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VOL. V. NO. III.
Dedicated to the
CLASS OF '97.

Published by
THE ATHLETIC CLUB
OF E. C. H. S.
Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

GARDNER-C-TEALL

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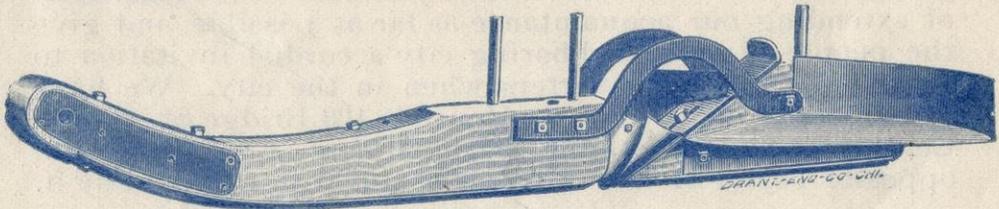
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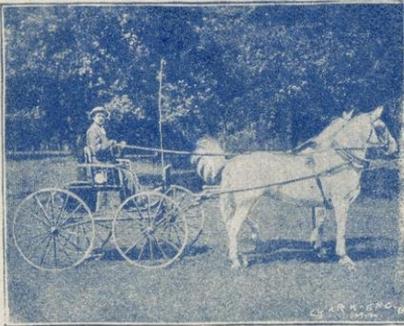
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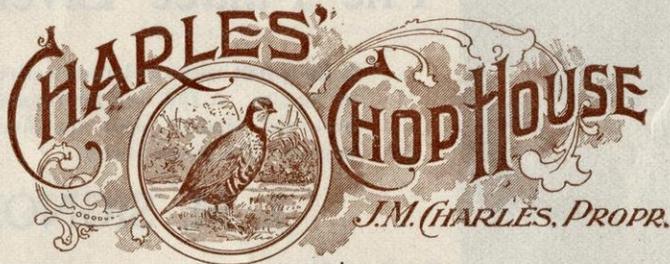
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EDITORS OF THE KODAK.

THE KODAK.

VOL. V.

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN, FEBRUARY, 1899.

NO. III.

AFTER CONSTRUING.

Lord Caesar, when you sternly wrote
The story of your grim campaigns
And watched the ragged smoke wreath float
Above the burning plains,

Amid the impenetrable wood,
Amid the camp's incessant hum,
At eve, beside the tumbling flood
In high Avaricum.

You little reeked, imperious head
When shrilled you're shattering trumpet's noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
By bright-eyed High School boys.

Ah me! who penetrates today
The secrets of your deep designs,
Your sovereign visions as you lay
Amid the sleeping lines?

The Mantuan singer pleading stands
From century to century,
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret, proud,
No smile upon your haggard face;
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
Beneath the statue's base.

I marvel: that Titanic heart
Beats strongly through the arid page,
And we, self-conscious sons of art,
In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revelers stumbling out,
Upon the still and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
As swims across our sight.

The ray of that sequestered sun,
Far in the illimitable blue,—
The dream of all you left undone,
Of all you dared to do.

—ADAPTED.

CLASS OF '97.

NATIONS LIVE and perish; empires rise and fall, and as Time rolls on, their former existence becomes but a chronicled fact in history. Nothing remains to their posterity save the glowing accounts of the lives, and achievements of their greatest men, of the victories and defeats of their forces.

Not indifferently runs the history of the average High School class. It enters and leaves, and the record of its trials and triumphs, pass as a legacy into the hands of its successors. '97 was launched into existence during the fall of 1893. As was natural to a new and unsophisticated class our manners and actions were at once made the mark for ridicule and comment. Well do we remember the incidents associated with our entering days. How timidly we ascended the broad inviting stairs, accosted ere we com-

pleted the ascent by the cordial greeting of '96, whose over-kindly disposition manifested itself in an eager willingness to direct us to some remote and lonely chamber.

Our initial entrance into the main room was the most orderly of which we can boast. Mechanically we dropped into the nearest seats available huddling together like a foreign species liberated in a strange and unfamiliar land, being in the meanwhile most unmercifully scrutinized by all eyes.

Great indeed became our confusion when for the first time we sought our class rooms. Mid the soothing strains of the piano we followed the line of march through hall, down the stairway, around the corner to where,—the last note of music died in an echo, the last retreating figures vanished behind a closing door and the silence of a tomb stole through the hallway. We were lost and utterly helpless. Like a weary traveller, alone and forsaken on the broad and vast expanse of a barren desert, we knew not which way to turn. Each looked to the other for aid, but each was as helpless as the other.

As Freshmen our lives were not entirely devoid of the thrilling incidents which that unfortunate being invariably experiences. Visions of the Black Hole and its awful darkness still come back vividly to us. Our first rhetorical day in the main room will never be forgotten. How helplessly yet clearly did we demonstrate to that vast assemblage the laws of vibratory forces. Our Sophomore days were as crowded with excitement as were our Freshmen days with woe. The Black Hole became the scene of many a desperate struggle. With fiendish delight we dragged our trembling victim to that gloomy dungeon but suddenly amid the din and tumult of Sophomore exultation there appeared the respectful person of our worthy professor. The tumult ceased; the surging struggling mass disentangled itself and hazing thereafter became a rare occurrence. When as Seniors we reached our zenith and gained the much coveted goal of the back seats, we realized for the first time that the happiest and brightest of school days were rapidly drawing to a close. Class meetings were of almost daily occurrence. Orations were written, but the public was spared the torture of hearing these lengthly discourses as had been the custom formerly. Our class day exercise was the revival of a cherished custom which

the class of the previous year had indifferently set aside. While '97 seeks not to lessen the glory of other classes, it will not be so vain as to boast of its own unparalleled record. Its scattered forces, as nearly as possible have been located as follows:

FRED D. BROWN, President, '97 is now pursuing a course in mechanical engineering at Cornell.

JAMES WATERBURY after attending the Normal, is now a professor at Weyerhauser. Has had some valuable experience in dealing with School Boards, but we are pleased to note that he has come out ahead.

SUSIE STRANG is engaged in giving music lessons to her numerous pupils. During her Senior year Susie made very noticeable progress, especially towards the front seats.

JULIA JOHNSON is now occupying a position in Smith Bros. Crockery Store, and thinks it much easier to see through china than German.

OLAF ROSTAD is busily engaged in his favorite work of draughting, and devotes considerable time pondering over trigonometry.

FRANCIS HART is at present attending Stevens Point Normal. We always regarded it a case of Hart failure when Francis flunked in recitations.

GEO. SCHROEDER is teaching at Fall Creek and has the honor of possessing a model school. Geo. was quite popular at school, being the Democratic candidate for Governor, and the fact of being a Democrat, alone caused his defeat.

AMBROSE MABBUTT is teaching at Badger Mills. Was editor of the KODAK in his Senior year.

TILLA GILBERTSON is teaching in the city and finds it much pleasanter than her previous work in the country.

ALBERT STEINFELDT after a temporary stay in Dr. Hayes' office, has accepted a position in the National Bank, in the capacity of collector.

GLEN TYLER since graduating has been instructing the younger idea how to shoot. Glen though rather quiet in school, made himself known at rigid and severe "quizzes."

WILL SMITH will graduate from Stevens Point Normal this year Will has given the languages a special study. Last year he was elected captain of the Normal basket-ball team.

JOSEPHINE KELLY completes her course at the Milwaukee Normal this June. Joe prepared dainty lunches for recess, but frequently they were found missing and her nearest neighbors suffered in consequence.

LIDA AHNEMAN is in Dr. French's office. Groans and fainting spells are no longer common.

MARY McDONOUGH took up a post-graduate course last year, but at present is devoting her time to music.

HELEN DEMING is engaged in one of our city schools, and though the rod is spared the child is not spoiled as her pupils are governed by the power of speech.

CORA MAYO is also teaching and has been very successful. She contemplates beginning a course at the Normal next fall.

GERTIE DONALDSON owing to ill-health has found it necessary to seek the climate of Western states, and as soon as consistent, with restored health, will enter the Normal.

WILL CAMERON, after a successful campaign against the Spaniards during the late war, has accepted a position in the National Bank. Will was the only one of '97 who enlisted.

MINNIE McDONOUGH has lately been dangerously ill, but is rapidly convalescing. As soon as she has sufficiently recovered she will resume her duties as teacher in the Thorpe school.

DAYLA ROTHSTEIN has acted as substitute during Minnie McDonough's illness, and has met with gratifying success. Dayla also warmly advocated "Woman's Rights" and still retains progressive ideas.

CHARLOTTE GRAY thus far, is the only member of '97 who has entered into the blissful realms of matrimonial life. We sincerely assure her that she has the best wishes of '97 for a long and happy future.

GRACE CERNAGHAN since her graduation has been one of Hayward's most popular and successful teachers.

DELOS MOON is attending an Eastern college preparatory to entering Yale.

EARL HALL whom '97 looked forward to as its ecclesiastical representative, has seen fit to disappoint us, as he is at present studying medicine at Minneapolis.

MAMIE JOHNSON is engaged in teaching, and thoroughly enjoys her work, which evidently accounts for her success.

BESSIE WRIGHT has been very successful in her work of teaching and bids fair to become one of Wisconsin's foremost educators.

EMMMA SKATVOLD the smallest member of '97 regardless of her stature, continues to make the unruly individual quake within his shoes. Emma's convincing arguments were seldom disputed.

GERTIE HAINER after a year's sojourn in the rural districts, has been honored by a position in the city. Gertie evidently still upholds her doctrine of "Woman's Rights" which invariably was the subject of her paper on rhetorical day. A. M. '97.

LITERARY.

TO AN IDEA.

Born of anguish and despair,
Guarded with the tenderest care,
And nourished at the breast of love
Till grown full strong; like Noah's dove,
Thou leadst us to a higher plane
Where God's rays kiss the sands again.

A SCHOOL POET.

A MOUNTAIN SECRET.



SECLUDED and peaceful was that Valley in the Rockies—quiet, also, save for the rushing of a creek. Near the creek, a cabin, invisible now—it is before daylight. The door of the cabin opens softly and a boy steals out. He makes his way to the creek and sits down, leaning his head against a tree. He is unhappy, but there is that in such a time and place that makes unhappiness beautiful. The mountains are dark, inscrutable masses. The mystery of them awes him but he is in a mood where awe is welcome. The valley is so still that the rushing water seems to accentuate, rather than break in upon the stillness. He takes deep breaths of the delicious air and puts one arm between his head and the tree. At length the stars grow dim, the mountains less inscrutable; then the sun kisses the snowy summit of the Peak, which blushes red; then the sun-light creeps down the mountain sides and the valley holds its breath in expectation, until bathed in a soft brilliancy of light, its sigh is heard in a noisier creek; in the rustling of the pine trees and the notes of half a dozen birds.

The boy stood up—a manly height, indeed;—he shook the waves of brown hair back from his forehead. "Thank God," he thought, "that I came to Colorado. On the flat, lonesome plains of Texas, my grief would have been unendurable."

"What are you thinking about?" called a cheery voice from the door of the cabin.

"Oh, nothing," the boy replied.

"Oh, yes, you are!" cried the other—a little man, short and thick set, though not fleshy. His hair and beard were iron gray—his black eyes sparkling. "I know what you are thinking about!" and he began singing:

"Thou art lost and gone forever
O My Darling Clementine!"

"Tom!" cried the boy—Ralph, "Stop!" There

was a look in the boy's eyes which irritated the little man

"Oh, you make me tired," he said, getting up before daylight and mooning around for a girl that's jilted you. Why don't you brace up and be a man?"

"Tom!" said the boy, "I have tried to explain to you but you don't understand. If it were anything but this I should scorn to accept defeat at the hands of fate, but Lucy was so woven into the fabric of my ambitions, that when she is gone from me, forever, my life can be nothing but threadbare. I'll live with you and work with you and be, as always, your good friend, but do not expect me to be ambitious. Look," he said, "Isn't the old peak fine in the sunlight?"

Tom didn't look at the peak. He said: "Come on in; we'll get breakfast."

These two had a curious history. They were not ordinary miners

Ralph's story started with a love affair—not a school-boy attachment, but one of those deep, sympathetic loves which sometimes come to sanctify youth; he had no mother and all the love his mother would have received went to little Lucy Hill. They had grown up together almost from boyhood, and together they went through the grades and three years of the High School. He worshipped her; she idolized him; they had confided to each other their ambitions—she was to be a great musician; he an artist, and they were going to work out their careers together. After their mutual confession of love, one autumn afternoon when he took her passionately in his arms and kissed her, the bond which united them was sealed. Then Ralph's father died and the boy found himself penniless. In a wild fit of impulsiveness, he bade farewell to his school girl sweetheart and left for the mystic West. For a while he was a cow-boy but he soon tired of that reckless, aimless life. He went to Denver and thence to the mountains where he wandered from one mining camp to another. In one of the latter he met Tom.

Thomas J. Lindsey, as he was known "back East" had come to Colorado fifteen years before to seek his fortune. He lingered on, finding only enough gold to vouchsafe him a decent living. Bit by bit the ties which bound him to Eastern home and friends, gave way. Being a great student he decided he could study here as anywhere and became a mountain fossil; studying, writing a bit and tramping over the hills for gold. But as he grew older he craved human companionship. His hermit life became odious to him; he haunted the camps, gambled and

letters ceased coming. They had cheered his exile from her and now, when continued bad luck made him more dependent upon them, they ceased. He wrote and waited and wrote again, and at length came an announcement, she was married. For weeks he lay ill of a fever, tenderly nursed by Tom. Gradually he regained his health, but his cheerfulness, his ambitions—these, it seems, were forever lost. Tom was dumbfounded at the change, but did all in his power to arouse the boy's dormant energy. He was always joyful and light-hearted and only seldom did he lose his patience as he did this morning.

On this day, as usual, they went prospecting. But Ralph was silent. Tom's morning speech had cut him deeply; he never would be a man—only a useless, broken-hearted thing. The lead upon which they were working was promising but it awoke no enthusiasm in him; he labored on indifferently. Toward the end of the afternoon they hastened home to escape an impending storm.

Their evening meal was eaten in silence. Outside a thunder-storm was raging. Ralph lighted the lamp and then settled himself to read aloud, as was his custom, in the evening. They were reading Balzac and the hopelessness of "The Magic Skin" suited the boy's mood exactly. He read for half an hour, when the storm grew so uproarious that Tom could not hear, so they resorted to Chess. The grand old game was a favorite with both and many a fight they fought on the checkered battle-field. When absorbed in the game, Ralph forgot everything but its fascination, and tonight he played with unusual skill. He was working up a splendid attack, his color was rising, his pulse grew excited.

"Check!" he cried, exultantly, when, as an end to a deep-laid plan, he placed both king and queen in danger.

Just then two horses came galloping up to the door through the madness of the storm. One rider jumped down and knocked sharply on the door. Tom opened it.

"My daughter and I would like shelter 'till the storm is abated," said a shadowy man.

"Why come in, of course!" cried Tom. The man helped his companion to dismount when suddenly the miner was seized by an inexplicable intuition.

"Go back! Go back!" he cried, fiercely, "You can't come in here! Go back!" and he pushed the man away from the door. The lightning flashed and a terrific clap of thunder followed. The girl clung to her father's arm.

"We must come in," said the man, "for my daughter's sake let us in."

Tom cried out again in his high-pitched voice: "Go back! I will not let you in!" Then Ralph, suddenly apprehending matters, sprang forward.

"Are you crazy, Tom?" he cried. "Let the people in."

"Never: They shall not take you and make my life a hell!" "Get back!" he cried again to the strangers. Then he threw Ralph on the floor and slammed the door with fearful crash, leaving father and daughter in the storm. But in an instant Ralph was on his feet.

"You get back there in the corner!" he cried to Tom. "Go on, you villainous boor!" and he picked Tom up and set him on his bunk, rushed to the door and had the strangers inside in a minute, while Tom sat back, dazed. The girl's face was white with fear as she clung to her father.

"We shall go on shortly," said the man, "Only this tempest would have made me force ourselves upon such unwilling hospitality."

"Oh, that's all right," Ralph said, "My partner's not himself tonight. I apologize for him." As he spoke he glanced at the man's face. He started, turned pale and quickly directed a keen, trembling glance at the girl.

"Lucy!" he cried.

"Ralph!"

He caught her in his arms and held her. The storm raged on. Tom still sat on the bunk. Lucy's father stood by, hardly realizing what had happened.

"How you have changed dearest," he whispered loath to release her, yet doing so to see her better, "And still you are the same. Your beautiful hair was in long braids when we parted, "he said stroking the light tresses. She said nothing, but looked up at him, her soul in her eyes.

A slight delicate girl, Lucy Hill. Her face was rosy now but, ah! How long it had been pale!

Suddenly as they looked into each others eyes, both cried:

"Why did you stop writing?" a look of astonishment came into both faces.

"I did it! cried Tom, struggling to his feet, as white as death, "I may as well tell. I kept all the letters myself. I have 'em now. I went to the printer's and had printed a fake marriage announcement to deceive Ralph —"

"Tom!" exclaimed the boy, in a voice of anger, "How dare you!" His temper got away with him; he made a rush for the miner, upsetting the chess-board and scattering the men. Mr. Hill interfered.

"Ralph, my boy, be quiet," he said, let your friend explain.

"Friend!" cried Ralph, scornfully.

"Yes, friend," said Tom speaking in a low voice, full of emotion. "I doubt if this young lady loves you as I do. If you have suffered, I have suffered ten-fold. You came into my life as a ray of sunshine; the thought of your leaving me was worse than the thought of death. How I loved you! Every day I

was fast losing himself in the meshes of dissipation when Ralph appeared on his narrowing horizon.

The two took to each other at once. To the miner, Ralph, a cheery ambitious boy, was a delightful breath from civilization. To Ralph, the miner, a kind, fatherly man, was an angel in disguise, offering him, as he did, a bunk in his cabin and a place at his table. Daily they prospected together; the boy toiled indefatigably. The miner grew fonder of his young companion, until he loved him as a son. But never did they strike a shine of gold.

Then came Ralph's misfortune: Lucy's bright would be tormented by the fear that we would strike it rich and you would go away. I lead you purposely to barren diggings; I intercepted your correspondence—I was jealous of your sweetheart—I got up the marriage notice. I argued that being young, you would soon forget and then you would be mine! How can you blame me? My life was a hell before you came; just digging and rotting away; no one to love, no one to care for me when I was sick. But when I saw how your suffering was killing all that was best in you, my guilty conscience turned on me, and, although I tried to be cheerful always, although I struggled to make you happy, my secret, a red-hot iron, pressed against my heart. Now all is over. I'll show you some good prospects tomorrow. Then you can go away and leave me—leave me—to die!" His voice broke and he fell to his knees, sobbing,

Lucy, her eyes wet with tears, put her hand on the poor man's head. "Tom," her voice was soft, "I forgive you and so does Ralph."

"Yes, Tom, so do I," Ralph said.

"You have lived too long in these mountains," the girl went on, "they are grand, but oh, so lonely. You shall come abroad with Ralph and me."

"No, no," the old man sobbed:

"Oh, yes," Lucy repeated and then "Ralph!" she cried, "All our old plans, do you remember?"

"Could I forget?" he asked.

"You spoke of some prospects," said Mr. Hill to Tom, "I own a mine just over the range—my daughter and I have just been visiting it. If you have some good claims I shall be only too glad to look into them. I have great confidence in the mineral wealth of this country."

Thereupon Tom quite recovered and described his prospects to Mr. Hill, while Ralph and Lucy spoke together in low tones. At length father and daughter left for the little mining town, six miles away and promised to ride up in the morning.

Tom and Ralph talked on until it again grew into a beautiful mountain day. Ralph could not but compare this morning with yesterday. Was this the same Valley?

Suddenly Tom caught sight of the scattered

chess-men. "Too bad you spilled 'em" he said, "We might have finished the game."

"Oh, no matter," cried Ralph with his old, gay laugh, "I had you beaten anyway."

G. D. G. '98.

"LOS FOSSOS."

"A gentleman, sir."

The person to whom these words were spoken sat at a massive mahogany desk in the corner of a luxuriously furnished room. On hearing himself thus addressed he raised his head and with a graceful movement, uncommon in a man of his age, he removed his glasses and swung round in his chair.

"His card?" he remarked as he ran his hand through his crisp, iron grey hair.

"The gentleman had no card but he gave his name as Kill von Kull, sir."

"Kill von Kull? Ah! yes. I expected him. His arrival is timely indeed," remarked the elderly man. "Show him in."

So Kill von Kull had arrived! Richard Guilan, was no man's fool. He was not the man to give unless the return unto his own coffers was assured. For instance, when Kill von Kull came to him in a miserable condition he not only gave him a position in the establishment of "Picket & Guilan, Shipbuilders," but he also advanced him a good round sum which enabled Kill von Kull to keep his family from want. Insomuch was Richard Guilan generous. Little did Kill von Kull know about his benefactor, but Guilan knew and years had shown that he had not forgotten. The facts passed before his mind's eye as views in a kaleidoscope. It was in the winter of '49 when he left his home in Western Massachusetts in company with his companion Leo Punch and a short, stout, jocular fellow known as Kill von Kull. Guilan was known as Jim Lewis in those days; but Sims was his real name. The party was bound for California and they were going to try their luck with the gold hunters. Punch was married but the others were free from care, rollicking fellows—fellows who could endure with impunity the hardships in store for them. Kill von Kull, however, had been a rival of Punch's and therefore had no surplus of kindly feeling for him. Punch on the other hand was not particularly fond of von Kull. Their business with one another was carried on in a matter-of-course fashion but oftentimes this ill feeling made itself apparent in outbursts of temper when it required all of Jim Sims' skill as a peacemaker to maintain harmony in the party. After a long siege of hardships this party reached Fool's Gully. One memorable day of the week following their arrival Jim Lewis and Kill von Kull were seated at a table in Gill's Tavern, engrossed in a spirited game of cards.

It so happened that they were the sole occupants of the room until Punch, inflamed with liquor, wandered in and stumped toward the players.

"See here, Kull, von Kull, fool Kull you Scotch tenderfoot, jump up there and give me a hand with Sims, I'll just"—he exclaimed with a flourish of his right arm.

"Keep away Punch" remarked Lewis, "until we finish the game."

Angered by this reply, Punch drew his pistol, but Kill von Kull anticipating his purpose, was a second too soon, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Punch lay upon the floor dead. For fully five minutes neither spoke. Kill von Kull remained as quiet as a statue while Jim Sims turned round in his chair and stared at the ghastly countenance of the man upon the floor.

It was the work of only a few moments to dispose of Punch's body, and no one in Fool's Gully, save Kill von Kull and his boon companion knew of his death.

These ghastly reveries of Richard Guillan were suddenly cut short by the sound of footsteps in the hall and in a moment a man stood before him. It was Kill von Kull.

"At last Mr. Kull, you are here," he remarked, motioning the visitor to a chair.

"Sure, Mr. Guillan I got your note this morning."

"Exactly, I have a little business with you, I believe." Then giving his visitor a piercing glance, he remarked majestically, "You were one of a party of three who went to Fool's Gully, Colorado, in the spring of '49."

Kill von Kull started, changed his position and nervously and spasmodically rapped the arm of his chair.

"Sure, I was. There was —" "Just so. As you were about to inform me the party consisted of three gentlemen, Jim Sims, Leo Punch and yourself."

"Sure, that's right, and beastly luck we had at Fool's Gully, too. But —"

"Have you ever heard of Sims since your return from the Gully?" asked Guillan carelessly when Kill von Kull had apparently recovered his self-control.

"Jim Sims?" No, the Lord knows where Jim is. Jim was a cunning sort of a man. Suppose he takes the world kind of easy-like. It is twenty years since I saw Jim."

"Ha! Ha! Mr. Kull, so you think that Jim Sims takes the world kind of easy-like."

"Maybe you know him, Sir," asked the visitor curiously.

"So I do, but first I want to ask you, Mr. Kull what became of Leo Punch. Leo disappeared so suddenly. There was a rumor abroad that he went to Mexico."

The visitor rapped the arm of his chair nervously and sought to avert the gaze of Guillan's keen eyes.

"Leo—Leo Punch, sure Leo went to Mexico. He was sort of reckless like and our haul at Fool's Gully was not big enough for him. Leo always 'pears hard to suit, whining about one thing or another."

Guillan looked pensively up at the ceiling. It was some moments before he spoke. "Now, Mr. Kull, it might surprise you if I told you that my name is Sims. But such it is. My name is Jim Sims, but here I am known as Richard Guillan."

"By all the luck of Fool's Gully, what'll happen next. Let's shake your paw, Jim. Sure you are quite a man now. You have risen high in this here world. By the saints of the Gully, you are Sims, Jim Sims' eyes, Jim's high-toned air. But you have changed some, pard."

The information had a miraculous effect on Kill von Kull. He threw off his envelope of self-reserve. And why not? This was Jim's house and Jim was his friend. He looked with admiration at Guillan. He looked around the room with complacency, at the elegance of its surroundings, at its costly pictures and garniture.

"You always was high-toned Jim," he remarked quietly. He was puzzled. Wasn't Jim glad to see him?

"Sure, these things have sort of turned his head, this finery and eighteen carat style," he thought.

"You are married now, I believe Mr. Kull" said Richard Guillan in such a distant manner that his visitor actually felt a chill creeping over his body. How strange that "Mr." sounded.

"Sure, sure—"

"And to Leo Punch's wife."

Kill von Kull frowned.

"Don't talk of Leo Punch," he said pleadingly.

"Just so, Leo's name evidently grinds on your nerves Kill von Kull and for a good reason too," he returned coldly. But don't let it trouble you, for you have a secret safe with me—on one condition. Step into this room please. It is of this condition that I wish to speak."

With an embarrassment that surprised even Guillan himself, the visitor rose awkwardly from his chair.

* * * * *

It was a week after Kill von Kull's interview with Guillan, that the city of Rumford was sorely stricken and within a week fourteen citizens had become afflicted and died of a mysterious malady. It was the opinion of some that it was paralysis of the brain, the result of sunstroke. A curious fact was that every person was stricken directly in front of a large dilapidated building known as "Los Fossos." How it had received that name no one knew—certainly not even its owner, Richard Guillan. It's ancient tower and belfry indicated that it had formerly been used as a church and strange to say although

Victor Bicycles. Our latest addition. We couldn't help it. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.

it occupied a valuable lot on the principal business street of Rumford, it had never been removed and rumor had it that Richard Guillan on account of some superstition refused to allow it to pass out of his hands. It may have been mere coincidence that every victim was stricken as he passed this battered moss-be-decked structure but certain it was Guillan's business partner, Mr. Pickett, a man of influence in Rumford while hurrying to his office directly after dinner on Tuesday of that fatal week just as he reached "Los Fossos" was seen to stagger and drop dead. The death was attributed to heart disease from which Mr. Pickett was known to be a sufferer. Dr. Chantam proved to be the next victim and his death also was caused, the examining physician said by an acute disease of the heart. Toward the close of the same day, the mayor of the city, Max Monat, Richard Guillan's successful rival in the last campaign was walking with his wife and just as they passed grim old "Los Fossos" they were both stricken dead in view of passers-by on the opposite side of the street. The coroner's jury found death to have been caused by sunstroke. And so it went on through all the week until Rumford had by this mysterious agency been deprived of nearly a score of its prominent citizens.

Superstition enveloped old "Los Fossos." No one ventured near it; everyone passed on the opposite side of the street.

"That's Fossos, aint it pa," queried an embryo citizen of Rumford as he trudged along by the side of his father and pointed to it in childish wonderment. "Nanny told me there's ghostesses in Fossos. There is, aint there pa?" A shiver passed through the man's frame. His son looked with wonder. "You aint afraid of ghostesses, are you pa?"

"No child, but Willie mustn't talk of Fossos. We are going to Uncle Richard's house now."

"He is my new uncle, aint it so pa, what's just come home" said the child as they passed into Rumford Avenue. Over yonder was Richard Guillan's princely dwelling and thither man and child bent their steps. The child gazed in open eyed astonishment at what he termed was "Just like Nanny's fairy book." He watched his father as he rang the bell and soon the servant opened the massive door of Richard Guillan's residence. They passed into the house. Mr. Guillan was sitting at his desk. He wheeled around in his chair as they entered. The child's plump figure caught his eye.

"So this is your son. This is Willie."

"Yes," returned Kill von Kull "My child this is your new uncle, Uncle Richard."

"Uncle Richard what has just come home," said the child as he walked fearlessly to Guillan's desk.

"As an extra reward for the little service you have rendered me I have made an ample provision

for him—your son in my will. No doubt you are glad to hear that," he said sharply.

"Sure, Sims, you are very good. It is too much for my little service."

Something in the man's tone caused Guillan to turn around hastily.

"Your work has been capitally done so far. My little invention is perfect is it not Kull?"

"Sure," replied the man moodily. "It has never failed to do its work in "Los Fossos."

"Your work is over at least for the present and several people, fourteen I believe, Mr. Kull, whose existence I could not endure are gone."

Guillan gave Kill von Kull a diabolical glance.

"And you shall be amply repaid. I have raised you to the highest position in my power. Your son here" he added pointing to Willie who had not yet succeeded in climbing into that tall chair. "Your son shall be well taken care of. I have also remembered your wife in my will."

A smile flitted over the visitor's countenance though it lingered but a moment. "By the way, Kull as there is no prospect of doing more, at least for the present I will be at Los Fossos on next Monday night. Confound it, it is shaky business for me to venture in that neighborhood but I must do it. I must see that my precious 'sunstroke' is properly packed. As I have an appointment at eleven o'clock I will dismiss you now, but remember to be at Los Fossos on the night I stated. Good day."

Monday night was raw and chilly. The wind whistled shrilly. Everything was enveloped in a cloak of inky darkness, except for the feeble light given out by the street lamps which were scattered at long intervals through the straggling streets of Rumford. "Los Fossos" withstood the wind bravely in spite of its age. It uttered a creaky sound now and then to show that no flag of truce was forthcoming from the venerable warrior. When the wind had seemingly wasted its energies and the storm begun to abate "Los Fossos" uttered a groan louder than usual. This surely was not caused by its enemy the gale. It was a man and the creaking of the stairs told that he was climbing the stairs which led to the belfry. Kill von Kull was prompt. He struck a light and lit a lantern. There in the direct face of its rays stood Richard Guillan's "sunstroke" as he called it. It was a cannon-like apparatus and it pointed downward its muzzle being inserted in a hole in the belfry floor. The belfry projected a considerable distance over the sidewalk. To the apparatus was attached a battery. Kill von Kull threw off his cap and overcoat, and taking from the table a long slender needle he dipped it into a liquid contained in a braker on the shelf in the opposite corner and inserted it into a small cavity in the "sunstroke."

The sound of footsteps in the darkened street

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caught his attention. He raised his lantern to the belfry door and looked out. Sure enough, Richard Guillan was approaching. Kull trembled. Guillan came nearer. The next moment he was directly under the mouth of the "sunstroke" and at the same instant the man in the belfry touched a button on the table. A groan of agony issued from the street and the man knew that Richard Guillan was dead.

The dawn of day revealed another victim of the nameless malady. This time it was Richard Guillan. He was found lying in the shadow of "Los Fossos," his ghastly face turned and his right hand pointed upward. The chief of police ordered an investigation of "Los Fossos." Three men entered the grim building and when they climbed the creaking stairs and reached the belfry, a sight which they have never since forgotten met their eyes. The contents of the room were scattered in the utmost confusion, and in the midst of the chaos lay Kill von Kull, dead.

H. H.

ON THE OVER USE OF "SWELL."

The use of the word "swell" as an adjective to designate a person or thing as possessing superlative merit has grown pernicious. Pernicious is a strong word but the promiscuous use of such a weak, inane and perfectly foppish term deserves it. When it is used by silly school girls in describing everything from the beauties of "Cyrano de Bergerac" to the color of a little tan dog's tail; when every thoughtless adulated boy adds it to his list of superlatives; when it has become so hackneyed and bandied about that mature men and women use it without license, it is time that it was relegated to the shelf along with "divine," "perfectly grand" and that most overloaded of all colloquialisms, "awfully."

It might be profitable to inquire into the origin of a word which by reason of the over attention of its thoughtless friends has lately reached a widespread and most undeserved popularity. The three leading dictionaries, the Century, the Standard and Webster's International agree in designating the use of "swell" when it means showy, dandified, elegant as slang or colloquial. Without further search this prohibits its use to persons of discrimination, refinement or literary perception. But again they all agree in defining it as used to describe a thing as having an air of affected importance, as being showy, dandified, ultra-fashionable. By this it would seem that "swell" carried with it an idea of reproach, at least to all persons of good sense.

Still as many another word innocent and unoffending in itself it has become one of the foibles of insipid frivolity. It has grown to be the partly envious, partly emulative expression of a lower class, self-recognized, for a gilded false and self-important

aristocracy which exists only in the diseased imagination of these purblindlings. It is undoubtedly true, however, that "swell" is often used by well-intentioned persons, who not aware of the disgusting effect it produces in the minds of all lovers of good English, use it thoughtlessly and indiscriminately.

"SELF GOVERNMENT."

Quite too often we find the student who regards his school work as a game in which the goal to be reached is the pass mark or if he be ambitious some higher grade. We believe there is no harm in playing such a game but that it is highly desirable for us all to recognize the true end of our education and the methods which help to bring about the desired result.

What is the true aim? Is it the acquisition of facts? We believe that such an acquisition is very necessary as a basis for our thoughts but it is certainly not of the most importance. It is well known that ten years after graduation the mass of the information gained in the school room is forgotten. The physician constantly acquires knowledge in the science of medicine but he forgets his Latin conjugations and does not care to be questioned concerning the theory of quadratics. The engineer retains his mathematics but is not apt to give you much information along the lines of botany, rhetoric, pedagogy. Thus we might go on through the list of professions. If the acquisition of knowledge is not the most important end of education what is?

We believe that the true aim of education should be the development of character or otherwise stated the acquisition of the best mental and moral habits. The boy or girl who has not acquired the habit of being absolutely honest in all things has received but a faulty education. The habit of being temperate in all things is indispensable to a true education. 'T were far better for the boy who learns while at school to smoke cigarettes, to gamble or indulge in similar vices had he grown up unable to write his own name but with staunch moral principles. The habit of industry and close application to business is one quite necessary for a successful career. The man who thinks and also has self control enough to concentrate his mind at will upon any object he desires has made much progress in an educational way. Any form of education which permits idleness or loose thinking is a detriment rather than a benefit.

Will the system of self-government which we have recently introduced into our High School aid us in getting the right kind of an education? Certainly nothing can be better designed to bring out the honor that is in a boy or girl. Who cares to have his fellow students consider him a sneak which they do if he does not conduct himself as he should when left so entirely

Bicycle Bells. The kind that ring. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.

upon his honor? Then one of the ways of being sure that our conduct is what it should be is application to our own business and by that we gain in the power of concentration. Placed under this system the student should feel responsibility resting upon him, should learn to recognize the rights of others and restrain himself when his personal desires conflict with those rights.

W. D. T.

A GLIMPSE OF A GREAT ACTOR.



IT IS nearly midnight on an evening in the late autumn. The air is cold and bracing. Scene: The entrance to a dark alley on a side street in the great Western metropolis. With the exception of a cab with its solitary Jehu waiting at the curb, the streets are deserted. For thirty minutes past figures at the rate of one a minute have emerged from a light hole in the otherwise abysmal darkness of the alley. Looking neither to the right nor left they have hurried onward, all seemingly with the thought of a cheery fire ahead. The cabman stamps his feet, peering expectantly down the alley to where a solitary incandescent marks the stage entrance to the Grand Opera House. At last his face lights up, he climbs onto his box, pulls open the door of the hansom, grasps his reins and awaits. A man enveloped in a dark coat steps into the light and with a spring in the waiting carriage.

Saturday night finds Richard Mansfield, nearly exhausted from his unwonted labors as "Jekyll and Hyde." Still even in repose here is a face, a personality; commanding, reserved; kindly, austere; modest, conceited; a seeming paradox. Men may criticise, censure, ridicule, but attention and respect are forced; one cannot ignore.

Here is a face men would not call handsome, nor women pretty. He is not a matinee girls' idol. A high, intellectual almost spirituelle forehead, eyes piercing and ever alert; eyebrows not heavy but firm; nose not pronounced though Roman, well moulded; but in his mouth and lower jaw—there lies his power; will, indomitable and overmastering.

We are looking now upon Napoleon, great, brilliant; now upon Nero, cruel, merciless, conceited; now upon Dimmesdale and Jekyll, weak, tottering, imbecile; now upon Brummell, dandified, arrogant, proud; now upon Bluntschli and Prince Karl, flip-pant, overbearing; now upon Dudgeon, egoist, atheist, true-hearted, loyal, and last over and above them all shines the bewildering, consummate Cyrano.

Thus is Mansfield, the personification of will, energy, art and genius which is work.

DOGGEREL.

BY A FRESHMAN.

I must be a very fresh Freshman,
For they all do stare at me so,
Till it seems as if all the big 'sembly room
Is full of a numerous foe.

And once when I did but whisper
To my neighbor across the aisle,
I was rebuked by a lady instanter
Who said: "Please behave for awhile."

I didn't think it was so bad to occasionally whisper,
Or even to laugh or to grin,
But I'm beginning to think that "Ye High School
morals,"
Are worse than I've ever been in.

BY A SOPHOMORE.

When Christmas morn dawns bright and clear,
The happiest morning of the year;
When the church bells all are ringing,
When the trees no longer brown and sear,
Are decked with glistening crystals clear.

And when vacation time is near,
We'll be green freshmen no more,
And we shall all be grinning
For in the hall through the open door,
Will be pale meek freshmen score on score,
Who'll be just beginning.

On their faces there will be,
A look we all delight to see,
A look, so anxious and so meek,
Afraid to move, afraid to speak,
They'll sit and tremble in their boots,
Amid derisive shouts and hoots.

BY A SENIOR.

Once upon a Monday blue
Came the Litaturists flying,
Came the students all so true,
Every one the teacher eyeing.

They had read their lesson through
Knew by heart each line and letter,
But alas! They found it true,
That they should have known it better.

"Who can tell me what I read
Yesterday," the teacher queried.
As he spoke they bowed their heads
They had all felt very wearied.

My! They all looked sore dismayed,
'Neath the teacher's gaze they lingered,
Only one his eyelids raised
While the rest their thumb nails fingered.

"He who tells me but one thing,
Tells it out without complaining
Wins my honor and esteem
And may leave his classmates, reigning."

Up spake one, clear and bolden,
Spoke at length with breath to spare,
And we thought his language golden
For the sage's thoughts were there.

In this way he won his laurels,
And we met our Waterloo,
But resolved for the tomorrows
Bids us hide our purpose true.

They make the Night as Daylight—Our Bicycle Lamps. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.

THE KODAK.

Published Bi-Monthly

During the School Year by Editors chosen by the Athletic Club of the

EAU CLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL

As the Organ of the Students, Alumni and Friends of that Institution.

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... EDITORIAL NOTES. ...

A Dedication.

IN PURSUANCE of a plan inaugurated at the beginning of the present school year, this issue of the KODAK is dedicated to the class of '97. Scarcely two years ago they were with us; now they are scattered some at other schools, some in business. If in giving them space in our paper we can bring to any of them pleasant recollections of their former school and mates or make stronger the tie which binds together all who have been members of this High School we are glad to be able to do it.

A school paper should be published not merely for the present members of the school; its circle of readers should include all that hard work, earnest endeavor, good fellowship or friendly interest has ever brought together.

Credit For a New Idea.

IN THE past history of our school as from time to time new customs have arisen and new methods come into vogue, as for instance, the establishment of a Class Day, the organization of a new society or the abolition of the old time Commencement exercises

the credit for the inception of the ideas and the ordination of the new regime has been claimed by the various classes and some times the title of authorship has been a subject of dispute. The present year has been one full of various innovations indicative of life and progress. Before the Holidays the Declamatory Contest, made possible by the generosity of the Fraternal Alliance was carried through the vicissitudes of school apathy by the perseverance of the class of '99 to a success overtopping all former records and as is well known the prizes on that occasion were won by two prominent and deserving members of the class.

In the establishment of Self-government the same class played no little part. If any further proof of the enterprize and originality of the present Senior class were needed the presence and success of the "Senate" would more than establish a sure foundation to their claim for honorable mention. But it is certainly true that none of these enterprizes could have succeeded without the hearty co-operation and cordial support of the rest of the school. That the "Senate" was a possibility is due to a few of the Seniors.

The professed objects of a society like the "Senate" are too well known and recognized to need elucidation here. That such a society is the friend of school spirit and self-advancement and not inimical to the interests of education is evidenced by the presence of Debating and Literary societies in schools and colleges throughout the country. The "Senate" in many important respects is different from the old time Debating or Literary club. Democracy, the Exclusion of the public and a Singleness of purpose are its cardinal features which are combining to make of it a model association and a membership in it the hope of all aspiring members of the school. It would be difficult to make a correct prophecy as to its ultimate achievements at this time, but we hope that it will be as successful as it is deserving.

Self-Government.

THE MOST essential object of a public school is the training of its pupils in the duties of citizenship and self reliant manhood and womanhood. Yet strangely enough the government of our schools has always been based on monarchic principles. Pupils are made to conform to a set of rules violation of which means punishment. They are made to conform not to what they think is right because it is right but because it is the rule. Obviation of this difficulty comes through Self-government.

The KODAK takes some pride in the fact that its first issue, some four years ago, contained an article heartily advocating Self-government. Since that time at intervals we have stoutly asserted that our

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school was the equal of others in respects which were essential to the success of such a system. At the opening of the present term through press of circumstances as much as anything else it was found necessary to leave the students in the Assembly room unrestrained by the care of a teacher for the regular part of the day. The new system has not as yet had the trial by which we could call it successful, but we are confident that our good name will not be lost through the failure of Self-government.

We were pleased on a recent morning to listen to the address of Mrs. W. K. Galloway of the Woman's Club. Her talk was as opportune as it was able. At her hands Concentration in study and Self-control in everything received an added meaning. On another page will be found a paper on this much discussed subject of Self-Government by one of its warmest advocates among our faculty. None can listen either to Mrs. Galloway or to Mr. Tallman and remain unconvinced that a democratic form of government is as necessary in our schools as it is in the more serious affairs of later life.

Our Cover Design.

IN THE month of February, 1892, six years ago, there appeared for the first time in our school a magazine, then called the "Columbian." This was the progenitor of a more recent enterprise, the "KODAK." One of the two Editors of the earlier production and one who some of us still remember was Gardner C. Teall.

On the thirtieth of last month a new Art gallery, one of the largest in Chicago was opened by an exhibition of drawings which were, to use the language of a current art critique, "as captivating as they were original." The columns of the papers and Art journals were filled with commendation of the work and gossip of the artist. This artist was the same Gardner C. Teall.

Those in Eau Claire who know him know that he is not only an uncommonly able draughtsman, a clever poster designer and the possessor of a fine and delicate touch as a clay modeler but that he also is a journalist of much ability and the author of several short stories in some of the leading publications of the country. For several years the Chicago papers, notably the Inter-Ocean and the Chronicle have been the better for his contributions.

It is accordingly with no little pride that the KODAK presents at this time to its friends and supporters a cover design by Mr. Teall, a quondam member of the Eau Claire High School and now a promising artist of Chicago.

A Class Book.

THERE HAS been some recent talk of the publication of a Class of '99 book. It would be highly cred-

itable to our school if such a thing were done and would be in keeping with the record already established by the class of '99. The Graduating classes of most colleges put their knowledge of school friendships into some lasting form in the shape of a class book although we know of but few High Schools in which this is the custom. These books usually contain class pictures, history, statistics, etc. There also occurs much felicitous bantering such as quotations from and sly hits at personal peculiarities of various members of the class. Votes are taken on the Most Popular Member, the Most Handsome, the Most Studious, the Worst Grind, the Greatest Grumbler, etc., etc. Then all members of the class may be asked such questions as "What is your favorite book?" "Your favorite flower?" "What course of study did you choose and why?" The results of the votes and the answers to the questions are recorded and printed. A book of this kind would certainly become interesting and valuable after school life is left behind and it would put in more durable form our memory of each other.

Such an idea could take the form of a larger edition of the KODAK. At any event it would be a most enterprising move in the right direction.

Athletic Work Among the Girls

WE ARE pleased to see that the girls are entering into the Athletic work in the gymnasium with a spirit that bespeaks an earnest purpose. In the past there has been far too little of such work among the girls. Beyond a little work in calisthenics and desultory club swinging nothing of value has been accomplished. Now that the apparatus for Basket Ball is in place why should we not have a Girl's Basket Ball team? Other High Schools of less pretensions than ours have them. It seems as if everything was ready for an organizer and a proposition.

There is but one thing lacking to make the girls feel at home in the gymnasium, and this is that sense of ownership which would add greatly to their enthusiasm. Let them join hands with the boys and help provide baths and other apparatus which is essential to a well equipped gymnasium.

A New Departure.

THE KODAK presents in this issue a series of communications from the Grades. But a few years and the membership of our school will be entirely changed. The recruits will all come from the Grades. If we can infuse into the future members of the High School a greater desire to do well, to reach our vacant seats and to carry forward with greater energy the works now maintained by us we are more than pleased to do so. We trust that our experiment will prove successful.

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HER PHOTOGRAPH.

- I **A**T night, around the family lamp,
While others re-live the day's events,
* Or read the story of the tramp
Of men without their guarded tents;
My thoughts are different far from these;--
Across my vision floats with ease
Her Photograph.
- II **A**T school, beneath a teacher's gaze,
Or while the boys around me play,
* Or delve in books amid the maze
Of Physics, Dutch or Virgil's lay;
I steal beyond my classmates, bright,
And look upon a lovely sight,
Her Photograph.
- III **A**MID the dance enticing whirl,
Bound by the spell of music's charm,
* While waltzing with some other girl,
Or leading gently by the arm
Some fair neophyte; I ruminatē
Upon the irony of fate, and contemplate
Her Photograph.
- IV **W**HEN fiercely cramming for some quiz,
While bits of laws and other things
* Are vainly seen upon my phiz,
My leaden thoughts take happy wings,
As oe'r my vision floats a memory;
For I love the face reflected in
Her Photograph.
- V **A** face, tender and fair; the jarring sound
Of work and bustle seems strangely foreign
* To the one reflected there, and I am bound
Within the thrall of beauty's mission.
I hear the words of gentle admonition,
And devour with boyish admiration,
My Mother's Photograph.

ATHLETICS.



ALACK of suitable grounds for our sports is sadly felt among our athletes and the patrons of our games. Schutzen Park is a splendid field for football, smooth and easily drained, but on account of its remoteness we can never secure a crowd large enough to pay expenses. What we need is grounds of central location and suitable for building a track, training quarters, grandstand, etc. Our school has never been blessed with grounds which we could hold permanently and which offered facilities for a Field Day. It is true that a few years ago we had the use of Putnam Park but as soon as the Gun Club desired it, it was leased to them. The land known as the "Gas House Grounds" is desirably located, but our acquisition of it for various reasons is impossible. Mr. Chappell, the agent, has generously offered the grounds for our use, free of charge and has promised to see that our rights are not trespassed upon. A committee of the Athletic Club is now seeking to secure the grounds opposite Shaw's planing mill which were fitted up by Mr. Shaw as the drilling grounds of the Knights of Pythias. It would seem that if Mr. Shaw allowed us the use of his grounds that the School Board should come forward and appropriate enough money to build a fence. It is undeniable that good grounds and good contests will do much to advertise our school and create an interest in it, and will be the means of keeping many a boy interested in his school and his school work.

THIS LACK of training quarters has been and is now the great drawback which has hindered our success in field sports. Last year at Madison our men, although the score seemed to be against them, competed strongly. In the first half of every race our men were always among the leaders but because of insufficient training, dropped back. They struggled gamely on however, and rarely finished worse than fifth or sixth. Such showing against fifty or sixty in each race of the best athletes of the state is not poor. Many of the teams contained a "star" with the rest of the men practically no good. These "stars" would win one or more first places and thus their teams scored higher than we did. I firmly believe and consider it no boast to say that our team by

its all round proficiency could defeat any team there except those from Milwaukee and Ishpeming.

THE PROSPECTS of our going to Madison this year are not very bright. The team contains some very good men and with Pearl Chambers as captain could make a magnificent showing but the difficulty lies in securing the necessary funds. The KODAK recommends that a joint field day be arranged with Chipewewa, Mondovi, Menomonie, and some other of the near by High Schools. It would serve as an excellent trying out place for our team and would prepare them for the harder races if we go to Madison.

THIS SCHOOL contains runners and men of ability who have taken no part in Athletics and consequently have never felt the excitement of a contest and the exultation and pleasure of winning it. Left to their own devices these men will never compete in our games and will never recognize the true worth of an Athletic life. They will never feel the satisfaction coming with a victory for their school and the knowledge that they did their best. To men who have Athletic inclinations, I say, go into the sports. There are plenty of chances here in which you can show your ability. To those who feel no such inclinations, I say, by all means cultivate them; you will never regret it. A field will be opened to you of which you now have no knowledge. To feel healthy and vigorous, with the blood tingling through your veins and to experience the excitement of contest and the glory of winning is to feel only what every true Athlete feels. Every boy should have these feelings; cultivate them. Train and compete and you will realize that at last you are in the way to secure the best out of your school life. There is nothing nobler and more desirable than a robust constitution. To secure it should be your first duty. Besides this duty owed to yourselves, you owe a duty to the school. Those who take no interest in school Athletics will never be as well liked and as much sought for as those who do.

In this year's Captain of the track team, Pearl Chambers, we have a man who, I believe, is the best one the school ever had in that position. But he cannot attain victory alone. Let us all help him.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL this year ought to consider itself lucky in having Prof. Wicherski on its corps

of teachers. He has given a great stimulus to our interest in the gymnasium and has organized and instructs a class of boys in the gymnasium and a class of girls in club swinging exercises and in addition has generously loaned us his vaulting horse. Such a teacher who takes an interest in the boys and in their sports is what we have long needed. Surely he deserves praise for his action and should and undoubtedly will receive cordial support and better work from the boys and girls of his classes.

ANOTHER teacher in our city who has the good will and affection of our boys is Prof. Johnson of the Third Ward school. Last fall he acted as our Football coach and much of our success on the gridiron was due to his work. He organized what promised to be a weak team into one whose defense and superb team work have not been excelled by those of any of the past elevens. It was his work that enabled us to hold down Minneapolis, which is considered the second strongest team of the northwest. The Football team has tried to show its appreciation of his services by presenting a small remembrance which should be regarded more as an emblem of our gratitude and good will, than as a reward for his work. Mr. Johnson is now actively engaged in organizing a Basket Ball team and doubtless will make as great a success of his new venture as he did of our eleven.

AT THE last meeting of the Athletic club a motion was made to organize a Basket Ball team. The motion met with universal approval and money was appropriated to buy the basket supports. Mr. Johnson generously offered his services as coach and several meetings have taken place in which the rudiments of the game were learned. It is not at all probable however, that any match games with surrounding schools will be arranged this winter and in all probability Menomonie's challenge must be ignored. The game closely resembles Football in many respects. It is attended by all the excitement and dash of Football but lacks its roughness. And from the spectator's point of view is more interesting, as the whole of the field and the players are constantly in sight and every move can be seen and appreciated.

The field is marked out somewhat like a tennis court and can be adapted to any gymnasium of moderate size. At each end is a basket hung ten feet from the ground, the object of the game being to place the ball in the basket, which scores two points for the side making the goal. The ball used resembles a football but is round instead of elliptical.

The teams are made up usually of five, sometimes of seven men—one center, two guards and two forwards who conduct the offense; the guards look after the goal; and the center, who must be a reliable man,

plays where is most needed, both on offence and defence.

Although the game closely resembles Football it differs in the mode of advancing the ball which must be thrown or rolled along the floor. Fouls are granted for running with the ball, holding or catching it with arms or body, tackling, striking, shouldering or tripping, kicking or striking the ball with the closed fist. The penalty for a foul is a free try-at-goal from fifteen feet distance; if the throw is successful it scores one point. The ball is constantly in play except when a goal has been made and consequently the game is always fast, interesting and fatiguing and from the looks of our boys after a game it seems that the sport would be excellent for anyone troubled with a superfluity of flesh.

NOW THAT the football season is over and Athletic attention is turned toward track Athletics for next spring we would suggest that those who contemplate entering these contests should join the Athletic Association. Many who intend to try for the Track Team have already begun gymnasium training but some have not done so. If you intend to enter the sports next spring you should have the advantage of training in the gymnasium. But of course all but members of the Athletic Association are barred from the use of the gymnasium, and to get this advantage, you need to join the Athletic Club.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST.

During the month of September, at the time of the Street Fair, the students of the High School were aroused by the announcement that a gold watch and ring had been placed on exhibition in the Educational building together with a card bearing the following inscription:

"These prizes will be awarded by the Fraternal Alliance, to the members of the Senior Class of '99, who will render the best declamation before competent judges."

From that day forth until the 21st of December, the contestants, urged onward by the maxim, "He must work who wins," were constantly rehearsing in the various apartments of the High School building. And those who chanced to pass through its corridors might frequently hear the sound of pathos, of tragedy, and of humor. The strains of oratory could be sometimes heard issuing from the recitation rooms; oratory echoed from the assembly room; oratory pealed from the gymnasium, where the weak voice of some Senior grew strong and spirited within its walls.

It is as natural that friendly rivalry should exist among the several competitors as it is that they should await with utmost anxiety, the judgment day,

Chain and Chainless Bicycles at lowest prices. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.

THE GRADES.

AT THE solicitation of the KODAK the following ward schools have submitted correspondence. It is hoped that such matter will interest not only the grades but also a larger field of parents and High School students.

FIRST WARD.

THE FIRST WARD School Debating Club was organized several years ago at the suggestion of our principal. Since our organization our club has branched out into new departments.

We drew up our Constitution to which we have added amendments from time to time as our club demanded them.

We transact all the business of our society in strict attendance with the rules of order, it being one of our aims to become familiar with the rules of Parliamentary Practice so that we must know how to make and put a motion, take a vote and also how to conduct ourselves in debate. We organized our society with the intention of doing good work and of doing the work willingly and faithfully. We did not organize for mere pleasure, as do some societies, but to learn something that will be of use to us in after life. Here I might add that it is understood in our club, that no member is to be allowed to decline any piece of work that may be assigned him.

Our next debate is "Resolved That the United States Has Greater Advantages Tending to Progress Than Great Britain."

The debate promises to be an enthusiastic one. All visitors are welcome.

F. AUER, Editor.

SIXTH WARD.

Our "Crescent Club."

THE PUPILS of our school have formed a club for the purpose of improving our general conversation and also to make our monthly school rhetoricals better. We decided we would call it the "Crescent Club," and we hold our meetings on Thursday once in every two weeks, directly after school.

There are about thirty members in our club, twenty-five of whom are girls and five boys. We have two important committees, the "Lookout Committee" and the "Entertainment Committee."

The officers of the Crescent Club are as follows:

President—Mrs. Whittier.

Vice-President—Adolph Kkofanda.

Treasurer—Milton Kkofanda.

Secretary—Jessie Boyington.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We boys all like the Manual and its teachers.

We have made many useful articles during the last term, including rolling-pins, sleds, potato mashers and checker boards.

We think we have the banner scholar in our school for attendance. George Block has had a perfect record for twenty-one terms and is going yet.

WILL MCKINNON, Editor.

SEVENTH WARD.

A Literary Society.

AMONG THE grades of our city schools there is probably no literary society more active and useful than the Washington Literary Society of the eighth grade, Seventh ward, in Principal Hester's room.

For several years it has been a feature of that school, and the benefit which the boys and girls receive through that organization is very considerable. It is conducted and controlled almost entirely by the pupil, the principal having but a nominal supervision.

As Robert's Rules of Order is made the guide in conducting business, the society is necessarily founded upon parliamentary rules and usages, and this fact affords the pupils an experience which will be of much value to them in after life.

The society draws a large visiting attendance, chiefly from the High School. Visitors frequently favor the society with literary efforts of their own, and the members themselves, feeling that much is expected of them, make anxious and careful preparation to keep up the credit of the society.

All well disposed friends are cordially invited to attend the society meetings.

NELSON DAVIS, Editor.

EIGHTH WARD.

THE UPPER departments of the Eighth Ward schools expect to have an entertainment in the near future to raise funds to pay the rent on their piano. A highly interesting programme is being prepared.

The boys are taking regular work in the gymnasium this cold weather. They believe it helps them in their mental work.

OTTO WERNER, Editor.

THIRD WARD.

OUR Literary Society was organized in 1897, having for its object the betterment of the general interests of the school.

We are planning to have an Athletic Club in connection with the Literary Society and hope to hold a Field day in the spring. For this latter purpose we are clearing a space in the rear of the school house.

We hope to follow the lead of the High School in the near future and establish a system of Self Government.

The Literary Society will give an entertainment on February 28th, at which time a play, "The Marriage of Prince Flutterby" will be presented.

BEN FAAST, Editor.

Wire Fencing, Baling Wire, Wire Goods of All Kinds. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.

ALUMNI.

ONE OF the most important objects of a school paper is to keep the alumni closely in touch with the student-body and to enable the students to become more thoroughly and interestedly acquainted with those who have attended the school in past years. The best method of accomplishing this end of chronicling their many victories, and victorious defeats, of inspiring emulation for their achievements and honorable dignity is through the alumni column of the school paper. Too often however this department of a paper is neglected. The KODAK indeed is often one of the offenders, but we now ask the co-operation of all alumni and students in contributing notes of interest to this column.

CHAS. ALDERMAN '83, is our present City Engineer. He has recently been busily engaged superintending the construction of the new Kelsey street bridge.

KATHERINE BONELL '93, is employed as book-keeper in Bonell & Son's carriage works.

GEORGE L. BLUM '87, is a member of the law firm of Fleming & Blum with offices in the Ingram Block.

MABEL K. COBBAN '82, is a teacher in the Third Ward No. 1 School.

LILLIAN DUNNIGAN '90, is employed with J. A. Smith as Stenographer.

DE ALTON S. THOMAS '92, is a member of the law firm of Teall, Thomas & Teall, Lawyers, Parker Building. He is at present District Attorney for Eau Claire County.

FRANK RADENSLABEN '95, is now pursuing studies at U. of W. We saw his pleasant face with us during the holidays.

KATE KEARNEY '79, and ELIZABETH KEARNEY '80, are teaching in the Third ward school.

MILDRED OLSON '95, has completed her course at the Illinois Training school for nurses, and is now practicing her profession as a trained nurse.

We mention the following members of our Alumni who have changed their names.

Irene Heimbaugh-Farr, '86, Lena C. Hogan-Pond, '79, Addie Kemp-Sloan, '81, Kate C. Kneeland-Churchill, '85, Catherine H. Lockwood-Moon, '79, Mary O. Marston-Walmesly, '72, Ella M. Briggs-Drummond, '81, Mary H. Hawxhurst-Ingram, '81, Lottie H. Kennedy-Shaw, '79, Ida M. Randall-Frawley, '89, Ida Schaefer-Marsh, '81, Ida M. Hoskins-Wickham '88, Julia Graham-Thompson, '72.

JOHN R. HARRIGAN '82, is at present superintendent of the C. V. E. R. R. Co. including the Interurban between this city and Chippewa Falls. Mr.

Harrigan has been recently appointed to this position and is a very enterprising gentleman. The street R. R. will do well under his management.

A. J. SUTHERLAND '80, has Law offices on Barstow Street. The Literary society was honored last year by his presiding over a mock trial as Judge. He did this in a very judicial manner.

MAJOR HUGH J. MCGRATH '73, is in Havana where he has gone with his Regiment of the Regular Army.

MOLLIE M. THOMAS '95, is attending the Normal at Milwaukee.

ROY P. WILCOX '90, is junior partner in the Law firm of Frawley, Bundy and Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox completed his Law studies at Cornell.

EDGAR A. SNOW '95, is at present attending U. of W. For two years he has been a member of the faculty of Broadway High School in West Superior, Wisconsin, where he went after completing his course at Stevens Point Normal.

SIGVARD CYPREANSEN '90, the present President of the Alumni Association is a member of the Real Estate firm of Cypreansen Bros. with offices in the Schlegelmilch Building.

FRED W. THOMAS '90, is principal of a school at Medford, Wisconsin.

HENRY DINGER '94, is serving his country on the "Columbia"

Among our Alumni we find the following who fought for their country in the recent war with Spain: T. P. Cochrane '89; John Barron '90; Alex. S. Morgan '95; Carl Nyquist '98; Frank Joyce '98; Will Gregoire '98; Floyd Jones '98; Jerome Gillett '96; Le Moyne Boleman '98; Wilfred Kutzner '98; Henry Werner '98; Donald McKinnon '98; W. J. Cameron '97;

ELSIE FITZGERALD '96, is attending the Milwaukee Normal.

MRS. ANNA E. WYMAN-KEMPTON, '90, was a member of our faculty during '97. She is at present residing at Janesville, Wisconsin.

NELSON J. WILCOX '92, is attending U. of W. College of Law, fitting himself for that profession.

ALLARD SMITH '94, is employed with the Chicago Telephone Company, as draughtsman.

FREDERICK A. TEALL '82, is a member of the firm of Teall, Thomas & Teall, Lawyers. We predict success for this firm having as it does two High School Alumni associated.

JULIUS GILBERTSON '93, is Municipal Judge for the city of Eau Claire. While at U. of W. he won honors in debating, taking part in the Joint Debate for '97.

BERTHA M. BROWN '94, is attending a training school for librarians at Albany, New York, fitting herself for that profession.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

OWING TO unavoidable lack of space a greater number of Personals could not be inserted. We suppose however that a few of our most famous students hail this fact with pleasure.

Wanted by Charles Hopper: A few "Early Risers."

Kate Kelly (in history.) - "He committed suicide himself."

Does Nathan like horse flesh? Inspect the horse in the "gym."

Does Miss Halcombe like "repeaters"? Maybe, but we doubt it.

"Say, Bill is she a blonde or a brunette?"
Mr. G. J. Joyce. Speaking of a Freshman.

At present the enrollment of our High School is the largest it has ever been, about 325.

Heard in Literature "Of what nature were De-Quincey's dreams? Bright Senior—"Imaginary"

The class of '99 proves to be no exception as regards "back sliders". There are perhaps four or five doubtful ones.

A little boy asked innocently in reading class: "Who are the petticoated neighbors?" And of course the class laughed.

We are glad to see Lemoyne Boleman '98, back at school. He is taking a post graduate course preparatory to entering the University.

Paul Holmes chasing all around the Chemical Laboratory looking for H. ² O, and a faucet of good city water right in front of him.

B. B. Lee looks very dignified with her glasses astride her nose. Someone has remarked that it might add to that dignity if they were rightly placed.

(Miss Holcomb to boys who carried down the chairs used in the Oratorical contest.) "Boys don't make so much noise the Deaf and Dumb school is in session."

Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number and agrees with all the girls in the Eau Claire High School.

Earl Chappell a former student of the Eau Claire High School, has returned from Lake Forest, where he has been attending school. He expects to renew his studies with us in the near future.

A large chemistry class has been formed composed of Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen. The experiments afford great amusement, especially those in which explosives are used.

The North Western Lumber Company employs three High School boys—Fred Stillings, Morton Hodge, and Eugene Sherwin. This is complimentary to the good judgement of the Northwestern. These boys are engaged in solving lumber problems.

Charlotte Gillette—after she had heard that the school roll had only 118 boys out of 320 students: "I didn't know boys were so scarce; I'll treat them better after this." Can this be true. If so to whom in particular does she refer.

(Charles Hopper and Richard Kepler talking over the good (?) points of K. G.) Charlie—"Yes I think she is a real nice girl and she is so entertaining. She has such a liquid voice." Hon. R. J.—"Yes I should say so. It never dries up you know." (And Charlie knew.)

We are sorry to notice that Herman Derge has at last donned the habiliments of age and has discarded youth with all its joyous environments. We had thought he would graduate while yet wearing short - - - s.

"BISECTION" NOTES.

Miss B. - "You see he is only a kitten"

Cora D. - "His voice is not well developed."

James C. - "He's just swallowing his passion."

Henry D. - "Well there is an ax out on the wood-pile."

Miss B. - "This instrument is too small to reach the cat's brain."

Bertha D. - "His gullet is moving as though he were not dead."

DID YOU NOTICE

Poo Noble's tie?

Ed Ihle's devotedness?

Our Lilliputian visitors?

Louis Nelson's shy ways?

Mr. Tallman's frozen ear?

Dick Hollen's bashfulness?

The grave dignified Senators?

H. Burkhart's "tower" Report?

Steve Dunham's reinstatement?

Garry Dean's Physics recitation?

Ole Pederson's new head of hair?

Crumbs on the floor after recess?

Brewer's bump of inquisitiveness?

The popularity of Hoddy and his horse?

The reinforcements for the '99 Football Team?

Hugh P. Henry's 3rd eyebrow (under his nose)?

Henry Davis daily quest for knowledge at the reference books?

The new species of fossils that come from the cooking school?

BRIEF GLANCES at the Life History of the Young Men in the Senior Class... Compiled by Thucydedes' After the French of Eanod.

HOLLEN, RICHARD HELIOGABALUS.

Born in Wish-ton-wish, Mahetabeleland of Irish parents. He was exported at the age of three weeks and came to this country where he was civilized. Early he became associated with E. P. Roe as an office boy where he became fired with an ambition to succeed his worthy master in the realms of romance and adventure. At the age of nine edited the Chicago Times-Herald. While at school was noted for the scientific way in which he took "quizzes."

BOYINGTON, GI EMANUEL.

Born in Shawtown. Entered the baby show at the World's Fair and carried off First Prize with his chameleon complexion. At the age of six became a stump orator and has been talking ever since.

McVICAR, EARL AUGUSTUS.

Born in Canton, Ohio on the 4th of March. Became president at the age of thirteen and ever since has held sceptered sway over his fellow creatures. Had an adamantine voice. Was proud of his peach fuz complexion and was sure death on girls.

NELSON, LOUIS LEOPOLD.

Born in County Cork on the 17th of March. Was known as the "Great Pacificator." Was appointed minister to China during McKinley's second term and became private secretary to Li Hung Chang.

RAMSTAD, ALBERTUS GUSTAVE.

Born in the South Sea Islands, date unknown; supposed in the latter part of the 17th century. First came into prominence as an athlete. At the age of eleven he won the Olympian laurel wreath. Died of quick consumption.

BARRY, DICKON.

Birthplace disputed, claimed by Kilkenny and Marseilles. Facts of his early life not obtainable. Supposed he was kidnapped by a tribe of wandering Kalmucks and taken to Chicago.

BREWER, TUCENT L'OVERTURE.

Born in Timbuctoo. First came into prominence as aspirant for Poet on the KODAK staff. Disclaimed any ability to do things but somehow or other always accomplished whatever was assigned him.

PICKETT, ARTHUR JUSTINIAN.

Born in Rome and was the personal friend of Leo XIII. Was a precocious youth. At the age of three had read the Bible three times and had his Virgil and Dutch for Monday. His mock pompadour early marked him as a man above the ordinary. Would

have made a fine Bank president but he preferred to become an orator and finally ended up in the legislature.

DEAN, GARRULOUS.

Born in a houseboat on the Erie Canal. Was early nicknamed "Garry." Had a happy disposition and loved solitude. Early became famous for his translations of Virgil and other Greek poets. Would have made a fine Latin teacher but he preferred rather to become an opera singer.

BARTLETT, HODDY BODDY.

Old as Methusala. Birth-place forgotten. Entered the High School in the early '70's. Became a breeder of race horses. Opened a poultry ranch and later became a milkman.

PRINCE, ADELBOAT RIDICULOUS.

Born in a haunted house on the 1st of April. Had an aesthetic temperament. Became a patron of the fine arts and justice. Went to Cuba where he became a brigand.

ROTHSTEIN, NATHANIEL EZEKIEL.

Born at Stratford-On-Avon, April 1564. Was early hailed as a great histrionic genius. Played Shylock at the age of seven and Hamlet six weeks later. Hobnobbed with Dewey and McKinley and then became a pool shark. In his school days it was said of him that he knew everything except that for which he was asked. He was a great favorite with his teachers.

A Prize Contest.

TWO YEARS ago there was offered by one of our leading Drug companies through the KODAK a divertimento in the shape of a prize contest. The prizes in this were given for the best essays on prescribed subjects. This year another of our enterprising business houses, the Leader Company, believing that the High School contains the Literary ability necessary for the production of at least a dozen prize stories, and wishing to foster this talent as well as create a friendly rivalry for a coveted honor takes this opportunity of presenting to the members of the school the following proposition:

The Leader Company will give to the boy or girl writing the best original short story, complying with the conditions of the contest, a prize amounting in value to ten dollars (\$10). The second best will receive a prize amounting in value to five dollars (\$5). The third best will receive a prize amounting in value to five dollars (\$5). The successful stories will be printed in the Daily Leader as well as in the KODAK. The contest will be open to all members of the school, girls and boys.

The three judges will be selected by the Leader

Company and will be well known citizens of established and impartial competency.

The decision will be made and the prizes awarded for the following:

1. Plot Interest.
2. Literary Merit.
3. Composition.

The conditions for the entrance of a story are as follows:

I. The contestant must be at the date of entrance a student enrolled in the Eau Claire High School.

II. The story must be entirely original. If it has any signs of plagiarism it will be promptly rejected.

III. The story's length must not exceed two thousand (2000) words and it should be written in ink on one side of the paper.

IV. Each contestant must choose a pseudonym with which he will sign his story.

V. In a separate envelope on the outside of which is his pseudonym he must enclose his real name.

VI. On the right upper corner of the manuscript must appear the number of words by actual count and on the left upper corner the assumed name.

VII. The last day for entrance will be April 1st 1899 at 12 M. The decision of the judges will be made public on the 10th of April.

No one knows what he can do until he tries. Here is a chance for all. Let everyone enter the contest.

OUR EXCHANGES.

IT WOULD be well if the High School students would read the article on Athletics in the Helicon, Muncie, Ind. A part of the article reads as follows:

"By all means should we, as a High School have legitimate High School athletics. No school should support in any way, any athletic team which is not strictly High School in its composition. Too many times our neighboring towns as well as we ourselves are compelled to judge of the character of our High School students by the actions of some who play on the teams, who have no connection with the school, and many times is this to the detriment of the school.

"If we are to pose in athletics let us do so as High School students and nothing else."

"The Tahoma," Tacoma, Wash., in their last issues—especially the Xmas one, contain numerous original stories.

We see from the "Acta Diurna," New York, that Trinity School won the Interscholastic Football Championship of New York.

The editorial in the "Recorder," Springfield, Mass., on Public Speaking, states the benefits derived

from debating and literary societies in a few well chosen words. The article concludes with the following:

"The ability to get up before an assembly and talk is truly a good accomplishment. It can only be acquired by practice and training."

The P. H. S. Monthly's literary department is unusually interesting. The article on West Point, by one of its graduates, gives one an idea of Cadet Life.

Read the Porcupine's science department—for it is well worth reading. "What the War has Imposed Upon the United States," tells of the advantages and disadvantages derived from the war with Spain.

What relation is there between a loaf of bread and a locomotive?

Bread is a necessity; the locomotive is an invention; necessity is the mother of invention; therefore bread is the mother of the locomotive. H. S. Leader.

We notice the following in the Comus, Zanesville, Ohio.

"The Kodak is a well edited exchange as far as literary merits is concerned, but its exchange column is missing."

This of course does not refer to our KODAK, but to our contemporary from Milwaukee. It would be well if the Exchange editors in making any comment or criticism about a paper, besides giving its name, would give its address, so that one might know for a certainty to whom the remarks refer. "The Visit to a Country Village" would have been greatly improved if less slang had been used.

"I am quite a near neighbor of yours now Mrs. Golightly, I've taken a house on the river."

Mrs. G :—"Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day."—Ex.

"The Storm" in The Steele Review, Dayton, O., shows one of the many benefits derived from a storm—when it is of the right kind and made to order.

"Mamma," said little Jack, "Did God ever make anyone with one blue eye and one black?"

"No, my boy, I guess not."

"Well, you look at Tommy Jones the next time you see him and see what I can do."

Whenever the "Pingrey Record," from Elizabeth, N. J., arrives, the Exchange editor always picks out a soft chair, and prepares for half an hour's enjoyment. For the reading matter in that exchange is enjoyable, to say the least.

Explain how a principle and a principal are similar.

Ans: A principle is learned. A principal is learn-ed.—Flash Light.

A. G. R. '99

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Before purchasing elsewhere apply to
the cheapest sellers in this market

*
**CASS
DRUG
STORE.**
*

FOR 1899 MODELS
TRADE WITH DUNCAN.
STERLING CHAINLESS BICYCLES,
BEST ON EARTH \$75.

New Chain Bicycles at Popular Prices:
\$25, \$35 and \$50 each.

Members of the High School we want your trade.

TALK WITH DUNCAN.

Did you ever hear of studying astronomy
through an opera glass? It is not the
study of the stars of the celestial world, but to
the stars of opera that we refer. This may
best be accomplished by purchasing one of
those beautiful opera glasses in the show case of

PAUL C. PULLS,

Opposite Eau Claire House.

Lars L. Urheim

PRESCRIPTION
PHARMACIST.

120 S. Barstow St.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Problems:

When pine stumpage is
worth \$6 how can lum-
ber be sold for \$4?

Why does everyone con-
templating building call
on the Northwestern
Lumber Co. for prices.

For Satisfactory Answers call at
the Retail Department of the

Northwestern Lumber Co.,

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

J. C. QUIGG,

**Livery, Sale and
Boarding Stable,**

202 Eau Claire Street,

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT

We want. You don't.

We wait your pleasure for breakfast, luncheon,
dinner or supper. You don't wait at all. No
delay, but a quick and clean service. The best
cooking in town, the best appointed restaurant,
the lowest prices, consistent with High Quality.

White House Restaurant,

J. F. PRUNER, Prop.

S. BARSTOW ST.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

99 MEN

out of every hundred never stop to examine a shirt when they buy one. It is just as easy to sell an ill-fitting shirt that is full of starch as it is to sell a good shirt.

**"KEPLER'S 50c SHIRTS
ARE BUILT ON HONOR."**

Here is a "Hole Proof" stock which we will guarantee four pair to wear six months. Remember the place,

KEPLER & CO.

Wm. Craig's Livery,

600 S. RIVER ST.,

is the place to get Single and Double Rigs at Reasonable Rates; also Hack and Cab line in connection, and a Float that can be had on short notice, anywhere in the city. Careful drivers always furnished.

Wm. Craig's Livery,

600 S. River St., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Wm. Bonell & Son, EAU CLAIRE CARRIAGE WORKS.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, PATROL AND HOSE WAGONS.

Telephone No. 79.

Cor. S Barstow and Jones Sts.

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

A prominent attorney says

"Volco Capsules"

are the best medicine that he ever saw for La Grippe or Headache.

WILL C. JOHNSON,

Druggist.

MRS. B. C. ELLISON.

Dealer in PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
SHEET MUSIC, ETC.

304 S. BARSTOW ST.

E. C. FRENCH, SURGEON DENTIST.

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INGRAM BUILDING.
EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

THE ROSENKRANS STUDIO,

OPPOSITE OPERA HOUSE.

*We want to make your photo, whether
Stamp Picture or Life Size.*

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Our Spring Stocks are now complete in all departments.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HART HOUSE,

First-class in Every Respect.

One block from Wisconsin Central Depot.

McGough's Livery.

Our ambition is to keep our rigs in first-class condition in every particular; give all our patrons courteous, prompt and careful service; do just as we agree every time; make prices as reasonable as possible; live and feed our horses well.

When in use of livery we can do business with you. If you doubt this assertion try us.

J. E. MCGOUGH,
212 South River Street.

Eau Claire

Book and Stationery Company,

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

WALL PAPER

... at ...

WINSLOW'S.

Now on our yearly sale of Remnants from our Wholesale Department. Come early and get the benefit. See what we have to offer and the prices we make on this class of goods.

109 KELSEY STREET.

Eau Claire National Bank,

Cor. Barstow and Kelsey Sts.

CAPITAL \$100,000. SURPLUS \$20,000.

The best facilities in every department. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

Board by Day or Week. Meals at All Hours. Ice Cream Parlors.

Riverside Restaurant,

(RALSTON KITCHEN.)

West End Kelsey Street Bridge,

MRS. HUBBELL, Proprietress. Eau Claire, Wis.

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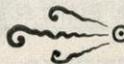
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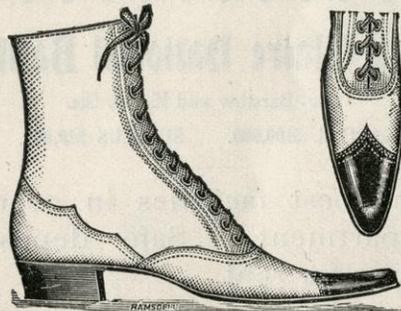
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