University Reading Room

The Holbrook Argus.

VOL VII. HOLBROOK, ARIZONA, MARCH 22, 1902. No. 15

JOURNALISTIC DISASTER

Bill Jones Has Stopped His Paper, Jim, You'd Better Stop the Press

(From Denver (Colo.) Times)

A crowd of subscribers stood in long and lean array
And twiddled with their fingers as they passed the time o' day —
And overhead a little bird with feathers in its wings
Kept warbling of its joys and griefs and various other things.

Adown the line the veterans stood—the halt the lame, the blind—
With grievous troubles resting on the grim, collective mind;
And side by side with him who kicked was she who tore her hair
And softly dropped invectives on the circumambient air.

And while the silent army pressed its way, a grizzled one
Stepped out and made his statement in a voice that weighed a ton,
"I've read this publication fer nigh onto thirty year,"
He said, as he reached up and grabbed a swiftly falling tear.

"An' in that time I've seed it through a thousand torrid fights,
An' worryin' over this here sheet I've lost my sleep o' nights,
Now, I ain't sayin' it's fer me t' say you shall or sha'n't,
Ner am I stickin' on th' p'int o' why you can or can't;
"But when this feller comes eroun' an' looks me in th' eye
An' tells me I ain't paid my bill an' gotter settle, why,
I can't resist a-comin' down an' droppin' this remind:
Thet I'm a constant reader, ef I am a bit behind!"

The circulator sobbed a sob and dropped a briny drop,
And as he viewed the wetness ordered up the office mop;
And loud exclaimed, as he began to weaken at the knees;
"Ah, must I make this journey on a florol bed of ease?"

Awhile the old subsciber stood to let the anguish pass,
And made a toothless mumble, as a penitent at mass;
Then up he rose in anger and he made a vicious sweep
With his right arm and he plunged into a wild rhetoric leap:

He drew attention to the faults he'd noticed from the first,
And painted all the evils of the journal at their worst;
And when he'd spent his frenzied breath, a-tremble to the core,
He yelled: "An I don't want your durned old paper any more!"

The circulator gasped and stared—'twas such an awful blow!
And with a face all pale and wan meandered down below.
He staggered and his voice was thickly punctured by distress;
"Bill Jones has stopped his paper, Jim; you'd better stop the press."

Wanted.

Reliable man for Manager of a Branch Office wish to open in this vicinity. Here is a good opening for the right man. Kindly give good reference when writing.
THE A. T. MORRIS WHOLESALE HOUSE, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Illustrated catalogue 4c stamps.

The horse should be the easiest animal to keep, because it can keep fat and never take a bit in its mouth.

Winslow Indian Murder.

Last week we published a special telegram which was sent from Winslow to the Journal-Democrat about the killing of a Navajo woman and her children. It seems, on further information that the aforesaid special was sent in before anyone knew the particulars, consequently there was no true statements in the telegram.

The facts are these: A son of "Christmas," the Indian who did the shooting came in and told of the killing of his mother and two children. Sheriff Secrist, who was assessing in Winslow at the time, formed a posse and started for the scene about 5:30 in the afternoon, but when darkness came on they lost the trail and had to return, but went out the next morning. Upon arriving at the cabin they found the woman and her baby had been shot, and from the location of the wounds it is supposed the mother was holding the baby in her arms. The mother and child were buried near the house, and "Two Whiskers," a brother of the woman, was deputized by Sheriff Secrist to get two other Indians and hit the trail, with instructions to bring the murderer in when found, but "Two Whiskers" said he would shoot him on sight, thereby releiving the county of any further trouble in the matter, and the Indian's idea of getting rid of such fellows is about correct.

Coroner J. F. Mahoney held an inquest and the jury rendered the following verdict:

We, your coroner's jury, empaneled to investigate the cause of the killing of a Navajo woman and her babe, about fifteen miles south of Winslow, and after investigating, find that the woman, "Talk-a-Little," and her babe came to their death from the result of gunshot wounds inflicted by their husband and father. (Signed) W. A. Parr, foreman; D. E. Hanks, F. P. Secrist, E. J. Wolff, Everet Carter G. E. Gilmore.

The statement was made in the telegram that Marshal Henley had formed the posse, was still on the trail, etc., when in reality he had nothing to do with it, and it is only justice to Sheriff Secrist to make the above corrections, in as much as he was on the ground and attending to the duties of his office.

Miss Carrie Portz, who has been visiting with her brother, Dr. C. F. Portz, for the past three years, started Tuesday for her home in Pennsylvania. Miss Portz made a host of friends in Flagstaff who would be pleased for her to return here and remain permanently.—Flagstaff Gem.

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