

MTS. OURAY AND CHIPETA

# The Résumé

## Salida High School

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# 1915



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Le Resume

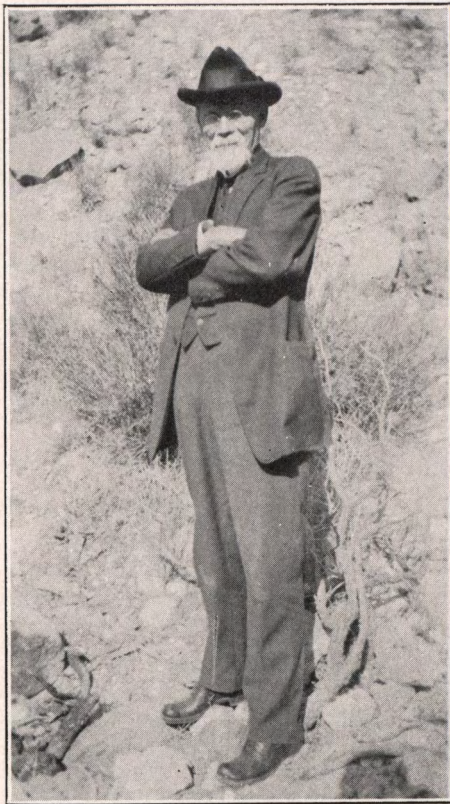
Salida High School



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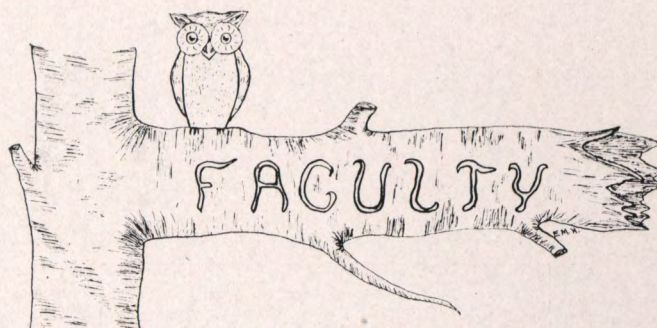




The Class of 1915 respectfully dedicate  
this annual to their beloved superintendent,

MR. EDGAR KESNER.





C. E. TANTON, Principal  
Mathematics



DEBORAH O. PEARSALL  
Asst. Prin., History



C. R. BERNARD  
Manual Training



MAY E. GOULD  
English



E. GRACE GRAHAM  
Latin, German





CAROLYN GFROERER  
Music, Drawing



ELSIE W. WADDELL  
Secretary and Assistant



T. M. McDONALD  
Science, Athletics



EDNA LADWIG  
Domestic Science



# '15 Annual Staff

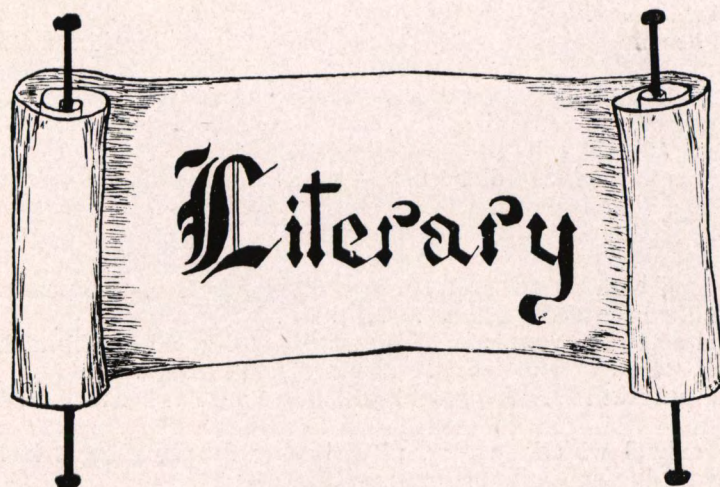


Top row reading from left to right: Henry Sandusky, Manual Training; Mable Bateman, Domestic Science; Helen Mosgrove, Literary; Marjorie Mixer, Literary; Howard Rhodes, Business Manager; Gladys Bode, Assistant Editor-in-Chief; Beulah Rivers, Editor-in-Chief; Willard Woody, Assistant Business Manager.

Middle row: Emily Hodding, Artist; Grace Williamson, Music and Art; Hazel Schoolfield, Science; Dunreath Perkins, Modern Languages.

Last row: Bessie Corlett, Literary; Agnes Quinn, History; Jennie Lee Williams, Athletics; Dorian Haus, Society; Mary Jones, Mathematics.





For the first time, the histories of all classes and the Senior class story, prophecy and will have been chosen by competition.

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## His Lordship

---

(PRIZE STORY.)

It was clearly a mix-up all around. In the first place Tom Norton, son of Mrs. Smythe Norton and brother of Gwendolen Norton, received the following telegram from his lordship, the Earl of Caddington—"Tom, will drop off to visit you during afternoon of the 11.—Caddington."

This in itself was enough to set the whole household, with the exception of Tom, into an uproar; but, when it was learned that Tom himself could not be present to entertain his guest, excitement ran high.

"Caddington is a good sort," said Tom, who had met the earl on several hunting excursions. "The only thing about him that is queer is that he loves poetry—fairly dotes on it; so be sure to have several books of it around the house," he laughingly ended, and rushed off to catch his train. He had not meant his last remark to be taken seriously, but unfortunately his mother, to whom his conversation was addressed, had no sense of humor, and accepted the literal meaning of the words.

That afternoon Mrs. Norton and her daughter were sitting nervously on the porch surrounded by numerous books of poetry. Gwendolen alternately toyed with a Browning and a Tennyson, in the vain hope that by such means she could learn something of the poets. At three o'clock sharp, a shining limousine drew up before the door, and a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman stepped out, paid the driver, and proceeded leisurely up the walk. Mrs. Norton rose gushingly to greet him.

"Ah-h, Lord Caddington, I believe?" she smiled winningly; "I am Mrs. Norton, Tom's mother, you know, and this is my daughter, Gwendolen."



"Charmed to meet such lovely ladies, I am sure," bowed the earl as he leaned over Miss Gwendolen's hand, and then glanced about inquiringly.

"Tom was so sorry he couldn't be here," went on his mother, "but you know what business is."

"Oh, to be sure," acknowledged his lordship, "I was afraid for awhile that I should be unable to be here myself, but I finally managed it. Did you receive my message?" he addressed Mrs. Norton but looked at Gwendolen.

"Message?" Madame replied, "no, we received no message, but do come up on the porch," and she suited the action to the word.

"Owing to unavoidable difficulties," the earl went on, "I am obliged to leave on the 4:30 train, but am happy beyond words at the opportunity now given me," he smiled most ingratiatingly.

Gwendolen timidly picked up the nearest book of poetry, and, opening it, read at random, with no trace of amusement in her face, "Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light."

The Earl of Caddington raised his monocle and gazed fixedly at her for a moment, then, "How extr'o'dinary!" he observed at length.

Gwendolen flushed furiously, cast a pleading glance at her mother, and tried again.

"The animal with long ears, after having drunk, gives a kick to the basket," she read, then threw the book aside in disgust.

A deadly silence reigned, but the earl's august shoulders trembled with emotion, then he said: "I shouldn't be altogether surprised if you are right."

Mrs. Norton rose hastily. "Tea will be served in a few minutes," she interposed, "but in the meantime wouldn't your lordship care to go up into Tom's den and look around at all the old guns and things you two have used so often?"

Caddington arose with alacrity. "Delighted!" he said and entered the house. About twenty minutes later he returned and tea was served on the veranda. Afterwards, expressing much gratitude for his entertainment, the debonair nobleman departed.

A few minutes later, Tom and a belated telegram arrived together.

"Sorry you didn't get to meet Caddington," he said, "but unfortunately he had to leave on the two o'clock steamer for home."

Mrs. Norton and her daughter gasped. "But he's been here all afternoon!" they exclaimed.

"Here! he couldn't have been here!" Tom ejaculated, "someone's been imposing on you; probably the fellow who stole the earl's cardcase."

Mrs. Norton and her daughter sat down suddenly in nearby chairs, while Tom rushed upstairs to investigate. Sure enough, the pearl necklace and the diamonds were gone. In their place was a book with this passage marked:

"The surest way of making a Dupe is to let your Victim suppose that you are his."

—Helen E. Mosgrove, '15.



## Manana

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(Tomorrow)

The long, sweet day has ended,  
Even as have the years.  
The sorrows and joys have blended,  
Laughter amid the tears.  
The western fires, dying,  
Hold in their bosoms bright,  
Cinders of sunset, vying  
The promised morning light—  
Manana!

The last sweet hour is over,  
The present now is past;  
And only mem'ries hover  
Among the shadows cast  
By future's sun awaking  
From purple depths of sleep;  
And while its light is breaking,  
Our souls in visions steep—  
Manana!

The last farewell is spoken,  
The benediction giv'n,  
The magic spell is broken,  
Our common bonds are riven.  
But bitter sweet is grieving,  
With sorrow less replete,  
Because the life we're leaving  
But leads to a more complete—  
Manana!  
—B. R., '15.



## The Legend of the Lost Credit

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Now Be it Known that at One time There lived among You a Boy named Billy. He was a very Bright Lad and Studied hard, though he Foolishly thought He was Smart enough to enter College Without taking Sewing and Cooking in High School. He did not even Know of the Mystic Order of Dom. Sci. Strengthened by the firm Opinion that he was Sufficient unto Himself, He went Away to School.

At this College there were some Very Wicked Boys called Hazers. They Delighted in taking Little Freshmen and Showing them the Way in which they should Go. When these Naughty Fellows caught sight of the Pink and Shining face of Billy, they conceived the great Idea.

"Billy," quoth the most wicked of the Hazers, "theou hast lost Something!"

Billy clutched his Toothbrush in one Hand and his Lunchbox in the Other, and Then discovered that indeed he had mislaid his Tongue.

"Billy," spoke the Villain, "Come with Me—but Wait, hast thou thy D. S. Degree with thee? If thou Hast, all is Well!"

But the poor Boy was overcome with Mortification—he had not taken that Study! For in his Ignorance He thought it was Something like Chemistry!

"Ha! thou liest!" cried the Bad Man, and he Dexterously extracted the Lunchbox from under the Lad's arm. The Child cried Piteously, but it was No use.

"If anyone asks for that Degree, tell him thou hast Lost it on the Campus," and the Hazer went off Chuckling.

Now, when the Boy specified his Long List of Credits, under the head of Domestic Science he put "Lost all Trace of it. Last saw it on College Grounds."

The Professor, when he had read those words, shook his head Sadly over the Loss of the Lad's Mentality. "My son," he said to the Trembling Billy, "Turn the Initials of that Study around, and thou wilt find out What thou Art."

Billy did so, But he was Too much of an S. D. to see what They Stood for.

Moral—If you Cannot find the Moral for yourself, you are Even Like unto Billy!

—H. E. M., '15.

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## Babes in the Woods

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"What in the world are we to do?" questioned one of the girls in despair. The state of affairs had begun to look gloomy for the innocents. Out on a high school picnic, a number of boys and girls, with one of the faculty, had first become separated from the rest of the party and then hopelessly lost. Then, with evening fast approaching, they stopped to ponder. Numerous suggestions were made, but, except for the fact that it was high school students who made them, the plans would have been said to lack practicability. Miss Gould, being from the East and unacquainted with the Rockies, was as much bewildered as the rest.

While the students were discussing their plight, no less a person than Raymond Roberts stepped forward and proceeded to air his knowledge in this manner: "By use of plane geometry, of which I am an enthusiastic student, we can, by using this place for a center and having radii sufficiently great, describe imaginary circles. Then if we walk around the circles, which will constantly increase in size, we should eventually reach our camp. Don't you think



so?" Raymond was finally convinced of the impracticability of his plan and resumed his seat.

The next student to offer a suggestion was Donald Smith of Physical Geography fame, who spoke thusly: "This rock which I have here, I picked up at our camp. On examination, I find it to be of an entirely different nature from the ones here. My plan is to hunt around until we find rocks similar to this one and maybe we can find the camp." Several rather insulting remarks were then made concerning Don and his suggestion.

Not to be daunted, Delacey Ramsey came forward. "Now you all know I am a long distance runner. I propose to start out and by running eight or ten miles, perhaps I may find our comrades." Everybody applauded Delacey's generosity but no one would consent.

Now night was falling in earnest. Our hopefuls deliberated long and deeply. No robins came to cover them with leaves, although a screech-owl was kind enough to hoot for them. Miss Gould proposed building a fire to keep the wild beasts away. This was eagerly assented to by the girls. But on examination it was found that no one had a match.

"Don't let that bother you," said Howard; "I am a Senior and know that by vigorously twirling two sticks together, the friction thereof will produce fire."

Dusty twirled for a long interval but no fire was produced and he finally gave up in despair. About this time, Rip VanWinkle, wrongly called Joe McDonough, came to life, and volunteered the information that he had some matches.

Finally the fire was built. Fay Edwards, Lulu Lasswell and Dorothy Gimlett, being of a timid and retiring nature, sought further protection by staying close to Miss Gould.

Story telling was proposed to while away the time. As was natural, ghost stories became popular. Just as Paul Stodghill was in the midst of an unusually horrible tale, a noise was heard to the rear. Looking around, they beheld a large black object looking at them. Several Freshman girls promptly fainted, and even the Seniors looked pale.

But fear not, ye of the weaker sex, for Emmett O'Connor has bravely announced his intention to set the beast to flight by walking right toward it, as they do in the books. Emmett has taken a few determined steps, when the animal starts toward him. For a moment he courageously holds his ground, but, discretion overcoming valor, he hurriedly but dignifiedly returns to the fire, with the remark that he "hasn't lost any bear." The animal advances. The girls scream and the boys look rather faint. Nearer and nearer the quadruped advances. What will become of the little ones? A plaintive "moo" emerges from the bear and resounds through the air. Then each one boasts of what he would have done if the animal had been a bear, and Emmett is made the object of much ridicule. For some reason, after this the ghost stories are not continued.

Hal Webster, being an expert in Boy Scout tactics and wishing to display his knowledge, now announced his intention to reconnoitre. Shortly after he had gone, a wierd and terrible sound came to their ears. Hal came rushing back to the fire with a pale and frightened look.

For a moment no one could think of the cause of the noise. At last John Owen, being a wise Sophomore, declared it to be the curfew. Guided by the sound, they wearily descended the mountain side and finally straggled into Salida, a sorry and bedraggled looking party.

—L. M., '17.



## Mac's Song

---

When I was a boy  
I was small,  
So tall;  
When I was a boy  
I was bright,  
Not light—  
Went early to bed,  
The chickens I fed  
When I was a boy.

When I was a boy  
I did turn,  
Not squirm.  
When I was a boy  
I did work,  
Not shirk;  
Loved Physics the best  
And Chem. and the rest,  
When I was a boy.  
—H. E. M., '15.

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## A Day's Adventure

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In the morning, as tired and weary one enters the building for a long and refreshing day's recreation in the schoolroom, one naturally hastens, first of all, to Physics. Suddenly one's path is darkened; one looks up and sees a cold and marble likeness of Minerva before him. One shudders and thinks of the study-books up-stairs or else forgets to think at all. The proper idea, of course, is that, on seeing the goddess of wisdom, one will acquire wisdom; but it is a somewhat doubtful experiment. One glances wistfully at the drinking fountain guarded by a vigilant teacher, and summoning all one's seriousness regretfully enters Science. It is no use; one cannot look scientific! One tries but it is an art given only to a select few.

Such an ending of one's brightest hopes! One determinedly tries to be happy at any rate, and forces the ends of one's mouth up in a sickly smile in an endeavor to be cheerful. One is called down and told to remain after class. One subsides, and then, lifted by the praiseworthy desire to lighten the gloom of one's neighbors, discreetly tells an anecdote to those near. The effort is unappreciated; the teacher will not understand that it is all done to help him entertain the class! He frowns, and orders quiet.

When this hour is passed, one snatches a drink and then walks sedately upstairs, because one must save one's heart action. This last mandate of the faculty is very touching, for it proves that, regardless of what others may think, they have a great deal of human compassion. On the stairs one unexpectedly comes face to face with Lincoln—a promise of what one might be if one were only different. Uplifted by this encounter, one walks on and enters the barren desolation of the assembly! One looks over it, and meets nothing but the shining



faces of the Freshmen. One sinks into a seat, only to be hoisted out by the weeping of one of them.

Thoughtlessly, one proceeds to German, and, after a hasty survey of one's lesson, enters. The teacher smiles, and one smiles back, beamingly, hoping thus to ingratiate oneself with her. One draws a long breath and begins a hasty translation. The teacher looks pained, but one goes reluctantly on, because one does not like to say quit. Soon it is learned that one has made a brilliant recitation, and, glowing with righteous pride, one goes to English. Here, to one's astonishment, it is discovered that one must have read ten chapters of Pompeii the night before, and one is asked to retell the last chapter. One looks fearfully around, but there is no convenient hole into which one might crawl. Accordingly, armed with a powerful imagination, one tells the last chapter! It is correct! One starts to faint but thinks better of it. In Latin one must not guess, because there are so many things one might guess, and still be wrong. Consequently one studies Latin all the way from English, and escapes limping.

The day being over, one passes from the building, strengthened and fortified.

—H. E. M., '15.

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## Sunset

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As the light of rosy splendor in the sky  
Brings the thoughts of happy summers  
Slipping by,  
Watch it, catch it, ere it go!  
For it fades to merest glow  
And the evening creeps upon us  
Murm'ring low.

When the last rays of the sunlight  
Fade away,  
As the light on yonder mountain  
Turns to gray,  
There's a sadness in the air,  
Not of sorrow, woe, nor care,  
But I hear it calling, calling,  
Over there.

—H. E. M., 15.



## Ellen's Isle

*Suggested by, and modeled upon, Scott's LADY OF THE LAKE.*

Isle of the silver lake, the day is o'er  
When thou, alone, the refugees embracing  
Whom Roderick Dhu had summoned to thy shore,  
Shall valiant stand, the vengeful Saxon facing.  
No more sweet Ellen's form thy lodge is gracing,  
Nor aged minstrel of the days of yore;  
No shallop o'er the ripples lightly racing,  
Nor martial craft returned from lowland war.  
But thou shalt live for aye in Scottish lore.

From out the time enshrouded long ago,  
The distant pibroch and the shouts are hailing;  
And plaids and pennons fleck the wave cap's snow,  
As o'er Loch Katrin's blue the crafts are sailing.  
A pause, the war songs change to sounds of wailing—  
Black Roderick's death is ample cause for woe!  
And now the purple mists are softly veiling  
The island, and twilight breezes blow,  
Wafting a lover's vespers, faint and low.

And now the isle is bathed in silver beams,  
And through the evening calm a harp is ringing,  
With soft melodious sounds the silence teems.  
Hark! subtly sweet, the voice of Ellen singing,  
A magic spell upon the scene is flinging!  
The song from woodland hill and vale and stream,  
The royal hosts of Scottish legend bringing,  
The mystic pledge of memory redeems.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis faded all, to distant hills 'tis winging,—  
'Twas but the fragile fabric of a dream.

—B. R.







# Language

## Der Deutsche Verein

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Der Deutsche Verein was formed about the middle of this term for the purpose of improving our ability in speaking German. Gladys Bode was elected president, Howard Rhodes vice-president and Jennie Lee Williams secretary. Every other Tuesday evening at seven-thirty the members meet to talk German for one hour, after which they enjoy a social time. Fines are imposed for tardiness, for absence, or for speaking any other language than German during the hour set apart for that purpose. The money collected in fines is to be used in giving a picnic. One evening we varied the form of our amusement by having a theater party, including a trip to the ice-cream parlor. One morning, during spring vacation, we hiked to the top of Tenderfoot.

Under the leadership of Miss Graham, Der Deutsche Verein has acquired many accomplishments. We have learned to play German games and sing German songs. Some of the club have even sung in public. D. P.

## A Fairy Story

---

Once upon a time a little girl stood looking out of the window discontentedly. At last, tiring of the view, she turned and walked slowly over to a big chair in one corner of the room and flung herself into it. Finally she picked up a book which was lying on a near-by table and began to read. It was a fairy tale! She was soon lost in the wonder of it, and did not look up until she had finished the story. Then she lay back in a chair and thought how perfectly grand it would be to see fairies. . . . Suddenly she started forward and wondered if she could be seeing right, for a whole crowd of strange girls—yes, there was one boy,



were coming in the door. She thought she must get away before they saw her, but she could not move. However, they did not notice her. They certainly were a noisy crowd and talked a strange language and in a very strange manner, too. They would be talking, when all of a sudden they'd stop, look blankly at one another, make frantic motions, and at last grab up a book, then after reading some time would continue the conversation. After a great deal of laughing and fun one of the girls went to the piano and began to play. The rest of the company sang songs until one girl pointed to the clock and called:

"Time's up."

Then everybody began to talk, but she could understand them now. Two of the girls came over and stood right beside her, evidently not aware of her presence, and began to talk.

"Did you say he was in the sick house?"

"No, I said hospital," the other replied with a laugh. "How many fines did you have to pay tonight?"

"Seven cents, but I paid ten last meeting, so guess I'm improving."

"They're all having a dandy time, aren't they? Wonder what we're going to have to eat."

With these words they passed on. Soon lunch was served, and a very nice lunch it was, too! Salad, and cookies, and candy, and just lots of goodies. After talking about their grades and what this teacher said to them and what that teacher did, they passed out at the door and were gone. The child watched the door as if fascinated, but she never knew that she had been permitted to witness a meeting of Der Deutsche Verein.

D. P.

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## German Notes

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*Jennie Lee*: The understanding tree. (The tree standing below.)

*Agnes*: He looked across the lake to his feet on the other side.

*Miss Graham*: The German word, 'Bub,' means boy.

*Howard*: (translating) "Unter ihnen Fenster"—On the other side of the fence.

*Miss Graham*: The honorable rat?

*Margaret*: A heart-rendering cry.

*Jennie Lee*: He sat himself down.

*Dorian*: Every good man goes in front of himself.

*Jennie Lee*: My sister and I sat in the long winter evenings spinning yarns (the yarn).

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## Englishisms

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*Gracie*, asked a question, remained silent.

*Miss G.*: What's the matter?

*Gracie*: I don't know where you've gone.

*Miss G.* (Thinks): Nor I don't know where you're going.

*Miss Gould*: What do you learn of the witch's early life?

*Mary Jones*: Oh, she had a great mishap in life! Her young man turned against her.



*Agnes*: The guests kept admiring Diomed's pictures and things; but he kept saying, "Trifles, mere trifles!" But really he thought they were awful swell, you know.

*Miss G.*: He thought what?

*Dorian* (Speaking of the blind Nydia): She *watched* everything that Glaucus did.

*Pupil* (Reading from "The Last Days of Pompeii"): "Why really, the laws are too mild. There are so few offences to which the punishment of the arena can be awarded!"

*Miss G.*: Too bad! Things are not what they used to be.

*Grace* (Reading): "The groups that then, as now in those climates, lingered in the trees." (Streets)

*Agnes*: The paid mourners hollered.

*Dorian* (At ten o'clock on Friday morning): Gosh, I haven't got my English report for 'safter' yet. Do you know one I could give? I'm beginning to be worried.

*Mary Jones*: My lungs did crow like a chandelier (chandelier).

*Dorian*: I have accepted [escaped] your arms!

*Mable* (Writing answer to question) "Who are the national heroes of Italy," etc., wrote the national hymns of the countries named.

She named the "hymns" all right, but not the "hims."

*Miss G.*: I would like to see the scene in the witch's cavern dramatized, but it would be hard to get the snake and the fox.

*Pupil*: Not at all! We have plenty of them right here in High School! [Cat!!!]

*Miss G.*: Willard, you were not here when I gave the new rule for misspelled words. I feel that I should repeat it for your benefit! [Slam]

*Grace*: Huh?

*Miss G.*: I don't know what that means!

*Jennie Lee*: Man's caprices [capacities] have never been measured. [Nor will they ever be, Jennie Lee, my dear!]

*Jennie Lee*: The real necessities of life are food, clothing, shelter and amusements!

*Miss G.*: How much recreation did the slaves of olden times have?

*Agnes*: Well, they could sleep! [Indeed?]

*Mable*: Put eggs in water and boil twenty minutes! [Well, we may boil in after life, but not in this one—not if we know it.]

*Pupil*: The lips should not be used in studying. [No, they aren't very rich in brain tissue.]

Howard, I'll let you sit in front of *Jennie Lee* and let her tease you a while!  
—*Miss Gould*.

*Miss G.*: Willard, will you see if the steam is on in both of those radiators?

*Willard*: It's on all right, but there isn't any steam!



*Marjorie:* Just then they were overtaken.

*Miss G.:* By what, Jennie Lee?

*Jennie Lee:* An earthquake!

*Miss G.:* They found one very remarkable skull which was taken as a foundation for Arbaces.

*Helen:* Thoreau believes that the morning should be devoted to dusting one's brains.

What if a fellow hasn't any?

*Miss G.:* Mable, did you ever hear of a semicolon?

*Mable:* (After a moment's study): Oh, yes, once!

*Miss G.:* What might the hound stand for in the passage in Walden, "Long ago I lost a hound," etc.?

*Jennie Lee:* Well, if he was a hound, he might have wanted to be a detective.

*Jennie Lee:* "Manna" was rolled oats.

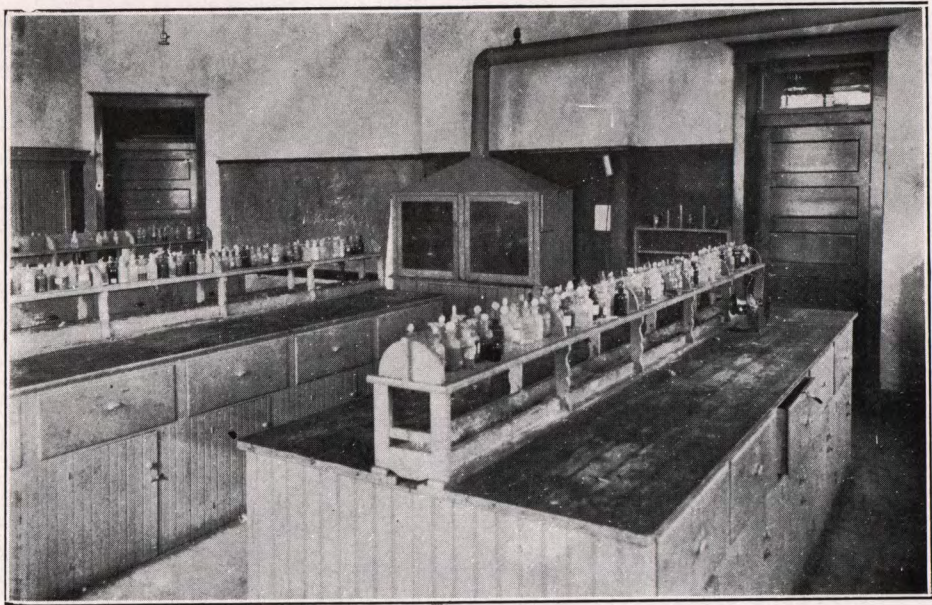
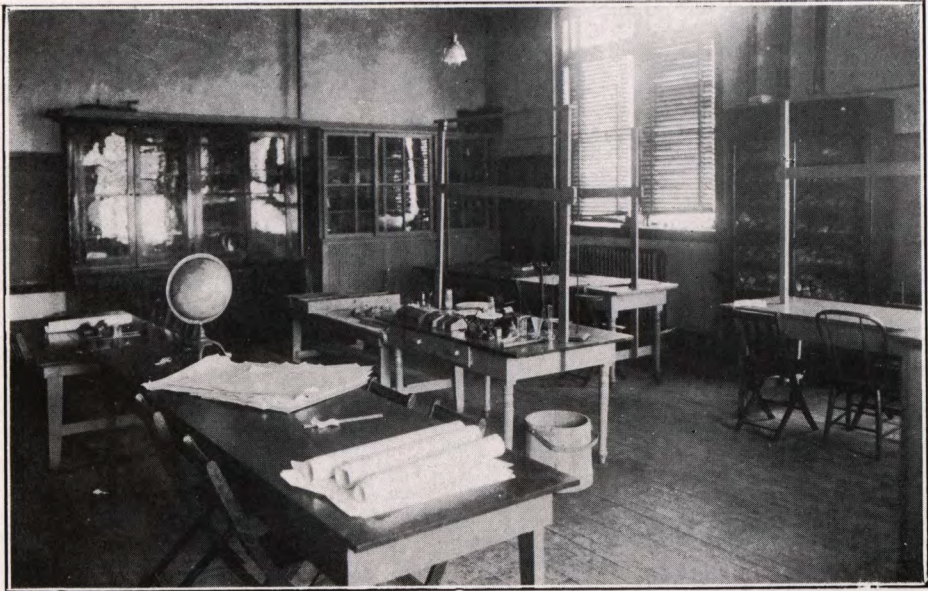
*Jennie Lee:* A sinecure is a moving picture actress.



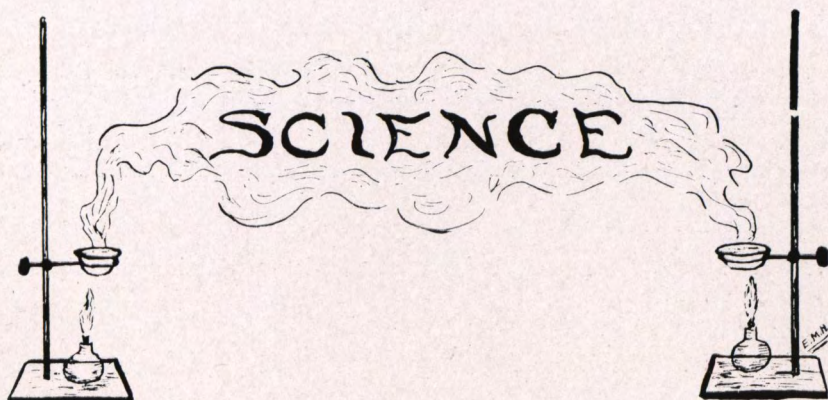












Science means one's ability to be reasonable, or unreasonable. I say reasonable or unreasonable because it depends on one's viewpoint whether or not it is considered reasonable. The worst feature of science is its characteristic of proving fatal to the minds of those who think they really understand it. Oh, no! I don't mean it makes them lose their mind, it simply makes them have no mind—Oh, well! It's useless to try to explain the evil effects of real scientific knowledge, but the Physics class has known of a case. Nothing personal intended, but once a long time ago we had all been out on a picnic. We gathered in the evening at a little country station to wait for the train. We were all tired out, and when a most peculiar and irritating looking man entered and told us that the train would not arrive until midnight we were naturally slightly annoyed. One of our number went so far as to remark crossly that he would look into this continual and inexplicable delay of trains. At this remark the afore-mentioned individual turned unexpectedly and snapped in a hollow voice: "Never investigate or look into anything, very much at least. I did, and look at me now." We gloomily looked but saw nothing particularly interesting except a violent gleam in his eyes. "I am a scientist," he continued. "I studied deeply and resolved to prove my theory of earth's gravity by digging a hole to the earth's center. I dug, dug, and dug. Finally I reached the center. Then, what? I couldn't get out. Gravity held me in that hole. I just stayed there." He paused as if the story were complete.

"But how did you finally get out?" we asked in chorus.

"I didn't get out," he screamed. "I'm always trying to get out, but no power can pull me out!"

Horried, we boarded the newly arrived train, glad to escape, but taking the moral seriously we decided we would not make science one of our most engrossing subjects and we didn't. Perhaps that incident explains why our class didn't excel every other in Physics.

I merely mention this incident in passing and as a living example of science. However, I must say that some knowledge of science is good. For instance, it is well to know what holds us to the ground else, how would we stay there? It is interesting to know that rain is water, that air is composed of molecules, most of which are germs, that to dyne requires jooles, and the like. But it is always most difficult to know watt is. 'Tis better to leave such as scientific efficiency alone and so our class sets up a living example of the proper spirit. H. S.



*Dorian*: How many kilogram-meters of water must the engines do per day?

*Mr. McDonald*: What does a movable pulley always do when it moves?

*Bessie*: Why, it moves! [Bright? Ah yes!!]

*Mr. McD.*: If a man were on a perfectly frictionless pond, could he get off?

*Florence*: You bet I could! [Oh, she's a man!]

When the Physics class has merited a scolding, Mr. McDonald remarks in a confidential tone: I wonder how many of us have thought.....why matter takes the form of a sphere?

Gasps of relief from class.

*Mr. McD.*: The average couple is so arranged that one is going up, and the other, going down.

*Pupil*: I wonder which one goes up?

*Florence*: I wonder if Mr. McDonald has a Sunday-go-to-meeting dress?

*Scene*: Physics room. Time: 10:15 a. m.

*Mr. McDonald*: Well, I guess the bell is out of order!

Titters from class.

NOTE: The bell had rung fifteen minutes previously, during Mr. McDonald's temporary absence. Did the Seniors explain? I guess not!!

*Grace*: What's that over on the desk?

*Pupil*: Oh, that's where Mr. Mac keeps his temper.

*Mr. McD.*: A perfect vacuum exists only in the brain of a physics student.

*Mr. McD.*: You know that pneumatic inkstand I had for red ink? Well, it was defective, and it kept slopping over and staining things.

*Pupil*: I guess it must have slopped over on my card!

*Mr. McD.*: What is another unit of work?

*Beulah*: Why an erg of work.

*Mr. McD.*: And what is an erg of work?

*Beulah*: You've got me!

*Mr. McD.*: Now what is an erg of work?

*Pupil* (in rasping whisper): I just wish there was somebody worth while at the head of this annual! It's just going to the dogs! Wow—wow—wow!!!

*Mr. McD.*: (Swings arms during demonstration.)

*Dorian*: That's the grape-vine. The Lame Duck will be the next exhibition.

*Beulah* (When the second bell rang, in physics): "Thank heaven for small favors." (Only she didn't say heaven.)

*Mr. McD.*: See what Watt accomplished by watching the kettle boil!

*Pupil*: Bah! I've watched the kettle boil for hours, and I never accomplished anything yet.

*Mr. McD.*: There it has one, only; there, both, only.

*Mr. McD.*: Pupils, a fluid is merely something that flows.

*Beulah*: In that case, his voice must be fluid.

*Mr. McD.*: If a block is smooth, it isn't rough.

So sayeth Isaac Newton, the second.



Especially does the Senior Physics Class wish to thank Mr. McDonald for for his oft expressed and keen appreciation of their concentrated and never failing interest and attention in class.

*Mr. McDonald* (in class): I may serve role of big Injun in this class. Look out for your scalps. That's the wood with the bark off!

Life histories of Mr. McDonald can now be obtained. Ask for a volume entitled, "Little Boy."

After violent tho playful experiments the Physics class has discovered—without their teacher's aid—that chalk and even black board erasers are impractical for use in war, since they break when coming in contact with some people's heads.

"I," said the Senior Physics class, "Who am I? Oh, I'm the guy that put the 'sigh' in science. That's all I am."

*Gladys B.* (in class): Cubical expansion means expansion in all directions.

*Mr. McD.* (Angrily): We are a bunch of know-nothings.

*Marjorie M.* (sweetly): Speak for yourself, John.

*Mr. McD.*: "All that a teacher has to do is to make life miserable for other people." "Live and learn," we would suggest. We had always thot a teacher was expected to teach.

*Mr. McD.* (to Freshman girl who is trying to look pleasant in class): You look like a green blossom on a yellow pumpkin vine.

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London, Eng., Feb. 16, 2015.

*Dear Jim*: In your last letter you asked me if I had noticed the wonderful change which had come upon the world, since we sat together in our dear old physics lecture room. Yes indeed I have. Just think how it used to take days to go from San Francisco to New York, and now, what do we do? Simply fix ourselves snugly in a dainty little San Francisco coach, push a little electric button and, three minutes later, find ourselves in dear old smoky London. Or do just as I did the other day; jump into a little coach in London and in one and one-half minutes enter Union Depot, Chicago.

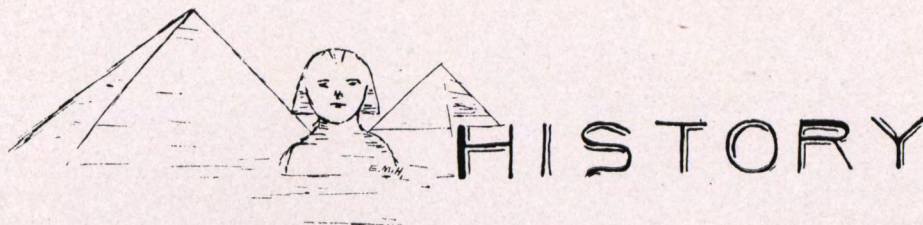
I must tell you of a little incident I had while in that city. Almost the first familiar face I met belonged to no other person than our old science teacher in S. H. S. He told me that he gave up teaching shortly after our class graduated, and spent all of his time in the laboratory, and, at last! he has manufactured something wonderful. Yes, really wonderful. It's a fountain of youth, not a water fountain, but one of gas. It's a new gas that he has discovered. You just have to breathe a small quantity of it and, Biff! You look, feel and act twenty years younger. Of course the whole world is proud of an inventor like that.

If you ever hear of anything as startling as that, let me know about it.  
Your old friend,

TOM.

—A. Q., '15.





## Our Mock Election

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One of the most interesting things which our civics class took up was the mock election which was held on November the third. We secured sample ballots, which we folded and numbered as in any ordinary election. By four o'clock, Friday, October the thirtieth, all the students who wished to vote were registered.

With our instructor, Miss Pearsall, we had attended all the political meetings in a body, and had also studied the different policies and platforms in connection with regular work. Therefore, we were able to explain the political differences of opinion to the other students.

On Monday afternoon, the pupils not in the Civics class were entertained by the well-prepared Democratic speeches of Beulah Rivers and Grace Williamson, and those of Howard Rhodes and Willard Woody explaining the Republican platform. The good points of the Progressive policy were given by Margaret Miller. The different amendments were explained by Gladys Bode, Mable Bateman and Bessie Corlett, and the ballot by Agnes Quinn. Jennie Lee Williams acted as chairman.

The faculty as well as the class were proud to boast that there were no mistakes made in the voting of the High School pupils.

A. Q.

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## Use of the "Current Events" Paper

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"Current Events" has been of invaluable aid to the students of Ancient History, as it explains the work of congress, new discoveries in the field of astronomy, and to some extent the great European war.

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## English History Class

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With the aid of The Independent, the English History Class has made a special study of the war. They secured a war map and, each week, marked out the most important scenes of battle, battle lines, advances, defeats, etc., with noticeable accuracy. They also kept the bulletin board up to date, so that the whole High School might learn the latest facts from Europe.

A. Q.



## A Pupil's "Ideal History Class"

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The pupils file in laughing and talking, and sit down, two in a seat. The teacher sitting at her desk is busily reading the latest number of the Delineator. After a few moments she looks up curiously and asks:

"Why all this silence; have you nothing to say to each other?"

As there is no answer to this query she begins the lesson. Such questions as these are asked:

1. Give the date of the last appearance of the hoop skirt.
2. How long did the full sleeve last?
3. Is it proper to still wear the split skirt?
4. Give a full account of "Who's Who in Movieland and Why."
5. Bessie, do you know anything *startling*?
6. What does May Manton have to say about the new Military Style?
7. Has any one any new jokes to spring?

After these questions have been answered, more laughing and talking ensue; then the class is dismissed, after being highly complimented on its splendid recitation. Needless to say, we do not have "Ideal History Classes."

A. Q.

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## To the Reservoir

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One of the most important factors in the study of History is *investigation*, so in the fall of the year our Senior Civics class planned a great number of expeditions in order to further our knowledge of so important a subject.

Our first outing was a trip to the reservoir, where we were invited by Mayor Alexander. He was also kind enough to offer the use of his car. When we reached our destination, the city water supply was explained in a most interesting way by Mayor Alexander; and Miss Pearsall, our teacher and chaperone, had sufficient nerve to go down in a man-hole.

A. Q.

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## Civics and Economics

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*Howard*: The only time the French and Germans do not seem friendly is when they are fighting. [Well! Well!!]

*Jennie Lee*: That question escaped me.

*Miss Pearsall*: I think about fifty per cent escape you.

*Miss P.*: Would an agreement to pay twenty-five dollars for a dime be binding?

*Grace M.*: That would be impossible. (Guess it would for most of us, all right.)

*Mr. Kesner*: What do you think of the economic goal expressed in the old song,

"I wish I were married and nothing to rue,  
Plenty of money and nothing to do?"



*Miss Pearsall*: I think that comes under question four: "Would you be willing to take a 'cinch' job with a big salary?"

*Dewey* (Telling the story of how they first had roast pig, in China): Well, a man had a pig, and the house—or—barn—burned down—

*Miss P.*: Oh; it was the house. This was China, you know.

*Florence*: You know the "O" in Miss Pearsall's name stands for "Olive"? I think that's just great! I was afraid of my life it was "Ophelia."

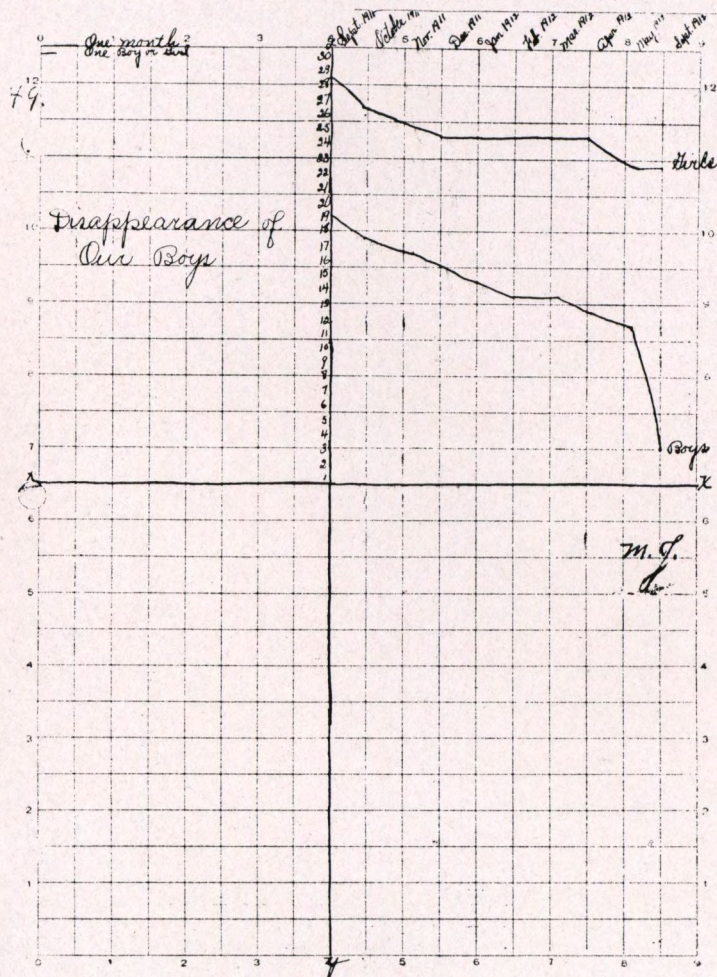
*Miss P.*: Is dancing perfect relaxation?

*Pupil*: One-stepping is.

*Miss Pearsall*: What is called the "setting up" exercise is accounted the best in the army.

*Pupil*: O yes, some of us use it regularly.





*Jennie Lee*: I ain't on to this composition!

*Mr. Tanton* (In Geometry, raps class for poorly prepared lesson): The assignment wasn't any good! (No doubt what he said was true.)



Florence, in making a graph, made the Mississippi 3,600 square miles long.

*Mr. Tanton*: Mamie, what is the name of the angle greater than a right angle and less than a straight angle?

*Mamie*: An obstew angle.

*Mr. T.*: What kind of a stew? Spell it.

*Mamie* (Blushing very red): O-b-s-t-e u !





## The History of Music

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The History of Music, which we find a very interesting study, gives us the characteristic ideas of the people of different nations and their music.

We find that the first music was among the Assyrians, Hebrews, and Egyptians; they used mainly instruments of percussion. Following this were the early church schools in the thirteenth century, where we find that the Gregorian chants, that are now used in our Catholic churches, were established by Pope Gregory. Secular schools were developed in the seventeenth century, the singers being known as the Troubadours, Jongleurs, Minnesingers, and Meistersingers. During the eighteenth century developed the formal construction of music given by our great composers. In the nineteenth century, we find the rise of modern national schools of music. After we studied the history of music up to the present time, we took up the study of opera in detail, thus getting the first ideas of what opera really is and what it means. We are now able to value and love good classical music.

—R. J., '18.

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The Glee clubs which were organized this year have proved to be exceptionally good. Special credit must be given to the boys, who have worked so faithfully this year. Although handicapped from the start by inexperience and small numbers, they have developed into a splendid Glee club.

At the first of the year, under the direction of Miss Gfroerer, the Glee Clubs began practicing for the operetta, "The Jolly Farmers," which was given in the High School auditorium November 20, 1914. Although the night was stormy, the proceeds amounted to nearly eighty dollars. This is to be used to purchase a Victrola for the High School. Practically all in the Girls' and Boys' clubs were in the operetta. The leading parts were taken by Carl Valdez, Donald Smith, Willard Woody, Henry Sandusky, Paul Stodghill, Harold Strayer, Marshall Demphy, Emily Hodding, Gladys Bode, Agnes Williams, and Anna Dolan.

G. W.



Famous new songs by composers who are quickly acquiring fame:

"Give Me Love,"	- - - - -	By Marguerite Reilly.
"Carlos,"	- - - - -	By Emily Hodding.
"They All Love Me,"	- - - - -	By Agnes Williams.
"A Lover's Life May Be Pleasant for Some, But Give Me a Bachelor's for Mine,"	- - - - -	By Carl Valdez.
"My Freda,"	- - - - -	By Howard Rhodes.
"Dream of the Dance,"	- - - - -	By Willard Woody.
"I Want to be a Leader of Them All,"	- - - - -	By Beulah Rivers.
"Deborah of the S. H.,"	- - - - -	By Agnes Quinn.
"I'll Get You,"	- - - - -	By Reba Williams.
"The Price of My Affections,"	- - - - -	By Bertha Strayer.
"Forgotten,"	- - - - -	By Henry Sandusky.
"Walter is a Grand Old Name,"	- - - - -	By Dorian Haus.
"Any Little Girl Will Do,"	- - - - -	By Hal Webster.
"I'm the Guy,"	- - - - -	By George Skeen.
"Carolyn Mine,"	- - - - -	By Luella Quinn.
"I'm Crazy 'Bout the Girls,"	- - - - -	By James Shay.

G. W.

## Art

Because of the vast importance and the growing interest in it, art work was made an elective study this year, to occur five times a week during the last period in the afternoon. The class was rather small, owing to the fact that the majority of the students had the course in previous years.

The art course has been greatly enlarged and made superior to that of former years: this is largely owing to the competent instructor whom we have been so fortunate as to have with us this year. We do not need to describe to you Miss Gfroerer's ability in the artistic line of work, for a visit to her art department would be sufficient proof.

Miss Gfroerer's work is appreciated not only by the older pupils but also by the smaller children. A little fellow in the lower grade was heard to remark, "That new Drawing teacher is just jolly; a fellow couldn't help to draw good for her."

The first work taken up by the Art class was the painting and tinting of the fruit and berries; and as Miss Gfroerer remarked while looking over the results, "Those apples look good enough to eat." Soon the painting of crab apples and autumn leaves became an impossibility, as Jack Frost soon began his winter work.

The next lessons were on printing. At first Miss Gfroerer looked upon the many oddly constructed lines on our papers with a pained expression, for they were anything but like the model. But soon the maxim, "Practice makes perfect," began to prove true; the backs of the letters began to be less crooked and at last the original model was found.

Our work on printing, which lasted for about two weeks, was followed by Miss Gfroerer's "Hobby," landscape work. Upon our first landscape, many specimens appeared, which Miss Gfroerer pronounced as indeed very rare, as she had never seen, read of, or heard of such shapely ornaments of nature. At last, after various efforts, the landscapes became more natural. The pupils complained of the difficulty of drawing ducks, but the task became easier when Miss Gfroerer pronounced the birds to be swans instead of ducks.

Then followed the model study in both charcoal and pencil work. The charcoal work consisted in sketching a large basket and vase, which seemed to grow



more complicated at every glance of the student. Margaret, the belle of the Drawing class, produced the first and best charcoal study, thereby gaining great favor with Miss Gfroerer.

The pencil sketches of the vase became a matter of much fun, for after many, many trials the vases still took very odd shapes. Sheet after sheet of good drawing paper was sacrificed for the sake of obtaining a respectable vase. Miss Gfroerer said she had heard of many severe cases of mumps in school, but none so dangerous and serious as that vase suffered during its term as a model. The abundant sketches of the model were placed upon the table and the students were discussing as to which great art studio they should be sent to, but alas! Miss Gfroerer came on the scene and decided the point,—the waste basket.

The work on posters and the painting of the flowers brought due success to the class.

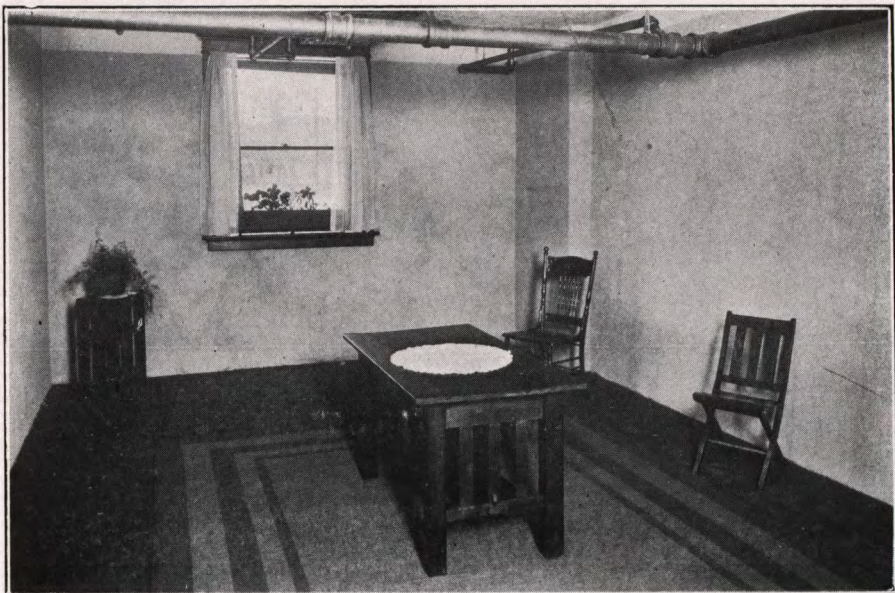
The life sketches brought a great variety of oddly shaped features of the human face. Bow-legs and crooked noses were common occurrences in the sketches.

So the work this year has been a great success, and we hope that it will continue to be so in future years, and that we shall always have as competent an instructor as we have had this year.

—F. M. G., '15.









# Domestic Science



The plan followed by the Domestic Science classes this year was somewhat different from that of former years.

A Freshman class was organized, the members of which took cooking the first semester and sewing the second semester.

A number of Junior and Senior girls were sufficiently interested in the subject to take a course in serving and sewing. This class was especially proud to have had the honor of serving some of the teachers. However, it is up to the teachers to say whether it was such an honor to be served by the class.

The class in House Furnishing and Planning, also something new in school, was formed, and under Miss Ladwig's instructions the work has proved to be very interesting as well as beneficial. The members of this class have transformed a cloak room into a charming and practical rest-room. Many laughed and scoffed at the thought that mere girls could do anything worth while—but behold the transformation—and without so much as a finger being lifted by a mere boy. The class in House Furnishing and Planning not only did all the work, but also earned the money with which to buy the materials. This money was earned from candy sales, and from the pantomime, "Wanted—a Wife." The class was able to give the play through the kind cooperation of several lower classmen.

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## Domestic Science and Manual Training Party

The party given by Miss Ladwig and Mr. Bernard, at the beginning of the school year, for the Domestic Science and Manual Training classes, was a complete success. The lower part of the school was thrown open for the party. The rooms were decorated in red and white.

The first part of the evening was devoted to playing games, and listening to the Victrola. A little later in the evening a dainty lunch was served by some of the Domestic Science girls. The girls had also prepared the lunch, with an exception of freezing the ice cream, which some of the Manual Training boys had kindly consented to do.

After the lunch was served, more games were played. At twelve o'clock games were still being indulged in, and games would probably have continued to be indulged in until early in the morning, if the classes had not been invited to go home. All expressed a wish for another such party to be arranged in the near future.

M. B.

*Mable:* I can't have anybody return from Europe in my invitation. [No, it wouldn't be comfortable traveling.]

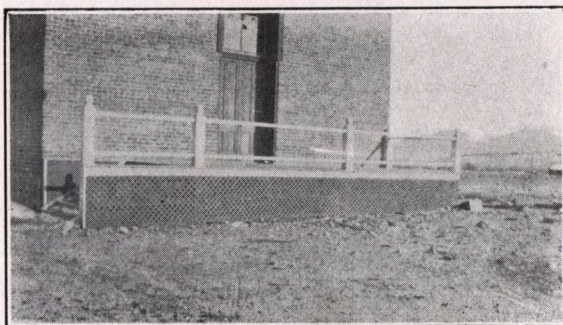
*Loretta:* What are you kids doing in decorative art now?

*Florence:* Trying to figure out how to buy a rug, two chairs and a davenport with four dollars and twenty cents.

*Freshman:* What are you making in sewing class?

*Loretta:* A night shirt for my hopeless box.







# Manual Training



## The Remodeling of the Old Academy

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When the school term of nineteen fourteen and fifteen began, the school board, wishing to get better light and more room for the boys, decided to put the old Academy back into use. We were all surprised to know that we had to go over to "that old shack," for Manual at the beginning of the term.

The first day that we went over there Mr. Bernard told us of the plan for remodeling the old building. It appeared to us to be a large undertaking. That day he put us to work at bolting the machinery and benches to the floor. He suggested that we build a new porch and help paper and paint the inside of the building. Fearing that we could not paper it well enough, the board made an arrangement for Mr. Moore, the janitor, to do the papering for us. When he was through with this job, we had to paint the interior of the building. While the papering and painting of the interior went on, some of us were building the porch on the outside. Each boy aided in the work.

We have spent most of our time in remodeling that which one sees first, the downstairs. We sincerely hope that next year will see as much improvement in the upstairs as this year has seen in the downstairs.

Now, if a student of the old Academy returned, he would not recognize the old school. Instead of seeing an old dilapidated porch, he would see a *large*, well-painted one. Should he pass within the door, he would not believe it was the same old school room. In place of an old dingy class room, he would see a well-painted and papered work room with twenty-five well-equipped benches, and he would also find a machine room with plenty of light.

H. S.









## Boys' Basket Ball

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The boys' team this year has played under adverse circumstances. It is practically a new one, the only member left from the year before being Howard Rhodes. The players are mostly from the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

The boys have done wonderfully well considering all their disadvantages, and each one should be given a good deal of credit.

The first game was with the Alumni, played December 23. This resulted in a victory for the High School. Score 39-17.

The Salida Boys played at Florence on January 9, with a score of 38 to 34 in favor of Florence. This is a game that would not have been lost if it had been umpired properly.

Canon played Salida on our own floor January 22, with a score of 49-20 in favor of Canon. The score would have been closer, if the illness of our center had not kept him from practice for a week before the game and prevented his playing the first half. There was a lack of material to choose from in the High School, so that the boys had only one available center.

Florence played here January 29, and lost to Salida. Score 38-18. This game showed that Salida would have won the former game if conditions had been the same.

On February 19, the Athletic club of Salida was kind enough to play the High School to increase the funds for Athletics. This was a very interesting game. The score was 29 to 44 in favor of the High School. This game ended the season.

The members of the team are as follows: Rhodes, guard; Petrini, guard; Skeen, center; Newman, forward; Harlan, forward; McDonough, guard; Ramsey, forward; Woody, guard.

Next year, with the exception of one or two, who will graduate, the same boys will play, and there are prospects of a strong team.

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## Girls' Basket Ball

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Every member of the girls' team played last year, but the discouragements of the girls were even greater than those of the boys. The girls did not start



into practice until January, and the towns with which the boys played did not have girls' teams, or it was too late to schedule a game. At the Canon game and also at the Florence game, the girls played inter-class games—the Seniors and Sophomores against the Juniors and Freshmen. These games were very interesting, as the score was close.

Next year we hope to have a good strong girls' team, as only a few members will leave and there is good material in the school.

J. W.





## The Banquet of 1914

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As I gaze with fond remembrance  
On the visions of the past,  
One scene lingers, bright and clearly,  
'Mong those pictures fitting fast.

On the curtains hang bright pennants,  
Ferns are strewn upon the sill,  
Every nook is decked with flowers;  
I recall them with a thrill.

As I look, amazed, astounded,  
In the hall, to left and right,  
Two long tables, fine and dainty,  
See I, draped in spotless white.

Six clear strokes the clock has sounded,  
Comes a noise out in the hall,  
And two fairy apparitions,  
Tripping in, examine all.

To each place they flutter lightly;  
Envy I, though gods forbid,  
Horror-stricken am I, hearing,  
"Where shall I put this card, Kid?"

In a moment they have left me,  
Then, through doors thrown open wide  
Streams a throng of joyous people;  
Lovelier have I never spied.

Here's a tall and haughty maiden,  
Clad in wondrous gown of green,  
High are piled her lovely tresses,  
Ne'er such Titian "pink" I've seen.



There a bold and dashing hero;  
Oh, the wonder! Oh, the dude!  
In his fancy evening costume  
Making all the rest seem rude.

Now they sit around the tables,  
Soon the banquet has begun;  
Far the evening has progressed, when  
From the head there rises one.

She's a sweet, a dainty lady,  
Ancient Greece is whence she came;  
Announces now Miss Gladys Bode;  
Miss Pearsall is the lady's name.

Up then stands a slender maiden,  
With a sweet and gentle voice,  
Gives a toast, "To all our guests," which  
Makes the hall itself rejoice.

Once again she says a name which  
Causes each to look around;  
For the name is Leonard Maier,  
There our hero has been found.

Rises there a monstrous man with  
Wild and tousled golden hair,  
Makes a mighty, powerful speech, which  
Shows a noble man is there.

Gone he is when one more person  
Once again announces she,  
Smiling sweetly as she says it,  
For this one is Jennie Lee.

This cute, slight and slender girlie  
Forward steps from out her place,  
Gives a toast to good old Ireland;  
Note what gentle, timid grace.

Follows her a handsome youngster,  
With a dear, enchanting smile,  
Willard Woody toasts the ladies;  
Grinning sweetly all the while.

Then another meager damsel  
Takes her stand upon the floor,  
Dorian Haus gives answer to him;  
Gazes longing at the door.

Now a proud and haughty person,  
Descended from the Roman time,  
Beulah Rivers, plump and fleshy,  
Gives her toast in lovely rhyme.

Then to old Salida High School  
Scott, a Senior youth, proclaims.  
In tiny and uncertain accents,  
Classes each in turn he names.



Nymphlike they flit back and forward  
Dancing round and round about;  
Now the last has long departed,  
Then my pipe goes slowly out.

D. H.

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## The Orio Literary Society

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In December the students of the High School realized that no good resolution—except the usual, “I hereby resolve to get my lessons,” with movie shows, dances, etc., as sub-topics under exceptions—had been made, and that the month of January would depart before any memorable good would be done by them. After due consideration they determined to re-organize the Orio Literary Society, which had not been held in the school for several years. A committee consisting of a member from each class was chosen to nominate officers. The names of the nominees were then submitted to the members of the society, who voted for the following: Dorian Haus, president; Vivian Dougherty, vice-president; Fay Edwards, secretary; Donald Smith, marshal, and Miss Pearsall, treasurer and critic. They decided to retain the old constitution and to come together every other Thursday.

To the members of the society, the first meeting was a matter of no small moment. Some of those gifted with literary talent were summoned to perform in public, some for the first time in their career. Of course parliamentary rules were strictly observed, the president, with a calm and dignified countenance, announcing the performance, and the studious *appearing* secretary calling the performers. Debates, recitations, and music were enjoyed by all present. In the first two debates senatorial courtesy was granted the speakers, but in the third the members, fearing that the ship purchase bill would cause a G. O. P. filibuster, decided to force House rules.

At the next meeting it was announced that a challenge had been accepted from the Gunnison High School. Immediately after that all of the more successful debaters were seen chewing pebbles, running up hills, and wearing a chip on an uneven shoulder.

At last the night of the try out came. Bitter Philipppies were vehemently uttered by all and Cicero's orations against Cataline were as soothing lullabies in comparison to some of the speeches made against those who happen to favor a large standing army. The victorious Demostheneses of the evening were Fay Edwards, Beulah Rivers, and Gladys Bode. The three chosen girls are diligently working on their debate and the entire High School, in a body, raises its glass—of water—and heartily drinks to their success.

—I. H., '17.



## Senior Poetics

The chief amusement of the Seniors at their party given at the home of Gladys Bode was a display of their wonderful poetic talent. We do not think it necessary to make any further explanation, as the verses are sure to speak for themselves.

He saw a metronome,  
Played on a graphophone,  
Talked through a telephone,  
And then went out to roam.  
Signed, *Nick Carter*.

Here is a classy article in the poetic line, the author of which, however, modestly asks that it remain anonymous:

Israel lights,  
Oh, such sights!  
To be an eel  
Is real.

The others will pass very well without comment.

I was walking down the street with Ruth,  
When suddenly she lost her tooth;  
I said, "Why, Ruth, that is uncouth."  
She said, "No! no! oh, Robert Booth."

Oh, could I sing,  
With this dull tongue,  
As other bards  
Of thee have sung.

Ten dollars reward has been offered to the person who is able to guess who "thee" is. We wish to state that the poet is undecided in the matter.

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## Junior Party

In remembrance of their Freshman year and those happy days gone by, the Juniors planned a skating party and beefsteak fry. All those who started to school as Freshmen with the class of sixteen were invited and a jolly reunion was held. The entire faculty responded to our call and came also. The night, though cold, was ideal for skating, and a most glorious time was enjoyed (and enormous appetites obtained). At ten o'clock the pond was cleared of the frolicking Juniors and all left for Lulu Laswell's, where the beefsteak had been prepared. The beefsteak and coffee disappeared as a snowball in July, and with singing, dancing and games the clock quickly moved to the Sunday morning line.

F. E.

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## Sophomore Party

The first class party of the season was a great Sophomore event, for were they not breaking into the big league? They certainly were and every loyal hearted Sophomore girl was eagerly discussing the anticipated pleasures awaiting them at the movie show. The boys didn't say much. They were unusually quiet.

But you say you don't get the big league point? Here it is. This was the first class party to which the members could go all alone and unprotected from.



the upper-classmen, and each felt proud that he could look with scorn upon those infants, otherwise Freshmen, and murmur bitingly, "Green Freshie," if one of those persecuted individuals chanced his way.

Well, to continue the tragedy. They met—that is, some of them met—at the home of Luella Quinn. One thing is certain, had those boys only known what delicious cider was to be served us there such a lack of young gentlemen would not have occurred. It certainly pays to advertise.

After waiting patiently, and, if it must be admitted, hopefully, for those heartless youths, the girls—almost all were there—determined to set out in a body for the show. This act was not as imprudent as it first appears, for no harm could possibly befall them, as they were all chaperoned, having with them Miss Gould, Miss Graham, Miss Pearsall, Miss Ladwig, Miss Wadell, Mr. and Mrs. Tanton and Mr. McDonald.

As they were making their way through the park they overheard the following conversation:

"Gee, what's coming?"

"Oh, nothing, only the Senior class," was the indifferent reply.

"Looks like girlhood turned loose."

"All the same, they only possess three lone oaks."

"Well, any way, two-thirds of their boys are present. Bet they're Hank and Bill. Hank has to play martyr 'cause he's president, and Bill doesn't know any better."

"Ah, come off, that ain't Bill, it's Dusty. Didn't you know that Dusty is fond of the girls, 'specially Seniors?"

Neither Mr. Tanton nor Mr. McDonald liked these insinuating remarks very well, but, as they were in the presence of ladies, they swallowed the insult and came moodily on, vowing vengeance against those two conversationalists the next time they met them. The speakers were not seen by any one present, however, thus the safety in vengeance.

Having finally arrived at the show, each one tried to impress the other with the fact that they were all having a jolly time, while individually they knew they were not. Still we forgive them, as we believe them justified.

After having witnessed a thrilling drama, they made their way to Stodg-hill's, where, by the delight of ice cream and cake, their grievance against the boys was cast in the shadow for a time.

Following the refreshments they went home, for that was all they could do.

The next Monday a Lyric poem with Epic results was placed on the black-board by certain Sophomore girls—and then the class divided.—*I. H.*, '17.

## Freshman Party

On Friday, October the ninth, a jolly bunch of Freshmen gathered in the Assembly Hall for their first Class Party. Everyone knew everybody else, and all were as happy and gay as larks, forgetting for the time that any such a thing as a school existed.

Five teachers were present, although, for that evening, they could have been classed as children, for they seemed to enjoy themselves as only children can.

During the forepart of the evening, some of the boys and girls remembered that their parents were at home, and slammed a door a trifle too hard, which caused the pane to tumble to the floor with a heart-rending crash.

There were games, contests in which several of the boys nearly choked, music, and dancing, to help spend the evening delightfully; at eleven o'clock every one departed for home.

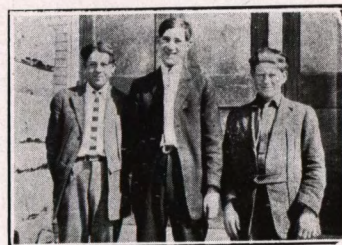
—*F. B.*, '18.



# Around the School

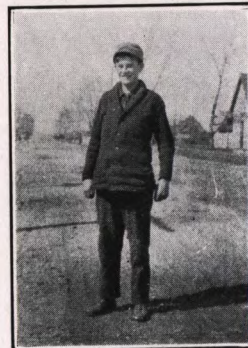




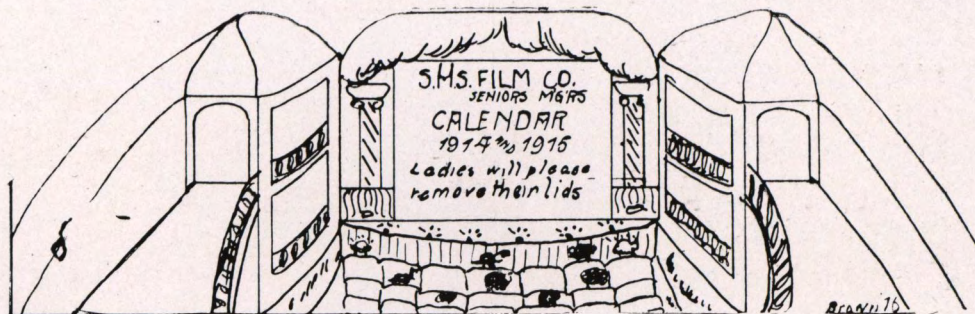




## Rogues' Gallery







# REEL I.

Oct. 9—Freshman party, no reports.

Nov. 3—Election.

Nov. 21—Junior party at Gimlett's.

Nov. 27—Miss Gfroerer entertains the boys' glee club.

Nov. 29—Shields Howell returns.







## REEL II.

Dec. 4—Senior party at Bode's.

Dec. 5—Miss Gould begins to roller skate.

Dec. 8—High School operetta.

Dec. 9—First meeting of new anarchistic society, D. D. V.

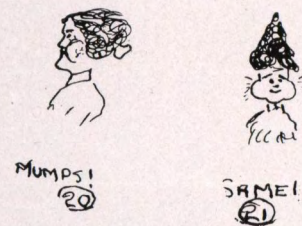
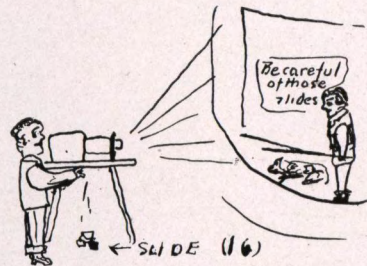
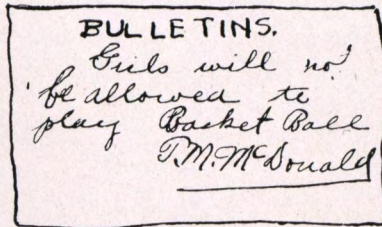
Dec. 11—Domestic Science - Manual Training party.

Dec. 14—Petition for allowing us to attend school Dec. 25 planned.

Dec. 23—First basketball game—Alumni 17; High School 39.

Dec. 24—Grace Williamson chooses a profession.





### REEL III.

Jan. 12—Oliver Elofson joins the Sophomore Class.

Jan. 13—T. M. McDonald decides to allow the girls to play basketball.

Jan. 14—Mr. McDonald refuses to have girls' basketball.

Jan. 15—You understand Mr. McDonald doesn't recommend it, but the girls are going to play basketball.

Jan. 16—Lou Westcott Beck entertains.

Jan. 17—Howard Price moves his seat next to Bertha's. "Hon" seems to have become very studious during that period.

Jan. 20—Dunreath Perkins absent—mumps.

Jan. 21—Yola Sage absent—same.

Jan. 22—Juniors reveal their talent in the theatrical line.

Jan. 25—Edna Eckland absent—mumps.

Jan. 28—Junior skating party—Juniors wafted about by the balmy breezes.

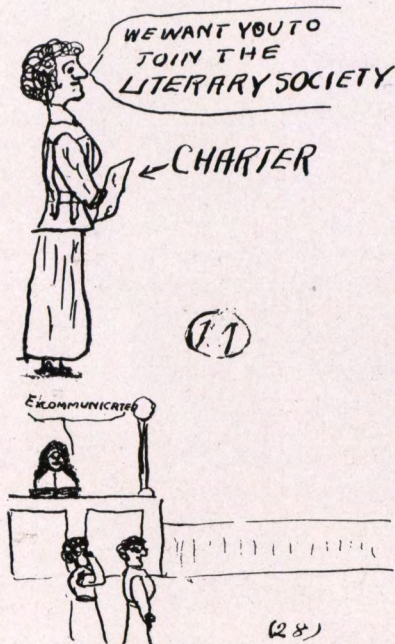


VISIT'RS 51

SALIDA 20

OH YOU CANON!

(29)



Jan. 29—Basketball game, 20-51, in Canon's favor.

#### REEL IV.

Feb. 1—Miss Gfroerer and Bessie Corlett absent—?

Feb. 2—T. M. cancels the Leadville game.

Feb. 3—Collegians.

Feb. 11—Literary Club meets.

Feb. 13—Senior party at Reilly's.

Feb. 18—D. A. Entertainment.

Feb. 19—Basketball—Florence 18; Salida 36.

Feb. 27—Senior party at Assembly Hall—games and other amusements.

Feb. 28—Jennie Lee is sent out of German class.

#### REEL V.

March 2—D. D. V. conspires again.

March 3—John Owen gets weighed.

March 4—Professor Montraville Wood entertains us.

March 5—Sophomore party at Elofson's.

March 11—Tryout for the debating team.

March 12—Junior party—no particulars.

March 15—Mr. Manlove goes mad for our benefit.

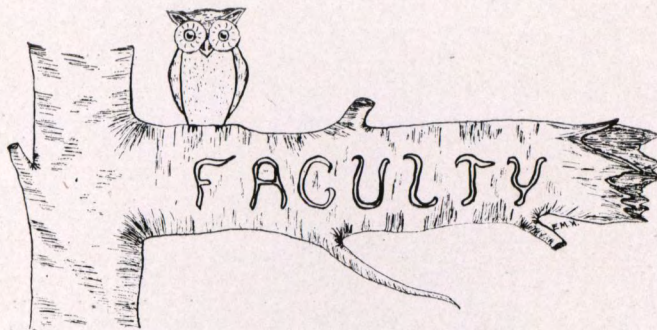
March 16—D. D. V. meets.

March 25—Literary club.

March 26—Junior party at Roberts'.

March 27—Senior tacky party at Sandusky's. D. H.





## The Great Trial of 1915

Curtain rises, and a herald coming to the front of the stage reads: "Be it known that there are dwelling in our midst some individuals called teachers who, throughout the past year, have been accused of some very grave offenses, and that now in open court they will be tried according to the law. Minerva is judge, the jury composed of the Seniors, and the witnesses the school at large." Minerva descends from her pedestal and advances to large chair in center.

"The school will come to order!"

Howard, foreman of jury—"Me first! Ham and egg—"

Judge—"Order!"

Howard—"I have!"

Judge (confused)—"Let the first one of the accused come before the bar."

Mr. Tanton (shocked)—"Your Honor!"

Judge—"Hurry up! In what is this man guilty?"

School—"A violent dislike for necessary class meetings, and a general dislike for the Seniors."

Judge—"Why?"

School—"We don't know."

Jury—"We find him guilty in the A degree, and sentence him to a year of hard labor with the Freshmen!"

Court—"Hip, hip, hooray!"

Judge—"Silence!"

Mr. Tanton—"But your Honor—"

Jury—"You will not excuse; we will not excuse!"

Judge—"Next victim on justice's altar!"

Mr. McDonald—"I am science's own victim, none other!"

Seniors—"Speech! Speech!"

Judge—"Silence! With what misdemeanor is this man charged?"

School—"Daily, unnecessary lectures, and unexpected examinations!"

Judge—"Very grave accusations, indeed. I can scarcely believe he is capable of such crimes."

Jury—"We sentence him to unexpected examinations ranging in subject from yellow flowers on a green cucumber vine to the habits of pollywogs."

He becomes very pale and is led away amid the cheering plaudits of dozens.

Judge—"Next!"

Enter Miss Pearsall.

Judge—"How has she offended justice?"

School—"With the terrifying habit of arousing dread in the timid hearts of lads and lasses!"



Jury (thoughtfully going back over previous years)—“She shall write a treatise on the feat—”

Miss Pearsall—“What!”

Jury (imperturbably)—“of angels standing on a pin.”

Miss Gould enters.

Judge—“Surely she is not charged with anything?”

School—“Oh, she isn’t? She has a most regrettable leaning toward the boys in the English classes.”

Jury—“All boys shall be omitted from her classes!”

Miss Gould—“But hor—”

Jury—“Ho!”

Enter Miss Graham.

School—“She has an abnormal fondness for eighth periods.”

Judge—“Really? Drastic measures should be used for correcting this undesirable habit.”

Jury—“Let her remain locked in school from 3:30 in the forenoon till 8:30 the next morning as a ninth period!”

She is shown out to the strain of “Augustine,” and Miss Wadell approaches.

Judge—“I do not think she should be tried.”

Jury—“Why?”

Judge—“She has her punishment already—she teaches the Freshmen!”

Mr. Bernard comes in.

School—“No charge!”

Judge—“I congratulate you, sir!”

“Here is Miss Gfroerer. What is the matter with her?”

School—“The charge is indulging in too many operettas!”

Jury—“Let all the operettas, present, past, and future ‘soak in’ upon her and no one else!”

Judge—“Here is Miss Ladwig!”

School—“She is charged with taking the ‘rest’ out of ‘rest room’!”

Judge—“How?”

School—“The room is there, but how about the rest?”

Jury—“Not guilty!”

Judge smiles—“Let us hope that with the help of these judgments so wisely given, we shall live henceforth in peace and concord—the teachers with the pupils—the pupils with the teachers; and that all will strive to overcome and correct their failings, and to improve their many virtues!”

Minerva steps again to her pedestal and the curtain falls to slow music.

—H. E. M., '15.

Special quartet for important functions only. Classic Music and Grand Opera a Specialty. Has traveled over the World and Sung in the Courts of Kings. Secured at *enormous* expense by Salida High School after *years* of endeavor.



1st Soprano .....C. M. Gfroerer  
2nd Soprano .....E. G. Graham  
Contralto .....M. E. Gould  
Alto .....D. O. Pearsall  
Pianist .....C. E. Tanton

Smple Program sent on request.

Opening Chorus—“The Little Green Book,”.....Schubert  
COMPANY.





Duet—"Eighth Periods," .....	Schytte, op. 58, No. 3.
MISSSES GRAHAM AND GOULD.	
Solo—"You Have Three Zeros Now," .....	Doering, op. 8, No. 1.
MISS PEARSALL.	
Piano Solo—"The Bell Has Rung," ..	Francois Hunter.
PROFESSOR C. E. TANTON.	
Solo—"I Was Born for the Art," ...	Carl Czerny.
MISS GFROERER.	
Trio—"Three Belles," .....	Gustav Wolf.
MISSSES GRAHAM, PEARSALL & GOULD.	
Solo with Classic Dance—"Romeo and Juliet," .....	Mendelssohn.
MISS GOULD.	

Grand Finale—"Enough Said," ..... Bach, op. 141  
—G. W., '15.

Nature has a new method when she "does her best." Just ask Miss Gfroerer; she can tell you all about it.

*Miss Gfroerer* (to Florence, who was leaving Glee Club): "Florence, you come right back here! I'll have you understand that you are under my *Construction!*"

## The Woes of the Roller Skate

Yes, indeed, I'm badly in need of chalk, and numerous other articles of repair—oil, bolts, screws, and competent skaters. You ought to see the bunch of beginners that have stamped out their wrath upon my feeble wheels. Teachers? Oh, merciful fates! Teachers by the bushel! The students wear the instructors' nerves to a very ragged frazzle, which vents its remaining fibers on me.

Take for example that Yankee, Miss Gould. She calls me a "rollah skate," and then turns around (or rather rolls around) and addresses "Ettar" or "Beular." She is quite as adept at tacking her "r's" on at the wrong place as she is at deducting years from my allotted life time.

Then there is Miss Ladwig, docile and gentle, perfectly willing to fall and fall and fall, if she can only learn, in the end, to roll. I get quite out of patience with her, when she turns a flip-flop and sits down on the floor to rest. She may enjoy it, but it jars my bearings.

Then there's the dainty Miss Pearsall, who proclaims her desire to try it alone. Just as if there'd be a grease-spot of her left if she should collide with the floor! Take it from me she's right there with the goods. They say she's some ice-skater; and considering the thoughtful way she has of pushing me around, I'm for her, strong!

Lastly there's Miss Graham, stately and dignified. I would certainly like to give her the slip—let her do a flip-flop and then execute a figure eight; but she has a mind of her own.

Take it all in all, rolling around with teachers is really instructive and uplifting (especially at certain times); and I'd lots rather be ruined by these gentle beings than have to do the eternal glide, two-step and grand march with a lot of brainless wonders.

But the latter is less hard on the bearings, believe muh!—B. R., '15.



## Weather Forecast

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*Dorian* (on way to class): "Spent 10 min. on Latin;" black clouds with light showers.

Forty lines of Latin; muddy—almost impossible to wade through.

Miss Graham sighs when——is reciting; cloud passes over the sun—a storm threatens but passes over.

Mr. McDonald with classbook; unsettled weather with heavy showers.

*Howard* (on way to German): "Hope I can bluff through as I did yesterday." Black clouds from an unknown source; threatening storms.

Seniors having a social time in Room I; approaching thunder storm with flashes of lightning.

Jennie Lee whispers across the aisle; flashes of lightning foretell a shower.

Monday—poorly prepared lessons; stormy with heavy showers.

Too much whispering in the assembly; light showers accompanied by several flashes of lightning.

Wednesday after D. D. V. meeting; unsettled.

Miss Pearsall asks question without "numbering in fives"; pleasant weather with bright sunshine.

Several of class copying themes in English class; unpleasant weather with many black clouds.

—B. C., '15.



## Teachers' Statistics

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Method of Punishment	Favorite Amusement	Affection towards	Ambition
Mr. Tanton	Buddy	"Let's have the talking stopped; the gong has rung"	Change of seat	Moving pictures	Room I.	To become a tennis champion
Miss Pearsall	Deb.	"We'll write to-day."	Piercing glances	Entertaining—we won't tell, Miss Pearsall.	Freshmen (?)	To be a companion to the girls.
Miss Gould	Miss Guggenheim	"The 'idear' is this."	Eighth period	Roller skating	Dramatic art	To have all work for the Annual in by March first.
Miss Graham	(None earned as yet.)	"What do your notes say?"	Eighth period	Telling fortunes	The Senior German class	To become a Schumann-Heink.
Mr. McDonald	Mac, or Timothy	"Now the answer 'couched' in terms of—"	Confidential talks and threatened dismissal from class.	Playing the horn	A certain pretty lady with dark hair and eyes.	To become a second Sir Isaac Newton.
Miss Ladwig	Miss Ludwig	"You girls are tardy again."	Tart remarks	Having the Domestic Art girls give candy sales.	New styles	To obtain funds for completing the rest-room.
Miss Wadell	Elsie Winship, or Waddie	"Now let's not whisper any more tomorrow."	Doesn't punish	Keeping the Physics class in order during Mr. McDonald's absence	Eighth periods in Room I.	To preserve order during the fourth period.
Miss Gfroerer	Go-for	"Let that soak in."	Dismissal from class	Counseling and advising in affairs of the heart.	The boys	To go into Grand Opera
Mr. Bernard	The Old Gent	"What are you working at today?"	Lecturing	Punching the boys in the ribs	His wife	To be a good teacher



MABLE LENORE BATEMAN: "*Vesta*."

She of the haughty mien and stately carriage,  
who can bake biscuits and fry steak.

GLADYS LOUISE BODE

Her dignity and calm reserve but hide  
The subtile play of her emotions!

BESSIE ANN CORLETT

In wisdom Bessie doth abound,  
Her judgment is both firm and sound.

LORETTA CROSSWHITE: "*Sis*."

Say, pipe the innocent look! You'd  
think to look at that face that "*Sis*" was  
an angel.





PEARL BLANCHE EN EARL: "*Polly.*"

The meekest face,—but did you ever see  
her cutting up? No, nor you won't.

HENRIETTA FOULK: "*Dutch.*"

Just as many hairs on one side of her  
head as on the other. Count 'em! She  
divides 'em by Algebra.

FLORENCE MAY GILL: "*Flossy.*"

"I'm forbidden to play basketball, or play  
at being a boy;—  
So the sun has gone down, and the clouds  
come up and rob life of its joy."

DORIAN OLIVE HAUS: "*Tom.*"

Alas! Fame's laurels were denied her  
When first fair Venus' son espied her!





LEONA ESTALONA HILTZ: "*Onie.*"

Now she's a new arrival, and so we'll  
just say she's sweet. But she needn't feel  
flattered!

EMILY MARGARET HODDING:

"*Pinky.*"

Oh, she's all right. It really isn't her  
fault that she can sing. Don't blame her  
too much.

MARY JOSEPHINE JONES: "*Jonsie.*"

Now, who would dream that to so staid  
a face  
Brown eyes could lend such tantalizing  
grace?

RHODA PEARL MEANS: "*Tutsie.*"

It's from lassies so tiny and prim, my dear,  
That lads have the most to fear!





MARGARET BELLE MILLER:

*"Pumpkins."*

Huh! Suppose her hair does fall below  
her hips? Ours comes to our shoulder  
blades and it's still growing!

ELIZA MARJORIE MIXER: *"Marnie."*

You know, you've just got to admire her.  
Guess it's her eyes that do the deed.

HELEN ELIZABETH MOSGROVE:

*"Hado."*

Our humble pen cannot full justice do  
The beauty, brains and wits of such as you.

FLORA DUNREATH PERKINS:

*"Cupid."*

A maid who can do all the latest dips,  
The one-step, the tango, and Castle Slips.





MARGARET AGNES QUINN: "*Stony.*"

She's going to study electrocuting after she graduates. We will drop her acquaintance after May 28.

MARGARET MILDRED REILLY:

"*Irish.*"

"She came from Erin," let him say who dares,---

For she's a good old top and so, who cares?

GEORGE HOWARD RHODES:

"*Dusty.*"

Isn't that "Georgie" part rich? Got his hair nice and slick, hasn't he? It doesn't look quite so nice when he's winning a game for the team, and the score result is dubious.

MARIE BEULAH RIVERS:

"*Tipperary.*"

Poor thing. We're not certain, but judging from the little brooklets of ink she calls writing, we think it was a sun-stroke.





MARY HESTER SAGE: "*Hetty.*"

A lass who long ago was taught  
The value of a smile.

HENRY SANDUSKY: "*Hank.*"

Alas! he lacks a middle name  
On which to hinge his baseball fame!

GRACE ZELMA WILLIAMSON:

"*Dickey.*"

We can't say anything about her; she's  
a friend of the family. Cute (not bow-  
legged, the other meaning), isn't she?





HAZEL BELLE SCHOOLFIELD:

*"Venus."*

The Southland cased its richness  
in her hair,  
Its beauty in her eyes, its sweet-  
ness in her smile.

JENNIE LEE WILLIAMS: *"Jupiter."*

The red of her lips and the pink of her  
cheeks and the lilt of her laugh, together,  
Have stamped their impress upon our  
souls, to remain there for ever and ever!

FRANKLIN WILLARD WOODY:

*"Bill."*

He is one of those whom we may not  
offend. He is one of the three. Sweet  
face, don't you think?





# SENIOR



## Senior Class History

Early in September, of 1911, a group of about sixty-two noisy Freshmen climbed the stairs to the Assembly Room. We bravely endeavored to avoid that appearance of self-consciousness which is so common to Freshmen. At the time, we thought we had succeeded very well, but looking back from our present point of view, we know that we were neither better nor worse than the general run of Freshmen.

We soon held a class meeting and chose Howard Rhodes as president, Omar Divers vice-president and Sidney Matthews secretary and treasurer. We decided on red and white as our colors and the carnation as our flower. The first social function planned was a hay-rack ride, but because of the interference of the weather man as well as the upper-classmen, it terminated in a party at the home of Dunreath Perkins. We also enjoyed a skating-party and a picnic. In athletics we excelled, for we won the banner in the track-meet that year.

The next year only about thirty of our number returned as Sophomores, and alas, but three of these were boys! That year we elected Mary Denik president, Jennie Lee Williams vice-president, and Mable Bateman secretary and treasurer. We indulged in three social affairs, the first being a party at the home of Emily Hodding, which was well attended by Freshmen as well as Sophomores, the second a party with Laura Ramey as hostess, and the third a picnic to Wellsville. The girls chose Leitha Woods as captain of their indoor baseball team.

As Juniors we had twenty-eight in our class. Our officers for the year were: president, Jennie Lee Williams; vice-president, Monda Tomlin; secretary and treasurer, Willard Woody. We had a jolly time during the year, even if boys were scarce. The first party, at the home of Dorian Haus, was very enjoyable



and well attended by the girls and Faculty. Having had such a good time at Dorian's, the Junior girls planned a masquerade at Beulah's home and invited the Senior girls to participate. It was then that the boys, especially those of the Senior class, became interested and came as uninvited guests in time for refreshments (and incidentally in time to see some of the girls home). Before long, the Seniors returned the compliment by inviting us to join them in a delightful party at Assembly Hall. The "grand finale" was the banquet given by the Juniors to the Seniors and Faculty in the Assembly Hall.

And now, as dignified but happy Seniors, there are twenty-six of us who expect to graduate. Soon after school began we chose the following officers: president, Henry Sandusky; vice-president, Grace Williamson; secretary, Bessie Corlett; treasurer, Mable Bateman. Our first social function was a theater party, followed by refreshments. We next had a party at the home of Gladys Bode and then we met for a good time at Marguerite Reilly's. Having tired of being a nunnery, we rented Assembly Hall and invited outside boys to join us. Here we enjoyed games and dancing, and incidentally the novelty of having enough boys to go around.

Although this history seems to be a record composed chiefly of social events, we have not been lacking in athletic and intellectual stars. And now, as the close of school draws near, we look forward with gladness to the attainment of our goal, but our joy is not unmixed with sadness since we realize that it means the parting of our ways and that *all* of the "Class of '15" may never be together again.

—Gladys Bode.

## Why We Survive

Why did we survive? That is a question to which not one of us can give a definite answer. In the secret recesses of our souls, we have attempted to find the reason, but as yet we have arrived at no conclusion as to how and why we really did reach our present point of desperation.

Of course, as Freshmen, this problem did not particularly annoy us, for we had about the usual number of companions in misery. But when, as Sophomores, the majority of the Male contingent either failed to appear, or made their appearance in the Assembly Room looking as fresh and green as they had the previous year, we began to sit up and take notice. We formed a Triple Alliance for self-defense, but in spite of all of our carefully laid plans, we were not able even to sit in the same part of the room.

Since none of us was willing to be the one to break the terms of the treaty formed by the Triple Alliance, each nobly forbore flunking and passed on into Room Three. Here, by means of a well-planned concentration of forces, we ably managed our self-defense. About the middle of the year, another joined our ranks and we enlarged to the Quadruple Alliance. But, as the new-comer was of a timid disposition, he soon gave up the fight, and we were compelled to reorganize the Triple Alliance.

For a while we feared that as Seniors, it might be only a Double Alliance, but, overcoming all obstacles, the third member returned with the opening of school last fall. Again were we powerful through concentration of forces, especially since we were ably protected by Mr. Tanton's presence in the room. And even although the girls tormented us a great deal by such inhuman tortures as mussing our sleek pompadours, endeavoring to make us powder our noses and making us see at least a dozen of them home, we nevertheless managed to retain our sweet dispositions. We then received our well-earned diplomas, feeling that we had maintained the dignity befitting Seniors, and were glad—for the girls' sake, at least—to say that we had survived to graduate with the suffragette class of 1915.

—Hank, Bill and Dusty.



## Class Will

---

We, the Senior Class of 1915, being of sound mind and memory, and under no compulsion, but of our own free will, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

*First:* We give and bequeath Beulah Rivers' splendid nerve and daring to Grace Moore, hoping that these will help Grace to gain more political prominence in future.

*Second:* We give and bequeath Emily Hodding's kindly affection for the teachers to Annie Jacobs, provided she uses it when a careless teacher irritates her. Especially also do we give and bequeath Emily's voice to Emmet Brown. We hope that Emmet will carry it to a successful climax.

*Third:* We give and bequeath Dunreath Perkins' dancing ability to Marie Kennison, but she may keep this only as long as she can make as much of a success as Dunreath did.

*Fourth:* We give and bequeath our hero worship of Howard Rhodes, together with Howard's beautiful hair, to Willie Rush. We hope Willie will make use of these modestly and wisely, for they have been greatly prized and mussed by the Senior girls.

*Fifth:* We give and bequeath Willard Woody's desire to know and his ability to ask startling questions in Science class to Fay Edwards, hoping thereby that Fay may acquire a more serious mind. By request we also give Willard's smile to Mildred EnEarl. We hate to part with it, but feel that it will be in safe keeping.

*Sixth:* We give and bequeath Henry Sandusky's likableness to Dewey Matthews. We hope he will always greatly honor it.

*Seventh:* We give and bequeath Helen Mosgrove's originality to Solon Duncan, on the condition that he will agree to be as amusing in Assemblies as Helen often is.

*Eighth:* We give and bequeath Loretta Crosswhite's beautiful long hair and big blue eyes to Leitha Woods. We cannot expect these to prove very useful to Leitha, but we would suggest that she sell them to some worthy member of her class.

*Ninth:* We give and bequeath Dorian Haus' fearlessness and abruptness to Lilac Crouse, on the condition that she will be less kindly to all teachers than she has formerly been.

*Tenth:* We give and bequeath Etta Foulk's quietness, together with Margaret Miller's dignity, to Dorothy Gimlett, hoping that she will become more quiet and wise-looking, as will befit her when she becomes a dignified Senior.

*Eleventh:* We give and bequeath Bessie Corlett's mental ability to Xana Gorham, with the expectation that she will become a Latin expert by the addition of Bessie's ability to her own.

*Twelfth:* We give and bequeath Jennie Lee Williams' never-come-off smile to Paul Stodghill so that next year's Seniors may have as sunny a room as we have had.

*Thirteenth:* We give and bequeath Pearl Means' tall, willowy grace, together with Marjorie Mixer's shortness, to Carolyn Welch. Such extremes will not prove dangerous if taken in small quantities.

*Fourteenth:* We give and bequeath Pearl EnEarl's loud laugh to Howard Price, if he will agree to make use of it, and not forget it.

*Fifteenth:* We give and bequeath Hester Sage's obtrusiveness to Lulu Laswell, hoping that by the acquirement of this characteristic Lulu may not be too timid and frightened when a Senior.



*Sixteenth:* We give and bequeath Gladys Bode's cleverness in Science and in other classes to Evilly McNichol, so that Evilly may not have disagreements with curious teachers about how long she studied.

*Seventeenth:* We give and bequeath Mable Bateman's liking and ability for Domestic Science to Emmett O'Connor on the condition that in case he marries he will prepare a nice home. If he does not marry he must give it to someone else whose name we withhold.

*Eighteenth:* We give and bequeath Marguerite Reilly's ambitions to Vivian Dougherty so that he may be inspired and rise to great eminence as a speaker.

*Nineteenth:* We give and bequeath Agnes Quinn's desire for knowledge of facts to Harold Archer. We trust he will make good use of it in his quest for wisdom.

*Twentieth:* We give and bequeath Florence Gill's ability for flattering to the teachers, hoping they may give inquiring students more kindly encouragement about their work.

*Twenty-first:* We give and bequeath Leona Hiltz's pleasant expression to the teachers also, provided they will agree to use it on the class of 1916, when toward the end of their year the Seniors are working on the Annual, entertainments, plays, choosing committees, et cetera, ad infinitum, and don't happen to have a perfect lesson in one class. We especially desire this because the Junior class does not look to be as hardy a class as we.

*Twenty-second:* We give and bequeath Hazel Schoolfield's brown eyes to Bessie Blanchard, by request, on condition that she will be very careful of them.

*Twenty-third:* We give and bequeath Grace Williamson's ability for piano playing to Hal Webster. We think it may prove useful to Hal.

*Twenty-fourth:* We give and bequeath Mary Jones' school books to some deserving member of the 1916 class whom the class may elect as being most worthy of having the possessions of a Senior. We would timidly suggest Leslie Lippard.

*Twenty-fifth:* We give and bequeath the Senior serenade choruses such as "Tipperary," "Michigan," etc., to the class of 1916, provided they will agree to make Bertha Strayer their leader.

*Twenty-sixth:* We give and bequeath Room I, containing the desks and seats and Mr. Tanton, to the class of 1916 on the condition that they will give proper tribute to our memory by making use of the first fifteen minutes before class in the morning for deep study.

*Twenty-seventh:* We give and bequeath all of our teachers and their classes to the Seniors of 1916, wishing them all good fortune.

*Twenty-eighth:* We give and bequeath any old Algebra or English papers that next year's class may find in Room I to the finders, provided they send them to a museum to be carefully preserved.

*Lastly:* We do hereby appoint George Skeen and Carl Valdez executors of this will.

—Hazel Schoolfield.

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## Prophecy

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It was one of those calm sweet May twilights, suggestive of flowers and laughter and music. The breezes wafted in through the open window the perfume of an early rose; and the strains of a popular air, sweetened and mellowed by distance, brought back a thousand vivid memories of other Mays.



On the wall opposite me, beneath a red and white pennant bearing the legend, S. H. S. '15, hung a framed panel from which twenty-six familiar faces smiled at me across the intervening years.

Class of '15! A jolly bunch with a reputation for being the worst class in High School, less responsible, more mischievous than Freshmen,—not a bit slow in spite of the predominance of the feminine sex. Where were they now, and had they won success in life?

The light grew steadily dimmer, the music fainter, the perfume heavier;—the present melted into past.

The pictured faces seemed illumined; slowly, yet perceptibly, they became animated. The heavy shadows assumed the appearance of long flowing gowns. I scarcely dared breathe lest the spell be broken. There was a soft rustle as of leaves in the evening wind, a long sigh and a whispering, as if the trees were conversing. Then out into the light of the rising moon stepped the shadow-swathed figures of my class mates. Their eyes sparkled with merriment, the warm blood colored their cheeks and lips. With a wave of laughter and a boisterous shout they sprang towards me.

"Well, hello Kid!" exclaimed Jennie Lee Williams. "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

"Yes, that's what I'd like to know from about twenty-five of you!" interrupted Howard Rhodes.

In the babel of greetings and chatter that followed we all failed to notice the aloofness of a certain stern-faced man, until a sharp voice requested us to make less noise.

"I'd like to have this bunch come to order and have everybody tell his own story!" It was Henry Sandusky, president of the class.

"That's what I sav," agreed Marguerite Reilly.

"Then go ahead, Marguerite," called Florence Gill.

The class settled themselves comfortably, and the stories began. "I have not been what you'd call unsuccessful, even though I have led a rather uneventful life. I have been content to teach the intricate methods of hairdressing; and, as you see, I have achieved my longed-for earrings."

Ah, yes! From her pink ear lobes dangled two long diamond ear-drops.

"Well, Fate is not always indifferent to our desires!" exclaimed Helen Mosgrove, as she carefully adjusted her glasses. Now I have written seventy-five treatises on mental suggestion: and now that I have at last been successful in inventing a punctureless auto tire, I will spend my remaining years in peaceful rest. Hazel, child, tell them what you have done for suffering mankind."

Hazel Schoolfield's dark eyes twinkled. "I, too, have entered the literary field. I write tracts on religion for the Samwich Islanders. But the earlier days of my life were offered up to the god of oratory. I went on the stump several times to proclaim the merits of——, but let Pearl tell you herself.

"Yes, I've been elected to the State Senate twice," said Pearl Means. "I am now a candidate for the House of Representatives. Vote for me, won't you all?"

"You bet, Kid," replied Jennie Lee. "Mary, tell us what you did for 'sufferin' mankind'."

"Oh, I didn't do much of anything," said Mary Jones. "I am the author of Jones' Simplified Algebra, and the Practical Side of a Triangle. Next fall I am to accept a position as mathematical instructor at Yale."

"Who'd 'a' thought it of Mary?" questioned Grace Williamson. "Gee, you folks have done a lot of great things. But you should hear my class in musical interpretation,—you'd probably feel worse afterwards than you did before."



"I don't doubt it," laughed Howard. "Say, you ought to see the bunch of medals Emily Hodding got at the Salida World's Fair. What for? I don't know. Ask Emily."

"What's that? Oh, I got 'em for singing, you know! I spent six years in Germany and then went into Grand Opera. I am to sing the role of Magpie in Etta Foulk's brilliant composition, *The Broken Discord*."

"Yes, I wrote the piece especially for Emily," explained Etta. "You see, my sensitive mathematical brain turned readily to music, and I have written several operas."

"Is that not edifying, my friends?" interrogated Bessie Corlett. "The only thing that has kept me from sinking into the Slough of Despond was the memory of my marvelously intelligent classmates. Bolstered up by the knowledge of their achievements, I have gone my humble way, expounding the principles of Long's English Literature to itinerant Juniors."

"Poor girl!" sympathized Dunreath Perkins. "I spent four years in college and then went to Spain to study soil formation. I have invented a method for rehabilitating wornout bacteria fields."

"Well, I went in for agriculture, too!" exclaimed Willard Woody. "I have just introduced a bill into Congress. This bill provides for the utilization of the Mississippi River for irrigating the Sahara Desert. The water will be transported by wireless."

"You don't say so!" piped up Loretta Crosswhite, with the same rapidity of speech that won her fame in the sixth grade. "Can't I sell you a package of Crosswhite's Cross-grain Cross-reduction tablets for stout people? They are guaranteed to be successful, for they are the result of a life time's effort."

"I'll take four packages," came in Marjorie Mixer's liquid voice. "No, they're not for myself. I will send them to the foreign branch of my mission society. I have no doubt but what it is quite as praiseworthy to redeem savages from the clutches of flesh as from the clutches of the Evil One."

Gladys Bode spoke up smilingly. "How thoughtful you are, my dear! Now, my life, since I left Wellesley, has been devoted to the study of the sciences. I have found the co-efficient of expansion for a soap bubble, and I have established communication with Mars. Perhaps Mable will tell you how our life works coincided."

"Yes, go ahead," urged Henry, and Mable Bateman told the following:

"Well, when Gladys installed her electric railway to Mars, I was the first one to make the journey. I taught the ignorant natives the gentle art of cooking. Imagine my delight at meeting my old classmate, Hester Sage, up there! She had opened a class in modern dance steps. Can you beat it?"

"There, Hester, don't blush or I'll make you describe every step in detail. Dorian Haus, what have you done?" asked Henry.

"I never did nothin'. Just was a good little girlie and made hats for my little niece's dolls. Oh, yes! Did, too. Went to Alaska and discovered a great big radium well, and made heaps of money!"

"Treat us then, stingy," begged Florence. "Come around to Miller's and buy us some of Gill's Creamless Icecream, made from a saccharine substance which I discovered in New Guinea."

Margaret Miller looked up quickly. "Florence, it's strange you didn't come across my farm down there. I raise sweet potatoes on a twenty-thousand acre patch four miles west of the equator."

"Well, do you know, Economics seemed to turn us all towards agriculture," said Agnes Quinn. "Here I am raising violets and parsnips down in New Jersey, and I heard that Pearl EnEarl was growing grasshoppers in Australia. Is it true, Pearl?"



"No," denied Pearl, "I went in for higher education and am teaching algebra to a class of two-year-olds, in old Salida High."

"Well, you're a polite bunch," jeered Howard. "Why don't you give Leona a chance?"

"I didn't do anything interesting," said Leona Hiltz. "I am the original of the Sandusky girls. I pose for Henry, you see."

"Oh, yes!" chirped Jennie Lee. "You're the beautiful lady that stares back at me from the cover of every magazine I pick up. Well! Well! Henry, give an account of your doin's."

Henry blushed and grew very conscious. "Well," he began, "I didn't know I had any talent until I had finished a course at Fort Collins. I was working on my farm one day when a man came up and told me that he knew from the way I handled a hoe that I was born to wield a brush. So I took up illustrating at once."

"Class president, too!" chided Jennie Lee. "I'm ashamed of you! But you never asked me what I had done. I am leading lady for the Vitagraph Company. I have played in Vaudeville and in Shakespearean tragedies. I am quite a celebrity."

"I should say so!" I exclaimed. "Now, Howard, you're last."

"Next to last, you mean. I was captain of the Colorado University teams, both football and basketball. I went in for athletics in general until I had to give up. I am coaching the Yale boat crew now, and have written several books on sports. My rules and regulations for football and baseball have been accepted by the Hague Peace Congress. Go on, it's your turn."

"Well," I began, reluctantly, "I have spent most of my life working out the Rivers system of short hand, collecting punk high school jokes, and——" But just then a change of the wind transformed the distant music into crashing ragtime, the moon passed under a cloud, the fragrance of the rose was gone,—So, so were my companions! I started up dazedly and went over to the panel of the class. Only the mocking smiles of the pictured faces greeted me. I rubbed my eyes and vainly endeavored to dispel the gloomy shadows. I moved closer to the picture; and, as I stared, Howard's lips seemed to move, and a voice—or could it have been the wind?—whispered, "Tipperary, you're seeing things!"

—*Beulah Rivers.*

## Efficiency Test for a Senior

1. Do you like your work?
2. Are you a good bluffer?
3. In your relation to your teachers, do you know where your greatest power lies?
4. Do you absolutely believe that you will succeed in graduating?
5. Can you be optimistic when you receive your report card?
6. Are you patient with the Freshmen?
7. Do you treat the Sophomores kindly?
8. Are you as dignified as is fitting to your position?
9. Can you tolerate the Juniors?
10. Do you study too hard?
11. Does your highest ambition include some real service to the lower classes?
12. Are you a good example to the lower classes?
13. Do you work less than anybody else in your class?
14. Have you learned the science of getting the highest grade for the least work?
15. Can you relax entirely during your study hours?

M. M.



# Senior Class Play

## "ENGAGED BY WEDNESDAY."

### CAST.

Martin Henry, laziest man in county, .....	Willard Woody
Arthur Watson .....	Howard Rhodes
Jack, friend of Arthur, .....	Beulah Rivers
Ted, " " .....	Vivian Dougherty
Dick, " " .....	Mable Bateman
Miss Abigail Persons, a woman of ideas, .....	Marjorie Mixer
Mrs. Watson, a gentle person, .....	Gladys Bode
Marie, friend of Lucille, .....	Helen Mosgrove
Jane, " " .....	Grace Williamson
Mabel, " " .....	Dunreath Perkins
Lucille Persons .....	Agnes Quinn
Mary, Martin Henry's aunt, cook at Persons' .....	Leona Hiltz
Two Girls, .....	Loretta Crosswhite
.....	Emily Hodding
Gypsies, .....	Mary Jones
.....	Hazel Schoolfield

### PLOT.

...

Miss Persons plans that her niece and the son of her life long friend, Mrs. Watson, will be engaged by the Wednesday after Lucille, the niece, arrives home after an absence of seven years. Then the couple can be married by September, and the dear old ladies will take a much planned-for trip to Europe. Of course, when the young folks hear of the plan, they do their best to break it up. Interesting complications follow, and humorous scenes occur. However, the farce ends very satisfactorily for every one concerned.





Emmet Brown



Lilac Crouse



Fay Edwards



Solon Duncan



Vivian Dougherty





Mildred EnEarl



Louise Gill



Fred Everett



Dorothy Gimlett



Xana Gorham





Louie Hay



Alga Heister



Annie Jacobs



Marie Kennison



Lulu Laswell

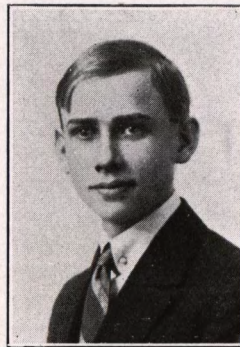




Lily Lines



Leslie Lippard



Dewey Matthews



Truman Means



Evilly McNicol





Jessie Mixer



Grace Moore



Emmett O'Connor



John Petrini

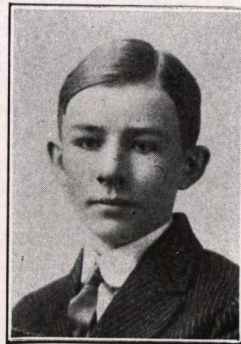


Delacey Ramsey





Everett Roberts



William Rush



Paul Stodghill



Bertha Strayer



Hal Webster





Carolyn Welch



Leitha Woods

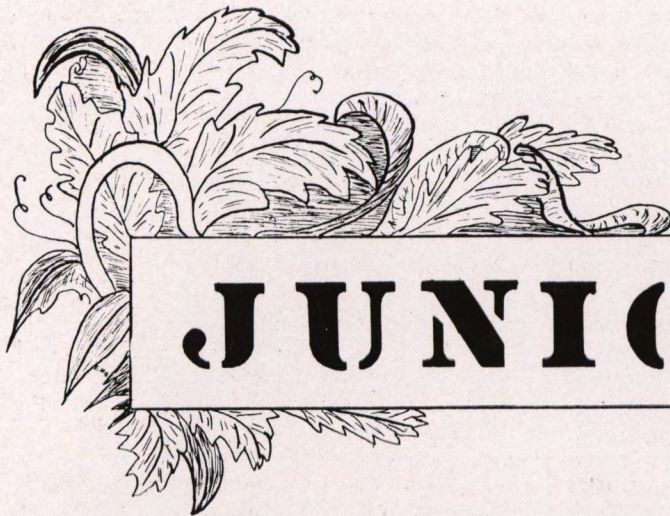


Pauline Cole  
Special



Lucile Foster  
Special





# JUNIOR

## Junior Class History

[*With Apologies to Shakespeare*]

All the school's a stage,  
And all the boys and girls are merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And each one in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being just four ages. At first the Freshman,  
Cramming and fretting for his first exams,  
Shyly taking his place, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the Sophomore,  
Proud and conceited, lifting up his head  
Above the Freshman horde. The third age shifts  
To the jolly, carefree Junior, idling  
His merry hours away. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange, eventful history  
Shows the stately Senior in flowing gown  
And square cut cap, making his last sad exit.

It was during the intermission between the third and fourth acts, and all the city was excited. It had truly been a fine play and now all anxiously awaited the raising of the curtain on the last act.

Let us review the previous scenes and strive to detect the cause of their pleasure.

The name of the play was "Glorious Old Sixteen." In the first act appeared this class of 1916 of S. H. S. as Freshmen, bashful and green. At their head marched Andrew Maier, President, and following him the other officers—Hal Webster, Vice-Pres.; Dewey Matthews, Sec.; Fred Everett, Treas.; and the remaining seventy-three. Above them waved their colors, the blue and the gold. Great mirth was caused by the presentation of the first act. One great feature



was a party, and another, a contest between this class and those above them. But "Old Sixteen" won and rallied 'round the prize, a beautiful banner. Again was there a contest, this time a track meet, and "Old Sixteen" again marched off victorious with another banner as a reward. Then, as they sulkily retired for exams, the curtain fell, leaving the vast audience in suspense as to which ones would return in the next act.

The crowd quieted as the curtain rose for the second act. The scenery was changed to a slightly more dignified and smaller setting. Of the seventy-three in the first act, thirty-four returned. At the head this time marched Hal Webster, Pres.; Carolyn Welch, Vice-Pres.; and Louie Hay, Sec. and Treas. They carried aloft their track meet banner and the blue and gold pennant which were won the year before. Many parties and gaieties took place during this act. And there was also a track-meet, and again "Old Sixteen" marched off victorious, carrying the banner. Kenneth and Leitha Woods captured the individual banners, while many others won letters both in this and in basketball. It was a merry group which the curtain hid as it made its second descent.

The intense excitement subsided as the curtain rose again, disclosing the Class of 1916 as happy Juniors. At the head this time were Fay Edwards, Pres.; Lulu Laswell, Vice-Pres.; and Delacey Ramsey, Sec. and Treas., followed by thirty laughing, happy Juniors proudly bearing the tokens of past victories. This act proved to be another humorous one, full of fun and life. The first event was a party. Others followed this and last of all came the great banquet to the Seniors. Some members took part in Glee Club, others in Athletics; still others were prominent in the Literary Society. One feature of this act consisted of scenes from "As You Like It," given by the English class. Again the curtain fell, all too soon, over the happy throng.

The second intermission was intensely interesting, each person wondering what the outcome would be. We are not permitted at present to see the last act, but may we not look forward in prophecy to the future? The picture is hazy and the number of stately Seniors cannot be accurately counted, nor can it be seen who leads them. But there are more jolly parties, a fine play and a beautiful annual, the product of their patient and skillful labor. They adorn the walls with their banners of victory and signs of worth. Then as their High School life draws to its close, they garb themselves in the Senior robes and each, after receiving his diploma, makes his last sad exit: not back behind the scenes to reappear to the expectant crowd, but out in the vast audience to seek a place in the world.

—Grace Fay Edwards.

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*Reporters: Dorothy Gimlett and Emmet Brown.*

We wouldn't be angels,  
Because we'd have to sing;  
We'd rather be Juniors,  
And not do anything.—*Ex.*

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General information test:

Question: Who first sailed around the world?

Answer: Balboa.

Question: What is Balboa noted for?

Answer: Discovering the Mediterranean Sea.

Question: Who crossed the Alps with an army?

Answer: Alexander, the Great.

*Miss Gould:* How did the Lord protect Daniel?

*Fay Edwards:* A whale was supposed to have swallowed him.



## What Would Happen If—

The Juniors got the Chem. lesson?  
Fay walked home from school alone?  
Lilac didn't get her lessons?  
Vivian took a girl to a party?  
Pauline had a quarrel with her beau?  
Leitha couldn't chew gum?  
Solon didn't exchange pictures with Lily?  
Ted came to a class party?  
Bertha caught some one winking at Howard?  
Mildred screamed?  
Annie didn't have a date?  
Caroline couldn't go auto riding?  
Evilly and Lulu didn't giggle in Chem.?  
John should cease to buy Morse's?  
Marie had a beau?  
Emmett O'Connor lost his curling iron?  
Grace wrote a note?  
Emmet Brown ceased to talk of class spirit?  
Leslie refused to recite in Chem.?  
Hal and Paul became friends?  
Lily didn't talk in Assembly?





The Junior class have had a *very* enjoyable time rendering Shakespeare's Comedy, "As You Like It." The only trouble is that some don't seem to like it at all. Will Rush is an admirable Orlando and also plays the part of Adam well. In fact, he looks so pitiful in the last named part that the class has hopes of his becoming a great dramatist.

On November 26, 1923, Paulio Stodghilio, the Greatest Living [or Dead] Tenor, will appear at the new Auditorium built by means of the proceeds from the Musical Operetta given by Miss Gfroerer, at the Salida High School. It is said that Stodghilio's voice is superior to that of Caruso, even when the latter's voice was at its best.—*Salida News Note*.

*Junior:* I just know that these teachers have favorites! [Aw! go on an' quit your kicking, you mule, and get to work!]

*Mr. Tanton:* Paul, how many bases has a pyramid?

*Paul:* Any number.

[Wake up, Paul, it's morning.]

*Grace Moore:* Next year I'm going to change my name.

*Bertha S.:* After the Earl of Essex's death, Queen Elizabeth began to decline. Soon after she died and became very bitter. [Doubtless she did.]

*Miss Gould:* Were the actors men or women, or both?

*Miss Gould:* Why, they even killed the people for killing a loaf of bread. [Poor bread.]

*Paul:* What do you think of my new bike?

*Emmett:* She is prettier than any girl in school.

[Who? Aw, watch Cicero and you'll find out.]

*Ted:* This fast life is killing me. Don't I look sick?

*Evilly:* Aw, I resign! I had it last year and I know what it is! [Speaking of position as annual reporter.]

*Emmet B.:* I love some lives, but not this one. I'm no reporter anyway, what's the matter with you?



*Louise*: These High School boys are too young.  
*Delacey*: I don't care if she did go back on me. I guess I can find another one. [Who was she? Well, if you're that slow, we won't tell you.]  
*John*: Don't you think Fay is a beautiful name?  
*Fay*: Latin? I can't do it.  
*Solon*: Bertha is just about the cutest girl in Salida!  
*Bertha*: I like Solon awful well, but there is a certain Sophomore who looks good to me.  
*Annie*: His name is Muriel Brown!  
*Jessie*: I'll be a Senior next year.  
*Leitha*: I love the books and pencils; but oh, you basketball.  
*Carolyn*: full of laughter and fun.  
*Leslie*: Would I might mingle amid them; but, alas, they are so plebian!  
*Everett*: We've got a Ford. Hurrah!  
*Pauline*: I'm the swellest kid in S. H. S.  
*Marie*: I dearly love to study.  
*Hal*: Aw, let's dance!  
*Xana*: the pride of the Junior class.  
*Truman*: Life's but a dream of teasing.  
*Will*: Guess I'm not the dramatic kid?  
*Louie*: My father took those pictures.  
*Dorothy*: This is some job!  
*Lulu*: On with the dance.  
*Vivian*: I'm vice-president of the Orio Debating Society.  
*Lily*: the brightest Junior taking English.  
*Lilac*: Very quiet and dignified. A good singer and an excellent student.  
*Dewey*: the brave lover of a fair Junior.  
*Grace*: I won't tell his name; but he's a Freshman, and, gee! but he's cute!  
*Mildred*: The Marathon sprinter.  
*Alga*: I just love skating.

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## Junior Debates

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### FIRST.

*Resolved*: That the city should furnish the required books for all its pupils.  
 Affirmative: Bertha Strayer, Xana Gorham and Grace Moore.  
 Negative: Annie Jacobs, Louise Gill and Fay Edwards.

### SECOND.

*Resolved*: That the merits of the daily newspaper outweigh the defects.  
 Affirmative (8): Pearl EnEarl, Henry Sandusky and Louise Gill.  
 Negative (11): Dewey Matthews, Will Rush, Hal Webster and Fay Edwards.

### THIRD.

*Resolved*: That all studies should be made elective during last two years of High School course.  
 Affirmative (4): Anna Dolan, Evilly McNicol and Alga Heister.  
 Negative (20): Louie Hay, Leitha Woods and Lilac Crouse.



FOURTH.

*Resolved:* That prohibition should be a state rather than a national issue.

Affirmative (6): Emmet Brown, Paul Stodghill and Leslie Lippard.

Negative (14): Lily Lines, Marguerite Reilly and Grace Moore.

FIFTH.

*Resolved:* That collegiate football promotes the best interests of the college.

Affirmative (17): Xana Gorham, Lulu Laswell, Pauline Cole and Dorothy Gimlett.

Negative: Bertha Strayer, Jessie Mixer and Annie Jacobs.

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## A Tragedy

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*"But love is blind and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that they themselves commit."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Miss Pearsall's usually quiet room was destined soon to become all confusion. Nearly half of the time between bells had passed, and the clock, now nearing the fifteen-minutes-after-nine line, unquestioningly spoke, "wake-up, wake-up," to the studious Juniors. But in the center of the room sat one fair damsel who was not quiet. She worried and fretted in her seat, now nervously glancing at the warning clock, frequently opening or shutting a book, merely skimming over the pages. Judging from the anxious looks she directed toward the hall door when any one entered, she was expecting some one. But each time she turned away in bitter disappointment.

But at last she heard a well-known heavy tread approach the vicinity of the upper hall. Her nervousness suddenly and steadily increased, and, when a certain young man made his appearance, she fairly gasped in relief. The usual morning smile was interchanged, and, taking a quick, "safety first" glance at quiet Miss Pearsall, the new comer rewarded our expectant heroine with an envelope, which, judging from its appearance, was far from empty. The receiver's joy knew no bounds. It was but the work of a moment to procure, from under her pile of books, a similar envelope. But alas! she forgot *her* "safety-first," and the predestined letter—ah! She misjudged the direction, and it lit—not where it was intended—but by the side of our teacher's desk. She proved not to be asleep, and before the terrible fact could be realized by the amused students, Miss Pearsall had in her possession the precious document.

Now Tumult usurped Quiet's throne and reigned supreme! The youth's request for the return of his longed-for epistle was sweetly refused. Amid the giggles and smiles of her classmates, our heroine's face shone scarlet beneath its coverlid of finger tips. Indignation was engraved on every feature of the victims' faces, as Miss Pearsall left the room, taking with her the trouble-causing letter. Now the storm was on in full fury. The cutting remarks flew thick and fast until the teacher's return. All possible sunshine was hidden by the dark covering that perhaps Miss Pearsall had taken the note to Mr. Tanton! Try as he would, the youth could not recover his stolen property and was compelled to be content with the comforting thought that perhaps he should receive another in the same handwriting.

As a keepsake of her beloved Junior class of Sixteen, and of one dear pair in particular, Miss Pearsall keeps among her other treasures, an unopened letter to *Mr. Emmet Brown*.

F. E.









# SOPHOMORE

## Sophomore Class History

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What a chattering, giggling bunch of sixty-four Freshmen entered S. H. S. on September 7, '13! Every one was glad to see every one else, at least judging from appearances. When the bell rang everything was perfectly quiet. I don't think any one would have moved for a hundred dollars, for fear of making a mistake. Too bad we were not always that scared! We were frightened into being good for about one week, then we had the good times of Freshmen.

What a glorious class meeting was that first one when we elected our class officers and chose our colors. Our officers were: Bill Nash, president; Graeme Morgan, vice-president; Mills Hutchinson, secretary and treasurer; Sara Loser and Carl Valdez, class reporters. After the suggestion of Miss Montgomery, we chose lavender and pink for our class colors. A social committee was appointed and the first event planned by it was a picnic at Wellsville, at which all the teachers were present.

The next event of the year was a party held at the Adilas hall, on which occasion our old stand-bys, the Seniors, were present.

Our colors were not known to any one and we had planned to show them forth in the form of a pennant which was made by Miss Montgomery and Winnifred Williams. It was hoisted in due time. But the poor old thing! It did not last long. It surely must have been its beauty, for nothing else could have tempted such dignified beings as the Seniors to tear it! Yes, that was its fate; it was torn into shreds by them. But, thru the patriotism of Miss Montgomery and Winnifred Williams our old friend was mended; we did not put it up again, fearing we might tempt the jealousy of its destroyers.

And so Freshman life sped on. Ever and anon were such tricks as the destruction of the pennant played on us, but we bore them patiently, standing by each other thru rain and shine, until we reached the last day of school as Freshmen.

We had a glorious vacation of three months before school began on September 8, '14.

This year we did not enter a noisy, giggling lot, but, a refined, modest class of Sophomores. Indeed we were refined, for now *we* were to set an example for the new Freshies, who were suffering the same torture we had the year before.

There were many new teachers in S. H. S. now, one of them, Miss Gould, having supreme control over room two.

Our first class meeting as Sophomores was held with much more dignity than that of the preceding year. We elected Mills Hutchinson president, Winni-



fred Williams vice-president, Anna Dolan secretary and treasurer. We still kept the noble colors, lavender and pink.

Later, a social committee was appointed by the president. Their first action was to arrange for a theater party, which turned out to be a great event—sad fate! We had not a boy present. However, all the teachers were there.

Soon, a new committee was appointed who gave an ice-skating party at Albright's Lake. All reported a tip-top time.

On January 22 our girls, assisted by the Senior girls (who were no longer our enemies), played a basketball game against the Freshmen and Junior girls, and, I am sorry to relate, were—defeated.

About this time, "Sophomore pictures for the annual" was the subject most thought of. "Well, I'm not goin' t' have mine taken," was G——e S——n's answer when we were told that on Monday night Mr. Hay would be up at the school. And, indeed, a great number followed his example. Monday night came—Mr. Hay came—But the Sophomores went. Yes, there were *three* Sophomores to have their pictures taken. Another date was made with Mr. Hay. He was there on the night appointed, but G——e S——n and a few of his followers stayed in the basement while the picture was being taken.

We were again defeated in basketball on January 29th by the Junior and Freshman girls.

During the year we lost many classmates but gained Shields Howell, Oliver Elofson and Maxine Rumsey.

And such is the Sophomore Class History. We are not of much importance now, but our intentions to reach the highest round on the ladder are good.

—Luella Quinn.

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## History

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(SYMPATHY)

*Music by Rudolf Frini.*

*Words by Ruth Gorham.*

Some one has been such a naughty teacher,  
Yes, sir; Yes, sir.  
Robbed our poor brain of its his-to-ry  
Yes, sir; Yes, sir.  
Dry up those dewdrops and don't look cross,  
For don't you think that she's your boss.

CHORUS.

I need his-to-ry, his-to-ry, just his-to-ry,  
I won't think you are cross,  
I will not scold or tell the boss,  
If you'll get my his-to-ry, his-to-ry, don't blame me, for  
you know I can't get my his-to-ry.

Teachers don't do things at all fair—  
No, sir; No, sir.  
Think that our heads are nothing but air;  
Yes, sir; Yes, sir.  
There's not a thing we understand;  
We'd rather play hookey and follow the band.  
(Chorus).



## Sophomore Notes

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[Reporters—Ruth Gorham and Howard Price.]

January 22, '15: Windiest night of the season, Sophomores went skating.

*Sophomore boy to Sophomore girl:* I want to see you in the lower hall.

*Girl* (blushing from ear to ear): "All right!"

(In the hall) *Boy:* Are you going to the Collegians to-night?

*Girl:* Yes.

*Boy* (not knowing just what to say): Will you go with me?

*Girl:* I'll ask mamma.

Then they departed. Solve.

Why was Howard Price moved in the third period? Ask a Junior.

*Mr. T.:* If 2 plus 2 isn't four you can disprove the whole geometry.

Edith Berrian—She excels in Geometry.

Bessie Blanchard—"O, you blonde!"

Iona Crispell—Speedy but learned.

Dallas Cuenin—He puzzles Mr. Tanton.

Jeanette Carson—Come off.

Anna Dolan—I went skating with Sophomores.

Pearl Davison—Present.

Marshall Demphy—Oh, you Seniors.

Eva Corlett—I want the honors.

Oliver Elofson—A new member but true.

Clara Goddard—Sophomores' beauty.

Pearl Gillespie—I can't get my Geom.

Ruth Gorham—What would we do without her wit?

Irwin Gimlett—The basement suits me.

Shields Howell—Salida High School for mine.

Iverne Haus—Let's go skating.

Phyllis Jacobs—If he had only entered H. S. (Clayton.)

Mamie Lunnon—It's nice to know how to smile.

Ruth Meacham—A brunette.

Leslie McAbee—I just can't make my eyes behave.

Joe McDonough—Where's my tie?

Howard Price—Those Junior girls.

Max Purmort—I'll get third in hurdles this year.

Luella Quinn—Short but sweet.

Raymond Roberts—I just can't do a thing with my hair.

Maxine Rumsey—Quaint, but sweet.

Carl Valdez—Let me have your picture.

Agnes Williams—What would I do without a voice?

Winnifred Williams—Wait till I'm a nurse.

John Owen—It's terrible to be a slender man.

March 1. Rabbit wears long trousers.

*Mr. T.:* If you haven't more than forty-five minutes to put on your Geometry stay out of class.

*Miss Gould:* Agnes, what is a graphophone?

*Agnes N.:* A thing that talks.

*Miss G.:* Well, I think we have two or three of them here if that's the case.



March 23: Luella changes her seat in the third period. I wonder why?

March 12: Oliver lonesome. She's gone.

March 16: Oliver happy. She's home.

If Mamie Lunnion fails in Geometry will Algebra (Algy-bray)?

*Two Girls* (ushering): Lady, may we sew you to a sheet?  
These girls are now Seniors.

*Mr. McDonald*: Where is that girl I own? (Ione).

*Mr. Tanton* (in Geometry): What is an escribed circle?

*Pupil*: A circle whose center is outside.

Lost: My Lady love.—*W. W.*

Found: The new Sophomore boy—*A. D.*

Wanted: Some red ink.—*Miss G.*

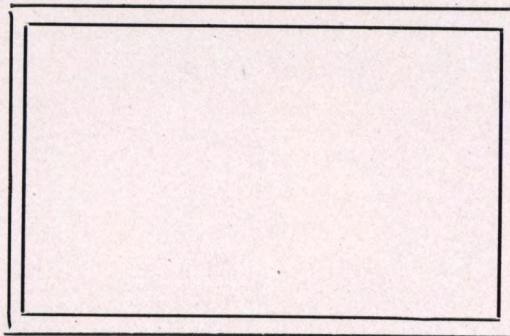
March 18. Boys have rally—Dairy Day.

March 22. Boys have second rally; two hours made up.

Every one enjoyed the cookies at Oliver's the night of the Sophomore party, especially Carl and Oliver. Six boxes disappeared.

March 25. Oliver brings catalogue of ladies' shoes to school. I wonder why.

March 22. Miss Pearsall really laughs.



Pictures for sale—Price 2c. Inquire Room II.

The above is a picture of a few Sophomores who would rather have their pictures taken alone than with the full fledged Sophomore class.

Left to right they are: George Skeen, ring-leader; Leslie McAbee, George's cousin; Irwin Gimlett, Leslie's bosom friend; Shields Howell, one of the many "Cute Little Lads;" Carl Valdez, Mary's (George's) little lamb, who follows wherever she (he) goes.









## Freshman Class History

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It was not without some enthusiasm that the class of 1918 entered the Salida High School.

Soon after school began we elected our class officers. It was rather a difficult task to select from fifty-four students, but we finally decided upon the following: President, Harold Archer; Vice-President, Jack Williamson; Secretary, Gertrude Hallowell; treasurer, Lea Harlan. We chose black and gold for our class colors.

On October ninth we gave our first class party in the Assembly Hall of the Public Library. All the Freshmen were present and all said they had never had a merrier time.

The following day Professor McDonald took the Physical Geography class for an all day trip to Wellsville. Of course the trip ended in a picnic, and a great number of specimens were found.

Our social committee planned a masquerade party for February twentieth. It was held in Moose Hall.

This is indeed a very short "history," but remember this is only the short and long-to-be-remembered beginning of the long and eventful story of the class of 1918.

—Frances Brush.



## Alumni Notes

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John Sweeny ('11) has a position as manager of the Upper F Pharmacy.

George Griswold ('09) and Ruth Whitehurst ('10) were united in marriage at the Church of the Ascension on February ninth. They are making their home at Butte, Montana, where the groom holds a position as mining engineer.

Leonard Maier ('14) has recently accepted a position with a Trinidad drug store.

Miss Florence Gilmore ('12) is training for a nurse in Cook County Hospital, Chicago.

Miss Hazel Meacham ('11) is teaching at Howard.

Misses Ruth Rubin, Alta Clark, and Kathryn Bateman, all of the class of '13, are taking teachers' courses at Greeley.

Miss Josephine Randol ('13) is teaching at Haywood Springs.

Helen Plimpton ('13) is attending Normal at Los Angeles, California.

Edna Norton ('13) recently completed a course at Barnes Commercial School, Denver.

Bartle Day ('13) is taking a course in banking at the State University.

Laurence Elofson ('13) is attending a Dental College in Denver.

Sadie Bailar ('14) is a student at Colorado College.

Christine Bond, Lucy Newman, and Mable Shonyo, all of '13, and Helen Shonyo ('10), are attending the Normal at Gunnison.

Hester Crutcher ('09) is a Senior at Colorado College.

Ward Bateman ('14) is attending the Leland Stanford University, California.

Waldo Hahn ('11) is attending the University at Madison.

Frank Gilligan ('06) is with the Denver Gas and Electric Company, where he has held a responsible position for the last three years.

A. D. Marvin ('06) is a monumental worker at Pueblo, where he has been for several years.

Millie Bird ('06) is attending the University of Colorado, where she is taking a special course.

Emery Lines is employed in the mechanical department of the D. and R. G. Railroad.

George Brewster ('11) is in his third year at Annapolis.

George Bird ('11) is a farmer living near Canon.

Evelyn Foss ('10) has a position as instructor at Cleora.

Pearl Huston ('10) is teaching at the Longfellow building.

Neal Davenport ('09) is in business with his father in this city.

Ernest Crutcher ('08) is a mining engineer employed near Butte, Montana.

F. C. Lee ('12) is attending Boulder University.

Lyle Bowman ('06) is a lawyer practicing at Longmont.

Frank Berlin ('10) is a druggist in a Chicago drug store.

James Dewis ('11) is a druggist at Telluride.

Nina Churcher ('13) is attending Denver University, where she is specializing in vocal music.

Genelle Haus ('14) is teaching school at Wild Horse.



## A Pupil's Idea of a Good Pupil

There are many varieties of good pupils, but the best are made up of grit, nerve, and fun.

The fact that some pupils get red marks, or are called down in class does not detract from their character in the least. In reality those who are able to slide thru English without looking at Thoreau's "Walden," or glide over the top of, "First Principles in Physics," without consulting "Milliken and Gale," and to take a scolding without feeling bad are the very highest of the species. The ideal pupil must also be a good sport and be ready to join in all work and fun alike.

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## A Teacher's Idea of a Good Pupil

In the eyes of the teacher, a good pupil is a tall, slender, light complexioned person, who wears glasses. She must be very studious and sedate. A grade of ninety is detestable to her; she must average ninety-eight to one hundred all the time. She should have a sense of humor, but a very classical one, similar to that of "Lockwood and Emerson." She stands so far above the act of whispering that she scorns those who participate in so unspeakable a diversion.—A. Q., '15.

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## Pictures Every Child Should Know

[With apologies to the authors.]

### THE HUMAN SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

This is a picture of great human interest to every one because of its unutterable pathos. It vividly depicts a Science class and an instructor in a class recitation room. A bleak wind is evidently blowing around the room and the class is shuddering. Their eyes are fastened in horror and their faces reveal the utmost heart-rending fright of innocent victims. Wild-eyed and raving the instructor is claiming his victims. In the picture one victim is just coming under a pointing finger. Several others nearby are trying to look brave and cheerful and no one can look at these faces dry-eyed. The picture is considered one of the masterpieces of the gallery.

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## Names

One time a crowd started out for a walk and incidentally for adventure.

"How-ard the Rhodes are!" ejaculated one—a youth not used to walking.

"They may seem that way to a New-man," rejoined another, trampling on some Sage as he spoke.

"Look, there's a Mos-y-grove," cried another. "Let's run!"

They entered and approached a Schoolfield, and soon came to the Door-of-the-Haus. However, it was locked and they passed on. Soon William-son came running up. "Ever-ett a peach?" he asked. "Bern-ice, if these aren't good!" and he proceeded to pass them around. They were still Dewey.

"Should we say Grace?" asked someone, but this was overruled.

"But William Tell?" a timorous one inquired, but, being assured to the contrary, he ate peacefully. The talk turned to other things.

"Can Dunreath?" a girl asked. "If so fetch some flowers." "Willy Rush!" she added, and sent the boy flying to the Rivers where he hoped to find some Hay. Soon he came running back with a Gill of water.



"What's that for?" the leader demanded.  
"Oh, I thought that would help us Foster the plants," he replied amid a roar of laughter.

On the way home the party observed a girl working in the fields.

"What are you doing?" she was asked.

"Hodding," was her reply, "for berries. I am Berrian, you know."

By this time it had grown dark, and the company returned to their various Hauses. —H. M., '15.

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*News Notes:* Howard Rhodes has a baby sister. Well, well; so she told him she'd be a sister to him, eh?

*Marguerite:* I want to read three of the new books—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Peg of my Heart," and "Tipperary." He! Haw!

A little, fair-haired Freshman was saying her prayers. Her elder sister kept annoying her. The child finally exclaimed: "Wait a minute, Oh Lord, until I punch B——!"

*George Skeen:* Emily, have you ever had the mumps?

*Emily:* Yes, I had them in California.

*George:* Oh! I had them in my jaw.

*Mr. Tanton:* Marie, you find something to do and stop talking to John. If you want to go back there and sit with him you may.

*Marie (later):* I would have, if I thought I could get in the same seat.

---

### All He Does Is Follow Them Around

You may talk of chicken chasers—,  
Well, the worst I can remember  
Is that old baked potato,  
Mr. Hiram Webster.  
Hiram loves the girlies  
And, when mamma lets him out,  
All he does is follow them around.  
He hasn't any books  
And surely no good looks,  
That's why he only follows them around;  
He followed one girl for a week,  
But didn't have the nerve to speak.—  
So all he does is follow them around.  
—Paul Stodghill.

---

The epidemic of mumps is in Salida this year. It evidently was in a certain town in Kansas where Mr. McDonald lived while he was young. He told the Physical Geography that he was forced to carry his face in a sling.

*Miss Graham:* Irwin, what is the perfect stem?

*Irwin:* I don't know.

*Miss G.:* Why don't you know?

*Irwin:* I don't know.

*Miss G.:* How many minutes did you study?

*Irwin:* I don't know.

*Miss G.:* Make a guess.

*Irwin:* I can't.

*Miss G.:* Try.

*Irwin:* I don't know.

[Then she gave up.]



# It's a Long Way to Vacation

(Tune, *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*).

It's a long way to vacation,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a short way to recitation,  
And the lowest grades I know!  
Good-bye, Herr McDonald!  
Farewell Tanton, too!  
It's a long way to vacation,  
But my heart's right there!

## The Book of Knowledge

After years of philosophical study and research, the following lecture has been compiled from an inexhaustible store of boundless knowledge:

### CHAPTER I.—*Physics*.

Physics is that something which you never wished to know, do not know, and never will know. It is an intangible quantity, greatly resembling snow, in that just when you have secured and closely clasped, you suddenly perceive it is gone, and your fingers are wet for nothing. This observation should give great food for thought!

Instead of facts properly fitting themselves together as all well-mannered facts should, they rudely bump, and strike at one another, and have a great liking for Miss Adhesion.

Nevertheless, Science is of great importance; for, since Physics is fact, fact is Physics. You are a fact. Consequently, if there were no science of Physics, there would be no facts. If there were no facts, you might not be you; you might even be it! Horrible!

### CHAPTER II.—*German*.

A knowledge of German is a great asset—a very great accomplishment; for to speak this language, you must grunt, not in your mouth or throat, but in your toes! This is a very hard thing to do. Many people choke and never recover when they are indulging in this sort of physical exercise. It does much the same thing for the muscles of the throat that chopping wood does for the arms. When you are feeling especially strong and energetic, you may study German; but it is something that should be avoided by all those who are inclined to be delicate. When you take your courage in your hands and bravely approach a simple word like *Verzweiflungsangst*, you know you must swallow it or die. A word like that might easily strangle three or even four people!

### CHAPTER III.

A magician from far and distant lands was once journeying over the earth and at one time paused for a few minutes in the place where the S. H. S. now stands. At that time there was nothing there but a large, yellow pumpkin lying on the ground. He looked at it meditatively for a moment, and then, hitting it with his stick, lo! a square, brownish building arose! The seeds, which had fallen to one side, he picked up, and behold! they became human beings! These he placed in the building. Then he searched until he had found a near-by flower-bed, from which he took dandelions, hollyhocks, carnations, and last of all, roses.

He spoke, and, as before, they changed into living people. The dandelions he put into the large room in the center of the building, the hollyhocks, in the Sophomore room, the carnations in the Junior room, and the roses in the Senior room.

—H. E. M., '15.



How do you like my new skirt?

*Mable*: I'll take the bottom off mine and wear the flounce. Would it be too short, girls?

*Loretta*: Oh, no! Gee, I wish I had a brother.

*Beulah*: Better than an A-Number-One beau, girls!

*Gladys*: Evidently. Now is that line platted right?

*Mable*: Gee, Howard, what made you make that water spill?

*Howard*: I didn't. The beaker did.

*Beulah*: Doubtless. Oh, we'll fix that all right, Gladys. He'll never know the difference. Come on, there's the last bell!"

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## Information Test (Oct. 4, 1914)

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### ANSWERS.

Julia Ward Howe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Gettysburg: One of the "bluddiest" battles of the Civil War.

America: Named for a Spaniard Ameriagold.

Fifty-two states in union.

July 4: Decoration of Independence.

Oldest man spoken of in Bible: David; Adam, because born first; Abraham.

Strongest man mentioned in Bible: Goliath.

Madam Homer: Blind poet of ancient Greece.

For preventing colds: Lemon "aid."

B. C. stands for "note well."

Member of school board: Miss Pearsall.

Antipodes: People who believe the earth is round; region about the equator; working against anything.

Balboa built Panama Canal; discovered America near Peru.

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## The Low Grades in Physics

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(Tune, "The High Cost of Loving").

The low grades in Physics,

The low grades in Physics,

Are driving me mad,

Yes, driving me mad!

The low grades in Latin are only a joke,

The low grades in Physics are making me choke!

You get help from mother,

From sister and brother,

You try to keep up with "Mac's" style.

Every day's recitation,

Makes me long for vacation,

So I just have to study a while!





## Theatrical Department



### The Senior Theatrical World

In the theatrical world as well as in all other noble pursuits the 1915 Senior class has held its own during the past winter. Beulah Rivers has been portraying most interesting character pictures in "There's Work That Must Be Done." In behalf of her accomplishments a prize has been awarded Beulah. Dunreath Perkins has been a real hit in "Life." Mable Bateman starred as "Madame Butterfly." Gladys Bode took a most interesting role in "The Climbers," a play which shows the real worth of people and things. Emily Hodding in "Art for Art's Sake" made a real hit. Emily is well fitted for this role by her enthusiasm. Howard Rhodes, one-third of our Senior actors, made a striking hit as hero in "The Man of the Hour." Pearl Means starred in "The Big Idea," a play well suited to Pearl on account of her size. Helen Mosgrove, playing in the role of "Bamby," in the play of the same name, records a genuine hit. Helen is well suited to the unusual character of Bamby. Willard Woody, a second-third of our Senior boys, has been taking a most droll role in "The Witching Midnight Hour."

Loretta Crosswhite has been brilliantly starring in "Watch Your Step." Dorian Haus has popularized herself in "The Girl of the Golden West." Bessie Corlett has proven herself most capable in "The Wizard of the Nile." Marjorie Mixer, Pearl EnEarl, Leona Hiltz, Etta Foulk, and Hester Sage have been playing well in "Five Merry Maids." Florence Gill has been popular in "Woman's Suffrage," and Agnes Quinn has starred in "Just Patty." Jennie Lee Williams has played splendidly in "The Sunshine Girl." Mary Jones plays well in "Mary Goes First." Grace Williamson has been successful in "Bright Eyes." Margaret Miller in "The Cowboy and the Lady" and Marguerite Reilly in "The Beautiful Adventure" have both been very successful. Henry Sandusky, the third of Senior boys, stars in "Just Boy." Hazel Schoolfield has been successful starring in "Nut Brown Maiden."

—H. S., '15.

### Resemblances

(Real and Imaginary.)

S. H. S. FOLK.	MOVING PICTURE STARS.
Winnifred Williams .....	Blanche Sweet.
John Owen .....	John Bunny.
Anna Dolan .....	Our Mutual Girl.
Grace Williamson .....	Grace Lewis.
Jennie Lee Williams .....	Billy West.
George Skeen .....	Jack Richardson.
Hazel Schoolfield .....	Marguerite Cartot.
Agnes Quinn .....	Vivian Rich.
Dorian Haus .....	Marguerite McCoy.



Dick Mountford .....	Mildred Gregory.
Lily Lines .....	Clara K. Young.
Dunreath Perkins .....	Marguerite Clayton.
Mable Bateman .....	Anita Stewart.
Helen Mosgrove .....	Victoria Ford.
Reba Williams .....	Billy Rhodes.
Carolyn Welch .....	Pearl White.
Pauline Cole .....	Miss Fitz-Gerald.
Irene Paxton .....	Edna Payne.
Lucille Foster .....	Florence LaBadie.
Helen and Hazel .....	The Fairbanks Twins.
Ruth Meacham .....	Alice Joyce.
Eunice Bergman .....	Gertrude Forbes.
Howard Rhodes .....	Wallace Reid.
Don Smith .....	Ned Burton.
Oliver Elofson .....	Wally Van.
Hester Sage .....	Florence Laurence.
Dorothy Gimlett .....	Lillian Gish.

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## An Operetta

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Given by Seniors of S. H. S. assisted by various teachers and underclassmen.

Overture—Jennie Lee, Helen and others.

Curtain rises; enter Emily.

“Oh, my school-mates and sisters in exile,  
Oh, the class of the free and the brave,  
Storm shall not wreck thee  
School may not vex thee.”

Miss Gfroerer (Stage whisper)—“Louder!”

Emily—“Long may the flag of the red and white—”

Miss Gfroerer—“Louder!!”

Emily—“WAVE!”

Miss G.—“Now let that soak in!”

Enter Dunreath.

Miss G. (in a horrified aside)—“Dunreath! Dunreath! You’re getting cross-eyed!” (Freshmen snicker.)

Miss G.—“Terrible! Jennie Lee, sing ‘Tipperary.’ Thank you. Dunreath, stop writing with one eye; you have no business writing, anyhow.”

(Laughter and groans are heard.)

Mac enters just as Jennie Lee is finishing her song.

Mac —“What’s that? What’s that? It and I had better not meet!”

Miss G.—“Mr. McDonald, that is part of our operetta!”

Mac evaporates and passes off as a thin gas.

—H. E. M., '15.



## Uniformly Accelerated Speech

---

*Gladys*: The experiment is on Uniformly Accelerated Motion. You begin thusly—

*Mable*: Gee! got your Economics?

*Loretta*: What kind of a dress are you going to have for the reception, Gladys? You don't know, eh? Bet you've got it picked out already.

*Mable*: Hope nobody picks out mine!

*Gladys*: Place the paper at zero—

*Howard*: Say, you've got to have that thing level!

*Beulah*: What do you do next?

*Loretta*: Going to the dance Wednesday?

*Mable*: Haven't been sufficiently urged.

*Loretta*: Neither have I. They've all gone back on me. One's goin' with another girl.

*Howard*: Naw! That's not right!

*Loretta*: Cutey, who tied your tie? My, but he thinks he's big.

*Mr. McDonald*: How're you girls getting along? The spirit of levelation should be at fifteen degrees—

*Mable*: Got your dress pattern yet?

*Florence*: Say, who's got a pencil?

*Gladys*: Easter vacation in two weeks, girls!



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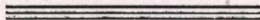
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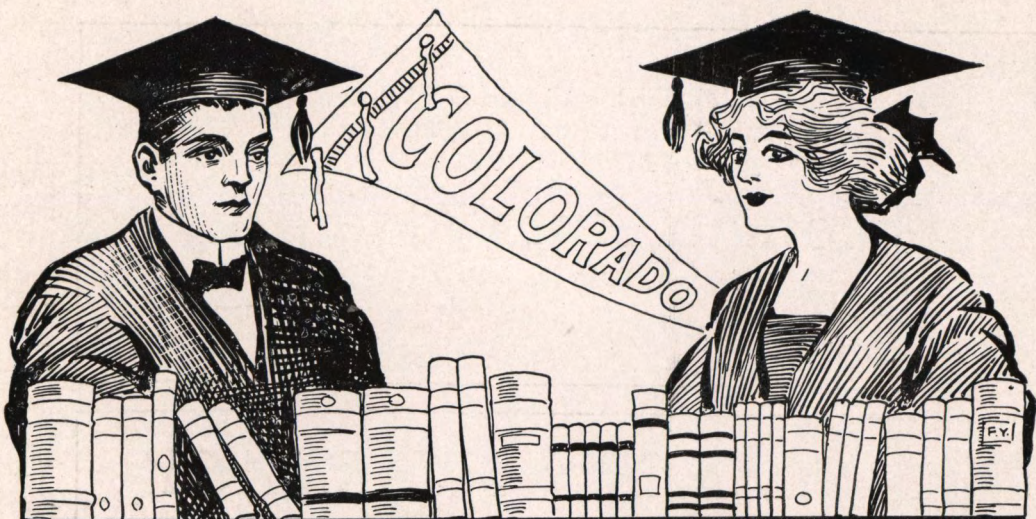
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