

The Tenderfoot

NOVEMBER, 1911



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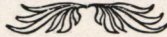
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THE TENDERFOOT

By The Salida High School, Salida, Colorado.

Vol. III., No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1911.

50c: per Year.

Literary



A Freshman Hal- lowe'en Party

PRIZE STORY.

(By G. S. H.)

The Freshmen decided it was time there was "something doing" and so planned a Hallowe'en party to be held at the home of Dolly Pinkham, a member of the class. The novel feature of the party was to be a great bonfire, at which they intended to toast marshmallows.

The Freshies arrived in ample time, under the protection of their mothers, and were given over to the care of the chaperone, after having been duly instructed how to act, and to be sure to come home early.

All went well in the fore part of the evening. About nine thirty o'clock a dainty as well as substantial luncheon was served, after which the lights were turned low; and Douglas Scott, a boy whom all loved to hear talk in his soft southern drawl, and whose ability to tell good tales is marked, volunteered to tell a ghost story.

All during his recital there was a mysterious rapping at the window;

just as Douglas paused to make the climax more dramatic, the window was opened; and the shade was run up to the ceiling by some one from without. Most of the party rushed to the window, where they saw about ten or twelve black figures disappearing in every direction. On turning to the room they were greatly distressed to find that one of the girls had fainted. She quickly recovered, however, and the whole party adjourned to the porch but here their trouble began in earnest; for as Willie Darby stepped out on the porch, he was grabbed by one of the dark figures, who proved to be a Junior. Willie would certainly have been kidnapped before the very eyes of the Freshmen had it not been for the heroic action of Lucy Ray, who, throwing her arms protectingly about Willie, pulled him away from his enemy and brought him safely within the shelter of the house.

As the party collected in the hall they found Donald Ramen was missing; so rushing to the porch again they found that he and John West, a member of the attacking party were engaged in deadly combat. This encounter would have put the propensities of any of the local pugilists to shame. After considerable exertion upon the part of the chaperone and assistants, the antagonists were finally separated

and the party once more assembled within the house.

After a solemn council, it was decided that the bonfire with its accompanying toasting of marshmallows, should be postponed until some future date when the Freshmen could enlist the service of the National Guard to insure them against the hostilities of the belligerent Juniors.

After amusing themselves for some time by employing the marshmallows in the capacity of powder puffs, they were in the act of consuming them, when the rapping was resumed. This confirmed their suspicions that the attacking party had not yet departed.

In utter desperation and urged on by their chaperone, a hurry up call was sent to the police headquarters for relief.

The marshal with a corps of assistants arrived in haste and struck such terror to the hearts of the upper classmen that they fled precipitately, several of them suffering the loss of their hats in their retreat; and it is whispered that upon close inspection of the hair you may find "silver threads among the gold," brown or black of those Juniors.

After the varied experiences of the evening, the party now dispersed and under the direction of the marshal the Freshmen were escorted to their respective homes in safety.

Beans and the Cake

(By Madeleine Meacham.)

"I declare we do hev the greatest time a-keepin' things around this place," said Mr. Grant as he hung his straw hat on its nail with an outraged air.

"What's the matter now, Jotham?" inquired his wife. "What's the matter! Looks like havin' most a whole pile o' wood took in one night was enough!" "You don't say!" Mrs. Grant set a dish of potatoes on the table and stared.

"Yes, I do say! An' I think it's about time somethin' was did. If anything like that happens again I'm a-goin' to notify—," and Mr. Grant's utterance was checked by a huge mouthful of oatmeal.

"Maybe the Hallowe'en spirits are abroad already," suggested his daughter, Myra.

"Well, I'd like to be here to Hallowe'en them. Wish Aleck'd waited until after then to send for us. Hev you made up your mind about goin' yet, Jennie?" "Of course I'll go. Didn't I tell you I needed something for my quilt. And besides I must see those dear babies, I'm ready to go in the mornin'."

Mr. Grant shoved back his chair and rose from the table. "All right," he said. "Come on, Burt. You might as well get what's left o' that wood into the shed." "Mother, may I have some of the girls here Hallowe'en?" asked Myra. "I'll be so lonesome with you gone for Burt will go off with the boys and I won't have any company." "Land sakes, I hope he won't. Pa'd have a fit if he did. Of course you may have the girls here, on'y don't set yourselves afire jumpin' over candles."

Early next morning Mr. Grant drove up to the side door.

"Come on, Jennie," he called. "Oh here you be. I didn't see you. Now, Burt, you stay with Myra and keep out o' mischief." "Oh, pa! Can't I go out with the fellers tomorrow night? We—"

"No, you can't. If I hear o' you doin' it you go out to the woodshed with me as soon as I get home. I don't want you stealin' gates an' breakin' windows. Git up, Nancy!"

"Spoil all my fun, will you. Looks like I might have a good time once a year," grumbled Burt as he looked after the buggy.

"Never mind. I'm going to have some of the girls here and you can stay with us. I've got to bake the bread. Bring in some wood, will you, Burt?" "Huh! Who wants to stay with a lot o' girls? I don't," and Burt went after the wood.

The day passed swiftly for there were many things to be done and each of the children knew better than to neglect them.

"Tomorrow's Saturday," said Myra that evening. "I shall want some jack-o'-lanterns made and if you will I'd like to have you make them. You can lick the cake bowl, too, if you'll stay with me." Burt considered.

"And won't I get any of the cake when it's done? I'll be switched if I'll stay if I don't and I ain't sure I will if I do." "Well, I should think you'd rather stay than to get what father promised if you didn't. I should."

At nine o'clock Burt closed his last school book with a bang and Myra, at the same time, closed hers. "Gee but I'm sjeepy. Good night, sis." "Burt you come back and lock the door while I wind the clock. Be sure you put the cat out."

It was not long after they finished bed before both were asleep.

Early the next morning Myra rapped on Burt's door. "Burt, Burt, get up! It's five o'clock and there's lots to be done. Get up, I say!"

"Gee! I thought I'd just gone to bed. Are you sure it aint just midnight?"

"Yes I am. Are you up?"

"Yes," tumbling out.

"All right, hurry."

It was still early when they finished their work.

"Now," said Myra as she hung up the dishpan, "it's seven o'clock. You get three or four big pumpkins and I'll make some jacks out of boxes. Then I'll stir up some cakes and see what else there is. When you've got them done go to the store and get some nuts."

When Burt returned with the last pumpkin, quite an array of boxes awaited their attention, and a moment later Myra came in with some colored paper.

"Things are going to be gay, I tell you. Now you run along to the store and by the time you get back things will be ready for you."

When Burt came back he carried two packages instead of one.

"That's beans," he announced, setting one of the bundles down with a thud.

"Beans! What are you going to do with beans?" demanded his sister, stopping in the act of making a very cross-eyed jack-o'-lantern to stare at him in amazement.

"Throw 'em on old] man Bennett's window after dark tonight," Burt replied grinning, "Hateful old codger, maybe he'll throw stones at me after this when I'm fishin' his old cat out of the lake."

Myra's eyes glistened, for the old man was far from being a general favorite with the young people.

"I'll go with you," she said, "and I won't tell father either. He dislikes Mr. Bennett as much as we do. Here is a knife and there are the pumpkins. You can put the seed on this paper." They had worked in silence

for some time when Burt, glancing from the window, exclaimed.

"Here comes Mrs. Stark. She'll stay a year and talk our heads off. Judging by the tilt of her nose something has happened to dsplease her majesty."

Mrs. Stark's nose was a barometer. When the weather was fair and sailing smooth it extended in front of her as far as it was capable, and that was not a short distance. When however she had alighted on the wrong side of her bed or when she had not heard a piece of gossip as soon as she thought proper, her nose pointed decidedly skyward.

"Let her in Burt, my hands are sticky. Oh, good morning, Mrs. Stark, how are you?"

Instead of answering, Mrs. Stark burst into a lengthy tirade. She had had some sheets taken and she was fully aroused. They had been brought back for her to wash, too, and that "riled" her.

"Have you lost anything yet? Where's your ma?"

"Father and mother have gone to Aleck's for a week's visit. We had nearly a whole pile of wood taken the other night. ("Anything else, old question mark?") Burt added sotto voce.

"You don't say!" Mrs. Stark's remark might have answered either of the replies to her questions. "So your ma's gone to town. Wish't I'd a-known it. I'd like to have some o' that goods like Mrs. Peter's dress. That's such han'some goods."

She stayed so long that they were very glad when she pulled her shawl around her and switched out.

At Burt's suggestion they had dinner at noon so, as he said, they would have more room for the good things.

It was hardly dark when the first of Myra's guests arrived.

"I'm glad you came early, Jane, I haven't got quite all the jacks fixed and I need your help. Come right into the dining room."

"What have you for refreshments?" Jane Stark possessed her mother's inquiring turn of mind.

"Cake and coffee. And we're going to pop corn and make candy beside. Is that all right?"

"Yes, it's elegant. Seems to me that lantern'd ought to come a little more this way. There, that's just

fine. Goodness, there's someone knocking."

It proved to be the remainder of the guests and the festivities were soon in full sway.

"Did you lock the back door, Burt?" demanded Myra stopping suddenly in the path of the swinging apple and thereby getting a sharp rap on the head. "Ouch! Mercy me! Did you lock it, I say?"

"Course I did. Why?"

"On, I thought I heard a noise but maybe it was on'y the cat. Come on, Molly, and get a bite."

When the swinging apple looked as if mice had nibbled it, they began diving for apples.

"Glory to gracious!" ejaculated Amy Marks, when she could unpucker her face. "Who put those sour apples in that tub? I feel as if I'd bit into a green persimmon."

Her friends were reclining on the floor holding their sides and filling the room with their shrieks of laughter.

"Oh dear me!" Myra sat up and wiped her eyes. "I'll bet it was Burt. Oh—dear—me!"

"Well, you can laugh but it isn't so funny as it might be. Get up, now."

Myra carefully picked out all the sour apples and the diving was resumed. Delia Atwood covered herself with glory—and incidentally with water,—by diving clear to the bottom of the tub for a big, rosy apple. While she dried her face, Myra started to the kitchen to be met by her brother, whose eyes were like saucers.

"Myra, I forgot to lock the door and the cake's gone!"

"Gone!" Myra rushed to the kitchen only to find that he was right. "Well of that don't beat all. That comes of inot putting it into the cupboard. We'll have to serve crackers with the coffee. I must tell Jane or she'll put me in a fix. Run call her."

Jane was angry and much excited.

"You ought to be thrashed," she told Burt, excitedly. The idea of forgetting to lock the door! What will the girls say?"

"I don't mean to tell the girls. There is no use and we will serve crackers with the coffee. The candy will be enough sweet."

"Well all right. Shall I make the coffee?"

"Yes, you know where we keep things. Go ahead."

It was late when the last of Myra's guests departed, loudly proclaiming that they had had a splendid time.

Turning, Myra saw Burt standing behind her, his own hat on and hers in one hand. In the other hand he carried the bag of beans. Myra hastily donned her wraps and stepped out behind him. Burt went down the steps with a rush and in the darkness ran into someone who was just coming up. There were startled exclamations, the sound of crockery falling on the steps, and a sharp rattle as of pebbles being scattered.

"There, it's broken. I'm awful sorry. I do hope it wa'n't one o' the best plates, Mrs. Grant. Myra stepped back into the hall and lighted a lamp. As the blaze flared up they saw old Mr. Bennett standing in the doorway literally buried and smothered in beans. Beans on his hat, showing from his pockets, clinging to his beard, now and then dropping to the floor. He was even digging them out of his ears.

Myra took one comprehensive look and collapsed on the hat rack. When she could speak she said, "Don't worry, Mr. Bennett, it was an old plate. But," suddenly, "how does it happen you have it?"

The old man placed his ragged hat on the table and after a short hesitation poured out his story. Before he was done, Myra was wiping her eyes. It was indeed a sad story, one of sickness, poverty and privation. They had almost starved and frozen. The old man had taken things with the greatest unwillingness, meaning to pay as soon as he was able.

"I took your cake, miss, because my wife hankered for one and I said it was given to me. I had to."

When he went away Burt accompanied him to help him carry the heavy basket which Myra had prepared.

"Sis," said Burt as she wound the clock, "Mr. Bennett got his beans different from what I planned. I'm glad just the same. I'd have felt too mean for anything if I'd done it, wouldn't you?" "Yes, I would have and we'd have richly deserved the licking father promised." As they mounted the stairs they could hear the shouts of the boys still at their tricks but these soon died away and the children were fast asleep.

Sim Hazy's Touch= down.

(By F. Monahan.)

Joe Hawkins was reading an account of a football game out of an old newspaper to the villagers grouped around the stove in the general store and postoffice.

"Shucks," remarked Windy Bill, after Joe had finished, "I seen a football game back in Indiany, once, what had that game beat all holler." The villagers began to show interest at this, and drew their chairs up closer with an air of expectancy; for Windy's stories were famous, and he had the remarkable reputation of never telling the same yarn twice.

"Well, all right, I'll tell y'all about it, but before I begin—" here he glanced significantly at the hard cider barrel, "talkin's dry work." The necessary refreshment being placed before him, he began.

"Jay Hollow an' Pike's Junction allus played a baseball game every year; but everybody'd been readin' up on football an' this year it was decided ter play the new game. So it was agreed the game should come off on Thanksgivin' Day. Teams started trainin' in both towns. There wus great excitement in Jay Hollow, an' old Hank Seedy, a crusty old buzzard, who never spent a nickle without thinkin' twice, actually sent off an' bought a nose-guard an' began practicin' center rushes on his barn. Everybody suffered with addled brains, it bein' nothin' unusual ter see Deacon Swiggs and Jedge Thompson discussin' the merits of the false kick an' flyin' tackle right out in public. 'The Ladies Humane Society for Lame Cats' wus scandalized, an' pertested agin the horrible brutality of football.

"Well, the great day came at last an' the whole population of Jay Hollow an' Pike's Junction was present at Squire Simpson's field where the great battle wus ter come off. Excitement was at its height fer Jay Hollow an' Pike's Junction wus mortal enemies an' ready ter chaw each other up. The program started with Jedge Thompson makin' a speech on 'The Great Moral Effect of Football on Our Community.' Most of the speech wus hems an haws, but the crowd cheered

wildly. Our rooters had been practicin' an' could yell 'Raw! Raw! Raw!' somethin' great.

"When the teams lined up they found they never had an empire. Ike Billings, the blacksmith, volunteered an' as he wus big an' husky he got the job. He was handed a whistle an' a 1880 rule book, an' after he'd hitched up his serspenders an' borrowed a chaw of terbaccar, the game started.

"Most of the players wus old an' stiff an' in need of crutches; so at first nothin' interestin' happened, but after they got warmed up things begun ter pop. Hank Seedy fergot his rheumatism an' scampered around like a young rooster. Zeke Horner, who weighed a trifle over four-hundred absent mindly set down on the ball, givin' it the shape of an emaciated pancake, an' fer this he wus chased off the field by Ike. 'Shame on you,' says Ike severely, 'if yu hadn't been watchin' ter see if the Widder Jones wus admirin' yer playin' this calamity wouldn't have happened. Git off the field, you old walrus'. The game wus delayed while the ball wus blowed up.

"Skinny Higgins wus once givin' the ball, but got excited an' commenced ter run aroun' the field in a circle, with the whole Junction team stringin' after him. However, he made six laps before they caught him.

"Abe Dobson came in the limelight by makin' a techdown. Abe wus one-legged, havin' lost the other limb in a dispute with a thrashin' machine; but he fixed matters right by wearin' a wooden one. Abe wus rushin' toward the goal when one of the enemy tackled him by the wooden stump an' held on fer grim death. Abe, showin' great presence of mind, unstrapped the piece of furniture an' hopped the rest of the way to the goal, with the crowd cheerin' madly, while the other feller stood holding the leg, lookin' stupid like.

"Our team wus now entitled to try fer a goal kick. Bill Grump held the ball while Jeremiah Diggs did the kickin' part. Jeremiah missed the ball an' kicked Bill in the neck. Bill swore Jeremiah wus tryin' to assassinate 'im an' it took the whole team to hold 'im off. He wus an unreasonable cuss, wus Bill. The half ended five ter nothin', favor Jay Hollow.

"The next half is where our hero, Sim Hazy, steps in. Sim lad drifted inter Jay Hollow two years before an' got a job. We hadn't learnt much

about his past, fer he was a mysterious cuss, us Sim, an' handsome as a picter. Outside of bein' bow-legged an' somewhat lengthy round the waist like that feller Apollo or Hans Wagner, I fergit which. But his most striikin' point was his long, black, shiny hair. I never seen hair as pretty as Sim's. I oten asked him about it, but he said it just growed there. He looked great in his pink sweater an' made a hit with the females, even if he was forty years old. Sim played for'ard pass, or somethin' like that.

"In the next half Skinny Higgins got excited again. Grabbin' the ball, he got turned aroun' an' run the wrong way, makin' a techdown fer Pike's Junction. This brilliant play was cheered loud an' long by the Junction crowd an' Skinny was puffed up about it fer three months afterwards. The score was now five ter five. The crowd was silent. The teams was fightin' desperately. A few seconds an' the game would be over. Then fire gleamed in the eyes of Sim Hazy. With a wild whoop our hero seized the football an' dashed down the field. He got by em' all except two. They was jest about to tackle 'im when an awful thing happened. His beautiful black hair riz right up from his head an' floated slowly an' gently ter the earth! The two players jest wilted away an' stood frozen to the spot. The great audience was stricken dumb with horror. Then slowly it came ter me. Sim's hair was nothin' but a wig an' the wind had blowed it off. That was the deadiy secret he'd been guardin'. Yes, gentlemen, his head was as bald as the proverbial door knob. He'd been deceivin' me fer two years, me, his best friend! But, unmindful of all, Sim rushed over the line jest as the whistle blew, an' the score was ten ter five with Jay Hollow leadin'. The crowd was dazed fer a minute, an' then a mighty cheer busted out, an' they rushed forth ter meet 'im. They wouldn't let a bald head git between 'em an' a gridiron hero.

"In the meantime the Junction Captain came, runnin' up ter Ike. 'It's plumb scandalous!' he wailed, 'scaring the daylight out o' our men with sech a trick. You aint goin' ter let the score count, be ye?' 'An why not?' says Ike, 'aint nothin' in the rule book what bars baldheaded fellers from makin' techdowns.' Then they started argyfyin' with him an' Ike got riled.

'Lemme alone', says he, 'an' git out of my way before I fergits my dignity an' absent mindly walks on some critter's neck!

"The crowd was now givin' Sim three raw, raws an' a tiger. Sim was all swelled up til somebody pipes up with a 'Put on yer hat, Sim, yer half naked.' He give a low moan of agony an' down the field he skedaddled with the speed of the wind. A hay stack was in his way but he busted right thru it, an' it rained hay fer three days afterwards. When he struck the railroad track he put on more speed an' he turned south. The last rays of the dyin' western sun lit up his bald head like the headlight on an engine; an' we stood awe-stricken as his manly form disappeared in the distance. Old man Jinks, who lived ten miles down the road, said he saw somethin' that night go tearin' by on the railroad track, but he couldn't tell whether it was a runaway freight train or an excited cow. It must 'a been Sim. A few days later I got a letter from New Albany, Ind., what read somethin' like this:

"Dear Bill: I'm disgraced. I kin never come to Jay Hollow again. I knew somethin' terrible would happen in that football game. I could never sleep at nights fer fear of bein' found out. Uneasy lies the head what wears a wig. You will never see me again. Yer intense friend, Sim Hazy."

"An'," said Windy, sadly, finishing up his tale, "I aint ever heard tell of 'im since."

THE BOSTON LYRICS.

On Friday, November 10, a large crowd turned out to take "in" the first program on the Lecture Course. The High School Auditorium was well filled and the Boston Lyrics proved to be successful entertainers. One of the main features was the monologues given by the leader, Mrs. Jordan. Some were very amusing while others almost brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. Mr. Jordan also pleased every one with his sketches and cartoons, but most of all with his excellent singing quaities. The music was very good and in fact the entire performance was a great success.

The Tenderfoot.

BY THE HIGH SCHOOL, SALIDA, COLORADO

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Volume III.

NOVEMBER, 1911

Number 2.

EDITORIAL

ADVICE FOR THE FRESHMEN.

Probably some of you are badly discouraged by now, just because you thought someone would push you along and try to persuade you to do better in your work. But instead you found that no one made you do the work and that it was quite easy to neglect your studies, never really doing the work with a thorough understanding of it. You also found, as the consequence, a card with mysterious red marks upon it. Some schools put a limit on the number of studies to be carried by students. The purpose of this is to make the student certain of a few studies. Although there is no prescribed limit here, there is one nevertheless as many of you know. Pick your course carefully, taking into consideration the full course and then follow the maxim: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and when May, 1915, rolls around you will be O. K.

THE GLEE CLUB.

So far this year, no Glee club work has been started, but Miss Trott will, very probably, take up this branch of

High School music in the near future. There is some very good Glee Club material in the High School this year. It is very easy to get girl members for the club but exceedingly difficult to secure boys. The tenors in the chorus work are few, and every one of them is needed for the Glee Club. There are a number of excellent bass singers in the chorus, and good bass is absolutely essential to a good Glee Club.

Last year the concert, given toward the close of school, pleased every one, and we are very anxious to have an annual affair of this kind. So, get busy and join the club and let us make it the best that the High School has yet had.

IF YOU'VE MADE GOOD SO FAR, ALRIGHT, BUT—

The third month of this school term is half gone and many failures and successes have been chronicled. To which class do you belong? How fortunate, if a success! But pride usually comes before a fall, so be careful to keep up your work, for there is still lots of time to become negligent and slip back in the other class. But the failures,

what of them? The only advice that we can give is: "Don't be discouraged, just keep plodding and keep your wits working and you will yet rise into the class of the fortunates, the successes."

There is an old saying—"Slow but sure," which perhaps is applicable in your case. Now don't imagine for an instant that we are advising you to be slow, but above all things, be sure: The person who is sure of himself and of everything that he does is the one who makes a success of life.

Breathes there the one with soul so dead, who ever to himself hath said: "I've never paid up my subscription!"

Miss Gilpatrick, in order to stimulate story writing among the students, has offered an additional 5 to the monthly grade of the student

in each class, who hands in the best story. Get busy and see what you can do.

An apology is due Miss Stiers. On account of a mistake in the last issue of the "Tenderfoot" her degree was not given. She was graduated, with the degree of B. S., from the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins.

So far this year the business end of our paper has been quite satisfactory. We are greatly indebted to the business men of this city who have supported us so well in our attempt to make the "Tenderfoot" a permanent and important institution of the High School. It is now up to the students to do their share in returning these favors, by patronizing and by persuading others, as far as is possible, to patronize "Tenderfoot" advertisers.

SOCIETY

Friday evening, Oct. 27 the Seniors were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harris, at a Hallowe'en party. The guests assembled early in the evening and were met at the door by a ghost and conducted to the parlor by one. The Senior girls are still a little nervous over their experiences. By many different means their fortunes were made known. Hypnotism afforded much amusement during the evening. Mr. Harris proved to be a successful pugilist. In the small hours of the morning when the bats fly thickest, the cats are noisiest, and the owls hoot loudest and the witches are seen oftenest in their aerial flights, the Seniors departed, declaring it was the grandest evening they had ever spent.

The snow prevented the Freshmen hayrack ride so they met in the form of a party at the home of Dunreath Perkins, Friday evening, Oct. 27. A most social time was enjoyed by those who attended although those Junior boys abused them badly.

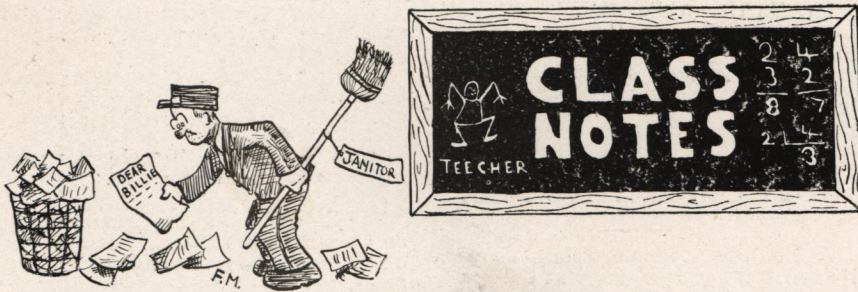
The Sophomores met Saturday evening, Oct. 28, at the home of Genelle Haus to enjoy a class party. All of the members of the class were present and a very merry time was enjoyed by all. Those Junior boys did not disturb them in the course of the evening.

Mabel Bateman and Gladys Bode entertained their very best friends at a Hallowe'en party Saturday evening, Oct. 28. Mrs. Buell was disguised as a witch and delighted the guests by telling their fortunes.

Sadie Bailar entertained a number of classmates at a Hallowe'en party Tuesday evening, Oct. 31. A splendid time is reported by all who attended and the sleepy minds of those who were there verify the statement.

The Orio Debating Society met in the Assembly room of the new High School, Friday evening, Nov. 3. The recitation of Roger White and the German song by the Senior German Class were enjoyed very much. An interesting debate followed, resolved that Turkey is justified in her attitude toward Tripoli. The affirmative—Florence Withrow and Arthur Collins, Negative—Harry Elofson and Edith Ware. The affirmative won. Afterwards refreshments were served by Miss Stiers, Ruth Rubin, Buelah Wilson and Ethel Green.

Last but not least the Juniors gave a chafing dish party Saturday evening, Nov. 4, at the home of Harry Elofson. Games and music took up the evening. After refreshments were served the guests departed to their respective homes.



SENIOR NOTES.

The Seniors got their new class pins for 1912.

Many of the Seniors fell under a hypnotic influence, which doesn't seem to leave them, especially in class rooms.

Alice: "Speaking of studies, which day do you like the best?"

Clara: Bartle Day, of course."

After being serenaded at their first party, a Freshman told a Senior "that all the Freshman boys would take shotguns to their next party." Real desperados like they have out in wild and wooly West—eh?

What grudge has Mr. Harris against Curtis Pearce, that he attempted to whip him at the party?

The Seniors have all voted Mr. and Mrs. Harris the best of entertainers.

Ballard French has discovered that epidemics are good to produce sleep.

We always thought that Curtis would take a fall and he did. He played with the "scrubs."

JUNIOR NOTES.

Wanted, by a bacheor; a good looking housekeeper. Domestic Science girl preferred. Enquire Junior President.

Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah!
We're the kids of nineteen thirteen,
Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah!
Such boosters you've never seen.

Mabel Shonyo: "James V was the daughter of Mary Queen of Scotts."

Helen Plimpton takes laughing gas.

Miss Gilpatrick: "Now, Stephen, what do you think about Malcolm when he was taken out of prison and given to Ellen to marry?"

Stephen: "He was turned loose."

Miss Gilpatrick: "I don't think so."
Howard Carson: Laughing gas is used to pull teeth."

Jean Pearce is honored by the Junior boys; for the other Hallowe'en night they were pursued by a giant ghcst and Jean running against him, so irrightened the ghost that he disappeared. There are doubts as to what frightened the ghost.

Josephine Randol in History: They made mud houses out of sticks."

On Saturday evening, November the fourth, the class had a jolly time at a class party given at the home of Harry Elofson. The evening was spent in a series of interesting and merry games prepared by the social committee. The boys arranged a game for themselves which was ducking the Freshmen boys in a tub of water. The class enjoyed a chafing dish luncheon, the table being artistically arranged. The class were amazed to see Mr. Keyte swallow a ccokey, whole, in a relay race.

Clayton Dobie: "Hi Bueller."

Howard Carson is going to try hzy fever; it is known as a fact, who will kiss his tears away.

Miss Pearsall: "Roger, tell us about the impeachment of Lord Bacon."

Roger: "When Bacon was imprisoned he was fined 1000 pounds, which killed him for the rest of his life."

Bartle Day reading: "Before his young and 'boney' (bonny) bride."

Mr. Harris, while scanning "alto" in a line in Virgil: "The 'to' is long in that foot."

The Junior boys and girls are greatly interested in basketball and show a promising future.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

At last the Sophomore class showed its spirit and gave a party at the home of Genelle Haus. The boys furnished our marshmallows and furnished enough so that we felt for a while as if we never wanted to taste them again. We were expecting some interference from the Juniors but they realized their danger and did not bother us.

Miss Pearsall: "What was characteristic of the Era of Political Revolution?"

Lucy: "Wars."

Scott (in Latin): "Some one translated it that 'they were able to kill a hundred thousand armed men.' They could kill any number if they had time."

Ward (telling of the hero of the poem of the "Cid"): "He was called 'Cid' for a nickname or something."

Leonard: "Abelard married one of his pupils. This was against the rules of scholasticism just as the monks were."

Scott (reading a theme in English): "Her first impulse was to faint."

Ward is gifted with a very vivid imagination as any one who hears his themes must know. Some one who heard him read one gives an amusing account of it in summary form.

"Helen was anxious to kill the snake to show the boys that she could get a bigger one than they had gotten the week before for the museum. She found a forked stick and shoved it down over the snake's head, holding it down 'til she could get hold of it. It wiggled awfully but she finally wrapped it in her apron and carried it home and the boys acknowledged that she had beaten them."

Anna (translating Latin): "They sent as ambassadors Iccius—."

Ethel: "Oh I thought you said, 'sent a kiss'."

Albert (criticising a theme): "He gathered himself together.' Was he in pieces?"

Miss Gillpatrick: "Suggest something else."

Albert: "He gathered himself up."

Ward (in Latin): "An objective genitive is a kind of accusative."

The Sophomore Latin class has taken up Caesar's Gallic War, Book 2. We find it interesting although a little difficult.

We are thinking of installing an electric fan over the desk of a certain Sophomore boy. One of the girls actually had to fan him the other day after the fire drill and Mr. Harris was considerate enough to tell him that if he felt that he was getting worse he might move back by the windows.

Sadie (in Latin): "Sixty-four ships having been lost he retreated backward."

Mr. Harris: "No, I think he turned around and went forward although he did retreat."

Lydia (in Latin): "The Carthaginians sought help from the Lacedaemonians."

Ward, in History: "Joan of Arc was hearing visions."

Georgie Oliver, in geometry: "When one side is a circumference passing through the diameter the angle at the centre is measured by half its intercepted arc."

Effie (in History): "Balliol recognized Edward I. as his vassal."

Miss Pearsall: "That was condescending of him."

Frazier: "Cineas said himself to be the fatherland of kings."

Miss Gillpatrick: "What classes are interested in the immigration question?"

Sadie: "The higher classes descended from the Pilgrims."

Ward (in History): "The Yorkists had a white rose for their flower and the Lancastrians a red one. They came in contact over this and fought about it."

Continued on Page 14.



James Davis left for Chicago, where he will complete his study of pharmacy in the Northwestern University.

Helen Shonyo is teaching the Alpine school. She is very enthusiastic over her work and we know she will succeed.

Otto Lines is now watch inspector at Figley's jewelry store. Otto was always noted for being on time.

Lorena Kennison is studying in the University of Southern California. She is very much delighted with the university but is "awfully homesick" already.

Frank Lee is enjoying college life at Boulder.

Mary Pickett is remaining at home this winter while taking a business course.

Ada Kesner, one of the most popular members of the class of '07, is teaching English in the High School of Hotchkiss.

Arthur Marvin assistant engineer in J. W. Deen's office, is overseeing the rebuilding of the Rio Grande Southern road which washed out by the floods.

Mrs. Montgomery and daughter, Alinda gave a large party at the assembly hall of Salida Library. The hall was beautifully decorated with pink roses for the occasion and everyone in attendance reported a good time.

Robert Plimpton says that he with all the other Freshmen boys of U. of C. are obliged to wear cunning little ink-spot caps, tied on securely by a bright green ribbon. The Freshmen played a game with Sophomores for the privilege of putting aside these caps but as they were defeated they must continue to wear them at all the games. They must be vastly becoming.

Pansy VanCleave can always be found at the "Right Place."

Francis Riley is bookkeeper and stenographer in the office of her uncle, Thomas Ryan.

Miss Beatrice Bullard is now principal of the Buena Vista school.

Miss Lucile Julian has a voice of rare sweetness and it is considered a great treat to hear her sing.

Evelyn Foss is enjoying her work as teacher in the Maysville school. She is not so far away that she cannot come often of Salida. What would K. K. do if she were?

Archie Knodle is out shooting coyotes in Blackfoot, Idaho.

George Griswold is a Sophomore in the School of Mines at Golden.

Stella Wheeler has been visiting Miss Gladys Parks at Nathrop.

Although not a graduate, we are proud to claim Mima Montgomery as one of our High School girls. Her success is now practically assured as she, with two other girls, was chosen out of four hundred girls to sing in the Boston Symphony Concert. She was invited to join the Boston Music and Art club. This is indeed an honor as this club is composed of fifty famous musicians and is one of the best in Boston.

A number of our alumni were in Boulder to see the big game. While wandering about in this great metropolis John Sweeny, one of our alumni, was either lost or stolen. His absence caused his companions much uneasiness but we rejoice to announce that he has been found alive and happy.

Remember that the Tenderfoot is always very glad to hear from her alumni and any letters will be joyfully received.



Mr. North of the Victor Talking Machine Company entertained the High School and eighth grades with a musical concert on the Victor phonograph. Some of the records were a violin solo, Sluoresque, by Mischa Elman; Cars Norne sung by Madame Tetrazinni and the Sextette from Lucia. Everyone enjoyed each record and Mr. North's kindness is certainly appreciated. We hope to have him visit our High School again.

Teacher (to a Freshmen of 15) "Who is your chief guardian?" The Freshie: "The marshal. Why?"

Teacher: "Eh thats what I always thought."

The Freshmen called on the Juniors at the Junior party and several of the Freshies went home very cool headed.

Mr. Fawcett, Field Secretary of the Colorado State Prison, gave the High School students a chalk talk last week. He told of several very interesting cases in the state prison and illustrated many truths.

A favorite yell of the Freshmen is "Help! Murder! Police! We're afraid to go home in the dark!" (to be repeated until the patrol arrives to take the Freshies home and then this is to be sung on the way home:

("We are the fearless Freshmen

We are the Juniors worst fear.

They never will fight us again

For our homes and our mammas are near.

Please hand in a local whenever you get a chance as we need to fill up this department.

Mr. Williams the State High School Inspector addressed the High School students some time ago. He proved to

be a very interesting speaker. He afterwards visited the different classes and seemed very much pleased with our work.

We are all looking forward to our Thanksgiving vacation which is going to be a week this year for the first time in many years.

FRESHMEN NOTES.

Continued from Page 12.

A business meeting of the Freshmen was called on October twelfth. The class colors adopted were red and white and the flower was the carnation. The president appointed the following social committee: Gertrude Crotser, Omer Divers, Mildred Reynolds, Donald Sutphen and Pearl Means.

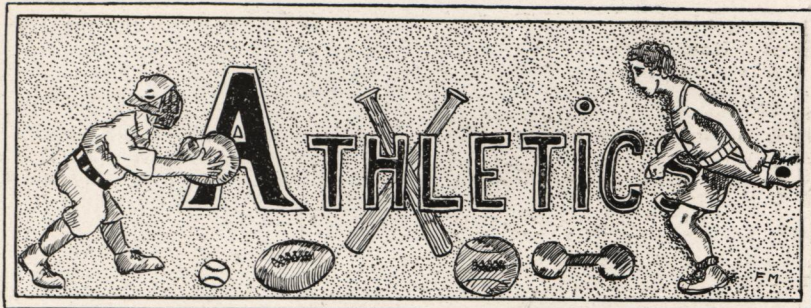
On a subscription paper circulated among the Freshmen, about twenty-two dollars were subscribed for athletics.

Buelah (in History):—"Lyrics are songs sung by liars."

The Freshmen basketball teams have been quite successful, having already won several games, which were played with the different classes.

The Freshmen had planned a hayrack ride out to Monda Tomlin's for Friday, October twenty-seventh, but as it snowed that day they held a party at Dunreath Perkins' home. About thirty-six were in attendance. Ail report a pleasant time, although it was slightly marred by some of the upper classmen butting in.

Mr. Harris (in Latin, after he has sent Hal from the room and is correcting his work on the board):—"How about this, Hal?"



We have received a number of challenges for basketball games from outside schools, and we hope to accept them in a short time.

The girls have been practicing hard and we certainly are proud of them. Plenty of good material has been found among the girls and we expect to have a winning team this year.

As the Seniors could not get a full team out of their class it was decided that a picked team from the Senior and Junior classes should play against a picked team from the Sophomore and Freshmen classes.

On Monday, Oct. 30, the first game was held. Great enthusiasm was shown by both sides. The game was very close and resulted with a score of 21-20 in favor of the Sophomore and Freshman team. The lineup was as follows: Junior and Senior team, Forwards, Nina Churcher, Florence Withrow; Centers, Florence Gilmore, Maud Collier; Guards, Josephine Randol, Anna Harris.

Sophomore and Freshman Team Forwards, Lucy Newman, Grace Williamson, Jenna Lee Williams; Centers, Mary Denik, Ethel Green, Effie Henry; Guards, Florence Gill, Leitha Woods, Edith Nord. Referee, Mr. Keyte.

The next game was held Monday, Nov. 3, between the Sophomore and Freshman Teams and resulted with a score of 10-8 in favor of the Sophomores. The lineup was as follows:

Sophomore Team: Forwards, Lucy Newman, Lydia Parker; Centers, Ethel Green, Genelle Haus; Guards, Effie Henry, Edith Nord. Freshman Team, Forwards, Jenna Lee Williams, Grace Williamson; Centers: Mary Denik, Mildred Reynolds; Guards, Leitha Woods, Ester Jones. Referee, Mr. Keyte.

The Freshmen thought they could do

better so a return game was held Tuesday, Nov. 7, and resulted with a score of 28-18 in favor of the Freshmen. The lineup for this game was as follows: Sophomore Team: Forwards, Lucy Newman, Lydia Parker; Centers, Ethel Green, Genelle Haus; Guards Effie Henry, Edith Nord.

Freshman Team, Forwards, Grace Williamson, Jenna Lee Williams; Centers, Mary Denik, Mildred Reynolds; Guards, Florence Gill, Ester Jones, Leitha Woods. Referee, Florence Withrow.

The fourth game was held Thursday, Nov. 9, between picked teams, under Nina Churcher and Florence Gilmore. It resulted with a score of 14-6 in favor of Nina's team. The game was a fast one and was very interesting. The lineup was as follows: Winning team: Centers, Nina Churcher, captain, Effie Henry Guards, Anna Harris, Edith Nord; Forwards, Lucy Newman, Jenny Lee Williams. Losing Team: Centers, Florence Gilmore, captain, Mildred Reynolds, Mary Denik; Guards, Florence Gill, Leitha Woods, Florence Gilmore; Forwards, Grace Williamson, Mildred Reynolds, Ethel Green.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President, Ballard French; vice-president, Frazier Booth; secretary, Catherine Bateman; treasurer, Miss Stiers.

The above officers were chosen to act for the coming year. The pupils are very enthusiastic over athletics this year and we hope to accomplish a great deal. About \$60 was raised recently by voluntary contribution for the Association.

The boys of the High School met in room 6 to discuss basketball. Captains were elected for the different classes as follows: Juniors Seniors, Arthur

Collins; Sophomores, Frazier Booth; Freshmen, Howard Rhodes. A schedule was arranged for practice; Senior-Juniors on Mondays and Fridays; Sophomores-Freshmen on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, leaving Thursday for a picked team.

JUNIORS vs. SOPHOMORE-FRESHMEN.

In the first game of the season, on Oct. 3, the Juniors defeated the Sophomore-Freshman team by a score of 16 to 9. The lineup was: Center, R. White; Forwards, A. Collins, captain, H. Carson; Guards, H. Eloitson, J. Woods. Center, F. Booth, captain; Forwards, H. Rhodes, K. Woods; Guards, S. McAbee, A. Griffin.

GIANTS vs. PYGMIES.

A team composed of the tallest boys in High School played a team of the shortest boys on Nov. 3. The Pygmies defeated the Giants, to the surprise of everyone, by a score of 17 to 14. Then a team composed of middle-weights challenged the winning Pygmies and defeated them by a score of 11 to 4. The Giants, in order to square themselves then challenged the Middle-weights and declared they would get even.

GIANTS vs. MIDDLE-WEIGHTS.

The Giants came to life in their game with the Middle-weights, defeating them by a score of 13 to 12. The lineup was:

Giants — Center, B. French; Forwards, F. Booth, G. Furniss; Guards, J. Woods, O. Divers.

Middle-Weights — Center, R. White; Forwards, H. Carson, W. Schoolfield; Guards, A. Hollenbeck, H. Elofson. After this a team composed of Prof. Keyte, A. Collins, H. Rhodes, K. Woods and J. McDonnough defeated the Giants. The Giants say they were tired in the second game and will play the All Stars again.

JUNIORS vs. HIGH SCHOOL.

On Thursday, Nov. 9, the Juniors played a team picked from the rest of the High School. The score ended 19 to 13 in favor of the Juniors, but as one goal made by the Juniors was not legal, another game will probably be played next week to decide which is really the best team. It was by far the best game played yet this season.

When the whistle blew the team lined up as follows: Juniors: Center, R. White; Forwards, A. Collins, captain, H. Carson; Guards, H. Elofson, J. Woods and W. Schoolfield. High School: Center, B. French, captain; Forwards, K. Woods, F. Booth; Guards, O. Divers., A. Griffin and H. Rhodes.

BOOBS vs. SCRUBS.

On Friday, Nov. 10, the Boobs defeated the Scrubs in a slow, poorly played game. The Scrubs had some players that were not in practice and the Boobs had an off night. The Scrub team consisted of A. Collins, J. Woods, B. French, C. Dobbie and C. Pearce. The Boobs had H. Carson, H. Elofson, R. White, W. Schoolfield and J. McDonnough.

ORIO SOCIETY

The second meeting of the Orio Society was held November 3, 1911. Nearly all the members were present, as also were a number of visitors.

The first number on the program was a recitation by Roger White, which was enjoyed by all.

This was followed by the debate: Resolved; that Italy is justified in her attitude toward Tripoli.

Florence Withrow and Arthur Collins were on the affirmative; Edith Ware and Harry Elofson were on the negative side. The decision was given to the affirmative.

Then followed a German song by the Senior class which was very much appreciated by the audience.

During intermission dainty refreshments were served.

The meeting closed with a parliamentary drill conducted by Stephen England in which Stephen proved himself self familiar with Robert's Rules of order.

"Dear teacher," wrote little Johnny's mother, "kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."—Ex.



Again we gladly welcome all our old friends on our exchange list, and we hope to hear from those exchanges to whom we have sent our first number, also from any new ones who desire to exchange with us.

The Argus, Miller, S. D.: We do not agree with you in regards to the statement you made in your exchange department dating Sept. 11. We rather view the exchange department from the same standpoint as Said and Done thus—"The Exchange Department, though not the most interesting, is certainly one of the most important. For it brings us new ideas, we become acquainted with other schools, we introduce ourselves to the outside world, we compare our school paper with theirs, and so more clearly see our own mistakes and correct them.

The Exchanges form a band of union between the schools. It makes each a little better, a little broader, and it is above all things an incentive to our ambition."

The Dinosaur, Laramie, Wyo.: We congratulate you upon the first issue of your paper.

El Monte, Monte Vista, Colo.: Your paper, especially the cuts, is very good.

Pebbles, Marshalltown, Iowa: Why not have a literary department?

We gladly welcome again the "Boone Review," Wuchang, China: Your cover design rivals that of any exchange of your foreign sister, the U. S. A. We find your paper most interesting from cover to cover.

The High School Life, Clay Center, Kansas: Why not have a greater va-

riety of stories in your literary department?

We think it better that the advertising matter be kept separate.

Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.: You should be very proud of your standard.

Among our University Papers we found two new ones this month, "Northwestern University Bulletin," and "The Clarion," University of Denver. Come again.

We welcome our old friends, "Berne Budget," "The Franklin Academy Mirror," "The Prep Owl," "The Native American," also a new one "Vindex"

We do not mean to slight but received at a late date the following papers: The Toltec, Durango, Colo.; The Slate, Enid, Okla.; The Crucible; The Narrator, Reading, Pa.; and The Senior, Westerly, R. I.

Knew His Business.

Willie—Say, pa, you ought to see the men across the street raise a building on jacks. Pa (absently)—Impossible. Willie, you can open on jacks, but a man is a fool to try to raise on theer—I mean it must have been quite a sight.—Puck.

Not Always.

"They say that a girl who acts three times as a bridesmaid will never be a bride."

"It isn't so unless the best man always happens to be a person who doesn't interest her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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