

Tommy's Tackle

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER
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Thomas Stevenson, better known as Tommy, left college with a fair knowledge of mechanical engineering and a disposition to meet life good naturedly. Incidentally Tommy carried away a well developed set of muscles and left behind him the reputation of being the surest tackler that had played on the university eleven.

The head coach measured every man's worth by his ability to play football.

"Tommy will never be a great player," he said regretfully. "He's too slow in his running. But he certainly is the hardest tackler I ever met. It's my belief Tommy would jar a freight engine if he made a good plunge at it."

After Tommy's graduation his uncle offered him a position at the Walnut mines.

"It will do the boy good," said the uncle, "and knock some of the college nonsense out of him."

Tommy was far from regarding his college education as nonsense, but he was anxious to get a practical knowledge of mining, so he accepted the position without discussing with his uncle the value of a collegiate training. His principal duties at the mine were to keep track of the time the men worked and the number of tons of coal brought out of the mine. This was not exactly the work Tommy had looked forward to while in college, but he accepted the situation philosophically.

"I want to find out all about the business," thought Tommy cheerfully, "and the best way is to get what I can out of the job I'm on. Something better will turn up later."

Because he was big and good natured and free from egotism everybody at the mines liked Tommy. It was one of the boasts of the Walnut mine owners that they had never had a strike. When the miners in the Quincy mines across the river went out, the Walnut miners refused to join them, so one morning a deputation was sent over to rouse a sympathetic strike. The strikers' deputation was led by "Big Bill" Tomlinson. Bill was over six feet tall, weighed 250 pounds and had the reputation of being the best boxer and wrestler in that district. Unless he had been drinking, however, Bill was good natured and not given to abusing his strength. On this particular morning Bill had felt that his position as the leader of the strikers called on him to



Bill came down with a heavy fall. A few drinks. He was not intoxicated, but his potatoes had greatly increased his sense of his own dignity.

When the strikers arrived, Tommy was sitting alone in the office at the entrance to the mines. Tommy knew Bill by sight.

"Hello," said Tommy cheerily. "What's up this morning?" "We're from the Quincy mines," answered Bill, speaking slowly and with an attempt at impressiveness. "You know we are on strike, and we have been sent over as a committee to see your men and get them to join us. We're going down in the mines and have a talk with them."

"It's against the rules for any one to go in the mines without a pass from the superintendent," objected Tommy. "Rules! Rules!" thundered Bill, his voice and temper rising. "What do we care for rules? We're going in the mine, and we're going now too."

Tommy was perplexed. In a drawer of his desk lay a revolver meant for use in such emergencies, but Tommy didn't want to use it. Bill wasn't a kind sort of fellow at heart, and he had a family depending upon him. Moreover, Tommy felt a healthy young athlete's aversion to the use of deadly weapons. One thing was certain, no one was going down that mine without permission while he, Thomas Stevenson, had any breath in his body.

"Why don't you apply at the superintendent's office?" he asked, determined to delay the crisis as long as possible. "Maybe he would let you have the passes."

"Maybe he would telephone for the police," sneered Bill. "No, young fellow, don't give us any steer of that sort. We haven't anything against you and don't want to hurt you, but we're going down the mine and going right now."

"Guess again," replied Tommy, with a sly cheerfulness. Even if they did

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pound him there was no use in feeling bad before he was hurt. "No passes, no entrance, is the rule of this game."

Bill's temper was now fully aroused. Should he, the leader of the strikers, be thwarted by a young fellow just out of college? From the door to the spot where Tommy was standing was about twenty feet, and Bill came forward with a rush.

As Tommy saw the big miner rushing at him there flashed through his mind the memory of a November afternoon when the Yale center rush had broken through the line and, ball under his arm, was plunging toward the goal. Tommy's tackle had saved the day then. Perhaps it would work again.

"Low and hard is the word," thought Tommy, and, setting his teeth and gathering every muscle in his body for the spring, he plunged forward.

The beauty about a skillfully executed football tackle is that the harder the other man is coming forward the more violently he is thrown. Bill had plunged forward with all the force of every ounce of muscle in his big body. Tommy caught him just above the knees and threw a little twist into the tackle. It had taken the head coach weeks to teach Tommy that twist. In the end he had learned it thoroughly. Bill was hurled through the air and came down with a heavy jar partly on his left shoulder and partly on his head. Tommy extricated himself and stood ready to meet the rush of strikers which he thought was coming. Bill stayed on the floor.

But the rush of strikers didn't come. Instead they stared in open mouthed amazement first at Tommy, who was standing with the blood running from a little cut on his lip and a cheerful, expectant look on his face, and then at the prostrate Bill. One of the miners gave a little chuckle.

"Did you see the way the kid threw Bill?" he said admiringly. "He certainly is a winner."

Bill rose to his feet slowly and painfully, with a look on his face not of anger, but of utter surprise. Tommy stood alert, not looking for trouble, but ready to meet it if it came. But Bill's intentions were peaceable. He extended his hand to Tommy, gazing at him with a new found respect.

"Shake hands, Tommy," said he. "It's all right about the mine. I don't believe any of us want to go down today. It might not be healthy. But, Tommy," he added, "they certainly did



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learn you more in your school than reading, writing and figuring."

And Bill and his followers trudged peacefully away from the Walnut mines.

Tommy related the incident to his uncle that evening. The latter was indignant at the audacity of the strikers in daring to interfere with his mines.

"Some one ought to complain to the police."

"I don't believe I shall," replied Tommy thoughtfully. "I can't see that I have anything to complain of. And Bill, while not exactly content, seemed fully satisfied."

The Indian Experimented.

A missionary in charge of a small church on the Indian reservation at Onondaga held evening services for his people at which subjects upon which he lectured were not strictly religious. One evening when the little building was well filled with braves and their squaws he described the solar system and told them that the earth revolved about the sun and also turned over once in every twenty-four hours.

Early the next morning the priest was awakened by a knock. He opened the door to find a big Indian wrapped in a blanket standing on the porch. "Why, Ohagan?" he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?"

"Missionary lied," grunted the Indian.

"I lied? What do you mean?" "Missionary say world turn over every night. Injun go home, set up stick, put apple on stick. If world turn over, apple fall off. This morning apple on stick. Missionary lied. Hah!" And with this parting grunt he strode down the path, unheeding the priest's calls.

Quite Different.

In some parts of Canada it is customary to call the justice of the peace or local magistrate "squire." One of these worthies, a very estimable man, who always enjoyed a good story, even if it were at his own expense, used to be fond of relating an experience he once had with an uneducated English farmer.

After transacting some business the "squire" and the Englishman sat down to enjoy a smoke together. When they had lighted their pipes, the stolid Britisher started the conversation by remarking, "I notice as 'ow folks calls you the 'squire'."

"That's because I am a justice of the peace," replied the Canadian.

"Things is so different at 'ome," "Indeed?"

"Yes, in England a squire—w-y, bless your 'eart, a squire, 'e's a gentleman!"

In the Wrong Shop.

An individual who from his clothes and the dinner pail which he carried appeared to be a laboring man recently walked into a drugstore in Eleventh avenue and requested to be given a marriage license.

"You'll have to go to the city hall to get that," said the druggist.

"I don't see why. Isn't my money good here? I'm in a hurry too."

"We don't handle that kind of license," answered the druggist.

"Well, I was told I could get one here sure, and that justice won't marry me without a license," angrily snapped the fellow as he walked out.

The druggist said that people often came in with requests that would make a stone man smile. "And if you laugh they get mad," he concluded.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SHORT STORIES.

The total capital invested in railways and canals in Canada is \$1,100,000,000.

Twenty states in this country made pig iron last year as against twenty-one in 1899 and 1900.

The average daily output of the New York state pulp mills is 2,600 tons, or nearly half the total American production.

In the estimation of a South Carolina paper the southern people consider Robert E. Lee "the greatest figure" of the war and Jefferson Davis the figure "most typical" of the lost cause.

The Rocky mountain locust, or grasshopper, in 1874 destroyed \$100,000,000 worth of crops of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, and the indirect loss was probably a much more.

In recent experiments with a submerged bell for signaling to ships from dangerous coasts an eight hundred pound bell was struck with a fifty pound weight falling a foot. The sounds were startlingly distinct on board vessels a mile away.

CYNICISMS.

Kin klays are never in earnest. We always try to steer clear of those whose conversation is said to be "elevating."

Give a girl all the athletic sport she wants. In a few years sweeping will be her golf and dishwashing her ping-pong.

The world seems to be divided into two classes—those who board and envy those who keep house and those who keep house and envy the boarders.

When a man passes seventy, his women folks begin to make changes about the house without consulting him. If they have a sneaking contempt for him, they don't wait until he is so old.—Aitchison Globe.

AS THE BOSTON TWIG IS BENT. Boston School Teacher. No. 108 Emerson Atkinson, you should not say "Fawcett." Rather you should speak thus:—"Father has taken it."

He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.

LOSS OF APPETITE



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F. D. LAURIE, Local Manager