

FOIBLES OF SOME BALL MANAGERS

Looking After Club as Much Fun As Having Trouble Job On 'Phone.

THE RUNNING OF A BIG TEAM.

Fullerton Says Pfeffer Was Like a General—Bill Bourke is Best in World—Loftus Serious.

Managing a baseball club is about as much fun as being trouble manager of a telephone company. The man who can take a ball club—no matter what its caliber—and get through even one season without knowing trouble, poverty, sour and the sworn foe of all ball players is a wonder, says Hugh S. Fullerton.

Last fall while the New York Highlanders were making their terrific effort to pull down the American League pennant against almost hopeless odds, Clark Griffith and I were kidding about age. Finally I remarked:

"Well, I've still got a few black hairs in my head."

Griff pushed his hand through his gray locks and remarked, seriously: "Run this team a month and they'll turn white."

Managers develop as many cranks and peculiarities as the players themselves, and more when the team is losing. The job has turned the hair of every big league manager white except Anson's and his was white to start with. Some of them learn in time, especially after handling losers for years, to look upon life philosophically, but many of them get worse the older they grow. Witness Comiskey, who takes a great deal more to heart now than he did fifteen years ago.

AGAINST PLAYERS ARE MAN-AGERS.

One of the first things that develops in the manager is a feeling of animosity towards all players. The manager who sympathizes with his men, and who takes the players' view of the situation, is a failure from the start.

Griffith, for instance, was one of the wildest highlanders in the business when he was merely a player. He fought for the "rights" of players. Many times I have heard him argue hotly that no pitcher should work out to his turn, and that, if the club is carrying seven pitchers, each should pitch a game a week. For a few weeks after Comiskey made him manager Griff held him to his ideas. Then he began to change, and now the player who gets any sympathy from Griff in his grievances is hard to find.

Mike Kelly, the grandest player that ever wore a spike, never got over taking the players' view of things, and he perhaps was the worst manager that ever handled a club. When he was managing "The Killers" in Philadelphia and representing Cincinnati in the association he gathered around him the greatest gang of drunks that ever attempted to play ball. Besides King Krel was leader in the drinking, and usually there was a keg of beer on top in the clubhouse.

The night that the team was sold to Milwaukee, or transferred to that city, Krel and his gang celebrated. The arrival at the station was a thing long to be remembered. Players came in hacks, afoot, and being dragged, just as the train was leaving. Krel threw Ned Crane's hat out of the window, and Ned walked solemnly out, fell off the car, got his hat, and started madly after the train, screaming and walking with much dignity. He was carried by the gang, which also was feeling fairly well, and led uptown, where, in the name of the crowd, Harry Weldon sent the following cheerful telegram to Von der Ahe, who owned the club:

"Team left for Milwaukee tonight, all drunk, including Baneroff."

LOFTUS WAS TOO SERIOUS.

Tom Loftus was one of the best managers that ever handled a club, but his sense of humor was his ruin. He never could get serious enough to take baseball as a life and death affair, and he was apt, in the center of a stern fight, to see something funny.

When Tom was running the Columbus club and Comiskey had St. Paul there were battles between those teams and their managers—that were worth going miles to see. Whenever Columbus and St. Paul met Comiskey and Loftus chose the ends of the benches nearest each other and while their teams were fighting the managers were fighting even harder. The words that were waged between them were better than any comedy, and the bells and whistles of the one who was winning could be heard even into the stands. They were and are the closest of friends, but either one would have tossed up pennant chances to beat the other.

PEPPER WAS LIKE A GENERAL.

Ed Pfeffer, as a manager at Louisville, introduced innovations which still are talked about among veterans. Pfeffer should have gone into the army instead of baseball. To him the game meant

more than a game. When he was playing he gave his whole heart to it, and he fretted and worried and grew petulant if things went wrong. At Louisville, where he was sent as a sort of Dreyfus (not meaning to liken Louisville to Devils Island), Pfeffer introduced military tactics and discipline. Every morning at practice, the entire team was ordered to form in military order, march past and salute the manager. Before the game the team marched in military order. Instead of promoting discipline, however, the orders almost resulted in rebellion.

MCGRAW EXCEPTION TO RULE.

Odd as it may seem, it is true that the quiet, soft spoken fellows are the ones who succeed best as managers—Johnny McGraw being the exception that proves the rule. The noisy, "fighting" managers, no matter how well they understand the game, seldom get along with their men. Hamilton, Seelye, Canfield, Jimmy Murray, Fielder Jones, Frank Chance, Connie Mack are all quiet, mild mannered men. Most of them have little to say, but when they say it it counts. Comiskey, who was about as noisy and belligerent as any when he was playing, always kept his railway for the foe, and spoke softly and quietly to his men until forced to speak, and on those occasions he can burn and sting them with words as no other man on earth can do.

The man who spurs his players to greater endeavor by personal labors can manage a team only as long as he is able to demonstrate to them that he is their superior in every line of the business. The moment he shows a weakness, either in fielding, throwing, hitting or running, he finds his players more merciless in their criticism than ever he was.

There was an example of this a decade ago in the National League. The manager was one of the best players that ever lived. When he was made manager he was still in his prime. Irascible, a hard loser, and possessing a bitter tongue, he showed no mercy. Suddenly his arm went wrong. As a body the players turned upon him, and he was finally obliged to get out of the job.

BILL BOURKE IS BEST IN WORLD.

Bill Bourke, who, I always have contended, is the best manager in the world, has his little peculiarities. His great fear is that he has no right to fine a player. He considers fining them wrong as much as if he took away their money by force.

To maintain discipline he resorts to first principles. When he tells a man that he must not drink or get out of condition he does so quietly. If the man persists Bourke makes an entanglement to meet him back of the club house and he gives the player his choice between obeying and fighting. After he polished off a few fresh players in most approved style he achieved a reputation that has made it unnecessary for him to do battle with any others. He never had any bad feelings towards the player he is forced to whip, and the player never gives him another chance.

WILLIE KEELER GIVES SOME BATTING TIPS.

Willie Keeler of the New York Americans is perhaps the most scientific batter that the game of baseball ever produced. He has made the art of hitting a life-long study. After much persuasion Keeler makes the following suggestions for the benefit of the thousands of amateurs in and around New York:

NEVER.

Draw back your foot and step away from the ball.

Send the back foot or shift its position as the ball approaches.

Lunge at the ball as if trying to make a home run.

Strike at every ball that is thrown.

Rubber at the other players.

Lose your nerve after two strikes.

Wait for instructions if you see a chance to win the game.

ALWAYS.

Chop the ball so it will not pop up in the air.

Step into the ball and meet it with your whole weight on your front foot.

This puts your whole weight into the blow.

Watch the ball from the time it leaves the pitcher's hands.

Hit at the good balls only. Don't be too anxious. Wait and you can rap out the good ones.

Get into your position quickly when your side is out. Show life.

They scowled and look sour from morning to night.

They never would agree.

Now they are healthy, happy and bright.

They both take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

Z. C. M. 1, Drug Depot, 112-114 South Main St.

See Ebert's for Wall Paper.

Social dances every Wednesday and Friday nights, Red Men Hall, 227 1/2 State Street, by Prof. Eastman.

Be sure and visit the Chamber of Commerce, 66-68 West Third South St. A permanent address for all your sources and prospects. Free admission.

See Ebert's for Wall Paper.

BIND YOUR MAGAZINES.

Old Books, Music and Magazines. Put them in strong new covers for preservation. May be renewed by having them bound. The "News" bindery can do the work in any form at any price.

'PENNY'S' PRIZE RING GOSSIP

Tommy Burns Appears to be Anxious to Hook up With Jeff.

THE KNOCKOUT CONTROVERSY

But Little Doing in the Fight Game Now—Nevada Not Offering Big Purse for Queensbury Events.

Tommy Burns seems to share the views of Jack O'Brien, to some extent, with reference to the championship situation. Thursday, O'Brien passed through Ogden and in an interview said he thought either he or Burns should meet Squires of Australia and then the winner take on Jeffries. Tommy has expressed himself as being perfectly willing to fight the big boiler maker and when he was in Salt Lake some time ago gave his reasons for such a match. Here is the way he figures out his chances in a bout with Jeff.

"Now, it is no joke," this talk of mine about a fight between me and Jeff, I know that people are maintaining fractured ribs and mere mention of such a match, but I thought it over a long time before I decided to try to get the Jim on with me. Every man has got to meet his Waterloo, and I may be the man to hand Jeffries his.

"I can knock the big fellow easier than the little ones," said Burns. "You see, I crouch, and I figure on getting under Jeff's swings and nukes and pounding his solar, which would be right in front of me."

"Do I think I can knock him down? Well, you can knock any of them down if you hit them in the right way. I'd like to take the chance, anyway. I hadn't taken chances I wouldn't be where I am now. Everybody thought I took a big chance with Marvin Hart. I wanted the money split 50 and 50. You're a big fellow, I told him, and I ought to get a little money out of this, but he couldn't see it. So I let it go at 70 and 30, as he wanted it. Then I licked him. I'll bet he was sore with his little 30."

"This talk about Schreck fighting Jeffries is laughable. I beat Schreck myself, and that should put him out of the running while I am after the title."

"As for O'Brien, I had him hopping out of his shoes when I fought him in Los Angeles. I could hardly get near him after the first few rounds. He wouldn't run, the money with Jeff. Remember the story about the meeting I had with Jeffries in a Los Angeles barroom? Well, that is true, all right. I asked him if he would let me have a first chance if some promoter would hang up a fat enough purse, say \$50,000. He thought it over a moment and then said: 'Here's my hand, Tommy. I will.' So you see, the man who has a right to meet him."

Burns is not to be given the laugh for this talk. He is in earnest, and is not seeking "individual supremacy" in the press agent line. There are many heavyweights who would willingly cross gloves with the alfalfa magnate and take the beating he would mete out to them for the small end of the purse and the advertising figures that they could lose nothing by failing before the unbeatable one.

Tommy Burns is not out of any beatings nor small ends of purses, but conscientiously feels that Jeffries was made for him. There is nothing about Tommy that savors of the braggart. He is quiet and modest and does not try to inspire one's awe with tales of his prowess.

The fact that Tom Sharkey threw up the sponge in the fourth round of the fight at Valley Falls, R. I. last week, to save Willie Lewis unnecessary punishment at the hands of "Honey" Melody, when he had no chance to win, has again brought to the fore the argument: Was he really "knocked out" if a sponge was thrown in the ring before the referee had time to tell of the fight? The words of the same argument is brought up after every important fight where the contest is either stopped by the referee or one of the seconds decides his man has had enough and casts in a towel or a sponge.

Under those conditions, according to the best pugilistic authorities, a man emphatically "knocked out." The erroneous belief has prevailed in some quarters that to knock a man out you must render him unconscious, but such is not the case by any means. The common "knock-out" word is the word of the veteran manager, Billy Madden, or at least was first publicly used by him. It was at the time he made the historical tour with John L. Sullivan, when Madden, who was a "corner" man, offered a bonus to any one who failed to "knock out" in four rounds. In those days, 20 odd years ago, the word "knock out" meant "knock out of time," which meant to render one incapable of continuing for a period of 10 seconds. It did not mean to knock him senseless.

If for any reason a contestant failed to continue, either through fear or because his seconds threw up the sponge, he was "knocked out of time," which meant to render one incapable of continuing for a period of 10 seconds. It did not mean to knock him senseless.

It was a ruling always supported by the late Captain Cooke, for years editor of the Police News and the recognized fist authority of his day. If "knock out" meant to knock a man unconscious, the manager who wagered that his fighter would not be "knocked out" need never lose. All he would have to do would be to wait until his man was losing and then throw up the sponge. No matter how woefully he was outclassed or how fruitfully he was being beaten, he could toss in the symbol of defeat. That would end the bout; his man still would be in the possession of his senses, and the manager would win his bet.

Even a chance blow landed on the jaw that rendered his man helpless would not make him lose. Before the referee could finish the fight, the man would be still conscious and thereby win his money. It is palpably foolish ever to use the word "knock out" in a bet. It is a word that, a wording all will understand and none be able to dispute is, "Win in four rounds or less," for example. Then if the man on whom you bet is awarded the decision on a foul, has made his opponent quit, forces his opponent's seconds to throw up a sponge or administer the all powerful word to him you cash your tickets, as you would have a perfect right to do.

There seems to be mighty little doing in the fight game at the present time. The Nevada promoters have apparently recovered from the desire of offering big fortunes for a fight and aside from an occasional six-round game of tag at Philadelphia or elsewhere, the game is at a standstill.

There are three matches that could be made which would draw big money at the gate and for which from \$10,000 to \$50,000 would no doubt be offered by

Public Demand Forces an Extension of Time.

CROWDS OF ANXIOUS PEOPLE WHO PATIENTLY WAITED THEIR TURNS TO SEE DR. SHORES BEFORE THEIR SPECIAL OFFER OF \$5.00 A MONTH FOR A CURE FOR CATARRHAL DISEASES WAS FINALLY WITHDRAWN, DEMANDED THAT THE OFFER BE HELD OPEN LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE THEM ALL A CHANCE TO BE CURED.

SCORES OF LETTERS BY EVERY MAIL, DR. SHORES' TREATMENT AT SUCH LOW RATES, CONVINCED DR. SHORES THAT THEY OF THE SPECIAL OFFER TO OBTAIN DR. SHORES' TREATMENT AT SUCH LOW RATES, CONVINCED DR. SHORES THAT THEY MUST EITHER GRANT ANOTHER EXTENSION OF TIME, OR DISAPPOINT AND DISPLEASE MANY WHO NEEDED THEIR AID AND COULD NOT AFFORD TO PAY HIGH PRICES FOR THE EXTENSION—THIS TO BE THE FINAL NOTICE AND THE FINAL CHANCE TO SECURE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TREATMENT AT SUCH RIDICULOUSLY LOW RATES—AND WHEN A CERTAIN NUMBER HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER TREATMENT, AND DR. SHORES FIND THEY CANNOT PROPERLY HANDLE MORE CASES, THEN THIS SPECIAL OFFER WILL BE WITHDRAWN FOREVER.

\$5.00 A MONTH \$5.00

FOR ALL CATARRHAL CHRONIC DISEASES, MEDICINES FREE UNTIL CURED. TO ALL WHO APPLY TO DR. SHORES AT ONCE TO PROVE TO THE PUBLIC OF SALT LAKE AND VICINITY THAT DR. SHORES' TREATMENT FOR CATARRH AND ALL FORMS OF NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES IS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

RIGHT AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR, WHEN ALL NATURE IS FAVORABLE TO QUICK AND PERMANENT CURES, COMES DR. SHORES' STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT THAT ALL SUFFERERS FROM CATARRHAL CHRONIC DISEASES WHO APPLY AT ONCE WILL BE GIVEN DR. SHORES' WONDERFUL NEW TREATMENT FOR \$5.00 A MONTH, ALL MEDICINES FREE, COME TODAY, COME MONDAY, COME TUESDAY, COME ANY DAY THIS WEEK. THIS SPECIAL OFFER IS GIVEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROVING TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED THAT

One Month's Treatment Now is Worth THREE Months' at Any Other Season

IF YOU SUFFER FROM CATARRH, ASTHMA, DEAFNESS, BRONCHIAL OR LUNG TROUBLE, IF YOUR BLOOD IS OUT OF ORDER, YOUR STOMACH, KIDNEYS OR LIVER AFFECTED, NOW IS THE TIME TO BE CURED QUICKLY—CHEAPLY AND PERMANENTLY.

Let it be understood that Dr. Shores standing offer of a cure for Catarrhal diseases for \$15 still holds good to those who prefer to pay in advance for a guaranteed cure. Let it also be understood that Dr. Shores regular offer of \$1 PER TREATMENT FOR CATARRH—AT THE OFFICE—also holds good to all who desire to test the treatment. BUT AS

Hundreds Will be Cured in One Month.

AT THIS FAVORABLE SEASON OF THE YEAR, Dr. Shores offer one and all their New Treatment, for Catarrh at the wonderfully low rate of



DR. A. C. SHORES.

WE ALSO CURE BY MAIL.

No one need be deprived of the advantages of this SPECIAL OFFER because of living away from the city. WRITE DR. SHORES AT ONCE if you cannot call. FOR THEIR SYMPTOM LIST AND QUESTIONNAIRE, and take advantage of Dr. Shores' SPECIAL OFFER TO CURE CATARRH AND ALL CATARRHAL CHRONIC DISEASES FOR THE LOW FEE OF \$5.00 A MONTH. NO OTHER CHARGE OR EXPENSE. This special offer goes into effect AT ONCE and holds good to ALL WHO APPLY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. CALL OR WRITE CONSULTATION FREE WHETHER YOU TAKE TREATMENT OR NOT. DO NOT DELAY. APPLY NOW.

COUPLE RACERS COMING.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson Show Speed And Do Many Fancy Stunts.

The main attraction at the Richards street roller skating rink next week will be the appearance afterwards and evening of the Petersons, a husband and wife team, who have been performing in Ogden. The specialty is couple racing and fancy work on the roller skates, and they are here with a splendid reputation for clever and artistic work. They will race any couple in the state, and are expected to make a match race will be arranged between the Petersons and the D. S. U. team, which is expected to be a close one.

BASKETBALL AT UNIVERSITY.

Freshmen Team Defeated Second L. D. S. U. Players by a Large Score.

The basketball game at the University Club yesterday afternoon between the Freshmen team and the L. D. S. U. team, resulted in victory for the former by a score of 43 to 19.

PROVO TEAM A WINNER.

Defeated Logan Aggies by Score of 23 To 12 Yesterday Afternoon.

HOW THEY STAND.

	Won	Lost	P.C.
B. Y. U.	5	1	1.000
B. Y. C.	1	1	.500
A. C.	2	2	.500
W. S. A.	2	2	.500

Yesterday afternoon's basketball game at Logan between the B. Y. U. and the Aggies, resulted in victory for the Provo champions. The score being 23 to 12. The Aggies played a rough game, but were unable to get ahead of the visitors. The score was as follows:

B. Y. U.	A. C.
Evans	Chamberlain
Perkins	Greenwood
McConnell	Lowell

Referee, Elmer Peterson; umpire, Snyder.

WOMEN'S CHESS GAMES.

Championship Match Begins Today Between Mrs. Frye and Mrs. Burgess.

New York, March 2.—Mrs. Charles H. Frye of Newark, N. J., wife of the president of the New Jersey Chess association, and Mrs. S. H. Burgess, wife of a leading player of St. Louis, will begin a match this afternoon for the women's championship of the United States. The place of the match will be at the Martha Washington hotel.

Seven games will be played, one today and the rest next week. A time limit of twenty minutes an hour has been fixed. The winner of the match will receive a gold



DR. G. W. SHORES.

\$5 A MONTH \$5.

FOR ALL CATARRHAL DISEASES—MEDICINES FREE, TO ALL BEGINNING TREATMENT AT ONCE.

This offer will go into effect at once and hold good to all who apply in person or by letter UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR MEN.

Dr. Shores have a Special Department exclusively for the treatment and cure of all diseases of men, no matter how caused. You may consult Dr. Shores about the most delicate and embarrassing troubles, with the assurance that you will be given honest advice and skillful treatment, and everything will be STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. Men who are weak and failing—the victims of chronic diseases, and all others who need the counsel and aid of experienced and kind physicians, are cordially invited to consult this department and be advised FREE OF CHARGE.

We cure more men than all the "Fake Medical Institutes" in the city combined.

So cure is the cure under Dr. Shores' MODERN METHODS in all private diseases that you may arrange to pay the fee for a Cure in small weekly or monthly installments, as the cure progresses, or you may have the cure FREE. No matter what you trouble is, or who has failed to cure you, consult these Master Specialists, free of charge, and learn how you can yet be cured. CALL OR WRITE.

DRS. SHORES & SHORES,

Houston Block, 249 Main Street, - - - - - Salt Lake City

Office Hours—Week days, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evenings, 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays and holidays, 10 a. m. to 12 noon.

COMBINATION WATER BOTTLES AND FOUNTAIN SYRINGES.

White or maroon, fitted with hard rubber connection. Very fine grade—all the latest additions and improvements. See them displayed in our windows.

WILLES-HORNE DRUG CO.,

News Building, By the Monument. Phone: Ref. 374-1830, Ind. 374-1578.

FEW COLORED RIDERS.

In the days of long ago the negro race rider predominated on American Race Tracks.

Murphy, the greatest colored jockey in the history of racing, his following was as great as any of the later day pigskin artists. And after Murphy such boys as Perkins, Conley, Winkfield, the best boy names in the saddle, were the best boys now in the saddle. He was a favorite of the crowd, and he was one of the best post boys who ever took orders from a starter.

WILLES-HORNE DRUG CO.,

News Building, By the Monument. Phone: Ref. 374-1830, Ind. 374-1578.

1907 Red Runabout \$650.

Winner of economy contests everywhere. Sharnan Auto Co. 109 W. So. Temple.

Salt Lake Turf Exchange

Direct Wire For All Sporting Events. California and Eastern Races. 309 MAIN STREET.

GARDNER DAILY STORE NEWS

Plenty of Good Clothes For the Boys.

The new Suits for boys are now coming in almost daily.

Gardner invites you to call and see the new styles that have been designed for Spring and Summer.

You will readily see the high quality of the goods—the worsteds, the Cheviots—best domestic and imported goods.

You will not fail to see Gardner standard in the making.

You will recognize the Gardner low prices.

You will be welcomed.

ONE PRICE IRONING BOARD

130-130 MAIN ST.

THE QUALITY STORE