

POOR DOCUMENT

MC 235

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1918

BASEBALL STORIES OF THIRTY YEARS AGO

BY JOE PAGE

Way back in 1888-89, an event of some importance to base ball history took place. It was the world's tour of professional National League base ball players, promoted, managed and carried through to a successful finish by the late A. G. Spalding. The teams that made the voyage were known as the Chicago and All-Americans.

The Chicago players were Mark Baldwin and J. K. Tener (ex-governor of Pennsylvania, and now president of the National League) pitchers; Tom Daly, catcher; A. C. Anson, first base and captain; N. F. Pfeiffer, second base; Thomas Burge, third base; E. N. Williamson, short-stop; M. Sullivan, left field; J. Ryan, centre field; Robert Pitt, right field.

The All-Americans were John Heasley, Indianapolis, and E. W. Crane, New York, pitchers; J. C. Earl, Cincinnati, catcher; G. A. Wood, Philadelphia,

first base; P. H. Carroll, Pittsburgh, second base; H. Manning, Kansas City, third base; John M. Ward, New York, short-stop and captain; James Fogarty, Philadelphia, left field; Ed. Hanlon, Pittsburgh, centre field; Tom Brown, Boston, right field. Thomas Lynch (ex-president of the National League), and George Wright were the official umpires.

Of all the players mentioned on both teams there is not an old-timer but will say that each and every one was a bright particular star in the base ball game, during the greater part of his major league career. One other celebrity who accompanied the team around the world and was the cause of many a laugh, was a little negro boy, Clarence Duval, a ragged, little and forlorn urchin, who had been picked up the season before by the Chicago team and turned into a mascot and bat boy for the team—and by the way, he has the



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distinction of being the original human mascot in the history of the game. Here is one of the many stories told of him on the world's tour.

It was at the Union League Club, of which Mr. Spalding was a member, that Henry M. Stanley, the noted explorer,

who was the guest for the afternoon, met, and had quite a chat over the world base ball tour. The latter made mention of having read the account of the trip in which he was very much interested and said he envied the party the glorious time all must have had.

"You didn't penetrate very far into Africa, I see," said Mr. Stanley.

"Not outside of Egypt," replied A. G., "but we saw a fair sample of your Abyssinians at Aden, in Arabia, where we stopped a few hours on our way to the Red Sea."

"Ah, yes, Aden, I recall it," said Stanley, and then Al. briefly outlined the incidents of the arrival there at dusk and experiences with natives who took the party from the ship to the shore and return, and clustered around the party like so many long-robed apes while staying in their town. That stop, by the way, was chuck full of some of the funniest incidents of the trip. A more ragged, forbidden coast, or a more murderous looking lot of pirates than those who bobbed up and down upon the waves around our ship we did not meet with on our journey.

They were little and dark, and dressed in skins and furs, and looked like devils. The ladies of the party were too timid to venture into the frail crafts, but most of the boys went, including Leigh Lynch and Clarence Duval.

When the party arrived at the sea wall, with its steep running down to the water's edge, we beheld the most striking type of humanity in that wild country that the party had yet seen. Great, tall, gaunt creatures, draped in hanging robes of white, wearing big yellow sandals and bearing long, wily looking staffs in their hands. One corner of their ghostly looking robes was bound closely about the head with big brass clasps, the sheet, for such it seemed, then crossing the breast and dropping about their forms almost to the ground. Their black faces, thick lips, and large features looked positively horrible in contrast with their snowy garments and the yellow lights from the big torches on the pier added to the grotesque and strange appearance of the scene.

"Well," continued A. G., "we scattered through the town in squads of three and four, and in some way, Leigh Lynch and myself got separated from the party, in their search for curios and native bargains. Fogarty, Carroll, Baldwin and myself finally returned to the wharf and hunted up our boatman for the return trip to the ship.

Clarence Duval's Fright

"While we were waiting we heard a distant shout, and a few seconds later Clarence Duval came flying towards us, his arms full of bundles, the whites of his eyes showing like a brace of billiard balls in a setting of black velvet, while he uttered little shrieks of fright as he ran. Close at his heels came half a dozen slatted robed Abyssinians, waving their staffs with one hand, reaching for Clarence's bundles with the other and chattering like so many big apes.

"No wonder the little one was frightened. Just as he reached us he stumbled, fell head over heels, as the bundles fell in every direction and, clapping Baldwin by the knees, gaspingly besought us to protect him. It seems that some of the party had sent him on ahead with some of their purchases, and the Arabs had simply volunteered their help in carrying the packages. When Clarence found this out and became convinced that the big blacks were not bent on murdering him he was the maddest nigger ever seen, and the way he cursed those Abyssinians was a caution.

"Finally Lynch and myself (Spalding) reached the dock after the rest of the party had left for the ship and the Abyssinians, encouraged by the fact that the rest of the party had gone, pressed about us two to the number of forty or more, wild-eyed, fierce, and anything but comfortable looking companions. They jostled Lynch and me until the two of us began to feel decidedly nervous. Lynch was jostled until he dropped one of the bundles of which his arms were full. Get out, you black devils," said Leigh, beginning to get mad.

"Ugh! Ugh!" ejaculated the Abyssinians, pressing still closer and talking excitedly among themselves.

"Say, Leigh," said A. G. finally, "this won't do. We'll get left and may be done up if we stay here. Will some of you fellows row us to the ship?" asked Al, addressing the blacks.

"Ugh! Ugh!" was the only reply.

"You say here and mind these bundles, Leigh," said A. G., depositing his packages at Lynch's feet, "and I'll go see if I can find a white man anywhere around."

One startled look came over Lynch's face. Then he looked determined. "No," said he, "damned if I do. You stay here and I'll go and find No. damned if I'll do that, either. Damned if I know what we'll better do."

Fortunately the captain of the ship rounded the corner at that instant and a few minutes later he and Lynch and Spalding were in the captain's gig, gliding over the water in the direction of their ship, the two latter thanking the stars for their luck and inwardly vowing never to drift away from the gang again, in that country, at least.

A coincidence I cannot allow to go by without making mention of it. The reader will note among the names of the players of the Chicago team that of Tom Daly, catcher. He was one of the great catchers of his day and ranked with such men as Buck Ewing, Mike Kelly and Bennett. He was known as the

rocking chair catcher, from his peculiar rocking motion while in position behind the plate. If I am not very much mistaken in one of the games on the tour at which the late King Edward, at that time Prince of Wales, was in attendance, Tom Daly, catcher, was in the limelight in making a home run or something of that kind. When one stops to think, it was about twenty-five years later that Charles A. Comiskey piloted a Chicago team on a world's tour in 1913-18. He had among his players a Tom Daly, catcher, and in a game at which King

George was in attendance and which went into extra innings, Tom Daly laid the wood against the horseshoe for a clean home run and broke up the game then and there. Tom Daly II, it is at the present time a member of the Chicago Cubs and will be standing off Killifer during the season, and should anything happen to the latter Daly, like his predecessor of more than thirty years ago, will make good, because the writer knew both intimately and what the former catcher Daly did on the diamond, Tom Daly II will do, for the very good reason that, like the former, he has everything that goes to make a winner—youth, health, strength, speed, brains, is a splendid batsman and is clean living both on and off the field. What better qualifications to make good can anyone have?

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