



The Brooklyn Federal League Baseball Park, showing the opening

## FAMOUS MAGNATES OF

A Series Devoted to the

## R. B. Ward, the Master Baker,

Foremost Among the Captains of High Finance Who  
Head of the Greatest Bread Manufacturing Company

Up His Colossal Business and the Reasons Which

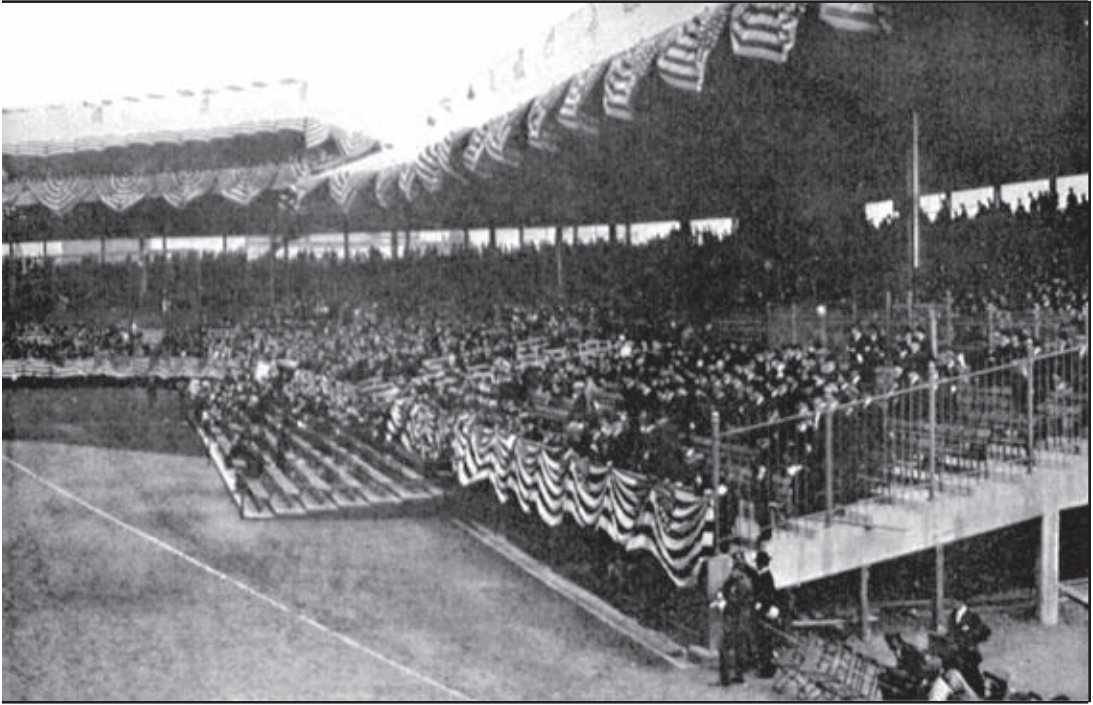
Chapter in the History of

BY F.C.

“**W**HAT the h—— does he know about baseball?” The speaker, a famous American League magnate, bit his cigar savagely and paced rapidly up and down the narrow lobby. “Here are men who have spent a lifetime in building up the game, and a rank outsider, a baker, butts in and tries to get away with a whole major league,” and he lapsed into picturesque but unprintable language.

The speaker doesn’t matter in this discussion, but the person spoken of was Robert B. Ward, head of the greatest manufacturing plant of its kind in the world, and vice-president of the Federal League.

As a rule, the baseball magnate doesn’t loom very high in the public view. He expresses himself in the individuality of his club. His players are in the lime-light, where every one may see them. But



day crowd of this year. The above view shows the grandstand only.

# THE FEDERAL LEAGUE

Leaders of the New Circuit

## Vice-President of the Feds.

Have Backed the Federal League is Robert B. Ward, in the World. How He Made His Fortune and Built Lead Him to Become a Club Owner Form a Unique Baseball and Big Business

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he, himself, remains in the background, where the public is not averse to leaving his solitude undisturbed.

But the Federal League offers an exception to the rule. The public may be friendly or hostile to this league and the great fight it is making for recognition. But whatever its attitude that public is frankly curious as to the big men behind the league and the motives which led them, daring adventures, to invade the

guarded precincts of the one great game. Foremost among the masters of big business who have made the Federal League is Robert B. Ward. "I don't know how he did it," lamented another American League magnate, Charles Somers, when he thought of the blight that rested on his own baseball prospects, and contemplated the ruin that he was pleased to ascribe to the Federal League. "I don't know how he did it, but when



**ROBERT B. WARD**

Gilmore interested R. B. Ward in his schemes he made a ten strike. He is the kind of man any league would go a long way to get. When I think of the ability that man has shown and the things he has pulled off here in Cleveland and elsewhere, I am lost in wonder that Gilmore roped him in. You have to hand it to him. He is one clever promoter."

Somers quite naturally assumed the conservative major league attitude toward the Federal League. But he could but voice a respect for the vice-president of that league, whose commanding presence in the world of business Somers, himself a millionaire, was bound to respect. And it is significant that Ban Johnson, who has resolutely refused to meet President Gilmore for a discussion

of their mutual differences, was willing enough to hold a friendly conference with Mr. Ward, as was also President Tener of the National League.

It is our purpose to trace for the American public the career of one of the foremost captains of finance, from his humble start as a penniless grocery clerk, to watch his rise step by step up the ladder of success, till, by the force of his strict integrity, application, and ability he had built up and dominated the greatest business of its kind in the whole world. It is our purpose to show the baseball public the type of men who have made the Federal League, and are now waging the fight which they believe to be in the interest of the national game. Since R. B. Ward is the most conspicuous member of this group, it is our purpose to answer, in a casual way, "What the h— he knows about baseball," and "How Gilmore roped him in." And having seen the men who stand behind the Federal League, clean cut, masterful men who have made a fortune in other lines of business and would render a conspicuous service to baseball, having seen what manner

of men they are and the prospect they offer for a new era in the game, if the public prefer the beer-guzzling, whiskey-befuddled magnate of the old school, why, that is their own lookout

Robert B. Ward was born in New York City, but his parents moved, when he was five years of age, to Pittsburgh, where he later built up the nucleus of his tremendous business. His father and his grandfather before him had been bakers, and he himself grew up in the very atmosphere of flour and yeast and sticky condiments. During the Civil War, when the bakery was short-handed, Robert, though but eight years old, baked cakes, and carried them two miles in a market basket to the customers.

Though educated in the public schools



at Pittsburgh, and for a time attending business college, young Ward received the bulk of his education in the school of stern experience. When he grew large enough he accepted steady employment in his father's business, and at the age of twenty-one found himself foreman of the establishment and drawing a weekly wage of eighteen dollars.

"At that time," says Mr. Ward, "my father called me into the office and told me that he thought I was old enough to start out in some business for myself. The proposition suited me and as I had accumulated three hundred dollars I was able to buy into a small grocery store. My partner in the enterprise, who was afterward my brother-in-law, decided, when we had been in business together for about three years, that he would like to get married. At the time I entertained a similar ambition. We finally agreed that the business was not large enough to maintain two families and as I had another trade, while he had none, he expressed the opinion that I ought to sell out my interest and go back to my original calling.

"The proposition appeared reasonable and I accepted. In going through the advertising page of a Pittsburgh newspaper I noticed a small bakery for sale. I found the owners wanted four hundred dollars, and, as my share of the grocery netted but three hundred, I was obliged to give them my note for the balance. This was on Feb. 4, 1878, and on April 25th of the same year I was married. We didn't have much to start with, but we have always managed to get along."

This was the start of the colossal business which has revolutionized the bread-making industry. In telling it Mr. Ward dwelt with peculiar delight on those lean years when he was only a poor baker, with, no fortune but his principle and his industry. "That little bakery," con-



GEORGE S. WARD

tinued Mr. Ward, "had a capacity of fifteen barrels of flour a week. Last year we used in our business eight hundred thousand barrels of flour."

Young Mr. Ward was a proud man when he could call himself sole owner of a four hundred dollar bakery. Now, at the age of sixty-two, he has seen that business grow more than a thousand-fold. And the best of it is, he never, as he expressed it, "inherited a five cent piece. All that I have, I have made myself, and I believe made honorably and fairly."

George S. Ward, his younger brother, who has been at his right hand, stayed on with the father and at the latter's death inherited the family business. The two brothers then combined, just as they



**The original Ward bakery, where R. B. Ward started his great business**

have pooled their interests since that time to their mutual profit.

The road to millions is long and rough. It was years before the Wards were known as the master bakers, even of their resident city, Pittsburgh. It was, roughly, fifteen years ago that they branched out into other cities. The bulk of their fortune has been amassed within ten years.

"The secret of our early success," explains Mr. Ward, "I can safely ascribe to two things. First, we hit upon the

grade of flour, however, mixed with the finer grades, and were able to make a loaf of good, though rather dark-colored bread, weighing two pounds, which we called the Jumbo Loaf. Although the prevailing price of bread at the time was about five cents per pound, we were able to sell this special loaf, double the usual size, for the same price. The venture proved, ultimately, very profitable, and was especially valuable in increasing our business."

Some fifteen years ago, having out-

idea of baking a rather large sheet of cake, which, owing to careful purchase of materials, we were able to sell at a moderate price. This cake proved very popular in Pittsburgh. Secondly, we utilized the lower grades of flour in the manufacture of a special type of bread for the poorer classes. Wheat, when ground, produces no less than five distinct grades of flour. The coarser grades containing some of the coat of the kernel are fully as nutritious as the finer grades, though never used in the manufacture of white bread. We used this coarser

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#### MR. WARD ON BASEBALL ADVERTISING

As a rule, Mr. Ward is prone to ignore criticism entirely or pass it off as a joke. But there is one point upon which he is touchy—the implication that he has used his associations in baseball to advertise his bread business. "I am not in baseball as an advertising business, never was and never will be," says Mr. Ward. "I am in baseball because I like the game, am interested in it, and always have been interested in it. To my mind it is a wholesome, clean game that appeals to most people and should appeal to most people. Even if I had tried to 'play both ends against the middle' and use baseball

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grown the limits of Pittsburgh, Mr. Ward embarked in the first of those far-sighted ventures which have made his name a household word. Having carefully surveyed the field, he launched out boldly and established a branch of the business at Chicago. So rapidly did the business grow in the lake metropolis that he was ultimately obliged to build no less than four plants for the manufacture of bread and cake. Successful at Chicago, Mr. Ward continued his campaign of expansion, establishing a branch at Providence, and then at Boston, Cleveland, New York and Newark in succession.

His invasion of New York was a master stroke that marked the advent of a new genius in the baking industry. Boldly striking into the heart of the most exclusive business district in the country, apparently scorning the competition already in the field, he invested literally millions without a visible market, and when he was fully ready, with the best equipped plants in the world, went out almost overnight and cornered the bread



One of the thirteen Ward bakeries of the present, the model plant in New York.

market of the greatest city on earth.

How he accomplished this amazing coup, which at once established his success, is best told in his own simple language.

"As long ago as 1908," says Mr. Ward, "I had fully determined to come to New York. I investigated local conditions and endeavored to interest a number of business men in the venture. Some were willing to invest, but a number of others on whom I had counted were cautious. I returned to Pittsburgh in search of fi-

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to advertise my other business and my other business to advertise baseball, there would be nothing criminal about it. It would be perfectly lawful and perfectly proper and might even be considered good business. But I haven't done so. My club was nicknamed 'Tip Tops' by the sporting writers. They took the name from my favorite brand of bread, very true, but they did so without my knowledge or without consulting me. As far as I am concerned I am sorry they did, for it lays me open to some criticism. But a nickname is like a disease. It comes without the consent or knowledge of the person who has it. And once fastened on an individual or a club it is almost impossible to shake off."

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**R. B. Ward maintains free of charge a country home where he entertains the children of all his employees every summer**

nancial backing and was advised by my bankers to postpone the campaign, owing to the unsettled condition of business directly following the disastrous season of 1907.

"I listened to their advice, but two years later, business conditions having improved, I determined to make a start. Having selected a suitable location for the establishment of a plant in Brooklyn and in the Bronx section I took the architects with me and embarked for Europe. We were gone some thirty days and when we returned the plans were completed. They were made literally in mid-Atlantic. I took this novel course so as to be entirely free from the usual interruptions of business in an office.

"We invested two million dollars in our New York venture before we turned a wheel or gained the market for a single loaf of bread. The day we started our great plants we loaded a hundred wagons with bread and sent them out, instructing our salesmen to give the bread away as samples. The next day we sent them out again, this time to sell bread. They have been selling bread ever since."

There is something almost bewildering in the colossal boldness of this stroke.

Where others might have spent years in plotting for an opening into the apparently impregnable business interests of the great metropolis, Mr. Ward, paralyzing all opposition by one dazzling stroke, fairly took the trade by storm. To the man who could thus coolly play with millions is the opening of a ball park in furtherance of a long cherished hobby so hazardous a feat?

In his various branches in American cities Mr. Ward has thirteen large plants. As we go to press he has virtually closed the deal for another. Some recent figures gleaned from many more will serve to indicate the tremendous volume of his business.

In 1913 his bakeries turned out the grand total of 249,992,335 loaves of bread, but a few thousand short of a round quarter billion. Two hundred thousand acres of waving wheat ripen yearly in the Kansas sun to supply the needs of this colossal enterprise. The mills of Minneapolis, and the Mississippi Valley, grind out for Mr. Ward an endless stream of flour, enough to fill nearly a million barrels annually. The loaves of bread baked in one year, if placed end to end, would stretch off into space for



**The above view shows the house where twenty-five children at a time are given a two weeks vacation at Mr. Ward's expense. Some two hundred and fifty are entertained during the season.**

forty thousand miles, nearly enough to twice circle the globe at the equator. The cake industry is a comparatively recent innovation for Mr. Ward in his great bakeries, but, as I sat in his office, he calmly predicted that the annual business of manufacturing cake alone would soon total five million dollars.

For thousands of years bread has been the staple diet of the white race. If there were one thing that should have attained perfection by the slow but steady accumulation of sheer experience, that thing was the art of making bread. The first baker who was ever written about, he in the employ of Pharaoh of Egypt, no doubt knew the rudiments of his craft quite as well as they are known to-day. All this would seem to be the case on the simplest application of theory. But, as a matter of fact, the world has waited for thousands of years for Mr. Ward to tell it how properly to bake bread.

The secret of the peculiar excellence

of his product, like all secrets, is simple, once understood. He merely grasped the importance of modern theories of hygiene and appropriated them for his industry. He inaugurated the slogan, "Bread from Baker to Consumer, untouched by the Human Hand." This, coupled with the inherent merit of his product, has created his enormous business.

"We have always been liberal advertisers," says Mr. Ward, "but if the goods we sell were not of the first quality no amount of advertising would maintain our business. In my day, we kneaded bread in stationary troughs by hand. I myself introduced troughs with casters, which might be rolled from place to place. This was an improvement, but a small one. Later, we hit upon the idea of suspending the troughs from the ceilings and running them on rollers. This is but one of the many ideas which contributed to the revolutionizing of the bread industry. In those days cold air was the bug-





**The Brooklyn Federal League Baseball Park in process of construction. This park was built in record time.**

bear of the baker. He couldn't bear to see the window open. Now, we have pure air in every part of our establishment, and, far from considering it detrimental, we maintain refrigerating plants to cool the air."

Let us visit the king of bread makers in his favorite plant, this man whose individuality is stamped large on every loaf made in accordance with modern methods, whether or not it bears the conspicuous brand of the Ward bakeries. In the Bronx section, that seething district of the great city which has grown up beyond the Harlem river, we find what he is pleased to call his Model Bakery. It is a beautiful structure of white tile, with graceful Grecian outlines. There are six floors, a basement and a sub-basement, giving a total floor space of more than four acres. As the white clad elevator attendant carries us to the seventh floor we can hear the far-off hum of machinery, as if all the bees from

all the acres of Kansas wheat were gathered within those four walls. In his inner office, commanding a wide view of the growing city, which rolls away beyond the horizon, at a huge desk, is seated the master baker. Sixty-two is Mr. Ward, an unobtrusive man, plainly clothed, easy mannered, democratic in his speech. The only striking feature is the piercing glance he bestows upon the visitor from behind gold rimmed glasses. A plain man is Mr. Ward, unspoiled by his success; a home-loving man who has raised a family of nine children and who, when his arduous day's work is done, has no other interest save to retire to the quiet of his own house in New Rochelle. His only interest is business, his only hobby baseball, his only vice the homely habit of chewing tobacco.

You are curious to see for yourself how a loaf of bread is evolved by machinery, "untouched by the human hand."

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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Very well. You are conducted through an auditorium as large as the average lecture hall, where the Ward employees give their entertainments, past well-equipped bowling alleys and pool and billiard halls maintained free for the Ward drivers, to a spacious region on the top floor set apart for the assembling of materials. Here, first of all, the materials are examined. Mr. Ward long since established four fellowships in a Pittsburgh scientific school. The fortunate winners of these fellowships from among the student body specialize in chemistry, particularly the chemistry of flour and yeast. To the discoveries of these young men in this domain of science the Ward company owes some of its best formulas. Past the laboratory, you come to the refrigerating room, where the cold stands out on the pipes in beaded frost, and the perishable condiments of the industry are stored. It takes a thousand pounds of yeast to supply this plant for a single day, and no less than twenty-five barrels a week of condensed milk, weighing six hundred and twenty-five pounds a barrel. Then there is vegetable oil used in greasing the bread pans, and sugar which is purchased by the car load. Flour is too bulky for this valuable floor space. It is unloaded from the original freight can at a special siding in the sub-basement. Stored in two-bushel sacks, it rises tier on tier to the very ceiling, literally thousands of tons of it. As it is needed it is hoisted to the top floor, where it is run through a gigantic apparatus, which winnows it free from dust and lint and all impurity. A steady river of the powdery dust flows

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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through pipes to the floor beneath, and it is amazing the amount of refuse which this whirring mechanism extracts from even the purest of flour.

Once the ingredients are gathered on the top floor the attraction of gravitation is geared to the colossal business and the very weight of the flour and the dough assists in its preparation as it descends through stage after stage of its development from floor to floor.

Following the white river of flour in its unseen channel to the floor beneath, we see it emerge into huge tanks holding near a ton. These tanks are filled automatically and when they have received their proper amount they are automatically closed. To these tanks is added a proper amount of distilled water, the yeast and sugar, and the whole mixture allowed to stand for a time in gigantic troughs.

When this mixture is "ripe," in the bread language, it is shot through openings in the floor to mixers beneath, where it is kneaded by machinery. These machines, not unlike the cement mixers of the streets in size and method of operation, turn round and round in never-ceasing revolution, exerting the resistless strength of hundreds of horsepower on the plastic dough. When of the proper consistency the whole contents of a mixer is precipitated into an enormous trough like a gigantic bread pan, where the single huge loaf of near a ton in weight is allowed to rise. This huge trough is suspended from the ceiling on rollers, and, when ready, is rolled to a certain position, where an opening in the floor communicates with the room beneath. A single attendant propels the gigantic loaf on its aerial railway, and, touching a spring, releases the bottom, the whole mass falling through the opening to the floor beneath. Here eager machinery seizes the huge lump of dough. It fairly tears the groaning mass to pieces, slicing it up with the precision of clock work into individual loaves of the proper weight. These loaves pause never an instant, but are hurried away through restless machinery, which molds and forms

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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them and covers them with the necessary coating of flour. With never a rest, the machinery bears them at length to where a moving platform carries them one after another in an endless row, then precipitates them to another moving platform immediately beneath. Here another endless row of bread tins are coming to bear them to the enormous oven which looms up just beyond. One after another, automatically, the loaves fall from their moving platform, each into its respective pan on the moving platform beneath, and travel at the same slow pace to the fiery mouth of the oven. Here long iron arms reach down like the claws of a gigantic beetle and lift the loaves sixteen at a time into the mouth of the vast oven. The floor of that oven is unique. It is itself a moving platform. Upon this platform the loaves move in monotonous regularity to the farther end. In the sides of the oven are ranged windows where the attendant bakers may glance ever and anon to see that the loaves are baking properly and the heat is suitably regulated. It takes about twenty minutes to complete the journey. When they have reached the farther end they are done, crisp, well browned, glistening loaves of bread.

From the end of the oven the loaves emerge in serried ranks. There is a sudden movement. They are precipitated from their steaming tins, and at a solemn, steady gait, as if instinct with life, they crawl, one after the other, in endless procession down a winding trough to the floor beneath. Here they emerge on another travelling platform, which conveys them to a waiting machine. This intricate mass of wheels and rods and glittering steel fixtures seizes the loaves as they approach, whirls them rapidly through a maze of evolutions, from which they emerge properly clothed, sober, sedate, each wrapped in a covering of waxed paper, stamped and sealed. Thence, safe from contact, literally baked from start to finish untouched by the human hand, they are borne away in gigantic crates to a neighboring platform, where a long row

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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of waiting trucks are to bear them to the customers. One hundred and thirty-five of these automobile trucks leave this one establishment twice daily.

It is a marvelous system, an education in itself, to see this great plant turning out its representative quota of the Ward product! One hundred and seventy-two loaves per minute is the record of the great oven. There are two of these in the establishment, to say nothing of several smaller ones which are utilized in the baking of special types of bread, rolls and the like. Side lines and rush orders are an item in this gigantic plant. For instance, when hot cross buns were a needed feature of the Easter trade, this single plant took an extra burst of speed and turned out forty thousand dozen of these buns in one day, in addition to its usual routine work.

We have been thus prolix first, because the career of a true captain of finance is always an absorbing narrative, and, second, because the tremendous business Mr. R. B. Ward has built up is a pretty sure indication of his sagacity in other fields of endeavor, baseball with the rest. As one of our subscribers wrote recently, "I don't know much about the Federal League, but I am willing to bet that the man who built up the Ward business knew what he was about when he went into it, or he wouldn't have gone."

We set out, be it remembered, incidental to the career of Mr. Ward, to answer two curt questions; first, What he knows about baseball, and second, How Gilmore induced him to join the Federal League.

We will let Mr. Ward himself answer both questions.

"I never knew there was any black art about baseball. Judging from some of the men I have met in the profession and the success they have made, I would not say that intelligence of the first order was necessary to a rather complete mastery of the game. For myself, I was always interested in baseball more than most things. When I was my father's foreman and working nights, I always

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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set apart a sum of money to buy a season's ticket to the old Pittsburgh grounds and attended practically every game of the season. That showed how much interest I used to have in baseball, for money at that time was a distinct object, and I had none too much at my command. Furthermore, I might say I have never ceased to have an interest in the game. I am a member of golf clubs, but the only athletic pursuit in which I have ever had any concern has been baseball. Busy as I have been, I have always appropriated time when I could to go to a ball game.

"As for my knowledge of baseball, that mysterious thing they talk so much about, I guess I can learn what I don't know that I need to know. There was a time I didn't know anything about the bakery business, but I learned; I am not worrying about baseball," and he indulged in one of his low, characteristic chuckles.

In passing we might say that we agree with Mr. Ward. Admitting that baseball is a business peculiar to itself, we see no reason to suppose it requires any unusual talent to master. And if it does, why, the intelligence which was sufficient to build up an intricate business of millions of dollars should be adequate to the task.

As for "how Gilmore roped him in," that tale is soon told. "I was at Toronto," said Mr. Ward, "visiting a friend, and it so happened that Gilmore was also in the city at the same time. A friend of my son's knew Mr. Gilmore and introduced us. The next day Mr. Gilmore wished to see me. He outlined his proposition. I said to him, 'Mr. Gilmore, if you will put all your cards on the table and things are as you represent them, I will go into this scheme with you.' He did as I suggested. I investigated carefully and took the Brooklyn franchise. The rest, I believe, is well known.

"I never expected to make any fortune in baseball. No business man who has been in business as long as I have is carried off his feet by the visionary schemes of any promoter. Mr. Gilmore had a con-

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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crete proposition and I took it. I took it because I was interested in baseball, had always been interested in baseball. I like the sport above all others. It appeared to me that the time had come when major league baseball might logically expand. The organized majors would admit of no change. Any expansion plainly must come from without the ranks. Baseball interest had grown, numerous cities outside the big league ranks had grown. Everything had grown but baseball. Major league baseball was stationary and would always remain stationary if the organized magnates had their will. I know of no business or of no public movement of the magnitude of baseball that can safely be curtailed or hidebound by the will of sixteen men.

"The major league magnates were asleep at the twitch, in my opinion. When I built my bakeries in Greater New York, the dealers already in the field had their arms folded, waiting for something to happen. It happened. The major league magnates were in the same boat. They were waiting for something to happen. They were not disappointed. This is a free world and no one owns the people's game. We are in the game to stay, to give the people the best baseball we can buy for money. And we are improving and establishing our large interests in the Federal League as fast as any one could reasonably expect, considering the difficulties with which we have had to contend."

Mr. Ward is strongly opposed to Sunday baseball. His opposition is sincere. A member of the Methodist Church, he is a strict upholder of his faith.

"I am opposed to the desecration of the Sabbath," said Mr. Ward, very quietly. "Those are my convictions and whatever example I can set along those lines will be set. I care nothing what a man's religion may be, so long as he is true to his particular faith. That is merely what I am trying to do. Perhaps my belief has cost me money. I have been told that it has. But I have noticed as the years go by that I have seemed to get ahead as fast as the rest. So I guess I will stick to my old principles."

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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Mr. Ward's wealth is large, but indeterminate. He owns over a million and a half dollars' worth of stock in the bakeries of which he is president. He has many other large interests, how large no one knows but himself. His brother George is a nearly equal owner in the bakeries and also in the Brooklyn ball club. Younger, more enthusiastic, more ready in his ideas, is George. But it is generally conceded that the sound, methodical, unerring judgment of R. B. has been mainly instrumental in building up the vast business of which he is head.

A thirty-second degree Mason, Mr. Ward has been prominent in that order for many years. For six years he was a member of the city council of Pittsburgh. He is a member of the board of education in New Rochelle.

Extremely democratic, Mr. Ward is the victim of many odd experiences, of which the following may be taken as an example. There is an unvarying rule in the Ward bakeries that no driver shall have any one accompany him while on his route. One morning Mr. Ward's car broke down, and, having ridden as far as the trolleys would carry him, he was constrained to walk the rest of the distance. While doing so one of his own teams passed, bound for the factory. Mr. Ward hailed the driver and requested a ride.

The salesman indignantly retorted that they were not allowed to give rides. "But," remonstrated Mr. Ward, "I made that rule myself and I have a right to break it; I am R. B. Ward."

"I don't know anything about that," answered the driver. "But I do know the rules and they say, No passengers," and he drove on, leaving the master of millions to reach his own factory as best he could.

"I talked with Ban Johnson some time ago," says Mr. Ward. "The conversation was friendly, but he contended throughout that we were doomed to failure. Finally I got a little nettled and said, 'Well, Mr. Johnson, suppose we do, is that any skin off your back?'"

"We have started the Federal League

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## R. B. WARD, THE MASTER BAKER

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because we thought there was room for us. It is a free field. We have as much right there as any one. We are doing all we can to build up baseball, realizing that no newcomer can enter any business without temporarily disturbing trade. We have invested a great deal of time and money and believe in our proposition. We believe in baseball and the American public. But, if we are mistaken and do lose out, it is no one's loss but our own. We are not asking any mourners to shed tears at our failure. We can and will stand the gaff. But," and here he chuckled again, "we never embark in any business here unless we are reasonably sure of the results. And we have never embarked in any business in which we had greater faith than we have in the future of the Federal League."

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