



*The*  
**Tenderfoot**

**December**  
**1910**

*The* **Salida High School**  
**Salida, Colo.**

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# THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. 2., No. 3

DECEMBER, 1910.

50c Per Year



## Mrs. Marshal's Pride.

(By Maude Hunt, '11).

Mrs. Marshal was picking the turkey and the smell of scalded feathers floated through the house and mingled with the more pleasant fragrance of pine boughs with which Ruth had decorated the rooms. Mrs. Marshal was tired; and although she was trying hard to keep from being cross on the day before Christmas, she couldn't help scowling as a knock sounded on the back door.

"Now stay right where you are Ralph, and don't touch that turkey till I come back." Mrs. Marshal's sister had left Ralph with his aunt while she went down to the store. Pushing her hair back with her arm, she opened the door and Mrs. Tilden, a neighbor, came in.

"Well, Mis' Marshal, I know you'll think I'm the worst borrower that ever was, but I plumb forgot to tell Johnie to get my sage. He started for the store full half an hour ago and I just 'aint got the heart to send him back again when he comes. He'll be frozen, I know, and besides, he is set on getting a tree for the baby and that'll take him till clear dark, even if his Pa will let him have the horses. Mrs. Tilden, who was a small, faded woman, paused to take a breath and then, taking a cup

of sugar out from under her shawl, she set it down on the kitchen table, pushing back one of the mince pies to make room for it. It was quite evident from her expression that she had had her pies all baked and put away two days before. Then, before Mrs. Marshal could say as much as a word, she began again.

"There's your sugar. I would 'a brought it before but I guess you ain't needed it."

"No, I ain't."

"Where's Ruth?"

"She's gone down to Mrs. Mason's to see if she couldn't get some holly; she wants to put a wreath of it up at the front window."

"Well, for my part, I should think she would be glad to stay home and help her mother, when this is the first chance she's had since school opened. You look like you was pretty tired, too." Mrs. Tilden's sharp, light blue eyes took in every detail of the mother's appearance.

"Ruth helped me all she could; she worked till four o'clock and, as everything was done but fixing the turkey. I told her to go on. I always tend to the turkey myself, anyway. Ruth always was a good worker." Mrs. Marshal was not too tired to stand up for her daughter. She gave Ralph a handful of raisins to keep him quiet and went back to her turkey.

"I just now saw John Day go down

toward Mrs. Mason's with Florence Palmer. I suppose Ruth will see them" With this parting thrust Mrs. Tilden rose to go.

Mrs. Marshal's cheeks burned and her hands trembled as she went on with her work. Ruth was her only child and it was almost more than she could bear, to have the neighbors taunt her with the fact that John Day had jilted her daughter. Ruth and John had been sweethearts and were to have been married this Christmas; but the summer before, they had quarrelled—a fact which Mrs. Tilden did not know—the engagement had been broken off and Ruth had secured the Marston school to teach. John's cousin, Florence Palmer, had come up from Center to live with her aunt. John's mother. And John and Florence were seen together a great deal. Ruth was proud and had never shown, even to her mother, how empty everything was for her now.

What hurt Mrs. Marshal most of all was that she knew they had quarrelled about her. She had, unthinkingly, said something to Mrs. Tilden about the oil it took to keep the parlor lighted when John stayed so late. Mrs. Tilden had repeated it to John's mother, enlarging upon it as was her custom. John had declared that he would never enter the house again until Mrs. Marshal herself asked him to. The Day obstinacy was as well known in the little town as the Marshal pride; and so it was as final as the end of the world.

And the end of the world it seemed to Ruth as she came home through the cold dusk with her holly. Mrs. Mason had but some mistletoe in with it and that had made her think of this time the last year so much that she had to bite her lips to keep back the tears. The other time she and John had gone together after holly; and when Mrs. Mason had given her some mistletoe he had taken it to carry for her. On the way home, with the pink after-glow shining on the snow, he had held it over her head and kissed her, telling her that whenever he saw her under the mistletoe, anytime, any where, he was going to kiss her. And she laughingly told him, in her happiness, that probably the next time he would see her there, it would be the next Christmas, their marriage day.

Tomorrow was that day but, oh, how different from what she dreamed! She shut her lips hard together as she

reached the gate, and by the time she had reached the house, she looked so pretty, with her cheeks glowing with the cold, that her mother could never have guessed that she was not perfectly happy, had she not been her mother. But mothers know, without seeing, and Mrs. Marshal began a struggle with herself such as she had never undergone before. Her pride was fighting with her love for Ruth and, when Ruth had gone to her room to put away her coat, her mother followed to ask some question about the morrow, and the struggle came to an end. She had opened the door quietly—it had not been caught—and had seen Ruth stretched on her bed sobbing quietly, hopelessly. Mrs. Marshal closed the door as quietly as she had opened it and, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, had taken little Ralph by the hand and said, "Come now, I guess your Ma is home by now."

She left him at her sister's and then turned up the other street, the street on which John Day lived with his mother. She walked along proudly, with head erect, not as if she was doing something which hurt her in every fiber of her being. When she reached the house it seemed to her that some other hand than her own reached out and knocked on the door. The floor inside creaked, the streak of light broadened, and Mrs. Day stood in the door.

"Good evenin', Mis' Day." It was not hard now—surely it was some other voice, not her own that was speaking.

"Good evenin'," uncompromisingly came the answer.

"Is John in?"

"No, he isn't."

"Will you tell him—I came to ask him to come over to our house to morrow night? We—Ruth and—will be expecting him." Her breath hurt her as she said the last words and her feet stumbled as she went down the steps and home through the dark.

The next day Ruth hung the wreath of holly and mistletoe on the lace curtains in the front window. Her aunt's family came over for dinner and went home about five o'clock. And when Ruth went to change her dress, her mother told her to leave on the rose-colored one she had on. "You may as well stay dressed up for once—it's Christmas." Her voice was sharp with the feeling she tried to hide.

When John came, it was to the side

door, as he had always done. Ruth supposed it was some neighbor, so stayed where he was, gazing out of the front window into the darkness. She heard a step behind her—then John was kissing her. Before she could realize what it all meant he was saying "No, you cant' get away dear; it is under the mistletoe. And this is our wedding night."

Out in the next room Mrs. Marshal listened contentedly to the low hum of voices in the parlor. She was happier than she had ever thought she could be—her child was happy again.

## The Roundup.

(By Ben Higham, '12)

One day, late in the spring, my father received a letter from the captain of the roundup, stating that they would be on that part of the range where our cattle were located, at a certain time, and that on a certain day they would be at a well known bunch-ground.

We decided that it was best to meet them. Accordingly, on the day named, we set out, driving our saddle horses ahead of us. We had some trouble on the way and, not arriving at the bunch ground in time to meet the men, we went directly to the camp. We had been with them several times before and had little difficulty in finding our way.

Just as we rounded the hill that separated us from the camp, one of the horses in the herd belonging to the men, whinnied and ours, answering, went off at a gallop to join them. Knowing that the rangers would look out for them we went on to the camp.

At all times they have two men who do nothing but take care of the herd, one by day and one by night, unless there is a corral handy in which they may be kept. Being familiar with the customs, we took our saddles off and let the tired horses go to the herd for a few days rest.

The captain had given orders that a warm supper be kept waiting for us. So after a good meal—the best tasting meals I have ever eaten were at the roundup—we spread our beds and lay down.

The next morning we were awaken-

ed by the captain who said that breakfast was ready and waiting. Breakfast consisted of fried beef and potatoes, bread and butter and coffee with condensed milk. One fellow remarked, as he poured the yellow liquid in his coffee, "We handle a thousand head of cattle every day, still we use canned milk."

After breakfast every fellow got his rope and went to the herd, which was held in the corner of a fence or corral, selected from his own five or six head of horses one that he wanted to ride, roped, led away and saddled him.

When all was ready the captain told the cook to move to the next place. They rarely stay longer than one night in any place.

Next, he separated the men into small squads and told them what parts of the country to go through, gathering all the cattle and bringing them in to one place, a well known bunch ground. They all met at this place at about two o'clock in the afternoon and then the fun—or rather the work—began.

Some of the men gathered wood and built a fire, while the others circled around the bawling and frightened cattle. When the branding rings were red-hot, four or five of the more skillful went in among the cattle, roped unbranded calves, and brought them out to be branded. They were always careful to get the same brand on a calf as was on its mother for a man does not like to have some one else claim his stock.

When a calf was roped it would jump and kick and bawl, but all the time being steadily dragged out the to the fire. Its mother would follow close behind the men, where she would stand, wild-eyed watching her baby. When it was returned to her, she would lick the burned side and bleeding ears. The roundup is no place for the tender hearted.

After the branding was completed they separated the stray cattle from the others and drove them to the part from which they had strayed and the wild ride for the camp began.

That night when the men squatted, Indian fashion, around the stove in camp, with a cup of steaming coffee on one knee and a slice of bread and butter on the other, with a plate of beans and beef in their laps, they felt amply repaid for their days' labor.

## A 20th Century Letter.

[Found near the ruins of Scrubbing ton in the year 3800, A. D., Author unknown otherwise than the name. Edited by Archie M. Knodle, '11.]

Salida, Colorado, Dec. 19, 1910.

Dear Helen: I have at last arrived safely and have begun in school. I have the seat [This undoubtedly refers to the object on which pupils were made to sit. According to the reports of the one unearthed near the ancient city of Boaston, or Boston, as it is sometimes spelled, it was a straight-backed uncomfortable affair beneath a desk part of which was a receptacle for books. Students were forced to sit in these from six to eight hours a day, very unlike our comfortable method of studying.] you used to occupy, for your name is written upon the top of it.

I saw the first football game of the season last Saturday. It was fine. The score was 23 to nothing in our favor.

[Undoubtedly in those times the play was for the sake of winning alone and not as we play nowadays. Concerning the game here mentioned the authorities differ. The weight of the argument at present stands with those who say that the game was played by two bodies of men protected by steel plates and who were opposed to each other and fought with clubs and swords. The game was sometimes played on horseback. This was probably the game mentioned in this letter. It only shows the lust for blood when the educated ladies of the time looked on these scenes with pleasure.]

I went to church here last Sunday. I liked the minister fine. [Here is an insight into American religion. Sunday, according to the authorities, was the first day of the week. The custom was to be very good on that day and do as you please on the other six days. This was supposed to bring you to the realms of eternal bliss after death. The "minister" was the person who stood up on a raised platform and amused the audience and, as some pictures show, kept them awake.]

I am studying three languages, Latin, German and French. [This presents a ridiculous side of American education. It was believed that unless the student had studied some language he was not educated, even though he

could not speak the language] taking domestic science [another ridiculous theory. Instead of allowing the mother to teach the girls how to cook, it was deemed necessary to teach them in school] and Shakespeare. [This refers to an author of whom very little is known. Birth unknown, probably some time in the 20th century, and near Bostin. He wrote Paradise Lost and The Lay of the Last Minstrel.] Ancient history [This was probably a study the sources of which were as meager and doubtful as our present study of Ancient America] and mathematics [This is unknown. No meaning can be derived from the word itself and there is no other reference to it. Probably it was debating or oratory, very necessary in a government of that kind. But the question arises why should girls take such a subject when they had no part in the government]

I am almost dead this morning. I did my Christmas shopping yesterday [Christmas was a custom which cannot be understood now. It was celebrated by giving things you want or can't afford, to somebody you don't like and get something you don't want in exchange for it. This is on the authority of a writer of the times, Josh Twain or Mark Billings. Their writings are somewhat confused] and went to a Senior dance in the evening. [A dance was a pastime or a labor in which people moved in rythm with a great deal of very bad music at the same time moving their feet in certain patterns on the floor. Origin unknown] so I am awfully tired and I wont' pretend to make this long, just a note you know. [A note was a legal paper signed by the one person and showing that he, the party of the first part, owed somebody, the party of the second part, a certain sum of money with or without interest. The use of the word here is not well understood]

Yours as ever, VERDI.

P. S. What do you want Santa Claus to bring you? [Santa Claus: Referring to a myth to the effect that Mr. Claus, who is a big man with a large unsanitary beard, comes down the chimney of all good boys and girls and leaves something for them. This curious old belief goes to show that the chimneys were very much larger than now, if people even thought it possible for a fat little man like Mr. Claus is represented as being, to come down the chimney,



# THE TENDERFOOT

By The High School, Salida, Colorado.

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Madeline Meacham, '14

50c PER YEAR

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VOL. II.

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No. 3

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

Another Christmas has rolled around. Another season of holiday rejoicing has come and surely no one regrets it.

It has been the custom for many centuries to give gifts to friends and loved ones at this season. Perhaps this custom originated in the presents the Wise Men brought to the Infant in the manger. Perhaps it originated in the thought of all God's gifts to us and of his greatest gift, His Son.

But whatever its origin at present it signifies thoughtfulness and love for each other. At this time disagreements and dislikes should all be laid aside and good fellowship and charity should reign supreme.

The Tenderfoot wishes you each and all a Merry Christmas. "God bless us every one."

## AN APOLOGY.

Last month in some way or other the Sophomore notes became lost in the shuffle. The editor fully expected to have the class descend upon him in a body and was prepared to hand in his resignation and leave for parts unknown. But as Mark Twain would have said it, they didn't, so he didn't.

So he offers his most sincere apology and faithfully promises that their coming in and going out, their good traits and their bad ones will never again be omitted.

## FOUND ON THE DESK.

I wonder if there is any possible way of discovering a "Lover's Lane," which will lead from the school house to the park. It is very inconvenient to have to walk down the road when going to and from school. The Freshmen who are just a little inclined to be "loving to some fair Freshman maid," occupy all the walks. They take their time strolling along having forgotten those diligent Juniors, who are walking for wages behind them.

## FRESHMAN NUMBER.

But after all there is some ambition in the freshman class. They have decided to put out a Freshman number, January 15 and it will be well worth watching for.

Father: What did you learn today, my son?

Boy: I learned sumthin' called guzzinto.

Father: Guzzinto?

Boy: Yep.

Father: Well, what is guzzinto?

Boy: Why, 2 guzzinto 4, and 4 guzzinto 8.--Calendar.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to a tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '80."—Ex.



## Society

The much longed for Thanksgiving vacation finally arrived and it was more than welcome to High School students. For weeks before we had planned how those precious few days should be spent and even tho' a number of college students were home, some of us took the opportunity to get away from town for a few days.

Ruth Whitehurst, Pauline Cook and Pearl Smith spent the Thanksgiving vacation at the home of the latter in Howard. On Thanksgiving day, the Smith's extended their hospitality to a jolly crowd of sixteen, who enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner in the true spirit of the time. With so many young people gathered together, there was no end of fun and pleasure. And in the evening a glorious ride to Howard where we enjoyed a dance until the wee hours of the morning. The following six of Salida's popular young men took advantage of the chance to indulge in a "social hop:" George Bird, John Churchill, John Sweeny, John TenBroeck, Frank Lee, and Everett Lippard. The boys returned on No. 15, just in time to get to work while the girls had a glorious ride back to the ranch and then a few (?) hours sleep.

The two following days were filled

with various good times and the visiting girls will always think of the Howard people as being royal entertainers.

On November 12th, Miss Dow and Miss Pearsall entertained at dinner in honor of Mrs. Larimer at the home of Mrs. Crutcher. A delightful musical program was enjoyed in the evening.

In honor of the Alumni who were spending Thanksgiving at home, the X Y Z club gave a social dance, at the rink. Forty couples were present and a genuine good time was enjoyed, in spite of the fact that some of the girls were out of town.

## COMMANDMENTS.

I. Thou shalt not loiter on the grounds, on the stairs, in the rest-room or in the halls, neither shalt thou leave thy room when once thou hast entered it. Should'st thou do one of these things it had been better for thee had'st thou never been born.

II. Thou shalt not speak without permission, neither shalt thou ask permission, lest thy teacher's patience be tried.

III. Thou shalt tread lightly when thou dost ascend the stairs, that the days of this building may be sufficiently long to shelter thee yet awhile.

IV. Thou shalt not eat nuts while thou art imbibing knowledge during school hours, lest thou should'st have to raise 673 to the sixth power.

V. Seek not to be witty in repartee with thy instructors during business hours.

VI. Thou shalt not cut any period lest thy teacher should call the roll at that time.

VII. Thou shalt not adroitly use beautiful words in thy translation lest thy Latin teacher think that thou art the possessor of a pony.

VIII. Thou shalt not come to any recitation unless thou hast at least begun to study thy lesson at the ringing of the five-minute bell.

IX. Respect and honor thy teachers that they may think kindly of thee, in grading papers.

X. Thou shalt not tear thy neighbor's pony, even if he be absent on that day.—Daisy Chain,



## Xmas Letters to Santa.

Dear St. Nick:

Please send me a lovely little cottage for Xmas for I have an excellent "cook" in view.

John Sweeney.

Dear Santa:

I would like very much to have some pretty new "thinking caps" for my Junior English class.

Miss Dow.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a poor little girl in trouble, and do wish you could kindly remember me, and send me a bottle of necessary "stuff" for love sickness.

A Love Sick Freshman.

Santa Dear: Will you please send me about ten yards of ribbon, Ray loves big bows.

Mildred Demphy.

Dear Santa Claus: I want several things for Xmas, but most of all I want a good strong "Bird cage."

Pearl Smith.

"Well, Old St. Nick as the other fellow's are writing you Christmas letters, here goes "nothing for something" I would like to have a nice sack of candy, to tempt the Freshman Girls," and a pretty red drum to play with and keep me awake in Chemistry.

Geo. Brewster.

Dear Santa; I would like a nice little red wagon "clear full of gum,"

Lawrence Marvin.

Dear Santa: I have thought and thought, and have finally decided, I would appreciate an alarm clock very much, which would save me the "funny" feeling of walking to school alone in the morning and arriving there about nine-thirty,

Waldo Hahn.

Dear Old Nick:

I am an industrious chap, and would like a new set of tools so I may erect some new apparatus for Chemistry.

Arch Knodle.

The city library has recently obtained a set of the record of Congress. These records are a mine of information for the student of American History and Politics, and the high school students will no doubt find them valuable in their study of certain phases of American History. The library is to be congratulated upon this acquisition.

Miss Laura Belle Stephens, for some time a valued member of the Salida teaching corps, is again instructor of Latin in Princeton College, Kentucky. Miss Stephens left Colorado a year ago expecting to return in a few weeks but was offered so tempting a position at Princeton that she remained.

Mrs. Sanford Bell, whom many will remember from her invaluable teachings during the last Teachers' Institute in Salida, is conducting the series of State Teachers' Institutes in Montana.

Instead of following the old monthly system we now have the school year divided into periods of six weeks each. Grades are given out at the end of

(Continued on page 13)



To the Alumni: If any member of the Salida Alumni have any piece of news that would be of interest to the other Alumni would they please let the editor know about it. This kindness would be appreciated, not only by The Tenderfoot but also by the readers.



Gertrude Dargravel '07, is now taking a Liberal Arts course in Boulder. Last year she taught the school in Turret, and everyone there was sorry not to have her return there this year.

Irma Brewster '09, on account of ill health was obliged to give up her work in Boulder and is now staying with her parents.

Evelyn Foss '10, came home for Thanksgiving and brought Miss Bromley, a friend of hers, from Ouray. This accounts for K. K. K. and H. R. being seen so much on H street.

Ada Kesner, '07, was home during Thanksgiving holidays and was a visitor at the High school Monday morning, November 21.

I guess every one know the saying about "the bad penny." Well, here is Tom Smith '10, back in Salida after spending four months with his uncle in the Philippines. Tom says the Philippines are all right but he likes old Salida better.

Another one of those "pennies" is Otto Lines, '08 who, after working for Kramer, the jeweler, for two years went to Peoria Illinois, and took a six months course in the jewelry business. He arrived home November 24 and the next Monday went to work for his former employer, Mr. Kramer.

Esther DeWeese, '10, spent her Thanksgiving with her parents.

People wishing to know the "mayor" of Howard or where he lives will please ask John Churchill.

Frank Lee, John TenBroeck, Everett Lippard, John Sweeny or George Bird will verify any statements made by the aforesaid mayor.

It pays to advertise. This was shown by the last issue of the Tenderfoot, in which was a query about Morris Rowden, '09. The lost has been found, having spent a few days in Salida visitng Fred Rhodes and friends

Tom Bird, '09, stopped for a few days on his way to Denver to visit his brother and sister. Tom has been transferred to work out of Denver for the Globe Express company as messenger.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

Tenderfoot, Salida, Colo. Your jokes are excellent.—Arrow.

The Tenderfoot still holds its reputation as a splendid paper.—Narrator.

"The Tenderfoot," of Salida, Colo., arrived among our exchanges, containing interesting material, especially the stories.—Ocksheperida.

The Tenderfoot, of Salida High School, is a nice paper, but might have a few more cuts and more original jokes would help.—Orderly.

#### A GEOMETRY PROBLEM.

Prop.—If you love a girl; she loves you.

Proof—I. You love the girl, therefore you are a lover.

II. All the world loves a lover.

III. Then all the world loves you.

IV. The girl is all the world to you.

Therefore she loves you —Ex.

The "Enterprise" is welcome at all times. Haven't you room for an exchange department?



## CLASS NOTES



### SENIOR NOTES



Ruth Whitehurst, Pauline Cook, and Pearl Smith spent Thanksgiving at the latter's home at Howard. All report a fine time.

John Sweeny and Geo. Bird also attended a "social hop" at Howard Thanksgiving evening.

Our Senior German class will finish "Germelhausen," this week; an interesting old myth.

Pauline doesn't believe in being sociable especially when it comes to two or three persons drinking from the same glass.

Arch Knodle had the sad misfortune of accidentally getting his dainty little hand saturated with iodine while experimenting in Chemistry.

The Senior boys were all excited Monday morning whispering among themselves; "Have you seen the new girl," but they were all mistaken. It was only Pearl with her hair in an attractive little curl down her back.

Those of the Seniors who expect to spend Xmas out of town are: Pearl Smith at Howard, with relatives and friends; and Waldo Hahn at Denver with his mother.

George Brewster spent most of the Thanksgiving vacation at Denver.

Lawrence Marvin is walking "alone," that is with the aid of a crutch.

Hazel Meachem was absent two days last week on account of a slight illness

Phylia Sage was also absent for a few days, but is back again with her "loud laughter and noisiness."

Louis Marvin has a very sore hand caused from the cut of a shoe string. Wonder who had a string on Louis?

### JUNIOR NOTES



Florence G.:—"Raleigh wrote his real thoughts on his fly leaf. Well, I mean the fly leaf of his Bible."

Albert Rogers:—"The souls destined for Heaven wore white horses."

Miss Dow:—"Wore what Albert?"  
Albert:—"Oh! its white hose."

Rachel Beggs was a very welcome visitor at the High School last week. Rachel is now living at Leadville.

Christy Hurd is attending High School at Canon City.

How is it that Miss Dow cannot hear us when we recite in English but that Mr. Tanton can hear us when we whisper just a little?

Amy Lee is attending a business school in Iowa;

Ruth S.:—"Did Henry VIII have only six wives?"

Miss Pearsall:—"Yes that was all."

The Cicero Class have started on the Third Oration of Cicero against Catiline.

The Juniors were very disappointed with their report cards. We must study more diligently in order to obtain better cards next month.

We are very sorry to hear that Ruth Smith, in a few weeks will move to Denver.

Ruth S.:—"A sonnet was addressed

to a person or thing that contained fourteen lines."

Florence W.:—"At first Othello thought that his wife loved him just as much as other men's wives."

WANTED—Someone to supply the Junior English class with wits.

FOR SALE—Cheap, a cold contracted early in the Fall. Clara S.

Did the Junior girls in the Physics class try the "Silence cure" on Mr. Kenyon? Oh no! they couldn't answer his questions, so he tried it on them.

We may love,  
And we may hate,  
As every one declares,  
But Lawrence Marvin  
Loves to break  
The Laboratory chairs!

Mr. Kenyon must think his Physics class is a green lawn for he sprinkled us down the other day.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

### THE JOLLY EIGHT.



Helen loves to hear  
the birds, singing  
in the trees

Kathryn loves to  
hear the hum of  
yellow bees.

Eva likes to be  
seen sitting on  
the teacher's  
perch,

Ruth likes to hear the hum of the teacher's birch.

Josephine is like Beulah—when department goes,

But Edna is like Edith and how that is no one knows.

Seen:

A duel between a Freshman and a Sophomore. The Freshman was stabbed with a compass. Sophomore wins.

Mr. Baker (in Latin)—"Colon, decline rusticus."

Colon C:—"Rusticus, rustici; rooster crow, (rustico) ru—"

Mr. Baker:—"That will do."  
(This is an example of a Freshie in Latin).

What makes Roger so dreamy these days?

Miss Dow (in English)—"What is a romance, Josephine?"

Josephine:—"A romance is something that roams around."

Miss Dow (in English):—"Wallace may be a tramp and Marie a kitten."

Buelah Wilson (in English):—"Poe was not a drunkard. He only liked that drink."

The Sophomores are studying the life of Caesar in Latin. They find that it is much more easily translated than the former work. (Ahem.)

Howard C. (in Latin):—"Caesars' mouth was very full. And he floated across the river on inflated banks."

Miss Dow (in English):—"Who was the vengeance?"

Howard C.:—"Sne was the husband of the inn-keeper, who lived across the way."

Razzel dazzle in the air,  
Catch a "Freshie" by the hair,  
When you find that he's a fool,  
Drop him in the grammar school.

As Val Higgs, a dignified Freshman, was walking across the street down town, he was it in the ear with a piece of chocolate candy.

Val's first impulse was that his head had cracked and that is brains were running out of is ear. He then ran up stairs to consult an eye doctor. "Such are the thoughts of a Freshie."

### A TOAST TO THE FRESHMEN.

#### I

Some Freshmen boys called on day.  
To play some basket ball  
They quit,  
Because they were too green,  
That's all.

#### II

The Freshman boys, a football tried to buy  
They didn't.  
Because they would rather spend their money on mince pie.  
That's why.

Miss Henley—Harold, what do you think was the fate of Brutus?

Harold—What do you think, Miss Henley?

Miss H.—I don't think, I know.

Harold—No, I don't think I know either.—Olla Podrida.

## FRESHMAN NOTES



Mr. Baker, to a certain freshman boy, who forgets to get his lessons.

"I'm afraid you'll die of over exertion some day, I honestly am."

Elmer (in History):—"Didn't Philip II have both his legs cut off and wasn't he blind in one eye?"

WANTED—A stick of candy to suck instead of my finger, Sadie Bailar.

Elmer:—"How did the Macedonians hold their spears when they were lined up that way?"

Miss Pearsall:—"Why, they just held them."

A Freshman in Latin Class:—"Caesar always defended his enemies."

WANTED—Situations as Algebra teachers George Churchill and Ward Bateman.

Miss Dow:—"Give a sentence using west to refer to some part of the country."

Scott:—"My daughter lives in the West."

A Freshman in writing a theme in English said, "Thanksgiving day we had eleven people for dinner."

(It certainly must have been a delicious dinner.)

Freshman (in English):—"Virginia Dare was the first white child born of English parents."

Lawrence (in History):—"I've written all I know."

Miss Pearsall:—"That didn't take long I'm sure."

Miss Dow:—"Tell about George Eliot's early life, Irving."

Irving:—"She was born in 1819 and died in 1880."

Mr. Baker (in Latin):—"Albert what is wrong with that fourth form of 'lugeo?'"

Albert:—"Well, one of them's gone."

The Freshman class are sorry to lose Myrtle and Meta Waters from their number.

Mr. Baker:—"What tense is 'vincit,' Lawrence?"

Lawrence:—"Future present."

## LOCALS

(Continued from page 9)

each period, that is, once in six weeks. Below is the honor roll for the first period. Students having a grade of ninety or more in all subjects, exclusive of department, are entitled to first honors. Those having an average of ninety or more are entitled to second honors.

## HONOR ROLL.

## FIRST SIX WEEKS.

## FIRST HONORS.

## Seniors:

Lydia Bond (two studies).  
Maude Hunt.  
Archie Knodle  
Robert Plimpton  
Pansy VanCleave.

## Juniors:

Beatrice Buchholtz.

## Sophomores:

Ruth Rubin.

## SECOND HONORS.

## Seniors:

Hazel Meacham.

## Sophomores:

Edna Norton.  
Josephine Randol.  
Edith Ware.

## Freshmen:

Ethel Green.  
Leonard Maier.  
Madeline Meacham.

## SECOND SIX WEEKS.

## FIRST HONORS.

## Seniors:

Lydia Bond.  
Maud Hunt.  
Archie Knodle.  
Robert Plimpton.  
Pansy VanCleave.

## Juniors:

Beatrice Buchholtz.

## Sophomores:

Josephine Randol.  
Ruth Rubin.

## SECOND HONORS

## Seniors:

Pauline Cook.  
Hazel Meacham.

## Freshmen:

Leonard Maier.  
Scott McCabe.



## FOOTBALL.



This season is nearly over,  
 The pennant has been won,  
 Our team has never been on top  
 Since first the games begun.  
 We started out with highest hopes  
 Just as in years gone by,  
 And really thought that for the rag  
 This year we'd get a try.

But ere next season rolls around  
 The papers sure'll tell  
 How all the old boys have come back  
 That the "phenoms look swell."  
 And how the pennant we can't fail  
 With greatest ease to take—  
 Next spring we'll start too dream  
 once more,  
 Next fall again we'll wake.

—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

Salida has lost two out of the three games of football played, but we are by no means discouraged. Salida has shown she can take defeat without a whimper. Our team has made good although we have lost by scores. Salida showed good material and we stand a very good show next year. It has been the second team turned out in the last four years and considering that fact we have no kick or complaint coming. The games played are as follows:

Salida Scrubs 0, High School 16.  
 Montrose 40, Salida 5.  
 Gunnison, 10 Salida 0.

## THE SALIDA GAME

"40-5. Thus stood the score at the end of the game played with Salida last Saturday. How did we do it? There isn't much to tell. We simply outplayed Salida. Touchdowns were made on end runs, fumbles (by Salida), trick plays and about everything else that comes up in the course of a game. The contest was one sided and somewhat uninteresting with the exception of an extra good play which would be made occasionally. Perhaps the feature of the game was the ninety yard run for a touchdown by Brattain. He made a total of nine touchdowns but two were ruled out.

Salida made up for her inability to play football with the excellent reception tendered our delegation on the evening following the game. Never have we been accorded more royal entertainment and treatment than we received at the hands of the Salida High school young people. And moreover we have never played a game more clean and free from wrangling than was played Saturday. We wish to express our appreciation of this royal treatment and hospitality and hope that we may have an opportunity of returning the same in the near future."

The above is a clipping from the Montrose Echo in regard to their game with us. This shows that "by losing we conquered," the press of the state. True we were beaten, but we wish it known that score of game at end of third quarter was 16-0 and up to end of third quarter game was very interesting. At beginning of last quarter the game was very one-sided because of fumbles which resulted in a very bad defeat. We will say, though, that we were outplayed, but if no fumbles had been made the score would have been different. (Continued on page 16)





Our exchanges are not coming in as rapidly as we would like. Our list is not very large, but it contains many good papers. We would like to receive at least twenty-five more "good" exchanges and a few from foreign countries.

Probably the best all around exchange we have this month is the "Ocksperida" of Sheridan, Wyoming. Come again.

Here is the "Slate" again without any cuts. The story, "Her Last Year in College," was well written.

"Acorn" (Anthony's Park, Minn.). Your departments are rather short.

"The Toltec" from Durango, Colo., is a neat little paper. The departments are well arranged.

"Township High School Bulletin" (Belleflower, Ill.) A few cuts would greatly improve the appearance of your paper.

More cuts and longer departments would improve the "Franklin Academy Mirror."

"Echoes" from Council Bluffs, Iowa, has a nobby cover design.

The literary department was excellent.

"Calendar" (Buffalo, N. Y.) Where was your exchange department? The story "When it Stormed Above the Clouds," was the best ever written.

We were glad to receive "The Kinikinnik" from Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo. All of the stories were well written. Come again.

"Scarlet and Green," why not get into a booklet form?

The latest paper received was the "Weekly Highlander," from Des Moines, Iowa.

The "Joshua Palm" arrived at last and is very good. A few more cuts would improve the paper.

We are glad to receive "The Skirmisher," from Hillsdale, Michigan. You have a neat paper.

"The Nugget," from Helena, Montana is one of the best western exchanges received. Lack of cuts is the only criticism.

We received "The Dial" from Brattleboro, Vermont for the first time. The cuts show up to good advantage.

"Red and Black" (Salt Lake City, Utah). Your literary department and cuts were good.

With the exception of cuts, the "Arrow," Broken Bow, Nebraska, is an almost perfect paper.

All the departments of the "Echo," Montrose, Colo., were good. The cuts are the best part of your paper.

The "Blue and White" would be a nifty little paper if it only had some cuts.

We can offer no serious criticisms on the Hallowe'en number of the "Kyote," Billings, Montana

Cuts and an exchange department were missing in the "Prep Owl," Boulder, Colo. The cover design was excellent.

A few more cuts would make an exceedingly good paper of the "Argosal," Argos, Ind.

"The Booster," Chadron, Nebr., is a neat "little" paper. The exchange department was very good.

One of the prettiest things received in cover designs is the "Daisy Chain," Waco, Texas.

Hello, "Orderly." We are always glad to receive you. Your cover design was well drawn.

If you would like to see a good paper just take a look at "Pebbles," Mashalltown, Iowa.

## ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 14)

The game with Monte Vista was called off on account of a misunderstanding in regard to players eligible. We have not forgotten the score of last season and would have liked very much to repay the compliment, but wait, our time will come.

At a meeting of boys interested in basketball some time ago George Bird was elected captain and John Sweeny manager of the team. And all hands are now out hunting for a coach. There has been some talk of Rev. Parisoe coaching them, but nothing certain yet.

Basketball seems to be the favorite, for fully three teams are out every night to practice in the rink. This looks good for with three old regular players of last year and two subs everything looks fine for a winning team without a doubt.

John Sweeny has received challenges and has sent several for games to play in the near future. A game will be held with Canon City on the 17th, with skating before and after the game. Now all come out and root for the home team in the first game of the season.

Lash: "Why is kissing a girl like a bottle of olives?"

Heck: "Give it up."

Lash: "Because if you get the first one the rest come easy."—Slate.

His Papa—Bobby, I merely punish you to show my love for you.

Bobby—If I was only bigger I would return your love.—Olla Podrida.

The school at Turret has but three scholars this year, owing to the little activity of the mines in that district.

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