

The
Tenderfoot



October 1910



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Salida, Colorado

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Sophmore Class

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Wallace Schoolfield, Vice-Pres.

Eva Ware, Secretary and Treasurer.

Boys	Girls
Carson, Howard	Bateman, Kathryn
Collins, Arthur	Bond, Christine
Dobbie, Tom	Churcher, Nina
Elofson, Harry	Clarke, Alta
England, Stephen	Crockett, Lola
Goodenough, Orwin	Davison, Helen
Lodge, Kenneth	Harlan, Abbie
McDonough, John	Kelly, Marie
Parker, John	Livingston, Lena
Pearce, Jean	Newman, Lucy
Schoolfield, Wallace	Norton, Edna
White, Roger	Pearce, Lucile
Williams, George	Plimpton, Helen
Wood, Walter	Randol, Josephine
	Rubin, Ruth
	Smith, Ruth
	Shonyo, Mabel
	Ware, Eva
	Ware, Edith
	Williams, Emily
	Wilson, Beulah

Jones, Ray	Martin, Margaret
Julien, Joseph	Meacham, Madelene
Kenyon, Elmer	Nord, Edith
Lasswell, Irwing	Parker, Lydia
Maier, Leonard	Penrose, Della
McAbee, Scott	Perkins, Dunreath
McKenna, Eugene	Reynolds, Mildred
Monahan, Fred	Sage, Hester
Norris, Drew	Tappn, Irean
Rhodes, Howard	Valandingham, Nora
Sage, Lloyd	Van Cleave, Dona
Wilhomson, Marcus	Waters, Mettie
	Waters, Myrtle
	Wilcox, Edna
	Wright, Mary
	Woody, Edith
	Woods, Gladys

Total Enrollment.

Class.	Boys	Girls	Total
Seniors	7	9	16
Juniors	9	8	17
Sophomores	13	21	34
Freshmen	31	35	66
Specials	—	2	2
Total	60	75	135

ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If you've got anything that's happy,
Boil it down.
Make it short and crisp and snappy,
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.
Take out the surplus letter,
Boil it down.
Fewer syllables the better,
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain---express it,
So w 'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.
Cut out all the extra trimmings,
Boil it down.
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two
Send it on, and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

Selected.

Freshman Class

Ray Jones, President.

Marjorie Doyle, Vice-President.

Mildred Demphy, Secy. and Treas.

Boys	Girls
Bateman, Ward	Beck, Marie
Burke, Lawrence	Brockman, Katie
Campbell, Colin	Boots, Jessie
Cole, Charlie	Clem, Florence
Churchill, George	Crymble, Jessie
Dobbie, Cochems	Demphy, Mildred
Elofson, Lawrence	Dobbie, Irma
Fancher, Albert	Doyle, Margie
Fuller, Richard	Foulk, Etta
Furniss, George	Gaughn, Agnes
Gilmore, Richard	Green, Ethel
Griffin, Albert	Henry, Effie
Higgs, Val	Hans, Genelle
Humoller, George	Holman, Margaret
Hunt, Frank	Johnson, Leola
Hayden, Clarence	Kinney, Agnes
Hunt, Orrin	Lessing, Ruth



Literary



WELCOME.

Good morning, Merry Tenderfoot,
How did you wake so soon?
But then, you've only been asleep
Since 'bout the first of June.

But Ah! we're glad to see you back,
With your advantages,
And glad to see familiar names
Among your well loved pages.

We're glad to see your high-browed-Staff,
All shining bright and new;
And glad to see your bran new home,
And crowd of boosters, too.

And so, dear Tenderfoot, we'll work
With all our main and might,
For this best paper 'neath the sun
For the purple and the white.

Florence Withrow, '12.

A FISH STORY.

One day this summer, as I was sitting on the front porch, half asleep, I saw a couple of boys going fishing. I couldn't go just then, so I sat there and nodded and blinked. I was almost asleep when I thought, "I'll have to do something or I'll go to sleep here." Just then my mother said, "You may go fishing now, if you want to, Stephen." The way I went after my outfit would have qualified me for an obstacle race, judging from the way I dodged chairs, tables and the like.

I hurried out to the creek, and, fishing and wading along, came to the largest hole in the river, where old "Reddy," the big rainbow, lived. I'd stake my fortune on the fact that that fish weighed six pounds.

I threw in my hooks and let them float 'round and 'round. All at once I saw a splash, felt a jerk, and my line was going out. Ah! he turns, and I reel in swiftly. Out goes my line

again, and again I reel in. Imagine this repeated for an hour and you'll know how I felt when I caught that fish. It was "Reddy." I took him in my left hand and started home, picturing to myself how I would tell the others how I got him, how I would send him to the Post and receive a prize, and what I would buy with the money, when, just as I crossed a bridge, I felt the fish give a flop—and there he was in the river.

Of course, I dived in after him. Think I'd let a fish like that get away? I should say not. Anyway, I went into the river. If any one tells me after this that river water is warm in summer, I'll tell him he's a—a—why a prevaricator.

I landed on the fish about the second stroke and he started down the river at the rate of a mile a second, as near as I could judge, with me on his back. The way we went would put an automobile to shame, while an airship couldn't have kept up a minute. The first thing we came to was a battleship

sailing up the river. I opened my mouth to hail her, but that fish dived, and I got about half the river down my throat. Needless to say, I closed my mouth. He came to the top, after I was half drowned, right under an over-hanging bank, which I, foolishly, grabbed, getting about a hundred weight of dirt down my neck. It was my neck, too; not the river nor the fish. The next thing which I encountered was a large hornet's nest about a foot above the water. I tried to miss it but the fish wouldn't guide nor drive, so I got "stung." I grabbed at a branch, which turned over, handed me one in the eye, followed that with one on the nose, and I was fast looking like "thirty cents." Next I saw him headed for a huge log which I hit, saw about a million stars (assorted varieties) and sat up on the porch, saying, "And he got away, after all." And that was the way my largest fish got away.

If "Reddy" must be caught in that way, I wish I may live to split my sides watching some one else catch him.

—Stephen England, '13.

GUY'S RETURN.

The little room was lighted only by the light from the fireplace. Everything was very quiet in the room. Seated before the fireplace were three people, Mr. and Mrs. Jewell and their daughter, Alice. They all seemed to be in a great deal of trouble.

The mortgage on their farm was due and they would be forced to give it up in a few days, for, on account of sickness and failure of crops, they were not able to raise the money. The old home was very dear to all of them and it would be very hard to give it up. Alice seemed to take it more to heart than her parents, for she would have to give all she had earned to her father and do all she could to help him. She had accepted a position as a clerk in one of the stores of a neighboring town and was to start to work there next Monday.

At last the day came when the mortgage should be paid, but they did not have the money. The mortgagee gave them just one week to get off the farm. The next day, while they were busy packing their things and preparing to leave, a rap was heard at the door. Mr. Jewell was almost afraid to

open it for fear it was the mortgagee, coming to hurry them away.

But when the door was opened whom did they see but their own son, Guy, who had been in Alaska for five years? Their sorrow was forgotten for a while, for they were all very glad to see Guy, but, finally, it all returned, and with tears, they told him of their misfortune. But Guy, smiling happily, told them that he had heard of it all before, and that he had purchased the farm from Mr. Dewey.

The family were again seated before the fireplace, but there was a different expression on their faces from what there had been a few nights before. Guy was telling them of his adventures in the North; how he had traveled many miles on a sled to some mining camp where there was a big rush; how, after several failures, he had at last struck a rich gold mine and, after working there for almost three years, he had sold it for a large sum of money and decided to return home. He had not traveled very far when he heard of his father's bad luck and he tried to get home in time to pay the mortgage, but arrived a little too late. But on his arrival he purchased the farm for six thousand dollars, in time to keep his parents from moving off.

Alice did not go to work, for now her parents did not need her money and she could go to college. One bright afternoon she bade them good bye and started with a happy heart, on her way to school. In a few years she finished her education and became a very good teacher.

Guy soon became famous, because of the many noble deeds which he did for his friends, and for the poor. He was always looking for some one whom he could help and soon became a great favorite among his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jewell are very old and grey now, but they still live on the same farm which they came so near losing. But the home looks different for a beautiful, modern house has taken the place of the old one and new outbuildings have been built. Their place is now classed among the best farms of the country. When the Jewell family think of their fortune and happiness their thoughts always wander to the day when they were not so happy and they thank God for sending Guy just at the right time.

—Lydia Bond, '11.

NATIVE SONS OF CALIFORNIA.

The most interesting topic in the history of California is the "Native Sons." The Native Sons are great athletes. They are fine swimmers, fast runners and great jumpers. Just the other day I saw one fellow balance himself on his tongue, his feet straight up in the air.

During the months of August and September they hold their conventions. The cities are crowded with them, also the beaches, and all hotels are filled. They certainly are lively fellows and do not wait to be introduced. Why, one day as I was going down town one of them pinched me on the arm. I have the marks on my arm yet. Talk about being angry! If it had not happened on the main street I should have called a policeman, but it would have caused such excitement, and, besides, I would not have been able to show him the fellow in such a crowd.

They certainly did take possession of everything and everybody—single or married, it made no difference to them. Even the ladies with their husbands were not safe. One would walk up behind a couple and tickle the lady on the neck, and if the man interfered, he always got the worst of it. And common—why, they had as soon go down the street with a Chinaman or a negro as with white person. They, then, have the nerve to expect white people to entertain them.

A great many of them are from the oil fields. They are great drillers. They are born surveyors and can walk over the surface, surveying it with the naked eye. And in drilling they have never yet been known to miss it with their drills.

One night there was a dreadful uproar at one of the best hotels. Some men were there from the East and had engaged rooms at the hotel. They went to the theater and came home rather late. When they returned to their rooms they found that the Native Sons had taken possession. They would not leave and a fight followed. Three of the Native Sons were killed and two wounded. The people of southern California do not have much use for the Native Sons and the hospitals refused to take the two that were injured. They did not even hold an inquest over the dead bodies. The Easterners were all acquitted, because these Native Sons were in their rooms

and it was proven that they had struck first and the Easterners had killed in self defense.

Now, if you care to learn more of these Native Sons—get your encyclopedia and look up "Fleas;" for the flea is the Native Son of California.

—Florence Gilmore, '12.

THE FABLE OF THE INNOCENT FRESHMAN

(With apologies to George Ade)

Once upon a time there was an innocent Freshman whose usual appellation was Percy. Percy thought that he was very much gone on a sweet Junior. Her name was Annabelle Rosabelle Isabelle Jones. This was not all at once. Percy called around at her Home about three Times a Week. He generally brought her Candy or Flowers or Theater Tickets. In Fact he thought Annabelle was the Whole Banquet from the Soup to the Cheese.

One day a Friend of Percy's said, "Look out; some Day when he has done you up Brown she'll Ditch you."

"O never," exclaimed Percy, "you don't know Annabelle." And he hastened off to Buy a gilt Card labeled "To My Love" or some Other Slush.

One Evening a Bright Senior with a mind like a Peanut and Seventeen Cents in his Pocket called around to see Miss Annabelle. Percy was Present but from the Take off it was Easy to see that his Name was Percival. Annabelle was so Engrossed in the Bright Senior that she couldn't see Percy for the Smoke. Percy made his Applauded Exit and Didn't Return.

He went Home and figured up what he had expended on the Sweet Annabelle. It amounted to \$59.37. "My," exclaimed he, "What a fool I have been." Which was Greatly to be wondered at in a Freshman. So Percy, on the next Day, Found a Fair Sophomore to whom to pay his injured Affections. But the Bright Senior and Miss Annabelle lived happily until they Quarrelled.

Moral: You Never can Tell.

—A. M. K.

First Girl:—We were performing experiments in the dark room yesterday and—

Second Girl (interrupting):—What course is that in? I want to take it.—
Ex.

THE TENDERFOOT

By The High School, Salida, Colorado.

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VOL. II.

OCTOBER 1910

No. 1

A NEW YEAR.

"Well," as the clown in the circus said "Here we are again." We are starting out again on another school year. I don't suppose there is an editor of a high school paper in the country that is not talking of "the new school year" "better work" "higher standards," and so on this month. And it seems to be a topic of interest throughout the high schools of the country.

This year we have the best of reasons to talk of better work. We are now located in our new building. We have better seating capabilities, better recitation opportunities, better laboratories, better reference facilities and better athletic grounds than ever before.

We have our last year's teaching force back again this year with the exception of Miss Shomler, our music and drawing teacher, whose place is filled by Miss Trot. We don't have to get acquainted with a new bunch of teachers and they don't have to get acquainted with us.

So we have "in a manner of speaking," as long John Silver says, the ground all cleared for action. There is no reason why we should not get down to action and turn out better school work, better athletic teams and a better school paper than ever before.

TRAINING.

If you were to look down on the little grassy prairie by the school house these cool evenings you would see a number of boys clad in khaki and very intent in pursuit of a little brown ball. Football practice would instantly come to your mind and perhaps other memories.

Here is where the games are decided rather than in the games themselves. Here is where the boys acquire the knowledge of the game, the different plays and the drill. It is the drilling that counts in this world nowadays.

It is the football training that is going to win the coming games or the lack of it that will lose them.

It was training that enabled Caesar to conquer the Germans.

It was the training of his troops that enabled Napoleon to overrun all Europe. It was the training that enabled the Continental troops under Washington finally to overcome the British. Whoa, there, I have stumbled upon one of the exceptions, for although training is a great item still this training has to be backed by a quantity of pluck and stick-to-it-iveness that is necessary to win the fight.

A great deal of our school work is drill work. Some things have to be gone over several times before we master each "Right Face" and "Present Arms." But when all these things are mastered each recruit, now a full-fledged regular, steps into the ranks facing the world, and the remark above will bear repeating here. It is the trained man that counts nowadays.

ADVICE FOR FRESH- MEN.

It isn't always how large a building you are intending to build that counts, it is how well you build it. The first thing of importance in a building is a firm foundation. After that each beam, each brick, each rivet must be placed by the hard work of the builder. The architect can oversee the work, but try as he may he cannot see to the whole construction especially if he is overseeing several buildings at once.

Now, Freshmen, you are just starting the building of your high school education. You are laying the first stones in the foundation. The whole strength of the rest of your high school career, yes even more, perhaps, the success of your whole life depends upon this foundation. You should make this foundation strong. Your architects, the teachers, cannot oversee the whole process. They have others who are depending on them as much as you are individually. It must be by your personal effort and under your responsibility that the work must be done.

The one who gets the first year best has least trouble with the second year if he or she is willing to work. If you are not willing to work you will find that you will have to work during the second year, and then in all probabilities you will not understand it, and the third year will be an unexplored mystery to you. The fourth year I need not mention; it will be absolutely impossible.

And so, dear children, the moral of this story is, Never put off 'till next year what you can do in this.

LET'S MAKE THE MOST OF IT

Have you ever seen people who wish that they had an education, that they had finished school instead of stopping when they thought they knew enough to enable them to encounter any of the dragons which they might meet on the way of life? There are many people of, not only that kind, but of the kind which never have had the opportunity to become educated, but these numbers grow smaller generation by generation, for, as the world becomes more civilized people see, more and more, the need of better

education and, consequently, see to it that their children get every advantage possible. We, then, should be thankful that we live in a time when people see those things and that our parents have given us the opportunity we have for becoming better educated men and women than the world has ever before seen. Not only should we be thankful for having this opportunity but we should take the best possible advantage of it. We should fix some goal, which we should exert all our efforts to reach and the higher that goal, the better.

We see, every day, examples of men who are striving to reach some goal far ahead of them and it is noticeable that the goal of all such men is always ahead—they have never reached it and yet they are always striving. Perhaps, when only children they have set some goal toward which they began to work and as they worked and neared it, unconsciously, that goal changed to something higher, something greater and something harder to reach and so it continues. There is always something greater, grander, to which we can work and the nearer these grand ideals we come, the more unworthy we feel to partake of the joys of such a life—a life of always striving for better things. What would this world be if no one wished and worked for anything greater than what they have—if every man and woman went through life just living from day to day and never thinking of the future? Soon the whole world would be back to the savage state and man would be no better than the lowest creatures on the face of the earth. Let us, then help to make more advanced the civilization of our great world, our own country, by becoming educated men and women, by the help of our schools and teachers, and by setting some grand, high goal toward which to strive.

GETTING ACCUSTOM- ED TO THINGS.

We are now pretty well settled down and getting used to our work.

There is a wonderful lot in getting used to things. The Irishman is recorded as saying, "Shure and ye cud get used to hangin' if ye cud hang twice."

Take for example the new drinking fountain in the hall. At first it was a source of continual amusement for all. Just as soon as the strangeness wore off

it seemed just as natural to put your nose down in that stream to get a drink as it would to pour the water out into a cup and drink it.

But, after all, we are merely Broad-bendingians in our own part of the world and the things to which we are accustomed never seem strange, although to one who is not used to them or to one who studies them they are wonderful.

Every year at this time our high school suffers a bad attack of freshmen. In this case it goes to bed, raps up its head, darkens the room, and in despair sends for the doctor.

The doctor comes and feels its pulse. "I see," he says, "another attack of freshmen."

"Doctor," feebly groans the patient, "can't I ever escape them at all?"

"No" the doctor answers, "you've got to have them just as you had to the measles, the whooping cough and the mumps." And the good man administers large doses of Mathematics, English, Latin, History and Science, mixed with a considerable amount of persecution by upper classmen.

In a few months the good old school comes around looking a little pale and unnatural but still very much like the same old school.

His Favorite.

The bishop of Bath and Wells tells a story of a small boy whom he once spoke to about the parables.

"You have, of course, heard of the parables?" said Dr. Keunton.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Good. Now, which of them do you like the best?"

"I like the one," was the answer, "where somebody loafs and fishes."—London Tit-Bits.

Pride of the Riding Academy.

Rowell—There goes Withers on horseback. He is a living illustration of the saying, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Snaffle—In what way?

Rowell—Don't you see? He lets his weight rest on the horse only once in awhile. The most of the time he is in the air, going up or coming down.—Boston Transcript.



SOCIETY

As there has been very little doing along this line we regret that there is little news to report. Let us hope to have more to report for next month. In looking over the Tenderfoot for October, 1910, we notice quite a record of events and we must admit that this season has been very dull.

Let us waken up and get better acquainted in a social way by means of class parties and other good times. During the past summer, we who remained in town enjoyed a number of good social times, including parties, beefsteak fries and dances. We were indebted to the Alumni association, which was always awake and planning some new stunt for our enjoyment. There is absolutely no reason why our school should not show a better social spirit than it does this year, for we know that "a little merriment now and then is relished by the wisest men."

The Way He Excused Her.

The small boy sought his mother. "Ma," he said, "the teacher talked just awful about my manners today. She told me I acted like a boy who didn't have any bringing up."

"And what did you say?" his mother asked.

"I excused you the best I knew how," he replied. "I told her you was only my stepmother."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Miss Shomler, our music teacher of last year was compelled to give in her resignation as a teacher this year on account of the illness of her mother. We shall miss Miss Shomler a great deal and our best wishes for her future prosperity are extended.

Miss Jennie L. Trot of Junction City, Kansas, has accepted the position of Miss Shomler as music teacher. Miss Trot is a graduate of National school of Methods in Chicago. She is an excellent musician and has a splendid contralto voice.

Mr. Smith, a prominent Presbyterian evangelist, delivered the first address in the new high school Monday morning. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Davies, who travel with him. Mr. Smith and Mr. Davies sang a duet, Mrs. Davies accompanying on the piano. Mr. Davies also played a beautiful cornet solo, which was greatly enjoyed by all. We hope to see more of them in the future.

A meeting of the Debating society was held in the assembly room September 26th. The following officers were elected: Archie Knodle, president; Curtis Pearce, vice-president; Howard Carson, marshal; Josephine Randol, secretary. Mr. Baker, treasurer, critic and supervising instructor. The following program was decided on for the first meeting: Question for debate: Resolved, That either History, Foreign Languages, or Mathematics should be abolished from the high school curriculum. That History should be abolished from the high school, by Curtis Pearce. That Foreign Languages should be abolished from the high school, by Edith Ware. That Mathematics should be abolished from the high school, by Ruth Rubin.

An autobiography, by Kathryn Bate-man. A reading by Edna Norton.

OUR NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

The new high school is situated in the southeastern edge of town, where it stands almost alone. The building stands out quite prominently with its high, arched windows and doorways and with its many gabled, green roof. It is constructed of white pressed brick with a foundation and window casings of sandstone. The basement is so large and roomy that it is quite hard to keep from considering our building a three-story structure, instead of a two-story one, with a basement.

To the right and a little back of the school stands the old academy building, which has not yet been utilized. Beyond the academy is a small grove of trees, in which the Freshmen may be hanged, or otherwise hazed by the valiant Sophomores. Directly to the right of the building, a little plot of ground has been saved for a football field and in the rear is a ten-acre plot of land, part of which has been made into a football campus. This campus is the scene of a lively and exciting football scrimmage every afternoon.

The two eighth grades, the library, the superintendent's office, the Physics and Chemistry laboratories and the lecture room are located on the first floor. The laboratories are equipped with all the apparatus which are necessary in the study of Physics and Chemistry. To the right of the lecture room doorway is located a modern drinking fountain. Every time a student passes it he stops to take a long, hearty drink, and as students never did this at the old high school, we are beginning to think that some farsighted charitable institution has donated the fountain to the school for the purpose of saving the student the

laborious task of lifting a cup to his lips, just to get a taste of common, every day water.

The basement of the building is taken up by dressing rooms, lavatories, furnace and coal rooms, and the janitor's quarters. Our dressing rooms would be complete if we only had a shower bath to work off the sweat and grime; then football practice would soon become a very popular exercise.

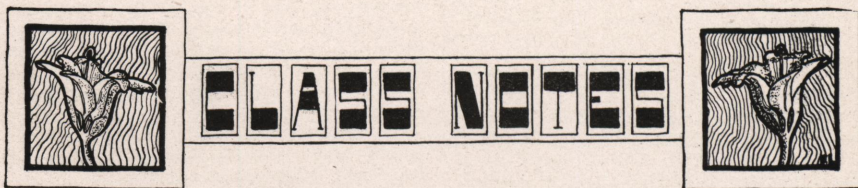
From the first floor there are two stairways, one at each end of the hall, leading to the upstairs, which is taken up by the auditorium and for recitation rooms; each one of the recitation rooms occupying a corner of the building.

The auditorium is a large room and is very well lighted, heated and ventilated. It has a seating capacity of over four hundred and will be the scene of many debates, plays and entertainments during the year. The rear of the room is largely taken up by

opera chairs, while the front part is filled with desks, which are the assigned seats of the Freshmen. In the very front of the room is a large stage and on either side of it is a dressing room, which has an entrance to the stage, and also one to one of the recitation rooms. As soon as the electric lights are put in and we have our curtain up we will begin to look around for some star actors and actresses.

Our new building is such a vast improvement over the old one, in every way that there can hardly be a comparison between the two. We have long had the ambition to have our high school one of the best in the state, and now that we have a building which will compare with any other high school building of the same size, there is no reason to think that we cannot also compare favorably with these same schools, in both scholarship and athletics.

—Ballard French, '12.



SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Character is what you are—reputation is what others think you are. Why have the Freshmen such a bad reputation.

Time is the warp of life. O, tell the young Freshman to weave it well.

Prof. Kenyon (after a severe explosion in the corner occupied by very ambitious boys) "That's all right, if it had blown you out of the window the only loss would have been the glass."

The Senior class is pretty small this year. At present we have 17 members.

Presence of mind is greatly promoted by absence of body—especially in chemistry.

Some of our young men are making rapid progress in Chemistry—learning how to scrub.

GENERAL RULES FOR FRESHMEN.

Don't Chew gum in school.

Don't Quarrel over your marbles, boys.

Don't Cut out paper dolls in school, girls, but do cut out imposing on the rights of Juniors and Seniors by making eyes at the boys.

Don't Study with your books upside down. It's a bad habit in those who are so young.

Don't Be discouraged your time is coming. Cheer up the worst is yet to come.

Don't Play in the halls. That fire hose is for use in case of fire only.

A short time ago a young lady was heard to say in Chemistry, "O, isn't this going to be fun!" Yes, ma'am, it isn't.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

Florence Gilmore after a two months visit in California has again taken up her studies.

The following members are greatly missed from our class: Ruth Dun, Helene McClain, Rose Freeman, Amy Lee, Mary Rielly, Pearl Gilligan, Pat O'Hara and Clayton Dobbie.

Rachel Beggs made a short but pleasant visit to her Salida friends this summer.

At the Junior meeting held on the fourteenth of September, the following officers were elected: Ballard French, president; Beatrice Bucholtz, vice president; and Alice Sangster, secretary and treasurer.

Margaret Hayden was absent for two days of the last week in September on account of the illness of her brother.

Arthur Nord (in English History)—“When Edward went away he was half French and when he came back he was holy (wholly) French.”

Miss Dow:—“What kind of people live in this country?”

Pearl Smith:—“The country people.”

While following Mr. Kenyon's discussion on the boundaries of space and the milky way, Leonard White wandered far away.

Lawrence Marvin (sadly but emphatically):—“Now, I think that was a foolish thing to do.”

Viola (in History):—“She married him, and he married her.”

Somebody (in English):—“So she refused to marry him.”

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

At a class meeting on Wednesday, September the twenty-first, Ruth Rubin was made president, Wallace Schoolfield, vice president, and Eva Ware, secretary and treasurer.

A Sophomore to a Junior.

Soph:—“Did you see that teacher yawn a minute ago?”

Jun:—“No. Why. Did he catch a fly?”

Soph:—“No, he caught some of those freshies chewing gum.”

Josephine: (In Latin) “When around

a sleeping lion saucy little mice were running, one of them by accident stumbled over the head of the sleeping lion.”

Mr. Tanton:—“Did any of the Sophomore girls lose a belt buckle?”

Arthur C.—(Feeling of his belt) “Wait a minute.”

Mr. Tanton:—“Is it yours Arthur?”

Jean:—(When the fire alarm sounded) “Oh! I was just dreaming of a fire.”

Harry Elofson has lately acquired a stiff neck from the position he sits in to look at those freshmen girls.

Buelah Wilson must be well posted in prize fighting as she told the Sophomore Latin class that the Romans always shook hands before they fought.

Every note Roger writes now begins with, “My dear sweet honey.”

Kenneth L.:—(In geometry) “What is the equally distant from two stations two miles apart all the telephone poles?”

Mr. Tanton:—“I don't believe I know.”

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES.

The Freshman class met September the 22nd, and elected class officers to serve for one school term. They are as follows: Ray Jones, president; Margie Doyle, vice-president; Mildred Demphy, secretary and treasurer.

The class of '14 has quite a few people from out of town. Among them are our class president, Ray Jones, from Littleton; Richard Fuller, from Alder; Scott McAbee, from Las Animas; Mildred Reynolds, from Denver; Fred Monohan, from Louisville, Kentucky; Albert Griffin, from Pueblo; Leola Johnson, from Buena Vista; Della Penrose, Colin Campbell, and Darrel Woods, from Poncha.

Freshman (in English)—“The horse flew from the presence of the camel.”

Miss Dow:—“That was quite a remarkable thing, wasn't it?”

Freshman:—“I have seen a horse-fly.”

Another remarkable thing, isn't it?”

On September 29th the Freshman class had their first meeting under the new officers, all but three answering to their names. This meeting was called to appoint a committee to select the class flower and colors. Those appointed on the committee were Frank Hunt, Mildred Reynolds, Ward Bate-man and Edith Nord. At a later meeting of the Freshmen class a report of the committee on colors was received and the class chose black and gold. At the same meeting the chrysanthemum was chosen as the class flower. A social committee was appointed also, consisting of Genelle Hous, Marcus Williamson, Val Higgs, Jessie Crym-

ble, Agnes Kinney, Marge Doyle and Cochems Dobbie.

The Freshman boys had a meeting to discuss the football question. They decided to try to have a team, and elected Val Higgs, captain, and Elmer Kenyon, manager. In a later meeting they decided to pay a quarter each and get a football, as not a boy among them volunteered to make one.

The class this year is larger than any year before. It consists of 65 scholars of whom 35 are girls and 30 are boys. If we had three more we would be half of the High school.



Athletics for this year will and must be better than ever, because, with new grounds for practice in track and football and the old academy for basketball, we are fixed better than ever before. Our ten-acre tract of land will make an excellent half-mile track. A foot-ball team has been organized and practice is carried on every evening. More men have turned out under the new rules for practice than last year, two full teams being out.

Leonard White was elected captain of the foot-ball team but because of conflicting studies and other work resigned and George Bird was elected in his place.

Rev. Parisoe of the Presbyterian church consented to be the coach of the team but because of evangelistic meetings now being carried on in the church he could not be present and Mr. Harberd is now coach, being out nearly every evening.

Changes in management of the team seems about all that has been done this year for George Bird resigned because of outside work and George Brewster was elected in his place.

Albert Rogers was elected manager of the team and has several challenges. The first game will be held in Pueblo against the Pueblo Centennials and a good game is certain for Pueblo beat Canon City 33 to 0, one week ago.

Autumn days once more are present. The season is a delightful time among the leaves as their rustling seems to us like whispering among themselves about their long winter journey.

The same spirit is shown among the students concerning the coming athletic career of our new High school.

The record for the first school year in our new building is going to be better than ever before if possible: It is the determination of the boys and girls to make a glorious record that will always be looked upon with envy by the coming students.

The girls decided to begin practice for basket-ball early this season as not one of the team of 1901 plays this year. But the girls are going to leave a record that the students will be justly proud of. Twenty girls were present at the first meeting September 27, the plan was suggested and accepted that there be a first and second team instead of the regular, in this way every body has a good chance to play. Mary Pickett was elected temporary captain. Girls turn out in a body for every practice. You all know that "Practice makes perfect" and if you make the team for one trip it will repay you for your time.



This being the first issue of the Tenderfoot for this year, our Exchange Department will be rather brief. We hope that all of our last year's exchanges will still be in the field, holding up their brilliant records of the past year and we will also welcome and encourage any new paper that is trying to make a start.

We will gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: The Enterprise, The Echo, The Narrator, The Retort, The Arrow, The Omnigraph, The Prep Owl, The Observer, The Spud, The Earnest Student, Acorn, Lariat, Calendar, Ocksheperida, Silver and Gold, Tiger, Crimson, Crucible, Oracle, Rocky Mountain Collegian, Columbine, Herald, Pebbles, The Boomerang, Blue and White, Joshua Palm, The Aegis, and numerous other papers of a very high class, with which we will be glad to exchange.

The Native American should have an exchange department, if it is possible. Otherwise it is a very good weekly paper.

The Calendar was one of our very best exchanges during the last year and we hope that it will keep up its good reputation, for many years to come.

What the Narrator says of us in the June number: "The editorials of The Tenderfoot are always timely and well written. The other departments are also of a very high class." We go so far as to think that we may even better our reputation this year, which is only our second one.

Intelligent Soph (picking up Caesar) — "Oh, my! Latin is easy; I wish I had taken it. Look here," (pointing to

several pages) "Forte dux in oro." — "Forty ducks in a row;" "Possus sum jom," "Pass us some jam;" "Boni leges Caesars," — "Bo ny legs of Caesar." — Ex.

"First time you have milked cow, is it?" said Uncle to his visiting nephew, "Well, you do it a sight better than most city fellows do."

"It seems to come natural to me, somehow," said the youth, blushing with pleasure. "I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen." — Ex.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this fact before.
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more? — Ex.

Uncle (after bouncing nephew on knee): — Well, Johnny, and how did you like that?

Johany: — Fine, but I had a ride on a real donkey the other day. — Ex.

Teacher: — Give the principal parts of the verb, "oublier" (to forget).

Scholar: — "Oublier" — and that's all I can do.

"Well," sighed the boy, as he paid for a frankfurter, "another nickel gone to the dogs."

Teacher: Tommy, next time you are late, bring an excuse from your father.

Tommy: Who? Father? Why, he ain't no good at excuses; ma always finds him out.

An Odd Wish.

A student at a technical school in Boston who had too frequently asked leave of absence offered on one occasion as a reason the necessity of attending the funeral of a cousin.

"Well," said the doubting instructor, "I suppose I must let you go, but I do wish it were a nearer relative." — Lippincott's



ALUMNI



ALUMNI NOTES

Abby Perry, '10, secured the Valley View school and is doing fine in her teaching.

Margaret Ahern, '08, is teaching in the Orton school this year.

Ruth Whitehurst, '10, visited Lorena Kennison, '10, and Hester Crutcher, '09, for a few days. They are attending Colorado College.

Evelyn Foss, '10, Leon and Everett Lippard, '10, are students at Boulder University.

Alice Chinn, '10, just returned from a two months visit in Kansas. Evidently Kansas agrees with her.

Harry Rubin, '09, has gone over to Wagon Wheel Gap deer hunting.

Alice Crockett, '10, is taking a business course in Denver.

Esther DeWeese, '10, is attending school at Greeley.

Francis Reilly, '10, is working in the telephone office of this city.

MISCELLANEOUS

"I tell you I must have some money," roared the King. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas," sighed the watch dog of the treasury, "all coffers are empty."

Ever hear of that good old remedy, not yet called a patent medicine? If a man happens to be dead or to have a cold, get up and slam him on the back and say sweetly, "Quit yer coffin'."

It's best to clear out as soon as possible.

He—I would kiss you if we were not in a canoe.

She—Sir! I wish to be taken ashore instantly!

Lady—You surely drink too much whisky, sir. Why don't you drink water?

Hobo—I have an iron constitution, mum, an' water might rust it.

Teacher—A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer.

Student—I suppose that's the reason why so many of us flunked in the exams.

Question in Physiology—What is the office of the gastric juice?

Answer—The stomach.

Self-government Girl (to boy culprit)—May I have you name, please?

Boy—Oh, how sudden!

He's a careful dentist.

Yes, he filled my tooth with great pains.—Cornell Widow.

Diner—Is there any soup on this bill of fare?

Waiter—No, sir—there was, but I wiped it off.—Harvard Lampoon.

Postmaster—This letter is too heavy. You'll have to put on another stamp.

Colored Man—Sah, will that make it any lighter?

The only way to develop a proper athletic spirit is to get a winning team and then support that team no matter what comes up. A good spirit requires a winning team. A winning team requires faithful and consistent practice, every body can practice. Will you?

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss."

Senior Girl—"Really, do you think so?"—Ex

Some Germans don't seem to understand their own language. The other day I was talking to a German teacher and he couldn't understand a word I was saying.—Ex.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay:

Be there a will, then wisdom finds a way.

—George Crabbe.

—Acorn.

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AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

For there was never yet a Philosopher that could endure the toothache.
—Shakespeare.

The world deals goodnaturally with goodnaturally people.—Thackeray in "Henry Esmond."

There is no man suddenly either excellently good, or extremely evil.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt. —Shakespeare.

Vita labore nihil dedit mortalibus.
"Life allows nothing to mortals without great labor." —Horace.

"Another course may look easier and more attractive, but pursuing duty for duty's sake is always sure and safe and honorable. —William McKinley.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
—Jno. Trumbull.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
—Alexander Pope.

True hope is swift, and flies with the swallow's wings.

Kings, it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
—Shakespeare.

And look before you, ere you leap,
For as you sow you're like to reap.
—Samuel Butler.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
—Franklin.

I call that man idle who might be better employed.
—Socrates.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, deserve it.
—Joseph Addison.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.
—Buliver.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bossom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.
—Addison.

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