

WASHING TON

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONS.

WHAT AND WHO THE GIANTS ARE.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF NEW-YORK'S FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYERS—HOW THE GREAT NATIONAL GAME ORIGINATED.

The evolution of baseball has furnished an interesting study for many men of many minds. There are many conflicting opinions as to its exact origin, but that ball-playing comes down from the period of classic antiquity is a matter of history. Of course the youths of Old Egypt did not play baseball, but they used a ball for juggling and employed it for dexterous devices for amusing the populace is a fact. Among the Greeks, even philosophers, poets, rulers and great orators resorted to the tossing of a ball from one to another in their hours of relaxation as a means of obtaining moderate exercise. In the fourteenth century the ball was carried from the continent into England, when cricket and tennis gradually sprang up.

Our American fathers found time, as their sons do today, to play ball as a means of exercise and recreation. Cricket lacked the fire and opportunities for the display of agility and science dear to the heart of every American, and as a natural result baseball is the National game of America to-day. While this country may never lose its love for baseball it is highly probable that it will not for long be able to say that it is purely a local institution. The athletic youths of other countries have observed its beauties and charms, and are showing a disposition to throw away their old toys and embrace the lively field sport.

In Canada cricket and lacrosse have already given way to baseball, while regular leagues have been organized in the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, England, the West Indies and Japan. The sport will remain popular as long as it is kept clean and wholesome. The League, American Association and minor leagues have made professional baseball one of the institutions of the country. The game is popular alike East, West, North and South.

About a year ago a famous club of the National League found that its expenses were too great, and retired from the organization. The action caused a decided uprising in the town, the business men of the place especially showing a desire to come to the club's rescue, subscribe financial aid and keep the club in the League. At a meeting called at the time the owner of one of the largest patent medicine manufactories in the world said, among other things: "Gentlemen, we do not want the Detroit club to disband; we can't afford it from a business standpoint. In the team's pilgrimages over the country it advertises our city, and, indirectly, the products of our State. Why, if we allow the Wolverines to disband, people in the East and South will soon forget that there is such a place on the map of the United States as Detroit." The Detroit team left the League nevertheless, but its favorite players had hardly settled down in other clubs before another great team was organized in Detroit and entered into the International Association. The happy Wolverines have just captured the pennant in that junior league, and would like to get in faster company again. A vacancy in the Association, or even in the League, would be quickly gobbled up by Detroit.

New-York City has always had a warm spot in her heart for baseball, as a glance back at the famous records made by clubs since '46 will show. The old Knickerbockers, then the Mutuals, still base the Metropolitan, and last, but not least, the Giants, have all had hosts of admirers who turned out in a body whenever they played a game.

John B. Day, the wholesale tobacco merchant of Maiden Lane, and C. T. Dillingham, the Broadway book-publisher, are the head, brains and financial backers of the New-York club. Of course there are a few minor stockholders, but President Day and Vice-President Dillingham own most of the stock, and all the machinery of the institution. Mr. Day was a silk-stocking player himself a dozen years ago, and has been a champion of the sport ever since he was big enough to hold up a 36-ounce ash bat.

It is told of James Mutrie, the manager of the Giants, that "Truthful James" was the original "sandwich man" on Broadway, but Mutrie indignantly denies the imputation. Mutrie to-day is one of the happiest men in the United States and a well-satisfied smile clings around his handsome mustache as he goes lumbering down the street, well content with the world, but more especially with himself. Everybody knows Mutrie, and his neck gets stiff and his hand sore responding to the greetings from his numerous acquaintances. Mutrie's face and figure are probably better known to the average New-Yorker than those of President Harrison, Governor Hill or Mayor Grant.

The modern history of baseball in New-York could not be told without giving Mutrie a prominent place in the work. Mutrie came to New-York in 1878, and his early pilgrimages after capitalists to back his baseball ideas brought out his hustling abilities, which have been the Giants' manager's chief characteristic ever since. He called upon most of the wealthy men of Gotham and told them about the rich harvest to be reaped by establishing professional baseball in New-York, but the wealthy men fought shy of the scheme and Mutrie was about to give up in despair and go back to his New-England home. By chance he was introduced to John B. Day, and Mutrie told his tale for the last time, with an eloquence born of desperation. Day liked the idea and furnished the capital to start what is now one of the local institutions of the city. A book company was formed, the Polo Grounds were leased from the old Westchester Polo Club, and Mutrie has been in clover ever since.

The famous old Metropolitan were organized as an independent club, playing exhibition games with all teams which happened to come this way. At first the venture did not pay, but in the second year of the "Mets" existence they won the State championship, and baseball has been popular here ever since. In 1882 the "Mets" belonged to the League Alliance, and next year joined the American Association. In 1885 the "Mets" began to wane and the New-York team was organized and entered the League. Mutrie left the Metropolitan and has managed the Giants ever since. The team has won all the baseball honors during the last two years, having taken the world's championship from St. Louis in 1888 and just successfully defended the title from the ambitious team in Brooklyn.

Mutrie is a New-England boy, and was born at Chelsea, Mass. He played his first game in 1870, the boys using a rubber ball and an old axe-handle for a bat. He played in the Drednoughts and in 1875 was captain of the Lewiston club, which won the championship of Maine. During

that season he was hit by a foul tip and his collar bone was broken in one of the games. He did not know of it until the game was over, and then he was carried from the grounds. Next year he went to Fall River, Mass., as the captain, manager and short-stop of the New-England club there. Among the well-known players of the day who were then with him were Sam Crane and Arthur Whitney, the Giants' clever third baseman. They won the championship of the New-England States. He remained there one year more, the club finishing second this time. It was in this second year at Fall River that he found George Gore, at Portland, Me., and engaged him to come down to Fall River. Captain Ned Hanlon, of the Pittsburghs, was also a member of the team that year. In 1878 Mutrie went to New-Beaufort as manager, captain and short-stop and took George Gore with him. The year following he captained the Worcester half a season, and then went with the Brocktons as manager. They won the championship of New-England outside the League clubs. Of the present well-known players who were with him then were Arlie Latham, of St. Louis, and Knowles, of Rochester.

William Ewing is an Ohio boy, and is as full of pluck as most of the natives of the Buckeye State. He is to-day considered to be the best all-around ball player in the country. As a captain he is the equal of Anson or Comiskey, while as a general player he is generally conceded to be the superior of either Kelly, the \$10,000 beauty, Hardie Richardson or David Foutz. When asked the other day how he happened to embrace baseball as a business, Ewing said: "I became a ball player by practice and natural gift. I first began to play-ball when I was a boy, and used to run away from school to play fungos. The first regular club I played with was in Pendleton, Ohio, where I was born. At one time I was the only stockholder, secretary, captain, manager and catcher. We had 75 cents in the treasury, and owned one ball and bat. I was then about fourteen years old."

In 1879 I went to the Mohawk Browns, of the West End, then the best semi-professional club in Cincinnati. I received my first money from them for playing ball. I got \$10 a game. Among the well-known players to-day who were then with me was John Riley, of the Cincinnati, and old Joe Sommers, recently released by the Baltimore. When not playing ball, "Buck" spent his time driving four big mules of a distillery wagon, and he drove them well, too. He can handle the reins over an unruly horse now as well as most professional drivers. Horace Phillips, the unfortunate Pittsburgh manager, recently confined in an asylum with paresis, discovered Ewing in 1880, and started him on his brilliant baseball career. He played with the Rochester, and his salary was \$100 a month. Now his yearly income from baseball is about \$5,500 for six months' work. After remaining in Rochester a few months, the veteran "Bob" Ferguson got Ewing to join the famous old Troy club, where he first met his brother Giants, Connor, Welch and Keefe. Ewing made his reputation as a wonderful thrower at Troy, and he is still considered the most accurate and speediest thrower to bases of any catcher in the country. Base-stealers have a wholesome awe of Ewing, as the poor base-stealing record of the Bridegrooms in the recent series between New-York and Brooklyn will show.

"How did you get the name of Buck?" asked the writer the other day.

"Well, I will tell you," said the Giants' gallant captain. "When I was a youngster, about six or seven years old I used to play marbles in Pendleton with a big boy who was called 'Buck' Drury. There was a big shoemaker's shop where we used to play, and the men used to come out every day about lunch time and bet on the game. They didn't know our names, but called him Big Buck, and when I wasn't around they would ask for 'Little Buck.' That's all there's in it. My family name is Billy, you know."

Timothy J. Keefe was recently married to Mrs. Helm, a sister to Helen Dauray-Ward, the actress. Keefe has been considered the peer of all pitchers for several seasons, and has led the League pitchers for the last two years. He is a handsome, manly fellow, and probably has not an enemy in the world. He can walk up Broadway with Bob Hilliard or any of New-York's handsome men and not suffer any by comparisons made by pedestrians. Keefe is well supplied with this world's goods, not counting the wealth of his wife. He is the head of the sporting goods house of Keefe & Beaman, at No. 157 Broadway, owns considerable property in New-England, and can sign his check for \$50,000 besides. He is also secretary of the Players' Brotherhood. Keefe is a scientific pitcher in all that the term implies. His excessive coolness in trying moments has astonished spectators at games all over the country. In the heat of battle, when all the other players are covered with perspiration, Keefe's brow will not show a particle of moisture nor his pulse beat any faster than when he is eating his noonday meal. He is known as a strategic pitcher, and never uses an ounce more of force than is absolutely necessary. He depends a great deal on chance of pace and the credulity of the batsman. When, however, occasion requires it, he can send the ball over the plate with terrific speed. Keefe came from the Troy club, and his great pitching did much to win the pennant for the Metropolitan in 1884. He joined the New-Yorks in 1885, and his work during the last two years has done much to make the Giants champions of all creation. Keefe was born in Cambridge, and learned how to play ball with the various amateur clubs around Boston.

The Giants' sprightly short-stop is, as everybody knows, John Montgomery Ward, of Bellefonte, Penn. Ward is president of the Players' Brotherhood League team to be located in Brooklyn next year. Ward is a splendidly trained all-around athlete and is one of the most skillful baserunners on the field to-day. He has won many a game for the Giants by his daring and desperate base-running even the game seemed all but lost. He dives into the earth with the same apparent unconsciousness of danger that a swimmer would take a header into the waters of a placid lake or river. The "All America" team which made the trip to the Athletic club of Philadelphia, in 1877, and as that was twelve years ago, it shows that "Johnny" is not a "spring chicken" by any means. Before the game seemed all but lost. He dives into the earth with the same apparent unconsciousness of danger that a swimmer would take a header into the waters of a placid lake or river.

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tempted to discipline Connor. When the pieces of those three men were gathered up nobody knew to whom each separate piece belonged. He is a splendid first-baseman, and one of the best batsmen the country has ever produced. Connor began his baseball career with the Monitor club, of Waterbury, in 1877. He took Albert McKinnon's place on first base for the Giants four years ago.

Little Danny Richardson hails from Elmira, where he is an active partner in a big dry-goods house. He is a great friend of Governor Hill, and when the two meet it is always "Hello, Dave!" and "Howdy, Danny." Richardson worked in a retail carpet store in Elmira up to six years ago, and then tried his hand at reporting for "The Elmira Sunday Telegram." Then Danny got the baseball fever and became famous. He signed with the Giants in 1884 as a general substitute. He played in several places, but it was only since he was given a chance to play second base that he has really won his spurs. He is today the equal of either Pfeffer, Collins, Robinson or Dunlap. At one time Richardson received his notice of release by the New-York club, but before the ten days expired, Dorgan, who was then playing right field, was taken sick, and Richardson was put in to fill up the gap. He is considered one of the most valuable men in the team, and that sudden illness of Dorgan was a good thing for the Giants.

When you go to the Polo Grounds you will hardly fail to notice a jovial, round-faced little man who always has a broad grin on his face and a cheery word for everybody. That is Michael Welch, the Giants' stand-by pitcher and one of the most reliable players on the diamond field. Welch's

recollection of ballplaying dates back to '71, when as a schoolboy at North Schoolhouse in Saco, Me., he played with a club called the Crescents. Gore has been the regular center fielder for the New-York team this year, and his terrific batting has made many famous pitchers tremble during the season just passed. Gore's connection with the Giants dates back three years. Michael Tierman, the regular bat-breaking right-fielder of the New-York club, is known as the "silent man" in baseball. You might travel all over the country with Tierman, and if he was in a meditative mood you could not get a word out of him, except "yes" or "no," with a steam derrick. Tierman on the field says less and does more business than any other player in the country. He does not even get offended with the umpire, and if a strike is called when it ought to be a ball Tierman's only demonstration is a mild look of reproach at the umpire. Tierman is a Trenton, N. J. boy, and all New-Jersey is proud of him. He worked as a presser in a pottery after he left school, but found time to play ball with amateur nines about Trenton. He became a professional five years ago, receiving \$60 a month for playing with the "Chambersburg" team. He afterward played at Hagerstown, Md., and Williamsport, Penn. He then played with the Trenton team, and when that team was disbanded he was transferred to Jersey City. He signed with the Giants the following year as a pitcher, but when it was found that pitching interfered with his batting he was put in right field and allowed to play there. Tierman's debut with the New-York club was probably the most unsuccessful on record. He made five errors in his first game, and the spectators

them feel brave to see Murphy sit on the players' bench and pull his knuckles out of joint. Gilbert Hatfield has been the Giants' regular infield substitute this year, but he too has been called upon to do little work. He learned how to play ball in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. He is a good all-around player, but may not be with the New-York team next year. He does not like to remain on the bench, being of a nervous disposition and wanting to play all the time!

Hank O'Day is the Giants' new pitcher, recently secured from the Washington club. He is a good pitcher and made an excellent record during the latter part of the season. His work against Brooklyn, in the recent series for the world's championship, was unusually good.

BROOKLYN'S PET PLAYERS.

THE ASSOCIATION LEADERS.

WHERE THE MEN WHO COMPOSE THE CHAMPION "BRIDEGROOMS" CAME FROM—THE "CITY OF CHURCHES" THE "CRADLE OF BASEBALL."

At a banquet given to the Brooklyn Baseball Club at the Academy of Music a few days ago, District-Attorney Kidway in his speech referred to Brooklyn as the "cradle of baseball." The City of Churches has always been famous in the

President Byrne from veteran inhabitants of that part of the city imploring him not to destroy the old landmark. So the sweeping branches shelter many a baseball enthusiast on every summer afternoon when a game is in progress at Washington Park.

The present Brooklyn club was organized several years ago, starting out in rather a small way, satisfied with picking up the crumbs which dropped from the big baseball table. The stockholders of the club were F. A. Abell, J. J. Doyle and C. H. Byrne, and the same men to-day name the policy to be followed by the club.

Counting Manager W. H. McGunnigle, the Brooklyn club has eighteen men under contract. The players are quiet, gentlemanly fellows and are well liked by all the patrons of Washington Park. It is a singular thing about the team that not one of the men was born or brought up in Brooklyn; in fact, Terry and Bushong are the only men who reside permanently in Brooklyn. When it is remembered that Long Island is the home of some of the most famous players on the diamond field to-day, the fact becomes even more significant.

Some doubt is expressed whether W. H. McGunnigle will manage the Brooklyn team for next year. He is generally looked upon in the baseball professional ranks as a "mascot" manager, and has been remarkably successful in handling every team he has ever been connected with. Like most successful managers, McGunnigle was a player himself, and quite a good one, too. McGunnigle has been connected with the Brooklyn club for two years, brought his club in second in the race in his initial year, and captured the pennant this year. McGunnigle has had a various experience in the baseball world. He is a Boston boy, and was born in 1855.

He was secured by the Brooklyn club in 1888; and to his untiring, conscientious efforts much of the brilliant work of the club during the last season is due.

Handsome William H. Terry is the Adonis of the baseball profession, and is one of the best pitchers in the American Association, or in any other organization, for that matter. Terry is the only player who has been a member of the Brooklyn team since its organization in 1883. He has taken part in the most brilliant victories of the Brooklyn club. On July 24, 1886, Brooklyn defeated the champion St. Louis Browns. Score, 1-0, Terry in the box, and the champions failed to get one base hit. On October 23, 1885, William H. Terry, of the Brooklyn club, shut out the New-York Giants, Keefe pitching, by a 4-0 score. New-York getting only two scratch hits, both made by Ward.

In Baltimore, just twenty-seven years ago David L. Seussler, Foutz first saw the light of day. It is said of him that he played in a game of ball two days after putting on his first pair of knickerbockers. He joined the Brooklyn club two years ago as pitcher and outfielder.

George Burton Pinkney, third baseman of the Brooklyn club, was born in Peoria, Ill., in 1862. Mr. Pinkney belongs to a family which has its Central Illinois, several of his closest connections having won marked distinction on the bench and at the bat of his native State. When Brooklyn started its baseball world with its famous Cleveland deal in 1885, Pinkney joined the club with several others, and during a part of the season played second base. As a matter of accommodation he was asked to change to third base for a few games, which he kindly consented to do. He promptly showed such ability in the place that he still remains at third. He is an untiring worker, and for four years has taken part in every game played by the Brooklyn club. George J. Smith is one of the sweet singers of the Brooklyn club, and the star short-stop of the American Association. Smith won his spurs in the old Cleveland League club, and with the other Cleveland players joined the Brooklyn team four years ago.

One of the most popular players in Brooklyn to-day is "Darby" O'Brien, the gallant captain of the Bridegrooms. O'Brien is one of the best outfielders in the country, and another product of the West, having been born in Peoria in 1862. He is a giant in strength. His proper name is William H., but nobody ever thinks of calling the handsome player anything but plain Darby. Robert H. Clark is one of the few good ball players who claim Old Kaintuck for a home. He was born in Covington in 1864. Clark is one of the cleverest catchers in the country, and his hitting in the various clubs of the South played a part in the Brooklyn club. "Bob," as every one affectionately calls him, learned his first baseball lessons first as an outfielder and then at second base. Always a ready and willing worker, he has induced and developed such ability that he determined thereafter to devote himself entirely to catching.

Hubert Collins, the Brooklyn team's great second baseman, is a native of Louisville, Ky., and a natural born ballplayer. He is a reserved, gentlemanly fellow, popular with every one. He is also a great batter and runner. He learned to play ball in the various clubs of the South. John S. Corbitt came from Parkersburg, Chester County, Penn., and is a solid Republican all the way through. He is supposed to cover only center field for the Brooklyn club, but in a recent game, on an immense amount of territory in a game. The one of Corbitt's leads is as smooth as the palm of one's hand, and probably that is the reason he is called "Pop."

Tennessee is the birthplace of Robert Lee Caruthers, one of the best all-around players to-day, and considered the star pitcher of the American Association for the last three years. Soon after the war his father, Judge Caruthers, one of the ablest lawyers and most honored jurists in his State, moved his family to Chicago, and there young Robert was raised, and as a member of the High School, and later of a commercial team, first developed his taste and talent as a ball player. After one of the most memorable and most expensive deals on record, Brooklyn secured Caruthers in 1888. His release is said to have cost the Brooklyn club \$15,000, and he receives a salary of \$5,000.

Philadelphia is credited with having nurtured more and better ball players than any other city in the country. Thomas D. Burns, Brooklyn's right fielder, has been a Quaker since September 8, 1862. Burns is a great run getter, and one of the boldest coaches who tend to add a great deal of snap to the game.

Dr. Albert J. Bushong also hails from Philadelphia, where he was born in 1859. As a boy studied while attending the Philadelphia High School (from which he graduated with the highest honors in 1876), he developed an unusual ability as a ball player, and was captured by the Athletics the latter part of 1876 to do the catching for Lon Knickerbocker and George Zetlin, famous pitchers of the Philadelphia club, in 1883 and 1884, and that day. The winter of 1884 Bushong spent in Paris, spring of 1884 he had gone to complete his studies, having adopted dental surgery as a profession. When Cleveland sold out to Brooklyn in 1885 he joined the St. Louis Browns, and in 1885 he joined the Brooklyn club, and played in the minor leagues until this year, when he won the title of "Home-run Joe."

Joseph J. Visner is another hardy son of the Far West, and has done yoman's service behind the bat for Brooklyn this year. He was born in the latter part of 1859, and is a native of the Minnesota, and is twenty-nine years old. Visner played in the minor leagues until this year, when he won the title of "Home-run Joe."

Thomas J. Lovett is another new member of the Brooklyn team, and is a pitcher of some promise. He is a native of Little Rock, Ark., and is one of the latest additions to the Brooklyn club, and may make great records on the diamond field next season.



KEEFE, O'DAY, MURPHY, CRANE, CONNOR, TITCOMB, WARD, EWING, MUTRIE, BROWN, TIERNAN, HATFIELD, GORE, RICHARDSON, O'ROURKE, WELCH, SLATTERY.



SMITH, PINKNEY, CORBITT, CARUTHERS, TERRY, COLLINS, FOUTZ, MCGUNNIGLE, HUGHES, O'BRIEN, BURNS, BUSHONG, CLARK, VISNER, LOVETT.

excessive good nature has given him the nickname of "Smiling Micker," by which he is well known all over the country. Mickey smiles when he strikes a batsman out, and the smile is just as hearty should the batsman make a home run. Welch is a Williamsburg boy, and learned how to play ball with the Young Orientals of Long Island in the seventies. He came to New-York in 1883, and his history since then is too well known to call for further reference.

Arthur W. Whitney did much to save the Giants from utter despair two years ago. For years before the New-York team had always been weak at third place, and dozens of men had been tried, but none could ever fill the place. Ewing, Hatfield, Esterbrook, Hankinson, Cleveland, Richardson and Connor had been tried in the position, but all had failed. The New-York club was in desperate straits, and was willing to pay any amount for a first-class third baseman. Whitney was secured from the Pittsburgh club, and the Giants have been the champions of the world ever since.

James O'Rourke, the Giants' handsome left fielder, is one of the veterans of the diamond, but he is as spry as most fellows in their teens. O'Rourke's military mustache has a heart-breaking droop, and is much admired by the fair sex who visit the Polo Grounds. "Sir James," as he is called, has been a different law student for several years, and when he stops drawing a princely salary as a diamond knight, he will shine as a legal light. O'Rourke is a studious athlete, a supposed unknown quality. O'Rourke is also a product of New-England, and first saw the light of day at "Barnumville, Bridgewater, Conn. He played his first game with the Osceola club, of that town, when he at times covered every place on the diamond. That was back in '71, and "Sir James" has now grown as a popular catcher, fielder and batsman since then. He is named in the country. O'Rourke has been playing the outfield permanently for the last two years, and his terrific batting has won many a game for the Giants. O'Rourke has played all over the country in his many years on the diamond, and his record is on the fingers tips of every boy in the land. He is a powerfully built man, and a remarkable thrower from the outfield. O'Rourke is credited with throwing the ball 350 feet, a remarkable performance even in modern baseball. George Gore is another old-timer, whose first

wanted to hang him. He is a slender young man, and when he gets the terrific force which makes many home runs is the mystery of the baseball world.

Smith Slattery, the Giants' extra outfielder, is a South Boston boy, whose movements on the field have given him the name of "the Kangaroo." He is a speedy runner, a good batsman, and a remarkably clever fielder. He is one of the youngest men on the team, and only began his amateur career about eight years ago. A Boston reporter discovered Slattery playing with the Silver Stars in 1884 and Slattery received a regular place on the Boston Union. Slattery won his spurs with the Toronto team in 1887. Crane was the Toronto's star pitcher, and those two men did much to win the International League pennant.

Edward N. Crane is the speediest pitcher in the country, and has been called the "Thunderbolt." He is an excellent athlete, yet weighs over 200 lbs. There are few players carrying 50 pounds less weight who can beat him in a 100 or 500 yard race. Crane is also a South Boston boy, and was the pitcher of the All America nine which won the Chicago club, and gave them the championship. Crane pitched the last nineteen games for his club, and winning every game, brought the team up fourth place and gave them the championship. William Brown hails from San Francisco, and has played ball all his life on the sand lots of Frisco. Brown is a human pair of stiffs, but is a great catcher and batsman. Brown played with amateur clubs until three years ago, when he joined the Oakland and received his first regular salary as a ball player. Walter Appleton discovered "Big Bill" in California and brought him to New-York.

Patrick Murphy is another one of New-York's catchers, but he has not been called upon to do much work this year. He is twenty-seven years old, weighs 160 pounds, and is five feet ten inches tall. Murphy has done little but "root" for the Giants this year, but the other players say "Murphy is the best mascot in the business, and it makes

baseball world, and the interest in the sport over the big Bridge has been as lively as in any other city in the country. The attendance at any games in Brooklyn during the season just passed will probably foot up a larger total than any other city. Baseball has always had a strong hold on the fancies of the followers of athletic sports ever since the famous old Atlantic team carried everything before it many years ago.

One of the pleasing features of the games in Brooklyn is the large attendance of ladies at Washington Park on every fair day. The management has done everything possible to encourage the fair sex to take an interest in the game, even to the setting aside of each Thursday as a "Ladies' Day," when the fair sex is always admitted to the grounds free. Ridgewood Park, where the team plays its Sunday games, has witnessed tremendous crowds this year, it not being an unusual thing for 15,000 people to be present. The club has met with considerable opposition about Sunday games, and it is highly probable that no Sunday games will be played next season.

Washington Park, the real home grounds of the team, is bounded by Fifth and Fourth aces, and Third and Fifth sts., Brooklyn, and certainly no club in the American Association has a better arranged field. The players boast of a club-house whose historic memories go back to the Revolution. It is a little stone house in one corner of the field, which is said to have been one of George Washington's headquarters during young America's battle for freedom with Britain.

The old tree to the south of the club-house has stood there since the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The tree interfered somewhat with the arrangements of the field, and the management a few years ago determined to have it cut down. The fact was published at the time, and created quite a furor in Brooklyn. Letters came pouring in to