



If any rash jester of the days when the wise ones firmly believed in what they called magic had jingled his bells and said that a man could go round the world while the moon was going through its phases, the answer would have been:

"That's all moonshine."

But if John Henry Mears, representing the New York Evening Sun, has not quite clipped the moon's record, he has at least beaten all the globe-girdlers of this planet. The latest of these, Andre Jaeger-Schmidt, took over thirty-nine days for the trip. Mears finished in 35 days 25 hours 35 minutes and 4-5 seconds. The schedule published before he started was exactly that, minus the fraction, which he lost, greeting his friends at the station in New York. His rival, M. Jaeger-Schmidt in telegraphing congratulations, declared, "To do better would

necessitate abandoning the ordinary routes, utilizing those of the air; it would be necessary to tour the world in an aeroplane."

Probably the most exciting crisis of a journey that was all crisis, was the transfer by hydroplane, from the Pacific into the fog-shrouded continent of America, the other side of which had been left a month before. We will let Mr. Mears himself tell the story, in which the two most amazing inventions of the modern world play a great part:



Wireless room, Empress of Russia,
hunting a hydroplane.

"The last serious crisis of the trip was at the end of the Pacific voyage. I took to the yacht Maud F. off Quarantine at Victoria, being allowed to pass the customs without inspection. The yacht had been cruising about all night looking for the liner. But that night we were fifty miles beyond Quarantine in a fog so dense that the yacht



had no chance of sighting us. I spent the night in the wireless house, getting messages about the fog from the Canadian weather bureau. The fog clearing, I went with the Maud F. toward Seattle and took the Christopherson's hydroaeroplane fifteen miles out from that city.

"The change from the yacht was exceedingly risky. It was made after sundown. It was not until we reached the North Pacific pier that I learned that the last man Christopherson had taken flying over Puget Sound was then at the bottom of the Sound. But it was no matter. We had a great flight.

"I crouched along the steel wires holding the canvas by the side of his seat, while I listened to the canvas give with a keen sense of the record America was to lose if the canvas gave way entirely. The first time we tried to rise from the water we sank back with an easy roll, and the next time we took to the air to fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour, while I experienced one of the most surprisingly agreeable sensations of a round the world tour, sensations that were agreeably prolonged by my making the North Coast limited."

Mr. Mears has this to say of the average daily record and of the latitude in which he travelled:

"I made on an average 587 miles a day and twenty-four and one-half miles an hour for the complete journey. The shortest day's journey was from London to Paris, 287 miles. The longest day's journey—though it took only the fractional part of a day—was 955 miles. St. Petersburg was the point furthest north on my route, 60 degrees north latitude. Shimoneseki was the point furthest south, 34 degrees north latitude. The difference is 26 degrees or 1,794 miles, the width of the belt within which my traveling lay.

"The delay at London was not important, but necessitated the elision of Moscow from my route. The Mauretania was delayed eight hours by fog. Knowing of my quandary an English aviator six times communicated with me by wireless, asking for the job of

carrying me off the befogged vessel to London at the rate of a pound a mile. A pound a mile meant a sum of \$1,500. Not so much the money as the risks of flying with a 'pound-a-mile' sportsman kept me from leaving the Mauretania by airship and at that it was only when my friends on board, including Mr. Marconi and the then Inez Milholland, as well as the ship's officers, pressed the opinion upon me that it was inadvisable to take up the flight after dark. We were off Fishguard at 8 p. m.

"At almost any of the most critical stages of the journey I know that had I learned the jig was up I could have sat down and laughed; for when I was still less than halfway round the world I had seen enough to keep me merry for life."

It is worth noting that Mr. Marconi, by means of whose invention the saving of time was effected on the Pacific Coast, was the counsellor of caution on the Atlantic. There's a time for twentieth century wireless and aeroplanes and a time for primeval prudence.

Early in his trip, the record-breaker secured an authoritative statement from a great shipbuilder as to the probable future speed of great ocean liners, which will have a bearing on the length of time this record will stand.

"Through the accident of my photographing two pretty little girls six and seven years old on the deck of the steamship from Dover to Calais, I learned that my record will not be lowered for many years by any improvement in steam navigation.

"The two little girls stood by the rail of the steamship as we neared our landing. They heard me snap them and they turned, laughing. But the landing was made and I had no time to chat with them.

"Then later on my way to Liege, as I paced the platform at Erquelimier, the two little girls ran up and said, 'Hello. You took our picture.' At that a gentleman stepped forward and offered me his card.

"'Are you Mears?' he asked. 'I think I recognize you by your baggage as described in the London newspapers.

My grandchildren have been much interested in your voyage.'

"The Englishman was Lord Aberconway, of 43 Belgrave Square, Bodnant, who told me he built the Mauretania and the Lusitania.

"And probably no more ships as

swift as they,' he said, 'will ever be built again. It costs too much to run them and only extra heavy subsidies from the government can make their duplication possible.'

"The Russians threaten to improve the time of the Trans-Siberian railway. This will not be for many years, if ever. Railroad time across the American continent can hardly be shortened. To throw my present record out of joint I figure that Jaeger-Schmidt or I must use the aeroplane from Fishguard to London, from Dover to Ostend, from Ostend to Berlin, from Berlin to Moscow, thus cutting off two days by making it possible to take a later steamer from New York, and this can hardly be before the aeroplane is in a much more improved state, when also my hydroplane flight to Seattle could be improved upon. Viewing the subject from all sides, I expect my record to

stand for years."

In spite of his haste—or because of it—Mr. Mears had time to get a witty word from one of the most distinguished of living statesmen.

"Norton Griffiths, member of the House of Commons, desired to intro-

duce me to Sir Edward Grey," wrote the traveller in his diary, "but found that Grey had left Parliament and was away across the square.

"Come on, we'll catch him," said Mr. Griffiths, and he led in a chase that would convince any one that 'dashes' are not confined to globe-circlers.

"Sir Edward, Sir Edward," he called, and Sir Edward turned around to greet me, as I came up behind the M. P., with this obvious-ly just re-



*Reading a wireless message on the Mauretania
—Mr. Mears at the right.*

mark:

"'Out of breath already?'

Another entry in that same cinematographic diary makes a New Yorker wonder if there is any kinship between the police that have been putting diners out of Healy's and their Russian brethren. In New York they don't wait till the man is drunk.

"At Ekaterinbourg I saw a drunken Russian being treated for delirium

tremens. Six policemen in their gilded uniforms were tossing him up in a blanket very gravely. I was assured it was a sure cure."

Mr. Mears expressed a deep sense of gratitude to the Japanese railroad officials, notably a certain T. Mikami, general passenger agent of the Imperial Government Railways of Japan, who got his education at the University of Pennsylvania and in return helped to give America the round-the-world record. This sportsmanlike official wired Mears that he was sure to miss connections at Vladivostok and advised him to change his route. Then Manchurian Chosen Express was held eight hours, losing all its other passengers to gain the privilege of carrying a record-breaker. The Japanese Government Railways made the young American their guest. He wasn't allowed to pay any fare, an example of Oriental tyranny that is not likely to bring on war. More of the traveler's own story, as he gave it in the *Evening Sun*, follows:

"I left Shimonseki Wednesday, July 23, at 9:50 A. M. On Thursday morning at Ninomiya. Mikami and Kinoshita, general traffic manager of the system, also a graduate of Pennsylvania, gave me a luncheon which terminated just as we arrived at Yokohama. At every station along the way newspaper men boarded my train and rode a station or two along the route, interested, it seemed, more in my health than anything else, pressing upon me the necessity of returning their sincere bows in great numbers, interviewing me in broken but the most amiable English imaginable. Those newspaper men were the newest of the new journalists, striking in their graces, American in their quick, keen grasp of facts.

"In all I must have been interviewed more than a thousand times in the last thirty-six days, and more than a third of these I should say were in Japan.

"The Canadian Pacific steamship management, fearing I would not arrive in time for the *Empress of Russia* sailing, had advertised a postponement to 6 o'clock. By the grace of Mikami I

arrived at 1 P. M. All my care departed, for I was ahead by a couple of hours of even the regular sailing time. This only pleased Mikami that he should have me longer on his hands, and he took me to Tokio meanwhile, where we visited for an hour and five minutes.

"On my return to Yokohama I had a ride in a jinrickshaw or Pull-man-car, as Mikami called it. The last interviewer who saw me in Japan asked me what I considered the pleasantest part of my journey, and when I said the part of it that laid through Japan, he was immensely pleased, and once more inquired concerning my health."

And the bill? Read on:

"To analyze my chief expenses: First, there was my 'round-the-world ticket,' which cost \$565.28. That included the fares for all stages of the journey except those between Paris and St. Petersburg. The fare from Paris to Berlin was \$22, the sleeper \$6.43; from Berlin to St. Petersburg \$30.12, with the sleeper there costing \$8.25. Owing to my change of route from Harbin to Yokohama, there were extras amounting to \$12.20, which, with sleeping car costs in the United States of \$5, brought the total cost of transportation up to \$662.28.

"Then there were meals—they cost, with tips, \$46.38. That sounds too little? Well, remember the steamship passages include meals. You know there are men (I'm not one of them) who save money by crossing the ocean; their meals cost more in a week in New York than the fare; so they get the trip thrown in.

"The meals for the nine days on the Trans-Siberian Railway cost \$30.05—the tips were \$3.40. Then there was dinner on the train from Calais to Paris, \$1.80; dinner on the way from Paris to Berlin, \$1.65; breakfast, from Berlin to St. Petersburg, \$1.05; dinner, \$1.80, and breakfast, 90 cents. Add to that the meals from Chicago to New York, \$4.05, with tips averaging 15 per cent., and you get a total of \$46.38. If I hadn't been out record-breaking there would have been a couple of more meals, that the every-day passenger:

would have had to pay for, but at which I was a guest.

"The tips were mostly in the natural order of the average traveler's experience—dollars, half dollars and quarters for the services of porters at stations, etc. Then there was \$14.75 for the people on the Mauretania, \$7 on the Empress of Russia.

"There was one quite unusual tip—or persuasion, or inducement, or whatever you like to call it. That was the coaxing of the Trans-Siberian engineer to make up for that eighteen hours lost time. I paid him 20 rubles an hour for eight hours; that's 160 rubles, \$80.

"Many Europeans expressed complete astonishment that I should attempt to get round the world in record time having the use of only one language. I did not find the lack of other languages a serious handicap, for the reason, of course, that English is spoken so widely and because of my good luck in falling in with capable linguists."

The hero of the latest circumnavigation of the globe is a club man and known widely as a good companion. He is married. Mrs. Mears and Elizabeth Mears, their daughter, went to Milwaukee to welcome him home. He is a nephew of A. W. Green, president of the National Biscuit Company, and one of the things he did the day before he left New York on his nerve-racking tour was to take part in the laying of the cornerstone of the largest biscuit bakery in the world.

He has spent a good deal of time in various theatrical enterprises. One box-office experience indicates the possession of some of the qualities needed in record-breaking. On this occasion he had charge of the box office of a theater in a manufacturing town in the Middle West. The evening performance was about half over and the theater lobby was deserted. Mears was counting up the night's receipts when he heard a noise and looking up found himself gazing at the barrel of a revolver, held by a hand which had been thrust through the opening above the counter.

"Shove out that coin or you're a dead one!" said a gruff voice.

Mr. Mears could see part of the crouching figure in front of the window. There wasn't much doubt that the assailant was a desperate character.

"There's not much here, but you're welcome to it," he answered, pushing a stack of bank notes toward the opening.

The robber withdrew his armed hand and reached in with the other to snatch up the money. Mears grabbed the wrist, jerked the entire arm through the window and bent the arm down over the edge of the counter so that it could not be withdrawn. The robber's revolver was useless, since his own shoulder and chest filled the entire aperture and there was no other opening through which he could fire.

Mr. Mears called for help and attendants and men in the audience came to his aid and had soon made the would-be highwayman a prisoner.

Automobile Men Employing Wireless Aid

Wireless supplied news to the steamer City of Detroit, cruising from Detroit to Cleveland, on which the semi-annual meeting of the Society of Automobile Engineers was held. The Goodyear Tire Company has installed a set in order to gain quick communication with the factory at Akron, and in order that the service would never be impaired. During the recent flood the Goodyear factory remained in close touch with Detroit.

During the terrific wind storms on the lakes, the Marconi tower used by many boats out of the Detroit port, was offered to the D. & C. Company, who were enabled to keep in touch with the many boats of their line.

The use of the wireless is a comparatively new idea in business, but its practicability has been proved in so many crises and specific instances that it seems safe to predict that this form of communication will be adopted by more and more of the large manufacturers operating branches all over the country.