

The Tenderfoot

FEBRUARY 3 3 1912



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THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. 3, No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1912.

50c per Year

Literary



THE DEVIL'S QUARTERS.

Gertrude Bondurant, '15)

Everyone in Shuttle knew of "the devil's quarters." You could often hear the boys on the street corners or on the school grounds talking of their adventures at this particular place. Each boy had something new to tell about it.

The old brick house, which was called "the devil's quarters," was located about a mile from the small city of Shuttle. No one seemed to know whether anyone had ever lived there or how its name originated.

The Sophomores had been visiting this house of late.

One morning the boys were eagerly talking about their trip the night before. On that night, for the first time, they had seen a figure moving around outside the house.

The boys decided to go again this evening and hastened to get their lessons right after school. It was late when they started and they made haste, being anxious for an adventure.

When they got within a hundred feet of the old house they stopped and huddled together behind a clump of bushes watching the light, when the boy on the end shouted, "Let go," and tried to pull away. The other boys started to run when Joe, the one who

was caught, found that he was held by a bough of a small tree. They moved a little farther from the house behind another clump of trees. They had been waiting impatiently when one of the boys broke the silence:

"I wonder what time it can be. It seems to me as if we've been out here a week." With this he pulled a watch out of his pocket while another struck a match. They found it to be just a few minutes till twelve o'clock.

"Let's go home; I'm tired of this," said one of the boys.

"Oh, let's stay a while longer," said George, one of the Freshmen. "You can get up early enough in the morning to — but look there—" George pointed to a figure standing in the doorway. The boys were struck dumb and could do nothing but stare. The man, if it be a man,—for they were not sure that it was not some wild spirit—seemed to be looking for something. After a while he stepped into the house and in a moment returned with another figure similar to himself. They started toward the spot where the boys were hidden. Had these creatures seen the boys and were they coming to take them prisoners? These and many more such questions ran through the boys' minds and they trembled violently, but not one dared to say a word. They became more frightened all the while as the figures slowly drew clos-

er, but were very much relieved when the figures turned aside and started up a narrow, rocky road that led into the hills. The boys were surprised at this because they knew of no house up that way except a few cabins where miners stayed.

The boys, thinking they had had enough adventure for that night, decided to go home. There was not much said on the way home, but two of the Freshmen boys decided to go back the next night.

When seven o'clock came the next night the two boys started on their journey. They got to the old house about half past eleven and hid behind the same clump of bushes as the night before. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the light was blown out and all was quiet for about five minutes, when the figure came out, looked around, went into the house, returned with the other as he did the night before. The boys, on looking at their watches, found it to be the same hour at which the same action had been performed the night before.

The boys could now see plainly that these mysterious figures were simply men with masks on, and determined to follow them. When they neared the miners' camp the boys stopped behind some large rocks and watched the two men.

The men, when they had got in the shadow of one of the small cabins, looked all around and after a few moments went to the back of the cabin and succeeded after a time in removing a window. One of the men climbed in and began handing articles to the other. When the man on the outside had quite an armful he laid them on the ground and then started to put more on his arm. By these maneuvers the boys judged that this cabin was used by the miners as a place to store their provisions.

They talked a while and decided upon a plan. Each time the man put down the articles the boys advanced a little nearer. When they were near enough they gave one jump and were on top of the robber. But the robber in an instant wrenched himself from their grasp and gave a sharp whistle, which the boys took to be a sign to the man inside. The other man was seen going from the front of the house and the boys at once began to chase him. The robbers had so much the

start of them, the boys decided to turn back. After much difficulty they raised the people of the camp and some of the men started on horseback and soon overtook the marauders and brought them back.

As for the boys, they were recognized as the heroes of the day and were the envy of the easily frightened and less adventurous Sophomores.

A VALENTINE SPREAD

(By Gladys Bode, '15.)

"Instead of a bit of paper and lace,
This I send to take the place."

—Your Valentine.

This was the rhyme that Ethel Hadley, a Freshman in college, found on lifting the lid of a large box which the expressman had just delivered. On removing the tissue paper coverings, she found many delicious dainties to delight both the eye and the palate. In one corner was a monstrous cake, having snow-white icing with tiny red hearts arranged in the form of a larger heart. There were several cans of lovely fruit, plenty of fried chicken deliciously browned, a large box of home made candies, and many other delicious things.

Ethel pondered long over who the sender of the box might be and finally decided that it must be her mother. In several of her letters home, Ethel had complained of the small amount and poor quality of the "grub." Of course, her mother did not know that it was against the regulations of the school to receive a box of any eatable except candy. How she (Ethel) ever happened to get it in without some teacher finding it out was more than she could tell.

At first she thought of telling the principal about the box, but she soon decided not to. She would have a midnight spread, such as she had often read of in college stories. Soon she had informed her ten most intimate friends—for that was all the room would accommodate—that she and her room-mate, Dorothy Whitcomb, would have a "spread" in their room on the evening of St. Valentine's Day.

When the evening arrived, the lights in five rooms went out very promptly at the set time. After the teacher had made the rounds of the

halls, subdued noises and whispered conversations were heard in several rooms, and soon all the guests had gathered in the appointed room.

After taking all the precautions they considered necessary, the contents of the box were placed on the study table and soon they "fell to" with a will. Just as everything was progressing nicely, and they were preparing to cut that "love of a cake," they heard a gentle knock on the door. They hastily carried the table behind a screen which stood in readiness, in case it was needed, and all the girls except Ethel and Dorothy slid under beds, behind curtains, or any other place that came handy.

Another knock and a request to open the door immediately.

"Did somebody speak?" Dorothy asked in sleepy tones.

"I certainly did! I rapped twice and spoke once," replied the teacher, rather angrily.

By this time Dorothy unlocked the door and said, "Why, Miss Proctor, I am so sorry! You know Ethel and I are both such sound sleepers that I guess we didn't hear your first knock at all."

"Well, I am sorry that I disturbed your slumbers, but I thought I heard muffled and suspicious noises in here a few moments ago, but since everything seems to be all right, I will go. Good night."

Dorothy closed and barred the door. For a little while after the teacher's departure, everything was still, then Dorothy was complimented on her ready wit, Ethel remarking, "You always could slide out of difficulties the slickest of any girl I ever saw!"

They continued their interrupted feast and all the girls went to their rooms voting it the best "midnight spread" they had ever attended. Ethel was very well satisfied with her valentine and her first taste of stolen college fun, but she realized that they might have fallen into serious trouble had it not been for the sleepy tones and innocent manners of her chum, Dorothy Whitcomb.

"I'd give you a tip, waiter, but I find I have only car-fare left."

"Ah, sir, you don't appreciate the benefit of an after dinner walk."

REALIZATION OF JIMMY'S DREAM

Prize Story.

(By Helen Mosgrove, '15.)

"Jimmy!" came the teacher's voice sharply.

Jimmy looked up with a guilty look on his face. Had the teacher seen him throw that spit-wad? But no, she evidently had not, as she did not look "cranky" enough. Jimmy always studied his teachers carefully.

"Jimmy, will you ever learn to sit up straight? There, that's better. Now tell me, how much is 12 times 12?" She thought she caught him that time.

Jimmy, after much wriggling and figuring (he had lately moved into one of the back seats) announced the result to be 144. The teacher looked surprised and pleased. Jimmy was not wont to answer arithmetical questions so readily; but then, she thought, with some complacency, after having her for a teacher it was no wonder.

Jimmy smiled to himself and brightened up, for after having answered that question correctly, he knew he would not be called upon again. So slumping down in his seat, he gave himself up to his favorite day dream—what if sometime when they were all in school, a fire broke out!"

He hugged himself with ecstasy at the thought. Then he, Jimmy, would be the hero. When the smell of smoke was creeping all around them, and the flames were "hungrily lapping at their feet" (he had been reading a dime novel), "he would rise up and stretching out his strong right arm, would say"—

But it was never known what he would say, for at this interesting point of his dream, there came the "Ding, ding" of the fire alarm; and an unmistakable smell of smoke did come creeping 'round their feet.

To say that Jimmy was startled, is putting it mildly, he was frightened half to death. He did, indeed, spring to his feet, but in quite a different manner from that which he had pictured to himself; and without waiting to get out by the "Turn, stand, pass" method, he rushed to the window and jumped! It was but a short distance to the round, but for a moment he lay stunned, and then sat up staring about him.

From all the different entrances the frightened children were being led from the building. But somehow, now the long wished for did really happen; he did not feel happy at all, but felt exactly the other way. He shook himself and wondered what was wrong. Suddenly with a start, he remembered the prank he, and a couple of other boys, had played on the janitor.

While they had been wandering aimlessly through the building in the noon hour, they had seen the janitor in the little tower of the school house. The key was in the door, and they had turned it, thinking it a good joke on the janitor. They had meant to send someone up and let him out in a few minutes, but had entirely forgotten him.

He jumped up in an instant, and running to the school house door dodged by the man who was there standing guard, and rushed up the stairs to the tower. He could hear the janitor beating on the door, but he could never rightly remember what happened after that, as he was nearly choked with the smoke. He hunted frantically through his pockets for the key. Had he lost it! But no, here it was, and he fumbled blindly for the lock, at last threw the door open, and out staggered the pale-faced janitor. They looked around. There was only one chance in a hundred of getting down, as the air was getting warmer and warmer; and as they rushed down, the stairs shook. When they were going down the last flight, the one above them fell and Jimmy, as they reached the open, fell in a dead faint.

When he opened his eyes, he was surrounded by an anxious and admiring group who demanded to know how he had ever done it, and wasn't he scared to death, and dozens of other foolish questions which are always put to one who has done a brave deed.

Jimmy looked at them in wonder. "Why, no," he said, "That was nothing. There was nothing else to do." Then he looked at them in some embarrassment. "You won't think I'm such a coward for jumping out of the window, will you?"

MUNDY'S PIG.

(Buelah Rivers, '15)

"Lan' sakes!" exclaimed the astonished freshwoman, "so you haven't heard 'bout Mundy's pig yet?"

"Well, y' see, it happened this away. Mundy's pa went and gave her a live pig las' spring fer pin money; and Mundy, she jist liked t' killed it tossin' it aroun' and pettin' it. (Y' see Mundy jist came out here when the schools down there in Salida shut up fer the season). She knowed that the heftier the pig were when she got around t' sellin' it, the more she'd git fer it.

"Now, when the pore critter were 'bout two months old, it began t' ail. Mundy gave it some sort o' patent medicine, but it warn't no use. So she put it in a box in back o' the stove and (Mundy makes the best sandwiches I ever tasted) she fed it peanut butter san'wiches. She jist took the best kind o' keer of it, but it got so pore y' could see clean through it.

"Mundy went t' town one day t' get a tonic fer the pig from the family doctor. Well, he jist liked t' split his sides lafin' (behind Mundy's back of course), but he gave her some pills all covered over with chocolates so he couldn't taste the bitter part and get sick again.

"When Mundy got back again the pig warn't no whar to be found, an' Mundy, she jist took on somethin' fierce. She looked all over the yard fer it, but she never thought t' look in the mud hole behind the chicken yard fer her darlin' little piggy.

"Llyn found her out in the orchard lookin' fer it up in the trees. Course he loughed, an' Mundy, she stamped Llyn, he felt kinda bad 'bout makin' her bawl, an' he got t' lookin' 'round fer it, too, an' by an' by he found the pore critter rootin' in the mud. Its nice white hide (I've alays heard white pigs was sick uns) was all smeared up, an' the little white collar an' the big pink bow under its chin was just about the color of its hide.

"He picked it up by the ear an' carried it home, an' Mundy heard the pig squealin' an' came a runnin' out t' see what was the matter. When she saw her pet treated that away an' got a peek at the pink bow, er what used

(Continued on Page 13)

The Tenderfoot.

BY THE HIGH SCHOOL, SALIDA, COLORADO

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Application made for second-class rates at the postoffice of Salida, Colo., under act of June 6, 1900.

50C PER YEAR

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Volume III.

FEBRUARY, 1912

Number 5.

EDITORIAL

The staff wishes to thank those of the Freshman class who responded so loyally with stories and poems for this special number of THE TENDERFOOT. We wish we had room to print them all, but our limited space makes it necessary to omit some. In addition to those whose stories and poems are herein reproduced the following also contributed original productions: Geraldine Vail, Margaret Miller, Addie Knickerbocker, Bessie Corlett, Willard Woody, Mildred Reynolds, Emily Hodding, Jennalee Williams.

ERRATUM

By mistake the last issue of THE TENDERFOOT did not show who wrote the best story for that number. This honor should go to Albert Griffin, '14. Let us have more stories and more poems from which to make our selections.

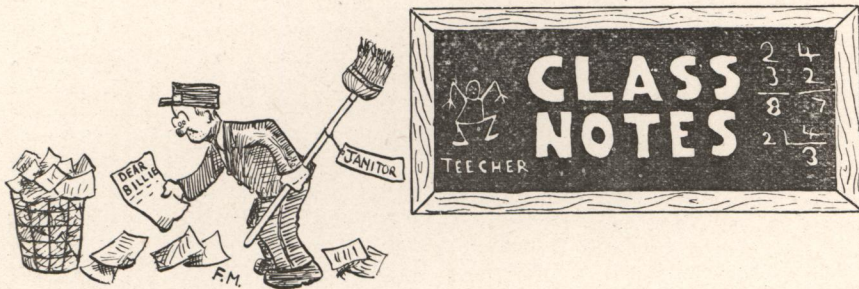
HONOR ROLL

Since the last number of THE TENDERFOOT we have stepped another step upward on the ladder. The mid-year examinations have been given

and the first half of the school year is history.

On another page we give a table of those students who have won honors in any subject during the semester. It will also be seen by the table that in addition to those who have won honors in at least one subject each class is represented by at least one student who won honors in everything. The record of our high school, as indicated by this table, is indeed good and speaks well not only for us as students but for our teachers. They are indeed to be complimented for the ability they have displayed in directing our activities into useful channels. One of the prime requisites for honors is good deportment and any teacher who can take a room full of boys and girls full of life and activity and guide their efforts in the proper direction is worthy of our deepest respect.

Those who were excused from examinations in everything are: Freshmen, Bessie Corlett, Beulah Rivers, Sophomores, Scott McAbee; Juniors, Ruth Rubin, Georgia Oliver, Edna Norton; Seniors, Viola Kennison, Beatrice Buchholtz.



FRESHMEN NOTES

What If:—

The Woods burned down?
 The Rivers ran dry?
 The Sage lost his wisdom?
 The Haus burned down?
 The Rhodes were rocky?
 The Fo(u)lks didn't come?
 The Miller lost the mill?
 The Hunt brought no game?
 We had no (a)Bode?
 The fishes had no Bate-man?
 The Bunberry(s) were not fresh?
 We lost our Webster's Dictionary?
 The Gup-pole was blown over?
 Matt-hews down a tree?
 The Gill held a pint?
 The Diss-yllable became a "mono"?
 Our Divers lost their belles?

Things which you will never see:

Clarence graduate in 1915.
 Orrin always early.
 Bessie receive several zeros.
 Dorian cease having her beaux come to the house every Monday and Wednesday evening.
 Harry in grand opera.
 Margaret Miller rattling her hair.
 Hazel's hair out of order.
 Beulah's nose turn up and Jennie Lee's turn down.
 Delacy become hardened.
 Helen become a poor reader.
 Willard quit grinning.

Sidelights on Freshman History.

(With Apologies to Eggleston.)

Three Years Ago—
 (Our memory does not reach beyond that period.)
 Tom and her friend, Walter S., got a whipping(?).
 A number of our classmates dropped out, several fell behind.

Lucien was a prize "banner leader."
 Beulah "just couldn't tolerate that horrid Dorian."

Pearl was the reigning beauty.
 We gave an entertainment under the supervision of Miss Barton, and Dow and Arron proved themselves excellent decorators.

We voted on the presidential election.

Our class colors were brown and gold.

Miss Barton couldn't whip Walter.
 Our departed friend, Roland Dewey, played the part of a chivalrous bully, then he "quit us cold."

Nellie Cryder was our Christmas carol.

Monda fell down a hole and nearly broke her crown.

The girls played hookey one day and suffered the loss of their recess during the remainder of the year.

The girls of the Central Sixth used to make dolls (wooden heads, you know) out of blocks of wood.

Poets blossomed out quite often.

Pearl was quite in love.

Dorian made eyes at Willard.

"Bill" and "Tom" led Mrs. Ridgway a merry chase and were in the habit of staying after school, for some strange reason.

We were too busy having fun and writing notes to ever choose class colors.

Pearl played the part of "Priscilla" and "dear Chester" the part of "John," also Pearl cried one day.

Jennie Lee had a dog and we were aware of the fact.

Poetry writing ceased after that poem about Walter's aeroplane,—by the way, did we ever get that ride?

"Bill" wrote a love letter to "Tom"

and signed it "Delacy." The janitor found it out on the school grounds, and oh! but didn't it raise a rumpus?

We had a valentine box and Jennie Lee received the greatest number of valentines.)

One of the best pupils joined our class (Bessie).

Clarence brought a box of chocolates to school one day—and—!

Mrs. Ridgway was glad to be rid of us.

We had regular "spellin' downs."

Monda wrote a story, at least they say so.

"Tom" and "Bill" were for Cook and Peary, respectively, and during an argument one day "Tom" struck "Bill." The two were politely requested to fight it out behind the barn.

The girls "made eyes" at the little kids as they passed the side door.

Notes used to fly like birds from Chester to Pearl and back again.

We girls of the Central school used to make dolls (wooden heads, you know) from blocks of wood.

One Year Ago—

We, at least some of us, made the acquaintance of the other Eighth graders. The two have merged into one now and there is less class feeling.

The boys refrained from giving the class yell.

We gave several class entertainments..

Sidney lit a match in school one day. Drawing ladies' heads was the fad which took the place of poetry writing.

Beulah was an excellent example of dreamy absent-mindedness.

Chester left school and Pearl didn't see how she would get along without him.

Donald delivered a sermon—oh I meant speech—on the "Indian Summah."

Walter D. was just as big a baby as ever.

One day Delacy got ninety in History and a certain young lady carried home a box of chocolates.

This Year—

The day Walter was hauled over in the assembly.

The slap Lynn Hale received at the Freshman party.

The work is "sumfin fierce."

Several of the girls in the Domestic

Science class cooked macaroni, cheese and salt one day.

Orrin is quite punctual.

Delacy spends two hours a day on English. So does Clarence.

All we need is a little more class spirit.

Thelma left the History class one day.

We used marshmallows for powder puffs at the party.

Emily became aware of the fact that it is leap year and Orrin will suffer the consequences later.

Fresh notes— . . . — . . . — . . . — N

First Pupil:—"Have you studied for this exam?"

First Pupil:—"Well, how do you ever expect to pass?"

Second Pupil:—"I don't expect to."

Dorian:—"The dog ate a lot of leaves out of my Latin book and I've noticed he's been growing a Roman nose lately."

Mable (punctuating a sentence):—"me' should be in brackets."

Miss Gilpatrick (later on):—"She has me in brackets."

First Latin student:—"Do you understand Latin?"

Second Latin Student:—"When it is spoken in English."

Wanted:—A position as janitor to sweep the sidewalk and, also, some one to comb my hair and powder my face in school.—Walter Diss.

Freshman (translating Latin):—"Tiberius Gracchus and Caius Gracchus were sons of Cornelia and daughters of Scipio."

Mary D. (in History):—"Among the administrators at Rome were four idols (aediles)."

Miss Gilpatrick:—"Harry, I wish you would learn that you have some kind of a name by which people can call you."

Freshman (in English) "He was always hungry (angry) about the wise-woman."

"The Romans were sacked by the

Gauls." Just merely put in sacks, eh, Emily?"

Gal FIVE Fresh notes

Ahem! When did you change your name to "Helen," Howard?

Miss Gilpatrick:—"Harry, spell re-appearance?"

Harry:—"R-e-a-p-p-e-a-r-a-n-c-e, or e-n-c-e."

Miss Gilpatrick:—"Which?"

Harry:—"Both."

Miss Pearsall:—"Why was the command, 'do not shoot until you see the whites of their eyes,' given?"

Orrin:—"So they would be sure to hit them."

Marguerite (in Latin):—"Dextrum is singular plural."

We'll have to take Mr. Harris for what he means, not for what he says since his wife is gone.

Mildred:—"I look like a horse, I feel like a horse, I act like a horse; therefore I am a horse."

Mable translated English into Latin so that it read: "If Caesar leads them they will fly with greatest courage."

The Freshmen had a skating party on Saturday evening, January 13. The party gathered at seven-thirty o'clock, at the home of Dunreath Perkins. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Peacock. There was not a very large crowd out, but all in attendance report a jolly time.

Orrin (in English):—"He was well known among the brethren and sister of Lantern Yard."

Floyd (in Latin):—"The principal parts of 'gero' are: gero, gerere, geesi, geessus."

Hal (in English):—"Had he even strolled in to drink a pint of the Rainbow." (Did he mean it?)

Willard (in English):—"The squire condescended to preside in the parlor of the Rainbow rather than under the

shadow of his own dark waistcoat." (wainscot).

Jennie Lee is certainly a good algebra teacher. If you want to know about her, go to Mr. Tanton.

Mary Jones was seen studying spelling Monday and appeared to be very interested, but she held her book upside down.

Florence Gilmore has the fever now, and holds Julia's corner for her. (Phil is working now.)

Howard was seen with a very bad looking eye lately. What is the matter, Howard, did she hit you?

Jennie Lee (in Algebra):—"When you put things from one side to the other can't you put them all together?"

Dunreath (in Algebra, when asked her grade):—"I missed one."

Miss Pearsall:—"That's good."

Mr. Harris:—"What English word comes from 'ego'?"

Jennie Lee:—"Egoosee."

A Skating Party (Nit)

(Esther M. Jones, '15)

We Freshmen are feeling we're wiser,
Yes, than even a month ago,
To say nothing of last September
When we were exceedingly slow.

We've learned things outside the class
room
And we hope a few things within;
But it is certainly 'up-hill business,
And I believe we're all growing thin

Mr. Tanton can show some report
cards.

Which speak of our doings in school
And I'll tell you one of the outside
If it isn't breaking the rule.

We had planned a nice little skating,
All arrangements were made to a
dot—

They were all O. K. too, or we thought
so,
But looked different quite when
worked out.

We first made a balk in our starting,
And left home, I think, about eight,
And traveled the streets for some hours
And reached the pond fearfully
late.

Now the moon was shining so brightly
And the ice looked exactly like jet;
But alas! another big blunder,
Or we might have been skating
there yet.

We had chosen a man from the
Southland
To be one of our own chaperons
Who had never seen water frozen,
And had never a pair of skates on.

His antics were really quite stunning,
And offered amusement great;
I think we did our share of laughing,
While we also sealed up our fate.

He performed for us just fifteen min-
utes,
And said the play was all done,
That he didn't care very much for
skating
And he sent us all home on the run.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Ward (in class meeting):—"What's
the use of having an assistant liter-
ary editor?"

Leonard:—"To help the other one,
I suppose."

Harry (in English):—"She is as
nearly a perfect woman as any wo-
man."

Miss Gilpatrick:—"A squirrel can
climb anything more quickly than a
boy."

Mr. Harris:—"Frazier, how would
you say the compound form of 'come'
with 'have' for an auxiliary?"

Frazier:—"To have came."

Ward (at class meeting):—"If the
editor hasn't much to do I should
think one of you could do that."

Richard (in Latin):—"Is 'silli' the
genitive of 'silius'?"

Mr. Harris:—"Yes."

Ricard:—"Well, I should think
then, that there'd be just one 'i' in
it."

Scott:—"Some nouns can have two
'i's!'"

Anna:—"I have just one 'i'."

Mr. H.:—"It seems the Romans had
trouble with their 'i's' as well as we
do."

The Sophomore "hike" to the home of
Scott McAbee on Bear Creek was a
complete success. So complete a one,
in fact, that the jolly crowd did not
reach home until two o'clock the
next morning.

Ward:—"Gaba having expelled the
Germans."

Harry (reading in English):—"Seem
I not as slender (tender) to him?"

Sophomore (reading in English):—"And
Gareth loosed the stone from
off his neck, then in the mere beside
tumbled in (it)."

Mr. Harris told Frazier to read two
sentences in Latin the other day.
Frazier read one.

Mr. Harris:—"That will do."

To use the expression of a certain
Sophomore boy, "You girls put it
one over the rest of the high school
when you got up the Leap Year par-
ty." The invitations were sent to the
boys incognito and it was not until
after the girls unmasked that the
boys were sure who their partners
were. Some, it must be owned, were
too curious and by fair means or foul,
learned who some of the mysterious
characters were.

JUNIOR NOTES

BOOM! Boom! Boom!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Juniors, Juniors!
Give us room!

All are now reading "Hamlet" in
English and are especially enjoying
it as it is one of Shakespeare's most
interesting plays.

Miss Gilpatrick thinks that some-
thing is wrong with the Juniors—it
must be the Algebra.

LATIN

"All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it,
All will die who learn it,
Blessed death, they'll surely earn it.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And it might die on sublime
If they didn' keep us busy
Learning Latin all the time."

Harry:—"I love my algebra, but
how I log for my old companion, ge-
ometry."

The Juniors are looking forward to
a good time at a class party to be
given Saturday, February 10, at the
home of Miss Helen Plimpton. A
jolly time is expected since it will be
arranged and planned by Kathryn
Bateman, Helen Plimpton and Ruth
Rubin.

Stephen has become quite a drug-
gist. Have any of you tried his pre-
scription? If not, try HIS tonic for
bashfulness. It has already become
famous and has proved a success.
He also has several brands of milk
which are famous for their inability
to be kept in stock.

Howard Carson:—"Raleigh was a
favorite of Queen Elizabeth's, while
she was living."

Kathryn Bateman (in Latin):—
"They were most fertile in arms."

IN THE LABORATORY.

In the laboratory the other day,
Every one was working with mercury
Turning metals to shining bright,
And in his work all did delight.
While in this work—just think of the
fact—

Jean Pearce did a brilliant act!
With mercury he tried to make his
finger bright,
But turned it black, instead of that
silver whie!

Eva Ware (in Latin):—"With his
voice he poured out the pure liba-
tion on the hearth."

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Seniors are now taking up San-
itation, which has replaced Physiol-
ogy.

Teacher,—“Alice, tell why resist-
ing power is greater in youth than in
old age.”

Al.—“As we grow old, why then we
grow older and are not able to re-

sist diseases,as well as when we are
not so old.”

Mr. Tanton (in Sanitation),“What
is objection to blke riding as an ex-
ercise?”

Curtis,—“You are apt to get kill-
ed at it.”

Teacher, (illustrating how some pu-
pils remember their lessons), “Wal-
ter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth went
walking in the rain, at the top of the
right page in the middle of the
book.

Teacher,—“The metal is ground up
to pin point heads, or no, I mean pin
head points.

One pupil is still trying to blow up
the Chem laboratory.

ALUMNI

George Purmort, '08, and Neil Dav-
enport, '08, are attending the Boulder
University.

Miss Jessie Marvin is spending the
winter with her mother in California.

Evelyn Foss, '10, is teaching school
at Monarch.

Pauline Cook is attending LaSalle
Seminary, Boston.

Waldo Hahn is working in the mines
at Garfield.

Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter, Ro-
salee Mulvaney, are spending the win-
ter in Bcston. Rosalee is attending
the Boston Conservatory there.

Arthur Marvin is touring in the east.
George Brewster recently visited
the High school.

Ruth Whitehurst is studying in Bos-
ton.

Miss Alinda Montgomery, '05, is
teaching school at La Junta.

Esther DeWeese is assisting her fa-
ther at his office.

SCHOOL DAYS.

(By Pearl Means, '15.)

Oh! these happy school days,
Days of joy and fun,
How they speed behind us
As our course is run.

Oh! these happy school days,
Days which we hold dear;
When in each day's study
Some thought is made clear.

Of these happy school days,
Days both glad and gay,
May sweet memories linger
To brighten up life's way.

ROLL OF HONOR

	Algebra	Chemistry	Civics	Domestic Sci.	English	Geometry	German	History	Latin	Man'l Trg.
Freshmen										
Dunreah Perkins	1	1	1	1	1	1				
Bessie Corlett	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Etta Foulk	1									1
Gladys Woods	1	1	1	1	1	1				
Mary Denek	1	1	1	1	1	1				
Beulah Rivers	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Margaret Holman	1	1	1	1	1	1				
Gert. Bondurant	1	1	1	1	1	1				
Gertrude Crotser		1								
Lucine Jones		1								
Grace Williamson		1								
Marjorie Mixer		1					1			
Jen'Lee Williams		1								
Cladys Bode		1	1	1	1	1				
Hazel Schoolfield		1								
Pearl Means		1								
Monda Tomlin		1								
Helen Mosgrove		1								
Marg. Miller		1								
Mabel Bateman		1								
Ruth Newman		1								
Pearl En Earl		1								
Orrin Hunt		1								1
Hester Sage		1								1
Sophomores										
Jessie Boots	1									
Gladys Jackson	1	1	1							
Scott McAbee		1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Edith Nord	1	1	1							
Ethel Green		1	1	1	1	1				
Geo. Churchill		1								
Leonard Maier		1	1							
Sadie Bailar		1	1	1						
Mad'ne Meacham		1	1							1
Dana Van Cleave		1								
Edith Woody		1	1	1	1	1				
Lydia Parker		1								1
Effie Henry		1								1
Richard Fuller		1								1
Juniors										
Christ. Bond	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Helen Plimpton	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Josephine Randol	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Ruth Rubin	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Edna Nortin	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Ina Simpson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Georgia Oliver	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Beulah Wilson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Edith Ware	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Nina Churcher	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
Kathryn Bateman	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		

Eva Ware	1									
Wal. Schoolfield	1									
Seniors										
Bea. Buchholtz	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Marg. Hayden	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Viola Kennison	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Flor. Gilmore	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Flor. Withrow	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Joe Woods	1									
Clara Smith	1									
Alice Sangster	1									

MUNDY'S PIG

(Continued from Page 6)

t' be the pink bow, she jist naturely fainted.

"Mundy never had nothin' t' do with that pig any more, but it ware jist miraculous how quick he begun t' improve. It was jist rollin' in fat in no time.

"Mundy went aroun' complainin' 'bout the ungratefulness o' the world until the pig was old enough t' kill. Then she begun t' makin' eyes at it again. But that pig didn't have no use fer Mundy, fer I reckon he knowed she war kind o' green.

"She finally sold him fer a good round price, but she sez his ghost haunts her troubled sleep, and she jist can't git no rest from it. So she's goin' t' raise turkeys exclusive this comin' year."

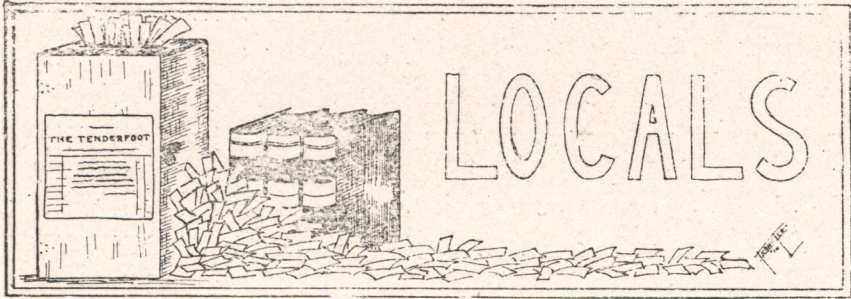
(Footnote: This story is founded on facts; because, you see, Monda had a pig. Ask her if you don't believe.)

B. A. R.

New Russian Oil Fields

Baku hitherto has been known as the great oil producing province of Russia. Its output has been enormous. We are now told of the Saliyny Steffe, some 130 miles from Baku, Which gives promise of going a bow shot on many of them beyond any performance credited to the latter as a producer of petroleum. The possibilities of the new field are said to be very great.

Advertisers in The Tenderfoot are worthy the patronage of all students of the schools.



HOCH COMING



One of the strongest platform addresses is that given by Gov. Hoch of Kansas.

The chief executive of the Sunflower state is brilliant, fluent, witty and convincing. The following comment from the Racine, Wis., Journal is typical:

"For about two hours he held the crowd spellbound with his flights of eloquence, words of advice and hu-

morous anecdotes. His message was a grand appeal to the best in all. There was commendation on every hand for his address."

Hear him at the auditorium, March 9th. Third number on course.

One of the best numbers of the High school lecture course was rendered Wednesday evening, January 24, by the "Strollers' Quartette." The next number is to be given March 7 by Governor Hoch of Kansas.

Mrs. Harris, the wife of our Latin-German teacher, left February 5 for Norman, Oklahoma, where she expects to finish her college course in the State University located at that place. Her major study is English.

Mr. Mahoney (relating a funny incident to some Juniors):—"Yes, sir! when we poured the hoky-poky on that dog's back you ought to have seen him run. Why, he just go up and went like h—l!"

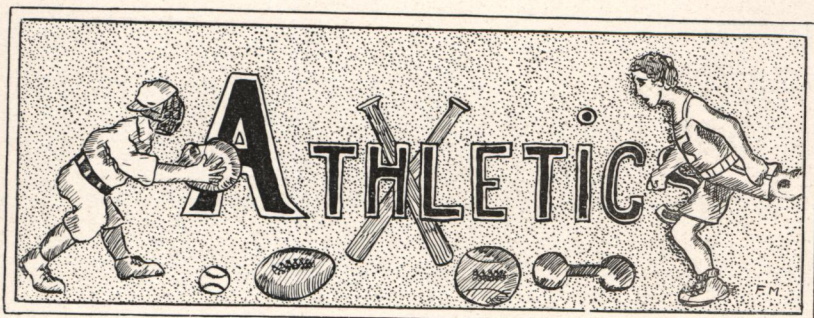
Mr. Harris (entering unobserved) "Like what?"

Mr. Mahoney (not noticing who his questioner was):—"Like h—l (turning round) Er-oh-oh hoky-poky you know, hoky-poky. We poured some hoky-poky on a dog's back."

Mrs. E. C. Quinn is fast recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. J. A. Holman returned from the D. and R. G. hospital Wednesday, where she had been for the past two weeks.

Miss Essie Bondurant has gone to Penrose, Colorado, for her health.



In a game between the South Canon and Salida girls the score was 47 to 11 in the favor of Salida. The lineup:

Nina Rutherford, Edith Miller, forwards; Clara Kirkland, Jessie Pringle, captain, centers; Vera Merris, Harriet Black, guards; Edell Smith, sub.

Nina Churcher, Lucy Newman, forwards; Mary Denek, Florence Gilmore, captain, centers; Leitha Woods, Edith Nord, guards; Maud Collier, sub.

The North Canon girls played the Salida girls at the rink, January 12, resulting in a score of 5 to 12 in Salida's favor. The lineup was:

Elliot, Walton, forwards; Little, Craig, centers; Evans, McKenzie, guards.

Churcher, Newman, forwards; Gilmore, Denek, centers; Woods, Harris, guards.

* * *

In the return game from Gunnison the score in the afternoon was 9 to 28 in favor of the Salida girls. The lineup was as follows:

Agnes Myers, Alta Adams, forwards; Elnore Bray, Edna Wright, centers; Lucille Anderson, Edith Andrews, guards; Margaret Morris, sub.

Nina Churcher, Lucy Newman, forwards; Mary Denek, Florence Gilmore, centers; Leitha Woods, Edith Nord, guards; Jennie Williams, sub.

In the evening the score was 6 for Gunnison and 45 for Salida. The lineup was the same as the afternoon.

S. H. S. vs. Gunnison Normal.

On January 19th Gunnison played to double-headers, one in the afternoon and one at night.

Salida was on the jump from start to finish, and the following score was the result:

Afternoon: Salida girls, 28; Gunnison girls, 9.

Night: Salida girls, 45; Gunnison girls, 6.

Afternoon: Salida boys, 60; Gunnison boys, 11.

Night: Salida boys, 104; Gunnison boys, 11.

On February 2, the South Canon teams went down to defeat before the Salida players. South Canon put up a good fight, but to no avail. The score was:

Salida boys, 82; South Canon boys 12. Salida girls 47; South Canon girls 11.

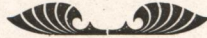
On February 9th the Salida teams go to Florence. So look out, Florence.

So far Salida has only victories to her credit. The total score of points stands as follows:

Boys, 434 vs. 89.

Girls, 273 vs. 65.

Freshman Philosophy



When a feller's up ag'in it,
 An' he's feelin' sorter blue,
 An' his problems are all crosswise,
 An' his Latin won't come thru,
 Tell yer what it shore does he'p him
 For a teacher just to lay
 His hand upon yer shoulder
 In a friendly sort o' way.

There's a kind o' queerish feelin'
 Comes a stealin' 'round yer heart
 An' you hang yer head a minute
 As the tears begin to start
 An' you feel like you could hug him
 But you don't know what to say,
 When his hand is on yer shoulder
 In a friendly sort o' way.

Th'ain't no truth to all this chatter
 'Bout the good fer nohin' boy
 An' you know your teacher knows it
 An' it fills your heart with joy
 An' yer feels like yer a Daniel
 Ready once more fer the fray
 When his hand is on yer shoulder
 In a friendly sort o' way.

One day in a window of one of the large stores of Chicago, there was a beautiful hand-painted vase. A girl from New York City looked at it for a few minutes and then she exclaimed: "What a magnificent piece of China-ware!"

Next came a girl from Chicago, who said: "What a pretty vase!"

Then a girl from Salida came along and looked at it for a long time. She finally exclaimed: "Golly! What a swell jug!"

NEED A BODY CRY.

If a body finds a lesson rather hard
 and dry,
 If nobody comes to show him need a
 body cry?
 If he's little time to study should he
 stop and sigh?
 E'er he says "I cannot learn it" ought
 he not to try?

If a body scans his lesson with a
 steady eye,
 All its hardness he will conquer, con-
 quer by and by
 Then how nicely he'll repeat it, face
 not all awry,
 Ne'er again he'll say he cannot, but
 will go and try. —Anon.

CHEER UP.

(Jenna Lee Williams, '15.)

When you are troubled
 And worry is doubled
 When lessons have been hard all day,
 When every new topic
 Yields little but sorrow
 And all does not go your own way,
 Don't look like a mut
 Get out of the rut
 Go into the sunshine and smile.
 Go pickle that face
 Get into the race
 And when you get back from your
 Just wade in again (stroll
 And keep up your grin
 And you'll pull yourself out of the hole



We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges for January:

The Columbine, Cripple Creek, Colo.; Shamokin H. S. Review, Shamokin, Pa.; The Beacon, Detroit, Mich.; Helios, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Interlude, South Bend, Ind.; Prospector, Wardner, Idaho; Highschool Echoes, Tucumcari, N. M.; The Slate, Enid, Oklahoma; The Dinosaur, Laramie, Wyoming; The High School Life, Clay Center, Kansas; Berne Budget, Berne, Indiana; The Native American, Phoenix, Arizona; Der Zeit Geist, Lewis-

burg, Pa.; Kodak, Cheboygan, Mich.; Red and Black, Tampa, Fla.; Tamah-Muskogee, Oklahoma; Kinnikinik, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Academy Bulletin, Cumberland, Md.; The Adjutant, Ft. Bliss, Texas; The Record, Sioux City, Iowa; The 'Varsity, Louisville, Ky.; The Acorn, St. Anthony Park, Minn.; Orange and White, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Messenger, Wichita, Kansas; Review, Lowell, Mass.; Habit, Salina, Kansas; The Clarion, Salem, Ore.; The High School News, Berlin, Wis.; The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.; The Crucible, Greeley, Colo.; The Student, Liberty, Ind.

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