



The
Tenderfoot

April 1911

High School, Salida, Colorado

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THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. 2., No. 7

APRIL, 1911.

50c Per Year



A GERMAN PICNIC

(By Lucy Newman, '13)

"All aboard," cried the little fat captain, and in a few minutes the gang plank was raised and we had started for Niagara. It was the German club's annual picnic and nobody excepting Germans was allowed to attend. I was not a German but was the guest of one and so was allowed to enjoy the good time with them.

We had our choice of two ships, the Chippewa or the Corona, but we took the Chippewa as it was the larger. Before we had found seats enough for our selves and our lunch baskets, a shrill whistle sounded and we were almost out of sight of the city.

When we were all seated the music started, but everyone was waiting for someone else to start dancing, and they did not have to wait long for a little fat German fellow began to jig. This, of course started the fun and soon all, after he told them that they could surely jig if nothing else, were dancing.

■ In about two hours we came in sight of Queenstown. All rushed to the upper deck so as to get a full view of the town. When the steamer stopped, many people got off to look around. We were among the first.

Just as we were coming down the

gang plank we heard a splash and, to our amazement, we saw the little fat captain struggling in the deep waters of Lake Niagara. He had been helping someone off the ship and, getting too near the edge, he fell in. This caused great excitement and, of course, delayed the trip as we had to wait for him to change his clothes which were dripping with water.

Soon the whistle sounded, everybody got on board again, and we were off. The next stop would be Louiston and, as it would be over an hour before we came to it, it was decided that we should have lunch. Having started at nine o'clock and it now being nearly twelve, most of the people were feeling hungry and had been buying stuff to eat all the time, such as weiner-wursts, sandwiches and sauer kraut. After eating lunch we decided to go up on deck and watch the waters roll up against the ship. We stayed on deck till we came in sight of Louiston. Here the steamer did not stop.

When we passed Louiston we had but one hour longer to wait till we would reach Niagara on the Lake. All at once we heard great peals of laughter and, on hurrying down stairs, found that the cause of all the mirth was a story told by the captain who had just begun to get over his fright.

At half past four we reached Niagara. Here everybody got off and

hurried to the picnic grounds where there were all sorts of amusements, such as the figure eight, Jamestown flood and Scenic railroad, bump-the-bumps, and, I must not forget the merry-go-round. This, though nothing new, was patronized by all, as the children were afraid to try most of the other amusements. There were foot races for boys, girls, men and women, three legged races, nail driving contests and everything that could be thought of.

At six o'clock everyone hurried to the falls to have one look at them, although they were not new to many. At six-thirty the first whistle sounded to tell the people that they had just five minutes to get on board. At a quarter of seven we had started for home. The ship was lighted with red, white and blue lights and, with the "Union Jack" waving overhead, we started for home. Soon the music started again and dancing was begun. We reached home at one o'clock.

We all certainly enjoyed ourselves, and were only sorry to think that it would be a whole year till the next German picnic.

ROY'S LITTLE JOKE

(By Florence Withrow, '12.)

The big track meet between W. H. S. and C. H. S. was held on April Fool's day. The coincidence did not bother the students any, for they were all too excited and anxious over the championship at stake.

Red Perkins was in his element. He had come to the W. H. S. from the country and was now in the middle of his Freshman year. He had too much to do out of school to allow of his participation in the sports himself, but he was more than joyous over having the opportunity of being a spectator. It was the first thing of the kind he had ever witnessed.

Red, or more properly, Jacob, was a favorite among the boys. He was a constant companion of Roy Gillon, the famous athlete. Roy often played tricks on Jacob but the country boy took them in good part. As the two boys wandered about the grounds, waiting for the sports to begin, a bright thought came to Roy. Sauntering up to a group of boys, he spoke in a voice loud enough for Jacob to hear

"Say fellows, has anybody seen anything of the signal horn." Now all of the boys knew that the dropping of a flag was the usual signal for the starting of the races so they tumbled at once to the fact that Roy was up to some joke.

"Gee," said one, "I can't believe it was brought back from the hardware store. You know it had to be fixed after the last meet." "It's too bad," said Roy. "It would be a shame to open the games without the historic old horn. I'd go after it myself only I'm going in for the shot put and I hate to get all tired out."

The other boys all had reasons for not being able to go. Some were going into the games, one had a sore foot, and another didn't know the way.

"Say," spoke up Jacob, "I'd be glad to go. At which hardware store is it?"

"Brown's," said Roy.

"All right," and Jacob was off on a trot.

Roy made a dash for the nearest telephone and called up Mr. Brown whom he knew quite well. "Hello, is this Brown? Say, there's a kid coming down there for the signal horn. Be a good fellow and pass the joke along. This is the first of April, you know, but keep it dark!"

A little later Jacob came panting into Mr. Brown's hardware store. "Mr. Brown," he said touching his hat, "is the signal horn repaired? The boys sent me down for it."

"Let's see," said Mr. Brown thinking a minute. "Oh yes, I remember it had a compound fracture so I had to send it over to the Jones bicycle shop to be cemented you can get it over there." Jacob thanked him and hurried out. In a few minutes more he entered the bicycle shop. In the meantime Mr. Brown, who liked his little joke, had telephoned to Mr. Jones. A package was waiting for Jacob and he was soon speeding off for the athletic grounds with it snugly under his arm. He dashed through the crowd and came up to where Roy and some more of the students were yelling themselves hoarse over the result of the first race.

"Too bad," panted Jacob as he deposited the package in Roy's arms, "but I couldn't get here a bit sooner."

Roy jerked the string from the package, undid the paper, and held the contents up before Jacobs' astonished

eyes. It was a large piece of rubber. Then Roy and the other boys gave signs of extreme mirth, and Jacob joined in the laugh with the rest for it was only an April joke after all.

WHEN BERNICE LEARN- ED TO COOK

(Madeleine Meacham, '14.)

"No, you might just as well give it up, for you can't go. College is no place for girls. They don't teach you anything but how to flirt and then marry you off."

"But Auntie, that isn't true—not meaning to insult you, though. The faculty doesn't have a thing to do with girls getting married. You speak as if you thought they had it all planned out to whom they'd marry the next newcomer. Why, they don't know one girl from another."

"They soon learn'em. If they taught practical things like cooking and house work, I wouldn't say a word. But you can't make a cake nor a batch of bread with Greek words, try as you may. Run along child and don't bother me. I've got some work to tend to."

Bernice Arnold went out of the cosy living room closing the door behind her more forcefully than was quite proper. Going to her room she seated herself in a big chair and was soon lost in thought. How was she going to persuade her Aunt to let her go on with her education? If there were only some way by which she could learn the gentle art of cooking. All at once she sat up, a light breaking over her face. Why not learn from Dinah, their own cook? She was considered the best cook for miles around.

She ran down into the kitchen to find Dinah. That chocolate-colored individual was just removing a spicy sheet of gingerbread from the oven.

Bernice wrinkled her nose appreciatively.

"My but that smells good!" she exclaimed. Then she came to the point without further delay. "Dinah will you teach me how to cook?"

Dinah put her hands on her hips and showed her white teeth in an expansive grin.

"Lawsy, honey," she said, "What foah yo' want to larn cookin'? Ain't yo' satisfied wif stayin' in de pahlah

an' doin' 'broidern' dat would drive mos' gais clean crazy?"

"I would be if I could persuade Auntie to let me go to college but, you see, she says I must learn house-work and the like. I couldn't think of anyone who could teach me better than you can. Please, Dinah, won't you?"

"'Cose I will ef yo' Aunt's willin'. Bettah ask heh fust."

"I don't see why she should object. I'll ask her though."

She found her aunt in the living room and, drawing a low stool to her Aunt's feet she began.

"Auntie, if I should learn to cook by the end of the summer will you let me go to college?"

Dinah is willing to teach me if you are willing to let her."

Mrs. Clarkson smiled grimly.

"You're bound to go, I see," she remarked. "Well if it won't bother Dinah I suppose you can."

Bernice gave her aunt an ecstatic hug and danced off to report her success to Dinah.

Bright and early next morning she appeared in the kitchen with a white apron covering her dainty gingham and a white cap perched saucily on top of her head.

"Well, chil, yoz' bettah git an ap'un on" said Dinah, "Dat t'ing aint no good."

Much to Bernice's disgust a large blue checked apron was tied on over the white one. "I'll make gingerbread first, Dinah. Is the flour in here?"

"Chile, is yo' blind dat's de sugah." De flouah's on de other side, but git de sugah while yo's 'bout it. Don't put it in de dish pan. De mixin' bowl am in de cupboahd."

After various slight mishaps the material was all in the bowl.

"Laws a massy, chil, yo' can't stir de battah wif de egg beatah, de mixin' spoon's in de drawah right undah yo' nose."

Both Dinah and her pupil were glad when the ginger bread was in the oven.

"I's gwine to pick some lettuc', said Dinah, standing in the doorway. Don't let your cake burn."

"I wont," promised Bernice and she really meant it but she let her mind wander ahead till next fall when she could go to school. When she opened the oven door her gingerbread was burned black.

"I jes' 'spected it," said Dinah, "yo' got to keep yo' min' on it, chile. Yo' can't day dream an' bake a cake at de same time, yo'll do bettah nex' time, I reckon."

The summer flew by and the middle of August Bernice had attained an astonishing degree of skill. Dinah said it was because she kept at it.

"And I mean to keep at it, Dinah; someday I may be glad of it."

As it turned out that day was not far distant. Mrs. Clarkson had gone away one morning leaving Dinah and Bernice to keep house. At about four o'clock Bernice ran down into the kitchen to ask Dinah a question and found her rocking her bulky person to and for while tears ran down her black cheeks.

"Why, Dinah, what's the matter?" asked Bernice in alarm?

"Oh me, oh my!" wailed Dinah. "I doan know what am gwine to happen. Mah brudder' hurt his laig last week an infoahmation 's done set in."

"Why Dinah you can go at once if you wish, I know auntie wouldn't care."

"No, honey chile, I can't go. Yo' auntie jes' sent woahd dat she's bringin' comp'ny home to six o'clock dinnah."

"That needn't hinder you. I can attend to things," cried Bernice, though the thought of the responsibility startled her.

"Fink yo can, honey?" asked Dinah, anxiously.

"I'm sure of it" replied Bernice with more assurance than she really felt.

Having seen Dinah safely off she turned her attention to the meal. A neighbor boy, for the large sum of a quarter, killed and picked two chickens. These, when cleaned and dressed, were put cooking and Bernice flew at the hundred other things that awaited her. The biscuits must be made and the little nut cakes her aunt liked so well. The lettuce must be chilled and cut and the salad made. There were, also, strawberries to be washed and hulled. Oh dear, would it ever be done? Everything was "shipshape" at a quarter before six, and as Bernice came down from changing her dress, the carriage, bearing her aunt and the guests, stopped at the gate.

It was all over. The dinner had

been the height of perfection and had been praised, extravagantly, by the guests. Everything had gone smoothly and, with the consciousness that the girl, whom Dinah had sent, was washing dishes in the kitchen, Bernice was quite at her ease. She slipped into the arm of her aunt's chair.

"Was the dinner good, auntie?" she inquired.

"Splendid! Dinah did herself proud."

"Dinah was called away because her brother was sick and I got the dinner," she answered, meekly.

"You!" There was surprise unbounded in Mrs. Clarkson's tone. "Well since you've kept your promise so well, I'll have to keep mine. You may prepare to enter college this term."

THE MYSTERY OF JOHNNIE JONES.

(By Edith Nord, '14.)

Johnnie Jones was the youngest son of Farmer Jones. He was nine years old and, of course, had to do various small jobs about the farm. One day he was told to go out and weed the flower garden. Now to a boy of nine years, this was no little task and Johnnie felt very much abused but he went out and began the disagreeable work. He pulled up a handful of weeds, then looked around and suddenly the thought came into his head to run away that night after dark. All afternoon he worked hard and was very glad when his mother called him in to supper.

That night when everyone but Johnnie was asleep, a small boy climbed out of one of the windows, looked about him, then quietly started down the road.

Next morning everyone in the village knew that Johnnie Jones had disappeared. Endless searches were made for him but they were of no use, so after searching for several months, Mr. Jones sadly gave Johnnie up as dead. Fifteen years slipped past and still there was found no trace of Johnnie. The cheer had gone from the home when Johnnie left, and it

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THE TENDERFOOT

By *The Senior Class, '11, Salida, Colorado.*

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50c PER YEAR

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VOL. II.

APRIL, 1911.

No. 7

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

Next number will be the commencement number of the Tenderfoot and we want the co-operation of everybody to make it a good one. Think up something original and bring it around and be sure to get your order for extra copies in early.

ALAS!

Only one more issue and then we quit and then there will be various editors and reporters around looking for a job.

One more month and we will have completed another step in our careers. Already the Seniors walk with great dignity and try to show their superiority. Already the Juniors are beginning to look sorrowful, but methinks they smile among themselves.

Already the Sophomores have begun to realize that another sorrowful time of year has come at last. And of the Freshmen all that need be said is that there is not a single joke about Mildred's hair ribbons in this issue.

Just one more month and old S. H. S. will kick another bunch of Seniors into the ranks of the Alumni. But it will miss them, for then who will there be to freely furnish their aid in running the school? Who then will there be to sit on the step or come stroll-

ing into the assembly in the middle of the last period? Who then will there be in the lab to loosen the bonds of quantities of H₂S and allow its pleasant odors to float up through the assembly and there quietly linger. But no, they will not be missed for such is base ingratitude.

ONE OR TWO STUNTS.

Our Glee Club concert was successfully given March 24. It ought, as a matter of course, be the beginning of something of the kind permanently in the school, so that this will be considered the First Annual Glee Club concert and next year the second one should be given.

A week after the above we won the first interscholastic debate that has taken place in our high school in some years. Within the next month or so a return challenge and question ought to be submitted to South Canon for a return debate down there sometime next school year.

LOST.

Lost strayed or stolen—One 12-pound hammer. Anyone knowing of its whereabouts please inform Leonard White and no questions asked.

TRACK.

Spring is surely here, for the gathering on the field back of the school house is daily increasing. It is possible for those who make the team to go to three places this year—Canon City, Colorado Springs, and Boulder. All these are great trips and worth working a good deal for.

CLASS PINS.

At a recent assembly it was decided to have a school class pin, one that would represent the whole school and have the numbers changed for each year. The Senior Class was also given the privilege of choosing it. A design for this pin made by John Sweeny was accepted by the class.

Now again there is something to work for. Only graduates will receive one of these pins and it will be given to show they put in sufficient work to receive one. Anyway, here's hoping it will serve to bring a few of us together some years hence.

The chances against the untrained person's success are ten to one. So right now is the time to get down to work and no matter what it is you intend to try for, get into training.

The advantage the trained person has over the untrained is very well shown by the fact that the debating team is entirely composed of those who have been members of the debating society. And yet the debating society comprises only one sixth of the whole school. And of those that tried out for the team about half were not members of the society.

Geo. B. (At the Norris Cafe)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waitress—"We serve anybody, sure. Sit down."—Adapted.

Dutch—"You're bug house!"

Fuzzy (remembering to guard his temper)—"Such terribly deplorable vulgarity! You should say insect garage."

Tramp—"Lady, will you do a little sewing for me?"

Lady—"Gladly."

Tramp—"Well, mum, here's a button; I would like for youse to sew a pair of pants on it."—Ex.

Athletics

Boost for the Salida track team at the Boulder meet.

From appearances it looks as though S.H.S. would take nearly all the first prizes at the Boulder Meet, as more men have turned out and are taking greater interest than ever before. The boys are working hard and although we may not take all the first money we will make a good showing with other schools of our own size.

Harold Woods, upon whom we were depending for first place in the shot put, has quit school and joined the Coast League with the Seattle team. Here's luck to you, Harold, although we hate to lose you.

A letter was received from Canon City inviting us to participate in a track meet to be held on April 28th between the schools in the near vicinity of Canon City. They will pay carfare for the men. At a meeting held in regard to Canon track meet it was decided to send as near a full team as possible, for we will be able to find out what we can do in regard to Boulder Meet. "Look Out Canon!"

Has anyone seen the shot lately? John threw it away last week,

Let's see how big a crowd of rooters we can get to support the home team at the track met at Canon. Only one fare for the round trip.

A pit was dug for jumping and pole vaulting but no sawdust has been furnished yet.

The Mystery of Little Johnnie Jones.

Continued from Page 6.

was still the quiet dreary place during these fifteen-long years.

One fine June evening as Mr. Jones sat smoking his pipe and thinking of his lost son, he heard footsteps coming up the path toward the house. Some one walked up the steps and rang the doorbell. Mr. Jones hurriedly opened the door and there—there was one of the neighbors who had come over to borrow the ammonia bottle.



JUNIORS



JUNIOR

Mr. Tanton:—"Miss Trott would like to see the chorus out on the deep."

Margaret Hayden's spring vacation was sadly spoiled, as she was sick the entire week with chicken pox.

Albert:—"Washington was born in 1762 and in 1758 married Martha Custis."

Pearl Smith was a very welcome visitor at the High School last week.

The Physics class visited the telephone office Friday the 7th. They want to brush away those hazy ideas they now have about the telephone and learn established facts about it.

Mr. Kenyon (explaining a diagram of the telephone)—"The sound is transmitted through a plug like you (u)."

Florence Gilmore wants to know how you can make an arc light do the work of a telephone. Ask Archie.

Miss Dow:—"What position did Ruth have in the fields of Boaz?"

Viola:—"Bringing in the sheaves."

Curtis Pearce has been trying to make himself agreeable to a certain Junior girl, but keep it dark.

Alice S. (in German):—"I don't see how a worm could smoke tobacco."

Florence:—"Evidently you do not use tobacco by that brand."

The Junior English class in the past month has given memorial speeches, essays and toasts. Miss Dow knows how well we like oral work and has sufficiently respected our wishes in regard to the matter. The Juniors are certainly the jolly good fellows. They are planning to give a picnic the first Saturday after Lent.

Beatrice:—"Florence, has anyone

every played Meditation, at the debating meetings?"

Florence:—"No but lots of them meditate."

SOPHOMORE

The Sophomores enjoyed their vacation as far as it went, and were looking very gloomy on the morning of the third.

We wish to congratulate Stephen England on his debating ability and are glad we have been so well represented in nearly everything this year.

Frazier Booth, one of our new members, spent part of his vacation in the San Luis valley duck hunting. He brought back rumors of a good time but few ducks.

Bartle Day spent his vacation in Denver.

Jean Pearce spent his vacation in the land of nod.

Miss Dow—"Goodby is only a contraction of God be with you."

Clayton D:—"Is that Latin?"

Howard C.:—"Fluent means a flow of language."

Mr. Baker:—"Not necessarily. It could mean a flow of mud just as well."

FRESHMAN.

Miss Dow to her English class:—"When you're describing a person, don't depend on their dress for they may change it."

Robert in History:—"Cleopatra wrote a note and told Antonius that she was dead."

Miss Dow:—"Etta, define capacity." Etta:—"Capacity is a place where brain is kept".

Collins (describing a character in English):—"Li Hung Chang has a large nose with a mustache."

Ward (in History):—"When Augustus became sole ruler he changed and made his cold heart warm."

Ruth (in English):—"Her lips were rosy and beautiful pearly teeth."

Freshman in English:—"They put Rowena in Front de Boeuf's wife's room where she lived before she died."

There was a lonely Soph
Who was feeling very sad;
His locks were very queer
For he in blue was clad,
The blue it matched his countenance—
And matched his feelings too—
For his teachers all had told him
That he would not get thru;

The freshmen want someone to play a march for them when they have a spelling match.

Genelle in English:—"If De Bracy had loved Rowena he wouldn't have been discouraged so easily. He'd have tried again."

The freshmen don't say as many silly things as they used to and that is why the notes are scarcer.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" inquires a New England man, by the name of Lowell.

We supposed that anyone knew that the 29th of February was just four times as rare as any day in June.

He went into a store to buy his friend a comb for Christmas. He was a Boston man and was careful of his grammar and other folk's grammar.

He asked for a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk.

"No," said the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Story of Red Riding Hood. The teacher had described the woods and the wild animals that live there.

"Suddenly"—she said "Red Riding Hood heard a noise, a loud noise. She turned round and what do you suppose she saw standing there, looking at her, showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt" cried one of the boys.

Society



A delightful dancing party was given on March 30th by the X Y Z club at Hotel Denton. The boys are keeping up their reputation for giving splendid dances and we expect another in the near future.

Hester Crutcher entertained a few friends at dinner on March 27th for her guest, Miss El en Galpin.

Miss Elizabeth Kenyon was hostess at dinner on last Wednesday evening.

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon.

The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. Dont' you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had,"



The pupils enjoyed the musical numbers given by the D. U. Glee Club. Their rousing music corresponded with their jolly features. A great deal of attention was paid Mr. Kid, and we would like to have heard Mr. Kid whistle still other selections. The students were surprised at the great height of one of their number as we were not aware such a tall person roamed over this world. It can be truthfully said several D. U. fellows enjoyed the time spent in Salida immensely?

We enjoyed Rev. G. E. Morphy's talk on "What is Man". Mr. Morphy astonished the students greatly when he said, "Two and two do not make four." It is this way: Two men plus two men are not four because there is not a man in the world who is exactly like another man.

The Seniors have chosen their class play, "The Deacon's Second Wife." Wordly-wise, they assemble in a group after school. We lower classmen—but never mind, we are looking forward to a certain day in May, when the Seniors then their secrets will display.

Spring vacation has come and gone. Everyone seems to have forgotten it. No, not the pleasant days they spent but rather wish the exams were over and they had passed in them. Will we study during the summer time?

There will be a debate between Leadville and Salida High School on April 14th. Here is success to our team.

The curtain has arrived for the stage. Our curiosity is aroused as the students have not seen it. We are grateful to the school board for this favor.

Next winter under the auspices of the S. H. S. the following lecture course will be given: Lecture Ex-Gov. D. W. Hoch, of Kansas Concerts, The Strollers' Quartet, the Boston Lyrics. Character sketches from life—John B. Ratto. Monologues, Adrian M. Newens. Students boost—pull together. The people are interested in such a program and if the students do their part we can make a big success of it. We can, and to begin with, now is the time to tell your friends about the program as there will not be another course during the winter months. We are not certain concerning the dates.

Exams are vividly brought up in the minds of the students as the coming week is the end of our six weeks work.

One of the most interesting numbers was given, April 7th, by the Orio Society. A good argument was presented on both sides of the question: "President Taft was justifiable in mobilizing the troops in Texas." The negative won.

Glee Club Concert.

The Glee Club concert, March 2th was a delightful surprise to those assembled in the auditorium of the high school. We cannot praise Miss Trott enough for her faithful instruction to the glee clubs. We hope Miss Trott will be with the high school to instruct us further in this art. We were disappointed in not hearing the boys sing, a little misfortune happening to one of their number, but were delighted with their selections on the eve of the debate. The glee clubs as a body wish to express their thanks to

Mrs. Panton, Mr. Kramer, Mr. Manful and Mr. Garrelts who with their selections helped to make the concert a success. This is the first, time in the annals of the school a concert has been given. There is no doubt but it will be continued in the following years.

Our Debators Win.

March, Friday 31st, Salida added another victory to her list. It was in a very different field, and the students looked forward to the debate of Salida vs. Canon City with much wonder and no little anxiety. A person passing the school house late in the evening on this date might wonder what was going on to cause such an applauding. The students were hilarious because we won, if only by a few points, S. C. H. S. 77 5-12—S. H. S. 81 1-12 points; The question was "Resolved that commission form of government should be adopted in cities of twenty thousand population." The negative won. S. C. H. S. debators were: William Watt, Miss Vera Morris and Glenn Gebhardt. Miss Maude Chamberlain, principal S. C. H. S. chaperoned the young people. S. H. S. debators were—Stephen England, Archie Knodle and Ballard French.

The judges were—Superintendent Rufer of Buena Vista, Judge Bradley of Florence, Principal Sherman of Poncha. The chairman was Mr. McGinnis of Buena Vista. Stephen England made the greatest number of points. Glenn Gebhardt next. The members of our team belong to the Orio Society. Their practice in former debates helped them much in delivery. In this we gained most of our points from Canon. Next year the schools are going to try to arrange a triangular debate, that is to say, debate the same question in three different towns on the same night.

Exchanges

The Battle of Exchanges.

There are many odd contests in the modern age. One of the queerest occurred in a small city of Colorado on the **IDES** of March—by the **CALENDAR**, of course. The **REFEREE** came forth, and

speaking through a **MEGAPHONE** he gave each **SPECTATOR** to understand that he must be **ORDERLY**, and that he was not to use a **KODAK** during the contest. He also told those present that they were to abstain from throwing **PEBBLES** at the combatants. He then climbed to a safe seat on the **WINDMILL** and became an attentive **OBSERVER**. Silence reigned supreme; some were conversing noisily, while others were reading the **HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL**; still others were looking through the **NEWS**; but the greatest number were awaiting the opening scene of the struggle. Just at this moment a man stepped into the arena, clad in very bright **CRIMSON** tights; indeed, they were so loud that almost everyone could hear bright little **ECHOES** penetrating the air. He laid down his weapons and, as was his **HABIT**, calmly folded his arms and awaited the coming of the **TIGER**. The cute little creature sprang into the arena and advanced toward the man with mighty leaps and at every spring emitting a terrible roar. About his neck was a pretty little bow of **PURPLE AND GOLD** ribbons, and perched upon his **NUGGET** shaped head was a little **BLUE AND WHITE** guardian **OWL**. The **TIGER** was as brave as a **KOYOTE**, for he walked right up to the man and would have lapped his hands and face—he certainly would have licked the man right there—only he stepped on an **ACORN**, slipped and fell to the ground with a dull sickening thud.

The man was quick to see his opportunity and seizing a **DAISY CHAIN** made from strong **COLUMBINE** roots he quickly transformed it into a **LARIAT** and with the skill of a **NATIVE AMERICAN** he soon had the beast bound hand and foot. Using his **RED AND BLACK** ivory **BOMERANG** as a bowie knife he detached the animal's tail and hung it to his belt, just like an Indian **SCOUT** would do with a white man's scalp. Then with a blood-curdling yell he noiselessly stepped back about ten paces and with his trusty bow and poisoned **ARROW**—probably made from a toothpick—he shot out the right eye of the brute. Then without the least bit of pity for the poor animal or consideration for its humiliating position, he stuffed its mouth full of **ORIOLE** feathers and—left him there to die.

In addition to the exchanges men-

tioned above we acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Rocky Mountain Collegian, Ft. Collins, Colo.: Crucible, Greeley, Colo.: El Monte, Monte Vista, Colo.: Silver and Gold, Boulder, Colo., Toltec, Durango, Colo.: Advocate, Lincoln, Neb.: Academy Record, San Antonio, Tex.: Argus, Miller, S. D.: B'ville "B," Blondinsville, Ill.: Booster, Chadron, Neb.: Berne Budget, Berne, Ind.: Clintonian, Clinton, Ia.: Enterprise, Roxbury, Mass.: Franklin Academy Mirror, Franklin, Neb.: Glasgowian, Glasgow, Ky.: High School Mirror, Ozark, Ala.: The Interlude, South Bend,

Ind.: Joshua Palm, Goldfield, Nev.: The Marionite, Marion, Ky.: The Mirror, Waltham, Mass.: Ocksheperida, Sheridan, Wyo.: Olla Podrida, Berkeley, Cal.: The Palmetto and the Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.: Record, Sioux City, Ia.: The Round Up, North Platte, Neb.: The Round Up, Douglas, Wyo.: Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.: Sounder, Ft. Smith, Ark.: The Township H. S. Bulletin, Belleflower, Ill.: The Weekly Highlander, Des Moines, Ia.: The Class News, Craig, Mo., and the Kinnikinnik, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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