arrived at our destination and partook of the lunch that had been prepared for us in the little brick cottage that stood at the foot of old Cheops. After lunch we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of Bedouins and Arabs numbering some two hundred, who besought us to purchase musty coins and copper images that were said to have been found in the interior of the huge piles of stone that surrounded us, and more persistent beggars than they proved to be it has never been my misfortune to run against. After visiting the big Pyramids and the Sphinx, and having our pictures taken in connection with these wonders of the world, we passed down to the hard sands of the desert, where a diamond had been laid out, and where, in the presence of fully a thousand people, many tourists coming to Cairo having been attracted to the scene by the announcements made that we were to play there, we began the first and only game of ball that the sentinels of the desert ever looked down upon. This game was played under difficulties, as when the ball was thrown or batted into the crowd the Arabs would pounce upon it and examine it as though it were one of the greatest of curiosities, and it was only after a row that we could again get it in our possession.

On this occasion Tener and Baldwin both pitched for Chicagos before the five innings were over, and Healy and Crane for the All-Americas. Both sides were exceedingly anxious to win this game, but fortune favored the All-Americas and we were beaten 10 to 6, for which I apologized to the Sphinx on behalf of my team after the game was over. To this she turned a deaf ear and a stony glance was her only answer. After the game we returned to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, looking them over more at our leisure and trying to fathom the mystery of how they were built that has been a puzzle for so many ages.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when we returned to Cairo, well satisfied with our sight-seeing experience, but a little disappointed to think that the only ball game that had ever been played in the shadow of the Pyramids had not been placed to the credit of Chicago.

There was nothing to do the next day and night but to stroll about Cairo, as the Khedive, before whom we had offered to play, was out at his Nile palace, and to have visited him there and given an exhibition, as he invited us to do, would have taken more time than we had at our disposal. The Mosques of Sultan

Hassan and of Mohammed Ali were visited by many of us during the day. They stood upon the highest point of the city, and though the former is fast crumbling to ruins, the latter, which is the place where the Khedive worships, is fairly well preserved. From the citadel, which is garrisoned by English soldiers, we obtained an excellent bird's-eye view of Cairo, the broad surface of the Nile and the Pyramids of Cairo and Sakarah, the latter of which are twenty miles distant.

I believe that had we remained in Cairo for a year we could still have found something to interest and amuse us, though I should hardly fancy having to remain there for a life-time, as the manners and customs of the Orient are not to my liking. The line of demarcation between the rich and the poor is too strongly drawn and the beggars much too numerous to suit my fancy, and yet while there both my wife and myself enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly, and the recollections that we now entertain of it are most pleasant.

Our departure from Cairo was made on the morning of February 11th. Ismalia, a little city on the banks of the Suez Canal, about half way between Suez and Port Said, being our destination, and here we arrived late in the afternoon, and at five o'clock boarded the little steamer that was to take us to Port Said, where we were to catch the steamer across the Mediterranean, to the little Italian town of Brindisi.

CHAPTER XXVIII. UNDER THE BLUE SKIES OF ITALY.

The night we left Ismalia and started for Port Said, the port of entrance at the northernmost end of the Suez Canal, was a glorious one, the full moon shining down upon the waters and turning to silver the sands of the vast desert that stretched away to the horizon on either side. This canal through which we had passed had a mean depth of 27 feet and varies from 250 to 350 feet in width, its length from sea to sea being 87 miles. The banks on both sides were barren of verdure and there was but little to be seen save the Canal itself, which is an enduring monument to the brains of Ferdinand de Lesseps. Every now and then our little steamer passed some leviathan of the deep bound for Suez, and the Red Sea, and the music of our mandolins and guitars and of Mrs. Lynch's cornet would bring the passengers on board of, them to the steamer's rail as we sped by

them in the moonlight. Shortly after ten o'clock the lights of Port Said came in sight and at half-past ten we were climbing up the sides of the "Stettin," where we found a fine lot of officers and a good dinner awaiting our arrival.

An hour later we were on our way across the Mediterranean. The voyage was the roughest we had yet had, and as the majority of the party were so seasick as to be confined to their staterooms, there was very little pleasure to be found, the ship rolling about so that her screw was more than half the time out of the water. The mountains of Crete and Candia, with their snowy caps, were the only signs of land to be seen until we arrived in sight of Brindisi, which we reached twelve hours later than we should have done had it not been for the rough weather that we encountered. Here we received the first mail that we had had since we left home, and as there were letters from our daughters in the bag we were more than happy.

At Brindisi we were obliged to remain over night, having missed the day train for Naples, but the storm that that evening swept the coast confined us to the hotel, where the big wood fires that blazed in the grates, both in the office and in our sleeping apartments, made things most comfortable. At nine o'clock the next morning we left for Naples, where we arrived that evening, our journey taking us through the most beautiful and picturesque portion of Southern Italy, a country rich in vineyards, valleys, wooded mountains and beggars, being excelled in the latter respect only by the lands of the Orient.

The most of our baggage had already gone on the steamer to Southampton, and so when we got to the shores of the Bay of Naples we had but little for the Custom House Inspectors to inspect. I had my bat bag with me, however, and as I entered the station a funny-looking little old man in gold lace insisted that the bag was above the regulation weight and that I should register it and pay the extra fare. I kicked harder than I had ever kicked to any umpire at home in my life, but to no avail, for I was compelled to settle. As we came within sight of the Bay of Naples we were all on the lookout for Mount Vesuvius, which Fogarty was the first to sight, and to which he called our attention. Green and gray it loomed up in the distance, its summit surrounded by a crimson halo and its crater every few seconds belching out flames and lava. Arriving at the station we were met by Messrs. Spalding and Lynch, who had come on from Brindisi one train in advance of us, and here Martin Sullivan, who had playfully filched the horn of a guard while en route, was taken into custody by half a score of gendarmes. It took the services of three interpreters and some fifteen minutes of

time to straighten this affair out, after which we proceeded to the Hotel Vesuve, where we were to put up during our stay in Naples. That night we were too tired for sightseeing and contented ourselves with gazing from the windows at the beautiful Bay of Naples, which lay flashing beneath us in the moonlight.

As no arrangements had been made to play a game until the fourth day after our arrival we had ample time for sightseeing, and this we turned to the best account. The view from the balconies of the hotel was in itself a grand one, and one of which we never tired. Vesuvius, with its smoke-crowned summit, was in plain sight, while the view of the bay and the beautiful islands of Capri and Ischia, that lay directly in front of the hotel, presented as pretty and enticing a picture as could be found anywhere. That afternoon we drove all about old Naples, visiting many of the quaint and handsome old cathedrals and palaces, and that night we went to hear "Lucretia Borgia," at the San Carlos, which is one of the most magnificent theaters to be found in all Europe. The next day we spent among the ruins of Pompeii and, though a third of the original city at the time of our visit still lay buried beneath the ashes and lava, we were enabled to obtain a pretty fair idea of what the whole city was like, and of the manners and customs of the unfortunate people who had been overwhelmed by the eruption. Many of the most interesting relics found are now in the National Museum at Naples, among them being the casts of bodies that were taken from the ashes. The museums and cathedrals at Naples are rich in relics and you might spend days in looking at them and still not see half of what is to be shown.

My wife and I were both anxious to make the ascent of Vesuvius, but the dangers incurred by some of the other members of the party who had attempted the feat deterred us from making the attempt.

Our first game of ball in Naples and the first of our trip on European soil was played in the Campo de Mart, or "Field of Mars," February 19th. We left the hotel in carriages and drove out by the way of the Via Roma to the grounds. The day before United States Consul Camphausen, who treated us all through our stay with the greatest kindness and courtesy, had issued invitations to the various members of the different diplomatic corps in Naples, and also to many of the principal citizens, so that there was a crowd of about 3,000 people on the grounds, and among them quite a sprinkling of foreign diplomats and fashionable people. The game began with Baldwin and Daly and Healy and Earl in the points, but it had hardly gotten under way before the crowd swarmed onto the playing grounds in such a way as to make fielding well-nigh impracticable,

and batting dangerous. The police seemed powerless to restrain the people and the bad Italian of A. G. Spalding had, seemingly, no effect, in spite of the coaching given him by Minister Camphausen. Then we tried to clear the field ourselves, and, though we would succeed for a time, it would soon be as bad as ever, the fact that an Italian was laid out senseless by a ball from Carroll's bat not seeming to deter them in the least. For three innings neither side scored, and in the fourth each got a man across the plate, but in the fifth the All-Americas increased their score by seven runs, and the crowd, evidently thinking that the game was over, swarmed across the field like an army of Kansas grasshoppers, and Ward, ordering his men into their positions, claimed the game of Tener, who was umpiring, which the latter gave him by a technical score of 9 to 0, the score books showing 8 to 2. That night was our last in Naples, and by invitation of the American Minister we occupied boxes at the San Carlos Theater, which was packed from pit to dome by the wealth and fashion of Naples.

We were to have taken our departure for Rome at 8:30 the next morning, but owing to a mistake that was made by the commissionaire, to whom the getting of the tickets had been left, we were compelled to wait until the afternoon at three, Mr. Spalding and his mother going on without us. Leaving Clarence Duval to watch over the baggage piled up in a corner of the waiting-room we spent the time in driving about the city, and in paying a farewell visit to the Naples Museum, in which is contained some of the finest marbles, bronzes and paintings to be found on the continent, the Farnese Bull and the Farnese Hercules in marble being famous the world over. Three o'clock found us again at the depot and this time the tickets being on hand we boarded the train and were soon whirling along through the rural districts of Italy on our way to:

"Rome that sat upon her seven hills And ruled the world."

This trip was uneventful, and even the irrepressibles of the party managed to keep out of mischief, the experience of Martin Sullivan having taught them that the Italians did not know how to take a joke. At nine o'clock we reached the Eternal City, our party dividing at the station, the Chicagos going to the Hotel de Alamagne and the All-Americas to the Hotel de Capital, this action being necessary because of the fact that Rome was at that time crammed with tourists and accommodations for such a large party as ours were hard to find.

When Messrs. Spalding and Lynch called upon Judge Stallo of Cincinnati the next morning, he then being the American Minister at Rome, they were given

the cold shoulder for the first time during the trip, that gentleman declaring that he had never taken the slightest interest in athletics, and that he did not propose to lend the use of his name for mercenary purposes. There being no inclosed grounds in Rome this action of Jude Stallo's was in the nature of a gratuitous insult, and was looked upon as such by the members of our party. Mr. Charles Dougherty, the Secretary of the American Legation at Rome, proved, however, to be an American of a different kind, and one that devoted to us much of his time and attention.

Who that has ever been to Rome can ever forget it? I cannot, and I look upon the time that I put in there sightseeing as most pleasantly and profitably spent. The stupendous church of St. Peter's, with its chapels and galleries, being in itself an imposing object lesson. Its glories have already been inadequately described by some of the most famous of literary men, and where they have failed it would be folly for a mere ball player to make the attempt. In St. Peter's we spent almost an entire day, and leaving it we felt that there was still more to be seen. The second day we visited the palace of the Caesars, the Catacombs, the ruins of the Forum, and the Coliseum, within whose tottering walls the mighty athletes of an olden day battled for mastery. We drove far out on the Appian Way, that had at one time echoed the tread of Rome's victorious legions, until we stopped at the tomb of St. Cecelia. The glories of ancient Rome have departed but the ruins of that glory still remain to challenge the wonder and admiration of the traveler. Rome is not composed entirely of massive ruins in these latter days, as some people seem to imagine. On the contrary, it is a city of wealth and magnificence, and if "you do as the Romans do" you are certain to enjoy yourself, for the Romans do about the same things as other people.

The Corso, which is the fashionable drive and promenade of the residents, had a great attraction for us all, and between three and five o'clock in the afternoons the scene presented was a brilliant one, it being at that time thronged with handsome equipages and handsomer women, while the shop windows are pictures in themselves. The street itself in a narrow one, being barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other, and yet over its pavements there is a constantly flowing tide of people such as Fifth Avenue in New York, State Street in Chicago, Rotten Row in London, or even the Champs Ely-see in Paris cannot equal.

On the afternoon of February 22d, in answer to an invitation extended to the party through President Spalding, by Dr. O'Connell, Director of the American

College at Rome, we called at that institution, in a body and were soon chatting with the students, some seventy-five in number, who came from a score of different cities in our own country.

They were a fine, manly lot, and just as fond of baseball, which they informed us that they often played, as though they were not studying for the priesthood. Meeting them reminded me of my old school days at Notre Dame, and of the many games that I had taken part in while there when the old gentleman was still busily engaged in trying to make something out of me, and I was just as busily engaged in blocking his little game. After a pleasant chat Clarence Duval gave them an exhibition of dancing and baton swinging that amused them greatly, and then we adjourned to one of the class-rooms, where we listened to brief addresses by Bishop McQuade of Rochester, N. Y., who was then in Rome on a visit; Bishop Payne of Virginia, and Dr. O'Connell, to all of which A. G. responded, after which we took our departure, but not before the students had all promised to witness the game of the next day.

This game was played on the private grounds of the Prince Borghese, which are thrown open to the public between the hours of three and five on Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday of each week, and a prettier place for a diamond that the portion of it upon which we played, and which was known as the Piazza de Sienna, could not be imagined. Under the great trees that crowned the grassy terraces about the glade that afternoon assembled a crowd such as few ball players had ever played before, among the notables present being King Humbert of Italy, the Prince of Naples, Prince Borghese and family, Count Ferran, Princess Castel del Fino, Count Gionatti, Senora Crispi, wife of the Prime Minister, and her daughter, Charles Dougherty and ladies, the class of the American College at Rome, members of the various diplomatic corps, tourists and others.

We were greeted by three rousing cheers and a tiger from the American College boys and then, after fifteen minutes of fast practice, we began the first professional ball game ever played in Rome, a game that both teams were most anxious to win. Crane and Earle and Tener and Daly were in the points. The game was a remarkable one throughout, the fielding on both sides being gilt-edged, and the score a tie at the end of the second inning, each side having two runs. Double plays, clean hitting and sharp fielding marked the next few innings, and it was not until the seventh inning Burns crossed the plate with the winning run for the Chicagos, the score standing 3 to 2. After this we played an

exhibition game of two innings, that was marked by fast work throughout, and were heartily cheered as we lifted our caps and left the grounds.

Shortly after the noon hour the next day, which was Sunday, we started for Florence, the day being a cold and cheerless one, arriving there at 8:30 and finding quarters at the Hotel de Europe, not a stone's throw from the right bank of the Arno. It was too chilly for any gas-light trips that evening, and we retired early, but the next morning after an early breakfast we started in to make the most of the little time that we had at our disposal, and before the time set for play that afternoon we had taken flying peeps at the beautiful Cathedral of St. Maria, the home and studio of Michael Angelo, the palace of the Medicis and the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, both of which are rich in paintings, the works of the great masters.

We played that afternoon upon the Cascine or racecourse of Florence, in the midst of beautiful surroundings and in the presence of a crowd that was small but select, royalty having several representatives on the grounds. The game was a hotly-contested one throughout, Healy and Carroll and Baldwin and myself being the batteries, and was finally won by the All-Americas, the score standing at 7 to 4 in their favor.

It was five o'clock and raining when we left Florence the next morning. We had landed in Italy in a rain storm and we left the land of sunshine and soft skies under the same unpleasant conditions.

CHAPTER XXIX. OUR VISIT TO LA BELLE FRANCE.

It was some days after we left the beautiful city of Florence, with its wealth of statuary and paintings, before we again donned our uniforms, the lack of grounds upon which we could play being the reason for our enforced idleness. The day we left Florence we crossed over the border and that night found us on French soil, and in the land of the "parlevooers." The ride from Florence to Nice, which latter city was our objective point, was one long dream of delight, the road running for nearly the entire distance along the shores of the Mediterranean and along the edge of high cliffs, at whose rocky bases waves were breaking into

spray that, catching the gleam of the sunlight, reflected all the colors of the rainbow. Now and then the train plunged into the darkness of a tunnel, where all was blackness, but as it emerged again the sunlight became all the brighter by comparison. As we passed through Pisa, a few hours out from Florence, we caught excellent view of the famous leaning tower, with the appearance of which every schoolboy has been made familiar by the pictures in his geography. At Genoa the train stopped for luncheon and there Pfeffer's appetite proved to be too much for him, and as he couldn't speak Italian he lingered so long at the table as to get left, coming on in the next train a few hours afterwards, and getting guyed unmercifully regarding his tremendous capacity for storing away food.

In the course of the afternoon we passed through the the city of Diana Maria, that four years before had been destroyed by an earthquake, in which some four hundred people were killed or severely injured. It was a desolate enough looking place as viewed from the car windows, the broken walls that seemed ready to tumble at the slightest touch, and the bare rafters all bearing witness to the terrible shaking up that the city had received. Leaving Diana Maria we passed through some beautiful mountain scenery, the little villages that clustered in the valleys looking from our point of view like a collection of birdhouses. It was nearly dark when we reached San Remo, where the late Emperor of Germany had lain during his last illness, and quite so when we left it and entered the station of Vingt Mille, on the French border, and some twenty miles from our destination.

Here Crane's monkey was the cause of our getting into trouble, a couple of Italians, who had taken offense at the free-and-easy ways of Fogarty, Crane and Carroll, who occupied the same apartment with them, informing the guard that the New-Yorker had the little animal in his pocket, the fare for which was immediately demanded and refused.

At Vingt Mille, after the customs authorities had examined our baggage, and we were about to take the train again, we were stopped and informed that we would not be allowed to proceed until the monkey's fare had been paid. It was some time before we ascertained the real cause of our detention, none of us being able to speak Italian, and when we finally learned the train had gone on without us. Seventeen francs were paid for the monk's ride in Crane's pocket, and we thought the episode settled, but later on the official came back, stating that a mistake had been made and that the monk's fare was nine francs more, but this Crane positively refused to pay until we were again surrounded by a cordon of

soldiers, when he "anted up," but most unwillingly. It was an imposition, doubtless, but they had the might on their side and that settled the business. After that the gentleman (?) who had acted as interpreter, doubtless thinking that Americans were "soft marks," put in a claim of twenty francs for services, but this he did not get, though he came very close to receiving the toe of a boot in its stead.

After once more getting started we sped past the gambling palaces of Monte Carlo and Monaco, that loomed up close behind us in the darkness, and, arriving at Nice, finally secured quarters in the Interlachen Hotel, the city being crowded with strangers who had come from all parts of the world to view the "Battle of Flowers," that was to take place on the morrow. It rained all that night and all the next day, and as a result the carnival had to be postponed, and the floral decorations presented a somewhat woe-begone and bedraggled appearance. It had been our intention to play a game here, but to our astonishment and the disappointment of several hundred Americans then in Nice, the project had to be abandoned for the reason that there was not a ground or anything that even remotely resembled one, within the city limits.

The rain that had caused the postponement of the carnival did not prevent us from leaving the hotel, however, and the entire party put in the day visiting the great gambling halls of Monte Carlo, which are today as famous on this side of the water as they are on the continent, and where the passion for gambling has ruined more people of both sexes than all of the other gambling hells of the world combined. A more beautiful spot than Monte Carlo it would be hard to imagine, the interior of the great gambling hall being handsomer than that of any theater or opera house that we had seen, and furnished in the most gorgeous manner. The work of the landscape gardener can here be seen at its best, no expense having been spared to make the grounds that surrounded the building devoted to games of chance the handsomest in the world. In its great halls one sees every sort and variety of people. Lords and Ladies, Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, gamblers and courtesans, all find place at the table where the monotonous voices of the croupiers and the clinking of the little ivory ball are about the only sounds that break the silence.

The majority of the members of our party tried their luck at the tables, as does everybody that goes to Monte Carlo, no matter how strongly they may condemn the practice when at home, and some of us were lucky enough to carry off some of the bank's money, Mr. Spalding, Mrs. Anson and myself among the number.

There is as much of a fascination in watching the faces of the players around the tables as there is in following the chances of the game, and the regular habitues of the place can be spotted almost at the first glance. One day at Monte Carlo was quite enough for us and we were glad to get back to Nice and out of the way of temptation.

The second day after we arrived at Nice the flower festival took place, and luckily the weather was almost perfect. All the morning for a distance of some twenty blocks the Avenue des Anglaise, where the battle of flowers is annually held, the decorators had been busy preparing for the event, and by afternoon decked in flowers and gaily-colored ribbons, bunting and flags, the scene that it presented was a brilliant one. By three o'clock it was crowded with elegant equipages filled with men, women and flowers, the two former pelting each other with blossoms to their heart's content, the spectators in the adjacent windows and on the sidewalks taking part in the mimic war. Conspicuous in the party was the Prince of Wales and his friends, among which were several of our fair countrywomen, the whole party distributing their flowers right and left with reckless-prodigality. The number of handsome women, the splendid street decorations, and the abundance of flowers that were scattered about in lavish profusion made a brilliant picture and one that it is not to be wondered that tourists journey from all parts of the continent to witness.

The next morning we were off for Paris, stopping over at Lyons for the night, where there was snow on the ground, the weather being cold and disagreeable, and it was not until Saturday that we arrived in "La Belle Paris," the Mecca of all Americans who have money to spend and who desire to spend it, and the fame of whose magnificent boulevards, parks, palaces, squares and monuments has not extended half as far as has the fame of its Latin Quartier, with its gay student life, its masked balls, with their wild abandon, its theaters made famous by the great Rachael, Sara Bernhardt and others, and its gardens, where high kickers are in their glory. All of these were to be seen and all of these we saw, that is, all of them that we could see in the short week that was allotted to us, it being a week of late hours and wild dissipation so far as my wife and myself were concerned, we rarely retiring until long after the hour of midnight. Our days were spent in driving about the city and its environs, and in viewing the various places of interest that were to be seen, from the magnificent galleries filled with the rarest of paintings and statuary to the dark and gloomy Bastille, while our nights were devoted to the theater and balls, and at both of these we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

In Paris we met a great many members of the American colony from whom we received much courtesy and attention, and to whom I should like to have a chance of returning the many kindnesses that were showered upon us during the time that we remained in the French capital.

As a business man the Parisian is not a decided success when viewed from the American standpoint, but as a butterfly in pursuit of pleasure he cannot be beaten. He is polite and courteous at all times, however, but is not to be trusted when making a trade, he having learned to look upon all Americans with money as his natural and legitimate prey, and so is prepared to take the advantage of you and yours whenever the opportunity is given him.

It was not until the afternoon of March 8th that we were given a chance to show the Parisians how the National Game of America is played, and then we put up a fairly good exhibition, both teams being more than anxious to win, and playing in a most spirited fashion. This game was played at the Parc Aristotique, situated on the banks of the Seine, just opposite the Exposition Buildings, and within plain sight of the great Eiffel Tower, it being walled in by gardens and big city residences. The game was made memorable by the large number of Americans that were present and by the distinguished people before whom it was played. Among these were General Brugere and Captain Chamin, representing President Carnot of the French Republic, who sent a letter regretting that his official duties prevented him from seeing the game; Mr. and Mrs. William Joy, of the American Legation; Miss McLane, daughter of the American Minister at Paris; Miss Urquhart, a sister of Mrs. James Brown Potter, the actress; Consul General Rathbone, and a host of others prominent in diplomatic, social and theatrical circles. It was in the second inning of the game that the famous "stone wall" infield of the Chicagos was broken up through an injury received by Ed Williamson, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He had taken his base on balls in the second inning and, was trying to steal second when he tripped and fell, tearing his knee cap on the sharp sand and gravel of which the playing surface was composed. He was taken by his wife, who was among the spectators, to his hotel, and it was thought that a few days of rest would see him all right again, but such did not prove to be the case, as he was still confined to his room in London when we sailed for home, and it was until late in the season of 1889 that he was again able to report for duty. This necessitated Baldwin's going to first while Ryan took Williamson's place at short and weakened our team very materially, as Williamson was always a tower of strength to us. We were very decidedly off, too, in our batting, and it was not until the sixth inning

that a home run by Ryan and a two-bagger by Pettit, and a passed ball enabled us to put two men over the plate. These were all the runs we got, however, and at the end of the second inning, when game was called, the score stood at 6 to 2 in All-Americas' favor.

How the members of either game were enabled to play as good ball as they did, not only in Paris but in other cities that we visited after the inactivity of steamer life, the late hours, and the continual round of high living that they indulged in, is a mystery, and one that is past my fathoming, and yet the ball that they put up on many of these occasions that I have spoken of was ball of the championship kind and the sort that would have won even in, League company.

At half-past eight o'clock we left Paris for our trip across the English Channel, taking the long route from Dieppe to New Haven, and if we all wished ourselves dead and buried a hundred times before reaching the latter Port we can hardly be blamed, as a worse night for making the trip could not well have been chosen. It was one o'clock in the morning when the train from Paris bearing the members of our party arrived at Dieppe, and the wind at that time was blowing a gale. Down the dock in the face of this we marched and aboard the little side-wheel steamer "Normande," where our quarters were much too cramped for comfort. A few minutes later the lines were cast off and the steamer was tossing about like a cork on the face of the waters, now up and now down, and seemingly trying at times to turn a somersault, a feat that luckily for us she did not succeed in accomplishing, else this story might never have been written. There was no doing on deck, even had we been capable of making an effort to do so, which we were not, as we could hear the large waves that swept over the vessel strike the planking with a heavy thud that shook the steamer from stem to stern, and then go rushing away into the scuppers.

Up and down, down and up, all night long, and if we had never prayed to be set ashore before we did on that occasion, but as helpless as logs we lay in our staterooms, not much caring whether the next plunge made by the ship was to be the last or not. I had had slight attacks of seasickness before, but on this occasion I was good and seasick, and Mrs. Anson was, if such a thing were possible, even in a worse condition than I was. At about three in the morning we heard the noise of a heavy shock followed by the crashing of timbers and the shouts of sailors that sounded but faintly above the roar of the tempest, and the next morning discovered that a huge wave had carried away the bridge, the lookout fortunately managing to escape being carried away with the wreck. The

experience of that awful night is one never to be forgotten, a night that, according to the captain, was the worst that he had ever witnessed during his thirty years of experience, and it was with feelings of great relief that we dropped anchor in the harbor of New Haven the next morning, where the sun shone brightly and the sea was comparatively quiet.

We were a pretty seedy-looking lot when we boarded the train for London, where we debarked at the Victoria Station about half-past nine o'clock, still looking much the worse for wear and like a collection of invalids than a party of representative ball players. Getting into carriages we were at once driven through the city to Holburn, where quarters at the First Avenue Hotel had been provided, and where we were only too glad to rest for a time and recover from the awful shaking up that the English Channel had given us; a shaking up that it took Mrs. Anson some time to recover from, as it also did the other ladies of the party.

We had expected to play our first game of ball in England on the day of our arrival, but the game had been called off before we got there because of the storm, the grounds being flooded. It was a lucky thing for us that such was the case, as there was not one of the party who could have hit a balloon after the experience of the night before, or who could have gone around the bases at a gait that would have been any faster than a walk.

CHAPTER XXX. THROUGH ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

The first thing that impresses the stranger in London is the immensity of the city, and the great crowds that continually throng the streets night and day, for London never sleeps.

The first day after our arrival I noted numerous changes that had taken place in various quarters since my visit of fifteen years before, during which time the city seemed to have grown and spread out in every direction. The hotel where we were quartered was in close proximity to the Strand, one of London's greatest and busiest thoroughfares, and here the crowds were at all times of the most enormous proportions, the absence of street car and the presence of hundreds of hansom cabs and big double-decked tramways running in every direction being especially noticeable. The weather at the time of our visit was cold, foggy and disagreeable, and as a result our sight-seeing experiences were somewhat curtailed and not as pleasant as they might have been.

The date of our first appearance on English soil was March 12th, and prior to the game on that occasion we were given a reception and luncheon in the Club House of the Surrey County Cricket Club at Kensington Oval, which is the personal property of the Prince of Wales, and one of the most popular of the many cricket grounds the are to be found within the vicinity of the world's greatest metropolis. The committee appointed to receive the players on this occasion embraced among others the Duke of Beaufort, Earl of Landsborough, Earl of Coventry, Earl of Sheffield, Earl of Chesborough, Lord Oxenbridge, Lord Littleton, Lord Hawke, Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., Sir W. T. Webster, Attorney General, the Lord Mayor, American Consul General, American Charge d'Affaires, and Dr. W. D. Grace, the world-famous cricket player, with whom I had become well acquainted during the trip of 1874. It had rained that morning and when we left the hotel in drags for the grounds the streets of London were enveloped in a fog so thick that one could almost cut it with a knife, while the prospects of a ball game seemed to the most of us exceedingly dubious. Arriving at the Club House we were presented to the different members of the reception

committee, who, in spite of the high-sounding titles that they bore, were a most affable lot of men, and to many of the most prominent club members, all of whom gave us a warm welcome and made us feel thoroughly at home. Lord Oxenbridge, a fine specimen of the English nobility, acted as chairman of the assemblage, and after luncheon proposed the toasts of "The Queen" and "The President of the United States," both of which were drank with enthusiasm. Lord Lewisham then proposed "The American Ball Teams," to which Mr. Spalding responded, this being followed by the health of the chairman, proposed by the Hon. Henry White, United States Charge d'Affaires, after which we made our way through the crowds that thronged the reception rooms and corridors to the dressing rooms, where we donned our uniforms and put ourselves in readiness to play ball. When we marched out on the grounds we were somewhat surprised at the size of the crowd that greeted us, some 8,000 people having assembled to witness the game, and this in spite of the fact that it was still foggy and the grounds soft, black and sticky. To play good ball under such circumstances was all but impossible, and yet I have taken part in lots of championship games at home that were worse played than this one.

Healy and Baldwin did the twirling, and both pitched good ball, while the fielding of both teams was nothing short of remarkable when the fact is taken into consideration that a ball fifty feet in the air could not be seen at all. Just at the end of the first half of the third inning we noticed something of a commotion in the vicinity of the Club House and when, in a few moments afterwards, the well-known face of the Prince of Wales appeared at the window, we assembled at the home plate and gave three hearty cheers for His Highness, this action on our parts bringing out a storm, of applause from the stand. At the close of the fifth inning we accompanied Manager Lynch to the Club House at the Prince's request, where we were introduced to the future King of England by President Spalding, he shaking hands with each of us in a most cordial manner, calling many of us by name and chatting with us in a most off-hand and friendly way. As we left he bowed to each of us pleasantly and then took a seat by the window to witness the balance of the game, which resulted at the end of nine innings in a score of 7 to 4 in Chicago's favor. The London papers the next morning devoted a great deal of space to the game, but the majority of the Englishmen who had witnessed it said that they thought cricket its superior, and among them the Prince of Wales, which was hardly to be wondered at, and which confirmed me in the opinion that I had formed on my first visit, viz., that base-ball would never become a popular English sport, an opinion that since then has proved to be correct.

Accompanied by the United States Charge d'Affaires the next morning we drove to the Parliament Buildings, where we were admitted and shown through by the Secretary to the Chairman of the House of Commons, an honor rarely accorded to visitors and one that we greatly appreciated.

From the great hall where Charles the First and Warren Hastings were tried and which had been badly wrecked by the explosion of a dynamite bomb two years before, we passed into the Crypt and Committee rooms, and thence through the magnificent corridors decorated with paintings, each of which cost thousands of pounds. The House of Lords was next visited, the Woolsack and Queen's Seat, and the seats of the various members being pointed out to us by the Secretary. From the House of Lords we passed into the House of Commons, where Sir William Harcourt was speaking upon "The Treatment of Political Prisoners in Ireland," and where several famous personages were pointed out to us, though much to our regret we missed seeing Mr. Gladstone, who was expected to enter every moment, but who did not appear up to the time of our leaving for Westminster Abbey, where we had just time to glance about us before driving to Lord's Cricket Grounds, where we were to play that afternoon, and where we were greeted by a crowd of 7,000 people. These grounds, which are particularly fine, we found that afternoon in excellent condition and as a result we played a great game and one that evidently pleased the spectators, the batting being heavy, the fielding sharp and quick and the base running fast and brilliant. Errors at the' last moment by Baldwin and myself gave the All-Americas this game, they winning by a single run, the score standing 7 to 6.

That evening, at the invitation of Henry Irving, now Sir Henry, and Miss Ellen Terry, we occupied boxes at the Lyceum Theater, being invited back of the scenes between the acts to enjoy a glass of wine and to receive the well wishes of our host and hostess, who still stand at the head of their profession.

The day following, which was March 14th, we played upon the Crystal Palace Grounds, which are located at Sydenham, one of the most popular residence districts of the great city and within plain sight of the magnificent Palace of Crystal, that is one of the many famous places of interest with which London abounds. Here another large and enthusiastic crowd of 6,000 people greeted us, and there was more cheering and excitement than we had yet heard since our arrival in England. It was another pretty and close game, in which the All-Americas carried off the honors by a score of 5 to 2, the batting, fielding and base running of both teams being again above the average.

At seven o'clock the next morning we left London for Bristol, the home of the famous cricketers, Dr. W. G. and Mr. E. M. Grace, whose exploits in the batting line have made them celebrated in the annals of the English National Game. Our journey to Bristol was a delightful one and when we arrived there at noon we were met by a committee composed of the Duke of Beaufort, Dr. Grace and the officials of the Gloucester County Cricket Club, and driven to the Grand Hotel, where introductions were in order. The Duke of Beaufort was certainly:

"A fine old English gentleman,"

and one who, in spite of his sixty years, was greatly interested in athletic sports. After a good dinner, over which His Grace presided and, after the usual toasts had been proposed and drank, we were driven to the Gloucester Cricket Grounds, which had but just been completed, at a cost of some twelve thousand pounds, and which were as pretty and well-equipped as any grounds in England. The day was a beautiful one and the grounds in splendid condition, but for all that the game lacked the snap and go that had characterized the games in London, the Chicagos winning by a score of 10 to 3. After the game the Chicago team took the field and Ryan and Crane pitched while the Grace brothers and other cricketers tried their hand at batting, but were unable to do anything with the swift delivery of the Americans, and it was not until they had slowed down that they managed to land on the ball, Dr. Grace making the only safe hit of the day.

That night found us back in London, where the next afternoon we played our farewell game in the great metropolis on the grounds of the Essex County Club at Layton, before a crowd that numbered 8,000 people, Crane and Earle and Baldwin and Daly being the batteries. This game was full of herd hitting and, though the score, 12 to 6 in favor of Chicago, would not have pleased an American crowd, it tickled the English people immensely, the London press of the next morning declaring it to be the best game that we had yet played in England. A throwing contest had been arranged to take place after the game between Crane and Conner, an Australian cricketer, but the latter backed out at the last moment and Crane merely gave an exhibition, throwing a cricket ball Ito yards and a base ball 120 yards and 5 inches. That evening we were banqueted by stockholders of the Niagara Panorama Company, and among the guests was the Duke of Beaufort, who "dropped in," as he put it, "to spend the evening with this fine lot of fellows from America."

When we left London the next morning it was in a special train provided by the London and Northwestern Railway Company, consisting of nine cars, two of which were dining saloons, two smoking and reception cars, and the balance sleepers, each of the latter being made to accommodate from six to eight persons comfortably. The exterior of the train was exceedingly handsome, the body-color being white enamel with trimmings of gold and seal brown and the Royal Arms in gold and scarlet on the carriage doors, while upon each side of the coaches was the inscription in brown letters, "The American Base-Ball Clubs." The interior of the train was equally as handsome, and even royalty itself could not been better provided. Some 500 people were on hand to see us off and we pulled out of London with the cheers of our friends ringing in our ears. The run to Birmingham occupied but three hours, and arriving there we were escorted to the Colonnade Hotel by a delegation from the Warwickshire County Cricket Club, where the usual reception was accorded us. Then, after going to the Queen's Hotel for luncheon, we were driven to the handsomely located and prettily equipped grounds of the club, where, in spite of the threatening weather, 3,000 people had assembled.

This game was one that would have delighted an American crowd, game being called at the end of the tenth inning on account of darkness with the score a tie, each team having four runs to its credit, Baldwin and Healy both pitching in fine style. That evening we were the guests of honor at the Prince of Wales Theater, returning after the play was over to our sleeping apartments on the train.

At nine o'clock the next morning we left for Sheffield, the great cutlery manufacturing town of England, our route leading through the beautiful hills of Yorkshire. Here we were the guests of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, and after luncheon at the Royal Victoria were driven to the Bramhall Lane grounds, one of the oldest and most famous of England's many athletic parks, where we were greeted by a crowd that was even larger than' the one before which we had played at Birmingham. It was raining hard when we began play but we kept on for four innings, after which the rain came down so fast and the ground became so muddy that we were compelled to quit. We waited about for an hour in hopes that the rain might cease, but as it did not we finally went back to our quarters. At the invitation of Miss Kate Vaughan we spent the evening at the Royal Theater, where, as usual, we attracted fully as much attention as the play.

Snow was falling in great feathery flakes when we left Sheffield the next morning and, started for Bradford, and though we discovered an improvement in

the weather when we reached our destination we found the grounds of the Bradford Foot-ball and Cricket Club in a condition that was utterly unfit for base-ball playing purposes. To make matters worse it began to rain while we were getting into our uniforms and a chilly wind swept across the enclosure. Four thousand people braved the inclement weather to see us play, however, and the members' stand presented a funny appearance crowded with ladies in waterproofs and mackintoshes, while the rows of black umbrellas that surrounded the field made it look like a forest of toadstools. It looked like sheer folly to attempt to play under such circumstances, but at the entreaties of the Cricket Club's Secretary, who said that a game of three innings would satisfy the crowd, we started in and we gave a good exhibition, too, but the state of our uniforms after it was over can be better imagined than described.

We arrived at Glasgow the next morning in time for breakfast, having been whirled across the borders of Scotland in the night, and when we awoke we found the train surrounded by a crowd of curious sightseers. After luncheon we started for the West of Scotland Cricket Club grounds, wearing overcoats over our uniforms, the air being decidedly chilly. It was fairly good playing weather after we once got warmed up, and the 3,000 spectators saw a good game, lasting seven innings, and also saw the All-Americas win by a score of 8 to 4. Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Tearle were that night playing "King Lear" at the Grand Theater, and entertained us very handsomely. On this trip thus far we had had but little opportunity for sight-seeing save the passing glimpses of scenery that we could obtain from the flying train and in the carriage rides to and from the grounds upon which we played.

The next morning found us in Manchester, we having left Glasgow at midnight, and at Manchester, the day being a pleasant one, we had some little opportunity of looking about. What we saw of the town impressed us most favorably, the streets being wide and clean, and the buildings being of a good character. The Old Trafford grounds on which we played that afternoon were beautifully situated and, in point of natural surroundings and equipments, held their own with the best in England. Through the gates 3,500 people passed, and they were treated to a rattling exhibition of "base-ball as she is played," the score being twice tied, and finally won by the All-Americas by a score of 7 to 6, Tener and Healy doing the twirling. That evening we were banqueted at the rooms of the Anglo-French Club by Mr. Raymond Eddy, who was then acting as the European representative of the Chicago house of John V, Farwell & Co., he being assisted in entertaining us by Major Hale, United States Consul at Manchester. This

proved to be a most pleasant occasion, and the kindness shown us by both Mr. Eddy and Major Hale still remains a pleasant memory.

At seven o'clock the next morning we were at Liverpool, where I met many of the friends that I had made on my previous visit, and where we were to play our last game on English soil. We were driven to the Colice Athletic Grounds that afternoon in a coach with seats for twenty-eight persons, and arriving at the grounds we found a big crowd already inside and a perfect jam at the gates, the big carriage entrance finally giving way and letting in some five hundred or more people before the rush could be stopped by the police. As the paid admissions after the game showed an attendance of 6,500, it is fair to assume that there were at least 7,000 people on the grounds. Five innings of base-ball were played and the score was a tie, each team scoring but three, only one hit being made off Baldwin and four off Crane.

A game of "rounders" between a team from the Rounders' Association of Liverpool and an American eleven with Baldwin and Earl as the battery, and with Tener, Wood, Fogarty, Brown, Hanlon, Pfeffer, Manning, Sullivan and myself in the field was played. The bases in this game instead of being bags are iron stakes about three feet high, the ball the size of a tennis ball, and the batting is done with one hand and with a bat that resembles a butter-paddle in shape and size. A base-runner has to be retired by being struck with the ball, and not touched with it, and the batter must run the first time he strikes at the ball, whether he hits it or not. Of course the Rounders' Association team beat us, the score being 16 to 14, but when they came to play us two innings at our game afterwards the score stood at 18 to o in our favor, the crowd standing in a drenching rain to witness the fun.

At nine o'clock that night we took the train for Fleetwood, on the shores of the Irish Channel, and at eleven we were on board of the little steamer "Princess of Wales" and bound for Ireland. Unlike our experience in the English Channel, this trip proved to be most delightful and we arrived in Belfast in the pink of condition for anything that might turn up. It was Sunday morning and as we drove up to the Imperial Hotel on Royal Avenue the streets were as quiet as a country church yard. Towards evening, however, Royal Avenue began to take on a gala appearance, conspicuous among the promenaders being the Scotch Highland Troops, whose bright costumes lent color to the scene. About nine o'clock it began to rain again and it was still raining when we retired for the night. The next morning was full of sunshine and showers, but towards noon it

cleared up and after luncheon we were off in drags for the North of Ireland Cricket Club Grounds, where we put up another great game and one where a crowd of 3,000 people, among which pretty Irish girls without number were to be seen, were the spectators. At the end of the eighth inning the score stood 8 to 7 in our favor, but in the ninth singles by Wood and Healy and a corking three-bagger to left field by Earle sent two men across the place and gave the victory to All-America by a score of 9 to 8. A banquet at the Club House that evening, over which the Mayor of Belfast presided, kept us out till a late hour, and at an early hour the next morning we were off for Dublin City,

"Where the boys are all so gay
And the girls are all so pretty,"

according to the words of an old song. The porter who woke us up that morning must have been a relative of Mr. Dooley, of the Archer road, if one might judge from the rich brogue with which he announced the hour of "'Arf pawst foive, wud he be gittin' oop, sur? It's 'arf pawst foive."

Between Belfast and Dublin we passed through a beautiful section of the country, catching now and then among the trees glimpses of old ivy-grown castles and whirling by farms in a high state of cultivation. At Dublin, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, we were met by United States Consul McCaskill and others and driven to Morrison's Hotel. This was a day off and many of the boys who had relatives in Ireland within reaching distance took advantage of the fact to pay them a visit. Mrs. Anson and I spent the day in driving about the city visiting Phoenix Park and other places of interest, and that evening we attended the "Gaiety Theater," where a laughable comedy called "Arabian Nights" was being played.

The next day we played our last game in a foreign land, the weather being all that could be desired for the purpose. Prior to the game, however, we called at the Mansion House and were received by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who gave us a genuine Irish welcome.

Our drive to the Landsdown Road Grounds took us through many of the best parts of the city, which is beautiful, and can boast of as many handsome women as any place of its size in the world.

The game that we played that afternoon was one of the best of the entire trip,

from an American base-ball critic's point of view, though the score was too small to suit a people educated up to the big scores that are generally reached in cricket matches. Baldwin and Crane were both on their mettle and the fielding being of the sharpest kind safe hits were few and far between. Up to the ninth inning Chicago led by two runs, but here Earle's three-bagger, Hanlon's base on balls, Burns' fumble of Brown's hit and Carroll's double settled our chances, the All-Americas winning by a score of 4 to 3.

This game made a total of twenty-eight that we had played since leaving San Francisco, of which the All-Americas had won fourteen and the Chicagos eleven, three being a tie, and had it not been for the accident in Paris that deprived us of Williamson's services, I am pretty certain that a majority of the games would have been placed to Chicago's credit.

In the evening we left for Cork over the Southern Railway in three handsomely-appointed coaches decorated with American flags and bearing the inscription "Reserved for the American Base-Ball Party." We arrived at two o'clock the next morning, being at once driven to the Victoria Hotel. The same day we visited Blarney Castle, driving out and back in the jaunting cars for which Ireland is famous, and, though I kissed the blarney stone, I found after my return home that I could not argue my beliefs into an umpire any better than before. That night we left the quaint city of Cork behind and, after a beautiful ride of eleven miles by train, found ourselves standing on the docks at Queenstown, where a tender was in waiting to convey us to the White Star steamer that awaited us in the offing.

CHAPTER XXXI. "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Our voyage back to "God's country," by which term of endearment the American traveling abroad often refers to the United States, was by no means a pleasant one, as we encountered heavy weather from the start, the "Adriatic" running into a storm immediately after leaving Queenstown that lasted for two days and two nights, during which time we made but slow progress, and as a result there were a good many vacant seats at the table when mealtimes came. A storm at sea is

always an inspiring sight, and it was a pleasure to those of us who were lucky enough to have our sealegs on to watch the big ship bury her nose in the mountainous waves, scattering the spray in great clouds and then rising again as buoyantly as the proverbial cork. The decks were not a pleasant point of vantage, however, even for the most enthusiastic admirer of nature, as a big wave would now and then break over the forward part of the vessel, drenching everything and everybody within reach and making the decks as slippery as a well-waxed ballroom.

I had quit smoking some time before starting on this trip and was therefore deprived of blowing a cloud with which to drive dull care away during the tedious days that followed. Like the rest of the party, too, once started I was impatient to reach home again, and for that reason the slow progress that we made the first few days was not greatly to my liking. The weather moderated at the end of forty-eight hours, and though the waves still wore their night-caps and were too playful to go to bed, they occasioned us but little annoyance and we bowled along over the Atlantic in merry fashion, killing time by spinning yarns, playing poker and taking a turn at the roulette wheel which Fred Carroll had purchased at Nice to remind him of his experience at Monte Carlo.

At a very early hour on Saturday morning, April 6, we were off Fire Island, and sunrise found us opposite quarantine.

Our base-ball friends in New York, who had been looking for us for three days, had been early apprised that the "Adriatic" had arrived off Sandy Hook, and, boarding the little steamer "Starin" and the tug "George Wood," they came down the bay, two hundred strong, to meet us. With the aid of "a leedle Sherman pand," steam whistles and lusty throats they made noise enough to bring us all on deck in a hurry. As the distance between the vessels grew shorter we could distinguish among others the faces of Marcus Meyer, W. W. Kelly, John W. Russel, Digby Bell, DeWolf Hopper, Col. W. T. Coleman and many others, not least among them being my old father, who had come on from Marshalltown to be among the first to welcome myself and my wife back to America, and who, as soon as the "Starin" was made fast, climbed on deck and gave us both a hug that would have done credit to the muscular energy of a grizzly bear, but who was no happier to see us than we were to see him and to learn that all was well with our dear ones. I'm not sure but the next thing that he did was to propose a game of poker to some of the boys, but if he did not it was simply because there was too much excitement going on. That evening we were the guests of Col. McCaull at

Palmer's Theater, where De-Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell and other prominent comic opera stars were playing in "The May Queen." The boxes that we occupied that night were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, while from the proscenium arch hung an emblem of all nations, a gilt eagle and shield, with crossed bats and a pair of catcher's gloves and a catcher's mask.

Every allusion to the trip and to the members of the teams brought out the applause, and by and by the crowd began to call for speeches from Ward and myself, but Ward wouldn't, and I couldn't, and so the comedians on the stage were left to do all of the entertaining.

The next day, Sunday, was spent quietly in visiting among our friends, and Monday we played the first game after our return on the Brooklyn grounds. The day was damp and cold and for that reason the crowd was comparatively a small one, there being only 4,000 people on hand to give us a welcome, but these made up in noise what they lacked in numbers and yelled themselves hoarse as we marched onto the grounds. Once again, after a hard-fought contest, we were beaten by a single run, All-America 7, Chicago 6 being the score.

At night we were given a banquet at Delmonico's by the New York admirers of the game, and it was a notable gathering of distinguished men that assembled there to do us honor, among them being A. G. Mills, ex-President of the National League, who acted as Chairman, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, Henry E. Howland, W. H. McElroy, U. S. Consul; G. W. Griffin, who was representing the United States at Sydney when we were there; Mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn; Mayor Cleveland, of Jersey City; Erastus Wyman, Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), and the Rev. Joseph Twitchell, of Hartford, Conn.; while scattered about the hall at various tables were seated representatives of different college classes, members of the New York Stock Exchange, the president and prominent members of the New York Athletic Club, and other crack athletic organizations of New York and vicinity, while in the gallery the ladies had been seated presumably for the purpose of seeing that we neither ate nor drank too much during the festivities.

Mr. Mills in his address reminded his hearers of the occasion that had brought them together and pronounced a glowing eulogy upon the game and its beauties and upon the players that had journeyed around the world to introduce it in foreign climes, and then called upon Mayor Cleveland of New Jersey, whose witty remarks excited constant laughter, and who wound up by welcoming us

home in the name of the 20,000 residents of the little city across the river. Mayor Alfred Chapin of Brooklyn followed in a brief and laughter-provoking address, after which Chauncey M. Depew arose amid enthusiastic cheering and spoke as follows:

"Representing, as I do, probably more than any other human being, the whole of the American people who were deprived, by a convention that did not understand its duty, of putting me where I belong; and representing, as I do, by birth and opportunity, all the nationalities on the globe, I feel that I have been properly selected to give you the welcome of the world. I am just now arranging and preparing a Centennial oration which I hope may, and fear may not, meet all the possibilities of the 30th of April in presenting the majesty of that which created the government which we boast of and the land and country of which we are proud, but I feel that that oration is of no importance compared with the event of this evening. Washington never saw a base-ball game; Madison wrote the Constitution of the United States, and died without seeing one; Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence, and yet his monument has no tribute of this kind upon it. Hamilton, the most marvelous and creative genius, made constitutions, built up systems and created institutions, and yet never witnessed a base-ball game. I feel as I stand here that all the men that have ever lived and achieved success in this world have died in vain. I am competent to pay that tribute, because I never played a game in my life, and I never saw it but once, and then did not understand it. A philosopher whom I always read with interest, because his abstractions sometimes approach the truth, wrote an article of some acumen several years ago, in which he said that you could mark the march of civilization and rise of liberty and its decadence by the interest which the nations took in pugilism. The nations of the earth which submit to the most grinding of despotisms have no pugilists. The nations of Europe which have never risen in their boasted establishments to a full comprehension of republicanism, have no pugilists. While Ireland and the Irish people, who can never be crushed, who have poetry, song and eloquence that belong to genius, have the most remarkable pugilists. England, which has a literature which is the only classic of to-day, which has an aristocracy and a form of government which is nearly democratic, has remarkable pugilists, and when you reach the seal of culture in America—Boston—you find the prince of pugilists. Now, that philosopher was right in the general principle, but wrong in the game. Civilization is marked, and has been in all ages, by an interest in the manly arts."

In conclusion Mr. Depew eulogized the returning tourists and-ended with a

brilliant panegyric in favor of the National Game.

In responding to the toast, "The Influence of the Manly Sports," the Hon. Daniel Dougherty made a brilliant address in favor of outdoor games, after which President Spalding paid a compliment to the excellent conduct and ball-playing abilities of the two teams, and Captain Ward and myself made the briefest of remarks. Chairman Mills then introduced "Mark Twain," speaking of him as a native of the Sandwich Islands, which brought out the following address:

"Though not a native, as intimated by the chairman, I have visited the Sandwich Islands, that peaceful land, that beautiful land, that far-off home of profound repose and soft indolence, and dreamy solitude, where life is one long slumberous Sabbath, the climate one long, delicious summer day, and the good that die experience no change, for they but fall asleep in one heaven and wake up in another. And these boys have played base-ball there; baseball, which is the very symbol, the outward and visible expression of the drive and push and rush and struggle of the raging, tearing, booming nineteenth century. One cannot realize it, the place and the fact are so incongruous; it is like interrupting a funeral with a circus. Why, there's no legitimate point of contact, no possible kinship between base-ball" and the Sandwich Islands; base-ball is all fact, the Islands are all sentiment. In base-ball you've got to do everything just right, or you don't get there; in the Islands you've got to do everything all wrong, or you can't stay there. You do it wrong to get it right, for if you do it right you get it wrong; there isn't any way to get it right but to do it wrong, and the wronger you do it the righter it is.

"The natives illustrate this every day. They never mount a horse from the larboard side, they always mount him from the starboard; on the other hand, they never milk a cow on the starboard side, they always milk her on the larboard; it's why you see so many short people there, they've got their heads kicked off. When they meet on the road they don't turn to the right, they turn to the left. And so, from always doing everything wrong end first, it makes them left-handed and cross-eyed; they are all so. In those Islands, the cats haven't any tails and the snakes haven't any teeth; and, what is still more irregular, the man that loses a game gets the pot. As to dress, the women all wear a single garment, but the men don't. No, the men don't wear anything at all; they hate display; when they wear a smile they think they are overdressed. Speaking of birds, the only bird there that has ornamental feathers has only two, just only enough to squeeze through with, and they are under its wings instead of on top of its head, where, of course,

they ought to be to do any good.

"The natives' language is soft and liquid and flexible, and in every way efficient and satisfactory till you get mad; then, there you are; there isn't anything in it to swear with. Good judges all say it is the best Sunday language there is; but then all the other six days of the week it just hangs idle on your hands; it isn't any good for business, and you can't work a telephone with it. Many a time the attention of the missionaries has been called to this defect, and they are always promising they are going to fix it; but no, they go fooling along and fooling along, and nothing is done. Speaking of education, everybody there is educated, from the highest to the lowest; in fact, it is the only country in the world where education is actually universal. And yet every now and then you run across instances of ignorance that are simply revolting, simply revolting to the human race. Think of it, there the ten takes the ace. But let us not dwell on such things. They make a person ashamed. Well, the missionaries are always going to fix that, but they put it off, and put it off, and put it off, and so that nation is going to keep on going down, and down, until some day you will see a pair of jacks beat a straight flush.

"Well, it is refreshment to the jaded, water to the thirsty, to look upon men who have so lately breathed the soft air of these Isles of the Blest, and had before their eyes the inextinguishable vision of their beauty. No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly tempt me, sleeping and waking, through half a life-time, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but that abides; other things change, but that remains the same. For me, its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surfbeat is in my ears. I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud rack. I can hear the spirits of its woodland solitudes, I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of the flowers that perished twenty years ago. And these world wanderers that sit before me here have lately looked upon these things, and with eyes of the flesh, not the unsatisfying vision of the spirit. I envy them that."

"Mark Twain" may have been better than he was that night, but if so I should like some one to mention the time and place. To be sure he make a mistake in taking it for granted that we had played ball there, but then it was not our fault that we had not: It was all the fault of the horrid blue laws that prevented us from

making an honest dollar.

Digby Bell and DeWolf Hopper gave recitations in response to the loud demand made for them, and it was not until long after midnight that an adjournment was finally made.

The next day we played our second game in Brooklyn before a crowd of 3,500, and gave a rather uninteresting exhibition, the Chicagos taking the lead at the start and holding it to the finish, the All-Americas supporting Crane in a very slipshod manner. That same evening we left for Baltimore, where 6,000 people gave us a hearty welcome when we appeared the next afternoon on the Association grounds. Here we put up a good game, the Chicagos winning by a score of 5 to 2.

We arrived in Philadelphia the next morning at eleven o'clock and found a committee composed of the officers of the Philadelphia clubs and representatives of the Philadelphia papers at the depot awaiting our arrival. Entering carriages we were driven down Chestnut Street to the South Side Ferry, where we took the boat for Gloucester and were given a planked-shad dinner at Thompson's. Returning we were driven directly to the grounds of the Athletic Club, where the Athletics and Bostons were playing an exhibition game. When our party filed into the grounds at the end of the third inning play was suspended and as the band played "Home Again" we were given a great ovation. At the conclusion of the game, which we witnessed from a section of the grand stand that had been reserved for us, we went to the Continental Hotel, and then, after we had donned evening dress, we were escorted to the Hotel Bellevue, where we had been tendered a banquet by the Philadelphia "Sporting Life." The banquet hall on this occasion was beautifully decorated, and as we entered the band played, "The Day I Played Base-ball." Frank C. Richter occupied the chairman's seat, others at the same table being A. G. Spalding, Col. A. K. McClure, of the "Philadelphia Times;" Col. M. R. Muckle, of the "Ledger;" John I. Rogers, Harry, Wright, A. G. Reach, Capt. John M. Ward, C. H. Byrne of the Brooklyn Club, President W. M. Smith of the City Council, Thomas Dando, President of the "Sporting Life" company, and myself. There were over three hundred guests in all and it was late before the speechmaking began. After brief welcoming addresses by Chairman Richter, Mr. Dando and President Smith, there were loud calls for Mr. Spalding, who gave a brief outline of our experiences in foreign lands. Captain Ward and myself responded in behalf of our respective teams and I took occasion to pay the boys all a compliment that I thought that they had deserved, because each

and every member had behaved himself as a gentleman. Speeches by Colonel Rogers and C. H. Byrne followed, after which came a glowing tribute to the National Game from the lips of Col. McClure, followed by an interesting sketch of the game and its growth in popular favor by Henry Chadwick, who has the history of the game from its first inception down to the present time at his finger-ends. A. J. Reach, Harry Wright, Tim Murnane, Leigh Lynch and the irrepressible Fogarty all took their turn at amusing the party and again it was a late hour, or rather an early one, when we returned to our quarters. The next afternoon we were accorded a reception by Mayor Fitler in his office, who, in shaking hands with the tourists, gave us all the heartiest sort of a welcome. That afternoon we played on the grounds of the Philadelphias, to a crowd of 4,000 people, the weather being threatening. This proved to be a close and exciting contest, Chicago winning by a score of 6 to 4, Tener and Healy both being in fine shape.

The next day found us in Boston where we played to 4,000 people, and where the contest proved to be a one-sided affair, a brilliant double play by Duffy, Tener and myself and a quick double play by Manning and Wise being the redeeming features. It was something of a picnic for All-Americas, as they won by a score of 10 to 3. The following evening we started on our trip to Chicago, stopping at Washington en route.

Here we were notified of President Harrison's wish to receive the party and, visiting the White House, we were introduced to Benjamin Harrison, whose reception was about as warm as that of an icicle, and who succeeded in making us all feel exceedingly uncomfortable. That afternoon 3,000 people saw us wipe up the ground with the All-Americas, upon whom the President's reception had had a bad effect, as the score, 18 to 6, indicates.

The next day we played at Pittsburg to a crowd of the same size, the score being a tie, each team having made three runs at the end of the ninth inning, and the day following at Cleveland 4,500 saw us win by a score of 7 to 4. At Indianapolis the All-Americas took their revenge, however, beating us in the presence of 2,000 people by a score of 9 to 5.

Friday noon we left the Hoosier capital for Chicago in a special car over the Monon route, and at Hammond, where we had already gotten into dress suits, we were met by a crowd of Chicagoans, who told us that Chicago was prepared to give us the greatest reception that we had yet had, a fact that proved to be only

too true. The crowd at the depot was a howling, yelling mob, and as we entered our carriages and the procession moved up Wabash Avenue and across Harmon Court to Michigan Avenue, amid the bursting of rockets, the glare of calcium lights and Roman candles, we felt that we were indeed at home again. It seemed as if every amateur base-ball club in the city had turned out on this occasion and as they passed us in review the gay uniforms and colored lights made the scene a very pretty one. At the Palmer House the crowd was fully as large as that which had greeted us at the depot, the reception committee embracing Judge H. M. Shepard, Judge H. N. Hibbard, Potter Palmer, John R. Walsh, Frederic Ullman, L. G. Fisher, D. K. Hill, C. L. Willoughby, C. E. Rollins, F. M. Lester, J. B. Kitchen, J. B. Knight, M. A. Fields, Dr. Hathaway, L. M. Hamburger, Louis Manasse and C. F. Gunther.

The banquet given in our honor that night was a most elegant affair, among those seated at the speaker's table being Mayor DeWitt C. Cregier, Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Rev. Dr. Thomas, James W. Scott, President of the Chicago Press Club, A. G. Spalding, George W. Driggs and many others. It was after ten o'clock when Mayor Cregier called the banqueters to order and made his speech of welcome, to which Mr. Spalding replied. The Rev. Dr. Thomas responded to the toast of "Base-ball as a National Amusement," and myself to "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," but the boys kept up such a constant cheering while I was on my feet that I am afraid that they did not appreciate all the good things that I said in regard to England's future ruler. "The National Value of Athletics" brought out a stirring address from Major Henry Turner, and John M. Ward expressed himself most happily on "The World As I Found It." Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison responded to the toast, "My Own Experience," and compared in humorous fashion his own trip around the world with the one that we had just completed. After other toasts responded to by various members of the party, we adjourned. The next afternoon we played the last game of the trip at the West Side Park and were beaten by a score of 22 to 9, the All-Americas falling upon Baldwin and batting him all over the grounds.

The next day the tourists went their several ways and so ended a tour such as had never before been planned and that cost me in round figures about $1,500, that being my share of the losses incurred in advertising the sporting goods business of the Spaldings, their business being greatly benefited by the tour, and how they repaid me afterwards—well—that's another story.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE REVOLT OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

The playing strength of the League teams of 1889 was remarkably even; that is to say, on paper. Detroit had dropped out and Cleveland had taken its place in the ranks, four of the old Detroit players going to Boston, one to Philadelphia, three to Pittsburg, and the balance to Cleveland. The Boston Club had been the greatest gainer by the deal, however, and the majority of the "fans" looked for it to carry off the pennant. Once more the unexpected happened, however, and, though it took the games of the very last day of the season to settle the standing of the first six clubs, the pennant finally went to New York for the second time, they winning 83 games and losing 43, while Boston came next with the same number of games won and 45 lost, and Chicago stood third with 65 games won and 65 lost, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Indianapolis and Washington following in the order named.

The Chicago team of that year consisted of Tener, Dwyer, Hutchinson and Gumbert, pitchers; Farrell, Darling, Sommers and Flint, catchers; Pfeffer, Burns, Bastian, Williamson and myself in the infield; and Van Haltren, Ryan and Duffy, outfielders. I was the manager and captain. It was not until late in the season that Williamson recovered sufficiently from the injury that he had received at Paris to join us, and his absence hurt our chances very materially, as the old "stone wall" infield was left in a crippled condition.

That fall the Brotherhood Revolt, that robbed the League of many of its best players, took place, and though the reasons for this have been variously stated, yet I am of the opinion that it could be all summed up by the one word, "greed," for that was certainly the corner stone of the entire structure. It has also been said that the plan of the Brotherhood was perfected by the ringleaders therein during the around-the-world trip, and it may be that this is true, but if such was the case the whole affair was kept remarkably quiet, for it was not until away late in the season that I was aware of the intended secession of the players, I then being approached by John M. Ward with a proposal to join them, a proposal that I declined with thanks, giving as my reason that the League had always treated me fairly and honestly up to that time, and that such being the case I could see no reason why I should leave them in an underhand manner. The truth of the matter is, that I felt bound in honor to stand by my friends, even if I sank with them,

and at that time the skies did look remarkably dark and it was a question in my mind as to what would be the outcome. The fact that the majority of the League clubs had the season before made a great deal of money excited the cupidity of certain capitalists, and they, finding the players dissatisfied over some minor grievances, incited them to revolt, hoping to use them as catspaws with which to pull the financial chestnuts out of the fire.

The Brotherhood was a secret organization, and one that was originally formed by the promoters with the object of protecting the ball players in their rights, and not for the purpose of disrupting the old League and forming a new one in opposition, as it afterwards attempted to do. It first made itself felt in the fall of 1887, when it compelled the League to draw up a new form of contract; in which the rights of the players were better understood than under the form that had previously been used. When the new contract was adopted the full amount of each player's salary could not be written therein, because of the National Agreement, which contained a $2,000 salary limit clause, and as the American Association Clubs would not allow this to be stricken out the players were greatly displeased, they having to sign contracts at $2,000, and make outside contracts for all compensation over that amount that they received. Threats as to what the Brotherhood would do were freely made at that time, but nothing came of them. At the annual meeting in 1888, the Indianapolis, Pittsburg and Washington Clubs demanded of the League a scheme that would limit players' salaries, which had grown to enormous proportions, and the result was that a classification rule, which divided the players into five classes, as follows: Class A, to receive $2,500; Class B, $2,250; Class C, $2,000; Class D, $1,750, and class E, $1,500, it being agreed among the clubs, however, that this classification should not apply to players with whom they then had agreements, or to players with whom they should make agreements, or to whom they felt under moral obligations to do so, previous to December 15th, 1888, and it was also provided that the players then absent on the world's trip should be accorded two weeks after their return in which to arrange matters before they should be subject to classification.

We were abroad at that time, but the players at home remonstrated strongly against the classification, claiming that in a few years it would have a tendency to lower the salaries very materially, but the absence of John M. Ward, who was the Brotherhood leader, prevented any official action by the organization. When Mr. Ward reached, home again contracts had been signed and nothing could be done, though it is now known that he favored a strike at that time, but was out-

voted by the cooled-headed members of the order. In the meantime the New Yorks had agreed to release the Brotherhood leader to Washington for the sum of $12,000, the largest sum ever offered for the release of a player, but Ward's flat-footed refusal to play in the National Capital team caused the deal to fall through.

In the meantime the discontented players had appointed a committee to present their grievances to the League, and President Young appointed a League committee to hear the players, of which committee A. G. Spalding was chairman, but when an immediate hearing was asked for by Mr. Ward, Mr. Spalding declined to meet the Brotherhood players until fall. This, according to the players' story, was the last straw that broke the camel's back, and from that time on they began, but with the greatest secrecy, to arrange their plans for secession.

Having ascertained what was going on in the meantime, I used what influence I possessed in trying to dissuade such of my players as was possible from taking what I then regarded as a foolish step, and though I managed to find some of them that would listen to me there were others who would not, Pfeffer, Tener and Williamson being among the number, though they made no move openly looking toward desertion until after the playing season was over.

On the fourth day of November, 1899, the Brotherhood met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and threw off the mask, issuing the following address to the public:

"At last the Brotherhood of base-ball players feels at liberty to make known its intentions and defend itself against the aspersions and misrepresentations which for weeks it has been forced to suffer in silence. It is no longer a secret that the players of the League have determined to play next season under different management, but for reasons which will, we think, be understood, it was deemed advisable to make no announcement of this intention until the close of the present season. But now that the struggle for the various pennants is over, and the terms of our contracts expired, there is no longer reason for withholding it. In taking this step we feel that we owe it to the public and to ourselves to explain briefly some of the reasons by which we have been moved. There was a time when the League stood for integrity and fair dealing; to-day it stands for dollars and cents. Once it looked to the elevation of the game and an honest exhibition of the sport. To-day its eyes are upon the turnstile. Men have come into the business for no other motive than to exploit it for every dollar in sight. Measures

originally intended for the good of the game have been turned into instruments for wrong. The reserve rule and the provisions of the national agreement gave the managers unlimited power, and they have not hesitated to use this in the most arbitrary and mercenary way.

"Players have been bought, sold and exchanged, as though they were sheep, instead of American citizens. Reservation became with them another name for property-rights in the player. By a combination among themselves, stronger than the strongest trusts, they were able to enforce the most arbitrary measures, and the player had either to submit or get out of the profession, in which he had spent years in attaining proficiency. Even the disbandment and retirement of a club did not free the players from the octopus clutch, for they were then peddled around to the highest bidder.

"That the players sometimes profited by the sale has nothing to do with the case, but only proves the injustice of the previous restraint. Two years ago we met the League and attempted to remedy some of these evils, but through what had been called League 'diplomacy' we completely failed. Unwilling longer to submit to such treatment, we made a strong effort last spring to reach an understanding with the League. To our application for a hearing they replied 'that the matter was not of sufficient importance to warrant a meeting,' and suggested that it be put off until fall. Our committee replied that the players felt that the League had broken faith with them; that while the results might be of little importance to the managers, they were of great importance to the players; that if the League would not concede what was fair we would adopt other measures to protect ourselves; that if postponed until fall we would be separated and at the mercy of the League, and that, as the only course left us required time and labor to develop, we must therefore insist upon an immediate conference. Then upon their final refusal to meet us, we began organizing for ourselves, and are in shape to go ahead next year under new management and new auspices. We believe it is possible to conduct our National game upon lines which will not infringe upon individual and natural rights. We ask to be judged solely by our work, and believing that the game can be played more fairly and its business conducted more intelligently under a plan which excludes everything arbitrary and un-American, we look forward with confidence to the support of the public and the future of the National game. (Signed) THE NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF BALL PLAYERS."

The Players' League, as finally organized, embraced the cities of Boston,

Brooklyn, New York and Philadelphia, in the East, and Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburg in the West. According to the articles under which this league was formed its government rested in a central board composed of its president, and two directors, one a player and one a capitalist from each club.

Any player who was dissatisfied with his location could apply to the board to be transferred without the payment of anything to the club losing his services. All contracts were to be made for three years and no player could be released until after the first year had expired, and not then if he had kept his agreements and was still able and willing to play good ball. Severe penalties were provided for drunkenness and crookedness, and all profits from ground privileges, such as refreshments, score-cards, cigars, etc., belonged to each individual club. It was also provided that all players were to have the same salaries that they had had in 1889, save such as had been cut down by the classification system, and they were to be paid the same salaries as in 1888, the same to be increased at the option of the club engaging them.

This on paper looked to be a great scheme, but what it lacked was business brains in its management, and as a result its career was a short and stormy one, it being war to the knife and the knife to the hilt between the two great rival organizations. After four courts had decided that the players had a right to leave the National League, each of the clubs located in the Players' League signed a compact to play with that organization for ten years. The National League then formed a schedule of playing dates that conflicted with the Players' League all through the season of 1890, this action throwing both clubs and public into confusion, the latter becoming so disgusted over the war of the rival factions as to stay away from the games altogether. At the end of the season the Players' League bought the Cincinnati Club, and as the Pittsburg Club was all but defunct, this left the National League with but six clubs.

At the close of the championship season a conference was held and plans agreed upon for ending the war, which had been financially disastrous to both parties. Committees were appointed by both Leagues and by the American Association having this end in view, but the Players' League, at a special meeting added three professional players to its committee, and the National League refused to join in the conference. Secret meetings between the capitalists of the Players' League and the National League were held, with the result that the rival clubs in New York, Pittsburg and Chicago were consolidated, this causing the disruption of the Brotherhood.

Looked at from a financial standpoint the contrast between the seasons of 1889 and 1890 was a great one. The year 1889 was the most successful that the League had ever known, and the money fairly poured in at the gate. The year 1890, on the contrary, was one of the most disastrous that the League had ever known, and on many occasions the clubs found themselves playing to almost empty benches.

The defection of Tener, Williamson, Ryan, Pfeffer and others left me with a comparatively green team on my hands, when the season of 1890 opened, but long before the season came to a close constant practice had made it one of the best teams in the League, as it proved by finishing in the second place. Few people, however, appreciate the amount of work that was necessary to attain that result. It was hard work and plenty of it, and though some of the players objected to the amount of practice forced upon them, and the strict discipline that was enforced, yet they had to put up with it, as that was the only manner in which the necessary playing strength could be developed. I myself worked just as hard as they did. If we took a three-mile run, I was at their head setting the pace for them. I have never asked the men under my control to do anything that I was not willing to do myself, because it was just as necessary for me to be in good condition as it was for them.

The Chicagos of 1890 were made up as follows: Hutchinson, Luby and Stein, pitchers; Nagle and Kittridge, catchers; Anson, first base; Glenalvin, second base; Burns, third base; Cooney, shortstop; Carroll, left field; Andrews, right field; and O'Brien, Earle and Foster substitutes.

It will thus be seen that I had but one of the "old reliables" left, that being Burns, who had refused to affiliate with the Brotherhood, and who was to receive his reward later on at the hands of the Chicago Club management. The rest of the team was composed of a lot of half-broken "colts," many of whom were newcomers in the League, and with a reputation yet to make, Hutchinson, Cooney and Wilmot being the pick of the bunch.

There was never a time during this season that we were worse than fifth, and on several, occasions we were right up in the front rank. When October arrived we were in the third place, but during the short season that followed we passed Philadelphia and took second position. Brooklyn carried off the pennant with a total of 86 games won and 43 lost, while Chicago had 83 games won and 53 lost, Philadelphia being third with 78 games won and 53 lost, while Cincinnati,

Boston, New York, Cleveland and Pittsburg followed in that order.

This was an achievement to be proud of, and with the downfall of the Brotherhood and the consolidation of some of the leading clubs I naturally thought that the Chicago team would be strengthened very materially, but such was not the case. I did not even get my old players back, those of them that continued in the profession being scattered far and wide among the other League clubs, while others retired from the arena altogether. As a result it was a constant hustle on my part to secure new players, and I think I may easily say that the hardest years of my managerial experience were those that followed the revolt of the Brotherhood, continuing until my retirement from the Chicago Club at the close of 1897, at which time I was the owner of one hundred and thirty shares of the club's stock, which from the time of Mr. Hart's connection with it has been worthless so far as I am concerned, and simply because...

CHAPTER XXXIII. MY LAST YEARS ON THE BALL FIELD.

The season of 1891 proved to be almost as disastrous, when viewed from a financial standpoint, as was the seasons of 1890, owing to the war for the possession of good players that broke out between the National League and the American Association, that was caused by a refusal on the part of the last-named organization to stick to the terms of the National Agreement, the result being the boosting of players' salaries away up into fancy figures.

This state of affairs proved to be exceedingly costly for all concerned, as really good players were at that time exceedingly scarce and the demand for them, constantly growing.

The Chicago team for that season was again to a very great extent an experimental one, made up at the beginning of the season of the following named players: Luby, Gumbert and Hutchinson, pitchers; Schriver and Kittridge, catchers; Anson, first base; Pfeffer, second base; Burns, third base; Dahlen, shortstop; Wilmot, Ryan and Carroll, outfielders; Cooney, substitute.

This proved to be a strong organization and one that would have landed the pennant 'had it not been for the fact that the jealousy of the old players in the East engendered by the Brotherhood revolt would not allow a team of youngsters, many of whom were newcomers in the League to carry off the honors, and a conspiracy was entered into whereby New York lost enough games to Boston to give the Beaneaters the pennant and to relegate us at the very last moment into the second place.

We had made a whirlwind fight for the honors, however, and though we lost no fault could be laid either at my door or at the doors of the players, as we had the pennant won had it not been for the games that were dropped by the "Giants" to the Boston Club, in order that the honors might not be carried off by a colt team.

Hutchinson, upon whom the most of the pitching work devolved, was one of the best in the business. He was a graduate of Yale, a gentleman and a player who used his head as well as his hands when in the box. Gumbert and Luby were both fair, and the latter, had it not been for strong drink, might have made for himself a much greater reputation than he did. Dahlen at short was a tower of strength to the team, being as agile as a cat, a sure catch and an exceptionally strong batter, while the rest of the infield and the entire outfield was away above the average in playing strength.

The race in 1891 was one of the closest in the history of the League. Opening the season in the third place we never occupied a lower position, but on the contrary, out of the twenty-four weeks that the season lasted he held the first place in the race for all of fifteen weeks and should have finished at the top of the column had it not been for the reasons already given, and which were largely commented on at the time by lovers of the game throughout the country, and the newspapers from one end of the United States to the other.

At the beginning of the closing week of the season's campaign Chicago was in the van by a percentage of victories of .628 to Bostons .615, which was apparently a winning lead and which would have been had not the New York organization made a present of its closing games to the Boston Club for the express purpose of throwing us down and keeping the pennant in the East. As it was, however, we finished head and head with the leaders, New York being third, Philadelphia fourth, Cleveland fifth, Brooklyn sixth, Cincinnati seventh, and Pittsburg eighth.

As an excuse for the queer showing made by the "Giants" in these Boston games it has been alleged that the team was in poor condition when it left the metropolis for the Hub to play this closing series, and that its true condition was kept a secret by the management, one writer going so far as to say that Manager Ewing's brother John was at that time disabled by a sprained ankle, while Rusie was suffering from a bruised leg, and also that Whistler had been playing at first base so well that Ewing thought he could afford to give Conner a day or two off, all of which may have been true, though I am free to confess right now that I do not believe it.

In February, 1892, the American' Association became a thing of the past, four of its leading clubs joining the National League, which now embraced twelve cities instead of eight, the circuit taking in Boston, Brooklyn, Louisville, Pittsburg,

Cleveland, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and Baltimore.

The Chicago team for that season consisted of A. Gumbert, Hutchinson, Luby, Miller, Hollister and Meekin, pitchers; Kittridge and Schriver, catchers; Anson, first base; Canavan and Decker, second base; Dahlen and Parrott, third base; Dahlen and Cooney, shortstop; Ryan, Dugan, Wilmot and Decker in the outfield. The majority of these were green players, as compared with the seasoned material of which some of the other League clubs boasted, and it was only by switching them about from one position to another that it was possible to tell where they best fitted.

Although I had signed six pitchers at the beginning of the season, there were but three of them that fulfilled my expectations, viz., Gumbert, Hutchinson and Luby, and of these three Hutchinson did the lion's share of the work, pitching in no less than seventy of the one hundred and fifty-six games that we played. The team was not an evenly balanced one, however, and though it boasted of some individuals that were away above the average yet it lacked the ability and practice to play as a team and consequently finished the season in seventh place, Boston again carrying off the pennant with 102 games won and 48 lost, while Cleveland came second with 93 won and 56 lost, Brooklyn being third, Philadelphia fourth, Cincinnati fifth, Pittsburg sixth, Chicago seventh, New York eighth, Louisville ninth, Washington tenth, St. Louis eleventh and Baltimore last.

I remember one rather queer incident that occurred during that season, and while we were playing in Boston. Henry E. Dixey, the actor, who was then playing a summer engagement at the "Hub," had driven out to the grounds as usual in his buckboard, with his pet bull terrier "Dago" in the seat beside him. Dixey always retained a seat in his rig and took up his place right back of the left field. Dixie had not been on the ground more than twenty minutes when Dahlen swiped the ball for a three-bagger. It was one of those long, low, hard drives, and sailed about ten feet over the left fielder's head and in a direct line for Dixey. He couldn't have gotten out of the way had he tried, but the fact was that he didn't see it coming, and the first he knew of it was when he heard a sharp yelp at his side and saw poor "Dago" tumbling off his seat between the wheels.

The dog was dead when picked up, the ball having broken his neck. Between the yellow buckboard, the dead canine, the frightened horses and Dixey's excitement the whole field was in an uproar and it was fully ten minutes before we could get

down to playing again, but Dahlen, the cause of it all, didn't even see the affair and scored on the death of "Dago," his being the only genuine case of making a dog-gone run that has ever come under my observation.

Some time during the winter of 1892, I added "big Bill Lange," who has since become one of the stars of the League, and Irwin to my string of fielders, and cast about to strengthen the pitching department of the team as much as possible, Gumbert and Luby having been released. Having this object in view no less than eleven twirlers were signed, of whom all but four proved comparative failures, Hutchinson, McGill and Mauck having to do the greater part of the work in the box, the other eight men, Shaw, Donnelly, Clausen, Abbey, Griffith, McGinnins, Hughey and F. Parrott being called on but occasionally. Of this lot Griffith was the most promising and he afterwards turned out to be a star of the first magnitude.

With these exceptions the team was about the same as that of the season before, and that it proved to be as great a disappointment to me as it did to the ball-loving public, I am now free to confess. It was a team of great promises and poor performances, and no one could possibly have felt more disappointed than I did when the end of the season found us in ninth place, the lowest place that Chicago Club had ever occupied in the pennant race since the formation of the League, we having won but 56 games during the season, while we had lost 71, a showing that was bad enough to bring tears to the eyes of an angel, let alone a team manager and captain.

The Bostons, whose team work was far and away the best of any of the League clubs, again walked away with the championship, that club winning 127 games and losing 63, while Pittsburg, which came second, won 81 games and lost 48. Cleveland was third with 73 games won and 55 lost, while Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and Washington finished as named.

When the season of 1894 opened I was pretty well satisfied that my team of colts would make a much better showing than they had done during the previous year, but again I was doomed to disappointment. The team, with the exception of the pitching department, which had been very materially strengthened, was about the same as that with which I had taken the field the previous year, and that there was good enough material in it with which to win the pennant I was certain. It managed to fool me, however, and fool me good and hard, as well as several

others who thought themselves good judges, and that before the season was half over.

We started out with seven pitchers, Griffith, Stratton, Hutchinson, Abbey, Terry, McGill and Camp, The last-named pitched in but a single game, which proved to be quite enough.

Our start was a bad one, in fact, the worst that we had ever made. We lost eight out of the first nine games that we played, and the end of May saw but one club between us and the tail end of the procession, that one being Washington. Until the month of August was reached we were never nearer than ninth in the race, but that month we climbed into the eighth position and there we hung until the finish came, leaving the Baltimore, New York and Boston Clubs to fight it out between them, which they did, the first-named carrying off the prize, winning 89 games and losing 39, against 88 won and 44 lost for Boston, after which came Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington and Louisville.

When the championship season of 1895 opened the Chicago Club had ten pitchers at its command, viz., Griffith, Hutchinson, Thornton, Parker, Friend, Stratton, Terry, McFarland, Dolan and Abbey; three catchers, Kittridge, Donohue and Moran, while I played first base, Stewart second base, Everett third base, Dahlen shortstop and Wilmot, Lange, Ryan and Decker the outfield. There were at least seven good twirlers in the bunch, at the head of which stood Griffith and Hutchinson. Thornton, Parker, Friend, Terry and Stratton were all better than the average when just right, and it was certainly not the fault of the pitchers if the team did not carry off the pennant honors. At late as September 7, and when the club was in the ninth place, predictions were freely made to the effect that the club would not finish in the first division, but this time the croakers proved to be all wrong, for the team made a grand rally in the closing weeks of the season and finished in fourth place, a fact that some of the newspaper critics seemed to have purposely lost sight of at the time of my enforced retirement, that being the same place they stood under Burns' management the first season.

The Baltimores again won the championship, they having 87 games won and 46 lost to their credit, as against Cleveland's 84 won and 46 lost, Philadelphia 78 won and 53 lost, and Chicago 72 won and 58 lost, Brooklyn, Boston, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, New York, Washington and Brooklyn following in order.

The Chicago team of 1896 was a somewhat mixed affair, change following change in rapid succession. Hutchinson had retired from the game and the pitchers, seven in number, were, Griffith, Thornton, Briggs, Friend, Terry, Parker and McFarland; Kittridge and Donohue as catchers, myself and Decker alternating at first base, Pfeffer and Truby doing the same thing at second, and Everett and McCormick at third. Dahlen played shortstop, and Lange, Everett, Ryan, Decker and Flynn took care of the outfield.

The most of the pitching this season devolved upon Griffith and Friend, while Parker and McFarland both proved failures. Neither Pfeffer nor Decker were themselves for a great part of the season, and yet, in spite of all, the team played good ball and finished in the fifth place, the pennant going for the third consecutive time to Baltimore, which won go games and lost 39, while Cleveland came second with 80 games won and 48 lost, Cincinnati third with 77 games won and so lost, Boston fourth with 74 games and 57 lost, and Chicago fifth with 71 games won and 57 lost, Pittsburg, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Brooklyn, St. Louis and Louisville finishing as named.

The team with which I started out in 1897 was certainly good enough to win the pennant with, or at least to finish right up in the front rank, and that it failed to do either of these things can only be explained by the fact that underhanded work looking toward my downfall was indulged in by some of the players, who were aided and abetted by President Hart, he refusing to enforce the fines levied by myself as manager and in that way belittling my authority and making it impossible to enforce the discipline necessary to making the team a success. The ringleader in this business was Jimmy Ryan, between whom and the Club's President the most perfect understanding seemed to exist, and for this underhanded work Ryan was rewarded later by being made the team captain, a position that he was too unpopular with the players to hold, though it is generally thought he was allowed to draw the salary as per the agreement.

The Chicago players for that season were Briggs, Callahan, Friend, Griffith and Thompson, pitchers; Kittridge and Donohue, catchers; Decker and myself, first base; Connor, Callahan and Pfeffer, second base; Everett and McCormick, third base; Dahlen, McCormick and Callahan, shortstop; and Lange, Ryan, Decker and Thornton, outfielders.

Pfeffer was the only weak spot, he being handicapped by illness, and yet even he might have made a creditable showing had he not been handicapped my some of

his associates and most unmercifully criticized by the newspapers, whose unwarrantable attacks have, in many cases, to my certain knowledge, driven good men out of the business. Lack of discipline and insubordination began to show from the start. Fines were remitted in spite of all the protests that I could make, several members of the club being allowed to do about as they pleased. There could be but one result, as a matter of course, and that was poor ball playing. When the April campaign ended we were in the eleventh place. At the end of May we stood tenth. At the end of June we had again dropped back to eleventh. At the end of July we had climbed up to eighth, and at the end of August we were sixth, having then climbed into the first division. When the close of the season came, however, we had dropped back again to the ninth position, the margin between sixth and ninth places being a very small one. The race for the pennant that season between Baltimore and Boston was a close one, the latter club finally carrying off the honors of the season with 93 games won and 39 lost, while Baltimore came second with go games won and 40 lost, and New York third with 83 games won and 48 lost, Cincinnati being fourth, Cleveland fifth, Brooklyn sixth, Washington seventh, Pittsburg eighth, Chicago ninth, Philadelphia tenth, Louisville eleventh and St. Louis twelfth.

Late that fall the newspapers began to publish articles to the effect that I was to be released by the Chicago League Ball Club, but as no official notice to that effect had ever been served on me, arid as I was conscious of always having done my duty by the organization in which I was a stockholder, I for some time paid no attention to the matter. From mere rumors, however, these newspaper articles soon began to take on a more definite form and to be coupled with references to my management of the team that were, to say the least, both uncalled for and venomous, but still I heard nothing from headquarters that would lead me to suppose there was any truth in them.

On the contrary I was treated with the greatest consideration, Mr. Spalding even going so far as to insist upon my attending the League meeting in my official capacity, where I made trades for players that were afterwards blocked by himself and President Hart, this action making my position a most humiliating one.

Still ignorant of the fact that I was to be dropped from the club's rolls, and that without warning after my long and faithful service, at Mr. Spalding's solicitation that spring I accompanied him on a trip to England, and while we were there he advised me not to worry about the club matters or the rumors that I had heard, as

the thing would doubtless be all fixed up before our return. I then made a proposition to him that he and I together should buy the Chicago League Ball Club, a proposition that he partially acceded to, though in view of subsequent events I am now certain that such a plan was not in reality entertained by him for a moment.

Matters had indeed been "fixed up" on my return, and Tom Burns, my old third-baseman, had been brought on from Springfield, Mass., to manage the team, or, rather, to serve as a figure-head for the Club's President.

It was then that I was advised by Mr. Spalding to resign, which I refused to do, preferring to take my medicine like a man, bitter as the dose might be.

Mr. Burns that spring took up the reins that had been taken out of my hands, and how well he succeeded with the able (?) assistance of President Hart is now a matter of history.

The following table gives my batting and fielding record for the past twenty-three years, and I feel that it is one that I may well be proud of:

Years	Games	% Base hits	% Fielding
1875	69	.318	.820
1876	66	.342	.826
1877	67	.335	.868
1878	59	.336	.818
1879	49	.407	.974
1880	84	.338	.977
1881	84	.399	.975
1882	82	.367	.948
1883	98	.307	.964
1884	111	.337	.954
1885	112	.322	.971
1886	125	.371	.949
1887	122	.421	.947
1888	134	.343	.985
1889	134	.341	.982

1890	139	.311	.978
1891	136	.294	.981
1892	147	.274	.971
1893	101	.322	.981
1894	83	.394	.988
1895	122	.338	.990
1896	106	.335	.982
1897	112	.302	.987

CHAPTER XXXIV. IF THIS BE TREASON, MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

Experience is a mighty dear teacher. This is a fact that has been generally admitted by the world at large, but one that I have never fully realized until within the last few years, though just how much it has cost me in the matter of dollars-and-cents it is hard to say.

It is but natural, I presume, after twenty-two years connection with a corporation for one to have well-defined opinions of certain of its officials, and it is pleasant to record here that prior to the advent of James A. Hart on the scene my relations with the club were most pleasant. Under the watchful eye of Mr. Hurlbut the club flourished, and not only maintained a higher average in the percentage column than it has since enjoyed, but, in contradistinction to the latter day methods of management, it annually returned a large balance on the right side of the ledger, this last feature being by no means the least pleasant of my memories. Now, the query arises, "If the team was so uniformly successful under Mr. Hurlbut, why has it not enjoyed the same measure of success since?" And the answer, short and sweet, can be summed up in one word, "mismanagement."

As I have already explained elsewhere my financial relations with Mr. Spalding in regard to the around-the-world trip of the ball players, it is unnecessary for me again to go into that phase of the matter, but there was one little incident connected with that event that has not been told, and that accounts for Mr. Hart's desire to get rid of me as easily and as quietly as possible, even if he had to use underhanded measures in order to do so. When we started off on our trip in 1888 it was found necessary to get someone to check the receipts of the various exhibitions, see that we obtained our share, pay hotel bills, etc., etc., and generally look after the small financial details, and for some reason which I have never been able to understand A. G. Spalding made arrangements with James A. Hart to accompany us as far as San Francisco for that purpose, though the latter had no special qualifications for the work in hand. In fact, up to that time Mr. Hart, who had been connected as manager with Louisville, Boston and Milwaukee Clubs, had been an accredited failure, just as he has been since in Chicago, where the club under his management has steadily gone from bad to worse, such a thing as a dividend never having been heard of since he took the reins.

For his services on the trip he was paid a salary and his expenses, but this was seemingly not enough, for prior to our departure for Australia Mr. Spalding came to me with a subscription paper, stating that he was securing subscriptions from the members of our party for the purpose of presenting Mr. Hart with a pair of valuable diamond cuff-buttons. Just why Mr. Hart should be made the recipient of a valuable gift under such circumstances was more than I could fathom, and I not unnaturally entered protests.

My protest went unheeded, however, and from this little acorn grew the oak of disagreement between James A. Hart and myself, an oak that has now grown to mammoth proportions.

It was while on the same trip around the world that my long term contract made with Mr. Hurlbut expired, and that I signed a new one under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Returning home and while in mid-ocean I was requested by Mr. Spalding, who was President of the Chicago Ball Club, to sign a contract, which was made for ten years at my request, with the club, as manager and captain, and by the terms of this contract it was stipulated that I should receive a certain salary and a contingent fee, amounting to 10 per cent. of the net profits of the club, as shown by the books of that organization, which, in 1890, amounted to little or nothing, owing to the troubles engendered by the Brotherhood revolt and

the war between the National League and the American Association, though during a portion of the time I was paid something in excess of my salary, presumably on the supposition that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

In 1891, greatly to my astonishment, Mr. Spalding retired from the presidency and James A. Hart was elected to the vacant position. At that time I received a long letter from Mr. Spalding, in which he took particular pains to assure me Mr. Hart was a mere figurehead, who would always be subject to his advice and control, and just so long as he, Mr. Spalding, was connected with the club I should be retained by that organization. In the face of such an assurance as that, and in view of the fact that I had been associated so many years with Mr. Spalding in business, having first come to Chicago at his solicitation, I could see no reason for doubting his word, though subsequent events have shown me differently.

While in Philadelphia, after the recent League meeting held in New York, I called on John I. Rogers in reference to securing a contract to manufacture the league ball, and in the course of our conversation the subject of my treatment by the Chicago management came up. He then informed me that while presiding at a banquet given by the Philadelphia Club some two years ago, and at which both Mr. Hart and myself were guests, he had informed Hart that he was going to call on me for a speech. To this Hart had replied that he and I were not on the best of terms and then went on to tell him that when he, Hart, had joined the Chicago Club Spalding had agreed to release me at the end of my contract and place him, Hart, at the head of the Chicago Club.

If Mr. Hart told the truth when he made that statement, then Mr. Spalding certainly deceived me, but that is a matter of veracity for them to settle between themselves.

In 1893 the Chicago Ball Club was reorganized under the name of the Chicago League Ball Club, and by the terms of an agreement made with Mr. Spalding I was allowed to take a certain number of shares of the stock, in addition to those which I held in the old organization, to be paid for out of my contingent fee, which, by the terms of our agreement, it was guaranteed should be large enough to pay for the same, and which came to me under those conditions. At the same time, having six years more to serve under the terms of the old contract, I was given a new one, which I signed without reading, and which was only for five years instead of six, a discrepancy that I did not discover until I came to read it

over at home that same evening to Mrs. Anson, and then, having still the most implicit confidence in Mi. Spalding, I said nothing about it, relying on his promise to protect my interests.

In the meantime the grounds now used by the club on the West Side had been purchased, and I presume a payment on them made, and I was informed by Mr. Spalding that I might either swing the deal myself or else sign away my interest, which amounted to a little over one-eighth, but that in case I took the latter course, the club would pay dividends instead of putting the money into real estate. It seemed a little strange to me that I should be asked to swing a deal that A. G. Spalding and John R. Walsh were unable to handle, and being unable myself to do so I signed away my interest, but, alas! those promised dividends are still in the dim and misty distance, and my confidence in A. G. Spalding has dwindled away to nothing, and not unnaturally, as I shall have no difficulty in proving.

After I had been released by the club Mr. Spalding still posed as my best friend, and the affection that Damon had for Pythias was not greater than that I bore for him. I had not then learned the full nature of his duplicity, nor was it until some time later that it dawned upon me. In the meantime Mr. Spalding had set on foot a project to give me a money testimonial, and had called a meeting at the Chicago Athletic Club for the purpose of perfecting plans for the same. This I refused to accept for the reason that I was not a pauper, the public owed me nothing, and I believed that I was still capable of making my own living. At that meeting A. H. Pratt, who represented me, read the following letter that I had written for the occasion:

To My Friends—The kind offer to raise a large public subscription for me, the first notice of which I received by a chance meeting with Mr. Spalding the afternoon preceding its publication in the daily papers, is an honor and a compliment I duly appreciate. Implying as it does the hearty good will and close fellowship of the originator of the movement, A. G. Spalding, causes me to regard it higher. There are times when one hesitates to receive favors even from friends, and at this hour I deem it both unwise and inexpedient to accept the generosity so considerately offered. A. C. ANSON.

This testimonial, had I accepted it, would doubtless have been a great success, as it was endorsed by all of the League magnates, by the press generally, and by the lovers of base-ball all over the country, but to me it appeared to be something too

much in the nature of a charity gift for me to accept, and I felt that I should stultify my manhood by so doing, and that I should sacrifice that feeling of independence that I had always possessed. To the many friends who urged it upon me at the time I am still deeply grateful, but I feel that in declining to accept it I did a wise thing, and I am confident that very many of them now agree with me in that opinion.

Just at this stage of affairs my plans for the future were apparently a matter of great interest to both press and public, and if the statements made by the former were to be believed, I had more schemes on hand than did a professional promoter, and every one of them with "millions in it." I was to manage this club and manage that club; I was to play here and play there, and, in fact, there was scarcely anything that I was not going to do if the reporters' statements could be depended upon. One of the most senseless of these was the starting of the A. C. Anson Base-Ball College, the prospectus for which was typewritten in the sporting-goods store of A. G. Spalding, and read as follows:

Location.—The school will be located on what is known as the A. G. Spalding Tract, covering the blocks bounded by Lincoln, Robey, 143d and 144th streets, upon which Mr. A. G. Spalding will erect suitable structures, fences, stands, dressing-rooms, etc. The site is in the celebrated Calumet region and is easy of access.

Membership.—All accepted applicants for membership will be required to submit to a thorough physical examination and go through a regular and systematic course of training, calculated to prepare them for actual participation in base-ball games. Upon entering they will subscribe to the rules and regulations of the institution, which will demand obedience and provide for discipline, abstemious habits, regular hours, proper diet, in fact everything which tends to improve the health and physical condition will be required. They must also pass an examination made by Captain Anson as to their natural aptitude for becoming proficient in the game of base-ball.

Instruction.—The course of instruction will consist of physical training by the latest and most approved methods, with the special intention of developing the body and mind, so that the best possible results may be obtained looking to perfection of base-ball playing. Daily instruction will be had in the theory and practice of the game.

Engagements.—As soon as students are sufficiently developed and display skill to justify, efforts will be made by the college management to secure lucrative engagements for those who desire to enter the professional field. Arrangements will be made with the various professional and semi-professional clubs throughout the country by which students of the college will come into contact with managers and be enabled to make known their merits.

Application for Admittance.—Persons who desire to become students of the college will be required to fill out and sign the regular application blank provided by the college, which must give information regarding the applicant, such as name, place of residence, height, weight, various measurements, past vocation, habits, state of health, etc., etc.

Charges.—Accepted students will be required to pay a tuition of $2 per week, at least five weeks tuition to be paid in advance, and must supply their practice uniform. The college will provide all team uniforms for use in games and all materials and utensils necessary for practice.

Then followed a showing of financial possibilities that would have done credit to the brains of a Colonel Sellers.

It is unnecessary for me to say that this scheme never emanated from me, or that it never received any serious consideration at my hands, the real plan being to create a real-estate boom and enable Mr. Spalding to dispose of some of his holdings, using me as a catspaw with which to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

All this time I was busily engaged in perfecting plans by which I might get possession of the Chicago League Ball Club, in which I already had 130 shares of stock, and finally I succeeded in obtaining an option on the same from A. G. Spalding, a facsimile of which appears on another page. Armed with this document I worked like a Trojan in order to raise the necessary funds, which I certainly should have succeeded in doing had not my plans been thwarted time and again by A. G. Spalding and his agents, and this in spite of the fact that our probable war with Spain made the raising of money a difficult matter. More than once when engaged in the task I was informed by friends that I was simply wasting my time, as the option that I possessed was not worth the paper it was written on, and that there was never any intention on the part of A. G. Spalding and his confreres to let me get possession of the club. It was not until several men who had promised to aid me backed down squarely that I realized that there

was an undercurrent at work, and that the option, which it was often denied at that time that I had, had been given to me in bad faith and just for the purpose of letting me down easily, but when once convinced that such was really the case I gave up making any further effort in the matter.

Later I accepted a position as manager of the New York Club, being assured that I should have full control of the team, but at the end of a month finding that there were too many cooks to spoil the broth I resigned, accepting only the amount of salary due me for actual services, though offered a sum considerably in excess of the same. This ended my actual connection with National League base-ball, and its mismanagement.

In spite of the fact that I have been connected with the Chicago Base-Ball Club for twenty-two years as an active player and for twenty-four years as a stockholder, I have never attended a meeting of that organization until recently, and then Mr. Hart and myself were the only stockholders present. Again, in spite of the fact that my contingent fees were to be paid on the showing made by the books, these books I have never been allowed to see, nor have I ever been able to get any statement as to my standing with the Club, and that in spite of the fact that I have several times made a demand for the same.

That being the case, how can I be sure that I have had all that was coming to me, or that I have been honestly dealt with by that organization?

In all of my club dealings I trusted implicitly to Mr. Spalding, at whose solicitation I left Philadelphia and came to Chicago, and that I made a mistake in so trusting him I am now confident, as it is a poor plan for any man not to look closely after his own business interests.

In regard to my financial dealings with the Club I might be much more explicit, but I feel that it is not a matter of great public interest, and I therefore refrain from doing so, believing that what I have already said will serve to show how I stand and how I feel in the matter.

CHAPTER XXXV. HOW MY WINTERS WERE SPENT.

How do the members of the base-ball fraternity spend the winter seasons? If I have been asked that question once I have been asked it a thousand times. The public, as a rule, seem to think that because a man is a professional ball player and therefore employed but seven months in the year he must necessarily spend the other five in idleness, and there are doubtless some few ball players that spend their winters in that way, but, be it said to the credit of the craft, there are not many of them. There is no man upon whose hands time hangs so heavily as it does upon the hands of him who has nothing to do, at least that has been my experience, and for that reason I have always managed to busy myself at something during the winter months. Some of the things that I engaged in proved profitable, others did not, but, all-in-all, the winter of 1885 yielded me the best results of my life, for that winter I spent in doing what the old gentleman had wanted me to do years before, viz., in going to school. I had a very good reason for doing this, as you can readily see.

During my ball-playing career I had entrusted some money to the old gentleman up in Marshalltown for safe keeping, and while up there on a visit in the fall of 1884, needing some coin, I asked for it.

"Figure up how much I owe you, interest and all," was his reply, "and we will have a settlement."

Now, the old gentleman might just as well have set me down at the foot of the Rocky Mountains with a wheelbarrow and told me to carry them away to the Atlantic coast on that vehicle, as to have asked me to do an example in interest, and I was too ashamed of my ignorance to allow him to know that such a thing was beyond my powers, so I managed to get around the matter in some way, but I made up my mind then and there that I would at the first opportunity learn at best enough to take care of my own business. That winter I spent with my wife and daughter in Philadelphia, and here I found that she had a brother, Remey A. Fiegel, who was as averse to going to school as ever I had been. By this time I had come to a realizing sense of the power of knowledge, and so I labored with him until he consented to go to night-school, providing that I would send him, which I agreed to do.

Pierce's Business College was the place selected, and when I went up there to make the necessary arrangements for his tuition I asked how old a man had to become before he was barred from attending.

"Oh!" replied the superintendent, "age is no bar here. We have a great many scholars right now who are a long ways older than you are."

"All right! You can just put my name down, too," I replied, and the following Monday evening Remey and I started to go to school together, and this time there was no nonsense about it. That winter I studied faithfully, and, though it was hard work, by the time spring came and we returned to Chicago I had acquired at least a fair knowledge of the rudiments of business and was able to keep my own books, figure my own interest, and, in fact, run my own business.

During the greater part of another winter I ran a hand-ball court on Michigan avenue in Chicago, which did not prove to be a. paying venture, one reason, and the paramount one, being that it was too far away from the business center of the town at that time, though now it would have been in the very heart of the business district, while still another reason was that there were not enough hand-ball players in the city to keep the game running.

Some time during the latter part of the '80s the old Congress street grounds were converted during the winter season into a skating rink and toboggan slide, and of this I had the management during one whole season, a season that was pecuniarily profitable to the lessees of the grounds, as the weather during the greater part of the winter was severe, the ice in fine condition and the toboggan slide in apple-pie order.

Ice skating was that season more popular in Chicago than it had ever been before, and the toboggan craze, which had been brought over here from Canada, at once caught on to the public fancy. As a result the Congress Street Rink was crowded both afternoon and evening, and, strange to relate, the attendance was of the most fashionable sort, the young men and maidens from all parts of the city assembling for the purpose of going down the toboggan slide, which was attended with a great deal more of excitement in those days than was the sport of "shooting the chutes," its summer prototype, which later on became popular. The grounds were handsomely lighted and, thronged as they were in the evening with gaily-attired skaters of both sexes, and toboggan parties arrayed in the picturesque rigs that were the fashion in Montreal, Quebec and other Canadian cities, they made a pretty sight and one that attracted crowds of spectators, some of the skaters being of the kind that would have been styled champions in the days when Frank Swift, Callie Curtis and others were the leading fancy skaters.

The next season the same rink was managed by John Brown, the late secretary of the Chicago Base-Ball Club, but unfortunately he was not blessed with "the Anson luck," and the winter being a mild one and the freezes few and far between, he did not make a success of the venture. The toboggan craze was merely one of the fashionable fads of the moment, and now one rarely hears anything at all of the sport.

As a bottler of ginger beer I achieved at another time great distinction and there are some men in the country right now who have a very vivid remembrance of the beverage that I was unfortunate enough to put upon the market. My experience as a ginger beer manufacturer was laughable, to say the least of it, though I confess that I did not appreciate the fact at the time as much as did some of my friends and acquaintances.

During several of my visits to Canada in search both of players and pleasure I had made the acquaintance of a Mr. William Burrill, who at that time conducted a clothing store at London, Canada, and who had treated both myself and Mrs. Anson with great kindness. This gentleman finally went "down the toboggan slide" in a business way and at last turned up in Chicago with a very little money and a formula for making and bottling ginger beer. He needed, according to his own estimate, about $500 more capital than he was possessed of and wished me to join him in manufacturing it. He was a nice fellow, I was anxious to help him along, and, besides that, viewed from a business standpoint, it looked like a good thing, and as I was never averse to taking a chance when there was a good thing in sight I concluded to join him in the venture. The $500 that I was originally required to invest grew into $1,500, however, before we got the thing on the market, and then the sales started off in lively fashion, and so, not long afterwards, did the ginger beer.

There was a flaw in the formula somewhere, just what it was I never have been able to ascertain, but—well, there was something the matter with it. It wouldn't stay corked, that was its worst feature, but would go off at all times of the day and night and in the most unexpected fashion. If the cork would hold, the bottle wouldn't, and as a result there would be an explosion that would sound like the discharge of a small cannon. Sometimes only one bottle out of a dozen would explode, and then again the whole dozen would go off with a sound like that made by a whole regiment firing by platoons. It was by long odds the liveliest ginger-beer that had ever been placed upon the market. There was entirely too much life in it. That was the trouble. Sitting among a lot of fancy glassware on a

back bar it looked as innocent of evil as a newborn babe, but, presto change! and a moment afterwards it was its Satanic Majesty on a rampage, and that back bar with its glassware looked as if it had been struck by a Kansas cyclone.

Complaints began to pour in to the factory from all kinds and classes of customers, and I began to be afraid to walk the streets for fear that some one would accuse me of having bottled dynamite instead of ginger-beer.

I sold a case of it to a friend of mine who kept a noted sporting resort on South Clark street, Chicago. It was harmless enough when I sold it to him. It was young then, and its propensity for mischief had not been fully developed. It developed later. One evening when all was quiet there was an explosion in the cellar. It sounded like the muffled report of a dynamite cartridge. The billiard players dropped their cues and some of them started for the door. A second explosion followed and the coon porters' hair stood fairly on end and their faces became as near like chalk as a black man's can.

The proprietor started down cellar to investigate. He had gotten half way down when there came a third explosion.

He came back again more hastily than he had gone down, and ordered one of the porters to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

The porter was a brave man, and he refused to do it.

I did not blame him when I heard of it.

In the meantime the rest of the ginger-beer bottles had caught the contagion and the fusillade became fast and furious, and it did not stop until the billiard-room and the last bottle of ginger beer were both empty.

After silence had reigned for some time and it had become apparent that danger was all past, my friend the proprietor grew courageous again and, lamp in hand, he visited the cellar to investigate.

Where the case of ginger beer had set there was a mass of wreckage. Broken glass was everywhere, while the flooring, ceiling and walls were strained in a hundred different places. As he emerged from the cellar with a look of supreme disgust on his countenance, he was surrounded by an anxious group who asked as one man:

"What's the matter down there, Louis?"

"It's that ginger beer of Anson's," was the reply.

Then there was another explosion, this time one of laughter.

"Anson's ginger-beer" was getting a reputation, but it was not exactly the sort of a reputation that I wanted it to have. I was willing to close out the business even at a sacrifice, and this I did.

I saved more in proportion of my money than my customers did of the ginger beer I had sold them. This was one consolation.

CHAPTER XXXVI. WITH THE KNIGHTS OF THE CUE.

There is no more fascinating game in existence at the present day than billiards, and no game that is more popular with gentlemen, and for the reason that it can be played indoors and in all kinds of weather and that it does not require the frame of an athlete nor the training of one 1111 to play it successfully, though it may be set down as a fact that the experts at billiards are few and far between, for the reason that it takes not only natural ability and constant practice to be even a moderately successful billiardist, the real geniuses at the game being born and not made. Since the days of my early boyhood billiards has divided my attentions with base-ball, and what little skill I have attained at the game is due as much to good habits and constant practice as is the success that I achieved on the ball field.

The game itself has undergone many and frequent changes since I first began to play in the old hotel at Marshalltown, and with tools of such a primitive character that they would be laughed at in a modern billiard resort. The four-ball game and the old-fashioned six-pocket table have both been relegated into the shadows of obscurity, and the new standard 5x10 table, without pockets, that is a model of the builder's art, has taken the place of the one and three-ball games of various styles, from straight rail to three-cushion caroms of the other. Each and every game that has been played has been an improvement on the style of game

that preceded it and each and every style of game has had its own special votaries, some players excelling at one style of billiards and some at another, the players who excelled at all being few and far between.

It has been my good fortune to enjoy the acquaintance and friendship of nearly all of the billiard players who have become famous in the annals of the game since I first began ball playing for a livelihood in Rockford, among them being Frank C. Ives, the "Young Napoleon of Billiards," who, like myself, was a ball player before he ever became known as a knight of the cue, and whose early death was so greatly regretted by every lover of the game, both at home and abroad; Jacob Schaefer, "the Wizard of the Cue," who, as a ball-to-ball player, ranks at the head of the profession and who plays any and every game that can be played upon a billiard table with a skill that is akin to genius; George F. Slosson, the "Student," whose persistent application and studious habits have combined to make him one of the greatest prayers of his day and generation; Eugene Carter, "You-know-me," whose stalwart form and ready tongue are as well known in the majority of the European capitals as in the larger cities of our country; Thomas J. Gallagher, "Gray Tom," who is a hard man for any of the second-class experts to tackle; Edward McLaughlin, the little gentleman who first came into prominence at Philadelphia; Frank Maggioli, who has grown gray in the service of billiards, but who still retains his title of Champion of the South; Billy Catton, "the Rock Island Wonder," George Sutton, and many others, with the most of whom I have crossed cues either for money or in a friendly way at some time or other.

The first expert of any note that I ever met over a billiard table was Eugene Kimball, of Rochester, N. Y., who, in 1871, was a member of the Forest City Club of Cleveland, Ohio, and who at that time enjoyed a wide reputation as a billiardist as well as a ball player. Kimball, it had been generally conceded, played a strong game of billiards for those days, and on one occasion when the Cleveland Club visited Rockford he and I engaged in a game that attracted considerable attention both on the part of the members of the two teams and of other outside friends and admirers. There were no stakes up if I remember rightly, and I am not just certain as to how the game resulted, though, unless I am very much mistaken, it was in Kimball's favor, but not by such a large margin of points as to make me ashamed of myself.

It was while a member of the Athletic Club of Philadelphia that I made my debut as a billiardist in public. I played the game a great deal in those days and had

acquired quite a reputation for skill in handling the cue among my fellow ball-players, nearly all of whom could play the game after some fashion, there being seemingly quite an affinity between base-ball and billiards. James Lentz of Trenton, N. J., at that time enjoyed quite a reputation as a billiard expert in the land of sandflies and mosquitoes, and he being in Philadelphia we came together at Nelms' billiard room in a match game, 300 points up, at the old three-ball style of billiards, for stakes of $100 a side, and I beat him by a score of 300 to 252, no account of the averages or high runs being kept for the reason, as I presume, that nobody thought them worth keeping, though enough of the filthy lucre changed hands on the result to keep some of my ball-playing friends in pocket money for some days.

That game was played on the fourth day of February, 1875, and it was not until more than ten years afterwards that I again appeared in public as a billiardist. Frank Parker, the ex-champion in the days of the old four-ball game, now dead, was then a resident of Chicago, and his friends thought so well of his abilities at the fourteen-inch balk line game, which up to that time had never been played in public, that they offered to match him against me for stakes of $250 a side, the game to be 500 points up. After some talk back and forth this match was finally made, and March 25th, 1885, we came together in Central Music Hall, Chicago, before a fair-sized crowd, and I won by a score of 500 to 366, averaging in the neighborhood of five, and astonishing both Parker and his friends.

Slosson's billiard room on Monroe street, Chicago, was at that time and for several years afterwards the scene of more billiard matches than any similar resort in the United States, it being the headquarters of the bookmaking fraternity as well as the billiardists from all sections of the country, and it is more than probable that larger sums of money changed hands over the result of the games that were played there during the winter of 1885 and 1886 than changed hands in any other hall in the country, the leading billiard rooms of Gotham not excepted. Among the billiardists who were making Chicago their headquarters that winter were Jacob Schaefer, George F. Slosson, Eugene Carter, Thomas F. Gallagher, and William H. Catton, while among the bookmakers that made Slosson's room their lounging place were such well-known knights of the chalk and rubber as Dave Pulsifer, who afterwards owned the famous race horse, Tenny; James H. Murphy, whose pacer, "Star Pointer," was in after years the first horse in harness to beat the two-minute mark; William Riley, who, under the sobriquet of "Silver Bill," is known from one end of the country to the other; Charlie Stiles, for years the trusted lieutenant of Bride and Armstrong, the

Grand-Circuit pool sellers; George 'Wheelock, then hailing from St. Louis, but now known as one of the nerviest of New York's betting brigade; Joe Ullman, who then as now was a plunger; Johnny O'Neil, Frank Eckert, and many others, the place also being a favorite resort for the horsemen.

Thomas J. Gallagher was that fall in good form and there were several members of the book-making fraternity who stood ready to back him whenever he said the word. I had taken a notion into my head that I could beat him, nor was I alone in the opinion, for my friend, "Bart" White, thought the same way. The result was that I agreed to play him a match 300 points up at the fourteen-inch balk-line game for stakes of $100 a side. We came together on the afternoon of November 23d at Slosson's room, and Gallagher won by seventeen points, after a close and exciting contest, the game standing at 300 to 283 in his favor.

Neither my friends nor myself were satisfied with the result of this game, during the progress of which I had met with some hard luck, and which I was certain that I might have played better, and as a result we at once made another match at the same game to be played that night, the stakes this time being increased to $150 a side. The game was played in the presence of quite a crowd of billiard enthusiasts, and again Gallagher won by 309 to 280, but even this defeat did not convince me that he was a better player, and the result was still another match of 400 points up at the same game for stakes of $100 a side. This was played the following evening, and for the third time Gallagher carried off the honors, the totals showing 400 points for him as against only 183 for myself, and by this time I had come to the conclusion that he was a "leetle bit" too speedy for me, and that he could look for somebody else to pay his board-bills.

That same fall Wyman McCreary, of St. Louis, then as now recognized as one of the strongest amateur players in the country, dropped into Slosson's room, and the result was that I played him two matches at the fourteen-inch balk-line game, each one being for $50 a side, winning both, the score in the first one being 300 to 164, and in the second 300 to 194, my average in the last being 8 14-17, a performance that was at that time something better than the ordinary. Even as far back as those days there was a craze for angle games, and at three cushions Eugene Carter was especially strong, he having a standing challenge to play any man in the world at that style of billiards. He finally offered to play me so points, his backer to wager $300 to $100 that he could beat me, and this offer I accepted. The story of that game, as told in verse by a Chicago newspaper man under the title of "A Match of Slosson's Room," was as follows:

It was some time in the winter, and, if I remember right,
There were snowflakes softly falling, through the darkness of the night,
When I wandered into Slosson's, where the lights were all ablaze,
In the hopes of seeing billiards, for I had the billiard craze.

'Round the table there had gathered all the sporting men in town,
Putting money up in handfuls; each was anxious to take down.
Some would yell out, "I'll take Anson at the odds of three to one,"
Then another'd cry, "I've got you," and the betting had begun.

'Twas a match game at three cushions, fifty points up, for a stake,
'Tween the base-ball man and Carter, and it wan't an even break,
For the odds were all in money and the playing even up,
But the horse that packs the top weight does not always win the cup.

Odds in money cut no figure from a betting point of view,
As I've found in life quite often, and, I doubt not, so have you.
If a man can't win at evens then he cannot win at all,
Be the odds they bet against him very large or very small.

Carter had the style and finish, but the Captain had the nerve
That in base-ball oft had helped him solve a pitcher's meanest curve!
And he seemed to know the angles just as well as "You-Know Me."
That he wasn't a beginner was as plain as plain could be.

'Round the table stood the bettors, looking on with eager eyes,
While first one and then another certain seemed to take the prize.
On the wire the clustered buttons sat like sparrows in a row,
'Neath the lights that gleamed and glistened while there outside fell the snow.

Carter stood about and chattered just as Carter always will
(If you have a talking parrot you can never keep him still)
Anson only laughed and listened, saying as he chalked his cue:
"Frogs' legs measured up in inches don't tell what the frog can do,

"When it comes to jumping, Carter, and the best fish in the brook
Finds at last he's met his master when he grabs the angler's hook.
Talking does not win at billiards, nor at any other game,
When you come to count your buttons, then perhaps you'll think the same."

Went the buttons up together, one by one, upon the string,
Like two yachts that skim the waters, they were racing wing and wing.
Hushed was all the noisy clamor and the room was as still as death,
As they stood and watched the players chalk their cues with bated breath.

"Even up!" the marker shouted, and the buttons on the line
Counted up stood right together—each had stopped at forty-nine.
It was Anson's shot—a hard one—as the balls before him lay,
And he stopped to count the chances—then he chalked his cue to play.

"Call it off; I'll give you fifty," said George Wheelock, sitting near.
He had found the stakes for Carter and his voice was low and clear.
"Take your stakes down, Captain Anson, and take fifty 'plunks' of mine."
With a nod the Cap consented; Carter's backers bought the wine.

In that billiard-room of Slosson's, Carter argued half the night,
While the snowflakes drifted earthward like a mantle soft and white.
And he swore that he'd have won it if it wasn't for a miss
That he'd made up in the corner when he'd played to get a "kiss."

Now it may be that he would have, but I'm still inclined to believe
That he weakened o'er the billiards that he found up Anson's sleeve.
For I've noticed that the "sucker," or the chap you're thinking one,
Proves the "shark" that gets the money, "doing" 'stead of being "done."

The only match that I have engaged in since those days was one that I played last fall with Conklin, a West Side amateur in Chicago, and was at the eighteen-inch balk-line game, 400 points up for stakes of $50 a side, 200 points to be played in my own room and 200 in Clark's resort. The first night in my own room I obtained such a lead as to make the result look like a foregone conclusion, but the next night he came back at me like a cyclone and averaging over seven, a rattling good performance at that style of billiards, he beat me out and did it in such a handsome manner as to challenge my admiration and respect. Since then he has beaten Morningstar, a Boston, Mass., professional in the same easy fashion, and it would not be surprising were he yet to make his mark in the billiard line.

I may say right here that I intend to devote more time to billiards in the future than I have in the past, and that I am always willing to match, provided that the

game is a fair one, in which I have an even chance, as, unlike some players that I could name, I am not always looking for the best of it.

CHAPTER XXXVII. NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

The proposed New American Base-Ball Association, of which so much was heard during the fall and winter months of 1899 and 1900, is not dead, as some people fondly hope, but only sleeping. That the National League fears the birth of a new rival has been time and again shown, and in my judgment without good and sufficient reason, for I hold that "competition is the life of trade," and that with a strong and healthy competitor in, the field the rivalry would be of benefit to both organizations.

From personal experience I know that the National Game was never in as healthy condition as it was when the League had the old American Association for a rival and when such a thing as syndicate base-ball was unheard of. The Harts, the Friedmans and the Robisons were not then in control, and the rule-or-ruin policy that now prevails had at that time not even been thought of.

Base-ball as at present conducted is a gigantic monopoly, intolerant of opposition and run on a grab-all-that-there-is-in-sight policy that is alienating its friends and disgusting the very public that has so long and cheerfully given to it the support that it has withheld from other forms of amusement.

It was Abraham Lincoln, I believe, who once remarked that you can fool some of the people all the time but that you cannot fool all the people all the time, and yet it is this latter feat that the League magnates are at the present time trying to perform.

That the new Association did not take the field in 1900 was due to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, but that it will do so another season I firmly believe, as many of the men interested in its formation are still enthusiastic over the project and determined to carry it to a successful conclusion.

St. Louis may justly be regarded as the birthplace of the newcomer, as it was there that the idea of a new rival to the worn-out old League first originated in the brain of Al Spink, who, like the majority of the game's best friends the country over, had grown sick of syndicate methods and believed that the time had come when a new association, run on strictly business principles, would secure the patronage of the people. Associating with him Chris Von der Ahe, who became famous as "der boss" of the old St. Louis Browns, George Shaefer and others, he at once begun pulling wires looking toward the formation of an organization based on the old American Association lines, one that should do away with many of the evils that now exist.

Milwaukee and Detroit capitalists were soon interested in the scheme, and early in October, 1899, an informal meeting was held in Chicago, at which Chas. Havenor, Harry D. Quinn and Alderman O'Brien of Milwaukee; Chris Von der Ahe, George Shaefer and Al Spink, of St. Louis, and Frank Hough, of Philadelphia, were present.

This meeting I attended by invitation in company with Walter H. Clough, my son-in-law, and after talking the prospects over I finally agreed to place a team in Chicago to represent the new association, providing that a proper circuit of eight cities could be secured. I was then, as I am now, in favor of invading the cities already occupied by the National League clubs, and leaving the other cities to be occupied by the minor leagues.

At this meeting Harry D. Quinn was elected temporary President and Frank Hough temporary Secretary.

Quinn proved to be a hustler of the first class and spent both time and money in interesting the capitalists of other cities in the proposed deal. In November matters had progressed so far that a second meeting was held in New York, which was attended by the St. Louis and Milwaukee delegations, and by Secretary Hough of Philadelphia, Thomas Navin of Detroit and representatives from Boston and Providence.

Owing to family troubles I was unable to be present, and but little was accomplished. An effort was made, however, to interest Tom O'Rourke and "Dry Dollar" Sullivan in the scheme, and this might have been successful had it not been known that Richard Croker, the Tammany chieftain, was a great friend of President Freedman of the New York League Club, and might be tempted to cut

streets through any grounds that were secured. McGraw of Baltimore was also on hand looking over the ground, but he was then still confident that Baltimore would be retained in the League, and therefore was unwilling to cast his fortunes with the new venture.

Quinn was nothing daunted, however, and continued to work like a beaver. Hough's promised backing in Philadelphia failed to materialize, and F. A. Richter, of the Philadelphia "Sporting Life," claimed to be able to find both the men and money necessary to put a club in the Quaker City. A lawyer by the name of Elliott, and some friends of his, were first mentioned as the club's backers, but they failed to come to time, and then Mr. Richter trotted out a son-in-law of John Wanamaker, but he failed to materialize with his money.

This was the situation at the time that the third meeting was called by Mr. Quinn at Philadelphia, and which was held there just before the holidays. In the meantime I had attended a meeting of the National League in New York, and had gone from there on to Baltimore. While in the latter city I had a long talk with McGraw and all but convinced him that Baltimore was certain to be dropped by the League and that it would be to his best interests to join hands with us in the formation of the new association.

Acting on the information I had given him McGraw and his friends at once secured a lease on the National League ball grounds over the head of the League people, and then came on to attend the Philadelphia meeting. Here it was announced that Tommy McCarthy had things fixed all right in Boston and that Providence would leave the Eastern League and join with us.

McGraw had now become an enthusiast so far as the new scheme was concerned, but while the way to mend matters looked rosy on the surface, I fancied there were breakers ahead. I was disappointed in the showing made by Philadelphia at the meeting, and had even then grave doubts as to the genuineness of the backing promised there, though Richter, who was even at that time pulling wires in order to be elected Secretary and Treasurer when the final organization was made, asserted positively that he had found the necessary capitalists in the persons of George Regar and a theatrical man by the name of Gilmore.

The circuit so far as made up at that time looked like Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee in the West, and Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and some city

yet to be determined upon in the East.

As the days went on Quinn became more and more confident regarding Philadelphia, and a strong effort was made to get Washington into line, but without success, as the Washington people were certain at that time that the League would consist of ten clubs, and that the Senators would be retained. Louisville in the meantime was clamoring for admission, while Providence had determined to stick to the Eastern League.

A meeting to effect a permanent organization was then called. This was to be held at the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago on February 12th, 1899, but as several of the delegates expected had failed to put in an appearance an adjournment to the following day was decided upon.

When this meeting was called to order by temporary President Quinn there were present Hecker, Harlan and Spink, of St. Louis; Quinn, Havenor and O'Brien, of Milwaukee; McGraw and Peterson, of Baltimore; Regar and Richter, of Philadelphia, and myself representing Chicago. Tommy McCarthy, of Boston, was said to be somewhere on the road, though Quinn held his proxy, and Col. Whitside of Louisville was on hand to represent the Falls City in case it should be taken into the fold.

Numerous telegrams failed to locate Navin of Detroit, and as the Louisville people proved that they had the necessary backing it was finally decided to take them in. Detroit's assurance that everything was lovely there came too late, Navin not returning home until after the meeting was over, while McCarthy of Boston did not materialize until after the meeting had adjourned.

A permanent organization was finally effected and officers elected as follows:

President, A. C. Anson, Chicago; Secretary-Treasurer, Phil Peterson, Baltimore; Directors, C. S. Havenor, Milwaukee; Geo. D. Shaefer, St. Louis; W. J. Gilmore, Philadelphia; it being left for Boston to name a member of the Board at a later date.

Richter had come to the meeting firmly convinced that the office of Secretary-Treasurer was to be his for the asking, and he was decidedly put out when turned down, and was disposed to be decidedly ugly. That he had not gotten over it for some time afterward was shown by the attitude of his paper, which indulged in indiscriminate abuse of every one who failed to agree with him.

After the adoption of a constitution and by-laws the meeting finally adjourned, though not until McGraw and Peterson had been appointed a committee to look into the standing of Philadelphia and to select an eighth city in the East, the seven cities making up the circuit at that time being Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Louisville in the West, and Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia in the East.

It was also decided to open the playing season on April 16, the matter of arranging a schedule being left in my hands. The Philadelphia end of it had a decidedly fishy look to me, even then, and McGraw was by no means as enthusiastic as he had appeared at Philadelphia. McCarthy's failure to appear cast a damper over the crowd, and, in spite of all that had been accomplished, I had grave doubts as to the successful launching of the project.

McGraw and Peterson stopped at Philadelphia on their way home and had an interview with W. J. Gilmore that was evidently satisfactory, as the former wired me that Philadelphia was "four-flushing" and that everything was off, after which he fixed up his differences with the League people in Baltimore and prepared to play with the club there another season.

The dropping of Baltimore from the list of League cities, just as I had prophesied, followed, after which came the sale of McGraw and others to the St. Louis Club, the terms of which McGraw has refused to ratify, the result being that the snappy little Baltimorean will in all probability not be seen on the ball field in a League uniform.

The calling off of the deal was a great disappointment to me at the time, and yet, as things have turned out, I am satisfied that everything happened for the best after all. The recent iron-clad agreement entered into between the American League and National League magnates, by the terms of which a team from the first-named organization is to be placed in Chicago, smacks too strongly of syndicate methods to become popular.

In a recent letter from Baltimore McGraw and Peterson both strongly urge the necessity of going on with the new association and getting in readiness to place strong teams in the field at the beginning of the season of 1901, and this is likely to be done.

That the time is ripe for such a movement I am confident, as I am also that

plenty of good ball players could be found to join its ranks.

The methods of the League in late years have not been calculated to make friends either among the ranks of the players or of the public, and both would gladly welcome a rival in the field.

It would, however, be a mistake, I think, to start with anything but a strong circuit or to antagonize any of the minor leagues, with whom nothing could be gained by rivalry.

If I could have my way in the matter I would place a strong team in every single one of the League cities, taking in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburg in the West, and New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore in the East.

Such a circuit would, in my estimation, be a paying one from the start, and that is the circuit that I hope to see formed in the future.

There is one thing certain, and that is that a rival to the National League will spring up sooner or later, and that without any help from Mr. Richter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. L'ENVOI.

With my retirement from the Chicago Club in 1897, my active connection with the game may be said to have ceased and it is more that probable that I shall never again don a uniform. My affection for the game still exists, however, and I am confident that, purged of the many evils that now exist, the game itself will continue to be in the future what it has been in the past, the National Game of the American people.

Looking back over my twenty-seven years of active service on the diamond, I feel that I have but little to regret and much to be proud of, and if I failed at times to come us to the expectations of my friends, it was simply because I was heavily handicapped and unable to carry the load. For the gentlemen who have criticized my actions fairly and honestly I have naught but the kindest feelings, and for those who did not and who criticized simply to be in the fashion, or because they were advised to do so by those in authority over them, I have—but perhaps it is as well to "let the dead past bury its dead." The League Guide of 1898 contains an article on my retirement, from the pen of the veteran, Henry Chadwick, that I am particularly proud of, and a portion of which I quote, as follows:

"Professional base-ball history records the development of many an original character in the ranks alike of its press-writers, its club magnates, and its most noteworthy players; but it can be safely said that its most unique figure can be found in the person of the League's greatest representative on the field, Adrian Constantine Anson, who today stands forth as one of the most sturdy, fearless and honest exemplars of professional base-ball known to the game. The bright particular attribute of Anson is his sterling integrity, combined with which is his thorough independence. The former was strikingly illustrated at the very outset of his career as a member of the Chicago Club in 1876, when he kept true to his agreement with the club, though under the base-ball law as it then existed the club could not, enforce its contract; and his independence was plainly exhibited in the act of his refusing this year to accept a money testimonial at the hands of his base-ball friends, he preferring to depend upon his existing physical powers for his maintenance rather than upon the proffered financial aid.

"In some respects Anson resembles a rough diamond, his brusque manner and impulsive temper needing the keen polish of the refining wheel of the

conventional amenities of life to make his inherent worth shine forth in its full brilliancy. Anson, too, reminds one somewhat of that old Western pioneer, Davy Crockett, inasmuch as his practical motto is, 'When you know you're right, go ahead.' This latter trait was conspicuously shown in the year of the players' revolt in 1890, when, almost alone as a minority man, he stood by the National League in its greatest hour of need, in opposition to the desertion of hundreds of his confreres in the League ranks. In these prominent characteristics, we say, Anson stands as the most unique player known in the annals of the professional fraternity."

This is indeed praise from Sir Hubert, and I raise my hat in recognition.

What I may conclude to do in the future it is hard to say, and if I return again to my first love, base-ball, it will not be as a player, but wherever I may be or whatever I may do I shall still strive to merit the approval and good will of my friends—God bless them!

THE END.

AMOS RUSIE'S PITCHING.

Amos Rusie, who, for several years has probably come nearer being the premier pitcher of the country than any other man, gives some ideas of pitching to the New York Evening Journal. He says:

"In delivering a straight, swift ball, when my object is to obtain the utmost speed at my command and to cut the plate, so that an umpire can have no doubt as to

its being 'over,' I grasp the ball firmly with the two first fingers, with the thumb not clutching the ball too tightly. It is not my intention to twist or curve the ball at those times, but to catch the batter napping or else to prevent him from 'walking' to first. I take one long preliminary swing to prepare the shoulder muscles for the coming strain, and with my right foot firmly braced on the slab, I lurch forward with a high, straight throw, the weight of my body adding impetus to the ball.

"A slow ball when mixed up with great speed, is most effective if the change of pace is so disguised as to fool the batter. It does not do to telegraph your intentions or the ball will go soaring over the bleachers—from off the old 'wagon tongue.' Exactly the same preliminary motions should be gone through with as if to send in your swiftest ball. For this delivery I hold the ball loosely in my hand, holding it with my thumb and little finger. The ball will at times almost seem to hang in the air, and the batter, who is looking for a singing swift one, makes a vicious swipe before the ball gets to him. The change of pace is used mostly when a batter has two strikes and is worked up to the anxious pitch. Nothing pleases a pitcher more than to fool a batter with his 'slows.'

"To give an outcurve to the ball I take the same grip with the first two fingers as for the straight ball. The thumb, however, with which the twist which causes the ball to curve is given, is brought up in touch with the ball with a tight grip. Then, with a long, slow preliminary swing I give a slight side motion to my hand with a decided snap to the wrist just at the instant the ball leaves my hand. I endeavor, of course, to hide my right hand as much as possible from the batter, and go through exactly the same motions as for a straight ball. I can get just as much speed with my curve as my straight, which in consequence, has proved my most successful ball.

"The drop ball is a most effective one if a pitcher can get control of it. If the ball falls even a half inch from the expected line, the batter is liable to strike over it. In pitching this ball I take a tight hold with the thumb and two forefingers, with the third finger underneath in touch with the sphere. Then with a very high swing and a raise on my toes, I bring the arm down swiftly. The reverse twist is given with the third finger. A great deal of practice is required to acquire control of this puzzling ball, and at times speed is sacrificed in its use."

APPENDIX. SOME NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

With the retirement of Captain Anson baseball loses its most dignified and courageous figure—a man who has striven through a number of years to preserve the national game in all its best phases and a man who has fought for decency and gentlemanly conduct on the field, and by whose efforts the club of which he has been typical for a long time has come to be known as one of the most dignified organizations on the National League diamond. His retirement from the leadership of the Colts is received with regret by the devotees of the national game, although opinion is divided as to its advisability. It has long been believed by certain patrons of the game that a change in the management and captaincy of the team was advisable, and that a younger man might make the nine more successful. But whether they are of this opinion or not, the patrons of the game this year will miss the presence of the big first baseman who has come to be typical of the Chicago team.

Captain Anson retires with a record of which he may well be proud. He has been a prominent figure in hundreds of games in all of which he has done excellent work. As the head of the Chicago club he has piloted the team through good and bad fortune. During the last few seasons he has not done as well as had been expected at the outset of the season. Internal dissension crept into the ranks of the Colts and the men did not work together. This fact started a sentiment in favor of a change of management. There were disturbing elements which militated against the success of the team, and it was believed by many admirers of the game that a new leader might be able to reconcile the warring factions and get more substantial results out of the aggregation. This was urged as a reason for the retirement of Anson. He had served a longer term than any other base-ball player, and it was believed that he could retire on his record and give way to a younger man who would he able to secure more harmonious work. In this opinion there was no desire to belittle the work of Anson, nor cast any discredit on his management.

His work has been such as to win the respect of every sportsman, whatever his opinion of the desirability of the change of management, but with individual players of the first class might not another manager be able to attain better results was the argument. He is to be succeeded by a man who worked with him as a fellow-member at one time of the Chicago team, a man of experience in

base-ball affairs, and who it is believed will continue the work which the veteran has done for the best interests of the game. Whether or not he will be able to make the club work together better than Anson and whether he can secure better results from the material he has to work with remains for the coming season to show.

But whatever be the future success of the team, it will owe a debt to Captain Anson, for to him is due the credit of being one of the greatest of base-ball generals. He has done a great work for the Chicago team, and can now give way to another, resting on the honors which he has already won and which the base-ball public gladly concede to him.—Chicago Tribune.

The former captain-manager of the Chicago base-ball team has just replied to a proposition to offer him a testimonial in such terms as do him infinite honor. Mr. Anson had held his position for many years. He had done the work and discharged the duties of the place faithfully, laboriously, and ably, and he had received for his services a salary which be accepted as sufficient. When it was, thought best to depose him and to employ another captain, he gave way without protest. He had done his best, he had been paid, he had nothing to complain of, and no favors to ask. The proposed testimonial was offered, perhaps, under the impression that he was needy or that his feelings were hurt, and the idea seems to have been that in giving him a benefit they would placate any resentment he might harbor and at the same time proclaim their own generosity. Anson, however, declined to be put in the position of a martyr or a suppliant. He replied: 'I refuse to accept anything in the shape of a gift. The public owes me nothing. I am not old and am no pauper. Besides that, I am by no means out of base-ball.'

We think that everybody will applaud Mr. Anson in this attitude. There is no reasonable doubt that the projected benefit would have netted him several thousands of dollars—it is not too much to estimate the result at $10,000. He has long been a favorite with the Chicago base-ball lovers. He enjoys a high reputation for courage, fairness, honorable methods, and professional ability. But he refused the well-meant offer of the Chicago Athletic Association, and we feel sure that all right-minded men will give him their sympathy and approval. He prefers to occupy the position of one who has served his employers zealously and received full consideration for his work, who has no complaint to make and no pity to invoke. He is not superannuated, has not been ill-treated, and is quite able to support himself for the future. It is a manly, modest, self-reliant, and self-respecting position and it raises him infinitely in public estimation.—

Washington (D. C.) Post.

Our illustrious fellow townsman, Adrian Constantinus Anson, has given to the New York Sun a few reflections concerning the duties of womankind, with a comparative review of the charms of the ladies of Chicago and New York. It is Mr. Anson's deliberate opinion that woman has a most beautiful sphere of action in this pleasant life which is likely to be jeopardized by an association with clubs. Mr. Anson thinks that the average woman cannot attend to her regular knitting and to clubs at the same time, and he facilitates himself that the ladies of his immediate family have been restrained by his influence and his arguments from wasting time in society work that should belong to the needs of the small and sympathetic domestic circle. We congratulate Mr. Anson on the ability he has shown in the presentation of his argument, and we turn with confidence to his discussion of the ladies who have come under his observation. "In Chicago," says Mr. Anson, "the ladies dress very stunningly, just as well as they do here, if I am not mistaken, and they are certainly just as fine looking. I'll admit that the New York men dress a great deal better than those of Chicago." Mr. Anson is right. The Chicago man gives little thought to the morrow, wherewithal he shall be clothed. He has his charms, his graces, his many fine points, but as a fashion plate he is not a success. He is content to know that his wife and his daughters are keeping up the standard of Mr. Anson's expectations, and to feel that in providing them with gorgeous raiment he is contributing his share of the beautiful, the true and the good in the world. We have believed for some time that the shopping ladies on the east side of State street constituted a panorama of feminine loveliness unexcelled, but we are glad to have this opinion corroborated by 40 eminent an authority as Mr. Anson, who has a critical eye for the feminine toilet and has been in New York often enough in a professional capacity to exercise a just and accurate judgment.—Chicago Post.

The announced retirement of Adrian Constantine Anson from the management of the Chicago base-ball team marks the end of a career that is without parallel in America. For nearly thirty years Anson has stood among the foremost representatives of the national game, and for half that time. He has been a popular hero whose name was more familiar on the lips of the people than that of any statesman or soldier of his time. Ever since professional base-ball became a feature of American life, he has stood in the front rank of its exponents, and as long as it shall continue to be played his name will be remembered. He reflected credit upon his calling and helped raise it to a plane which made it creditable to him. A certain measure of true glory cannot be denied to such a man. In all his

long publicity no charge of dishonorable methods, no rumor of the buying and selling that are too common in athletics was ever laid at his door. He possessed many of the qualities that make leaders of men, and his continued success was due to the same study and application which bring triumph in more highly esteemed fields of activity. Base-ball owes him much, the public owes him something and Chicago owes him more. He is entitled to an honorable discharge. —Detroit Tribune.

The passing of Adrian C. Anson from the position of manager and captain of the Chicago League base-ball club is deserving of notice by everybody. While it is not our purpose or custom to comment on athletics, in general, we deem it proper to drop a few thoughts concerning this man and his life.

For twenty-six years he has been playing base-ball with prominent clubs throughout the country, twenty-two years of this time being spent with the club which just disposed of his services. Five different times he brought his club out at the close of the season as a pennant winner, a record which has not yet been equaled by any manager. Besides being a bright star in the ball-playing constellation, Anson was an expert at cricket, hand-ball, billiards and shooting.

He has ever been temperate in his habits, and his long period of service in this line proves what a man may do by taking care of himself. No better lesson can be taught the young man of to-day than the observance of this man's life. After all, is it not a mistake made by the temperance people that they don't teach the physical as well as the moral effects of intemperance?

The name Anson means athletics. Honest, honorable, clean, pure athletics. No man has done more to place outdoor sports above reproach than he has.—Springfield (Ill.) Sun.

Captain Anson is going to retire. He has played his last championship game, has piloted his young men through the last season and has made his final forceful appeal to a league umpire. With the honors of unnumbered years thick upon him, with a fame that will endure till the last league ball is batted over the palisades of time, with fortune far beyond the hope of thousands who have howled his praise, "the grand old man" will leave the "profession" Jan. 1, 1898, when his contract with the Chicago team shall expire.

There comes a sentiment akin to sorrow in the incident. The man has so truly

represented the spirit of sport, he has so honestly and industriously devoted his every energy to its requirements, and he has so persistently abstained from those customs that too often discredit men in his line, that the great public which loves base-ball will regret his departure.

Aside from that there is a measure of compensation. We know that young blood and new methods may help the Chicago team to that eminence it won in the old days. This sentiment is entertained by so many patrons of the game that it may be fair to concede them something.

One thing is certain. No man living will more cordially wish success to the old White Stocking club than will the man who has shared its joys and its woes, and who voluntarily, even now, yields place to a younger man.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A few days ago Captain Anson, a representative of the typical American game, declined to accept a public testimonial earned by years of hard work, honesty, uprightness, and faithfulness as a player. Mr. A. G. Spalding guaranteed that the fund would reach $50,000, and from the great flow of telegrams, letters, and offers of contributions that swept down upon the promoter of the testimonial it seemed as though that sum would be exceeded. Anson replied modestly that, while conscious of the high honor conferred in the almost unanimous expression of good will, he could not accept a moneyed tribute. A few years ago Dr. W. G. Grace, the champion cricketer of England, retired from the game, a game typical of England. Headed by the Prince of Wales a great public subscription was raised and more than $40,000 was given the champion. He accepted. The two men occupied the same position toward their games and their countries. The spirit of admiration was unanimous in both countries. Both were athletic heroes. Grace accepted; Anson declined.—Chicago Tribune.

The firm of Chicago & Anson expired by its own limitation last night. The partners parted on the best of terms. It is now twenty-two years since they began to do base-ball together, and the record made is an honor to the world of athletics. Long ago, while the dew of youth was still in his locks, the junior partner was known as "Old Anse," much as in army circles the pre-eminence of General Grant won for him the designation of "the old man." Anson first gained distinction as the heaviest batter that had ever gone to the plate. Then, for many seasons, he was captain. He marshaled his forces with the skill of a great commander. He lost many a battle royal, but he never threw a game, and, alike in

victory and in defeat, the honor of Chicago was maintained unflecked. May he live long to enjoy the distinction of being "the grand old man" of the diamond field.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our ancient friend Captain Adrian Anson will find ample scope for his disciplinary talents in dealing with the cherubim whom Mr. Freedman has aggregated into his base-ball club. At various times the Baltimore, the Pittsburgs and the Clevelands have held the championship for all-round blackguardism and "dirty ball," but now New York, like "Eclipse," is first and the rest nowhere. In this connection it is interesting to recall that early in the season several of Mr. Freedman's young men haughtily refused to sign the Brush hoodlum agreement upon the ground that they were "gentlemen" and incapable of using vile language. The Brush rule is valid nevertheless, and the patrons of base-ball will watch with interest to see whether it will be enforced against the umpire baiters and vulgarians lately led by Mr. "Scrappy" Joyce. If Anson is given a free hand he will keep the rowdies in subjection. If he is hampered we venture to predict that Mr. Freedman will soon be hunting another captain. The "old man" will not stand sponsor for hoodlums.—Chicago Chronicle.

"I notice," said the Old-Timer, "that a hit was wanted in Louisville yesterday, and that James Ryan (who would quit rather than play with Anson as manager) was at the bat. How many, many times the cranks at the Chicago ball grounds have waited and watched for that same hit, and how often, oh, how often, they have been regaled with that same play—a pop-up to the infield. It is time, long, long ago, that James Ryan was relegated to the bench or the turnstile—for good. Decker is his superior in everything but grumbling."—Chicago Journal. New York, April 2.—A. G. Spalding absolutely denied to-day the truth of the published reports that he had jestingly offered the franchise of the Chicago club to Anson for $150,000, and that while Anson was hustling around trying to raise the money he had no intention whatever of releasing the franchise when it came to a showdown.

"The story is absurd," said Mr. Spalding. "In the first place, Anson is not trying to get the franchise. No one has made overtures to me with that end in view. I have set no price on the franchise, because I had not the slightest intention of letting it go."—Chicago Chronicle.

Temporarily war rumors must sink into innocuous desuetude and other old things. A matter of more far-reaching importance now claims our attention. We

shall continue to hope that Sampson and Dewey and Miles will do their whole duty, but we shall not be able to give our personal attention to the trifles that occupy them until we have received definite information whether or not Anson is really going with the New Yorks.—Chicago Post.

As a fielder many have surpassed him, but as a batsman—and batsmen, like poets, are born, not made, and are the kind of players hardest to get—his record has never been excelled. He has not always stood at the head of the list, but always kept up a steady fusillade.—Des Moines Leader.

The passing of Anson from the National League removes from the national game its most conspicuous and active spirit. For many years this young old man has been the principal figure in the grandest of outdoor sports and his setting aside by the managers of the team that he made famous will be lamented everywhere. —Detroit Journal.

Now it is claimed that Anson hasn't a chance on earth of getting control of the Chicago Club, even if he raises that $150,000 option. It is claimed that the price set by Spalding was one of his little jokes, and Ans took it seriously. People who ought to know say Spalding and Hart would not part with the Chicago Club for $250,000.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

O. P. Caylor has this to say: "Anson may be getting old, his step less springy, his joints not so supple as of yore, but his eyes and brain are unimpaired. For all that, he knows more about playing the game than the other men on his team combined. There are at least seven less valuable players than Anson among the Chicago Colts."—New York Herald.

Owing to the De Lome incident and the destruction of the Maine the retirement of Colonel Anson from base-ball generalship is not receiving the general attention its importance warrants.—Chicago Herald.

The young philanthropist who sent $too to Leiter with which to corner the wheat market would exhibit more genuine patriotism if he would inclose a few thousands to Captain Anson for the purpose of obtaining the Chicago ball team. —Chicago Record.

Yesterday was a cold day for base-ball. That grand old man, Captain Adrianapolis Chicago Anson, was umpired out by Father Time, after twenty-two years' signal service at the first base.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

When the sporting world finds a better or more manly man than "Old Anse" it will have to advertise for "the best the country affords." He honestly won his honors in a fair field.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There is no reason why Cap'n Anson, now in the full maturity of his powers, may not have a successful career before him as a trainer of horses.—Chicago Tribune.

It was worth losing the job for Captain Anson to learn what a royal good fellow he is.—Chicago Record.

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