

## THE HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY.

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**The Arizona Howler.**

When Jim Waters and I started in to run *The Arizona Howler*, our capital was worse than limited. Jim was a strolling printer, a travelling correspondent, and an all round newspaper man, who had struck "Happy Flat" and got stranded. I myself had done newspaper work in various capacities, and in my wanderings from place to place, found myself high and dry at the Flat, busted, and being so much alike financially we naturally drifted together.

In talking over our affairs and comparing notes, we came to the conclusion that something had to be done, or we would soon be dining on a diet of fresh air without any desert, except watching the miners at the Flat eat their dinners. Of course we sank from anything like fasting, and who could blame us? Even the heroine in the latest novel, who falls over a bluff six thousand feet high, more or less, and is saved from being dashed to pieces on the rocky bottom by the fortunate and unforeseen chance of her dress catching on the fishing pole of a certain dude who is fishing in the babbling stream that meanders along at the foot of the said bluff, whence the lady had tumbled, even this young lady, who of course is remarkably handsome, must eat.

After she has been carried home tenderly on the shoulders of the aforesaid dude, and has been placed in the arms of her grateful, though distracted, family, (what they were distracted about I never could see, unless it was at seeing the dude) who proceeded to spoil the gentleman's collar by copiously weeping on it, while they waltz the lady off to bed. And then,

what? Why they immediately give her something to eat, while her rescuer, who has been asked to dinner, regales the rest of the family by lying about the forty pound trout that he had on his hook when the young lady struck the pole.

Of course Jim and I had not gone through any of that kind of gymnastics, but, so far as our appetites were concerned, we resembled her enough to be her brothers. Finally we decided we would pool our capital, and on taking an inventory of the same, we found that we were the possessors of four dollars and nine cents (I had the nine cents). As I said before, we concluded something had to be done, and that without delay. So after another conference, and an unuttered though heartfelt prayer that our landlady would trust us for another week's board, we decided to start a newspaper, with this proviso, if Texas Ike, who kept a saloon up by the divide, would trust us for the press and font of type that he had purchased, on one of his trips to Boston, under the fond illusion that it was a patent arrangement for making cider without apples.

However, we waited on that gentleman from the Lone Star State, with whom, after many promises on our part (we had nothing else to give) and an unlimited supply of profanity upon the part of Ike, we were able to come to some sort of a bargain viz., that Texas Ike was to give us the entire outfit, and in consideration thereof, we were to publish a puff of his saloon in every issue, and take off his hands, as an apprentice, a young gent who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Squinty," so-called from a habit of looking both ways at the same time—obliquely, as it were.