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THE
TENDERFOOT

DECEMBER, 1909



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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SALIDA, COLORADO

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Crews = Beggs

THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. I., No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1909.

50 c. per Year.

An Appreciation.

X473

Our high school is to be congratulated on the inception of THE TENDERFOOT and the excellent progress it is making. Teachers await its appearance each month as eagerly as the students and we are proud to know we have so able and alert an editorial staff, supported by such an enthusiastic body of students. I believe we all read every word of every number. (I read the jokes at least three times).

When Sam Weller was about to send an original valentine to his girl, Mary, he first read it to his father for an opinion and criticism. The old gentleman objected to its brevity, but Sam said, "She'll wish there vos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." It is also the great art of editing a paper and we wish for more of THE TENDERFOOT.

In behalf of our schools, I wish to thank the business men and the community in general for their encouraging support of this and every other part of our school work.

SUPT. EDGAR E. KESNER.

As Others See Us.

A good beginning, "Tenderfoot." We wish you success in your undertaking.-- "Red and Black," Salt Lake, Utah.

A neater cover design and more cuts would help your paper, "Tenderfoot."-- "Kyote," Billings, Mont.

The "Tenderfoot," from Salida, Colo., has a very interesting and well written literary department.--"Echoes," Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Among our exchanges we find the "Tenderfoot," from Salida, Colo. This is a first publication and we consider it a remarkably good paper. With a few more cuts that have been promised, the next publication of the "Tenderfoot" will

stand near the head of our exchanges. Every department has the appearance of having competent editors and it was with great surprise that we learned that each editor was a "tenderfoot" in the business.--"Lariat," Cheyenne, Wyo.

A new exchange, which we accept cordially is the "Tenderfoot," Salida, Colo. Your columns are very interesting but we think eighth grades should support and look forward to this work, rather than take part in it this year.--"Okshperida," Sheridan, Wyo.

We are pleased to receive a copy of the "Tenderfoot," a paper of merit gotten out by the High School of Salida. The make up of the paper is exceptionally good for the first number of the first volume. Success to the "Tenderfoot!"--"Crucible," Greeley, Colo.

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Literary



A Wish.

If wishes only would come true,
 This is the wish I would command:
 I'd wish that I might sail with you,
 Upon a ship to Fairvland;
 And while the fairies sing and dance,
 We'd wander through their midst, unseen,
 Until, with many a curious glance,
 We'd stand before their fairy queen.

And then I'd wish that she might rise,
 And leave her wand for you to own;
 While you, with grateful, laughing eyes,
 Would seat yourself upon her throne.
 And all that I would choose to do,
 While music droned, soft and serene,
 Would be to gaze in eyes of blue,
 And kneel before my fairy queen.

The Scrub.

AWARDED THE CASH PRIZE OF ONE
 DOLLAR.

The study lamp cast a dim halo of light upon the large assortment of papers and books on the library table. The scrub of the Longsborough High School basketball team sat with his elbows resting upon the edge of the table and his head in his hands. He made a somewhat startling, unattractive figure there in the dying light, his large hands, bushy hair, and slightly stooped shoulders outlined a weird shadow upon the wall. He sat very quiet and pensive until, suddenly, the hot tears crept unchecked into his eyes and his shoulders shook with disappointment. Bitterly he wondered why Fate had always decided him to be the scrub in everything he had ever attempted.

For the hundredth time that day, he let his mind race far, far away, two hundred miles or more, to where his high school basketball team was playing a match game with the Edgewater High School team for the championship of the state

By now, the last half was probably being played. In his mind, he heard the hundreds of spectators enthusiastically cheering—cheering for the Edgewater team. He half imagined that he saw a basketball sail high into the air and, with a soothing swish, drop through a goal, which caused the spectators to stand up and yell so fervently that he knew two more points had been scored against his team. His school was rapidly losing the championship! Losing! Losing! Losing! The honor and the glory of being champions was slipping through the fingers of each one of the Longsborough players. Why hadn't he been allowed to play in Black's place as forward? The position rightfully belonged to him. He had worked and trained for it for three years and then Black, a mere Freshman with three weeks training, had been allowed to play on the team in his place, merely because he was so tall and lanky. Jones, the captain's brother, had been allowed to go on the team as substitute. It was an outrage! One boy had been left behind, the one who had deserved the place on the team was the scrub.

Once more the scrub thought of the pleasures he had missed that day. How he had longed to share in the songs that had been sung on the train. Before the boys had gone from the high school that morning, a girl with large brown eyes had led the school in a yell for each member of the team. The scrub felt that he would have given half his life if his name had been among those which she called. But she had merely looked at his stooped shoulders and laughed.

"I hope we get beat! I hope we get BEAT!" he exclaimed bitterly.

The telephone rang and he answered, impatiently.

"Hello!"—the voice was faint and far away—"Is that you Scrubby?"

"Yes,"—doubtfully.

"This is Bud. We thought we'd call you up and tell you how the game came out."

"Thank you, Buddy. What was it?"

"Do hurry up!"—the scrub had grown very much excited by now.

"Well, old man, we beat them 49 to 66."

"Oh, Buddy! Honest?"

"Yep. And gee! you just ought to have seen the crowd. Eight hundred people as sore as they could be. We took the pennant down from the high school after the game. It certainly is a peach,—great big one that says 'Basketball Champions of the State' in great big letters. Be down to the train tomorrow and we'll show it to you the very first thing. All the fellows played the game of their lives. Black made forty points—but maybe you'd like to talk to the rest of the kids." So one by one, the rest of the players took their place at the phone and said a few words about "how sorry they were that Scrubby couldn't be along," or "what a good old time they were having," until Central cut them off in the midst of their conversation.

Slowly, the scrub walked the floor as he meditated. His team had won; his school now possessed the state championship! A feeling of pride passed over him when he recalled how Black, the youngest man on the team, had succeeded in scoring the largest number of points. What a delightful time the boys must be having. It was nice of them to go to the trouble and expense of phoning him,—that was a favor which he had never expected.

He walked over to a window and drew aside the shade. There, not two blocks away, stood the high school building, a lone sentinel in the night. The silver moonlight flooded the building, lighting the windows and plainly revealing the tall flag pole on the top of the belfry. Tomorrow the high school students would hoist their new pennant to the top of the flag-pole and the band would play and a certain girl, with large, brown eyes, would lead the students as they would time and again cheer each member of the team. His heart gave a bound as he thought of her. How pleased she would be over the victory! He no longer thought of her as the girl who laughed at his stooped shoulders,—he remembered her only as the girl who had smiled up at him one day as she walked along by his side while he carried her books to school.

A half hour later, the scrub of the Longsbrough High School basketball team went to sleep with a smile on his face.

EVERETT LIPPARD, '10

June Huntington.

BY ALICE CROCKETT, '10

CHAPTER I.

It is the week before Christmas.

At the home of Tom Stratford, one of the most influential and wealthy men of New York, is to be found a brilliant scene. Two men seeking refuge from the crowd are enjoying a smoke in a sheltered corner. The elder, a handsome striking man of about thirty, with a strong athletic form and brilliant dark eyes, is leaning against a pillar, engrossed in thought.

"Why, old fellow, what are you so dumpy about tonight?" asks his companion, giving him a hearty slap on the back. "Thinking of all the broken hearts you will soon be leaving behind you?"

"No, Jack, not so bad as that. No fair one will mourn my departure—at least, I hope not," he replied, while a cynical smile curved his lips.

"Pardon me, old man, but we all thought that before long we would hear of your and June Huntington's engagement. I know you are a confirmed bachelor, but you seemed more interested in her than any other woman of your acquaintance, and now you are flying off to the other side of the world, instead of confirming Mrs. Grundy's reports."

"Well, this little trip has been the one dream of my life, and now," with a proud lift of his head, "since ataining some degree of success, I feel that I am able to take a long-needed rest, and I intend to enjoy it; but I'm sorry to disappoint you people who have been waiting to hear of my engagement to June Huntington. When I marry, my boy, it will be for love, pure, disinterested love, and not to a woman of June Huntington's type—a woman who has an eye on my social position, a woman whose only thought is of herself and her own ambitions, who thinks more of the next gown and its style, of the latest coiffure, of the frivolous talk of a society fop than of doing some good in the world. I know," with a wave of his hand, as the other started to interrupt him; "what you intend saying; that she is just like all other society girls, but that does not excuse June; for she has good stuff in her. That is why I censure her more than others. A pretty ornament for a man's home she'd make, a beautiful piece of graciousness to sit at the head of his table, to receive his friends; but to be a companion to a man, to sympathize and share his troubles,—why, I would

sooner think of turning to yonder marble bust of Flora. I tell you I'm sick of it all. It is nothing but a sham, a mockery, this sort of life. These people stand for a row of ciphers, and if that string of figures should suddenly drop from their name, they would sink into obscurity, like a bubble in a torrent."

"You do June an injustice, Frank. Remember that she was not born into such surroundings. Her uncle brought her from the south when she was a child, and after living out in the country, it is perfectly natural that she enjoys this sort of life. I'll bet if she were put to the test you would find that you are altogether mistaken."

"Perhaps I'm wrong, but let us return to the ball room. I hope, on my return, to find your fair enchantress appreciated, if by no other than your estimable self," this last in a sarcastic tone as he glanced at the flushed, boyish face of the other, who broke in hotly:

"I would be only too glad—" but the rest was lost; and at that moment a tall, graceful figure arose from behind a luxuriant palm. Her face was flushed and her eyes flashed.

"How I hate him! If I only could have escaped, 'An ornament for a man's home!' But I don't care what he thinks or says about me." Despite these words anger made her slender form tremble and she dug her nails into her palms. In the dark blue eyes was something besides anger—an indescribable pain. The mocking voice of the cool, calculating lawyer rang in her ears, "When I marry it will—"

"Why, June, are you ill?" The sharp, hard voice of her uncle's wife broke upon her. Recovering herself, and trying to speak naturally: "Yes, I feel queer somehow." Then turning with beseeching eyes: "Let's go home, auntie dear, and don't make a fuss."

"Well, I don't care if I do. It's so close here and such a jam. Mrs. McAllister always has such—" and here her voice trailed off into a tirade against Mrs. McAllister's parties, dinners, and balls in general. Making their adieus, she returned to her niece and soon they reached home. June, being left to herself, tried calmly to review the events of the evening.

"Had she been the selfish girl he had made her out to be?" she asked herself. Then trooping before her came the scenes of her childhood, and once more she was at home on a Southern plantation. Before her arose her mother's tired, troubled face, that in those days seemed deso-

late of joy. Of her father she remembers nothing. No relatives, except her mother and little sister nearer than away up no'th, as New York was to them. There lived Uncle John, of whom her mother had told them, but she always spoke of him with a sigh, so the two little girls had decided that they wouldn't care to make his acquaintance.

Soon things reached such a state of affairs that part of the broad acres had to be sold and only enough for a two horse crop for one renter was retained. Whether it was bad management or poor crops, things did not seem to go along smoothly until, finally, Uncle John, passing through on a trip, remembered his sister and decided to look her up. John had never liked his brother-in-law, and so, when he saw the beautiful home divided up, his hard business heart was not touched; for it was Lawrence Huntington's home. He reasoned that Huntington ought to have left it free of debt, so it would descend to his daughters unburdened. Lawrence was always a good-for-nothing, easy-going fellow like all typical Southerners.

However he opened up his heart and offered to take June home with him, educate her and have her voice trained, as she showed quite a talent along that line. What a struggle in the mother's heart to give up her little girl! But at last she consented.

Letters passed between mother and daughter, but of late years June had begun to neglect her loved ones—society and other things had so taken up her time. It is true that she sent her old dresses home to be made over for her younger sister, but their yearning hearts were not gladdened by a visit from her in all these years.

Then this brilliant lawyer came into her life. No wonder, being able to thrill a court room, he had won the heart of this proud, impetuous southern girl.

"But he will never know," she whispered with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. The tired eyelids sank. The stiffened, rebellious form relaxed and soon blessed sleep shut out her pain.

* * * * *

Standing before a brilliant throng, a successful singer, she smiled and bowed to her admirers as the house rang and echoed with her praise. Then there was a hush—all, with baited breath, waited to catch the first notes of her peerless voice. A tight feeling clutched her throat—her lips moved, but no sound came. A look of dismay swept over the sea of faces. She tried again but only a gurgling

sound issued. Hisses came to her ears; The upturned faces had changed from smiling expectancy into hideous distorted faces of beasts, snarling as though they would tear her from limb to limb. The roses at her feet had faded in an instant; only great sharp red thorns were visible. Her voice had failed her! With a moan she sank upon the bed of thorns, while the hideous faces closed in, crouching over her.

Opening her eyes, she gazed wildly about her. Thank God! It was only a dream!

She threw open a window and drank in great draughts of the crisp, winter air. Her mind was made up.

"I'll go back home to mother and give up all my hopes and ambitions. He was right. They were selfish after all. Fame is not worth it, and I do not doubt that I will be of more use to mother than to this great, gaping, selfish world."

All that she had thought of before was a brilliant career on the stage—this she admitted to herself. Her uncle would not consent to this, but she thought he could be won over after a time. There had never been any real love between the uncle and niece, and what was his displeasure or even disinheritance, to fame and glory as a great singer? Money would then be a secondary matter.

When again she slept, it was the sleep of peace, and a contented smile hovered about her lips.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning when June announced her intentions of spending Christmas at home, her uncle and aunt were certainly surprised. They protested, but as they had no other reasons than that she would miss a number of brilliant affairs, and that she would find it dull at home, they gave in.

The next few days were filled for June. Many things had to be purchased for the loved ones—how dear they were she had never realized before. Out of her liberal allowance many things were bought and she began to realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

A few days later when Frank Murray called to make his adieu before leaving for abroad, he found only June's aunt. To say that he was surprised when told that she had decided to spend Christmas with her mother would be putting it mildly; and disappointed? Well, yes, some odd sort of a feeling nagged at his heart strings and if this cool headed lawyer had analyzed it, his probability he would have called it disappointment.

Flying homeward June had time to recall more vividly her happy childhood on the big plantation. She had been happy, she and Margie, but at times their little hearts had been saddened on mother's account. Well she remembered the Christmas when she and Margie, creeping down stairs to watch for Santa, found their mother filling their little stockings with the few gifts that she had managed to scrape together, the tears rolling down her cheeks, thinking of their disappointment at the stinginess of Santa; how she and Margie flew up stairs; although their faith in Santa was forever broken, they promised as they hugged each other tight, not to let on to mother, but to pretend that they thought their gifts abundant, and the prettiest of old Santa's pack.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, so different from the cutting cold of the East but a typical Christmas morning, with just enough crispness in the air to make one feel the joy of living.

In an old fashioned kitchen, attending to the Christmas dinner, is a sweet faced, white haired little woman, with tender blue eyes, while seated in the center of the room, churning vigorously, and at the same time scaring away a large white cat who persists in rubbing his back against the churn, is a saucy maiden of about sixteen. One could tell at the first glance that she was the joy of her mother's life.

"Dear," she said in her soft, Southern accents, "it seems a shame to eat all this turkey by ourselves. When you finish your churning, run and invite Grandma Almon over and you might as well bring Uncle Jiles with you on your way back."

A figure in the doorway had been listening to this and watching the home-like scene with tear dimmed eyes.

"Oh! you dears!" and the next moment she had her arms about them both, laughing and crying at the same time.

The dinner was eaten alone. It was too sacred a time to have others about. Then the presents were brought out, and how happy Margie was over a set of furs and other things dear to the feminine heart. June could never have believed that a piece of silk could make anyone as happy as the beautiful piece of lavender did her mother.

When the light from the old fashioned silver candle sticks glowed over the little group, June sang. Never had the old house heard such melody and never had praise been more appreciated.

Was this happiness? Yes, June told herself, as her mother tucked her in bed as in the days of old, and—peace!

CHAPTER IV.

Five years have gone by since that happy home coming, and still June is contented, it not happy. At times when the thought of Frank Murray comes to her she tries to put him out of her thoughts after failing miserably.

Her uncle sputtered and fumed when he learned of her determination to remain with her mother. He threatened to cut her out of his will but this had no effect on her.

To understand why June was contented during these five years, something first must be understood of her work.

Their plantation, in former days had been the abode of the most respected man in that section of the country, and this man was her grandfather. The estate descended to her father and after his death part of it had been sold to raise the mortgage. The land around was divided into farms of one and two horse crops, more fortunate planters owning enough land to have three and four renters, sometimes white renters, but mostly negroes. Every year the farmers planted everything in cotton, neglecting home grown supplies which had to be bought at the nearest town and when their cotton was sold in the fall, they couldn't hold it until prices went up, for on all sides were the merchants demanding pay for the provisions consumed during the year. They farmed in the same old way, were slow in taking up improvements and new ideas; consequently everything was in a sorry condition; poor, run down land; poor stock, even the chickens were of a scrub stock; half enough home supplies were grown; poor houses and barns, the fodder and hay being stacked in the fields. The men had no system, neither had their wives. Fruits that grew abundantly went to waste and they took things in an easy going manner that was enough to drive an energetic person frantic. As spring advanced and farmers began to plant their crops, June began to take notice. Before the year was over she had made experiments on her mother's land and observed enough to know what was needed; so she set about to work a reformation.

"It is preposterous," thought these old farmers, "for a city gal to tell us how to plant cotton and co'n."

"I ain't much on these new fangled ways of farming," argued one of these old timers, shifting his chew of tobacco to the

other side of his mouth. "I've always planted this here piece in cotton an' I git about five bales every year."

"Yes. but if you'd let it rest a year or so, say sow it in peas next year, then you'd realize twice that number when you agam planted it in cotton," she protested.

"Mebby so, mebbly so, but it's gittin' 'long bout sundown," squinting up at the sun, "an' I've got to finish this piece today. Gee, Bill! Can't you haw, you one eyed son of a gun!" June was left standing in the newly ploughed furrow, sadly disappointed.

But after five years, her plans had materialized. Her cause was helped by the building of a new agricultural college in their midst, this school being one of the hundred that were being built by the state. Soon a Farmers' Union was established with a shrewd old school teacher at its head. Now a note of refinement pervaded their homes. Magazines and books that they formerly had no use for, were to be found on their tables. Barns and cellars were filled and the farmers ran their hands down in their jeans with a satisfied look. Everything was in a state of prosperity, and June was almost worshipped by these people.

* * * * *

Another Christmas is drawing near. June is seated in the midst of her women neighbors making Christmas presents for the tree that is soon to be in the little church. No one is to be forgotten, and deft are her fingers and quick her mind to invent new ideas to make some one happy. Old boxes and trunks have been dragged out and their contents turned into many new and wonderful things.

Christmas eve! The congregation sit spell bound as June in all her magnificent young womanhood stands before them and sings as never her New York admirers dreamed she could sing, her golden voice grown richer by the years of quiet peacefulness. All unconsciously she sings on. A tall distinguished man slips into a back seat by the door, and looks on with hungry eyes, noting the calm lovely face of the once frivolous girl, and the worshipful gaze of the people. Would the presents never be distributed? Everyone crowded around June, and to many her bright smile and cheery greeting were dearer than any present. At last the church began to be vacated, and swiftly Frank Murray stalked down the aisle, forgetting the on-lookers.

"June, my darling!"

The girl turned and was confronted by

the eager eyes of the once cold hearted lawer. Now they were filled with passionate love and at that moment she knew that she, the "stylish ornament," had in keeping the heart of this proud man. The little handfull, with knowing looks, dispersed and there under the sputtering candles of the sacred Christmas tree, June Huntington came into her own.

A Canada Christmas.

Dear old Dad! Wasn't it just too good of him to send this money and tell her she could come home for Christmas! Marjorie knew just how much it meant to them at home to save this much up. There were so many others besides her; and it was all she could do to keep from crying with happiness. A Christmas at home,—her father would be at the depot with the old horse and sleigh and Jack would be there and Aunt Carrie and mother.—dear mother, who always seemed the very spirit of Christmas. The last two years had been spent at the school. It was hard enough to send her there she knew, and there was nothing left for railroad fare to go home with in vacations. And now this surprise, better than any present they could have given her.

The school was in the only large city within hundreds of miles of the little town in the newest part of Canada where her father struggled along as a doctor. There were few there who could pay him for his services but he could not give up; they needed him and he stayed. Jack was working his way through college and the other children, all younger, were at home, being taught by their mother. Many times were the dresses of Marjorie made over and over again for her little sister and the scanty furniture of the little log house grew shabby with the knocks it had received from little heels. But for all then the presents were sometimes scarce and that they nearly always took the form of some needed article of clothing, Christmas at the home of Dr. Moore was Christmas indeed, joyous as ever Christmas could be.

It was arranged that Marjorie was to start on Wednesday, a little over a week before the twenty-fifth, so that she would get there and have five days still left. She had made some little thing for every one at home and for her girl friends at school. She gave the latter done up with directions not to open them until Christmas. Almost all the girls were

going home but not so early as Marjorie and when Miss Carrington went to the train with her she was the only one to get on. The snow was pretty deep but the sun was shining and it looked as though it never could storm again. When Marjorie went to sleep that night she was almost the happiest girl alive.

In the morning it was cloudy and dark but Marjorie's spirits were as high as ever. In the next seat there was a white haired woman with whom she soon became acquainted, and who told her of a son to whose home she was going.

"He has always been the best boy; and now he has sent for me to come up into this wilderness to his cabin, 'to make it seem like Christmas,' he said. The little lady's eyes snapped and her gentle voice was proud as she spoke of her son.

"Does he live alone?" Marjorie knew that all of the mother's interest was in her boy.

"Yes, he is a civil engineer and has come up here to see something about building some big dam. The men who work for him live at a boarding house two miles or so away. He has been there too, until now his own house is finished."

"I wonder if it is the new Camden River reservoir that he is building? That will be a great thing if it goes through all right."

"Yes, that is the name, I am certain. So you know where it is? We should get there tomorrow, I believe. And after that, dear, I believe you will be alone most of the way to your home."

Marjorie and the old lady were good friends already and the journey which she had feared would be so lonely was becoming extremely pleasant. There was only one other woman in the car, and she could speak only French and her baby was restless and full of mischief. Marjorie loved babies and had soon won the confidence of the little fellow.

"Come here, honey, I want to show you something." He couldn't understand her but bye and bye he came anyhow and the tired mother was relieved. It had begun to snow outside and was growing darker. Toward evening the train began to go very slowly and every once in a while stopped. Marjorie began to get anxious, for she knew what a Canada storm was, but gentle little Mrs. Stockton calmed her fears.

"We shall get there alright, dear. Don't you worry now, there is a whole week before Christmas and even if we are delayed, you will get to your mother and father, surely, before those are gone."

"But, Mrs. Stockton, you know, when it storms here, it storms in earnest. Sometimes no trains are through for two months or more. Father was away on business one year and intended to be home in three days. He didn't get there for three months. Our home is seventy miles from the railway and there are not always sleds to be had. But probably this is not a bad storm."

It snowed all day and by the next morning the train was scarcely moving. Mrs. Stockton was as cheery as ever and Marjorie would have been very blue but for her. One could not have the heart to discourage her. By and by the train stopped altogether. The Frenchwoman was talking wildly to the conductor and then she sat down and cried. It seemed that her husband was sick and she must get to him. Matjorie knew but little French but she comforted her the best she could. She found out from the conductor that they were only about three miles from the boarding house that Mrs. Stockton had told her of and it was there that the woman's husband was, so there was some hope. The train could go no farther right now but perhaps if it let up snowing soon, they would be able to get that much farther.

But it snowed and snowed and snowed! The lamps were lighted before four o'clock. Mrs. Stockton told Marjorie that Will knew when she ought to arrive, so she too was just a little worried.

Then there was a shout outside. They looked through the smoky window and there was a young man with a big sled and back of him were two other men. The young man was inside the car in less time than it takes to tell; and then there were introductions.

"Will, this is my friend, Miss Moore; my son, Marjorie." Mrs. Stockton was proud and no wonder. He was so big and handsome; little Marjorie felt extremely embarrassed as he bowed over her hand as though she had been some grand lady. He was different from the men up in that country, like the men she had always thought must come from a civilized country. But he was talking.

"Perhaps, Mother, if Miss Moore will go with us there will be some show for her getting out of here before the winter is over. There is plenty of room in the sled and we should be highly honored to have her as guest. Will you come with us? There is absolutely no chance for this train to get out. But the storm does not reach very far up the valley and if you get beyond, your folks would probably meet you with a sleigh."

So she went along and was tucked in warmly beside the little lady who was this big man's mother. The Frenchwoman and her baby went along, too, on another sled and she was so happy to know that she would soon be with her husband that she talked every minute and the baby seemed to catch her happiness.

Marjorie never forgot that ride through the snow covered pines. Everything was as beautiful as Fairyland and the very air seemed to be full of Christmas. And Mr. Stockton gave one that feeling that one was being well taken care of. She was just every bit as happy as though it had never snowed, just almost as happy as Mrs. Stockton.

But everything must end and so must the ride. Through the trees, lights began to glimmer and they were at the cabin. It was beautiful with snow on the outside and bright lights, evergreens and a crackling fire within. And the table all set for supper, sparkling with white linen, silver, glass, and all. There were antlers over the door and fur rugs in front of the fire. It was more like a millionaire's shooting lodge than a cabin in the wilds of Canada. And after supper, when the long evening was over, Marjorie went to the little white room she was to share with Mrs. Stockton. Marjorie thought of the French woman and was glad she had reached her destination by this time. And that night her dreams were no better than the reality. Next day the sun came out and then nothing could be more beautiful than the view out of the window; every tree glistened and sparkled with myriads of diamonds. At breakfast, Will Stockton said he would try to get up the valley to the next station and get word to Marjorie's family before the day was over.

That night when he came back he said that he had telegraphed to them and that was all that could be done. The next two days were very happy ones for Marjorie and on the third, towards evening, someone knocked and lo! it was her father. But who else? Then they all came in, Mother, and Jack and Jimmie and little Alice. And it was Christmas eve and the happiest one there had ever been. They all sat before the big open fire till late and then parted for the night with glad hearts. In after years, there were other Christmases before that same fire and Marjorie—but then that would be telling!

MAUDE HUNT, '11.

Perpetual motion's here; yes, it's come;
Just watch Glen Seelinger chewing gum

Our Trip to Florence.

Friday morning Central was besieged a great many times from different parts of the city with "Salida 87, please," and "How is No. 2?" The cause of this was that the Salida High School basketball girls were going to Florence, to play the first game of the season, and no one wanted to miss the train or to keep it waiting as two of the girls had done the year they went to Sagauche.

In the course of the morning we found that our first sub., Rose Freeman, was too ill to go, so we got Merl Bunbury to go in her place. All the girls were on hand in ample time and also Mr. and Mrs. Tanton, our jolly coach and chaparone, were there. While waiting, Mr. Tanton thought he would give the players a few pointers, so that we would be sure to win. He told Mary that every goal her forward made would cost her just a dollar. She must have thought he meant it because she made good, so that of her two forwards neither one made a point. A few boys and girls were there to wish us good-bye and good luck.

At Florence we were met by a bevy of pretty girls who introduced themselves and then escorted us to the Fremont Hotel. On the way, some of the Florence girls heard Ruth Hatch's name spoken; at once they were all interested and asked to have our captain pointed out, as they had heard of her before. Ruth is still wondering, or pretending to wonder, how they heard of her. And so are we(?) While standing in the hotel office several of the girls were surprised to see a very small boy, with a very black face, standing near. On investigating we found it was one of our loyal Juniors, who had ridden in the engine all the way, just to root for the home team. This was none other than Arthur Nord and he certainly did his best to help the girls carry home the victory.

After searching the second and third floors of the hotel for Mrs. Tanton's suit case, which contained a handkerchief, chamois skin and some money, we started out to inspect the town, thinking that perhaps we should find some trace of the missing articles. Evelyn and Mary were especially anxious that the chamois be found; but, alas, it was not to be that day; for the suit case was calmly reposing in the seat of the car we had a few minutes before vacated. When we heard this bit of news, we de-

decided that we should have to keep up a search for something, so we started out in quest of the hall. Every vacant store we came to we stopped and looked in. While in this act, a very sweet and pretty girl came up and asked if we were looking for anything especially. We told her and she kindly consented to take us to the hall. Unfortunately we did not ask her name but we are sure she was the prettiest girl in Florence.

Talk about good dinners! Well, we surely had one that evening at six o'clock. For two hours before hand, every time Florence and Abby met, they would console each other by telling how much hungrier one was than the other. When they did get to the table they began with soup and took everything else up to dessert and except for the game would have had that. Mr. Kelso certainly knows how to run a hotel.

The game was called for eight o'clock, so we got to the hall about seven thirty in order to practice for goals. A few people were already in the hall and by the time the game was called it was filled to its capacity and people were standing any place they could find. Despite the fact that we were the visiting team we had plenty of rooters from the crowd. A few times when a foul was to be thrown the crowd would yell, "Miss! Miss!" but a stop was soon put to this by the thrower's having time until order was restored. The goals were about one foot lower than regulation height but for all this we had to throw low else we would hit the ceiling.

The Florence girls had never played an outside game before, so were hampered to a certain extent. But they are a determined bunch and say they are going to keep on, now that they have started, even though they lose every game. With such determination, we are sure they will succeed in the end and we certainly wish them a great many victories.

Our team played hard and played together. Not playing together has been our great fault so many times before. We think with good hard practice, we shall be able to give more than one victory for our H. S.

After the game, a reception was given us at the home of Miss Florence Sullivan. Vocal and instrumental music furnished amusement. The girls sang a song in memory of Corbin Grady which began with "Flannigan! Flannigan!" we can't say how it ended,

Continued on Page 25.

THE TENDERFOOT

By The High School, Salida, Colorado.

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MADELINE MEACHAM, '14.

SADIE BAILAR, '14.

50 c. a Year.

10 c. a Copy.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 3.

Editorial.

New Yells.

With this issue of the TENDERFOOT, we wish to make an urgent request for new high school songs and yells. Once upon a time, way back in the '90s, somebody organized the Salida High School, and with it they wrote some yells and songs which our ancestors must have used during the Age of Chivalry. At any rate these same old yells have been handed down to us through several generations and now the parts that have not been forgotten are worn out completely. Unless something is done at once, we might as well assassinate our yell master, and move over to the nearest grave yard. Do, for goodness sake, sit down and write us something that we can make a noise with! We won't necessarily compel you to write anything original—just write something that you think would

be nice for us to yell and drop your contribution in the TENDERFOOT box in the alcove and we'll see to it that it gets in the paper as well as in the hands of our yell master. There is nothing that does more to make a team feel like playing its best, than a lot of good old, enthusiastic, rollicking, blood-thrilling yells and we are going to have them at the next basketball game or die in the attempt.

Bargains! Bargains!

Talk about bargains! Why, it just costs us about one dollar and eighty-nine cents a month to turn out one page of the TENDERFOOT. If we average twenty-four pages a month, it will cost us forty-five dollars and thirty-six cents for one edition or three hundred and sixty-two dollars and eighty-eight cents for

the eight editions. Just think what you are getting,—three hundred and sixty-two dollars and eighty-eight cents for one wee, small half dollar! Let's tub the next fellow that complains!

Christmas Spirit.

Christmas is the time of good cheer. Everyone seems happy in the joy of giving. And the one who experiences the greatest joy is the one who has the true spirit of giving.

Christmas should mean more to us than merely the exchanging of presents.

It should have a much deeper meaning. There should be sentiment attached to every present, and we should give to those we love and because we love them, not because we feel "under obligations to them" or we think "they are liable to give us something." Let us all try to acquire a true Christmas spirit.

Basketball.

The material in high school for both boys' and girls' basket ball is exceptionally good this year and from all present indications, we feel certain that the Salida High School will again accomplish its usual feat of capturing the basketball championship of Southern Colorado. Every player on the girls' and boys' teams has had some experience at handling a basketball and we are sure that by good steady practice we will turn out two of the strongest teams in this section of the state. The fact that our girls defeated Florence on a strange floor with scarcely no practise whatsoever, is perfect evidence that they have the right kind of material for perfect basketball.

Prof. Tanton and Manager Berlin have been trying to make arrangements for a series of from six to eight boys' basket ball games with the different high schools on the western slope, to be played during the Christmas holidays. If this schedule can be arranged, our boys will be away from home nearly two weeks. Boys, get busy and come out to practice! A trip like this would be worth your entire high school career. Even if you feel sure you cannot make the team; at least come out and help us turn out a team that will win every game this year.

Don't forget what we did to Florence.

Prize Story.

A cash prize of one dollar was offered for the best short story pertaining to some phase of high school life, for this number of the TENDERFOOT. The Literary editors withdrew from the contest in order to induce the rest of the high school students to contest. Three Seniors and two Freshmen competed in the contest and Mrs. Ray, Miss Rogers, Miss Roberts and Prof. Kesner decided which one of the stories was the best and the author of the story was duly awarded the dollar.

No finals for Christmas. Lay on, Mc-Bluff!

Don't be on the delinquent list, pay your subscription. Most of you have. Thanks!

Stop your bragging, Monte Vista. We'll get even with you yet; our boys play basketball!

The TENDERFOOT takes this opportunity to wish our readers a Happy New Year. Is your subscription paid?

Poor old Florence!
What was the score?
Salida 18;
Florence 4.

Santa Claus is now hitching up his reindeer for the long journey over the world. The TENDERFOOT wishes he may stop at every readers door and leave a host of good things.

Helen Alexander, '10, went to Iowa some time ago, so the staff found it necessary to elect a new society editor. They looked around until they saw Agneta Evans, '11. 'Nuff said. Agneta "made good."

Don't be an ungrateful cuss. Make a practice of patronizing our advertisers. They are reliable business men who are boosting for the S. H. S., and who want to see the TENDERFOOT "make good." Don't you?

We are sorry that we were unable to live up to our promise to print more than one new cut last month. However, we have them now and we hope you will like them. We do. The Athletic and Exchange cuts were drawn by Frank Lee, '10; the Literary cut, by James

Davis, '10, and the Society cut by Neita Fleming, '13.

Our new high school next year will be equipped with a large stage, plenty of dressing rooms, and other facilities for giving high school plays and entertainments. We certainly are handicapped for a stage this year, but we have plenty of room for giving debates in high school. We do not feel that the time would be wasted if we assigned every Friday afternoon for debates and musicals. Debates are things which we have not had in high school for nearly two years. Why not? They certainly are elevating enough.

Are you boosting Salida's new advertisement, the TENDERFOOT? People who never knew there was such a town as Salida, Colo., on the map before are

becoming acquainted with us and are judging our town and our high school by the high school paper we turn out. Subscribe, contribute, patronize its advertisers.—that is the way to be loyal to the TENDERFOOT and to the S. H. S.

The time is drawing near for new resolutions. It is better to have a few that you really intend to try to live up to than to make a host of them that we can't possibly follow. How are these for suggestions:

1. Write something for the TENDERFOOT.
2. Do something sensational so as to make news.
3. Get some new subscriptions.
4. Report some jokes, and
5. Pay your subscription!



On Nov. 15 a jolly party of Freshmen enjoyed the delights of a sleigh ride. After gliding over the white snow about two hours, the party sojourned to Miller's ice cream parlor where they partook of dainty refreshments.

A couple of weeks ago, the members of the "Big S" entertained themselves at a stag party at the Osos Grand. After enjoying the pictures for an hour or so, they repaired to the Norris cafe where they partook of refreshments.

High school society is looking forward to a grand ball to be given by the Salida High school alumni sometime during the Christmas holidays. Judging from the great number of invitations to be sent out, the affair promises to be a grand social success.

Not long ago the members of the Senior class, with their German teacher, Mr. Kenyon, spent an evening at the home of Miss Pearl Huston, practicing German songs. After the practice refreshments

were served and a social time enjoyed by all.

Our football boys were very cordially received and treated at Monte Vista, where they went to play football Thanksgiving Day. They were met at the depot by the Monte Vista band and a large crowd of high school students. Our boys were very much impressed by the enthusiasm shown by the students and townspeople on the field while the game was in progress. On their departure for home, there was a large delegation of high school students at the depot to wish them farewell.

On November 13 the first sleigh ride of the season was enjoyed by a very jolly crowd of high school students and alumni. Mrs. Partridge very kindly chaperoned the party. It was an ideal night and the prancing steeds seemed to know that they must do their best; for it kept Louis Marvin, the very efficient driver, busy to hold them while the crowd got comfortably settled. Then for about

three hours, the party glided over the smooth surface of the beautiful snow-covered road. The singing of familiar airs, blowing of horns, and peals of merry laughter filled the frosty air with music. On returning to town, before disbanding, the party went to Miller's confectionery parlors where tempting refreshments were in readiness.

In the matter of entertainment, the Florence High School girls certainly gained for themselves great credit by the hospitable way in which they received and entertained the Salida visitors Nov. 26. After the basketball game the Salida team and boosters were escorted from the hotel to the home of Miss Florence Sullivan, one of the players. The home was artistically decorated, the parlor in blue and gold, the Florence colors; and the dining room in purple and white. Music was the feature of entertainment; excellent instrumental selections were furnished by the Misses Johnson, Deiter, and Jack; and a vocal solo by Miss Moore was greatly enjoyed. The Salida girls on request sang their high school song. Dainty refreshments were then served, the place cards bearing instead of the names, the positions on the teams. These

hand painted place cards made very pretty souvenirs for the Salida people to carry home with them. A rather hasty leave-taking was made, owing to the fact that the visitors were obliged to rush for the train, but, nevertheless, they will not soon forget the cordial reception which was tendered them by the Florence High School girls.

Undoubtedly one of the most enjoyable social events of the season was the masquerade ball given by the alumni club of the Salida High school at Mrs. Madden's dancing academy on December 3. About thirty couples tripped the light fantastic to the sweet strains of music furnished by Van Orman's orchestra. The costumes were varied and picturesque, causing much merriment among the young people guessing "who was who." At 10:30 the masks were removed and dancing was continued until midnight, when all formed a lively procession to the K. P. hall, where the Ladies of the Macca-bees served delicious refreshments. All anxious for some more good time returned to the hall, where dancing was indulged in till the "wee" hours of the morning. Mesdames White, Partridge, and Smith were the chaperones.

Alumni Notes.

Harry Ruefly, '00, receives the TENDERFOOT and says it is fine. He is employed as a stenographer in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Irma Brewster, '09, surprised the high school by a visit the day before Thanksgiving. She was certainly welcome and was well pleased with her work at Boulder.

Frank Gilligan, '06, and Clem Newton, '07, distinguished themselves in the Thanksgiving football game with the School of Mines. We all congratulate them on their good work and hope in time to come some of our present football boys will be as prominent when they go to college.

Neil Davenport, '08, is the star of the Freshmen football team in Boulder. Neil not only goes on with his good work but also his good humor.

Margaret Ahren, '08, is teaching at the

smelter. We wish her success in her work with the little foreigners.

Gertrude Dargavel, '07, is teaching at Turret, and is having a fine time according to the news brought back by some prominent business people.

Douglas Roller, '02, is doing good work in a large law office in Denver.

Tom Bird, '09, who is now residing in Cimarron, spent Thanksgiving with his brother George, and many friends.

Emery Lines, '06, spent Thanksgiving in Denver. His motive was to attend the exciting Boulder-Mines football game. He was very much pleased to find the boys from the S. H. S. doing fine work.

Lyle Bowman, '07, left Tuesday last for his home in Salina, Kas. He expects to remain there the rest of the year.

Nona Campbell, '07, visited friends in Grand Junction the first of the month.

The first graduation class in the history of Salida was composed of Blanche Jarrell, '90, and Nelson Tomlin, '90. Miss Jarrell was a teacher in Indian Territory until about two years ago, when a prominent lawyer in Ft. Smith, Ark., changed her name to Mrs. Mally L. Croom. Nelson Tomlin joined the Jumper society some years ago and is now traveling missionary for that organization.

The Alumni club hold their meetings the first and third Fridays of every month. All alumni are urged to attend and help the club to continue permanently. Any information concerning it may be gotten from Vice President Stella Wheeler, '07, or Secretary and Treasurer Tom Bowers, '07.

Geo. Purmort, '08, has been very unfortunate with his hand, which was burned some time ago. He has suffered a second operation and has been compelled to remain here from college. He was reported as doing nicely.

Jessie Marvin, '09, and Rosalie Mulvaney, '09, who are now attending the Cotte College in Nevada, Mo., are expected home for the holidays.

George Craig, '92, was in Salida some time ago, visiting many friends and attending the wedding of Miss Harriet McClure.

Mrs. Martin, nee, Miss Frances McClure, '95, attended the wedding of her sister. She has returned to her home in California.

Dacy Borton, '08, was seen in Salida a few days ago. She is teaching near Rifle, Colo.

The masquerade ball given by the Alumni Club, was quite a social event. About thirty couples were present and all reported a fine time. The club is arranging for another dance during the Christmas holidays. This event will probably be enjoyed by many alumni home from college.

Reports have reached us that Ernest Crutcher and Geo. Griswold will be home on or about the eighteenth of this month.

Allen Pearce, '06, was seen in Denver a few days since, and says he would like to come back to Salida. He has been working at Rocky Ford for the past three years.

Locals.

Everybody enjoyed the Thanksgiving vacation.

Report cards were given out the 29th of November.

Rev. Huffman, field secretary for the State Prison Association, addressed the school on his work a few weeks ago.

George Bird and Abby Perry gave accounts of the football and basketeball games in the assembly room after the vacation.

The "Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution" have have offered prizes for the best essays written by high school students on, "Patnotic Honor;" It's exmpification in the United States" and "Israel Putnam." His Services in the Revolntion."

Don't forget to put your locals in the box in the alcove.

The Juniors will give the next program in high school. It will be just before the Christmas vacation.

Word has recently been received that Prof. Thompson, formerly principal of the Salida High school, is now the proud possessor of a two weeks' old daughter. Congratulations!

Can You Imagine:

Jean Pearce—taller?
 Marie Beck—in a hurry?
 Nina Churcher—without a mirror?
 Pearl Smith—frowning?
 Herbert Exter—idle?
 Howard Rhodes—in Sunday School?
 Margaret Hayden—not studying?
 Ruth Whitehurst—not talking?
 Amy Lee—not giggling?
 Miss Dow—not smiling?
 Maude Hunt—without a lesson?
 Tom Smith—with 90 in deportment.
 Alice Chinn—tardy?
 Glen Seelinger—a minister?
 Robert Wright—a clown on stilts?

19
 SALIDA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Public Library News-Notes.

During the past month, sixty-six volumes have been added and placed on the shelves of the library. These have been nearly all by donation. Twenty-seven volumes have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway, of Denver, and the works of Charles Reade were donated by E. A. Peak, of Salida.

One of the valuable additions is the new Standard Library of Natural History published by the University Society. It contains two thousand illustrations and is well adapted to the use of young and old. It has been placed in the Juliana Reference Room.

Nearly five hundred books have been accessioned and catalogued during the past month.

The teachers are allowed two books on a card, and double time on classed books.

The periodical department is growing rapidly. It has fifty-eight periodicals

coming regularly. An elegant new news paper rack, with files purchased from the Library Bureau, Chicago, has been placed in the general reading room.

The following new books have been placed in the Pay-fiction department:

"Stradella," by Marion Crawford.

"Bella Donna," by Robert Hichens.

"A Certain Rich Man," by William Alien White.

"Martin Eden," by Jack London.

"John Marvel, Assistant," by Thos. Nelson Page.

"My Lady of the South," by Randall Parrish.

"The Silver Horde," by Rex Beach.

"Truxton King," by Geo. McCutcheon.

"The Goose Girl" by Harold McGrath.

"The Little Sister Snow," by Frances Little.

"A Year out of Life," by M. E. Waller.

Fourteen new books have been ordered.

NETTIE K. GRAVETT, Librarian.

Class Notes.

Senior.

Frank Lee and Tom Richards are out again after being in quarantine, for diptheria.

James Davis was absent from school last week, on account of the death of his grandfather.

The Seniors gave the first program of the year in the Assembly Room Nov. 24th. The chief feature was a series of living pictures with Everett Lippard as the principal character. Two vocal solos and a reading completed the program.

Mr. Kenyon (in Chem.):—"The iodine resembled which one of the dairy products?"

Ruth Hatch:—"Sour milk."

John Ten Broeck:—"Mr. Tanton, may I deliver 'The Tenderfeet'?"

Mr. Tanton:—"Sir?"

John:—"Well, I was taught not to say 'Tenderfoots'."

Mr. Kenyon (to Frank):—"Du bist ein todes."

Frank Lee:—"He says I'm a dead one."

Mr. Kenyon (in Chem.):—"How are artificial diamonds made?"

Bright Senior:—"Out of broken beer bottles."

Frankie Carson spent Thanksgiving with her sister at Sargents.

Ethel Bond:—"Why, has Mr. Kenyon got a moustache? I never noticed it."

Mr. Tanton (after the first snow-fall):—"I don't know why, but I believe we are more orderly this morning than usual."

Alice Crockett:—"It's b-b-been too c-c-cold to whis-s-sper."

The usual remark made by the Senior girls:—"Mr. Kenyon only gave me 92 in Chemistry this month. It makes me good and tired, too! After I had studied so hard and kept my note book up so well. Believe me, I'm going to him and tell him what I think of this mark, you just see if I don't!"

Miss Pearsall (in Civics):—"Name three prominent negroes in the United States."

Pearl Huston:—"Booker T. Washington, Blind Boone, and ah—"

Helen Shoyno:—"George Washington, Jr."

The usual remark made by the Senior boys:—"Gee, I got 73 in Chemistry this month. Now let me see, if I do this well every month, it will be a cinch to pass with the finals. That Mr. Kenyon certainly is a peach! I'm going to treat the bunch this noon on this mark if I can work Dad for 50 cents."

At a meeting of the Senior class not long ago, the Seniors decided to send for their class pins and also to begin actions upon their class play.

At last! The boys of the "Big S" have decided to give a supper, and the theatre party next Friday night which will not be a stag affair. Altogether, girls: three cheers for the "Big S."

Junior.

HAROLD WOODS:—"Help, help! The boys are snowballing me!"

ARTHUR NORD:—"Get behind me, Harold."

Leila Bratton is in school again after a week's absence.

MISS DOW:—"What besides dialogue is needed in short stories?"

ERMEL:—"Conversation."

Waldo Hahn spent the Thanksgiving vacation in Denver attending the Colorado-Mines game on Thursday.

John Churchill came up stairs with his arm around Corbin. Can it be that Corbin also has a sister?

The Junior English class will soon read Hamlet.

MR. KENYON (translating a German fable):—"But the toll keeper stepped in the man's way and said, 'Every donkey must pay toll whether he is loaded or not.'"

Hazel Meacham spent three days in Denver during Thanksgiving week.

Some very good original stories were read in English last week.

A number of the boys intend to spend the holidays in Denver. Among them are Waldo Hahn, George Brewster and Glen Seelinger.

MR. KENYON:—"George, what is the relative humidity of the room?"

GEORGE BREWSTER (reading the thermometer):—"Eighty degrees."

Thursday afternoon the Junior English class had the opportunity of hearing Mr. McGinnis read his paper on "The Shakespeare and Bacon Controversy," which had previously been read at the University Club. Mr. McGinnis took the negative side of the question, giving his reasons for believing that Shakespeare did not write the plays which have been assigned to his name. His purpose was more to show that Shakespeare did not write them than to prove that Bacon did. He made a number of strong points showing the impossibility of Shakespeare's having written so many great plays, among them the fact of his having little or no education and also his having been engaged both in business and in acting at the time when the plays were supposed to have been written. The fact that Shakespeare's character was not such as we would expect in the writer of such wonderful plays was also emphasized.

Mr. Kesner was present and although he did not believe that the points made were conclusive, admitted that some were very forcible and that others were entirely new to him. We hope to be able to hear Mr. Kesner's opinion on the question in the near future.

Agneta must be interested in house-keeping as well as Physics, by the questions she asked Mr. Kenyon: "Mr. Kenyon, what becomes of the energy when a floor is swept. Is it transmitted to the broom or dirt?" Then, "Mr. Kenyon, is the washing machine an example of oscillation or rotation?"

MISS DOW (in English):—"What are some words always used in connection with a graduation?"

GEORGE BREWSTER:—"Flunk."

Smile awhile,
And when you smile
Another smiles;
And then
There's miles and miles of smiles,
And life's worth while
Because you smile.—"Pebbles."

Sophomore.

The plain geometry class is studying the measurement of angles in Book II. This is an interesting subject.

After several weeks of absence because of scarlet fever, Beatrice Bucholtz has returned to school.

Jessie (trying to attract Ruth's attention):—"Oh! I say, Lee!"

Sophomores, be loyal to your class by handing in more notes for this department. The other classes are away ahead of us along this line. Get busy! Do not expect the reporter to do it all.

Mr. Tanton (in Geometry):—"Has anyone a string?"

Ballard French (wishing to oblige):—"I have a shoe string."

During the past month, the Sophomore Algebra classes have taken us the problems under Radical Expressions.

Miss Dow (in English):—"Florence, you may read your sentence."

Florence W.:—"The sun was setting in the—oh, did you mean me?"

One of the Sophomore girls has discovered what makes her hair fall out. She says when she studies hard the wheels in her head whirl around so fast they cut the hair off from the roots.

Miss Dow (in Sophomore English class):—"Clayton, I must ask you to postpone that monologue."

Clayton (holding up his hand):—"I didn't understand the question."

Miss Dow—"I must ask you to postpone the conversation with yourself."

Florence Gilmore (reading a paragraph in English):—"A dog in crossing a rivulet saw his own shadow in the water and thought it was another dog. The dog was carrying a piece of meat like himself."

A Sophomore girl, after being absent from school for a week or two, was asked "what struck her to come to school." Her answer was, "Mother!"

The next book to be read by the Sophomores is, "The Idylls of the King."

The Sophomore reporter urges the members of that class to hand in more jokes and news for the month of January.

Freshman.

Miss Dow (in English):—"Why did Prince John want Ivanhoe to choose Rebecca?"

WILL RYAN:—"Because she was the son of Isaac."

Beulah Wilson:—"There was a bald-headed man at our house with gray hair."

Senior:—"Mr. Baker is a man that makes little things count."

Stranger:—"How's that?"

Senior:—"Oh! you know he teaches the Freshmen mathematics."

Why does George Humoller study after school every Friday night?

WANTED:—"Rubber heels for the Freshmen girls."

Miss Pearsall, (in history):—"What did the Hebrews contribute to civilization?"

Wise Freshman:—"Er-er- the long nose."

WANTED:—"Some play things to amuse myself with.—Howard Rhodes."

Miss Dow, (in English):—"Define Chivalry, Thomas?"

Thomas M.:—"A bunch of Noblemen."

A Freshman, (in Latin—attempting to conjugate the verb move):—"I move, I moved, and I shall move him, too."

Nina Churcher:—"I am going to give my shoes a party and invite my dress down."

WANTED:—"To know why I always have to sit on the front seat.—Murray Holcomb."

Miss Dow (in English):—"Why did the disinherited Knight wish to be unknown, Val?"

Val Higgs:—"Because he did not want anyone to know who he was."

To An Airy, Fairy, Freshmaid.

Like him who trusts to summer skies,
 And puts his little bark to sea,
 Is he, who lured by smiling eyes,
 Consigns his simple heart to thee;
 For fickle is the summer wind,
 And sadly may the bank be tossed,
 For thou art sure to change thy mind
 And then his wretched heart is lost!

N. F. '13.

Talk Between a Certain Freshman Girl and Satan.

The Girl (Outside of the gates peering in with red-rimmed eyes)—“Say, 'er Mister, is Tom Smith here?”

Satan (Who takes a pitch-fork and gently flicks the tears off her nose)—“Not much, those lads who cheered for the other side in the Freshman football games, carelessly used all the pitch. Tell me, are they having a war on earth?”

The Girl—(Twisting her curls and flirting with her pretty eyes,) “Oh, No! The Professor's putting the red ink on the Senior cards.”

Satan—“What is that liquid that drips through the earth? It leaked in here on Johnnie Churchill's braided hat band and he made such a rumpus that George Brewster was shocked and traded places with him for peace.”

The Girl—“That water was tears of joy. Prof. Baker just gave the Sophs a Latin test.”

Satan (wonderingly)—“The Seniors practice racing, do they not?”

The Girl—“Yes, they are getting their Chemistry note-books in.”

Satan—“What a charming funeral you had yesterday. Although it was a blow for St. Peter to receive the person, yet I rejoice that she died peacefully (?)”

The Girl—“That was our English teacher. She got so thin trying to pound the verb forms into the Freshies that she had to use some Anti-Thin tablets and choked on one.”

Satan—“On the Freshie or on the pill?”

The Girl—“Both, poor thing.”

Satan—“What's wrong with the Tenderfoot editor?”

The Girl—“He tried so hard to laugh over the amateur jokes that his darling curl fell off.”

The Girl—“I must leave now, but—'I'm afraid to go home in the dark.'”

Satan—“Would that Ryan were here, but he's sliding down the Golden Banisters with Edna Norton.”

The Girl—“Adieu, handsome one.”

Satan—“We'll say Au Revoir” and not Good-bye.” —N. F. '13.

Eighth Grade.

The class will begin the study of physiology next week.

Now “Peace on earth, good will to men,”
Is ringing through the air,
While hearts with kindness overflow,
And rest replaces care.

December is a busy month. In addition to the regular studies we are having special Christmas work in drawing, music, composition and literature, this filling each day with the Christmas spirit.

The first edition of the “Philomathean Herald” was read at the third regular meeting of the society, Nov. 24. The editors performed their work so well that they deserve a word of praise. The program committee had prepared a program which was rendered at the same time and enjoyed by all, especially by the visiting “Auroras.”

The second edition of the “Herald” will appear some time this month under the management of a new staff of editors. Almost every member of the class will have some part in the preparation of this number. Besides the original work it will contain a collection of poems and legends.

The “Aurora Gazette” will again make its appearance Friday, December twenty fourth with Irving Laswell as editor in chief and Dana Van Cleve, Katie Brockman, and Clarence Hayden as assistants. This will be a Christmas number and will be profusely illustrated. At this time the “Auroras” will entertain the “Philomatheans.”

A CUE.

MR. KENYON (in chemistry):—“What reaction does this experiment illustrate, hydrothermic, athermic or exothermic?”

FRANK (emphatically):—“Exothermic.”

EVERETT (to Frank):—“How can you tell?”

FRANK:—“Because that was the last one he said.”

WISE NEW JUNIOR:—“Umph, I guess I know a few things.”

ADVANCED SENIOR:—“Well, I guess I know as few as anybody.”—Ex.



Before the football team left for Monte Vista, Leon Lippard, '10, was elected to fill Tom Richard's place as captain of the team.

At a meeting of the basketball boys some time ago, Frank Lee, '10, was elected captain and Frank Berlin, '10, manager of the team.

Basketball is taking our High School by storm and apparently everybody comes out to practice. The old gymnasium, over the Crutcher-Plimpton mercantile store, has been secured for practice and both boys' and girls' teams are working out nicely. Over eighteen different challenges have been received from teams all over the state and if we can secure the rink to play our games in, the Salida public will have an opportunity of witnessing some excellent games.

Monte Vista 17--Salida 0.

Thanksgiving Day, the Salida High School football team piled off the train at Monte Vista and wondered why so many hundreds of people were assembled at the depot or why the band was "um pha" ing so enthusiastically. "President Taft must be coming to town!" exclaimed one of our boys. But just then the band started off on, "A Hot Time," and then the Salida boys understood and smiled. Monte Vista was nourishing an old wound—an old score of 13 to 0, in favor of Salida which happened two years ago. They thoroughly intended to get even and they

did. It was Salida's first football defeat in four years and it made quite a bitter pill for us to swallow.

The first half started off with a jerk. Our boys faced a team which must have outweighed them by fifteen pounds to the man. When the tall, husky Monte Vista men hit our line, they hit like a cannon ball and by the time the first half was over, they had succeeded in shoving the ball over the line three different times, making the score 17 to 0. But in the last half, Salida started in to play as they usually do. One change had been made in their line-up, Julian taking Marvin's place as end. The pig skin remained in the center of the field most of the time and our boys held Monte Vista for downs as often as they held us. At any rate, when time was called, neither side had succeeded in scoring in the last half. Our team was crippled considerably owing to the loss of Tom Dobbie, our star end, and Tom Richards, our plucky captain.

Score, 17 to 0. The line ups:

MONTE VISTA		SALIDA	
Adams.....	R. H.....	Lippard	
Gilbreath.....	L. H.....	Smith	
Webster.....	F. B.....	Woods	
McIntosh.....	Q. B.....	Brewster	
Chapman.....	R. E.....	Marvin & Julian	
Wallace.....	R. T.....	Sellinger	
Deitrick.....	R. G.....	O'Hara	
McLean.....	C.....	Bird	
R. Heilman.....	L. G.....	Chnrch'll	
Meinza.....	L. T.....	Berlin	
Medina.....	L. E.....	Grady	
SUBS		SUBS	
N. Heilman		Elifson	

Florence 4--Salida 18.

Buena Vista 14--Salida 22.

On Friday, Nov. 26, our basketball girls played the opening game of the season at Florence.

When the game was called at 8 o'clock, Salida won the toss and Ruth Hatch, our captain, chose the south goal and soon succeeded in scoring two points for Salida. This encouraged the team, and soon, four more field goals were made by Abby Perry while Frances Reilly followed with two more points. Abby Perry threw the first foul. The first half ended with a score of 15 to 0 in favor of Salida.

In the second half, Florence put in two new players and was determined to score if possible. One of the Florence girls, Bessie Jack, made a field goal and then followed with two points from foul line. A pretty play was made by Abby Perry when she dribbled the ball several times and then made a goal. The star player was Abby Perry who made 12 points out of the 18.

Salida played a fine game in guarding and breaking up Florence's team work. Ruth Hatch, at center, played a fast game. With faithful practice and determination to win, our girls will be able to successfully meet any outside teams.

After the game a reception was tendered the team and a delightful time was had by all. The Florence people entertained us royally and we hope to have them play us on the home grounds soon.

This was Florence's first game with an outside team.

Score 4 to 18. Line up:

FLORENCE	SALIDA
F. Sullivan.....	F.....
R. Sleibert.....	F.....
B. Moore (Capt.)..	C.R. Hatch (Capt.)
N. Stewart.....	G.....
B. Jack.....	G.....
L. Jack.....	subs.....
F. Cummings....	subs.....
N. Gilligan.....	subs.....
Umpire, Bowers, of Florence; Referee, C. E. Tanton, of Salida; Scorer, Arthur Nord, of Salida.	

The Salida High School boys' basketball team played their opening game with the Buena Vista Smelter team at Buena Vista last Friday night, Dec. 10. Our boys were handicapped considerably owing to the low ceiling and small hall which they were obliged to play in. The goals were a foot lower than the official height and whenever Salida attempted any sensational goal throwing the ball would either go too high or slam against the ceiling. But the day was saved for Salida when our husky giant stationed himself beneath the goal which Salida had been so vainly hammering at. From that time on all that our boys needed to do was to pass the ball to Woods and two points were almost certain to be added to Salida's rapidly accumulating score. In spite of the fact that the center, guards, and forwards would climb his frame whenever he attempted to throw a goal, Woods would shove the ball through the goal with apparently as much ease as if he had been dealing with mere children. The score at the end of the first half stood 10 to 11 in favor of Salida.

In the second half, Buena Vista's six foot, four inch center, who, it is said, now holds the state record for the high jump, was placed against Woods. Here was where Buena Vista made a mistake; for Woods started in and succeeded in out playing and out jumping his man in every attempt that was made. When time was called at the end of the last half, the score was found to be 14 to 22 in favor of Salida. The game was marked with considerable roughness on the part of Buena Vista, and Referee McGinnis was kept busy calling fouls on them.

After the game the Buena Vista players gave us an example of perfect gentlemanliness in the manly way in which they accepted their defeat. They seemed to worry considerably for fear that there were hard feelings between the teams and insisted on our boys laying over for No. 6 in order to give them a chance to "show our boys the town" The dance, which was given in honor of our team

after the game, was certainly appreciated and enjoyed by all.

The line-ups:

BUENA VISTA		SALIDA
Kunzel.....F.....L.		Lippard
Fay.....F.....		Woods
Miller.....C.....		Sweeny
Ande.....G.....		Lee
Grey.....G.....		Bird
Substitutes—Smith, Berlin, E. Lippard.		

Our Trip to Florence.

Continued from Page 13.

but this was followed by a tale of how Corbin was initiated into the Gamma Gamma Frat. The Seniors all lament that Mr. Kenyon did not remain one year longer so we told them to come to Salida for we couldn't possibly spare him now. We all wonder which girl is Tom Richards' favorite, for they all talked of him. We found one girl who claimed the relationship of adopted sister. Dainty refreshments were then served and altogether we had an enjoyable time that we had to run all the way to the train. Mr. Tanton and Arthur ran ahead and got our suit cases. To see our dignified principal coming up the street with four suit cases in each hand and trying to run was worth running eight blocks to see.

We got started out alright but for some reason it took the conductor several minutes to see how twelve people could go on eleven tickets. Arthur finally showed him by gestures and looks that he really did not count for much when a ticket was concerned. Merl was all ready to get off at Canon to visit friends, but after keeping the bus waiting for ten minutes, and after having the train stop twice, ten minutes one time and fifteen the other, she decided that there were people in Salida who wished to see her a great deal more than those in Canon, so she came on.

Perhaps the less said about the trip from Canon on to Salida the better, but everything would have been all right if it had not taken four hours to go fifty miles and if Mr. Tanton had not decided to sleep. Frances really preserved the dignity of the crowd; for while the crowd yelled, sang, and awakened all the sleeping ones, she sat still and tried to forget the one she had left behind.

ABBY PERRY, '10.

TEACHER:—"I am tempted to give a test."

PUPIL:—"Yield not to temptation."—Ex.

MR. B:—"John, have you ever been through Algebra?"

JOHN:—"Yessir, but I went through in the night and didn't see much of the place."—Ex.

TEACHER:—"What are the children of the Czar called?"

FRESHIE:—"Czardines."—Ex.

She slapped his face;
We're glad she did,
Because he hailed her
"Oh, you kid!"—Ex.

The cows are in the meadows,
The sheep are in the grass;
But all the simple little geese
Are in the Freshman class.—Ex.

To push a high school paper
Is very little fun.
'Specially when subscribers
Will not remit the mon.—Ex.

"Generally speaking, the Senior girls are—"

"Oh, yes, they are—"

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."—Ex.

Marshmallows often haunt my dreams
And fudge is fine and dandy;
We dearly love our chocolate creams.
But oh! you peanut candy.

TEACHER:—"When anything burns the product is an oxide."

PUPIL:—"If a daisy burned, would it be an ox-eyed-daisy?"

BONES:—"Isn't it wonderful how Lot's wife turned to salt?"

JONES:—"Huh. That's nothing. Why I was walking down the street the other day and my wife turned to rubber."—Ex.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,

"I've never handed in a local."

IN GREENLAND.

WIFEY ESKIMO:—"Where have you been for the last six months?"

HUBBY ESKIMO:—"I was afraid to come home in the dark."—Ex.



We like the way "High School Life" is gotten up.

"Omnigraph," Xenia, O., contains good stories and cuts.

"The Boomerang" must have a hustler for a business manager to get all those ads.

We are glad to receive the "Kyote" from Billings, Montana. Enjoy you so much, come again.

"The Acorn," Oakland, Neb., could be made much larger by getting more advertisements to pay for larger departments.

"The Oksheperida," from Sheridan, Wyo., is very good, but why put ads in with the reading matter?

We notice that several papers do not have an exchange page. Why not? We really think it would help a lot.

The exchange department in the "Crimson," Concordia, Kas., along with the larger departments, made a great improvement over the first copy.

"Pebbles," Marshalltown, Iowa, advocates the envelope system. We think it very good and hope to have means in the near future so that we also may adopt the plan.

The word "Echo" seems to be a favorite; for so many papers have that name. The latest "Echo" received by us is from Montrose, Colo., and is a very neat and well gotten up paper.

"The Native American," from Phoenix, Arizona, is a very patriotic little weekly. It shows how much the Indians appreciate the advantages of an education, which the U. S. is giving them.

"The Classicum," Ogden, Utah, is one of our latest and best exchanges, only we had to look through the ads, or to the middle of the book to find where you

came from. Why not have it nearer the front?

We see by the "Retort" that Prof. E. C. Briggs expects to be in his classes soon after an extended illness Mr. Briggs was with us one year and we are sorry to hear of his illness but glad he is recovering

"Heraldo," of West Denver, had an article on athletics in the November number written by Miss Craig. We know that Miss Craig knows whereof she speaks when it is about athletics, because she coached our girls' basketball team one year.

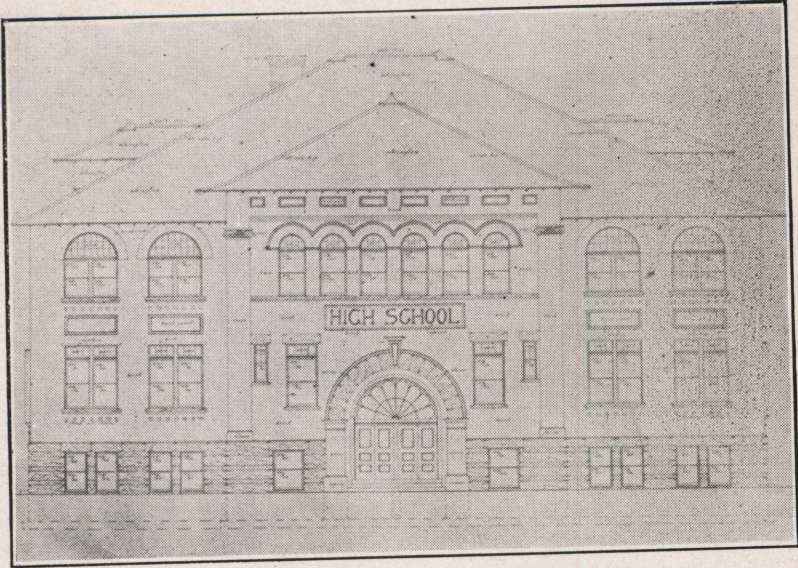
Among our late exchanges are: "Franklin Academy Mirror," Franklin, Neb.; "The Booster," Chadron, Nebr.; "The Sylvanite," Victor, Colo.; "The Kyote" Billings, Montana; "The Arrow," Broken Bend, Neb.; "Argosal," Argos, Ind.; "Blue and White," Trinidad, Colo.

Exchanges are coming in now the way we like to see them. Our regular list is now twenty-five and we are endeavoring to raise it to fifty. From the different papers we get ideas that help us with ours and we hope that others may get some good from our paper. If the enrollment of the different schools were known we should be able to judge better. Our enrollment is 142. What's yours? We are especially glad to hear from so many schools in our own state, but think there are still more we could hear from.

SMALL BOY (discussing zones):—"There are two kinds of zones—masculine and feminine. The masculine is both temperate and intemperate; the feminine is both horrid and frigid."—Ex.

TOM:—"When I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier."

BERT:—"What! And be shot by the enemy?"



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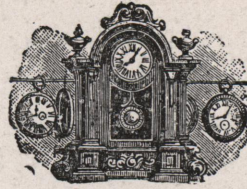
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