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To Save Money

AT THE "BIG 22"

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and Save Money

The Builders are busy on the job. The Electricians, the Painters, are all rushing through with the work. Greater bargains in Men's Suits and Overcoats, Trousers, Underwear, Fine Shirts, Gloves and Mitts, Hats and Caps, Suspenders, Neckwear, Sweater Coats, Work Shirts, Night Robes and Pyjamas. Take our advice. Buy now—at less than the mill prices.

Men's Suits and Overcoats At Wonderfully LOW PRICES

Men's Suits & Overcoats	Men's Suits & Overcoats	Men's Suits & Overcoats	Men's Suits & Overcoats
\$9.95	\$11.95	\$13.95	\$15.95
INSTEAD OF \$15.00	INSTEAD OF \$16.50	INSTEAD OF \$18.00	INSTEAD OF \$20 AND \$22.

The styles are Men's and Young Men's Models — New attractive Patterns all in the new and most wanted colorings. Come on Saturday and Make Your Choice.

Men's Odd Trousers on Sale Saturday Morning at 9 o'Clock

LOT I—Men's Work Pants, dark stripe cotton worsted; while they last, only \$1.75	LOT II—Neat dark stripes, strong wearing materials, regular value \$3.50; on sale \$2.75	LOT III—Men's Fine Striped Trousers, 4.50, now \$3.50
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English Worsted materials, neat stripes; regular price \$3.50; on sale

Don't Miss These Saturday Furnishing Bargains

Hundreds of Men's Fine Shirts on Sale

Light and dark colorings, stiff or soft cuffs, coat styles; size 14 to 17 1-2; worth \$1.25; on sale, only each 87c	Fancy stripes, good wearing materials, soft cuffs, worth \$1.50 on sale, only each 98c	W. G. and R. and Tooke's makes old quality materials, soft double cuffs, worth up to \$2.00; Alteration Sale price, only, each \$1.29
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Men's Linen Collars are Going Up—Buy a dozen Here Tomorrow at Old Prices

Men's Underwear at Less Than Mill Prices

Men's Fleece Lined Underwear Good heavy quality fleece, will be \$1.00 next season; Buy now, while the price is only 69c	Men's Heavy Ribbed Wool Tiger Brand, the old quality Shirts and Drawers, worth, \$1.25, on sale 89c
Men's Scotch Knit Underwear Penman's make, shirts and drawers, worth \$1.00 a garment at the mill; while they last, only 89c	Men's Fine Ribbed Underwear Suitable weight for spring, Watson's make, shirts and drawers; worth \$1.50; on sale, only 98c

WILES & QUINLAN THE "BIG 22"

Live Store For Men and Boys

New York Fandom Does Not Think Ty Cobb Would Help Huggins Build Team

Belief in Big City is That Georgian Does Too Much Individual Work to Help in Getting Well-Balanced Club

New York, Feb. 26.—Tyrus Raymond Cobb to become a Yankee sounds like some of our best February baseball fiction. The evidence in the case is (from a baseball reporter's viewpoint) that Miller Huggins is suspiciously incoherent when questioned about the matter; that he has been seen in conference with Frank Navin, president of the Tigers, and that the Yankees need an outfielder—three of them, if possible. Nothing more.

Presuming there is an actual possibility of obtaining the Jewel of Georgia, it is doubtful if it would pay in the long run. If Huggins wants to make a flash for one season Cobb might make it for him. If the mite manager seriously proposes to build a ball team into a cohesive unit that always will be in the fight—silk Mack constructed the Athletics—the percentage is against him if he takes over Cobb.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb occupies an especial niche in baseball. He is bigger than any team he plays with; yet his uncommon ability is not great enough to successfully combat the finest thing about pennant-winning teams, which is balance.

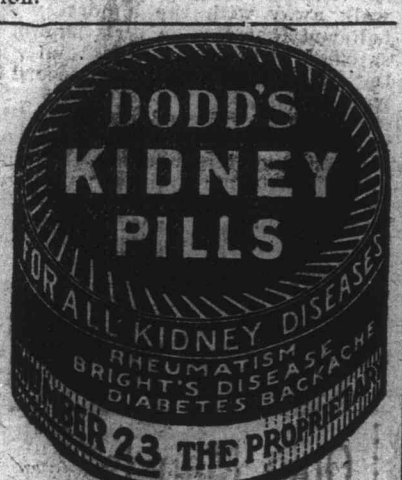
Cobb Plays Overt Game. Those who attempt even a superficial analysis of Detroit's play must reach a hasty conclusion that Cobb plays pretty much his own game and lets the rest of his team go hang. He is not, in other words, amenable to team play, and hasn't been for years. He is the "gate"

attraction with the Tigers, the biggest single card in all of baseball, and he is aware of the fact, which is natural. Cobb has created record upon record. When he is in pursuit of a new mark team play has been sacrificed to the fires of personal ambition and Hughie Jennings has been made to look like a fearfully inadequate manager. Perhaps a relevant question is whether Cobb has made Jennings seem like a bloomer as a manager, or is Jennings normally lacking in that capacity? Jennings seems to be a deficient judge of pitching and one who is utterly unacquainted with the precepts of team play. Detroit's games for years have been: Dush get on, and Cobb, Crawford, and Veach "hit him around." If they, in addition, hit themselves around, so much the better. But where fitness has meant the difference between winning and losing ball the Red Sox, White Sox or old Athletics usually could be counted on to outguess the Tigers.

Catering to Cobb's Whims. As Cobb became more and more the star of the Tigers, those who have played with him say, Jennings was forced to cater to his whims and prejudices to keep peace in the family. In the early days, when the Junglers grabbed off three pennants, Cobb was one of several terrific hitting batsmen who kept his team in the van. But he was not the star then—as he has been since. And it is more or less relevant that since he has been the star the

Tigers have never got any place. It is perhaps unfair to blame this on Cobb. Certainly if all of Jennings' players had been as efficient as he Detroit would win nothing but pennants. On the other hand, there are many who believe the Tigers would have gone farther if Cobb's play had been "regulated." Perhaps Miller Huggins would find ways of making Cobb more valuable to his team than Jennings has been able to.

After 14 years of pre-eminence, during which all of his desires have been gratified, and during which he has not figured as a cog in team work, as Eddie Collins and other stars have, we doubt if he would be of permanent value to the Yankees insofar as building them up is concerned. At first he would be a curiosity; they would pay big at the gate; then a commonplace. Taking his work with the Tigers as criterion, we doubt if Tyrus Raymond's association with the Yankees would make them a well balanced team. Which is presenting a long, gratuitous opinion on what looks like a piece of midwinter baseball fiction.



Sporting Comment

BOXING—THEN AND NOW.

(By Otto Floto)
As we walked the grandstand this morning the apparition of a middleweight long ago counted out by the Great Referee sat on our typewriter, overcome by the quail of what he had read in the paper that morning. Unusually the spectator awaited our coming to begin the daily grind which provides the three squares and other necessities of life.

"Whaddja think of that?" asked the spirit, "Willard wants \$50,000, win, lose or draw, to battle ten rounds to a no-decision ending."

We, too, expressed our astonishment at the demand, when the visitor opened up with: "In my days I was fighting finish battles for a side bet of \$250 and was glad to get it. In that day we thought more of wild brag than of the most persistent pawnbroker ever was. It's to the devil with the decision now. So far as they are concerned, only the safety of the guarantee is considered. Taking chances on allowing the element of real sportsmanship to enter into negotiations now, is as foreign to them as mastering the Arabic language. And the paradox of it all—the dear, indulgent public stands for them and contributes their mite to these boys with the Shylockean tactics. And who's to blame? The fighter or the public? We believe the censure and reproach rest

on the shoulders of D.P., don't you?"

Fitz Was Indifferent
"When we look over the great record of the late Bob Fitzsimmons and note the many knockouts it contains, we wonder how the present crop of middleweights has the audacity to allow comparisons between themselves and the departed freckled one," went on the apparition.

"Many times comparisons are odious," we ventured, "and this seems to be one of those occasions. It's only seven years back, for instance, that Johnson and Jeffries fought for the heavyweight title, and there was a winner and loser's and attached to the agreement. The purse was split sixty to the winner and forty per cent to the loser. Picture our presentist is a man who, when he falls, in curl'd champion! Satisfy any such the word, thinks of himself as being chances! It's so much paid in hand, in the swim. The world knows I'll win, lose or draw now. Is it any into the soup when I competed with

wonder we are losing our penchant for worshipping false idols as we did in days of yore?"

Appears to us we will have to harvest an entire new crop of statisticians before the conditions of real sportsmanship again dwell with us. Only one or two of the present champions are worth the price they are paid, and the most prominent of this lot is Benny Leonard, who always delivers the goods when he bargains to do so.

Freddie Welsh Coming Back
Freddie Welsh, former lightweight champion, shoots us the following via one of your Uncle Samuel's gray uniformed messenger chaps:

"Friend Otto: My friend, Elbert Hubbard, taught me that an optimist is a man who, when he falls, in curl'd champion! Satisfy any such the word, thinks of himself as being chances! It's so much paid in hand, in the swim. The world knows I'll win, lose or draw now. Is it any into the soup when I competed with

Benny Leonard in my last match, and my opponent fell and the world will see me swim out of it soon. I have been promised a match with Leonard, because I am entitled to a chance to regain my laurels. "My health" (arm) is progressing wonderfully, and I have succeeded in working up a waiting list for entry to the home. The mild boxing with my patients and the numerous boxing exhibitions at military training camps for the past six months have been most beneficial, and I am confident of staging a successful comeback."

CUBA WANTS HER SUGAR
By Courier-Lensed Wire. —Long list of sugar for Mexican and Spanish ports has been stopped by order of the inspector-general of the port under instructions said to have come from President Menocal.

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BACHELOR CIGAR

Say "Bachelor" when you want a really good cigar. Clear Havana filler. Finest Sumatra Wrapper. An imported value at a domestic price.

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Pa's appointed keeper of the seal

THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S

—By Wellington

