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# THE KODAK.

VOL. V.

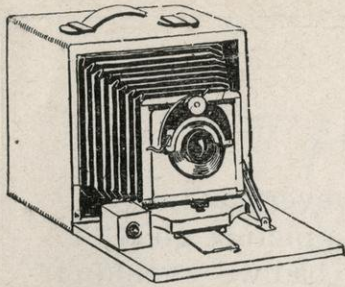
EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN,

NO. II.



PUBLISHED BY THE EAU CLAIRE     
   HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC CLUB.

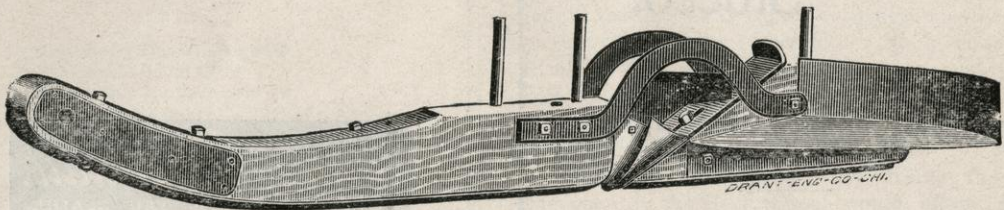




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# THE KODAK.

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF '96.

VOL. V.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., DECEMBER, 1898.

NO II.

## LITERARY.

\* \* \*

Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die  
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie  
And evermore be merry.

And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance,  
And all the town be merry,  
For Christmas comes but once a year  
And then they shall be merry.

Though others' purses be more fat,  
Why should we pine or grieve at that?  
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,  
And therefore let's be merry.

—G. WITHER.

\* \* \*

## THE CLASS OF '96.

Where can we go, where can we look, where can we find a truer, a nobler, a more ambitious lot of young men and women than those whose names make up the class of '96 and whose strong young faces indeed make a picture of truth, nobility and frankness. They were graduated from our High School but two years ago, but their ambition has carried them on at such a rapid pace that it would indeed be a task for a true historian to chronicle all or even half of their glory, defeat and success. So all that I can do is to say, that their defeats have been few, their glory lasting, and their success enormous.

Some have taken to themselves better halves; some have assumed the responsibility of shaping the characters of our younger generations; some are endeavoring to enlarge their present stock of knowledge, and when they have finished, what they will not know, has never been set down in print. Others have assumed the responsibilities of a business career, struggling up the long ladder of time, putting forth their enormous supply of energy into the ever increasing throng that is vainly pushing, reeling, staggering towards the coveted pinnacle of success. May their endeavors be rewarded finally by the

crowns they will honestly and justly earn. Still others of the weaker sex are staying at home, faithfully performing their duties, entertaining the thought that some day their knowledge may be put to a test. Some have responded to their country's call and have bravely accompanied such a life; but they are again at home and these hardships are things of the past, and they have done their duty.

The history of the class of '96 during the four years spent in the High School would afford many bright, interesting and laughable incidents, which can not be detailed at this time, suffice it to say that some were wont to play, others were more studiously inclined, while others made a combination of both and reached a happy medium, thus making up a class that was bound to succeed.

How dear to the hearts of this class is the remembrance of the noble men and women that worked with them and for them, they who watched each expression of face and each endeavor to learn, until their efforts were finally rewarded and they turned out this magnificent class of forty-five members upon the unsuspecting public. And I, speaking, I think, for every one of the class, here, most heartily thank those good and patient teachers for their untiring efforts in our behalf.

Without attempting to lessen the glory of the class of '95, I feel it my duty to take exception to some of the statements made in the last issue of this journal.

It is true that the class of '95 was a noble lot and a fair sample of the coming generation, further is it true that they were instrumental in originating and maintaining a gymnasium, an Athletic Club, a class day exercise and a debating society. The latter, however, is the only one that they can claim as their own. They were indeed the life, the very all of this society. When "Socrates" Snow and "Antony" Arnold held forth on the floor of this society, their mighty voices crashed through the furniture and thundered along the walls and were echoed and re-echoed until descending upon the speaker in a great

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volume of sound then made him cry out in despair, that it was his own voice that defeated him and he was forced to retire.

Of the gymnasium, the Athletic Club, and all its accessories I think it fair to say that the class of '96 was the life, the being, the foundation, the very all. As to the claim that the class of '95 originated THE KODAK I have to say that I know of three members of the class of '96 that did more for THE KODAK in the way of establishing it, and maintaining it than the whole class of '95 put together.

The class of '95 discovered or invented, or both the "Dark Hole," they were just that kind; but the class of '96 put an end to it (at the principal's command).

In closing let me say, that if anyone wishes to hear what seems like a fairy tale let him interview any member of the class of '96 who will gladly tell him some of the many things that go to make a High School life one that can never be forgotten.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The above was written by a member of the class of '96 and the author desires to state that in no way does he intend to belittle the achievements of the class of '95 and that what he has said is but his own opinion.

### "THE TERRIBLE MISTAKE."

(Original Story.)

It was the night of the battle of Shiloh and Harvey Sheldon, a young volunteer of the —th N. Y. who was on picket duty, paced to and fro on his weary beat. Sheldon in the early summer had left a happy home, his aged mother and sweet sister Nell to join the national forces; yet his courage never failed him. He was the pride of his company, willful, daring; every weary foot-sore soldier sought comfort in his cheery company.

The night was unusually dark and murky, and the atmosphere heavy with an odor of pine trees. The night-wind whistled through the branches of the few straggling oaks, shook the limbs of the pines on the heights and rustled the brown, dry leaves. The stillness of the night was broken by the occasional neighing and stamping of restless horses. The rumbling of the canon away to the left of the Union position frequently caused the tired soldier to start from his heavy slumber and recall the morrow's battle, then again sink into dreamless sleep. As Harvey Sheldon with the same ceaseless tread went over his beat, the breeze wafted to him now and then the muffled words of the pickets as they were relieved.

Harvey seemed in a particularly unhappy mood

to-night. The thoughts of to-morrow's conflict rather ruffled his spirits. Sometimes he was so pre-occupied in meditation that he stood stock still and spoke his thoughts aloud; then he would grasp his musket firmly and stride fiercely on as if ashamed of his weakness. Not that he lacked personal courage but he reflected on the condition of his mother and sister if he should fall. Who would support them? was the question, and it seemed a perplexing one. His father was dead. All the worldly love that his mother and Nellie received came from their soldier boy Harvey. Tears filled the soldier's eyes as he thought how utterly cheerless and lonely his loved ones were at home.

"Would that I were back on the old farm," said Harvey speaking aloud. "How well I remember dear old mother's worn face as she tucked the little bible and the handkerchiefs in my knapsack and her streaming eyes when she said 'God bless you Harvey.' Then Nell tried to appear brave and calm when she kissed me good-bye. My God! it seems as if I shall never see them again. Duty calls and I must fight until Old Glory waves in triumph over the Confederate States."

Fretfully seizing his musket that had fallen unheeded to the ground in his painful reverie, he resumed his usual pace and disappeared far into the ravine beyond.

By this time a slight rain began to fall. The spiteful cracking of the musketry maintained by an advance line of skirmishers hastily thrown forward in the night, reached Sheldon's ears. The rattle and banging of the ambulance wagon as it hurried forth to the scene of the firing, added to the din of what seemed an approaching battle. The Union skirmishers had retreated, being overcome by a superior number of the enemy and they had left the coveted ground in the hands of the Confederates. The noise however, ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun and quiet again reigned in the camps of the two massive armies there confronting each other. When the solitary sentinel again emerged from the ravine and approached the outward limits of the picket line his face was lighted with a bright smile.

"Then why should I feel so miserable when Dorothy Langdon only yesterday, when we were alone in the company's headquarters told me how dearly she loved me. What a beautiful prize I have won! I can never forget the moment when she lay in my arms and her sweet breath fanned my cheeks. I almost hate Sergeant Walters for interrupting us then. He couldn't keep his mouth shut either and very soon the whole battalion came trooping in to congratulate me. Yes, Dorothy, mine after the war,

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you and I will have the cosiest home with mother and sister Nell. "I know we will——"

But hark! As the picket uttered the last words he heard a rustle of leaves and a breaking of the brush. His sharp, grey eyes attempted to pierce the deep gloom and ascertain the cause of it all.

"I thought I heard steps in the direction of that willow," he exclaimed. "It's only the wind. Pshaw! I must be getting nervous."

With a deep muttering of discontent he continued his walk; but scarcely a moment had passed when there appeared a black shadowy form running very swiftly toward the Union lines. It was bent nearly double and looked intently toward Sheldon who had now turned his astonished gaze upon it. Who could have ventured forth to pass the guard in such fashion. Collecting his scattered senses Sheldon brought his musket to his shoulder and loudly commanded, "Halt! give the countersign." The dark shadow never faltered. Again the silent camp was broken with the command. The man now slackened his pace and waved his arm but no reply followed the order. The last and the third time Harvey gave the command to halt, and cocking the piece waited a moment for a sign of response. Receiving none, he pressed the trigger. A shot rang out, and a long piercing scream of pain followed, the officer of the guard, Lieut. Bayard with a squad of men hurried with lighted lanterns toward Sheldon who stood immovable, staring at the black object writhing in a death agony two rods in front of him. After explanations the men made way toward the intruder who had by this time ceased to struggle. Lieut. Bayard flashed a light on the face of the figure, enveloped in an army coat that seemed altogether too large, and, as he threw back the cape there appeared a sweet pensive, face upon which the shadow of death was plainly seen. The lieutenant gasped, his lantern dropped from his nervous hands. Turning toward Sheldon who stood behind him he exclaimed, "Sheldon, you've killed Dorothy Langdon. I shall order your immediate arrest."

"You lie," Harvey replied hotly. Picking up the fallen lantern, the latter turned its rays upon the face below them, then with a shriek that rent the heavens he cried: "Merciful God, I've killed Dorothy,—my love, my darling, forgive me." His face grew ashy pale, his eyes seemed fixed in their sockets, his breath came thick and fast. Vainly he sought for some sign of life. An awe-stricken circle gathered round, each man fighting to keep back tears. Dorothy had been fatally wounded but she still showed faint signs of life. Harvey kissed her again and again, called her endearing names but to no

avail. Tears rolled freely down the weather-beaten faces of that concourse of hardened soldiers. It was a scene they can never forget. Lieut. Bayard huskily commanded the men to remove Sheldon but he clung eagerly to the form he loved so well. As they continued to gaze at that sad spectacle, Dorothy moved her lips as if endeavoring to speak. Each man strained his ears to hear her last earthly words. Slowly, painfully the little army nurse loved and worshipped by all the soldiers, whose motherly hand had brought back many a soldier from the brink of the grave, began these broken words:

"Harvey darling—don't weep for me. Harvey, I'm going to the good—Father. Give love to father—and—mother and all the men. Tell surgeon—old Corporal Judd—is wounded—and lies below—the cliff." She stopped for breath which came very painfully. Sheldon burst into a flood of tears. He tried to calm and soothe her. His tall, manly frame heaved and shook with his heart-rending sobs, "Har-vey," she tried to say, "You—you—must not—grieve so. I—love—you. Harvey dear—wait—there—is—still—eternity." Her voice sunk into a whisper. The end was visibly near. "I—went—be—tween—lines" she continued in a broken whisper, "to attend—wound—ed—skir——." A fixed look settled on her pretty face, her head fell back upon her lover's arms; one longing look at his face, a parting sigh and she died.

Harvey was crazed with grief. Kissing her passionately he fell prone over her dead body. Silently his comrades lifted and bore his unconscious form to the hospital. Tenderly they also carried the form of their sainted nurse whom they cherished.

R. H. H., '99.

### JOKES.

Miss Van: "For tomorrow find out where fresh water salmon grows."

Miss McGregor, to James Curly: "If I were 6 feet tall I would shake you good."

Voice from desk: "Why Dewey use this paper instead of the other kind." Hereupon several Juniors faint, and have to be carried out; the silence becomes so thick that you can cut it with a knife. The voice continues; "Because it is Manila," great confusion and tumult ensue.—Ex.

"It's easy enough  
To be pleasant,  
When life goes on  
Like a song;  
But the boy  
That's worth while,  
Is the one  
That will smile,  
When everything  
Goes 'dead' wrong."

R. T. E.



### "THE WAR OF '98."

"Come here my little darling,  
It is not very late,  
I'll tell a story of the war  
Of eighteen ninety-eight.

"Your mother was my sweetheart then,  
I loved her too my dear,  
But to save my country's honor  
I thought I'd volunteer.

"The North and South looked forward  
To when Cuba should be free,  
The Boys in Blue were anxious  
To shout for liberty.

"Spain held with cruel grip,  
The islands in the sea,  
To free the Cubans from such rule  
We left our dear countree.

"Some were taken out of school,  
Mere boys formed Company 'E',  
And after waiting many days  
At last we put to sea.

"We thought of all the ones we loved,  
In states so far away,  
And wondered, oh, so many times,  
How long we'd have to stay.

"I got letters from the folks,  
Some from my sweetheart too  
She told of how they'd draped the seats,  
In the dear red, white and blue.

"One hundred one formed Company 'E',  
Thirteen left the High School,  
Four of the youngest were sent back  
And kicked like an army mule.

"Our transports were so crowded  
We scarce had room to breathe.  
The orders were so very strict,  
Our bunk we dared not leave.

"We were the first to land near Ponce,  
We scarce had food to eat,  
We slept all night on the damp ground,  
We suffered with the heat.

"But I will leave these sad details,  
And tell you one of joy,  
How as we reached our home—Eau Claire  
Each welcomed her soldier boy.

"They cheered and shouted, laughed and cried,  
So great was their delight,  
And you may guess we're glad to come,  
But there—little one—good night."

R. J. E.

### MISS BISCOE'S LECTURES.

Miss Biscoe, Eau Claire's talented librarian gave an instructive series of six talks to the members of the Senior Class, choosing for her theme, "Reference Books and How to Use Them." The Seniors were very fortunate in hearing Miss Biscoe talk to them, and, perhaps, can never repay her for her kindly endeavors in assisting to increase their knowledge, and thereby lightening their labors. She

discussed freely with them the merits and defects of the various dictionaries, encyclopedias and general reference books, in a manner which would become none but a genius in that line of work. Although she had her preference among the various works, believing some to be more scholarly and instructive, or of more literary value than others, yet she earnestly advised her hearers to choose as each thought best. To her then the Seniors extend their heartfelt thanks for the value received, and with due boldness the lower class men hope in their turn to receive aid from the same source.

### COMMENCEMENT.

(Xmas Class of '98.)

On the first of January, 1895, quite a large class of young people inquiring the way of knowledge, were initiated to the trials and tribulations of the High School. They looked with envy at the Sophomores occupying seats behind them, with astonishment at Juniors who dared to look other ways than just before them, and with reverence at the Seniors occupying the back seats, to think "that one small head could carry all they knew." From the first this class was doomed to be the "Black Sheep" of the school. If there was a new teacher or book to try, this poor class was the victim ("and i at first you don't succeed, try, try again.") In the one study of plane geometry they went to four teachers and had a different text book each time. If a new study was added to the course it was added just in time to be required of this class, and if one was to be shortened or taken away this was done just after they had finished it. This class kept gradually diminishing in quantity but increasing (we hope) in quality, until at last the longed for back seats of Senior year were reached. With a smile of delight and a sigh of relief they trudged up the last mountain of difficulty with physics under one arm and a book of facts under the other, now fully realizing for the first time how little they knew of "deep things of the universe."

The following are the ones who have succeeded in reaching the top of this great hill and will receive a diploma as a Xmas present:

FIRST—A short spare young man who has successfully passed his teens. His hair is white, his eyes are blue, his forehead more high than broad, his countenance usually pale, in general a student.

SECOND—A boy quite thickly set; whose fair eyes and complexion are dark. A healthy, robust sort of a fellow not yet 19 years of age. In general an athlete.

THIRD—A boy of 17 summers light of hair, eyes

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and complexion, but not of head, as he takes a number 7 hat. He is by no means a sickly lad, but one who delights in looking down deep into the mysteries of science.

The last but not least of the miniature class is a girl

Neither light nor dark,  
Neither giddy nor sad,  
She'll make her mark,  
If she finds not a lad.

This class extends its most sincere sympathy to all members of the school who have entered in the cold bleak winter, yet they keep some of their sympathy for themselves, for they realize what a sad thing it is to be the material used in experiment, and especially for an experiment that does not work well.

### A DAY OF CAMP LIFE, IN OUR LATE WAR WITH SPAIN.

At five o'clock in the morning reveille is sounded by a bugler, and as the last note is heard echoing over the distant hills, the regiment band begins playing a lively tune. When this is finished, assembly is blown, and every soldier must fall in line, to answer morning roll-call. To see that every man in his company is awake, the first sergeant runs rapidly to one tent after another calling out "Roll out men, roll out." It seems as though we had just closed our eyes, but there is no time spent in thinking it over; blankets are thrown off, trousers and shoes slipped on, and everyone is striving to be on time, in order to escape special duty, which is a penalty that must be paid for not being prompt.

"O'ld Glory" is waving in the breeze from the flag-pole at headquarters, seeming to set us an example of alertness, and it is a poor soldier indeed, who will fail to catch an inspiration from our colors, as they fairly glisten in the morning sun. After the command "dismissed" a rush is made for the water basins, and for a few moments the rear of the kitchen presents a lively scene of splashing water and waving towels. After this the men move about more leisurely, throwing blankets for an airing, and rolling up tent flaps.

Cleanliness is one of the principles taught a soldier, and at camp where there are from ten to twelve-hundred men in each regiment, were it not for the enforcement of "police duty" the grounds would become uninhabitable. It is not a very pleasant task, but after a soldier has done police duty a few times, he naturally learns not to throw his rubbish around his tent, but carries it outside the guard line.

At six o'clock a long line of soldiers is seen with their meat cans and tin cups, patiently waiting to have their breakfast. After breakfast each one must go to the first sergeant's tent to see if he is on special duty for the day, and many a satisfied smile is seen, as a soldier sees that his name is not on the bulletin board. But nevertheless, if he is not on special duty, and is able, he must drill, at least two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon.

The infantry drill, with the long line of boys in blue, and bayonets flashing, in every movement which is ordered by the loud commands of many officers, is a grand spectacle; while the battery, with the rough riders, quick active gunners, the dash and clatter, the firing, with its roar and smoke, fills one with a thrill of excitement which he can hardly withstand. A cavalry charge is also very inspiring, with the glittering firing line, sabers flashing, horses straining at their bits, men yelling only to disappear in a cloud of dust.

One of the most practical if not poetic features of camp life is the "hospital." The drill of the corps is very interesting, especially in caring for a wounded soldier, the manner in which he is carried from the field of battle, and his wounds attended to.

The soldier will never forget the "evening parade" and "guard mount" which are tests of drill and discipline. Every man tries to do his best, while the watchful eye of the commanding officer is ready to detect the slightest wrong movement. At these quick, sharp commands a perfect machine is made up of human parts. The band "sounds off" then passes before the regiment, while officers and all other soldiers, stand at "parade rest," not a finger moving, not an eye turning. The band stops playing, retreat is sounded by the buglers, and when they finish, the flag is lowered while the band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner."

After evening roll call, the time passes slowly until "taps" when each is in his bed, falling slowly asleep, while thinking of home and friends.

H. H. W., '98.

### COURTESY AMONG STUDENTS.

The marked courtesy which characterizes some men and makes them above all men agreeable companions is acquired in nine cases out of ten during their school life. A student is above everything a courteous man. He always has an open hand and a welcome smile for all his fellows.

This is most apparent perhaps to a Freshman, especially during his first month at the High School.

**Majestic Ranges Make Munificent Christmas Gifts and Last Fifty Christmas. Herman F. Schlegelmilch's.**

When he sees the crowd of students in the halls, after the summer vacation welcome each other with boisterous shouts and hearty grasps of the hand and occasionally tipping their hats gracefully as they recognize some fair co-ed, it makes his heart warm within him. In the days that follow, the "glad to meet you's" shower about him as hail at the close of a hot day in summer. It makes him feel at home and he makes up his mind at once that the High School life will agree with him.

As he associates with them, their courtesy instills itself into him and in a month or so he is a different man. He has a kindlier feeling toward his fellow-men. He feels at ease wherever he may be, he feels younger than when he came. In fact he is changed from the morose fellow who would not deign to look at one beneath him, to a jolly, easy-going student who is as ready to shake hands with all comers as was Mr. Bryan in the last presidential campaign.

#### "THE SENATE."

Throughout the land in schools and colleges and in political and social circles are organized numerous societies, either scientific, political, literary, religious or benevolent, all of which strive to better the condition of society or to promote the interests of individuals. At some time or other it becomes the lot of the average citizen to be made a member of one of these organizations, either for the purpose of furthering its ultimate projects, or for his own personal benefits. In order that he may be influential and take an active and vigorous part in its proceedings, certain qualifications are indispensable. Foremost among these are a proficiency in the practice of parliamentary law, and a readiness and fluency of speech. For the development of some of these important qualifications, the literary societies of our school have offered ample opportunities, by exacting from their members the investigation and discussion of political, educational and other topics of the day. But in order to cultivate facility in debate, impromptu speeches must inevitably be adhered to. In this particular a great deal of hesitancy has been displayed, as one does not wish to speak without preparation in the presence of an audience. Another instance in which these organizations have shown themselves to be at fault is the limited amount of parliamentary practice gained by their members, as this has mainly been restricted to the functions of the presiding officer.

In order to overcome these and other disadvantages and to afford equal opportunities to all, a new society has been organized among the students of

the school, bearing the worthy name of "The Senate," and worthily so called, for in fact all its members are grave and sober personages. The Senate is entirely of a secret character and everyone, except its members is debarred from the privilege of attending its meetings. For not knowing what takes place in this mysterious assembly, all are excusable who are not senators, neither is it the purpose of this writing to disclose its proceedings except what may pertain to its ultimate objects. In order that all members may have an opportunity of gaining the knowledge and experience incident to the duties of a chairman all are accorded the privilege of holding that office. This is brought about by allowing the members successively to preside at each meeting in the order in which their names appear on the roster. From this list two "Ephors," as the chairman are called, are selected to conduct the meeting, and in order to insure a close attention to the proceedings at hand they must interchange at every half hour. At every session, after a thorough discussion and application of the rules of parliamentary practice, the floor is thrown open to impromptu debate. A question is then proposed and an opportunity given to every member, for a limited length of time, to speak on the subject that has been put under consideration. Here it is, that in the presence of nobody but his associates, the debater may easily adapt himself to the situation, which will readily impart to himself possession, coolness and tact. With no fear of criticism he is incited to put forth his utmost effort, which as an immediate result makes the mind efficient in its development by increasing its intensity and perceptiveness. Viewed in this light the advantages of an organization like the Senate cannot be overestimated. It not only calls to question the rules of parliamentary practice but also puts them to practical tests. The body itself is potent, grave and reverend. Its dignity is pre eminent, yet it imparts to its members a mild audacity, which gives them assurance and readiness. Not only that, but it fosters eloquence and grace of speech, together with the power of concentration and quick judgment. But, however, it is not the intent or purpose of the Senate to infringe upon the rights of its contemporary workers, namely the Transcendental Literary Society but merely to serve as a supplementary resource, in which the facilities lacking to the one may be found in the other. And if the original purpose for which the Senate was founded be constantly kept in mind, a person will have gone far toward understanding its desirable aims. A permanent continuance of this organization is not to be doubted, as the unparalleled opportunities offered to every member widen his

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experience and broaden his views; thus infusing into him energy and vitality which are principal elements that bring about progress and development. As enough has already been said to enable one to form a just estimate of the educational advantages gained by the members of the Senate, in conclusion, let it suffice to remind every member of the school, that if he will here work with a free will actively and vigorously, he will never find the results procured a superfluous attainment.

O. P. "99"

### THE MINNEAPOLIS FOOTBALL GAME.

A perfect day was it for football; that day when our team was defeated by the aggregation from the Minneapolis South Side High School. A defeated team always has plenty of excuses, and to spare. In not conforming to this custom we would do ourselves great injustice. We have, however, no excuse to offer, for the manner in which our men played the game, as they put up a game against superior odds characterized by many star plays. Minneapolis outweighed us 10 pounds per man, and their play was characterized by a great deal of slugging and brutal football. The team was not really a High School Team for only two of the members attended the school, to which they professed to belong. Minnesota University "subs" and scrubs picked up around Minneapolis formed the rest of the team, as told by a Minneapolis paper:

**FIRST HALF**—Minneapolis kicked off to Eau Claire. McMahon gathered in the ball and ran about 15 yards before he was downed. Then in a succession of plays we advanced the ball steadily down the field to the visitors 10 yard line. Here we were held for downs by the very narrow margin of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches according to the referee's decision. Minneapolis carried the ball to our 30 yard line where they lost it on a fumble. Eau Claire then took the ball only to lose it after five or six plays. We shortly regained it however, on a fumble by Minneapolis, and the half ended with the ball in our possession. Score: Eau Claire 0, Minneapolis 0.

**SECOND HALF**—Eau Claire kicked off to Minneapolis, who returned by a punt. This however went out of bounds and was caught by Blackwell. Rowe's punt of about 30 yards was fumbled by Minneapolis and Eau Claire got possession of the ball on Minneapolis' 50 yard line. We succeeded in carrying the ball as far as Minneapolis' 7 yard line, where they again held us for downs. However, on a fumble we regained the ball. On a play to lose 20 yards on, we had already lost 12, and

thus retained possession of the ball. Rowe carried it back and downed it, whereupon a player brutally kicked him in the back, compelling him to leave the game. Chambers was substituted with the ball in the possession of Minneapolis. Seven minutes remaining to play, and the ball was on our 45 yard line. In this seven minutes play, Minneapolis secured 3 touchdowns, and kicked 2 goals, and the second half ended with the ball in Minneapolis hands and the score: Eau Claire 0; Minneapolis 17.

The line up was as follows:

Boleman, right end.	Pollock, right tackle.
Drummond, right guard.	McVicar, center.
Bartlett, left guard.	McMahon, left tackle.
Werner, left end.	Pickett, quarter back.
Blackwell, (captain) right half.	
Potter, left half.	Rowe, full back.

### "KICK OFF'S."

Miss Brown, to Physics class,—

"Remember, you are young yet!"—

Some of the young ladies' are anxious to know where Professor Whicherski spent his thanksgiving.

Grace Westcott (coining words in class:) "The Greeks placed beauty next to holiness."

To the freshmen: "Remember little ones should be seen and not heard."

Mr. Geecherki: "What did our foreign ambassador to England bring back with him as a present?"

Mr. Potter: "A wife!!!"

Why is it Agnes Mason would like to get a monopoly of the dictionary the second period?

S-v-e-D-h-a-n (7th. period.)

"Macbeth probably heard no voice at all, but was laboring under an hal-le-ca-lu-tion."

Miss Holcombe: "Who founded the library in the Vatican."

Miss Wallace. "Santa Claus, St. Nicholas."

The 6th. period (main-room) reading class are busily engaged in reading the "Nick Carter library."

Louis Nelson: (in reading class.) "Most of the bad reading is due to instruction recorded in the primary grades."

Adolph: "Where's Podunk?"

The pair crop seems to be quite small this year.

Mr. Doodlchuski (in constitution.)

"The area of the District of Columbia is 70 square feet."

Who is being inspired Helen or Stanley, the horse or the cutter? It is hoped that this will not "cutter," poor Helen.

You can carve your Christmas goose with perfect ease with our celebrated Meriden Carving Sets. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.

A chorus by A. E. W. and J. J.

She loves me

She " " not.

He " "

He " " "

Fat Anderson says "There are exceptions to all rules, especially the one "Laugh and grow fat." It is hoped his new book on "How to get fat" will soon be out.

If John S. follows his nose he will be sure to go to heaven.

A stop ought to be put to the kidnapping gang under the leadership of the notorious Thos. Murphy.

### HIGH SCHOOL'S GAME.

A fiercer battle has never been waged upon our gridiron than the one Thanksgiving afternoon between the High School and the Alumni elevens.

It was 3:13 when Captain Blackwell and his team made their appearance upon the field amid deafening applause, followed closely by Captain Williams and the defenders of the red. But alas for the Alumni, their kind propitious stars had business elsewhere. Their oracle had failed, the red stocking was worn on the wrong leg, - left.

Blackwell won the toss and chose the east goal, and the fight was on. As to where the ball was, what yard line it was on, no one seemed to know, but for twenty minutes there was a surging mass of snow-covered humanity, clearing away to enable Blackwell to make his brilliant play in the half to follow. When time was called it looked as if all bets would be declared off, for the score stood, High School 0, Alumni 0. After doing a breakdown around the fire removing icicles from the hair and nursing their various disarrangements, the Alumni boys came back to renew the attack, but without the success attending the first half, for they were gradually pushed from the High School twenty yard line by a series of mass and end plays over the entire field for a touch down. On the second kick-off by Rowe, Bostwick caught the ball and carried it down the field to within sight of the goal, and if the ball had been a little more agreeable—but just at that moment time was called, and the score stood, High School 5, Alumni 0, —until next year.

In the picture taken of the Alumni team, each boy held a fried cake in his hand, which was supposed to signify, "We take the cake." It turned out to be merely a dough "nought."

Manager Hollen was greatly pleased at the outcome of the game. It was no more than he expected, perhaps not so much. He wishes to thank the public for the liberal support given the boys all

through the season, and particularly those who braved the inclement weather to attend the Thanksgiving game.

Captain Williams when seen by a reporter, stated: "I have only one kick coming, and that was when the ball failed to materialize on a call for a punt." IF it only had, no one knows what the end may have been, but he probably would have lived happy ever after. He also stated that he had changed the title of his forthcoming book from, "How We Did It," to "How They Did It, Or Success In Defeat." Can it be he bet the other way?

Gillis said, "IF it had been a hot lemonade instead of a cool beer placed between the posts, there would have been an inducement for me to tie the score."

Gregoire: "Well, we certainly put up a fine game, but judging from the score, the High School boys put up a finer one. Oh, IF we only had it to do over!"

Wilcox: "We were at one time on the ninety-yard line with an open field before us. IF the red stocking had only been on the other leg!"

Nels Nelson: "IF Senor Boleman of Porto Rico had only been detained there on police duty, we wouldn't have done a thing? He certainly played a magnificent game."

Peisch: "I only got hot once, and immediately went down into six inches of snow under twenty-one foot ball enthusiasts. IF the old adage, 'there is always room at the top', had only been reversed!"

Bostwick: "Thank fortune they did not trail our banner in the mud, there was nothing there but snow. Magic rulled the ball, it was a case of 'now you see it and now you don't.' IF it had not been for that, there would have been no question as to the outcome, it would have made no difference."

Carl Williams:—"Oh! IF this too, too solid snow would only melt, thaw or resolve itself into a dew."

McGowan: "So be it. I have nothing else to say. But IF - -."

The Alumni wish to extend a vote of thanks to Capt. Blackwell for the excellent game he played, for the absence of those love taps and fond embraces for which he is noted, and for the generous courtesy he showed in refraining from scoring higher.

The Alumni team will be a permanent organization, and the High School Alumni meet will be the event of each foot-ball season hereafter.

Note -The above is from the Leader, of date Nov. 26. We judge it is from the pen of Martin F. Jackson, the Alumni star who lost the game for them, as it fails to mention his opinion. Perhaps he had such a poor opinion of the game that he thought it not worth mentioning.

Silver plated Knives and Forks and Spoons of superior quality for the Holidays at Herman F. Schlegelmitch's.

## POETRY.

(By a Freshman.)

I beg my friends to ask of you,  
Which course is better of the two,  
The Latin or English, say  
Which one you think is better pray?

Latin with Physical Geography and Algebra hard,  
And reading with low marks on your card.  
Then Composition, Book-keeping and Reading my friends,  
And Algebra which valuable knowledge lends.

The teachers dear children, to take one and all,  
They are not very great nor are not very small,  
But all have my dear children knowledge so great,  
That they teach us from knowledge, but mark us from rate.

The rooms, the surroundings the scholars and all,  
Are as perfect as frescoes upon some great wall.  
The scholars with energy study quite late,  
Evenings: when they are not hindered by fate.

The periods are convenient and in suitable time,  
The playing is excellent, the players sublime,  
The rhetorical grand, the singing is sweet,  
But I'll stop here and close without much deceit.

## CRITICISMS OF LAST KODAK.

A school paper should contain school news and literary contributions, and should not contain too many essays on international questions. The last KODAK was too liberally supplied with the latter, besides some of the essays show decided traces of ignorance or carelessness, on the part of the contributors. The essay on "Present Opportunities For Young Americans," and less so, the essay on "Gladstone and Bismark" show careful preparation and a good literary style. The latter of these contains a few trifling mistakes such as, that Bismark formed "Tory clubs." I think the gentleman means Conservative clubs instead, because there are no such clubs in Germany. Another statement hardly meets with our approval, when he says "their policies will be vindicated." Gladstone's policy will be, but Bismark employed dissimulation, bribery and intrigues to carry out his policy. The other essays are also pretty good, but contain more inaccurate facts.

In one of these essays the writer says that the Canadian Commission is composed of 5 Canadians and 5 Americans. The Commission has 3 Canadians, 1 Englishman and 5 Americans. In another place he seems to insinuate that Canada can do as she pleases about her commercial relations. This does not seem exactly accurate, for I believe that England has control of all the foreign relations of her colonies, and therefore Canada has only an advisory power on this question.

The essay on Hawaii is liberally supplied with statistics and shows the general context of the "Newlands Resolution."

In the article on the "Situation with Spain" the author seems to be laboring under the delusion that Spain, since she has lost Cuba, desires to lose all her possessions. He does not seem to be aware of the so-called "Spanish Honor."

In the article "The Chinese Problem" the author states that Russia has long sought for Manchuria until she has obtained it, a little further he seems to contradict himself. He says also that the concessions secured by England are not as great as those of Russia. In another place, he says, England will receive just as much good from them as Russia. He says that France and Germany have only secured the leases of a few ports. If he will study the question more thoroughly he will find out that Russia also has only several ports.

The essay "The English-French Crisis" gives a good concise account of the difficulties existing between those two countries.

The poems were rather personal. If the poet keeps on like this, he might turn out to be as good as Alfred Austin the "bum" poet as he is called.

The editorials show considerable amateurish editorial ability, and shows the editor to be a careful manipulator of words, and also shows us how such a great responsibility affects him. He exaggerates considerably when he says that 4000 school children marched on the first day of the street fair.

By HAS BEEN. Class of 1900.

## "OH I DO'N' KNOW."

Does Henry Davis behave himself as a rule?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Does Joe Shine always appear at school?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Does Frank Drummond take long steps?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Will Neal Hall ever stop writing notes to ——?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Are the freshmen as green as grass?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Will the class of '98 graduate at Xmas?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Has Nate Rothstein a corner on girls?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Does George Blackwell like his new seat?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Is Pearl Chambers getting to be a sport?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Will Joe Ellis ever get his hair cut?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Has the school ever had a cold blue Monday?  
Oh I do'n' know.

Serving Dishes, Chafing Dishes and Liberty Lamps at Herman F. Schlegelmilch's

# THE KODAK.

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Eau Claire, Wis.

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## DEDICATION.

Four years have passed since the first issue of THE KODAK. Four numbers are issued each year besides the commencement number so is it not a duty a school duly of pleasurable remembrance of the past to let the old schoolmates still know they are not forgotten by dedicating these four copies to those classes.

The school is filled with new students but the old students have left as their memento "THE KODAK" and we speaking for ourselves are grateful for it.

It has also fallen to the lucky lot of this KODAK to be dedicated to the class of "96" perhaps one of the best classes that has ever gone out of the High School, and to it THE KODAK extends its compliments.

The new cars of the Electric Railway are a pride to the city and a ride to Chippewa as a student remarked is a "warm thing" even in this cold weather.

THE KODAK extends its thanks to the contributors and invites the freshmen and ladies especially to contribute to the future KODAKS. We want the KODAK to take a picture of the whole school not of just the Senior and Junior Class.

Thanks is due to Miss Holcomb for what singing we do have, in morning exercise and in the programmes—even the best prepared program is dry without music. Shakespeare says: "A man that has no music in his soul and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, strategy and the spoils." So let us encourage music in the School.

## THE FOOTBALL SITUATION.

The outcome of the past season on the gridiron has been more satisfactory than for many years past, in fact not since football has occupied the great attention of the public that it now does has the year ended with such a general feeling of satisfaction. In both the East and the West the holding of the pennant is practically undisputed. In the East the danger of a tri-collegiate alliance has been averted and in the West the high feeling between Wisconsin and Chicago has been eradicated and the old score between Michigan and Wisconsin has been wiped out, so that the chances for a game next year between these quondam friends are very good; the sport has received the approving attention of once bitter enemies and all of the principal games have been marked by clean, manly, invigorating play; in short the football world has never before been in a better position to pat itself on the back.

The champions for 1898 are beyond all legitimate dispute, in the East, Harvard and on this side of the Alleghanies, the University of Michigan. It is true that Princeton also makes a claim for the Eastern pennant but no critic of prominence nor any fair minded observer of the game claims that her dispute is well founded. She won from Yale, in her hardest fought game of the season, on a fluke and at no time put up the quick, snappy disciplined football shown by Harvard in her contests both with Pennsylvania and with Yale. The Princeton-Yale game was won by a score of 6 to 0, while the Harvard-Yale game went to Harvard by reason of the prettiest, cleanest game of football perhaps ever seen on an American field; moreover, it was entirely devoid of the fluke element which formed so conspicuous a part of the Princeton-Yale game. Harvard then, conquering old Eli for the second time in twenty years, heads the list in the East, with Princeton a close second, Yale third and University of Pennsylvania fourth.

**Buy Your Christmas Gifts at Herman F. Schlegelmilch, if You Wish the Best.**

Here in the middle West where football attracts as much attention as it does in the East and where the game is certainly on a par with that of our predecessors in the sport the University of Michigan indisputably holds first place. Two decisive and highly exciting games were played; the first between Wisconsin and Chicago when Chicago by virtue of her superior weight and the wet condition of the field triumphed over her successful adversary of a year ago with a score of 6 to 0, and the final and decisive game which occurred on Thanksgiving day between Michigan and Chicago, the former winning by the close score of 12 to 11. Michigan however, amply deserved her victory and the score would have been much larger had it not been for the brawny leg of the far famed Herschberger. The feature of this game was one of those brilliant plays which brings to the fortunate, or we may say deserving player, an immense local fame. It was the long run of Widman, who with the eye of a consummate captain was able to elude the whole opposing eleven and score a touchdown. This was similar to the long run of Poe, the Princeton half-back, the week before in the Yale game, except that Poe earned his laurels rather by the weakness of the opposing team than by excessive merit of his own.

But by far the most spectacular game of the year either East or West was the one held at Shepard field, Evanston, on Thanksgiving day when Wisconsin triumphed over Northwestern by the overwhelming score of 47 to 0.

The presence of one man made the game what it was, brought it out of the commonplace and elevated him to the highest rank in the firmament of football stars. This man was Pat O'Dea. Before the game he had achieved an enviable reputation as a placer of drop kicks but here in a short hour of play he literally kicked himself into a fame which as long as a record of athletic football is kept will be undying, shattered two world's records, amply retrieved the laurels seemingly lost the week before and focused upon himself the attention of the football world.

Thus we have, first the University of Michigan, second the University of Chicago with Wisconsin holding third place, this being the first time in three years that she has not had a claim on the championship. The cause of Wisconsin's failure to make a better showing was the newness of her men, which, bringing with it inexperience and light weight, made even the position won hardly tenable. The season of '99 will see all of the old players back including O'Dea, Holmes and the Chamberlains, and it is the confident expectation that the Wolverines will be obliged to work early and late to keep the pennant so well won by them this year.

R. H. B. '99.

#### THE BURGLAR.

"A cautious look around he stole  
His bags of chink he chunk,  
Many a wicked smile he smole  
And many a wink he wunk."

#### SNAP SHOTS.

Any of the young ladies' who are thinking of buying a new pair of shoes, would do well to see Edna Thomas, as to the latest style.

As told by Professor Frawley: In an examination a boy was asked to tell something about Cromwell. He answered thus: "Cromwell was a man, who beheaded his King and said in his old age, that if he had served his God as he served his King, he would not have deserted him in his old age."

Miss Brown in Physics (to Mr. Ellis after a long pause:) "Is there a period or a comma at the end of your sentence."

Mr. Ellis sitting down.

"A period I guess."

#### EXCHANGES.

As Christmas approaches the exchanges put on a becoming holiday attire and use all sorts of colored and designed covers and the contents are just as variable. Some of the Christmas stories are excellent, but the contrary must be said of many of them. But taking them, all in all, they are better than the Christmas issues of the preceding year.

The SAGAMORE, of Brooklyn, Mass., comes to our table for the first time this term. It is interesting from cover to cover and several articles deserve commendation. "The Cruise of the Prairie" gives one an idea of the discipline which is used in our navy.

In the October number, The TILTONIAN has a strong article against the annexation of the Philippines, but it was written in vain, as they have now been bought by the United States.

"Duty's Call" and "Victor Hugo," in the CRIMSON AND WHITE are interesting while its jokes and humorous sayings are quite enjoyable.

One of the most regular as well as most welcome exchanges, is the SHADYSIDE ACADEMY NEWS. In one of its recent issues it had a somewhat lengthy article on the friendly sword contests which are so common in Germany.

"There is one thing I do not like about football."

"What is it?"

"Whenever you get the ball the whole crowd is down on you."—Tahoma.

**We have many cute conceits in Kitchen Utensils for Christmas. Herman F. Schlegelmilch.**



Vol. I, No. 1 of the EMBLEM, Southington, Conn., is at hand. Great stress seems to be laid on the question of absence and tardiness. Anyone who has been absent or tardy without a good excuse, is kept an hour after school.

How would it be if we tried this remedy. We need something of this kind very badly.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the court room."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.—Youth's Companion.

The sketch of William Williams, a negro soldier, in the STEELE REVIEW, shows what an education can do for a person.

An Irishman and his brother, who had been in America for some years, were walking along a country road, when Pat spied a blackberry bush with unripe berries.

"What's them?"

"Them's blackberries."

"Ah, go on, them's red."

"Well, blackberries is always red, when they are green."—Exchange.

The exchange editor is patiently waiting for the Christmas number of the TAHOMA. The Tahoma is at all times a good high school paper, but the management expects to issue a special Xmas number. We wish you success in the undertaking.

"Jack's Country Cousin" in the "WHITE AND BLUE," is a laughable comedy written by one of the members of the High School. In its last issue it started a new department of odes.

Judging from the appearance and contents of The HELICON, it seems that the school takes a great deal of interest and pride in their paper, and well they may, for it is a very creditable one.

One step won't take you very far—

You've got to keep on walking;

One word won't tell folks what you are—

You've got to keep on talking;

One inch won't make you very tall—

You've got to keep on growing;

One little "ad," won't do at all—

You've got to keep them going.

—Shadyside Academy News.

The editorial in the PINGRY RECORD, about debating clubs states the benefits derived from such clubs in a few choice words.

"Uncle Caleb's Turkey is a rather amusing Thanks giving story.

"The Honor of Defeat," a football story in the

MERCURY shows great originality and is interesting from first to last, and the paper throughout is well gotten up.

A. G. R.

### "GRINDS."

"A freshman once to Hades went,  
Something he wished to learn,  
But pretty soon they sent him back,  
He was too green to burn."—Ex.

"There's little of the melancholy element in him."  
—Henry Davis.

"I to the world am like a drop of water that in  
the ocean seeks another drop." Allie Bullis.

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."—Prof.  
Frawley.

"Within that awful assembly lies the mystery of all  
mysteries."—"The Senate."

"A noticable man with large gray eyes."—Earl Me-  
Vicar.

"For she is wise if I can judge of her." Jessie  
Culver.

"Pull in your knees."—Thos. Murphy,

"The philosopher."—Knut Anderson.

"Immortal gods how much does one man excel  
another! What a difference there is between a wise  
person and a fool!"—Harry O'Gorman.

"I know the disposition of women, when you will  
they won't: when you won't they set their hearts upon  
you of their own inclination." Chas. Wiltrout.

"So great and yet so small."—Al. Williams.

"So melancholy and so sad."—Paul Holmes.

"A bad, bold man."—John Slag'vol.

"And lo, and behold there appeared the deacon  
—Lester Pope.

"Good morning merry sunshine,

Why did you wake so soon?"

(Nathan Rothstein to Allie Bullis; coming in as the last  
bell was ringing looking very sleepy.)

"In the front ranks."—Angie Kelly and George  
Blackwell.

"A beardless youth."—Harry O' Gorman.

"A boy so full of smiles was he."—Shirley Burce.



**Buy Your Boy Some Tools for Christmas. They Will Keep Him Out of Mischief. H. F. Schlegelmilch.**

**WANTED.**

By constitution teacher—Womans rights.  
 The advanced physics class—More scholars.  
 Teacher of physics class—Problems handed in on time.  
 By "Hank" Davis—Remedy for squeaking shoes.  
 By the Athletic club—Report of committees, also a handball court.  
 By boys at recess - More pie.  
 By Allie Bullis—To be a soldier.  
 By class of '98—Graduating exercises at Xmas.  
 By Miss McGregor—Excuses and reports of those who come after 8:30.  
 By a certain senior—Another soldier boy.  
 By Second eleven - Some one to play with.  
 By Miss Biscoe—More reference books used,  
 By "Nate Rothstein—Another plaything.  
 By girls in the tower—Another waste paper basket.  
 To know where Shirley Burce got his new shoes.  
 Why Arthur Pickett goes only to the front porch of a certain house on Union street.

**"TRANSLATIONS."**

Hugh Henry (in German) "We furnish fresh butter and fresh milk to the cow for breakfast."  
 Lee Skeels (in reading class) "Shakespeare died on the same day that he was born on."  
 Jennie Wallace (in modern history) "Catherine de Medici was the mostest wickedest woman."  
 Mr. Tallman (in higher algebra) "Extract the teeth root."  
 Laura Olson (in German) conjugating wunschen, "2 habe gewinkt etc "  
 Stanley Olin (in Latin) "He dug a ditch 16 ft. high."  
 Bess Lee (in German) "I will breakfast with you yesterday evening!"  
 Laura Olson (in German) "The shoes are very too small."

**JOKES.**

Miss Schuster (in German class) to Edward Napoleon Ponaparte Ihle who has been asked to decline versprach in the future perfect tense and who has stood up mumbling for five minutes;  
 Well Mr. Ihle what are you going to say?  
 "I am going to think first and then decline it "  
 You don't have to ask your mother for 15 cents to

see the High School Zebra with 13 stripes just imported from Ireland.

There is a movement on foot to hire Prof. Po-dunk as the next geometry teacher.

Jim Allen (giving quotations) "alls well."

"Bud Murphy in reading class has expressed an opinion of his own." Wonder was immense "

Mr. Tallman—Give the French measure of ex-tention.

"Do you mean the length of a kilogram"?

Adelbert when he heard that some of the girls had taken the strayed articles home to wash, ex-claimed that after that, he was going to bring his washing to school.

Mr. ——— on a recent cold day was telling that the school boiler was in an unsafe condition. Whether he meant that the boil on his neck was on the point of breaking, is uncertain.

**JOKES.**

The day was cold and the troupe was rehearsing for the Merchant of Venice.

Wischerski the manager-in chief was complain-ing about the excess of atmosphere when suddenly Shylock the star actor took off his coat displaying his Zebra sweater, and it immediatety got so warm that the windows were instantly raised.

BY A DISTANT OBSERVER.

Hart Johnson (in German class.) 'Ich Hand habe ein Stuck Fletch gestohlen.'

Herman Burkhart is staying home for fear a Kodak joke reporter will ketch him. (Or Jack the grabber?)

Even the clearest and most perfect circumstan-tial evidence is likely to be at fault after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil, sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses you will find she did it with a knife; bnt if you take simply the aspect of the pencil you will say she did it with her teeth.—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.



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A. J. Marsh.

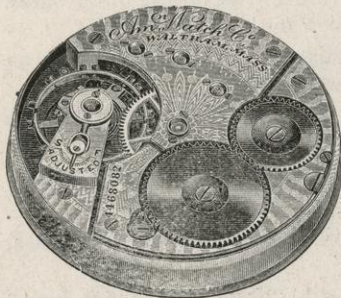
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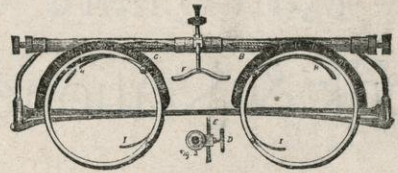
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