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THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. 2., No. 6

MARCH, 1911.

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Literary



X 475

PREFACE.

The Freshies dear have had their fling,
The Sophs have cut their caper,
But the worst is yet to come, you see
This is the Junior's paper.

We've worked on it both day and night,
And racked our brains full sore,
So now we're handing out to you.
This batch of High School lore.

Good Friends, before you criticize
And pass opinion, would
You kindly bear in mind that we
Have done the best we could?

UNDER THE MAINTOP.

(By Beatrice Von Buchholtz, '12)

In the dressing tent of the big West-Ross Consolidated Shows, there was a great commotion. It was almost time for the sounding of the gong which gave the signal for the parade around the main tent just before the show began. The men in their part of the tent were calling to their partners on the other side to hurry, and the

women were putting the finishing touches of rouge to their make-up.

In the center of one of the groups of men, stood a tall, athletic-looking man of about middle age, who seemed to be the subject of the conversation of one of the other groups.

"Poor Tom," said one of the men, "how did it happen that the boss fired him in the middle of the season?"

Another answered, "Well, up at Ashton, Tom had to quit in the middle of the act. Said he was nervous; and at the next stop he refused altogether to go on. Too much whiskey," he added, knowingly, and the others nodded. "So," he continued, "the boss wouldn't stand it any longer and fired him. He's going to let him stay with us, until we get to Elliot, though." "Have you seen the new man?" inquired another.

"Yes, but I haven't seen his act yet. He's asleep now. He was tired out from riding so long, and wanted to rest awhile before he goes on."

Just then the gong sounded, and the men hurried to their places, all but the one who had been so talked of. He walked to one of the trunks and sat down upon it. His face was moody, but there was a strange gleam in his bleared eyes.

"Oh, what a fall it will be," he said, softly. "The new man, the trapeze,

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the cut ropes and then" and he laughed the maudlin laugh of a drunken man.

After a while he heard the call for his own act, and he rose and staggered toward the main entrance of the tent, to watch the "new man." He heard the ringmaster announcing the act, and introducing "Mr. St. Polowsky, the world famous acrobat." He saw him ascending the rope ladder to his trapeze. The man's back was toward him but suddenly he turned and swept the crowd with a glance.

Tom suddenly gripped the curtain with one of his hands and his face went white. In a flash this tent seemed to disappear and in its place he saw another, filled to overflowing with a panic stricken crowd. He heard again the screams of women, the shouts and curses of men,—and he saw himself with a golden haired girl in his arms, standing in the path of a raging lion. And then he heard the low command, "Stand still, Tom," and the pistol shots. He remembered the look on the other man's face, as he came and took the child, and carried her away.

Then suddenly the present scene came back. Tom was sober, now. He tried to call to the man to stop, but he could not, and so he looked. He saw him gather himself for the leap for the first trapeze. Tom run swiftly over to a place directly beneath the first trapeze, and held his arms up high over his head. As he did so, the man leaped and caught the trapeze. There was a sickening snap and he came hurtling down, straight toward Tom. Tom's arms were ready to catch him, but instead, his body struck Tom on the chest and he fell to the ground. About an hour later Tom opened his eyes. There was a doctor standing near, his grave eyes fixed on Tom's face, also numerous nurses and attendants. "If it wasn't for the whiskey," Tom heard the doctor say, "he would have a chance," but when he saw Tom's eyes were open he stopped.

"Was he hurt?" asked Tom, weakly.

"A little," the doctor answered, "but not badly."

"Tell him I cut the ropes," Tom went on, "but," and he smiled weakly, "tell him I guess we're even now. And tell him I said goodbye." And with a great peace in his heart, Tom died.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

(By Florence Gilmore '12.)

Among American patriotic songs, the first original one, in both words and music, was "Hail Columbia." The words were written by a Philadelphia boy, Joseph Hopkinson. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. Afterwards he became a lawyer in his native city.

The song was written during the summer of 1798; a war was waging between France and England, the people of the United States were divided into two classes, some thinking that we ought to aid France, and others, thinking that we should aid our fatherland.

A benefit play was to be given at one of the leading playhouses but instead of a benefit it pointed rather toward a loss. The manager asked Mr. Hopkinson if he could compose a patriotic song and adapt it to the tune of "The President's March," which was a popular air. If he were able he knew that there would be a full house.

"General Washington's March," later called "The President's March," was played when Washington was inaugurated in New York. It was written by a German composer, Fayles, for the old John street theater in New York.

The song, "Hail Columbia," was received with enthusiasm. It was even sung at night in the streets by large crowds of people.

The object of Mr. Hopkinson was realized. It was to arouse an American spirit which would look after the interest, honor and rights of America.

THE FEUD.

(By Clara Smith '12.)

"No dear, I will not go, it is awfully kind of you to tell me, but you know it is impossible under the circumstances."

The speaker was a tall, dark complexioned girl, whose name was June Densmore. And the person to whom she

was speaking was Grace Moore. The affair to which June had been asked was a sleighing party which was being given by the Junior class of the Cleveland High School. Both girls were members of this class.

"You are just as mean as you can be, June," retorted Grace. "You know that, if you don't go, then there are several others who will not go, so you will just break up the party altogether."

"Oh, surely not," replied June.

"Yes you will," Grace was really angry now, "and if you don't go I will never speak to you again."

"Well," said June slowly, "rather than lose your friendship, I will go, but maybe if I go, Janet Erington won't."

"Oh, don't you worry about that. You know that Janet would gladly give up the feud entirely if you would."

"Well, but you see," said June. "My grandfaher did not start it and it is not for his granddaughter to humble herself by speaking first." With this the conversation ended. But Grace was happy because she had gained her point.

The merry jingle of bells rang out on the clear winter air, and the sound of merry voices was heard as a sleigh, drawn by two white horses, dashed around a curve in the road. After June had agreed to go out sleighing the preparations had gone on with renewed vigor. So now they were on their way. After an hour or two of delightful riding the party reached a little house, snugly set in a grove of pines. From every window issued light and the partakers of the fun felt at home as soon as they entered the house. There lived here an old couple by the name of Wentworth. And they had been happy to be able once more to entertain some young people. When the children, as the old couple called them, entered they were greeted heartily by Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth.

In the course of the evening many games were played. And a delightful lunch was served. But just before they started home, Mr. Wentworth, who had a reputation as a fine story teller, was asked to tell of his high school life.

"Well," he began, "the most extraordinary thing which took place during the year I was a Junior was the starting of a feud between two of our classmates, Jack Densmore and Ross Ering-

ton. Probably they are distant relatives of the young ladies present, who happen to have the name of my school-fellows."

All the boys and girls straightened up, as this promised to be interesting. June and Janet glanced at each other, involuntarily. And June began to wish that she had stayed at home. The story teller now resumed.

"One day, Mr. Erington met a young lady by the name of Miss Hazel Black. He professed a boyish love for her and thought his love was returned. Ross saw that she cared more for Jack than she did for him, so Ross left the high school and swore that he would never speak to Jack again, and he kept his word so far as I know. Now children, I hope you are content with the story. It isn't very good, but it is the only one I can remember"

They all said it was fine and Mr. Wentworth was satisfied.

After thanking their host and hostess for the evening's enjoyment, they began the drive home. How it ever happened I cannot tell, but Janet and June happened to be sitting next to each other on the way home. Silence reigned for a while but finally was broken by Janet. "Miss Densmore," she began, but was interrupted by the words, "Don't call me Miss Densmore, call me June." And after the ice was broken both girls said that they had often wished that the feud was ended but each had been too proud to give in. All were happy to think that it was at last ended. And Janet and June became two of the best friends.

HER MOTHER

(By Margaret Hayden, '12)

Alice Montgomery and Lee Hamilton came walking down a beautiful shady street. They had a half holiday and had been enjoying it by a walk in the park. Alice was a stenographer for one of the largest firms of the city, and was as good and charming as she was beautiful. Lee Hamilton was a partner in a large packing house and was said to be on the road to wealth.

The boarders of the Sherman boarding house were sitting on the veranda as Alice and Mr. Hamilton came up. There were Ed Banker, the jolly one of the crowd, and Fred Mitchell,

the crank. There were also Mrs. Brown, the sarcastic one, Nellie Brooks, the flirt, and Mrs. Wells, the friend of all.

"O, Miss Montgomery," said Nellie. "There's the queerest old woman in the house. Her hat looks like it was fifty years old and her carpetbag must have belonged to her great, great grandmother. My, but she is a sight."

"Perhaps she is a friend of Mrs. Sherman," Alice answered.

"If she is she got a very warm reception, I must say," responded Ed Banker.

Alice passed into the house and was immediately met by Mrs. Sherman.

"Miss Montgomery," she said, "your mother is here. She came soon after you left. She is in the parlor now."

"Thank you," said Alice, and turning pale, she hurried to her room instead of the parlor. In her room she sat down in a chair to think for a while. She saw herself well dressed, fashionable, handsome and well liked by her new found friends. She saw also the woman in the parlor—bent, old fashioned, dressed in an ill-fitting black dress, a worn out and faded shawl—and that woman was her mother. She could still hear the remarks of the people below and how they would treat her, and she felt as if she could not give up their friendship—worst of all Lee Hamilton would cease his attentions to her if he found out that this woman was her mother.

Suddenly she stood up and said, "I'll not spoil everything by letting them know she is my mother. I'll ask mother to go some place else, and stay, and I will go to see her there."

She started toward the door but paused. Conscience seemed to whisper, "Are you ashamed of the mother who has done so much for you?" Sinking down again, her thoughts flew back to the time when she was a little girl living far away among the hills with her widowed mother. Life had been a struggle, but her mother had always shielded her from the trials she herself had been forced to suffer. She had sent Alice away to high school and then to college, while she had stayed at home, and worked and planned, depriving herself of even the comforts of life that her daughter might not suffer. With a pang Alice saw all this and more.

She arose quickly and with a determined step walked swiftly to the

parlor. At the sight of the shabby figure in the parlor a feeling of love and tenderness swept over the girl and, running forward, she exclaimed, "Mother, dear, Alice is here at last."

"Oh, Alice," cried her mother, "are you really glad to see me?"

"Yes indeed, I am. I was so sorry I was gone, but why didn't you go to my room and rest? Aren't you dreadfully tired?"

Mrs. Montgomery reluctantly replied "I didn't know whether you would want me to come here among your fine friends or not. I am so queer and ignorant and the folks here are so tony that I thought I'd better wait and see if you wanted your friends to know that your mother is so old fashioned."

With a feeling of self reproach Alice answered, "Of course I'm not ashamed of my mother, for you have made me what I am. But come, mother, it is time for dinner now. Supper is called 'dinner' here, you know."

Drawing her mother's hand through her arm they passed down to the dining room. There was a sparkle in Alice's eye and a decided ring in her voice as she introduced her mother to her friends. And when she presented her to Mr. Hamilton there was a look in his eye which she had never seen here before.

Quite matchless are her dark brown i i i

She talked with utmost e e e

And when I tell her she is y y y

She says I am a t t t

But when her pencil I would u u u

Her little hand I c c c

Quick from her cheeks the blushes

o o o

Her anger i a p p p p

"Did you hear the latest about Mr. S." "No. What is it?"

"His wife beat him up the other morning!"

"Mercy, how was that?"

"She got up and built the fires and he snoozed till the house got warm."

Teacher (to new scholar)—How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?"

Little Lad (after a moment's thought)—"Well, you see its this way, She married again and I didn't."

I would like to tell you a few things I know about hats but have to keep the lid down on my information.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE TENDERFOOT

By The Junior Class, '12, Salida, Colorado.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - - BEATRICE VON BUCHHOLTZ
BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - LEONARD WHITE

Assistant Editor—Ballard French
Literary Editor—Florence Withrow
Society Editor—Alice Sangster
Local Editor—Florence Gilmore
Athletic Editor—Florence Gilmore
Alumni Editor—Lawrence Marvin

Exchange Editor—Margaret Hayden
Stealings Editor—Albert Rogers
Senior Reporter—Joe Woods
Junior Reporter—Viola Kennison
Sophomore Reporter—Clara Smith
Freshman Reporter—Curtis Pearce

50c PER YEAR

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VOL. II.

MARCH, 1911.

No. 6

HELP! HELP!

Everyone get out and sell tickets for the debate on March 31, between the Canon City and Salida High Schools.

There will also be a large musical concert on March 24. Get out and boost and above all, come yourself.

THE NEED OF DECORATIONS FOR OUR ASSEMBLY HALL.

We are apt to think that we need a great many things that we don't have. Perhaps we do and perhaps we don't. Anyway, there is one thing which the High School Auditorium needs, that is decorations. The splendid arrangement of the lights helps; the flag, the few pictures, and the little bit of statuary help; but we need more things to cover the vast spaces of blank wall.

A few movements have been started for raising the wherewithal to obtain some decorations. Let us hope that the good work will be pushed along until it bears fruit.

THE HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB.

Under the leadership of Miss Trott, the Glee Club began very favorably this year, with a great many Freshmen

in evidence in it. But after a while the girls and boys seemed to loose interest in it and Miss Trott had about decided to disband it, but after one last appeal their enthusiasm was again aroused and since then our Glee Club has been a success. This month a concert is to be given by the Glee Club for the purpose of getting funds to decorate the new Assembly Hall, and it is the duty of not only the members of the High School but also the citizens of Salida to help along the good cause.

SPIRIT!

Owing to the hard conditions with which we have had to contend and the small number of upper classmen, almost everything we have attempted has failed. Now, are we going to fail to send a track team to Boulder? Surely, we can arouse enough spirit to get out and practice for a little while in the evenings. Two years ago we received one point, and last year two. Why not get four or five this year.

If there is the least bit of spirit and ambition remaining, we can turn out a winning team. Come out and do your best at least three or four nights a week, and you will have a chance to make a famous reputation for yourself and your school.



BUDDING GENIUSES OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

(Viola Kennison '12.)

It is a common saying now, that there are no great men or women.

The Junior class seems to have produced some very extraordinary ones.

Florence Gilmore, the modern Ulysses, last week to test her strength broke a piece of rubber which was considered by the people of Colorado unbreakable.

Leonard White seems to be very much like Richard "the Lion Hearted" in regard to bravery. He volunteered to hold a piece of paper while Mr. Kenyon let a large spark of electricity pass through it. Leonard wasn't a bit scared when the spark went through the paper and held it a second time so that all of the class could see it.

Florence Withrow is like the philosopher, Aristotle. There is not a problem in Physics which she cannot work.

Lawrence Marvin will no doubt take the place of Mark Twain. He keeps both the Juniors and the Seniors amused with his "little" laugh.

Clara Smith promises to be greater than Francis Bacon. Her debate on Vivisection was considered better by the Juniors than any of his essays.

Ballard French uses larger words than Dr. Johnson. He keeps the remainder of the class guessing at the meaning of the words he uses. But when we look the word up Ballard has used it correctly.

Beatrice Buchholtz rivals Orpheus,

The rock and the solitudes listen to her playing and the wild beasts are held spellbound by her singing.

Harold Woods will no doubt some day carry the world on his shoulders to rest Atlas for a little while.

Margaret Hayden is a great student. She gets her studies so well that she is the pride of the Junior class. We all think that her brain weighs more than Daniel Webster's did.

Tom Dobbie with his melodious voice will in the near future take the place of Eduard DeReszke.

Alice Sangster has already shown her talent for literature. She writes excellent stories and essays in a very simple and easy-to-understand way. There is no doubt but that she will be another Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Curtis Pearce and Joe Woods promise to be two great American physicists.

The students enjoyed their vacation on Washington's Birthday. Did the teachers?

February, Monday, 13th, Rev. C. L. Halterman of the Methodist church delivered one of the most interesting addresses heard by the high school students, in honor of Lincoln. One statement which appealed to strangers was, "I hold up to you the character of Lincoln as an ideal which not only deserves to be memorialized in granite but is worthy of the study and imitation of the most ambitious seeker after the loftiest ideals of human attainment."

The Sophomores will give their class play after Lent.

It is needless to say we are looking forward to the evening of March 24th. The Glee club on that date will favor us with several selections.

A meeting of the debating society was held in the assembly room Friday, February 24th. It was decided to reorganize the society and strictly live up to the constitution.

Our music teacher, Miss G. L. Trott, is working faithfully with the Glee club. After school hours one hears Strains of music floating on the air, seemingly from the high school.

An additional improvement in the high school is the Orio Society bulletin box. Members, watch the box and see if your name is down for the next program.

Boost! Bring your friends. Do not forget to help make the Glee Club concert a success. Likewise inform your friends of the debate, March 31, Canon City vs. Salida.

In the large crowd which assembled at the depot for the purpose of looking over the work of the State Agricultural College, a number of the high school students were waiting patiently for the train to pull in. They were sufficiently rewarded and many expressed the opinion they would like to be able to do such work.

Report cards were received Monday for the preceeding six weeks.

FEBRUARY HONOR ROLL.

No Subject Below 90.

Seniors—

Pansy VanCleave
Maude Hunt
Pauline Cook
Lydia Bond
Rob. Plimpton
Archie Knodle

Juniors—

Florence Withrow
Beatrice Buchholtz
Ballard French

Sophomores—

Helen Plimpton
Edna Norton
Ruth Rubin

Freshmen—

Madeleine Meacham
Scott McAbee

Just between you and me, let's get busy; draw some original cuts for S. H. S. pins, and hand these to the Seniors. See to which class the Seniors will give the honor of having selected their cut for the S. H. S. pins.

Dr. Glover, veterinary of State Agricultural College, delivered in the assembly an address, "Seek Higher Education," which was of interest to all the pupils. He ended the address with these words, "Work is becoming more powerful. Power is becoming more thoughtful."

ORIO PROGRAM FOR MARCH 10.

1. Current Events.....Edna Norton.
2. Extemporaneous Speeches.
3. Debate: Resolved—That the City Boy is Greener in the Country than the Country Boy is in the City. Affirmative, Arthur Collins, John Parker. Negative, Kathryn Bate-man, Edith Ware.
4. Piano Solo.....Sauré Bailer.
5. Continued Story.....Albert Griffin.
6. Recitation.....Beulah Wilson.

To the High School Boys.

Blessings on thee, High School Boys,
With thy life of peaceful joys,
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy foolish High school tunes.
I envy thee thy quibs and jests,
Thy notebooks, thy exams. and tests,
Your irresponsibility,
Your lack of all utility
Sharp enough to stick in the ground,
And green enough to grow,
What mortals have a happier life.
Dear reader, do you know?

To the High School Girls.

Blessings on thee, High School Girls,
With your braids and puffs and curls,
With your stunning bows and hats,
With your chamois skins and rats.
I envy thee thy joys and larks.
Thy exams: and cards with nice red marks,
Thy ardent curiosity,
Thy feminine precocity.
And now, though o'er us all you run,
They say your rule has just begun.
But just for being cute and sweet
A High School Girl is hard to beat.
(Old Ballad)

**IN MEMORY
OF
THEO ELIZABETH CORNWELL**

**A FORMER MEMBER OF
CLASS '13**

**BORN MARCH 13, 1894
DIED JANUARY 8, 1911**

She is not dead—the child of
Our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs
Our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

—LONGFELLOW.



CLASS NOTES



SENIOR NOTES

The class in German is reading an interesting myth, "Undine."

The Senior class is talking more earnestly than ever for its play.

Maude Hunt has been absent from school on account of illness.

Our worthy Mr. Brewster has been promoted to Mr. Tanton's room in order to accommodate him (George) in his playful moods.

Mr. Kenyon (in Chemistry):—"What is the specific gravity of Caedium?"

Hazel M.:—"Between six and seven."

George Brewster (very anxiously):—"112.4."

Mr. Kenyon:—"A good thing we have the young gentlemen to help the young ladies out."

Pansy says the tie pin she wears is an emblem of her station in life. She is spooner.

JUNIOR NOTES

Arthur Nord:—"Then Moses made the land alive with lice, because Pharaoh would not let the Israelites go."

Alice (squirring around in her seat):—"My, I'm getting nervous."

The Juniors were busy during the last of February consuming the mid-night oil, for Miss Dow gave them only one week to write and learn their debates.

Mr. Kenyon:—"What person is speaking?"

Ballard:—"The dead one."

At a Junior meeting: It isn't leap year but,—

Beatrice:—"Oh, I didn't get your name, Albert."

Clara:—"Well, how do you know that you can get it?"

The stories that the Junior German class are reading have little jokes in them. But the Juniors whose eyes are dim with studying so late nights cannot see them until Mr. Kenyon tells them wherein the joke lies.

Arthur:—"Miss Dow, have we got to give our debates before them there Freshmen?"

Miss Dow:—"No, I am afraid the Freshmen would criticise your grammar."

Curtis Pearce has had his lessons unusually well prepared for the last two weeks. He told us the other day that he had been eating copper wire for every meal. Some of the rest of us are going to try it (?) and see if it will agree with our brains also.

Mr. Kenyon (in German):—"How would you say: "Shook the dust from your feet'?"

Arthur:—"Beat it."

The Juniors feel very much relieved since their debates are over. Margaret Hayden was the only one who had an oration. Her oration, which was on the "Schools of Colorado," was very good.

Miss Dow:—"Who was Joshua?"
Curtis:—"The son of None (Nun)."

Mr. Kenyon:—"Out of four of those you missec three, Arthur."

Arthur (much relieved):—"Is that all?"

The Juniors lately have put so much energy on their lessons that the Junior girls felt unable to walk home in the snow for their dinner. So one day last week they all brought their lunches to school.

Margaret (very much worried):—"I have to get my History for a weak (week) back."

Found in the English room after a Freshman recitation:

Florence Clem, Courtship.

Arthur Collins, Marriage.

Favorite exclamations of the Junior girls:

Florence Gilmore,—Jiggers and little fishes!

Beatrice Buchholtz—Isn't that swell?

Margaret Hayden—Oh, I'll fail (but she never does)!

Alice Sangster—Gee, I'm hungry!

Florence Withrow—Isn't that clever!

Clara Smith—Oh, I'll croak!

Viola Kennison—Words cannot express it!

Waldo (in German):—"She pointed to the long ears, which were hitched to a small wagon."

Here come the Juniors just taking their ease,

They slope recitations whenever they please;

They dote on electives, they'll sure take a prize

For they're conning their lessons in fair maidens' eyes.—Ex.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Silently one by one, in the infinite seats of room number III, blossom the lovely Sophomores, the stars of the S. H. S.

The Sophomores regret that several of their number have been absent in the previous month, on account of illness.

Keep watching for our play. It's coming. Lent stopped our proceedings for the present.

Mr. Tanton:—When is a rhombus regular?

Edith:—When it's square.

Beulah W. (in History):—Twelve of these men were gluttoned (gullotined.)

Lost: A powder rag neatly hemmed with a dainty little pink ribbon.—Josephine Randol.

Found: The above mentioned powder rag. A large reward is claimed.—Rog "White.

The Sophomores are starting Book IV in Geometry and Book III in Latin. In History they are reviewing the Reformation.

Howard C. (in History, telling of Drake's explorations):—"He went around the world and received money from Peru and Chili."

Stephen E.:—"Yes, but that's not a colonial enterprise."

Howard:—"It is, too."

Miss Pearsall:—"Well boys, we won't quarrel about it."

Mr. Tanton (in Geometry):—"That Greek word is pronounced, Pi, but it is not the kind you are familiar with.

Alas, a plight so very dramatic,—
Six Soph girls locked up in the attic,
And there compelled to linger about,
Till the kindly janitor let them out.

FRESHMAN NOTES

Ward Bateman (in History):—"Cato was very narrow and couldn't see very far."

Miss Dow:—"Scott, describe Rebecca's room."

Scott:—"I never saw it."

Ward (describing a character in English):—"He was tall, blue eyes and a large mouth."

Jessie (in History)—Scipio was the daughter of Cornelia."

Ward (in English, describing Pryor) —"He had some kind of an animal hanging on his belt, that he blew."

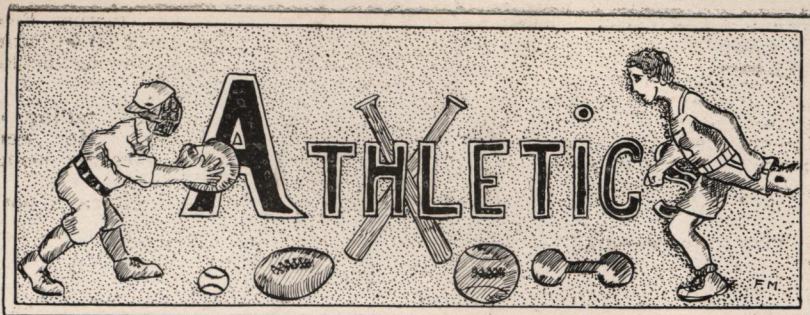
We are glad to have Nora Valandingham back with us again, after missing school two weeks, on account of sickness.

To prove how good a memory a Soph has, just give him an algebra problem and see how quickly he'll get stuck.

Ye wise Seniors: We, the members of the Freshman Algebra class, do earnestly desire that you assist Mr. Baker in proving to us that two time two equals two.

Burglar:—"Dont worry. I won't touch yer. All I want is yer money."

Old Maid:—"Go away; youre just like all the otter horrid men."



A spirit of fun, an exercise, in fact, most anything is enjoyed by the students. Fun and exercise are combined in the latest thing, track team practice. Say, boys, keep up the good work! Say, girls, boost!

A meeting of the Athletic Association was called Wednesday, the eighth. The president, Leonard White, made some very suggestive plans which from the manner the boys are carrying them out proved sufficient to arouse a hearty spirit among the boys, to say nothing of the girls, who watch from afar.

The High School is very sorry to lose Harold Woods, who has helped Old Salida carry away honors from whatever fields in athletics he entered. He has signed up to pitch the coming season with the Seattle Coast League. Here's success to him.

The boys are going to begin preparing the grounds for athletic sports, which surrounds our school; in this way give the students who follow a better chance than was afforded them.

Whistling bullets fly through the air in all directions—I mean balls.

Don't be scared, girls, that is only Geo. C. up in the air.

Look out, Ray! Don't hurt the discus!

Clayton is certainly going to make a professional shot putter. Oh, you Blondy!

Gracious! Who is Lawrence M. throwing the shot at?

Who is that Senior boy with his coat cast aside and sleeves rolled to his elbows?

How does it happen that John Parker reads Current Events when there is an engrossing subject like track team practice to think about?

The Freshman girls seem to be a little in the shade ever since the track team practice began.

Girls, be careful; the boys do not really mean to throw the shot in your direction, but—

Every noon the boys seem to be attending a pink tea or is there something in the air?

Roger W. seems to be trying to get up in the world.

It seems as though some of the boys are suspicious of their toes!

Disheveled hair, dusty shoes, dirty hands—. Now, if I should relate the other side of the story; it all points to a jolly time and "Boys will be boys."

Frazier does nothing but stand around and look wise. Get busy!

Exclamations heard from the girls:

"Oh, look how far Leonard threw the biscuits!"

"When are they going to get the gun for the shot put?"

"I'd rather watch Ray vault than eat."

"Doesn't Howard do it swell, though!"

The girls watch the boys practise, wishing they could be on the field like wise. A pleasant thought passes through their minds when they happen to remember the boys are going to prepare a tennis court which will help

(Continued on page 14)



Alice Crockett has completed her business course in Denver and is now in the employ of Dr. Curfman.

F. C. Lee is filling a watch repairing position in one of the leading jewelry stores in Omaha.

Tom Bird has the express messenger run on No. 15 and 16 from Denver to Leadville and return.

Mark Shultz is taking a business course in the Barnes Business College in Denver.

Tom Smith is employed in the time keeper's office of the D. & R. G.

Merl Bunberry is teaching at Monarch.

Two of our Alumni were united in marriage several weeks ago: Ethel Granger and Otto Lines. Otto is in the employ of D. J. Kramer.

Pearl Huston is hard at work at Howard studying to take the teacher's examination.

Reports from Chicago say that James Davis and Frank Berlin are doing fine in their pharmacy course at the Northwestern University.

Ethel Bond is studying to pass the teacher's examination this spring.

Ernest Crutcher is in his second year at the School of Mines.

Neil Davenport is completing his second year at Boulder in civil engineering.

Ester DeWeese is studying at Greeley where she is doing nicely.

Clem Newton is in New York City taking a course in plumbing there.

George Purmort is completing his third year at Boulder.

Emery Lines is employed in the Salida shops.

Allen Pearce is the proprietor of a drug store at Nunn, Colorado.

Charles Hunt is employed in the blacksmith shop of the D. & R. G.

Evelyn Foss is in her Freshman year at Boulder.

Reports from Boulder state that Everett and Leon Lippard are making good.

ATHLETICS.

(Continued from page 13)

to give us an active place on the field.

Did some one say there was not any perpetual motion? Gee, just look at John Sweeny swinging that hammer.

I see in the future before me,
Some medals all in a row,
The boys have been up to Boulder
and brought them home you know.
Wonder what's called up before me
This vision so shining and bright.
I think it must be the way they
Get out and practice at night.

A Western hotel man tells how he treated a delinquent patron. After waiting several months he wrote:

Dear sir: I would esteem it a favor if you would at once send me amount of your bill.

Imagine the disgust of the hotel man when in a few days he received an answer in these terms:

"Dear sir: Certainly. The amount of my bill is \$17.50."

Society



Miss Mildred Demphy entertained a number of her friends at her home Monday night, February 27. All report a good time.

Several parties and other social affairs were planned for this month but they have been postponed and will be given after Lent.

The dance which was to be given by the X. Y. Z. Club will be one of the spring vacation attractions.

- I. Nina, she was very fair,
And she combed her hair,
Which was very rare,
In four little curls
Down her back.
- II. Within a week; 'tis sad,
They all took up the fad,
And everybody had
Some dainty little curls
Down their backs.
- III. O, see, it's gone at last,
That era of the past,
When ribbons were so "fast,"
And now they wear their hair
Straight down their backs.

Notes From the Life of Submarine Aristocrats.

We live in the ocean in summer; and during the winter frequent the principal hotels of the large cities, country towns and small villages. In fact, wherever civilization is found, there also, if one looks carefully, we may be discovered.

We are either durned lazy (as most of our lives are spent in beds) or confirmed invalids. We vary in size according to prevailing circumstances and our bringing up. The men, as far as I know, are not superior to the ladies. The ladies are different from women,—as a rule they keep their mouths shut; but when they have been in society too long they begin to gape.

We are fond of playing games, the favorite being ring-around-a-rosy. In this game we join shells in a circle on a plate.

We have reserved seats on cakes of ice especially prepared for us. We seldom go to church fairs.

Some of us are harder to swallow than others,—there is no particular rule about this. But if you don't succeed the first time, try, try again.

Never let an oyster, bluff you,—down him or choke.

Florence Gilmore.

A Boston man tells this story of his office boy whom he discharged on Saturday evening. The lad walked into the store Monday as though nothing had happened, whereupon the employer remarked: "I thought I had discharged you?" "So you did discharge me, the boy replied with some indignation. "But don't do it again; I had a terrible time wid me mudder when I got home!"

The Dangerous Garment

Mrs. Jasper—Mrs. Turnley has given her hobble skirt away; she was afraid to have it around.

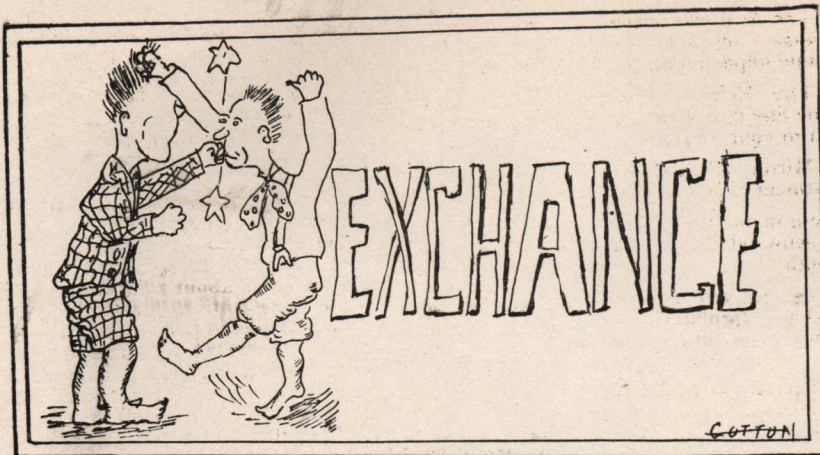
Mrs. Davis—Why?

Mrs. Jasper—It nearly strangled her cōck the other day.

Mrs. Davis—How?

Mrs. Jasper—The ignorant girl tried it on upside down, and the small part got 'round her neck.

Willie (frantically):—"Run mamma, the baby's eating all the currents off the fly paper."



"The Marionite," Marion, Kentucky.—One of our best exchanges. Your literary department deserves special praise.

"The Acorn," St. Anthony Park, Minn.—You have a neat and attractive paper. Your arrangement is good.

"El Monte," Monte Vista, Colo.—More original stories would improve your paper.

"Tiger," Little Rock, Ark.—You have quite a pleasing paper, but more humor would be a benefit.

"Pebbles," Marshalltown, Iowa.—We could all profit by your editorial, "Individuality."

"The Palmetto and the Pine," St. Petersburg, Florida.—You are to be congratulated on your stories.

"Clintonian," Clinton, Ia.—Your paper is good, but why place advertisements in with your reading matter?

"Crimson," Goshen, Indiana.—A cover design would be a great improvement.

"The Slate," Enid, Okla.—Why don't you comment on your exchanges instead of just giving the names? We all like to know what others think of us.

"The Habit," Salina, Kansas. is an excellent paper for the first issue. Best wishes for success.

"The Ides," Salisbury, Md.—Your literary department is your best division. The rest might be improved.

"Observer," Chillicothe, Mo.—Your class notes and cuts of January were especially good.

"The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y.—Where is your exchange department? A lively exchange column is a help to any paper.

"The Kyote," Billings, Montana, is perhaps the best exchange we received this month.

We are glad to have "The Native American," Phoenix, Arizona, among our exchange papers. We are interested in hearing about the Indians.

"Toltec," Durango, Colo.—Yours is a bright, neat, paper. You certainly have an artist.

"The Scout," Muskogee, Okla., is a good paper. Your locals are entertaining, even to an outsider.

"The Round Up," Douglas, Wyo.—Your literary department of the January issue is very good.

"Kodak," Everett, Washington, is still one of our most popular papers.

"The Interlude," South Bend, Ind., has a very attractive cover. All your departments are well gotten up.

"Bellflower Bulletin," Bellflower, Ill., is another paper without an exchange. Is it the fault of other papers?

"The Boomerang," Longmont, Colo., is very interesting. Come again.

"The Academy Record," San Antonio, Texas.—You lack class notes and an alumni department

"The Echo," Montrose, Colo., has some fine cuts which adds much attraction to your journal.

"Mirror," Franklin, Neb.—Your departments are rather short.

We found the "High School Journal" Brownwood, Texas, quite interesting this month.

We received several copies of "The Weekly Highlander," Des Moines, Ia. You always get a cordial welcome.

Mildred Demphy gave up ribbons,
 Margie gave up paint;
 Baker gave up swearing
 So we'll hear no more complaint.
 Some pupils have been given up
 So commonly the rule.
 Brewster quit his sleeping,
 Elmer Kenyon gave up school.

Miss Trott is going to give a show,
 Some bright and shining day.
 The Sophomores had a conflict,
 So they were forced to quit their play.
 Tanton's giving lectures now
 Free of charge each day;
 So all you freshies dumb
 Can hear what he's to say.
 Miss Pearsoll gave a history test
 Inquiring for a date.
 Waldo gave up breakfast
 To keep from being late.
 You may talk about your hard exams,
 Miss Dow's are surely rough.
 "Takes brains to pass in English,"
 Was not written for a bluff.
 Most everyone is lenient now—
 The dogs don't even bark;
 Ray's not caught so often
 While strolling in the park.
 I don't believe I'll be a fool
 Just to be in style.
 Expect no more of me then
 Than a great big juicy smile.

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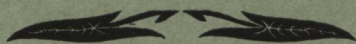
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