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The Kodak. Volume 4, Number 1 October 29, 1897

[Eau Claire, Wisconsin]: The Athletic Club of the Eau Claire High School, October 29, 1897

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The Kodak.

Published in the interests of Education and Progress.

Number 1.

Volume 4.

—BY THE—

Eau Claire High School
Athletic Club.

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.



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50 cents a school year.

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THE KODAK.

VOL. IV.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., OCT. 29, 1897.

NO. 1.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren have flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.
William Cullen Bryant.



A SHADOW OF THE UNSEEN.

I threw myself into my office chair impatiently. The world looked darker than ever, and I, in turn, never felt more miserable. Comfort seemed afar off, as far off as it was possible to get, I thought. Moreover, I had no certificate of guarantee that it would ever return. So much the worse for me. I looked in disgust at my surroundings, and well I might. A single survey was enough to convince me of my condition. Around me were scattered all my belongings. Yes, my scanty possessions were scattered, as it were, within the space of a single nut-shell. I had no opportunity to dun customers for sums which would have made my heart glad to behold. Neither was I burdened with the arduous duty of consulting maps in search of my distant lands and estates. Far from it. I had only to lift my eyes to get a glimpse of my scant belongings. The mean room which contained them was the property of another and more favored person. Even the shingle whereon was lettered "Phillip Timmings, Lawyer," in bold and glaring characters, was not yet paid for. It was, however, with some show of pride that I glanced at the book-case in the opposite corner. Here was arranged the bulk of my fortune, fifty dignified law books, leather bound, which were presented to me by my father on my departure from home. An inventory of the remainder was not a very laborious task, as it comprised merely articles of every day use.

Ah! but I am rambling, losing my bearings, in fact. It was not this, my poverty, which so distressed me. That was not the immediate cause of my "spirit's downfall." The direct cause was a matter of far more importance, at least to me. To me it was something altogether new, but of course, I was,—I was only a novice in matters of this kind, and so, was impressed all the more by it. Mine is a very frank

nature, so I won't hesitate to admit that it was a love affair, and the reader will readily appreciate my position when I mention the parties concerned in it.

First, there was myself, (excuse this appearance of egotism in thus speaking of myself first); valued at \$150.00 according to mercantile reckoning. Second, stood Miss Thorp, the real cause of my trouble, whose worth at least half a dozen young men in the city could appreciate. Third, Thomas Thorp, her father, a financial schemer whose wealth was estimated at \$200,000.00. In my case this man Thorp, confound him, was the objective point. I apologize for the use of such strong language, but in cases like the present my feelings must be eased. It seemed a pity that a man of Mr. Thorp's type should suddenly rise up between us like an impregnable mountain. Miss Thorp, or Beatrice as I was allowed to call her, really favored me. My rivals were formidable. There was Matt Schmitt, that fawning hypocrite, who was a perpetual nuisance and gave me more trouble than I anticipated in such a harmless looking individual. Matt always managed to appear at the critical moment. Next in line was Sam Brett. My temper revolted every time I spied him prancing about, like a silly war-horse, with that red necktie of his. For some reason I never could admire that fellow. Perhaps I never tried to. The others who struggled for a share of my Beatrice's love were more to my liking. Cady and that slender physician whose office was directly opposite mine, never gave me very much trouble. To them my door was always open, but to Matt Schmitt and that disagreeable individual with the red necktie, never.

I smote the table before me, as this array of thoughts passed through my mind. I was the most miserable fellow in Lodson, yea, in the world. I was about to splinter the table with another blow, when Sol Danclon appeared on the scene. This reminded me of the fact that "there are moments when one wants to be alone." It is almost needless to state that this was one of them. Of course I attempted to assume a very careless expression, but in vain. Danclon was not to be deceived.

"What's happened to you, old man? Why, you

look as sour as the starving chap I read of, appeared when he consumed his last strip of shoe leather. Well, what is it Phil? Have you failed to find a splinter of the moon or has the price of wheat gone down?"

Sol's playful manner bored me exceedingly.

"Neither, Sol, neither. Pray let me alone," I remarked abruptly. "This is a case in which your hypnotic powers will be absolutely unavailable."

Sol was an enthusiastic believer in hypnotism and palmistry. His fads were numerous, and he certainly had plenty of time to devote to them. His father was wealthy and he had taken up no regular profession. Sol was an intimate friend of mine and was for two years my classmate at college. He seemed attached to me for some reason which I could not divine. He visited me regularly and seemed deeply interested in my welfare. The cares of the world he took in an unconscious manner, and joked while other people complained. Sol had one peculiar habit, which was to display his scientific knowledge. Sol knew the theory of atoms, the theory of evolution,—and what not. For my part, however, I was inclined to disbelieve what he said concerning many things, especially concerning hypnotic influence. I made a show of approbation while my mind secretly rebelled.

"Hypnotism can do everything, my boy, everything. You are in love, are you not, Phil? he asked. "You can't deceive me."

"So I am," I admitted.

Then he forced me to tell him all about it, and at length, after I had been humbled sufficiently I admitted that my grief was erected on a foundation of financial stringency. It was a woeful tale, sadder indeed than Mark Twain's account of "The Tomb of Adam" When I finished he sat wrapt in meditation. I smiled. No doubt he was thinking how he could apply his hypnotic powers to my case. He remained in this attitude fully five minutes, when I, bored by his silence exclaimed savagely.

"Well!"

"Oh! Yes! I have solved the problem, I have—to be graphic, nipped it by the nose, Phil. In a short time, no matter how short, a relative of yours shall bequeath to you a fortune of \$25,000. Therefore, by the law of consequence, the obstacle will be removed—by a peculiar power which I shall exercise, you understand?"

"I am pleased to hear it, pleased to hear it. Now, pray tell me from what source shall we obtain that amount," said I skeptically.

"That is easily done. Write on this card the name

and address of any rich or well-to-do relative which you may have."

Here he tossed me a card.

I picked it up, and for some time I looked vacantly up at the ceiling. This was a strange request. It was probably another of his jokes. At first I determined not to tolerate it, but looking at his serious face I became curious. Of rich or well-to-do relatives I knew but one, Uncle Sampton. He was reputed to be worth a million. It was not likely, however, that one cent of this amount would ever fall into my possession. Sampton was a crusty old bachelor and had always disliked me. While I was deciding on my profession he had objected to my becoming a lawyer, and when I finally did launch out as an expounder of the law, he called me an impudent do-nothing. Of course, it would be absurd to expect any aid from that quarter, but as he was the only member of my family with whom fortune had been generous, I wrote the name, Sampton Wild, Wessex, England.

"Now what do you intend to do," I asked, giving him the card.

"Look close and you'll see. In the meantime feast your mind on the thought that your fortune is forthcoming—by hypnotic influence."

I laughed. Who would'nt?

"Very well, Sol, I am your humble servant—by hypnotic influence."

"Now, don't tease me. I'll say though, that before I visit you again you'll have a wife, and plenty of money."

"A hopeful future, indeed. You are a fine talker, Sol," I remarked.

"Thank you. I start for New York this evening. In two weeks I'll be in England; and the next instant in Mr. Wild's pocket-book.—by hypnotic influence."

"Oh, I understand, Sol," I answered, Well good-by Sol. I hope you'll outgrow this fad of yours?"

My friend departed, and I became more despondent than ever. The ambition I formerly possessed had flown. I remember one day in particular, when I was on the heights of despondency. That day my duties were performed mechanically. In the evening I thought to sleep off my trouble. The town-clock struck the hour of midnight and I retired to the chamber adjoining my office. For hours I laid wide awake. My eyes burned, —my head was in a whirl. At length I fell into a feverish and disturbed slumber. That night something happened which proved to be the turning point of my career. It may have been but a mere creation of a disordered imagination. It probably was. It happened in this

way: In the course of the night I had a visitor. He was rather a lean-looking personage, with gray hair and mustache. Of course, he offered many apologies for his late visit. But his business was urgent. He introduced himself as a lawyer from London. I remember his pointed and formal words distinctly.

"You are Mr. Timmings, are you not? Well, I will come directly to the point. My errand Mr. Timmings is to inform you that you are one of the heirs to the estate of Sampton Wild, your uncle. He was remarkably fortunate, as you know. He made a large fortune, your share of which is \$25,000. His death occurred in London two weeks ago."

"Will you please give me the circumstances of his death?" I asked.

I was astounded, and no wonder. This was the identical sum which Sol had mentioned. I awaited the man's answer.

"News will keep, young man," he returned sharply. "I am in a hurry and must leave in half an hour for New York. I will be here in a week or two, when the necessary arrangements for placing you in possession of your inheritance will be made."

With these words the lawyer vanished. I raised myself on my elbows and looked about the room. Was this reality, or was it only a shadow, a dream? I stared into the darkness. A sudden drowsiness overcame me and I dropped off into a long slumber. When I awoke it was morning.

I thought upon the things which had happened in the night. I looked about for something which would substantiate the stranger's visit. I was disappointed. But there was the chair in which he sat. I seemed to remember his features. I could repeat every word he said. No, it must be reality. Thank fortune it was no dream. The fever had not all left me, and I felt a strange fullness in the head. I looked into the mirror and was surprised to find myself looking unusually well.

The next day I informed the banker of my good fortune, and the next moment I walked from the bank with \$500, in my pocket. My hopes rose. Glancing into the morning papers I found the circumstances of my fortune duly chronicled. For several days it was the talk of the town. My shingle was paid for. I renewed my visits to Miss Thorp and when I told her father of my inheritance he patted me on the shoulder and said, "There is no one whom I should prefer better as a son-in-law to you, Phillip. Go ahead, my boy."

I walked on air, but I had a fear that I might descend to earth. I nerved myself as best I could. What if this was a dream after all? Had I made a mistake? I trembled as I thought of it. My position was

extremely unpleasant. I dismissed these fears and by degrees my confidence returned. Another happy week passed by,—flitted by, rather. My clients became more numerous. My society was sought for. Despite all this popularity, however, like a true lover, I spent most of my spare time with my affianced. The day of our wedding was set.

One morning I arose unusually cool and clear-headed. The fever had entirely left me. I now looked back on the events of the past week with amazement. I no longer believe in the visit of the lawyer from London. I had heard nothing of the man since that memorable night. I groaned in horror—not without cause. I had lied to Mr. Thorp, and deceived Beatrice. I had received money under false pretenses. Nothing would convince people that I was not a swindler.

That day brought me welcome news, conveyed by the most welcome man that ever crossed my threshold. The card which I held in my hand bore the name of Richard Corley, Solicitor, Middle Temple, London. I motioned the boy to admit him. In blank surprise I awaited him. It was my nocturnal visitor.

"My young friend," he began. "I have news which will surprise you. I have been in America three weeks looking for you and it has been a tiresome job, I assure you. Your uncle, Sampton Wild, died a short time ago, leaving a fortune, your share of which is \$25,000. How does that suit you, my friend?"

I was indeed surprised, and it was some time before I could speak. The same man! The identical sum! It was astounding. I found my voice at last.

"Mr. Corely, you called on me once before, did you not? You were here, I believe on the 27th of last month."

"Oh no! my friend. It was only yesterday that I got information as to your whereabouts. I shall leave \$10,000 to your credit in the Black Stone Bank. Your further inheritance will be forthcoming."

When he was gone I sat for fully twenty minutes, lost in thought.

Not long after this, I married Miss Thorp, took her to live with me in a handsome residence which I had erected. I longed for Sol Danclon. Would that he might visit me and see me now. Things were different now than they were when he saw me last.

One day two very unusual letters came. They were addressed to me, and were from England. I opened the first with a trembling hand. I glanced at the signature. It was from my uncle, Sampton Wild. Why, Uncle Sampton had died a year ago!

What foolery was this? It ran as follows:

57 Covert St.
LONDON.

My Dear Phillip:

I presume it will surprise you to hear from me. I hope that this letter will find you well. One of your friends recently informed me of your success in America. I have concluded to withdraw my little prejudice against you. I am glad to find that I was in the wrong. I am too old to visit you, Phillip, else I should gladly do so. Can you not visit your uncle next season? I await your immediate answer. Your uncle,

SAMPTON WILD.

I was mystified. I took up the remaining letter, hoping to find some explanation therein. The writer was friend Sol Danclon.

SHERRY HOLE,
Wessex.

Dear Friend:

I feel that you have been kept in the dark long enough, so I will throw a beam of light on my hypnotic influence. I left you in your despondency, with a plan in my mind for your relief. Accordingly, I employed an old friend of mine, Richard Corely, to go to you in the guise of a solicitor. The story of your uncle's death was a good joke—so was my hypnotic influence. I had nothing to do with that dream of yours, which you spoke of in your last letter. You'll have to fathom that yourself. It's probably another case of telepathy. I know that you will not think ill of me when I ask you to return my loan of \$25,000, for such it was. You can afford it now, for I have been informed that you are worth five times that amount. Your friend,

SOL.

Such was the story of my \$25,000 legacy.



JOURNALISM IN OUR HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

NEARLY all the High Schools and colleges of the United States are engaged, to some extent, in the practice of journalism.

Their papers appear weekly, monthly, bi-monthly or quarterly, and average in size, between eight and twenty-four pages. It is to be noticed, in looking over a number of these, from various schools, that they possess a very high standard of excellence. Indeed we often find in them articles worthy to appear in any of the larger magazines.

We find papers on history, science and politics, biographies, items of travel and fiction, together with the general news of the world.

Special attention is always given to school news, showing the general character of the school, the undertakings and progress of the students and their literary societies and other organizations.

With these are the editorials, and, perhaps a column or two of humor. The school paper possesses somewhat the style of a journal, but yet retains the elements of a newspaper sufficiently to give a good picture of the school it represents.

Like all other journals it is bedecked with advertisements about the covers, and from these is derived the financial foundation which supports it.

It is generally conducted by a chosen board of editors and managers, who represent the school, and do the work, while its members are expected to help by contributions.

At the head is the editor-in-chief. He must arrange for the material to be printed, he must solicit and obtain articles; he must see that the special editors beneath him supply their columns with sufficient and suitable materials; he must himself write editorials, and see to the publication of the paper. In a word he is the chief executive and he is responsible for the success of the paper.

The educational value of holding the office of editor-in-chief is easily recognized. First, there is the practical experience which he gains in the management of his paper, and secondly, he has the opportunity to learn how little some people are disposed to exert themselves, when called upon to write; how provokingly others will delay the writing of what they promised; in short he learns what the man of experience only knows, that the product of the brain, like that of the hand cannot be had for the mere asking.

No one can doubt that the editor-in-chief receives a practical training, which will prove of far more value in after years than much of his regular school work.

The financial success of the paper depends upon, and is measured by, the energy and hustling qualities of the business manager. The life of the paper depends upon his efforts and success, for only by the advertisements can the paper be supported. Like the editor-in-chief, he gets experience in business affairs and the knowledge he acquires in his transactions is worth more and is far superior to what he might learn in a school of business.

A very useful and helpful feature of our papers is the exchange table by means of which exchanges are made among school journals all over the United States. Each one learning from the other, can improve accordingly.

The school journal in its quest for good material for publication creates a demand upon the literary energies of the members of its school. It tends to encourage the student, who is desirous of cultivating his literary talents, and stimulates him to greater efforts. It supplements, in a way, the work of the school rhetoricals, and the contributor holds it in no such dread as many students hold their rhetorical day.

The school journal is generally a credit to the school, and serves as a messenger to the outside world, demonstrating to doubtful observers and anxious

parents, what the High School students are capable of, and what they are doing. The result is that any false ideas which may be entertained in regard to the school, are either entirely dispelled, or at least corrected.

The paper published in our High School is now in its third year, and has been quite successful. But it seems that the interest in it is flagging somewhat of late, and that the pupils, especially the lower classes, are disinclined to contribute to its success.

Let the Sophomores and Freshmen, as well as the Juniors and Seniors, take an interest in this work. For nothing can exist without support.

We hope that the "Kodak" will have a long life, and that, flourishing triumphantly, it will always yield a true picture of our cherished school.



GOLD HUNTERS.

I sat down upon one of those great boulders with which these Rocky Mountains are littered, to rest. For one cannot walk very far at an altitude of ten thousand feet above the sea level without stopping to rest, especially if he is encumbered with a heavy camera. The especial boulder I selected to rest upon was upon the side of a dusty road. The road was so dusty and so commonplace that it might have been in Wisconsin. But that old road between Silver Plume and Graymont, Colorado, has seen many things a Wisconsin road never dreamt of, and on each side of it the gigantic mountains rise, tier above tier, ending where the snow-white covering of the top-most range blends with the Italian blue of the sky. Over that road many a miner has trudged hopefully, many a pack train of burrows has labored with its load of supplies for the mines, or of ore for the mills; many a wagon-load of machinery has passed over it, bound for mines on the slopes of Gray's Peak and the Continental Divide. Many a miner has trodden the dust of this road with sorrowful footsteps, his face toward the east; while a few have walked along briskly, head up and success shining in their eyes. Most pitiful, however, is the case of the many miners who pass down the road, bound for they know not where, pitch camp for a night, and live there forever.

As I sit upon the great boulder, listening to Clear Creek below, so fresh from the immaculate white of the snowy range; as I felt the awful stillness and the appalling mightiness of those mountains and tried to admire those mountains without making my thoughts irreverent I saw the door of a miner's cabin open and a wrinkled, tanned and gray-bearded man step

out, carefully close the door and come towards me. Without a word of salutation, he seated himself beside me, gravely filled and lit an ancient clay pipe and began to smoke.

"It's a fine afternoon," I remarked, thinking the silence was becoming painful. He nodded without looking at me. I thought to myself that a year ago I would have wondered if these were Western manners. I knew now, however, that they were not. If you will believe me, that man smoked a whole pipe, knocked the ashes carefully out and put it in his coat pocket, before he said a word. Meantime the boulder was getting exceedingly hard.

"Stranger in this country?" he finally asked. I answered that I was a comparative one.

"Takin' pictures?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I find it difficult to obtain anything like a faithful representation. These hills are so large."

"That's right!" he said, with the peculiar accent of Colorado. Then he looked up at the opposite "hills," and added, pensively, "I'm —— if they arn't!"

"Do you see that clump of bushes, away up there, just to the right and a little below that prospect hole?" he asked, suddenly. With some search and the aid of a dirty finger, I discovered it.

"Well," he said, "there's a soda spring there. Awful fine water. Last week I saw three Rocky Mountain goats drinking there."

"No!" I ejaculated. He looked at me strangely for a moment and then said:

"You from Indiana?"

"No, Wisconsin. Why?"

"Well," he said, "I thought you were from Indiana sure. I ain't heard a person say 'No' that way since I left home. I was just about to call you a liar, when I remembered!"

He was silent for a few moments, thinking of that long-forgotten provincialism, and it was not until he gave a loud giffaw, slapped his corduroys, and said, "I'll be —— if I warn't going to call you a liar!" It was not until that, that I ventured to ask the questions which elicited the following story:

He had left his home in Indiana in '60 and come West to make his pile. After visiting several gold belts, he finally landed at the debouchment of Clear Creek Canon at Idaho Springs and worked from there up to the Divide. For twenty years he had prospected, made a little money here, a little there, but not much anywhere; had worked in mines for other men, and in gulches for himself, never finding enough of the yellow metal to more than keep him alive. But the longer he stayed the more he became attached to

the rough, free life, and, as he replied to my question why he didn't go "back East," it seemed sort of natural to stay, and confounded unnatural to go back, so he just stayed. In '80, he and another man had cut trees on the mountain side and built a stout, log cabin of one room, and here he invited me to have a "taste of miner's grub."

The interior of the cabin was in wild disorder. Papers, fire wood and old baking powder cans, debris from the cooking and the parts of a gun he had been cleaning, lay on the floor. In one corner two bunks were built, one above another, the bed clothing of the lower one (consisting of patch-work gunny-sack sheets, blanket and counter-pane) turned back just as he had left it when he vacated in the morning. In another corner stood a rude combination table and dresser, littered with old illustrated papers, ore specimens, a couple of almost toothless combs and an antiquated hair-brush. Above the table hung a picture in brilliant colors of an actress, and a broken mirror. The other side of the room was taken up by the stove and cooking utensils. There was a frying-pan on the stove containing a solitary piece of bacon in a frame of hardened gravy.

A fire was soon kindled, the frying-pan cleaned and a pan-cake batter mixed with wonderful alacrity. A lump of lard in the frying-pan, a spoonful of batter and then a couple of minutes' sizzling with my friend standing by and watching it, silently. Suddenly he picked the frying-pan up by the handle, and with a quick, dexterous movement of his hand, sent the half-cooked cake flying into the air and then caught it as it came down, brown side up.

"Good gracious?" I exclaimed, "how did you do that?"

"O, it's a trick everyone knows around here," he replied carelessly. The result of this extraordinary culinary skill was some of the finest pan-cakes (with New Orleans) I have ever had the good fortune to eat.

After we had satisfied our hunger, we sat and talked for a long time, and I learned a great deal that I never knew before.

These miners are a distinctive class of American people. They are a quiet, unassuming, sadly disappointed lot, living alone and keeping a few chickens and a garden, the latter badly neglected because the gardner has a bad habit of going off with the garden spade to prospect. They left their Eastern home (and, perhaps, a young girl, too, now all but forgotten) when they were young men, with the idea of getting immensely wealthy, and now, disappointed in their hopes, they cannot bear to leave the country

they have grown so attached to even though it has treated them mighty shabbily; but with a dogged determination not to accept defeat at the hands of fate, they set out for a long days's prospect, with spade and pick and the one hope that has kept them alive all these years, that perhaps to-day——

They can be jolly, though, these miners, and they dearly love a game of poker or high five. They have some of the Wild West manners, rollicking bravado and hilarious ways with which they are accredited by Western writers, however, and while their speech is often more expressive than refined, they can talk a long time, as my miner did, without once calling into use an oath, which is more than the reader of Bret Harte, M. Quad and Dan Quinn would believe, I think; and as for hospitality, thoughtfulness for every one's comfort, or devotion to a comrade in trouble, I am convinced that these rough, but kind hearted gold hunters are not equaled by any other class of people.

I will never forget a little scene I witnessed on the platform of the station in Silver Plume. A little boy of seven years who was taking the trip "Over the Loop" with his father, cried enthusiastically, "O, papa! Let's go and hunt gold!" A weather-beaten old miner, with unkempt hair and beard, long since turned gray, and a worn felt hat turned down over his face, heard the remark, and putting his hand gently on the lad's shoulder, said:

"Sonny, don't you do it. I came out here nearly forty years ago to hunt gold, and I haven't found it yet."



Foot Ball.

Foot Ball,
Strange team,
All devils,
So they seem.

Foot Ball,
Draped in black,
All the players,
Ride in a hack.

Foot Ball,
Hot game,
Head smashed,
All the same.

Foot Ball,
He'll play no more,
For now he's waiting,
On the shore.



THE KODAK.

Published bi-monthly by the Athletic Club of the Eau Claire High School.

10c per copy.

50c a School Year.

Entered at the PostOffice at Eau Claire as Second-Class Matter.

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THE KODAK,
Eau Claire, Wis.

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Athletic Editor,	Henry Werner, '98
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	{ Max Baumberger, '98

OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC CLUB.

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Vice-President,	Carl Williams, '98
Secretary,	Bert McGowan, '98
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Censor,	Max Baumberger, '98
Sergt-at-Arms,	Edward Ramstad, '99
Capt. of Foot-Ball Team,	Henry Werner, '98
Manager of Foot-Ball Team,	Bert McGowan, '98

After a silence of about five months the KODAK again greets its friends, both new and old. It hopes to find many friends among the class which entered this fall. And since two or three years hence the task of editing this paper will devolve upon some members of this class, they should become acquainted with it right away and, by contributing articles for it, gain the experience which is necessary to make the paper first class. Although the KODAK is published by the Athletic club, they would hesitate to publish it without the support of the whole school. The managers highly appreciate any efforts made by the scholars to further the interests of the paper.

The KODAK has always urged the adoption of self government in our school. Articles have from time to time appeared in its columns showing the advantage of the plan. Last year we aroused considerable enthusiasm. Petitions were circulated among the Junior and Sophomore classes and all the members showed

that they were in favor of the plan by signing their names. But for some reason the Seniors were not in sympathy with the idea and the Freshmen patterned after the Seniors. So nothing further was done and the whole thing seems to have been forgotten. Why don't the Seniors who were as Juniors, so active along this line circulate another petition this term. It is almost certain that the other classes would do likewise and we could secure what we sought for. The other classes dare not take the matter in hand because of the failure of the Junior class last year. Therefore the Seniors are under obligations to ascertain the desire of the school in this matter and then act accordingly.

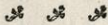
▼ ▲ ▼

Three changes have taken place in our teaching force this year. The scholars were sorry to hear last June at the close of school that Miss Grassie, Miss Wyman and Miss Swift would not return in the fall. These instructors by their earnest work and personal interest in the school have won a warm place for themselves in the hearts of the scholars and it is with sincere regret that we record their departure. The vacancies have been filled by Miss Schuster, Miss Kennedy and Mr. Howie. To these the KODAK extends a hearty welcome and if it may judge from what it has seen and heard already, it predicts that their stay with us shall be attended with both pleasure and profit to us all. It was quite a surprise to us one morning as we were taking our seats in the main room, to see Miss Grassie make her appearance. Mr. Frawley suggested that she should favor us with a talk. The whole school showed their desire to hear her by clapping their hands. She made a few remarks to the effect that it gave her a great deal of pleasure to look upon so many familiar faces and especially those along the back seats. She said she felt somewhat like a deserter for she began teaching in our school the same year that the Seniors entered as Freshmen. Let us say that the pleasure derived from looking upon familiar faces was mutual and that the scholars received just as much pleasure from that source as she did. So come again Miss Grassie.

▼ ▲ ▼

We are sorry to learn that the Athletic Club has lost some of its old friends among the people of Eau Claire. We are unable to give any reason for this state of affairs, yet such seems to be the fact. It has always been the object of the club to appear well in the eyes of the public, and we feel justified in saying that if it has ever at any time past or present fallen short of their expectations or stepped beyond its limits in any way, it has not been done consciously

or in a willful manner and if a mistake has been made the Athletic Club will make every effort to rectify it. But we wish to say that the club ought not to suffer on account of the doing or misrepresentations of a few careless members. But a few words to the club. Methinks I see signs which portend evil. The spirit that used to be taken in Athletics is beginning to lag although it is not so evident at this season of the year when all thoughts are centered on foot-ball. But just as soon as the season is over there will be no interest taken in anything. Possibly a little interest will do no harm to the foot-ball players but there are a great many members in the club who do not play foot-ball and will certainly wish to take some kind of physical recreation during the coming winter months and this will have to be taken indoors. You should commence now to furnish the gymnasium as it has never been furnished before. We need baths but to get them will mean a great deal of hard work on your part. So wake up and get to work.



THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

THE trans-continental railroads of America connecting as they do the extreme west with the extreme east have on account of their length and importance, been considered the greatest railroads in the world.

But the railroad that Russia is now building across Siberia promises to rival the above mentioned lines in importance and greatly exceed them in length.

In 1858 a company of English capitalists proposed building a road from Moscow to the Tartary Straits but the proposition was not carried out for political reasons.

Nothing further was done until the year 1891 when it was decided that the road should be built across Siberia with Russian capital and by Russian engineers.

Accordingly, in February of that year Nicholas II inaugurated the undertaking with appropriate ceremonies at Uladivostad.

The road was to have Tschelyabinsk, as its western terminal, going east from there through the largest cities to Krasnoyarsk, thence east to Irkutsk around the southern end of Lake Baikal, east to Vertschinsk, from this last named city in an irregular easterly direction to Charbarowsk then south to Vladivostok. But it has been found necessary to change this route in two places. First, instead of going around the southern end of Lake Baikal it has been detailed to ferry the trains across the lake, a distance of twenty miles, thus avoiding the necessity of crossing a very mountainous region.

The other change has been made because it will shorten the road 664 miles and therefore reduce its cost about 25 millions of dollars. This alteration is in that part of the road which proceeded east from Lake Baikal and in place of taking the northern route the road will be laid in a direct southeastern line.

The western part of the road is complete as far east as Krasnoyarsk and by the end of next summer it is expected that it will be complete as far east as Irkutsk, the largest city in Siberia.

The work is being pushed with great energy as 70,000 men are said to be employed in the work-shops and on the line so that they have reason to hope that the railroad may be finished before the end of the nineteenth century.

The total length of the railroad is 4446 miles or 1303 miles longer than the Canadian Pacific, and it will cost \$190,000,000 or about \$42,000 per mile.

Although Russia may have some very important political reasons for building this railroad, yet we are inclined to believe that if other reasons of almost equal importance had not existed the road would not have been built. And it is clear that there are commercial reasons urging the construction of this railroad passing as it does through a vast country, rich in natural resources but poor in industries. With the introduction of this railroad, Siberia will be changed from a barren wilderness, the land of exiles, into a populous and progressive country, the home of free and loyal Russians. Already the people are flocking thither, so a boom similar to our western ones may be looked for.

China and Japan will find in this railroad a shorter and better route to Europe and, linked thus to the civilized world, will again be able to place their products on the European markets on an equal footing with India.

As a passenger route to the Eastern countries from Europe, it will reduce the time now required to go by water between the above mentioned countries at least ten or eleven days. If the transportation charges are reasonable, a great part of the goods which are now shipped by sea to and from the Eastern countries, will be transported over this railroad thus increasing Russian trade to the disadvantage of England, which stands today at the head. Indeed all European countries have or should have an interest in this great undertaking. We ourselves, far removed from it as we are, have reasons for learning something of the project and the country the road will traverse. For although we need have no fear for the immediate future, its influence, if reports be true, will extend across the Atlantic and the continent to our western farmers.

Siberia is said to possess some extended regions where wheat can be successfully raised. Then other things being equal, the Siberian farmers can place their grain on the Eastern and European markets much cheaper than the American farmers and so compel us to accept lower prices or go elsewhere.



THE COAL STRIKE.

OUR country, for three months has been deeply agitated on account of a great coal strike. The consumers of coal were afraid they would be compelled to endure a coal famine. Fortunately this has been averted and most of the miners who refused to work have gone back to the mines.

The miners seem to have had good reasons for entering upon this strike. Machine mining had been introduced to some extent and as a result of this and the poor market for coal, the supply of miners greatly exceeded the demand. The average time that each miner worked did not exceed 3 or 4 days per week.

As a result of these conditions the miners wages were being continually reduced until just before the strike the men were receiving an average of 5½ to 29 cents per ton against 79 to 65 cents per ton in 1893. At some mines the operators were in the habit of cheating the men by a system of false measures so that the miner did not receive pay for all his labor. And in addition to all these evils was that ever present one, the company stores. The men, receiving only starvation wages in the first place were compelled to buy the necessities of life at these stores and pay prices that were almost twice as high as at other stores.

So the miners decided - contrary to the philosophy of some philanthropists, that half a loaf is better than no loaf at all—that it was easier to starve idle than to starve as slaves and demanded that they should receive higher wages or else they would stop working.

The operators did not comply with this demand and so the miners ceased work on the first week in July. By receiving aid from other sympathizing labor organizations they were able to maintain the strike for months.

Labor strikes are characterized generally by riots, disturbances and destruction of property by the strikers but this strike differs from all others in this respect. At no time in the history of this or any other nation has so large a body of dissatisfied workmen maintained such a peaceful state of affairs. To this may also be attributed most of the success which others have not been able to secure.

The strike ended after the convention of miners accepted the rate of 65 cents per ton instead of 69 as they had demanded.

The victory was theirs and wage reduction is no longer the order of the day.

The massacre at Lattimer, Luzerne County, Penn., has no connection with the great bituminous coal strike save that the latter may have helped to incite the dissatisfied miners of Luzerne county.

But even here the men were not creating any disorder. Their conduct would not have justified the moderateness of a policeman's billy in New York much less the use of rifles by a company of special deputies.

The men were marching on the highway, from one mine to another, for the purpose of persuading the miners to join with them in the strike.

The sheriff with a company of deputies ordered them to turn back but they refused and the company was ordered to shoot.

They did so, and fired into the midst of the unarmed miners, killing several.

The miners turned and fled, but the deputies continued to shoot and shot some of the miners in the back.

The United States has ordered an investigation to be made, which we hope will clear away this red blot on our so much boasted-of nineteenth century civilization.



FORT SUMTER.

FORT SUMTER, designed to protect the harbor in which it was built, whose erection was begun in 1829 in Charleston harbor on an artificial island, was never viewed in its completed form. It was intended that the armament of the fort should consist of 136 guns arranged in three tiers, two behind casements and one "en barbette" but after expending something over one million dollars it was still incomplete, and of what guns that were there, some were unmounted.

In 1861 Major Anderson had recourse to Fort Sumter. Major Anderson was stationed at Fort Moultrie, but learning that the Confederates were meditating an attack on the forts occupied by Federals, retired to Fort Sumter. Fort Sumter, though still incomplete, was thought by Major Anderson to be a better position than Fort Moultrie. Fort Sumter at the time of its occupancy by Anderson was very inefficient as far as armament goes, the fort itself was staunch but was never intended to withstand the simultaneous fire of a half a dozen batteries from the

shore. The barbette guns were unmounted, the guns in the tier just below useless and their casements were bricked up, the guns in the lower tier were the only available ones they being only 78 in number without tangents and adjustment screws.

In the early part of '61 commissioners were sent by the Confederates, who knowing the weak condition of the fort thought all that would be necessary to gain possession of it, would be the formal procedure of surrender, and accordingly sent commissioners to Washington to demand its surrender. They being composed chiefly of the aristocratic blood of Europe thought the North incapable of chivalry and their comprehensibilities inefficient to appreciate bravery, but "Had they forgot alas to reckon with with the host."

"Once to every man, or nation comes a time to decide. Between the strife of truth and falsehood, for the good or evil side."

President Lincoln's answer came short and concise, "No, Fort Sumter shall not be surrendered." If a bomb had exploded in the Confederates midst it could not have startled them more than this answer.

The South did not recover from their surprise until Lincoln, that life and soul of integrity, informed the Confederates that Fort Sumter would be reprovisioned at all hazards. Then it was that the Confederates, who deeming this equivalent to declaring war, were aroused to new hostilities.

For five months the South had been preparing for this conflict. Anderson could have stopped all preparations for the attack on Sumter had he only authority; but as it was, he had to silently look on at what he knew must be his defeat unless something providential happened. As it was he had little over twenty-four hours to prepare for the conflict.

You all know that the fort had only enough provisions to last until April 15th, and of the unsuccessful attempts to reprovision it.

It is not necessary to recall all of the details of how on April 11th Gen. Beauregard asked Anderson to evacuate; how Anderson replied that he would evacuate on the 15th of April, unless he received provisions or controlling instructions from his government; how this answer was deemed unsatisfactory and that on April 12, about 3 o'clock in the morning, Anderson was informed that unless he evacuated within an hour the fort would be fired upon; you know Anderson refused to comply and that the fort was accordingly fired upon and was evacuated. The details of these particulars are unnecessary.

President Lincoln knew that the garrison of Sumter would be starved out if not otherwise driven out, but Lincoln is not to be criticized for refusing its surrender, for he foresaw that if Fort Sumter was quietly

surrendered that its surrender would not be appreciated either by the North or the South. The conflict of Sumter showed the Southerners that the men of the North could face defeat as well as they could victory.

The inequalities of the conflict are almost incomprehensible. Gen. Beauregard had efficient guns, while the North's were almost useless. Beauregard had 7,000 men, while Anderson had but 70. Bombardment is terrible, but placed under the foregoing conditions it is terrible in the extreme. None of the men in the fort were killed by the bombardment, but they suffered untold agony from smoke caused by the burning of the works set fire by the Confederates firing red-hot shot. Once the magazine was surrounded by fire and the munitions were removed only by great difficulty. The men had to wrap themselves in wet blankets, and during the latter part of the siege had to lie down on the floor and cover their faces with wet blankets to keep from suffocating and only an occasional gun was fired to keep the rebels from thinking the fort was ready to surrender.

On April 13, the men being tired and half suffocated and munitions exhausted, the fort was evacuated, after firing a salute of fifty guns to the flag, amidst flying colors and beating drums.

The Southern generals were very desirous of the evacuation because they wanted to refit Fort Sumter and the longer the evacuation was delayed the more damage was done to the fort and this the Southern leaders wanted to avoid. Fort Sumter was refitted and held by them until the close of the war.

During the siege of Sumter, Charleston was filled with spectators eagerly waiting for the evacuation, so that they might celebrate its capitulation with due ceremony, while the men in the fort were suffering such agony the populace of Charleston were reveling in ecstasy and when the fort was evacuated they went frantic with joy. The grand accomplishment of 7,000 men in subduing 70 was such an aggrandizement to the Southern cause, that in the eyes of the South they were heroes, and Gen. Beauregard was immortalized.

The heroism displayed by the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae was insignificant as compared by that displayed by these brave romantic Southerners.

In 1863 Fort Sumter was demolished by Gen. Gilmore in his siege of Charleston. The fort was so completely demolished that all four faces were one heap of debris, through which the Confederates made a tunnel around the once gallant fort. The Confederates remained on the site of Sumter until the close of the war.

The demolition of the fort by Gilmore was a brilliant

piece of engineering work, he had disadvantages to overcome, but in the righteousness of his cause he overcame them.

Immediately after the war the Federals rebuilt Fort Sumter and made a modern defencive position out of it. On the fourth anniversary of the evacuation of the fort, Major Anderson had the honor of restoring the same flag to its place above the ramparts. Fort Sumter is today a model fort in all respects and is well adapted for coast defence. It stands forth in its majestic solemnity a terrible monument to all enemies.



POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

THE idea of connecting a savings bank with a Post office seems to have originated in England, where the first one was established in 1861. The act putting the system into operation was championed by Mr. Wm. E. Gladstone, then chancellor of the exchequer.

Since then the system has been introduced into all the British Colonies, the countries of Belgium, France, Netherlands, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Finland and the islands of Japan and Hawaii. Thus leaving the United States, Germany and Spain the only nations of importance which do not have the system.

There are good reasons why they should be established in these countries.

The system itself embraces many strong points and admirable features which make it of incalculable benefit both to the country as a whole, and the people personally.

In the United States at present there is about one depositor for every fourteen inhabitants and 80 per cent of these depositors are in the New England states and New York. Thus leaving the percentage of depositors in the other parts of the country very small. Some account for the difference in the number of depositors in the Eastern and Western part of the country by attributing the cause to the difference in the habits of the people, but it is certain that if the people of the South and West were given encouragement and the opportunity they would be a great deal more saving than they are at present.

Savings banks could not be introduced into this country at a more opportune time than at present.

The confidence of the masses in private banks has been almost destroyed and the majority of the people see that much of the suffering they have endured during the last five years might have been averted had they been more frugal in the time of prosperity.

And therefore the introduction of Postal Banks would certainly be a great boon to the laboring classes.

The advantages of the system are manifold but to recall a few of them will suffice I think to show its merits.

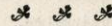
The people would have a perfectly safe place to deposit their money.

It would prevent poverty or temporary want by developing habits of thrift and saving.

The Government would not have to borrow abroad. The money whether regarded as a loan or otherwise would be placed under the control of domestic legislation.

The laboring classes would come to feel a direct personal interest in the welfare of the country and indeed nothing could more strongly influence the people to watch zealously its prosperity and best interests.

Sectionalism among the less intelligent classes is lessened and the welding or fusing of foreign elements promoted by such a common national institution.



ATHLETICS.

SINCE the foot ball season opened a very good spirit has been shown in athletics. In looking over the material we find that it promises good results for the future. Why can we not keep up this spirit throughout the winter and go into training that we may be in good condition for field day? There is no reason why we cannot win the "cup" next year at Madison. We have a number of good sprinters, six at least, and two or three strong men to "put the shot" and "throw the hammer." Without a doubt we have four sprinters who can win the relay race.

It has been stated by our principal that Prof. Howie is willing to form a class in physical culture. Why not take the matter up when we have the opportunity. Prof. Frawley went so far as to say he would let us have a class instead of reading for two or three times a week.

It is needless to say that Prof. Howie is fully capable of taking charge of this work as he has had classes in the university and is himself a good athlete.

As we have a gymnasium let us make use of it. If we have not enough apparatus we can easily get more as the citizens are willing to donate, as they have shown by their liberal offer to give money, to defray out football debt.

But aside from apparatus, we need two or three baths, which we can obtain from the school board, if we show satisfactory work, and use our time to the best advantage while in the gymnasium.

Now boys do not let this opportunity slip by.



A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

THE sun shone brightly on the second of October when the foot-ball team from Chippewa, not content with successive defeats at the hands of an invincible eleven, met the superior players upon the contested gridiron and again suffered defeat through the scientific playing of the home team.

The opposing elevens lined up at 3 o'clock, our men feeling confident of victory. Throughout the whole game our boys demonstrated their knowledge and ability in playing foot-ball, and indeed they must have astonished the visitors by the effectiveness of the tactics employed. The first half opened by the visitors kicking off and after a series of scrimmages during which the ball, most of the time, remained in the hands of the Eau Claireites, Blackwell, with his accustomed force, broke line and succeeded in making two touchdowns; one of which was declared not valid by reason of the so-called foul play, which Werner by a beautiful run around the end game scored. For this half the score was 8-0 in favor of the Eau Claire team. Blackwell failed to kick goal as a strong wind was blowing at the time.

The Chippewa's kicked off for the opening of the second half. They seemed bent on restoring lost ground and played more viciously. As the ball passed alternately between the two teams and from one end of the field to another, Kelly, upon snatching the ball fumbled by the visitors, passed it back to McGowan, who, by a swift run up the field, made a touchdown.

The latter, however, was declared by the Chippewa boys to be made on a forward pass and therefore they maintained that it ought not be counted. After considerable discussion Prof. Howie, our referee, abruptly and in a determined manner, announced he would give the enemy three minutes to line up and defend their goal so that Blackwell might have a chance to kick goal, but they were so thoroughly tired out that the game was given up by them. Score 12-0.

The High School might well be congratulated upon its efforts in securing a good representative team. McVicar nobly assisted by the guards, Oien and Nelson are indeed a trio that smash the line with untold frequency. B. Williams and Kelly do splendid playing; William's tackling is faultless. The pertinacity,

the strength, the wonderful power of endurance possessed by McGowan and Boleman remain unquestioned, the fact that no less than every member of the opposite side fear them, speaks for itself. C. Williams, the plucky quarter-back does his work to the satisfaction of all; while in Freshman Potter we have a worthy successor as half-back to Gagnon. Werner by his quick, clear perception, through knowledge of the game together with his fast sprinting, was enabled to make game at every opportunity. Lastly, Blackwell, who strikes the line with so tremendous a force, is a valuable member of the team. He possesses keen comprehension coupled with good sound judgment and clearly is a full-back that the team would regret to lose.



CHIPPEWA FALLS VS. EAU CLAIRE.

FOOT-BALL game at Chippewa. On Saturday Oct. 9, the two teams met on the gridiron, each confident of victory, especially the Chippewa High School team, who had practiced diligently since their first game with us. But of the two teams, about equal in weight, Eau Claire's did better team work, as was shown by their good center plays, and interference, Eau Claire winning the toss up chose goal, and Chippewa kicked off. The ball on the first kick off was received in E. C.'s territory by McVicar, who carried it for twenty yards, where he was downed, but E. C. keeping the ball. After a few gains through the center a bluff tackle tandem play was given, which gave McGowan the ball for a touchdown. Blackwell missing goal the ball was again given to Chippewa for a kick off. This time McGowan received the ball and made a gain of twenty-five yards. But E. C. losing on downs Chippewa received it but soon lost it again on downs, E. C. then made a gain of within ten-yards of the opponents goal when time was called for the first half.

After a recess of ten minutes E. C. formed for a kick off which brought the ball well into the opponents territory, and being caught by Stanley, was carried a few yards, Chippewa then tried a few end plays, but were blocked from making any gain, by poor interference, Chippewa losing the ball on downs and Blackwell by a tandem play carried the ball over the goal line for another touchdown, losing the ball while being tackled, Boleman took it and carried it behind the goal posts which gave E. C. a score of 8. Blackwell again missed goal. The ball was then kicked off by Chippewa. McGowan catching the ball tried for a good gain, but was tackled

before he gained fifteen yards. Then on downs E. C. lost the ball. Chippewa trying a triple pass made a good gain, but was downed through good tackle by Williams. They lost the ball on downs again, and E. C. carried it for a gain of 25 yards, here the ball was fumbled and McGowan picking it up scored another touchdown, but it was not allowed by the umpire, so the ball was carried back again, but McGowan making a good run around left end scored a touchdown, making 12. Williams failed to kick goal. After a kick off by Chippewa the ball was carried well into their territory by Kjorstad, but being downed three times without gain the ball was to go to Chippewa when time was called.

The score being E. C. 15. Chippewa 0.



THE PURPLE

WAS carried to victory by the gridiron friends of our school - McGowan, Reidell and Werner, the stars. It was a glorious day was the 16th of October. Old Sol gazed complacently down through the keen, brisk atmosphere, made fresh by a hard rain the preceding night, and a smile of triumph flashed across his beautiful autumn face when the long haired canvasbacks from the Northern Pacific shops of St. Paul went down before the men that wore the purple on Schutzen field.

The game was remarkably free from casualties considering the fierceness of the contest, the only accidents being an injured eye born by Fey and a pair of battered hands by Rogers, both of St. Paul. Eau Claires only injury being sustained by McGowan, who played pluckily through the last thirteen minutes of the first half and the entire second half with his right shoulder badly sprained.

Although the operators had superior strength, age and experience they were unable to make rapid enough connections with the "pig-skin" to force it over the home team's goal line.

When Capt. Werner called his men on the field the game hardly seemed necessary to announce the score. One would hardly think the meek looking youngsters from home stood a ghost of a show against the dark, fierce looks and the burly forms of their antagonists. But oh what a difference—afterwards.

St. Paul won the toss and took the wind goal giving Eau Claire the ball, which was kicked from the center at 3:22, St. Paul returned to their forty yard line before being downed, then after four futile attempts at Eau Claire's line they took the side of the defensive, but their defence was weak or at any rate seemed weak when Reidell took the right end for ten yards

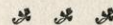
followed by Blackwell for ten more through the right tackle; two unsuccessful attempts at the center and Reidell was again given the ball for the right end, but on his way he quietly handed the leather to Werner, who came thundering round the left end, down the field for thirty yards and scored a touch-down. For a second or two profound silence reigned, as the thought ran through each one's mind, the "criss-cross" has worked for a score, then as if of one accord the multitude opened wide their mouths and let loose a mighty howl that shattered the atmosphere for leagues around, but all is not yet over, Williams fails at goal and the ball is once more in the center of the field with thirteen minutes left of the first half. But nothing is accomplished, the ball sways from one side to the other and when time is called it is on St. Paul's forty-yard line. The score stands Eau Claire 4, St. Paul 0.

The second half was, till the last three minutes of play, an exact counterpart of the last thirteen minutes of the first half. When three minutes remained St. Paul secured the ball and made a Herculean effort to score, by using a series of tandem and mass plays which were a little too slow but were surely effective. When at Eau Claire's ten yard line some small boy yelled "they're gettin dangerous, hold 'em Eau Claire" and Eau Claire proceeded to act upon the small boys advice, and held them for four downs without gain. The ball was immediately started back but time was called with the "line up" on Eau Claire's twenty-five yard line; then arose from every part of the crowd the ear-splitting yell:

O! Y! Yah!
Eau Claire High School
Hal Hal Hal
Zip a la! Zip a la!
Boom! Rah! Rah!
Which was fittingly capped with
Strawberry short-cake.
Blueberry pie,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.

Northern Pacific's—Lyons, r e; Powers, r t; Hornsby, r g; Hunter, c; Fee, l g; Rogers, l t; Damon, l e; Riley, r h; Fosbrook, l h; Rogers, q b; McDonald, f b.

Eau Claire's—McGowan, r e; Kjorstad, r t; Kelly, r g; McVicar, c; Johnson, l g; Williams, l t; Boleman, l e; Capt. Werner, r h; Reidell, l h; C. Williams, q b; Blackwell, f b.



WINONA VS. EAU CLAIRE.

IT seems as though this is going to be our red letter year along the line of football. Thanks to our able manager. Thus far we have played four games and are booked for two return games, one at St. Paul and the other at Winona. Besides

these games the manager is trying to arrange games with Augusta and Menomonie but nothing certain has been accomplished in either case as yet.

The games already played equal the number played altogether in '96.

In '96 we were beaten by the N. P.'s but this year the wearers of the purple have succeeded in holding down every team which they have met on the gridiron and were scored against only once. The Winona High school did this on Friday, Oct. 22.

This game turned out to be a much better game than was expected and judging from the game neither team had formed a true estimate of its opponents prowess.

The weather bureau had sent us a very fine day for playing with the pigskin. We seem to have been especially fortunate in this respect this year. Although the weather might have been threatening a little while before the game it has in all cases turned out to be as good as any manager could wish.

The game was called at 9 o'clock with a fair number of spectator's on either side.

The Winona's had up to this time been rather jubilant and the Eau Claire boys were beginning to think.

But methinks that if the Winona captain could have interpreted the suspicious flight of the crows which were circling around the corn stock in the neighboring field or if some Roman Augurer had been present who could have examined the gizzard of yonder barnyard rooster sitting on the fence, and crowing so lustily, and thus foretold the results of the game, that captain would not have been so jubilant and would have reluctantly led his men onto the field. But unsuspecting he lined his men up at the center of the field and kicked off. The ball was downed on Eau Claire's five yard line but by a system of tackle, end and center plays it was advanced up to Eau Claire's 45 yard line. Winona took and lost the ball on downs without gaining. Werner then signalled the criss-cross and Potter made a run for 30 yards. Eau Claire gradually worked ahead and Blackwell was given the ball for 25 yards and a touchdown. But goal was missed. Score 4 to 0 in Eau Claire's favor.

Ball was kicked off again and advanced to the center of the field when time was called.

At the beginning of the second half the ball was downed on visitors 30 yard line. The Winonas seemed determined not to let Eau Claire make another touchdown and Eau Claire was equally determined to score. It was evident that both teams were doing their best. However Eau Claire gradually pushed toward Winona's goal and at last

pushed across the line for a second touchdown. But goal was missed a second time.

Winona kicks off and plays desperately. Slowly forcing Eau Claire back until they are on Eau Claire's 18 yard line. Winona has ball. Somebody fumbles and a visiting player picks the ball up and is across the goal line ere the players know what has happened, Winona also fails at goal. Score now stands 8 to 4 in Eau Claire's favor.

This touchdown served to wake up the wearers of the purple and when ball was kicked off for the fourth and last time, Eau Claire tried hard to make another touchdown but was unable to do so before time was called with the ball on Winona's 15 yard line.

Winona was given 10 yds. by Eau Claire's off-side play and also stole the ball.

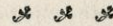
Kjorstad and McGowan were both crippled but in spite of these disadvantages Eau Claire held its own.

Winona after trying the center once or twice gave up that attempt as vain and we have noticed that all the teams we have played with have not, for some reason or other played very many center plays. We are at a loss for an explanation. Is it possible that they are afraid of our center? He is not very large and does not weigh over 162 lbs. We know that is not much. But this is all that I can do with the problem and therefore will leave it for you to draw your own conclusions. I am not able to describe the manner in which our men play but they deserve all the praise that they have received.

Teams lined up as follows.

Winona—McConnon, r e; McNie, r t; J. Flynn, r g; Simon, c; Richey, l g; R. Flynn, l t; Smith, l e; Man, Q; Sainsbury, r h; Bell, l h.

Eau Claire—McGowan, r e; Kjorstad, r t; Kelly, r g; McVicar, c; Johnson, l g; B. Williams, l t; Boleman, l e; C. Williams, q; Werner, r h; Potter, l h; Blackwell, f.



A LETTER FROM MADISON.

MR. WM. OIEN,

EAU CLAIRE, Wis.

DEAR SIR:—The following I copy from the "Cardinal," the Wisconsin University paper, and I think it will be interesting to the boys in Eau Claire. A good place for it is in the KODAK.

"Of the many promising athletes of the freshman class, F. C. McGowan is one of the best. He won the 100 yard dash in 11 seconds, and the 220 in 23¼, at the interscholastic meet of '96. During the past year he has greatly developed in strength and speed. He has the reputation of being a hard and con-

scientific trainer. Mr. McGowan will undoubtedly make the track team in the spring and ought to be a point winner at Chicago.

"Hartman, winner of the half-mile walk at the last inter-scholastic meet is another very promising man. H. Severson who comes from the East Side High School of Milwaukee is regarded as a very promising hurdler. Hirschberg and Burdick, from the same school are runners. Bradley of the Madison High School who was a point winner in the last inter-scholastic meet, also numbers among the promising freshmen."

The freshmen and sophomores of the State University held a field day last Friday, Oct. 12. Among the athletes entered for the 100 yard and 200 yard dashes from the freshman class we see the name of Fred C. McGowan, a member of the class of '96.

In the inter-scholastic meet at Madison last year Fred won the 100 and 200 yard dashes, beating Fox of Milwaukee. But this man Fox beat Fred last Friday in both races. Fox has been in training for three months and Fred hasn't trained a day. He says he didn't feel as if he was half running. Fox got the start in both races, but Fred gained four or five feet in each one. All the boys here know that Fred was always the last to get started in every race he went into. It will be spring before Fred has a chance to race again with Fox, but we will have a better report of him then. Yours truly, B. W. G.

P. S.—Fred was elected captain of the freshmen track team this year.



FOOT BALL RULES FOR SPECTATORS.

It has been suggested that the KODAK should print a few of the most important rules of foot-ball. We thought the suggestion a good one and acted accordingly. To those who are interested in the game will find below some valuable information.

To begin with, each side has 11 men that "line up" or face one another in the center of the field.

These men are known as the right end and left end, right tackle and left tackle, right guard and left guard, center, quarter back, right halfback and left halfback and fullback.

They "line up" facing each other. The right end of one team faces the left end of the other. The seven men facing one another are "the line," or "the rushers," and the men behind the line are "the backs."

At each end of the field, which is 330x160 feet, is the goal line, in the center of which are the goal

posts. These posts are 20 feet high and 18 feet 6 inches apart, with a crossbar 10 feet from the ground.

The object of the game is for each side to carry the ball over its opponent's goal line, or to kick the ball between the posts and over the crossbar.

The game is started by a "kick-off" from the center of the field. A "kick-off" cannot score a goal.

After the "kick-off" the side that gets the ball must advance with it five yards in three attempts or "downs." If it fails the ball goes to the other side on "downs."

After the "goal" the ball is "kicked off" from the center of the field.

A "goal" is made by kicking the ball in any way except by a punt, between the goal posts and over the crossbar.

A "drop kick" is made by letting the ball fall from the hands and then kicking it just as it is about to rise from the ground.

A "touchdown" is made when the ball is carried or kicked across the goal line and there held.

A "safety" is made when a player, guarding his goal, receives the ball from a player of his own side and touches it to the ground.

A "touchback" is where a player receives the ball and touches it down behind the goal line, the impetus to the ball coming from an opponent.

The ball goes "out of bounds" when it crosses the side lines.

A "scrimmage" takes place when the holder of the ball places it upon the ground and puts it in play by kicking it forward or snapping it back.

A "fair catch" is made direct from a kick made by an opponent.

"Off-side" play is made when a player is in his opponent's territory when the ball is put in play.

A touchdown counts four points, a goal from a touchdown counts two points, a goal from the field counts five points, and a safety counts two points against the side making it.

There are three officials—linesman, referee and umpire. The referee has charge of the ball and judges of its progress, the umpire has charge of the players, and the linesman marks the progress of the ball.

The game is divided into two halves of 35 minutes each, with 10 minutes intermission.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Class of '97.—Minnie McDonough is busily engaged in keeping books for her father.

Ambrose Mabbut is learning the shoe trade with Potter & Culver.

Josephine Kelly is attending the Milwaukee Normal School.

Albert Steinfeldt is studying medicine with Dr. Hayes.

Mary McDonough is completing her musical education.

Wm. J. Cameron has entered the field of journalism and is an active member of the LEADER staff.

Delos Moon is employed at the office of the N. W. Lbr. Co.

James Waterbury is attending the Stevens Point Normal School and Will Smith will leave for there in a few days.

Earl Hall has been working at Porters Mills.

Dayla Rothstein is at home learning the culinary art.

Julia Johnson is keeping books for C. Johnson & Son.

Fred Brown is working for the N. W. Lbr. Co.

Charlotte Gray is learning stenography.

Susie Strang is teaching music.

A large number of the class have become school teachers. These are Grace G. Cernahan, Helen P. Deming, Gertrude A. Donaldson, Tilla A. Gilbertson, Frances Hart, Gertrude B. Hainer, Mable E. Hepburn, Mary E. Johnson, Cora B. Mayo, Estella M. O'Brien, George W. Schröder, Emma M. Skatvold, Glenn A. Tyler and Bessie A. Wright.

With such worthy instructors at the head of our country schools it will be a great wonder if the minds of the children are not greatly improved. It is said that one of the young lady teachers has pupils from five to twenty years old. She certainly has her hands full.

Thorp Wilcox '96 is book-keeper for the Linderman Box and Veneering Co

Bert Williams is book-keeper for the L. L. Williams Furniture Co.

Nels Nelson, Fred McGowan, Frank Carney, Martin Olson, Henry Hanson class of '96 are attending the U. W.

We had the pleasure of seeing Martin Jackson '93 with Otis Skinner a few evenings ago.

Ed. O'Brien is finishing his course at Stevens Point Normal this year.



UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURE COURSE.

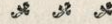
PROF. CHARLES FOSTER SMITH of the State University will begin a course of six lectures on the subject of "Greek Life" on Friday evening, Nov. 5th, at the High School building.

Prof. Smith comes highly recommended as a

lecturer and speaker, and during the course of lectures he will tell of the city of Athens and of the founders of its greatness; public places, buildings and monuments; of Greek education and religion; and of their amusements and recreations.

The lectures will be illustrated by means of numerous lantern slides prepared for this purpose, and, in addition to the slides required for the illustration of the subject, views of the most noted works of art in architecture, sculpture, painting, etc., will be shown.

This affords an excellent opportunity to the pupils of the High School to learn much of Greek history, manners and customs, in a very pleasant way, and as the price of tickets has been placed at a very low figure, we hope to see a large audience, and among them a large number of our pupils, to greet Prof. Smith at the opening lecture of the course.



ARITHMETIC.

In looking over old-time school books, one sometimes comes across an arithmetic, an old volume, leather bound, with pages yellowed with age and covered with dogs ears. Gazing at the old book your mind flies back to the school days of long ago and conjures up the scenes in the log cabin school house. We see the desperate struggle the people of that time had with these self same problems. And not only were the pupils puzzled over them but methinks I see the pedagogue toiling over the pages of this same arithmetic in the solitude of his private room when he ought to be indulging in "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." He is trying to work out an example some scholar had thought a "stickler." And shameful to say I fear that (some proved the same) even to the school master. But the times have not changed and the students of today are as ready to "stick" the teacher as those of long ago. In that familiar department, in every arithmetic of Miscellaneous Questions, I noticed a few arranged in a novel and pleasing way. They were in the form of poetry and were taking to the eye and lead to more interest than those in the more common style. Here is one of them which at first sight seems difficult but a little study will solve it.

"One evening I chanced with a tinker to sit,
Whose tongue ran a great deal too fast for his wit;
He talked of his art with an abundance of mettle;
So I asked him to make me a flat bottomed kettle.
Let the top and the bottom diameters be,
In just such proportion as five is to three;
Twelve inches the depth I proposed and no more,
And to hold in all gallons seven less than a score.
He promised to do it, and straight to work went;
But when he had done it, he found it too scant.
He altered it then but too big he had made it:
For though it held right the diameters failed it.

EXCHANGES.

Please address all exchanges to Albert Ramstad, 633 Wisconsin Street, Eau Claire, Wis.

The Wisconsin Times, published at Delavan by the deaf and mute pupils, has now passed the one-fifth of a century mark.

The Anchor, Madison, Wisconsin, has some very interesting accounts of their battles on the gridiron. The Madison Foot Ball team has not been defeated this year, except by the University.

The Round Table, from Beloit, is the only college paper among our numerous exchanges and it is unquestionably the best. In September's issue it had a full page picture of the Mandolin and Glee Club, besides pictures of the leaders and managers.

The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal., contains a very interesting article on the origin of coal.

The H. S. Reporter, Eureka, Cal., is at hand.

The Literary Voice, Big Rapids, Mich., is with us for the first time.

The H. S. Impressions, Scranton, Pa., contains a very good story called "Dan."

"Salt Lake City," is the name of an interesting essay in the H. S. Argis published at Bloomington, Ill.

The Lumen Toulon, Ill., is a very newsy paper.

George.—"What two fruits do you like best together?"

Charlie.—"A date with a peach."

The Review, Central H. S., Washington, D. C.

Laura.—"Sister, did you ever read Ben-She?"

Emily.—"No, I suppose you mean Ben Hur, don't you?"

L.—"Well, I knew it had something feminine about it."

High School News, St. Louis, Mo.

The Argosy, Neenah, Wis., contains some interesting stories.

The Aguinas, Milwaukee, is the first exchange we have received that is exclusively published by ladies.

The Aerolith from Franklin is printed principally in German.

The School Bill Echoes of Merrill, states that the H. S. at that place is forming a football team for the first time.

The H. S. Record contains some excellent essays and stories, besides having one of the neatest covers of all our exchanges.

The Climax published by the Junta Literary Society, Beloit, contains a good article on the "Value of Reading."

The Normal Badger, River Falls, contains some good advice to teachers.

The Jacob Tome Institute Monthly, Port Deposit, Md., is one of our best exchanges. It is printed in clear type on heavy paper and seems to be well supported by the business men, judging from the numerous "ads."

The Normal Pointer, Stevens Point is with us for the first time this year, and is up to its usual good standard.

Acta Diurna, New York, contains an interesting clipping from the N. Y. Sun entitled the "Value of Athletics."

The man who sent five dollars in answer to an "ad" promising to tell how to make one dollar go as far as five, got his answer yesterday. It was a small card on which was printed, "Mail both to San Francisco."

The following exchanges were received just as the paper is going to the printer. The New Era, Manitowoc, Wis.; College Days, Ripon, Wis.; The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan; Advocate, Lincoln, Neb.; The Studentona, Tuscola, Ill.; The Recorder, Springfield, Mass.



PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Joe Culver is attending the St. John's Military academy at Delafield.

Leon Kahn is advertising manager of the Chicago Department store.

Sid McGowan says he is going to break away and leave for Klondike.

Richard Barry is working in Chicago.

Arthur Stussy is learning the butcher business.

Ed Joyce is working for the Wisconsin Telephone Company.

George Robinson, who went to school with us the first month of this term, has gone to Armour's Institute, Chicago. With his departure, the football team lost an invaluable player.

One day last month all the boys lined up on the south walk and had their pictures taken. The football team has recently undergone the same operation. There were no accidents in either case.

Peep into the laboratory and you are certain to see a few distracted seniors tearing their hair over some awfully hard (?) experiment. If Miss Brown does not ease up a bit, some will go crazy.

The second eleven is only walking in the footsteps of its seniors.

It seems that the last breath of the debating society is gone. With lots of money in the treasury, the Debating Society expired, and all hopes of revival seem in vain. The money lies idle. If the society can not be organized, could not its former members use the money to enrich themselves and the school by some good books or magazines?

The ball team's average weight is 150 2-11 pounds, and the average weight of line is 156 lbs.

Somebody heard a sophie talking serious to a senior and we are curious to know what the subject was,

I thought I knew I knew it all,
But now I must confess
The more I know, I know I know,
I know, I know the less.

Unknown Senior.

❁ ❁ ❁
QUOTATIONS.

Bobby Douglas—I am as free as nature's first made man.

Henry Davis—For every inch that is not fool is rogue.

Will Kutzner—What shall I do to be forever known, and make the age to come my own.

Dwight Briggs—Whoever she be, that not impossible she, that shall command my heart and me.

Pupil reciting—Where more is meant than meets the ear.

B-b D-g-s and H. D-v-s.—I have not slept one wink.

Freshman—My salad days when I was green in judgment.

Arthur Pickett—He was a man of unbounded momach.

Stanley Bartlett—A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Percy Allen—I am slow of study.

Will Schwahn—Oh! that he were here to write me down as an ass.

Julius Keesy—Love me little, love me long.

For the geometry classes.—

"Let us consider the reason of the cause, for nothing is law without reason."

—SIR JOHN POWEL.

Max Baumberger.—

"None but himself can be his parallel."

—LOUIS THEOBALD.

Football at Chippewa.—

"Ay, down to the dust with them."

—THOMAS MOORE.

George Huebner.—

"That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is wrong."

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Wilfred Kutzner.—

"Then he will talk,—good gods! How he will talk!"

—NATHANIEL LEE.

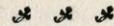
Jessie Culver —

"A progeny of learning."

Dewight Briggs.—

"Except I be by Sylvia by night, there is no music in the nightingale."

—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.



Foot Ball.

Stand up there and watch the game,
When you come out you won't look the same,
Didn't you see Werner get hit in the eye?
Why do you stand there ready to die?

Go right up, don't kick the ball,
Kick the umpire and make him fall;
Smash the man standing right there,
Can't you see his foot-ball hair.

See young Kelly run around,
I don't believe his mind is sound;
He grabs the ball and throws it up,
I think he has had an extra cup.

There is Boleman playing fine,
Now go over and fall in line;
Go and show what you can do,
Don't let Chippewa say "I beat you."

Now the game is going fine,
Everyone has fallen in line;
Why, but how Eau Claire does play,
This will be their game to-day.

Blackwell, wake up, get to work,
Do your duty, do not shirk;
Punch your opponent in the side,
That will help to turn the tide.

There the tide is turned at last,
McGowan, get there and play fast;
Ask the Chippewa boys why they came,
They're dead easy in this game.

At last, the foot-ball game is ours,
Now deck the boys in wreaths of flowers,
Show them that we honor their name,
And they have won laurels and fame.

All hail! Eau Claire foot-ball team!
Read their record, and see how it gleams;
The royal purple can be worn with pride,
For they would have won the game or died.

AMONG OURSELVES.

In word analysis.—Miss Kennedy, to John Slagsvold.—“Analyze the word ‘corpulent’?”

J. Slagsvold, “Prof.”—“Corpus means body; lent, abounding in; corpulent, abounding in bodies.”

Miss Kennedy,—“Good, now, give me a sentence with the word corpulent.”

J. S.—“The grave yard is corpulent.”

Mr. Phillipps, to S. B.—“The trouble with you is that you don’t think.”

Heard in Virgil—“Drawing a voice out from the bottom of his chest.” “He sighed, and bathed his face in a large river!”

Prof. Frawley (to Will Schwahn)—“Well, its sink or swim with you to get through.”

Will (Sotto voce)—“Who ever saw a swan sink.

After moments of deep reflection D. D. F. came to the following conclusion, which he wrote out for our benefit.—“A cigarette is a small piece of paper, with a little tobacco in it, a little fire at one end and a little fool at the other.”

There were signs of weeping on the back row, after one Thursday’s recitation in German. We wonder why?

FOUND—by the seniors, some new words: representation, privilege, sovereignty, February.

“The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.”

Will Russel has seventeen different pronunciations for the German word, “franzosisch,” and about six for the average German or Latin word; he applies

Latin grammar to his German translations, and can pronounce German at the exceedingly rapid rate of about seven words per minute. Will thinks German a very—language.

After the game at Chippewa. Boleman running wildly up and down Barstow street about 10:30, and yelling frantically up Kelly’s stairway, “Kelly, where’s my valise?”

Kelly came down on a Pullman car, nit.

In German.—Prof. Phillips, to Stanley Bartlett.—“Take the next sentence.”

Herr Bartlett.—“Grieb dem kind den affel nicht, denn es ist nicht hungrig.” Translating, “Do not give the kid the apple for he is not hungry.”

The difference between geselien and gegehen.—Guy Boyington, translating,—“I saw him in a shop.” “Ich habe ihm in einem ladin gelesen!”



WANTED.

WANTED—By Henry Davis, more pie.

WANTED—At the football games, a brass band.

WANTED—By a freshman, a milkman to come with August at recess.

WANTED—To know, how to pronounce the German word “damit.”

WANTED—By Nathaniel Rothstein, a vitascope picture of the game at Chippewa.

WANTED—By the seniors, a cure for their dangerous malady,—big feet.



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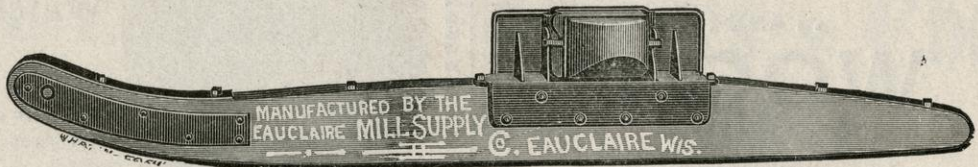
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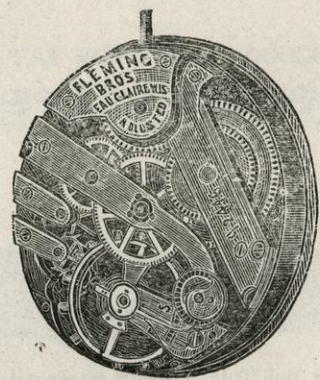
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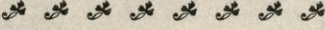
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

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