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THE KODAK

JUNE, 1898.

Commencement Number.

Published in the Interest of

Progress and
Higher Education

BY THE

Eau Claire
High School
Athletic
Club

Eau Claire,
Wis.

THE KODAK

Company

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

THE KODAK.


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FOR 1898

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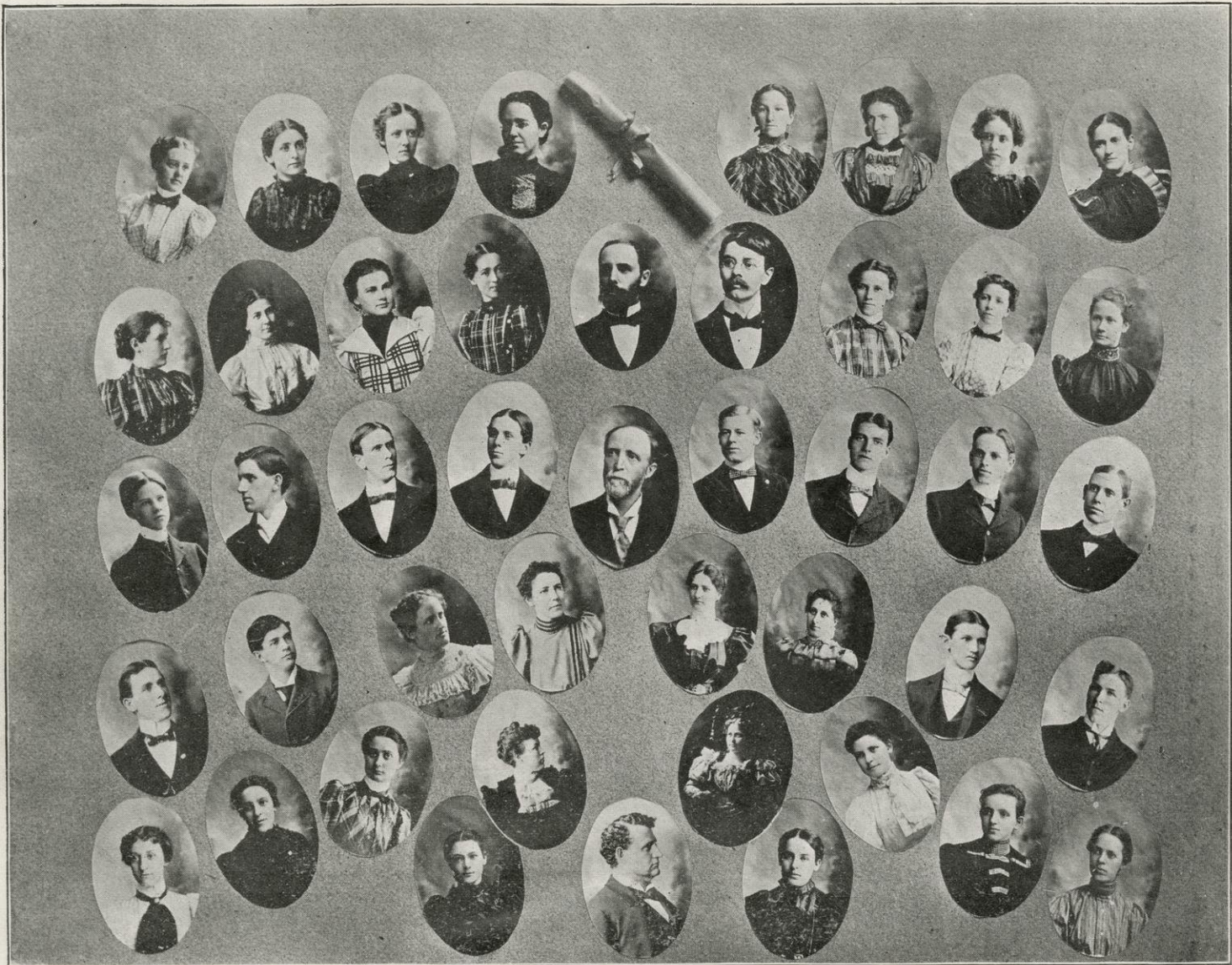
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99 Bridge St.



❁ Eau Claire High School, Class of '98. ❁



SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

I DEEM it a great honor to express to the people gathered here to-night, the cordial good will with which they are welcomed by the class of '98.

We do not flatter ourselves with the thought that you come here to do honor to us; we know rather that you have assembled in the interests of education, as the guardians and promoters of the intellectual and moral development of the youth of our country.

Ruskin has said: "We had better seek a system which will develop honest men and women, than one which deals cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little to reform in our prisons." That you concur in this sentiment is manifest by your presence here.

PHILANTHROPY NOT PATRIOTISM.

The mighty continent of America is again in arms, in arms for the grandest of purposes; for the liberation, for the freedom of mankind.

"The brotherhood of man" are words whose meaning has been nowhere better understood than in America.

Each day passed in the public schools, where children of all nations commingle, teaches us the lesson that all nations of men are brothers, and the cause of humanity impels us as strongly to fight for Cuba as for a sister state.

It was reserved for America, for our own United States, which have done so much for the sacred cause of humanity, to proclaim to the astonished world that the nations which inhabit our globe are not mere neighbors; but brothers sprung from a common parent, and united by the strongest ties of humanity.

The law of charity and brotherly love found no place on the shrines of the ancients. The Mosaic law demanded "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." In Rome kindness was accounted weakness, and love was synonymous with passion.

The Greek and Latin tongues have no word synonymous with our word charity. There was no charity in Greece or Rome.

Both of these nations, according to the maxims of the world, had reached the zenith of perfection in art, science and literature; and now, even yet, the literary world crowns their epic poets with immortal laurels; their orators are our models; and their philosophers have never been excelled; but philanthropists, they

had none. The ruins of the Forum at Rome and the Acropolis at Athens, are mouldering witnesses of the past splendor of these once powerful nations. We may search their ruins and study their history, their literature, and their art, yet nowhere will we find the faintest trace of philanthropy. Patriotism was their highest virtue. Patriotism in its narrowest sense. Every motive of tenderness was sacrificed at its altar. What mattered it, if daily thousands of human beings were led to slaughter, provided Rome lived? What mattered it to Rome that her extortions brought famine to thousands of homes, if she revelled in luxuries? This was their patriotism, this, their most eminent virtue, and it lives to-day in Spain, unchanged by the softening influences of nineteen centuries.

But under the genial ray of liberty, patriotism in America has grown to a magnificent tree, with its roots in our own beloved country, and its branches embracing the down-trodden of the entire earth. Patriotism in this larger, nobler sense, we know as philanthropy—the genesis of patriotism and liberty.

It is this noble virtue which bids us stem the tide of blood that for more than two years has stained the waters of every stream in Cuba. It is in obedience to this noble virtue that our loved ones have taken up arms to expel from American soil the last trace of Spanish barbarism, and force the haughty tyrant to bend her proud knee to the decrees of justice, liberty and humanity. No selfish motive has actuated us. No lust for conquest or greed of gain prompted us.

Our glorious country has ever used its power to relieve suffering, and it stands ever ready to extend the hand of fellowship to the down trodden and oppressed. It struck the shackles from the emaciated limbs of slavery in the throes of a mighty civil war, and now it rises to bid the clammy hand of tyranny release its grip from the throat of a suffering nation.

It has taught the world by its noble and dignified example, and its fearless adherence to the principles of justice, the true meaning of civilization. It has taught the world that the true characteristics of civilization are scrupulous regard for the rights of the humbler classes of society, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, and a love for freedom and justice.

Its latest step is to teach the world, that it is the duty of the powers of the earth to recognize a common brotherhood, to aid and sustain the weak, to relieve



Caldwell's Improved Lawn Mower keeps sharp the longest.



suffering and arrest oppression. In a word, it teaches by example a high, noble and disinterested philanthropy.

When this attitude is taken by the nations of the world, when they extend the hand of fellowship to the weak, when the strong will use their power to relieve suffering and defend the rights of the oppressed, when true philanthropy shall have supplanted the narrow prejudices of patriotism, then indeed will the millennium have dawned, then, indeed, may we say with Lowell:

"Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills,
Making music before her feet?

Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of care
Leaps to the tune of her pace.

Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall.
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughter of Time and Thought."

PURPOSE AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"THE secret of success is constancy to purpose." Purpose masters circumstances, a result which talents cannot attain. An irresponsible resolution has the right of way always, and the great multitudes fall back to let it pass. It scarcely knows the impossible. Its words become "half battles like Luther's."

"I will take it or die," answered Wolf when asked if he could capture Quebec.

"We're going back," cried Sheridan to his retreating army and he hurled them against the foe with victorious power.

Here was purpose, irrepressible, defiant, mighty, next to almighty, such purpose as never drifts but steers straight into port.

Smiles says: "To think we are able is almost to be so. To determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it the savor of omnipotence."

The maxim is, "Think you can and you can."

William Pitt resolved in his boyhood to win a seat in the British Parliament, and every fibre of his being became alive with that purpose. Friends besought him to make a career worthy of his illustrious father, and his soul expanded and achieved wonders under the power of that idea. No hardship was too great, no study too irksome and no labor too forbidding for his conquering spirit. He passed directly from college to the House of Commons. In a single year he rose to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, in two years he be-

came Prime Minister of England, and from that moment his reign of influence was phenomenal. For a quarter of a century he was the power behind the throne, and the most influential and famous man in Great Britain.

Business becomes the best of schools to a young man with a well formed purpose.

Abraham Lincoln was better educated for the service he rendered to his country than half the graduates of Yale or Harvard. He cherished an exalted purpose to the accomplishment of which every item of his daily life contributed. Our highest university could not have done what business did for him. Self-made men are well made, because what business does for a man is surprisingly practical. There is no theory about it, it is a matter-of-fact education.

Patrick Henry and Roger Sherman were self-made men and none were ever better made. Mordly and Edison are self-made men and no two people in all the world are more thorough and successful in their respective departments. It is the outcome of a purpose that does not waver nor flag. Mark Twain, W. D. Howells and Charles Dudley Warner enjoyed but a common school education. Academy and college were beyond their reach. Yet "they blazed their own way through the tangled forests of obscurity, and emerged into the light of God's mid-day." Wellington was a very dull scholar at Eton, Sir Walter Scott was declared a "blockhead." Chalmers was suspended from St. Andrew's for stupidity. Goldsmith lagged behind his class in stupid indifference. And the same was true of many of the world's worthies until their lives culminated in an all absorbing purpose.

The world is almost full of purposeless people. Today our colleges and universities are turning out hordes of young men, who, when they face the real life, are not a success. Why is it? That which is needed most and which requires most attention and determination is too easily given up and laid aside.

"Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate is he whose earliest action or inaction serves the one great aim. Why even death stands still and waits an hour sometimes for such a will."

Everyone has some aim in life, great or small, and to strive toward its accomplishment should be his daily task.

"This one thing I do," exclaimed Paul, and he did it. He thought of nothing else, lived and died for nothing else.

"This one thing I do" should be the motto of every youth, and then like Paul he should do it. This is the only way to take the drudgery out of life and into its place put contentment, peace and joy. Stick to your purpose, hold it with a firm grip, put it through and compel success.



Hot weather hardware at H. F. Schlegelmilch's.



VALEDICTORY.

FRIENDS: If we would run the race of life so as to obtain the prize we must submit to a course of strenuous self-preparation. The athlete before he enters on his struggles undergoes a rigorous training. The soldier is useless for the purposes of war until he has learned to submit himself to discipline.

Every young man or woman as he or she stands upon the threshold of life preparing to step forward into the uncertain future may take to heart the words of Saint Simon: "The golden age which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past is before us."

School life is to the youth what the apprenticeship is to the skilled workman. We have finished our apprenticeship, but still cling to our friends for support and help, to brave the battles of life.

Honored Board of Education: You have cheerfully supplied our wants, and have shown great interest in our advancement. At present, thanks to your wise management, our school stands among the first in the state. Perhaps at times we have not done all that was within our power to keep it so. But call us thoughtless, not thankless, and we shall endeavor to prove by our lives in the future that your efforts in our behalf have not been in vain.

Kind Teachers: Although "it is not in the power of anyone to bestow knowledge upon another," yet the true teacher is of great benefit to a student in assisting him by intelligent guidance, by encouragement, and by advice. We have in each of you found a true teacher, ever ready to direct us in the path of knowledge and righteousness. In you, our principal, we have always found an able instructor, a kind adviser, and a true friend. We shall ever through life endeavor to live up to the precepts you have given us, and strive towards the ideals you have set before us.

Cherished Classmates: The world is before us like a broad open track. We are as forty contestants listed for the race. We have equal opportunities and if anyone outstrips the other, it will be because God wills it, and all '98 will greet the victor without envy and with a heart warm with old school memories. Comrades, before the signal comes for starting let each take the other by the hand and bid him Godspeed.

Schoolmates: If at any time your task seems difficult or unpleasant do not yield to discouragement or despair, but conquer and you will surely receive "a rich reward." Place your goal far beyond those who have preceded you and you will win accordingly greater laurels.

We leave with you the keeping of the good name of the school. Place your trust in God, and do your best.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI."

Music—March, Stars and Stripes Forever.....	Sousa
Oration and Salutatory—Philanthropy Not Patriotism.....	
.....	*Pauline C. Betz
Music—Grand American Fantasia, Pictures of the North and South.....	Bendix
Address—"The Relation of Education and Culture to Citizenship".....	Pres. I. W. McNeil
Music—Hearts and Flowers.....	Theo. M. Tobani
Oration and Valedictory—Purpose and Its Accomplishments.....	
.....	*LeMoyne Boleman
Music—The Nightingale and the Frogs. Flute Solo.....	
.....	R. Eilenberg
Presentation of Diplomas by the President of the Board of Education.	
Music—Short and Sweet. (Concert Poika.) Cornet Duet.....	
.....	(Casey)

*CHOSEN BY THE CLASS.

GRADUATING CLASS.

MODERN CLASSICAL COURSE.

Edna Briggs.	Agnes Keith.	Elizabeth McDonald.
Mary A. Champion.	Geo. C. Huebener.	Carl E. Williams.
Margaret Coffin.	Frances S. C. James.	Grace Wilcox.
Thomas F. Frawley.	J. Frank Joyce.	Bertha Thomas.
Mildred Horan.	Cornelia T. Ellis.	Wm. Giles Russell.
William Oien.		Carl G. Nyqvist.

GENERAL SCIENCE COURSE.

Max Baumberger.	Hilda Hoyme.	Anna Riley.
Pauline C. Betz.	Emma Olson.	Jennie Sapp.
Elizabeth M. England	Henry W. Werner.	Alice W. Febo.

ENGLISH COURSE.

Le Moyne Boleman.	Laura Buehler.	Jennie G. Ranous.
Mary Burns.	William Gregoire.	Mable Hart.
Donald McInnon.	Wilfred A. Kutzner.	Laura O'Leary.
Hattie B. Wanzer.	Edward C. Ramstad.	Sophrane Richer.

KODAK SHOTS.

Kenneth Hume is a diligent student of natural history. The latest subject into which he has delved with studious intentions is of the genus "Drake." He has, through his researches, become very familiar with the family and lately has been paying a great deal of attention in that direction. We even saw him over in the library once engaged in his —?

The new physics book don't agree very well with the new physics class. We wonder why?

Mary McD in history class, "Bajaza conquered India."

'Tis said that E-n-T-o-s has found a new beau in the form of And—K-r.

The sergeant-at-arms of the Literary Society complains because everybody is gone by the time the lights are turned out.

♣ Boys! Our fishing tackle catches fish. Herman F. Schlegelmilch. ♣

The Kodak.

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Captain of Track Team.....	George Blackwell, '99

HIGH SCHOOL YELL.

O! Y! Yah!
Eau Claire High School, Ha! Ha! Ha!
Zip-a-la, Zip-a-la. Boom, R+h! Rah!
Are we, Are we, well I guess,
Eau Claire High School, Yes! Yes! Yes!

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This issue of the Kodak sees another school year completed and another class of graduates sent out to begin the battle of life and to endeavor to carve a name for themselves. The class consists of forty members, six of whom have already left our ranks to fight for their country's cause in the present war with Spain.

The Kodak extends its most hearty congratulations to every member of the class and earnestly hopes that they will be successful in everything they undertake.

Much excitement and patriotic enthusiasm prevailed on the day that the train bearing three troops of Tenth regiment United States regular cavalry passed through Eau Claire on their way south. Many of the High School pupils went to the depot to "inspect" them, and came away feeling that the United States army was "all right" and that, man for man, it is equal to, if not superior to any army that ever existed. Although up to this time the operations of the navy have made it more prominent in the eyes of the people

than the army, the Kodak is certain that when active operations are begun in Cuba, this opinion will be vindicated by a campaign at once remarkable on account of its activity and for the fact of the accomplishment of the establishment and perpetuation of the liberty of the Cuban people.

As a morning exercise Miss Brown recently submitted a list of names, around which the chief interest of the war centers, to be located by the members of the school. There were only a very few who had all the geographical locations correct; but this very fact ought to prove an incentive for the investigation of the situation of the different places located near the theatre of war. Every American citizen ought to make himself acquainted with the situation of all the points of strategic importance in order to make intelligible the many future reports of victories achieved by American arms.

A pall was thrown over our pleasant school a few weeks ago by the death of our honored principal's infant daughter. The Kodak extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

OUR FIELD DAY.

The thirteenth day of May, our field day, was clear and beautiful and at 3:15 everything was ready. The events went off very well except for a little delay. The winners of the events who are to represent our school in the athletic tournament at Madison on May 28th, are as follows:

One hundred yard dash.....	Pearl Chambers	Time, 11¼ seconds.
One mile bicycle.....	Will Potter	Time, 4.03.
One-half mile run.....	George Blackwell	Time, 3.13.
Running high jump.....	Sherley Burse	4 feet, 10 inches.
Two hundred and twenty yard hurdle.....	Pearl Chambers	Time, 33 seconds.
One mile run.....	Albert Williams	Time, 5.24½.
Hammer throw.....	William Oien	65 feet.
Two hundred and twenty yard dash.....	Carl Williams	Time, 24½ seconds.
Shot Put.....	William Oien	39 feet.
Half-mile walk.....	Neil Hall	Time, 3.53¾.
Running broad jump.....	James Allen	16½ feet.
Quarter-mile run.....	Carl Williams	Time, 56½.

The one-mile bicycle race was disputed and was again held on May 23d, when it was won by Allard Rowe in 2.49. He will become a member of the track team instead of Potter.

✻ Our line of hammocks are enticing. H. F. Schlegelmilch. ✻

OFF FOR THE FRONT.

THE morning of the twenty-fourth of April was an eventful one in the annals of our school life. About three hours before sunrise a great many of our citizens were awakened from their dreams to wonder what was meant by the booming of the cannon.

After breakfast the news flew around and the cause of the firing was readily understood, when it became known that Co. E had been called to Milwaukee for organization and drill before beginning their journey southward. On our way to school we met a number of boys who jubilantly informed us there would be no school that day and when we arrived there we found Prof. Frawley in the hall surrounded by a knot of boys whom he was telling that they need not stay to roll call but might go when they pleased. Of course everyone rushed from the school house and went to the Armory where a busy scene presented itself. Three of the boys at school belonged to the company and had long expected to be called out and when it was known that Capt. Ballard had orders to enroll volunteers, nearly every young man in the school over eighteen and under twenty-one, tried to secure from his parents a certificate of their willingness to let him join the company. Of these, ten succeeded and they all passed the physical examination which was given them at the Armory. At about ten o'clock all the High school students who were near the Armory formed fours and marched through the streets to the depot, giving the yell at frequent intervals. When we came to the depot a large crowd had already assembled who were anxiously waiting for the company to make its appearance. This they did at about eleven o'clock accompanied by a drum corps which played all the patriotic airs from Yankee Doodle to America. When they came in sight a great shout went up from the assembled multitude. Then while everyone was waiting for the train many hand-shakings and tearful good-byes were given and many a mother stood tearfully by as her boy was waiting for the train, which perhaps would separate them forever. At last the train came slowly up the track where it literally had to plow through the crowd. Then the boys took their places while the bugler called them, and soon the train was crowded with people trying to get one last look at their loved ones. In a short time the people were ordered off, the train began to move, and soon it passed out of sight to the stirring strains of the Star Spangled Banner. That afternoon some members of the school decorated the seats occupied but the day before by the gallant volunteers, with the National flag, and the next morning they presented a sad, yet pretty sight. During the opening exercises someone made a motion to

keep the seats unoccupied until the end of the term, which was immediately seconded and unanimously carried. Another motion to furnish fresh flowers was also carried unanimously.

The names of the boys who left us for the front were constituted a Roll of Honor, on the board in the main room by Prof. Howie.

LE MOYNE BOLEMAN 98.
WILFRED KUTZNER 98.
HENRY WERNER 98.
DONALD MCKINNON 98.
CARL NYQUIST 98.
FRANK JOYCE 98.
WILL GREGOIRE 98.
FLOYD JONES 98.
EUGENE KELLY 99.
ADELBERT PRINCE 99.
FRANK KOPPLEBERGER 99.
RICHARD HOLLEN 99.
J. BOWEN NOBLE 99.

Of these the following returned, for various reasons, a week later:

WILL GREGOIRE.
FLOYD JONES.
RICHARD HOLLEN.
ADELBERT PRINCE.
J. BOWEN NOBLE.

About a month after Co. E. left Eau Claire they were ordered to Chickamagua, and it is probable that they will be among the first to meet the Spaniards. We know that we can depend on them for acts of bravery and daring and we hope that they will all return to their homes in the near future. M. B.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

By H. P. H., '00.

NO OTHER human being was ever enshrined in so many hearts. Such might be a fitting tribute to Frances E. Willard. She was a revelation of the possibility of womanhood and today not a state nor a nation but a world mourns her loss. Great in her life her worth only seems magnified by her death.

Born in Churchville, New York, in 1839, of Wisconsin parents, she was reared in the southern part of this state, and educated in Northwestern University of Evanston, Illinois, where by what she always liked to call "honest hard toil" she eventually attained the position of deane in the Woman's department and professor of rhetoric in a faculty composed entirely of men, most of whom had been graduated from European universities. It was while here that she developed her scheme of self-government for her pupils, which was

There will be no flies on your table if you use our screen door and windows.

attended with such success that her plan has been adopted by many schools throughout our land.

Her ideals of life were ever high and it was her constant endeavor to inspire her pupils with her own lofty aims. Were we to inquire for the salient features of her work as an educator, the manifest reply would be: the development of individual character; the reference to their own special powers as workers in and for the world; and the stimulation of high ambitions in the hearts of her pupils, illustrated by the question she so often asked them: "What are you going to do in the world?" not simply, "What are you going to be?"

As a teacher Miss Willard ranked high among the best, and it is difficult to determine the influence of her noble nature and magnetic personality upon the thousands of pupils who have been under her instructions during her work in educational lines, and what high aspirations for noble living, what pure ambitions to serve humanity have been awakened in millions of souls by her winning address as a speaker and by her writings.

But the choicest trait of her character not only as a teacher but as a friend and reformer, was that genial optimism nurtured by a home training full of spirituality, and with this a personal faith in the unseen power which alone can give substance and character to any life.

She traveled abroad in 1868 for about three years, fitting herself for her intended literary career, in connection with her work in the university.

But providence decreed otherwise. By a singular coincidence she received on the same day two letters, one an offer of the superintendency of a New York girls' school with a magnificent salary and the other containing the offer of the presidency of the Chicago Temperance Union, with no immediate salary, and with much prospective hard work and probable privation—for the family was in very moderate circumstances on account of the failure of the father through the dishonesty of a partner.

Contrary to the advice of most of her friends she accepted the latter offer. This was the pivot of her philanthropic career and she brought all the zest of her ardent nature to this new field of labor in the cause of humanity. At first she was simply president of the Chicago Union, but later she held the presidency of both the national and world organizations.

Frances E. Willard had faith in humanity and humanity had faith in her. She did not seek her own, but continually sought the greatest good for all. By heroic righteousness of word and deed she drew after her those who had never seen her face or felt the charm of her gracious presence.

Of her work as a reformer it need hardly be said that the world is better, higher, nobler because of her

labors in the temperance cause. The home has been uplifted and a new meaning given to home life, and no matter what may be the future of the methods from which she expected such political and social transformations, her grand ideas of home life shall never perish from the earth.

She gave all her time, gave her great power, gave herself to better man and his condition. No other woman has excelled her in far reaching, philanthropic and Christian influence. Her work is not to end with her life, it will go on; her mantle has fallen on the many who worked by her side, and when the temperance cause shall have risen from the valley of unpopularity to the sunlit hill tops of assured victory, there bright above those who have dared and achieved for humanity in living letters of light will stand the name of Frances E. Willard.

H. P. H., '00

GLADSTONE.

THE "Grand Old Man" of England is now mourned for by all the civilized world.

On Wednesday, May 18th, the world received the news that it knew must come sooner or later. It was that Gladstone was dying, and the next day at one o'clock in the morning his soul took flight. William Ewart Gladstone was all his life the typical representative of an English business man, or of England herself. He was probably England's best orator, ranking at the present time, next to the younger Pitt. Nature gave him a good voice which was not in the least affected by three or four hours talking in a large room.

He was a very sincere and earnest man, and could not see the object of or comprehend the jokes of funny papers like Puck, Judge and The Kodak.

Gladstone was very early elected to parliament and by his political success re-elected term after term besides often holding the highest offices in the land as chancellor of the Exchequer, lord of the treasury, premier, etc.

His education consisted mostly in the languages and mathematics. In 1821 he entered Eton in which he edited a paper called "The Eton Miscellany" He later entered Oxford where he took the highest honors and was distinguished by his debates.

Gladstone was very rich as his father as well as himself was a shrewd business man and they both were very successful in trade.

As a speaker he was always effective. His speeches were hardly ever written beforehand, but spoken extemporaneously. At times he took the wrong side of a subject and excited the mistrust of the Queen and the people, but these instances were few. He did not believe in theories and knew nothing of

"Quickmeal Wickless" oil stoves make a cool kitchen. H. F. Schlegelmilch.

political economy. He was the leader of the Liberal party and his life was connected with that of Pitt, Peel, and Disraeli and he led the people in the questions of suffrage, Corn laws, Crimean war, Irish self-rule and other questions. From the time he first entered Parliament until he withdrew from politics, he introduced bill after bill that put England on a higher plane of liberty and equality by extending the suffrage.

Gladstone is also heard of in literature from his political and religious writings and also his Homeric works which are unsurpassed.

Thus at the age of nearly eighty-nine years he died, one of the world's greatest men, respected by everybody. What wonder he is called the "Grand Old Man" for who would not envy such a record as his?
J. E.

"OLD ABE" AND HIS COMPANY.

IF you and I could have stood at the corner of what is now Eau Claire and South Barstow streets one day late in July of 1861, we would have beheld an incident, which, though not recorded in history, gives our city a peculiar honor among the cities of the United States.

A large crowd of young men were standing in front of Jeffer's Tavern which was situated exactly where the rear entrance of Samuelson's dry goods store now is. They are the boys of Company C, Eighth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, which was then forming with headquarters at the Eau Claire House; not the present building however. Near the group stands a man carrying a pole on which is perched a large bald eagle. The man is a lumberman by the name of McCann and he had bought the eagle of an Indian who had captured it a few months before near the shore of one of the small lakes in the northern pine woods.

One of the young men suggested that the Company buy the bird and carry him South with them. His suggestion was acted upon and a hat was passed around. Jeffers among others was asked to contribute. Upon his refusal the men threatened him with the loss of their patronage. The tavern keeper now looked at the matter in a different light, for the boys had spent their money there freely. He then quietly bought the eagle and presented it to the Company.

The men made a shield of wood which was placed at the top of a stout pole, at a slight angle, and painted with the national colors, a perch was nailed across this and on it the eagle was to stand fastened with a light chain. John Burkhart now living in this city was to be his bearer.

They all agreed to call the bird "Old Abe," in honor of the President, and during the war he merited the name thus given him, and also disproved the old statement that the eagle is a poor emblem for a nation.

When the company left Eau Claire early in August, it was commanded by Capt. Perkins of Augusta, and Victor Wolf, well known to some of us, was first lieutenant. The men of the company came from various occupations; some were clerks, others farmers, but the majority were rivermen. The company went from Eau Claire early in August on the steamer Estella Whipple to Prairie du Chien and thence by rail to Camp Randall at Madison. After a few weeks in camp they were ordered to St. Louis, Missouri, where their active service began, and this I will not attempt to follow directly. Capt. Perkins was killed early in the war and Mr. Wolf took command, staying with the company until '64. The Eighth Wisconsin was a most active regiment, taking part in all of the Western campaigns, and Co. C was nearly always a participant.

Its principal engagements were at Corinth, Iuka, Island No. 10, Vicksburg expedition, Chickasaw Bayou, last day at Shiloh, Forts Henry and Donaldson, New Orleans, Red River expedition, Nashville, Franklin, and some rebel chasing in Missouri.

At St. Louis "Old Abe" broke his chain and flew about over the city; the boys were sure they had lost their pet, but as night closed down he flew back and picked out his own company among the many camped about the town. At Corinth he seemed possessed of the true war spirit and soared above the men screaming defiance to the brave but fruitless assaults of the rebels and well might he do his best to cheer his friends, for of the forty-one men of his company who helped to repulse the desperate charges of Gen. Van Dorn on the morning of October 4, 1862, less than half came out uninjured. Mr. Dodge, "one of the boys" now living in Southern Missouri, has many neighbors who were in "Pap" Price's army when the Eighth Wisconsin was always getting in the way with that "infernal eagle." Mr. Dodge says the ex-rebels are his best neighbors and that they always seem interested to hear something about that eagle. They also speak highly of those fellows who carried him, having tested their fighting qualities. They state that it seemed impossible for them to "squelch" that regiment. The bird was always screaming and flapping his wings, seeming to encourage his friends. They say there was an indescribable "something" about the column of men with the eagle at its head which was overwhelming. Their step in march, their ringing cheer in a charge, seemed different and more inspiring.

When the company went home on veteran furlough in '64, "Old Abe" was retained at Madison and did not go south again when the men went back to service. A room was fitted up for him in the basement of the capitol building and this was his home most of the time until his death. He was carried to Philadelphia in '76 by John Hill, who is now living I believe at Iron River. Reunions of this company were

held here in '88 and '95 with a good attendance. About thirty of the original number of members are still living, At the National Encampment at St. Paul in '96 the company was represented by sixteen members and they were given the honor of leading the Eagle Post of Eau Claire in the marching column.

Truly Eau Claire does take the lead in whatever she attempts, for where are brighter records than those of the men who went from here in '61? and we feel sure from accounts already given that the boys who now constitute Company E of the Third Wisconsin Infantry will preserve that record's brightness. Some of the members of Eagle Post will be with us, we hope, many years yet. One endeavor must be to show them reverence while still among us and after they have passed away we will not forget the men who carried the living emblem of their nation through three years of fighting.

P. R.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 2, 1898, 8 P. M.

President's Address.....	William Oien
Class Song.....	Elizabeth England
Statistics.....	Soprane Richer
'98 Poem.....	Emma Olson
Class Chronicles.....	Margaret Coffin
Piano Trio.....	
Elizabeth England, Hilda Hoyme, Elizabeth Macdonald.	
I. Prophecy.....	Alice Tebo, Grace Wilcox
II. Prophecy.....	Mary Burns, Hattie Wanzer
Music.....	
Presentation of Pipe of Peace..... William Gregoire	
Response.....	Earl McVicar
Advice to Under-Classmen.....	T. F. Frawley, Jr.
Music.....	
Class Play.....	Carl Williams, Mildred Horan, Cornelia Ellis

CLASS PLAY.

"Beyond the Styx," or A Visit to the Shades Departed.

The scene is laid on the banks of the river Styx, in a public park open to all dwellers of the eternal regions.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Adam.....	Bert McGowan
Noah.....	William Gregoire
Columbus.....	Floyd Jones
Socrates.....	Carl Williams
Karl Schmidt.....	Max Baumberger
Hamlet.....	George Huebner
The Idiot.....	T. F. Frawley, Jr
Gen. Weyler.....	Will Russell
Mephisto.....	William Oien
An Honest Man.....	Edward Ramstad
Queen Elizabeth.....	Mildred Horan
Cleopatra.....	Elizabeth England
Xanthippa.....	Jennie Ranous
Dido.....	Elizabeth Macdonald
Ophelia.....	Mary Champion
Anna Boleyn.....	Agnes Keith
Portia.....	Francis James
Witches.....	
Cornelia Ellis, Pauline Betz, Hattie Wanzer, Annie Riley, Jennie Sapp, Mabel Hart.	

CLASS SONG '98.

Vacation days have come at last
And we must leave our school,
In broader fields our lots to cast,
Where we sha I hope to rule.
With sorrow now we leave the place
That we have loved so well;
The joys and trials of happy days,
In future years will tell.

II

Our noble boys we miss to-night,
Who went forth to the fray
Against the tyrant foe to fight,
For Cuba lead the way.
But when the bloody strife is done,
And victors they return,
Bringing the laurels that they won,
A Nation's praise to earn.

III

Dear friends and schoolmates gathered here,
Your sympathy to show,
We trust your prayers will still be near
As forth in life we go
We tried to use the passing hours,
So they should bring no sigh
When to our happy High School days,
We'd say our last "good-bye."

KODAK SHOTS.

My! but hasn't Mac got an aspiring set of youths in his company.

B—t McG— All of a sudden—Oh My !!!

Kenneth Hume referring to a character in history, "He died and came up again."

How do you tell the age of a turkey?

By the teeth.

A turkey has no teeth.

No, but I have.

—Ex.

Goggs—Windsay says he pushes a pencil for a living, but I think that's foolish.

Boggs—Why?

Goggs—Because a pencil should be lead. And then they clinched. —Lynn Gazette.

Which are the better fruits, a date with a peach, or a date with a cherry?

You want to keep your eyes open to-morrow.

What for? To see.

—Ex.

A fence is to be built around Boston Common.

What for?

To prevent the trees leaving.

—Ex.

My fortune for a kodak picture of Bert McG and—

Prof.—Stop that noise down in the corner.

Smart Boy—That's Mr. Davis' shirt, it's so loud.

—H. S. Whims.

❁ You ride at the front when you ride a Crescent they run easy. ❁

Jones was dead and a bulletin stating that George Jones Esq. had departed this life for Heaven at 12 p. m., was posted by a sympathetic family, on the door.

A passing wag, full of mischief, placed the following notice on a telegraph blank under that of the family.

Heaven, 12:30 p. m.—Jones not yet arrived. Excitement intense. —Ex.

The senior term is nearly over,
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints just as large as theirs. —Ex.

EXCHANGES.

An apology is due our numerous exchanges for our non-appearance in April, but various unfortunate circumstances rendered it impossible for us to issue it as heretofore, and we sincerely hope it will not occur again.

Such a great number of good exchanges have been received since our last issue that if we should mention the good points of each it would require a great deal more space than is allotted to the exchange editors. We will therefore only mention a few of the best new exchanges which we have received since our last issue,

The Lowell, San Francisco, California, is one of our new exchanges and it ranks as one of the very best papers at our exchange table, although it has not been in existence a year. All the departments are very interesting and the cuts are appropriate.

The literary articles in *The Sagamore*, Brookline, Mass., are of a high merit and it has throughout the appearance of a prosperous paper.

"The Diary of a Bradford Girl," and "The Invention of Two Country Gads," in *The Lynn Gazette*, Lynn, Mass., deserve special mention.

We are anxiously waiting for *The Oracle*, Malden, Mass., so that we may read the conclusion of "Village Discussions."

The High School papers from the Pacific coast are all very interesting and all devote more or less to athletics and literary articles: *The Gowell*, San Francisco, Cal., *The Porcupine*, Santa Rosa, Cal., *The Tahoma*, Tacoma, Wash., and *The Whims*, Seattle, Wash., are all model High School papers.

The claim made by *The Kent's Hill Breeze*, Kent's Hill, Maine, in its editorials that too much money and time is expended to develop a select athletic team in our High Schools and colleges and not enough for the rank and file of the students, is only too true. But it will always remain thus, until gymnastics are made a part of the regular course of study in the schools, and until the scholars themselves demand to have gymnastic exercises.

"Mademoiselle Du Pont," a story in *The High School Breccia*, Deering, Maine, is rather long but nevertheless is very interesting. *The Breccia* deserves all the praise bestowed upon it by the various High School papers.

Our only exchange from Texas is *The Carlton College Gleaser*, Bonham.

When the exchange editor received the first copy of the *Steele Review*, Dayton, Ohio, he thought it was a sample copy of some new magazine judging from its size and appearance, but a second glance showed that it was published by the Forum Literary Society.

Our other new exchanges are *The Tabula*, Oak Park, Ill., *The North Star*, Grand Rapids, Mich., *The Pulse*, Webster City, Iowa, and *The Cattaraugian*, Cattaraugus, New York. A. R.

THE KODAK.

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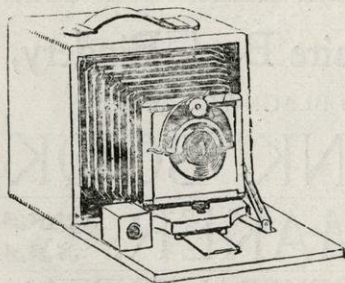


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