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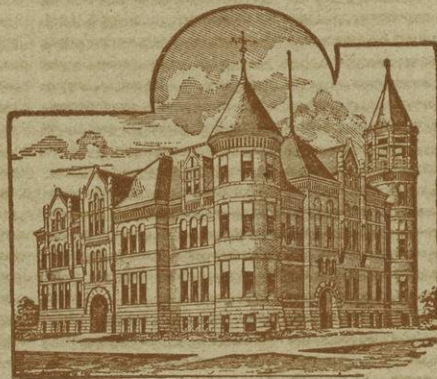
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OCT. 30.



..THE KODAK..

PUBLISHED BY

The Athletic Club

... OF THE ...

EAU CLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL,

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

TELEGRAM PUBLISHING CO., Printers,
Eau Claire, Wis.

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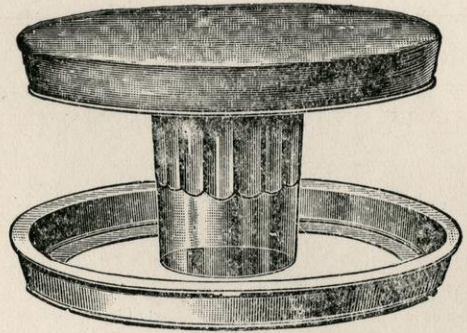
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THE * KODAK.

VOL. 3.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30.

No. 1.

THE FESTIVAL OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN.

*Being an Account of the Three Days' Doings in Denver,
Col., the City of Frivolity, Under the Reign of
the Lord High Mayor, Argentum
Aurum.*

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6, 7 and 8, Denver gave itself up to pleasure. Men who had lost their all in speculation in mining stock forgot their troubles for those days and went in for fun with as much spirit as the men who had just made a hundred thousand in Cripple Creek. The stores and schools all closed for three days, the great smelters closed down, and the thick clouds of smoke no longer obscured the beautiful mountains.

The excitement, which had begun with mere interest six months ago, reached fever heat on Monday night. Two or three days previous the colors of the festival, silver and gold, (which I had been calling yellow and white until a free silverite corrected me) had been appearing on all the stores, office buildings and hotels, in the shape of great masses of bunting. An enormous grand-stand, with a seating capacity of 12,000 had been erected on Broadway, right below Capitol Hill, between 16th and 10th streets. The State Capitol, right above, was well decorated, and also the Court House, a block or two below. All this was completed by Monday night, and

everybody was longing for the morrow. Down at the Union Depot crowds were pouring into the city from all the Rocky Mountain region and from the plains of Kansas and Nebraska.

Tuesday morning the streets were crowded. Cow-boys with their sweet-hearts went laughing through the streets, ranchers with their families in prairie schooners paraded around. Crowds lingered around the grand-stand for a fire department exhibition billed to take place at 10 o'clock. A great many small boys, delighted with the idea of three days' vacation, blew enormous blasts on tin horns, which some terrible person was selling for a cent each. Thousands went up to the City Park to see the Indians in camp, but the greater portion of the crowd stayed down town. The fire department drill came off a couple of hours behind time, but was interesting.

At 1:30 a great bomb was to be exploded as a signal for the Pageant of Progress to start. As early as 12 people were pouring into the grand-stand, and at 1 it was packed to overflowing. Forty thousand people were crowded around the grand-stand, people with carriages and people on foot congregated at all the streets crossing the line of march, all the windows in the great buildings in the business portion were occupied by sight-seers, and in the residence portion along the line of

march people with their friends sat on their front porches. The side-walks were all packed with humanity, and when the bomb exploded it found 200,000 people anxiously waiting for the Pageant of Progress to unfold itself.

Then it unfolded itself, and a marvelous thing it was, representing the progress of Colorado from the time of the cliff dwellers to the present time.

First came a score of mounted police, clearing the way, and then a great float representing cliff dwelling. This was duly admired, but was eclipsed by the Indians, following. Over 100 braves from different tribes in Colorado and New Mexico, rode majestically, and awoke loud cheering from the grown folks and still louder music on tin horns from the rising generation. The squaws and papooses followed in wagons. The pioneers of '49 coming next were loudly cheered, and then people stopped to think. They looked ahead and there were the braves, whose ancestors, and perhaps some of those very ones, had fought many a bloody battle with the pioneers in carriages, and here they were together, forty years after, riding peacefully in the same procession!

Then came prairie schooners drawn by ox teams, riding in them some of the people who had crossed the plains in similar ones. Words "Pike's Peak, or bust" were rudely painted on some of them. Those who came to Colorado in a Pullman car, were greatly entertained by the stage coaches, and every conceivable means

of rude locomotion in which the old timers came here. Pack mules followed, some hundred of them, with flour sacks and other implements. Elaborate floats came next, representing the discovery of gold, early justice (the tree and the noose,) murder of the Hungate family, the first school house, and others.

The small boys were delighted with the cow-boys, who came next. They were "really and truly cow-boys" as a little Eastern girl was informed who was inclined to doubt it because their hair wasn't long. They raced up and down the space allotted to them, showing off their skill as riders, lasooing each other and pulling their victims off their horses.

This closed the first division which was one of the most interesting. The spectators had taken it all in eagerly and were kept excited by the lively bands playing at intervals in the procession, and the stirring scenes depicted.

Next came an exposition of Colorado's mineral wealth, headed by a fine allegorical float, which space prevents describing. Mines all over the state contributed very interesting and costly floats, several from Cripple Creek. One of these represented a miner at work, thinly clad, mining the gold—the first month. At the other end he was represented sitting by a cask of gold—A modern Croesus—the sixth month. The float of the Lombay mine was very elaborate. A graceful arch with ceiling of bright

blue and gold was over a pyramid of gold bricks. Upon the summit sat a beautiful young lady. Elegant gold lace curtains were draped around the arch, and the float was drawn by six sleek horses led by miners.

Perhaps the most interesting float in the whole procession was that of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. It was twelve feet wide and three times as long, and represented the mouth of a mine. A dump car ran in and out depositing coal onto a little miniature train which steamed back and forth, switched and discharged its load in a most realistic manner. Along the tracks were different buildings, and the whole was covered with the sooty dust common to the opening of a coal mine.

Heading the agricultural division was the magnificent float bearing Miss Blanche Wright, who, as the prettiest girl in Denver, was chosen Queen of the Festival. Then came the float of the Maids of Honor,—the prettiest girls from different cities in Colorado. This division was extremely interesting, showing the fruit, grains, etc. that this state raises, wholly by means of irrigation. The fine floats made it impossible for it to be monotonous. A good exhibit of live stock was also in this division.

The next division showed the growth of Denver's business. Many beautiful floats appeared in this division. The allegorical float heading it, was very impressive. An enormous bee-hive, representing industry, and in

the interior a female figure in Grecian drapery, representing the Goddess of Manufacture. She was surrounded by tools, machinery, etc.

The three floats of the Zang Brewing Company deserve mention. They were designed by the carnival artist, and were truly imposing. The first was an exact representation of the much-admired MacMonnie's Fountain at the World's Fair, live figures being substituted for marble ones. The next represented King Gambrinus seated on top of a monster beer vat at the rear and holding an enormous mug in his giant hand. In front was a rustic garden with tables, and people sampling the beer. The third represented the trade mark of the firm, the Mount of the Holy Cross, inclosed in two crescents, executed in papier mache.

Other brewing companies had floats following, no less artistic than those of Zang Bros., but too numerous to mention. The other floats were not particularly interesting, excepting to Denver people who understood their significance.

Much amusement was caused by a float carrying a load of children, heading the fifth division of different organizations, etc., bearing the words: "We will grow up! Tremble, King Alcohol!" This unpretentious float, following so soon after the magnificent ones of the brewers, was very funny, the people thought. The only interesting features of this division were the animals from Elitche's zoological gardens, an ostrich drawing a cart, a lion

and a lamb lying together on one wagon, etc.

The sixth division was very interesting, being composed of the Chinese and headed by the horrible silver serpent. It was a surprise for all, for the showing they made, all dressed up in silks, was truly wonderful. Although the Chinese know no progress, they were in the Pageant, signifying perhaps a "change." There were several bands, playing the destracting Chinese music. The costumes worn by the Chinese were brought here from San Francisco on a bond of \$8000. Chinamen on horses, Chinamen in wagons throwing torpedos. Chinese bearing beautiful silken banners, two of which it took a year to embroider and worth \$500 apiece; Chinese in sedan chairs, and all made a display which was pronounced one of the finest parts of the procession, so striking and so unique.

So ended the first day's procession. In what city could another one like it be held, unless imported from Denver? Such a combination—Indians, cow-boys and Chinamen!

The procession was over four miles long, and by the time the Chinamen had started the Indians had disbanded. Starting at 1:30 it was nearly 6:00 before it was through.

The illumination of the city Tuesday night reminded one of the world's fair. The domes of Capitol and Court House were covered with electric lights, and at every corner up and down Sixteenth street were arches of colored incades-

cent lights. The great business street of a day before was transformed into fairy land. That night the two score bands of music entertained the crowds. Some on great trains of trolley cars, some at the city park and others on street corners. And thus the first day ended.

Wednesday was Carnival Day. Great proclamations issued by the Lord High Mayor assisted by his faithful scribe, Zebolon Zoon, appeared in the papers, and were posted around town.

At nine o'clock all the bands came together in front of the grand-stand, and there was a lively contest for a prize. This was thoroughly enjoyed. Then there was a rush for the cable and trolley cars, to go to the City Park, where the Indians were going to have races and games. Lack of space again forbids telling of the very interesting performances witnessed by over 150,000 people. There was a baloon ascension at noon.

The parade on Wednesday was just "out of sight" and "elegant" and "stunning" and all the other expressive adjectives slangy people use. The crowds down town were even greater than on Tuesday. It was all in fancy dress and mask.

First came the Lord High Mayor and all the high muck-a-mucks of the City of Frivolity. Then heralds and trumpeters of the Queen, and the Lord High Chamberlain with a great key over his shoulder. Then the Queen in a magnificent float, the Maids of

Honor, the Royal Nursery, and the Queen's Tailors. Then followed an immense line of the most ridiculous floats imaginable. Everybody tried to look as ridiculous as possible, and succeeded pretty well. Pages could be devoted to the parade, but as the pages are not forthcoming, a few lines will have to suffice.

Masked people on wheels, in carriages, carrying on shockingly, kept the spectators shouting. One great man dressed as a new woman attracted much attention.

At three o'clock everybody could mask and do what they chose, and from that time the fun was fast and furious. Those who were not masked enjoyed it even more than those who were. Imagine the astonishment of a man, when a pretty girl came up and threw her arms around his neck! Of course it wasn't a girl. And so on every corner, laughter and confusion reigned, and not until the police notified them that it was six, did it cease.

That evening the city was again illuminated. there was a masked ball, and a band concert at the City Park. The Park was very beautiful on these evenings. On an illuminated island the band played, while people wandered by the lake side, or sat in seats under the trees.

Military day was very interesting, but not quite so entertaining as the previous days. A great military parade in the morning was very impressive. Troupes from all the forts in Colorado and New Mexico were on

parade. The fire department turned out also, making a fine display. While this was all very interesting, it was not so uncommon that it would justify devoting space to it. So also with the sham battles and military games in the afternoon, while most interesting and enjoyed by fully 300,000 people, are not so very uncommon in the East.

As in all good things, the best is saved for the last. So with the Festival. The Parade of the Silver Serpent and his Slaves, Thursday evening, was finer than anything else. Great crowds thronged the streets along the line of march. The grand-stand was packed with a great black mass of humanity. The illuminations were beautiful, and the bands played merrily. Small boys blew desperately on their tin horns, and it was all such a scene of wonder and confusion as one could find only in Denver—once a year.

Mounted police cleared the way for the Silver Serpent, the marvel of the parade. This great monster, one hundred and twenty feet long, with green, blue and yellow flames issuing from his mouth, and a glowing light from his eyes piercing the darkness, was a leviathan of dire shape and aspect. His long body writhed and twisted horribly, as he made his way along the streets. Small children who should have been in bed, screamed in terror, and only the knowledge that the horrible creature was merely a piece of mechanism kept the crowds from rushing pell-mell to a safe retreat. Men robed in red and white dominoes

marched with torches on each side of the road on both sides of the serpent, and indeed on both sides of the entire parade. These made the weird effect complete.

Then followed the whole court of the Mayor and Queen, dressed most magnificently in Mediaeval costumes. Knights riding on gallant steeds, protected by coats of mail—both the knights and the steeds. If one's imagination had any elasticity whatever, he could easily believe himself living in the time of Ceoer de Lion. He would be soon called back, though, by the strains of a modern band.

Then followed sixteen floats which were "perfectly divine," as the matinee girl would say. I can no longer use the plea of little space, when I refrain from describing the floats. Lack of suitable words, with which to describe their marvellous beauty, is the truth. Designed most artistically in papier mache, resplendent in decorations of some shimmering, silver-colored material, (the effect produced by the torches being beautiful) were the floats, King Mercury, Robinson Crusoe, Hiawatha, The Old Oaken Bucket, Bohemian Girl, Flying Dutchman, Bogie man, Aladdins Lamp, Free Silver, Pearl of the Antilles, Sinbad, Faust, when spring unlocks the Flowers, and McGinty at the Bottom of the Sea. The crowds cheered as each float appeared, and when the last, representing a very Irish looking Irishman, staring around in wonder in the submarine regions, the ever evident

small boy, who many a time has sung "Down went McGinty," paused blowing his horn long enough to shout in delight.

Thus the great Festival closed, and Denver and its 100,000 visitors said "Au revoir," but not "Good-bye," and the small boy blew a mighty blast, which probably split the much-abused tin horn, as the people dispersed, more than satisfied.

THE SCHOOL ELECTION.

It is customary, on every State Election, for the High School Scholars to hold an election for the purpose of choosing a governor; the candidates being put up by the several political parties represented in the school. The election this year will be on Monday Nov. 2. The following are the candidates with those who will place their names before the school:

PARTIES.	CANDIDATE.	SPEAKER.
Republican..	Ambrose Mabbutt	Henry Werner
Democrat ...	Geo. Schroeder	Wil. Kutzner
Populist.....		
Fusion		
Nat'l Dem...	Max Baumberger	Al. Steinfeldt
Prohibition..	—————	Geo. Wood

The Republicans also put up a candidate for President—Fred D. Brown—but the other parties failing to nominate such a candidate, no contest will be made for that office. The Republicans have always been victorious in these elections and beyond a doubt Hon. Ambrose Mabbutt will be elected by an overwhelming majority, as successor to Thorp J. Wilcox of the class of '95.

Delos Moon—"I am a man."

THE * KODAK.

BI-MONTHLY. TEN CENTS A COPY.
FIFTY CENTS A SCHOOL YEAR.

...Published by...

Athletic Club of Eau Claire High School.

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	{ WILL KUTZNER, '98

THE YELL.

Oh! Y! Yah! Oh! Y! Yah!
Eau Claire High School, Ha! Ha! Ha!
Zip a la, Zip a la, Boom! Rah! Rah!

The Board of Education is to be congratulated on the excellent and most efficient corps of teachers it has secured for the High School the coming year. To the new teachers, Miss Van Hovenberg and Mr. Thiessen, THE KODAK extends its warmest greeting and co-operation, and to the faculty as a whole, our assurances that we intend to make this a red-letter-year in the history of the Eau Claire High School.

For a long time the members of the Athletic Club have been devoting their attention, time and energies to outdoor sports, football especially. In doing so they have seemed to be neglecting the principal object for which the Athletic Club was established, that of equipping and maintaining a gymnasium. A great deal of credit is due the members of the football team and the staff of THE KODAK for their exertions in behalf of the Athletic

Club which has given the Eau Claire Free High School a standing wherever they are known and at the same time has been the means of raising not a little revenue. The Athletic Club is the principal of the inside working orders of the High School and it is largely the Athletic Club that brings the attention of the public to the High School by means of its sociables, entertainments, football games and the publishing of THE KODAK. To the new members of the school and to anyone who is not already a member of this famous institution THE KODAK says join the Athletic Club! Become a member at once! Delay not another day! Go immediately to some member and have him propose your name at the next meeting. And we can say with certainty that you will never regret your action.

THE TURKISH PROBLEM.

The heinous Turk still persists in his brutal attempt at the assassination of the Armenian people. Yet many months ago almost the whole civilized world cried out that the policy of extermination should be discontinued. The cries of humanity are disregarded, and the outrages are shamefully allowed to continue. There is no longer any doubt that the present deplorable condition of affairs is due to the Sultan and Turkish government, as well as to the savage mob and rapacious Kurd. Have we as yet heard of a single Turk being punished for mur-

der, rapine, arson, or any other crime committed against an Armenian?

It has long been an almost universal desire to have the detestable Ottoman Empire wiped off the face of the earth. So far as civilization and government are concerned, it is in no way entitled to exist side by side with the rest of Europe. Hopelessly in debt to the extent of six hundred and fifty-two millions, this unspeakable government now presents to the gaze of the civilized Nineteenth century the shocking spectacle of massacres which are unsurpassed by any in history. The victims of Turkish fanaticism are Christians; yet there are other so-called Christian nations looking idly on who could end all in a day, if they wished. It is obvious that something should and must be done.

Sympathy and good intentions are not lacking, but it can be said that, through jealousy, all the powers have been instrumental in causing the delay of action by which the Sultan has been able to continue his base and inhuman policy. Late experience has taught us to believe that the Porte will do anything demanded by the powers. In short, the powers for the last two years have allowed the Sultan to do as he pleases; and we know only too well what he pleases. The general cause for inaction, however, is the fear of European war. Russia, it appears, is not at all anxious for the atrocities to cease. She, having unusual interest in Constantinople and the Dardanelles, would prefer to passively await the

time when the Ottoman Empire will crumble and fall through its own misrule.

The world in general looks to England. According to the treaty, by which England holds the Island of Cypress, she has more right to interfere than any other nation, and indeed the people clamor for action. The venerable Gladstone said, "I do not believe that Europe will make war to insure the continuance of massacres more terrible than ever recorded in the dismal, deplorable history of human crime." And yet, for some reason, even the "Mistress of the Seas" does nothing, and is, of all the powers, probably the most to blame. It is plain that the joint action of all Europe is necessary; and in this Russia is not inclined to participate.

In the meantime, the Turk goes on his way rejoicing, with no one with spunk enough to obstruct his way. We look from one country to another, until at last our eyes rest upon our own grand, native land. Although Uncle Sam is not expected to meddle in the affairs of Europe, yet one thing, however, he should do, and that is to extend protection to Americans and American property in Turkey. Since the destruction of American property has amounted to \$200,000, he should at least do his share by enforcing a demand for indemnities. So far as possible, Uncle Sam should uphold and support any action which tends to terminate the brutalities.

There is but little more satisfac-

tion with the Creton troubles. Some time ago, through the demands of the powers, the Sublime Porte consented to grant certain reforms, by which the Cretans were to enjoy the benefits of a Christian governor and local self-government. Although these terms were considered satisfactory, yet many Cretons are now in arms, who, judging from previous experience, and so not trusting much to the promises of the Porte, demand that the Moslem garrisons be withdrawn from the island. It appears that after the tyranny they have suffered, the people will not be satisfied so long as their government is identified with the government of their oppressors.

Still the Turk treads his barbarous path unmolested, and the problem is no nearer a solution than it was many months ago. We are informed that the outside world can have but a small idea of the extent of the outrages. As winter comes on, one shudders to think of the fate, far worse than the knife, that grimly awaits the survivors of that much-used implement of death. Unless something be done very speedily, thousands of the helpless Christians will succumb to a dismal fate, far more terrible than that of those who have already fallen under the relentless persecution of the savages—the deplorable lot of suffering and death from cold and starvation.

When you wish to leave the room, don't say "mamma" instead of "Miss McGregor."

EXCHANGES.

After a silence of over four months THE KODAK again sends greetings to all its last term's exchanges, and hopes to see them all on the exchange table.

We welcome the arrival of *The Climax*, from Beloit, Wis., the first exchange for the year. The literary department is very good.

The High School Phonograph, from Winona, Minn., comes to us this term dressed in a neat green cover. It is one of the best papers, for school news, that we receive, and seems to be well supported by the business men of that city.

The Normal Badger, from River Falls, Wis., is a very interesting paper and ever welcome. They have added a very interesting department to their paper entitled "Science"

The Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y. "The Calendar," from Buffalo N. Y., is with us again this term. It contains a poem entitled "A pome" which is very good.

We wish to thank the papers that commented so favorably upon our commencement number and especially *The Monthly Visitor*, from Haverhill, Mass.

The Normal Pointer, from Stevens Point, Wis., is well laden with interesting reading matter. We await the arrival of the October number.

The Aquinas, from Milwaukee, Wis., is a welcome visitor. This paper is published by the students of St. Johns' Cathedral High School, a

school for girls only. "A visit to the Photographers" is not only interesting, but well written.

We welcome *The Guard and Tackle*, from Stockton. The Board of Education, at Stockton, has appropriated the sum of seventy-five dollars for the erection of training quarters on the school grounds, for the High School Athletes. An appropriation of seventy-five dollars from our School Board would do well towards fitting up the gymnasium.

The High School Record, from Canton, Ohio., is at hand. The essay entitled "The Approach of Autumn," is very good.

The Argosy, from Neenah, Wis., is one of our most welcome exchanges, and is certainly a credit to the school.

The High School Journal, from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been received. It's cover is neat and attractive. Editorial number three is very good.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The High School Opinion*, from Ottowa, Kan.,

The School Outlook, from Fond-du-Lac Wis., is one of the few papers having a good exchange column.

We welcome *The High School Observer*, from Decatur, Ill. as a new exchange.

The Normal Record, from Chico, Cal., is as bright and newsy as ever.

The High School Recorder, from Ellsworth, Wis., is one of our new exchanges.

"The Manufacture of Spool Cotton," is the subject of an interesting

essay in *The Pioneer*, from Willimantic, Conn.

The Flash Light, from Delavan, Wis., is one of the best exchanges we receive.

The Student's Pen, from Pittsfield, Mass., has arrived. The department entitled "Original Verse" is very good.

A TALE OF WOE.

Cut from the West not far from here
Came a football team which knew no peer,
Whose record was great and grand of yore
And who still yearned for victories more.
But no victory had they ever borne,
From a certain town they all did scorn,
And proudly they cried with echoing ring:
"When we get there we won't do a thing."

So on one sunny October day
Came this wonderful team on a railroad shay.
And they determined, ere they left town,
To do Eau Claire to a beautiful brown.
That they would keep their record clear,
Which in the past was held so dear.
But did they do as they saw fit,
With Eau Claire's team? "Well we guess, nit."

An oval ball of a russet hue
Was pounded about 'till it felt blue,
And many a time with wicked eye
They kicked the poor thing into the sky.
But alas! In spite of all humanity's rules
It never once saw Menomonie's goal,
And a pitying youth deemed it not wrong
To encourage them with "push it along."

Under the sod where the daises grew,
They'd like to have been when the game was through
For now as Menomonie homeward hies,
With their golden hair hanging in their eyes,
With puzzle in mind they are wondering why
That fatal game was not a tie,
Instead of a score, giving them no puffing
Eau Claire to Menomonie.

"GAMM."

VERY MAGNIFICENT.

Miss Holcombe—"Was Solomon magnificent?"

Miss Ellis—"Yes'm, he was very, very magnificent."

Miss Holcombe—"Well, explain."

Miss Ellis—"He had 700 wives."

GRIDIRON PUNTS.

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Some three years ago, while the Atheletic club was yet in its infancy, a few of its ambitious members agitated the idea of organizing a High School Foot Ball team, which at this time was a novel idea for Eau Claire. Could those members have looked forward to the brilliant success to be achieved by such an organization they would have been as much surprised as was the Menomonie team on Saturday Oct. 24th, when they were unable to make a single touch down.—During the first year of its existance, the club accomplished but little, however, they did not give up and were handsomely rewarded on the second year by having one of the finest High School teams in the state. They have now launched out on their third year which bids fair to surpass all previous records. No doubt their brilliant success this year is due largely to the fact that the boys have been faithfully training for some months past. Manager Allen and Capt. Blackwell have spared no means to make the line up as strong as possible, and they have proved themselves fully competent to fill the positions for which they have been selected. The following is a list of the players and their respective positions Center—McVicar, R., G. Clien, L. G., Boleman, L. E., Gregoire, R. T., McGowan, L. T., Kelly, R. E., Moon, O. B., Cameron, R. H. Werner, L. H., Gagnon,

F. B., Blackwell. Sub—Howard, McMullen and Koppelberger.

CHIPPEWA VS. EAU CLAIRE.

The first game of the season was played in this city between the Chippewa Falls team and our boys. Although the Chippewa team was lacking in weight yet the game was a lively one from the time the ball was kicked off by Eau Claire until the umpire called time in the last half. Before the game had been in progress two minutes, Ray Millard of Chippewa made an elegant run and was able to make a touch down, which by the way, is the only one that has been made against Eau Claire this season, our boys made touch down after touch down and at the end of the game were able to show thirty scores against the lone four of the Chippewa boys. Our boys showed superior training and more endurance than their opponents. Wiley and Millard, of Chippewa, played one of the finest games it was ever our want to see, but as the team work of the Chippewa boys was poor, they were unable to make much of a showing against the strong line up of our boys. Among the players from this city who played exceptionally well were Werner, Gagnon, Blackwell and Moon, although the whole team did splendid work, each man doing his part and never once flinching from their places. The boys have fine interference and not a few times were able to make a run the full length of the field, notwithstanding the violent effort of their opponents to break it.

No serious accidents marred this game, and aside from a few bruises the boys had nothing to show for their battle save the score.

EAU CLAIRE VS. CHIPPEWA.

In the second game with the Chippewa team, the boys were compelled to play a much heavier set of players than they had anticipated, the team being a city team, yet our boys were able to hold them down, not allowing a single touch down, they, the while, having made six, and kicking four goals the score standing thirty-two to nothing.

MENOMONIE VS. EAU CLAIRE.

In the third and last game at this writing, the Eau Claire boys, had one of the hardest High School teams in the state to buck.—Ere the game had been in progress five minutes the Menomonie boys had the ball at Eau Claire's ten yard line, they had been breaking Eau Claire's center, and things began to look rather gloomy for Eau Claire, but by an undying effort on the part of our boys they secured the ball, and in less time than it takes to write it, had the ball on Menomonie's sacred grounds, our boys tried a center play with but little gain, and on the last down Capt. Blackwell sent the ball around the end in the custody of H. Back Gagnon for a clean touch down. Moon failed to kick goal and when time was called for the first half the score stood four to nothing in Eau Claire's favor. In second half the boys played much faster ball, and some elegant runs were made by McGowan,

Werner and Gagnon—Eau Claire secured another touch down. This time Moon found the goal, making the score ten to nothing in Eau Claire's favor, which remained the same until the end of the game. The features of the game were the elegant tackling of Blackwell and McGowan for Eau Claire and Quilling and Smith for the visitors. Referee, Chapman, Umpire, Arnstadt. Line men, McGowan and Edwards.

NOTES.

The foot ball teams had their picture taken last week.

Everyone is pleased to see L. End Gregorie out again after his painful accident in the runaway.

The High School foot ball team have the swellest mascott in the North West, he stands three feet seven inches high, weighs 31 pounds and is as spry as a kitten.

The team has been greatly strengthened by Sid McGowan attending school again, he is one of the strongest players in the team.

The boys hope next season to be able to hire a coach, and also to secure grounds near the street car lines.

In the Fall the High School maiden,
At the frosty gridiron hoots,
In the Fall the wise professor,
Dons his pair of cow-hide boots.

Do the High School boys like ice cream? Ask Prof. Frawley.

THE CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Having had the honor of a request from the managers of THE KODAK to write an article on the High School Literary and Debating Society I will attempt to do so; and, although no short sketch can summarize the vast benefits of a society of this character, I will not too seriously infringe upon the space in this column but will be content with advancing only the most important results attained through this Literary organization.

Those who have been graduated from our school and have been members of this society fully appreciate the abilities they secured during the term of their membership. Especially do those appreciate it who are now battling upon the literary and oratorical fields of universities and colleges. Have they any reason to appreciate it? Let us look this matter up. Suppose we have before us several record books. We will first turn back the pages of our record containing the proceedings of meetings up to the year 1893. We find a certain name the bearer of which as the minutes say, took part in many political and scientific discussions. After carefully reading this, we will close the book and open another one, we find that we have opened the record of the proceedings of Athena, the largest literary organization of the state. We turn back to the year 1895 and are surprised and impressed by the same name of which we had previously seen fre-

quent mention in the first book. We gradually became interested and read on until finally we come to a clause which reads, that the person bearing this name was unanimously chosen to represent Athena in the interstate debate; the highest honor which can be given to a University student by his fellow students. Had this gentleman any reason to rejoice at having once been a member of our society? Most assuredly he had, and as he himself states, he will never forget the benefit he derived from it.

We will now turn to the record of a similar organization in the University of Minnesota. We are again surprised to meet a name familiar to us and it shows that a person who had only a short time before been an ardent worker of our society, had, although only a freshman, been elected to represent the University of Minnesota in a joint debate. He also had a just cause to remember our society.

There are numerous other illustrations of our ex-members who are now University students; many have spoken to me personally in regard to the condition of the society. They seem to have a certain affection for it which prompts them to ask as to its welfare. One of these has said: "I would not exchange the benefits derived from the Literary Society for those of any two regular studies of the school."

But what are these benefits so much talked of? Are they the powers of becoming proficient in the laws of

Parliamentary practice and debate? What? no; not that alone. They are the powers of eloquent speech, of writing a well sounding essay, of using the right word in the right place to make it effective. In fact they are the powers of putting forth the numerous intellectual abilities, cultivated in the regular studies of the school. This as is evident is a necessary qualification for it does a person but little good to know the theory of gravitation if he cannot explain it; it does him but little good to know political economy if he cannot impress its principles upon his friends; it does him but little good to grasp the theorems in geometry if he cannot impart them to others. He may have intellect beyond measure; he may receive the highest honors of his class, yet if he knows not how to put his genius forth it is as useless as the telephone before its connection with the electric battery. It is lost because it does not reach the ear of the multitudes. On the contrary, a person who has the power of speech can make himself heard in the best audiences. He has abundant resources stored up in the treasury of his brain from which he can draw at pleasure and through the medium of speech can make every penny's worth tell.

But some may say: how is it possible for a person to become efficient in speaking if he is not gifted with the power? The only answer to this is that "practice makes perfect," and although it is maintained by the best philosophers that eloquence is a gift of

the angels handed to an infant in its cradle there is no doubt that every person can improve by practice, especially such practice as the Debating society calls for.

It meets once a week and has a programme arranged for each meeting consisting of essays, reviews, declamations and debates. After the completion of the programme the floor is opened for extemporaneous debate in which every member is supposed to participate. The beauty of the whole thing is, that everything is done out of free will, there is no compulsion whatever.

It will be seen that the work of our society is in direct harmony with rhetorical day in school. What better preparation can be had for rhetorical day than the work of our members? It is far better practice than rehearsing a declamation or an essay to a teacher in a vacant room with chairs as an audience when the unaccustomed victim is vainly striving to overcome the embarrassment he feels at his appearance before his audience, the vacant chairs, and trembling for the day when he is to appear before a natural one. All these embarrassments are overcome through joining the Debating society, for in this you appear at first only among the members where a blunder leads to no serious disappointments and slowly the embarrassment wears off and you are able to greet the largest audience at a moments notice.

Every student of our school eligible for membership should allow us to welcome him among our members.

PERSONAL.

Miss McGregor wishing to determine the whereabouts of a lost physiology asks the school the following: "All those who have a human Body look and see if it is No.—"

If "Kleiner" means smaller, and grosser means larger, Mr. Stussy who is just beginning German wants to know what "Kleiner the Grocer" means.

In Reading Class—Miss Holcombe: "Floyd, where did the Pergamenians live?" Floyd Jones—"In purgatory."

In Cicero Class—Mr Russell: "I do not know what "quicquid incripuit" is." Miss Swift: "Whatever rustles."

In Physics—Miss Brown (to Miss Gilbertson, reciting): "I don't understand." Miss Gilbertson: "Neither do I."

Henry Werner at Chippewa Falls: "Bring me a sirlion steak and some potatoes to order please."

Max Baumberger in Eng. Hist. "The people thought they could use the steam engine for locomotion."

POPULAR WANTS

- Wanted by Frank Joyce—A hammock for two.
- Wanted by the girls—Another leap year.
- Wanted by W. Kutzner—An opponent in politics.
- Wanted by the Freshmen—A map of the recitation rooms.
- Wanted by Josie Kelly—A place to keep her lunch.
- Wanted by Stanley Bartlett—A false ear.
- Wanted by Gardner Smith—A way to get his 1 ssons without studying.
- Wanted by Stanley Bartlett and Bobby Douglas—A great deal of fun.
- Wanted by Dan McKinnon and Leon Kahn—New seats.
- Wanted by the Chippewa High School—A new football eleven.
- Wanted by Willie Cameron—A mascot.
- Wanted by Henry Werner—Someone to play with.
- Wanted by Fred Brown—Cushioned floors.

THE COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

The June number of "THE KODAK," of Eau Claire, Wis., contains the graduating orations of their senior class. They reflect credit on the school.—"*Greer Collegian*, of Hoop-eston, Ill.

The commencement number of "THE KODAK" is an excellent work. It contains some forty-eight pages and publishes the essays and orations of the members of the High School graduates, besides a few half-tone pictures of the class.—"*The Normal Badger*," of River Falls, Wisconsin.

The commencement number of "THE KODAK" published by the Athletic Club, of the Eau Claire High School, has been received, and after a careful perusal, we are pleased to say that it reflects great credit on the editor in chief, Frank Groundwater, and his able assistants.—"*The Daily Leader*, Eau Claire, Wis.

One would hardly expect a literary number of a publication issued by an atheletic association, but such is the case with the current number of The Eau Claire KODAK, and the object to which former numbers of this publication have been principally devoted is for the once omitted. To specify and comment upon the forty-six essays contained between its covers, is a task with which the average amateur editor does not care to cope, but its forty-eight pages are replete with pleasantly composed articles. An innovation which is

noticable is that the usual themes of the "sweet girl (and boy) graduate" are lacking and in their stead the subjects discussed comprise topics of everyday interest. Among the varied essays one might expect to find one devoted to the "New Women" to which so much space has been allotted by our various exchanges, but none is contained in the magazine unless Grace G. Adams,' "The Advance of Women" can be considered such. That woman's environments have changed during the past decade is evident to all who have kept abreast of the times, and intellectually the women of today are, in many respects, far superior to their sisters of the past. Henry Kleinschnitz in fitting words eulogizes James Gillespie Blaine, while the "Grand Old Man" of England is equally fortunate at the hands of T. J. Wilcox, and Herbert Cary pays tribute to one of the greatest men of modern times Ulysses S. Grant. The class picture is reproduced, and inserted as a frontispiece, and presents a handsome appearance, and as ever the case of the fair sex predominates, numbering twenty-eight to seventeen of the sterner sex. The Athletic Association is entitled to much praise for devoting this number to commendation, and we congratulate the association upon issuing so readable a magazine.—*Monthly Visitor*, Haverhill, Mass.

The Commencement Day edition of THE KODAK contains the essays of the graduating class of '96.—*The Normal Record*, Chico, Cal.

AN ODE ON FOOTBALL.

The football season now is here,
The very best of all the year,
And now the purple shows itself,
'Tis taken down from off the shelf.
The small boy blows his big tin horn
And rival teams wish they'd never been born,
Tis now that Eau Claire shows her might,
And scatters her enemies left and right.
The football hair is all the rage,
The football critic looks very sage.
The High School boy says: "we're all right,"
And we'll wipe Menomonie clear out of sight.
Then after the game as you come down the hill,
Everyone joins and sings with a will:—
"O clear the way for Eau Claire's rushers,
Tackles, Ends and Halves and Center,
For we've a line they cannot enter.
Eau Claire High School Football team."

"TARRY"

THE PRESENT POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

One warm October afternoon some dozen men were lounging at the door of Griggsville tavern, which by courtesy the rising generation called Griggsville Hotel. You may think this was no extraordinary occurrence and indeed it was not for men have smoked and talked at that same place for years past and may for years to come. But on this particular afternoon the affairs of state were to be settled and the discussion taking place was of course on the all absorbing topic of the prospects for the Presidential election. It was quite a representative assembly—Uncle Amos, the village philosopher; Squire Biglow, the rich man of the village, Deacon Jones, a pillar of the Baptist church; the tavern keeper, and several men of the type known at such times as "laborers",—all were there. 'Which party 'll really fetch down the price 'o goods? queried Deacon Jones who, to use the

village vernacularism, was exceeding 'small.' 'Gold, of course,' responded Squire Biglow promptly. 'With a depreciated currency the country would be utterly ruined, Mexico is a silver country and there flour costs \$8.50 which here is \$2.25, there a 100 pounds of sugar costs \$10.50, here \$5.50, coffee 40¢ per pound, here it is---.' 'No,' interrupted the tavern keeper regardless of the great man's frown. 'No, a low price of money means a high price of goods. A high price of goods causes production, production gives employment; plentiful employment raises wages; high and steady wages cause increased consumption because laborers are the principal consumers. These are the phenomena of good times. Here Professor' he called to a thin man with a strap of books who was hastening by, 'What are you doing for free silver?'

'Doing my best to earn a little,' returned the thin man who was master of the village school.

'What do you think will be the effect on the prosperity of the country if McKinley were elected?' demanded the tavern keeper.

The school master looked very wise as befitted his position and replied. 'The United States already has the double standard. Unless the McKinley men actually demonetize silver again, which they have not ventured to say is their intention, our foreign debtors can pay in silver still. But we are paying our foreign debts in gold

and that is the system our gold men such as Belmont, who are agents of foreign corporations want to perpetuate. They would have us buy by a high scale and sell by a low one, which is what every dishonest dealer wants his customers to do.'— The school master would gladly have said more but the expression of Squire Biglow's countenance and the recollection that the Squire was president of the school board warned him to hurry off to his boarding house. 'Ah, well, exclaimed the worthy squire, 'It's no use talking any more, McKinley is elected anyway.' The silver men are on the run. They have given Bryan up and are figuring only on as many congressmen as possible, so what's the use of inquiring what would be if something was which won't be? Even Colorado is a doubtful state now, because since the Leadville riots the silver mine owners themselves have come to see that it won't do for men of property to encourage the anachronistic principles of the Chicago platform. The estimate of Jones and his crowd give us Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, of course, and—.'

"Nothing," broke in the tavern keeper. "What are you giving us? You'll no more get one of those states you've mentioned than we'll get Pennsylvania! The plain truth is, Bryan is elected and you know it; the only question is one of majorities. Look here, of course we have the solid south, and every state west of the Alleghany mountains."

“Yes,” he proceeded, not heeding the Squire’s exclamation of disgusted disapproval, “Everything west of the Alleghanies and everything south of the Ohio, of course. But you’re not going to get New York either, Dr. Parkhurst, Roosevelt, and Strong have fixed that state all right for us.”

“What d’ye say ’bout it, Uncle Amos?” inquired one of the men of the patched old philosopher who had smoked and listened through it all.

He removed his pipe on being so addressed, and through a cloud of smoke, like the fabled oracle of old, they heard him speak. “Waal, ’cordin’ to the argyments of them as thinks they knows, Bry’n hain’t goin’ to be ’lected an’ no more is McKinley, so I shud reckon one or tother’ll git thar an’ by the same contraryness o’ things ’stead o’ the country goin’ to smash, as they say sure it will, I conclude the earth’ll still continer to go round arter the election.”

One beautiful starry night, a man under the influence of liquor met a minister on a quiet street. “Shay,” he said, “how many m-moons d’ you see up t-there?” “Why my good man,” was the answer, “you are in a sad condition, let me take you home.” Thats a’ right. Just tell me how many m-moons you shee.” Thinking he might as well humor the man, the minister replied, “Why, I see one moon there.” You’re d-drunker ’n I am. I only shee a h-half moon.”

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

When you are at the looking-glass and can’t fix your tie just right don’t be backward, speak right out, Miss Holcombe will help you.

If the teacher tells you to stop chewing gum, for goodness sake don’t swallow it, the teacher doesn’t want it, and then you know you might choke yourself.

A presumptuous Sophomore at the Republican rally referring to the sextette exclaims. “Ain’t that a linger of a sextette.”

Some bright and promising junior seeks to enlighten the teacher in physiology as regards the general plan of the body as follows: “The plan of the body as we can see for ourselves without dissecting is the head, then the neck and then the stomach.”

Can the silver men explain why the author of “Coin’s Financial School” was so anxious to draw his money from the bank in gold and then place it in safety deposit boxes?

If it be true that the people of Colorado actually believe that Bryan is going to be elected, and are betting their money on that basis, we don’t see why this country should send so many missionaries to foreign lands.

THE KODAK is on sale at Converse’s News Stand.

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