

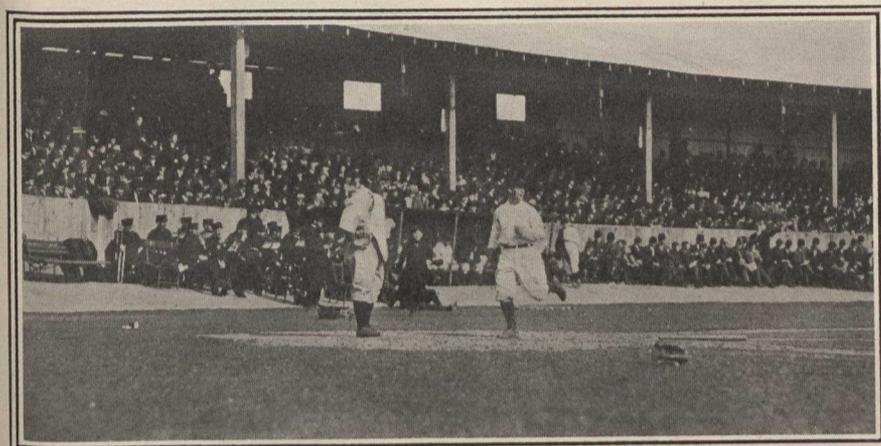
OPENING THE BASE-BALL SEASON IN TORONTO



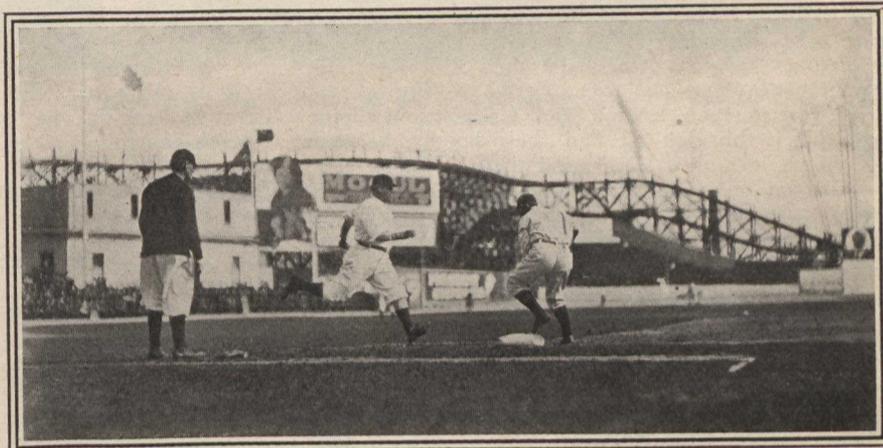
The two teams line up at the far end of the grounds, and escorted by the Band, march up the field, where they are met by the Officials and Guests.



His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, makes the Opening Address. The Toronto Team are grouped on the right, Baltimore on the left.



Mahling making first run for Toronto. Toronto won the match with a score of three to one in the presence of nearly 7,000 people.



The runner reaches first too late. In the background are the implements of warfare which makes Hanlon's Point a great "fun" resort.

forget himself only for a moment the craft is wrecked. He must be ever awake, ever watchful.

In these days of hustle and bustle, when the touch of age sweeps the veteran aside, the catcher is the biggest man on a team. He must take the young twirler under his wing. He must watch him and teach him and encourage him. He is the one who has to revive the light of hope in the heart of the youngster, who is disheartened and downcast because of a defeat. He can never vent his displeasure or his wrath. His must be honeyed words—words of cheer. We will take a youngster just breaking into fast company. He is nervous and worried and fearful of the outcome. This is the chance of a lifetime, he says to himself, and if I don't make good, I'll have to quit. He steps into the box and he faces the batter, a man of reputation, one who has been able to hold his own against the pitchers whose names are by-words to baseball fans. What chance have I against this fellow, he wonders. His nerve is gone and he feels like quitting. But the catcher talks to him, and brings back his courage. He tells him that the man at the bat cannot hit a certain kind of a ball. He gives him confidence in himself. Perhaps the batter makes a hit. Then the man behind has his work to do all over again. He does it. The novice wins his game, becomes a famous twirler, and his name rings through the country. The catcher has made him, but the catcher gets not the praise.



Mr. J. P. Downey, M.P.P., Honorary President Toronto Baseball Club; Mr. Controller Geary and Lieutenant-Governor Gibson, with Hon. W. J. Hanna and President McCaffrey coming out of the Director's Box to perform the Opening Ceremonies.

It is not only the young fellows who have to be coached and pulled along. The great pitcher has his off day, and it is the catcher once more who comes to the rescue and wins the day. But the fans will cry out: "He won again; he's the best ever," and the real hero is lost sight of. But the pitchers themselves know, and will admit, that the man behind oftentimes wins the game.

To be a good catcher, a man must have brains and must know how to use them. In some of the other positions a player, who is not any too quick a thinker, may be able to hold his place because of his other good baseball abilities. There have been many players, good fielders and hard hitters, but slow-witted, who have made names for themselves on the diamond. But never so with a catcher. Ask any manager, or expert, the qualifications of a star backstop and his first words will be: "He has a great head." A man who could not think quickly and sum up situations in a flash would be as out of place behind the bat as the proverbial bull is in the china shop. The catcher tells the pitcher what ball he must pitch; he signals the fielders where it is most liable to be hit; he reasons out what will most likely be the move of the opponents, and he takes measures to balk them. In fact, if a physiological examination of a baseball nine as a body was made, the doctor would for a surety mark the catcher cerebellum." — *Baseball Magazine*.