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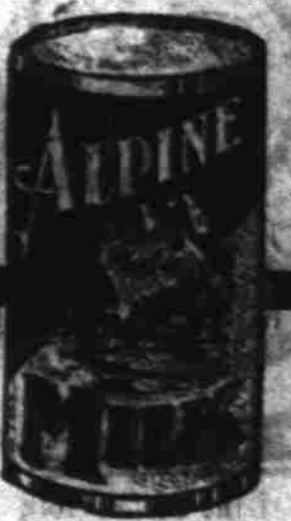
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### CUB REPORTER COMES TO GRIEF WHEN TACKLING FOOTBALL STORY

BY THE CUB REPORTER.

The Sporting Editor and the Sob Miss had just gotten married and had gone away for a three-month's honeymoon trip, and the City Editor had a worse grouch on than ever.

"That's just my luck," he said, as he threw some copy marked "hed to kum" in the box; "to have the sport scribe go and get married at the beginning of the football season, and leave it all to me to get somebody to cover the games. Talk about a person having hard luck I'll be the subject of conversation. I actually believe that if it would start to rain soup I would be outside with a fork."

During all this time the Cub Reporter had been sitting quietly at his desk, pounding out a story on "How Free Lunches Have Benefitted Humanity." As he arose and walked over to turn it in, the City Editor spoke to him:

"Willie," he said, "seeing that the athletic genius of this sheet has tied himself up in the bonds of matrimony and has left for parts unknown to spend three happy months of bliss, it looks very much as if it is up to you to cover the football games."

"That's me," answered the Cub, "but I don't know the first thing about the game. If you would ship me out on something like a game of ping-pong, I could come through with the goods, but as to the gridiron game, I don't know any more about it than a jellyfish does about a clean shirt."

"Well," resumed the C. E., "of course in order to cover the games it will be necessary that you know something of the rudiments of football. If there was anybody else that I could send out on this you wouldn't have to do it, but as there is no one else, you're the goat."

"Do you know the game?" asked the Cub.

"Of course I know the game," answered the City Editor. "Didn't I use to play full when I was going to Hardup College?"

"That's a nice way to play, isn't it?" said the Cub.

"Isn't what a nice way to play?" came back the jinks.

"To play full. Why didn't you go to the game sober?" was the Cub's reply.

"Look here, young man, don't you accuse me of being full," was the angry reply of the C. E. "and—"

"Well, you said it yourself," said the Cub, lighting a pill.

"I didn't mean intoxicated; I mean that I played the position of full back," said the City Editor. "Now if you will listen closely, I will try and give you a few pointers about the game of football. In the first place, the game is played with eleven men on a side, and with a leather-covered ball called a pig-skin."

"Oh, this is a skin game, then?" broke in the Cub.

"Certainly not," said the C. E. "Just keep that hole in your face closed and listen. Four of the men in the team compose the back field, which is the halfback, the fullback, and the quarterback—"

"Are there any hunchbacks in the game?" inquired the Cub.

"Of course there are no hunchbacks in the game," said the City Editor.

"Oh, I see," said the Cub. "The players are hunchbacks after they quit the game. Is that it?"

"Besides the back field, there are seven men on the line. When two teams are ready to play, they line up—"

"Who is going to buy?" broke in the Cub.

"Buy what?" asked the C. E.

"The drinks, of course," said the Cub. "You said that everybody lined up, didn't you?"

"You don't understand what I mean," said the C. E. "They line up in front of each other on the football field. Now the side that has the ball is trying to make a touchdown. Now we will suppose that you are playing halfback on the side that has the ball. You have a number. The quarterback calls your number and at the signal the center passes the ball to the quarterback, who, in turn, passes it to you, and—"

"And I drink it," said the Cub.

"Drink what?" exclaimed the C. E.

"Why, the highball, of course. Did you think I was going to let it pass me?"

"Oh, you boob!" groaned the City Editor. "Who said anything about a highball? I mean football, understand football?"

"I got you, Stephen; resume," said the Cub.

"Now, when you get the ball, you run," continued the C. E. "I haven't done anything," said the Cub.

"You run because you are trying to make a touchdown, and the other team is trying to stop you from doing it," said the jinks. "If they catch you, they throw you down and jump all over you."

"That's nice, isn't it? They pull me down and jump all over me! Is that one of their forms of politeness?" said the Cub.

"Certainly. If you make a touchdown, you are the hero of the game," said the C. E.

"Well, I don't care to be a hero then," answered the Cub.

"Do you think you know a little about the game now?" asked the City Editor.

"Sure I do," said the Cub.

"All right, then. Beat it over to your typewriter and pound me off an explanation of a football game."

The Cub went over to his machine and started in. After a few minutes he placed his copy on the City Editor's desk. He picked it up and read it. It went something like this:

"Football was invented so that there would be some use for collar bones. In the early days the game was played with a plakin inflated with air—sort of a skin game as it were. A football team is composed of eleven men, and always has a halfback, a quarterback and a fullback. There are no hunchbacks in the game but after the game. The man who plays the position of fullback does not necessarily have to be full. That is just the name of the position."

"Every football game is made up of twenty-two players, five hundred doctors and the rest noise. In order to become a football player one must be handsome, have plenty of long curly hair and be able to get the nosebleed at any moment. It is necessary that every player get hurt at some time or other in order to square himself better with the red-headed skirt on whom he spends all his money for violets and sachet powder. Every—"

The City Editor threw down the copy and tore his hair.

"Why," he yelled, "were Cub reporters ever invented?"

"Don't you know?" broke in the Cub. "Why, Cub reporters were invented so that the City Editor would have something on which to vent his wrath!"

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John T. Cameron, a wealthy stock broker of El Paso, Texas, was kidnapped by Mexican rebels while en route to Mexico to purchase cattle. The train was held up on the border, and the mail and express cars looted. It is believed that Cameron is being held for ransom, or to prevent further shipment of stock.

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