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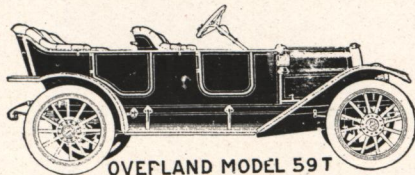
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# THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

VOL. III, NO. 6

MARCH, 1912.

50c per Year.



## A WARTIME INCIDENT

(Prize Story, Madeleine Meacham, '14)

For hours the booming of Chancellorsville guns had made life in the vicinity hideous, but now they became silent. The dust lay in a white blanket upon the roadside grass and, under his shuffling footsteps, almost obscured, the form of a stalwart negro going slowly along the road.

"Now, what yo' reckon dat ar bundle ovah dah am Wash Snow? S'posin' we go see."

He advanced to the bundle and bent over it.

"Wal, I 'clar to mighty ef it aint a sojer, a Fed'ral sojer! Looks lak he's done fo', it sho do. Reckon yo'd git tuhned off ef yo' should tek 'im to de house? We'll resk it." He lifted the limp figure in his arms and plodded on.

"'Mandy, oh 'Mandy, look what ah's brought 'yo'!" he called entering the kitchen with his burden.

"Wal fo' de Lawd ef yo ain't fetched a Yankee sojer to dis house! Wash'nton Snow, ain't yo' got no bettah sense dan dat? What yo' reckon ole Missus will do to yo'? Tek 'im right out whar yo' foun' 'im or yo' doan git no suppah."

The negress paused for breath, and before she could begin again, there was a laugh from the doorway behind her and a rich, mellow voice said:

"What's wrong, 'Mandy? What has Wash done now—forgotten the meal for the mush?"

"Law, missy, wuss'n dat. He's done brought a Yankee sojer heah an' he won't tek 'im back."

"Take him back! Well, I should think not, especially if he's hurt. Do you reckon mothah would allow that? Fix up the bed in the South room at once, 'Mandy. Wash, you must go for the doctah." "Peg," to an ebony-hued individual who peered in at the door, "heat some watah and have it ready."

Two hours later John Winchester came to himself in a large cool room. He was tired in every nerve and muscle, and his side felt queer and sore. He remembered being hit by a minnie ball and of staggering on with his regiment until he fell exhausted from pain and loss of blood. Some way there seemed no connection between the dusty road and this soft bed. While he struggled to recall what had happened, he heard the soft opening of a door, and into his range of vision came a beautiful girl, whose auburn curls escaped from their comb and tapped softly against her smooth cheek. She laid a soft hand on his lips.

"Do not speak. We found youah papahs and sent word to the commandah. By his ordahs you are to stay heah until you are well. Come, Phoebe."

A negress entered with a bowl of broth and the girl sat with him until the last drop was gone. Then she placed a small bell on the table beside him and went out.

For many days the soldier boy lay between life and death, often delirious but conscious all the time of Peace Haverhill's presence. At times, too, there came an older, graver, yet no less beautiful woman who smoothed the pillow or put cold water to his parched lips. Then came a day when he awakened as if to a new life. The morning sun streamed in, glinting the clean bare floor; a turbaned negress sat at one of the windows picking lint. At a sound from the sick man she approached the bed and, on seeing him awake, a broad grin overspread her features.

"Well, fo' de Lawd, ef yo' aint awake. De missus will sho be glad 'case she's bin skeered about yo'. Now, yo' mus' eat. De broth's all ready."

He slept again after he had eaten, and when he awoke Peace was in the room. She came and sat beside him.

"I'm glad you are bettah," she said, "Youah regiment has gone, but you can soon go to it. We couldn't leahn where youah home was, so we couldn't white to youah people."

"I am sorry," he said, for my mother will think I have been killed. Would you mind writing a letter for me after a while? Just now I want to talk. How did I come here? I don't remember walking.

"You didn't," with a laugh in her eyes. "Wash carried you and brought trouble upon himself. 'Mandy was scandalized at the presence of a Yankee in the house."

His face flushed.

"And you?" he said.

Her face grew softer. "Mothah and I took you for the sake of one who will never sleep in the south room again. Federal oah Confederate, it wouldn't have mattedh with him. Shall I write youah lettah? You musn't talk too much."

It was not a long letter, for Peace would not allow it. After she went the lieutenant added a few lines to it telling of the kindness of his hostesses and asking his mother to thank them for him.

After several days a letter came in reply, and with it one for Peace. The

girl cried when she read her letter, and her heart grew tenderer toward a young man whose mother could write a letter like that.

When she entered Winchester's room with a bouquet of early flowers there was a rich color in her cheeks which made her prettier than ever, and convinced the lieutenant that some of the same feelings which stirred him were also stirring her. He resolved to tell her everything the next time she came into the room, but his courage failed, for he could read a ready sarcasm back of her quiet manner. No, he must wait until he was stronger. He saw a difference in Peace; she was less at her ease and seemed anxious to leave. At last she stopped coming to Winchester's room.

Slowly the weeks passed, and as slowly Lieutenant Winchester's strength returned. At last the day came when he could remain no longer. The last night, he and Peace wandered over the grounds of Brookside. In simple words the soldier thanked Peace for her kindness. Then came a long pause and suddenly the lieutenant spoke.

"Miss Haverhill," he said, and the girl's heart gave a violent leap. She put out a protesting hand.

"Please," she grieved, "please don't. You would not if you knew."

"Yes, I would. Up North in a Maine village a little black-eyed girl is waiting for me. I lost her picture when I was shot, or I'd show it to you. I am sorry if I've hurt you. I tried before to tell you, but I couldn't. Now you know."

"Oh, Lieutenant Winchestah, you've made it so much easier for me. When the wah is ovah I'm going to be happy, too. I'm so glad you undersand."

Mrs. Haverhill was waiting for them as they came up the drive, a young man in the uniform of a Federal private at her side.

"Captain Strong has sent for you, sir," he said, saluting respectfully. "The horses are at the gate and if you are ready we can go at once."

"All right, Bradley. Good-bye, my friends."

Wash, bowing elaborately, led the horses to the steps.

"Fo' de Lawd, Boss, ah nebah 'spected fo' to see yo' walk again when I fetched yo' heah. Doan yo' go fo'

to kill any ob de men folks."

The lieutenant grew grave.

"No, Wash," he said, "I don't mean to. War is a cruel business, but we're not brutes up there. We're killing our brothers, and you needn't think it doesn't hurt. Farewell, and may God bless you for your kindness."

He shook hands with them all, then leaped lightly into the saddle, cantered down the driveway and out of their lives forever.

But in one Southern home the hatred of the Northerners was a little less bitter, and one Northerner felt that in one Southern home was the true spirit of brotherly love."

### BILL AND I GO HUNTING.

(Scott McAbee, '14.)

One day last summer I was out in the back yard sawing wood, when my old chum Bill climbed over the fence with his usual salutation, "Hey, there!"

By the fire in Bill's eye I knew he had something up his sleeve, if it was only his arm, and so I just stopped work and sat down on a log and let Bill do the rest. He came to the point right at once.

"Say, I seen Beans down the street a while ago and he said that them circus people was offerin' real money for wild animals.

"I didn't believe Beans, but he said he palmed off his old lame coyote on them, so I just went down and asked the guy about it.

"Sure, Mike, we do," he says, 'we buy anything from a wild sweet potato to a three-eyed waholootootle,' or sumthin' like that."

"Now, Mack," says Bill, gettin' down to the case, "here's a chanc't to take in a little coin. You remember that old wildcat that nearly et Sport up out there in the woods." Of course I remembered, and I'll bet Sport did, too.

"Well," says Bill conclusively, "let's go out there and 'beard the lion in his den,' as our old friend Nick would say. I got some things here and a muzzle; we'll go out and get the 'varmint' and muzzle 'im."

And so Bill rattled on confidently, me growing more enthusiastic every moment. At last, I could resist his arguments no longer, and giving Bill the sneak signal, we beat it quietly to the hole in the fence and succeeded in getting away without Maw no-

ting. Bill kept continually talking loud, and I felt sure maw would hear us.

Notwithstanding the fact that the wild cat's abode was three miles away, Bill wanted to start out on a run. That was just like him. When he became interested in anything, he wanted to carry it out at full speed. I positively refused to run, so Bill had to walk with me.

By the time we reached the vicinity of our prospective victim's abode, I was pretty much all in. Bill, being much older and stronger than I, had set a pace which I found hard to follow. Then, too, I had been worrying lest Bill would have me "beard the lion in his den." We did not find our victim snoozing on an old tree, where we expected to find him, but thanks to the energetic labors of old Sport, we soon found the wild cat's tracks and in a short time had that gentleman himself treed.

My apprehensions concerning my part in the capture were now set at ease by Bill, who stripping off his shoes, went up the tree like a monkey.

Of course, the cat returned to the top of the tree, but Bill laboriously followed him and soon had him cornered in the top of the tree. I, feeling particularly joyful, was standing near the tree, keeping up Bill's nerve, as I thought, by shouts of "muzzle'im, grab'is leg, pull his venerable whiskers." Bill very methodically took a thong out of his pocket, and a noose having been made, proceeded to throw it over the cat's head. He was just about to succeed when the cat, landing a left haymaker towards where Bill's whiskers will be some day, caught his paw in the string and overbalanced himself. Knowing the inadequacy of the English and of as much as I know of the Latin language, I will not attempt to portray what happened during the next few minutes, hiding myself behind the excuse that the foliage was in the way. Suffice to say, however, although I have known Bill for a long time, never before in my life did I hear him express himself in such a forcible manner. Directly, as it seemed, Bill came out of the tangle in one direction and the cat came out in the other. The cat jumped into another tree and was gone, but Bill hung on a limb by the seat of his pants and

which position being somewhat precarious, I was not surprised that even the redoubtable Bill began to look pale and not belie his looks. Seeing that Bill was in no immediate danger, I began to see the funny side of things just transpired, and laying myself gently down on the grass, I gave way to much mirth. Here, tho't I, is a chance to get even with Bill for poking my face, showing me up before my girl and finally beating me out of her altogether. "William Alexander," I said in a shocked tone of voice, "I'm goin' to tell your maw I heard you say ding-bust it." Did I intimate before that Bill was getting scared; O! say not Claude! Why, he looked positively green and purple with anger, and I began to look around for a quick exit, despite the fact that Bill was still enjoying his aerial berth. "Say", began Bill as soon as he could find his voice; "say," he repeated real slow to let the words sink in, "You wall-eyed, wooden eye-browed, lantern jawed, cross-legged, bow-eyed" (it was very apparent that Bill was becoming excited) "middle-sized sardine, you beat it home and tell Paw to come out an' help me down or I'll—." "I got cha, Bill," I said as I proceeded, a trifle rapidly to carry out that gentleman's directions. I had a feeling that I had trifled too much with Bill's ire and say! Bill has got an awful left swing!

I told his dad and he went back and rescued Bill and also gave him a "good tannin," as I afterwards heard. I know the one I got for sneakin' off was a good 'un. Well, I steered clear of Bill for a week or two or until I tho't his anger had cooled down and then we became fast friends again. I have never mentioned the wild cat tragedy to Bill, for the simple but magnificent reason that I saw him "lick the stuffins," out of Beans for mentioning it. Bill and I may go hunting wild cats again some day but I'll bet a cookey that Bill do'sent suggest the hunt.

### The Days of Chivalry

(By F. Monahan, '14)

So Willie you're tired of planting corn,  
Of getting up in the early morn  
To feed the stock and milk the cow,  
And all day long to follow the plow,  
ate.

Of wearing jeans and an old straw hat,—

You say there's no romance in that.  
You think you'd like to be a knight,  
And chase around on a horse and fight

Just like they did in days of old  
When maids were fair and knights  
were bold,

When men had time to be polite,  
And everything they'd meet they'd fight

From guinea pigs to one-eyed cats.  
And boobs wore visors on their hats,  
And carted hardware on their backs,  
And soaked each other with an ax,  
And ran around in cast-iron pants,  
And jabbed at people with a lance,  
And rescued maids from durance  
vile,

And lied like troopers all the while  
About the monster they had slain  
While chasing dragons down in  
Spain.

You think you'd like to do like this,  
To you t'would be the height of bliss.  
And, so, you say you'd like, my lad,  
To imitate Sir Galahad  
Who'd slay a dragon with a blow,  
Yet could not use a rake or hoe,  
And bat an ogre on the brow,  
But, Willie, could he milk a cow?  
For all these knights on prancing  
steeds,

Who did such fearful, bloody deeds,  
And fought for glory, love, or hate  
They did not earn the bread they  
King Arthur's bunch was mostly  
boobs

Sir Launcelot and the rest were  
rubes

Who ought to have been hoeing corn  
Or planting onions on a farm,  
Not chasing 'round from morn to  
night

And hunting for a giant to fight.  
They have done their work at home,  
And left the poor old giant alone.  
For he, who's always quiet and  
peaceful;

Who's always doing something use-  
ful,

Is worth a thousand of these  
knights,

Who only starred in dragon fights.  
So, Willie, don't look so forlorn,  
But do your work around the farm.  
And if some feeble minded sage  
Comes prating of this golden age  
Don't listen to his gloomy tales,  
Just biff him with a keg of nails,  
And run along and milk the cow,  
And thank the stars you're living  
now,



# The Tenderfoot.

BY THE HIGH SCHOOL, SALIDA, COLORADO

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## EDITORIAL

The members of the staff take this opportunity to express their appreciation to those who so willingly gave their time toward making this issue a success.

We wish especially to thank those who have contributed original poems, or stories, and to thank our artistic editor, Fred Monohan, for his work.

In addition to those whose efforts appear in these columns, Lucy Newman, Albert Griffin and Edith Woody should be mentioned as contributing creditable material. We wish our funds were unlimited, so that space would be no item. Then we could gratify our own desires and those of others by publishing the productions of all.

"They're only truly great who are truly good."

"Every man has business and desire, such as it is."

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—else wherefore born?"

### WHEN I'M HOMESICK

(Madeleine Meacham, '14)

When I'm getting very homesick  
And I don't know what to do,  
Then the thing that cheers me up most  
Is a few dear lines from you.

Your dear letters are a comfort,  
With news of friends so dear,  
And my heart grows glad within me  
When my letter time draws near.

Then let's keep on writing, dearest,  
Those few lines of love and cheer,  
They keep me from feeling dreary  
When my homesick time is here.

"Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will."

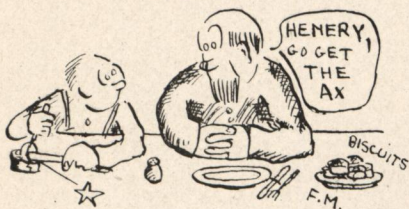
"I am a part of all that I have met."

"By and by is easily said."

"Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE HINTS

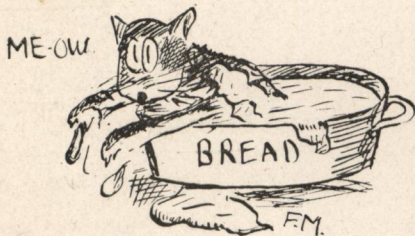


Before broiling a hen always remove the feathers.

If father objects to the flint-like quality of your biscuit, do not be discouraged. Practice upon mud pies until you become proficient.

If in doubt whether anything should be baked, boiled or fried, do all three ways and try 'em on the goat. Then make a bee-line for the veterinary undertaker.

This recipe was handed in by that ever-willing worker, Cotton Collins: Boiled Owl—First get the owl; but if



there are no owls around, rush out into the hen house and gather up a duck, or any other feathered quadruped. If you have no ducks, borrow one of the neighbors, remove the bill and boil it.

In setting bread over night to raise, do not place it where stray cats or other insects will wander into it. It will not improve the bread any, and is not treating the cats right.

Do not try to flavor cake with hair tonic. Vanilla flavor is much cheaper. Besides, father may object to the disappearance of his Herpicide.

In a future edition this department will publish a description of a beautiful piece of embroidery work, designed by Ballard French, who is an ardent reader of Lydia Sinkum's Almanac, and therefore an authority on matters such as these. It is a wonderful creation of pink sunflowers and

purple daffodils on a green background. It is useful as well as ornamental, and can be used as a doormat in rainy weather. Watch for it.

## AND THUS WE HEAR THEM

"You are making a little too much noise this morning; better be quiet."  
—Mr. Benard.

"Take your elbows off the desk."  
—Miss Trot.

"Take paper from your tablets; we'll write."  
—Miss Pearsall.

"You must get your note books up and hand them in."  
—Miss Stiers.

"Now, listen."  
—Miss Gilpatrick.

"Aw you never assigned that: I never studied that."  
—Ward Bateman.

"What do you think this is, Christmas?"  
—Leonard Maier.

"I got yer."  
—Richard Fuller.

"Take your books and leave!"  
—Mr. Harris.

"Ah there baby!"  
—Edith Nord.

"Isn't that gorgeous!"  
—Bessie Corlett.

"Phil!"  
—Julia Hogan.

"Let me see your Latin paper; I want to compare it with mine."  
—Leitha Woods.

"Hey, Si!"  
—Laura Ramey.

"Don't you think I deserve more than 87 in deportment this time?"  
—Dorian Haus (at end of every six weeks).

"I'm going to see Mr. Harris."  
—Agnes Quinn.

"You villain!"  
—Jennje Lee Williams.

"Isn't she a humclinger?"  
—Albert Griffin.

"Bingo!"  
—Dana.

"I follow you closely."  
—Hal.

"Yes! Yes!"—Fred Monahan.  
 "Ain't that rank?"—Edna Norton.  
 "I am just furious!"—Kathryn B.  
 "Ye gods and little fishes!"—Clayton.  
 "Where, O Billie, is my German?"—Florence W.  
 "So to speak."—Mr. Tanton.  
 "A-ha-a-h!"—Frazier B.  
 "Canterumpus!"—Genelle H.  
 "Kids got your Latin?"—Lydia P.  
 "Gramercy!"—Howard C.

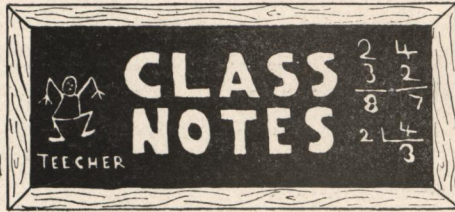
### LESSONS IN ETHICS.

- I. Three things to love:  
 Courage;  
 Gentleness;  
 Affection.
- II. Three things to govern:  
 Temper;  
 Tongue;  
 Conduct.
- III. Three things to contend for:  
 Honor;  
 Country;  
 Home.
- IV. Three things to delight in:  
 Frankness;  
 Freedom;  
 Beauty.
- V. Three things to wish for:  
 Health;  
 Friends;  
 Contentment.
- VI. Three things to oppose:  
 Cruelty;  
 Pride;  
 Ingratitude.
- VII. Three things to avoid:  
 Idleness;  
 Gossip;  
 Familiarity.
- VIII. Three things to admire:  
 Power;  
 Dignity;  
 Grace.
- IX. Three things to strive for:  
 Wisdom;  
 Truth;  
 Goodness.

- X. Three things to practice:  
 Politeness;  
 Charity;  
 Self-control.
- XI. Three things to cultivate:  
 Cheerfulness;  
 Attention;  
 Independence.
- XII. Three things to think about:  
 Life;  
 Death;  
 Eternity.

### WHO'S WHO IN S. H. S. AND WHY

- Stephen England, the Modern Demosthenes.**  
 Why? Compared to him old Cicero is but a tongue-tied wahooootle.
- Ballard French, local high hurdler.**  
 Why? Nearly won the high hurdles in annual Colorado Springs meet last year.
- Roger White, mysterious waffles.**  
 Why? Dark horse of the Junior class.
- Fred Monahan, local hot-air dispenser.**  
 Why? A very devoted student of Shakespeare and Otto Floto.
- Genelle Haus, the kowboy kid.**  
 Why? She has a fellow who lives in Cheyenne. (We wouldn't like to have this get out).
- Patrick Mahoney, publicity man for Herpicide.**  
 Why? Distinguished by his fine, flowing, wavy head of hair.
- Madeleine Meacham, the Laura Jean Libbey of the Soph. Class.**  
 Why? Acquiring great local renown as an authoress.
- Richard Fuller, the Man of Destiny.**  
 Why? Just look at his high forehead and commanding eye.
- Henry Sandusky, Salida's White Hope.**  
 Why? Recently won decision of Slugging Sam.
- Clarence Bunberry, leading candidate for University prize.**  
 Why? Distinguished by his intellectual looks and nervous, quick manner of walking.
- Ruth Lessing, fair daughter of Epicurus.**  
 Why? Particularly fond of certain classes of spaghetti.



### SENIOR - NOTES

Clara Smith was absent from school during the last week in February.

Teacher, "What is one of the common causes of deafness?"

Student, "You might get a bug in your ear."

Have you ever noticed the remarkable resemblance between some of the Senior girls' opinion concerning Sophomore Algebra and General Sherman's opinion concerning war?

Teacher, "Do you know why many people feel drowsy and sleepy during a lecture, or in church?"

Student, "Why its on account of the stagnant and hot air."

### JUNIOR NOTES

The Juniors have been cleaning and moving—in the laboratory.

Howard, while explaining his doctrine, in English. "If a man really loved a woman he would give up his whole life for her."

Edna, translating (evidently much confused) "My husband but really I don't know his name."

The Junior girls were making bread in Domestic Science the other day—Ask the boys if it was good.

George Oliver (translating): "If I were not so weary I would be in a marriage procession and perhaps I will yield to that weakness some day."

Miss Gilpatrick: "Clayton, I want you to take the part of Hamlet."

Clayton: "Well, I will Miss Gilpatrick, but I'd rather be a messenger."

Edith (in Virgil): "Polophibus, the pastor, walked among his sheep."

Mr. Harris: "Don't you think it would be better to say shepherd?"

Edith: "I don't see any difference."

Miss Gilpatrick: "Howard, who was Yorick?"

Howard: "He was dead."

The class were discussing about the queen accidentally drinking the poisoned wine in "Hamlet."

Arthur French—aside: "She must have taken the "rough on rats."

The Junior girls are now glad that they are starting Industrial Chemistry and the boys analytical.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah Rah!

Juniors! Juniors!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

### SOPHOMORE NOTES

Ethel (in English) "Hawthorne graduated in 1125." My but he was a precocious child! He wasn't born until 1804.

Richard (in Latin): "Many tribes live there among them, those who live on fish and birds of eggs."

Mr. Harris: "You got the cart before the horse, didn't you?"

Richard: "What did I say?"

Ward (in staff meeting): "We might dedicate our paper to someone who's dead."

Frazier (in History): "It is said when the men got tired killing the Royalists they had refreshments."

Mr. Keyte: "Here's a geometry belonging to Edith Nord."

Lawrence: "That's mine."

Mr. Keyte: "Why, is that your name?"

Mr. Harris called on Scott to answer a question the day after the Monte Vista game. Scott didn't know the question.

Mr. Harris: "No memories of the night before in Latin class, Scott."

Miss Gilpatrick: "Frazier, take the next stanza."

Frazier: "Me?"

Eugene (reading Duncan's part in Macbeth): "Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banqud."

Lawrence (as the Sergeant): "Yes as sparrows, eagles, or the lion, the hare."

Ethel (in Latin): "He drove them not only straight up and down but also slanting."

Sadie (in reading): "He drove—a beam—two beams, a foot and a half-wide."

Lydia (reading Macbeth): "Assisted by the most loyal traitor."

Fred (in Latin): "Two beams sharpened on the end."

Mr. Harris: "Which end?"

Fred: "The bottom one, of course."

On Lincoln's Birthday, Arthur French, very appropriately, presented the Sophomore class with a bust of Lincoln. The boys of the class under the direction of Mr. Bernard are making a bracket on which the bust will be placed.

Frazier (in Latin): "In ten days during which the material had began to be collected."

Genelle established a hair dressing parlor with Fred as her first customer. He however, was unappreciative, after the manner of his sex, and, twitching the ribbon from his curly locks, gave the black satin ornament back to her.

Oh well, such is life.

Miss Bertha Johnson, of Florence, gave the Sophomore class a call recently.

A boy—a book,  
A lass—a look,  
Books neglected,  
Flunk expected.—Ex.

See the gallant Freshman,  
Behold his face so fair,  
How proud he is,  
How stern he is,  
His skull is filled with air.—Ex.

"True happiness is contentment and contentment is satisfied anywhere."

"Our business in life is not to get ahead of others, but to get ahead of ourselves."

"I look up, and love, and laugh, and lift."

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away."



### SOPHOMORE STUNTS

Through the kindness of Genelle Haus, the social editor is enabled to hand in a most excellent record of the Sophomore stunts, behaviors and misbehaviors.

As befitting the well established reputation for intellectuality, excellent deportment, handsome boys, and pretty girls, the Sophomore class concluded that it was "up to them" to gain prominence in the social world.

#### October 28, 1911.

A hay rack ride was voted on as an appropriate beginning but through unconsideration of the Head of Western Weather Bureau, who refused to countermand his order for snow, the class was obliged to resort to some other form of amusement and a marshmallow toast was substituted and the crowd gathered at the home of Genelle Haus, where those marshmallows which escaped being consumed by the flames were eaten with great gusto. The evening's enjoyment was slightly marred by a feeling of timidity among the girls, who not fully realizing that they had reached the dignity of Sophomores dreaded a repetition of their Freshmen experiences at the hands of the upper classmen. No doubt being aware of their inability to cope with the Sophomore champions, they made no demonstrations of their power.

Being under the impression that after a particularly warm day the ice would be soft and more yielding, the class chose the evening of December seventh, on which to display their prowess at skating. Although a

little late in reaching the pond, skates were speedily adjusted and every one proceeded to perform according to the latest scientific methods. Richard Fuller easily carried off the honors of the evening, by holding the audience spellbound with his marvelous exhibitions, such as shooting the duck, cutting the outer edge, and many fancy figures. As for Lawrence Elofson, he only fell three times, but unfortunately his cranium came in too gentle contact with the ice and for several days after, it was noticed that he wore a meditating expression; when questioned he finally admitted that he was seriously contemplating taking up the study of astronomy because of his intimate knowledge of Mars, Jupiter, Venus and—Ty Cobb.

### January 13, 1912.

Among the many New Year resolutions made by the Sophomore girls, was to resolve to exercise their Leap Year prerogative.

Consequently a masquerade house party was planned, Effie Henry to act as hostess. A meeting was called to decide the method of choosing the young men; an incipient riot, similar to a suffragette meeting followed, caused by the unanimous desire of girls to escort the same boy; the disturbance attracted the attention of the members of the faculty, who still remained. In a short time wiser counsel prevailed, peace was restored, slips of paper with the names of the unfortunate men written thereon, were produced and the girls proceeded to draw their prizes.

The night of the party having duly arrived, the girls sallied forth with an "I'm not afraid air," and we presume the majority of them reached their destination without incident: but one young lady was overheard telling another that she ran from pursuing footsteps for four blocks; only to learn that the family burro had escaped and followed; said she was awfully glad that Jack had brayed, just then, as she was nearly out of breath and did not know how she could have run the remaining distance. A very enjoyable time ensued. Various games were played and the Chaperone in her short dress, gingham apron, butterfly bows, etc, made a charming little girl and added much to the evening's entertainment

by her excellent rendition of several pathetic childhood ballads among them, "You Can't Play in My Yard" and "Out in the Green are My Dolly and I."

The anxious glances cast at the domestic science girls were later explained but Fred Monahan and Albert Griffin said that they were not afraid of any home made concoctions.

But why should anyone at all be afraid of the girls experimenting their home cooking on them anyhow? For did they not have a trained nurse on hand in case of emergency?

Leonard Maier captured the prize for guessing correctly the name of every girl, while the booby prize was awarded to Arthur French, who guessed thirteen wrong, as there was just that number there.

Having taken plenty of that which reaches the heart, the boys report a glorious time and are living in anticipation of future events.

"Cheer up!" ye Sophomore boys, this is only March and "the worst is to come."

### JANUARY 27.

After five months of close application to study, a hike was deemed necessary to forestall impending brain fag.

The party proceeded from the home of Dana Van Cleve at 5:30 p. m., the goal being the ranch of Scott McAbee, on Bear creek, about four and one-half miles from town.

While strolling liesurely along by Cleora cemetery several of the pedestrians narrowly escaped with their lives from what they presumed was a runaway horse, but a fleeting glance at the occupants of the buggy revealed the fact that it was Sadie Bailer and Lydia Parker, who had consented to attend only on condition that the latter's father would drive them rapidly past the graveyard.

The boys appeared to be disappointed at the non-appearance of the bears, Ward Bateman having brought his pop-gun for the express purpose of being prepared for any trouble that might come from Bruin.

Judging by the speed and ease with which Madeleine Meacham and Ethel Green made the trip, it would not

(Continued on Page 15)



Pictures of the basketball teams have been taken. Our players have not been defeated this season, so everyone ought to have pictures of them.

The glee club is getting down to hard practice, preparing for the commencement exercises.

Kathryn Bateman went down to Colorado Springs to visit Miss Hester Crutcher and to attend the dramatic function given by the students of Colorado College.

The boys are beginning to practice for the spring track meet. They can only practice in certain lines, as they lack equipment for the other sports.

Mr. McGinnis and Mr. Rubin visited the High School last week.

The Florence boys and girls climbed Tenderfoot, and visited the High School, while in town.

Mr. Thompson, former principal of the High School, honored us with a call this month. Mr. Thompson is now located in Pueblo.

Miss Margaret Hiltz, of Buena Vista, also visited the High School.

Miss Gilpatrick greatly regretted that so many of her pupils were unable to attend the theater party at the Empress February 10th, as the orator lectured eloquently upon the subject, "Mormons and Their Temples," and a fund of information was obtained.(?) His handling of the King's

English was indeed remarkable, especially his treatment of verb tenses and sentence construction. Floyd Simpson and Frazier Booth appeared to be most susceptible to the pictured charms of Mormon domesticity, and Colin Campbell, although not present at the lecture, said: "My hat is in the ring and my head is in it."

#### WANT ADS.

FOR SALE—I have the exclusive agency for the finest pompadour tonic made. I am the walking advertisement for this tonic. Richard Fuller.

FOR RENT—Each day's geometry problems, already worked out. Leonard.

WANTED—A nice little Haus. Scott McAbee.

WANTED—About eighty added to my department grade. Laurence.

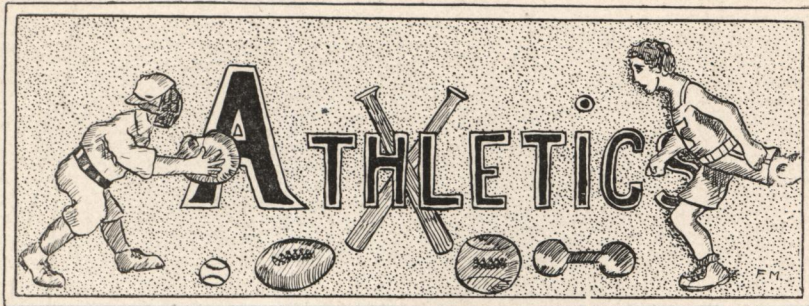
WANTED—A position as geometry teacher; I'd make a good one, even if I do say so. Richard.

WANTED—Some very strong tea to keep me awake nights, so I can get my English. Leola.

LOST—My voice; I feel very sad about its loss, as it was a keep-sake. If anyone finds the same, please return to me. Lloyd Simpson.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN — A wad of gum. I left it sticking on my desk, and when I came back it was gone. Leave it with Frazier if you find it.

FOUND—A powder rag and a mirror in the geometry room. Owner can have same if they will give a description and pay for this ad. Inquire of one of the boys.



Florence played a return game at Salida February 16th. Salida won the game with a score of 58-2. The line-up was the same as for the previous game. Mr. Keyte refereed, and Mr. Bowhay of Florence umpired. A reception was given at the High School in honor of the visitors.

Monta Vista played us at Salida February 22. Salida easily conquered the champions of San Luis valley with a score of 49-9.

The line-up was as follows:

Monta Vista	Salida
F. Z. Breckinridge.	Nina Churcher.
F. Aileen Smith.	Lucy Newman.
C. Eva Seiver.	Mary Denik.
C. Effie Merchant.	Florence Gilmore.
G. Beulah Wiley.	Leitha Woods
G. Sarah Chapman.	Edith Nord.

Sub—Mayette Meinzer.

The last game will be held March 16th, when Salida plays Leadville at Salida. This will be a post-season game.

At the close of the season the girls voted Mary Denik captain for next year.

The Salida Basket Ball girls won at Florence February 9th. The game was very exciting, and ended with a score of 39-7 in favor of Salida.

The line-up was as follows:

Florence	Salida
F. Hitchcock.	Churcher.
F. Johnson.	Newman.
G. LeRoy.	Woods.
G. McFie.	Nord.
C. Robinson.	Denik.
C. Howell.	Gilmore.

Subs—Bragg-McKenzie. Collier.

Referee, Mr. Keyte; umpire, Mr. Alen, of Canon City.

A reception was given for the Salida teams at Po-Ker Flat, and needless to say everybody enjoyed themselves.

Josephine Randol, Roger White, Wallace Schoolfield and Guy Hollenbeck accompanied the teams.

The Freshman and the Eighth grade girls played a close game Friday, March 8. The Freshman won with a score of 16 to 10. The lineup was as follows:

Freshman

F. Jennilee Williams  
 F. Grace Williamson  
 C. Esther Jones  
 C. Florence Gill  
 G. Mildred Reynolds  
 G. Laura Ramey

Eighth Grade

F. Ethel Gillespie  
 F. Caroline Welch  
 C. Fannie Shehan  
 C. Mary Doscher  
 G. Estella Abenschan  
 G. Lily Lines  
 Sub. Fay Edwards

Our basketball teams left Friday, January 9th, for Florence. As usual the girls' game was easily won by a score of 39 to 7. The Florence girls were unable to shoot goals, due in a large measure to our good guarding. Our boys won by the one-sided score of 54 to 6, not allowing Florence to score during the second half.

Allan of Canon, as referee, gave entire satisfaction. After the games, Florence entertained our players at the home of one of their players. Music and games furnished the entertainment, after which refreshments were served. The teams returned Sat-



urday, delighted with the trip and loud in their praise of Florence's hospitality.

Return games between the same teams were played in Salida January 16, and easily won by the home teams. The girls' score was 58 to 2; boys' score, 93 to 7. The crowd was small but enthusiastic. After the games, Salida entertained the visitors at the high school, where music furnished the entertainment, after which refreshments, prepared in the domestic science department, were served. The following day, Tenderfoot was climbed. Misses Kerr and Pope, and Mr. Bowhay accompanied the teams.

### Salida Wins From Pueblo

Central High School of Pueblo was defeated on the home floor Friday night, March 8th, by the decisive score of 59 to 24, in a hotly contested game. The game was witnessed by a large, enthusiastic crowd. Three of our players were not in good condition but played as hard as usual.

Good team work, the fine guarding of Rhodes, and inability of Pueblo to shoot goals, gave Salida a well earned victory. Prof. Allen of Canon officiated to the entire satisfaction of both schools. The lineup:

Salida  
C. Booth  
F. Carson  
F. Collins (Capt.)  
G. Rhodes  
G. Elofson  
Sub. J. Woods  
Pueblo  
C. McGraw  
F. Cannon  
F. Kulm  
G. Scheneck  
G. Douglas  
G. Monroe

### San Luis Valley Champions Defeated

Salida boys, 49; Monte Vista, 20.

The Monte Vista boys, having won most of their games in the valley, played Salida, February 22. The large crowd assembled at the rink was shown some fine basketball during the first half, which ended with the close score of 16 to 20 in Salida's favor. In the second half, Salida scored 29 points to her opponents 4 and

thus won another victory. The fine shooting ability of Salida's forwards and her good guarding, was too much for her opponents.

On the following night Monte Vista lost the girls' game to Walsenburg, but won the boys' game by the close score of 28 to 29.

### SOPHOMORE STUNTS

(Continued from Page 12)

astonish the hikers, at any time, to hear of their making an "Across the Country Journey" afoot.

Genelle Haus was continually on the look for "fraids," and upon being told that a ghost was after her, she showed her latent prowess as a foot-racer. It is upon her that the Sophomores build their hopes of winning the home track-meet.

At 7:30 the "bunch" were hospitably received by Scott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Skeen.

The first part of the evening was devoted to instructive games, such as "I've got a hen," "Old Woman Went to the Market," etc., after which Mr. Skeen, dismantling the large room of its furnishings, invited the guests to dance. Lured by the magic strains of the violin, as manipulated by our esteemed contemporary, Arthur French, none could resist the bewitching music. Our appetite was then appeased by a delectable lunch provided by the boys. It is hinted that Eugene McKenna, when requested to bring three dozen sandwiches and totaling the amount to be brought by the thirteen boys, felt himself unequal to doing justice to his share, and believing in the proverbial ounce of prevention, etc., pleaded illness and remained at home, for which delinquency Scott has not yet forgiven him, as it took the former a week of lunches to finish those inevitable sandwiches.

Scott's parents kindly furnished a team and large wagon and the belated hikers (not pikers) were driven to their homes in the early hours of a Sunday morning. G. E. D.

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."



Freshman: I thought you took Algebra last year?

Soph: I did; but the faculty excused me.—Ex.

Freshman: Pick that splinter from under my nail.

Soph: What have you been doing—scratching your head?—Ex.

Freshman (seeing storm cleared off)—What are you carrying your umbrella for?"

Bored Senior—Simply an act of kindness, Freshie. You see it can't walk.—Ex.

Irving helped write the Solomon Grundy papers. (Salmagundi.)—Ex.

The world is old yet it likes to laugh,  
New jokes are hard to find,  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can't tickle every mind.  
So if you meet some ancient joke  
Decked out in modern guise  
Don't frown and call the thing a fake.  
Just laugh. Don't be too wise.—Ex.

"Other papers all remind us,  
We can make our own sublime,  
If our schoolmates kindly send us  
Contributions all the time.  
Here a little, there a little  
Story, club note, song or jest—  
If you want a slick school paper,  
Each of you must do your best.—Ex.

## Alumni

Mrs. Craig of Denver came over to visit the High School last week, and to shake hands with her old friends and former pupils. Mrs. Craig will be remembered as Miss Bear. George Craig and Miss Bear both graduated in the class of 1892.

Harry Rubin is employed in the store of Cole & Co. at Garfield.

Miss Merl Bunbury has closed her school at Hortense Springs, owing to the fact that there are no pupils.

Hazel Meacham is teaching the first grade at the H street school during Miss Nautons illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lines have moved to Bisbee, Arizona, where he has accepted a position in a leading jewelry store.

Morris Rowden is breaking on the Third division of the D. & R. G. R. R.

Frank Gilligan holds a very responsible position with the Gas & Electric Co. in Denver. Frank was one of our star foot-ball players.

Louis Marvin is employed as mechanic by the Rainbow Auto Co. Be careful Louis don't get fined for speeding again.

Lyle Bowman coached the basketball team that defeated the University of Colorado team.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Murdock have just returned from an extended visit to the East and to Tennessee, where Mr. Murdock's mother lives. They encountered several very cold storms in the East, but nevertheless report having a good time.

Frank Berlin was in the city several days visiting his mother. Frank is working in Glenwood Springs.

Miss Helen Shonyo has closed her school at Alpine and is now teaching in Newitt.

Miss Ruby Hampson, who has been teaching in Rifle, was taken to the Red Cross hospital in this city to be operated upon for appendicitis. Reports say that she is doing nicely.

## Exchanges

The Sophomore Class, on behalf of the Tenderfoot, acknowledges with

thanks and appreciation the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Zodiac, Lansing, Mich.; The Native American, Phoenix, Ariz.; The Tiger, Colorado Springs, Colo.; High School Echoes, Tucumcari, New Mexico; The Rocky Mountain Collegian, Fort Collins, Colo.; The Umpire, Norman, Okla.; The Clarion, Denver, Colo.; Silver and Gold, Boulder, Colo.; The Weekly Exponent, Bozeman, Mont.; The Emblem, Southington, Conn.; The Blue and White, Cumberland, Md.; The Mirror, Waltham, Mass.

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