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No 2.



THE KODAK

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. PUBLISHED BY

THE ATHLETIC
CLUB

. . . . OF THE

EAU CLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL,

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

HIGH SCHOOL'S THANKSGIVING

Last year the custom was inaugurated of the High School giving a Thanksgiving dinner to the worthy poor of the city. It proved so successful and was so thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it, that the school unanimously decided to repeat it this Thanksgiving.

Last year it was the High School alone; this year the ward schools took part, and, of course, the donations were much larger than last.

Tuesday before Thanksgiving the supplies began to pour into our lower hall. All the afternoon there was a continual string of carriages and delivery wagons at the north entrance unloading its wealth of fruit, vegetables, groceries and pastry. Bushels and bushels of potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips and apples were carried in until the west wing of the hall resembled the stalls of a commission house. The groceries and other articles were taken into Mr. Swearingen's room, and ere long that spacious compartment—with its packages of cranberries, cookies, cakes, coffee, tea, sugar and breadstuffs—stacks of flour and rows of canned goods—was transformed into a thriving wholesale grocery establishment.

After everything had been unloaded and brought inside, the hardest part of the work began. All these packages had to be opened, examined and sorted.

Baskets were then made up of a choice variety of the different provision and the amount in each basket proportioned according to the size of the family for which it was intended. All the afternoon our faithful teachers and their numerous assistants were thus employed. Wednesday the work was taken up with renewed vigor. Every one seemed to be enthused with a desire to take part in the good work. By two o'clock everything was sorted and ready to be delivered. Again the carriages and wagons were at the door, but this time their appearance on leaving was a marked contrast to that of the day before. They were heaped full to over-flowing with delicious eatables. Their destination was the humble home of some poor family, whose Thanksgiving, but for them, would probably have been a blank.

The list of families was long, for with the kind assistance of the poor commissioner we were able, we think, to reach all.

The boys with the wagons worked hard and faithfully and ere night-fall load after load of the

generous donations had been delivered. Yet there were loads left. These were taken out the next day.

Wednesday night those who had worked so faithfully all day went home tired, but happy, and that night many a fervent prayer went up to God from the hearts of thankful parents and joyful childhood, asking Him to bless and protect the teachers and scholars of the Eau Claire schools. And who can doubt that God will answer those prayers and that our school, with such a spirit, will thrive as it never has before?

Last year the number of families provided for was about seventy-five; this year something like one hundred and fifty were fed.

Out of all interested in the work, those who so generously donated were no doubt the happiest.

Now that this beautiful way of observing Thanksgiving has been established in our schools, may it never be neglected or die out. And as time rolls on and we who are taking part in the last two years are men and women in the successful walks of life, may it fall to our chance, each year, to pick up the "KODAK" and read with pleasure the account of the Eau Claire High School Thanksgiving dinner.

AN HOUR IN THE LIBRARY.

Gardner locked two little boys
In the library one day.
The library was very cold,
But there they had to stay.

For the door was fastened very tight.
And still they lingered near,
And knocked, and rattled the door-knob
Till a teacher did appear.

It made the children laugh and play
To see those boys come out;
But those two boys are wondering yet,
What there was to laugh about.

Oh, why did Gardner lock you in?
I pray you, tell me why—
'Cause Gardner's Gardner Smith, you know,
The boys did make reply.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

This model school is situated in the southern part of the great state of Wisconsin, which is characterized for its fertile soil and its superfluous crop of school teachers. The pedagogue in question, is one whom the "destrict board" has hired "to assist their young hopefuls in obtaining the laurel without (his) using the birch (?) for the magnificent sum of \$25 per month. He experienced some difficulty in obtaining this school on account of holding a first grade certificate, which qualification was here deemed an unnecessary and too high-fangled an idea. But after due admonitions and instructions he was engaged. On this particular morning of bleak September he approached the school house with a confident tread, unlocked the door, and entered upon the scene of his future labors. His first glance disclosed several broken window panes through which the wind cheerfully whistled. The floor was covered with tobacco juice, a reminder of the last board meeting, and the blackboard was decorated with horrible caricatures. After having boarded up the broken panes of glass, built the fire and swept the floor, he seated himself and was ready for business.

The chatter of many voices warned him of the pupils gathering outside, and before long they entered rapidly, filling the back seats. At 9 o'clock he pounded the school to order; that is, rapped upon the desk with a ruler, as no bell was obtainable.

Upon sizing up the school he was pleased to observe that none of the boys seemed large enough to lick the teacher. Of course, the first thing was an opening speech, which was delivered in due oratorical style. Next was the classification. This occupied the remainder of the forenoon and went off all right with the exception of two German youths who never before had entered into the mysteries of the English language, but with the aid of another pupil, their names, ages, etc., were translated. At noon teacher and pupils took down their pails and masticated in grim silence. After this process the pupils engaged in the exciting game of drop-the-handkerchief, which the teacher watched from a distance.

At one o'clock the school was again called to order, and the pupils instructed to copy the verse on the board and then repeat in concert. It was also announced that hereafter they would engage in singing, but today the teacher's voice was cracked and consequently it would be omitted. He then proceeded to assign the lessons; this was a somewhat arduous task, as none of the pupils had the same kind of text books, but there being

only ten members of the school this could be remedied by having a separate class for nearly each one. Problems were required to be worked out on slate and the why and wherefore of all answers to be amply understood. Special attention must be given to the dotting of i's and the crossing of t's, and the minding of p's and q's. After giving all necessary instruction and after having further advised them to put all spare time on their books, as this is the only way to become a second Daniel Webster or an Abraham Lincoln, he concluded with a few remarks, viz.: "That in the future no whispering or other disturbances would be tolerated; also that certain members must abstain from the use of profanity and tobacco. Furthermore, that on the following morning would commence a series of daily lectures on the pernicious effects of tobacco."

Thus closed the first day's work. Everything has gone on smoothly and the pupils show appropriate respect; but a murmur is afloat that in the next term the larger pupils will attend, when they propose to throw the new teacher out, but no danger is apprehended on account of the prodigious amount of muscle developed while a member of the Eau Claire Athletic Club the teacher will be able to cope with any lawlessness.

CLASS PINS.

After struggling for many months over the choice of class colors, the class of '96 has finally made a decision, at least for the present.

Now their attention is turned to the question of class pins or rings. Contrary to precedent they made a wise decision on a pin in one afternoon. But all have not settled in their minds which is the better.

The champions of the ring generally commence the debate by saying a ring is preferable, as a pin is so easily lost. But is it? A ring in a few months may easily become too large and slip off the finger at every opportunity, while a pin with a good fastening need not necessarily be always on the list of lost articles.

If this were a class consisting of girls alone or boys alone, a ring might be more appropriate. But if a slender ring, suitable for a girl were chosen, it would look ridiculous on a boy's hand and would probably spend much of its time in a repair shop. But a pin could be selected which could be worn by all.

Another advantage of the pin is that it would be more in accord with everyone's pocketbook than an expensive ring. Of course, we girls expect to wear diamonds sometime and they would cast our poor class rings in the shade.

CLASS RINGS.

Perhaps one of the most puzzling questions to the classes of our High School, with the possible exception of class colors, is the one regarding the emblem, "Which shall it be, a pin or a ring?" To attend a class meeting where this question is being discussed would give a person the idea that it was a debate instead of a class meeting. Now, it is true a pin is a very showy article, but it is a very common emblem, and one class is always trying to be different from the others, so that it cannot be said they copied.

One argument against a choice of a ring, and one that is as old as the hills, is the one respecting the impracticability of selecting a ring that would look well on the hand both of a lady and gentleman. It is an impossibility they will argue. But is it? Would it not be possible to purchase small delicate rings, suitable for the feminine portion of the class, of the same design as the larger and heavier circlelets worn by the masculine?

Then again, they say that no one ever notices a ring, while a pin cannot escape the observation of the most unobserving. But again; one of the arts of teaching school is to teach a child to be observing, and if everyone is taught this we will not be able to say that a ring will not be noticed.

As a usual thing the members of a graduating class expect to continue their studies in some higher school of learning. This being the case it is but natural that they purchase the pin (for in nearly all colleges and universities the school emblem is the pin) that is representative of that school. Then, if they join some society connected either with the church or their school it is expected they will wear the emblem of such society, and what is this emblem, a ring? Not at all; it is a pin. Now we have two pins, and if our class of the High School has chosen a pin as its emblem, we have three and there is danger—provided we wear them all—of our friends jocularly asking us in what athletic contests we have been so successfully participating to have won so many rewards of merit. So, by all means let us have a ring in preference to the common, to-be-met-with-on-every-corner pin.

THE LOST PACKAGE.

The game was over; supremacy had been decided and the excited crowd had left the park. Stevens Point and the local team had battled for victory, but the visitors had carried off the honors. Excitement ran high. Both elevens were greatly admired. Many commendations upon the fine plays and tackles were heard on all sides. The yells of the different teams were given at exceedingly

short intervals. As the crowd neared the terminus of the street car track the car was seen to be advancing from a distance. To escape the rush at the end of the track many walked a short distance to catch the car before it stopped.

Among the many who did this was Fred McGowan. As this young man mounted the rear platform of the car he espied on the motor box a package. Fred took possession of it and at once inquired of those about him to whom it belonged. Failing to obtain any satisfactory information from the passengers he consulted the driver. In this he was alike unsuccessful, and then determining that it was one (?) to ten he would be enabled to find the owner, he pried into the contents, and, "ye gods"—bologna.

Now, we consider Fred one of the best boys in the school. When he found the package he began the search for its owner. We all acknowledge this the proper thing to do.

The owner no doubt would be aware of his loss in a short time, but Fred did not think of this; indeed, the way he disposed of it betrayed his appetite.

We cannot say, positively, whether the excitement of the game caused him to have such an appetite as he displayed, or not, but upon reflecting how his emotions got the better of him during certain periods of the game, and judging from the amount of exertion he put forth as he frantically patrolled the sides of the field, we are inclined to believe we are right.

If Fred had intended anything mean in disposing of this bologna he could not possibly have enjoyed it as much as his actions indicated. His face, beaming with joy and constantly covered with smiles as his jaws labored with difficulty under their task, was a picture never to be forgotten.

Those who stood near him were alarmed for his safety, his cheeks bulging out at every contraction of his jaws made his friends turn pale with fear. How they survived the terrible ordeal of that short period remains a mystery; but Fred unconscious of his danger, worked steadily on and,—well, it did him good.

In conclusion we would say, when the car went back the lost package was inquired for, and Fred, who enjoyed his treat immensely, politely returned to the owner, after many apologies, the full value of his enjoyment.

We would advise Fred to take a lunch to the games in the future.

What has come over our mandolin orchestra? The rich, soft strains of its inspiring music are always welcome on rhetorical jay. But it is one of the good things of which we do not get enough.

THE KODAK.

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Before the next issue of our paper, another year will have been added to the annals of time; another page of history been recorded by sage historians; other doctrines advanced, the truth or falsity of which will have been demonstrated by theologians, scientists or geologists; other commercial enterprises established; and another Xmas and New Years celebrated throughout the civilized world "by all the inhabitants thereof."

As the last day of this term of school is nearing, some are planning to spend their vacations as enjoyably as possible; others, and we hope there are many, intend to spend the time profitably; while there are still others who know not exactly what they will do; and, perhaps, a few more who do not expect to return to their accustomed places among us, but intend to embark on the troubled waters of the "sea of life" to "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" as the case may be.

But to one and all, to those who return and to those who do not, the "KODAK" wishes a "Merry Xmas" and a "Happy New Year."

During the main room rhetorical this year it has been noticed that the pupils show a tendency to cheer every one taking part whether his declamation has been well delivered or his essay or review well prepared. Of course, true merit in preparation and delivery shall be recognized and commended, but the habit of cheering good, bad and indifferent selections is a poor one and should not be countenanced by the majority of the pupils.

It seems to be almost an impossibility to induce any of the students to write personal experiences for publication, such as hunting trips, etc. In a school of nearly two hundred and fifty it is to be regretted that there are scarcely two dozen pupils who have enough confidence in their ability, to write for a school paper.

True, we have an editorial staff to furnish material for the paper, but those who have had no experience in helping to publish the same can scarcely realize the amount of labor required to issue a first-class publication.

There are three societies in connection with the High School, to which every boy in school should belong: "The Debating Society," "The Athletic Club" and "The Anti-Tobacco League." It is almost impossible to decide in which membership is the most desired. The Debating Society is auxiliary to the regular work of the school and furnishes the most exhaustive mental gymnastics with which the brains of the pupils can be exercised. To those healthy members of the school who find time hanging heavily on their hands, "THE KODAK" heartily recommends this most instructive of societies. Notice! we refer very emphatically to those members of the school who are healthy; for our advice to those who are not is: "Join the Athletic Club, thereby securing the benefit of the gymnasium. Cultivate strong, vigorous bodies and then there will be no danger of a mental collapse when it comes to a particularly difficult translation in Virgil or one of those brain-testing, bothersome problems regarding that abominable subject—energy."

The third society; well, it is unnecessary here to say anything of it. Every boy in school realizes that it is to his individual advantage to belong to the league, and we hope that every one in the school will sign the pledge if he has not already done so.

Prof. Frawley's lecture in regard to the use some of us make of the library, we are sorry to say was well directed.

Our city library is fast becoming one of the first in the state and no one should be more proud of it than we High School students. Let us show our appreciation of its value by frequenting it; not as a place of amusement and social recreation, but as a bureau of information and knowledge, remembering that, "Libraries are the shrines where all relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue and without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."

Is it impossible for us to get a half-holiday? Can't we attend school twenty days without a case of tardiness? Is this a proper record for High School students to exhibit? Decidedly not; yet this is our record, and one to be proud of, isn't it?

When we were in the grammar schools for a room to miss a half-holiday was considered a great disgrace; and occasionally the school would avenge itself on the tardy ones by putting them under the pump, riding them on a rail, or cutting their hair. Is it less a disgrace now that we are in the High School? And will it be necessary to make an example of a few of the tardy ones by an application of the above-named remedies before they will mend their ways? Let us hope not, for we are getting too big for such tricks. We are young ladies and gentlemen—members of the High School—proud of our name and proud of our school, and we propose to leave a record of which we will not be ashamed.

Before we again assemble, we will all have turned over our new leaves in the book of Time. Among the resolutions that each makes for the ensuing year let the one reading, "I shall never again be late for school," occupy a prominent place on '96's page.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE ON THE GRIDIRON.

A SUMMARY OF THE PLAYERS.

The foot-ball season of 1895 has closed. What have we done? Although we started a little late in the season, and had great difficulty in getting men out to practice, the results have been very satisfactory.

Any mention of our work on the gridiron must be incomplete without acknowledgement to our coach, for the success of the team is largely due to Mr. Roy P. Wilcox, of Cornell, who gave his time to and worked untiringly for its advancement. When he took the team in charge the playing was ragged and crude, but under his able management and direction they began to improve rapidly. All the men being fairly good individual players, most of the time was spent on team work; and when, at last, the daily routine of practice, going through the signals, lining up, tackling, "falling on" the ball, catching punts and running low was over and a game arranged, the Eau Claire High School had a team of which no institution need be ashamed. Of course, there is, and was, much room for improvement, which could not but be the case where so many of the men were entirely without foot-ball experience. This appeared most in the weak team work shown at times, but some very strong individual players have been made.

The prospects for next year are bright, as many of the old men will remain and some very promising new material exists. There has been some talk of organizing a team from the Athletic Club, which would embrace all the old men, for it really takes three or four season's playing to make a good foot-ball player.

The team played five matched games, winning three, losing one and playing one tie game with Menomonie. The number of points scored by our team, as against those scored by opponents, is as follows:

Eau Claire	Others
56	0
44	0
0	20
4	4
16	4
—	—
120	28

"THE KODAK" takes pleasure in giving a short summary of each player, as follows:

Albert L. Williams, captain, has handled the team very well; and, though lacking experience, plays left tackle with snap and vigor, blocks, tackles and follows the ball well. Though small and light his playing is very aggressive. Weight, 129½ pounds; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 6 inches. He is also substitute right half back.

Irvine Disilets at right tackle and substitute guard is strong and active and plays a good defensive game. Weight, 163 pounds; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 8 inches.

Guido Faber, substitute tackle. Though he has played but one game this year, he showed up to good advantage. Weight, 145½ pounds; age, 17 years; height, 5 feet, 8 inches.

Lawrence Flagler, substitute tackle, has not played in a regular game but has done well in practice. Weight, 151 pounds; age 19 years; height, 5 feet, 7 inches.

Lemoyne Boleman, substitute tackle, has played one game. He plays a hard heady game. Weight, 159 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9½ inches; age, 18 years.

Sidney McGowan, right end, is a tower of strength to the team. He runs low, tackles hard and strong, holds up his end without fail, and is excellent in the interference. Weight, 166 pounds; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 10½ inches.

Edward Kjorstad, left end, is a counterpart of McGowan in his playing. He plays the hardest game of any man on the team. When the ball is "down" he is always there. He follows a punt well, his interference is good and his tackling hard and sure. Weight, 173 pounds; height, 6 feet, age, 19 years.

THE KODAK.

Nelson Nelson, substitute end, has not played in a regular game this year, but in practice games has done well; he is strong and plays hard. Weight, 132 pounds; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 7 inches.

James Hart, right guard, plays a hard, steady game and is a great support to the center, breaking through the line well and is strong on defense. Age, 19 years; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; weight, 168 pounds.

William Coon, left guard, has shown himself a model man for the position, being large, strong, quick and active, getting into every play. He "bucks" the line hard and low. Age, 19 years; height, 6 feet; weight, 189 pounds.

Will Oien, substitute guard, has played but one game, but showed up well at that time. Age, 17 years; height, 6 feet; weight, 152 pounds.

Murray Wisner, center, is the main-stay of the line. His playing is steady and strong. Although he never saw a foot-ball game until this year the men who have "bucked" him say, "they never ran up against such a man." One of the neighboring teams nicknamed him the "young giant," and it is particularly appropriate. He plays a hard game and snaps the ball well. Age, 18 years; height, 6 feet; weight, 192 pounds.

Henry Werner, right half back, plays a hard, strong, aggressive game, "bucks" low and hard. His interference is a little weak, but has improved steadily. He is a fleet runner and one of the best ground gainers on the team. Weight, 151 pounds; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; age, 17 years.

Thorp J. Wilcox, left half back, plays a good game, both aggressive and defensive. He is a very strong, swift runner, blocks well and tackles well and is always in the interference. He is a very hard man to tackle and is probably the surest ground gainer on the team. Weight 151 pounds; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 9½ inches.

Wm. J. Cameron, substitute half back, has played in two games this year. Although a little slow in getting into the interference, he plays a hard aggressive game and has the making of a good foot-ball player. Weight, 133 pounds, height, 5 feet, 7 inches; age, 18 years.

Arthur Howard, substitute half back, in practice games has played hard and makes a good showing for a man of his weight. Weight, 148 pounds, height 5 feet, 8 inches; age, 17 years.

Fred McGowan, substitute half back, has played in two of the hardest games this year. In these he made a good impression. He is the swiftest runner of the backs, and does best on end runs. His only weakness is that he runs too high; and his interference might be improved. Weight, 153 pounds; age, 18 years; height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

Marshall Quinlan, quarter back, is one of the "stars" and probably plays as sure a game as any man on the team. Although he is the smallest and lightest man of the eleven he makes up for lack of weight and size by his quickness and knack of getting through small holes. He never fails to bring down his man on a tackle, passes and follows the ball well and is always effective in the interference. Weight, 124 pounds; height, 5 feet, 5 inches; age, 19 years.

Delos R. Moon, full back, has filled this position very well. His punting and goal kicking has been good, and he handles the ball well. He "bucks" the line low, but is a little slow in getting into the play. Weight, 141 pounds; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; age, 16 years.

George Blackwell, substitute full back, played but one game this season. His aggressive play is excellent, being at all times hard, strong and vicious. He hits the line low and hard, tackles and blocks well and is a strong runner and gives promise of making a splendid man for his position. Weight, 138 pounds; height, 5 feet, 6 inches; age 15.

POPULAR WANTS.

Wanted—By Reuben Glue, somebody that he can't double discount.

Wanted—All creditors to settle at once—Arthur Pickett.

Wanted—Members of the Anti-Tobacco League who will keep the pledge.

Wanted—By a freshman, a book bound in calf with a tale inside.

Wanted—By Dick Barry, a few inches of growth to fill out my new trousers.

Wanted—By our skaters, moonlight nights.

Wanted—To know "Why I was elected sergeant-at-arms—Christina Thompson.

Wanted—To know why the class laughed when a certain teacher said: "I have lost my Long-fellow."

Wanted—To know why they call Jessie Culver No. 11.

Wanted—Sympathy and encouragement, by the first and second physics classes.

Wanted—A remedy for squeaky shoes, by Adelbert Prince.

Wanted—A gold cure for the gum habit, by Pansy Mc., Edna Thos., and Mildred H.

Wanted—A pair of side combs, by Delos Moo

Wanted Immediately—A small boy to assist Sara Gillis around the Wilcox corner when passing out to classes.

Wanted—A mark in physics, by Will Cameron.

Wanted—By Miss McGregor, something in the line of an opiate to keep the little sophomores quiet.

THE UNRULY CORNER OF EUROPE.

The world has for a long time heard of murders committed in Armenia by the frantic Turkish soldiery, but not till lately have such wholesale slaughters of Armenian Christians aroused the feelings of people. The massacres of Tribizond, Baibuth, Erzingen and several other places have, at last, awakened the countries to the fact that this cannot go on any longer.

The two most important countries in this affair, excepting Turkey, are Russia and England. Russia, the Colossus that has ever since the days of Peter, the Great, bent itself to the acquiring of territory, and especially sea-ports, sees in Constantinople, not only the key to Southern Asia, but also the chance to become a dreaded maritime power.

The czar, being at the head of the Greek Catholic church, claims the right of protecting the Christians of his faith in Armenia more, perhaps, for the purpose of having a good excuse for dismembering Turkey than for religious zeal.

England, the possessor of the richest of all colonial possessions, India, jealously watches every conspicuous movement of Russia that may endanger her much guarded treasure. Now, that her enemy stands in such a threatening attitude she will not for the safety of both her real and her intended possessions in Southern Asia, allow Russia to be the owner of so important a sea-port as Constantinople.

Thus the situation at present may be likened to two boys who have just found a nut. Both want it, but if one tries to take it the other will grab also; which, of course, means that there will be a fight; and, although both are ready, one is afraid to and the other dares not. Therefore, one will rather see it lie than let the other get it.

About a month ago a congress of all the strong powers of Europe convened at Berlin and threatened the sultan of Turkey into promising that peace and safety would be given to the Armenians, but a little while after the massacres went on as before, and many people were killed. This undoubtedly would not have happened had not

England through her aggressive minister, Salisbury, stopped Russia from interfering in Armenia; and the blame of letting this murder go on can be laid to British jealousy.

If such a thing as war with Turkey should come on it would be quite likely that a number of the powers would take part, and thus make short work; but the empire would not be conquered without a good deal of hard fighting. The Turkish soldiers have always been known as good fighters, and as the fighting would be on their own ground, a strong resistance can be expected.

The army consists of about 1,000,000 men and is modeled after the German. It is composed of the 350,000 men for actual service, 450,000 in reserve and 200,000 territorial. The navy is insignificant.

The Ottoman Empire is thoroughly barbarian, and if the saying that barbarism should be controlled by civilization, is right, then a civilized country which stands looking on and letting such atrocities as are committed day by day in Armenia go on, cannot be doing right.

The speediest way out of the difficulty is not to claim the right to control, but to use it. By throwing away ambitious schemes England and Russia could further, instead of retard, the civilization in Asia Minor; instead of leaving it the darkest corner of the continent; make it the most enlightened.

A grocer named Barry presented his bill before it was due and received the following in payment: "I say here is a pretty mull, Berry, for you have presented your bill before it is due, Berry; but I don't care a straw, Berry; and you needn't look so blue, Berry, for your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry; but if you come again before June, Berry, I'll maul you until you are black, Berry."

LIFE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

Johnny: "Papa, why do they stand knives and forks on end in a boarding house?"

Papa: "Not to soil the table cloth."

He was a happy boy when he got these standings; Physical geography, 80; reading, 80; algebra, 80; Latin, 80.

The Fourth Period in English Composition Class: Miss Hay said that the person who wrote the most rules for the use of the comma should receive a prize, (hunting in her desk and procuring a piece of money.) Adelbert Prince was the fortunate one, having fourteen rules correct, and receiving the prize.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The School Bell Echoes from Merrill, Wis., has the following to say of us: "THE KODAK," published by the Athletic Club, of the Eau Claire High School, is at hand. It is an eighteen page paper, with cover, is well gotten up and seems to be well supported by the business men of the city."

The Central Luminary, published by the Central High School of Kansas City, Mo., is an excellent publication, containing stories, articles of literary worth, poetry, personals, in fact, everything that goes to make up a good school paper, with the exception of an exchange column. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The High School voice from Concord, Mass., is one of the neatest and most welcome of our exchanges.

The '96 Reporter, published by the seniors of the Kenosha, Wis., High School, is an excellent eight page paper, with cover.

The High School Herald, published by the students of the Jersey City High School, has reached our place. Neat and interesting is this twelve page paper.

The Lyceum Advocate, of Saginaw, Mich., comes to us regularly. It has a neat cut of the school on the cover, but on the inside an interesting column has been omitted, viz.: "Exchange."

What's the difference between a woman and an umbrella? An umbrella can be shut up.—Ex.

We are glad to meet the High School Gleaner from Atlantic, Ia. It is very neat and interesting.

We welcome the Calendar from Buffalo, N. Y. It is a fourteen page paper containing some very good articles. But where is its exchange column? and "Echo answers—Where?"

The Scio Collegian comes to us as usual with personals, exchanges, editorials and many other articles of interest.

The Students Pen, coming from the High School of Pittsfield, Mass., has the following to say of us: "THE KODAK" is a paper published by the Athletic Club of the Eau Claire High School, and is as good a paper for school news as any we have received." Thanks, S. P.

The Reflector, from the High School, of New Britain, Conn., comes to us neatly printed, and is, in truth, a credit to the school.

The High School Record, from Canton, O., comes to us with a beautiful cut on the cover and another on the inside. It is well gotten up, its weakest point being its exchange column.

Cunning little Pygmies
Running here and there,
Peeping in the school room,
Flocking up the stair.
Wondering little Pygmies
Sitting in the hall,
So surprised at everything
That they don't sing, at all.
Never mind, my little ones,
The time will surely come
That when you name the freshies
You, too, may have some fun.

—Ex.

We welcome the Skirmisher from Bordentown, N. J. It contains all the articles that go to make up a good school paper, and the business men seem to favor it with a good many advertisements.

"Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
I think of jokes I might have sprung
When many were around me.
For all this wanton waste of wit
Constructively I weep.
And often in the stilly night
I kick myself to sleep."

—Ex.

The School Outlook from Fond du Lac, Wis., comes to us more in the shape of a newspaper than a High School paper.

We have received for the first time The Argus from Superior, Wis. It contains articles that belong to a High School paper, but one would imagine from the form of it, that it was one of Superior's newspapers.

Besides those already mentioned we receive the following exchanges from different parts of the United States:

The Daily Cardinal, Madison, Wis.
The Opinion, Hudson, Wis.
The Weekly Review, Baraboo, Wis.
The School Bell Echo, Fox Lake, Wis.
The Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Students Journal, Reedsburg, Wis.
The Vedette, Janesville, Wis.
The Quill, Hinsdale, N. H.
The Pioneer, Willimantic, Conn.
The School Tennes, Wellington, Kan.
The High School Opinion, Peoria, Ill.
The School Review, Centralia, Ill.
The High School Recorder, Springfield, Mass.
The Premier, Fall River, Mass.
The Monthly Visitor, Haverhill, Mass.
The Distaff, Boston, Mass.
The Cadet Bugle, Lake City, Fla.
The High School Rostrum, Guilford, Me.

Foxcraft Academy Review, Foxcraft, Me.
 The High School Herald, Wahpeton, N. D.
 The High School Star, Carthage, Mo.
 The Argosy, Livermore, Cal.
 The H. S. Opinion, Ottawa, Kan.
 The Flash Light, Delevan, Wis.

The Flash Light, published by the pupils of the Delevan, Wis., High School, is a new paper starting out with eight pages and containing some very good articles, besides a number of extremely funny jokes.

"THE KODAK" extends best wishes to their paper for a long and successful career, and as its light flashes upon us from year to year it will receive a warm welcome.

This term we have received many new exchanges, coming from many cities scattered over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Some of our old exchanges we have failed to receive. Have they been discontinued?

PERSONALS.

Breck Bostwick's siege of diphtheria left him so weak that he was obliged to give up his school work. He will spend the remainder of the term at Stanley, trying to regain his strength. We hope to see Breck back in his old place after the holidays.

Thorp Wilcox has been nursing a strained ankle, the result of the foot-ball game with the second eleven.

Olaf Rosted was out of school for a few days on account of sickness, which threatened brain fever. Probably Olaf worried too much over the geometry contest.

Julia Coffin '94, is teaching at Porter's Mills this year.

Fred McGowan has been nursing a lame knee, the fruits of the game with Menomonie.

Joe Culver and Delos Moon represented our school at the Minnesota-Wisconsin game Nov. 16.

Lizzie England lost some weeks of school on account of diphtheria in the family.

Millie Slawson taught a week at the Dells in Miss Anderson's place.

Anna Pinkum '93, was home from the U. W. to spend Thanksgiving.

Murray Wisner, our center rush, has not been in school since the game at Menomonie. During the game a chill came on him and a run of fever followed. His place on the team has been filled by Clare Rowe.

Miss Brown spent Thanksgiving at her home in Madison.

The editor of "THE KODAK" is in receipt of an interesting letter from Eldridge Chickering, in which Eldridge describes his first term's experience in teaching.

Alex. Morgan '95, of University of Minnesota, was home for Thanksgiving.

George Blackwell seriously wrenched his ankle in the game with Chippewa Nov. 24. George's brilliant work in the first half of the game demonstrated that he is a full back of no mean ability.

We are glad to see the tall figure and classical blonde countenance of George Schroeder again among us. The Debating Society is also pleased to welcome George back to its ranks.

We are pleased to see Will Coxen able to be around. His shoulder is improving rapidly, but it will be some time before he can play foot-ball.

Herbert Cary and Thorp Wilcox witnessed the Menomonie-Chippewa game at Chippewa on Nov. 16th.

Edna Thomas was out of school part of a week with an attack of tonsillitis.

Bert Bostwick left school the sixth week of the term on account of broken health and has not yet returned. The geometry class miss Bert, and we trust that he will be with us again after the holidays.

Ethan Cleasby has left us and is now officiating as school master in Pleasant Valley.

On Friday evening, Dec. 7th, the members of the senior and junior classes met at the High School at 7:30; and soon after adjourned to the attractive mirror of ice on Half Moon lake. Under the chaperonage of the Misses Brown, Grassie and Hay a very enjoyable evening was spent, and all returned home feeling that, at least, some roses were occasionally strewn along the thorny paths of knowledge; and that they, as members of the classes of '96 and '97, had, indeed, on this evening, been gathering a few of them.

We have heard of "dancing the Hay" down, before, but have only recently known what it was.

Athletic Member—"We ain't no Corbett yet!"

What woman does not exaggerate AGE?

A Freshman's Question—"Who wrote Aesop's Fables?"

The front seats are getting to be the familiar stopping places of sophomores during school hours.

OUR SCHOOL.

It would not be entirely without interest, at least to members of the school, to publish a few facts regarding the scholars in attendance at the E. C. H. S.

In the whole school at the present time there are one hundred and fifty (150) girls and ninety-four (94) boys, making a total of two hundred and forty-four (244) pupils.

The youngest girl in school is a member of the freshman class and is thirteen (13) years of age, while on the other hand, the oldest girl is twenty-four (24) years of age, and is a member of the sophomores. Our youngest boy belongs to this same class and has reached the age of twelve (12), whilst among the members of the freshman class, we find the oldest boy, who has seen the snows of twenty-five (25) successive winters.

Amongst the seniors the oldest girl is twenty (20), the youngest sixteen (16); the oldest boy, or rather the three oldest, are twenty (20), while the youngest is just fourteen (14). The latter personage is the third youngest boy in school.

Girls, how is this? From the freshmen to the seniors the average age of the boys is less than the girls; of course, we don't like to assume that the boys are smarter than the girls, but what conclusion are we to arrive at when we pursue the following:

Average Age.	Boys	Seniors, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs.
		Juniors, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ yrs.
Average Age.	Girls.	Sophs., 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs.
		Freshmen, 15.9 yrs.
		Seniors, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs.
		Juniors, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ yrs.
		Sophs., 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs.
		Freshmen, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs.

During the first three months of this term, amongst the seniors only six have been neither absent nor tardy; of the juniors nine have a perfect record; whilst the mighty sophomores have twenty-seven amongst their number; and the lowly freshmen are proud that nineteen of their classmates have a clean page on the record book.

Now, for a moment, let us consider those who have caused the records of the school to be blotted and blurred by their procrastinations. Oh! you drones amongst the workers in the hive of our school room, could you not have been more perfect in your attendance? Was it impossible to be punctual, or are you to be compared to those scholars of Whittier's poem of whom he has written:

"The feet that creeping slow to school

Go storming out to playing?"

In truth, as we glance down that list of ten persons, we are impressed by the fact that

perhaps the Quaker poet had a foresight into the future, and was thinking of these very ten when those two lines of his poem were written. Very sad, indeed, is the fact that one of these ten late arrivals was a senior; one who, in very truth, should have set a better example to her lower classmates; and that one, was no less an individual than ————, but hold! she was a senior, and being such we will be generous and withhold her name. But those others; shall we be too forgiving and allow all to go Scot-free? Nay, nay, my learned readers. The others were Arthur Stussy—but let us pause a moment and consider what shall be the penalty; this young man with all the treasures of a healthy, vigorous body; a mind filled with learned lore, and all else considered to be productive of an active body and rigorous understanding, to come to school late! Oh! the shame of it; but to continue; Lulu Gunn—thrice late, think of it; a young lady not capable of arousing herself to the fact that at eight-thirty on every morning of five days in the week, she with two hundred and forty-three others of the youths of our Sawdust City, should be in their places in the assembly room of our much-beloved High School.

Eva Converse, Lulu Wolf, Fred Brown, Tilla Gilbertson and Mary Burns completes the list. Oh! Eva—and when we were on the verge of a half-holiday, too. But, then,

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

AND THE CLASS LAUGHED.

John Coon to Miss B.—"I understand you. I know what you mean—I see it. But I don't get it. And—

Miss Hay to German Class—"Open your books and shut your mouths."

Blanche Southmayd—"The incline plane? Why, if you wanted to move a barrel weighing 200 pounds it would be easier to roll it down the plane than up." And—

Miss Brown in Physics—"It's right in line with the opening of the beer bottle." And—

Miss Grassie to George Galloway—"Now, I think I know more about this thing than you do." And—

Nels Nelson in Algebra—"I don't see head or tail to any of it" And—

Jennie Brackett in Physics—"This is due to the energy of ice cream."

Orrie Ely—"Emerson was an English poet."

Miss B.—"The principal reason is that it can't."

Thorp Wilcox—"Oh! its as dry as—Hay."

Lida Goff in Physiology—"Why, we see with our eyes and hear with our ears."

Albert Steinfeldt—"We have to have light to see-er-I-don't understand about the waves."

Millie Slawson—"Her face was sufficed with beautiful blushes."

Physical Geography Class—

Miss G. ?—"In our study of the earth thus far, we have seen how it has been adapted to support what highest form of life?"

Guy Boyington—"The United States."

Nelson Nelson—"Because he married his wife's sister."

Physiology Class—

Miss ——"Animals that prey have their ears turned forward." And—

Miss B—a—e to Prof. Frawley: "No, ma'am."

J—n C—o Translating Cæsar—"Capite demisso: 'Their heads having been dismissed.'" And—

First Boy—"You know my little dog?"

Second Boy—"Yes."

First Boy—"Well, he was standing on the track when a train came along and cut two wheels off his tail."

Second Boy—"Why, only wagons have wheels."

First Boy—"Well, the dog's tail was a wagging."

History Class—

Miss H.—"At the time of the Crusaders, at what in the Asiatic countries were the Europeans most surprised?"

Della R.—"At the good things to eat."

ITEMS.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Oct. 23, 1895.

Whereas, it has pleased our most respected teachers, Prof. Frawley and the Misses Hay, Brown and Grassie, to show their appreciation in various ways for the foot-ball team,

Therefore, be it resolved, that we tender to them a vote of thanks.

And be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be published in the next issue of "THE KODAK."

E. C. H. S. ATHLETIC CLUB.

Maud Writing: "Dear Cousin—I would tell you something if there wasn't a boy looking over my shoulder."

Boy Talking—"You lie! I can't see a word you are writing."

To Cure Headache—Stick your head through the window and the pane will be gone.

"Tardy Scholar is your name.

You are scolded; who's to blame?

Always sleeping till the clock strikes eight;
Slowly creeping through the school-yard gate.

Tardy Scholar is your name.

You are scolded; who's to blame?

Oh! you see how well we know you,

For Tardy Scholar is your name."

'Twas on a bright November morn,

That Douglass true, on his long horn

A serenade blew sweet and soft,

'Neath the window of a certain Hay-loft.

The hero of the gridiron,

The idol of the fair,

Has retired into oblivion

To untangle his foot-ball hair.

I have been told by some that it is hard to skate;

While others have said that it's nice.

Now, from my own experience, I'm authority to state,

That the hardness is all in the ice.

—Miss G——. (?)

The mischievous juniors and sophs. sigh and cast longing glances at the tower, as they realize that the revelries of the round table are pleasures of the past.

The tidy appearance of our new bookcase and the orderly arrangement of the newly covered reference volumes on its shelves, adds greatly to the looks of the assembly room. Thanks to the teachers and those who so kindly assisted them in their good work.

Thanksgiving collection for the poor was good and the onions were plentiful.

Miss McG.—My cheeks are not curly and my hair isn't red.

Teacher—What trouble was Turkey in Thanksgiving?

Small Boy (smacking his lips)—In the soup.

Another Small Boy (ditto)—Out of sight.

The sophomores held a class meeting for the purpose of challenging the other classes to see who could write the best story for publication in "THE KODAK;" but the majority, thinking of the freshmen, shivered with dread and the motion was lost.

Miss A.—What do they put wires on the top of those poles for?

Mr. B.—Why, to keep the poles up.

HE HAD BEEN SKATING.

Teacher—What kind of water crystals are there in ice?

Boy—Usually stars-I-I-think.

NECESSITIES OF MAN.

Inventors are indispensable to the universe. They are to the world what suspenders are to the man or a patent hair-curler to a woman. The products of their ingenuity are often small and simple. In fact, those which are the boons to mankind are such.

The usefulness of an invention does not depend on its bulk or its complications. The inventors of those articles to which man owes his comfort and happiness are allowed to pass into dark oblivion, while men of less magnanimity are exalted. Why is it that the inventor of the steamboat occupies a higher place in the minds of the people than the inventor of the cuff-button? Simply because the former is more complicated and presumptuous in its design. Is justice done when the author of the hair invigorator is allowed to rest in a crumbling grave? Mankind does not appreciate its true benefactors; and, therefore, does not justly reward them.

To the names of Watt, Morse, Edison and Whitney must be added the names of the greater geniuses. The inventors of the cuff-button, the coat-spring, the pain-killer and the tooth-puller should not be forgotten. Certainly the cotton-gin, the steamboat or the sewing machine is not more useful than the hair invigorator and the spanking machine, yet the inventors of the former are famous while those of the latter sleep in oblivion. The one class is held in high esteem and the other is not even given a place in the memory of the people. An invention can never be judged by its proportions. It must be judged by the amount of comfort and usefulness it exhibits. If it were not for this fact, why should we encourage inventions and inventors? If it were not for this fact, why should the ancient flail be superseded by the threshing machine; or the scythe be thrown into obscurity by the more powerful mower? The cuff-button is an exceedingly small article, but it is indispensable. The hair invigorator is a very simple compound, but it is a powerful remedy. The patent hair curler is not complicated in design, but what woman can undervalue it?

There are a few inventions which I wish to particularize and explain. There are the inventions which are seemingly trivial, but which are the means of producing much good. When compared to the steam engine or the reaper they may seem as toys. Proportionately the engine is a giant, but as regards usefulness the one is much more valuable. The one can be compared to a gold mine and the other to a petroleum well. The importance of the hair invigorator I wish, especially, to emphasize. Surely the invigorator has

been productive of more good than the cotton-gin. It has furnished food for the hungry, money for the penniless and hair for the bald-headed.

This invention is a benefactor alike for the rich and the poverty stricken. The king and the peasant may share its results. Love of whiskers is as prevalent as love of country, and in this respect the peasant is no less patriotic than the throned king. How many burdens it has lifted from the shoulders of the care-worn? How many sorrows it has alleviated, and how many desires it has satisfied? A mention of its qualities would occupy more space than an account of the wonders of the two-horse power liniment.

No less wonderful are the cuff-button and the coat-spring. These articles are the most important of inventions. Imagine the time when these inventions did not exist and congratulate yourself on your fortunate circumstances. The patent tooth-puller is of comparatively modern origin. O, victim of the polluted tooth! how much you owe to this remarkable invention! How often has its wonderful action transformed a forlorn victim to a happy mortal! Surely it is a great benefactor. Reveal to us the inventor of the tooth-pulling machine that we may do honor to his name, a name which deserves a higher place in the estimation of the people than Watt or Whitney.

An analysis is necessary in order to acquaint the ignorant with its merits. The main body work of the machine is constructed like a modern Italian hand organ. Projecting through the center of the box is a rolling pin. A stationary chair is placed about four feet from it, to which the victim is secured. One end of a stout rope is fastened to the tooth and the other end to the pin. The crank which is attached to the revolving pin is turned, and the tooth extracted, with no noise except the usual yell of the victim.

All instruments must be handled with care; and caution must be the watchword of the experimenter.

The tooth-puller does not deviate from the general rule. Hence, in the analysis of the construction of an invention I make it a point to close with an admonition and an example of ill results in case of careless use. If ignorant persons would not tamper with that which they know nothing no harm would follow. I would admonish all experimentors to fasten the rope securely to the tooth, so that it is impossible for it to slip. Violations of this rule are many, and many are the misfortunes which result from it. Example: An unfortunate mortal driven to desperation resorted to the dentist's. She was a prima donna in "Der Freischutz" and the favorite of the "creme de la creme," of New York. This celebrated vocalist,

Mlle. De Martaine, was accordingly attached to the chair and the rope to the tooth. The fashionable dentist then turned the crank; the rope slipped from the tooth and in a remarkable manner attached itself to the lady's tongue. In less time than it requires to relate it, the tongue was extracted and the prima donna fell in a faint. The affair having been made public, the dentist was arrested and the unfortunate prima donna was removed from her role.

I must now take up the qualities of that most wonderful invention, hair invigorator. As its inventor, I await in patience the reward which is due me. The many testimonials which I have received recount with veracity the good which it has accomplished. Hair invigorator is certainly the means of obtaining wealth, food and whiskers. I quote from a letter received from an ex-child of poverty, who commenced in business, the capital consisting of one bottle of the invigorator: "I am a poor man no longer. Riches are mine. I have made a tour of the country, supplying, at the most remarkable cheap price of twenty-five cents, the most flexible hair mats and rugs made. By applying your invigorator to doorsteps according to directions, nothing but good results have been attained. In less than fifty-five minutes the doorstep produces a growth of hair two inches long, making a fine hair mat which, at the retail price, would cost about ten dollars. With my first bottle I manufactured ten mats and sold them at twenty-five cents, thereby making a clear gain of two dollars and twenty-five cents."

Is it necessary for me to quote farther from the above letter? The man's thankfulness exhibits itself in every line. No longer need his wife and children dispense with the luxuries of life. They are now on the threshold of worldly happiness. In the above case it is the poor man who is benefitted. In another which I remember it was a powerful potentate. After trying in vain to beget side-whiskers, he incidentally heard of the invigorator and forthwith sent delegates to wait upon the inventor of the compound. Accordingly I supplied them with as many bottles as I had in my possession. In a short time I received a telegram from the governor, that "Two hours after applying your remedy the coveted articles appeared, and the ruler exalted in his possessions."

Business men are especially benefitted by the invigorator. Furriers have made their fortunes. With a bottle of my medicine they commence in business and in the course of a few years retire to a villa in France or Switzerland. Haverly, of Boston, was one of these. On the verge of starvation he wrote to me for my remedy, and determined to engage in the fur business. Following the di-

rections he rubbed some over a common rubber coat, and in less than fifty-five minutes it was transformed into a fur coat rivaling the sealskin coat.

Showmen were among the first to appreciate its qualities. If incidentally, or otherwise, they should lose their favorite ape or monkey and the audience begin to grumble because he cannot be exhibited, a new one can be manufactured in a few minutes by applying the invigorator to the body of a man. In fifty-five minutes the performing ape would stand before you in all his glory.

Caution: Regulate the dose carefully. Keep it beyond the reach of misanthropes and mischievous boys. Sad results occurred in one of the Southern states a short time ago. A grumbling circus manager was "showing" in Richmond, when one of the nabobs of the city approached him and at once began negotiations for the purchase of a monkey that was grinning in his cage. The animal, which was greedily devouring peanuts, was nothing more than the chief bill-poster transformed by the invigorator. Seeing a chance to make some "silver" this misanthropic circus manager offered him for sale. The admired animal was bought. By deceit the manager removed the bill-poster and his cage to the house of the purchaser, saying that he was going to exhibit him there for one day. "This exhibition," he said, "was for the special benefit of a fashionable family of Richmond." The innocent bill-poster consented to be moved on the promise of extra remuneration. All day he imitated the monkey at the nabob's house. Overhearing the conversation between the members of the family he learned that the head of the house was very superstitious. He had committed two murders, the victims being a servant and a large mastiff dog that he believed to be possessed by demons. The poster consequently did his best in the deception, fearing that if he were discovered his career would be over. Night came, but the manager did not. The monkey soon realized the position in which he was placed. He was sold! Unfortunate circumstance! For two years the victim of a misanthropic man was kept in the cage, living solely upon hay and water. One day, however, he managed to escape. With this invention the showman coined his money and with this invention the potentate raised his side-whiskers.

Don't come to school at 8:35 a. m.

Don't press the signal buttons.

Don't forget to scrape the snow off your shoes before entering the building.

Don't stay out of school to escape a "quiz."

Don't go skating before your lessons are prepared.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

On the evening of Nov. 8, a very enjoyable entertainment was given at the assembly room of the High School under the auspices of the Athletic Club. It was proposed by Dr. Carlyle, to whom a great deal of credit is due, and was enthusiastically taken up by the Club. The object was to obtain money with which to purchase much-needed apparatus for the gymnasium.

The program consisted of readings and recitations by Dr. Carlyle, singing and club swinging.

Several selections from standard authors were read by Dr. Carlyle with fine effect, among which were "Mr. Pickwick's Adventure with the Lady in the Yellow Curlpapers," "The Lost Frenchman," and last, but not least, a very noble, awe-inspiring original poem, entitled, "Come to Me, Love," in which the venerable professor has doubtless had some little experience.

"Only One Girl in This World for Me" was sung by Mr. Ed Joyce. It was very pleasing and evoked vigorous applause, to which he responded.

Some difficult exercises in club swinging were performed by Mr. Wm. Hart. The ease and grace with which he handled the clubs illustrated what can be done by patient and continual practice.

A duet by the Misses Edna Thomas and Helen Wilcox was well received. The tumbling, by Henry Werner and Floyd Jones was performed with much grace. Their efforts were vigorously encored, to which they responded with some more difficult feats.

A recitation, by Miss Mildred McMaster, was delivered with much more grace and expression than is usually found in a child.

When it was proposed, the feasibility of the affair was doubted by some, but after it had taken place only words of praise were heard.

The net proceeds to the Club were \$22.

QUOTATIONS.

High School Girls—"We think too little and talk too much."—Dryden.

Herbert Cary—"A wretched soul bruised by advertisity."—"Comedy of Errors."

Jerome Gillette—"He that is down need fear no fall."—Bunyan.

Crippled Foot-ball Player—"He rests his head upon the lap of earth."—Gray's Elegy.

Freshman on Rhetorical Day—

"His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse;
His grip was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look—
He sighed and ceased to speak."

—Sarah Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine."

Arthur Stussy—"His cheeks were like roses; his nose like a cherry."—Visit from St. Nicholas.

One of the Quartette—

"And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered by her side."
—Bret Harte.

Albert Steinfeldt—

"For every ill is love a cure;
How'er so great that it may be,
But if that ill be love itself,
Alas! no cure is left for thee."

Thorp Wilcox—

"In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive and proud."

George Johnson—"I have at least a good understanding."

Sid McGowan—"One may smile, and smile and be a villain."—Watts.

Our Three Graces—Rork, Marsh, Maeder.

"The Heavenly Twins"—Frank Hart, Gertie Hainer.

"A man with an elephant on his hands."—Joe Culver.

"Go ask the man in the moon."—Helen Deming.

"There Is Only One Girl in the World for Me."
—Sid McGowan.

"All is well that ends well."—Percy Allen.

"Her's is a soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."

—Minnie McDonough.

"Although I am both light and small
I will be heard above you all."

—Alvin Sutter.

"If you have a judicious ear
You'll own my voice is both sweet and clear."
—Chas. Werner.

"None but himself can be his parallel."—Will Cameron.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."—Mary Sloan.

"Be vain, my lord, you have a right,
For who, like you, can boast this night,
A group assembled in one place
Fraught with such beauty, wit and grace."
—Chas. Boyington.

"Fain would I climb, yet fear to fall."—Richard Barry.

"I am delighted in no man."—Sara Gillis.