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By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

VOL. 3, NO. 7

APRIL, 1912.

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## Literary

### WHEN RUSTY WARD PLAYED DIAMOND DICK.

(By Albert Griffin, '14.)

#### Part I.

"Sh-h! Silence! Silence in this yhere courtroom! Say, Reddy, yuh mutt, didn't yuh hear whut I said? Sit down now and quit yer teasin' Jimmy 'bout his goil; ef yuh don't I'll fly on yuh and beat yuh up-soft d'ye hear!" said Rusty Ward, fiercely, as he assumed his seat on an empty drygoods box as the chairman of the meeting which was being held in the hay loft of his father's barn.

"Now, that's the stuff, Reddy, remain that way an' cheese yer racket. I suppose," he resumed, "all you fellers knows whut this meetin' is held fer, don't yuh!"

"Certainly, certainly! Yes'ir, yes'ir!" came the ready response from several boys.

"Well now some o' you varmints give us some suggestions about whut us, the Black Hand, ought to do 'ith this here new kid whut jest come to town t'other day."

"Hi, listen yhere! I got a peach-erino of a scheme." shouted "Lub" Dooley excitedly.

"Say there," said the chairman, "ain't you got no manners er' sense, Lub? Why didn't yuh address muh first jest like they alluz does in reg-lar meetins?"

"Mister Cheermun," said Lub slowly rising to his feet, "I- I- I-"

"Well, speak up!" said Rusty, fiercely.

"I-I fergot what I was gointo say."

"Well, set down then, yuh big piece o' good-fer-nothin' detriment tuh humanity and this meetin'! The ideer! Br-r!"

"Now has any more o' you goggle-eyed shrimps got any more suggestions er' "schemes"?" questioned Rusty. (No Reply.)

"Did yuh all heered whut I said?" he demanded sharply. (Still no reply.)

"Doggone ut, now all o' you beat it but Jakey! Git! I don't want nothin' to do with such a bunch o' dumb mut-ton-heads!"

Then a scramble for the ladder broke up the meeting, and also Rusty's hopes of getting any suggestions from that quarter.

"Come here a minute, Jakey"! said Rusty, as the last boy disappeared down the ladder, "now looky here Jakey you an' me have been friend's fer a long time an' I want you to help me tuh get even with that there new kid."

"All right, I'll give you all the inflammation I can," assured Jakey, earnestly.

"Why the other day," continued Rusty, "Anny Jones was a walkin' down the street—a walkin' with that sissy; and she wouldn't even look at

me when I stood on my head, but turned up her nose at me and said sumpin' to that mutt about me bein crazy! That hurt me purty bad, cause yuh know Amy an' me was engaged. All there is to ut, Jakey, we jest gota spoil that new child some how 'er other!"

For a brief interval the two chums stood staring at each other, each thinking seriously.

"Sh-h!" Whispered Jakey putting a warning finger to his lips, "step up closer, Rusty, I got sumpin' to tell yuh."

"Well, let'er go," said Rusty, approaching on his tip toes.

"You read the last number o' 'Diamond Dick,' didn't yuh?"

"Yes—most all o' it; I ain't quite got it finished yet. It certainly makes my hair stand on end, too, I'll tell yuh!"

"Well then, yuh remember how Dick rescued the gu-r-r-l from the bloody bandit, I'll tell yuh what—I'll be the bandit, and you be Dick. When Amy is goin' to Sunday School tomorry morning, I'll hide behind old Judge Hake's stone fence and when she comes along with that new kid I'll jump out 'ith me old trusty cork gun and scare the kid stiff; then I'll start to pick Amy up an' carry 'er off, but you sees the danger, rushes up behind me at the critical minit, pertends yuh smashes me on the bean an' I bites the dust yuh see. Then yuh jumps over the stone fence; gets some water out o' the Judge's fountain in yer hat, and dashes it in the face o' the fair damsel and brings 'er back to life again,—o'course she'll be fainted—don't yuh see? Then when she sees who it is whut saved 'er, she—"

But here he was interrupted.

"She'll take me back again," broke in the excited Rusty an' love me more 'an ever! Say, Jakey, where are yuh goin' tuh get yer black mask like bandits alluz wears?"

"Aw, that's easy enough," answered Jakey, "yuh know Pa bought a new black suit the other day and I'll jest cut a tail off o' the coat—enough fer the mask, yuh know—; that won't hurt anything 'cause Ina can patch that. Aw I'll tell yuh Rusty jest keep yer eye on muh—I got a head like Napoleon."

"Where'll we meet tomorrow mornin'?" asked Rusty.

"Aw, any old place," said Rusty. "Let's meet down at the swimmin' hole—eight o'clock."

"All right, but I'll have to sneak away right after breakfast, though," said Rusty, "er Ma and Pa 'ull make me git ready fer church."

"Well, let's be a goin'," said Jakey, preparing to descend the ladder, "or yer Ma 'ull think we're smokin' up here like we wus yisterday an' give you another whollopin'."

"Alright Jakey, you can go," said Rusty, "but I'm goin' to stay up here an' read the last chapter of this "Diamond Dick," so long! Eight o'clock sharp, remember!"

"Adios! Alright," shouted Jakey as he disappeared over the back fence.

### Part II.

"Howdy, old Pal—tip me yer fin!"

"Same to yuh," said Rusty Ward as he extended his "dainty little hand" to meet the welcome grasp of his true friend Jakey.

"Say, that's a peach o' a mask yuh got Jakey but I'll bet yer old man 'ull rage an' pull his whiskers when he finds a tail o' his new coat gone, when he commences tuh git ready for church this mornin'."

"Aw, I won't go hum today—I'll wait 'til Ma an' Pa goes to bed tonight then I'll slip in my bed room window, yuh see, an'—"

"Listen! There goes the first bell now," said Jakey. "Its about time I was movin' toward the Judge's! Yuh keep yer eye peeled fer Amy and the 'Prince,' and when yuh sees 'em comin' up the street and when they git about a block ahead o' yuh, foller 'em! In the meantime, I'll be a crouchin' and a waitin' behind the stone fence, fer the dirty work, don't yuh see? Alright, I'll run ahead o' yuh and hide now."

### Part III.

Amy Jones, Rusty Ward's lost affinity, and the "New Kid" came walking down the street on their way to Sunday School. Just as they came to the corner of Judges Hake's stone fence something leaped from behind it, stumbled on the sidewalk, and fell down, muttering, "Coises on me luck!" It then jumped up and—oh horrors! A terrible bandit stood facing Amy and her chaperon and pointing a gun at the latter's head. The gun did not produce the desired effects on the "New Kid" so the bandit disgustedly threw

away his "trusty cork gun" and gave the boy a punch and sent him sprawling in the gutter which ran full with mud and water. What must Amy do now? But just then before she had time to think again the bold highwayman picked her up in his arms and started off.

A noise was heard behind the robber and his prey—a dull thud and he lay prone on the sidewalk, Amy sitting on him.

Who could have done this timely deed? thought Amy locking around bewildered; but just then a large quantity of cold water hit her squarely in the face, drenching her from head to foot and forcing all the breath out of her. Rising to her feet she beheld there before her, Rusty Ward, or rather, Clarence Percival Waldo Ward with folded arms and fierce eye.

As Amy regained her breath her first impulse to scream, but—could this boy, the one whom she had snubbed—the one to whom she had been engaged—be her rescuer?

Upon a second thought she—

But just then a terrible noise was heard down the street, catching the attention of the rescuer and rescued and, also, the attention of the "terrible bandit." The confusion was caused by a rather stout gentleman who came running down the street, shouting like an escaped maniac, and waving an arm frantically about his head. On his other arm he carried something that looked very much like a coat. He was bare footed and bare headed. His hair was disheveled and his face was distorted and partly covered with lather. Evidently, from appearance, he was just preparing himself for church when he became affected with this seemingly fit. But why was he running about in this fashion? was the thought that came to Amy's mind. The thought in the minds of the "rescuer" and "terrible bandit" were far different from those of Amy's.

By this time the bandit had assumed a sitting posture and the mask had fallen partly from his face; he seemed to take an over interest in the situation.

As the stout gentleman espied the little group standing where the "thrilling and blood curdling" act had just taken place, he gave a shout of triumph, took on a fresh burst of speed, and passed by Amy like a shot.

As her curious eye followed him she beheld ahead of him, going like a pair of runaway engines, the—"terrible bandit" and her "brave companion."

Why had the "robber" sped away so? And likewise, why had her rescuer, before she had had even the time to thank him? These questions are very easily answered, so time need not be taken to answer them here.

We must now turn our attention to Amy's chaperon. He still sat in the gutter, bespattered with mud and water. As Amy beheld him, he began to weep.

"You're a pretty hee-ro, you air!" said Amy mockingly and pointing her finger at him. "I wouldn't be such a coward as yew be! Shame on yew, yew big cry baby! I don't like yew anymore." And with this she walked away.

---

### A ROMAN SHOW.

---

(Ruth Rubin, '13)

The noise of the city was ceasing and a dark quiet night was settling down. There was no moon, and almost the only light in the city was that from the stars. All day the streets of Rome had been crowded with a throng of people, busy and joyous, because the next day the games would be celebrated at the amphitheater.

Opening off the old forum were the prisons. Down in the dark, filthy dungeons where not a ray of light could ever penetrate, the Christians who were to make sport for Nero and his subjects, were confined. About a week before, a little band of Christians had gathered in a secluded spot outside the city, to hear one of the greatest of their preachers. While they were huddled together waiting for him to come, they were surprised by some of the royal guards and were carried to prison. The guards in the prison had been used to hearing curses and quarreling and the songs and happiness of the christians surprised them. But the christians believed that it was right for them to die for their faith and were not afraid.

The morning of the eventful day at last broke and soon the streets were crowded with people hurrying to the Circus, buying seats and making ready for the games. Early in the morning

a guard came to tell the prisoners what part they were to play in the games. The women and children were to be devoured by the lions and leopards and half the men were to fight with gladiators and the rest were to take part in the sea fight.

After a great deal of hurrying and jostling the Circus was filled with a vast, noisy, excited crowd, eager for the games to begin. The commons occupied the highest seats and the stone seats nearest the Arena were for the senators and nobles. Near the gates were booths of merchants and fruit and wine dealers, who made a great deal of money on such days.

When the Emperor and his train had taken their places, the signal was given for the games to begin. First there was a long parade, which was extremely tiresome to the crowd. It consisted of a long line of musicians, knights, soldiers, priests, and charioteers. Another signal was given and from the shed at one end of the circus, at the end of each lap of the race, one of the huge marble eggs was removed from the pedestal, and each time the spectators grew more and more excited. The race was won by the charioteer with the red ribbons and as he was a slave, he was given his liberty.

The next event was the gladiatorial combats. At first two well known wrestlers were brought in to fight. The victorious one was to fight one of the Christians. An exciting fight between the two gladiators followed but at last one of them was down and at the signal of thumbs down, for the audience, he was slain.

The people clamored for the Christian to be brought in. He was a tall young man, who had once been strong but was somewhat weakened by his imprisonment, and although he fought hard and bravely, his lack of training soon made him fall and he was slain as the other man had been.

The other six Christians were lined up against six gladiators and a regular battle was fought. The Christians were all easily vanquished. This ended the first part of the games and the noon recess followed.

During the recess, the crowd was shouting and calling for the games to begin again. So the wild beast shows began. First some slaves armed with spears fought with the beasts. Next

the women and children were to be killed by the lions and leopards. This part of the show would have been especially delightful to the spectators if the Christians had not been so brave. It filled them with a sort of awe to see the women advance to the centre of the arena and kneel in prayer and quietly await their death.

It was a relief when it was announced that the next show would be the sea fight. The arena was cleared and filled with water, making a large lake. Then followed a bloody battle between the remaining Christians and the same number of Roman slaves. This was something new and the crowd praised Nero for inventing it. This also ended in the slaughter of the Christians as many of them were even unable to swim.

This ended the games and it was a happy satisfied crowd, loud in their praise for Nero, that left the circus.

---

#### MR. ARNOT'S TREASURE.

---

(Edith Woody, '13)

It was known that Mr. Arnot had been a wealthy man, and about ten years ago had shut up his quaint old house and had gone to Australia. The inhabitants of Indale had heard nothing of him since. Nevertheless the old gardener had done his duty faithfully and the gardens and vines were everything to be desired. The house was out at the end of High street and thus nearly a mile from the business center. It was built in a style of nearly a hundred years ago; and had passed down from father to son until it had at last come into the possession of William Arnot. Vast wealth had also been inherited by him; but what he did with it was a mystery. He couldn't have taken it with him as it would have been an extremely dangerous thing to do, so where could he have put it, that was the question.

The inhabitants of Indale had questioned the old gardener and the trusted servants in keeping of the place, but they all declared that they knew nothing about it.

Mr. Arnold's lawyer began to think that it was rather queer that he should not hear from him, and about two years ago had sent a man in search of him and in the meantime kept dark as to Arnot's will. The man sent came



back within a year, only to report that he wasn't anywhere to be found in Australia.

Now, however, a dispatch came from Southern Africa that William Arnot was dead and would be buried in that place as some of his ancestors were buried in Africa.

Mr. Lanchester, the lawyer, now made known that Arnot's will was that his nephew should inherit everything. Accordingly, a month later, his nephew, George Arnot, arrived from another town to take possession of the long vacated house.

George Arnot and his family knew that his uncle had a vast sum of money and were anxious to obtain some clue (William Arnot having neglected to mention it in the will,) but like all others had failed.

After living there for eight or nine months, his boys, Charlie and John, with their sister, Mabel, were wondering what they could do to while away a long rainy day. They were playing hide and seek until John unexpectedly ran upon an old piece of paper, yellow with age, with some curious characters written in a strange hand:

14, 15, 18, 20, 8-14, 15, 18, 20, 8-5, 1, 19, 20-5, 1, 19, 20-2, 25-14, 15, 18, 20, 8-5, 1, 19, 20, 1, 14, 4-20, 23, 5, 20, 25-6, 5, 5, 20-6, 18, 15, 13-18, 5, 4-3, 9, 18, 3, 12, 5.

"Look here, what I found," he exclaimed, running to the others.

"That looks strange," commented Charlie, "wonder what it can be."

"Maybe it's just somebody's nonsense," replied Mabel.

"Tain't anybody's nonsense. It's written too carefully for that. John, bring me a pencil and some paper; I think I have it," said Charlie.

Charlie figured for about fifteen minutes and then said excitedly

"I have it! The numbers represent letters of the alphabet; 1 is a, 2 is b, 3 is c, etc., and the commas are between the letters and the hyphens are between the words. Listen to this," and he read:

"North, north-east, east by north-east, and twenty feet from red circle."

"That sounds like it. I do believe we've found the treasure at last," exclaimed John.

"Let's go and try to find it," suggested Mabel, and they all started out.

"North, that takes us up these rick-

ety stairs." They ascended, and when they reached the top, Charlie continued, "North-east; down this hall and through that door."

Mabel bounded on and opened a small door into a small, grimy room.

"Let's see, it's east by north-east; that takes us this way," Charlie went on.

"Hello! what's this? I never saw it before," cried John, as they suddenly came upon a ladder leading down.

"Here's the red circle, too," said Mabel, "so it must be down that ladder and a distance of twenty feet."

"All right, John, go get me a lantern and we'll see." John having brought the lantern, Charlie cautiously descended.

"Hold on there," called Charlie, "I'm at the bottom of the ladder and nearly four feet from the floor."

John held the lantern while Charlie got down to the floor of the vault.

Charlie now took the lantern and began looking around in this strange place, and presently a surprised, "Whoop-i-e," came from below.

"What's the matter," called John, keeping an eye on the light as it moved about.

"I've found it; go on up," cried the excited boy.

They made haste to tell their father of their find and after all the family had done what they could that night Mr. Arnot placed his hand on his son's shoulder and said:

"John, I think we might justly give you credit, for you found the chart and that was the clue."

"But Charlie figured it out, father," replied John.

"All right, then," said the father, and his eye kindled as he observed in his son a desire to have credit placed where it was due, even if it were at his expense.

---

Talk about being hungry!

I was hungry as a bear;

So, walking into a dairy lunch,

I ate off the arm of a chair.

\* \* \*

Father (to his daughter whom he sees whispering to her mother)—Elsie, how often have I told you not to do that? Speak out if you want anything.

Elsie—Well, Father, I wanted to know why the lady near me has such a red nose.—Fliegende Blatter.

### TEN LITTLE JUNIORS

(Georgie Oliver '13.)

Ten little Juniors  
Out to have a time  
Harry saw Gladys  
And then that left nine

Nine little Juniors  
Swinging on the gate,  
Kathryn heard the French-man  
And that left eight.

Eight little Juniors  
All bound for Heaven,  
Howard said 'Gramercy'  
And that left seven.

Seven little Juniors  
Crossing the Styx,  
Ina got cold feet  
And that left six.

Six little Juniors  
Still survive,  
Marion spied Pearl  
And that left five.

Five little Juniors  
Knocked at Gilmore's door,  
Cotton was admitted  
And then there was four.

Four little Juniors  
Drifting out at sea,  
Beulah died of heart-ache  
And that left three.

Three little Juniors  
Looked for something new,  
But the Smith cared not for Day  
And then there were two.

Two little Juniors  
Looking for some fun,  
Joe stopped to pose  
And that left one.

One little Junior  
Sitting in the sun,  
Stephen evaporated  
And that left none.

### APRIL FOOL

Do you know, Bill Jinks ain't got no sense at all. I thought he did, but I know better now. The other day, the thirty first of March, he come around, and I saw he had something on his mind. When Bill's got somethin' on

his mind, even if its only his hair, he can't rest, so I asked him to relieve his o'erburdened think-tank, an' this is what he said:

"I'm goin' to get my boss, for tomorrow's April Fool. I'm goin' to put a pin in the old boss's chair, an' fasten it there. I want you to think of somethin' to do to the young boss. (Bill works in a drug store, an' lots o' times—but never mind, let's go on.)"

"Will candy work?" I asked.

"Naw," said Bill, "get modern."

"Does he smoke?" I asked.

"Sure," said Bill.

"Well, listen to me, brother William. You get some sulphur and grind it up and put it in his tobacco. If that won't fix him, I'll run a hundred yards in four and a half-flat."

I couldn't hardly wait to get out of school on the first of April, an' the first thing I said was, "Hello, Bill, how'd it work?"

"Shut up," said Bill, and I kept quiet.

But the next day, I asked him again, an' then he told me.

"First thing in the morning, I put a pin on the boss's chair, and fastened it with a piece of adhesive, an' then I painted the adhesive. Then I ground up some sulphur and put it in the young boss's tobacco, but I didn't think it was enough, so I put some asafetida in too.

"Well, about eight-thirty, here comes the young boss. The first thing he does, he fills his pipe an' sits down to light it. Then he says, 'What the hotel bill!' an' all the time he's risin': I vanishes, an' laughs some. Pretty quick the racket stops, an, then I goes back. He says, 'Pretty good one, kid, we'll work it on the boss!' Then he picks up a match an' lights it, an' I vanishes again. About that time I hears the awfulest choking sound, and I runs back, to see the boss spittin' like something was wrong. I asked him what was up, an' he says, chokin'ly, 'You little——(but I hesitate to write it, although Bill said it fine.'

"But pretty quick he tries to catch me on some candy, and can't, I slips some candy of my own in place of it, an' eats it down. Say, I caught your teacher on that. He came in, an' the boss told him to help himself. He did. He dropped a hunk in his mouth, an'

(Continued on Page 14)

# The Tenderfoot.

BY THE HIGH SCHOOL, SALIDA, COLORADO

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	- - - - -	BALLARD F. FRENCH, '12
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## EDITORIAL

Our Spring vacation came at the wrong time this year for us to make any great display of "wit and wisdom" through the columns of The Tenderfoot, however we offer with cheerfulness these notes, stories, and poems feeling that even with the little exertion we have put forth our paper will be a pleasure to its readers.

The Junior Class

\* \* \*

Spring vacation is a thing of the past. We are now on the last lap of the race for this year with almost every member still in the race and most of us showing up well. Let us keep up heart and put forth the just a little more effort and then we can feel safe with our year's record in the hands of our teachers.

### "AIN'T IT AWFUL"

It was the first day of April, but there was a drizzling rain and enough to keep Mary in the house. She was sitting by the window with her Virgil in her lap, but not studying.

"O dear! For something to do! This has been the longest and dreariest day that I have ever known."

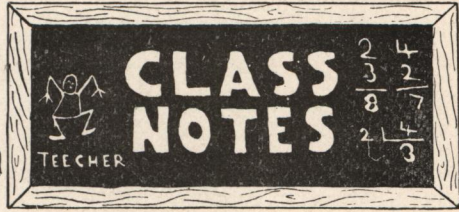
Just then the phone rang and Mary was there in an instant. It was Dorothy asking her to come over immediately, that she had something wonderful to show her. So Mary was soon ready and started, but had only gone about a block when her mother called "Mary! Mary! Come right back and get your rubbers and an umbrella."

So back Mary marched for her rubbers and umbrella and started once more. The wind had begun to blow and the rain was pouring from all directions, but Mary pattered on with the umbrella drawn far down over her. Just as she turned the corner she ran straight into a man with another umbrella drawn down over him, so that both umbrellas were torn.

"This is perfectly awful," she thought, but pulling the ragged umbrella down closer, she walked on. As she was peeking out now and then to keep a better watch to avoid anybody else, a gust of wind took it whirling into the air and turned it wrong side out.

Religion is blind and some religions

(Continued on Page 16)



### SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Florence Gilmore spent her vacation visiting with friends in Denver and reports a very good time while there.

\*\*\*

Mr. Tanton (in Sanitation):—"Maude, what is rotation of crops?"  
Maude:—"Well, farmers generally plant their crops in the ground—"  
(She ought to know, as she is a farmer's daughter)

\*\*\*

Florence W.:—"Do you know anything about tuberculosis in animals?"  
Viola:—"I don't know; I haven't got it yet."

\*\*\*

This is too serious a time for the Seniors to be writing jokes, so we will have to wait for further developments.

### JUNIORS NOTE

To The Juniors

Would you believe it, Juniors?  
It is only one more year  
That we will leave this merry school;  
To us always so dear!

So let us try to do our best  
While we are Juniors yet,  
And then when we are Seniors  
A good example set.

\*\*\*

The Junior girls made rolls the other day in Domestic Science, and the boys rolled down after them. They must have been ill bre(a)d.

Miss Gilpatrick, assigning a lesson in the "English Literature:" "When do we have Bacon?"

Arthur C.:—"At breakfast time."

\*\*\*

The girls are so smitten with canceling numbers in Algebra that they have taken up the fad of canceling names. They have found the latter much more interesting.

\*\*\*

The Juniors have discovered this:

Little drops of acid,  
Little grains of zinc  
Put into a test-tube  
Make an awful—odor.—Ex.

\*\*\*

Howard C. (referring to the rolls made by the Junior girls):—"How many did you eat Arthur?"

Arthur C.:—"Et tu Brute."

\*\*\*

The eleventh grade boys are much enthused over athletics this spring and especially displayed their talent in the baseball game won from the Freshmen.

\*\*\*

The class are striving to study "Comus," even though it is nice weather.

\*\*\*

Miss Gilpatrick was asking the class if they had borrowed any books yet, as she had told them. Arthur C. (quoting from "Hamlet" that he had previously learned this year.)—"Neither a borrower nor lender be."

\*\*\*

Teacher (in English):—"What types do 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' represent?"

Pupil:—"Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus."—Ex.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

Leonard (reading Latin):—"Many surrounded a few while others from the open side threw weapons into the whole bunch."

\* \* \*

Lloyd Simpson played hide the book with Scott's books the other day in Latin class. He put the History in one desk, the Geometry in another and the Latin on a third. Mr. Harris asked him if Scott would be likely to do such a thing when Lloyd denied being in mischief.

\* \* \*

Richard (in Latin):—"Part of the ships were driven to the lower part of the island which is near the setting of the sun."

\* \* \*

Edith W. (in Geometry):—"That problem contains 36 square feet."

\* \* \*

Ward (in Latin):—"Cum' is sometimes used in temporal clauses to express time."

Mr. Harris:—"Entirely correct."

\* \* \*

Roger read a sentence in Latin and was told that he had not read it literally enough.

Roger:—"Well, I don't see what's wrong with that. That's the literal translation my book gives."

\* \* \*

The Sophomore Latin class is divided into two sections and a contest is on. The class is reviewing and the contest will last until the review is finished. The side scoring the highest number of points is to be entertained by the losing side.

\* \* \*

Mr. Harris:—"Frazier what was the difference between your reading and Lucy's?"

Frazier:—"Why, she just read it different."

\* \* \*

What would be the effect if The Sophomore class should reproduce Macbeth?

\* \* \*

We stopped having parties?

\* \* \*

We all passed with finals?

\* \* \*

Scott and Madeleine should participate in kissing games?

We beat the Juniors in the meet?

\* \* \*

Frazier and Leonard stopped chewing gum?

\* \* \*

Gladys should catch a beaux?

\* \* \*

Lucy should forget to talk!

\* \* \*

Scott could see any good in Lady Macbeth?

\* \* \*

Lloyd would read or speak so the class could understand?

\* \* \*

The Sophomore class in indebted to Mr. Bernard for his work on the shelf for our bust of Lincoln. We extend our sincere thanks and wish to tell him that it will be appreciated because it is his work.

## FRESHMAN NOTES

Mr. Harris:—"What is the word for bow, Mary?"

Silence from Mary.

Mr. Harris:—"You're thinking of the wrong kind."

\* \* \*

Freshie (passing through the assembly):—"Oh! A Sophomore nearly ran over me."

\* \* \*

Beulah (in Latin, when asked to translate a sentence):—"Oh Heavens! I can't read it."

Mr. Harris:—"Do you think if you would call on the other place it would help any?"

\* \* \*

Guy Hollenbeck has returned to school after having been absent several weeks on account of a bad attack of rheumatism.

\* \* \*

Miss Pearsall:—"You may number in ones, beginning with Arthur."

\* \* \*

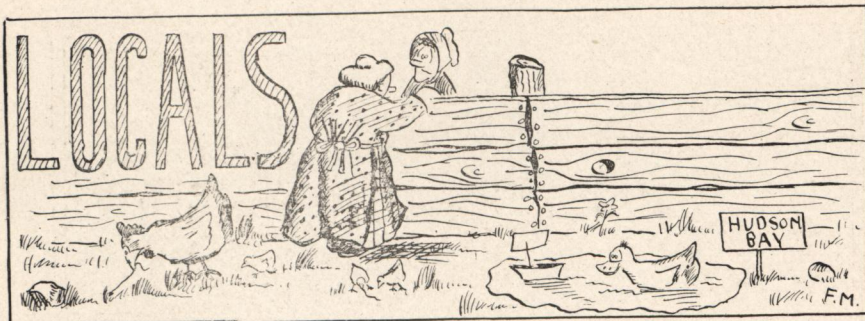
Florence, reading her dialogue, caused Godfrey to say, "Nancy, for many years I have been pursuing you!"

\* \* \*

Mr. Harris:—"Give the principal parts of accido, Dunreath."

Dunreath:—"Accido, accidere, accissi, accissus."

Mr. Harris:—"Pretty good for a start, you started out with a kid and ended with a kiss."



Miss Stiers spent vacation visiting relatives at Canon City.

\*\*\*

Mr. Bernard spent vacation visiting Canon City and Florence.

\*\*\*

Mildred Reynolds spent her vacation visiting friends at Florence.

\*\*\*

Gladys Jackson spent her vacation in Denver; a good time reported.

\*\*\*

Jean Pearce was on the sick list during spring vacation but has recovered.

\*\*\*

Bartle Day spent most of his vacation at Clara Smith's home in Salida. He also reported a good time.

\*\*\*

Miss Gilpatrick left on No. 6, Saturday, March the thirtieth, for Colorado Springs and reported a good time.

\*\*\*

Wallace spent his vacation at West Cliff taking in the sight of that wondrous city stating he enjoyed himself greatly.

\*\*\*

Adrian M. Newens, the monologist, gave a lecture on "The Message from Mars." It was highly appreciated by all in attendance.

\*\*\*

Frazier Booth has smashed another record. He rode his bicycle from Mosca, in San Luis valley, to Salida in less than twelve hours.

\*\*\*

Clayton Dobbie spent the vacation taking in the sights of that wondrous city, Denver. He also made a trip to

Boulder and visited the boys attending the university. From all appearances he must have had a splendid time, with the exception of getting lost a few times.

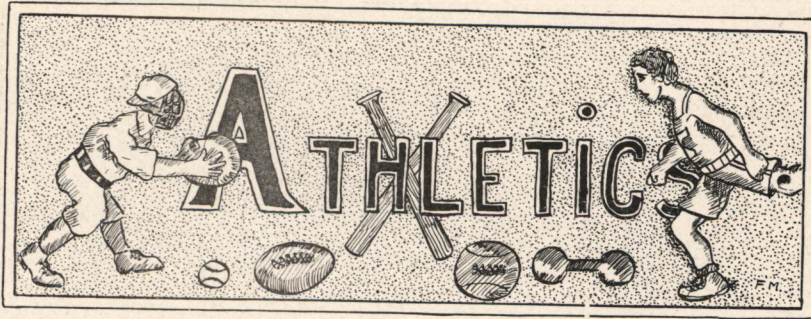
\*\*\*

John B. Ratto gave the last entertainment on the lecture course on Monday, April the eighth. Quite a crowd were in attendance and all enjoyed the jokes and funny stories which he told. We have a lecture course for next year and we hope to make as much of a success of it as we have this one.

\*\*\*

On Thursday, March the twentieth, the University of Colorado Glee club made its annual appearance at the High School auditorium. The selections rendered by the club were well appreciated by those in attendance. The instrumental selections were also of high standard. The readings were also received with great applause.

A man said he would travel. On being asked where he said: "I shall travel to Howard for it is in the Woods. England is not satisfactory for all the days are bygones. As for the Church-er-ah, some one should endeavor to Pearce its reserve. The Harry savages who dwell in that island are far from White, and indeed they Ware very few clothes. It's a sad Case, when all they know is, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly!" The Schoolfield is the only important thing there, if we except the system of weights. This includes the two kinds of tons, the Plimp ton and the Nor ton. But even at that they beat the Sophomores a mile.



### Salida 43-Aspen 36

March 16 the last game of the season was played with Aspen on the home floor. The Aspen boys were the fastest players we have met this year and a close and an interesting game was played. Aspen is the only team that has been ahead of Salida at any part of the game this season. At one time Aspen was three points ahead of us but our boys soon overtook them and when the game was called the score stood 43-36 in favor of Salida.

#### Line Up

**Aspen**—Adams, forward; Harris, forward; Peterson, center; Grover, guard; Koby, guard; Oleson, sub.

**Salida**—Collins, forward; Carson, forward; Booth, center; Elofson, guard; Rhodes, guard; K. Woods, sub; J. Woods, sub.

The basketball season ended March 16, after the Aspen game. Both the boys and girls teams have finished the season without being defeated. The boys won 12 games and the girls 10.

The following have received their S's for basketball: Nina Churcher, Lucy Newman, Mary Denick, Florence Gilmore, Leitha Woods, Edith Nord, Arthur Collins, Kenneth Woods, Howard Carson, Frazier Booth, Harry Elofson, Howard Rhodes and Joe Woods.

The boys of the school have been busy for the last few weeks in making an athletic field. We now have a good quarter mile track, a pit for vaulting and jumping and a base ball field.

April 20 a track meet will be held on the grounds between the members of the different classes. A banner will be given to the class which gets first

in the meet. Come on, get busy, and help your class win first place.

Pace ball teams have been organized by the different classes and a series of games arranged for. The following captains have been elected; Juniors, Howard Carson, Sophomores, Scott McAbee, and Freshmen, Omer Divers

#### Freshmen 6 Sophomores 5

The first base ball game of the season was played April 9 between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The Freshmen won by the score of 6 to 5.

Freshmen 0 0 0 0 4 2—6

Sophomores 5 0 0 0 0 0—5

Batteries—Maier and Griffin; Woods Rhodes and Divers.

#### THE IDEALIST

Blest is the man who inspiration  
draws  
From Nature's open book. Look  
where he will  
There is no spot nor low nor high  
but still  
She turns to him a glowing page.  
Her laws  
Are framed for his delight. The  
seeming flaws,  
The wastes that seem to mar her  
features fill  
Him with an unique ecstasy until  
There wakes an inner consciousness  
that thaws  
The cold reserve of pessimistic  
doubt.  
There is a glory in the far flung stars  
And there's a glory in the upheaved  
sod  
For him. He sees no evil in the flout  
Of comet's tail or subterranean jars,  
But good in all, the work and play of  
God.

# Society

The Pi Sigma met April 5th at the home of Kathryn Bateman.

\* \* \*

Ethel Green was taken completely by surprise when a number of her friends appeared at her home and announced that they had come for a good time and from all reports they must have had it.

\* \* \*

Miss Hester Crutcher gave an informal tea in honor of her college friend, Miss Neta Powell. Miss Hester proved her self a most delightful hostess and made her guests enjoy every minute of the afternoon.

\* \* \*

A number of the members of the Freshman class "surprised" Laura Ramey. They played many jolly games and enjoyed thoroughly the music provided by Prof. Ramey. Afterwards refreshments were served.

\* \* \*

Nor have the Juniors been idle. In fact they managed to have a good time most of the while in experimenting with gulcose in the laboratory the other day the temptation to make candy was too great for them to resist and nearly every girl made a different kind of candy.

\* \* \*

The Sophomores who have been much in evidence this year socially gave another party at the home of Sadie Bailor. The evening was spent in playing games, after which ice-cream and cake was served and the boys are still remarking about the girls' "dainty home-made cakes."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Henry Finger entertained the High School girls, who are members of her Sunday School class, in honor of Miss Gertrude Scott. The afternoon was spent in playing guessing games and memory contests much laughter was provoked in the nail driving contest in which Gertrude

proved herself the best knocker. Miss Jewell gave several readings which were greatly appreciated by the girls. Mrs. Finger then served a most delicious lunch.

\* \* \*

Beulah Wilson entertained a number of her friends at an Easter party given April 4th. The afternoon passed only too quickly, the time beguiled by music and many pleasant games. The girls showed their skill as English students in writing biographies of each other's lives, a prize being awarded to the one guessing the greatest number. They were then taken to the dining room artistically decorated in Easter colors, yellow and white. On the center of the table there was a bowl of beautiful daffodils surrounded by cunning little white rabbits. The effect of the cunning lace doilies inter woven with yellow and white ribbons running to each plate was indeed pleasing. A delicious three course lunch was served by Mrs. Tom Hughes assisted by Mrs. N. C. Figley.

## APRIL FOOL.

Continued from Page 8)

pretty quick he beat it like he was in a hurry. I ain't seen him since.

"About this time I had to clean a mortar, an' I scrubbed an' rubbed, an' scraped an' dug, an' worked awful hard, but I couldn't clean it. Say, the boss had put some varnish on the bottom of that thing, an' then had painted it, an' then glued some black paper on it. I worked all mornin', an' finally got the paper off, but the rest ain't off yet.

"Well, about ten-thirty, here comes the old boss. He walks in, takes off his hat an' sits down, but not for long. He raises suddenly an' makes one dive for me, but I beats it, an' he turns on the young boss. I stays away, while they has it out, an' when I comes back I gets told that my pay is cut to four dollars a week. Say, why did you ever put me up to that, anyway?"

But I had to go, an' I did. April Fool.





He asked if he might see her home and she said she would send him a picture of it by mail.—Ex.

\*\*\*

Miss Gilpatrick:—"I am beautiful; what tense is that?"

Freshman:—"Let's see; that must be past."—Adapted.

\*\*\*

If you can't laugh at the jokes of our age, just laugh at the age of our jokes.—Ex.

\*\*\*

Speaking of slippery sidewalks, you should have seen Sir Launfall.

\*\*\*

A little green Junior in a green little way  
Mixed together some chemicals  
which he found one day,  
And the little green grasses now tenderly wave  
Over the green little Junior's green little grave.—Ex.

\*\*\*

What is the difference between a Sophomore and a pound of butter?

Answer:—The older the Sophomore gets the weaker, and the older the butter gets, the stronger.—Ex.

\*\*\*

What is the largest room in the world for Sophs? The room for improvement.

\*\*\*

Shorty:—"Hello Slim, wacho readin'?"

Slim:—"Hoosier Schoolmaster."

Shorty:—"Me never had none."

\*\*\*

Stern Parent:—"Why are your marks lower this semester than they were last?"

Wise Student:—"Oh, you know everything is marked down after the holidays."—Ex.

\*\*\*

Teacher (seriously):—"Is that chewing gum in your mouth?"

Boy:—"Yes, ma'am."

Teacher:—"Give it to me?"

Boy:—"Wait and I'll give you a piece I ain't chewed."—Ex.

\*\*\*

Teacher:—"What letter is next to the letter 'H' in the alphabet?"

Pupil:—"Dunno, ma'am."

Teacher:—"What have I on each side of my nose?"

Pupil:—"Freckles, ma'am."—Ex.

\*\*\*

He:—"While in Africa I killed a lion thirteen feet long."

She:—"That's some lyin'."

\*\*\*

Dark street,  
Banana peel,  
Fat man,  
Virginia reel.—Ex.

\*\*\*

What is the secret of success?

1. Push, said the button.
2. Take pains, said the window.
3. Never be led, said the pencil.
4. Be up-to-date, said the calendar.
5. Always keep cool, said the ice.
6. Do business on the tick, said the clock.
7. Do a driving business, said the hammer.
8. Make much of small things, said the microscope.
9. Never do anything off-handed, said the glove.
10. Be sharp in all your dealings, said the knife.—Ex.

## TENDERFOOT CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Tenderfoot:—I have several freckles that are the very pest of my life. How can I remove them?

ROGER WHITE.

R. W.: Purchase a very small artist's brush and paint each freckle (if not too numerous) with H<sub>2</sub> SO<sub>4</sub>. If you aren't very nervous you may be able to remove just the freckles and not the skin. If this fails sand paper might be used to advantage.

\* \* \*

Most adorable Tenderfoot.—I have wept many a tear over the fact that my eyelashes are not dark nor long and sweeping. What can I do to remedy this calamity? PEEVED.

Pull your lashes vigorously. This may make them longer—that is if they don't come out. Try to look darkly on life. This is the only natural way for darkening eye lashes.

\* \* \*

Dear Tenderfoot.—Could you kindly tell me some inexpensive shampoo for hair that will make it red, curly, and long? EDNA NORTON.

A very simple and inexpensive shampoo is sorghum. Stir in vigorously and rub in a little soda. Please let us know if you succeed.

\* \* \*

My Dear Tenderfoot.—For some time I have tried to win the good graces of a certain young lady. What can I do to gain her affection?—S. E.

S. E.—Keep at it, young man! Keep at it!

\* \* \*

Madam Tenderfoot.—My grandmother left me her little black bonnet and I wondered how I could fix it up real purty. I have a huge yellow crysanthemum and a cerise rosebud.—Desperate.

You may be able to make a stunning little bonnet out of this material. We suggest that you fasten the crysanthemum over one ear and the rosebud over the other. This would make it very coquettish.

\* \* \*

Dear Tenderfoot.—I am just fifteen. Am I too young to go with the boys?—Josephine.

Dear little girl, I am afraid you are; yet if the little boys come to play with you and your mamma is home, no one could disapprove.

## "AIN'T IT AWFUL?"

Continued from Page 9)

"I don't care if I do get wet. It is only three more blocks and I will run every step."

Just as she was crossing the street, first one rubber stuck fast to the mud, and after pulling it on, the other one was in the same plight. Now very angry she snatched them both off and splashed across without any.

Cold and wet, at last, she reached Dorothy's house. She rang the door bell furiously—but no answer. Again and again she rang it and louder each time.

"What can it mean?" she thought, as she stamped down the steps.

Just then a cluster of boys appeared around the corner and she heard ringing in her ears "April Fool!"

'13.

## SO SAYS NIBSIE NO. 1.

can only see the lovely Easter hats which they themselves have donned.

The art called cunning reigns everywhere. So shines a bad thing in a too confidential world.

Don't criticise an egotistical woman, she may be as happy as if she had good sense.

Premeditation is the soul of anxiety. Desire is the mother of possession.

Neglect and you shall be neglected.

(Talent is the creation of profession.

Stupidity makes the day seem long.

See her, Love her and be happy, but let the other man possess.

A Freshman talks as loudly as a Soph. unless a Soph. be near.

Not only the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—Sala.

\* \* \*

It takes a man of originality to pose as a successful liar.

\* \* \*

Miss Gusher—Oh, please tell me! Do you think poets have to be born?

The Poet's Wife—Yes, borne with.

\* \* \*

Jim—Do you think Mamie is taller than Susie?

Tim—I should say that she is just about one rat taller.

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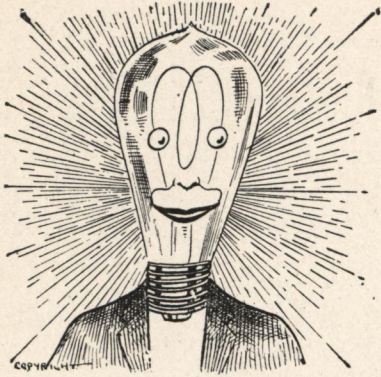
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