



H. S. H. S.

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1916

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# Le Resume



Volume 4

Published by

The Senior Class of the  
Salida High School

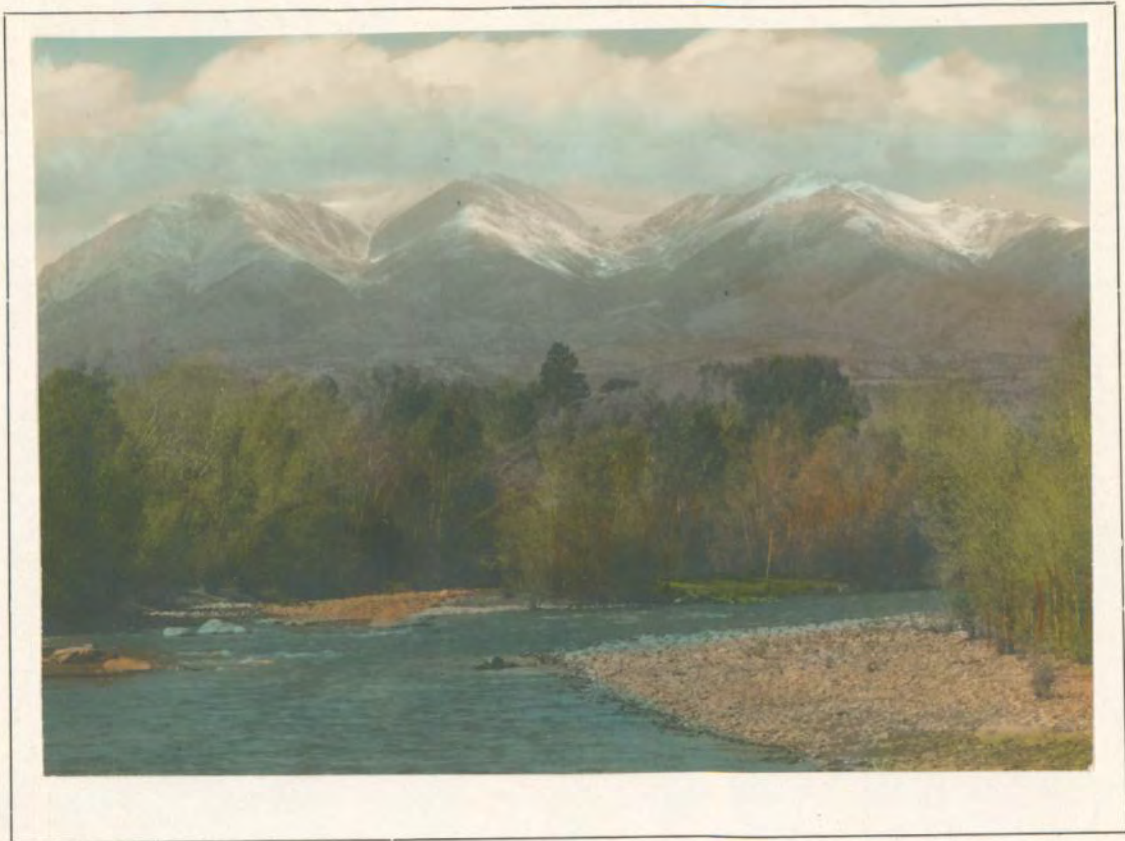
19  16

= Greeting =

The Annual Staff presents the fourth volume of Le Resume to the friends of the Salida High School. The desire to represent school life in its many phases has been the chief thought in the publication. If the value of the result produced be measured, in part, by the motive which prompted it, the staff feels that Le Resume is not unworthy of a cordial reception by all those who have its welfare at heart.

This annual is the product of the high school; not of the staff. Much of the work is imperfect; but each contribution represents an earnest effort.





### Mt. Shavano

With lofty crest uplifted  
To the blue ethereal sky;  
Crowned with snow in beauty;  
Touched with sunset's brilliant glow  
Reflecting the colors of the rainbow.  
Silent, lofty, wondrous;  
Wrought by God's own hand,  
Majestic Shavano.

--B. S., '16



### Dedication

In appreciation of the kindness which has been shown to us, and of the good work which has been done in our behalf by one who has been the same as a fellow student with us during our High School career we respectfully dedicate this annual to our beloved principal and principal, Mr. Clarence E. Tanton.

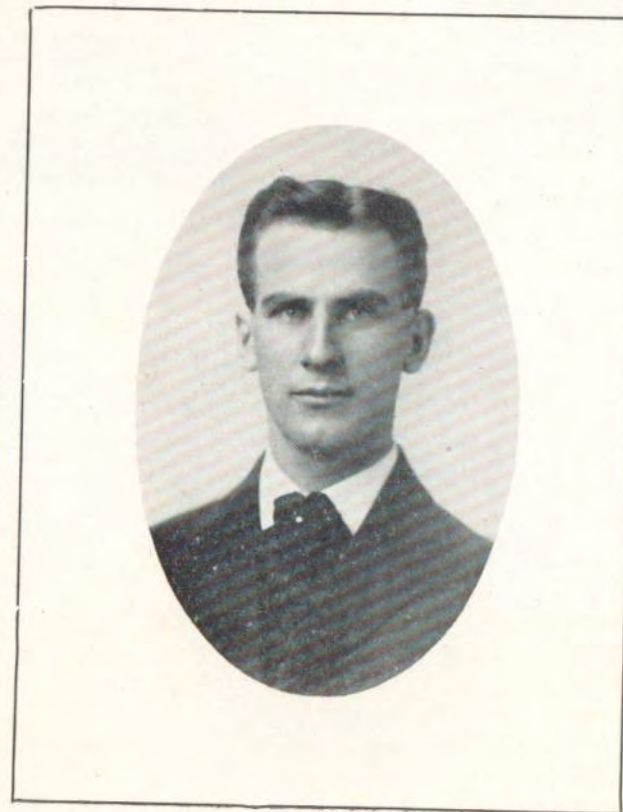




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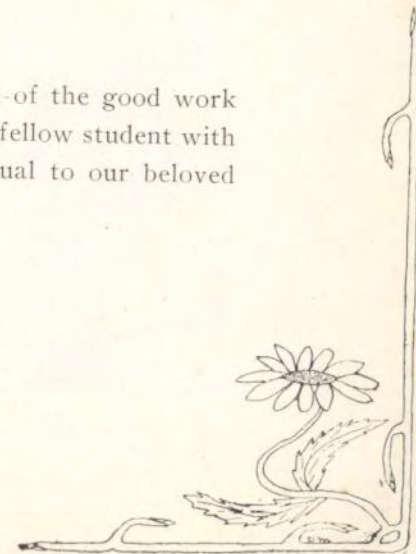
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# Staff



Louie Hay



Vivian Dougherty



Emmet Brown



Lilac Crouse



John Petrini



Fay Edwards



Solon Duncan



Grace Moore



Dewey Matthews

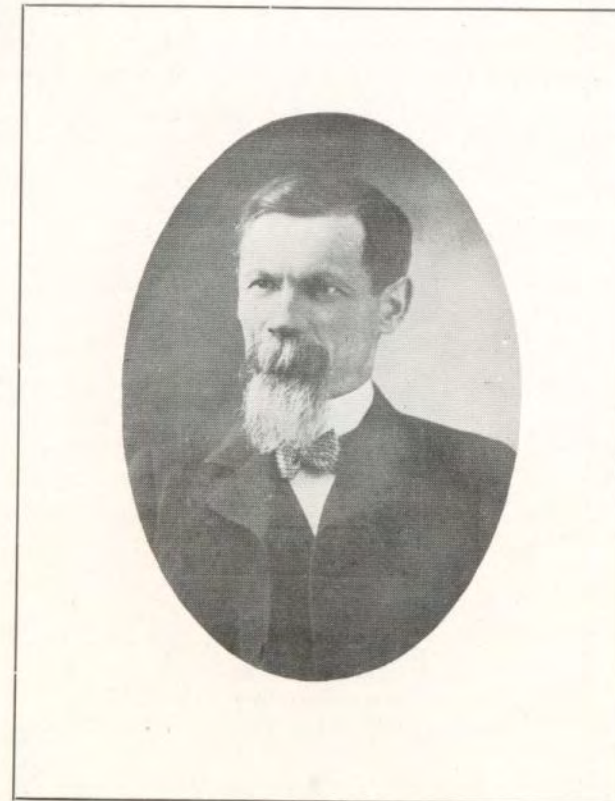


Evilly McNichol



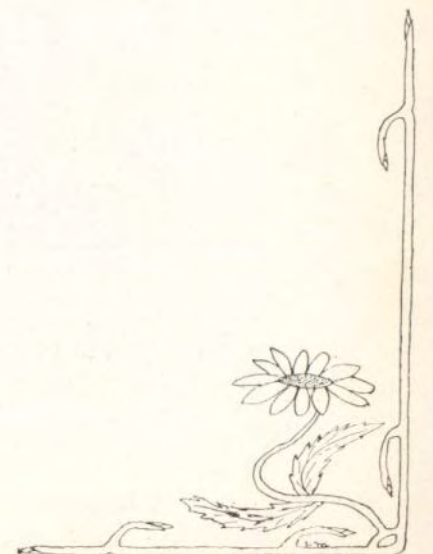
Will Rush

# Faculty



EDGAR KESNER, Ph. B.  
Superintendent of City Schools  
Trigonometry

"He is a scholar, and a good and great one,  
exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuad-  
ing."





C. E. Tanton, B. S.  
Principal—Mathematics  
"Just being happy is a fine thing  
to do,  
Looking on the bright side  
rather than the blue."



Anne Gillpatrick, A. B.  
Assistant Principal—English  
"It is worth while to be a  
friend."



Gladys M. Parks  
Domestic Science  
"A better friend the girls  
have never found."



Elsie Winship Wadell, A. B.  
Secretary, Assistant  
"Her ways are ways of pleas-  
antness."



Mary Melcher, A. B.  
Latin-German  
"We meet thee like a plea-  
sant thought when such are  
wanted."



C. R. Bernard, Pd. M., A. B.  
Manual Training  
"A man of life upright, whose  
guiltless heart is free."



W. S. Stoddard, A. B.-M. A.  
History-Algebra  
"A right and proper man, just  
in his judgment, true of his  
word."



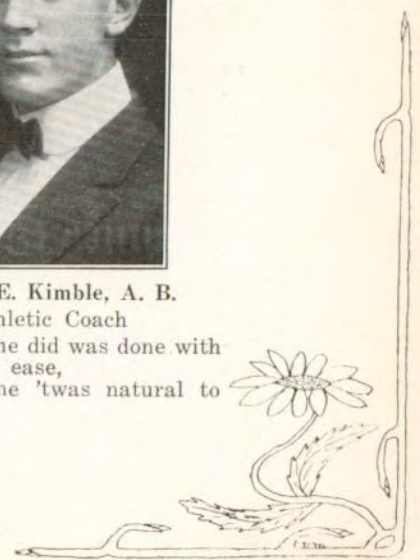
T. M. McDonald, B. S.  
Science  
"On the tail of perseverance  
is tied success."



Flora Farrington, A. B.  
Music-Drawing  
"Blessed with that charm, the  
certainty to please."



Frank E. Kimble, A. B.  
Athletic Coach  
"Whatever he did was done with  
so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to  
please."



THE IDEALS OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL

We are proud of the record of our high school and of the marked success which those who have received their training in this school have attained. Our Salida students are making good in the various colleges and those who have left school are making splendid records in the business and professional worlds. The purpose of our school has been to develop men and women who will be fitted to fulfill ably the duties of life. We have for our aim high mental development; an appreciation of the highest and greatest ideals; the desire of the student to excel in scholarship; and inasmuch as grades are an indication of rank, an aspiration for the highest. To accomplish these things, the student must learn early the very important qualities of efficiency and of perseverance.

Realizing that a high mental ideal requires a true moral standard, the development of the moral ideal is emphasized. This includes a true thoughtfulness of the welfare of others, and the practice of a high standard of integrity in all transactions, in and out of school. Through well supervised athletics, the school combines the physical development with mental and the moral. As a result of such training, the student learns self control; the ability to lose well, as well as to win graciously; and that physical health is necessary to mental efficiency.

Briefly, the ideal of the school is to develop, in the student body, the essentials necessary to make life a success. The object is to train boys who will grow into real men, expressing by their behavior and ability to discipline themselves, the true requisites of the gentleman; to prepare girls who will be qualified as women to exercise a tremendous influence in making life worth while. The ambition of the school is to send its students out into life prepared to play the game, and to play it square.

—R. F. G.

A MEMORY

To the tune of "For the Sake of Auld Lang Syne."

Where the mountain stream is flowing  
Through a peaceful valley fair,  
In the shadows of the Rockies far away,  
Stands a town so calm and peaceful, by the  
crystal waters there;  
And oh, how I long to be there just to-day.  
I am thinking of the happiness I had in days  
of old;  
Of the dear old high school that I loved long  
years ago.  
And although the years have passed me, I  
never can forget;  
And I murmur in my sadness soft and low.

CHORUS:

Forget you, no I can't forget.  
My love for you is true;  
And though I have great happiness,  
There's still one thought for you.  
Those happy days they linger  
Within this heart of mine;  
Forget you, no, I can't forget,  
Because of Auld Lang Syne.

It is twilight in the foothills, and the sun  
has gone to rest;  
One by one the stars of heaven deck the  
sky;  
And I stand in silence, thinking of the hap-  
py days of old  
As the pine trees sing their evening lullaby,  
All the memories come crowding, of the  
High School far away,  
And the friends who were so tried and true.  
There's the class of Nineteen Sixteen, they  
are scattered far and wide,  
That's the class with colors gold and blue.

CHORUS:

—E. D. B. '16

OFFICERS

President - - - - Lulu Lasswell  
Vice-President - - - - Solon Duncan  
Secretary and Treasurer - John M. Petrini

MOTTO:

"The elevator to success is not running;  
take the stairs."

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: Marguerite.

YELL

1916, 1916, who are we?  
We are the winners of the Banners three.

PAST PRESIDENTS

Freshman - - - - Andrew Maier  
Sophomore - - - - Hal Webster  
Junior - - - - Fay Edwards



Our Athletic Record

Oliver, reciting in English—"Milton's career was greatly influenced by his home environment. His father gave him every possible chance and advantage."

Miss G—"What do you know of Milton's mother?"

Oliver (hesitatingly) "I don't remember anything about her."

Miss G—"I think you can recall a few things about her and her influence."

Oliver (brightly) "O yes; Milton's mother was a woman."

Seniors

SENIOR SONG

In Honor of the Blue and Gold.

Tune: "In the Glory of the Moonlight."

I.

Soon old Salida High we're leaving,  
Oh so soon, so soon,  
And in a song of farewell greeting,  
We leave behind no gloom;  
For we've always tried to pull together—  
It seems to us we'd like to stay forever.  
Staying here, to us, would never grow old,  
Under the Blue and the Gold.

CHORUS:

Higher we climb, up to the mount of glory,  
Our secret of success we will tell you in  
story,  
Three banners we've won,  
Yet we're going to win another,  
We've had lots of fun,  
And all this we have done  
In honor of the Blue and the Gold.

II.

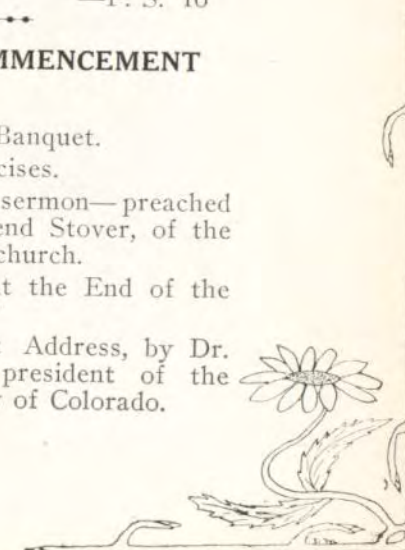
Just for the sake of class of seventeen,  
Room one we vacate,  
And though our time is fast a-fleeing;  
We think it ne'er too late,  
For we'd like to give them good advising,  
But the lack of space will ne'er permit it  
Except for them to keep a spirit rising,  
All that they can admit.

CHORUS:

—P. S. '16

FORECAST OF COMMENCEMENT

- May 12—Junior-Senior Banquet.
- May 17—Class-day exercises.
- May 21—Baccalaureate sermon—preached by Reverend Stover, of the Christian church.
- May 24—Class play: "At the End of the Rainbow."
- May 26—Commencement Address, by Dr. Farrand, president of the University of Colorado.





**Emmet Dewey Brown.**

"Emily, Emily, wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash the dishes,  
Nor yet feed the swine,  
But sit on a cushion and sing a  
fine song,  
And play your guitar the whole  
day long."

**Lilac Lenora Crouse.**

Oh, Lilac Crouse met a mouse  
Going to the fair;  
Says Lilac Crouse to the mouse,  
"What a funny coat you wear!"

**Vivian Channing Dougherty.**

Viv be nimble,  
Viv be quick;  
Viv jump over the  
Five-foot stick.

**Elmer Solon Duncan.**

Hey! Diddle, diddle,  
This is a riddle:  
The clouds hung over the moon;  
The seniors laughed  
To see such sport,  
But Solon ran away too soon.

**Alice Grace Fay Edwards**

Little girl Fay, come write me a  
song,  
The poems in the Annual, the  
rhyme's written wrong.  
Where's the little girl who An-  
nual verses writes?  
She's in Domestic Science prepar-  
ing choice bites.



**Mildred EnEarl**

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker girl,  
Bake me a cake as fast as a whirl;  
Pick it and pat it and mark it  
with G,  
And put it in the oven for the  
Senior spree.

**Franc Louise Gill**

Louise Gill had a strong little will,  
And a strong little will had she;  
And she called for her cab,  
And she called for her coach,  
And she called for her flivers  
three.

**Dorothy Evangeline Gimlett.**

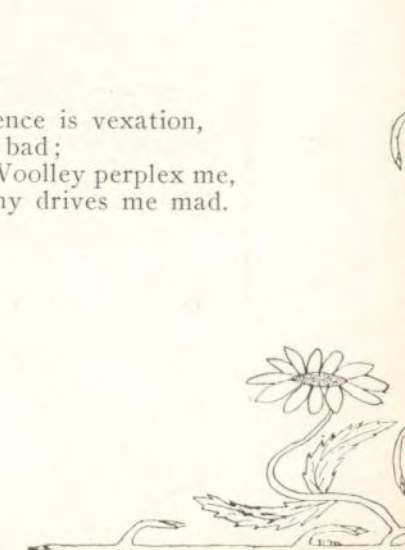
There was a bright Senior, she  
lived in a stew;  
She was president of the German  
Club and didn't know what to  
do.  
She made out a program without  
any song,  
And said talking in English was  
indeed very wrong.

**Louie Emily Hay.**

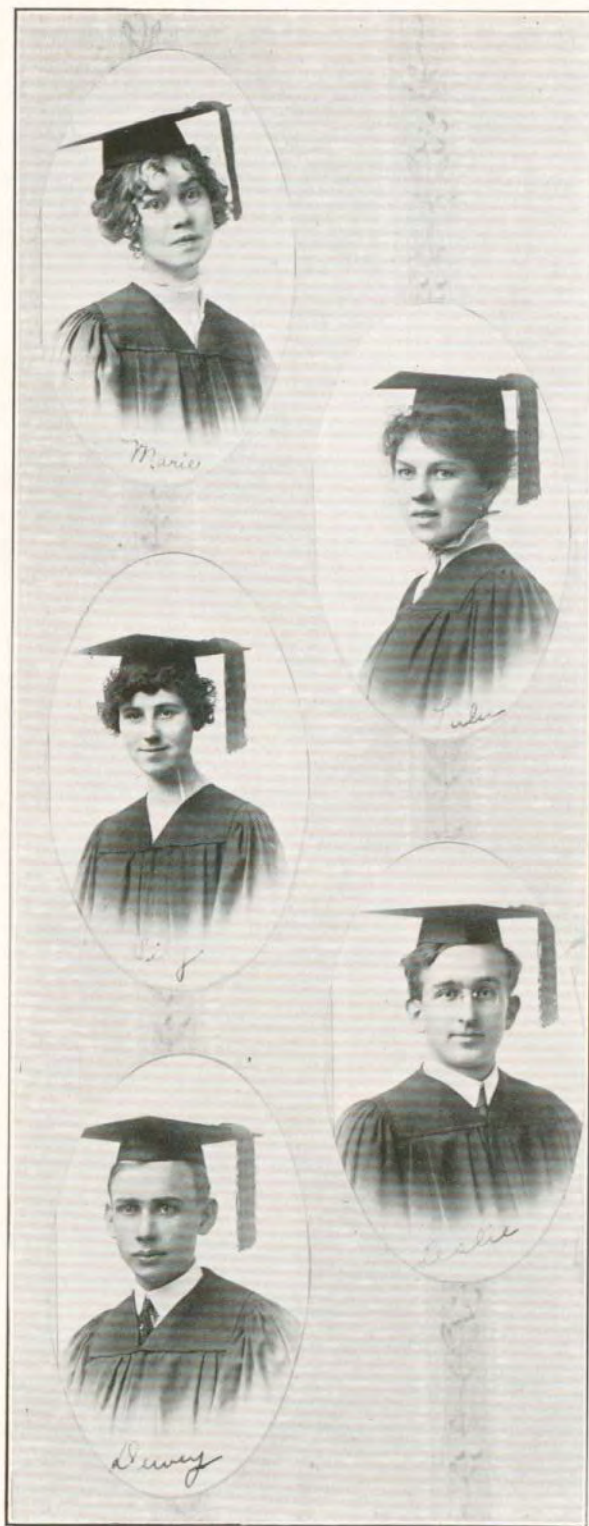
Louie had a little Ford,  
She sold it in a hurry;  
And then she bought an Overland,  
And oh, how she does scurry!

**Alga Leo Heister.**

Domestic Science is vexation,  
Algebra is as bad;  
The rules of Woolley perplex me,  
And Geography drives me mad.







**Ethel Marie Kennison.**

This little kitten lost her mitten,  
And she began to cry,  
"Oh, Mother dear, I've much to  
fear  
That I've lost my mitten."

**Lulu Lasswell.**

Lula's charms could not be hid,  
Her faults could not be seen;  
And so between them all you see  
She is the Senior Queen.

**Lily Magdalene Lines.**

Little Miss Lily, sat very silly,  
Not knowing what to say;  
Then along came a rider  
Close up beside her  
And bore Miss Lily away.

**Leslie Lamont Lippard.**

Hickory, dickory "Doc,"  
He ne'er turned back the clock;  
When the clock struck one, home  
he run,  
Hickory, dickory, "Doc."

**William Dewey Matthews.**

Hush abye Dewey—be quiet little  
mice!  
For when the bell rings, recita-  
tion must suffice;  
When the rule's broken, you know  
the rest:  
Out the class room, then take a  
test.



**Evilly Ada McNichol.**

A sad little mourner, sat in a cor-  
ner  
Crying her heart away.  
She gave a little wiggle,  
And began to giggle,  
And said, "What a big goose  
am I."

**Truman Isaac Means.**

Two wise students of the High  
School  
Went out for a drive in a car,  
And if the tires had been stronger  
My story would have been longer.

**Jessie Mary Mixer.**

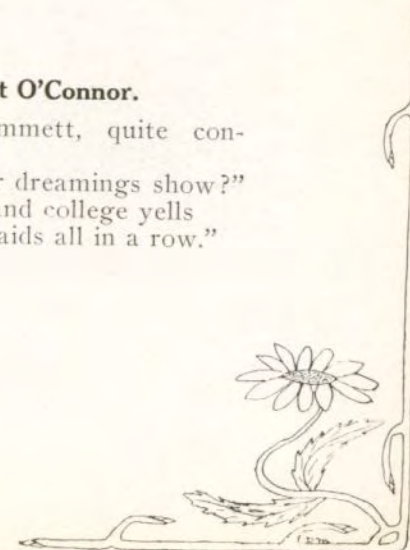
If wishes were horses  
Beggars could ride;  
If parties got lessons  
Through Physics I'd slide.

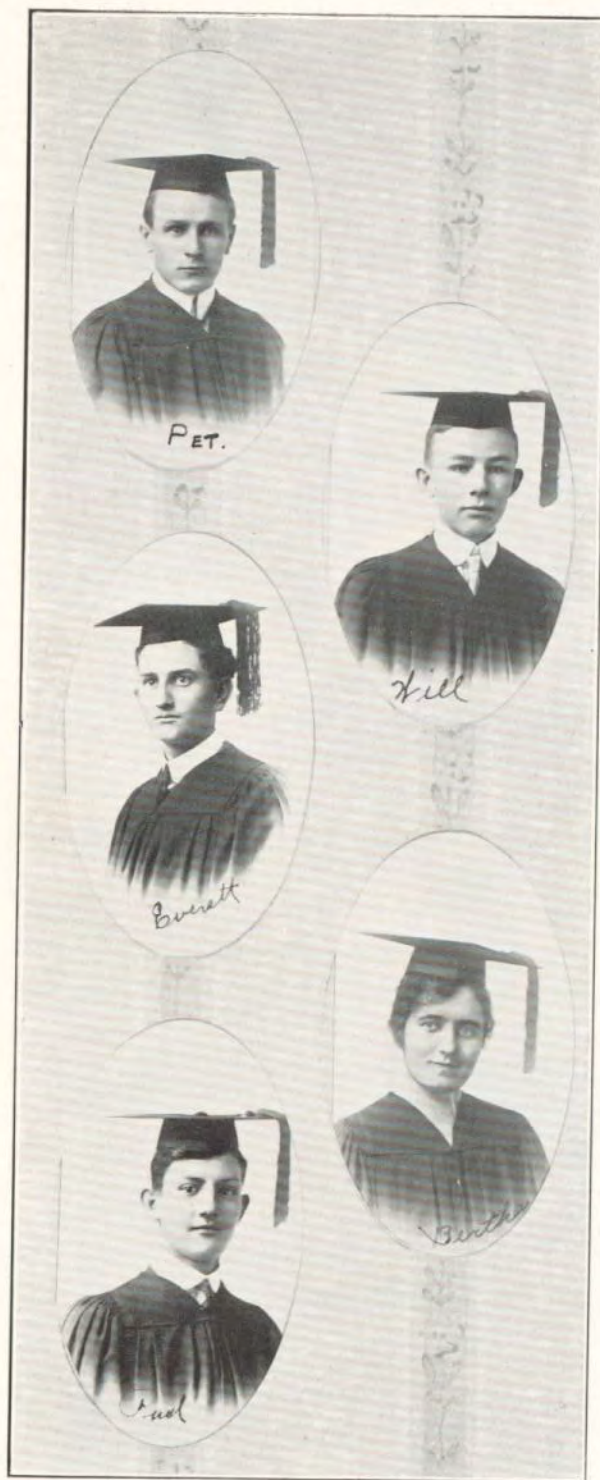
**Grace Josephine Moore.**

"Gracie, dear; Gracie, dear, where  
have you been?"  
"I've been to Pueblo to visit my  
kin."  
"Gracie, dear; Gracie, dear; what  
did you there?"  
"I captured a preacher lad, hand-  
some and fair."

**Cornelius Emmett O'Connor.**

"Emmett, Emmett, quite con-  
tended,  
What do your dreamings show?"  
"Study bells and college yells  
And pretty maids all in a row."





**John M. Petrini.**

Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full  
of coin,  
Four and twenty dollars and no  
others to join.  
When the bag was opened the  
coin began to slip,  
And wasn't this a dainty bit to  
finance the Annual with?

**William Shafter Rush.**

Will's smile was beaming on the  
class,  
Beaming with all its might.  
Will did his best to make  
The English smooth and bright.

**Francis Everett Roberts.**

Everett, Everett, the Senior's  
pride,  
Stole a Ford and went for a ride.  
The gasoline dripped,  
The little car slipped,  
And Everett began crying as the  
tires ripped.

**Bertha Ellen Strayer.**

Little beau keep has lost her sheep  
And doesn't know where to find  
him;  
Leave him alone and he will come  
home  
Leading his bride beside him.

**Paul George Stodghill.**

There was a small boy named  
Paul,  
And he was wondrous tall;  
He sang and he danced  
And lightly he pranced.  
Oh, Paul was a wonderful boy!



**Mildred Swearngin.**

Needles and pins, needles and pins,  
When you're a Senior your trou-  
ble begins.

**Hal A. Webster.**

"Twinkle, twinkle, little eyes,  
How I wonder what you prize;  
Most above this world so fair  
Is 't a diamond for you to wear?"

**Caroline Elizabeth Welch.**

Carrie was of sixteen,  
Carrie was hard to beat,  
Carrie played on the H. S. team  
And never knew defeat.

**Leitha Alta Woods.**

Leitha's eyes could tell no lies,  
Her smile could not beguile;  
And so between them both you  
see  
She was happy all the while.

**Richard Frank G'lmore.**

"Dickey boy, Dickey boy, where  
will you go?"  
'Down to Boulder to show what  
I know."  
"Dickey boy, Dickey boy, what  
will you there?"  
"Oh I will earn credits, so what  
do I care?"



## The Senior Farewell

After a fatiguing days work or a journey, how encouraging and delightful it is in the cool and quiet of a summer evening, to stroll leisurely thru the flower garden! How relieving to gaze upon the soft colors; to gather the best blossoms; to notice their merits and to let the more beautiful cover the defects of the less perfect! So let it be, as we briefly recall the past few years before the tribunal of our memory. Let us endeavor to pluck only the bright and beautiful flowers of our High School life.

In the fall of 1912, seventy-three boys and girls enrolled for the first time in the Salida High. Some were bent on pleasure; some on business. We divided our time between hard study and in becoming acquainted with one another. How we did respect and honor a Senior! How we longed for the time when we would be seniors! Thus passed our first year in High School. According to the sworn testimony of our teachers, we were true to our name—Freshman—**one in the rudiments of knowledge.**

Sophomore certainly sounded much more pretentious. The first of the year can be characterized by long, sleepy hours in the assembly room, and a party now and then. Much to our surprise when we received our report cards, we came to the realization that we were indeed true and faithful disciples of the traditional Sophomore—**immature and over confident.** Realizing our ability as well as our perilous condition, we endeavored earnestly to begin our class functions and to originate a true class spirit. Ardently we made every effort possible to tread a successful path which would be followed by others.

"Irresistible Juniors," we were at last. We were proud to think of ourselves as upper classmen. We entered into school spirit with enthusiasm. School life was not so limited after all. We made our debut in

dramatics, defended our reputation in athletics, and maintained our position in literary lines and in the social life of the school.

Our Freshman ideal realized—we are Seniors! But the boasted dignity, so long looked forward to, seems to be lacking; other Freshmen seem not so reverential as we were. Are we favored? Alas, we are not! Superior marks are still acquired only by hard work. The faculty and our reports tend to remind us that, "The Elevator to Success is not Running; Take the Stairs." Nevertheless we are Seniors: the last is always best, and this, our final year, is our most enjoyable. We are sustaining our position in all school activities, and thoroughly enjoying our leadership.

Perhaps at no time in life is there present such a strange intermingling of joy and sorrow; such a strain of inexpressible emotion as is manifest when one is deemed worthy to receive the highest honor given by the faculty of the High School. Who can describe these inward thoughts and feelings which are preceptible to the individual only? In one aspect, it is like bidding adieu to a beloved friend whose life and character have been of such a nature that they will live forever in the precious annals of remembrance; but in a broader, more progressive spirit, it is like putting away childish things and laying hold of the more strenuous duties and privileges of manhood and womanhood. As a class, we may never meet again, but we can never forget the pleasant associations and friendships formed during our High School years. If we have seen and grasped our opportunities, if we have been true to the highest and best within us, we may bid adieu with souls filled with the consciousness of the possession of that which is of inestimable value of the service we render to fellowmen.

L. A. W., '16.

### QUEEN ANNE'S MISTAKE

"When I was going to a party," said Anne age twenty-three(?)

"A little lady fell in the ditch, right down upon her knee.

And all the other ladies began to laugh, But me; I didn't laugh a single bit," said Anne, seriously.

"Why not?," the Senior asked her, full of delight to find that their teacher, Bless her little heart, had been so sweetly kind.

"Why didn't you laugh, Queen Anne, or don't you want to tell?"

"I didn't laugh," said Anne, "'cause it was me that fell."

G. M., '16

## PROPHECY

And so, regardless of their doom,  
The happy Seniors play;  
No thought have they of fame to come  
Which we reveal today



Leitha of The Movies



Mildred instructing Domestic Art.



Mrs. Dorothy



Mme. Strayer



Senator Brown



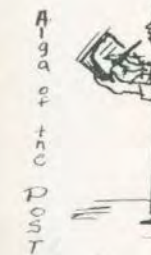
Caroline



Louie



Dr. Sweargin



Agate Post Doctor



Jessie Mixer.



The Rural Life



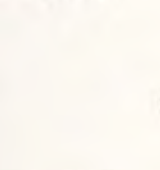
Lilac Crouse



Virian of the Olympics



Cadet O'Connor



Dick Mechanical Engineer.



Champion Rider Truman



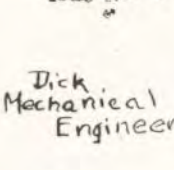
Doctor Lippard



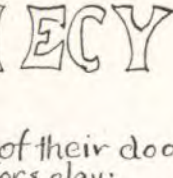
Editor Petrin i



Marie Kennison



The Soloist



Lily gentle Nurse



Emily Nurse No. 2



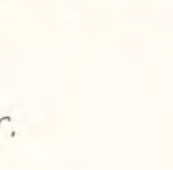
Rev. Roberts



The Reader Grace



Marie Kennison



The Soloist



The Soloist



Chauffeur Ray



Lily



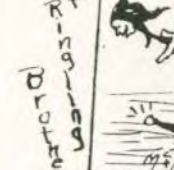
Editor Petrin i



The Reader Grace



Marie Kennison



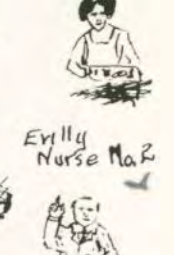
The Soloist



The Soloist



Chauffeur Ray



Lily



Editor Petrin i



The Reader Grace



Marie Kennison



The Soloist



The Soloist

# Juniors



**Edith Berrian.**

The musician of the class. Edith's failing is her knowledge. We have a grudge against her for showing us up in German now and then. She is quiet and reserved, hardly ever talks in class and never chews gum.

**Jaenette Carson.**

A jolly, happy Junior. Jeanette is not much on frivolous trimmings, but if you have the blues, just go to her. She will bring you out of them in short order.

**Eva Corlett.**

A quiet, conscientious Miss. Eva is good in her work and is always dependable. It takes a long time to get her angry, but when you do—be-ware.

**Pearl Davison.**

A dainty lassie. Pearl is popular with everyone, (especially the boys.) We attribute this to her unchanging good humor.

**Marshall Demphy.**

The athlete of the Junior class. Although rather small in stature, Marshall has shown his superiority on many occasions, over larger opponents. He also holds a prominent place in the glee club and will some day be noted for his voice.

**Anna Dolan.**

A colleen very fond of "Swedes." Of course you can't tell from this why we call Anna "Irish." Never yet have we seen her scowl, and this is a pretty good recommendation for her.

**Oliver Elofson.**

One of our society leaders. Oliver believes in the companionship of the weaker sex, but does not neglect his studies. We expect to hear of him in the Hall of Fame some day, if he keeps up his present indications.

**Buena Foulk.**

A modern Priscilla. If we should all follow Buena's foot-steps, Mr. Tanton would be deprived of his pre-tennis exercise administering proper behavior to improper students.

**Pearl Gillespie.**

A girl addicted to the use of laughing gas, unless called upon for a recitation when her mirth is replaced by a dismal sigh.



**Luella Quinn.**

One of the Junior Latin duae. Luella exemplifies one of King Solomon's sayings, "A woman's crowning glory is her hair."

**Jack Williamson.**

Our class president. Jack plays the drums in the orchestra. He is a model boy, never shirking classes and always ready to recite. He, too, is quite prominent as a society leader.

**Raymond Roberts.**

Curly locks. Raymond is a dashing personage and certainly looks well driving a Ford. He is very popular with the Junior girls and the Freshman boys.

**Carl Valdez.**

A prominent Junior. Carl is noted for his brilliancy and for his skill as a violinist. His dancing ability makes him quite popular with the ladies. He always manages to get his lessons.

**Winnifred Williams.**

The most popular girl of the Salida High. Winnifred has a cheery smile and is noted for her pull with the Faculty.

**Delos Welch.**

A classy young man, hailing from Colorado Springs. We don't know much about Delos, but he acts all right. He is rather quiet and unobtrusive, but he seems to get there.

**Agnes Williams.**

The soloist of the class. Agnes is intending to train for a nurse, and will leave us the last of March. She has been a great favorite and we are sorry to lose her.

**Joe McDonough.**

Descendant of Rip Van Winkle. Joe's failing is sleeping in classes and in the assembly. When not otherwise engaged, he runs a farm in the suburbs of Poncha. He is a star in mathematics.

**Maxine Rumsey.**

The ex-California maiden. Maxine plays all the popular airs, and is especially noted for her love of Chemistry.





**Irwin Gimlett.**

Our class treasurer. Irwin is our idea of our ideal High School boy. He makes some spectacular recitations in English, much to our edification and enjoyment. He is famous for a peculiar expression, "Pay your dues."

**Clara Goddard.**

The fashion plate for the Junior girls. Clara is in for any fun going. She likes the boys and is very partial to a Jack-of-all-trades.

**Gertrude Hallowell.**

The beauty of the Junior class. One of the curious things about Gertrude is that when coming to school at noon, she is always accompanied by the same grad.

**Iverne Haus.**

One all around Junior girl. A few of Iverne's many accomplishments are basket-ball, all kinds of track, literary genius, and standing at the head of her classes without seeming to try.

**Phyllis Jacobs.**

When ignited she is of somewhat explosive nature; but at ordinary temperature she can be approached. She impresses one as having traveled extensively as she attended school in the metropolis of Delta.

**Mamie Lunnon.**

The champion buttonhole maker of the Junior-Senior Domestic Science class. If you want to know how to make them, just ask Mamie. She is an expert at explaining.

**John Owen.**

The comedian of the class. John is always cheerful, and apparently very indifferent about his lessons. However, the teachers never complain about his work.

**Ruth Meacham.**

Is she ever confused? No, only when we catch her gazing fondly at a Valentine in Chemistry. It wasn't from a Senior, either.

**Leslie McAbee.**

The optimistic brother of pessimistic Scott McAbee who graduated with the illustrious class of '14, and who— and this is the first time this has come to light—tore our beautiful banner of 1917. After much deliberation we have determined not to persecute Leslie for the unreasonable deeds of a fanatic: therefore, Leslie, keep your seat in distinguished room III.



**Bessie Blanchard.**

A timid girl with light, wavy hair and big blue eyes. We admire Bessie's spunk for coming to school every day from distant Poncha. She is the shining light that sustains the reputation of our Chemistry class.

**Ione Crispell.**

A great giggler. That is not the only thing in which Ione excels. She is the best speller in the Junior class.

**Junior Class History**

**Sentments of Miss Alinda E. Montgomery (1913-1914)**

When passing a well known institution in Pueblo, the city of my present pedagogic sojourn, a group of the evidently harmless individuals, wildly gesticulating and chattering, attracted my attention. While I puzzled abstractedly upon the scene, the strenuousness of their activity recalled to my mind a vision of the Students of the classes of Seventeen upon their first appearance in the Salida High School.

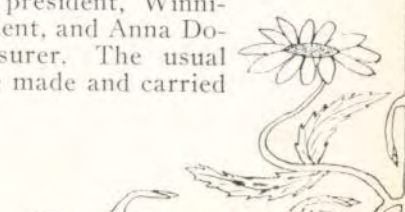
Imbued with the ponderous importance of their station, they immediately called a caucus, and officers were elected in reward for their support of certain platforms: Wellington Nash, zealous promoter of the "Pearl" fisheries import duty, president; Mills Hutchinson, advocate of the Ladies' Populist Party, vice-president; Graeme Morgan, originator of the Cowboy Reform Ticket, secretary and treasurer.

One of the first duties of this executive body was to call a meeting at which the class colors were chosen. All details were kept secret until one day there blossomed upon the wall of the assembly room, a beautiful banner, flaunting the long looked for colors, which proved to be the delicately harmonizing hues of lavender and pink.

Their debut into High School Society was inaugurated with a masquerade party at which a dainty luncheon consisting of pumpkin pie and loaf sugar appeased the appetites of all. This led to other festive events worthy of mention in the society columns of the Denver Post.

**"Idears" of Miss May E. Gould. (1914-1915)**

I confess that I awaited with some timidity the arrival of the Sophomore contingent over whom I was to preside for the year, and in order to occupy my time, I made recourse to my favorite book, "Les Misera- bles," opening it to page eleven hundred fifty-six. So deeply engrossed by Victor Hugo's wonderful plot was I, that I became oblivious to everything until I was aroused by the ringing of a bell, and glancing up beheld that my class was in evidence. The first few days dragged by and the members became desirous of holding their election. That they mistook this for a beauty contest was evidenced by the fact that Mills Hutchinson was chosen president, Winnifred Williams, vice-president, and Anna Dolan, secretary and treasurer. The usual social arrangements were made and carried



out, the most eventful being a theatre party terminating in a disagreement between the girls and boys, caused by the very conspicuous absence of the latter. The young ladies were finally pacified when a party was given in their honor at the home of Oliver Elofson. In conclusion, I wish to state that one especially noticable merit of this class was the ease and quickness with which they assimilated punctuation, especially the placing of the "commer" and the "semer"-colon.

**Theories of W. S. Stoddard  
(1915-1916)**

When I accepted the position of History instructor in the Salida High School, I didn't realize the difficulties to be encountered in the supervision of the Junior Class to which I had been assigned, nor the effort to impart thereto, at least some scattering knowledge of the doings of our forefathers.

**THE SUPERVISORS**

As one slowly turns the pages  
Of this book, and sometimes smiles  
O'er the wittlets of its contents,  
Or remarks about the styles  
Of the various authorlets;  
Perhaps he cannot look in deep  
And perceive the supervisors  
Who corrected metered feet.  
Through all the work and toiling,  
Through all the changed rhymes,  
Through all the weary counting  
Of the many words and lines,  
Through all—from first to last—  
This annual have they gone  
And patiently have told us how

It appears, the class, as Juniors, flattering themselves that they have attained some conception of the artistic, derided the colors, lavender and pink, emblematic of Freshman simplicity, and supported by the officers: Jack Williamson, president; Oliver Elofson, vice-president; Irwin Gimlett, secretary and treasurer, chose the more harmonious shades of Kelley Green and White.

Although a fine time is reported to have been had at the several entertainments, there seems to be at present, a "slump" in the party line, due perhaps to the general depression caused by the war.

It is with great trepidation that I await the advent of the next Junior class and wonder wearily if digging post holes "on shares" hasn't its advantages over directing the foot steps of recalcitrant eleventh graders into that last and most exalted epoch of High School, the Senior class.

I. H., '17

Each stunt could best be done.  
No task have they omitted,  
From no call, have they turned;  
They modelled all the rough hewn mass,  
Which we should soon have burned.  
To Miss Melcher should we give  
Our thanks without an end  
For ever has she done her best  
Our thoughts to rightly bend.  
Miss Gillpatrick, ever ready,  
With a new idea and thought,  
Has tempered all of our attempts;  
And many changes wrought.  
Of course, since we have made this book,  
We feel inclined to boast;  
But let us yet be careful and  
The Supervisors toast.

F. E., '16

**THE STONE AGE**

A tungsten seeker, bedecked with picks, shovels, and other implements indicating that he assumed himself to be a prospector, laboriously made his wearisome way down the steep mountain side. In his arms he bore a miniature Gibraltar, and on his face was a happy, satisfied smile. Mile after mile he trudged and finally made his appearance at an assayer's office. Here he deposited his treasure and then made his way home

for a much needed and deserved sleep.

The next morning, stiff and sore from his day in the hills, he dragged himself out of bed, painfully donned his clothes, and with a gait suggestive of mechanical locomotion, slowly walked to the office. He entered hopefully. The assayer turned in his chair uninterestedly and handed him a slip of paper which read: "1 per cent. copper."

"And the other ninety-nine?" the hopeful one breathed expectantly.

"Hot air," replied the unfeeling assayer.

Our hero collapsed weakly into a chair. (Honest Solon, we never meant to tell.)

**Sophomore**



President - - - Tom Flynn  
Vice-President - - - Wilbur Allen  
Secretary - - - True Harlan

**SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY**

The Class of 1918 is one which has had the experience, that is, the trials and troubles, pleasures and sports of two years of High School life. Fifty-four pupils were enrolled in the Freshman class, but during the year several deserted. While Freshmen, we at first made the inevitable mistakes and blunders of a freshman class and as usual, suffered the scoffs and jeers of the upper classmen. For the first year we elected Harold Archer for president, Jack Williamson, vice-president; Gertrude Hallowell, secretary and Lea Harlan, treasurer. We chose for our colors black and gold. As a whole, the first year in High School is looked upon as a pleasant epoch in our lives.

At the beginning of the second year our class had decreased in number to forty-seven. Our president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, are respectively: Tom Flynn, Wilbur Allen, and True Harlan. As Sophomores we have the reputation of being very diligent, especially in noise; also there are many members who are embryonic geniuses and have demonstrated their talent in frolics for the benefit of the whole school throughout the year. Neither are we shirking the studies prescribed, by the faculty, for our development. In plane geometry we have done wonders in proving propositions. If you don't believe us, ask Mr. Tanton. You have never heard Miss Melcher say anything about our Latin, have you? Certainly not—she is too polite! We also enjoy our English

and History very much, and find our Biology class interesting. Considered from all view points, athletics of the Sophomore class are in excellent condition. The members have every reason to be well pleased, as the class has not suffered a defeat in basket ball or in baseball, and is looking forward to winning honors in the track-meet. During the entire year, we have taken an active part in all school interests, and are one of the most enthusiastic classes in High School. At the first of the term we had contemplated many social events, but owing to the studious (?) inclination of the whole Sophomore class, time was not found to put many of these convivial anticipations into effect. Two plans, however, materialized. The first being a gathering at the Library Assembly Hall. Many enjoyed themselves dancing, but those who felt their feet were not sufficiently under control amused themselves by playing various games. The second, as planned at first was to be a Leap Year skating party, but on account of the "spring" weather in January, the skating idea was abandoned and resulted in an indoor Leap Year party, which also took place at the Library Assembly. Delicious refreshments were served at both occasions. These affairs will be remembered as pleasant recreations by all who attended.

Two chapters of our History are complete. The names of these Chapters are Freshman and Sophomore. We have endeavored to make these a fitting example for others who will be the future history makers of our school, and if we succeed in finishing the remainder of our High School career as well as we have begun it, we shall feel as if we have accomplished something, through the example set, for the good of our successors if it is followed.

J. S., '18.

True to his conservative notions, Hal Webster refuses to abandon the styles of his grandfather and still appears in the same old duds.

Mr. Stoddard: Study a surd, a rational surd, an irrational surd, the index of a surd, the degree of a surd, and a quadratic surd. Some of these terms seem (ab) surd, do they not?

WANTED—A pair of overalls for Hal to make a man of him.





## The Sophomore Motion Picture Studio

(INC.)

E. Kesner, President  
 C. E. Tanton, Vice-President  
 Elsie Wadell, Secretary-Treasurer

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Mary Melcher, T. M. McDonald and W. S. Stoddard  
 Executive—Anne Gillpatirck

A few of the most noted players are given below with their former companies, and some of the productions in which they have starred.

- Wilbur Allen—Crane Wilbur—Perils of Pauline.....Lubin
- Richard Behrens—Antonio Moreno—The Lone Lady.....Vitagraph
- Edna Boggs—Mae Marsh—The Escape.....Griffith
- Leota Bondurant—Mona Darkfeather—Serpent's Trail.....Vitagraph
- Frances Brush—Grace Cunard—The Broken Coin.....Universal
- Lela Burton—Edna May (Extra).....Vitagraph
- Marion Cook—Bessie Eaton—The Spoilers.....Selig
- Edna Cox—Dorothy Bernard—Little Gipsy.....Fox
- Robert Davidson—Charles Chaplin—The Woman.....Essany
- Edna Eckland—Mae Allison—The Message.....Biograph
- Van Edwards—Hobart Bostwort—Buckshot John.....Biograph
- Tom Flynn—Bryant Washburn—The Maneater.....Essany
- Margaret Gill—Gail Kane—Wine Less.....Vitagraph
- Glenna Goddard—Theda Bara—Carmen.....Fox
- Lea Harlan—Raymond Hitchcock—The Worm.....Keystone
- True Harlan—Edna Mayo—(Extra).....Vitagraph
- Eugene Howard—Hector V. Sarno—The Wrong Date.....Biograph
- Mable Knickerbocker—Truly Shattuck—(Extra).....Ince
- Marion Matthews—Lillian Walker—Her Debut.....Selig
- Frank McDonough—William Farnum—The Spoilers.....Selig
- Rena Meacham—Minta Durfie—Billy's Happiness.....Keystone
- Dick Mountford—Clara K. Young—Hearts in Exile.....Fox
- Louise Nance—Marie Dressler—Tillie's Punctured Romance.....Keystone
- Robert Newman—Victor Potel—The Game.....Essany
- Irene Paxson—Anita Stewart—The Goddess.....Vitagraph
- Jay Ramey—Jay Morley—Love.....Lubin
- Yola Sage—Dorothy Bernard—The Two Orphans.....Fox
- James Shay—Edwin Earle—The Safe.....Edison
- Donald Smith—Sydney Chaplin—The Waste-basket.....Keystone
- Shirley Smith—Alkali Ike—His Boarding House.....Essany
- Lael Steward—Al Ray—National Film Corp. Director.....
- Harold Strayer—Jack Standing—Fanchon, the Cricket.....Pathe
- Reba Williams—Virginia Pearson—A Fool There Was.....Vitagraph
- Marion Wilson—Margarita Fisher—The Storm.....Biograph
- Harold Wilson—Tom Moore—The Wife.....Vitagraph
- Hugh Wilson—G. M. Anderson—The Renegade.....Essany
- Ulva Woody—Fay Tincher—Billy, the Office Boy.....Vitagraph
- Helen Work—Jackie Saunders—The Eaves-dropper.....Vitagraph

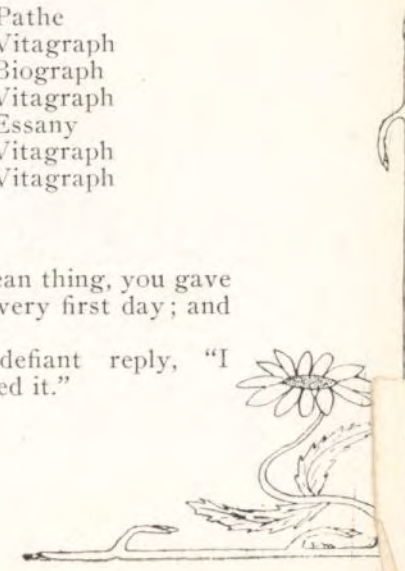
Proudly displaying their pins, the Seniors filed into class. Grace looked at Hal; glanced at his lapel, at his vest, at his tie, and even on his sleeve. Then with a mingled consternation and sympathy she gasped, "Why, Hal, have you lost your pin?"

"No, no, I-I don't think it is lost," blush-

ingly stammered Hal.

"Hal Webster, you mean thing, you gave your class pin away the very first day; and to a Freshman too."

"Well," came the defiant reply, "I couldn't help it, she wanted it."

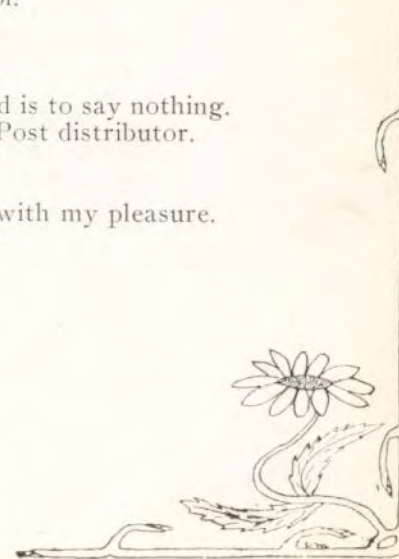




# Freshmen

## Resolutions

- Cloye Allen—Resolved: To warn all girls that I have two eyes that roll—Beware!
- Harold Archer—Resolved: To make "girls" my business.
- Barbara Axford—Resolved: That I'll never desert the "kids" in domestic.
- Elsie Bassham—Resolved: To always smile at every man.
- Warren Beck—Resolved: That I will make myself worthy of notice.
- Ella Benson—Resolved: To attempt to get one lesson during my H. S. career.
- Charlie Briggs—Resolved: To use every available curler to further the kinky effect.
- Mildred Buck—Resolved: To make the best of my educational advantages.
- John Burton—Resolved: That skating without Schmidty is **no** fun.
- Florence Claire—Resolved: That Senior boys are not so bad after all.
- Hazel Corlett—Resolved: To take Physical Geography like medicine—it has to be done.
- Robert Cox—Resolved: To obtain sleep and knowledge of Latin simultaneously.
- Mevin Crotser—Resolved: To be mighty, though mitey.
- Helen Dobbie—Resolved: To rival Burns.
- James Edmundson—Resolved: To pick a Rose.
- Jack Edwards—Resolved: To write a new Latin text-book; minus the Latin.
- Rose EnEarl—Resolved: To become a grand opera singer.
- Clarinda England—Resolved: That my mind to me a kingdom is.
- Isabell Forte—Resolved: That boys don't appeal to me at all, at all.
- Mildred Garrett—Resolved: To be a famous author.
- Maude Graham—Resolved: That to make a noise is out of my line.
- Warren Hall—Resolved: To be Hal Webster's only living rival.
- Mary Hanna—Resolved: To become a finished chaperon.
- Mildred Harris—Resolved: To handle my dates with care.
- Hollis Heister—Resolved: To be Miss Melcher's pride and joy.
- Preston Higham—Resolved: To visit school semi-weekly.
- Gladys Hillary—Resolved: That I'm the center of the universe.
- Rose James—Resolved: To limit the speed of my tongue to the speed of my Ford.
- Bertha Jones—Resolved: To allow nothing to interfere with my good nature.
- Ella Lanzendorf—Resolved: To direct my smiles toward small Freshmen.
- Myrtle Lytle—Resolved: To become a Domestic Science expert.
- Ethel Liscomb—Resolved: To help some poor soul in Latin.
- Helen Magner—Resolved: That she that studies shall learn.
- Leotis McCabe—Resolved: That I'd measure many a mile to tread a measure with him.
- Ailene McNicol—Resolved: Not to let my eyes wander.
- Lee McNicol—Resolved: To be a famous cartoonist.
- Dan Morehouse—Resolved: To be the man Miss Melcher thinks I am.
- Hazel Oliver—Resolved: Not to be gloomy as I pass through high school.
- Clark Perry—Resolved: To make Ty Cobb look like thirty cents.
- Louis Post—Resolved: Not to make so much noise in assembly.
- Lenore Ramey—Resolved: To be a high class vaudeville performer.
- Norman Ream—Resolved: That the only way to live quietly in this world is to say nothing.
- James Reilly—Resolved: To be John Petrini's successor as the classy Post distributor.
- Wallace Ream—Resolved: To make fluency of speech my hobby.
- Frank Rout—Resolved: To become a world's athlete.
- Marie Schmidt—Resolved: Not to allow my course of study to interfere with my pleasure.
- Mamie Sheehan—Resolved: To wear a shield against cupid's darts.
- Myrle Smith—Resolved: To stop fussing upper classmen.
- Merrill Stover—Resolved: To meet the girls half way.
- Irl Taliaferro—Resolved: That to compare answers is no sin.
- Geneva Victor—Resolved: To prepare to relieve the suffering.





FRESHMAN HISTORY

A play in four acts: the remaining three will be given in our Sophomore, Junior and Senior years.

ACT 1.

Place—Auditorium.  
Time—The school year, 1915-1916.  
Characters—The High School teachers and the pupils.

Scene 1.

Auditorium; the first day of school, September, 1915—Upper classmen in the background, Mr. Tanton looming in the foreground, and down in the right hand corner? —No—Yes, we discover fifty-seven green looking little "Freshies," quaking with every glance from Mr. Tanton, and from the knowing smiles of the upper classmen. Thus the class of '19 enters High School, but not so does it plan to go out.

Same place—same characters, only all Freshmen have disappeared except one, and he, —amid roars of laughter, vainly, by every door in the Assembly, is trying to find the Algebra class, and as he at last (by accident) stumbles on the right door, he is heard to mutter under his breath, "Those darned old upper classmen anyway. I guess they were bright enough to skip the Freshman year."

Scene 2.

Place—Auditorium, now deserted except for a few blushing Freshies and one or two Junior and Senior boys.

Time—A few hours later.  
Roars of laughter and cries of "Oh, will you look here? See what the Freshies bin eatin,'" and Carl Valdez holds in his hands the stub of an old yellow pencil, chewed almost to a pulp.

Exit Freshies with more haste than grace.

Scene 3.

Place—Miss Melcher's room.

Time—Several days later.

A class meeting (???) and by the general green hue of the room, we can easily tell that the Freshmen are conducting it; but nevertheless, we note only a few mistakes as they elect —

- President—Harold Archer.
- Vice-President—Ailene McNicol.
- Treasurer—Myrle Smith.
- Secretary—Ella Lanzendorf.
- Colors—Violet and Gold.

Scene 4.

Place—The Assembly Hall gaily decorated with streamers of violet and yellow crepe paper.

Time—??

Oh!! the frivolity of those freshies—some of the girls are **actually dancing**. We hear

a few remarks such as, "Gosh, I'm hungry, I wonder what we're going to have to eat," and—"Will you look at 'so and so's' dress—I think it's perfectly horrid, don't you?" In spite of the tendency of a few of the boys to stick gum down every one's neck, all seem to be having a good time.

Scene 5.

Place—The Moose Hall.

My Goodness! what do we see? Are our eyes deceiving us? There's a Greek Goddess, a bold, bad man from the west, a Spanish army captain, some clowns, a few Mary Janes, several ladies of fashion, a butterfly, a baby, and everything else you could think of—What? Oh! yes, it's just the Freshies' masked party, don't be alarmed.

Scene 6

Place—The Auditorium.

Time—The night of the spelling match.  
Characters—A group of Freshman boys trying to get up courage enough to give a few yells.—The Soph. boys yelling lustily; a large audience and the spellers! Oh, those spellers pale and shaking, but each fixed with a determination to get that cup. One or two hours of hard spelling—and it is all over. Emmet Brown is the proud possessor of the cup. More yells—for Emmet this time—and the thirty-nine defeated spellers disappear. We then hear a weak little yell from the back of the room—Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Freshies! The Freshman boys have at last found their voices, but too late—too late!

Finale.

I. F., '19.

An Expensive Hole

A grave digger dug a grave for a man named Button, and when the bill came in it read, "One Button hole, \$100.00."

Miss Wadell (speaking of fashions): "Why did she wear a large piece of cloth around her neck?"

Florence Gill: "She had the mumps."

Special athletic meetings are becoming very popular among the Sophomore boys—we hear that they are learning the noble art of self defense.

Misses Moore and McNicol recently returned with regret from the charming city of Pueblo. We hear that they have their bags packed to go back. Miss M. says that there are many nice—people in Pueblo.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

There are fifty-seven Freshmen,  
You'll say 'tis quite a troop;  
As for winning in all contests,  
We say we are the group!

We get hundreds (?) in our Latin,  
In English, we excel;  
We're just as good in Algebra,  
The teachers all will tell.

Ah Seniors! if your class had been,  
Just half as bright as ours,  
Your crowns would just be glistening,  
With big, bright, shining stars.

Our stars come down as snowflakes, on  
A cold December day.  
But now, you'll say we're braggin';  
So that's all we're goin' to say.

H. D., '19.

A FRESHMAN ADVENTURE

Mr. Bernard—"Well, what are you going to work at now?"

Freshman—"I don't know. I think, something for the shop."

Mr. Bernard—"Well, I'll tell you. There's a neat tabouret I'd like to have you work out for the shop. It contains neither nails nor glue; it is put together entirely by joints. Don't you think it would be a splendid thing to work out?"

Freshman—"How do you make it?"

Mr. Bernard—"Well, I've forgotten exactly; but John Jones worked one out here a couple of years ago, and it is at his house. You go down and take a look at it."

Freshman—"All right."

He then departed by means of an ever accommodating wheel, which was, by chance, unlocked; and was soon hastening away after the desired knowledge.

In a remarkably short time, he was back. Mr. Bernard was greatly surprised at the swiftness displayed and accosted his pupil with—"Well, you're back quickly. Did you see the tabouret?"

Freshman—"Y-Y-Yes, I saw it," as he turned away.

Mr. B.—"Well what did you think of it?"

Fresh.—"I thought it was pretty good, I think I'd like to work it out."

After contemplating on the advisability of revealing his entire experiences, he returned to the teacher and ventured:

"Mr. Bernard, I rang the bell, but no one came to the door."

Mr. B.—"How did you see it then?"

Fresh.—"Well, you see I went down and knocked at the door but no one answered. Just then I saw the tabouret standing near the door, so I stepped inside and examined it."

Mr. B.—"Well, what happened?"

Fresh.—"When about ready to start out, I noticed a woman standing in the corner of the room."

Mr. B.—"What did you do? I suppose you explained."

Fresh.—"I blew."

Although some people are afraid that the Freshmen lack initiative, by the foregoing illustration, Cloye has demonstrated the fact that its cultivation is at least possible.

W. B., '19

I'd like to be a SENIOR and with the SENIORS stand,

A fountain pen behind my ear, a note book in my hand.

I wouldn't be a president, 'tis hard to be a king,

I wouldn't be an emperor for all the wealth 'twould bring,

I wouldn't be an angel, for angels have to sing.

I'd rather be a SENIOR, and never do a thing.—Ex.

Jack E.—"Fay, what does 15 Fahrenheit equal on a centipede thermometer?"

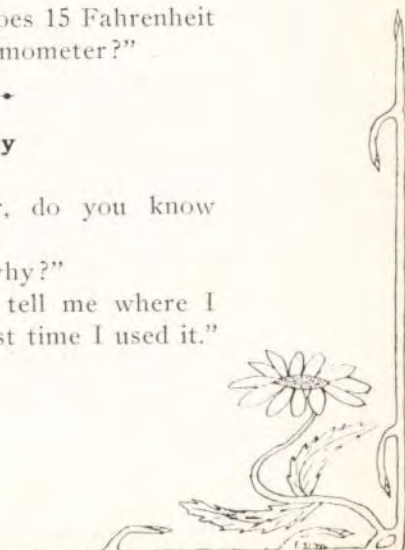
Expectancy

Freshie: Say, Senior, do you know everything?"

Senior: "Sure I do; why?"

Freshie: "Well then, tell me where I left my Latin book the last time I used it."

—Ex.



SCHOOL YELL

Ein, zwei, drei, vier,  
That's why we're here!  
Why? To win for old  
SALIDA!



High School Colors:

Purple and White.

High School Motto:

"Play the game and play it square."

High School Song:

THE GOOD OLD S. H. S.

(Sung to the tune of "Rig-a-Jig.")

There's only one school in the land,  
That through all tests will bravely stand!  
And that's Salida High so grand,  
The good old S. H. S.

CHORUS:

We love our school, it's the best we know,  
The best we know, the best we know,  
We love our school, it's the best we know,  
The old Salida High.

Her colors are of a brilliant hue,  
Beautiful and noble, too;  
The purple and the white so true,  
Of the good old S. H. S.

Some day the great men will confess,  
And they'll be honored none the less,  
That they acquired all their skill,  
From the good old S. H. S.

In athletics, she can't be beat,  
She hasn't learned the word defeat;  
In debates her glory is complete,  
Oh, the good old S. H. S.

She teaches her sons to do what's right,  
And is e're their guiding light,  
So for her they bravely fight,  
The good old S. H. S.!

L. N., '18

FIT PUNISHMENT

Three times Van. had been called to get up for school. The fourth time his mother lost her temper. Seizing the broom, she ran up stairs, flung open the door of Vannie's room, and brandishing the broom threateningly in the air, exclaimed:

"If you don't get up, I'll—"

She was interrupted by a stifled groan. "Oh 'Momer,'" groaned Vannie, "I'm so sick."

"Bless me, I believe the boy is sick. Never mind, I'll give you something to make you well."

She descended the stairs and soon returned with a bottle of dark brown liquid, and a spoon.

"Here, take this and you'll soon feel all right," she said.

Vannie mustered enough courage to touch the spoon to his lips. He made a wry face and scattered the contents over the bed.

"Wow! I ain't goin' ta take that," he wailed.

Momer went to the door and called: "Susie! Come here and help me."

Susie came running on tip-toe.

"Hold his nose while I give him the medicine," "Momer" commanded.

Susie held Vannie's nose and Vannie took the medicine.

"Now in half an hour you take another dose," announced "Momer," as she left the room.

Fifteen minutes later Susie met Van coming down the stairs.

"Where're you going," she asked.

"To school," growled Van.

L. L., '16

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME

Salida, set like a gem in the heart of the Rockies, forms the gateway through the Sangre de Christo range onto the great western slope. The sunshine glistens on the snow clad peaks of the West, in the winter as well as in the summer, while to the north, south and east the blue horizon is outlined by the pine covered mountains, which in all forms a great wall of protection. In this snow crowned range of peaks the Arkansas river finds its source. Fed by the melting snow and gushing torrents of the mountain sides, it rushes through our peaceful valley, making its exit by way of the famous Royal Gorge. To the right and to the left of the river, farm lands extend for miles and miles, and herds of cattle graze on the foothills.

Indeed, there seems but little left to be added to the needs of our pleasant Mountain Home. The fertile soil responds with ready gifts, the broad acres of hay and grain greet the harvest sun, while the orchards and gardens yield their share of wealth. In mineral wealth these rugged mountains abound. The stone quarries contain great quantities of beautiful granite which is shipped to all parts of the United States, while the deposits of semi-precious stones are within easy reach.

Not only have the material features of our city and its community been provided for, but the aesthetic or beauty loving side of our nature has been furnished with the most satisfying feasts. Here, where the heat of the summer is never dense or suf-

focating, one may wander along shady driveways or stroll over picturesque trails leading into the heart of the wildest scenery. Upon the mountain road near the grassy banks of the gurgling stream, there is rest itself. At every turn of the roadways, at every step on the trails, there is always unfolding a new and striking scene. Here we have real golden Autumn Days after Jack Frost has touched the tender trees on the mountain side. The slowly setting sun of the long warm days sheds its last rays on the mountain of evergreen freely mingling with the golden yellow of the Quaking Asp. It is in winter, especially, that the early morning sun gives a rosy tint to the snow crowned peaks of the Collegiate range.

But added to all the natural wonders and beauties are the climate and the people. It is difficult to determine which is the better. Both are mild and constant. In summer the heat is never intense, and in winter it is just cold enough to insure the recreation of skating and sleighing. Nor is the sun forgetful of our pleasant valley, as it does not leave us very long without its rays.

As this commencement time comes to a close and the years come and go, some will enter into a wider world, but we shall always cherish fond memories of this, Our Mountain Home. So here's to Our Mountain Home, a hearty good wish for health, wealth, and prosperity from one and all of the class of 1916.

L. C., '16

TOAST TO THE TEACHERS

Here's to all good Teachers,  
In this world and the next,  
I'll drink to you a toast tonight,  
"Good Teachers," is my text.

Not the Teachers who clasps your hand,  
In an idle hour you know,  
Not to the Teacher who slaps your back,  
As long as your high grades flow.

But the Teacher who speaks a kindly word,  
When your grades are running wrong,  
The Teacher who grasps your hand and smiles,  
And tells you life's a song.

What if you know that Teacher lies?  
What if he knows it too?  
There are times in school life when the Teacher who lies,  
Is the only friend that's true.

So drink this toast from your hearts, my friends,  
From heart to heart let it run,  
Here's to good Teachers all over the world,  
Their health, and God bless every one.

H. D., '19.



OUR JANITOR

Each morning up the stairs he goes,  
Before we're up and donn'd our clothes,  
To sweep the cobwebs from the hall,  
Then tolls the bell, "Good morning all."

Now, as we make the last long flight,  
His hand is closing on the rope,  
He sees each one in his place aright,  
And pulls again the bell's last stroke.

We go to class about our work  
With spirits always bright and gay,  
He turns to his, no task to shirk,  
All things to place in fair array.

He rakes the fire that keeps us warm,  
For sunny days he builds it low;  
On colder days defies the storm,  
And makes it hot to temper snow.

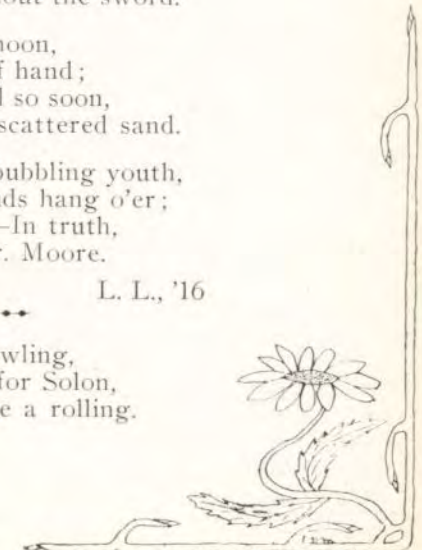
So, when at noon day out we go,  
He bids good-by our babbling horde,  
And calls to us, "Don't go too slow,  
You'd ne'er be ruled without the sword."

He trudges on; all afternoon,  
Erases boards by craft of hand;  
One wonders how that all so soon,  
His broom removes the scattered sand.

Our days are light with bubbling youth,  
The mist is thin; no clouds hang o'er;  
So let us wish him well—In truth,  
Our own, our faithful Mr. Moore.

L. L., '16

Solon hurt his nose a-bowling,  
Which made it very bad for Solon,  
Cause he made that score a rolling.



## Interesting High School Statistics

The Ideal High School Girl... Lulu Lasswell  
 The Ideal High School Boy... Emmet Brown  
 The Most Popular Girl... Winnifred Williams  
 The Most Popular Boy... Lea Harlan  
 The Most Optimistic Girl... Louise Nance  
 The Most Optimistic Boy... Robert Davidson

### The Favorite Study.

Freshman ..... Algebra  
 Sophomore ..... History  
 Junior ..... History  
 Senior ..... English

### The Favorite Author.

Freshman ..... Jean Stratton Porter  
 Sophomore ..... Jean Stratton Porter  
 Junior ..... Dickens  
 Senior ..... Dickens

### The Favorite Book.

Freshman ..... Call of the Wild  
 Sophomore ..... Laddie  
 Junior .... Twenty-nine Juniors,  
 twenty-nine choices.  
 Senior ..... Tale of Two Cities

### The Favorite Poet.

Freshman ..... Longfellow  
 Sophomore ..... Longfellow  
 Junior ..... Longfellow  
 Senior ..... Longfellow

### The Favorite Poem.

Freshman ..... Evangeline  
 Sophomore ..... Evangeline  
 Junior ..... Evangeline  
 Senior ..... Evangeline

### The Favorite Song.

Freshman ..... Rosary  
 Sophomore ..... High School Song

## OUR COMPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

Chin..... Gertrude Hallowell  
 Nose..... Florence Claire  
 Mouth..... Caroline Welch  
 Hair ..... Dorothy Gimlett  
 Eyes ..... Myrle Smith  
 Dimples ..... Phyllis Jacobs  
 Complexion ..... Marion Matthews  
 Smile ..... Winnifred Williams  
 Voice ..... Edna Boggs  
 Demeanor ..... Louie Hay  
 Figure ..... Irene Paxson  
 Arms and Hands..... Anna Dolan  
 Feet ..... Louise Gill  
 Ability ..... Fay Edwards

Junior ..... Tipperary  
 Senior ..... Perfect Day

### The Favorite Flower.

Freshman ..... Rose  
 Sophomore ..... Rose  
 Junior ..... Rose  
 Senior ..... Rose

### The Favorite Actor or Actress.

Freshman ..... Charles Chaplin  
 Sophomore ..... Theda Bara  
 Junior ..... Theda Bara  
 Senior ..... Mary Pickford

### The Favorite Character in Fiction.

Freshman ..... Laddie  
 Sophomore ..... Laddie  
 Junior ..... John Halifax  
 Senior ..... Sidney Carton

### The Favorite Historical Character.

Freshman ..... George Washington  
 Sophomore ..... Caesar  
 Junior ..... Lincoln  
 Senior ..... Lincoln

### The Favorite Recreation.

Freshman ..... Reading  
 Sophomore ..... Dancing  
 Junior ..... Dancing  
 Senior ..... Dancing

### Ambition in Life.

Freshman ..... Farmers  
 Sophomore ..... Teachers  
 Juniors ..... Movie Actors  
 Seniors.. Electrical Engineers and  
 Teachers.

## TWILIGHT

The shades of twilight falling,  
 Are purpling the golden West;  
 The birds of evening, calling,  
 Seek the tree they like the best.

The crystal daylight, dying,  
 Watches the approach of night;  
 The breeze is softly sighing  
 As it fans the dimming light.

At last the tired, weary earth  
 Harkens to the night's still call,  
 And awaits the new day's birth,  
 While the stars watch over all.

"The Princess," '19

## AWARDING OF THE TROPHY

At the close of the chapel exercises held on Friday morning, February 11th, Mr. Tanton very pleasantly surprised the pupils of our high school, by offering to them a beautiful silver trophy, which was to be awarded to the individual who proved to be the champion speller of the school.

For several weeks, the members of the respective classes made an earnest effort to support their class by endeavoring to win in the preliminary contest. In this, each one was graded by his ability in spelling a given list of words, and then the ten were chosen from each class who had received the highest grades.

The students displayed much enthusiasm and class spirit throughout the contest and diligently worked for their respective classes. All anxiously awaited the evening of the final contest. On Friday evening, March 10th, a large crowd assembled at the Auditorium to witness the selection of the best speller. Emmet Brown, of the Senior class won the trophy. The spellers proved their enthusiasm and ability. Mr. Kesner, commenced with simple words, but having little success in breaking the ranks, he began to spring words of unmeasurable length at the defying throng. The words became more complicated. Still the students unhesitatingly spelled, and continued to spell. Finally only four, then three, and then two contestants, Emmet Brown and Shirley Smyth, remained on the floor. The interest became intense as Emmet Brown showed himself to be the champion speller.

E. M., '16.

## LIST OF PERIODICALS ON FILE IN THE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

Review of Reviews—Preparing for a teachers' exam.  
 World's Work—Working the faculty.  
 Smart Set—Tom Flynn and his companions.  
 Scientific American—Doc Lippard.  
 Youth's Companion—Hal Webster.  
 The Independent—John Petrini.  
 The Pathfinder—Those little horses.  
 The Outlook—Mr. Tanton.  
 Motion Picture Magazine—The Staff at work.  
 Adventure—The first Freshman party.  
 The Red Book—Miss Gillpatrick's "Little Green Book."  
 Top Notch—The Seniors.  
 Everybody's—The faculty.  
 The Literary Digest—The Literary Editors.  
 Farm Life—Roberts Brothers.  
 Aus Nah und Fern—Emmett O'Connor.  
 Sunset—Mr. McDonald.  
 The Popular—John Owen.

## HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT COURSE

For the last five years the entertainment course has been under the auspices of the High School. Each year the attendance has steadily increased and the attractions have grown better.

The course, although under the auspices of the High School, has been under the direct management of Mr. Tanton, to whom much credit is due for its success.

Some of the best talent ever placed before a Salida audience has been presented by the Redpath Bureau.

The course this year was one of exceptional interest. The numbers appearing were: John B. Ratto, impersonator; the Orphean Male Quartet; The Servant in the House; The Maurer Sisters; and Thomas Brooks Fletcher, who lectured upon the Martyrdom of Fools. The appreciation of this lecture is shown, by the fact, that he returns by request of the student body, April first, to lecture upon the Tragedies of the Unprepared.

Since these courses are given with the idea of benefiting the High school, the students unite in thanking Mr. Tanton for his untiring efforts in making them a success.  
 L. E. H., '16.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO THE CLASS OF '14

Since Le Resume, edited by the class of '15 went to press before the pictures presented by the preceding Senior Class were hung in the S. H. S., we desire to express the appreciation of the school. The class of '14, as other classes, has shown its loyal spirit, and good wishes for the future welfare of the school by the presentation of a beautiful gift. With the money obtained from their play the class left to the school the following pictures: Aurora, Autumn, The Knitting Shepherdess, The Wave, The Woodgatherers, and Automendon and the Horses of Achilles. The proceeds from their annual was alone invested in a picture. These have done much to improve the appearance of the school, and to serve as a constant reminder that the graduates of the High are ever interested in the school.

Ah! pity me, you powers that be,  
 And take these themes away;  
 Or let my teacher give me B,  
 The test be what it may.  
 For, if she knew that I was smart,  
 (Which I alone do know)  
 Each theme would cause her to impart  
 The grades I'd dearly love to show.



Gallery of Fame



Emmet Brown  
Champion Speller  
Debating Team  
Prize Poem



Alga Heister  
Prize Story



Fay Edwards  
Chief Annual Contributor



Marshall Demphy  
Tennis Champion



Truman Means  
Debating Team



Louise Nance  
Prize Song



Grace Moore  
Debating Team

Story Section

THE TENDERFOOT  
(Prize Story)

Orlando Winthrop leaned back in his cozy seat; gazed idly out of his car window, as he smoked his cigarette; and thought of the easy time he would have as boss on his father's big ranch in Montana. What a relief it will be, he thought, to live in the quiet mountains for six months, away from the society whirl of New York!

Suddenly, a long, sharp whistle sounded, and the train stopped at a typical, small western town. As Orlando stepped from the train, he was much disappointed to see no men of his class, but only rough looking cowboys, dressed in a fashion, which he thought very queer, indeed. With a disgusted frown, he stood gazing about him, when one of the men walked up and addressed him in a gruff voice, "I suppose you're Phil Winthrop's son, and have come to take charge of your father's ranch?"

"I am," answered Orlando, with a vastly important look, which boded little good to him in such a manner. If that fellow is a hired hand on the ranch, he'll soon get fired when I take charge of things, he thought, as he saw several men, with scornful and sneering looks, gaze at what they thought a very disgraceful looking spectacle; for never before had they seen a person in that rough country dressed in such an extreme fashion.

"Well," began the stranger, "We'd better be movin' on toward the ranch 'as it's gettin' rather late. Here's your horse," he continued as he led forth a small sorrel pony which snorted and shied like some wild beast.

"I'm just a little bit afraid of this horse," began Orlando, quaking with fear. "I'd rather walk, besides he isn't the kind that I'm used to and—"

"Is that so?" sneered his companion, "Well, you'll soon be gettin' used to these kind—that is, if you stay at Squaw Creek long."

What a name for a town, thought Orlando; but look at the creatures that inhabit it.

"Well," he said, looking sideways at the horse, "I'd rather lead him away, so he will get used to me first," and he started off on a brisk walk, but soon found that the horse knew very little about being led; for it plunged about until it had Orlando so frightened that he was ready to scream.

After much difficulty, and with the help of his new acquaintance, he succeeded in

leading the horse about a mile out of the village. Here, the two men met a dozen cowboys who, mounted on horses, were awaiting the coming of their new boss.

"These," explained his companion, "are men that work on the ranch and they've come to greet you as their new boss."

As the two drew near, hats went off and were waved in the air. This looked a little encouraging to Orlando, but presently he was aware that winks and knowing glances were being passed around among the men.

"Why ain't you ridin', Mr. Boss?" exclaimed one of the men, as he rode forth, "You'll be mighty tired befor' you get to the ranch."

"Why, I was going to ride, but—"

"Oh, the horse is gentle enough, if that's what you're afraid of," said one of the men quickly.

With this rather poor encouragement, Orlando started to mount his horse, but the first thing he knew the animal was on the other side of the road. The cowboys sent up a yell.

"I was afraid he would act like that," stammered the frightened New Yorker.

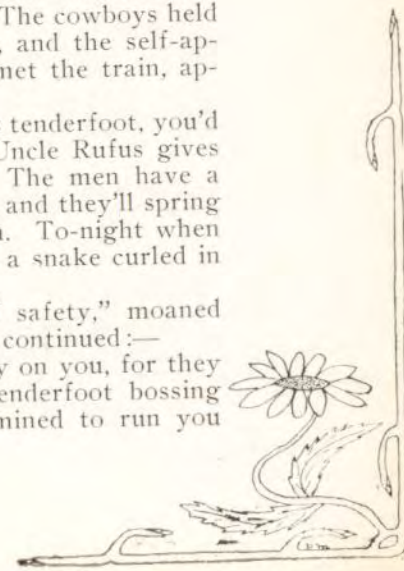
"Oh, the horse is all right," quickly assured the man. "All you want to do is to hold the reins in your hand; don't let them lay on the ground. Get on from the left side, and you'll be all right. Now try and see."

Orlando, seeing that the men were making fun of him, and being determined not to let them see his cowardice, took the reins firmly in his hands, mounted, and settled in his seat, only to keep it for a minute; for the horse, being as Orlando thought, possessed with some demon, sent him sprawling in the dust. The cowboys shouted with joy. Orlando was indeed, an exceedingly angry young man, but his anger was soon changed to fear when these terrible men began shooting into the air and also into the ground, close at his feet. The cowboys held a whispered conversation, and the self-appointed leader, who had met the train, approached, saying:

"Now look here, young tenderfoot, you'd better listen while your Uncle Rufus gives you some good advice. The men have a terrible trap fixed for you and they'll spring when you reach the ranch. To-night when you go to bed, there'll be a snake curled in the blankets, and—"

"Is there no place of safety," moaned poor Orlando, as the man continued:—

"They'll have no mercy on you, for they say they will have no tenderfoot bossing them; and they're determined to run you



out. They will sure do it, too. Now, I know about these things, so if you know when you're well off, you'll take a wise man's advice and beat it. The east bound will pass through Squaw Creek in an hour, and I can get you there in time to catch it, if you have sense enough to want to go back to New York where you, and all of your kind, belong."

"Thank the Lord," muttered Orlando. "I'd do anything to get away from this God forsaken hole."

When the young man was seated in the car, and the train was about to pull out, he looked out of the window and saw all the rough looking cowboys, mounted upon their horses and waving their hats in the air. As he was greeted on coming so was he entertained on leaving, but Orlando had decided that New York, not Montana, was the place for him.

As the train gave a sharp whistle and started out of the station, Orlando heard this yell following him, "Long live the tenderfoot boss, in New York **City;**" and the tenderfoot boss knew well enough why they emphasized the **CITY**.

A. H., '16.

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**A STUDIOUS FRESHMAN**

(Second Prize Story)

"What is a figure of speech, Jimmy?" asked the English teacher.

"I don't know."

A little later—"What is the meaning of the last word in the first sentence, Jimmy?"

"I don't know," was again the response.

"How long did you study your English?"

"I don't know."

"What do you know about this lesson?"

"I don't know."

"Please, pass to the assembly," commanded the exasperated teacher.

The tired Freshman picked up his books, dropped them, picked them up again and shuffled out of the room. He slid into the nearest opera chair and rested his head on the arm. His head ached, and what did he care for English anyway?

Jimmy had been one of the loyal students to go to the depot with the debating team when they started for Leadville at five o'clock in the morning. With High School yells and plenty of enthusiasm they sent the debaters off in the best of spirits. These yells made a great impression on the "Freshie," for all this was new to him.

He had looked dreamy eyed and listless all morning, and now he thought, "I'm glad I got sent out of class, so I can rest a little here and not be bothered with answering questions all the time."

As he sat thus, a jumble of thoughts

raced through his mind. He truly meant to study the lessons that he had neglected the night before; he shook himself and began.

"I've got to learn the indicative mood of 'amo.' Let's see; the present tense is S-A-L, Sal; S-A-L, Sal; Sal who? Salida!" That doesn't sound quite right, but I guess it is. I'm not going to study any more on that. She assigns too long lessons, I tell you, and I'm not going to study any more of it."

"The proportion of a strawberry short cake to a whole potato is as a nigger is to a chocolate pie. Algebra isn't so hard after all, but I used to think it was. The rest are probably as easy as this, so now for to-morrow's English. The passive voice of the ratio between Gibraltar and New York is —. She gives such hard English lessons, that nobody can ever get them, so I'm not going to try. She will bawl me out again, I suppose, but I don't care." (The bell rang and the classes passed, making as much noise as usual.)

"Oh, here comes the train. Don't you hear the bell? I do. **They are! They are! They are all right!**"

His next vision was of an awful school master with a policeman's club in his hand, frowning over him. He groaned, stirred a little, and then settled down again. But still the vision haunted him, until, after a few grunts and squirms, the Freshman looked up to meet Mr. Tanton's scowl.

"Say, young man, where do you belong at this period? You certainly don't belong here, and besides, you're disturbing the assembly with your loud snoring."

E. B., '17.

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**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER**

(Third Prize Story)

Louis Eldridge was one of the most popular boys in college. He was a tall handsome youth, possessed of a pleasing manner, and, of course, had plenty of money. At the death of his mother, he had been adopted by his wealthy uncle, Harry Hampton, who had cared for him and given him the same privileges he had given his own son, Charles. Both young men attended the same college and were in the Senior class. It was now time for the mid-year examinations and the boys were in their room cramming, memorizing, and figuring. Only one more hour to study! If they failed in these examinations, they would have to leave the school until the next year. The hour passed altogether too quickly, but the boys went cheerfully to the class room. Unknown to Charles, Louis had placed one of the textbooks in his coat pocket, really with no thought of dishonesty.

Quietness soon reigned in the room and

the students nervously waited to hear the first question. When the professor read it, many sighs of relief were audible, and everyone went diligently to work. Anxiously they waited for the second question. This time the relief was not so evident. Charles began to write immediately but Louis looked helplessly over the crowd of boys. He had known the answer to the question an hour before, but now—it had completely slipped his mind. Oh, well, that was the only one which he did not know. The third question came, but, alas! this also he could not answer. What was he to do? He had to make a grade of eighty and each question counted fifteen. At last an idea came to his mind. The textbook! Slowly, he drew it from his pocket, and had just opened it, when Charles noticed him. Charles' first thought was to save his cousin from dishonesty, but in his endeavor to reach the book he dropped his pen. Hearing the commotion, the professor came toward the boys. In a gruff voice, he inquired:

"What book have you, Charles?"

Charles was speechless and looked to Louis for help but, instead of confessing his dishonorable intention and thus saving his cousin from inevitable disgrace, Louis ignored the pleading look and pretended to be busily writing.

"You may leave the room and wait for me in the office," commanded the professor, sternly.

Charles quietly left the room with the jeering smiles of his classmates strongly impressed upon his mind. An hour later, the professor came to the office where Charles sat at a desk, his head resting in his hands. When he heard the professor's step he started but composed himself as the professor spoke.

"What were you doing with the book in your hand? If you can give me a plausible reason for having the book in your possession at this time, you may have another chance. If you can not, you know the consequences."

Charles started to speak but checked himself and, with a sigh, shook his head. The professor looked sternly at him for a moment and then said:

"You are expelled! I shall write a note to your father explaining your dismissal. You may go now, and prepare to return home."

Slowly, Charles left the office and went to his room where he thoughtfully packed his grip. In a short time, he boarded the car which took him home. He ascended the steps of the beautiful mansion and stood hesitatingly before the door. With his jaw set in determination he entered the house, determined to tell everything; but, when he

came to the living room, he had changed his mind. Word of his disorderly conduct had already reached his father and, instead of greeting him in his usual way, Mr. Hampton, motioned him to go into the library. Having closed the door he said:

"It pains me greatly to think that my son would be so unprincipled as to do that which you have done. Of course, you may remain at home, but your mother and I cannot have the same regard for you as formerly. Report at the office tomorrow morning and I shall find work for you."

With these words he left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Several days later Mr. Hampton received word that his nephew would return home, as a result of having failed in his examinations. Upon his arrival he went immediately to his uncle and, shamefacedly, confessed his dishonorable intent and cowardice. He also told him of Charles' selfishness and willing sacrifice. Mr. Hampton then called Charles and told him that he was to return to school to finish his course. At first Charles gazed questioningly at his father but the next moment caught sight of Louis who was staring at him with an anxious look. Without hesitating, Charles went towards Louis with outstretched hand, and they stood for some time with hands clasped.

Mr. Hampton broke the silence with these words:

"Charles, I am very proud of you for showing such loyalty and unselfishness, and as for you, Louis, I hope this experience will be a help to you in your future life."

Many months passed and Charles finished his college education. He became his father's business partner and was loved and respected by all who knew him. Louis returned to college the next year and was graduated with high honors, his motto during the entire year being, "Honesty is the best policy."

D. G., '16.



THE GANG

(Prize Poem)

There's 'bout six er seven fellers,
Is all good frens; and we
Have ist the swellest time together
Shootin' migs, an say, gee!
But we do have great sport
'Long in Spring when swimmin' starts.
Nenn our Mas give us some lunch,
San'wiches, an cake an' tarts;
An' we go out an' spend the day
Down et th' ol' swimmin' hole.
We swim jes long's we want to;
En then git out an' roll
Aroun' in th' nice warm sand.
Say, but that is shore sum grand!
'Tother day Jim Flynn, yer know
He's th' leader of our gang,
Well, he says, "Say fellers,
Les go down an' hang
Aroun'th' dock, an' see
Th' ships unloadin' stuff."
That's wot he said, an' say,
That shore wuz more'n enuff,
Fer we wuz dyin' fer sumpin' ter do;
So off we went all in a bunch.
We tuk erlong our beanies,
En plenty uv nice fresh lunch;
But wot happened ter us guys
Shore ought ter make us wise.
We wuz hangin' eroun' fer quite a spell,
Listenin' tu th' dock hans cuss,
When sumpin went wrong; en say,
Yu never saw sech a fuss
Es them guys made at dinner time.
We tuk our lunch en nabbed a boat,
Thinkin we'ud take a little ride,
So Jim pushed us off, en we uz afloat,
But crimeny! they wa'nt no oars.
En I tell you we uz shore sum skeered;
But Jim, he wuz ist ez cool,
So he tuk his hat en steered
Us to th' lan', en we got on shore,
But, I betcha, I don't steal boats no more.
Say, mister, jes excuse me will yu?
I hear Jim callin' me now;
Two whistles, that's the signal
Uv the gang, en means ez how
Jim's got some new scheme afloat.
So long, en jes yu bet I don't steal no boat.

E.B., '16.

LEADVILLE'S HONEST GAMBLER

On the cold and snowy Christmas of
eighty-two, Leadville's fourth real Christ-
mas, the miners flocked from the hills to
spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in
camp. Among the train was good-hearted
Ed Boots. He had been in the hills almost
constantly since the spring of seventy-nine,
when he first came to Leadville and when he
was grub staked by the kindly H. A. W.
Tabor, then a store keeper.

During his four years in the hills, Ed had
prospected the greater part of Lake County
and had finally opened up a promising hole
on Johnnie Hill, not far from the Johnnie
Ibex Mine, which was fast making million-
aires of its owners. Ed's mine had not yet
reached this stage, but as Ed expressed it,
he was making big wages and had a nice
pile laid away for Mary and the children
back in Pittsburg.

So he came down through the splashing
mud of sixth street, picking his way among
the countless ore teams and pedestrians, of
the busy city of forty thousand people. As
a matter of course, he stopped at a saloon
to pay his respects, and to get warm. After
supper, he went down Harrison Avenue to
pay his store keeper friend; and to look
around a bit before going to bed. He did.
The next morning, dazed and bewildered by
his surroundings, he awoke in a saloon. Af-
ter some minutes, he collected his thoughts
and recalled the circumstances of the night
before.

He was not long discovering, with all
the anguish of sobriety, that his money had
passed into safer hands. He arose and went
into the gambling hall. Only one gambler
was astir as yet. It was Billy Freeland, a
gambler, whose acquaintance Ed had made
the night before. Freeland sat before him
playing solitaire.

"Merry Christmas! Ed, Merry Christ-
mas!" greeted Billy, as Ed entered.

"I suppose you think you are funny,"
growled Ed.

"Smatter, Ed? What cha sore about?"
Ed briefly related his trouble and turn-
ed to go.

"What would you say if I loaned you as
much as you lost, Ed?" ventured Billy.

"Aw maybe I couldn't pay it back,"
drawled Ed. "I wish I had enough grub for
a month; then I'd show 'em."

"Make another stake and blow it, hey
Ed," smiled Billy.

"No, by —!" Ed cried, "Never again."

"Are you sure of that, Ed? Maybe I'll
grub stake you."

"Here's my hand on it."
"Settled," agreed Billy, simply, as they
clasped hands. Then, after a pause, he con-

tinued, "What would you do with that
money, if you had it back?"

"Send it home an never gamble another
cent," said Ed.

As Ed spoke, Billy drew a crumpled roll
of bills from his pocket.

"Here 'tis, Ed, your own bills every one.
I took it 'cause I was afraid it wasn't safe
with you.—But don't forget your promise.
Merry Christmas, Ed!"

It was such acts as this that earned for
Billy Freeland the title of "Leadville's Hon-
est Gambler."

C. E. O., '16.

THE AVERAGE NICKEL MOVIE

A beautiful country maiden, tiring of the
dull life of her home, desires to see the city.
Having been accustomed to take care of her-
self, she informs no one of her intentions
and packing her carpet bag, for country
girls always carry carpet bags—in the mov-
ies, she departs. On arrival at the sta-
tion, she meets the eyes of a very handsome
gentleman. A momentary glance passes be-
tween them, and they go their respective
ways. She stops at a quiet lodging house
and the next day seeks employment. Every-
where, she meets disappointments. Finally
her money gives out. She wanders discon-
solately out of the bustling city into the
quiet country roads. An automobile ap-
proaches. In her preoccupation, she is not
aware of its presence. The driver is evi-
dently preoccupied, too. Suddenly she is
hurled to the side of the road. The car stops
and the handsome young gentleman of the
station leaps from the seat. He assists her
to her feet, dazed but unhurt. As her mind
clears she sees before her, her ideal. He
opens his arms and she falls into them in a
snug fit. He smiles down upon her with a
Cheshire Cat grin and they are passed by
the National Board of Censorship.

LITTLE TRUMAN MEANS
SPENDS HIS TREASURE

Little Truman laboriously pulled a
chair in front of the cupboard. Climbing
upon it, he searched here and there. His
efforts were rewarded when, finally, he
brought into view an article which very
closely resembled an elephant. Descending
again to the floor, he proceeded to extract
pennies from the body of this uncouth fig-
ure. Slowly he counted one, two, three,—
twenty. Putting the treasure carefully into
his pocket, he went into the hall, took his
cap from the rack, looked around to see
that no one was in sight; then softly opened
the door and passed into the street.

He was going to the store all alone. As
this thought passed through his mind, his
eyes shone. Presently he heard something
behind him. Thunder? Rattle, rattle, rat-
tle—on it came, passed him and was lost in
the hurrying throng.

The small boy carried on a debate with
himself. "What shall I do with my pen-
nies?"

"Candy? No."

"Popcorn? No."

Suddenly an idea presented itself and a
broad grin spread over his countenance.

"A Ford."

E. B., '18.

THE HIGH SCHOOL FLOWER GARDEN

- Ornamental Grass... Freshmen
Touch-me-nots... Sophomores
Attraction Plants... Juniors
Forget-me-nots... Seniors
Daisies... Caroline Welch, Luella
Quinn, Ulva Woody,
Ethel Liscomb
Lily-of-the-valley... Lily Lines
Primrose... Rose EnEarl
Bachelor Button... Mr. McDonald
Lilac... Lilac Crouse
Sweet William... Will Rush
Morning Glories... Dorothy Gimlett, Lela
Burton, Gertrude
Hallowell Ailene
McNicol
Tobacco Flower... Robert Newman
Orange Blossom... Grace Moore

ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO
RICHARD GILMORE

He is no famous author
Who writes to gain his fame,
Nor yet does he solicit men to
Extol and praise his name.
He does not wait for you to tell
Him what is best for him to do,
For he is ever there and ready
To help to boost and work for YOU.
His services have been sincere,
His work has been the best,
He's ever ready for a task,
And never failed the test.
So let us cheer old Dick, Staff,
And make it long and loud;
And let us give our thanks to him
Of whom we're justly proud.

F. E., '16.



## Society

### THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

After much meditation, the Baltimore Hotel was chosen by the Junior class as the place to hold the Junior-Senior Banquet which was given the evening of May 24th, 1915.

All that afternoon the Junior Room had been in confusion, and on every hand were heard murmurs like this, "What's your dress like? Green? Oh, you did tell me so yesterday. He did! Our bashful Junior is really going to take a girl to the Banquet!"

At seven o'clock, promptly, the classes 1915 and 1916 assembled in the large reception hall of the Hotel. One half hour later, the reception committee summoned the merry crowd to the dining room. The tables were arranged in the form of a letter C. A dainty menu and place card were found at each plate, together with a red carnation for the Seniors and a blue iris for the Juniors.

The Menu consisted of—

Strawberries		
Consomme with Wafers		
Jellied Chicken		Hot Rolls
Au Gratin Potatoes		Peas
Perfection Salad		
Ice Cream	Cake	Coffee
Mints		

As the last cup of coffee disappeared, Mr. E. Kesner, the toastmaster for the evening, quietly arose and called the following toasts:

"The Seniors"	- - -	Fay Edwards
"The Juniors"	- - -	Howard Rhodes
"The Faculty"	- - -	Hal Webster
"The Old S. H. S."	- - -	Dorothy Gimlett
"Opportunity"	- - -	Lilac Crouse
"America"	- - -	Emmet Brown
"Watchful Waiting"	- - -	Henry Sandusky
"To the Times We Have Had"	- - -	Beulah Rivers

As the words of Miss Rivers' toast died away, the orchestra softly played America's National Hymn, after which the jolly revelers departed for the reception hall, while the tables were removed from the dining room.

The remainder of this pleasant evening was spent in dancing. Slowly and reluctantly, the Juniors tore themselves away from the company of their classmates, the class of '15, and, weary but happy returned to their respective homes.

G. M., '16.

### THE TIPPERARY PARTY

One of the most conspicuous characteristics of the Junior and Senior classes is that when they once begin a thing, no matter how difficult the work or meager the reward, they will expend all necessary energy in successfully accomplishing it. Such was the case when they joined their forces and took a trip to Tipperary. Even though it was a long, long way, their perseverance never wavered. At the assembly hall of the library, the guests were provided with tickets. Opposite the name of each station attracting the tourist's attention, was a vacant space which the boys filled out in program form. In this way different partners were secured for each stage of the journey.

The trip began at Picadilly; and after traveling for some time, Potato Town was finally reached. Here four wickets were placed in inconvenient positions. Each person was given two potatoes and instructed by the guides that he must send each of his potatoes through the four wickets, only three strokes of the mallet being allowed for each potato. The majority succeeded in achieving the distinction of passing at least two of the wickets with the allotted trials. The call of the conductor over the town summoned the sight seekers from their merriments. Once more they started. "All aboard for Blarney Castle and Kerry Lane." When the first station was reached each youth was commanded to kiss the Blarney stone, which hung suspended from the tower. After performing this essential task, of which no visitor to Ireland is ever guilty of omitting, the swains strolled down Kerry Lane. In true Irish brogue, they tactfully complimented each girl whom they met. In answer to these flattering phrases, the maidens demurely replied to each and every one, "Pigs is Pigs." The journey continued; and soon came the announcement from the megaphone, "Peat Bog." It was feared that some of the timid tourists might shrink from the sight of the uncanny swamp; therefore, in order to prevent any such interruption to the progress of the excursion, as the travelers approached the realm of mystery and uncertainty, they were led blindfolded to the pit of horrors. Some assumed a bold attitude and started bravely through the ordeal. But upon their return, they presented a different appearance and busied themselves with such maneuvers as scraping their shoes in order to dispose of the mud which they felt had accumulated there during the battle in the boggy depths.

Much to their surprise the polish seemed none the worse for the encounter; and upon investigation, they discovered that the bottomless swamp had been bed springs concealed by coverings. The distance from

Peat Bog to Tipperary had to be traversed in the jaunting car over the rocky road to Dublin. Here it was again decided that for the sake of success in the trip the occupants should be deprived, temporarily, of their eyesight. Accordingly, each one was led blindfolded up the plank which was placed over a barrel. When the passengers were safely seated, those in charge pulled the board, thus rolling the barrel. A rocky road to Dublin it was indeed!

Trembling from fear and weary from the fatiguing ride, the tourists arrived at Tipperary. Though the trip had been long, the trials great, and the experiences many and varied, the reward was in proportion. So it was with no small degree of relish that the travelers consumed the supper which awaited them and all heartily joined in on, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there."

F. E., '16.



### HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

"Have a heart and pull the string," called Lulu Lasswell to each member of the Senior class. Upon hasty compliance with her request, the Seniors found a heart which carried an invitation to a party at the home of our class President.

"In costume and mask,  
Your presence I ask,  
To grace a Valentine party.  
We'll dance, and we'll play,  
As long as you'll stay,  
A welcome awaits you most hearty."

And a "hearty welcome" it was. The house was one mass of red hearts and other valentine decorations, but the crowd would scarcely have been recognized as the Senior class. Such strange appearing persons as some of them were! Such faces as some of the boys had!

"Who can that be with the light hair?"  
"Who is Charlie Chaplin?"  
The guests asked in squeaky, muffled voices which they used to preserve their own disguise.

Each boy was instructed to find a heart bearing his name, and to follow the string attached to the heart. After unraveling the ensnarled spider's web, the youth found the number representing his mate for the evening's pleasures. This was matched with the heart held by a girl. The masks were then

removed and the identities disclosed.

"What a laugh there was!"

"Why, I didn't know them at all."

"Who was 'Night?' I haven't found out yet."

"O! you flaxen braids, Miss Gillpatrick."

These were a few of the remarks passed. But how could anyone have recognized even his best friends among these strange looking people?

Then came various games among which was Cupid's dart. In one of these Will Rush won a jar of little hearts with verses written upon them. The guests had great sport carrying on conversations by means of hearts. Dewey Matthews won a basket of "Sanitary Kisses" and Mr. Tanton a bouquet of beautiful rose buds. During a part of the time there was dancing intermingled with the singing of popular and High School songs. Later, places for supper were found by means of place cards, tied to carnations, red ones for the girls and white ones for the boys. The refreshments also carried out the valentine idea, everything being in heart shapes and of valentine colors.

After more dancing and games, the guests departed, each enthusiastically proclaiming that he had had a perfect evening.

M. S., '16.



**THE HAMMER AND SCISSORS PARTY**

One of the most enjoyable and interesting events of the year was the party given by the Manual Training and Domestic Science departments of the Salida High School, January the twenty-first, in the basement of the high school building. A color scheme of purple and white was carried out in the decorations which were artistically arranged.

The early part of the evening was spent in games of various kinds, the most unique being the Mock Track Meet between the University of Colorado and Colorado College. Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Bernard acted as judges; Van Edwards as captain for Colorado and Lea Harlan as captain for Colorado College. Fay Edwards, Lily Lines, and Dorothy Gimlett were the officials. Some of the contests were: The broad jump, hundred yard dash, mile run, hurdle race, etc. None gave the spectators more pleasure than the measurement of the broad smile. Mr. Bernard even called for a longer tape when he saw Solon Duncan's smile, still Solon did not win. The contestants exhibited a marked degree of enthusiasm, each for his own side, during the entire meet. At the beginning, Colorado College was ahead, but the University of Colorado, true to its spirit of "Do or Die," steadily gained and soon surpassed its opponent. Several prizes, proving the skillful work of the Manual Training boys, were awarded. The Domestic Science girls proved their efficiency in the preparation and serving of a dainty three course luncheon as well as in the making of some of the prizes awarded during the evening.

After supper, the playing was resumed. A nail driving contest was participated in by several of the girls. Six nails were to be driven into hard wood, at which Lily Lines proved the most proficient. The games continued until a late hour, the most exciting and popular being, "The Miller Boy." Each one reluctantly departed, truly satisfied with the events of the evening.

L. M., '19

**FARMERS' DAY**

Everyone has heard the saying, "Every day will be a holiday by and by." Who does not enjoy these holidays? Salida High students are not exceptions to this general rule. Neither is the Commercial Club, which accordingly set aside the week beginning December 6th as Agricultural week. The pupils who wanted to attend were excused from school. Professor Marshall, Professor Vaplon, and Miss Oberlin the Fort Col-

ins representative visited chapel and gave instructive talks on Agriculture and Domestic Science.

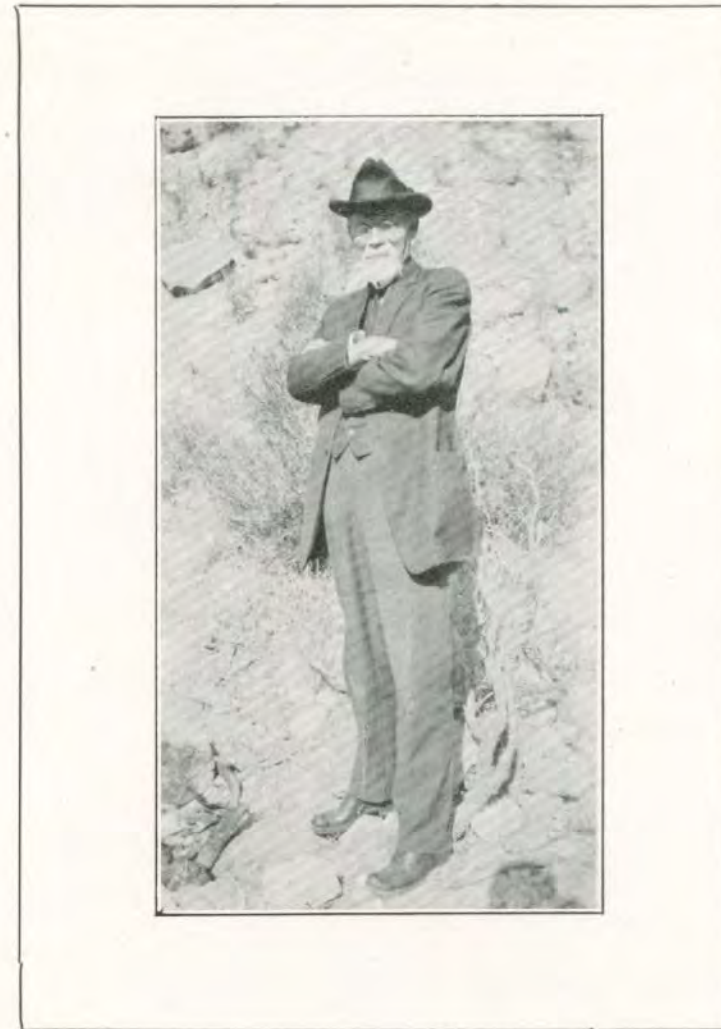
On Wednesday, December 9th, Mr. Tanton was seen hurrying from room to room whispering something to each of the teachers. The message seemed to please some and to disappoint others, if one could judge by the facial expressions. The students immediately began a Sherlock Holmes investigation; and applying the knowledge acquired on previous similar occasions, they carefully interpreted the cues, and soon had the great mystery solved. They reported an assembly to be the cause of Mr. Tanton's gesticulations. Exclamations of surprise darted through the rooms and the general thought of "How strange! An assembly at this time!" All became studious in order to have their lessons prepared, despite the sacrifice of a study period. When the gong had sounded, Mr. Tanton announced that at 1:45 school would be dismissed in order that those interested in the subject might have the benefit of Miss Oberlin's demonstrations at the Photoplay. The students were profuse in their expressions of joy, and made their happiness manifest during their trip to the theatre. These antics did not escape the careful notice of the citizens. Soon it was generally known that something terrible had happened, and that the students had left school.

Several students were missing at the Photoplay. No clues could be found as to their whereabouts. Tormented with anxiety, the others watched the demonstration. Great fears haunted them concerning the safety of their friends. As soon as the demonstration was over a search party was organized and sent to recover the lost ones. After combing the city and the woods and consulting all available authorities, the party discovered that in order to accommodate the crowd, two sessions had been conducted; one at Albright's skating pond, where figure 8's were cut on the ice instead of letter T's in the beef. Those attending the latter session were Van Edwards, Maxine Rumsey, Robert Davidson, Iverne Haus, Carl Valdez, Caroline Welch, Hal Webster, Leotis McCabe, Oliver Elofson, Anna Dolan, Thomas Flynn, Luella Quinn, Marshall Demphy, Leitha Woods, Wilbur Allen, Lucille Foster, Lea Harlan, Lulu Lasswell, and Evilly McNicol.

S. D., '16.

Fay: "No, I can't go, I have to go to Annual Staff meeting."

Ulva: "Isn't that 'Animal' a lot of work though?"



**The Tables Turned**

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

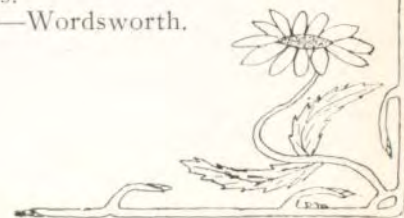
She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Then all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things;  
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;  
Close up these barren leaves:  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

—Wordsworth.





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Skating Party



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Taking a Rest.



A Champion Swimmer



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Rapid Locomotion.



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Affinities.



Off for Staff



The Coach



Champion Feeders and Spellers.



'16 Track Team

Thus we work and thus we play  
In Old Solida High School.



Leadville Debaters  
The Team that walloped  
Us.



Our friend  
Hon. Edw. T. Taylor



Gunnison Debaters  
The team we  
walloped



(?)



"Good Morning, Merry  
Sunshine!"



Out for a stroll.



Off for Leadville.



"We should worry!"



The girls that served the grub'  
that fed the fellows that made  
the track.



"Three of a kind."

## Athletics

### THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL



Early in February, the Athletic Council was reorganized. The officers elected were as follows: Solon Duncan, president; Winnifred Williams, vice-president; Rose Newman, secretary; Irl Taliaferro, treasurer; Oliver Elofson, yell master; Mr. C. E. Tanton, manager; W. S. Stoddard, assistant

manager; and Mr. Kimble, coach. The elected councilmen from the classes were: Vivian Dougherty, Senior; Marshall Demphy, Junior; Lea Harlan, Sophomore; Warren Beck, Freshman; Floyd Shewalter, Eighth Grades. The Athletic council stands for the development and promotion of clean athletics in interclass and interscholastic contests. With the support of the student body, the council endeavors to maintain the high athletic standard of our school.

V. C. D., '16.

### BASEBALL

The first game of the school year was played on September 24, the Seniors and Juniors versus the Sophomores and Freshmen. The game aroused considerable class spirit and brought out a large crowd. It was "nip and tuck" between the two teams until the fifth inning, when the Sophs and Freshies scored three or four runs. The Seniors and Juniors evened the score in their half of the sixth inning. In the seventh inning, the upper classmen were unable to make a run while the under classmen scored several runs which decided the game.

This spring a schedule was arranged between the different classes in High School and Eighth Grades. The class which wins the largest number of games will be presented with a large silver cup, and this must be won by the same class two years in succession before it becomes the permanent possession of the class. An exception to the rule was made in favor of the Senior class.

V. C. D., '16.

### TENNIS

Following the inclinations inspired by the ideal weather of Salida, the High School annually holds a tennis meet. All who desire may enter the preliminary contest. Last year, the students entered enthusiastically into the tournament and did splendid playing. Gradually the men were eliminated and Henry Sandusky and Marshall Demphy were left to determine the championship. After a long struggle, in which the contestants displayed much skill, Marshall Demphy captured the honors.

F. E., '16.

### TRACK

The prospects for a superior track team and for a good home meet this year are very bright. A hundred yard straight-away has been constructed; the track has been regraded, and covered with cinders. A new sawdust pit has been dug, new standards have been made for the jumpers and vaulters, and all the damaged hurdles have been repaired. Our track team should be exceptionally strong this year as a number of the good men of last year's team are in our school, and there is some very promising material in the Freshman Class. Track teams will be sent to Boulder, Colorado Springs, and possibly to Canon City.

V. C. D., '16.

### 1915 INTER-CLASS MEET.

My hobby has **always** been athletics. I was, perhaps, drawn by this particular phase of enjoyment, principally because I have been exceptionally inefficient in this line. I realize how unfortunate this is, since I am accredited a good dancer, and regular Beau Brummel among the ladies. Still this has never satisfied me. Again and again I have entered a race or some other contest, cherishing wild dreams. If only all the contestants, except myself, would fall, then I should at last have caught up to my fleet ambitions; but if ever anyone fell it was I. However I have never been fazed. Here at college I am shamefully, disgracefully used as the "goat." Everyone has a horror of bringing up the rear—I, too, at one time was

mortified. Now, anyone who is not confident of himself, and who wishes to compete in an athletic event, straightway comes to me and inveigls me to don my track suit. If he is a poor contestant, he invariably finds himself **next** to the last. I have told you all this to explain my interest in the following account I have found in one of Spalding's guides to would-be Thorpes; and then, too, I was personally acquainted with several contestants. I opened the guide, it was for 1915, and the first thing I saw was an account of the Salida High School Inter-Class Track Meet. Exceptional skill is shown by the Salida students in their various inter-class contests.

The list of events and winners were as follows:—

#### BOYS

- 100 yard dash—Rhodes, Ramsey, Means.
- 220 yard dash—Rhodes, Ramsey, Means.
- 440 yard run—Ramsey, Means, Petrini.
- 880 yard run—Ramsey, Demphy, Petrini.
- Mile run—Ramsey, Demphy, Petrini.
- 120 yard hurdles—Rhodes, Ramsey, Harlan.
- 220 yard low hurdles—Rhodes, Means, Woody.
- 880 yard relay—Junior team. (Petrini, Dougherty, Means, Ramsey.) Freshman team. (Chernick, Allen, Strayer, Harlan.) Sophomore team. (Purmort, Demphy.)
- Shot put—Rhodes, Dougherty, Harlan.
- Discus—Demphy, Dougherty, Strayer.
- Running high jump—Ramsey, Harlan, Beck and Allen tie for third.
- Running broad jump—Rhodes, Dougherty, Ramsey.
- Pole Vault—Demphy, Rhodes and Harlan tie for second.

#### TEAMS

- Senior team—Rhodes, Woody.
- Junior team—Petrini, Ramsey, Means, O'Connor, Dougherty.
- Sophomore team—Purmort, Demphy.
- Freshman team—Chernick, Allen, Harlan, Strayer.

#### GIRLS

- 50 yard dash—Lulu Lasswell, Leitha Woods, Caroline Welch.
- Standing broad jump—Lulu Lasswell, Leitha Woods, Caroline Welch.
- Running broad jump—Leitha Woods, Helen Work, Lulu Lasswell.
- Distance vaulting—Lulu Lasswell, True Harlan, Helen Work.
- Paseball throw—Leitha Woods, Lulu Lasswell, Caroline Welch.
- 20 yard low hurdles—Lulu Lasswell, Leitha Woods, Caroline Welch.

#### TEAMS

- Junior team—Lulu Lasswell, Leitha Woods, Caroline Welch.
- Freshman team—Helen Work, True Harlan

#### POINTS

- Junior—Boys 59, Girls 56, total 112.
- Senior—Boys 33, Girls 0, total 33.
- Freshmen—Boys 11½, Girls 7, total 18½.
- Sophomores—Boys 17, Girls 0, total 17.

Those winning track letters were, Lulu Lasswell, Leitha Woods, Howard Rhodes, Delacey Ramsey, and Marshall Demphy."

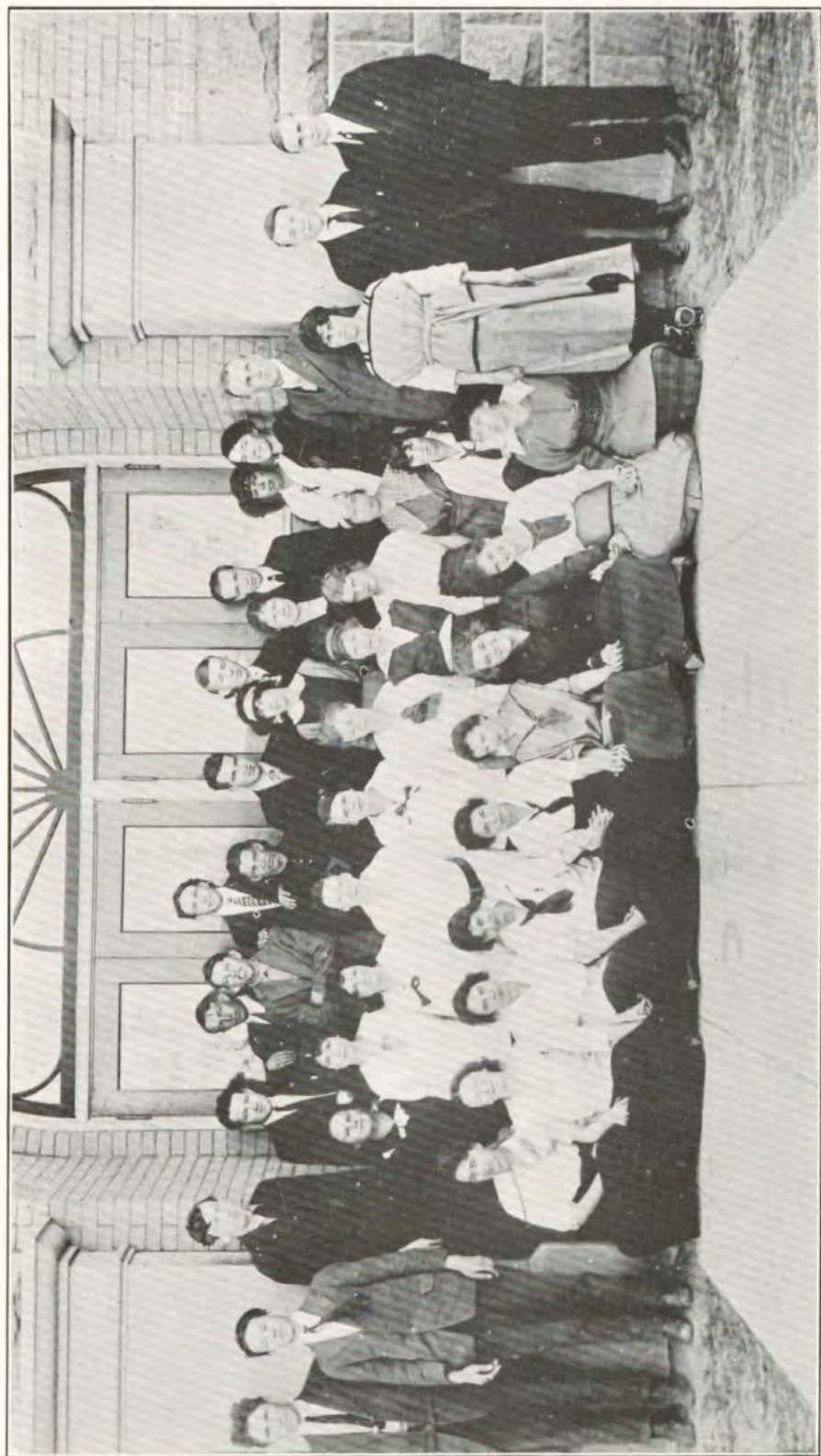
When I read that account, I envied those athletes, and trust that at some future time the name of William Jennings Hope will be among those printed in the widely known book of Spalding's.

I. H., '17.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

- The Eyes of the Girls—Cloye Allen.
- The Won Woman—Carl Valdez.
- The Little Shepherd of the Chewing Gum—Dewey Matthews.
- Jack, the Time Killer—Kack Williamson.
- That Printer of "Do Wells"—Miss Melcher.
- Ollianna—Oliver Elofson, Anna Dolan.
- The Shepherd of the Bills—John Petrini.
- Much ado About Nothing—T. M. McDonald
- The House of Seven Gables—Mildred Garrett.
- The Guests of Honor—Hugh Wilson, Van Edwards.
- The Secretary—Miss Wadell.
- Three of a Kind—Marion Wilson, Harold Wilson, Hugh Wilson.
- The Court of Inquiry—Grace Moore.
- Tempest and Sunshine—Mr. Stoddard.
- Daddy Longlegs—Paul Stodghill.
- The Hand of Compulsion—Mr. Tanton.
- Little Citizens—Melvin Crotser, Hazel Oliver, Wallace Ream.
- The Lady of the Decoration—Leotis McCabe.
- The Right Way—Iverne Haus.
- They Key of the Unknown—Marie Kennison.
- Hearts are Trumps—Lily Lines.
- Cherub Divine—Vivian Dougherty.
- Our Mutual Friend—Fay Edwards.
- The Perfect Tribute—Louie Hay.





LITERARY SOCIETY

THE ORIO LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

First Term:

- President - - - Vivian Dougherty
- Vice-President - - -
- Secretary - - - Fay Edwards
- Treasurer and Critic - - Mr. Stoddard
- Marshal - - - Donald Smith

Second Term:

- President - - - Lilac Crouse
- Vice-President - - Rose Newman
- Secretary - - Oliver Elofson
- Treasurer and Critic - - Mr. Stoddard
- Marshal - - Richard Gilmore

Third Term:

- President - - - William Rush
- Vice-President - - Dorothy Gimlett
- Secretary - - Winnifred Williams
- Treasurer and Critic - - Mr. Stoddard
- Marshal - - Robert Davidson

Scarcely had the routine of school work been well established when the members of the 1914-15 Literary Society met to reorganize. Mr. Stoddard was chosen to fill the office of treasurer and critic vacated by Miss Pearsall, and the old officers retained their positions until the second term. The semi-monthly programs have been varied and successful, and all feel that the society is accomplishing its goal: to train the students in debating, parliamentary drill and ability to address an audience. Some of the programs have been: a play, "Too Much of a Good Thing," a Mock Trial, Longfellow Night, Poe Night, and programs of debates and music. A parliamentary drill class was organized in connection with the society.

F. E., '16.

THE DEBATES

At the beginning of the school year, 1915, the Orio Literary Society was reorganized. One of the principal objects of the Society was to encourage debating so as to be able to select a debating team from the Society. The Society, in conjunction with the school entered the State Debating League, which required that preliminary debates be held to select the best debaters. In the preliminaries which were held early in December, Grace Moore, Truman Means, and Emmet Brown were chosen for the team. The first debate was with Gunnison High on February 4th, at Salida. Salida by superior arguments succeeded in securing the decision of two of the judges, however, Gunnison presented good arguments and their oratory was creditable. The question was—Resolved—That it would be advisable for the Unit-

ed States to grant absolute independence to the people of the Philippine Islands. Gunnison chose the negative, Salida taking the affirmative.

In accordance with the schedule of the league, Salida High debated Leadville High at Leadville on the same subject. Salida chose the affirmative and Leadville the negative. The Salida debaters along with W. S. Stoddard, the coach, began work on the Leadville debate with renewed vigor. In this debate which took place March 12, the negative secured the decision. It won the debate more by excellent oratory than by points in the debate. Salida presented more argument, secured more points, and were far superior to their opponents in the rebuttal; however, Leadville deserved the victory, which they won by better oratory.

W. R., '16.

THE MOCK TRIAL

The People Versus H. Alfalfus Webster

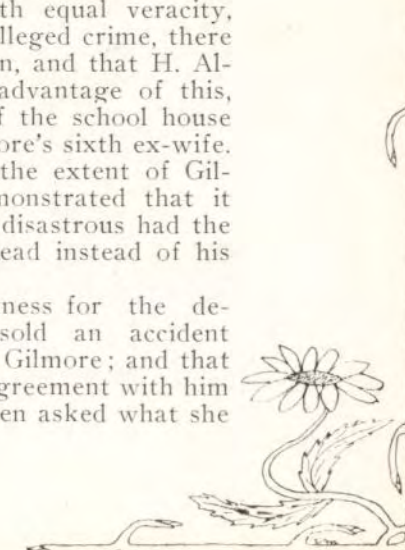
The conviction of H. Alfalfus Webster came as a shock to his friends as well as to himself.

On Thursday, March 23, 1916, the court, in anticipation of Salida as county seat, convened in the auditorium of the High School. The hall was filled with spectators who sat breathlessly waiting for the trial to begin.

At eight o'clock Bailiff Petrini opened court. The usual proceedings were carried through. District Attorney Rush stated the case to the jury—Vivian Dougherty, Emmett O'Connor, Irwin Gimlett, Marshall Demphy, Shirley Smith, and Donald Smith. The defendant pleaded "not guilty." The witnesses were examined, those testifying for the people affirming that on February 24, 1916, the accused rushed from the sidewalk and seized R. Frankfurter Gilmore, hurled him from his bicycle, and stood over him in a menacing manner holding a dangerous weapon in his hand; and those for the defense stating, with equal veracity, that at the time of the alleged crime, there was an eclipse of the sun, and that H. Alfalfus Webster, taking advantage of this, sat in the grove back of the school house holding the hand of Gilmore's sixth ex-wife.

Dr. Smith explained the extent of Gilmore's wound. He demonstrated that it would have proved very disastrous had the plaintiff landed on his head instead of his wrist.

Mme. Liborinsky, witness for the defense, attested that she sold an accident policy to R. Frankfurter Gilmore; and that she had entered into an agreement with him to hold a fake trial. When asked what she



was to receive, she made contradictory statements, which Attorney Rush seized upon, and the madam was led weeping from the stand.

Drs. Devansky and Sawbones both claimed to have attended the injury of Gilmore, and that this injury was caused by Gilmore biting himself. This seemed logical since his second name indicates such practices. The evidence of Dr. Sawbones had little effect since, when asked his age, how long he had resided in Salida, and how long he had resided in his former home, his addition proved sadly amiss; and his truthfulness was doubted.

Mrs. Gilmore persisted that she held hands with Webster during the eclipse, which was visible only to defendant's eyes. The witness for the rebuttal, Tom Flynn, was called. He testified that he was in Mathews' Candy Kitchen with Mrs. Gilmore. When asked if he had deceived Glenna, he hung his head and replied in the affirmative.

After hearing the witnesses, the attorneys presented their argument to the jury. Those for the plaintiff were very ably conducted by District Attorney Rush and his assistant Emmet Brown; and those for the defendant by Truman Means and Miss Lulu Lasswell.

The jury then filed out, and after a short deliberation, returned with the verdict which was opened and read by the clerk, Miss Fay Edwards. The prisoner's face blanched when he heard the word "guilty." Judge Bernard pronounced the sentence. The prisoner was astounded to learn that for a period of a whole week, he must not hold hands or walk down the street with the lady of his choice. He became violent and Sheriff Davidson, deserted by his deputies, was forced to carry him handcuffed from the court.

Iverne Haus,  
Court Stenographer.

PRESENTATION OF ATHLETIC HONORS

On Friday morning, January 14, 1916, an assembly was called for the purpose of awarding the tokens of athletic honors won last year in basket ball and in the track-meet.

A banner, which is awarded each year to the class successful in winning the greatest number of points in track, was given to the present Senior class. Mr. MacDonald presented the banner, the third track trophy which has been awarded to the class of 1916, to Lulu Lasswell, president of the class. She in turn responded with appropriate thanks, after which the Seniors made their joy

manifest by giving two rousing cheers:

1916! 1916!  
Who are we?  
We are the winners  
Of the banners three.

Class '16  
Who?  
Class '16  
Well, what about '16?  
We're the class  
That put the "B" in banner:  
We are! We are! We are!

The official "S," which is given as a mark of individual honors in athletics was presented to the following: In basket ball, George Skeen, John Petrini, Lea Harlan, Joe McDonough, Robert Newman, Howard Rhodes, and Willard Woody; in track, Lulu Lasswell, Leitha Woods, Delacy Ramsey, Marshall Demphy, and Howard Rhodes. Enthusiastic yells honored each athlete as he went forward to receive his emblem of success. The hearty support of the student body assured each victor that he had gained an honor for the school as well as for himself.

L. M. L., '16.

COLORADO

Dear old Colorado,  
The best state in the land!  
The outside world may have its charms,  
But upon thee, dear old Colorado,  
Heaven has invoked her blessing.  
I love thy lofty mountains high,  
Where the crystal snows will never melt;  
I love thy foaming, laughing brooks,  
That onward dash to meet the sea;  
I love thy rolling fertile plains  
Where the cowboy tends his herd;  
I love thy beauteous mountain parks  
Where the wild deer ever feed;  
I love thy hidden mountain lakes  
That so many never find;  
I love thy wooded mountain sides  
Where wild creatures shelter find.  
I love thy clear and cloudless sky  
Where the sun ne'er fails to shine;  
I love thy pure, refreshing air  
That many a wanderer's health restores;  
I love thy grassy meadows green  
On which the many cattle feed;  
And to thee, My dear old Colorado  
I'll ever be loyal and true.

T. M., '16.



"TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING"

Newspaper Note

"Too Much of a Good Thing," a one act comedy farce, was presented in the auditorium of the High school last night by the members of the Orio Literary Society. The actors and actresses showed a marked degree of talent for amateurs. Following is the cast:

- Mrs. Perkins, the Stepmother - - - Winnifred Williams
- Mr. Perkins - - - Richard Gilmore
- Fred Schuyler, the city chap - - - Oliver Elofson
- Tom Perkins, the country cousin - - - Will Rush
- Eunice Bowles, out for fun - - - Lily Lines
- Jennie Cowper, engaged to Fred - - - Dorothy Gimlett
- Mollie Perkins - - - Lulu Lasswell
- Nellie Perkins - - - Xana Gorham
- Polly, the cook - - - Louise Nance

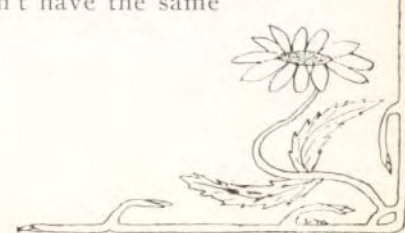
As Irving Would Have Written It

The auditorium was a beautiful place—well adapted to its purpose. It was a long, narrow room, sloping from the windows at the back to an elevated stage in front, concealed by velvet tapestries. On either side

were large double doors through which the noisy stream of people came in to make up the audience. About the walls hung pictures, banners, and pennants, characteristic of a high school. The lights were turned out and the curtain parted in the middle, disclosing a luxurious living room, occupied by several members of the female sex, gossiping and sewing.

A slight giggle attracted my attention to my neighbor—a girl apparently of high school age—who was so enthusiastic over her friends' performances that she completely forgot herself. She became a perpetual motion: her head falling into her hands in a vain effort to suppress her hysterical giggles. She made such a commotion that I was unable to distract my attention from her. She is my authority for: Lulu was the most comical kid alive; Dorothy was a beautiful girl; Winnifred looked just like a cranky old step-mother; Richard was just swell for his part; Will was certainly great for the country cousin; it would have been simply awful to have been in Lily's place and forced to kiss Oliver; Xana looked just like a Perkins; Louise certainly was a good actress.

The name of the play was "Too Much of a Good Thing," but I wonder if many amateur performances shouldn't have the same name.



**As Mark Twain Would Have Written It**

It was while I was traveling in the west that I had the most extreme misfortune of being stranded in the little village of Blathersville. It was, I think, the dearest place I ever run across and time was a tiresome weight upon my head. After interviewing all the inhabitants I found lounging about, I finally gathered that there would be a play presented that night at the school house. Accordingly, I turned my weary steps in the direction of this educational edifice to find some amusement for my starved soul.

The Play was a one act comedy farce, "Too Much of a Good Thing," and before I left I gave them the credit of naming it right, at least. A girl who wore most of her dress on the floor, given to fainting spells, played the cranky step-mother. She was intensely mortified at her niece who wore a minature "Pikes Peak" upon her head and flirted in imitation of a society bell of a metropolis—an imitation it was, too. The family was expecting company—two cousins who arrived at the same time. One was a city chap, an exact personification of perfection, who carried a powder puff and rolled his "R's". The other was a country boy, masqueraded in overalls and toting "store" candy. Their identities became transferred and such a conglomeration I never saw. But after the city chap had tried to kiss the cook—a plump little lass with an aristocratic air—and the two visitors had had a few rounds, the curtain fell upon the explained and redeemed situation.

**As George Ade Would Have Written It**

Once there was a Lad with cinnamon Hair and blue Eyes, registered in the Family Bible as Tom Perkins.

Tom's Pap was known in Swigget County as the One successful Democrat. He belonged to the Town Board.

This distinguished Gent reckoned his Offspring had larned enough 'bout Gogeryph and New Fangled Nonsense. He sent this future Democratic Leader to visit his Aunt in the City.

Mrs. Perkins belonged to the Select Set. She had trouble with her Nerves. She had heard that it was Stylish.

Mr. Perkins had learned to obey his wife's Screeches. He never denied her a Luxury, as she might Faint.

Mrs. Perkins brought up her Daughters in accordance with the Rules of the Select Set Finishing School.

They wore Bangs and Frizes and toted tennis rackets.

They were taught to Avoid Vulgar people. They never associated with their Country cousin, Tom.

Eunice Bowls was another cousin. She was condemned as a Flirt. When she came to Visit them she had to Toe the Mark.

Jennie Cowper also belonged to the Family Tree. A cuss from the City called her his Affianced.

They came to honor the Perkins with their Presence.

Tom came Lugging Store Candy. He was Accustomed to sensible things and didn't Understand the City Life.

Fred Schuyler, Jennies' Fiance, and Tom met. They had a Regular Johnson Bout.

Fred's Trousers seemed to choke him and he had a Fancy barber's Dude Pompador.

He used Phony Boston Language and said "A" as in "Squash."

Tom thought he was a Black Handed Villian and put him Out.

The family got the Two mixed Up and made a great Fuss over the Greenhorn.

Tom started to Kiss all the Girls and Made a Blinky Bobble of the Affair.

Fred heard Tom cooing Turtle Dove dope to Jennie and Roared like a sixteen Inch Cannon.

Mr. Perkins straightened it out and All were Reconciled.

The Next day Tom came to the Publishing house. The Cannonade language put every thing on the Bum till Tom finished his Blustering speech.

The Editor made a Tattoo on the Floor while he Pranced around and Pulled his hair.

He pulled out the Author and called him to Answer to the Charge.

It had all been a Mistake. The whole Affair had been Nothing but a Comic Live Happy Ever After Farce.

The Author was canned.

Moral:—"If you Have a Literary streak, Don't go to a play: You might get a Plot.

A. G. F. E., '16.

**Develop Your Brain a Little**

If you haven't the brains and intelligence to get your written work, don't copy from your friend. Develop your brains. It doesn't hurt your friend to do your work for you, but it lowers you in his eyes. Later in life he might not be surprised to have you ask for a handout at his back door—Ex.

**AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW**

**(SENIOR CLASS PLAY)**

The scenes of the play are located in a college town. The students are practicing for a football game with a rival college team and much interest in the outcome is shown. It develops that Douglas Brown, a football expert from another college, is in town on business connected with his father's estate, and to distract attention enters this college. Phyllis Lane induces him to consent to play with the team at the request of the captain, a love romance being created thereby.

Robert Preston, a lawyer, secretly loves Marion Dayton, his ward, and she reciprocates. He intrusts the combination of his safe to her and tells her of a packet of important papers lying therein. Louise Ross and her mother, Mrs. Brown, stepmother of Douglas, learn that a second will disinheriting them has been found and is among the papers in Preston's safe. They plot to obtain possession of the document at a mask ball given by Marion. Louise wears a costume identical with that of Marion's, deceives Preston, learns from him the combination of the safe, obtains the papers by the aid of Jack Austin, unaware of the fact that the original packet has been removed by Preston and other documents substituted. The "Imp," a girl student, sees and recognizes her.

Preston enters and recognizes Jack, who is assisting Louise in the belief that she is Marion, and, convinced that Jack meditates robbery, unbraids him. Marion enters and comprehending the situation, as she fancies, she shields Jack by assuming the guilt. Her innocence is finally established by the "Imp," who exposes Louise. Meanwhile Douglas wins the game for the team and realizes that he loves Phyllis, but when he learns that she has trifled with him he becomes cool. This, however, passes away and happiness follows.

When Marion's self-sacrificing effort to save Jack is brought to Preston's attention through the exposure of Louise's duplicity, he discovers that he loves her and their dream of the pot of gold at "the end of the rainbow" is happily realized.

**SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM**

ACT I.—Phyllis and the "Imp" at their studies. Emily and Polly have trouble finding things. Ted's plea to Phyllis to help the college. The promise. Robert's story of his client's troubles. "At the end of the rainbow." The bride and groom. Jane sees some things. Nell comes to the rescue of Theta Phi. Molly becomes a maid. Dick employs a butler. A domestic rumpus. Jane

alarms the butler. "Hawkins" makes love. Louise plays with Jack. Phyllis wins Douglas. The luncheon. The agreement. "Douglas Brown will play!"

ACT II.—The supper. Dick defends the butler. Maid and butler discuss affairs. Molly is taken in. Robert and Marion exchange confidences. The old story, "Hearts and Masks." The substitution of papers. The plot to steal the packet. Louise deceives Robert. The combination of the safe. Douglas visits Phyllis clandestinely. The lesson. The candidate. Louise secures the packet. The "Imp" makes a startling discovery. Marion's sacrifice. "I sought the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

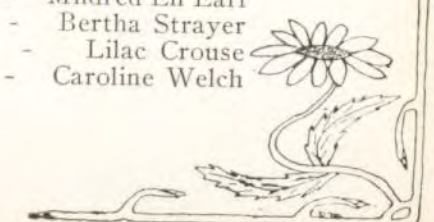
Act III—The football game. Louise betrays Phyllis. Douglas in despair. "I have lost him forever!" Ted is hurt. A player's lament. The victory and jubilation. Robert's suspicions are aroused. Molly is jealous, but Palmer's candy works a marvelous cure. Louise is exposed. The "Imp" is indignant. "My wings haven't sprouted yet." Phyllis and Douglas. "We'll hold on to the old homestead." Robert and Marion find "the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

**CAST**

- Robt. Preston, a Lawyer - Emmet Brown
- Douglas Brown, a football player - Truman Means
- Dick Preston, the groom - Vivian Dougherty
- Stanley Palmer—"Hawkins", the butler - Will Rush
- Ted Whitney, Captain of the football team - Solon Duncan
- Jack Austin, Preston's secretary - Dewey Matthews
- Marion Dayton, a ward of Preston - Louise Gill
- Nellie Preston, the bride - Dorothy Gimlett
- Louise Ross, known as Miss Grayson - Grace Moore
- Phyllis Lane, a football enthusiast - Lulu Lasswell
- Kathleen Knox, Chairman of the Rushing Committee - Leitha Woods
- "The Imp," a Freshman - Fay Edwards
- Emily Elliott, with a conscience - Jessie Mixer
- Jane, a maid with a taste for Literature - Alga Heister
- Mrs. Brown, Stepmother of Douglas Brown - Mildred Swearngin

**OF THE THETA PHI**

- Polly Price - Alga Heister
- Elsa Ernest - Mildred En Earl
- Marjorie Arnold - Bertha Strayer
- Marie Swift - Lilac Crouse
- Molly Bruce - Caroline Welch





"The Captain of Plymouth."

**THE GLEE CLUBS**

Among the organizations of the students of the Salida High School, the Glee Clubs hold a prominent place. They were reorganized, soon after school began, under the direction of Miss Farrington, whose kind and able assistance has aided in winning a reputation for them. The operetta given, for the benefit of the school, occupied much time during the first half of the year. Through constant and strenuous practice, the cast was fitted to play, on the eleventh day of February, "The Captain of Plymouth," a comic version of "The Courtship of Miles Standish, by Longfellow.

The following were the principal characters:

- |                |       |                 |
|----------------|-------|-----------------|
| Miles Standish | - - - | Donald Smith    |
| John Alden     | - - - | Marshall Demphy |
| Elder Brewster | - - - | Harold Strayer  |
| Erasmus        | - - - | Paul Stodghill  |
| Pecksont       | - - - | Dan Morehouse   |
| Richard        | - - - | Charlie Briggs  |
| Stephen        | - - - | James Shay      |
| Gilbert        | - - - | Warren Hall     |
| Priscilla      | - - - | Bertha Strayer  |
| Katonka        | - - - | Agnes Williams  |
| Mercy          | - - - | Geneva Victor   |
| Charity        | - - - | Helen Work      |
| Patience       | - - - | Irene Paxson    |



Marshall Demphy, Donald Smith, Miss Farrington, Harold Strayer Warren Beck  
Charlie Briggs, James Shay, Warren Beck, Truman Means, Paul Stodghill



(From Left to Right)

Jack Williamson, Miss Farrington, Mr. Kramer,  
Paul Stodghill, Vivian Dougherty Ruth Meacham, Fay Edwards, Caroline Welch, Carl Valdez

**THE ORCHESTRA**

Profitable work has been done this year by the orchestra, which has become a very popular factor of the Salida High. It was organized and well established during the early part of the year. Its members are: Caroline Welch, piano; Vivian Dougherty, mandolin; Paul Stodghill, flute; Jack Williamson, drums; and George Wickers, Fay Edwards, Carl Valdez and Ruth Meacham, violins. The talent of the orchestra has been shown in several entertainments given in the high school auditorium. The literary

Society has enjoyed and appreciated the kindness of the orchestra shown by the willingness to assist in various meetings. The success of the operetta, given by the glee clubs, was in no small degree due to the orchestra's readiness in playing for the clubs during the rehearsals. The members have been under the supervision of Miss Farrington to whom they feel highly indebted for her help. Recently, Mr. Kramer has rendered his able assistance, which is greatly appreciated. Though many vacancies will be made by Senior members of the orchestra, it is to be hoped they will be as well filled in the future.





(From Left to Right)  
 Lily Lines, Dorothy Gimlett, Mildred Sweargin, Emmett O'Connor, Lulu Lasswell, Grace Moore, Louise Gill,  
 Louie Hay, Caroline Welch, Miss Melcher, Bertha Strayer, Fay Edwards

**DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN**

On October 22, 1915, die second yahr deutsche class met to organize ein club. Die following officers var gechoosed: Praesident, Fraulein Dorothy Gimlett; vice-praesident, Fraulein Grace Moore; secretar, und treasurer, Fraulein Louie Hay.

Es var decided das, taking die namens in die alphabetical order, der club would meet at die different hauses, die zweite und vierte weeks uf die month auf Tuestag nacht. Es var suggested, yet again, das die members uf die last yahrdeutsche class should be dequsted to gejoin themselves mit der club.

At die erste meeting, der club var named, "Der Deutsche Verein." Die meetings var konzducted in about der same way, die first zehn minutes being gespent in general Deutsch conversation,

(From Left to Right)

Lily Lines, Dorothy Gimlett, Mildred Sweargin, Emmett O'Connor, Lulu Lasswell, Grace Moore, Louise Gill,  
 Louie Hay, Caroline Welch, Miss Melcher, Bertha Strayer, Fay Edwards

und die next hour in der discussion, in Deutsch still, uf ein special subject. After dies, ein short program var gified; sooch as,—Deutsch spooches, stories, und songs. Der last but not der least, der vas somedings to eat.

If anybody gesprach in English during der Deutsch conversation dey had to pay von cont. Die picture uf die club vas paid for mit dies fines.

In a way, die meeting var social affairs but sehr mooch gut var derived from dem. Dey enabled die members to speak Deutsch more easily yet undgaff dem ein besses understanding uf der Deutsch language. Also by der stories und spooches, many uf der customs uf die Deutschers var brought aus.

Fraulein Mary Melcher var die boss uf die club und ein sehr gut von also.

**Domestic Science**

**Cooking**

"But for life the universe were nothing; and all that has life requires nourishment."

The Freshman girls in cooking began their work at the first of the school year. They studied about food properties and learned to make tempting dishes. By means of magazine articles and demonstrations given in class, the work along the lines of household management has been interesting as well as helpful.

At the end of the eighteen weeks period their practical ability was demonstrated as each half of the class in its turn, served the other at a five o'clock dinner. Host, hostess, waitress, and cook each gracefully acted her part.

The Sophomore girls were no less ambitious. This was a smaller class and more work was accomplished both in study of foods and in cooking. Besides giving a breakfast, the members of the class entertained their mothers and some of the High School teachers at a five o'clock dinner. The girls appreciated the opportunity to prove to their mothers that they were not only learning from books but also learning to be good housekeepers and cooks. The dinner proved a successful as well as a pleasant event.

**Sewing**

Early in September the Junior and Senior girls formed a late afternoon sewing class. The idea of remaining after school hours did not meet with hearty approval at first, but with the image of pretty clothes in their minds, they were determined to work with a will. The class has accomplished a great deal and has enjoyed the work. During the first half of the period the girls, as examples of dignity for the grade class, have distinguished themselves as an exemplary class. During the latter part of the period, Fay has acted as demonstrator. She is ably fitted for the part as she talks so well while she sews. Lily, as her worthy assistant, helps out when Fay is exhausted. Mamie has made a reputation for herself in explaining her superior method for making buttonholes; and Leitha, although astonished at the fact that Seniors can sew with grade classes, has had her share in making the class a success.

A millinery course introduced this year, has added to the interest, especially for the Junior-Senior class. Each girl is the proud possessor of a hat which, though wonderfully and fearfully made, has proved a creditable piece of work.

The Sophomore and Freshman girls are taking a course in sewing this semester. We are expecting soon to see them wearing their summer dresses. A. H., '16.



Junior-Senior Millinery Exhibit



## Manual Training

By means of much work during the summer of '15, the "Old Academy" was repaired and so arranged that it makes excellent quarters for the Manual Training department. All of the boys welcomed the opportunity of returning to their work under the direction of Mr. Bernard. As the year is drawing to a close, they look back with pride and interest upon the work they have accomplished. They have planned and worked out beautiful bowls, cups, and various other articles, including inlaid work. From pine, oak, gum, fir, walnut, birch, sycamore, and bass wood, they have made chairs, tables, tabourets, and other useful and ornamental pieces of furniture. Now, all are looking forward with much enthusiasm to their Annual exhibit. By a glance at the work in the shop and also, considering that which has been taken away, the exhibit for 1916 promises to be a record breaker.

Owing to the fact that periods are crowded, several "Manual Fans" are forced to work the noon hour and some of the boys spend the greater part of their Saturdays in the shop.

Mr. Bernard, the supervisor, is very skillful in this line of work and holds firmly to the saying, "Train the hand as well as the mind," for he knows that the hands must be used and that the clever ones are always the winners.

E. D. B., '16.

### DAWN

When Aurora in the darkened East,  
 Draws her rosy mantle o'er the sky;  
 And the shadows of the night  
 Give place to pleasant morning light;  
 Then the slumb'ring world awakes  
 To greet the coming day.  
 Sweet bird-songs fill the morning air,  
 And the flowers lift their drowsy heads  
 Making all the earth so fair.  
 The mountain tops are robed in rosy light,  
 And the valleys bathed in splendor bright,  
 As the sun starts on his heav'nward way.  
 And behold! another day.

B. S., '16.

### EVERY SCHOLAR

#### CHARACTERS

The Autocrat of the S. H. S. - Mr. Tanton  
 Messenger - Robert Davidson  
 Every Scholar - Erwin Gimlett  
 Fellowship - Harold Wilson  
 Good Deeds - Ruth Meacham  
 Knowledge - Fay Edwards  
 Beauty - Dorothy Gimlett  
 Strength - Marshall Demphy

#### FIVE WITS

First Wit - Miss Gillpatrick  
 Second Wit - Miss Melcher  
 Third Wit - Miss Wadell  
 Fourth Wit - Mr. Stoddard  
 Fifth Wit - Mr. McDonald  
 Angel - Mr. Moore

Scene: Assembly Hall.  
 Time: Afternoon 3:30-4.

#### EVERY SCHOLAR

Autocrat:—Messenger, go and bid Every Scholar appear before me punctually, at three thirty to atone for misconduct and to make up back work. (Exit Autocrat.)

Messenger, (Soliloquizing)—Wonder why he doesn't go himself—poorfish. Here I am sitting quietly in my seat, listening to Champ Clark Flynn lecture on the subject of class spirit that we haven't got—barring, of course, himself—and now, I am rudely commanded to depart.

Autocrat—reentering—Messenger! Why haven't you gone?

Messenger—Your—hon—nor ah—dear sir, I shall execute your command at once. (Exit Autocrat.)

Messenger—Well I guess I'll have to do it. (Enter, Every Scholar.)

Messenger—'Lo kid, the chief wants you. Every Scholar—Sorry to disappoint him, but I've a previous engagement. The Victrolie strains of Ben Johnson's, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," as sung by Signor Caruso lure my spirit. Come with me and I shall show you a place abounding in pleasure, where no semblance of **work** exists.

Messenger—Take my advice and do as the Autocrat says. He was **mad**.

Every Scholar—I suppose, then, I must. Will you go with me?

Messenger—Mother is calling. Farewell. (Exit.)

(Enter Fellowship)

Every Scholar—Fellowship, come with me and we'll have some fun.

Fellowship (aside)—A treat; a show and maybe eats, too.

Every Scholar—Will you come?

Fellowship—Lead on.

Every Scholar—The Autocrat desires my presence in what may terminate in a lively scene. Of course it will be quite enjoyable—for him.

Fellowship—I had forgotten. My captain, Hugh, forbids me to participate in any social or unsocial function whatsoever. Think of the damage that might befall my baseball arm. I'm sorry, but I must go now. (Exit.)

(Enter Good Deeds.)

Good Deeds—Why do you look so down cast?

Every Scholar—All of my friends have deserted me. I am summoned to Room 1 to account for my unaccountable actions.

Good Deeds—I shall go with you. I see Knowledge, who, I think will come too.

Every Scholar—Knowledge, we need your wisdom to cope with the sharp tongue and compelling words of an angry professor.

Knowledge—I will help you, but suppose we ask beauty, for who can withstand her charms?

(Enter Beauty.)

Every Scholar—Say Sis, won't you help your brother out of a little trouble?

Beauty—You don't need me, you want strength. I see him coming now. Any way I have promised to meet a friend arriving on the Monarch train. (Exit Beauty.)

Every Scholar—That suggestion about Strength wasn't bad, was it? Knowledge, you ask him.

Knowledge—Strength, we want you to come with us to stand as protector for our to-be-persecuted band. The Autocrat has called Every Scholar to appear before him. Now is your chance to make a name for yourself.

Strength—If you dobt my muscular ability, I defy any one of you to come with me, and I will throw the shot; but pugilistic encounters are not in my line. Good bye, I'm going skating.

Every Scholar—Fooled again! As a last resort to increase our band, we shall have to try the Five Wits. Surely they will not fail us.

(Enter the five wits.)

Knowledge—You have come at a most opportune moment. We want you to defend Every Scholar who is called to face trial on serious charges.

First Wit—The accused is in one of my classes. How do you think that, under the circumstances, I could benefit him in any way? My assertions would weaken his case rather than strengthen it as I **must speak** the entire truth.

Second Wit—Having an abundant supply of erring youths in my Freshman Class, I do not feel called upon to direct the footsteps of a disobedient Junior.

Third Wit—Poor Every Scholar, since you are deserted by all your friends, I shall accompany you.

Fourth Wit—I should like to go with you, but I cannot bear to leave the Junior Class. Across the hall in room 2, camps a body of aborigines of the fiercest type, who in case of my absence, might pounce upon my unprotected lambs, thus causing

great consternation. No one would be there to protect them, and they are absolutely defenseless, with the exception of a couple of would-be society gentlemen, and an unassorted collection of an indifferent type, they are all girls. No, I plainly see that my duty leads my footsteps away from room one.

Fifth Wit—Although I am pressed for time and have more work than I can possibly handle, I shall sacrifice a few of my valuable moments to your cause. I wish to state that I have found the most efficient course in conquering an obdurate mind is to assume a commanding posture by contorting the face, protruding the head, and staring the victim out of countenance. You then have him at your mercy. After having gained the advantage address him with caustic speech.

Every Scholar—But you forget that **I am the victim**.

Fifth Wit—If that is the way you receive my suggestions I shall waste no more time here. Beside my heavy work, I have several disobedient Scholars to look after, especially a young lady who continues to cause much disturbance, but I, as her teacher, shall soon show her a pupil's place. It is almost four o'clock now, so I must go.

Every Scholar—I was called for three-thirty and it is almost four. Knowledge, you open the door.

Knowledge—Let the Third Wit do it. She must have the more influence, being a fellow worker of the Autocrat's.

Third Wit—I fear I cannot attend you. Of course I'm not afraid, but I remember having called an eighth period for a number of unruly girls and boys; and, Every Scholar, I believe you were among them. Every Scholar—I was, but the more recent bidding overshadows yours in importance. Do you really intend to leave us now?

Third Wit—I must. Remember the eighth period tomorrow night.

(Exit the Wits.)

Every Scholar—Let's go home.

Knowledge—If I should do such an indiscreet thing as enter, my reputation would be ruined.

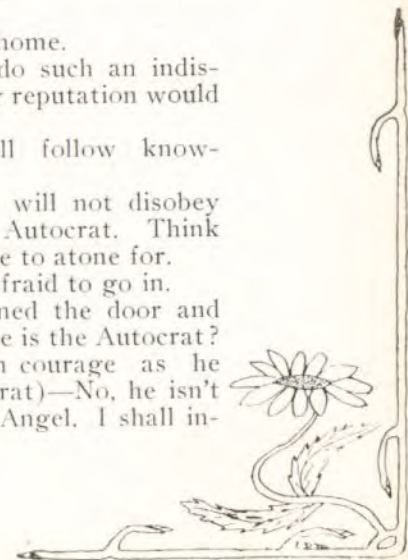
Every Scholar—I think I'll follow knowledge.

Good Deeds—Surely you will not disobey a summons from the Autocrat. Think of what you would have to atone for.

Every Scholar—But I'm afraid to go in.

Good Deeds—I have opened the door and you must enter. Where is the Autocrat?

Every Scholar (gaining in courage as he fails to find the Autocrat)—No, he isn't here, but there is the Angel. I shall in-





quire, where is the Autocrat?  
Angel—At four, when I came in to sweep,  
Then disappeared, thy cause to weep;  
For wearied, when you did not come,  
The Principal in haste went home.

Thus endeth the play of Every Scholar.

THE MOUNTAINS

Did you ever on an evening  
When the moon was shining clear,  
Lift your eyes to lofty mountains,  
To a snow capped peak so near?

If you never have, now mark me,  
Try it soon as chance provides,  
For there's a power in the moonlight  
That makes mighty all besides.

There, those mountains rise in glory  
As they have for years and years;  
Ever since the first beginning,  
Emblems that dispel our fears.

For, though we be sad and lonely  
And our hearts be full of pain,  
When we gaze upon the mountains  
Joy comes to us once again.

There, they stand in silent witness  
Of the grandeurs of the past,  
When the Red Man roamed the forest  
Ere the White Man came at last,

To destroy the works of nature  
Cut the forests, ruin streams,  
But the mountains stand forever,  
Show how futile are his dreams.

Show that there is one above them  
Who can never conquered be.  
Man can ne'er destroy the Mountains,  
They stand through eternity.

Mightiest then of all the mountains,  
Are the Rockies of the West,  
And of those peaks great and lofty  
These are some I like the best.

There are three Collegiate Peaks,  
Princeton, Yale and Harvard too  
Rising from the foothills, higher,  
Till their tops are mid the Blue.

There is mighty Shavano,  
Indian chief, the legend goes,  
Sprang into the crystal stream  
And the lofty mountain rose.

Then too, there is Chipeta  
And Ouray, both crowned with white,  
Resting on rich green carpet.  
And their sides with forests bright.



These are what makes life worth living  
In the Glorious Golden West,  
And I want to stay forever,  
Here, where hearts are most at rest.  
E. B., '16.

THE ANNUAL STAFF'S HOPES

When at last the Annual Staff  
Was selected and elected,  
They assembled in good cheer  
And air castles were erected.

At the FIRST staff meeting  
There were no cares to go a-miss,  
And for the publication, their  
Hopes

went just like this.

But the other meetings  
Were by far, not so gay;  
Each was growing darker,  
And less easy, day by day.

At the LAST staff meeting,  
There were woes no one could list;  
And before the book was printed, their  
Hopes

went just like this  
F. E., '16

The Academy of Bumps



GREETING:

We, the Annual Staff, extend our heartiest and best wishes to all good fellows who can take a "knock." We do not intend that anyone should take the "Academy of Bumps" seriously. We propose it only as a joke; and offer the "bumps" in all good faith, for—

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

DEDICATION

To the good sport who laughs just as long and shouts just as loud when the joke's on him as when it is on the other fellow, we, the most bumped, sympathetically dedicate this issue of the "Academy of Bumps."



**PURPOSE**

It is intended that the Academy shall provide systematic and comprehensive training for those who may desire to know themselves as others know them. There is a need for the practical education which is received only by bumps. The Academy was designed to satisfy this need. The purpose of the institution is to train the students to a true estimate of right proportion and logical sequence.

**HISTORY**

The Academy of Bumps, existing in connection with the school work of Salida High is the greatest institution of its kind west of the Ohio. It was founded in nineteen hundred sixteen, and has since met with hearty approval. Realizing the grave responsibilities resting on their young shoulders, and being deeply concerned in the eternal welfare and benefit of future classes, the brave troop of precocious citizens who, in nineteen sixteen, bade adieu to the Salida High School, established this institution. In the first period of the struggle, those interested in the general prosperity of mankind gave warm sanction and helpful guidance. The institution is accomplishing a wonderful amount of good in promoting the welfare of the community.

**COURSE OF STUDY**

General Course: This branch is open to all members who satisfy the requirements for entrance to the Academy of Bumps. The knocks which are given are general. No regular recitations are held but members are liable to knocks at any time. No specified credit is given.

Special Course: This is conducted for the benefit of those who can give proof of either notorious or perfect characters. Recitations are held daily and credit is given in proportion to the quantity and quality of the bumps received.

**REQUIREMENTS FOR GRADUATION**

Any student who has spent sufficient time in the Academy to enable him to take a knock without giving one in return and who has thrown away his hammer and formed the habit of using his mirror and brush on himself instead of on the other fellow is qualified for graduation. The diploma is granted upon application to the Bumper secretary.

**Organizations**

**THE GOOP CLUB**

(Organized in 1914 by Miss Anne Gillpatrick)



"Ask yourself upon the Spot  
Are you a Goop, or are you not?  
For, although its Fun to See them,  
It's Terrible to Be them."

**PURPOSE**

To train the wayward members of sixteen to Miss Gillpatrick's model.

MOTTO: "Work when you work;  
Play when you play!"

**OFFICERS**

President	-	-	-	Hal Webster
Vice-President	-	-	-	Paul Stodghill
Secretary	-	-	-	Lily Lines

**HONORARY MEMBERS**

Tedd Everett	Delacey Ramsey
Esther Plimpton	Kenneth Woods

**ACTIVE MEMBERS**

Solon Duncan	Richard Gilmore
Leitha Woods	Fay Edwards
Dewey Matthews	Truman Means
Will Rush	Lulu Lasswell
Vivian Dougherty	

**PLEDGES**

Robert Davidson	Van Edwards
Carl Valdez	

**THE WAYWADS AT THE TIME OF INITIATION**

The Goops teased, teased, teased.  
The Goops were always impolite and never did say "please."  
The Goops never prepared their lessons.  
The Goops chewed gum—all the time.  
The Goops didn't heed the teacher's words.  
The Goops borrowed knives, pencils and other utensils.  
The Goops hinted, hinted, hinted.  
The Goops tore their books and marked on the sidewalk.  
The Goops talked in assembly.  
The Goops sharpened pencils everywhere.

**THE GOOPS READY FOR GRADUATION**

They never tease, hint, chew gum, talk in assembly, borrow utensils, sharpen pencils, tear books, nor mark on the sidewalk. They always heed the teacher's words, always prepare their lessons, say "please" and are **very** polite.

They are **ANGELS**.



**THE SILENCE CLUB**

Any person who can keep his mouth shut and look wiser than he is, is eligible.

MOTTO: Think, if possible, before you speak; then don't speak.

**OFFICERS**

Exalted Ruler	-	-	-	Paul Stodghill
Chancellor	-	-	-	Lea Harlan
Recorder	-	-	-	Caroline Welch

**ACTIVE MEMBERS**

Jack Williamson	Elsie Bassham
Evilly McNicol	Cloye Allen
Barbara Axford	

**IRISH CLUB**

Shor an' anybody what kin trace his lineage directly by St. Patrick or who once lived in Ireland kin come in.

MOTTO: Ireland uber Alles.

Pat, the chief	-	-	Emmett O'Connor
Mike, the wit spark	-	-	Miss Gillpatrick
O'Leary, the scribe	-	-	Anna Dolan

**MEMBERS**

Thomas Flynn	The McNicols
Grace Moore	Marshall Demphy
Leotis McCabe	Don Smith

**PLEDGES**

Marie Schmidt	Oliver Elofson
Solon Duncan	Mabel Knickerbocker
Louis Post	

**THE BIGGEST EQUIVOCATOR**

A Drama adapted from Heywood's Four P's  
Assembly Hall

(Enter Lulu Lasswell and Jack Williamson)

Lulu: Yes, I went riding yesterday. We went down to the seething metropolis of Cleora. In the suburbs of the city, we found a curious object. It was a petrified tree about one hundred feet high, and every branch and leaf was perfect. On the top-most branch of the tree was a petrified bird singing a petrified song. It was very remarkable.

Jack: Ah! Rather! But that is nothing compared with an adventure that I had the other day. We were boating on the lakes of Poncha. About noon, we decided to stop and cook dinner. Approaching the shore, we found a high, dry place, suited for a camp fire. We gathered wood and soon had a brisk fire going. About that time, the high, dry place began to move and slide off into the water. We all got wet but managed to swim ashore. The high, dry place was bobbing about in the middle of the lake. We then discovered that we had been on the back of a huge turtle, a species which abounds in the jungles near Poncha. Our fire had warmed the sleeping monster and he decided to take a cold shower. Hence the wetting.

Lulu: Quite remarkable, indeed.

(Enter Harold Archer, pale and frightened.)

Harold: Oh, what a horrible experience I have had, while we were joy riding up Tenderfoot, on the new road. When we were driving around the top, we came upon an army of rattlesnakes. We tried to avoid them, but one jumped and struck a front tire. Immediately the tire began to swell. We hurried toward town, the tire getting bigger and bigger. When we got to the garage, we opened the tire and took the poisoned air out, after which we took



the tire to the hospital. Oh, what suffering that poor tire must have gone through!

Jack: Very strange!

(Enter Tom Flynn, report card in hand.)

Tom, pompously: How's that for good grades? (holds up card.)

Lulu: Well, I didn't get any red marks either.

Tom: That's nothing. There wasn't one single red mark in the whole Sophomore class this month.

The others fall back in amazement and then stare at Tom with admiration. Below in the hall, Minerva doffs her helmet in silent tribute.

L. G., McA., '17.

♦♦♦♦♦  
**A SOPHOMORE SYMPOSIUM**

Behold the mighty band of approaching warriors! Clad in strange uniform, a number of young Samsons rush out of the High School and come striding down to the athletic field. Leading the band are two juvenile giants, with bright red thatches, closely resembling those of the old Vikings of Norway. Under the arm of one of the leaders, and closely guarded by those of the sorrel tops, is a small leather covered object resembling a football. "What," I hear some one ask, "can this mighty assemblage be?"

It is, (speak it in a whisper), the Sophomore Football Team. It is going to give an exhibition of its marvelous football ability. When the players come to the field, they stop and enter into a violent argument. This, I suppose, is part of the game or the "Sophs" would certainly not be found indulging in the pastime. A number of feminine admirers come strolling toward the field, chattering and giggling, as they discuss the heroes before them. Ah! a gallant youth hurries to meet the suffragettes and walks back in the midst of the admiring throng. Who is this? No less a person than James Shay, the great football coach of the Sophomores, who has been offered a position with Yale for the coming season.

"Choose up sides, boys, and call the game. I can't wait all day," commands James in an authoritative voice. The two red crowns noiselessly choose sides. About this time a very muscular boy is seen coming toward the combatants. "Wait a minute, I'm gonna play!" he shouts.

"Then I'll take you," cries Lea Harlan joyfully, for he knows full well that with this invincible Hercules, the game is his. Wilbur Allen, he of the other crimson top, makes frantic appeals and objections, but he is finally over-ruled. Who, you ask, is this star, so much in requisition? His name is Shirley Smyth, or Touchdown Tim, the Terrific Triphammer, as he is more general-

ly called. The girls chatter with admiration as he approaches, but he, (cruel one), strides on without deigning to look upon them. After much discussion, Wilbur agrees to accept Richard Behrens in compensation for Shirley Smyth.

"Hurry up, you 'guys,' and get busy," pipes Lael Stewart. "Mama said I had to be home at five o'clock."

"Well, we'll start pretty soon, when the coach gets through jabbering to the janes," says Pat Smith in a loud voice.

James blushes very beautifully, and hurries over to start the game. "Newman, you and Hugh Wilson, being the shortest, will play centers for today," he announced in a blood-curdling tone to preserve his dignity. At last the game is started. Lea, the quarter back, utters some mystic numbers and the center throws the ball. Lea, then hurls the ball to Van Edwards, who is supposed to run with it. Van, being in the midst of a day dream, receives the ball on the cranium. When he recovers, instead of attempting to seize the ball, he makes a dive toward Eugene Howard.

"My name is Eugene Howard, I came from Howard, and I ain't no coward," chants that worthy. Then he grapples with Van, and both fall heavily to the ground.

Van! thunders the coach, "what is the matter with you?"

"Well," blubbers Van through his tears, "he better quit poking me on the side of the head."

Suddenly, Lael discovers that it is five o'clock and hurries away.

"Oh Tom!" cries a certain Sophomore suffragette, "let's go home."

Flynn jerks off his head guard and rushes toward the school house. "Wait a minute," he calls back over his shoulder.

"Newman, I'll play you a game," says Pug Wilson.

"All right," says Newman, and they hurry away.

The coach becomes disgusted and leaves for home. The two captains plead with the remaining players to finish the game; but, as they are debating the point, music is heard in the direction of town.

"There's a Nigger Minstrel band in town," calls Bob Davidson. Now, all the players run for the school house, and soon no one, not even the captains, remain to finish the game so gloriously begun.

L. M., '17.

We have been informed that the members of the sophisticated Sophomore class have each recognized, among the most popular of the movie stars, their double. We, too, have noticed this peculiar likeness. They do resemble the Keystone Comedy Cops, now don't they?

**A LOVE SONG.**

The stars were twinkling overhead,  
The moon shone down in splendor;  
A gallant youth went forth to skate  
With a maiden fair and slender.

He loved this sly and roguish lass  
With devotion, true and humble:  
She laughed at him, the ice rebuked  
With a deep and solemn rumble.

She loved him too, and really hoped  
He'd boldly catch and kiss her.  
He idly circled here and there  
And came round just to miss her.

But soon he took her hand in his  
In a way he ne'er had dared to;  
The moon withdrew behind a cloud,  
But the stars saw all they cared to.  
E. M., '16.

♦♦♦♦♦  
**THE WAIL OF THE CLOCK**

It was with pain we listened  
To the tale our teacher told,  
Of a trick which had been played on her  
By some chaps—most over bold.

Her Seniors most studiously gathered  
Their English there to learn:  
The period dragged on until  
The Clock made one more turn.

The Seniors were disgusted,  
And Miss Gillpatrick, she was mad,  
To think some babyish little lad  
Could be so truly bad.

At half past three (the clock said more)  
She kept the Sophomores in:  
She closed the doors and scolded them  
For someone else's sin.

"Oh no we didn't do it,"  
The Sophs cried all at once;  
"We don't know nothing 'bout it,  
Why who'd be such a dunce!"

Then round and round the school she went  
To find that wicked sinner,  
And when at last she cornered him  
She came out wholly winner.

She scorned him and she scoffed him  
And she put him under lock,  
For who'd be so unmannerly,  
To meddle with the clock?

The Seniors, they did pity him,  
The Sophs did dance with glee;  
For Dewey had turned up the clock  
And caused it all, you see.

F. E., '16.

**THE MYSTERIOUS PENNANT**

The greatest desire of a Freshman is to be a Senior. What could be more sublime? Freshmen are always led to believe that Seniors are perfect or at least, nearly so. And the most admirable thing in their idol's existence is, that he can do anything his heart desires—break all the rules with impunity. Even the principal does not boss or scold him. But the erstwhile Freshman Class of '16 was to realize that conditions are not what they seem. They were Seniors and needed to consult no authority whatsoever. It was just this fact that made the second day of school memorial. Of course the spirits of the students, especially those of the Seniors, were as bright and sunshiny as the day. The class decided to adorn the barren walls of Room I with a pennant which they had won when they were Freshmen; so accordingly, they chose the most conspicuous place in the room, the front wall as the place worthy of decoration. A committee, whose names were never known, proceeded to carry out the class project. They secured a step ladder and tacks to complete the operation. This noble deed, as the committee judged it, was performed about five o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning, when Mr. Tanton had discovered the pennant, clouds began to gather. Black looks hovered about the Senior room. Mr. Tanton immediately ordered two luckless early arrivals to take down the pennant. Dazedly, they chorused,

"Oh I didn't put it up there, Mr. Tanton."

"Well, who did then?"

"Why, I think it was Solon Duncan."

Then, with still blacker looks, Mr. Tanton hastened from the room in quest of the aforesaid young man whom he encountered at the assembly door.

"What authority did you have for putting that pennant in there anyway, young man?"

Whereupon Solon responded, "I didn't have anything to do with it, at all."

"Well, tell me who did then, and be quick about it."

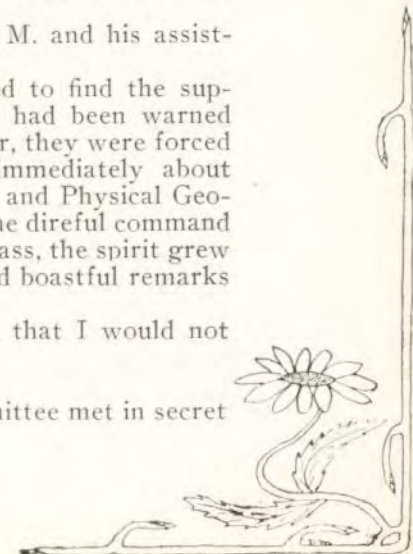
"I think it was John M. and his assistant, Fay," replied Solon.

But Mr. Tanton failed to find the supposed culprits. As they had been warned of the approaching danger, they were forced to see Mr. McDonald immediately about making candy in Physics and Physical Geography. When news of the direful command was rumored about the class, the spirit grew as a black stormy day and boastful remarks boomed in the air.

"Well, I'd like to bet that I would not take it down."

"Me neither."

But that night a committee met in secret



session, to conspire about something. Later the conspirators went for a tack puller and a step ladder.

The next morning the front wall was unadorned except for the holes and a few tell-tale hand prints. The beloved trophy had disappeared from view and no one knew its whereabouts. But finally it reappeared one day on the side wall. The reason for its disappearance and reappearance I am forced to leave to you, who have a greater and deeper insight into mysterious things.

W. R., '16.

The following people expressed their opinion concerning the same bright moonlight night:

- Leslie McAbee—All foolishness!
- Mildred Harris—A bother!
- "Pete" Archer—The chance!
- Reba Williams—Ideal!
- Jack Williamson—Inspiring!
- Glenna Goddard—Interesting!
- John Owen—No use!
- Leitha Woods—A bore!
- Hal Webster—Just right!
- Alga Heister—Tiresome!
- Truman Means—Superb!

MERELY A MATTER OF CAPS

- "Let's go get 'em."
- "Take the lids away from 'em."
- "Down with the Sophs."
- "Aw, don't hurt the pretty little girls with their cute sun shades."

Upon investigation we find the upper and lower classmen crowded around two or three timid Sophomore girls, who for the first time have appeared in public wearing their black and orange caps. The clamor of the crowd attracts more students until the girls finally do break through, causing the jeerers to form quite a procession. Each of the brave lads would like one of those caps for a trophy; but—well, no upper classmen appeared on dress parade wearing the caps.

Another day a small, over bold boy grabbed a cap from a girl, and then attempted fleetly escape. The girl hastened about and started a posse in pursuit. Although the lad was fleet of foot, a worthy rival of Mercury, a swifter Soph was on his trail. The would be Mercury was captured and delivered into the hands of the Sophomore posse. A council of war was held, and the luckless offender had his enthusiasm cooled in the ditch.

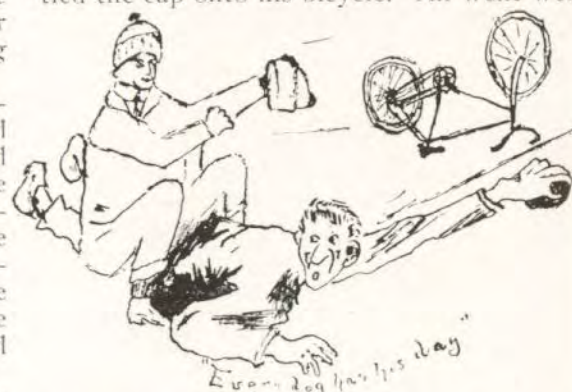
Other attempts have been made, and the results have been more or less disastrous to the aggressors; for, as head hunters, or rather cap hunters, they were decidedly out



of luck. The cap-seeker could usually be distinguished by the way in which he gazed at the orange and black caps. For instance, three husky Juniors happened to pass one lonely, solitary Sophomore on the street one night; but the Sophomore was brave and held his ground, though possessed of a burning desire to run. After a severe conflict, he made his escape, traveling at a rate that would astonish the cop. Be assured, however, that the beloved cap was securely tucked beneath the owner's waist band. On another occasion, several of the bright and shining lights of the upper classes had been down conferring with the City Fathers upon the affairs of State, when they overtook a belated Sophomore in a dark corner of the park. This youth was unfortunate; for though he was glad to get away with his scalp, he lost his cherished cap forever. The participants of the successful raid by their inflated and pompous air proclaimed themselves to all observers.

The noteworthy characteristics of the head hunters are that they travel in herds and operate in the dark. They were never known to molest a company of Sophomores.

Once a certain dignified Senior secured a cap, but being of a timid disposition, passed it to a daring Junior. Now this Junior, seized with a desire to try something new, tied the cap onto his bicycle. All went well



for a time, but "Every dog has his day." When the festive Junior arrived at school, he came up the sidewalk with all possible

speed, landing rather hard, with a bicycle and a victorious and highly elated Soph on top of him. The cap was rescued. No further attempts have been reported to the committee. We take it that the sudden cessation of hostilities is due, not so much to the ill luck of the raiders, as to their reformation.

R. D., '18.

THE STUDENT'S LAMENT

We toil, we spin, we labor all the day Till twelve at night, and then we hit the hay; For we are students of Salida High: (We say it sadly, heaving many a sigh.) When morning comes we rise at six A. M., Snatch up our books and study hard on Chem.

At half past eight we hie ourselves to school: The way they say, to not be such a fool. With heavy hearts we hear the school bell ring; Though bold our intellects, to us it can only sorrow bring.

Oh! English, dreaded most of all, is first; We'd ditch it once for all if we but durst. "Now, Tom, recite for me on 'Layamon'." "Ah me! Let's see! What team did he play on?"

We shrink from fear beneath his stare, as pausing. He marks down in his book "the home of the gosling."

The bell now rings; we sigh and slowly rise For in the next dull class grave history lies. "Now tell," he yells in horrible tones, "What do you know of Henry Navarre?" We ponder, stutter, heave sad groans; At last we answer, "Au Revoir."

And then! In German class we answer bright, The thoughts come to our brains, "Not right?"

Alas! In Algebra our best we do, And scheming hard we barely do scrape through. So down the line we go till night draws nigh,

And bluff, and toil, and plod to just get by; And doubtfully await the awful time, When we shall know the fate our cards outline.

We dream of it with fond anticipation, But ah! How different is the realization.

INTERLUDE

In Chem a thirty-five! Oh how shall we survive!

In history forty plus three.

In English, twenty-two! Ah, what an awful stew!

Geometry—Gee!

Alas! My card's bespecked, with red ink it is bedecked, My finish is revealed to me.

For all my work and strife, my tortured wearied life, If this bespecked sheet is all that I shall meet,

GOOD NIGHT.

L. Mc A., '17.

THE RESULT OF CURIOSITY

One night about eight o'clock, three boys met at a cross street to decide what to do for the evening. (It might be mentioned, incidentally, that all three of these boys wore orange and black caps.) There had been very little excitement lately and they thought it time that some one should start something. Immediately one noble head, under an orange cap, began to work and was illuminated to such a degree that it almost rivalled the six hundred candle power arc light. With beaming face he announced,

"Say guys, do you know that there is a party at Lasswell's tonight; Lulu is giving it for the Seniors, and I don't think it is half fair to invite those boobs who ain't got no spirit. She ought to invite the Society of the High School. What do you say we pay them a visit? The question carried.

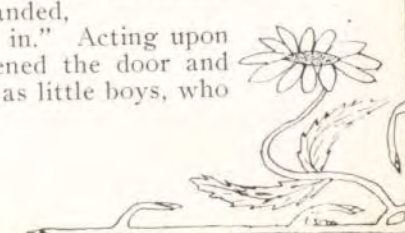
A tall Freshman stooped to pat "Pug" on the back and to explain what a wonderful dome he had. The crowd strolled down toward town to await the time when they should call. They had not gone very far when they noticed a crowd of boys under an arc light. Upon closer approach they could hear the tall boy, in the center of the group, explaining,

"Fellows, there is nothing right about it. Here, we have actually given three cheers for the Seniors in the assembly and now they won't invite us to their party.

Another orange lid piped up saying, "Yes indeed, we are the best class in High School today, and those Seniors know it; that's why they didn't invite us."

After these two extemporaneous and wonderful little speeches, a nerve racking noise that sounded like Rah! Rah! Rah Eighteen! pierced the air. Then someone suggested that they go after the "eats" first, to which all most heartily agreed. Accordingly, they proceeded up the street until they came to the house of merriment, whereupon four of the most distinguished braves approached the steps of the house. Then the captain commanded,

"Throw the door mat in." Acting upon this suggestion they opened the door and tossed in the mat. Then as little boys, who



play hide and seek, they ran and jumped off the porch to hide their shamed faces. Instantly curious faces appeared at the windows, faces which often appear to little boys when they are at play. Sailors, cow-punchers, clowns, witches, and ladies of honor appeared and then, almost as suddenly as they appeared they disappeared, seeming to know that children will be children. The merriment went on within the house; dancing, singing, playing. Soon many tall, thin, short, and stout forms re-appeared forming a circle, just as wolves form when they intend to attack. Again the orange lids and their supporters were recognized; but this time they were stealing toward the rear of the house, evidently intent upon getting the "eats." Just as they had almost reached their goal, a clown and a man in plain clothes stepped out. Once more, the small boys fled, as if fleeing for their lives. They met on the lower street and decided not to attempt any more bold, bad tricks, but instead to pass the house in soldier fashion.

Five minutes later a man was seen walking up the street toward the crowd. They knew what was coming. Some attempted to run, but were too weak; others turned deathly pale and they too, had to meet that awful "cop." In a stern voice he commanded,

"Come with me!"

Pleadingly one voice sounded, "What will my mother say?" "What will Miss Melcher think of me now?" Another could be heard saying, "Please, mister, let me go, never again for me."

The Seniors decided that the little boys should be allowed to sleep at home, and the officer of the law willingly accommodated them. Anon.

ADAPTED QUOTATIONS

A Latin lesson in time saves a little horse.

—Shakespeare.

There is room at the top for the original speller.

—Bacon.

A grade on the card is worth three in the book.

—Emerson.

Oliver never takes a nap in school except when he has been out the night before; then the nap takes him.

—Samuel Johnson.

The teacher is but a gatherer and disposer of students' grades.

—Sir Henry Wotton.

A question in time saves a flunk in Physics.

—Cicero.

The faculty sees not all the goodness (?) that goes on in school.

—Robert Burton

The greatest of faults, Sophomore, is to

be conscious of none.—James Russell Lowell.

O! zero, perfect zero' what distraction was meant to students when thou wast made of red ink.

—John Fletcher.

One boy's wickedness easily becomes for all an—eighth period.

—Publius Syrus.

Out nights gets no grades.

—Publius Syrus.

Always act in such a way as to avoid red grades in the "little green book."

—Pliny, the Elder.

Perfect grades are like ghosts, which everybody talks about, but few have seen.

—Francis, Duc De La Rochefoucauld.

BAD BREAKS

Winnifred (Announcing the Literary program)—"I stood on the bridge at midnight by Richard Gilmore."

Beat it, Dick, you are in danger.

Lily Lines: The lovers sat apart and whispered together.

Mr. McDonald: "Anyone who whispers in my class must be punished. Isabell and Helen, you talk incessantly, so come up here on the front seat. And I might add, there are some others who are not so close to me as I would like to have them."

Bob: "What is a zero?"

Van: "It's a big imaginary nothing."

Miss Melcher: "How many have everything in today's lesson prepared?"

(About one-third of the class raised their hands.)

What do you think of these people?

Robert Newman: "I don't think we amount to much."

Miss Wadell: "How did Robinson Crusoe get his ladder over the hill when he was on the other side?"

Hazel Oliver: "I think he must have taken it as he went."

Bertha Jones, (Tales of a Wayside Inn): "They shot so many dead men there was blood all over the deck."

Mr. Stoddard (in Civics): "What else does the Secretary of War have control of?"

Paul S.: "Seminaries."

Dorothy G.: "The requirements for examination are gradually broiling. (broadening.)

Seen on the assembly board: Indians meet to day 3:30. (Didn't know we had any.)

Miss G.: "Evilly, give me a quotation." Evilly: "Love, and you shall be loved."

Edna Cox (defining emphasis): "Give inattentive attention to the main thought."

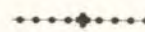
Mable K. (Soph English): "The mad dog bit a horse, which died, in the leg."

Carrie W.: "A Turtle had the hawk with the feet by the legs."

Luella Quinn: "Madame Defarge was much more worse than Monsieur Defarge."

Hal: "Leotis, do you like popcorn balls?"

Leotis: "I don't ever remember attending any."



Mr. Stoddard: Some claim that the sun "do" move.

Dorothy G.: West Point is one of the foremost worlds in the school.

Mac.: A couple of you fellows get the little janitor's axe.

Mac: Those low grades are on account of lack of inattention.

Soph. (correcting sentences) "I could not go, but the girls went. When the party was over the ride home in the moonlight was delightful."

Miss G.: "I don't think we need the party, the ride home is enough."

Mr. Tanton had just finished explaining the relation between heights of objects and their shadows.

Bob D.: "Does the height of the object change like its shadow?"

Miss Melcher: The morning class told me that Rome is situated on the Thames (Thames—long a.)

What is wrong with that, Hazel?

Hazel: The pronunciation.

Miss Parks: "Can anyone tell me three foods required to keep the body in health?"

One Bright Maiden: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."

Mr. McDonald (in Biology): "What are we studying now, Reba?"

Reba: "Ants and Planimals."

Mr. Tanton: "Rose, what is a extreme and mean ratio?"

Rose: "A mean ratio is—"

Mr. Tanton: "There are no mean ratios, they are all good."

T. M.: "Instead of orally the test will be writtenly."

Lily Lines (correcting a sentence): "A motor is a machine for translating electrical energy into power."

WHEN THE BELLS OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE GO CLINGETY CLANG

(Third Prize Poem)

O, I scramble from bed and rub my eyes, Open the window and look at the skies, And then I look at the clock in surprise When the Bells of the school house go clingety clang.

I pull on my clothes and grumble a bit, Then, angrily down on the floor I sit, And lace my shoes as I listen to it, When the bells of the school house go clingety clang.

When Ma isn't looking I quickly run, And bring from a corner my small squirt-gun, And a store of birdshot, about a ton, When the bells of the school house go clingety clang.

Then, I'm ready for school, and off I go, To study and learn all a boy should know, And answer the teacher's questions just so, When the bells of the school house go clingety clang.

M. G., '19.

LESLIE McABEE

The Brown-Eyed Junior, from the viewpoint of:

The Freshmen: The marvelous wonder. The Sophomores: Not of our kind.

The Juniors: One expected to answer all questions "flunked" by the other members of the class.

The Seniors: One very generous with his toys, especially water-guns.

The Annual Staff: A friend in time of need.

The Faculty: An ideal student.

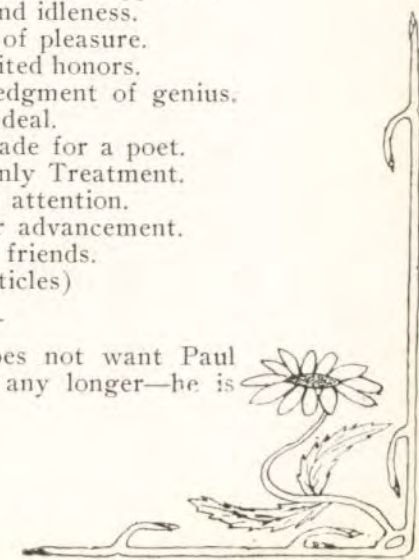
His Chums: A leader of the mighty.

The Girls: Deficient in Frivolities.

WHAT I EXPECT OF THE WORLD

Mildred Swearngin—Continual happiness. Dan Morehouse—Rest and idleness. Bertha Jones—A round of pleasure. Eugene Howard—Unlimited honors. Isabell Forte—Acknowledgment of genius. John Petrini—A square deal. Helen Dobbie—Room made for a poet. Warren Hall—Gentlemanly Treatment. Ella Benson—Undivided attention. Eva Corlett—Chance for advancement. Iverne Haus—A host of friends. (Transposethese two articles)

The Senior Class does not want Paul Stodghill as a member any longer—he is long enough.



Kollege Kommandments

**Thou Shalt Not Belliak:**

Any pessimist can inform the cook that she burned the biscuits but it takes a true optimist to tell her that they are well done. If you must belliak do it in your private sanctum—don't torture your best friends they might get wise to your real character.

**Don't spend all your Kale the First Semester:**

He who takes in the movies and ice cream parlors every night the first semester is likely to spend the evenings of the last half year in his room trying to make himself believe that the Old Man is a tightwad.

Give no excuses to thy teachers that thou art ill, or overworked, but keep thine own counsel; so when thou art unprepared; and it comes not often, then shall much be forgiven thee.

Fresh. to Junior—"Look here, I have a green splinter in my finger. Freshman colors, I guess."

Junior (hesitating a moment)—"You certainly must have been scratching your head."

An Arab stood on a weighing machine  
At the end of a lingering day  
A counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot  
And silently stole a-weigh.

—The Yale Record.

An Irishman passed a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was sold by the yard. Thinking to play a joke on the shopman, he entered and asked for a yard of milk.

The shopman, not in the least aback; dipped his finger in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter.

The Irishman not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Five cents," said the shopman.

"All right; roll it up; I'll take it."—The Metropolitan.

Our idea of a bright guy is one who will turn on the light over the stairs, so that he can see by leaning over the railing whether he has left the down-stairs light on.—Ex.

Mr. Tanton: "Are quarters and dollars circles, Marion?"

Marion: "Yes, Sir."

Mr. T.: "How do you know?"

Marion: "Because they look it."

Mr. T.: "Huh, you can't tell by looks; some people change their complexions every day."

What Becomes of Them?

Senior—Long lessons; no bed; brain fever; he's dead.

Junior—Love Smitten; hope fled; heart broken; he's dead.

Sophomore—Conceited; swell head; bust cranium; he's dead.

Freshman—Milk famine, not fed; starvation; he's dead.—Ex.

LOVE DREAMS

Last night, as I lay dreaming,  
I saw my sweetheart fair;  
I dreamt about her rosy cheeks  
And of her golden hair.

I thought I saw her bright blue eyes,  
As beautiful as summer skies;  
I heard her soft words, just as true,  
She seemed to say, "I love but you."

As I lay still wondering,  
Dreaming what the future would be,  
I awakened from my dream,  
And I knew it never could be.

I thought of the words she said to me  
As we parted one night before,  
And I shall remember those cruel words  
For ever and ever more.

J. W., '17.

DEWEY MATTHEWS

**The Fair-Haired Senior, from the View point of:**

Mis mother—The perfect boy.  
His Sister—The marvel of Salida High.  
His Girl—The one boy.  
His Freshman Rival—My superior by class.

Grace Moore—A wayward lad.  
The teachers—A pestivating nuisance,  
but a shark in Math.

The Senior Girls—A precious infant.  
The Juniors—A Senior—"Nuff said."

The Sophomore Boys—The bluff.  
The Freshman Girls—A Senior to be adored.

Himself—IT.

When I questioned our "Post" boy a short time ago,

Why he no longer courted Miss E.

He looked at me strangely and smiled just a bit,

"The reason's a—parent," cried he.

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## The Le Resume Advertiser

THE publication of the Le Resume was made possible only by the generosity of our business men, who have responded most liberally to our requests for financial assistance. Without the money received for advertising space, we would have been unable to publish a book worthy of our school, and we earnestly urge the public to patronize those who have shown their loyalty by advertising with us.

—E. M., '16.

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### CALENDAR

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Sept. 7. Summer's death knell sounds.                  | Sept. 14. Fall house cleaning in Chemistry Lab.                   |
| Sept. 8. Senior pennant goes up.                       | Sept. 16. Orio Literary organizes.                                |
| Sept. 9. Senior pennant comes down.                    | Sept. 24. Sophs and Freshies prove their superiority in baseball. |
| Sept. 10. Mr. Tanton prefers the hospital to the Higu. | Sept. 27. Basketball practice begins.                             |
| Sept. 13. Mr. Kimble arrives in Salida.                | Oct. 2. Bob breaks the lights. Boo Hoo! ! !                       |

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Paul: There is a physics test this morning.  
Leslie L: What in?



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Freshies — "Who is the King of Spades?"  
Senior—"Col. Goethals, my son."

Visitor—"How many people work in your classes?"

Mr. Stoddard—"Oh, at a rough guess I should say about one-third of them."

Mr. Stoddard—(Discussing arches in history.) "Well, Robert, what is the advantage of the arch in the bridge down by the depot?"

Robt. N.—"To let the water run through."

The Staff busy borrowing typewriters for the final staff meeting.

Will—"What kind of a machine has Means?"

Richard G.—"An Overland."

Theorem: A rotten potato is a beehive.

Proof:

A rotten potato is a speckled tater.

A spectator is a beeholder

A bee holder is a beehive

Therefore: A rotten potato is a beehive. Ex.

G. K. Hartenstein  
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Oct. 9. Rubes at the Library claim to be Seniors.

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For he is so stately grown.  
You can always tell a Junior,  
By the way he struts around.  
You can always tell a Freshie,  
By his timid looks and such.  
You can always tell a Sophomore,  
But you cannot tell him much.

Ex.

Oct. 11. Nuff snuff in the assembly.  
Oct. 12. Senior wins a bet. Soph mourns the loss of a cap.

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Oct. 13. Hot house assembly. Freshmen organize.  
Oct. 14. Phosphorous drops, Mac hops, Juniors yell.

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Wife—What are you going to do tonight?

Cowboy—I am headed for a meeting of the local society on international peace.

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Sophomores, take heed.  
Conceit, like every other seat, must be sat on.

Ex.

A  
Distinctive  
Graduation  
Gift

*Is Most  
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**FIGLEY**

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**GROCERIES,  
HAY AND  
GRAIN**



126 G Street

Salida, Colo.

Oct. 22. German club organizes.

Oct. 29. Seniors make merry at the Library.

Nov. 1. Bunch enter protest against brick porches.

Nov. 3. Walker comes from Buena Vista. Protest withdrawn.

Nov. 4. Tom Flynn loses his temper. Nuff said.

Nov. 9. Dorothy Gimlett entertains Der Deutsche Verein.

Nov. 15. We welcome Mr. Tanton. Hon. Edw. T. Taylor addresses the H. S.

Nov. 17. John B. Ratto, impersonator.

Nov. 18. "Too Much of a Good Thing," presented by Literary Society.

Nov. 19. Juniors and Seniors at Library prove "It's a long way to Tipperary."

Nov. 20. Freshmen make their debut in society. "Speck" has a date. The date has the gripe.

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Nov. 22. Der Deutsche Verein meets with Fay Edwards.  
Nov. 25. The High School gives thanks for vacation.

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Nov. 26. Thanks continued.

Nov. 29. Parliamentary Drill begins.

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laws—

We'd dearly love to know—  
Why should we muzzle all the dogs  
And let the gossips go—Judge

Mary made a little pie,  
It wasn't very good;  
She gave it to the furnace man  
Who thought it kindling wood.

Dec. 2. Literary Society meeting. Poe evenings.

Dec. 6. Orphean Quartette.

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Dec. 7. Der Deutsche Verein meets with Louise Gill.

Dec. 8. Goodbye Xana.

## HOME LUNCH

A Good Place  
To EAT.

D. H. LEWIS

## Miller & Templeton

GENTLEMEN'S  
FURNISHINGS

### SHOES

CIGARS TOBACCO CANDY



Phone 241 J.

## YOUR DUTY

As a teacher, you should set a good example by carrying Life Insurance. A 20 Year Endowment Contract with The Travelers Insurance Company, is a better investment for you than a Government Bond. Do you believe this? Let me explain. You should also carry Accident and Health insurance. Your time is your capital—protect it. I write every kind of insurance, Life, Accident, Health, Fire and Workmen's Compensation. Call, Phone or write

**W. F. McGUIRE, District Agent.**

## F. A. Bromley

Clerk and Recorder  
of Chaffee County.

Buena Vista, Colo.

## J. S. Ramey

MUSIC TEACHER  
Arranger and Composer

343 Park Ave. Salida, Colo.

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## Roy Knickerbocker

FOR

Fresh Milk and Pure Cream.

Prompt Service and

Reasonable Rates

Fresh Creamery  
Butter, Pork  
Sausage and  
Poultry

W. L. ZABRISKY Proprietor  
Howard, Colo.

Dec. 9. Demonstration at the Photoplay. Overflow at Albright's.  
Dec. 10. Dick calls at parsonage and later leaves for Denver.



## Star Dairy



PURE MILK AND CREAM

Phone 301 J 1

Starbuck & Gray, Props.



TWICE-A-WEEK

Our Job Printing  
Department is Unexcelled

127 EAST FIRST STREET

TELEPHONE NUMBER ONE

Yours for  
Luck

Mrs. J. Lester Smith

Music Furnished For All Occasions

### Ernest Feichtinger

Teacher of Violin, Piano  
And Band Instruments.  
Expert Piano Tuning and Repairing

225 E. St., Salida, Colo.

## German-American Life Insurance Co.

H. G. MARQUIS, Special Agent

PHONE 63

Dec. 11. Cloye Allen has a date.  
Dec. 12. Cloye Allen appears in long trousers.

*Not the Best Because the Biggest  
But the Biggest Because the Best*

WHERE LINEN LASTS

**THE BEST LAUNDRY**

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES—**

At the RIGHT PRICE  
WHERE!

At

**THE GOLDEN RULE  
MERCANTILE COMPANY**

*Headquarters for Dry Goods, Clothing,  
Shoes and Working Men's Supplies*

The ORIGINATOR of LOW PRICES

**Dr. C. S. Kramer**

DENTIST



DISMAN - ALGER BLOCK

**MRS. M. O. EDWARDS**

**ART GOODS**

Singer Sewing Machine Agency

Crochet Threads a Specialty

Lessons Free

**KING FARM DAIRY**

FOR

**FINE DAIRY PRODUCTS**

PHONE 95

The Colorado Power Company  
extends hearty congratulations and  
sincere good wishes to the Class of  
1916.

THE  
**NO-DELAY  
CAFE**

Lower F St., 1 Block from Depot  
MRS. HESSON, Proprietor.  
Salida, Colorado.

**E. C. BERRIAN**

REAL ESTATE, LOANS  
AND INSURANCE

**Notary Public**

**Strait Blk.**

**Salida, Colo.**

Dec. 21-23. Candy week in Science dept.

Dec. 22. Preliminary debates.

Dec. 23. Junior-Senior party. Christmas vacation begins.

Dec. 24. Raggy comes to visit Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Family.



Colorado Wiring  
Company

Bicycles !. Bicycles !!

We Build Them, Repair Them,  
and Sell Them on Time.

Mrs. Clark

Cut Flowers and Pot Plants

FLOWER DESIGNS

334 E. 2nd. St.

*Your friends can buy anything you can give  
them except your Photograph*

*HENRY R. HAY*

JOE P. WILLIAMS

FULTON MARKET

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Shoes

Dry Goods

RALPH D. GRAZIO

Ladies' and Gents'  
Furnishings

Special Prices on Ladies' Goods

352 W. First.

Dec. 25. Santa calls on the Freshmen.  
Dec. 29. The Servant in the House.

Louis Wenz & Sons

EXCLUSIVE UNDERTAKERS  
AND EMBALMERS

126 East Second Street, Salida, Colorado

E. E. SMITH

Assayer and  
Chemist

—  
ORE SHIPPER'S AGENT



126 W. First Street.

Salida, Colorado

Opposite Opera House

The  
FIRST  
NATIONAL  
BANK

SALIDA, COLORADO



OLDEST AND LARGEST  
BANK IN CHAFFEE  
COUNTY

CHEVROLET

The Rainbow Auto Company

A. B. PERRY, Prop.

STORING

Corner First and E Streets

REPAIRING

Phone 19 J

AUTO LIVERY

Salida, Colo.

Dec. 30. Lulu takes a trip to Denver. Oh you Dutch Mill !  
Jan. 3. Great rejoicing ( ? ) Vacation ends.

Ed. V. Price and  
Royal Tailored  
Clothes

Walk-Over and Florishan Shoes

At

**AXFORD'S**

Can You Beat It

**Don't Get the Swell Head:**

Because your grandfather's second cousin was first to plant the flag on Podunk hill is no sign that you haven't a yellow streak. Because your dad buys your glad rags does not indicate that you wouldn't land in the poorhouse if thrown upon your own resources. Because you have succeeded in getting all the moss off your back, Soph., is not saying that there will be no others; bear this in mind.—Ex.

Imported and Domestic Goods

Dry Goods, Hats and Shoes

**SAM MUTO & SON**

Grocery and  
Meat Market

Telephone: 222 J

Salida, Colorado

**Prof. A. Quaranta**  
Leader of Italian Band

Studio at  
142 W 1st Street

Teacher of  
All Instruments

IT'S RIGHT IF PUT UP BY



101 F STREET, SALIDA, COLO.

Teacher—"Leo, what river is in Italy?"  
Leo—"Why — er — ah."

Boy Behind—"Say Po Leo."  
Leo—"Sapolio."

Ex.

*Lippard's Drug Store*

(THE OLD RELIABLE)

INFORMATION

When you get a Prescription, take it where you please. It makes no difference whose name is on it. You can get it filled at any reliable Drug Store.

Prescription Druggist

109 Lower F St., Salida, Colo.

**KARL SCHMIDT**

**PEOPLE'S MARKET**

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Phone 73 J

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**STANCATO BROTHERS**

*Fine Groceries, Domestic and  
Imported Goods*

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS

140 West First Street

Phone: 308 J 2

*Churcher & Johnson*

*Furniture and  
Floor Coverings*

PHONE 81 J

**MRS. WILLIAMSON  
MAKES  
DRESSES**

John Owen. "Am I not a little pale?"  
Speck McNicol. "No you're a big tub."

*Consider Quality First*

—IN—

**DRY GOODS**

and your second thought  
is bound to be

*Sandusky's*

**SALIDA CREAMERY**

Pure Creamery Butter  
and Ice Cream and Ices

Carefully Selected From Products of the Highest Grade of Dairy Herds

*SWEET AND FRESH*

*Patronize a Growing Home Industry*

*ALBERT R. MILLER*

*Attorney-at-Law*

Hively Block      Salida, Colo.

**MRS. GRACE CHAPMAN**

**PIANO  
LESSONS**

235 W. Sixth

Success comes to him who goes after what the other fellow is "waiting" for.

*Ferndell Brand Food Products*

**ARE HEALTHFUL**

BECAUSE OF ABSOLUTE PURITY

**ENJOYABLE**

BECAUSE OF DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND CLEANLINESS

Try them and you will be satisfied

*BUY THEM AT*

*Hampson Bros. & Valdez*

*SALIDA'S QUALITY FOOD SPECIALISTS*

Phones: 42 J and 167

Salida, Colorado

Jan. 6. Seniors cover entire lesson in  
Physics.

Jan. 7. Seniors' note book full of Mac's  
statistics.

Jan. 8. Lulu beats the mail man home.

Jan. 9. Brilliant Freshies play tennis  
at 2:00 A. M.

Jan. 20. The Seniors design a new cos-  
tume for Minerva.

Jan. 22. Maurer Sisters.

Jan. 24. Freshie boys go joy riding on  
paddy car.

Jan. 25. Third Assembly resembles the  
European battle field. Shot to  
the right of them, shot to the  
left of them, shot behind them,  
cracked and crashed.

Gene Albright

Roy Albright

*The Albright Grocery Co.*

*Fancy and Staple  
Groceries*

115 E. Second St.

AUTO DELIVERY

Phone 188 J

Teacher—"What is water?"

Willie—"A colorless fluid that turns black when you wash your hands."

Ex.

## C. P. CROZER

*Books, Stationery and Notions*  
*CIGARS AND TOBACCO*

120 F Street

Salida, Colorado

NOTARY PUBLIC

INVESTMENTS

## JAMES W. DeWEESE

NOTARY PUBLIC

OFFICE OF THE SALIDA BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

111 East Second St.

Salida, Colorado

## TOM NEVENS

Attorney-  
at-  
Law

## *Jackson Lumber Company*

*A FULL LINE OF  
Builders' Supplies*

F. W. REVOICE, General Agent

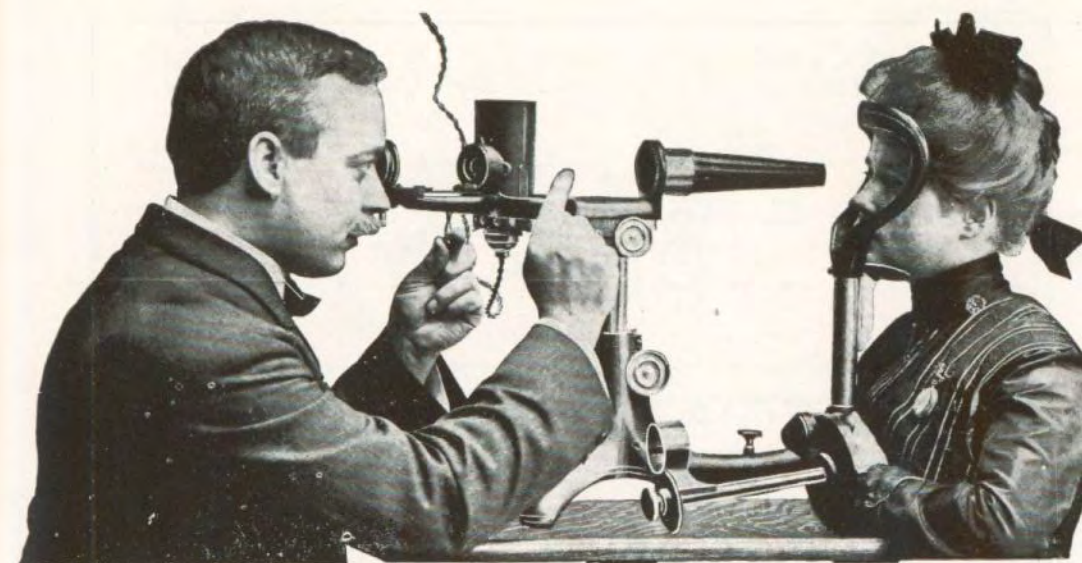
SEE

## HOWARD RHODES, District Agent

For An Endowment Policy in MISSOURI STATE LIFE INS. CO.

St. Elmo Rooms

PHONE 218 J



## MANY FATAL DISEASES

Show their first symptoms in the eye. Our method of fitting glasses is to examine the eye internally, as well as externally, to determine between disease and refractive errors.

*The eyes of every school child* should be examined, that the true condition may be ascertained.

We find the complaints of some children highly imaginary, and due to a very nervous tension. Others have (very clearly) manifested eye troubles which cause a very low acuity of vision. In this case the child should wear glasses constantly.

*Here we wish to call your attention* to the beautiful and artistic gold class pins, furnished the High school graduates the past three years by Bartian Brothers Co., of Rochester, N. Y. It is a recognized fact that this old reliable firm has no equal in the production of calling cards, high grade engraved stationery and fine art jewelry. Call on us or write to them for particulars.

**D. J. KRAMER**  
**JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST**  
SALIDA, COLORADO

Renting of Caps and Gowns to Graduating Classes a Specialty

## E. R. MOORE .. COMPANY ..

Makers of

### COLLEGIATE CAPS, GOWNS AND HOODS

Originators of

MOORE'S OFFICIAL HIGH SCHOOL CAPS AND GOWNS

4014-16 Broadway, Chicago      Distributors to the Salida High School

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Jan. 28. High School Song resurrected.  | Feb. 12. Debaters return. Miss Gillpatrick brings Grace home.     |
| Feb. 2. Delos Welch hails from Colorado Springs.  | Feb. 13. "Soup" loses his happy home.                             |
| Feb. 4. Salida defeats Gunnison in Debate.  | Feb. 14. Sophs exchange valentines. "Soup" reinstated.            |
| Feb. 9. Athletic Association reorganized.   | Feb. 18. Lulu has a heart. Chicken Charley Lip takes a girl home. |
| Feb. 11. Mrs. Tom Terrill sings in chapel. "Captain of Plymouth" afternoon and evening. Leadville wins Debate in Leadville. | Feb. 18. Spelling contest. Senior, Sophomore, Junior, Freshman.   |

## CUSTER & COMPANY

CANON CITY COAL YARD

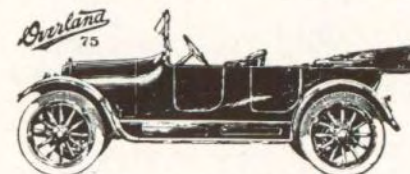
Sell the BEST COAL

West First Street      Phone 308 R 3      Salida, Colorado

- Feb. 19. Thos. Brooks Fletcher.  
Feb. 21. Sophs challenge the world in basketball.

## IDEAL AUTO COMPANY

Guaranteed  
Repairing



Auto  
Livery

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

139-41 West Third Street.

Phone: 29 J

Wm. J. EnEarl

Wholesale and  
Retail

Butcher

Home Made Lard  
AND SAUSAGES

Phone 65

123 F Street      Salida, Colo.

Jewelry and Watches  
at Low Prices

WATCH REPAIRING

H. D. McKELVEY

128 W. 1st.

John H. Owen, Esq.

COUNTY  
TREASURER

BUENA VISTA : : Colorado

ROY WILLIAMS, President

E. R. ALEXANDER, Secretary

The Alexander Mercantile Co.

Fancy Groceries, Cut  
Glass and Chinaware

CALL 40J

SALIDA, COLORADO

131 F Street

- Feb. 22. We honor George Washington. Boys work on track. Girls furnish feed.

## Two Promotions in Four Months

"I am working as stenographer, with some bookkeeping, for the  
—— company. I am in the credit department; took this position on  
the third of April, and since have had two advancements in salary."

(Letter on file in office)

One of the most important advantages in the office field is the  
possibility of rapid promotion. Beginners starting at \$8 and \$10 a week  
are often earning \$15 a week within a year. THIS MEANS AN INCOME  
OF \$720 A YEAR.

Can you think of a better investment than a six to twelve months'  
training at a nominal cost that will bring such returns within a year?

A good business training pays.

New students may enter at any time.

*Barnes*  
*Commercial School*

1620-30 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

Feb. 25. Sophs wallop the High School.  
Feb. 28. Dorothy discovers it's leap year.

## FERRARO & PROVENZA

LATEST STYLES IN MEN'S AND WOMEN'S

### SPRING SUITS

TAILORING WORK OF THE HIGHEST CLASS

PRESSING

CLEANING

*Wallace Schoolfield*

*Attorney-at-Law*

Collins Block. Salida, Colo.

### A STIFF QUESTION

Teacher—Name the three things  
containing starch.

Johnny—Two cuffs and a collar,  
sir.—Cornell Widow.

Miss Anna Sweeny  
**TEACHER OF  
PIANO**

407 E. 2nd St Phone 124 W

GET YOUR FLOWERS FOR  
FOR ALL OCCASIONS  
AT THE

*Salida  
Greenhouse*

436 D St. Phone: 39 J

Lorraine Toilet Preparations, Per-  
fumes, Cold Cream, Powders, Van-  
ishing Cream, Rouge, Eye - brow  
Pencils, Nail Polish.

The powder that won't come off  
during a basket-ball game.

**MRS. O. E. SHEWALTER**

Phone 312 J 1. 425 W. 2nd St.

*Gus Collins'  
Shine Parlor*



117 Lower F Street.

Feb. 29. Superintendent Slattery explains the working of the steam engine.  
Mar. 4. Remembrances of childhood. Senior girls entertain boys at Fay Edwards'.

Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co., Pueblo.

New York Office No. 2 Walker St.

*The  
Crews-Beggs Mercantile  
Company  
A Modern Department Store*

Corner F and Third Sts.


SALIDA, COLORADO

**For Fifty Years Standard**

*REDPATH* In Lyceum Means the Same as *STERLING* On Silver,  
For Standard Attractions, call on or write to

THE REDPATH BUREAU  
LYCEUM AND CHAUTAUQUA  
Electric Building, Denver, Colo.

Mar. 10. Emmett Brown wins spelling contest.  
Mar. 11. Miss Murphy flashes a diamond.



**Your Annual  
Our Specialty**

We mean it—every one of the many annuals we handle is given personal thought, individual attention, and is built to conform with your personal ideas and local conditions

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**Built Complete**

Engraved—Printed—Bound

UNDER

**One Roof—One Management**

Insures you satisfaction. If the completed work is not what it should be—the engraver cannot blame the printer, nor the latter, the engraver. You have

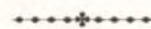
ONLY ONE FIRM TO  
HOLD RESPONSIBLE

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**Brock-Haffner Press**

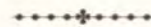
Denver, Colorado

- Mar. 12. Miss Rose Craig sings in chapel.  
 Mar. 17. Dunc parts with his orange tie.  
 Mar. 18. Raggy comes again and leaves a trophy with Grace.  
 Mar. 19. The Physical Geography class plays hide and seek in Castle Garden.  
 Mar. 22. Mr. Tanton studies seed catalogue. Senior girls decide to buy lubricating oil for Dewey's shoes.  
 Mar. 23. Mock trial. Web. found guilty.  
 Mar. 24. Spring vacation begins.  
 Mar. 25. Senior girls serve luncheon to Annual Staff.  
 Mar. 28. Staff celebrates vacation with an all day session.  
 Apr. 1. High School Day.  
 Apr. 3. Dr. Scott of Colorado Springs speaks in chapel.  
 Apr. 4. Seniors ditch Emerson for Daddy Long Legs.  
 Apr. 5. The Annual is going to press.  
 Apr. 6. The Annual was going to press.  
 Apr. 7. The Staff hoped the Annual would go to press.  
 Apr. 8. The Staff despaired.  
 Apr. 9. The Annual has went to press.



**Receipt for Flunks**

Take a string of bluffs, stir in one pound of thin excuses, add a few class parties, sift in a little time for athletic enthusiasm, flavor well with moonlight strolls, boil well, stir before using and serve hot at the end of the term.—Ex.



**Don't Try to Advertise Your Vacuum**

If you haven't anything in your think tank you won't have to tell people about it; they will discover it sooner than you expect. If you haven't any grey matter in the upper story, get busy and burn midnight oil until you develop some.—Ex.

Her pretty cheeks are touched with rouge,  
 Her red lips smack of paint;  
 Alas, I fear the damsel do  
 Be what she ought to ain't.  
 —Pelican.

He failed in Latin, He flunked in Chem;  
 They heard him softly hiss  
 "I'd like to find the man who said  
 That 'Ignorance is Bliss.'"  
 —Ex.

**Get a Transfer**

If you are on the Gloomy Line,  
 Get a transfer;  
 If you're inclined to fret and pine,  
 Get a transfer.  
 Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom,  
 Get on a Sunshine Train, there's room,  
 Get a transfer.

If you are on the Worry Train,  
 Get a transfer,  
 You must not stay there and complain,  
 Get a transfer.  
 The Cheerful Cars are passing through  
 And there's lots of room for you.  
 Get a transfer.

If you are on the Grouchy Track,  
 Get a transfer,  
 Just take a Happy Special back,  
 Get a transfer.  
 Jump on the train and pull the rope,  
 That lands you at the station, Hope,  
 Get a transfer.  
 —The Booster.



Now I lay me down to sleep,  
 Latin and Geometry at my feet.  
 If I live until I wake,  
 Me to the bug house you must take.  
 —Ex.

Following are some replies received by the University of the State of New York in examinations for regents' certificates. Among those who wrote the replies were candidates for teachers' positions, for qualification as law and medical students and for admission to college:

- The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene oil.
- The feminine gender for friar is toastress.
- Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.
- Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.
- The purpose of the skeleton—something to hitch meat to.
- The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off.
- A blizzard is the inside of a hen.
- A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lives.
- A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
- Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.
- The stomach is just south of the ribs.
- The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.
- The government of England is a limited mockery.

.. The ..

**Salida Record**



**CHAFFEE COUNTY'S  
 FOREMOST PAPER**  
 ESTABLISHED 1882

**Job Printing**  
**Our Specialty**

This Annual is a Sample of Our  
 Workmanship

**We Solicit Your Business**  
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