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VOL. VI, NO. III

FEBRUARY, 1900.

Published by
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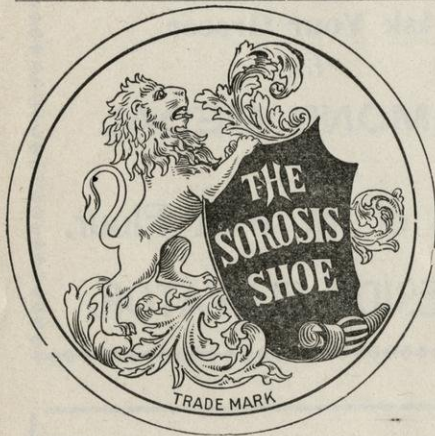
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THE KODAK.

VOL. VI.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1900.

NO. 3.

THE KODAK.

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Athletic Club of the Eau Claire High School.

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EDITORIALS.

We are glad to notice Miss Francis Steinfeldt again in her usual place in school. For several weeks she has been absent from school with a severe attack of typhoid fever. In behalf of her class we congratulate her upon her recovery and welcome her again to a place among us.

Since the last issue of the KODAK the High School has received into its halls the largest Christmas class of Freshmen that ever entered. Freshmen, we welcome you to our number. You come to us well recommended and highly praised for scholarship. We can easily believe that your mental stature has far outstripped your physical. My children, take the advice of those who have come to years of understanding. Now that you have reached the first mile-stone of your educational journey, relax that mental strain for a time and allow the physical powers an even start with the mental in that race of development. We

would prescribe more exercise, a free use of the gymnasium, foot ball, skating, base ball and other youthful sports, and further that you each imbibe daily a quart of milk and any other nourishing food that your thoughtful mothers may suggest. These instructions, faithfully followed, we believe that by the time you have attained the back seats you may equal in stature the present occupants. Now Freshmen, we hope you will take this paternal advice as kindly as it is given and profit thereby.

In behalf of the school, our teachers and their classes, the KODAK extends its tenderest sympathy to Miss Affie Davis and Mr. Nelson Davis in their late bereavement.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led.
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution
She lives whom we call dead. - Longfellow.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Club, Mr. Hartwick Johnson was chosen captain and manager of the base ball team for 1900. We know there is plenty of good material in the school from which to choose a first class team. Let all base ball players turn out as soon as spring opens, and this school may have a base ball team equal to any in the state. There ought to be several games with other schools, and the base ball season of the spring can be as popular as the foot ball season of the fall. We are confident that the team will prosper under the management of its present captain.

The Athletic Club needs the support of the school in the publishing of the KODAK for this and the following issue, even more than for some of the previous issues. At this time of the year the managers find difficulty in securing advertisements to pay for the expense of printing. We trust that each member of the school will consider himself under obligation not only to buy a copy of the KODAK but to at least use their influence among their friends to get them to buy copies. There are certain members of the school who always criticise the paper as being dry but at the same time do little or nothing to make it otherwise. We would remind them that they are at perfect liberty to hand in to the editors any of their witticisms or jokes. They themselves and the school are to be blamed if the KODAK is not as spicy as they would like to have it. Please do less criticising and more work. Don't blame the editors for not filling the paper with wit and humor.

THE DECLAMATORY CONTEST.

The Declamatory Contest given by the Senior class, of which the programme was printed in the previous issue, took place Dec. 20, 1899. At the appointed time the assembly room was well filled with an enthusiastic audience. The program was begun with a selection by the Mandolin Club. All the contestants did very well and showed earnest, diligent preparation. The first prize was a gold watch offered by Mr. A. J. Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland shows great, and we hope, well directed generosity in offering such a valuable prize. We trust that he feels in a measure repaid by the interest which the school took up his generous offer.

The first prize was awarded to Miss Bess Lee, who rendered the selection "My Christmas Story," which we have obtained permission to publish. The High School teachers had prepared an agreeable surprise for the contestants in the shape of some beautiful books which were given as second and third prizes.

The second prize, a set of Tennyson's poems, was awarded to Hugh P. Henry, who gave the piece "The Battle of Waterloo."

The third prize, a set of "Scott's Poems," was awarded to Miss Hazel Cook, with a selection from "Patsy." The contest was undoubtedly a success and we hope to see the example followed by other classes.

MY CHRISTMAS STORY.

You ask me to tell you a story,
 And boys I would gladly tell
 A tale that would echo in your hearts
 Like the chimes of a Christmas bell.
 But I start when I hear the church bells chime,
 For their echos bring to me
 The face of the sweetest woman,
 T'was ever my lot to see.
 Don't conjure up a dark eyed belle
 Nor a maiden wonderous fair,
 The woman I mean is my mother
 With her shimmering silver hair.
 I see her upon this Christmas night
 As I saw her long ago,
 With a smile of sweetest happiness,
 But a face like the driven snow.
 I had just finished in college,
 And was rather new in our set,
 And the girls all thought me handsome
 They didn't know me yet.
 The boys quite lionized me
 They thought me most a girl,
 My teeth were always pearly white
 And my hair inclined to curl.
 They thought me rather droll because
 I couldn't understand
 Their double meaning phrases,
 And jibes that were underhand.

So they set to work to instruct me,
 In the ways of the world they said,
 And I must confess with bitterness,
 They all but turned my head.
 I'll never forget the first cursed night
 When the wine got to my head,
 And I staggered home in the early dawn,
 And stood where the light was shed
 From out of my mother's window,
 She was waiting still for me;
 And I felt in a gully fever
 For my ring with the side door key,
 But as I opened the creaking door,
 She was there in the firelight,
 A queenly, stately woman,
 I was proud of my mother quite;
 And as she turned to meet me
 I still hear the words she said.
 "Robert, you are my only child,
 Your father, dear, is dead,
 And though I wept when he left me,
 I would gladly see you lain
 In the tomb with your noble father
 E're you bring yourself to shame;
 You think my thoughts are foggish,
 And not with the times in chime,
 But my boy, don't bring your mother
 To her grave before her time."
 What need to tell of the first wild year
 When I thought all life was joy,
 What use to tell of the stepping stones
 Teat changed me from a boy,
 And moulded me into a flippant youth
 To laugh at my mother's fears;
 Unmindful of the saddening face*
 And many undried tears.
 But oh, let me tell of that Christmas night,
 When light from heaven was brought
 And the price of my soul's redemption
 To my blinded heart was taught.
 T'was Christmas Eve and the boys had planned
 To meet for a social glass,
 Though my mother made me promise
 I'd be home for the midnight mass.
 I promised to come in early that night,
 And prepare for the greatest Feast,
 But after I'd met my flippant friends
 It troubled me not the least;
 In fact I never recalled the thought
 That my mother was waiting for me,
 And the hours fled in a merry whirl
 In bachanalian glee.
 At last we sought a new resort
 Whose nature I could not tell;
 But I know by my riper years
 T'was a famous gambling hell.
 Fair haired women were gathered there
 Neath the dazzling blaze of light
 And their sparkling diamonds, vide the while

With the gleam of their eyes so bright;
 And men were hurrying to and fro
 With a strange and eager glare,
 While undefined losses
 Held them captive there.
 The boys all joined in the reckless play
 Tempting the hand of fate,
 But I took no part in the reckless sport
 I was always taught to hate;
 And though the boys repeatedly
 Sought to draw me in,
 I would not ope' on that Holy Night
 A path that must lead to sin.
 At last they pressed me closely
 While I answered it cannot be,
 When a lady sitting near me
 Turned saying, "Then play for me,
 I've been losing all the evening,
 And I know by your boyish face
 You'll win the gods of fortune,
 Lend me a little grace?"
 I stood abashed, what could I do?
 A boy at the very best,
 And so with this champion by my side
 I soon sat with the rest.
 I sat before the dealer
 Feeling an unknown thrill,
 That after the first few winnings
 Completely bound my will.
 I seemed in a sort of frenzy
 As deal after deal I won,
 And I'd never have left the table
 Till the rise of the Christmas sun;
 But once, while we drank between the deals,
 As I touched my tempter's glass
 I shrank, for loud on the crispy air
 Came the chimes of the midnight mass.
 I sprang to my feet like a guilty wretch,
 Saying, I— I— must go,
 And hurriedly grasping hat and coat
 I was out in the falling snow.
 A spell was on me, I knew not what,
 Though the bells no longer rang
 I could hear quite clear in my heart's quick beat,
 Their ever echoing clang.
 I hurried home, I know not why,
 For my promise 'twas too late,
 But I stopped with a sickening presage
 As I came to the garden gate,
 The house was all a blaze of light,
 Forms flitting to and fro,
 And at the curb a doctor's cab
 Which long I had learned to know.
 I hurried into the lighted hall
 And looking beyond could see,
 The face of the truest woman
 'Twas ever my lot to see.
 Yes, that's what I saw, my mother's face
 White as the counterpane,

Limp and lifeless I saw her
 Still on the couch there, lain.
 A priest stood close beside her,
 I heard the prayers he said
 And my heart stood still as I listened,
 My God! Is my mother dead?
 A sob half choked escaped me
 She turned and saw me there
 And a light came into her dying eyes,
 And she murmured a gasping prayer.
 I entered and knelt beside her
 Whilst she strove to raise her head,
 And friends, if you care to listen,
 I'll tell you the words she said.
 "My boy, I am truly dying,
 My soul is full of joy,
 For I know by the Savior's promise
 I secured your soul, my boy.
 Last night as you left me all alone,
 I sat in the great arm chair
 And murmured in broken phrases
 Bits of a Christmas prayer;
 The room was half in darkness
 The lights were turned so low,
 And o'er the hearth rug flickered
 The red of the fire's glow.
 I thought my boy I was waking
 But perhaps I was dreaming, when
 Out of the flickering hearth-light
 A voice said, 'Peace to Men;'
 I looked, and lo, an angel's form
 Lighted the chimney place,
 A swaying, willowy figure
 Blessed with a wondrous face.
 'Come,' said the Holy Angel,
 'I am his angel dear,
 But a mother's prayer, though all else fails,
 Will move the Lord to hear.'
 He waited not, but hurried me on,
 On the mission he was bent,
 And to my aged members
 An angel's swiftness lent.
 Out through the crowded city
 We sped through the hurrying throng,
 The angel seemed like a spirit
 Come to avenge a wrong.
 'See,' he whispered softly,
 'Your boy in the crowd ahead,'
 I looked and saw you, Robert
 My child, by a demon led.
 Just then your comrades joined you,
 And oh, what a sight I saw,
 A band of living demons,
 Outragers of God's law.
 They circled around and between you,
 And, as you passed along
 I heard the jibes of devils,
 And bits of a fiendish song.
 All night I fled close after you

The angel at my side,
 Till you came to that den of gambling,
 I thought I should have died.
 But all the while I prayed to God,
 The angel prayed as well,
 And together we sought all Heaven
 To save my boy from hell.
 Then I looked, and oh, my heart stood still,
 For I saw beside your place,
 The form of a lovely woman,
 But it had a devilish face.
 Then all was changed, I know not how,
 The vision came to pass,
 But I found myself at the little crib
 With the folks at the midnight mass.
 And, oh my boy, I was praying still,
 Praying my boy for you,
 And what I tell you now my lad,
 Forever hold it true.
 Kneeling there by the Christmas crib,
 I prayed to the Infant King,
 Save, oh Christ, my boy from harm
 Though you take from me everything.
 And now the angel was by my side,
 Together we still did pray
 Thou Who didst give Thyself for them
 Give me my prayer this day,
 Mary, oh hear a mother's prayer,
 And by the love that is thine
 Ask of thy Son, the Babe Divine,
 The soul of that boy of mine.
 And oh, from out of that little crib
 Rose up a baby fair,
 And the light of His eye and the thrill of His voice,
 Startled the very air,
 'I give the soul of thy erring boy,'
 The Jesus said and smiled,
 "But thou must offer thy life to God,
 To save thy erring child."
 A moment's struggle thrilled me through,
 For life is so hard to give,
 But boy, I offered it up for you
 That your precious soul might live.
 And see, they're coming to call me now
 The angels with faces aglow,
 All robed in vapory vesture,
 Like the glittering of snow,
 And see the Christ is with them;"
 I stooped and raised her head,
 And, low, in my arms my mother lay,
 But her soul from the world had fled,
 Can you wonder then that I am often sad,
 When I hear the church bells chime,
 Though sweetest thoughts of Heavenly things
 Come with the Christmas time.
 And so when I hear the Christmas bells,
 I pray for my mother true,
 And friends when you hear them chime,
 Please pray for my mother, too.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

Americans can justly pride themselves on the perfection and efficiency of their educational facilities. From the earliest times the greatest interest has been taken in the subject and as a result our school system is unsurpassed. Such a development is absolutely required by our form of government. Where the government depends on the people it is imperative they should be intelligent in order to perpetuate that government and to keep it on the high plane upon which it has moved in the past.

The boys of today will make the citizens of tomorrow and their training should be such that they will be enabled not only to keep the republic where it is, but also to advance it along the lines of civilization and progress. Preparation along the lines of self government, and familiarity with the forms of municipal, state, and national government is needed. When the young man arrives at the age of 21 he is independent and must govern himself. No one will be over him continuously to direct him as in school. There he has always been under authority and restriction and consequently when he has left school he feels unfamiliar with his surroundings and the indifferent attitude of those around him.

He may have acquired knowledge and mental power but his development is usually not symmetrical in that his capacity for self government has been neglected. Three objects are to be gained by a school education:

I. Educating the moral side of the pupil.

II. Developing his mental powers and giving him practical training and knowledge.

III. Preparing him for the duties of citizenship.

Good citizenship cannot be acquired by jingoism nor by bursts of patriotism at the unrolling of the flag. What is needed is not a fiery patriotism, which would keep the country in a continuous state of turmoil and trouble, but a deep, true, quiet patriotism which teaches men to take a proper pride in their country, in its institution, in its history; and which also teaches them to see that the interests of this nation cannot best be advanced by war but by the intelligent support and administration of this country's institutions.

So a true capacity for self government is needed and the youth's initial knowledge and usefulness will depend on the practice in self government which he has received before he takes up the duties of citizenship. These facts have impressed themselves upon the minds of many prominent educators with the result that in many places the students have been allowed to govern themselves. Some principals have gone still further and have formed school government nearly identical to the government of the city in which the school may be located. Perhaps the most notable of these examples may be that of Hyde Park High School in Chicago. Here 1500 pupils under the leadership of their principal, Mr. C. W. French, have formed and now carry out a government nearly identical with the

government of Chicago with the single exception that a department of public order was substituted for the city police force. It can readily be seen that these pupils enter life amply equipped to grapple with the problems of city government and the school completely fulfills its function.

To carry out successfully such an advanced government two qualities are needed: I. A knowledge of city government; this of course could be developed. II. A sense of responsibility. Under the prevailing system the teacher is an absolute ruler; the pupils feel no responsibility and they care little for the misdemeanors of others. But under self government this attitude should be completely reversed. Each should take an interest; each should realize his responsibility, that on him depends the good government of the school; each should also feel that any misdemeanors that he may see should be reported and the perpetrators amply punished. Any lax attitude toward these will hurt the whole school and will serve simply as an encouragement to further encroachments. Without this sense of responsibility it seems useless to attempt the practice of self government; but with this feeling self government can be nothing but one of the greatest of benefits; it will build up character; the scoundrel, the sneak and the unworthy pupil will be weeded out; it will broaden and deepen the pupils' minds; correct a wrong attitude toward law and authority; teach the pupils to understand the necessity and nature of law; it will leave the teacher to teach and much better results can be obtained; and the school will then become what it ought to be, viz: an association of young people and teachers for right training and development.

W. A. R. '00.

A LITTLE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Upon entering the University one is naturally struck by the character and social conditions that mark a student's life. The little, but self-conscious sphere he may have occupied in the High School, dwindles into insignificance, when he sees about him so many men of superior merits whose powers both intellectual and physical he regards with a mixture of awe. Here in the University he finds men and women with capacity aided by opportunity; with opportunity but no capacity; with capacity but no great opportunity—students who, by hard manual labor, endeavor to win for themselves an education, either by working in down-town offices, tending furnaces, or by waiting on tables, where by gathering the crumbs that others have left, they reap a rich harvest of the golden grains of knowledge. Now and then we come in contact with students who regard study as a great bore, whose listless attitude bears witness to the fact and who will deliberately sleep, when some frowncut professor delivers a lecture on the "Social and Economic Conditions in Medieval Europe." It is a notorious

fact that this class of students sooner or later are "conned out" and leave the "U."

On the other hand we occasionally meet students whose seriousness and love of study causes them to disregard the laws of health; they spend hours cooped up in a small, ill-ventilated room, poring over their books with avidity until they seem pale and shriveled. Perhaps they realize in their efforts that

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."

It must not be supposed that a freshman always enters into his work wholly unmolested; on the contrary, according to the ancient traditions of the University he some times must suffer initiation into his duties by a watery baptism in the romantic lake Mendota.

But as to the University itself, the studies are not arranged here as they are in the High School. They are regarded as "fifths," fifteen fifths constituting the requisite amount of work for a freshman. One-fifth includes one recitation of fifty minutes a week; two-fifths, two recitations for the same length of time, and so on. Perfect freedom of action is accorded to every student. There is no regular assembly. Recitation hours are from eight to one, and from two to six. He who has an "eight o'clock" is very generally regarded as unfortunate. The students appear to do most of their studying in the evening and in the early hours of morning. The hardest time in a student's life are those weeks which he spends in preparation for the semester "exams." By the average freshman they are regarded as a grim spectre of awfulness which bids him prepare his luggage for a return journey to the home of his father.

For the purpose of developing the physical needs, two hours a week are required by both Sophomores and Freshman in gymnastic drill and military science. The lower classmen are also obliged to attend the weekly convocations in Library Hall where noted men and prominent educators address the students. When the classmen are gathered and before the exercises begin, class yells are given which seem to threaten the very foundation of the old hall. The Sophomores in the gallery above reply derisively to the tremendous noise made by the Freshmen gathered below.

It is often said that one must go to the literary societies to find the best students. It is here where we find inspiration and love for the University. There seems to be present a remarkable spirit of interest and enthusiasm which tends to bind the members together for the success of a common purpose. The societies are founded on a firm basis; membership is limited. Every student desirous of being admitted must satisfy the committee of investigation as to his previous work and his ability and earnestness. After he satisfies the committee his name is presented to the society for consideration and voted upon. If the result of the election shows three or more votes cast against him his name is stricken off from the list of those proposed for membership. A Freshman's first appearance in

debate is one that is considered all-important, because it largely forms the estimation with which the upper classmen hold him. In speaking of the literary societies I have in mind the "hill" societies; but all are organized on about the same methods: The records of the societies bear witness to its beneficial influence—in the list of members, names of men prominent in both national and state affairs may be seen. They are the patrons of learning and devotees of accomplished oratory and forensic debate.

RICHARD HOLLEN.

MOUNTAIN LIFE IN ALABAMA.

If we should visit the people living in the mountains of northern Alabama and Tennessee we should find them living in much the same condition they were in fifty years ago. They still use a small one-horse plow, closely resembling the crooked stick used by the Egyptians in olden times. Every fall we should find them carding, spinning and weaving the cloth to be made into clothes for the following year. On rainy days and Saturdays we should meet men on horseback or in an ox-cart taking corn to the old-fashioned grist-mill whose wheel is turned by one of the many mountain brooks.

The people live in log houses usually without windows, such things being regarded as needless luxuries, all the light that is needed coming in through the open door. The house never has more than two rooms, very often only one. Each room has a large open fireplace where the food is cooked. The food consists mainly of hoecake and pork, supplemented in the summer with an abundance of fruit and vegetables, in the winter with 'possums, coons, squirrels and rabbits. Hoecake is made by mixing cornmeal and a pinch of salt in water until the dough can be made into cakes which are fried or baked before the open fire.

No garden would be complete without a small patch of tobacco, which is used by men, women and children. The women prefer to have their tobacco ground into snuff which they rub on their teeth with a brush made from the branch of the black gum tree. If they cannot obtain this, they carry a twist of the home-made tobacco in their pockets and are not ashamed to take a chew of it even at church.

School is held in the little red schoolhouse for two or three months in the year. Teachers are paid from sixteen to twenty dollars a month but are able to get the best board for four or five dollars a month. The people care very little for education seeming to think that farmers and preachers like poets are "born, not made."

FROM ONE OF THE ALUMNI.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

To a person unacquainted with the intricacies of the forest, and the many signs by which an experienced hunter or timber-cruiser finds his way in a trackless woods, the prospect of a night in the open air is anything but attractive; nor is a rainstorm at that particular time especially desirable, as any person who has passed such a night, can testify.

It fell to my lot at one time, to undergo such a misfortune, with the additional trouble of being "slightly turned around," as the phrase goes, which exactly describes the condition of a person lost in the woods. It came about in this manner. Another person, who was well experienced in wood lore, and I were occupying a little "shack" for the purpose of taking an outing. The woods were dense and of considerable extent, about thirty square miles. This being the case, it was quite a while before I dared go far from the camp, but as time went on I grew better informed and began to take pride in becoming, as I supposed, so expert a woodsman. But in a shorter period of time than I had anticipated, the truth of the proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall," would be verified in my case.

One morning after breakfast my friend proposed a day's trip and of course I assented. As I recall the facts, and think about them, I always imagine that my friend had in some way become aware of the fact that my opinion of my ability as a forester was of a rather high order. Indeed, I often made statements to him to the effect, that I could find my way out of any woods under any circumstances. He did not dispute me, but only laughed a little.

But to continue, we started, accomplished our object, and were returning about five o'clock in the afternoon. As we were hurrying along I happened to see a rare botanical specimen that attracted my attention, and stopped to examine it. Having done so, I started off again, faster than ever to make up lost time. My companion, who had not stopped, was by this time some distance away and out of sight among the brush and trees.

I hurried on and on, but failed to overtake him. At last a little tired and breathless I sat down on a fallen tree and began to think. The more I thought, I decided that he was trying to get away from me. This made me, I confess, a little mad and I said to myself, "Well, I guess if I can't get back to the 'shack' without him—well, I can stay out here that's all." And I disliked to "holler" because if he heard it he might think I was lost.

With these meditations I started on expecting to reach the cabin in a short time. I walked leisurely along and endeavored to appear at ease, although, in reality, I began to think that I should soon be coming to some familiar places. After walking on for some time, it dawned upon me that if I had been going in the right direction, I would already have arrived at my journey's end. In fact I was lost and probably within a few miles of the "shanty;" I began to recall certain

boastful statements that had been made. I had also disdained to carry a compass which now caused me sorrow.

The sun had just sunk below the horizon and a heavy rainstorm was threatening. I was soon enveloped in a dense darkness and could see absolutely nothing. I stumbled along and after having, by absolute count, ran into thirteen trees and fallen seven times, I concluded to stop for a season and think it over.

The next thing that suggested itself to my mind was to build a fire and endeavor to keep warm, for the night air was chilly. But imagine my consternation, when after a thorough search of my pockets not a single match was forthcoming, but I was not yet discouraged. I felt about and found a hard rock, I hoped to get a flint one and if possible, some dry grass for a poor sort of tinder, and resort to the primitive method of producing fire, by striking the blade of my knife against the flint. I gave it a fair trial and after working the greater part of an hour and getting beautiful sparks, I threw the flint far away into the woods. It had started to rain so I could not keep a fire going anyway. I sympathized with the poor primitive folks, but soon awoke to the fact that doing that would not shelter me from the rain.

Arising from the ground I began to cast about for a place of shelter. I remembered of having seen before dark a hollow log lying at a short distance, accordingly I directed my steps, guided by flashes of lightning, to it and finally reached it somewhat the worse for wear. Thrusting myself in, feet foremost, I was disagreeably surprised to feel, before I had got more than half way in, something moving at my feet. Then the something, which must have resented my intrusion shot out over my face. I cannot say whether it was a wild cat or a mouse that ran out but I *can* say that I also came out and a great deal faster than I had entered. Groping about in the darkness I found a little pole which I poked into the hole, but I was sorry for this in a few minutes, for after giving two or three "prods," something like a red hot pin seemed to strike me on the nose. I reasoned in a very short time that I must have come in contact with the "business end" of a little insect better known as a hornet. Concluding that he had friends near by I did not stay to settle with him, but decided that I did not care to get into that hollow log anyway.

So I started off on the run but caught my foot in a vine and sprawled at full length in a thicket of blackberry bushes resulting in a loss to my personal attractions. Presently I heard a familiar sound, the laughing of my comrade, and I started in the direction that I had heard it. Hearing it again a little farther in advance, I hastened on and suddenly to my amazement found myself at the next flash of lightning, in the clearing *back* of the cabin. The rain had stopped and as I came up to the door I found my campmate standing outside looking

at the clouds which were now breaking up. He said with a low laugh "It took you a long time to get that specimen." I thought best to answer him simply "Yes, I found several nice ones."

I stepped into the "shack" and had some supper, during which my friend told me that he had stopped when I did to get the plant; that he had seen me rush past and that he had then followed me until I attempted to make the fire, when he returned to the cabin, thinking it would do me good to leave me. And I think it has.

ANONYMOUS '00.

ABOUT OUR SCHOOL.

The High School Chorus Class.

Ever since the Eau Claire High School has had the pleasure of numbering among its faculty, Professor Ehlman, there has been a steadily increasing interest in music. It is well known that our present High School course of study does not include music, although many hope that it may in the near future.

Professor Ehlman, who not only has cultivated talent but a natural gift along that line, realized this lack and generously offered to devote two afternoons per week to instructing the pupils free of charge. In order to do this he organized a singing class, to be composed of all the members of the school who are interested in music.

One morning during the first of the term, Professor Ehlman gave a general invitation to all who wished to study music, to meet in his room at 3:30 that afternoon. At the appointed hour about forty High School girls and one-tenth as many boys made their appearance. All were greatly interested and listened eagerly to what the Professor had to say. He devoted the first few lessons to instructing the pupils in the history of music.

His purpose in organizing this class is to enable the students to control their voices as well as to read notes correctly. It was thought best by the members of the class to meet Tuesdays and Fridays of every week. Professor Ehlman tested the voices of his pupils and told each for what part his voice was best suited and then the class was divided into 1st and 2nd soprano and 1st and 2nd alto. The class is now advancing rapidly and already they sing a number of songs very well. Although the class is small compared with what it should be, still Professor Ehlman's efforts are appreciated by the whole school and many more would attend if they were not so crowded with other school duties.

Last term Prof. Ehlman organized a Glee Club in our school. We are sorry to learn that this club has advanced very little since we have met after the holidays and we hope it will be revived in the near future. As a result of Prof. Ehlman's endeavors along this line

we have had the musical part of our rhetorical programmes agreeably varied. We hope to be able to number a permanent Glee Club among our school institutions.

We understood that the proceeds of that Freshman entertainment, at least part of them, were to go toward putting in a few baths in our gymnasium. Some of the students have expressed the wish of taking their next bath in Prof. Wicherski's new baths. We hope they will not have to wait too long in pursuance of this resolve, which shows so much school patriotism.

Elsewhere in these columns the Transcendental Literary has been referred to, but fine as this organization is, the high and mighty Senate must still claim a place in our esteem. Of course not every one knows what the Senate is, and it is thought by some, that the members themselves have no definite idea as to the object of their institution.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to note the formation of a Literary Society in our school. Mr. Rudiger has taken hold of the work and we are sure that his energy and enthusiasm will do much to advance the interests of the society. The society meets on Friday evenings of each week. To the Sophomores and Freshmen we would especially recommend this work and we hope each member of the society will feel his responsibility not only in performing his share of the regular society work, but in using his influence in securing new members.

We have heard our principal make the statement that three studies with work in a literary society would be more beneficial to the student than four studies without such training, which opinion is shared by all other prominent educators. Very many prominent public men owe their success in life to their early training in such societies. If the society becomes the success it should be, we may hope in the near future to have it arranged so that a paper read or a selection spoken before the Literary Society will count for the monthly rhetorical of the reading class.

Each year there have been held in our state inter-scholastic debates. As yet our school has not been represented in any of these. There is no reason why members of this school should not take part in these debates and not only acquit themselves creditably but win for our school its share of the laurels.

THE O. A. C.

The young ladies' athletic club which they mysteriously call the O. A. C. is in a flourishing condition. The young ladies do work in the gymnasium under

the efficient and beneficial instruction of Prof. Wicherski. During the first part of the basket-ball season several games were played; recently nearly entire attention has been given to calisthenics and light gymnasium exercises, which, it is believed, do not occupy too great a portion of the student's time and thought. Contests between teams composed of members of the O. A. C. have furnished sufficient practice in basket-ball without diverting their attention from the regular studies. The membership is large and much interest is manifested in the work.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our exchanges would be greatly improved by putting the advertisements together instead of scattering them through the reading matter. Some papers even have advertisements on the front cover which surely does not improve the appearance of a paper.

The White and Blue, for December, is one of our best exchanges. This issue contains a fine picture of the foot-ball team.

The Acta Diruna is one of our few exchanges that contains no advertisements.

The Tattler is a good paper and has a neat and pretty cover. It would be easier to read if larger type were used.

The Luminary is the largest paper on our exchange table, having about sixty-five pages. It has a very attractive cover.

He was a stranger in Boston. You could tell that by the way he picked his way down Sumner avenue. It was evening. A stranger approached the cyclist.

"Sir," said he, "Your beacon has ceased its function."

"Sir?"

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"Really, I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, T—"

*"The transversal ether oscillations in you rincandenser has been discontinued."

Just then an unsophisticated newsboy across the street shouted, "Hey mister, your lamp is out."—Ex.

We are pleased to hear from Prof. Howie through the State Normal School Messenger. He was professor of mathematics in our High School in '97.

The Normal Badger from River Falls, Wis., is a very neat paper. Its type is very clear.

When a blackberry is green it's red.—Ex.

The Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash., comes to us in a beautiful cover. It is one of the most interesting papers on the exchange table.

Probably Noah was the first man who lived on water for forty days.—Ex.

The Christmas number of the Gitche Gumee comes to us in an artistic cover. The paper as a whole shows that the editorial staff are composed of hustlers.

He sallied out one pleasant eve,
 To call on the fair young miss;
 And when he reached her residence,
 this.

like
 stairs
 the
 up
 Ran
 Her papa met him at the door,
 He did not see the miss;
 He'll not go back there any more,
 For

eq
 went
 uwop
 like
 isup—Ex.

Many of our exchanges are improved by having a cut of their school-building on the cover. This is the case with the Gramophone, the Ryan Clarion, the Echo, the High School Record, the Climax, the Volante, and the Criterion.

All exchange editors will uphold the Gramophone in putting the exchange column on the first page.

Papers as good as the Mirror from Philadelphia are always welcome. It is a paper that any school would be proud of having.

We notice in the Herald from Holyoke, Mass., a picture of their dramatic club. It would be a good thing if more schools had these clubs.

Out of the sixty-two exchanges received, nineteen are from different parts of Wisconsin.

G. H. R. XMAS, '00.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The prospects for a track team are at present quite favorable. We have with us nearly all of last year's team, and some new ones, that ought to make valuable men for track work. Many have declared their intentions of entering the meet, to be held in the spring, and a good team is looked for.

Although our gymnasium does not offer us many advantages for track team work, a large number have used it nearly all winter and are doing fine work.

The sprints will suffer much this year for the want of a speedy man, as we have no one, as yet, fast enough for the meet at Madison. It is hoped that someone will develop into a swift man for the dashes before that time. For the distant runs we have better men this year than last, and with good training ought to do something with those events. As for the bicycle, walk and other events, we have all of last year's men, with others added, so that in these we have sure things. Considering all things we have better material this year than last and ought to be able to keep up

our good record obtained last year, and try and better it if possible.

Meets between the different classes will be held in the spring which will give all a chance to try for the events for which they are best fitted. Each class should be well represented in these meets. A little training this year will make a good man of you for next year, if not a member of this year's team.

Freshmen, start training at once and you will soon be valuable men for track work. It is expected that we will have a track made in Athletic Park, which will make training much easier this year than in former years. Everyone should feel an interest in athletics and those who can should take part in the spring meet. You may not be able to do much at first but with training you will be able to do much more. There is a chance for everyone to do something. The more good men we have for a team the more show we stand for winning. Never be discouraged because someone else that you think is better than you is going to enter the same event. Enter anyway and do your best and you may prove to be the better. Enter with the right spirit and do the right kind of training and you will surely make a good showing at the coming meet.

CAPT. TRACK TEAM.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Eldridge Chickering, who graduated from the Eau Claire High School with the class of '95, has been chosen to represent the Milwaukee Normal in a debate between the Normal schools of Wisconsin. We are glad to number as one of our alumni, the best debater in the largest Normal of the state.

Mr. Al. Ramstad of the class of '99, has accepted the position of manual instructor in this city.

Maud Cernaghan, Vincent Brewer and Allie L. Bullis of the class of '99 are attending Toland's Business University.

Edith Fitzgerald and Edna Thomas of '99, are employed at the Kindergarten school at Menomonie.

Percy Riley, '99, is studying medicine.

Carrie Sorenson, '99, is teaching.

Francis James, '98, is attending the University at Madison.

Helen Kelly, of '99, and Miss Richer of '96 are at Superior.

Lawrence A. Flagler, '96, is attending Beloit College.

Leonard Adams, of '92, is employed as Manual Training instructor in the Industrial school at Waukesha, Wis.

PICK-UPS.

The following are a few of the "live" questions which the resurrected Literary Society and the "awe inspiring" Senate, hope to settle in the near future:

Resolved that money is the cube root of all evil.

Resolved that Alexander ought to Caesar (seize her).

Resolved that vice ought to be abolished.

° °

Miss McNown (holding up a small bone) "What is this?"

Sophie R.—"It's the arm bone of a chicken."

° °

It was reported that T. T. 'oo, made a New Year's resolution to the effect that he would during the ensuing year, avoid the society of ladies and also endeavor to get home nights before midnight.

° °

It had been hoped that a certain member of the Xmas division of the Senior class would try to express his thoughts, after Jan. 1, 1900, in words that the average mortal would be able to comprehend. We are disappointed.

° °

Margaret K (in German) "He heaved a look."

° °

Prof. R. (explaining) "You see I have now charged the electroscope by conduction." Gene Kelly (sotto voce) "I am going to get a sandwich at recess and have it "charged" by induction.

° °

C. J. O. 'oo gives us the following: The expansion tendency of the United States can be explained by the physical law that heat causes expansion. Public sentiment becomes heated, hence the tendency to expand.

° °

J. Wallace (in physics) "When you hold the jar it's on the earth."

° °

Miss Schuster (to her beginning German class) "That word 'damit' is often abused."

° °

Teacher (in Ancient History) "The property was divided among the sons."

Pupil "What did the girls get?"

Teacher "Oh, the boys took care of them."

Pupil "Were n't there any old maids?"

° °

Hugh Henry (translating Virgil) "The sailors skimmed the foam." What did he mean? Perhaps T. T. might help us out.

Teacher "What is a charger? (war horse)

Brilliant Youth "Battle axe plug."

° °

Miss Post to C. O. (who had just finished scanning a line of Virgil) "You haven't feet enough." We conclude from this that she has not made a very close examination.

° °

Those taking Psychology have developed their reasoning powers to a remarkable extent. Here is an example.

Teacher "Give an illustration of inductive reasoning."

Bright pupil "All elephants have trunks. That man has a trunk; therefore he is an elephant."

° °

Heard at the end of the term's work in Trigonometry, (Chorus) "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of all, I've flunked again."

° °

Did you see the smile of joy on Geo. R-m-t-d's face as he said "So" in reply to "What did you get George?"

° °

(What was seen the morning after the Freshmen entered.) Prof. Wicherski guiding the little ones to the right recitation rooms.

° °

The monitors straining and stretching their necks to see if there was anything in that front seat.

° °

One of the newcomers standing disconsolately in the aisle, his seat having been appropriated by another member of his species.

° °

Many little folks wandering aimlessly about in the halls,—to all appearances lost.

° °

Some of the Senior girls rejoicing in the possession of the long and fondly desired back seats.

 QUOTATIONS.

"I am no orator as Brutus."

Steve Dunham.

"That former fabulous story" (that we didn't get.)

Griffin Barry.

"Yet he loves himself; is't not strange?"

Herman Burkhart.

"Some strange commotion is in his brain."

Newton VanDalsen.

"Let me have men about me that are fat."
K. Anderson.

"We two will sing like larks."
Mildred McMaster, Mary Wilcox.

"The pretty dimple on his chin."
T. Thompson,

"What a pretty thing man is."
Juel Noer.

"This princess."
Laura Olson.

"Did ever raven sing so like a lark?"
Henry Wilcox.

"I hate ingratitude more in a man."
Susie Thompson.

"I will not sing."
John Slagsvol.

"To study it is now too late."
Neal Hall.

"Music likes you not."
H. S. Mandolin Club.

"A great man I'll warrant."
Ferdinand Droege.

"I will but teach them to sing."
Prof. Ehlman.

"Another of these students."
"Socrates" Brooks.

"He makes sweet music."
Ed. Ihle.

"Oh! good old man."
Julius Droege

"Anne is a good girl."
Anna Johnson.

"By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady."
Miss Post.

"A very honest woman, but—"
Lillian Radensleben.

"I do love that country girl."
Earl Chappell.

"There never was a man thus abused."
Arthur Sullivan.

"I will go meet the ladies."
Romaine Tolles.

IN A GENERAL WAY.

Two different constructions (by a member of the school). 1. The lambs gambol on the green. 2. The "lambs" "gamble" "on the green."

* * *

Nearly every day we see verified that old saying "True merit always comes to the front" (seat).

* * *

The only reason we can see for Violet McD. walking on her heels and continuously looking down, is that she must be looking for "Spikes."

There is music in the air when "Sully" manipulates the "keys."

* * *

A sedate, respected and honorable appearing Senior, who once occupied a seat in the tower, was seen to slyly drop a note on a young lady's desk situated well toward the front. We are surprised.

* * *

Frank A—er has an "awful" nice time playing with that looking glass during the first period.

* * *

"Tolles" (tolls) seems to be the form of music most attractive to Edith M. at the present time.

* * *

Lost by Earl C.—A front seat, finder receives no reward.

* * *

Why does Harding B. persist in looking toward the east end of the Main Room? "De you" (De Yo) know(s).

* * *

The Literary Society shall have accomplished a great deal if it succeeds in teaching the correct method of obtaining the recognition of the chair to the Sophomore youth who a short time ago raised his hand "a la kindergarten" to attain that object.

* * *

My, but you should have seen Hardy B. that morning he got to school in time for roll call.

* * *

FOUND—The article printed below. Not long ago we heard a Senior make the statement that she had lost the first few pages of her oration. As this was found in the vicinity of her seat we conclude that this is the same. Owner please call and pay charges.

A young unmarried pair of diminutive specimens of humanity, in response to the mandatory behests of their progenitors, and in fear of retribution for any disobedience of these irrevocable commands, betook themselves skyward, up a precipitous geographical eminence to obtain from an intermittent spring in the immediate proximity of the summit, a sufficient quantity of unadulterated aqueous liquid, to slake the thirst of their older terrestrial beings upon this macrosm of ours.

After proceeding an inappreciable distance on their homeward journey where their progenitors rendezvoused, one of Jack's pedal extremities came into contact with a jutting protuberance and the masculine party, together with his unsophisticated feminine relative were precipitated into the cavernous ravine, immediately contiguous with the aforesaid geographical eminence.

THE WAR IN AFRICA.

The closing year of the 19th century is witnessing, perhaps the greatest war since the close of the Civil War of the United States. Hostilities opened about the middle of October, but for several months previous both countries had been exchanging "ultimatums" and the crisis was reached when Pres. Krueger sent the now celebrated ultimatum of Oct. 9, '99.

This is the immediate cause of the war, but there are many underlying causes most of which have grown out of the controversies concerning the political privilege of the Outlanders.

England espoused the cause of the disfranchised Outlanders, whom the Boers, notwithstanding that they paid nine-tenths of the taxes, restricted and harassed them in every way possible. The Boer government had the foresight to make secret preparations for the impending war, while the British authorities had made but little if any preparation. To this lack of foresight on the part of the English authorities their many reverses can be traced.

The war began with a series of movements into Natal on the part of General Joubert and a lesser movement toward Kimberley. The aggressors were temporarily checked at Glencoe, Dundee and Elands-laagte by Generals Yule and Symons, and several hundred men killed, wounded and captured. A little later Gen. White suffered defeat near Ladysmith, in which several battalions of his force were captured and he was forced to retire to Ladysmith. On December 10th, Gen. Gatacre was defeated at Stormberg, after having been led into a well planned "trap." At about the same time Gen. Methuen, after defeating the Boers at Graspan, Belmont and Modder River suffered an overwhelming defeat at Magersfontein, having been attracted into the Boer "barb wire entrenchments." Butler, himself, during the same week, apparently not heeding the lessons derived from the defeats of White, Gatacre and Methuen, still persisted in making the frontal attack, which proved so disastrous to his predecessors and suffered the loss of 1100 men and 11 cannon at Colenso. The retrieving feature of the campaign was the brilliant maneuvering of Gen. French at Colesburg and the fine work of Pilcher's Canadians. The British generals proved that they were soldiers and Joubert, Cronje, Schalkberger and Botha proved themselves to be not only soldiers but strategists.

The rebellion which the Tory Press of England had spoken of as a mere fly on the wheel of the chariot of progress, had by Jan. 1st become so serious that Roberts and Kitchener were sent to South Africa. Since their coming the Boers have inflicted several defeats upon the English, notably at Spion Kop, where in the middle of January, Gen. Warren was worsted by Joubert. In the mean time the magnificent defence of Ladysmith, Bulawayo, and Kimberley has aroused the admiration of the world. Late reports

have it that a relief column has reached Kimberley, but this is regarded by the authorities as merely nominal relief somewhat resembling Havelock's relief of Lucknow during the Sepoy rebellion. Still later reports show that Robert and Kitchener are developing a grand flanking movement and are steadily strengthening the English line of defence.

The war has been watched with great interest throughout the United States. Frequent attempts have been made in Congress to bring about pro-Boer resolutions, but they have failed and our government has wisely maintained strict neutrality. The sentiment of the United States if a vote were taken would probably be in favor of the Boers, not because of any hatred to England, but rather because of the magnificent stand taken by the Dutch farmers against such overwhelming odds, has proved to the world that they are fully capable of working out their own civilization and that their hardy stock is needed in the development of the Dark Continent.

CARL OLSON, Xmas '00.

BILL NYE.

On the 22nd of February, 1896, there passed away one of the greatest journalists and lecturers who provoked mirth and laughter by his humor that our land has ever produced. Edgar Wilson Nye, though born in Maine, passed most of his early life in Western Wisconsin. When Mr. Nye reached manhood he emigrated to Wyoming and in the course of a few years became editor of the "Laramie Boomerang," one of the most influential papers in the west.

At this time he noticed that his articles were being copied by other papers all over the country. This led him to accept a position on the staff of the New York World. He held this position for several years and by lecturing occasionally made a name for himself as a humorist.

During the season of 1888-1889 and the few following seasons, he combined with James Whitcomb Riley in lecturing tours and achieved great success. It is said that his income during these lecture tours amounted to \$30,000.

Just before the first lecture tour with Riley he wrote his autobiography which we have copied from the Saturday Evening Post. This autobiography gives us a good illustration of Bill Nye's style of humor.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BILL NYE.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born in Maine, in 1850, August 25, but at two years of age he took his parents by the hand, and, telling them that Piscataquis County was no place for them, he boldly struck out for St. Croix County, Wisconsin, where the hardy young pioneer soon made a home for his parents. The first year he drove the Indians out of the St.

Croix Valley, and suggested to the Northwestern Railroad that it would be a good idea to build to St. Paul as soon as the company could get a grant which would pay them two or three times the cost of construction. The following year he adopted trousers, and made \$175 from the sale of wolf scalps. He also cleared twenty-seven acres of land, and raised some watermelons. In 1854 he established and endowed a district school in Pleasant Valley. It was at this time that he began to turn his attention to the abolition of slavery in the South, and to write articles for the press, signed Veritas, in which he advocated the war of 1860, or as soon as the government could get around to it.

In 1855 he graduated from the farm and began the study of law. He did not advance very rapidly in this profession, failing several times in his examination, and giving bonds for his appearance at the next term of court. He was, however, a close student of political economy, and studied personal economy at the same time, till he found that he could easily live on ten cents a day and his relatives.

Mr. Nye then began to look about him for a new country to build up and foster, and, as Wisconsin had grown to be so thickly settled in the northwestern part of the State that neighbors were frequently found less than five miles apart, he broke loose from all restraint and took emigrant rates for Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here he engaged board at the Inter-Ocean Hotel, and began to look about him for a position in a bank. Not succeeding in this, he tried the law and journalism. He did not succeed in getting a job for some time, but finally was hired as associate editor and janitor of the Laramie Sentinel. The salary was small, but Mr. Nye's latitude great, and he was permitted to write anything that he thought would please the people, whether it was news or not.

By and by he had won every heart with his gentle, patient poverty and his delightful parsimony in regard to facts. With a hectic imagination and an order on a restaurant which advertised in the paper he scarcely cared through the live-long day whether school kept or not.

Thus he rose to Justice of the Peace, and finally to an income reported very large to everybody but the assessor.

In conclusion, Mr. Nye is in every respect a lovely character. He feared that injustice might be done him, however in this sketch, and so he has written it himself.

LOVELY HORRORS.

I dropped in the other day to see New York's great congress of wax figures, and soft statuary carnival. It is quite a success. I did not tarry long to notice the President of the United States embalmed in wax or to

listen to the band of lutists who furnished music in the winter garden. I ascertained where the chamber of horrors was located and went there at once. It is lovely. I have never seen a more successful aggregation of horrors under one roof and at one price of admission. There are horrors there in that crypt that are well worth double the price of admission.

One peculiarity of the chamber of horrors is that you finally get nervous when anyone touches you, and you immediately suspect that he is a horror who has come out of his crypt to get a breath of fresh air and to stretch his legs. That is the reason I shuddered a little when I felt a man's hand in my pocket. It was so unexpected, and the surroundings were such that I must have appeared startled. The man was a stranger to me, though I could see that he was a perfect gentleman. His clothes were superior to mine in every way and he had a certain refinement of manners that betrayed his illconcealed, high Knickerbocker lineage. I said, "Sir, you will find my fine cut tobacco in the other pocket." This startled him so that he wheeled about and wildly dashed into the arms of a wax policeman at the door. When he discovered that he was in the clutches of a suit of second hand clothes filled with wax, he seemed to be greatly amazed and strode rapidly away.

I returned to view a chaste and truthful scene where one man had successfully killed another with a club, I leaned pensively against a column with my own spinal column, wrapt in thought.

Pretty soon a young gentleman from New Jersey with an Adam's apple on him like a full grown yam, and accompanied by a young lady also from the mosquito jungles of Jersey, touched me on the bosom with his umbrella and began to explain me to his companion. "This," said the Adam's apple with the young man attached to it, "is Jesse James, the great outlaw chief from Missouri; how life-like he is, little would you think Emeline he would as soon disembowel a bank, kill the entire board of directors of a railroad company and ride off with the rolling stock, as you would wrap yourself around a doughnut. How tender and kind he looks. He not only looks gentle and peaceful but he looks to me as if he wasn't real bright. I then uttered a piercing shriek and the young man from New Jersey went away. Nothing is so embarrassing to an eminent man as to stand quietly near and hear people discuss him.

But it is remarkable to see people get fooled at a wax show. I took hold of a waxen hand in one corner of the winter garden to see if the ring was a real diamond and it flew up and took me across the ear in such a life-like manner that my ear is still hot.

FROM BILL NYE'S "REMARKS."

Professor M. S. Framley, Principal.
Psychology.

Mary A. Holcomb, Alice K. McGregor.
History. Physical Geography.

Katharine D. Post, Clara Schuster,
Higher Latin. German.

Prof. E. E. Ehlman, W. C. Rudiger,
Mathematics. Science.

Prof. Otto Wicherski, Clara I. McNowen,
English and Civics. Physiology and Botany.

Mary O. Lathrop, Flora Huntley,
Latin. Rhetoric.

Joseph Smearingen, Albert Ramstad,
Manual Instructor. Assistant.

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DRUGGIST,

113 GRAND AVENUE E.

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