

# The Tenderfoot

Special Sophomore  
Edition



February 1911

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# THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

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FEBRUARY, 1911.

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## THAT BEWITCHING LITTLE CURL

(By Kathryn Bateman, '13).

Now there was no doubt that Jane Hamilton was pretty and the best part of it was she was so utterly unconscious of her beauty—that is, before she wore that bewitching little curl just over her left ear. That's how it all came about. You see, Jane was very popular at school and the first day she wore that curl all the girls just went crazy over it because it seemed to set off her style of beauty.

"Oh, you little beauty," gushed one of her friends. "I never have seen anything so extravagantly coquettish. You wait and see, Jane, if every man in the country doesn't try to flirt with you."

Jane laughed carelessly.

The next morning Jane boarded the train for the city, where she was to spend a week with her aunt and her two roguish little cousins. That afternoon, after fussing an hour with her curls, she started off to do some shopping for her aunt. As she climbed into the street car the conductor smiled boldly into her face. Jane blushed violently and coyly turned her head, only to meet the smiling glances of

other men in the car. The ladies looked at her and then at each other and then they commenced to whisper among themselves. Then they would turn and look at her and talk some more. Jane tried her best to look calm and beautiful, but in spite of the effort, she could not help being nervous and she jumped off the car with a sigh of relief.

But every one she met on the street stared or smiled 'till Jane was disgusted. On the corner a big policeman walked straight up to her and stopped right in front of her. He looked down and grinned from ear to ear and was just going to say something but Jane turned indignantly murmuring something about "reporting him for impudence."

Jane hadn't forgotten what the girls had said and at first all this attention had flattered her vanity, but now she was tired and angry.

"Dear me;" she said "can't a girl look pretty without everyone's insulting her? I wish I had never worn that curl!"

She turned into a side street where a number of little boys were playing and several of them stopped to grin at her. She saw her two little cousins among them bent nearly double with laughter.

"Ho, ho! ho! Jane's been a wearin'

that sign all over town," gasped Tom and Jane darted over to him.

"What do you mean! she cried shaking him excitedly. George saw his chance and ran off shrieking as he went, "Hi, look at the sign on her hat!" She hastily took off her hat and there, to her dismay, she saw, dangling from the tip of a tall feather, this inscription printed in large letters:

"Please help me; I am lost."

How did it get there? Don't ask me. But you can rely on a pair of small boys for such pranks. The girls told me afterwards that Jane scolded them soundly for putting "such foolish notions" in her head.

## HOW EDNA MADE HER CHOICE

(By Lucile Pearce, '13)

Edna was sitting in the library examining a roll of old, brown papers. Her fingers moved noiselessly as she unrolled and separated them into various groups. One paper, which was of a dull grey, caught her eye and she glanced over its contents.

"Father," she cried, springing from her chair and running too where an old man was seated before an open window. "It can be done and it's the only way I can think of."

"What is it, Edna," he asked slowly.

The girl seated herself on the broad arm of his chair and slowly read the paper: then after his approval she refolded the papers on the table and left the room.

"Mary, has any one called this morning?" she called to the housemaid.

"Mr. Taylor is waiting for you on the veranda."

At the sound of her voice the young man entered the house. The girl slowly rearranged the red bow of ribbon at her throat as he came towards her.

"How is Father this morning," he asked, taking her hand.

"He is much better; would you care to see him?"

"For just a minute, please."

"He is in the library, just go in," she answered. She stood for an instant and watched him until he had disappeared and, as if angry with herself, she tossed a bunch of golden curls over

her shoulder and went out on the veranda. It was full fifteen minutes before he rejoined her.

"I have come to say good-bye, Edna," he exclaimed, seating himself on the porch seat beside her.

"Are you going away forever?"

"No, only for a year, but that will seem a lifetime."

"Then it is not good-bye. We should say good-bye when we leave never to return."

An awkward silence followed. Mr. Taylor walked to the end of the veranda and back.

"May I ask where you are going?" He now leaned against the arm of her chair and she raised her eyes to his face as he spoke.

"To Mexico—for Father. The agents have failed to make reports concerning the condition of the country. You will answer if I write?"

"Yes, I will answer."

"May I hope for the one answer soon?" He bent over her and playfully wound a curl over his fingers.

"Yes, Claude, I will soon give you an answer."

A rosy tint spread over her face and throat. In fifteen minutes Mr. Taylor boarded the train and gave one glance in the direction of her home and then turned his attention to the occupants of the car. Meantime, Edna and her father were eating lunch.

"Now, Father, which do you like best?" she laughed, dropping a lump of sugar into his coffee.

"Mr. Taylor is my choice," he answered smiling.

"Do you,? Oh, I like Mr. Saunders best."

"Well, let time tell, Edna."

"Oh, I am so anxious to try our plans. It's going to be delightful. Father, do you think you will survive after eating my cooking? I have never tried it before you know."

"Certainly, Little One. Did I hear the phone ring?"

"Yes, I will answer it."

In the evening they were strolling arm in arm across the spacious lawn when Mr. Saunders joined them. The three returned to the veranda. A cool summer breeze ruffled her yellow hair and tossed the light, soft, stuff of her dress. "Good night, father," she called as Mr. Fulton entered the house. For some time they sat silent. Edna felt rather blue and somewhat angry

with Mr. Saunders for he did nothing but sit and look at her.

"Edna," he whispered at last, and she turned and glanced into his handsome, dark face. She felt a sudden horror of him as she gazed into that face. His hair and eyes were very black. For a second a picture of Claude's manly face and his stern lips crossed her mind. She hated this man, for he was indolent and rich.

"Edna," he spoke a second time, "tonight is when your answer is due. I have waited a long time for it."

"I cannot give you a final answer tonight, Mr. Saunders, for Father has been having trouble about the stock and if failure comes he will need my help." The color rose to his face.

"I must leave in a few days for Washington. If any failure comes, let me know." He rose to go. "I am sorry you cannot give your answer but maybe it is for the best." He lifted his linen cap and hurriedly left her.

Nine months had passed and Edna and her father were sitting in the library. "Father, let us move to Rose Cottage real soon. The letter this morning from Mr. Saunders states that he is coming back. He feels sure that you will not fail. I am awfully tired of this bustling place and the people. I will write at once to Mr. Saunders and say that you have failed—and I will write to Claude and the first who comes to our aid, I will marry."

"Edna I thought you had decided in favor of Mr. Saunders?"

"I do like him but I don't think he likes me—it is your money, which he wants. As to Claude, he's so clever—"

"I see, I see. Well, we can move to the cottage next week if you wish. I think it best to carry out your plans. I myself do not object to Mr. Saunders. He is a worldly man—but come, let us go for a stroll. The air is so stuffy in this room."

Both letters were sent the following day—stating that Mr. Fulton had failed and that he and Edna would, for the present, reside at Rose Cottage. A week came and no answer from either man. The next day brought an answer from Mr. Saunders, stating that Edna must consider the question of their marriage dropped.

The same day brought Mr. Taylor to Rose Cottage. Edna and her father were just beginning their evening meal. Claude was indeed a welcome visitor. After dinner Mr. Fulton was

called to the city on business so Claude turned to help Edna with the table clearing.

"Edna, your answer is due tonight. I have waited for it a long time. I think the best time has come to help your father lighten his sorrow. He can live with us and we shall make life happier for him."

Edna drew herself upon the edge of the kitchen table and tied knots in the ends of her apron strings.

"Do you think my cooking will agree with you? A man can live without everything but eating, you know," she laughed, blushing deeply.

"Can I? You dear, just give me the chance," he answered, as he drew her head upon his shoulder and slipped a sparkling diamond on her finger, which was a little pink from being in the soapy water.

"Claude, we are going home tonight. Father has business in the city to attend to."

"What—!"

"I knew you would not understand. But Father didn't fail at all. It was just a plan of mine to see which man really wanted me or Father's money."

"Edna! Did you ever suspect—"  
She raised her flushed face to his and the sentence remained unfinished.

## THE GOLD SEEKERS

(Continued)

(By Stephen England, '13.)

"Now I s'pose we're in for it," said Dan Murray, when Little Bear had gone. "And jest on account of your durn foolishness. Doc, won't you never l'arn no sense? I calc'late we'll lose some h'ar tonight, ef we don't move some. What do you folks s'pose we'd hetter do?"

The others gathered 'round and offered suggestions. It was finally agreed that they should start forward and stop only when they came to a gulch that would be easily defended. After eating supper, they yoked their oxen and started, Dan going ahead with some of the others as a guide. To the anxious drivers every creak of the wheels, every rock they hit, every

snort of the oxen, seemed like an Indian, ready to spring out and scalp them. Nothing happened, however, and they arrived safe at a small gulch. This gulch had steep sides, while in the center stood a large rock, which could be easily ascended on one side, while the others were precipitous. Our friends reached this rock near midnight and immediately began the ascent with the oxen by lantern light. Having accomplished this successfully they took water from the spring at the foot of the rock and carried a large supply to the top in buckets having watered the oxen before taking them up. Next they fortified the ascent with large boulders, of which there was a plentiful supply on top. Then Dan Murray and Doc stood guard while the others slept. Near dawn, Doc said, "Dan, there is a redskin."

"Where?" said Dan, and soon seeing him, raised his weapon and fired. There was a loud whoop, and Dan said complacently, "There's one wiped out."

Then the whole company, aroused by the shot and shout, ran up and asked the trouble. Dan told them and they got their rifles and went to their positions near the edges. Before they went, Dan cautioned them, "Don't go too near the edge, said he. "Ef you do, you'll get wiped out sure. Them Injuns is good shots. And don't waste powder on em. We ain't got none to spare!" With these words he dismissed them and went to his own post at the head of the ascent.

In a few minutes, one of the watchers fired, and then announced that he had gotten one of them. A minute or two later, just as the edge of the sun appeared over the mountains, Dan fired again, getting one of them. With a loud whoop, the whole bunch charged and tried to climb up the sides. They didn't succeed, however, and under the persuasion of the settler's rifles, they retreated, carrying the dead and wounded. Thus it went on, the Indians charging and retreating, the whites firing and ducking, till about noon. Then, just as the Indians had massed for another attack, the sound of a trumpet was heard, followed by firing, and the Indians rode off likemad, followed by a squadron of U. S. cavalry. The fort, which was about two miles away, had been suspicious of the Cherokees, and when the sound of firing had been heard by the cavalry, which

was on a scouting expedition, they had ridden up and driven the Indians away. They had been only too glad to get a chance at "them pesky Injuns," as Dan called them.

After this the journey went on, uninterrupted by Indians or other vermin. The Doctor always kept clear of the Indians, and as he was the only quick-tempered one of the lot, they had no more scrapes with the Indians on his account.

One day, about a month after they had gotten away from the Indians, they came to the Arkansas river, and following it up, they came to a likely looking place and began to wash for gold. Soon, gold was discovered, and all set to work. Fish were plentiful, and by going into the hills, deer could be had. So there was no lack of food. The work went on merrily, Dan showing them how to build cradles and sluices, and how to work them. Every day they made about ten dollars each, and as there were no expenses, they made a clear profit of ten dollars each. But as the sand showed signs of giving out, Dan took the only horse there was and offered to go and hunt for a claim.

"Now look here," said Dan, "You kin stay here an' work this place, an' I'll go an' hunt for a claim. Ef I don't come back for a reasonable time, you fellers go on back to Illinoy and stay there." So he set out.

Following the river up, Dan soon reached a place where the mountains came close to the river. A ledge was formed, and out of this ledge the white quartz stuck out, and the golden points stuck up. Dan dug around with his pick and shovel and found some little gold, which he washed and found it would be worth perhaps twenty-five dollars. Then, as it was nearly dark, he collected wood and made camp.

The next day he continued his digging, and found that the gold was, if anything, better than at the first place. So he went back, and the settlers all moved up to the new site. They had stayed at the first place nearly three months, clearing approximately seven hundred and fifty dollars each. But this place was worked out and they wanted more money. They proceeded to the new place with happy hearts, for even if there was no more gold, they had enough to live comfortably on for the rest of their lives,



The new place, which they christened Murrayville, proved too be a fine place. There was plenty of gold for everybody, and all were contented. But soon something happened. One day a youth ran into Murray's sluice, fell head long over it and gasped, "Oh, Dan, I saw an Injun!"

"Where?" asked Dan, briefly.

"Down by the creek," panted the boy.

"Well, we'll see about it," replied Dan.

But no sooner had this one gone than another youth rushed up with a buckskin sack in his hand. "Look, here," shouted the newcomer, "I've struck it rich. Found a little hole with nuggets and dust in it."

These things all at once struck Dan with surprising force.

"Now, said he, 'we're goin' to get out. Injuns an' gold are too much for me.'"

So they went that afternoon and were soon out of Colorado and danger. When they were in Kansas, they stopped at a small town and had their dust weighed. Then it was divided, the settlers giving Dan more than the rest, as he had done more. Then they went home.

They reached home about fifteen months after they had started. The little village of Owensdale was surely surprised when a party of men strode down main street, each by a wagon. It was soon discovered that the long-bearded men were the relatives and friends who had gone out so long before. All were crowding around and asking questions when one said, "Three cheers for Dan Murray." They were given with a will. After stories were told the money was counted, and it was found that each man had four thousand five hundred and fifty dollars, while Dan Murray, the leader had six thousand dollars.

Thus this profitable and never-to-be-forgotten experience ends; as for the settlers they are glad it is over; while my readers, suppose, wish they could have gone with the "gold seekers" from Owensdale, Illinois, in the years 1871-1872.

Johnnie:—"Pa, what is the Board of education?"

Pa:—"Well, when I went to school it was a pine shingle."—Ex.

## THE VILLAIN

(Continued from January Number)

Sophomore Class.  
(By Nibsie No. 1.)

Just then, upon poor kitty's tail,  
The villain's foot-pads fell;  
To cap the climax of the scene  
The cat let out a yell.

But while the villain stood amazed  
Too thick what he had done,  
The lady of the house stepped in  
With a great big gatling gun.

His weapons dropped from out his  
hands

Upon the pantry floor,  
As the lady noiselessly came in  
And closed the pantry door.

It was then the villain Freshie  
Felt his courage yield and slack,  
So he stepped into the corner;  
To the wall he turned his back.

His eyes bulged out;  
His hair stood straight;  
His blood ran at  
A furious gait.

His muscles were  
So stiff and cold,  
He could not move,  
His strength was sold.

His legs did twist  
And twirl and twine;  
A cooling chill  
Ran down his spine.

His arms hung limp,  
His hands did shake  
Like the warning tail  
Of a rattlesnake.

And so he stood,  
So powerless;  
The emblem  
Of pure cowardice.

This villain was a Freshman.  
We are obliged to think  
He got his traits of character  
Down at the skating rink.

This Freshie had a sweetheart,  
And she was mighty pretty.  
They sent her off to convent—  
He went to Canon City.

All such Freshies' lives remind us  
"We might also tempt the noose,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints toward the calaboose."

## ONE OF THE SONS OF THE RICH

(By Abby Harlan, '13.)

Jimmie sat all alone in the big bay window. Mother, Jeanette and Anna were all away and Mary, his special friend and confidant, was taking a vacation. Not that he cared much about Jeanette and Anna; they were always too tired or busy to pay any attention to little Jim except an occasional "Mail a letter for Sis, Jimmie?" that was all.

All alone! In the big grand house with its magnificent furnishings. He stared vacantly out of the window. The day was gloomy. The sense of his loneliness deepened. All alone! No one to listen or talk to. Nobody ever wanted to talk to him any way except Mary. Dear Mary! How he wished she were here. She was never too busy for a loving glance and a kind word.

Who was that coming down the street? Was it Carl? Yes, it was he, out for a drive with his mother, and having such a jolly time. Carl's mother was so sweet. She always found room for her little boy. Jimmie's mother never took him any place. Dully he wondered why. Was he so different from Carl that he should be so much less loved? Then, too, Carl's sister was different from Jimmie's sister. She was always reading to Carl out of a big book with colored pictures inside. Anna never read to Jimmie but, of course, he supposed that Carl's sister was not always tired.

One day a gentleman had come to see Jeanette and had met Jimmie in the hall. He had stopped to speak to him and patted him on the head. He had heard him telling Jeanette that Jimmie was "the finest looking little chap he had seen for a century." Although Jimmie had watched through the keyhole for a weeks in hopes of catching another sight of his new friend, he had never seen him again.

Then, there was father. How he longed for him! He could remember his father's taking him on his knee when playing bear with him. That, however, seemed long, long ago.

Father was far away working. Once mother had spoken of going there to

live and Jimmie's heart had given a great bound. But afterward, she had said that she couldn't take her daughters to an obscure little town and bring them up with ignorant nobodies, so they had not gone. Jimmie sighed. If he just had father he wouldn't care so much about the rest.

He wondered if God cared for him, but he guessed he didn't. Nobody else did except Mary, and perhaps father. He had neither of these now. Mary was so long in coming back. Maybe she had forgotten him. He shuddered. Forgotten her little Jimmie? No. He didn't believe she had. Perhaps after all, she would come back soon but he wished she would hurry. She had promised not to stay very long. When he grew up to be a big man, he would buy a new gown for each of his sisters and give his mother a lot of money, then he thought they might learn to love him a little,—perhaps.

His head ached fiercely; would it never stop? Finally he dropped off into a heavy slumber.

Anna and Jeanette came home, followed after a bit by their mother, but no one noticed Jimmie asleep in the big chair. They were having luncheon and were deep in the discussions and gossipings that come of a social life. When the mother noticed that Jimmie was not there she called him sharply but no answer came. After a short search she became puzzled. Where could Jimmie be? He never went any place without asking and he seldom asked of late. At last Anna found him and giving him a shake, sought to arouse him, but he only stirred uneasily. Then mother came in and, observing his queer actions and purplish red cheeks, had him carried upstairs and put to bed while Anna phoned for the family doctor.

Presently the doctor arrived and after looking Jimmie carefully over, taking his temperature and feeling his pulse, he sat a long time in silence, evidently studying. At last he arose and in answer to a query from mother as to what to do, he said shortly, "Better send for the child's father." At this, Jimmie's mother looked up, wonderingly. "Do you really think it necessary? Is he so ill?" The doctor did not seem to pay much attention to her as he did not answer, but only said, "I am going now. If you like I will bring a nurse back with me." In the doorway he paused to add, "And

# THE TENDERFOOT

By *The Sophomore Class, '14, Salida, Colorado.*

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No. 5

let his father know if you wish." To both of these propositions Jimmie's mother, glad to shift the responsibility off on to some one else's shoulders, merely nodded.

Jimmie awoke. Somehow he did not feel very rested and he lay there for a long time with closed eyes. He heard some one softly whispering but was too tired to look up. When at last he did lift his eyes what he saw surprised him greatly. Anna and mother were standing some distance away from the bed and were crying. Their eyes were quite red. What could be the matter? Perhaps Anna wanted a new gown and she and mother had been disputing as they sometimes did. Suddenly he realized that someone was holding his hand. Who was he like? Was it? The quavering question came in a thin little voice that sounded very far away. "Is it Father?" A pressure of the hand and a nod was the answer. He gave a little joyful cry. How he loved his father! How glad he was that he had come.

There was Jeanette and Mary too. She had come back again. How nice. But why? What could have happened that they, were crying also? Ever in the corner stood the doctor, and he was talking in a low tone to a strange lady with a big white apron on, and was looking cross for some reason. He couldn't understand it all. Now he dimly heard the doctor telling mother

somebody ought to have been cared for long ago and that it was "too late now."

They all stood around him. He could tell their faces that they had a new interest in him. Yes, even loved him. He could only see them vaguely now. Tears stood in his eyes. Poor starved little soul. He was bursting with the joy and comfort of it all. It was the happiest moment of his life.

He whispered softly, "I am so happy." Then sighed—not the weary, wistful, lonesome sigh of old, but a long drawn, heart felt sigh of peace and happiness.

Jimmie had gone. Dear, sweet little Jimmie of the sad eyes and lonesome heart—sad and lonesome no more.

"What is space," the teacher asked.

The trembling Freshie said,  
"I cannot tell at present,  
But I have it in my head."—Ex.

"Take this sofa on the first load and leave it on the sidewalk."

"What for?"

"So that any of our neighbors who wish to watch us move may have a comfortable seat."—Ex.

My bonnet spreads over the ocean;  
My bonnet spreads over the sea;  
To merely spread over the sidewalk,  
Is not nearly enough for me.—Ex.



Sophomore Class Salida High School.



Rev. Read of the Christian church of Salida addressed the high school and was a very interesting speaker.

A debate between Canon City and Salida is to be held at Salida sometime between now and Spring vacation. The question is: Resolved, That the commission form of government should be adopted in towns of over twenty thousand inhabitants.

The debating society is preparing an interesting debate. The subject for debate is: Resolved, That immigration should be prohibited. Affirmative, Scott Macabee and Stephen England; negative, Ethel Green and Lydia Parker.

Mme. Felica Konchal, prima donna soprano, gave a splendid entertainment in the Salida High School auditorium, singing songs in various languages.

Freshman's Father (looking over school report):—What did you get in deportment this month, you little rascal?"

Freshman:—I'm not taking that yet."

The state inspector of schools, Mr. Williams, visited the Salida High School February 6.

Mr. DeLay, a representative from the Agricultural school at Fort Collins, gave an interesting talk on the courses at Fort Collins, especially on engineering. He is an instructor in this branch.

When a Freshman was first taken to Sunday school he watched with great interest the superintendent, an old

gentleman with white hair and beard, Returning home he ran to his mother and cried excitedly; "Mama, Mama, who do you suppose was at Sunday school? Adam!"

A Freshman in the class of Mr. Baker

Was called upon one day,  
But because he was a faker  
He had nothing much to say.

Now let me tell you, gentle reader,  
That this is based on facts  
Because I have been the victim of  
Some of their fakish acts.

Every one that heard Mme. Konchal was very much pleased. She gave the following program:

1. Recitative and Aria.....Mozart
2. Ariette Des Deux Avars, Gretry
3. Sing Me to Sleep.....
4. Lullaby.....Mozart
5. Jewel Song, Faust.....Gounod
6. The Hours.....Holmes
7. A Swan.....Greig
8. Lonliness in the Forest,....Reger

#### Intermission

9. Spring Song.....Mendelssohn.
10. Tu me Dirais.....Chaminade
11. Die Bekehrte.....Stange
12. Rosary.....Nevin
13. Last Rose of Summer.....
14. Concert Waltz.....Luigi Arditi

She surprised all by her skill in playing as well as singing, for during the intermission she played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."



## CLASS NOTES



### SENIOR NOTES

The Chemistry class is studying the Potassium group.

Albert must be thinking seriously of starting housekeeping. He asked Mr. Kenyon which was the best soda for making biscuits.

Pearl Smith left school several weeks ago, and will reside in Denver.

George Bird was a visitor at Buena Vista a couple of weeks ago.

The Chemistry class enjoyed a fudge party in the chemical laboratory several weeks ago.

The Senior class was entertained at the home of Robert Plimpton, Friday, February 3, by Pauline Cook, Hazel Meacham and Archie Knodle. All report a fine time, though it was hard keeping the ice cream.

### JUNIOR NOTES

Miss Dow:—"Lawrence, read your list of subjects for debate."

Lawrence—Resolved: A tin can is more useful to mankind than a gunny sack. I heard a real funny debate on that and it was the only original subject I know."

Florence Gilmore was absent a few days last month on account of the illness of her mother.

A popular question among the Juniors this week is, "Where did that fudge go to?" A hard question among the same class is, "Who will pay for the china platter that disappeared with the fudge?"

Ballard—(when planning concerning the party):—"Well, we'll have to know how many are coming."

Alice:—"Oh, we're all going, aren't we, Curtis?"

Ben Higham (in English):—"You and I (u and i) are together in that word. Isn't that the same as one?"

Miss Dow:—"Beatrice, was Hamlet really insane?"

Beatrice:—"No, he was only insane in parts."

Viola (in Cicero):—"My thoughts are often called my home, my extract-ed (distracted) wife and my daughter come with fear."

Florence G.:—"He was a Scotch fantastic fantie."

Miss Pearsall:—"In what age did Elizabeth reign (meaning the years in which he reigned)?"

Florence:—"The Golden Age."

We are very glad to see Clayton Dobbie back again attending the High School.

Miss Dow:—"Alice, what did Goldsmith write?"

Alice—"The Waker of Vicefield."

Slowly one by one in the infinite meadows of high school, Blossom the scarce one hundreds, the forget-me-nots of the Juniors.

At the party last Saturday night the Juniors were to judge the teachers by their own cooking. If they deserved them they were to get red-marks. We regret very much that there were no red-marks deserved.

Lawrence (looking longingly at the alcohol bottle labeled "poison"):—"I like mine straight."

Mr. Tanton:—"Well, you'll be

straight in the morning if you drink that."

Waldo Hahn was a candidate for the front seat in American History. We might say that at the first of the month he was elected.

The Juniors have quite a time reading the Bible. Miss Dow has us reading the Old Testament Stories, while Mr. Baker has supplied the Cicero class with the New Testament, written in Latin, and once a week they read it at sight.

Junior:—"Albert Rogers had quite a class on Saturday night."

Senior:—"Why, who with?"

Junior:—"Florence Gilmore's parrot."

The American History class are running races for the reference books. One boy explained why they were so scarce. He said the Freshmen took them to look at the pictures.

Alice Sangster surprised us all by coming to school with her hair done up in young lady fashion.

Mr. Kesner read his favorite selections from Burns to the Junior English class. They were very much enjoyed and we hope he will read us some other poems before the year is out.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

Stop! Watch! Coming soon, the Sophomore play, entitled "The Bachelor's Congress."

Stephen E. (in History):—"Why, Mary was the son of James."

What's the matter with the Sophomores?

They're right there.

They're putting out a paper that will make the Freshmen stare.

Miss Pearsall (in History):—"Catherine was the same kind of a man as Peter was a woman."

Jan Pearce is absent from school on account of a bad case of rheumatism.

Edna N. (in History):—"When Louis seized Stretchburg—"

Miss Pearsall:—"What?"

Edna N.:—"Oh, I mean, Strasburg."

It takes one year to break in a Freshman.

When Miss Dow was calling the roll and called Jean, Edith Ware answered present.

Soph.:—"I see Mr. Baker has given some medicine to love sick Freshmen and they getting better."

A Senior boy (worriedly):—"What was it?"

Soph.:—"A Latin Exam."

Senior boy:—"Oh!" (much relieved.)

Once a Freshman boy was taking a pretty Sophomore girl to a show. When they were almost there he said to her, "Give me your fifty cents and will buy both of our tickets at once."

Miss Pearsall (in History):—"Who was the assassin of William of Orange?"

Edith Ware:—"Belthazar Garage (Gerard)."

Roger W. (in History):—"When Peter the Great returned to Pittsburg (St. Petersburg.)"

We are glad to have Frazer Booth and Lydia Jones as new members of our class.

The Sophomores are studying similar triangles in Geometry, and Caesar in Latin, of course they can translate all of it.

The Freshmen, as we all know, love their studies so well that they stay after school for extra sessions.

George Humoller was absent Tuesday.

Stephen E. and Howard C. must refrain from using such enormous vocabularies because the rest of the class do not comprehend.

## FRESHMEN NOTES

Lloyd Sage, thinking there were to many boys in school, has left us. We are sorry to see him go, as he is about the twentieth that has left us.

Richard G. (translating the Latin sentence, "cibus equorum est frumentum"):—"The horses' grain is food."

Jessie Crymble, one of our Freshmen girls, has gone to Denver to take a business course. We wish her success in her work.

We are sorry to lose Orrin Hunt from or midst,

Mr. Baker (in Latin):—"Why is table in the feminine gender?"

Leonard:—"Because it has the qualities of a woman."

Mr. Baker (in latin):—"Ray, I wish you would learn by heart, that sentence. "To know nothing is exceedingly disgraceful."

Ray:—"Why?"

Mr. Baker:—"Because no one in the world needs it more."

A Freshman, (translating latin):—"A cerouis epistula ad terentian uxorem) Cicero to his terrified wife."

Lawrence E. (giving the principal parts of the verb, gero):—"Gero, geru, gur—"

Mr. Baker:—"Gitus."

#### A Toast to The Freshmen.

O ye silly Freshmen  
With your giddy ways;  
For when you will be Sophomores  
You surely count the days.

And now, just listen Freshmen,  
Your studies are falling low  
And if you want to learn the reasons  
The Sophomores will let you know.

And now to you green Freshmen  
Who think you know it all,  
Just listen to the Sophomores  
And you'll take quite a fall.

Now, Freshmen, you have elders—  
The Sophomores, brave and true—  
And have you ever heard the story  
That to elders your respect is due?

Teacher:—"When was the revival of learning?"

Pupil:—"Before the last exam."—Ex.

Freshman (going to class):—"I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."—Ex.

Teacher:—"It doesn't take much intelligence to tell when a pupil copies; I can tell every time."—Ex.

Hostess:—"Will you take your tea with a lemon?"

Blase Youth:—"I prefer it with a peach."—Ex.

An old cow wandered down the street

Looking for something green;

A Freshman young she chanced to meet;  
He's never since been seen.—Ex.



#### SOCIETY

The Juniors gave a jolly party at the home of Florence Gilmore. Everybody reported that they had the dandiest time possible. The only misfortune was that Leonard's plate of fudge disappeared. Progressive games seemed popular in the first part of the evening, and later, Miss Trot sang a very beautiful selection. The chafing dishes were used to make fudge and ring-tum-ditty. Mr. and Mr. Tanton, Miss Dow, Miss Pearsall and Miss Trot were present. Miss Pearsall proved to be a very good ring-tum-ditty maker.

The Chemistry class gave Pearl Smith a farewell fudge party in the laboratory a few weeks ago. The class had a dandy time and they could hardly wait till the fudge was ready to eat. But all hated to see Pearl go away.

Look! Look! The Social World, that is the Sophomores, are preparing to give a play in the near future, entitled the "Bachelor's Congress."

The Seniors entertained at Robert Plimpton's home last week and all report a glorious time. They played various games during the evening and then were served with lovely refreshments. Miss Trot chaperoned the class.

Jean Ehrhart spent a few days with Pauline Cook last week, and while here, Pauline gave a very jolly theater party at the Osos Grand. Afterwards the crowd went to Miller's and had dainty refreshments.





The *Crimson*, Goshen, Ind., is one of our best January exchanges. It has a good literary department and some good cuts.

The *Record*, Sioux City, Ia., is another paper which holds an important place in our exchanges.

*Observer*, Chillicothe, Mo.: Your paper could be improved by more stories.

The *Echo*, Montrose, Colo., has some good cuts at the head of the departments.

The *Interlude*, South Bend, Ind.: It would improve your paper if you would place all your stories together under one head.

The *Prep Owl*, Boulder, Colo., has a very good January number. There is nothing we could criticize.

*El Monte*, Monte Vista, Colo., has a rather short literary department.

The *Slate*, Enid, Okla., is a neat little paper, but does not seem complete without a literary department.

The *Clintonian*, Clinton, Mo., has an excellent literary department in the December number.

The *Sounder*, Ft. Smith, Ark.: We had to look in the ads to see what state you came from. It would be a good idea and make it more convenient for your exchanges, to print this in a conspicuous place.

The *Tenderfoot*, Salida, Colo.—One of our first papers.—*Acorn*, Oakland, Neb.

The *Tenderfoot*, Salida, Colo. The editorials in the November issue show things in the right light. We think you put out a fine paper in every respect.—*Columbine*, Cripple Creek, Colo.

The *High School Journal*, Brownwood, Texas, could be improved by more cuts and an exchange department.

The *Bellflower Bulletin*, Bellflower, Ill.: It would better your appearance if you had cuts at the head of your departments.

The *Blue and White*, Trinidad, Colo., has a very pretty cover design for January.

The *Booster*, Chadron, Neb., has a short exchange department. We had to look in the ads to see where this paper came from.

The "*Tenderfoot*," Salida, Colo., is up to the high standard set last year.—*Prep Owl*, Boulder, Colo.

The *Tenderfoot*, from Salida, is a fine little paper, especially the literary. Be sure and come again, *Tenderfoot*.—The *Roundup*, Wyo.

We received the following exchanges for January:

*Observer*, Chillicothe, Mo., *Clintonian*, Clinton, Ia., *The Arrow*, Broken Bow, Neb., *The Native American*, Phoenix, Arizona, *The Slate*, Enid, Okla., *The Crimson*, Goshen, Indiana, *The Record*, Sioux City, Ia., *The Interlude*, South Bend, Ind., *The Booster*, Chadron, Neb., *The Mirror*, Waltham, Mass., *Franklin Academy Mirror*, Franklin, Neb., *The Echo*, Hope, Ark., *Blue and White*, Trinidad, Colo., *The Bellflower Bulletin*, Bellflower, Ill., *High School Journal*, Brownwood, Texas.

First Geometrical Beatitude:—Blessed be the Bell that shall ring when ye have a proposition to expound.—Ex.

Freshie:—"I wish it would come time to go down to Latin."

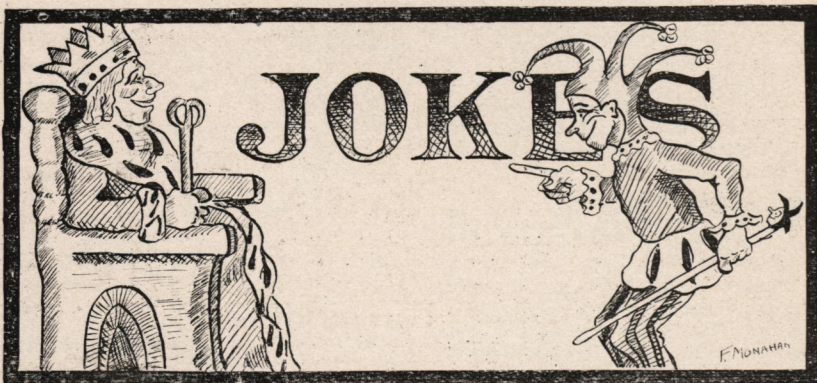


Our athletic department is over shy of material this month, as there have been no games and our usual practicing has been checked by the tearing down of the skating rink.

Say, Freshies! Stick yourselves and see if you are alive. The Sophomore class has 2 members on the basketball team and had three on the football team. Guess that is not so bad, considering the number of boys in the class. The Sophomore girls would have also made good on the team this year if there had been one.

The boys' basketball team has been practicing a little this past month but have had no challenges so are destined to remain unoccupied. The girls' team has practiced some, too, but we don't expect any games from them this year. Cheer up, Canon, the worst is yet to come.

It will soon be time to organize a baseball team and to have a track meet, which we would like to have very much. We hope to send a few representatives to Boulder this year as we have some good men. Here's your chance, Freshmen.



Lee:—"Can you tell the difference between the death of a barber and the death of a sculptor?"

Others:—"No."

Lee:—"The barber curls up and dies and the sculptor makes faces and busts."

—Ex.

The Sophomores are beginning to wonder when the product of the means shall equal the product of the extremes.

Teacher:—"I have a notion to take twenty from your department."

Pupil:—"Thou shalt not steal."

Son:—"From now on I intend to paddle my own canoe."

Father:—"All right; I suppose you want me to furnish the canoe and paddle."

Sailor:—"Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately he knew how to swim."—La Rue.

Freshman:—"I'm trying my best to get ahead."

Sophomore:—"Heaven knows you need one." The Arrow.

Sophomore:—"I think it would be well for the time to come for you to go down to the First grade."

Lost—A pencil by a Freshie with a rubber.

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