

TOMMY O'NEIL - would-be store keeper

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TOMMY THE STOREKEEPER.

For some years the yearning aspiration for a mercantile life, with an us responsibilities and delights, has caused the palpitating bosom of Tommy Oneil, the beau ideal of Goose Nibble, to swell and dilate like a lopsided foot ball. Tommy, who is a dear little bud of nineteen summers, finally resolved to enter the busy marts of trade. To further this very worthy end the young gentleman began operations by securing a key to Robert Whitted's east College street grocery Last night, while the rest of the Goose Nibblers were celebrating Halloween down town the diligent Thomas turned his thoughts to business and his steps to Whitted's grocery. With a large market basket he entered by the false key and proceeded at once to take an inventory of stock, selecting such articles as suited his austhetic taste and depositing them in the basket. He had selected about enough to start a wholesale house on the Nibble when policeman Ed Martin happened along and discovered him. In reply to the interrogatory of the sad faced copper Mr. Oneil calmly stated that he was "keeping store" for Mr. Whitted and with a most polite clerical bow inquired if the minion of the law would like to buy a ham or a sack of Hour on sixty days' time. Officer Martin vouchsafed no answer but very unceremoniously clapped the young man in jail, basket and all. He will go over the road dead sure. The basket contained a choice assortment of chocolate drops, chewing gum, cigarettes, plug tobacco and cove oysters, a menu, which if tackled at one sitting, would have been calculated to place the irresponsible Tommy out of the reach of sheriffs, policemen and irate grocers. - transcribed by kbz