

A Real Underwear Sale

LENNON & GIBBONS LIBRARY BUILDING SEVENTH & WABASHA.

There are Imitators

Winter Underwear Cornered!

Our audacious and successful corner on Winter Underwear has spurred imitators. And they try in vain, for we have THE CREAM OF THE MARKET.

We sold more underwear yesterday than all the stores in St. Paul have sold in a month. You heard of the deal? We bought the two greatest stocks of High-Grade Underwear in the West.

WE BOUGHT FOR SPOT CASH.

The entire stock of Underwear of Lindeke, Warner and Schurmier, St. Paul, largest jobbers of underwear in the West.

The entire stock of Underwear of Dessaner & Engel, of Chicago, largest mill agents of underwear manufacturers in the world.

No such deal has been made in the underwear market in years. We bought at mill cost and competitors will make desperate attempts to imitate. These two stocks include practically all the High-Grade Underwear in the market. The houses we bought from are guaranties of the goods; the prices we bought at are warrant for the unheard of prices.

9,362 Men's Undershirts.

9,336 Pairs Men's Drawers.

Every Yarn in the Lot is Wool.

There Are All Colors and Sizes.

They Are All High-Grade.

Only Three Suits to a Customer During This Sale.

Lot No. 1--10 cases. . . .

Men's Fine Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, easily worth 75 cents, for 35c

Lot No. 2--12 cases. . . .

25 Varieties--Men's Shirts and Drawers in fine wool; worth \$1.00, for 49c

Lot No. 3--10 cases. . . .

High grade Shirts and Drawers, some odd sizes; worth \$1.25, for 65c

THINK OF THESE PRICES AND THE COMING WINTER.

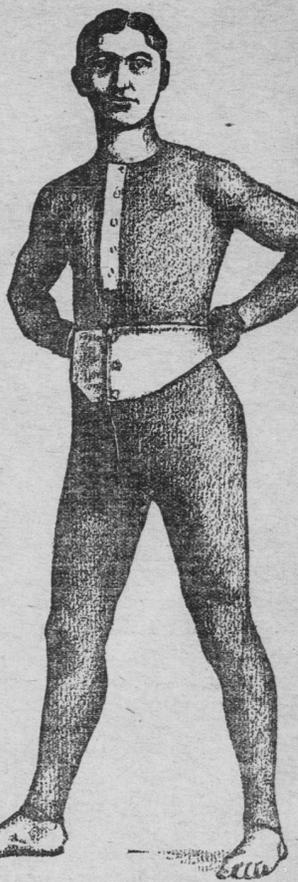
Lot No. 4--10 Cases . . .

12 different styles, colors and kinds, easily worth \$1.50, for 89c

Lot No. 5--10 Cases . . .

9 various kinds, highest grades--the best products of high-class mills. Worth \$2.00, for \$1.21

Look in That Corner Window--It Contains More Underwear Than All the Other Stores in Town.



GOSSIP OF THE PRIZE RING

JIM CORBETT'S LATEST BULLETIN TO THE PRESS REVIEWED BY LOU HOUSEMAN

MAHER AGAIN BOBBING UP

Talk of a Match Between Him and Bob Armstrong--Walcott Looking for Another Fight.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12--(Special.)--There is an old proverb relative to the constant turning up of a bad penny that comes to the mind with startling distinctness when Jim Corbett's latest bulletin to a much ill-used press is taken into consideration. The gentleman par excellence of all pugilists has warped his distorted mind into a new channel of thought, and announced his intention of returning to active service in the ring.

This is the same Corbett who, a few days ago, declared that he was through with pugilism and its vortices forever. In the glimmer of the limelight, the congenial society of the green room he showed he would seek the recognition of his prowess for which his soul hungered and which the wiser followers of the game of fistfights unanimously refused to accord him. That he did not keep his word carried no surprise among those who have watched the spasmodic wriggings of this most hysterical of heavyweights in his endeavors to keep within the focus of the public camera. Nobody expected that he would retire, nobody dared to hope that such a goodly streak of luck would ever brighten the clouds which at present enshroud the pugilistic situation in the effete East.

With the scandal taint of his connubial troubles and the Kid McCoy fiasco clinging to his besmirched garments, James J. will continue to issue challenges and abuse his contemporaries in the game pugilistic for many a weary day to come. Corbett has, however, reached the point where his silly vapors have ceased to attract the serious attention of fight critics. Pugilistically, he is dead. He is not even passing, for he has already passed. He is the late Mr. Corbett. But like some unquiet ghost that refuses to be laid by hook or bell he still intrudes his unwelcome presence into the merry company of live and active pugns, and endeavors to persuade them and himself that he is still a prominent exponent of the profession of which he has been so long a doubtful ornament.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to take "Gentleman" Jim is as a joke, a rather feeble joke to be sure, a total unnecessary, superannuated joke, a joke of maudlin cast and exaggerated dimensions, but none the less a joke pure and simple. It is at all events the most merciful view to take of James and his erotic love of notoriety. The paralytic humor of the widely advertised Corbett joke is of a nature calculated to awake disgust rather than merriment among its unhappy victims. Although a joke, however, it should be treated as one. Let the public at large cease to take Corbett seriously and the all-healing hand of Time may gradually push him into oblivion. It has often been said of some worthy descendant, "He shall never look upon his like again." That the same remark may be true of the ex-champion of the heavyweights is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

There is some talk of a match being made between Peter Maher and Bob Armstrong. The latter has always manifested a strong desire to do battle with

the big Irishman, and several times a deal has been almost closed between them, but something always happened to spoil the agreement. Just at present it looks as though matters may be brought to a climax, and the brawny Celt and giant giant consent to don the gloves for a twenty-five-round argument.

A fight between these men should prove an excellent drawing card. Maher on account of his extreme aggressiveness is always a favorite with ring followers and the tall back has usually given a good account of himself whenever he has put up his hands in a ring. Of the two, Armstrong is the most scientific boxer. He possesses a long range left that can do good work on occasions and is fairly shifty on his feet. Like many other clever boxers, however, Armstrong works better in training quarters than in the ring. It is said that in his daily bouts with Sharkey, when the latter was a member of O'Rourke's stable, he more than held his own with the husky sailor, outfighting him at all points, and even holding his own when "mixing" at close quarters, Sharkey's favorite style of warfare. How Armstrong would figure against the sailor in a ring is another question. It is altogether probable that he would forget most of his cleverness in a genuine contest with the hardy tar for whom he has always entertained a wholesome respect not entirely unmixer with fear.

Maher is such an inconsistent performer that it would be a difficult task to prophesy just what would happen were he to stack up against Armstrong. The man from Galway may fight a champion one night and the next go down and out before a third rate. Most of his defeats in the ring have been brought about by sheer lack of confidence on the part of the Celt.

Let him entertain the least fear of an adversary and he is virtually whipped before he enters the ring. But with the assurance strong in his mind that he can best an opponent, Peter will fight like a wildcat and rush his man relentlessly, from start to finish. Maher was never a good pugilist. Even in the early part of his career in the ring when boxing as an amateur in Ireland, he has been known to pull the gloves off in disgust, when opposed to a clever boxer on whom he found it impossible to land a touch of fair-heartedness has always been present in his make-up, and is in evidence to the present day. But it is not likely that Maher is in the slightest degree afraid of Armstrong. On form he is very much the superior of the negro pugilist, and with that consolation to cheer him, should not have much trouble in disposing of his prospective opponent if they ever cross arms in the squared circle.

Judging from the poor showing made by Matty Matthews against Jack Bennett in a six-round bout in Philadelphia one night last week, a good many of the fight fans prophesy an easy victory for Rube Ferns over the redoubtable Matty when they meet at Detroit on Oct. 16. Still it should be remembered that as no decision can be given in the Quaker City, Matthews may have held himself in reserve somewhat, and declined to take chances by going after his opponent in aggressive style. So long as he manages to stay the six rounds scheduled no defeat could be chalked up against him. Fully aware of this fact, and having in view his coming engagement with the welterweight champion, Matthews in all likelihood played safety, and refused to run the risk of injuring his hands by swinging those useful members in injudicious fashion at Bennett's hard head.

ing the last year, and is fighting in excellent form. Matthews certainly has not improved. If anything, he has retrograded. Moreover he is handicapped by the memory of the thrashing he received from Ferns when they last exchanged counter hits, and will hardly face his conqueror with as much confidence as he possessed on a former occasion. If the Rube is in good condition, it looks as though he should successfully resist any attempt that Matthews is capable of making to deprive him of his well won laurels.

Joe Walcott's manager is still making vain attempts to match his dusky bruiser with the awe-inspiring Walcott is Jim Jeffords, of California. A Hartford club having offered a purse for this pair, they will probably come together in the near future.

Walcott is quite good enough to crush the pugilistic aspirations of Jeffords inside of one round. The latter is one of the worst breaks that California has made in its fighting history for many moons. He is slow and clumsy, and although possessed of a giant frame and great strength is practically useless as a pugilist. Peter Maher stopped him in a hurry in Philadelphia not very long ago, and he has never yet made anything like a commendable showing in front of a good man. About the best of his performances in the East was the knocking out Al Weing, the Buffalo cycling pugilist, in a long drawn out battle. As Billy Sitt put Weing away in something like thirty seconds before a North side club, in this city, a fair idea of Jeffords' fistic ability may be gained therefrom by the form students.

Jeffords has not one chance in a thousand with Walcott, but will probably score a good loss' end by taking a few punches from Joe's massive fists. It is a plain case of "either get whipped or go to work," and where is the pugilistic of the name that would not prefer the former alternative?

L. M. Houseman.

SPORTING NEWS.

Do you read the sporting page of the Daily Globe? It is proportionately as good as what you find here every Sunday. If you are interested in any branch of sporting the Globe is the paper you want every day.

Advertisement for 'If Feverish' medicine, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

BROOKLYN WINS THE FLAG

DEFEATED NEW YORK IN THE FINAL GAME OF THE SEASON

PIRATES COME IN SECOND

Beaten in Their Last Game, and Only Saved From a Shut-Out by "Giggs" Donahue.

Table showing game statistics for Brooklyn vs New York, including runs, hits, and errors.

GAMES SCHEDULED FOR TODAY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12--Brooklyn beat New York in the final game of the season at the polo grounds this afternoon. The Champions had made six runs in the eighth inning when the game was called. Until then Taylor pitched good ball. Both teams are dead in the series, with a win of ten games each. Attendance 1,200. Score:

Table showing game statistics for Brooklyn vs New York, including runs, hits, and errors.

First base on errors, Brooklyn 5, New York 1; left on bases, Brooklyn 5, New York 4; first bases on balls, off Howell 4, off Taylor 3; struck out, by Howell 4, sacrifice hit, Davis; double play, Davis (unassisted); two-base hits, Jennings, Vance, Halton, Doyle; Umpire, Snyder; time, 1:15.

ST. LOUIS IN SIXTH.

Pitcher Jones Responsible for Cincinnati's Defeat. ST. LOUIS, Oct. 12--Jones twirled in fine form today, although he was poorly supported. The locals hit hard and at opportune times. Attendance 1,100. Score:

Table showing game statistics for St. Louis vs Cincinnati, including runs, hits, and errors.

PHILADELPHIA CLOSING THE SEASON UNDER THE 500 MARK.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12--The baseball season closed here today, Philadelphia easily defeating Boston. The members of both teams were anxious to get away, and consequently the play moved with commendable celerity. Score:

Table showing game statistics for Philadelphia vs Boston, including runs, hits, and errors.

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Game called on account of rain. Earned runs, Philadelphia 3; two-base hits, Slagle, Flick 2; Chiles; stolen bases, Flick, Chiles; double plays, Cross to Dalton to Chiles 2; first on errors, Philadelphia 2; Boston 2; first base on balls, off Lewis 4; Bernhard 4; left on bases, Philadelphia 4; Boston 3; passed ball, Sullivan; wild pitch, Bernhard; time, 1:15; umpire, Hurst; attendance, 1,200.

RACING ON THE SPEEDWAY.

Some Good Contests Between Speedy Trotters and Pacers Yesterday. It was much like a summer day on the speedway yesterday afternoon, and not even mosquitoes were lacking to complete the illusion. The sport, while it lasted, was good, but the brushes were fewer than usual, owing to the comparatively small turn out of owners with fast horses.

The "check-of-the-walk" was undoubtedly Fred Schroeder, who with his speedy Maude B, easily distanced all comers after the first warming-up heat.

Next came H. Farley, who, with Floretta Wilkes, won several exciting heats from Little Mark, driven by S. Martin. Harry Scrowley was there with Sparks, and won a closely contested heat against J. H. Grosbeck, of Rochester, Minn., who was behind Annie D, a grey pacer with very pretty action.

John Dowd was there with Mite, who has a two-year-old record of 2:28. He had a spectacular race with a Minne-

APOLLO TEAM DRIVEN BY ROBERT SALTER AND W. J. YOUNG.

The latter pair had Elinu and Billy S, as well matched a team as has been seen on the speedway this year. Mr. Dowd held his own for most of the distance, but the team finally pulled away and won by several lengths.

C. H. Peterson and John Jenkins were another pair who had some sharp heats, honors being about equally divided. The former drove Guy and the latter a horse named Dan.

Among those in the turnout were Anton Mieson, with Kalfwasha; A. F. Davis, with Nelly By; Charles Thompson, with a natty team; C. B. Bronson and T. Irving, the latter driving a spanking team.

Racing was over shortly after 4 o'clock, and the Capital City Driving club members scattered, to drive wherever fancy might dictate. It was a pleasant outing, and the day could not have been better.

OPENING DAY AT NEWPORT.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 12--The fall meeting of the Quaker City Jockey club opened today at Newport under most favorable conditions. The weather was delightful and the attendance large. The finishes in the majority of the events created great excitement among the spectators. Starter Jake Holtman did excellent work with the flag. Jackson Smith acted as presiding judge. Track fair. Summaries:

Second race, seven furlongs, Selling--Pauline J. won, Calocan second, Troubadour third. Time, 1:22 1/2. Third race, five furlongs--Clorita won, Port Wine second, School for Scandal third. Time, 1:18 1/2. Fourth race, mile--John Yerkes won, John Halsey second, Wine Press third. Time, 1:41 1/2. Fifth race, mile and a sixteenth, selling--Nette Resent won, the Sluggard second, Miss Sook third. Time, 1:23 1/2. Sixth race, seven furlongs--Larkspur won, Violet Parsons second, Marion Lynch third. Time, 1:27 1/2.

WINNERS AT HARTEN.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12--Weather clear; track fast. Summaries: First race, five and one-half furlongs--Goebel won, Hermoso second, Jim Gore II third. Time, 1:07 1/2. Second race, seven furlongs--Fancy Wood won, William Ack second, Wall third. Time, 1:28 1/2. Third race, mile and one-eighth miles, selling--Found won, Precursor second, Knight Banneret third. Time, 1:33 1/2. Fourth race, five furlongs--La Caribby won, John Wreath second, Amoroso third. Time, 1:18 1/2. Fifth race, four furlongs--Bessie Mecklin won, Dollie Weithoff second, Sharp Bird third. Time, 58-2-5. Sixth race, one mile--Chapqua won, Cognosee second, Aurea third. Time, 1:40.

HARRY VARDON BEATEN.

NEWTON, Mass., Oct. 12--For the second time during his stay in this country Harry Vardon, winner of the United States open championship, was defeated by Bernard Nichols this afternoon on the Braeburn links at West Newton. Nichols was one up on Vardon at the close of the morning play, and managed to keep ahead or even with his opponent during the remainder of the day.

OSCAR GARDNER OUTPOINTED.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12--Oscar Gardner was defeated in a six-round contest tonight with Ole Olson, of Chicago, in the Chicago Athletic club. Olson had the better of it all the way through, and in the fourth round scored a clean knock-down. Olson was given the decision on points.

TAKE IN EASTERN CLUBS

AMERICAN BASEBALL LEAGUE IS ADOPTING A POLICY OF EXPANSION

Washington and Baltimore Are the Plans That the American Magnates Are Now Seeking for Their Own.

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