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Holiday Number,

The Kodak

December, 1897.



"Education is the Leading of Human Souls
to What is Best, and Making What is Best
out of Them."



Athletic Edition.

Published by the Eau Claire
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Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

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THE KODAK.

VOL. IV.

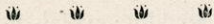
EAU CLAIRE, WIS., DECEMBER, 1897.

NO. 2.

LITERARY.



"Oh, brave is the laurel! and brave is the holly!
But the mistletoe banished melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done under the mistletoe!"



By the Aid of a Slipper.

IT was the annual gala night of the New York Banorlocks Club. The Club's imposing building was lighted up so brilliantly that it proclaimed to all disinterested passers-by that festivities were in order within. The jovial members were conspicuous everywhere. Some, in high hats and evening dress, were gathered in small knots on the stone pavement. Others, convened in the lobby, twirled their canes, and gesticulated with unusual excitement. Evidently the Club's plans for the coming year were being discussed. Among those gathered at the extreme end of the lobby was a gentleman who seemed to be the object of much attention. He was a tall and wiry looking fellow. President Sankon and the Club's secretary were engaged in conversation with him. The gentleman addressed was not a stranger; far from it. He was known to the members as Bronson, formerly president of the Banorlockes. There was a time in his career when he was one of them. The deeds wrought by the iron hand of fate are many and often unheralded. For instance, who could have prophesied, that, in the course of a few short years, Bronson, the chief of the Banorlockes, would be led by the gentle hand of Cupid into the bonds of matrimony. But so it was. Since his marriage he had retired from an active

member to a casual visitor. Of course the Banorlockes knew why. That was no secret. It was well known that Bronson's mother-in-law, that impregnable personage, was at enmity with all clubs and so, after his marriage she promptly bridled his inclination to visit these "places of frivolity." Poor mortal, his lot was but to acquiesce.

"Come on, Bronson, just for to-night, she'll never know it," urged President Sankon

"You'll miss half your life if you don't," suggested the secretary as he nodded to an acquaintance.

"Now don't hesitate. Why, think of the jolly time you'll have, and no risk whatever," said another bystander, catching him by the arm.

"All right, boys, I'll face the consequences," replied Bronson resignedly, and so glancing up and down the street to convince himself that his mother-in-law was not in sight he walked arm-in-arm with President Sankon.

The orchestra was playing "Forth the Conquering Hero Comes," when he entered. Bronson thought that it would have been more appropriate if the selection had been entitled "Forth the Conquered Hero Comes," for he had indeed yielded to the entreaties of his friends. All presented a scene of gayety. All that could be done to make the affair a success had been done and Bronson felt glad that he had come. He was sure it would be a night long to be remembered in the Club's history. The attendance was large and all seemed happily engaged. Some walked up and down, accompanied by their lady friends, while others gathered in different corners and talked politics with the utmost zest. Bronson, however, had no sooner reached the center of the apartment than he was hailed by a party of his former "brethren."

"Ha! Bronson, you're here. Glad to see you.

Thought you had deserted us," exclaimed a young fellow with a conspicuous necktie.

"Join us in a game of poker, one more completes the party," said another whose name was Jonson.

Now that he had run the gauntlet Bronson resolved to enjoy his opportunity; so shaking off the last bit of backwardness that might linger upon him, he was soon engrossed in the game.

"What's happened to Cal Prince?" asked the owner of the conspicuous necktie, nodding toward the center of the room, where stood a young man who was entertaining the crowd around him.

"Prince has been too lax to-night, poor fellow," said the president, coming up at this moment.

"He's making himself a nuisance again. Probably we'll be obliged to give him a hint," remarked Jonson.

The swaggering young fellow, with his silk hat tipped on one side of his head, presented a curious picture, indeed. Wine had converted him into a nuisance, and his usual common sense had deserted him. With the most impressive gestures he presented politics in a new light to the dozen or so around him. Drifting from the tariff doctrine he became more personal, and startled the people by declaring in a loud voice that "Bronson is a fool, gentleman, a fool. Think of a man allowing himself to be martyred by his mother-in-law. A positive fool, gentlemen."

"Hear that, Bronson?" whispered Sankon.

Bronson colored, but did not answer.

"I think its about time that we take him out," remarked Jonson.

"So do I," affirmed the gentleman with the conspicuous necktie.

"Well, who'll volunteer; he must be taken home."

"I'll take care of him," said Bronson.

"Well, all right, but do you really think that you can manage him? He has an awful temper, you know."

"I dare say I can, at all events I'll try. I have always had a very great influence over him before. He'll be willing to accompany me I think," replied Bronson as he approached Prince. When

he arrived directly before him, he said in a quiet tone: "I have a few words to say to you Cal, suppose we take a stroll in the lobby."

No sooner had he uttered the last word than something happened. Prince shot out his right hand and Bronson received a stunning blow just above his eye. It almost made him stagger. At this point President Sankon caught the ruthless young man from behind and before he knew it Prince found himself jostled through the corridor.

When the "Conquered Hero" returned he sought a mirror in the rear of the room and to his horror he found that his eye was disfigured. He wore, in fine, a black eye. Perspiration stood on his brow in beads. His knees trembled. He knew his destiny. His blackened eye would betray him. How could he explain it. His mother-in-law's vengeance was sure to follow.

"Well now, that is unfortunate, Bronson," said Sankon. "You're in for it, I'm afraid."

"Accept my spmpathy," remarked Jonson.

"You shall have to invent something," suggested the possessor of the conspicuous necktie. Late hours—thugs—West street—struck in the eye with the blunt edge of a weapon."

This was certainly ingenious.

"Impossible," returned Bronson. "I shall be unable to account for the details. It would be spread through the neighborhood and I could not continue the deception."

Bronson retired, crest-fallen and for the rest of the evening he remained in an obscure corner. Those who happened to glance his way, observed a strange look on his face—akin to that of a martyr. He was not loosing time, however, for he was rehearsing an explanation. How to explain the black eye to his mother-in-law—that was what worried him. He would either have to admit that he had been at the Club, or weave some story from his own imagination. He thought of a highwayman, an assault, and an escape, as suggested by his friend. His heart almost failed him, however, when he realized that he would have to manufacture a myriad of details in order to satisfy his dreaded relative. The story would be peddled around and questions would be asked. Could he

keep up the deception? He trembled as he thought of the awful vengeance that awaited him.

About two o'clock poor Bronson quitted the building. Strange to say the orchestra was playing "To Thy Doom," when he left. It was ominous indeed. Doubts and fears raged in his mind when he reached the street. When he arrived at his own home he slipped into the house with the stealth of a cat. He was afraid lest he should be met by his wife, or worse still, his mother-in-law. For some time his heart beat like hailstones on a tin roof. He lay awake an hour, preparing a full set of answers to the questions which would undoubtedly be asked him. Suddenly the speech of Cassio in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar came to his mind. "Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your eye?" He wished from the depth of his heart that none could see his eye, ay that every mortal but himself was stricken blind. It was not until the clock struck four that he fell into a troubled sleep.

When he awoke the next morning his wife was *holding* him by the shoulder, and telling him to get up. Light filled the room. The sad affairs of the night before came to his mind. He kept his wounded eye close to the pillow and glanced about suspiciously with the other. He made sure that his mother-in-law was not spying from some concealment.

"Get up, Bronson dear. You forget that you have an errand to run before you go to the office," said his wife from the door-way.

"Ugh! ugh!" groaned her husband. "It's a pity your errands can't be run on a reasonable hour of the day."

He wished to postpone the trouble as long as possible. His wife had no sooner retired than he heard low voices in the next room.

"Where was Bronson so late last night," asked his severe mother-in-law. "I'm sure that I heard him enter the house at a very late hour."

"I'm sure he'll explain that when he comes down to breakfast."

"Well I will compel him to. The idea of a man keeping such late hours, why its ridiculous."

True to the laws of physics, capillary action had begun; his heart was on the ascent. The next

moment it was in his throat. His mother-in-law was approaching. She opened the door a few inches and exclaimed, "Bronson, sir, its time you were getting up. You don't deserve so long a sleep."

Bronson stirred. He made a few sounds to indicate that he was about to rise.

"Do you want me to throw a slipper at you?" she asked, half in jest and half in earnest.

"Anything you wish, my dear. Hurl the volcano of Vesuvius at me if you insist," he answered, desperately burying his wounded eye deeper in the friendly pillow.

Several times, sometimes in playfulness and frequently in a more earnest mood, she had opened the door and thrown a slipper at the lazy man in bed. Bronson, with his well eye lifted cautiously above the bed clothes, saw her remove her slipper as usual, and throw it with the overhand movement peculiar to women. Now it was that Bronson had an inspiration. While the slipper was yet in the air he squirmed into a sitting position and lowered his head to receive the missile. Then, with a yelp of pain (or rather of delight), he fell back and covered his eye with his hand.

"Bronson, did I hit you. Oh! gracious heavens, I did not mean to be so cruel. Oh how unfortunate!"

The wounded man consoled himself by groaning, while his mother-in-law ran to the doorway and cried in her loudest tones, "Carrie, bring up some hot water, Bronson is frightfully hurt."

In less time than it takes to relate it, his wife appeared on the scene. For the next half hour Bronson's eye underwent severe medical treatment. A large bandage was applied, and when he arose from the ordeal he felt that not even the Sultan of Turkey was happier than he. In the depth of her remorse, his mother-in-law granted him, at his request, the privilege to visit any club house he might see fit, and so after that memorable incident he felt like a new man.

He chuckled as he went to his place of business that morning. His employer heard the story with surprise. The man with the conspicuous necktie squinted his left eye with incredulity.

At the next meeting of the Banorlockes he was reinstated as a member. A special "eat" was prepared and great interest was awakened on his re-entrance into publicity. We must not forget to add, in fine, that Bronson was elected president, on Sankor's resignation, and all the members assert, that at no time in its eventful history, has the New York Banorlocke Club prospered so greatly as under Bronson's second administration.

Our Nation.

NO doubt every American thinks of his country as the greatest in the world, indeed he would not be very patriotic if he didn't, but Americans as a rule do not realize the greatness of our country as compared with the other powerful nations of the globe. To fully comprehend our large territory, great natural wealth and the amount of our products they must be compared with those of the nations of Europe and Asia.

The English take a great but pardonable pride in the fact that "the sun never sets on British territory." Perhaps it may be interesting to know that the sun never sets on American territory. When the day closes in Alaska the next day has already begun in Maine. Ours is the better boast. English territory is scattered all over the world in islands, cities, peninsulas and colonies; the territory of the United States is compact and covers nearly as large an area as that of Europe which is divided among eighteen different nations.

Take some of our states and compare them with nations. Texas is a nation all by itself. It is somewhat larger than England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Italy and Portugal combined and is larger by seventy thousand square miles than either France or Germany, two of the most important nations of Europe. Montana is just a trifle smaller than the Japanese Empire while Wisconsin, though a comparatively small state is nine times as large as the Sandwich Islands which some

politicians think would be such a benefit to the United States if they could only be annexed.

In our natural wealth and production the United States leads the world. The forests of the nation cover one-fourth of its area while the amount of timber cut each year is valued at one billion of dollars, more than enough to pay the national debt and exceeding in value all the minerals mined in the United States. Our farm lands are worth one fifth of the national wealth. The cotton raised is four-fifths of the product of the world, though only one-third of the suitable land is under cultivation. We produce the most wheat of any country on the earth, our product being two and one-half times that raised in India.

Uncle Sam is again ahead in mineral wealth. Our coal fields cover an area as large as France and from which is mined one-third of the coal of the world. We rank second as a gold producing country while in addition, we mine one-third of the silver and one-half of the copper of the globe.

Another of the boasts of the English is that they possess the largest commerce on the earth, but here again they must bow to the United States. Our home trade is six times the commerce of England and, moreover, if our coasting trade was added to our foreign trade we would rank second as a commercial nation.

Our facilities for carrying this great home trade are unsurpassed. We have the most extensive railroad systems in the world, the mileage being equal to seven times the earth's circumference and six and one-half times that of the country ranking second. One sixth of the national wealth is contained in these railroads which employ one sixteenth of the adult male population of the United States. Besides, in waterways the United States is far ahead of any nation of the globe. In addition to the Great Lakes, which contain one sixth of the fresh water of the world the country has one hundred ninety-six smaller lakes and the greatest river system on the earth, the Mississippi being the longest river in the world and is of a length that would reach four-fifths of the distance around the earth.

This gigantic home trade, for gigantic it is, has caused a demand for manufactured articles which has in turn built up for this country a great many factories. We today excell England in the amount of the products of our factories by the ratio of seven to four. Only one tenth of this enormous output is exported, the rest being consumed in the United States.

The average intelligence and frugality of the American citizen is higher than that of the citizens of any other nation. Over twenty-three per cent. of our population is enrolled in the public schools. The libraries of these schools alone contain twelve million more volumes than those of the public libraries of all Europe. One out of every fourteen citizens of the United States is a depositor in the banks of the nation, the amount so deposited exceeding that deposited by the inhabitants of Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia and Switzerland.

Of the newspapers, periodicals, etc., edited in the world, nearly one-half are published in the United States. Nearly one-half of the letters also, are sent by United States citizens while, moreover, we have two and one-half times the number of postoffices possessed by our nearest competitor, Germany.

We are the richest nation on the face of the earth. The national wealth is reckoned at over sixty-seven billion, or six times the value of the money in the entire world. An idea of the great richness of the government may be obtained by noticing how, since the civil war the debt has been reduced from three billion to one billion and that too, in the face of such extravagant expenditures that would ruin any other nation but the United States. When you think that all this great progress has been in the course of some over a hundred years, and when you think of our glorious future as the coming nation of the world, we may all join with Lowell in declaring our nation, "a good country to live in, a good country to live for and a good country to die for."

NOTE.—Synopsis of an article appearing in Ladies' Home Journal for July, 1897.

The President's Message.

NO other treatise on public affairs, national and international, is more commented upon by the public at large than is the President's Message. It is therefore evident that the preparation of such subjects as are embodied in a treatise of that nature, must be attendant with a great deal of care, prudence and capacity of observation. These excellent qualities are everywhere manifested in President McKinley's first annual message to Congress.

After a few brief and salutary remarks, by way of introduction, he enters directly upon the question of finance. His chief care seems to lie in lightening the government's burden of redemption. This, he maintains can be effected if Congress adopts his suggestions in regard to the redemption of government currency in gold, by requiring the national banks to redeem their notes in gold. The question is further discussed with President McKinley's characteristic frankness, and among other suggestions, attention is solicited to the recommendations of Secretary Gage.

That part of the message devoted to Cuba is in good conformity with the responsibilities of the Chief Executive. After preparing the way for his conclusions by a plain and concise statement of what had already been done, the president concedes that recognition of belligerency, just at the present time, is unwise because it would not give the new administration at Madrid reasonable time to restore peace. But the strong possibility of the failure on the part of Spain to carry out her obligations is not overlooked, and from the final utterances in the discussion of the Cuban question, the people of the United States will draw the inference, that the present administration will be fair and considerate, and that no action is contemplated that will abandon the Cubans to the barbarity of Spanish tyranny.

In spite of the determined efforts of the enemies of "Annexation of Hawaii" to scare the American people, President McKinley speaks impressively in its favor. His views in this connection were so well known beforehand, that it need not here be

more than barely referred to. The next subject discussed is the Nicaragua Canal, and as a special message is promised on the subject, it is not dealt with directly. Our merchant marine, however, is discussed at some length. He also appeals for the three battle ships, now ready for armor plating, in order that our navy might be adapted to the demands of our country. His other recommendations are those in regard to the extension to Alaska of the general system of public surveys, the discussion of the shortage of food on the Yukon, the Indian Question, the sale of the Union Pacific railroad, and the civil service.

The U. W. Badger Offers Prizes.

THE Archon, edited by the Madison High School contains the following announcement, which we have taken the liberty of publishing:

"The high schools of the state are the sources from which the students of the university are to come, and it is eminently to be desired that the most cordial relations should exist between the secondary schools and the university of Wisconsin. Realizing this fact, the Badger board of the class of '99 has decided to offer a number of prizes for the best literary work done by students in the high schools of the state."

"For the best brief sketch in prose or verse, a '99 Badger bound in morocco, value \$5.00. For each of the second and third best, a '99 Badger bound in cloth, value \$1.25. Sketches must be submitted before February 1st, 1898. The board of course reserves the right to reject any or all contributions that may not be suitable for its purpose.

"These must contain not more than 500 words, but may be much shorter. They should possess the usual lightness of subject and treatment that will make them suitable for the Badger. Though the author's ingenuity may be employed in the choice of a subject, we would suggest the treatment of something not altogether irrelevant for a college publication, as, merely for illustration, the college student as he appears at home."

Prof. Frawley has generously offered to give the person or persons winning in our school, an extra prize, whose valuation is to be the same as that of the prizes offered by the Badger.

The University Extension Course Lectures.

THE past six weeks we have enjoyed a course of lectures on "Greek Life" by Charles Foster Smith, professor of Greek and Classical Philology in the State University. They were very instructive and profitable, as well as amusing. The lectures were illustrated by views of a lantern-slide.

Homeric life was described in the first lecture, giving a description of Homeric men and women, the Homeric horse, dog and furniture, polity and theology. Attica and Athens were described in the second lecture, in which an account of the size and configuration of Attica was given; also of the monuments of Athens and the people of Attica. In the third, education and religion was the subject under discussion, including a sketch of childhood and schooltime and higher education. The public life of the citizen was viewed and fully described in the fourth lecture. Civic life and duties were duly considered and also military matters.

The fifth lecture found "Private Life" the theme of the evening. The house, furniture, meals and dress of the early Greeks were delineated. A sketch of surgery, physicians, burial and the condition of the women followed. The sixth and last lecture was characterized by an account of the physical recreations and amusements of the Greeks with an outline of the Greek drama.

The Joker's Column.

- "The Family Tie"—Twins.
- "Well Handled"—The pump.
- "After Dark"—Chasing a Negro.
- "A Drawing Room"—A dentist's office.
- "A Blooming Blossom"—A drunkard's nose.
- "A Shapely Hand"—Four aces and a king.
- "What's in a Name"—Vowels and consonants.
- "A Cool Proceeding"—Kissing a lady's snowy brow.
- "A Taking Person"—The policeman.
- "Dangerous Time"—Playing the deuce.
- "A Lone—some Place"—The pawnbroker's.
- "A Motto for the Married"—Never dis-pair.
- "Light Work"—The gasman's.
- "Shaky Business"—Playing with dice.

THE KODAK.

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EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

We live too much for ourselves, and for to-day; tomorrow is as far as the most of us look ahead. The reason why the progress of the average individual is so slow is because he looks with too short vision at what he calls his own interest; he counts the immediate cost, to himself, of every venture. He keeps too rigid a debit and credit account with himself and the world. He grows old counting his pennies and wondering if he has received the full value for each penny expended. He is afraid to do a good deed for his neighbor for fear it may not accrue to his own immediate welfare, and the sphere in which he lives becomes dwindled down to a disgustingly narrow circle, and he withers away worrying and fretting for fear he won't get everything, for fear his neighbor will also prosper. Let us broaden our sphere, and look with larger range into the future. Let us live as

we go along, and help others to get a little enjoyment out of life. Money cannot be taken beyond the grave, and to-day we live, to-morrow we may die, but we don't want to, and the best way to ensure a long life is to live a broad one, a cherry, unselfish one.

Honesty is the best policy, it is said; well, that is all right, but it savours too much of measure-for-measure; generosity is about as good a policy as a man can take out for a mutual-life-benefit, because something comes back to him for what he gives, that is, he gets while he gives, and we were put here to live not for ourselves, exclusively, but for the benefit of the world as well.



The prospects of Eau Claire for securing the normal school, to be built in place of the one recently destroyed by fire at River Falls, seem at the present time to be bright and promising. In discussing the merits of the various cities as sites for the normal school, a question arises—why ought there to be such a school at River Falls?—and also are the advantages possessed by River Falls superior to those of our city? Considering that Eau Claire is a splendid location for it geographically speaking and doubtless would obtain the greater percentage of students and furthermore, being the center of three great railroads, it would seem assuredly necessary that our city should receive its due recognition from the hands of the board of normal school regents. With the co-operation of auxiliary committees from those towns who favor Eau Claire as a site, it is probable that the just claims of this city will not be slighted.



The KODAK extends its congratulations to the members of the school in establishing a new literary society for both sexes which promises to remain a permanent organization, that will be a pride and an ornament to our school. It is indeed strange that such a school as ours should have been devoid of a good representative society for such a long space of time. A High School is no High School, so to speak, if it is without a literary society of good standing. The benefits derived by a member of the latter are innumerable. It changes

a stammering, stuttering person to one who speaks easily, smoothly and without hesitation. It produces marked changes in an individual of nervous temperament; he now speaks with perfect confidence; he cares for the criticism of no one; his thoughts, his acts are his own. It teaches the members the value of good reading and of being well informed in all the leading questions of the day. It teaches him to weigh carefully both sides of the impending question and probe to the very bottom, revealing new facts to his untutored mind. The beauties, the depths of world's good literature which hitherto had no attraction are brought to his attention. Shakespeare is studied with greater zeal; Emerson, Bacon, Gibbon with greater interest.

Questions involving science, political economy, metaphysics, religion and history are brought within the range of his knowledge and dwelt upon in a literary society. The KODAK hopes and trusts that the present society may have a long life, giving benefits to all members, so that in after years they may be able to say conscientiously that the benefits were invaluable and never to be forgotten.

Hon. W. H. Chandler, State Inspector of free High Schools, visited us during the past week. He gave us one of his usual bright and instructive talks.

The theme of his discourse was a practical and appropriate one—"The Transformations Due to Education." He gave examples of transformations which have come under his notice among the paupers of large cities, among the colored children of the South, and among the deaf and dumb of our own state.

He said he did not visit our school in order to see if John, Susan or Mary recited well, but to learn whether we speak well and in the best language, and whether we put our whole souls into what we say or declaim.

Another object in visiting a school is to find out if the scholars are earnest, enthusiastic and co-operative in their work, in other words, whether the spirit is good.

Every now and then in his speech, he made some humorous remarks, and one, especially, referring to an incident in his own school life, was very interesting.

While he was speaking, every eye was upon him every ear was intent on what he was saying, and the applause at the end showed the pleasure the students took in his address.

After the session he expressed himself well pleased with the character and management of the school and classed it as one of the best in the state.



We have been favored with a number of distinguished visitors during the latter part of this term. Besides Hon. W. H. Chandler and several members of the Board of Education, we have been honored with a visit from Prof. Smith of the State University.

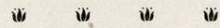
The object of his visit was to determine our fitness to hold our place on the accredited list of the University of Wisconsin.

He found everything to his liking and expressed himself well pleased with the standing and management of the school.

Prof. Smith was not a stranger to us, as we have been enjoying his very interesting course of lectures on Greek Life, during the past few weeks.



Some time ago the subject of football was discussed in various eastern churches, notably in Boston, and also in our own city, by one of the leading ministers who maintained that the game was a development of the physical as opposed by the spiritual attributes of man. The weight of the ecclesiastical authority, however, favors the game. It is useless to talk of abolishing such a popular game, in which so great a popular interest is absorbed. A code of rules might be established which would restrict any brutality on the part of the players, thus wiping out prejudices against football playing.



Let us all join in giving praise to the foot-ball team for their excellent work this season.

Through the efforts of Capt. Werner and players, we had an eleven that was, indeed, a credit to the Athletic Association and to the school, and one that deserved the support of the pupils, alumni and all who were interested in foot-ball. The successful outcome of our first games with our old rivals, Chippewa Falls High School, Menomonie and St. Paul elevens should encourage us in all our coming athletic events, and we hope that the team next fall will do equally as well.

ATHLETICS.

Are you ready? We are!
 O! Y! Yah!
 Eau Claire High School
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Zip a la! Zip a la!
 Boom! Rah! Rah!
 Are we? Are we? Wall I guess!
 E. C. H. S.—Yes! Yes! Yes!
 1, 2, 3—Ric a dy, Ric a dy x go x.
 Ric a dy! Ric a dy x go x!
 Break their necks! Break their necks!
 Who rah! Who rah! Eau Claire!
 Boom! Rah! Rah!

Benefits of Gymnastics.

IS it a duty to work? No less is it a duty to take recreation, to turn our physical powers out to pasture, to send them to the gymnasium or the athletic field.

Many persons sneer at athletics, complain that they are carried to excess, see no advantage in spending an hour or more each day in training the body, and talk about newfangled notions. They seem to prefer dyspepsia to a healthy stomach, a sallow complexion to the rosy glow of health, a bent and shrivelled form to the upright, strong, well-moulded, vigorous frame of one whose physical powers are in perfect condition. "Cultivate the mind," they say, forgetting that the first requisite for a sound mind is a sound body.

It is surprising to what extent the body can be trained, thereby promoting health. Let the round shoulders be straightened up. Let the muscles be made hard and pliable. Let the chest be expanded and the breathing power increased to the fullest extent. Let the step be elastic and the whole carriage be that of an athlete.

No violent exertions are necessary, no difficult feats need be attempted; but each day a well directed plan is to be followed, by which the weak and untrustworthy parts of the body are to be found out, then steadily improved by exercise, until finally the body becomes like the "one-hoss shay" in Doctor Holmes' ingenious parable:

In building of chaises, I tell you what,
 In hub, tire, fellow, in spring or thill,
 In panel or cross-bar, in floor or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will—
 Above or below, or within or without—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise breaks down but doesn't wear out.

What is true of chaises is true of animals, man included. What the worthy deacon did for his new "shay," we can do for our bodies, or come near it. Said the Deacon:

'Tis mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strair;
 'n the way t' fix it, as I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place as strong as the rest.

This is what we have to do with the vehicle in which we travel the road of life, if we would avoid premature collapse.

It is by no means necessary, as many imagine, to give much time daily to exercise in order to acquire a strong and hearty body. On the contrary many have defeated their purpose by taking too much exercise.

But with a small amount of training, or even three or four hours a week devoted to systematic exercise in a gymnasium, one may obtain remarkable results in a comparatively short time.

Physical Training.

THE subject of physical training is coming more into prominence each day, because it is now a recognized fact that the better the physique, the better the brain work. There are great transformations taking place. An increasing demand for an article generally causes men to concentrate their thoughts upon it, and make improvements. Just so with physical training, the demand for which has wonderfully increased in the past ten years. Men have devoted careful study to this subject, until today the athlete is under better supervision, and under far different rules than he was ten or twelve years ago.

Today attention is paid to the laws of physiology, and the athlete no longer attempts to see how much he can eat and how hard he can work; but rather endeavors to increase his store-house of energy with as little expenditure as possible.

An athlete must use common sense. It does not pay to violate the rules of nature while in training, for nature is a hard mistress and she will spoil

in a single day, one's work of a month, if he displeased her by violating these rules.

A person wishing to train must have a sound body, that is, a fairly good heart and lungs. Some months before he commences his work he must stop using tobacco and obtain from eight to ten hours sleep. After the first days work on the field one will become sore and stiff. Do not let this stop your work, for work is the only remedy. General gymnastic work is very desirable each day for fifteen or twenty minutes, but it is best to be out in the fresh air as much as possible, and at the present time skating or skiing should be indulged in. Training is a very serious business, but there is still a great deal of pleasure in it, even if one does take into consideration the amount of work,

Those having a desire to train for spring sports would profit much by observing the methods followed by the great athletes of today, and reading books on the subject of training. Thornton, a well-known athlete has written an instructive volume called "Training" in which he accurately describes the course for obtaining health, strength and speed.

The Game of Golf.

It has been said that those who do not know what golf is are behind the times.

Golf is a game that is taking precedence of baseball, foot-ball, tennis, polo and all other forms of athletics, both in this country and Great Britain. It is pronounced as if it rhymed with "off" and you sound the "l" in it at your peril. It is a good, old Scotch game with exercise and muscle in it. Though society has taken it up lately, it is not a game for fops and flirts, for there is real earnest work in it, and it is excellent training for keen eyes and sturdy muscles.

The game consists, as a writer explains, in "putting little balls into little holes with implements ill adapted to the purpose." However, as one becomes expert in the use of these implements they are found to be very well adapted to their use.

The game does consist in putting little balls in little holes and the player's object is to place his ball in the hole in fewer strokes than his opponent.

This would be an easy matter—as easy as croquet—on a smoothly shaven lawn, but what constitutes the art in golf and the science in playing it, is that it is played over long stretches of broken country, diversified by sand-hills, patches of "whins" or gorse, rushes, stone-walls, cart ruts and other obstacles, which are known in golf parlance as "hazards." The course consists of either eighteen or nine holes as space permits, and is known as "links." In a case of an eighteen hole course, the course usually measures about three miles in length, A nine hole course is about half as long. There is no fixed rule as to distance in a golf course, and the holes are not equal distances apart.

A match may be played by either two or four persons, but only two balls are used, and in a four-some the partners play alternate strokes. The balls have a circumference of about five and a half inches; the holes are four and a half inches in diameter, and each marked with a tiny fluttering flag.

In playing over uneven ground with diverse obstacles to overcome, a number and variety of strokes are necessary to put these obdurately little balls into the elusive little holes. To make these strokes, implements of various shapes and construction are necessary for the "drives," the "lofting" and the "holing out."

The first stroke to each hole is made from a "tee" which is to say the selected spot which is, or ought to be, nearly level, and where the player has the privilege of raising his ball slightly above the surface of the grass by a pinch of sand, so as to increase his chances of hitting it clean.

To hit the ball with an implement the size of a walking stick, and to send it at least one hundred and twenty yards in a given direction is a bit of art that takes some time to acquire

Good golfers will send the little ball traveling two hundred yards. There are a number of fancy strokes by which the golfer can make the circuit of the holes, but that is left to the golfer to learn.

Golf can be played eight months in the year or whenever the grounds is in condition, and is an all-around splendid phase of athleticism, both for men and women.

Basket Ball.

NOW that the football season has closed, our attention may be devoted to those games designed to break the monotony of the long winter months. Basket ball, or indoor football as it is sometimes called, is one of the most popular of these games. It closely resembles football in many respects but lacks the roughness of the latter game. While it offers all the chances for team play and excitement that football does, it is adaptable to any gymnasium of moderate size.

The teams are made up of five or seven men, consisting of center guards and two forwards. The forwards conduct the attack and have the positions which offer the most chances for brilliant playing. The guards occupy the most undesirable positions of the team, they acting always on the defensive in their work of defending the goal. The position of center requires a very good player, as on him rests great responsibility, it being his duty to play where he is most needed both on defensive and offensive.

The field consists of 3500 square feet of floor space, or less, and is marked out with lines as is the football field. At each end is a basket hung ten feet from the floor, the object of the game being to place the ball in the basket, which counts two points to the side making the goal. The ball used resembles a football with the exception that it is round instead of elliptical.

Though the game closely resembles football in many of its features, it differs in the mode of advancing the ball. This has to be thrown, not carried. Fouls are granted for running with the ball, holding it with body and arms, tackling, striking, shouldering or tripping an opponent, kicking the ball or striking it with the closed fist and scrimmages entail the penalty of a try at goal from fifteen feet distance which, if successful, counts one point.

The use of signals has not entered extensively into the game but is desirable as it promotes better team work and allows the captain to have more perfect control over his men. It is a difficult matter, however, to arrange signals as the ball

is always in play and the position of the men on the opposing team is never the same.

The game was originated in the east and there has attained its greatest popularity though it bids fair to be played extensively in the west. Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan have teams, but their games heretofore have been characterized by too much roughness. It is such a fascinating sport, so void of roughness if properly played, offering so many chances for team work and skillful passing, and affording such a variety of amusements during the months of athletic inactivity, that it is sure to have a long and a merry life.

The Best Amateur Records.

- 100 yard run—9 4-5 seconds, B. J. Wefers.
- 220 yard run—21 1-5 seconds, B. J. Wefers.
- 440 yard run—47 3-4 seconds, W. Baker.
- 1 mile run—4 m., 15 3-5 sec. T. P. Con'eff.
- 3 mile run—14 m., 24 sec., W. D. Day.
- 1 mile walk—6 m., 33 3-5 sec., W. J. Sturgess, (Eng.)
- 1 mile walk—6 m., 29 3-5 sec., F. P. Murray.
- 4 mile walk—29 m., 1 3-5 sec., W. J. Sturgess, (Eng.)
- 120 yard hurdle, 3 ft. hur. No. 6—17 3-4 sec., W. H. Yound.
- 220 yard hurdle, 2 ft. 6 in. hur. No. 8—28 3-5 sec., J. E. Haigh
- Standing high jump—5 ft. 3 1-2 in, R. C. Enry.
- Running high jump—6 ft. 5 5-8 in., M. T. Sweeney.
- Standing broad jump—12 ft. 11 1-2 in., S. Chandler, (Irish).
- Running hop, step and jump, without weights—49 ft. 2 1-4 in. W. M. McManus.
- Running broad jump, without weights—26 ft. 6 1-2 in., C. E. Roberts.
- Pole vault for height—11 ft., 9 in., R. D. Dickerson, (Eng.)
- Pole vault for distance—27 ft., 5 in., A. H. Green.
- Running high kick—9 ft., 8 in., C. C. Lee.

Hitch and kick—9 ft., 1 in., C. D. Wilbur, E. W. Goff.

Throwing 14 lb. weight, with follow, no run—59 ft., 5 3-4 in., J. S. Mitchel, (Irish).

Throwing 16 lb hammer from 7 ft. circle without circle—147 ft. 2 in., J. Flanagan, (Eng.)

Footballist's Heaven.

"I love my adversary's leg to kick,
To frisk upon his features with my feet,
Or bunt him in the stomach till he's sick—
All this is sweet.

I smile to hear his collar bone collapse,
Accompanied by his expiring screech:
To crack his ribs is happiness, perhaps,
Beyond all reach.

My sturdy heel into his spine I jam,
To beat his mouth until he pouts at fate,
To punch him sternly in the diaphragm
Is rapture great.

Than to perceive his manly blood run red
No greater joy can unto me be given;
But at one kick to kick him down stone dead.
That, that is heaven."

International Speed Skating.

SPEAKING of athletics, a recent writer remarks: "Among all athletic sports practiced by the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon races, there are some that have reached the international importance of fancy and speed skating. For the last ten years it has been the custom to gather together the representative skaters of Norway, England, the United States, Sweden, Holland, Germany and Canada, both amateur and professional, in a series of contests in speed for supremacy, at all distances from two hundred yards up to five miles."

In Montreal on the 5th and 6th of February there was a great meet, and at which place all the prominent skaters were collected together with the exceptions of Jaap Eden of Holland, and John S. Johnson, and a good opportunity presented itself for comparing speed and style.

John Eillson and John Davidson were competitors for the international championship in 1897. Among the amateur skaters the latter is considered the most promising.

The present holder of the amateur championship

of the world is S. L. McCulloch of Winnipeg. He is five feet, six inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Besides being supreme in speed-skating, he is also a figure-skater and hockey-player. As an oarsman and canoeist he is noted, not to speak of gymnastics; while his fame as a cyclist, sprinter and jumper would be enough to make the reputation of most men.

One of his strongest and speediest competitors was Naas, the Norwegian. He holds the world's record for the 500-meter race which he makes in 46 4-5 seconds.

After leading alternately throughout the race, McCulloch won by the narrow margin of 2-5 of a second.

There is a great affinity between skating and cycling and many athletes excel in both. The reason is, that the exercises are closely allied in their Indian points, although in some particulars they differ. McKenzie, a writer, declares the same type of figure is found in both; both require a deep chest and powerful heart and lungs, the thighs are as a rule, long and very powerfully developed by both games. In cycling, the calves are thoroughly developed by the constant ankle movement in raising the heel; while in skating the calf remains little employed, because of the long, flat skate to which the foot is bound, the main force of the stroke being given with the foot flat.

In conclusion, McKenzie says that the sport should be carried on with other forms of exercise that will develop the arms and shoulders and the front of the chest, such as gymnastics and boxing, lacrosse or canoeing, while the calves can be developed by running, jumping or cycling.

The Yale-Harvard Game.

YALE and Harvard played on Soldier's Field on Nov. 13th, their first game of football since the rupture in athletic relations over the rough game in 1894. After seventy minutes of clean and scientific playing, the game resulted in a tie, neither side having scored. Harvard was the general favorite; her record during the previ-

Harvard, at one point of the game, advanced the ball to within six yards of the Yale goal, but Yale, however, could get no nearer than fourteen yards of the Harvard goal line. The game was characterized by a great deal of punting. Harvard's line of defence was almost impregnable and Yale held Harvard back better than was expected. The result was that no great gains could be made and thus punting was resorted to as a remedy. McBride, Yale's full back, was looked upon as a strong punter, holding his own with his opponent, Houghton, who did a great deal better than was expected.

Yale attempted the new formation of protecting her full-back, when in the act of kicking, by dropping the guards back a little. This innovation, however, did not prove a success as three of McBride's kicks were blocked and two partially interfered. Harvard, on the other hand, succeeded in covering Houghton completely when punting.

Yale's interference was less valuable than Harvard's, but this advantage was offset by Harvard's greater strength in the line and the brilliancy of her running backs.

Dibbles made some telling gains, while De Saulles especially distinguished himself by running back with kicked balls. Harvard's ends may be said to be superior to those of Yale, but their tackles are about even. Harvard's center men were better in offensive than defensive plays.

The teams lined up opposite to each other when the game commenced in the following order:

YALE.	Position.	HARVARD.
Hall	right-end-left	Cabot, (Capt.)
Chamberlain	right-tackle-left	Swain
Brown	right-guard-left	Bouve
Cadwallder	center	Doucette
Chadwick	left-guard-right	Haskell
Rodgers, (Capt)	left-tackle-right	Donald
Hazen	left-end-right	Mills
De Saulles	quarter-back	Garrison
Benjamin	right-halfback-left	Dibblee
Corwin	left-half-back-right	Warren
McBride	full-back	Houghton

College Football.

FOR football surprises no former season can equal or even surpass that of 1897. Harvard was named to defeat Yale easily and, up to within a week of the meeting, every score and the public form of the elevens pointed to such a conclusion. Princeton was considered the best team ever turned out, and was expected simply to

swamp its principal rival. Up to the time of the Yale-Harvard game there was no reason to doubt the accuracy of such a supposition. Pennsylvania was held up as an ideal scoring machine, which she certainly was at one time, and was expected to wind up a most successful season by illustrating upon Cornell the wonderful scoring powers of the "guards back" and the impregnable defence of the "ends in." But Harvard could not beat Yale; Princeton, too, found herself played to a standstill and defeated in her one great match; and Pennsylvania was in luck not to have followed suit with Cornell, for guards back was broken like paper by the Ithacans and Cornell circled the Pennsylvania lads for telling gains. The expected thirty or forty dwindled down to a scant four. West Point, expected by her friends, to do well early in the season, could beat the better conditioned Wesleyan team but three points, while at the end she surprised even her ardent admirers by the whipping administered to Brown.

THE THREE LEADING ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS, 1897

POSITIONS.	FIRST ELEVEN.	SECOND ELEVEN.	THIRD ELEVEN.
Right end	Cochran, Princeton	Boyle, Penn.	Moulton, Harvard
Right tackle	Chamberlain, Yale	Rodgers, Yale,	Hillebrand, Princeton
Right guard	Hare, Pennsylvania,	Chadwick, Yale	Bouve, Harvard
Center	Doucette, Harvard,	Calawader, Yale	Overfield, Penn.
Left tackle	Outland, Penn.	Rinehart, Lafayette	McCracken, Penn.
Left guard	Brown, Yale,	Scales, West Point	Donald, Harvard
Left end	Hall, Yale	Mc Kever, Cornell,	Tracy, Cornell
Right half back	Dibble, Harvard,	Nesbitt, West Pt.	Walbridge, Lafayette
Left half back	Kelley, Princeton,	Fultz, Brown	Baumond, Princeton
Full back	Minds, Penn.	Mc Bride, Yale	Wheeler, Princeton
Quarter back	De Saulles, Yale,	Young, Cornell	Baird, Princeton.

Coach, Walter Camp.

The Football Team of 1897.

THE foot-ball team of 1897, has met with great success throughout the season. It won every game but one. The team in general was not considered very heavy, averaging 149 pounds. Each man suited his position. The end men, Sid McGowan and LeMoyné Boleman, played their positions without a flaw, each being good tacklers and good men in interference, and never failing to hold off the opponent no matter how large he was.

The tackles, Ed Kjorstad and J. Hart, being of the same weight, could not be excelled. They have distinguished themselves by the tricky way they bucked the line, surprising their opponent, in every play.

The guards, G. Kelley and Nels Johnson, both light for their positions, did their duty to the best of their ability. The center rush, Earl McVicar, weighing only 168 pounds, will never be forgotten by his fellow foot-ball players. He never failed to hold his man, even from a grade school to a University man. He will be remembered as the "Stone-wall Scotchman."

The quarter-back, played by Bert and Carl Williams, never throughout the season failed to pass the ball correctly or even fumbled the ball, and their quick conception of the signals, was shown, in quick manner the ball was passed.

The half-backs, Potter and Warner, showed their ability as half-backs. Potter was especially admired for his low running and diving into the line, never failing to gain the required number of yards. Capt. Werner, who has filled his position now for four seasons, showed his ability in tackling and interference. His runs around the end will be remembered by all who witnessed them.

The full-back, needless to say, is known by everyone as the goal-kicker and punter and despite his shortness, always slipped through the line. This position was admirably filled by George Blackwell.

The team thanks the second eleven and East Side Juniors for their bucking the team during practice, and also thanks Mr. Radenslaben for the use of the park.

Winona Downed a Second Time.

ON Friday, November 5th, the football team played and won its second game with the Winona High School football team, by a score of twelve to four. The game was played on the Winona grounds, before a crowd which mistook the gridiron for a grand stand and crowded over the field accordingly. On the day of the game it had both snowed and rained and when the boys lined up about four o'clock a cold and fierce wind was blowing. The grounds were level and smooth, but exceedingly hard and were sadly in need of some new five-yard lines.

Winona won the toss and chose the north goal, with a very strong wind in their favor. Against this, Blackwell kicked off. Winona fell upon the ball about fifteen yards from the center of the field, but lost it on first down. Eau Claire then made some good gains, when Winona got the ball again, which they lost on downs. Eau Claire made ten yards on tandem tackle play and then, by pounding the line, forced the ball steadily down the field, against stubborn resistances, for the first touch down. Blackwell then kicked a difficult goal, making the score 6 to 0.

On the next kick-off, Hart got the ball, but could not go far. Then Kjorstad, Hart and Potter, each pounded the line for seven and eight yard lines. The first half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

In the second half Winona kicked off to Potter, who carried the ball thirty-five yards. Werner made good gains around left end and through left tackle. Suddenly Werner handed the ball back to McGowan, who broke away from the line and throwing off the only man in his way, ran forty yards for a touch-down. Blackwell kicked the goal, making the score 12 to 0.

Winona kicks the ball to Eau Claire's twenty-five yard line, where it was lost and Winona falls on it. By some good gains Winona pushes the ball over for a touch down, but misses the goal; score, 12 to 4.

The ball was then kicked off to Bell of Winona, who carried it twenty yards. By this time it had

become so dark that the spectators could hardly see which side had the ball, and our boys could hardly see where the man with the ball was coming. Kjorstad had hurt his ankle and Winona gained through his position. Winona made a few more good gains before time was called.

In this last half we saw one of the most brilliant tackles in the history of our team. The Winona full-back got the ball, and, almost before anyone knew it, ran with lightning speed around the left end down the field. A touch-down seemed eminent, when Werner came out from the midst of the scrimmage like a shot, and, diving fully ten feet through the air, tackled the aspiring runner about the knees.

While the weather was by no means what it might have been, yet the most objectionable feature for the players was the way in which the crowd surged upon the field. Otherwise the game was a good one, played well by both teams, and devoid of slugging or anything of like nature. The lines about the field, however, were so indistinct that only at great intervals could small patches of lime be discovered. Consequently it was extremely difficult for the referee to judge of the progress of the ball, and in some instances the Winona boys were not entirely satisfied with the decisions of our referee, Frank Joyce.

Partly on this account and partly because the Winona team was beaten, we suffered some severe roasts from the Winona papers, as they sought to bring up some good excuse for their team's defeat. Strange to say, that after two defeats, the Winona High School still thinks it has the better football team, which is no doubt patriotism of the highest order—certainly nothing bordering on conceit.

But outside of the newspapers, the boys from this city were treated like princes by the hospitable Winonians. Each member of the football team was entertained at the home of some member of the Winona team, and in the evening after the game, the girls of the High School gave a reception to both teams at the High School Building.

After introductions were over, the boys found themselves led into the unexplored regions of the Klondyke. Here, each finding a string, and fol-

lowing it up, they at length found themselves in Dawson City, Chilkoot Pass or some other familiar place in the fabulously cold, gold region. Each one found at the end of his string a miniature hoe, shovel or other implement, with which to seek his fortune. A few found slips of paper with a few cold words in gilded letters staring them in the face. After this came visiting until the refreshments were served and the reception ended with a musical entertainment in which there was music by the mandolin club, solos, recitations and lastly singing in chorus by everybody.

We shall never forget the Winona people and the kind way in which they entertained us. We hope that we shall have an opportunity of meeting them again on the gridiron, and also on the athletic field next spring.

The Maroon and White Goes Down Before the Purple. Score 12 to 0.

EACH year since the foot ball team was organized, we have met the Menomonie High School on the gridiron and each year we have won the laurels.

We were anxious to meet them this year but the prospects were not all favorable for a game. We could not bring them to Eau Claire without a return game and they would not promise to give us one, so that it seemed for a time as if there would be no comparison of the two teams this season. But an unexpected, and it is needless to say, a very favorable solution of the problem was found.

Through the efforts of Prof. J. MacGreagor, the principal of the Mondovi school, the people of Mondovi guaranteed to pay the expenses of both teams if they would consent to play an exhibitiv game at the same place.

The proposition was quickly accepted by both teams and it was arranged that they should meet November 12th. Both teams went to Mondovi the Friday before the Saturday they were to play, and while there stayed at the same hotel, which was therefore rather crowded.

The Menomonie boys were very quiet, and it was evident from their behavior that they were ex-

pecting to win, and the fact is, our boys were none too sure of the game and knew they would have to play hard. Nevertheless they kept up appearances.

At 2:30 Saturday afternoon the game was called with a fair crowd of spectators who did not understand the game.

A strong wind is blowing against Eau Claire who is given the ball to kick off. Menomonie carries ball to 35 yards line before they are downed, but Eau Claire steals the ball and proceeds to try some of her new plays.

The left guard and tackle are played for large gains and as usual, our centres plays make from 3 to 10 yards. It is not long therefore before Eau Claire crosses Menomonie's goal for a touchdown. Blackwell kicks a hard goal against a strong wind. When ball is kicked by Menomonie the ball is downed on Eau Claire's 35 yard line. Again Eau Claire begins to move up the field. Only once or twice do they begin to hold our rushing line and the result is, that Eau Claire soon scores a second time and Blackwell again passes the pigskin between goal posts. Score now stands 12 to 0 in Eau Claire's favor.

Ball is kicked off for third time, but time is called before it is advanced either way.

During the first half Menomonie has the ball for one down only, but during the second half she plays the ball nearly as much as Eau Claire and proves that Eau Claire is rather poor on the defense. The rooters from Eau Claire who were so jubilant during the first half, have once or twice a chance for holding their breath.

It is evident that the Menomonies are making a desperate struggle and do make good gains which show the Eau Claires that they must get down to business. Then Eau Claire holds the Maroon for four downs and take the ball and are steadily gaining, so that when time is called they have the ball on Menomonie's ten yard line.

The Menomonies felt their defeat deeply, more so probably because they had expected the results would stand reversed.

The game was characterized by the number of mass plays, no long runs or brilliant plays were made and therefore it was not as interesting as it might have been to the natives upon whom it did not seem to make a very deep impression.

Eau Claire vs. St. Paul.

ON Thanksgiving Eau Claire played the St. Pauls', and although we cannot boast of a victory we can be truly thankful that our team is alive. We at least expected to play the same team we defeated in Eau Claire, but when the opposing team lined up we could discover but four of our former antagonists. Notwithstanding this we had the advantage at the close of the first half, the score being 6 to 4, and, moreover, the points made by St. Paul were scored in a questionable manner. The spectators had crowded over the side line and when the run was made that brought in the points in question, they not only hindered our tackles but effectually hid the line from the referee's sight—he was near sighted anyway. Being a St. Paul man and an ex player he gave our opponents the decision, although not a few in the crowd declared the runner was at least five yards out of bounds.

The close of the first half found both teams very much fatigued. St. Paul perceiving our team was, of the two, freshest, put five new men into the game the second half and by so doing defeated our players. Their team as a whole or average for players, weighed at least fifteen pounds more than ours and as the field was wet and slippery superior weight had a decided advantage.

Let us not, however, grieve too much over the result of the game but all join in and thank the Eau Claire High School Team for their noble work in defending the honor of our school. We have won laurels this year. We cannot always be the recipients of the olive wreath. There is no disgrace in such a defeat and we stoutfully maintain that if fortune favors us in our meeting the St. Pauls' upon the gridiron next season, we will do what is to our credit and bear the "Royal Purple" on this victory.

St. Paul winning the toss chose the north goal, Eau Claire kicking the ball from the south goal, (Lexington Park). The ball was carried to the center of the field and advanced to Eau Claire's twenty-five yard line where the St. Pauls' lost it on a fumble. Eau Claire rushed the pigskin to

the center of the field where it was lost on downs. St. Paul, on obtaining the ball, advanced it to our thirty-five yard line. Banning, the half-back, was given the ball for a run around the right end and with the aid of the spectators made a touch-down. No goal. Score, St. Paul, 4; Eau Claire, 0.

Eau Claire again kicked off and the ball was caught by Rogers who was downed in his tracks. The ball, however, was being steadily advanced into our territory when we obtained possession of it, and after a series of remarkable as well as brilliant plays, a touch-down was added to our credit by a run made by Hart. When this half closed the score stood St. Paul, 4; Eau Claire, 6.

The St. Pauls' kicked off in the second half. Eau Claire advanced the pigskin to the center of the field, when the St. Pauls' secured it and with their tremendous weight, aided by fresh players, made a second touch-down. The mass plays pursued by the St. Pauls' could not be withstood by our comparatively light team who were constantly feeling the strain. The game ended with a score, St. Paul, 16; Eau Claire, 6.

The line-up was as follows:

ST. PAUL.	EAU CLAIRE.
Reilly, l e	Mc Gowan, r e
A. Rogers, Squires, l t	Kjorstad, r t
Fee, l g	Kelly, r g
R. Macdonald, Hunter, c	McVicar, c
Ballard, r g	Johnson, l g
Roy, r t	Hart, l t
Kehoe, r e	Boleman, l e
G. Rogers, q b	C. Williams, q b
Roges, r h b	B. Williams, l h b
Banning, l h b	Werner, (Capt.), r h b
G. Macdonald, (Capt.), f b	Blackwell, f b

Referee, McKee, Heffner, St. Paul. Umpire, Prof. Howie, Eau Claire.

"The Worst Kind of Lipping"—Gossiping.

"A Cannibal"—One who loves his fellowmen.

The reason "the boy stood on the burning deck" was because it was too hot to sit down.

Many a man who is a good shot in this world hopes to miss fire in the next.

Some men are like eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad until they are broke.

A New Yorker advertises thus: Gravestones for sale cheap to close up an estate. Now is the time to die.

Dudes last summer used bronze powder to produce the effect of tan. It is cheaper than a yatch.

EXCHANGES.

"We do not want an English dude,
To teach us fashions new.
For in our degree of latitude
A "Yakee Dood-le" do."—Ex

The following exchanges were received since our last issue; Aerolith, Franklin, Wis. H. S. Reporter, Eureka, Cal.; Literary Voice, Big Rapids, Mich.; Flash Light, Delevan, Wis.; A. S. Impressions, Scranton, Pa.; The Normal Badger, River Falls, Wis.; H. S. Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.; Aquinas, Milwaukee, Wis.; Kodak, Milwaukee, Wis.; Volante, Grand Island, Neb.; Vermont Academy Life, Saxons River, Vt.; Good Tidings, Cleveland, Ohio; Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.

The H. S. Arges contains some very interesting stories. Its exchange column is composed principally of jokes taken from exchanges.

Climax, Beloit, has a good literary department. "A Try to Niagara" is the name of an interesting article in the Phi Rohian.

High school students should read "The Career of a Public Librarian Book For Six Months" in the H. S. Record.

The Round Table arrives weekly at our exchange table. Its contents are both instructive and amusing.

The Current contains an instructive article about the South.

Pony—A beast of burden used by students when traveling in unknown lands.—Argus.

The Wisconsin Times in one of its issues, contains an interesting account of the dedication of the Yarkes observatory.

The H. S. Egypti has a circulation of about 1500, and its subscription price is twenty-five cents a year. We hope that the circulation of the Kodak will soon reach that number.

The New Era, Manitowoc, Wis., is at hand.

The Student's File is a good paper, but too much space is given to school reports.

The School Bell Echoes has some good original essays.

The editorials of the College Days gives some good advise. The essays on Hamilton and Franklin are instructive.

Miss Morgan—Please tell me some author who should be chewed and digested.

Bright Youth—"Bacon and Lamb."

The Student has a full page picture of the High School orchestra.

"The Tale of a Traveler," in the Union Grove Quarterly is a very interesting story.

The Jacob Tome Institute Monthly is one of our best exchanges. It is printed on good heavy paper in clear type and has a neat cover. Not only is its appearance good, but the contents are also good. An exchange column would improve it.

"Ivanhoe" a review in the Advocate is interesting.

The H. S. Journal has a good literary department.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; is one of our new exchanges. Its appearance would be improved if the reading and advertising matter were kept separate.

We see by the Normal Pointer that Ed O'Brien '94 is captain of the second eleven foot-ball team, at Stevens Point Normal.

Dark night, bad boys, melon patch, no noise,

Melons sweet, what fun, man comes, big gun

Shot flies, boys go, want melons? Oh no.

—Porcupine.

The Lumen contains an interesting article, "Uses and Abuses of Athletics."

The first issue of the Burlington Klondike is at hand. We wish you success.

The editorials of the Academy Review are good and well worth reading by our high school students.

The Wind Mill, Maulius, N. Y., has the most unique cover of all our exchanges.

The Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y., is published jointly by high schools. It has some very interesting stories and has more the appearance of a magazine than a high school paper.

The View Point contains an article by James H. Maybury, the famous sprinter of U. of W. This article should be read by all who intend doing anything in the line of athletics during the coming year.

First Student (airily)—Oh, yes, I'm a Senior.

Second Student—Ye es senior best days.—Ex.

The Review is a good paper and must have some hustling editors, for they have issued several extras besides a special foot-ball number which contains a full-page picture of the team.

The Guard and Tackle devotes the greater part of its pages to foot-ball, and has some comical cuts about football on the front page.

The essays in the High School News are well written and it is a first-class paper in all respects.

The Archon comes to us once a week. It gives some interesting accounts of the school foot-ball victories. Madison high school claims the championship of Wisconsin and Minnesota and its claims are well founded.

The High school Items has the distinction of being America's smallest weekly.

AMONG OURSELVES.

Girls, please notice George Blackwell's "ad" on the last page.

Bert McGowan has been ill for some weeks past with typhoid fever. We have missed him much and hope that he will be with us again next month.

We see that Glen Tyler is getting along very nicely with his school at Boyd.

Gardner Smith, Will Schwahn and Wesley Smith have left school.

We see by the Chicago Times-Herald, Chicago Inter Ocean and other papers, that Mr. William Cameron has taken a position in the National Bank of this city, as head messenger and collector. Good boy, Will.

Silence reigned in the recitation room. The smile of the teacher was encouraging; the faces of the scholars eager and expectant. Some one was about to explain a difficult problem in geometry. Suddenly, the face of the teacher grew stern and threatening; the smiles of the scholars faded away and became dim. Surely, something was wrong. The silence grew deeper; the school room, darker; the theorem remained undemonstrated, and Jessie Culver, that prodigy of learning, had "flunked."

Teacher, (in political economy)—"Those mules

went down into the coal mines and never saw daylight again till they were brought up dead."

L. M. B. (*sotto voce*)—"Did they see light then."

Mr. Phillips must have a lot of monkeys in his class, as this appeared on his blackboard one day: "If you wish to be a chatterbox, do not advertise it by putting your hand over your mouth."

Teacher, (handing back an essay).—"Don't you think this is dry." Miss D.—"I can't help it, I copied it from an encyclopaedia."

In physiology—Nathan Rothstein's original definition of *plura*—a disease of the lungs—"When we swallow air."

When you become tired and restless, go to Miss Van Hovenberg's room the 4th period, and listen to the story telling. It is the principal part of the rhetoric recitations.

'Tis said that a certain young freshie, having not yet learned to make his toilet, when his mamma is busy, calls on a young lady neighbor to assist him. Wonder will she always do it?

Miss Holcomb, in Wis. constitution—"Yes, the assessor assesses the property; the treasurer collects the taxes and keeps the money."

We wonder why Will Oien does not object when a certain young lady, passing along behind him, pulls his hair?

Why is it that the building shakes when Vincent Brewer walks across the floor?

Nels Johnson, on the railroad—"That curve isn't very straight."

Albert Ramstad talking about the people of "Mexico."

Will Gregoire has a back seat.

A few Seniors, being retained after class by Mr. Phillips, came out with tears in their eyes. We wonder why.

To see an enraged Senior, a few weeks ago, only required to mention in his presence the second law of motion with the formula for accelerated motion, or later, the study of work and energy with accompanying formulas and other perplexities.

On the fourteenth of December, Mr. Lou Skeels appeared to have an incurable headache. At recess, while standing near the window at the south door, several boys pushed his head through the window and immediately the pane was gone.

'Tis said that down at Mondovi, Boleman, McVicar and Johnson as well as others, raised—the hotel keeper.

Stanley Bartlett, with a very bad cold, in Wis. constitution class, "borgages and other papers."

The Virgil class has been reading the last struggles of Troy. But could the Trojans only see the gigantic struggles of some of the Seniors, to extract from the lines of Virgil, a translation "with some sense to it."

Mamie Burns wants a seat near S. B.

"Bobby" has found a front seat—and a new playmate.

Rothstein, the intellectual autocrat of the constitution class, knows all points about the lesson—except those for which he is called upon.

A short time ago we were favored by the visit of a black dog and at Mr. Phillip's invitation, by an amusing speech from the same.

Will Russell, spelling the German word "bauen," "Bah!!—bey?—bey—ah!—oh!—oo—eh?—n."

We wonder why one or two girls giggled when the following translation was heard in Virgil: "Rushed into the midst of arms."

Mr. Phillips, constitution class.—"How are the laws of the United States enforced?" E. C.—"By the policeman."

Miss Van Havenberg, in rhetoric class.—"Mr. Johnson, how would you write a story when you had to skip about 11 or 17 years?" Nels Johnson.—"Why, I'd just skip them."

Mr. Phillips.—"What is the gender of this noun?" Pearl H.—"Femenine." Mr. Phillips.—"Why?" Pearl H.—"Because its a 'her.'"

Quite an amusing incident recently occurred—The paper-file became suddenly attached to Mr. P's coat-tail.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows

not—he is a Freshman. Shun him. He who knows not and knows that he knows not—is a Sophomore. Honor him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows—he is a Junior. Pity him. He who knows and knows that he knows—he is a senior. Reverence him.—Ex.

We notice that E. T. attended the Revival Meetings quite regularly. The KODAK thinks several young men in school ought to follow his example.

The greatest thing in a man is his soul, and the greatest thing in a school is its spirit.—Ex.

“Ole,” the “School Philosopher.”

You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot made him drink;
You can ride a little pony,
But you cannot make him think.—Ex.

We are indebted to N. R. for a new work entitled, “The Acrobat of the Breakfast Table.”

Miss Holcomb, in constitution class, to Dan McKinnon—“What can the legislature do about internal improvements?” Dan.—“They dassent.”

“By George! Sugar!! Gracious!!!”

Adelbert Prince—“Tarry at Jericho until your beard grows.”

Hattie Warner—“Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.”

Allen Russel—“It is not good that man should be alone.”

“Beer(ad) is the staff of life.”—Kelly.

Wanted.

Self government.

By the Kodak managers—A few good hustling salesmen.

By Percy Allen—Ambition.

To know why Bobby’s eyes are so flustrated in the morning during school hours.

By Nathan Rothstein, to know why Miss Holcomb’s constitution class is so silly.

To know how many steps Bobby Douglas took in his travels across Prof. H’s room?

By Dick Hollen—A little encouragement.

By Henry Davis—A diagnosis of his brain.

To know if “Pu” swallowed the “unabridged” or whether his mental faculties have taken a sudden spurt.

To know why M-l-d H-n-r heaves a tremendous sigh on the conclusion of her Virgil recitation.

By Elmer T.—A kind and loving companion.

To know when some of the seniors will graduate.

To know if Joe Culver received those rocks.

By several persons in school—Screw drivers.



The most wonderful flight on record was when the chimney flue.

The editor who was told that his article was as clear as mud, replied: “Well, that covers the ground anyway.”

Teacher—“Now Tommy, what is the hottest place in the United States?” Tommy—“A hornets’ nest.”

Gen. Sherman, it is said, was the coolest when on the point of attack, but we think most people are the hottest when on the point of a tack.

Reading maketh a man full—that is, it fills his mind with words he cannot pronounce.

One day a Noble and the Prince of England, together with a Kidd, crossed a Hill to take a Rowe on a Pond. Seeing a Schwan, the Noble shot at it, but missing, shot a Potter below the Hart. But the Noble, being a Frank gentleman, Oiens (owns) up to the Baker who appears on the scene. The Potter, after making his Will, and giving away his Stocks to a Dean, died. The Baker, with the aid of a Freeman, places him on a Mat and carries him through the Chambers and Hall of a Chappel, where he was placed in a Coffin. Neither a sound Noer a Russel was heard during the Derge.



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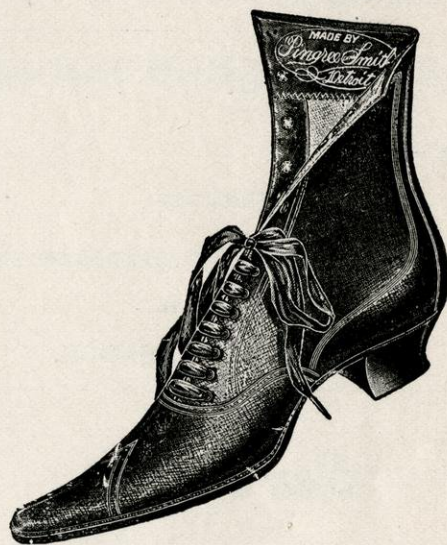
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