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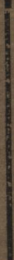
# The Tenderfoot

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JANUARY, 1912



THE SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL  
SALIDA COLORADO



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# THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. 3, No. 4

JANUARY, 1912.

50c per Year



## Leap Year Catalogue of Our Worthy Young Gentlemen

**Carson, Howard:** A young gentleman who, although he is seemingly vicious, is really very affectionate.

**Case, Marion:** Who occasionally visits us, evidently believing that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

**Collins, Arthur:** Young, rather bashful—but promising.

**Day, Bartle:** Too bad—he has so many virtues—but he's already spoken for Alas!

**Divers, Omer:** A very angelic youth. It wasn't really a honeymoon, that he went on—merely a basket ball tour. So you see there is hope.

**Dobbie, Clayton:** Oh, would that all the lads had his gentlemanly and polished manners!

**Elofson, Harry:** A handsome athlete, also highly accomplished along the vocal lines. He is both refined and intelligent.

**England, Stephen:**—but it's hardly worth while to describe his many charms, for he would scarcely have time to see you.

**French, Arthur:** Would make a perfect darling matinee idol—sweet and charming, you know. Perfectly beautiful in a black suit.

**French, Ballard:** Usually found at the dancing academy. Go and investigate his virtues for yourself.

**Hollenbeck, Guy:** A very ambitious

youth, very convenient when it comes to seeing ladies home. He has great business ability, but prefers to save this ability for future use.

**Pearce, Jean:** Cute, nice looking, of a ver amiable disposition, and passionately fond of good cookery.

**Schoolfield, Wallace:** A young hero who drives an E in F car with a noble disregard for life, limb, and policemen. He is sometimes accompanied by a daring young feminine personage.

**White, Roger:** A fine ladies' man. Romantic as he is good looking. Has an enviable way of shaking back his auburn locks. He even gets up early in the morning (something that few youths can boast of).

**Woods, Joe:** Now for some artistic little girl choosing a model for her Gibson head—here is her golden opportunity—Joe would just love to pose.

**Young, Roy:** Fine personality. Very lonely just now—another opportunity.

Of course there are many other youths, but we could scarcely describe them all.

Now, girls, it is four years until you will have this chance again. So pray make use of this catalogue, gotten up with painstaking care and much labor.

## Silas on "Coyotes."

FOUNDED ON FACTS  
(By Stephen England, '13)

"Well, boys," said Silas one evening, "'bout time you was gettin' your coyote traps set, ain't it? Oughter be a good year for 'em. Seen any yit, Jim?"

The one addressed looked up. "Nope; ain't been out yit. Heern somebody say they was lots of 'em, though," he answered.

"Aw, coyotes is cowards," spoke up Sam, grinning. We all knew something was up. "They don' know nothin', neither. Easiest thing in the world to ketch 'em."

At this Silas bit. "Doncher ever fool yerselves, boys. Coyotes may be cowards, but they ain't fools. I 'member one time, I was shovelin' hay. Say, boys, 'jever see one of them old-fashioned hay wagons? Had to lift the hay eight feet to put it on the wagon. The pitchforks was grab-hooks. Either ge ta whole shock or none at all. Gee, boys, but that was fun, in them days—shovelin' hay, I mean.

Here Sam interrupted. "Oh, Silas, how about them coyotes? Y'u didn't shovel them any, didju?"

"Oh, you go on, said Silas indignantly. They wasn't fools. Why, I was jest goin' to tell yu' about 'em when you butted in. I'm goin' to now, and don't stop me." So saying, he spat into the fire, and we arranged ourselves. Finally he began, and we all listened without interrupting.

"One day, when I went down to the field, I took Tip, the dog, along, to catch field mice. As I was rakin' a heavy stretch of timothy, I heard the awfulest noise what ever struck my ears. I thought that fool dog had gotten stuck in some place 'ruther, and I went over to look around. I looked, and listened, and all I found out was that I couldn't find out anything. So I went back to my rake, and then I saw two coyotes runnin' up the hill for all they was wu'th, and howlin' louder ever' step they took. I thought I had them skeered out, so I didn't bother no more that day. But I took a gun to the field next day, but nary coyote did I see. The next day I took no gun, and saw them bloomin' beasts not more than twenty yards away, grinnin' fit to split their jaws. The

next day, an' ever' day fer a week, I took that gun, and saw not a coyote. 'Well,' thinks I, 'you're skeered out.' So I didn't take no gun. The next day, Tip went along for more mice. Yu' see, when I'd shovel a shock off the ground, lots o' times field mice would run out, and Tip would git 'em. He made a good livin' thataway. And sometimes he'd get moles, that would be baskin' in the sun. Yu' couldn't 'uve kep' him out of that there field with a tight board fence, ten feet high. He'd 'a' got in some way, by gum. But tu' git back to them there coyotes. P'raps I'd better git through with'em an' let 'em go to bed. That day, when I didn't take no gun, they came 'round. They monkeyed with Tip 'till he was most crazy. They'd call him all the names they could lay their tongues to, and Tip would look mad, and kinda foolish. Yu' see, they're such good cusers, any ordinary dog can't talk to 'em 'tall. And they was two of them to one of Tip, and he was skeered. But finally he jest couldn't stand it no longer, and jumped up an' went fer one what was inside the fence. Say, mister, yu' 'dorter seen that gentleman get outside, and Tip right on his hells. But the other coyote was right one jump behind Tip, and Tip couldn't stand that, so he whirled. Both coyotes whirled, and the condition of affairs was the same. Tip finally got back to the wagon, and he was all in. But after they had cussed him good agin, he jumped up and went for one. Then they played all over again. They kept that up nigh onto half a day, and I'd stop and watch 'em ever' time. Easy job. No work, good pay. And a sight as good as a circus. Finally them brutes drove Tip under the wagon, and I'll be blamed if they wouldn't have' et him, and me to, if I hadn't 'uve had a fork."

Here Sam said, "Hold up, Silas! That's too much to swallow!"

"Well, you jest ask Bill, here. He was with me," pointing to me. "Don't tell me coyotes is fools!" With which assertion, he closed his remarks, and went to bed.

The parlor sofa held the twain,

Irma and her love sick swain

HeandShe

But hark! a step upon the stair!

And mama finds them sitting there,

He and She.—Ex.

## Aunt Jane's Mr. Douglas.

"Anna-be-l-l, come here fastasyuh can," piped a small boy's voice from behind the trees, near the fence along the lane. Norman had gone to the spring to get a milk-can-pail of water, while Annabell was making mud pies and biscuits in the fence corner play house.

"Whatcha want?" Annabell called back, coming toward him as fast as she could on two bare brown feet.

"Sh," he continued, making a place for her to peek thru the leaves with him. "Look who'sa-coming up the road."

"It's Aunt Jane. Why who is that man with her? Oh, do you s'pose it's Uncle Ed?"

"No, t'aint; Uncle Ed's short like papa."

"Let's run and meet her," and the little girl started. "O-oo no. I'm ascared to," and she ran back. "Let's peek here 'til they go by." And they did, waiting breathlessly until the couple passed.

Then Norman broke out excitedly, "Annabell Christine Blackely, that man's got hold of Aunt Jane's hand!"

"Look. He dropped something. I'm gona get it," cried Annabell, and, as Aunt and the gentleman turned the bend in the road, both children scrambled over the fence and into the road, Annabell rolling down the little bank, head over heels.

The object dropped proved to be a book of poems, on the fly leaf of which the children spelled out the name, "Mr. Douglas." At that moment the mother's voice was heard, calling them to dinner, and away they went, discussing their find. They burst into the house like a miniture cyclone, and the surprised parents heard a chorus of, "Where's Mr. Douglas?" "Where's Aunt Jane?" "Here's his book." "We found it right where it dropped."

Aunt Jane stood in the dining room doorway, unpinning her sun hat and looking flushed and astonished.

"What Mr. Douglas do you mean? let me see the book," said the mother.

"Why, Aunt Jane's Mr. Douglas, course. Aint that his name?" and Norman appealed to his Aunt, quite unprepared for the pinch she gave his arm as she smothered her voice in her dress and held out her hand for the book.

"A friend of mine lost it," she said, trying to look unconcerned, as she noted her brother's smile.

"Never mind, Jane, we won't tease," he reassured her, and his wife smiled across from the milk pan.

Annabell stood dangling her sunbonnet by the blue strings. "Well, he wouldn't of lost his book if he'd of kept it in his hand, 'stead of under his arm," she philosophized.

Midget, '12.

## Christine's Temptation.

"I am going now, Christine; when you have finished your copying, put the work in my desk. I would stay longer, only I have an appointment to keep." Helen Sinclair rose as she spoke and glanced toward the girl copying busily in the rear of the room.

"All right, Miss Sinclair," she replied, without looking up. Then, as she finished her sentence, she smiled at the pretty young teacher. "I shan't be much longer, now."

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate your offer to copy that for me, Christine. There is so much to do and so little time to do it in. I shall be glad when they hire another teacher for the lower grades; Good night."

"Good night," replied Christine, and the door closed behind the teacher.

There was no sound in the room save the steady ticking of the clock and the scratch of Christine's pen as it moved across the paper. Christine Marcy was one of the brightest girls in the school. The only trouble was that she was inclined to be careless. She might make a brilliant recitation and yet fail on the very same question in an examination. Why it was no one could guess, unless it was that she barely glanced at her lessons. This, moreover, was done just before she was called to class, and therefore she forgot them very quickly.

At last she put down her pen, blotting her work and held the sheets at arms length to scan them closely. The work was indeed beautifully done, and she felt a sense of pardonable pride sweep over her as she looked.

"There, that's good enough for anyone. Now, I can go and not one book to take home. I'm lucky."

She placed the sheets in the teacher's

desk and was about to close the lid when some writing at the top of a slip of paper made her pause with the lid half down.

"Grammar Questions for the Seventh Reader Test on May 5," she read. "Gracious, that's tomorrow, and I don't know one word of grammar!"

Her eyes scanned the paper. Diagram the following:" Mercy me! I can't diagram in a hurry. I shall have to look it up in the book, too, for I don't know one line from another."

A sudden idea made her grow first hot and then cold. Why not take the slip of paper and study up the questions? For an instant she wavered, lowered the lid and turned away. Then, with a stealthy look around, she removed the paper from the desk. Going to her own seat, she placed the questions with several sheets of blank paper in her grammar, selected pencil and eraser and went out.

She hadn't any business to spring a test on us without giving us a word of warning, anyhow," she said excusingly to her conscience. "I never understood diagraming. She won't suspect me, because I've been studying more lately and she may think she left the paper home. Oh, I've an idea, and a splendid one." But the idea made her squirm.

"It's almost too mean; still Amy hadn't any business to tell Miss Sinclair that time she found candy in my desk. It wasn't hurting her, and she knew it."

She put the wrong side resolutely out of her mind, and proceeded to enjoy the beauty of the landscape as she hurried along toward home.

"Why, Christine, how late you are," said her mother. "What on earth kept you so long, child?"

"I was doing some copying for Miss Sinclair, mother; she said it had to be in by Saturday, and I volunteered to do it."

"All right, if you were helping her; I just didn't want you loitering, that was all. Studying to do? Well, hurry and get it done, because we're going out this evening."

By supper time the questions had all been looked up, and the answer fastened firmly in Christine's brain. The sentences had been diagrammed until she knew them by heart, and all the sentences to be composed were written. In short, Christine was per-

fectly prepared for the test, and the evening at her uncle's home was passed pleasantly. If she had any qualms of conscience, she stifled them lest they should remind her of the wrong and made her uncomfortable.

As soon as the school was called to order, the next morning, Miss Sinclair rose and faced the class. Her face was pale and her lips set sternly, and when she spoke her voice held a ring in it which her pupils seldom heard. For the first time Christine trembled, but there was no change in her face.

"I hardly know how to begin what I want to say," the teacher was saying. "I am grieved and vexed to think that a pupil of mine should have so far forgotten himself as to do what has been done since school closed last night. I had some questions made out for an examination for today. When I left the building last night the slip was in my desk. Who took it, I do not know, nor have I the least suspicion of anyone, but I am going to ask each one of you to place your books upon your desk and I shall make a thorough search. This is not the first time such a thing has happened, and it is time to give the offender, whoever he may be, a lesson."

Miss Sinclair descended from the platform and began the search. Desk after desk was searched with no result, when at last there was a stir. The questions had been found in Amy Harwood's desk! Amy Harwood was the girl who came morning's to sweep and put the room to rights. It was well known that Amy was none too scrupulous, and no one was surprised.

Amy burst out crying.

"Indeed, Miss Sinclair, I have not the least idea how they came to be there! On my honor, I haven't."

"Your honor is a very poor thing to swear by, Amy, especially before us who know you. This is not your first offense, or I might believe you. Your stolen knowledge will do you no good, however, as our test tomorrow will be from a different set of questions. I am inexpressibly sorry and ashamed that this should have happened. We will proceed with the regular work. Third grade arithmetic class may now recite. The rest of you prepare for regular lessons."

Christine put in a miserable day. She hardly tasted her luncheon and



refused even to join in the games of the others. Her plan had worked, but it had brought very little satisfaction.

"She needed a lesson, so there! It's just as Miss Sinclair said; she's done wrong too many times already, and it's time she was stopped." But nothing that she could say justified her in her own eyes. Amy's frequent misdemeanors did not excuse hers.

Her favorite dessert was served at home that night, but she hardly tasted it. As soon as she could she went to bed, but could not sleep nor rest. She would fail in her test, she knew, but she was beyond caring. After a long time she fell into a troubled sleep.

For a week matters continued this way, and then, one night, she could stand it no longer. As school was about to close she rose in her seat and asked to say something to the school. The amazed teacher granted permission, and Christine forced herself to walk to the front of the room.

"When I've finished, I won't have a friend in the school room, but I'll have my self respect back again. It was I who took those questions from Miss Sinclair's desk. I stayed that night to do some copying, and when I put the work in her desk, I saw them there. I felt that I was unsafe, so I took them to study from. On the way home it occurred to me to put them in Amy's desk, to revenge myself for something she once did to me, hoping that she would be suspected. I think neither of us will try to cheat after this. I am heartily ashamed, and I want to beg the pardon of Amy, Miss Sinclair and the school.' She then broke down and sobbed.

"Miss Sinclair stepped forward and laid her hand on Christine's shoulder.

"As I said before, I am sorry that this happened, but I agree with Christine in believing that it will not happen again. I believe that she is sorry, too, and I know what it must have cost her to tell. I am proud to have such a girl in my school"—Christine's head came up at the words—"and I move we give her three rousing cheers!"

The cheers that followed fairly made the roof ring, and the best part of it all was that Amy cheered with the rest.

## The Little Man of Caedo School.

(By Albert Griffin, '14)

The school board of Sunflower county were in a perplexed state of mind concerning the teacher of the Caedo school, who had very mysteriously disappeared. The missing instructor's wearing apparel, along with an empty can, which had contained tar, were found in the little school, and in a corner lay a mattress which had been ripped open and nearly all its contents had been taken out.

This was the third occurrence of the kind that had taken place since the school had opened,—it had only been open three weeks.

It was a known fact among the directors of the school that the teacher of it had a rough "gang" of rustic lads to govern, and that during the previous year to that in which our story opens, two ill-fated teachers had been beaten up so badly by their pupils that they had to be taken to a hospital for recovery.

Now, the only resort to which the school board was left was to employ a teacher large enough and strong enough to handle the rogues. So, accordingly, an advertisement was placed in the local paper, inquiring for a "large, strong, and harsh-tempered" teacher.

The next day the office door of the president of the board opened, and in walked a little man of about thirty-five years of age and about five feet in height and also in width. The president savagely inquired the business of the stranger, and was informed that the little gentleman came in reply to the ad.

The president turned quickly in his chair and began curiously to eye the stranger from head to foot, and finally turned back to his desk again, and added with a contemptuous sneer:

"Why, you little shrimp you, the ad said that I wanted a man—a big man! You just as well try to move Gibraltar as to try to run that school. Good'ay."

"Good day, did you say?" And you mean to say that I'm not capable of handling that school, or rather, 'bunch of hayseeds?' Just jump up here, you big mutt, and I'll show you that I can

(Continued on Page 9)

# The Tenderfoot.

BY THE HIGH SCHOOL, SALIDA, COLORADO

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RICHARD FULLER, '14

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Volume III.

JANUARY, 1912

Number 4.

## EDITORIAL

### SOCIAL SPIRIT

A great deal of the social spirit in our High School has disappeared during the last two terms, particularly the present one. The most pleasant memories of our school life center around this phase of the long-to-be remembered school days. Nothing was more noticeable than the activity in this part of the school career not more than three years back. This is just the time of year, called "The Season" by our Eastern friends, when everyone seems to have his mind on social entertainment. The Invitation Leap Year social given by the X. Y. Z. girls last Thursday, and the Sophomore Leap Year party, should revive the deadened spirit, and show the students that there is still hope for further social diversion in the near future. We are thankful that it is Leap Year!

### THE LITTLE BROWN OAK BOX

What can it possibly be intended for? I wonder who made it? Isn't it cute? My! but don't you think it is rather large? Well, we can only say

that it is not "cute." On the contrary, it is the Tenderfoot Local Box. It was constructed by one of the many Senior boys and, to tell the honest truth, it is meant to hold any article, scrap of news or joke that any student can think of. If you will work industriously, and with care, you will find that it is neither difficult to think of jokes nor hard to fill up the local box in the hall.

### CLASS EDITIONS OF TENDERFOOT

In view of the fact that the various classes did such excellent work with the Tenderfoot last year, when each class was allowed to put out an edition we have resolved to try the plan again. The regular February edition will be given over to the Freshmen Class and the March edition to either the Juniors or Sophomores. This is the golden opportunity for the display of that lively, much-spoken-of, sensational rivalry, called "class spirit."

That ever busy and industrious part of the staff, Richard Fuller, has succeeded Stephen England as business manager. The latter has found em-

ployment with the "Waggener Pharmacy," and no longer has the time required for such a position. We are thankful for his past services.

### ARE YOU PREPARED?

The trio of despairing cavaliers ran on with never-fagging steps; those relentless, ever pursuing demons, never ceasing to strike horror into their hearts, were close behind with fearless, hangdog look in their eyes. At last the flying forms suddenly brought up at the brink of a wide, gaping chasm. It was fight to success or come to rest in the ragged depths below. One brave figure stepped forward with confident, unwavering step, a gleam of hope in his eyes and a cry on his lips for the oncoming figures to beware, for he—this one brave gallant—was fearless, undaunted and prepared. The event of his victory fades into history as an ordinary, unimportant episode. He, too, has forgotten it in his ambition to achieve greater glory and success. Have you, too, dear student, been faithful in your preparation, or have you allowed yourself to be pushed over in the chasm? Are you going to suffer a humiliating defeat, or are you going to win a victory over the mid-year finals?

### LITTLE MAN OF CAEDO SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 7)

handle a dozen or more like you!" said the visitor, throwing off his coat.

The president, alarmed and angered at the audacity of his applicant, suddenly sprang from his chair and started toward him. He was no sooner on his feet, however, than his head hit the floor with a thump, and the astonished president found himself staring into the grinning visage of the "little man," who was standing on his chest with his right arm raised as a symbol of victory.

"Now, what have you to say for yourself and of me?" asked the "little man," stepping from the prostrate president's chest to the floor again.

"W-w-why say, old boy, you're just bully for that job," said the conquered one, rising and rubbing his head, "and I'll tell you what I'll do: I will give you the job, and to boot, I'll bet you fifty dollars that you don't stick with it the rest of the term."

"You're on," said he "little man," "and I'll let you hold the stakes. Well, so long; I will be at the school tomorrow morning," and he put on his coat and hat and departed from the office, leaving the bewildered president rubbing his "mental piece."

The next morning, true to his word, the new teacher arrived at his school about an hour or so before it was time to commence the studies, to place things in order. As he was doing so, he occasionally noticed his big, boisterous scholars, who were beginning to arrive now, peeping in at the windows to catch a glimpse of their next "victim."

At last the bell rang and the pupils trudged clumsily in, one by one. When all were seated, the teacher rose up and began to address them:

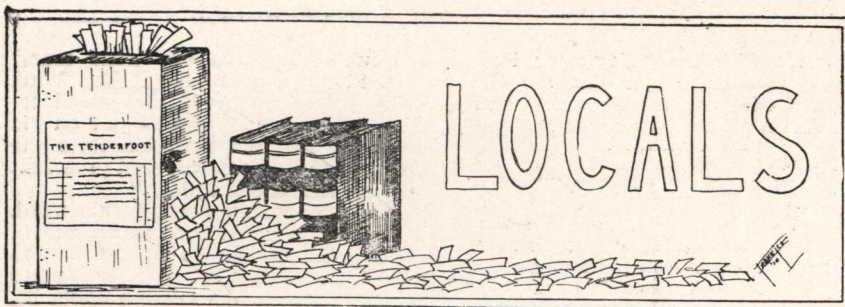
"Now, boys, I have heard of the reputation of this school, and of how former teachers have been unable to govern it. But, now, since I've been employed as instructor here, I intend to—and will—fulfill my duties and intentions of ruling it. Now, to close with, I hereby earnestly and cordially invite any one of my pupils, large or small, to step forward, who wishes to make trouble."

He did not have to extend a second invitation, for a big, burly youth of about 18 years advanced, throwing off his coat as he did so. The "little man" likewise throwing off his, stepped from behind his desk to meet his oncoming opponent.

The contest which followed need not be told here, for the treatment of the "hayseed" at the hands of the "invincible little man" was positively the same as that of the president.

After this proceeding, the pugilistic pedagogue, sent forth another invitation for other contestants. But upon receiving no replies he slowly proceeded to his chair and, indeed, very calmly drew forth a brace of revolvers from his pocket and laid each one at a corner of his desk. At the sight of these "destroyers" the hair on the heads of several pupils took a peculiar waving motion.

And thus, the wild and wooly school of Caedo was governed by the "little man" with his self-confidence, his jiu-jitsu method of treatment, and his two miniature "cannon." And thus—again—the president of the school board was minus fifty dollars.



The boys' and girl's basketball team, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Keyte, went to Gunnison the fifth and took four games from the Gunnison players. The boys also brought home several severe colds.

The Freshmen are getting quite high toned—they gave a large dinner at the Denton Hotel, during Christmas vacation, and very elaborate refreshments were served. They carried out their colors—red and white—very nicely with ribbons and carnations. Each of the girls wore a handsome big bow (beau). After the dinner they went to the Empress, and all reported a jolly good time.

## Royal Welch Ladies Choir

Tuesday, January 9th, the Welsh Choir gave a musical concert. It is probably the best thing in the musical line which ever appeared in Salida, and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. The following program was given:

### PROGRAM.

#### PART I.

1. Part Songs—(a) "Harlech' Gwent  
(b) "Yr Haf" (Summer) ..  
.....Gwent
- 2 Song—"The Fair Hills of Erin"  
.....Needham  
Miss Beatrice Langford
- 3 Duet—"Quis Est Homo" ..Rossini  
Misses Ida Owen and Megan Harries

- 4 Part Songs—(a) "Y Deryn Pur"  
(The Gentle Bird).....Evans  
(b) "Clychau Aberdyfi (The  
Bells of Aberdovey).....Evans  
The Choir
- 5 Song—"There's a Land"...  
..... Slaughter  
Miss Megan Harries
- 6 Song—"Peidiwch a Ddewyd".....  
.....Miss Mari Edmunds
- 7 (a) "Gypsy Life".....  
.....Schuman  
(b) "Snow" .....Elgar  
The Choir

#### PART II.

- 1 Operatic Scene—"Miserere " from  
Ill Trovatore Verdi.....  
Misses Ida Owen and Alice Lewis and  
the Choir.
- 2 Duet—"The Tranquil Night"..  
.....Glover  
Misses Beatrice Langford  
and Megan Harries.
- 3 Song—"Lo Hear The Gentle Lark"  
.....Sullivan  
Miss Ida Owen
- 4 (a) "Llwyn On" .....  
.....Welsh  
(b) "Can Cwsg" (lullaby) ....  
..... Welsh  
The Choir
- 5 Song—"Killarney" ..... Hughes  
Miss Flossie Dure and the Choir
- 6 Song—"My Ain Folk".....  
.....Lemon  
Miss Alice Lewis
- 7 Part Song—Medley, American Airs.  
"Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" (Land of  
My Fathers).....James  
"The Star Spangled Banner."



Arthur Nord is assistant electrician for the Gem City Novelty Works.

Miss Nona Campbell entertained a number of Mt. St. Scholastica girls.

Abbey Perry has returned from Schuyler, Nebraska, where she has been visiting relatives.

Helen Hanks entertained a number of her friends with a chafing dish supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lines have a baby girl. Maybe Mr. Lines will now be more interested in our High School now that he has a future alumna in view. Mr. and Mrs. Lines are both members of the class of 1908.

Ruth Whithurst and Pauline Cook spent a most delightful week in seeing the sights of New York. They were the guests of Mrs. F. D. Weeks, who have just returned from Europe.

Maud and Harry Rubin are both well—oh, no! we didn't mean that—Maud Hunt and Harry Rubin are both well.

Mr. and Mrs. John Herzinger have a little daughter, born on Christmas day. Mrs. Herzinger was formerly Erma Brewster.

Nearly all the alumni were in Salida during the Christmas holidays, and all seem to have had a gay good time. The Alumni dance was certainly an elegant affair. Many who have not been seen for some time appeared at the basket-ball games. John Sweeny and George Brewster played as if it were only yesterday when they helped us to gain the championship. Emery Lines and Leon Lippard haven't forgotten how to throw goals, either. Harry Rubin played a fast game, although he did have some difficulty in maintaining his dignity. Clem Newton looked awfully cute in

his suit. Lyle Bowman, Frank Lee and Tom Smith each took their turns in the progress of the game with U. of C. Ruth Hatch and Hazel Meecham played in the Alumni team vs. High School.

And now festivities are over, the Alumni reluctantly depart to their respective callings, each resolving to make the most of the year of 1912, and climb a notch higher on the ladder of ambition.

Dr. Jesse Hank, of the class of 1900, returned to New Mexico, after spending the holidays with his mother and sisters. Dr. Hanks is connected with a hospital owned by a large mining company at Santa Rico. He has, also, a private office in Hurley.

Helen Shonyo returned to her Alpine school, after enjoying every minute of the holidays, spent in Salida.

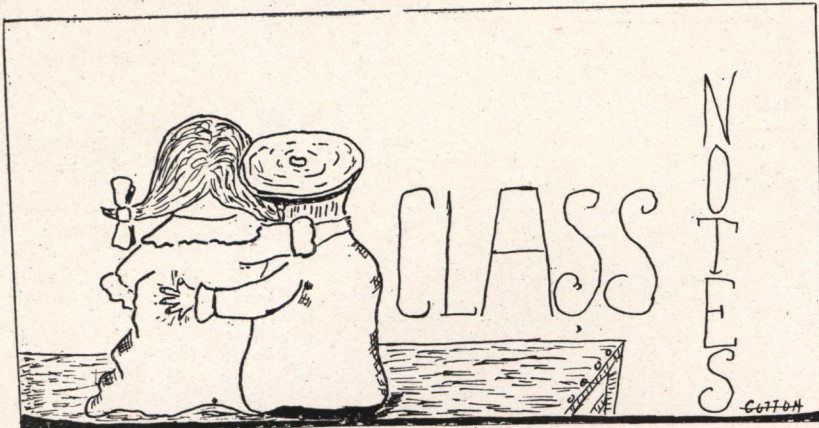
Hester Crutcher returned Tuesday to her work in Colorado College.

Miss Alinda Montgomery returned to her school, in La Junta, after spending the holidays with her mother in Salida.

Frank Lee and Robert Plimpton returned to the U. of C.; George Permort, Earnest Crutcher, Douglas Roller, Arthur Marvin, Gertrude Douglas and Evelyn Foss spent their holidays in Salida.

Miss Myrle Bunberry, who has been teaching at Hortense, met with a very painful accident. While dancing at the New Orpheum, at Beuna Vista, a sharp splinter penetrated her foot, passing clear through it. The extraction of the splinter was very painful, but now Miss Banberry is doing nicely.

Sidney Shonyo just passed the teachers' examination. He says it has been five years since he has looked at his books.



## SENIOR.

The Senior girls have decided to hold a fudge party, in the near future.

Clara: "What's the use of seeing Mutt and Jeff, when you have a "Mutt" of your own?"

Margaret is, as usual, afraid of the exams, and has never "flunked" one yet.

First Senior: "I wonder if A— has taken her music lesson?"

Second Senior: "No, for see the dog lies quietly and undisturbed on the front porch."

Florence Gilmore (is not English): "They must have whitneses to hit."

Beatrice is glad that Leap Year is here. For now she will bring that proud young fellow, Earl Burnett, to her feet.

With many heart-pangs, Curtis has resisted girls, but note he has a perfect glow of honor in his eyes that Leap Year is here, for now he is surely doomed.

Ballard (in despair before the Leap Year ball): "Isn't it queer how all the nice looking girls came to have a sore foot?"

## JUNIOR.

Ala co rik! Ala co rik!  
Tip! Boom! Vive la rac  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Hah! Ree  
Juniors! Juniors! Yes siree!

There sure will be something doing in this class, now, since it is Leap Year.

Miss Gilpatrick: "How many thought that the accounts of the campaigns in 'Henry Esmond' were tiresome?"

Mabel S. (on the sly to Eva W.): "I didn't, because I never read them."

Clayton Dobbie: "Purplest white."

Mr. Harris says that Virgil was guided by the number of feet he used in writing poetry.

Stephen England has at last discovered the tonic for bashfulness, and wishes that everyone might know it, as it is so helpful, and so it is repeated, as follows: One quart of concentrated nerve, two and one-half gills of loud voice, one gallon of courage, and one and one-half gallons of boldness. Apply externally, for if taken internally—**poisonous.**

Imagine Edna eating candy in school.

Imagine Stephen a druggist.

Imagine Helen playing games in school last Friday.

Imagine Beulah playing with dolls.

Imagine Howard using a curling iron.

Imagine Josephine crying to go to the next basket-ball game, at Canon.

Imagine Arthur bleaching his hair with H2O2.

## SOPHOMORE.

The Sophomore girls are planning a Leap Year masquerade party, to be given January thirteenth. There is

much curiosity among the boys as to who their mystic partners are. Who says that women are the only curious people in the world?

Sophomore (in English): Irving entered the library of Westminster Abby offer going through several doors and flights of stairs."

Lawrence (in English): "The old negro went to the store and bought the best turkey they had and cigars and things for his mistress."

Ruth (when the girls were discussing dates for their party): "Well, Leonard couldn't go this week."

Miss Gilpatrick: "We're glad you're so well informed."

Mr. Harris: "Richard, can a gerundive take an object?"

Richard: "A gerund can."

Mr. Harris: I'm asking about a gerundive."

Richard: "I think so."

Mr. Harris: You argue along this line then, do you—that if a mule can bray a horse can?"

Miss Pearsall: "About when did Louis XIV. come to the throne, Ward?"

Ward: "When he was a little boy."

Roger (in Latin): "If it wasn't a large plain it would have to be a small one and you could say, 'a small plain next to the village,' or near it, or something."

Ethel (when the girls were telling how they planned to dress for the party): "How's Thelma going to Brush (dress)?"

Lydia (at a meeting of the girls): "I move that instead of choosing the boy you want to ask, we pull them out of envelopes."

Freshman (in English): "The ghost came up stairs with lots of boxes on him which was Scrooge's friend."

Freshman (telling of Stevenson's life): "Stevenson suffered from poor health and went on journeys to France, California, America, New York, and Samoa."

A sophomore girl, going through the assembly room, saw a Freshman girl industriously searching for the Life of Stevenson in a Myers Ancient History, which she held upside down.

## FRESHMAN.

Mr. Harris: "Mars was the goddess of war."

Dunreath (reading in English): "He

was poison doctor." (prison doctor.)

Jennie Lee: "What was the first recorded battle in 776 B. C.?"

Mary Denik: "Lexington."

Some of the Juniors are trying a revised form of spelling. "Glimsp" is the way they spell "glimpse." However, the Freshmen are always ready to help them out when appealed to.

Essie Bondurant has been forced to quit school on account of poor health. She will leave in the near future for Penrose. We hope her health will soon permit of her return home, as she is very much missed by her classmates.

Miss Gilpatrick: Scrooge's wife by marriage" (meaning his niece.)

Jennie Lee Williams entertained a few friends one afternoon during the Christmas vacation.

We are proud to note that the freshmen were quite well represented in the basketball team that went to Gunnison Friday.

Mary Denik brought her "Great Stone Face," instead of her other one, into English the other day.

As usual, there are not many Freshmen notes, but we hope the printer will not again make the mistake of repeating them.

## WHAT IF—

Edna Norton should forget to eat her pencil?

Howard C. would get a new swear word besides "Grammercy?"

Maud would loose her powder rag?

Lucy would ever stop shooting goals?

Stephen would learn to dance?

The Junior boys would get up a Leap Year party?

Guy would study his lessons?

We would make use of our stage?

Some of those Junior Girls would act dignified for a moment?

Ruth didn't get A in everything?

Ina Simpson would dare to whisper?

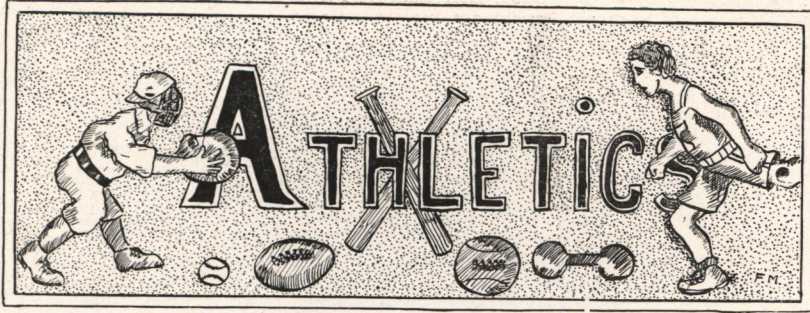
The Domestic Science girls would eat everything they cook?

Roger had a "pomp" like Richard's?

Clara Smith would dare to miss a "Day?"

Joe W. could only blush?

Omer was only a newly-wed?



### Salida Alumni 12; High School 37

..The boy's game between the Alumni and High School was very fast, although the score was one-sided. Before the game, odds of two to one were given on the Alumni, and this would feated the High School.

After a few minutes of play, there were no doubts as to who would be the winners. The line-up was as follows:

High School.	Alumni.
Booth.....	Center.....Sweeny
Collins, Capt.	Forwardss...Lippard
Carson.....	Forwards...Lines, Capt
Elofson.....	Guards.....Brewster
K. Woods.....	Guards.....Rubin
Rhodes.....	Sub.....Smith

### Gunnison H. S. 23-16; Salida H.S. 45-56

The boy's team left determined to defeat Gunnison, and they did. Although the small hall was a drawback to the boys, they played hard and fast game, and came out with the big end of the score.

The second game was faster than the first. In the second game the boys threw goals at will. The line-up for both games was as follows:

Salida.	Gunnison.
Booth.....	Center.....Mauer
Collins, Capt.	Forwards.....Exter
Carson.	Forwards.R. Hollingshead,cap
Elofson.....	Guards .Hollingshead
Rhodes.....	Guards ...Chumering
J. Woods, Divers.	Subs.....Quinn

So far this season, games have been arranged as follows: Return game with Gunnison, North and South Canon City, Florence and Glenwood. Other games are being arranged, so a good schedule of games will be on for this season.

The first match game of the season was held Friday, December 22, at the New Rink, between the High School and the Alumni Girl's teams. The score was 58 to 8, in favor of the High School girls. The Alumni girls were out of practice and were not familiar with the new rules. The line-up was as follows:

Alumni.	High School
Ruth Hatch..	Forward..Nina Churcher
Rose Freeman.	Forward..Lucy Newman
Mary Pickett.	Center.Florence Gilmore
Florence Withrow.	Center.Mary Denek
Hazel Meacham..	Guard..Leitha Wood
Mildred Reynolds.	Guard..Edith Nord

Friday morning, January 5th, the basket-ball teams left for Gunnison. The first game was held Friday evening, and resulted with a score of 30 to 14 in favor of the Salida Girl's team.

After the game a reception and dance was given at the State Normal School. Everybody reported a good time.

The second game was held Saturday afternoon, January 6th, and resulted with a score of 54 to 12 in favor of the Salida team. The line-up for both teams was as follows:

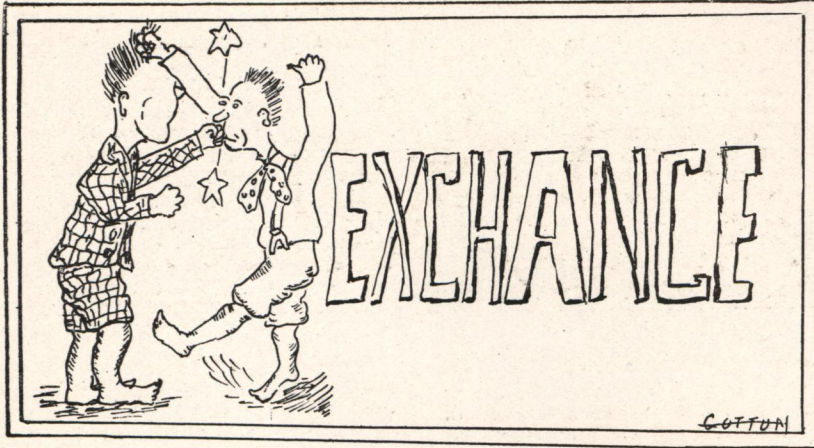
Gunnison.	Salida.
Elnora Bray, capt.	F'r'd.Nina Churcher
Agnes Myers..	Forward..Lucy Newman
Alta Adams....	Center....Mary Denek
Edna Wright.	Center.Florence Gilmore
Lucille Anderson.	Guard..Leitha Woods
Edith Andrews..	Guard...Edith Nord
Margaret Morris.	Sub.Jennie Williams

The Gunnison Team will play a return game at Salida January 19th.

Friday, January 12th, the High School teams play North Canoa High School. The games promise to be fast ones.

The bsket-ball teams have games scheduled every Friday until the first of March.





The joyous Christmas tide is here. The Tenderfoot wishes all exchanges a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

The Tiger, Little Rock, Arkansas: We like your paper. All of your departments are well balanced, excepting that the Seniors appear to be the only ones interested in class notes. Your last number being a football number, we see much interest is being taken in this sport. Here's to your team, that you win the state championship.

Boomerang, Longmont, Colo.: As usual, one of our best exchanges.

The Record, Evansville, Ind., is a neat, well arranged paper from cover to cover, and the departments are all well worth reading. Without a doubt your cuts, and the cuts of the "Retina," Toledo, Ohio, rank in first place among our exchanges this month.

Taps, Waynesboro, Va.: Your editorial of December 1st was a good one.

The Palmetto and the Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.: The introduction of your paper arouses one's curiosity, causing them to read on to see what is in store for them. We think this is a good plan, if one is fortunate enough to secure a good introduction. We were not able to find your exchange department.

The Interlude, South Bend, Ind.: Paper is spicy throughout. The cover design is neat and very good. We think you have an exchange editor who is to be envied.

The Kodak, Everett, Wash.: One of our best exchanges this month. Your departments are well arranged (from the looks of them). Your school must have an abundance of high school spirit.

The Harvard Illustrated Magazine: Interest, especially among the boys, was shown in your magazine.

The Bulletin, Montclair, N. J., is certainly an interesting paper. We enjoyed the story entitled, "Jun's Choice" as nature scenes were so vivid.

Orange and White, Lewisburg, W. Va.: We find your stories characteristic of the part your students in your school wish to play in life—military. Your literary department is to be praised. The plot carried out in "The Mediator" is good and very true to life.

The High School Pulse, Jasper, Ala.: We are pleased to note your paper as one of the very best exchanges. Why not have cuts? It would improve your paper.

The Columbine, Cripple Creek, Colo.: We enjoyed your paper. Among the Senior notes the joke (we are the leaders), so far as we can see, appears to be on the Seniors.

The Record, Sioux City, Iowa: A wide-awake high school paper.

The Oak, Berkeley, Cal.: Your cuts are characteristic, but we believe they would help your paper if your cuts were more.

Retina, Toledo, Ohio: Your standard is one of the highest.

# Society



The Christmas vacation was enjoyed to the greatest extent by both teachers and students. A great many of the alumni were home making glad the homes of their parents during the festive season.

The members of the alumni gave a dance Wednesday evening, December 27, at the rink. A most delightful evening was spent and all seemed to enjoy being with each other once again.

Mr. Alfred Kerndt entertained a number of his boy friends at a stag party during the vacation. A large number of the alumni and High school were present and report a dandy good time.

Miss Alice Spencer entertained a number of her friends at a leap year party, Thursday evening, January 4, at the home of Mrs. Rech. A most pleasant evening was enjoyed by those who attended.

The reception given in honor of the Salida High School at the new normal in Gunnison Friday evening, January 5, was enjoyed very much by those

who were lucky enough to be able to attend. We wish to thank Gunnison for the courtesy shown us.

Leonard White was home for Christmas vacation from Ogden. He reports his work as being interesting, although difficult.

Miss Gilpatrick spent most of her vacation in Grand Junction, and enjoyed her visit with her friends very much.

Miss Pearsall enjoyed jolly Christmas with the Clover family at Sa-guache.

Miss Stiers had a pleasant Christmas with her parents, in Canon City.

We are real anxious to see Gunnison perform some new stunts at the Rink. Be careful of the floor.

Everett Lippard returned to U. of C. He is connected with the University paper, called the "Silver and Gold," and this month his first story, called "A Newspaper Marriage," will be published.

Miss Gladys Parks, who has been teaching in Northrop, spent the first week of her vacation in Salida, with Stella Wheeler; the second with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Rankin, of Pueblo.

## ORIO DEBATING SOCIETY

The Orio Debating Society held its usual meeting in the Assembly room of the High School, Friday evening, January 5th.

On account of some of the members of the Society attending the basketball game at Gunnison, the program, with the exception of an original story by Madaline Meacham, was extemporaneous.

The next meeting will be an evening with Kipling, and the following program will be rendered:

Roll call.....Quotations from Kipling  
Poem, Grace Moore.....Optional  
Book Review....Ruth Rubin, Optional  
Poem.....Anna Harris, Optional  
Short Review of Kipling's Life....

.....Georgia Victor  
Anecdotes.....By Society  
Poem.....Kathryn Bateman, Optional

Parliamentary Drill.

Intermission.

Business meeting.

A called meeting of the Orio Literary Society was held in room four Thursday afternoon at 3:30, and some im-

portant business transacted. After the election of officers, the Society voted to accept Principal Tanton's offer in regard to closing the regular school work at 3 o'clock once a month—on Friday afternoon—and having the literary program at that hour, instead of 8:00 p. m. The Society also voted to ask each class to give a program, and the president appointed the presidents of the several classes as a committee to arrange the date for the appearance of each class on the program.

We anticipate some very good programs in the future, as each class is already expressed itself as determined to render the best program. Let the good work go on.

#### Card of Thanks.

I wish to express my appreciation to the pupils of the High School, and the others in connection, who so kindly remembered me this Christmas.

ABBY HARLAN.

## Jokes

A man in a very deep state of intoxication was shouting and kicking vigorously at a lamp-post, when the noise attracted a near-by policeman.

"What's the matter?" he asked the energetic one.

"Oh, never mind, mishter; thash all right," was the reply. "I know she'sh home all right—shee the light upshstairs!"—Ex.

A Louisville editor came home from a dinner at 2 a. m., and started to find the front door. But the door was impossible, and he ran off the sidewalk into a maple sappling, the lone tree in the tiny yard. However, he hung to the tree a minute, then started again for the door. Once more he bumped into the maple tree. Not easily discouraged, he repeated his maneuvers, but every time he landed ker-plunk! at the sappling. Sad at heart, the editor rolled up his dinner coat, lay down beneath the maple, and sighed:

"Losht! Losht in the midsht of an impenetrable foresht!"—Saturday Evening Post.

He—"Yes, I always sleep in my gloves; it keeps your hands soft, doncher-know."

She—Really! And do you sleep in your hat, too?"—Ex.

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Too policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sor," said Pat, "both ov thim."—Exchange.

"I came in last night and fell against the piano."

"Hurt yourself?"

"No; I struck the soft pedal."—Ex.

Knott challenged Shott to a duel. Knott was shot and Shott was not. Under the circumstances I'd rather have been Shott, wouldn't you?"—Ex.

The Fair One—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

John (absent mindedly)—Yes, my lamb."—Ex.

Applicant—"Have you an opening for me, sir?"

Editor-in-Chief—"Yes, there's one behind you; shut it as you go out."—Ex.

#### Servile Functions.

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will—"

He paused and bent a severe look upon his young wife.

"But it is customary in our station of life," he went on, "to leave that sort of things to servants."—Puck.

#### By Degrees.

"We want our product known from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"Start a big advertising campaign."

"But we haven't much money."

"In that case I'd start at Panama where it isn't so far from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and work gradually up."

**Light of the Firefly.**

The statement that the light of fireflies and other phosphorescent animals is produced without any sensible degree of heat has often been repeated without any information as to the quantity of heat that would be required to produce a similar amount of light by artificial methods. This information is supplied by Professor McIntosh. He says that a temperature approaching 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man. The very simplicity of the mechanism employed by nature in phosphorescent animals is baffling. --Harper's Weekly.

**But Bristow Didn't Want To.**

At the Country club luncheon to President Taft at Hutchinson one of the guests desired to secure a valuable souvenir of the occasion. So he got a piece of writing paper and asked each of the principal guests to write a line of sentiment and sign it.

President Taft led off with an observation on golf and signed it. Other guests followed suit. When the paper reached Senator Bristow he scratched his head a moment, and remarked, "Oh, what shall I say?"

"Say any old thing," put in Senator Emerson Carey of Reno. "Just write 'I am for Taft.'"

As quick as a flash President Taft turned toward Bristow and said significantly: "If you want to."—Kansas City Journal.

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