

# THE BIG MAN OF BASE BALL



### Hard Soap

... lasts longest; ... he clothes.

### SOAP

### FROM DE POST OFFICE.

... falling into hold ...

**HILL, May 18.**—The examination of Joseph Riverside, the fifteen year old boy who was arrested yesterday on the charge of robbing the Riverdale bank last December, has begun today before Justice Bullerton of Albert. Riverside was committed to the penitentiary on Monday, at the request of the prisoner's lawyer, Peck. Tingley is now the attorney for Riverside, and has attracted a good deal of attention on account of the fact that he has been guilty of the same offense for some time past. He was arrested in the month of May last.

It is said postage stamps from the post office on the occasion during the past few weeks will be remembered that Riverside was arrested in the month of May last. He was arrested in the month of May last. He was arrested in the month of May last.

### Brennahan must have an end berth

He is the Team Manager, and the Many Things He Has to Do Are Worth His Ten Thousand or More a Year.

### His Greatest Asset Is Agressiveness and His Ability to Fill His Men With the Same Spirit.

Anecdotes of the Tricks, the Superstitions and the Pet Aversions of Famous Managers.

(By Guy T. Viskniskki.)

If ever a man who has an income of some ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year earns it that man is the baseball manager. For, let it be known right here, he is the really big man of the national game.

Cut him out of it, and the magnitude would simply be a manufacturer or a wholesaler, unknown to fame. Without the manager, the most famous of pitchers would be compelled to give up the box for the corner billiard room. There, he would spend his days, and perhaps have none of him, and there would positively be no opportunity for the small office to plead a few hours' leave of absence on an afternoon that he might pay fitting respect to the memory of an uncle who died day before yesterday. In short, no manager, no national game.

Therefore, every right-minded fan in the land who knows the circumstances will vote that the manager earns every cent of the thousands of good hard dollars that are paid over to him by his respective magnate for some six months of work with a team each year.

The manager earns his money in a thousand and one different ways; but a good part of his hire is unquestionably his because he is filled with the spirit of aggressiveness, and has the knack of imparting much of it to the various members of the team under his thumb; for that is where the manager gets his money. A baseball player must be kept keyed up constantly, if the best that there is in him is to be got out of him. His aggressiveness must never be allowed to sag, no matter what the provocation; and so it is apparent that one of the manager's tasks is not of the apple and pie order, exactly.

Nor is it lessened by the circumstance that each player has to be filled and kept full of aggressiveness in ways that are not to be described. A manager can't walk up to his men, slap each one heartily on the back, and say, "Now, boys, let's play like the devil," and expect that to affect. Ball players are not built that way. They are of sterner mold, with even more moods

than are credited to the soubrette and, consequently, just so much harder to handle to the best advantage of everybody concerned.

A wise manager takes liberal cognizance of these peculiarities and diplomatically turns them to the team's good. In no case does he imperil the spirit of his club, and the songs it sings have specially written for these musical ball chasers of McGraw's aggregation.

While on the diamond manager, of course, takes advantage of every opportunity which is presented to him of stimulating team aggression. His keen eye observes that one of his players has a tendency to listlessness; straightway that man is told in simulated anger and in the most picturesque and expressive language at his manager's command that he is fit only for the stable; with the result that all listlessness is swallowed up in anger—just what the manager desired to arouse—and the player goes to the bat determined to swat the sphere so hard and far that the umpire will have to toss the pitcher a new one.

Or the manager knows that another player is somewhat of a hypochondriac. Just before it is his turn to go to the bat the manager walks up to him and gives him a resounding whack on the back.

"Lord!" he exclaims, "but you're looking in fine fettle today. You got over there, now, and make at least a two-bagger."

And the player forgets all about his imaginary ills and does as his manager commands.

The sporting pages of the newspapers are daily employed by the manager to further the aggressive spirit.

"Going to win the pennant? Bah, what's the matter with you? You're a manager is reported as saying. "Of course, we are going to win the pennant. No sane man can figure it out any other way. What if we are only fourth now? That doesn't argue anything except that we are just beginning to strike our gait. You just wait a few days and see where we will be

He has to be first out of the club house



One player must have his bull pup.



A ready and sympathetic ear for facts and humors

Pop Anson was against Rube

He coaches the youngsters and puts them with the stars for months, that they may unconsciously absorb baseball knowledge. He releases and secures new players and is alone responsible for the team's organization. He arranges the Southern trip, and he gets the men together. He sees that the team has an ample supply of pitchers; he furnishes the players their bats; he keeps posted on the needs of his men; he decides what players shall be taken on a trip and those to be left behind.

Then, too, like the rest of mankind, a manager is apt to have his prejudices, and, in the slang of the day, it is decidedly up to him if he lets his pet aversions clash with the best interests of his team.

"Pop" Anson, one of the greatest managers in the history of baseball, had a set prejudice against players of small stature. He let Hugh Duffy go because he was what is sometimes dubbed a runt. Duffy led the league in batting, averaging over 400 per cent. "Home Run," as Duffy has been known for years, is now manager of the Philadelphia Nationals.

What with managing a team of some fifteen or eighteen more or less canvas-backed players, and a nagging president and himself, the baseball manager surely has no rosy berth; and no one can honestly say that he does not earn every cent of the money which he gets at stated intervals in his pay envelope.

## SOMETHING ABOUT LICENSES.

### Things a St. John Man Cannot Do Unless He Has a Special Permit.

23 omnibus licenses	.....	\$32.00
4 exhibition licenses	.....	121.00
6 auction licenses	.....	356.00
9 pony cart licenses	.....	13.50
1 driver's license	.....	2.00
33 fresh meat licenses	.....	658.00
111 sloven licenses	.....	238.00
33 cart licenses	.....	78.00
33 lumber wagon licenses	.....	7.00
22 junk licenses	.....	440.00
15 express wagon licenses	.....	47.00
1 fish hawk's license	.....	4.00
5 pedlar's licenses	.....	200.00
35 coach licenses	.....	140.00
232 business licenses	.....	\$235.00
1,941 dog licenses	.....	1,941.00

The number of these different kinds of licenses which are issued annually remains very much the same from year to year, with the exception of the business licenses, which have been largely increased. These are taken out by men temporarily in the city or new arrivals and take the place, to a certain extent, of taxes.

The licenses for the different counties range from two to four dol-

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James J. Loggides Suddenly.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

James Johnston Loggide, a well-known lumberman, president of McKay & Co., died at his residence, 712 Shotwell street, very suddenly Tuesday morning. Mr. Loggide was born December 18, 1855, at Burnt Church, New Brunswick, and came to this city in 1876, since which time he has been engaged in the manufacture and sale of redwood lumber, occupying a prominent position in the trade. He married a daughter of the late Allen McKay. His wife died some years ago, leaving two daughters, now living. Mr. Loggide was a prominent Oddfellow. His loss will be greatly felt not only here, but in Eurica, where he had large interests. The funeral will be held from the Third Congregational church, Fifteenth street, near Mission, on Friday, at 1 o'clock.

## ATES

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