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Commencing on March 26 And Lasting Until April 9

Space does not allow us to enumerate the articles and prices but the Stock includes the Best and Latest in Men's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Wear, Dry Goods, and all the Latest Novelties. Do not miss these chances. Just the time for you to buy your Spring Goods and save your money. This sale is for cash only, no goods on approval

Sale Commencing Saturday Morning, 9 a. m., March 26

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NEWS OF SPORT

HOW BAN JOHNSON BECAME HEAD OF AMERICAN LEAGUE

All great men have their fads and foibles, else they would not be great men.

Surveying that sentence critically it seems entirely bromidic and absolutely unnecessary. Still, one must start a story by saying something, must one not? Unless, perchance, one happens to be a litterateur, when the invariable custom is to start a story by saying nothing.

However, this is not a literary compendium. It is a narrative that is cluttered with and hampered by facts. Bearing this in mind, it seems incredible that this tale should have been begun in that casual manner, for what is in consideration concerning the great man of whom I shall reverently speak is neither a fad nor a foible. It is an obsession. Wherefore, having elucidated this matter, let us proceed in a dignified and scholarly manner.

Our hero is none other than Ban Johnson, president of the American League of Baseball Clubs, and his obsession is pink underwear. Nor would this be worthy of remark were Mr. Johnson a small man, but Nature has so constructed him that to shroud his manly form according to the dictates of his inner self he requires about all the pink underwear there is. Indeed rumor has it that



one mill at Amsterdam, New York, full time supplying his inordinate demand. When arrayed, Mr. Johnson resembles a Turner impression of a strawstack in the setting sun, painted on an evening when Turner was more impressionistically strabismic than usual.

From this we may gather that Mr. Johnson has a tender, romantic streak concealed about him. It must be that he is a poet—not laboring at it much, perhaps, but still a poet. Few of his associates have realized this, but it is true, and is easily susceptible of proof. Many a poet is born to blush unseen, as a poet who didn't say, and there it is irrefragable and irrefutable: Blush—pink—unseen—pshaw!—it's too easy.

A REPORTER FIRST.

The conception of friends and associates of Mr. Johnson have, and the great baseball public, is that when he is performing his specialty of looking wise no man on earth could be as wise as he looks. And if, so be, Johnson has little knowledge of the subject in hand and is waiting for information, he looks wiser than when he knows more. When he knows nothing of the subject in hand he pulls a look of wisdom that would set Solomon back to playing with his A. B. C. blocks.

Johnson came from Athens, Ohio, haloed in history as the home of General Grosvenor, to Cincinnati years ago and became baseball reporter on the old Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. He looked wise then, and for some unknown reason his colleagues in the baseball reporting business called him "Rubber Skull." Presently in the course of his literary labors, Johnson deemed it necessary to throw a few harpoons into John T. Brush, then owner of the Cincinnati Reds. His aim was good. It wasn't long before Brush looked like a porcupine, and talked like a lost soul with its tail caught in the crack of the door.

WHEN PRIDE WENT BEFORE A FALL.

Comiskey was managing the Reds for Brush, and he was Johnson's friend. Comiskey bought the St. Paul Club in the Western League and comiskeyed Brush into taking Johnson as president of the Western League, although Brush owned the Indianapolis club in the same organization. Perhaps it wasn't so hard, for this took Johnson out of Cincinnati. Johnson was elected. Johnson was smart enough to know that Comiskey was and is a baseball genius and did what he was told by Comiskey. Comiskey wanted to expand, and he put a club in Chicago. This brought on a baseball war and resulted in the formation of the American League, with clubs in St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York and so on. It was a hard fight between the National League and the new American, and it was finally compromised by the signing of the National Agreement, which was, in effect, a treaty of peace which made Johnson's American equal

in importance to the older National League and made Johnson one of the biggest baseball men in the country.

NATIONAL COMMISSION.

Under this agreement, which now includes thirty-nine leagues, three hundred and thirty-six clubs and eight thousand players on reserve lists, they formed the court of last appeal in baseball, known as the National Commission. It consists of the presidents of the two big leagues and a third man chosen by them, who is chairman. They have all the baseball power there is. Johnson was on the job when the commission was formed and he chose for the third member, AUGUST HERRMANN OF CINCINNATI.

August Herrmann is a politician with a mad desire to be chairman or president of everything in sight. He is a joiner, loves titles, and is never so happy as when he is covered with badges. Let him have the medals, and he cares not who does the work and has the power.

FATAL QUARREL.

Johnson was skilful. He invented a new title for Herrmann every few days and ran things his own way. Then he quarrelled with Comiskey. It was this way: Johnson and Comiskey were in a party that went hunting up in the big woods on the Flambeau. Johnson had a new gun and a new hunting vest, big enough to be used as a tent in a pitch, with a bow window exposure filled with pockets for shells. He was proud of his gun, and proud of his vest. He boasted about his prowess all the way out.

They breakfasted at Abe's at Field, about half after five in the morning. Here Johnson, looking wise enough, made what Comiskey afterward said was the greatest fox pass of his busy life. He left that vest hanging in the hall while he devastated the ham and eggs. Two of the party took the loaded shells out of Johnson's vest and replaced them with shells that contained no shot—blanks. Usually there is a wild scramble to get on the front seat of the first wagon, for the man who sits there generally can get a dozen or so partridges on the way in to camp. That morning Johnson was accorded the place without protest.

Partridges were plentiful. They whirled up in great numbers. Johnson shot twenty or thirty times, but did not get a bird. He thought he wasn't used to the new gun, and the others were sympathetic. Next morning he was still excusing himself and went out with no company but a guide. He shot several times and did not stir a feather. Then he put up a piece of paper on a tree, walked within ten feet of it and let it have both barrels. There was nothing but wads in the shells. He went into camp pale distraught, chagrined and left that night. He blamed Comiskey, who did not do it, and they became enemies.

After a time they shook hands and decided to forget it. Johnson had been fishing and he sent Comiskey a fine bass. Fifteen minutes after Comiskey had the bass—it was a day on which the White Sox, Comiskey's team, were fighting desperately for the pennant—Johnson sent notice suspending Holmes for three days. Holmes the left fielder, who was such a tower of strength to Comiskey.

"What does he want me to do?" yelled Comiskey, "play the bass in the field?"

The fight was renewed. Comiskey was out in the open and on the warpath, and Johnson manoeuvring from safe distances. Johnson lost control of Herrmann, his be-badged National Commissioner, and it looked as if the American League would be wrecked. Then they patched things up "for the good of the game," and Comiskey fell in behind Johnson once more. It was decided to put Herrmann on the commission again, the understanding being that Johnson would vote for him if Herrmann would do as Johnson wanted. Thus Johnson became dictator.

A POLITICIAN.

Whenever you find a company of baseball men who know the game and its politics you will find harsh critics of Johnson and his methods, and warm defenders. Johnson is a politician. He never gets out with an axe or a baseball bat and fights. He never tackles an open foe. He gets his results by politics, and he has more results by his personal credit than any of the others. He compels good behaviour by umpires and players in his league, for which he deserves well of the baseball public. His organization is well conducted and his politics has attained everything wanted by his league. He is loyal to his league, and is the biggest figure in present day baseball.

GIBSON CASE ADJOURNED.

St. John, March 29.—The case of the Royal Trust company and others vs. Alex. Gibson Railway and Manufacturing Co., and others was before the Chief Justice a few minutes today and adjourned until April 1

Our Easter Sale

:: Still Continues ::

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MANTELL KNOCKED OUT;
ALLAN DRAWS WITH WALSH

Boston, Mass., March 29. — Frank Klaus, of Pittsburg, knocked out Frank Mantell, of Pawtucket, in the ninth round of their bout at the Armory A. A. tonight. Mantell had the affair won on points up to the middle of the sixth round when an uppercut to the jaw put him down for the count. In the eighth, another uppercut drove him half way through the ropes and a left hook brought the Pawtucket man to the mat. He struggled to his feet and managed to stay the round out. In the ninth, a succession of hard punches, followed by another right uppercut to the jaw, put Mantell out for keeps.

Woonsocket, R. I., March 29.—The come back of Jimmy Walsh, of Boston, in the final round of his bout with Billy Allen, the Canadian bantam-weight champion, was the feature of a great exhibition of boxing here last night. It was agreed that if both men were on their feet at the end, the decision would be a draw; but Walsh's great work in the final round would have entitled him to this, though he was outclassed in every department of the game in the previous rounds.

Until the 10th Allen made Walsh look like a beginner in ring generalship.

U. N. B. 49, ST. ANDREWS 18

St. Andrews, N. B., March 29.—(Special)—The U. N. B. basketball team defeated the Shamrocks of this place 49 to 18 last night. The game in spite of the onesided score was a good one. The college team scored 31 points in the second half. The U.N.B. team had its regular line-up. The match against Milltown tonight will be the last one of the tour of the visiting team.

BOUTS THIS WEEK.

Wednesday—Young Dyson vs. Eddie Carr, Lymanville, R. I.; Paddy Sullivan vs. Sammy Smith, New York; Joe Gregg vs. Billy Grupp, Oakland, Cal.

Thursday—Phil Cross vs. Harry Phillips and Tommy Maloney vs. Danny Goodman, New York; bouts at American A. C.

Friday—Amateur tournament at Boston; Owen Moran vs. Abe Attell, New York; Kid Sheehan vs. Mike Cunningham, Manchester, N.H.; Dick Fitzpatrick vs. Danny Goodman near Chicago.

Saturday—Ray Bronson vs. Frank Picata, New Orleans.

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