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## The Kodak. Volume 6, Number 1 October 27, 1899

[Eau Claire, Wisconsin]: The Athletic Club of the Eau Claire High School, October 27, 1899

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Volume 6.

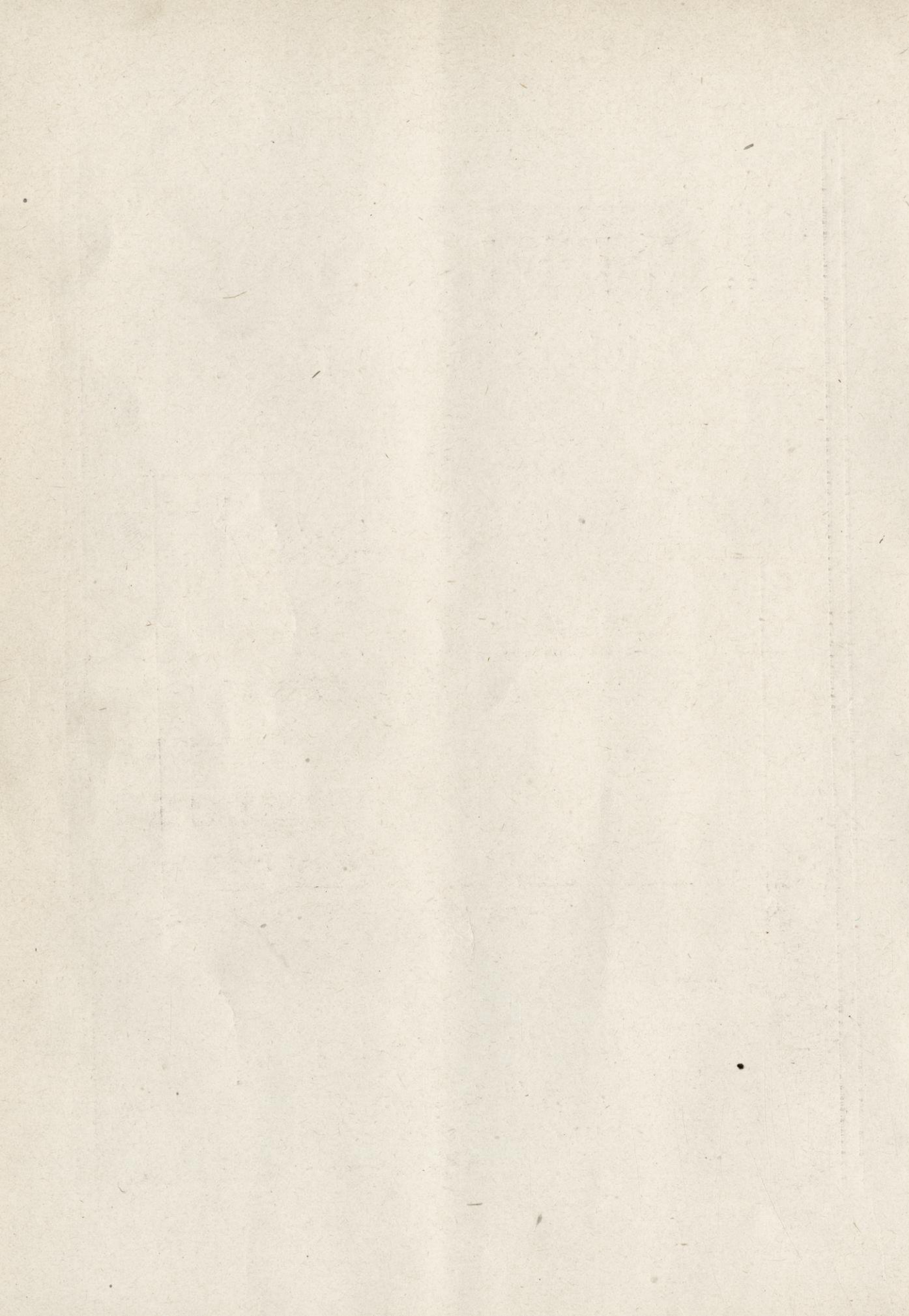
Number 1.

# ..THE KODAK..

October Edition, 1899.



Published by the  
Eau Claire High School  
Athletic Club.  
EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.



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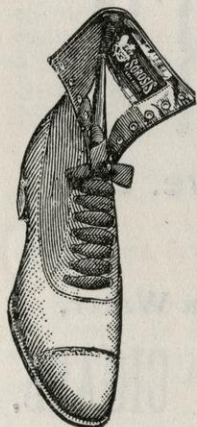
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VOL. 6.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27.

No. 1.

## THE KODAK.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE ATHLETIC CLUB OF THE  
EAU CLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL.

Entered at the Post Office at Eau Claire, Wis., as Second-  
Class Matter.

All correspondence should be addressed to  
THE KODAK, Eau Claire, Wis.

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Shortly before school opened we learned much to our regret that Miss Kennedy, Miss Brown, Miss Van Hovenberg and Mr. Tallman would not return this fall. But we are glad to see again among us the faces of our former instructors who have returned and extend a sincere welcome to the new, viz: Miss Huntley, Miss Lothrop, Miss McNow, Mr. Rudiger and Mr. Ehlman and earnestly hope that both teachers and pupils may at the close of school have reason to remember this year's work with pleasure.

We venture through the columns of THE KODAK to congratulate ourselves on the acquisition of such a talented musician as Mr. Ehlman among our faculty, to take this opportunity of thanking him for the pleasure his music gave us, and last but not least to express a hope that we may soon be favored again.

THE KODAK extends most hearty congratulations to Mrs. Chute and Mrs. Brown, formerly Miss Swift and Miss Van Hovenberg, and hopes that success and happiness may always attend them.

Returning to our school duties after a long rest of three months we missed the familiar faces of those whom we had been accustomed to see filling the back seats but the fact that as soon as one person leaves a position there is always some one else to take his place

soon became evident, for turn wherever we would we were surrounded by a host of new faces, the faces, it is needless to say, of the freshmen. To these as well as to our schoolmates of last year THE KODAK wishes the highest success for the new year.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the readers of THE KODAK that this school has, by the unanimous choice of the pupils readopted the system of self-government which we tried last year and that it is working admirably. We think the present system superior in every way to the old one and would regret very much if for any reason we should be required to change.

It becomes the unpleasant duty of THE KODAK, to record the departure from our number, of one of the ablest members of the faculty. Miss Smith has been obliged, on account of illness, to lay aside, for a time, her duties as an instructor, and to retire to her home. We wish to express our sympathy at her misfortune, and hope that she may soon be able to resume her position. The school is very fortunate in obtaining so competent a substitute as Mrs. Keith, one of our former teachers.

We would urge upon the members of the school, the necessity of their help and co-operation in order to make our paper the success which it ought to be, and we wish especially to impress upon the minds of the freshmen, the benefit derived by commencing to contribute early in their school course, for by so doing they have a greater chance for improvement, and it is a well known fact and a long established one, that "practice makes perfect." We should strive to make THE KODAK second to no paper of its kind in the state.

For a long time our high school students have deplored the fact that musical instruction has not been made a part of our curriculum. We had already congratulated ourselves on the acquisition of such a musician as Mr. Ehlman but recent developments prove that we had not fully appreciated our good fortune. Mr. Ehlman has now undertaken to form and drill classes in both vocal and instrumental music. We hope that many stars hitherto unknown may be discovered among our number and that all those "who know the scale" may at least learn the rudiments of music.

### TRUSTS.

As time progresses it becomes more evident, that an anti-trust movement will be a feature of the next campaign. At present, the movement seems to be almost universal, but doubtless, the views of people at large consist of a blind unreasoning prejudice.

Trusts deserve all the study that can be given them, but they do not deserve all this denunciation.

Politics should not enter into the the discussion at all. It is a mere matter of dollars and cents. If trusts are proved harmful to us as a people, they should be prohibited, but if not, it is antagonistic to our good, wildly to denounce them without any knowlege of their workings.

Trusts appeared in '72, but previously there were many pools and associations made to fix a price.

The agitation in '87 and '88 led to the formation of trusts into a corporation, which owns and operates the different mills and factories, and on that account is difficult to reach by law.

First, it must be thoroughly understood, that the present large combinations of capital are not trusts in the legal sense of the word, but corporations.

Having the nature of a corporation, and not differing in the legal sense from various corporations in this city, it is difficult to conceive any rational legal grounds on which to proceed against them.

So any proceeding against them alone, would be clearly unjust and unconstitutional. The power to form or prohibit corporations does not lie in Congress, but in the state legislatures.

The corporation is a creature of the law, pure and simple, but only of state law. The legislature can pass an anti-trust law, refusing to charter trusts, but it will be very hard to persuade all the states to pass these laws. Moreover, it is a question whether these laws are constitutional.

Difficult as it may seem to suppress trusts by state legislation, it is far more difficult for the United States to control or regulate them.

First, the United States must have the power to charter them. To do this an amendment to the constitution must be made, against great opposition; and an amendment declaring against restraint of trade and authorizing the attorney general to proceed against such concerns, would bring the United States into conflict with the state, under which they were chartered. Such is the status of the trust as a corporation.

Many advocate measures which would not bear on the trust as a corporation, but which they hope would correct the evils of such associations.

The first thing to be done is to find out what it is that forms trusts, and allows them to oppress the public. Some say the tariff, and these advocate its

removal; others railroad discrimination. They are only partly right.

Trusts are made possible by special privileges, of which the above are examples; but the abolition or correction of these will not shatter the trust.

People cannot, and will not, go back to the old methods.

Fruitless as it will be, it seems at present as though the first attempt will be to abolish them, or force them to go back to former competing concerns. Another remedy, and one widely advocated, will be the removal of the protective tariff. Those advocating this process are sure to be disappointed, as the trusts are positively not the creatures of the protective tariff alone.

Lowering duties might promote them, because, by lessening expenses, they can succeed where an individual would fail. If duties were taken off altogether, their position would simply be strengthened, and their power made supreme, as no new concerns could start up. The removal of tariff will not shatter the trusts; rather the American and European trusts will divide territory, and maintain prices. This is already shown, in the case of the Standard Oil and Russian Oil trusts. The international trust is bound to come.

Then there are other economic reasons, which would make the removal of the tariff unwise and hurtful; but considering it only in its relation to trusts, we should go slowly. The tariff and trusts promote foreign trade.

The tariff leaves home markets undisturbed, and with little competition here: so the more attention can trusts devote to foreign trade. Such is the relation of the trust to the tariff.

In pooling this was not so. The earnings of all, went to a common fund, and were then divided, after a small rate of dividends was declared. Thus, discriminations were not practiced. By popular clamor, congress abolished pooling to lessen rebates, and it has worked the other way. They are more harmful because the rebates are practiced in secret.

There are many prominent financiers who take a much more hopeful view of the trust situation, and look upon the problem as easily solvable by simple economic means. They affirm that trusts cannot control prices, or have a monopoly. If one of them raises prices inordinately, a rival firm will start up and force prices down, or the trust will have to buy it up, and this process will continue, until the trust breaks of its own weight. If trusts can control prices and make any profits desired, how is it so many have failed and are failing? This is food for thought. They also affirm that if they are over-capitalized, the market price of stocks will fall, until dividends can be earned. Consult the reports giving these prices, and this statement will receive a startling affirmation.

They claim consumers are already protected by the law of competition, and by commercial law, against the rest of trade. They say when a trust abuses its power, its downfall is a matter of time only. They point with emphasis to the fact that, if capital falls labor will fall, as they rise and fall together. They agree in saying that, while we dispute, the situation will solve itself. These are the views of eminent men who ought to understand the inside workings of these trusts. Their views are worthy of our deepest consideration, and certainly afford much consolation to those who seem to think that the country is going to ruin impelled by these aggregations of capital.

### THE DREYFUS CASE.

By C. O., '00.

The Dreyfus case, which has been jarring French politics for the past five years, is nominally ended. But in fact this affair will not be closed, until all the guilty generals are brought to judgment.

Alfred Dreyfus, the victim of the foul machinations of the generals, was born at Mulhous, Alsace, thirty-nine years ago. As a result of the Franco-Prussian War, Alsace was transferred to Germany. Dreyfus did not desire to be a German subject, and therefore removed to Paris, where he shortly joined the French army. On account of his ability, he was rapidly promoted, but because of his race, and rapid advance, many members of the Staff were hostile to him.

Major Esterhazy, another member of the staff, an extravagant, dissolute man, determined to eke out his earnings, by selling "French Army Secrets" to foreign governments.

In the summer of 1893, a French spy discovered the celebrated "bordereau," in the German embassy. This "bordereau," or memorandum, contained very important army secrets. Bertillon, the hand-writing expert, affirmed positively that it was written by Dreyfus. Col. du Paty de Clam accordingly arrested him, and in December 1894 he was convicted, and condemned to life imprisonment, by a court-martial sitting behind closed doors. Dreyfus and counsel were only allowed to see a small part of the alleged evidence. In Jan. 1895 he was publicly degraded, and sent to Devil's Isle, where he suffered almost unendurable hardships.

In 1896 a French spy brought the "petit bleu," or card telegram, which he had taken from the German embassy. This telegram showed that Esterhazy had been secretly corresponding with Col. Schwarzkoppen of the embassy, Picquart examined the chirography of the "bordereau," and some of the handwriting of Esterhazy, and was astonished to see the similarity between them. Superior officers tried to hush the matter up

but without avail. The Staff saw but one way out of the difficulty, and took it.

Col. Henry, in Nov. 1896, forged the "secret dossier," or bundle of papers, bearing on the case, to strengthen the condemnation of Dreyfus. Col. Picquart would not keep still about the matter, and he was sent on a one year trip on army business to Algeria, Tonking, etc., while Col. Henry became Chief of the Intelligence Bureau. He, and Col. du Paty de Clam continued their forgeries, and moreover accused Picquart of forgery. In November 1897, another man discovered the identity between Esterhazy's writing and the "bordereau," but Esterhazy was acquitted by court-martial of this.

Picquart was court-martialed and convicted in Feb. 1898 for forgery, and was dismissed from the army. In July, 1898, War Minister Cavaignac, read, in the chamber of deputies, three letters, which seemingly confirmed Dreyfus' guilt. The next day, Picquart offered to prove that two of them did not apply to Dreyfus at all, and that the other seemed to be a forgery. The former was arrested for this, and committed to the prison at La Sante. Soon afterwards Col. Henry, who had confessed his forgeries, was found dead in his cell at the military prison, Mount Valerin. There was an immediate cause for revision. Esterhazy fled from the country. In Nov., 1898, Picquart testified, and Zurlinden, governor of Paris, in order to discredit his testimony, ordered a court-martial to try him for forgery, but Zurlinden's plans were thwarted.

Early in February of 1899, the confession of Esterhazy was published in two London papers, and at about the same time, the Figaro published a revelation of the evidence before the court of cassation. Finally the court ordered a revision of the case, and decided that Esterhazy wrote the "bordereau." Later, Dreyfus was taken from the prison on Devil's Island, and brought to Rennes court-martial, which, notwithstanding all the favorable evidence, and the numerous "confessions," and Labor's skill, condemned Dreyfus to ten years' confinement. It will not be necessary to relate the later happenings of the case, as everybody is familiar with them.

### CUPID PLAYED FULL-BACK.

"How would you like to be the ice-man?" chattered Samuels, hunching up his shoulders, and digging his hands deep in his coat pockets. "Hurry up, you fellows. Think this is a funeral march?"

"There'll be one before night," said Nelson, gloomily.

"With us for the corpse," added the chunky center.

"Not because we'll be frozen to death, through," said the captain, trying to be cheerful, "We'll go to our end fighting."



The center kicked at the dead leaves savagely. "You bet we will," he said.

"Aw, cheer up" urged Brown, "I see our finish in ten minutes, if we let the Normals see that we have no hope."

"You're right there," commented the captain, "Give 'em the bold bluff, and even if we haven't got our fullback, we can make our lines as solid as a stone wall."

"Sargent is heavier than Drake," said Samuels.

"But watch him knock our plays when we have the ball," amended Nelson.

"Don't be too sure of that," said the captain, "we haven't seen Sargent play in a regular game, excepting in that dead easy one with the Falls, when Drake strained his ankle. That boy's no fool, even if he isn't up to all of Drake's tricks."

"Yes, Drake's tricks!" exclaimed Brown, scornfully. "Its a pretty trick he's put up on us this time"

"His ankle's as good as mine," put in Nelson.

"He didn't hurt it much at first, and that was two weeks ago," said the center.

"Yes, and he's played two games since," said Samuels.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows," began Brown, who was given instant attention. Any explanation of Drake's seeming treachery, in refusing to play in the big game only two days beforehand, was eagerly awaited. "There's a girl in this affair,—you take my word for it."

"Girl!" cried several voices.

"Yes, Sir!" Brown assured them, "and if any of you should ask me what girl, I'd say Abigail Gilmore."

"She's Sargent's girl, isn't she?" asked the center, who was not up on all school alliances.

"He's been going with her for two years," said Samuels, "but what has that to do with Drake?"

"You're behind the times, Sammy," said Nelson. "Don't you know that Drake's got a bad case there, but she won't look at him when Sargent is around?"

"Sure, that's right," affirmed Brown; "and what I think has happened, is this: Drake knows he's a better player than Sargent, and he wants a chance to let Abigail find it out. So he puts up the lame ankle racket on us, and gives Sargent a chance to lose the big game to the school, and to lose his prestige with her."

"If that's so," exclaimed the captain, "Drake deserves to be out by the whole school."

The squad players entered the grounds at this point, where they found the Normals hard at work. The coach from U. hurried up to the boys.

"You're late, fellows," he said. "Peel your coats, and get out here with the rest of the team,—quick now!"

The eleven was soon mustered on the freshly limed gridiron, and put through a vigorous practice; and the north wind, alternately littering and sweeping the grounds of dead leaves, held no sting for the boys.

"Keep your head on, Sargent!" sang out the coach. "What time next week are you going to learn that signal? Quick now! Line up again."

The spectators began to assemble, and were soon flocking in, gay with colored streamers. The grand stand was well filled, and a score or two stood along the lines, impatient for the kick-off. School yells, screeching tin horns, and a brass band mingled in a medley which set the pulses beating, with an excitement known only to the football fiend.

"Hi there! Open those gates!" cried a voice. The double gates swung open, and a carriage full of girls drove in, with a blast of horns.

"The Normal's got the toss-up!" some one sang out. "Watch the Normals! Wow!"

"There's Abigail Gilmore," people told each other on the grand stand, as a tall, red-headed girl drove the horses up near the lines on a trot, and swung the carriage around with a flourish. "By jingo! She's looking great to-day."

"She's got a reason to. Sargent is playing full-back, you know."

Abigail Gilmore, the most popular girl of the school, shared the driver's seat with a small brunette, whose insignificance was accentuated by the attractiveness of her companion. Abigail sat as erect as a model coachman, holding the reins in perfect form. She wore a black, tailor-made suit, while a white fedora crowned the coils of her brilliant hair. Her cheeks were flushed, and her brown eyes danced with excitement. Catching sight of Sargent, she smiled and waved her hand.

"So he is going to play?" said the little brunette.

"Indeed he is," Miss Gilmore replied vehemently: "and Ed Drake will be non est, after Robert shows them how to play full-back."

"There's that girl," whispered Brown to Samuels, as they walked towards the south goal. The Normals had chosen the north. "Look at her waving to Sargent."

"She'll stake her life on his playing," Samuels returned.

"But if he disappoints her, we're done for," said Brown. "Hang it all, boys! We must win this, or it is all up with us playing the Thanksgiving game with Milwaukee."

The referee's hoarse whistle sounded, and the ball came flying through the air. Sargent waited confidently.

"He's got his blood up," said Samuels. "He knows the brown eyes are on him."

He caught it safely, and started off like a shot from a cannon. As he progressed, dodging one man, throwing another, the air rang with shouts of encouragement.

"Go it, Rob! Tear 'em up!"

One big fellow tackled him around the legs, but falling, succeeded only in tripping Sargent, who was up again in a flash, and made ten yards more before he was downed, reaching the Normal's forty-yard line in all.

A mighty clamor arose, in wild approval of the auspicious opening of the game for the home team.

"Wasn't that fine?" cried Abigail, turning to the girls on the back seat.

"Wasn't it though!" they agreed, and a horn quartette set up from the carriage.

The two teams lined up, heads ducked, like game cocks before the fight.

"Two—seven—nine—thirteen!"

Samuels had the ball gripped safely, but he was cut down in his prime. "We're up against the real thing," he whispered to the center.

"First down four yards to gain!" called the referee.

The next time, Sargent got the ball, and broke through the left end, but made only three yards; the next down, the ball was not advanced an inch, and the Normals got it. In rapid succession they made three good plays, and carried the ball triumphantly over the High School line, after which the ball went sailing over the pole, as easily as a bird flies over a fence.

In the next kick-off, the Normals lost the ball on a foul, on their fifty yard line. The home team lined up, determined to accomplish something. The play was put largely upon Sargent, and he played with a vim which inspired the whole team, and succeeded in gaining twenty yards, in two downs. But the Normals were soon onto him; he was heavy and strong, and seemed possessed of an endless amount of endurance, but he was not over quick, either to comprehend the signals or to obey them, and was lacking in all the fertility of resources, which distinguished Drake's playing. Twice he was downed, before he could move; the third time the ball was passed to Nelson, who lost it to the other side on a tumble. Nelson got all the blame for the loss, and when, a moment afterwards, Sargent made a fine tackle, he was cheered as vociferously as ever. But only a few minutes passed before another six points was credited to the Normals.

After the next kick-off, Sargent made a good end play but lost the advantage by some poor work immediately after. No one doubted that Drake's absence was losing the game. With the ball ten yards from the High School line, time was called.

The band was playing rag-time two-steps, and

groups of spectators surrounded different players listening to the story of "how it happened;" when a boy, in a gaudy purple and white sweater, came quietly in the side gate, and looked around tentatively. Some one in the grand stand recognized him.

"There's that traitor, Drake," he said.

"What is all that hissing for?" asked the little brunette. The girls craned their necks.

"Oh," said Abigail, "there's Edwin Drake. To think he'd have the face to show himself here."

"They're having a confab with him," said one of the girls on the back seat, "do you suppose he is offering to play?"

A spirited discussion in low tones was being carried on at one end of the gridiron.

"What do you take us for?" demanded the captain.

"My ankle is bad," said Drake, "but I'll stand it, to save the game."

"No sir!" Sargent declared, "I've had to start this game, and I'll finish it. I'll redeem myself this half, if it takes a leg."

"You'd better lie still, after the first down," advised Nelson.

"What do you take me for?" exclaimed the other, "What would people think of me?"

Brown said in an aside to Samuels: "He's crazy to mend himself before the brown eyes."

"Oh, come now, Bob," urged the captain, "for the sake of the game."

"Not on your life!" Sargent cried, so that his voice attracted attention, and he walked off.

"Mulish," commented Nelson.

"He's got grit, too," Samuels added.

"We'll have to lay him off some way," said Brown, then, catching sight of Drake, "This is your work, Drake! You've got a game up on Sargent, and you know it. Your ankle is as good as mine, you sneak!"

Drake flushed to the roots of his girlish blonde hair. "I won't slap your face here," he said, "but you'd better keep it scarce, after the game." He limped up to the captain, and said, "You must lay Sargent off. I can save this game for the school."

"Don't see how we can do it," the captain replied.

Sargent played like a hero, but it was of no use. When after a fierce down, the other twenty-one piled off him, the home team trusted he was hurt; but no, he jumped up more eager than ever, and the crowds cheered him. The next down he was hurt, however,—his knee was sprained. Drake threw his coat to a small boy, and ran forward.

"No you don't!" cried the Normal captain, "this is a put-up job!" A heated discussion followed, but an examination of Sargent's knee, was convincing.

Abigail was in a flurry. "Here, you," she exclaimed to the brunette, "get on the back seat. We'll take Rob in here."

"Sargent was lifted in, and arranged comfortably, his leg over the dash-board. Abigail gathered up the reins.

"Oh Abby! came in a chorus from the back seat. "Do wait for the rest. It is only fifteen minutes more."

"No," declared Miss Gilmore, "we'll take Rob right home." Sargent could have thanked her, for wishing to save him the humiliation of seeing Drake repair the damage he had wrought. But he protested against leaving. He was no coward.

"He's comfortable," urged the girls, "and he wants to see how it comes out. Don't you Rob?"

"Yes, stay, of course," he said.

"Do you really want to?" asked Abigail.

There was no doubt of Drake's fine playing. His returning to the team, was like restoring to a fine clock work a cog wheel, which had been poorly replaced by another. The team played in its old harmony, and as only a quarter of an hour remained, Drake felt that he could play much harder and faster than if the game had only just begun. Time after time the ball was passed to him, even after another had carried it a few paces, and he would slip out of the mass of players like an eel, advancing the ball by strategy, rather than by force. He scored two touch-downs, and kicked one goal, when he had played exactly eight minutes.

"I never saw Drake play like this before," Nelson said to Brown.

"He's playing to the brown eyes, too," returned the other.

After the third kick-off, some time was lost in getting the ball away from the Normals, but once secured Drake got in his brilliant playing again. The defense of the Normals centered on his sinewy, wiry frame, only to leave an opening, for the ball to be carried through by another. One minute before time was called, the ball was got to Drake, who kicked it neatly over the Normals goal saving the game to the home team by a score of 14 to 12. The School yell was thundered out repeatedly with, "What's the matter with Drake?" for a refrain, and the hero of the day was hoisted on the team's shoulders.

"Let me down, fellows," he said, and slipped from their hold, as he had done from Normals, and made for the Gilmore carriage. The crowd was rapidly disappearing through the gates, and by the time he reached the carriage, the grounds were comparatively deserted. He doffed his plaid cap.

"Bravo!" cried the little brunette, "You are a hero!" The other girls on the back seat smiled charmingly.

"You played an elegant game, old man," said Sargent.

"Oh no," protested Drake, "the team and I are a little more used to each other, that is all," he said, but he looked up at Abigail with the glory of victory, shining in his eyes. The look enraged the girl. She looked him straight in the eyes.

"How is your ankle?" she asked.

He was too elated to be embarrassed. "Why, I had forgotten all about it," he said, "in the excitement."

"Of course," she said, sarcastically, "it would have been impossible for you to have played the whole game."

"Why!" stammered Drake, "I really supposed —"

"Oh yes!" cried Abigail, standing up, flushed with scorn, "Don't you suppose I know what your trick was, Ed Drake? You played out of the game, so that Rob would have a chance to disgrace himself before my eyes —"

"Oh, Ab," said Sargent, in extreme confusion, "what are you talking about?"

"Let me finish," said Abigail, firmly, "and then you came in to do the hero act, so that I would compare you with Rob, to his discredit —"

"I'm no player, anyway," said Sargent.

"Yes you are!" cried Abigail, "You may not be so smooth as he is," (oh, the withering scorn in her voice) "but every one knows you played nobly!" and before Drake, blushing and stuttering, could say a word, she sat down, and whipping up the horses, drove rapidly out of the ground. —G. D. G.

### THE WHITE ANT.

Africa, the country so famed for luxuriance of vegetation, is, in reality, not so luxuriant as is generally supposed. The vegetation is decidedly less varied than that of Europe or Asia, and the tropical region is not so rich in species of plants, as that of South America, but still there are many peculiar kinds. The forests are much smaller, and there is less underbrush, than in the South American jungles. Many kinds of fine wood grow there, such as ebony, rosewood, and African teak. Several varieties of palms flourish there, and maize, rice, wheat and millet are extensively cultivated.

The animal kingdom is much more varied. Here we find the lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, as well as the elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and many kinds of monkeys. The giraffe, zebra, and quagga, are peculiar to these regions.

Some of the insects of this part of the country, occasionally appear in prodigious numbers, devastating the property of the colonists. Of these, the white ant,

or more properly, the termite, is probably one of the most interesting insects known. In reality it is not an ant, but is so-called because it builds its nest in the ground, and resembles the ants so well known to all of us, in many of its ways of living. It is not much larger than the common ant, but its body is soft, and white and flabby.

It has many enemies, and for its own safety it is compelled to live underground. This wonderful family consists of a king, queen, workers and soldiers, and there are several thousand members in each family.

The whole duty of the king and queen is to propagate the species, and they are very prolific. The queen is said to lay eggs at the rate of sixty per minute, or over eighty thousand a day. The king and queen have eyes and wings, while the rest of the family are both blind and wingless. The queen is the largest one in the family, sometimes reaching a length of two inches, while the king is smaller, with a well shaped head.

"The workers and soldiers have small bodies, but their heads are very large in proportion, and their jaws are long. The soldiers have long antennae with which they protect themselves and their families. There are about two hundred soldiers in each family.

The termites live on the soft part of wood, and on dead branches of trees. As has been said, they live under the ground, and in order to get to the desired limb, they take the ground along with them and so they make a tunnel, through which they may pass. This is a work of time, but they go at it in such a systematic way, and there are so many of them, that they get along quite rapidly. They eat their way along under ground, swallowing the dirt, and then coming to the surface, and depositing it, until they come to the foot of the tree for which they started.

Now, one worker brings one grain of sand, covered with a slime, which he excludes, and puts at the foot of the tree. When he goes back, and another comes with another grain, prepared in the same way, and places it beside the first. In this way they keep on, till they have built a tunnel, about an inch and a half in diameter, clear to the top of the tree. While the building is going on, the soldiers stand on the top of the wall, and defend the workers.

These little workers build structures so large in proportion to their size, that one can hardly credit what he reads on the subject. They build mounds, which often reach the height of five hundred and eighty feet, or as high as some of the highest cathedrals. These are not simply mounds, but they have domes, and towers on all sides, which makes them appear at a distance, like some building of marvelous beauty.

Inside, right beneath the dome, is the royal chamber. Here, the king and queen are kept. They are

unable to get out, as the only entrances to this apartment are too small for them to get through, although they are plenty large enough for their attendants. In a circle outside the royal apartments, are the rooms devoted to the soldiers and workers. Next to these come the nurseries, where the young are cared for, till they are old enough to do for themselves. Last of all are the store rooms, where the provisions are kept. The mounds in general are about the shape of sugar loaves, and are about ten or twelve feet high, and so solid that an ox can stand on them. They are very useful to hunters, for they furnish good hiding places.

The reason that these little creatures are so much disliked, and have so many enemies, is because they do so much damage.

Although we know little, or nothing of them here, still, in Africa, their native home, and in other places where they live, they cause much trouble. If a house of any kind, is built in a place that the owner may think entirely free of little pests, in a few years it is almost unfit for use, as the termites have eaten out the inside of all the timbers, and replaced the fibers with dirt or clay, so that they appear all right on the outside, but all the strength is gone. Nothing is free from their ravages.

Furniture of all kinds has been ruined by them, and they even eat all the wood out of trunks, and the leather in satchels. There are no papers of any kind over fifty years old, wherever these insects live, as they have destroyed them all. It would even be impossible for a man, with a wooden leg to stay out of doors over night, as these insects would eat out the inside of the leg, so that it would crumble to pieces, when used again.

Although we may say with Solomon: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," we cannot think that he meant the white ant.

—J. K. T. '00.

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### THE KODAK.

There were five numbers of the Kodak issued last year, in the months of October, December, February, May and June. The editors for these respective numbers were Hugh P. Henry, Joseph Ellis, Richard H. Barry, Ole Pederson and Pearl Chambers. For the first two issues, Allard Rowe was business manager, while Hugh P. Henry had financial charge of the last three.

It may be interesting to note, that in the five issues, there were one thousand nine hundred and fifty Kodaks printed, or an average of nearly four hundred copies per number.

The business manager of our school paper, turned over to the treasury of the Athletic Club, sixty-five

dollars and eighty-five cents during the year. The printing companies of the city were paid two hundred dollars and fifty cents, as charges for publishing the different numbers. Besides this, there were expenses in the way of cuts, stamps, etc., amounting to twenty-four dollars and thirty-five cents. The disbursements therefore amounted to two hundred and ninety dollars and seventy cents.

These liabilities were met to the extent of one hundred and seventy-six dollars and fifty cents, by the advertisements obtained from the business men of this, and other cities.

The proceeds of the sales constituted the remainder of the assets.

It is hoped that these figures will not be regarded as dry and uninteresting, by the readers of the Kodak, but that they will serve to show that the paper requires for its successful operation, money. This it needs, but it cannot exist without the cordial support of all the school also. The running of a school paper is a stupendous undertaking for a few, but if every one helps, even if in so meagre a way as to buy a copy of each issue, the success of the Kodak is assured.

H. P. H. '00.

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### SCHOOL SPIRIT AND FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASM.

Elsewhere in this issue, appear a few yells, with a few appropriate remarks. It will not come amiss at this season of the year, to say a few things about school spirit, and foot ball enthusiasm. As a member of the track team that went to Madison last spring, the writer immediately noticed there, among the larger schools represented, a superabundant amount of school spirit.

The members of an athletic team must have support. If a person feels his inability to help a team by his playing, his duty is to encourage them by his presence at the game, and by the full use of his lungs. Every team represents the school, and the reputation of those teams, will make or mar the reputation of the school. Surely it is our duty, to see that our teams are backed by the whole school. When the Athletic Club was building the new park fence, and doing other work connected with the field, all the work was done by not over a dozen of the members.

The boys of the football team do not play solely for sport. Although this has considerable to do with it, it is primarily a sense of obligation to the school, which brings them out. Football is not all fun. There are many hard bumps, and many pleasant occasions which must be given up, because of training and incessant practice. Ought we to expect this; if we do not support them?

The next game get out, and yell, yell, yell. You may go home hoarse and tired, but it will be with a feeling of satisfaction, and with a feeling that you have contributed your quota to the victory of your team.

In a little book by W. H. Lewis, a famous "center," on a former Harvard team, a few pages are written on this subject, which are so good, that I cannot refrain from quoting them:—"What the college is, the team will be. For the team is simply a part of the college. If the college or school is indifferent, the team that represents it, will be more or less so, according to the temperament of the individuals that compose it.

"Teams often complain with good reason, of lack of support on the part of the school and college, and they can not help but be affected by it. On the day of the match, they may be in a spasm of enthusiasm, and more than likely the playing of the team will be spasmodic."

"What ought to be the attitude of the school or college towards the team? It ought to be one of intense interest of feverish and explosive enthusiasm, one that gives to the eleven, nine or crew, the whole-souled hearty support of the college, not one day, but every day in the college calendar. There should be a public sentiment so strong as to bring out every available candidate for a team. With this whole-souled support, the college will be in a position to demand of her team, victory. College spirit only can produce team play, and team play alone can achieve victory."

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### MY TRIP TO THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The trip of which I write was taken about four years ago, and my memory enables me to write about it, as it was not only very entertaining but also instructive.

We left Eau Claire at eleven o'clock in the evening, and arrived in Chicago about half past eight the next morning. About three o'clock that afternoon we took another train which would carry us nearly to our first stopping place in Florida, without changing cars.

On my way from Chicago, I passed through several large cities, among them were Indianapolis, noted for its iron and steel manufactories, and Cincinnati, noted for its commercial and manufacturing industries.

Beyond Cincinnati, nothing of interest occurred, nor did anything appear that might sue for special attention until we reached Chattanooga, where we visited the National Park, and also the National Cemetery, in which so many Americans from the north as well as the south are interred.

A few miles ride from Chattanooga brought me to Lookout Mountain, from whose top, one can catch glimpses of land belonging to six states. Here one of the greatest battles of the war was fought, and I saw

where the Union soldiers had planted their ladders, in their desperate attempts to reach the summit.

Far, far, below me, the Tennessee river, a ribbon stream of water, curved into a grand convolution, resembling an Indian moccasin, and so called Moccasin Bend. From there it flows in and out till it vanishes in the distance.

From Chattanooga we passed through Atlanta, where Sherman, in the Civil War, started on his famous march to the sea.

The next large city I passed through was Macon, Georgia, and as I travelled farther and farther south, the cotton fields became larger and more numerous.

Looking out from the car window on the right or on the left side, I could see cotton fields stretching away as far as the eye could reach. Not only did I see cotton fields, but sugarcane and tobacco growing in abundance, and generally, a few rods back from the track, little shanties were to be seen, and in the doors old negroes standing with pickaninies in their arms, while several other children of all ages and sizes gazed with wondering eyes at the passing train. The negroes picking cotton, or gathering tobacco leaves in the fields, all looked up and even stopped their work to cheer and waves their hats at the passing train. About a week after leaving here I arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, and visited places of interest.

From there, I went to the quaint old town of St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. Some of its streets still remain as they were laid out long, long ago, and the houses are nearly the same with their balconies overhanging these streets, so narrow that a person can hand anything to any one in the opposite house, by simply leaning over the balcony.

The gates of the old town still remain, that were built so long ago, although they are fast falling to ruin and decay. I visited the old Ft. Marion that the Spaniards built so long ago, in the sixteenth century, when trying to keep possession of Florida against the French and the Indians.

I also visited the hotel Ponce de Leon, which is the grandest work of architecture I have ever seen. Words cannot describe its beauty. The building itself is built of concrete and brick, while the roof is covered with red tile.

The color effects are highly pleasing. The prevailing tint is the delicate pearl-gray of the concrete, which turns to a blue in the shadows, and serves most admirably to set off the red brick work, the bright salmon of the terra-cotta and the glowing red of the Spanish roof tiles. From no point of view are the external forms and colors other than pleasing. There are no blank sheer walls, nor any unfinished sides to hide. Everywhere is completeness, and everywhere grace and dignity of outline. Thus viewed from with-

out, the hotel is a structure whose architectural merits are not fully comprehended on the instant. The effects vary with the hours; all day long the changing lights and the play of the shadows reveal new combinations of beauty, and when illuminated at night, the hotel is still a delight to the eye. For the Ponce de Leon, it must be remembered, is a true work of art, and like every creation of cultivated taste, it improves with study, and growing on, one commands renewed admiration the longer it is contemplated.

Leaving St. Augustine, I traveled still farther south to Deland, at the source of the St. Johns River.

From there I drove into the country for a few miles, to the late Mr. George A. Buffington's farm, where, with the assistance of some of his hired men, I picked some of his best fruit:—oranges, bananas, lemons, limes and grape-fruit.

While our northern boy liberally helps himself to apples or plums from the neighbors trees, probably following his version of the adage "God helps them, who help themselves," our southern boy following the same version, helps himself, equally as liberally, to the neighboring orange and banana trees.

A short time after getting back to Deland, I took a train to Pensacola by way of Jacksonville.

On the way, as I was crossing over the Suwanee river, the river about which the minstrel has so often sung, a negro boy, probably fifteen years of age, entered the car and I apropos, asked him to sing "Down upon the Suwannee river," and handed him a nickle which was his fee. He looked at me with blank astonishment, to think that a song would be written about the river near which he lived. At last he replied "that he did not know that", but as I told him to sing some song he knew, he sang an old plantation ditty and at the end of which, after a few short plunks on his banjo, executed with remarkable dexterity, an old plantation "break-down," and was heartily applauded at the end by the rest of my fellow-travelers.

After a short stop at Pensacola, I went on to Mobile, where I learned some tugs were going on a pleasure excursion down the bay, and I accordingly got on board of one, which afterward proved itself to be the largest and fastest in the vicinity. It was the custom to race out into the bay and as it happened to be very rough and the speed at which I was going and the roughness of the bay combined, made the tug rock from side to side, which gave me my first attack of sea sickness. Although I did not see the spot where the hardest fighting took place, in Farragut's fight for Mobile Bay, I know I passed very near, if not over it. When the tug returned to Mobile I was taken to the hotel, at which I was stopping, and was confined to my room by sickness for several days.

Upon recovering I went to New Orleans to see the Mardi Gras.

At a certain time every year, New Orleans has its festival the same as we have a street fair here, but their's consists chiefly of masquerading. They generally disguise themselves as the early explorers that explored that section of the United States. The men were dressed to represent De Soto and his band, having Indians chained hand and foot, and driving the Indians before them. At night great balls are given, and this masquerade continues for a few days, until once more peace and quiet reign. During this masquerade the masqueraders do just about as they please, and their conduct at times is not always the best, but still they are free from the strong arm of the law, "the policeman." After the festival closed, I took a train for Eau Claire, and arrived very tired, after the long ride, although I enjoyed the trip greatly. After that, I felt that there was a great deal of truth in the words "there is no place like home," not meaning my own individual home, but our general home, the north.

—A. G. S.

#### HIGH SCHOOL VS. ALUMNI.

The ball was kicked off to the High School, but after two or three plays were lost to the Alumni on a fumble. On the next play, Chambers took the pigskin and made a run of about forty yards. The ball was then pushed steadily up the field and over the line. Bert Williams failed goal. The game was played under eastern rules, making the score four to nothing.

Rowe kicked off to Alumni who were held on downs. High School fumbled, however, and gave the ball to the Alumni team, whose captain, Bert Williams, now made one of his famous fifteen yard punts. Rowe gave him back a punt of forty yards. Selmer got down and tackled without gain. On the next down, Burse, who is always on the lookout to pick up any stray fumbles, goal got the ball and pole vaulted over the line for four points. Rowe kicked goal. Score, six to four, in favor of High School.

High School got the ball on the kick-off. During the next five minutes the two teams divided honors in the possession of the ball, each having it twice. Alumni had it when time was called. Score for the half, High School, six; Alumni four.

Alumni received the ball at the beginning of the second half. Bert Williams punted back. High School was held for downs, and the ball in the hands of the Alumni, went steadily up the field for a touch-down. Williams missed goal.

The ball was kicked off again and was in the hands of the Alumni at High School's fifteen yard line when time was called. Alumni won game by a score of eight to six.

The following was the line-up:

ALUMNI.		HIGH SCHOOL.
Peisch,	C.	Bartlett,
Helstrom,	R. T.	Drummond,
McGowan,	L. T.	Kelly,
Joyce,	R. G.	Werner,
Dohrman,	L. G.	Tolles,
McVicar,	R. E.	Pollock,
Boleman,	L. E.	Selmer,
A. Williams,	Q. B.	Ripley,
Bert Williams,	F. B.	Rowe,
Chambers,	R. H.	Allen,
Morgan,	L. H.	Burse.

Umpire—Prof. Johnson.

Linesman—Rothstein.

Twenty minutes Halves.

Eastern rules.

#### AUGUSTA VS. EAU CLAIRE.

Rowe started the play, by kicking off to Augusta's fifteen yard line. Ten yards were made around our left end. A center play resulted in no gain. Livsey made two and one-half yards around our right end. Eau Claire first play was a big thirty yard surprise for Augusta. Allen carried it that distance around Augusta's right end. Burse after six minutes' play carried the ball over for a touch-down. Rowe kicked goal. Score six to nothing in favor of Eau Claire.

Augusta kicked off. Rowe advanced the ball fifteen yards. Eau Claire was held on downs. Augusta was held on downs. Selmer sprinted thirty yards, and Burse carried the ball ten more. A "criss-cross" between Allen and Burse made five yards. Allen ran fifteen. Rowe kicked goal, for a touch-down which Selmer made. The first two touch-downs were made in twelve and one-half minutes, and score was twelve to nothing.

Rowe, Burse, Allen, Selmer and Pollock netted forty-five yards. A quarter-back kick by Potter was secured behind Augusta's goal, making a touch down. Rowe kicked goal. Score eighteen to nothing.

Pollock made nine yards; Augusta's ball on a fumble; Eau Claire's ball on downs. Rowe made four and a half yards. Augusta's ball on fumble. Time over for first half, with ball in Augusta's possession on Eau Claire's thirty-five yard line.

Second half: Eau Claire got the pigskin on the kick-off. Rowe, Burse and Tolles then took the advancement of the ball in their own hands, and it was sixty-eight yards nearer Augusta's goal, by the time they had tired of running. The next play was intended to be a drop-kick, but as the ball thought a fumble would be in order, this play did not materialize.

Rowe, however, recovered the ball, and as the goal

line was only seventeen yards distant, easily covered this distance making a touch-down. A goal kick increased the score twenty-four to nothing in Eau Claire's favor. It took seven minutes for this touch-down.

Allen, Burse, Rowe and Drummond netted forty-four yards. Burse then made a touch-down and Rowe kicked goal. Score stood thirty to nothing.

Pollock ran forty-six yards and Werner made nine. The ball was then twenty-three yards from the goal line, and it is said that Prof. Frawley and Mr. Rowe danced a "Highland Fling," when Rowe placed a drop-kick over the goal. Time was called with the ball in Eau Claire's possession, near the center of the field.

The line-up:

AUGUSTA.		EAU CLAIRE.
Waterbury,	L. E.	Selmer,
Hunner,	L. T.	W. Rowe,
Dodge,	L. G.	Tolles,
Washington,	C.	Bartlett,
Muzzy,	R. G.	Drummond,
Horrel,	R. I.	Werner,
Cebell,	R. E.	Pollock,
Higgins,	Q. B.	Potter,
A. Yule,	L. H.	Burse,
O'Brian,	F. B.	A. Rowe, Capt.,
Livezey, Capt.,	R. H.	Allen.

Touchdowns—Burse, 2; Selmer, Potter, Rowe.

Goals from field touch-downs—Rowe, 5.

Goal from field—Rowe

Umpire—Werner.

Referee—Johnson.

Linesmen—Kelley and Hoffenbach.

Time of halves, twenty minutes

—H. P. H. '00.

### EAU CLAIRE AND WINONA PLAY A TIE GAME.

With fine football weather to insure a good game, the teams lined up at four o'clock. If not the best, it was one of the best games ever witnessed in the city.

Winona was probably a little heavier, but in all other ways, the teams were evenly matched. To Winona, the game was evidently very satisfactory, as this is the first time they were not beaten by Eau Claire, during the three years we have played each other. Each team had to work for its five points, and Eau Claire's touch down was made with eleven seconds to play at the end of the second half.

We got the ball on Winona's forty yard line, and it took three minutes and fifteen seconds to put the ball over.

The game was intensely interesting throughout. Winona's gains were all made through the line, and it

seemed as if they were fated to gain their five yards nearly every time Eau Claire skirted the ends for gains of twenty to forty yards. Rowe, however, could near always gain three to eight yards, and mass plays by Burse, Rowe and Pollock made frequent gains. Allen and Selmer were not given many chances to carry the ball.

Potter, at quarter, played nearly the whole defensive game for Eau Claire. Repeatedly Lambertson, Winona's full, would hurdle the line, only to be caught in the air by Potter, and carried back for a small loss; the tackles seemed unable to stop this play.

Winona could not get around our ends, and W. Rowe tackled end runs for losses, several times. Our line could hold their men, but not solve the hurdling act. Our guard and center constitute a strong trio.

The game was called at four o'clock, Oct 20th. Winona's ball on the kick-off, and they advanced it to Eau Claire's four yard line, where the ball went over on a fumble. Allen got the ball, Burse, Rowe, Pollock, Selmer and Allen took the pigskin to Winona's forty yard line, where it changed hands twice on downs. Time was called with Eau Claire in possession of the ball. Score nothing and nothing.

Second half: Eau Claire got the ball on the kick-off, but was held for downs. A. Rowe twisted his ankle and retired to the side lines. Kaston went in at left tackle, W. Rowe at quarter and Potter at full. Winona made her five yards by a margin of four inches.

At this point it seemed to us that the referee gave the visitors more than the legitimate number of four-downs to gain five yards, and Schwendener soon crossed the line with the ball. Winona failed goal. Score, Winona five, Eau Claire nothing.

Winona got the ball on the kick-off and punted. Burse took the ball thirty, Allen seven and Potter ten yards. Then Burse went over for a touch-down on the fourth down. Potter missed goal.

Score, Winona five, Eau Claire five.

The line-up was as follows:

WINONA.	C.	EAU CLAIRE.
Tuhrman,		Bartlett,
Oech,	L. G.	Tolles,
Hermanson,	R. G.	Drummond,
Fornow,	L. T.	W. Rowe, Kaston,
Gage,	R. T.	Werner,
Bosworth,	L. E.	Selmer,
Lynch,	R. E.	Pollock,
Clement,	Q. B.	Potter, W. Rowe,
Vance,	L. H. B.	Burse,
Schwendener,	R. H. B.	Allen,
Lamberton,	F. B.	A. Rowe, Potter.

Umpire—Clancy of Eau Claire.

Referee—Bartlett of Winona.

Linesmen—Smith, Kelley.

Touch-downs—Schwendener 1, Burse 1.

Time keeper—Eck Morgan.

Time of Halves—20 minutes.

—H. P. H. '00.



## SCHOOL YELLS.

Every school, in which we find that the students are interested in its athletic teams, has its yells. It would be a good thing if we had a band of rooters, who yelled in systematic order upon the battle field of sport. It would at least show that the team had some support. The girls might learn some song, which might be written by the High School poet and in this way lend their assistance.

The following yells have been proposed by some of our students. Let us hope that the best of them will reach our ears in the near future.

## I.

Are you ready?  
We are.  
O—Y—Yah!  
Eau Claire High School,  
Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Zipala! Zipala!  
Boom, ra, ra!

## II.

Bing-a-lacka, Bing-a-lacka,  
Bow, wow, wow!  
Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka,  
Chow, Chow, Chow,  
Bing-a-laka, Ching-a-lacka,  
Who are we?  
E. C. H. S. F. B. T!

## III.

Who are, who are, who are we?  
E. C. H. S. F. B. T.  
Razzle, dazzle, zip, boom, bah,  
We are winners, rah, rah, rah!

## IV.

Pa-rick-a-wick-a-win,  
Pa-rick-a-wick-a-win,  
Eau Claire High School,  
Wisconsin!

## V.

Wha, who, wha, who, wha, who, we,  
E. C. H. S. F. B. T.

## VI.

Wha, who, wha, who, wha who, wha,  
Eau Claire, Eau Claire, ra, ra, ra!

## VII.

Eny, meny, miney, mo,  
Eau Claire, Eau Claire,  
Ho, ho, ho!

## VIII.

U-ra-U-ra-U-ra-U,  
Eau Claire, Eau Claire,  
Rip, zip, zu!

## THE TEAM.

At the meeting of the Athletic club held Sept. 11th, a resolution, "that all our athletics shall, after this meeting, be pure, (i. e. the persons composing the respective teams shall be members of the school,)" was passed. This, of course, would cause the football team to be formed of bona fide High School students.

The second eleven had, before this time, been an organization formed of players who were not thought strong enough for the first team. This eleven has become a necessity to the first eleven. The first team must have somebody to practice against; it must have some place to work up players who are to take the places of those who graduate, and above all it must have enthusiastic support.

In speaking of the team of this year, we must not forget the fact, that only four of last year's players are with us,—Allard Rowe, Arthur Pollock, Will Potter and Frank Drummond; four are second eleven players; Shirley Burse, James Allen, Jack Selmer and Wilfred Rowe; three are persons who took no part in either team last year,—Romaine Tolles, Arthur Bartlett and Will Werner. This shows what the second does, in the way of filling positions.

One of the last things for a second eleven man of last year to concede, is that the second of this year would stand any show with the second of last year, but no doubt if they were compared, it would be shown that it would be a very close match just the same, as the game with the Alumni, shows that the High School maintains a team of just as high standard as any that has gone before.

The play of this year's team is very promising. The boys play a very good interference, but as yet have no great amount of team play which grows day by day.

Our team plays a better offensive than a defensive game, and here again it brings out the necessity of a second eleven to perfect the defensive play. It was truly said, when some old sage remarked, that "practice makes perfect," and here it might be said that "diligent practice makes more perfect." If a candidate in the University is inclined to be lazy, he is simply dropped, but in a High School where there is but one man for each position, it is impossible for the captain or coach to tell that man, when he fails to obey, to hand his suit to another, and that his services are not needed.

Another subject of interest is, "Who are to play substitutes?" We never have as many as necessary on practice, they either don't come, or if taken from the second, its line will be broken. This is detrimental to both teams.

But taking all in all, the team of this year, al-

though it has as hard, or harder, games to play than any of our High School teams heretofore have had, will acquit itself with honor and glory.

### THE ATHLETIC PARK.

The great drawback to the success of the football team, has been the lack of good grounds. This subject has been written up in these columns, until it has become a task to add anything new, yet the facts will bear repeating. As is already known, the boys of the Athletic Club, have obtained the right to use the "Gas House grounds" for an athletic park; it would not be out of place to compare the grounds at Schutzen Park, with those at the Gas House.

The chief disadvantages of the old field were, its distance from the city, which added a great expense in the way of transportation for the crowd; of necessity very small; the fence was bad, being built on only two sides of the field, leaving the other two entirely open to all who wished to come in that way. Still it was nice and grassy, there being no dust or sand to interfere with the play; it faced east and west, which kept the sun from in any way harming the spectators' view of the play; the numerous trees afforded shade for all who wished. But the results were bad; few games being able to draw a large enough crowd to pay the expenses of teams any distance away.

Thus it may be seen that the seasons which have passed were not very profitable, because the Athletic Club always came out behind in its financial affairs. We hope that the new field, at the Gas House, will so change the general run of things, that we may at least come out even with our expenses, which will be heavier this year than ever.

There are three or four things about the new field which might be better. For instance, the burrs, lack of shade and position of the field, lying as it does, north and south. This makes it very hard to place a grand stand in such a position, that it may keep teams from driving across the field, and still not have the sun in the eyes of the crowd. But on the other hand, it is much nearer the center of the city than Schutzen Park, and has an eight foot fence around it, two hundred and fifty feet long by four hundred and fifty feet wide, most of which is composed of boards taken from the fence at Schutzen Park. The advantages gained by the change will, we trust, materially increase our receipts. On another account also these ought to be much larger; we expect to have a larger number of games, with some of the best teams of Wisconsin, besides two out of the state.

Along with more games, there should be more enthusiasm; more players should try for the team, because they may themselves soon be called upon to play.

Here it might be well to state, that the same few who work the hardest in the Football Team, Athletic Club and Senate, were the one's who worked day after day, until the grounds were completed; if there is any thing which displeases these few, it is to hear some member of the Athletic Club explain to an outsider, how we built this park when he never raised a blister in the good cause.

### PERSONALS.

Mr. Frawley to Senior reading class—"What kind of gowns did John the Baptist and Elijah wear?"  
Lee Skeels—"Sheepskins."

Miss Holcombe to pupil—"Where was the primitive home of the Aryan Race?"  
Pupil—"In Bacteria." (Batria).

E. Kelley to Prof. Ruediger, (in Physics)—Do you mean to say that if the velocity is ten miles an hour, it will only go five?"

In Senior reading class, Mr. Frawley—"Mr. Thompson, in what way does a pupil lose benefit of three or four hours a day?"

T. T.—"When he isn't called on."

Mr. Ruediger, (in Physics), to Bess Lee—"What will happen to a piece of iron if you put it in a fire?"  
B. B. Lee—"Why, it will get hot, of course."

Francis Steinfeldt translating—"Tum victu revocant vires; they called the men to eat."

Kate G. (declining the second personal pronoun)—  
"Du, deiner, dir, dich, 'Dear Dick,'"

Adventure of a classmate, Thomas Thompson:—  
3:30 P. M. Earliest arrival from Chippewa Falls.  
12:50 P. M.—German Classroom—"Sleep, direful sleep."

Tom S. misses one smiling face.

Geo. Shaw, (in reading)—"He had a brass band around his neck."

Miss McG., (reading class)—"Now 'children', you must look up all the hard words."

Miss Huntley—"Miss Dawson, you may take the next sentence."

Miss Wallace—"She's absent, but Miss Johnson is here."

Overheard at a meeting of the O. A. C.

First Voice—"Can you stand on one foot and put your toe in your mouth?"

Second Voice—"Why you wouldn't expect me to do it standing on two feet, would you?"

The speakers were presumably C. Gillett and B. B. Lee, respectively.

Knute Anderson, (struck by a sudden thought while the team was eating a hurried lunch at Elroy on the way to Madison,)—"If the train does start up, and we get left, we can drink that bottle of "ketchup."

Mildred—"I see Illinois has passed a law prohibiting people from exhibiting human freaks of nature."

Lee—"Ah! I'm sorry. You'll have to cancel all your engagements down there, and that used to be one of your strong states, did it not?"

Chas.—"That new hotel is going to be a corker."  
Ed.—"Why so?"

Chas.—"The beds are fixed so that if you get thirsty in the night, you can turn up the mattress and take a drink out of the springs."

Sophomore(casually)—"We've got a horseless carriage over at our house."

Freshman(eagerly)—"Oh! really! Will you give me a ride some day?"

Sophomore (dryly)—"Yes, it would just suit you, it's a baby carriage."

Arthur Sullivan should be promoted for bravery, for he put on long trousers without first wearing them Sunday

C. Moore (in Phys. Geog. class)—"If black absorbs more heat than white, I should think white people could live in the south better than niggers."

Steve Dunham and Jessie Culver have discovered a new system of wireless telegraphy. "Note" the result.

H. Burkhardt is a cracker-jack; he likes to "buck hard" at a football

John Slagsvold wants to Winna Dean.

Stephen Dunham (in reading class)—"Is S-a-t-a-n pronounced Satan or Satin?"

Mabel Fitzgerald (in Virgil)—"The dream of the unburied Sychaeus, etc."

Helen Wheeler (in German)—"A rich man had a considerable sum of money and had lost it out of carelessness, which he had sewed up in a cloth."

Our world-renowned seniors:

Hall, the pedestrian.

Burkhardt, the story-teller.

Hopper, the bag-puncher.

Thompson, the ladies' man.

Curly, the humorist.

Pederson, the philosopher.

Derge H., the Virgilian scholar.

Olson, the living encyclopaedia.

Skeels, the elocutionist.

Knute Anderson (in reading class) "In his inter-

course with his friend Nebrecht, Pentaur had thrown off many feathers." (feters)

### VACATION NOTES.

H. P. Henry '00 spent his three months' vacation roughing it in the northern woods.

Jack Selmer's '02, vacation was passed enjoyably traveling and visiting in picturesque Norway. Great was the mourning and gnashing of teeth in a certain North side home.

Kate Moon, '99, left soon after her graduation for Helena, Mont., to visit Miss Hazel Sloan, a former member of this school.

Pearl Chambers, '01, decided that his forte lay in catching the finny tribe, and spent an enjoyable fortnight camping at Chetek.

Jessie Hume, '02, spent the summer with her parents at Lake Nebagamon, which will be her future home. She is now attending the West Superior Normal.

Jessie Johnson, '00, spent the vacation traveling through the grand mountains of the west and in visiting her brother and friends.

Edna Thomas, '99, traveled extensively through the East.

Jessie Culver, '99, visited friends in La Crosse.

Many of the boys were employed this summer in taking the school census, among them were the following: Albert Ramstad, '99; N. Rothstein, '99; Curtis Noble, '01; Austin Barney, '02; Andrew Playter, '01; V. Brewer, '99; Joseph Ellis, '99; R. H. Hollen, '99, and George Schroeder, '96.

Carl Olson, '00, has been busy the past month preparing a dictionary which will soon appear in book form and be ready for distribution. It contains all the long words with original definitions.

Winnie Dean, '00, visited friends for a short time in Augusta.

Bess Lee, '00, spent about a month and a half visiting friends in Ashland and on Lake Superior among the Apostle Islands.

Shirley Burse '01 was employed as night watchman for the Northwestern Lumber Company.

George De Yr visited friends at Menomonie.

Andrew Playter, '01, Will Potter, '01, and others camped for some time on Elk Lake.

Gertie Jacobs, '01, spent a week at Waneka.

Pearl Hart, '99, visited in Superior.

Mildred MacMaster, '02, visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry McMaster of Pittsburg, Penn.

Fitch Gilbert Jr., '02, passed almost the entire summer in Gilbertsville, N. Y. In the future this will be his home.

The E. C. Furniture Company secured the services of J. Slagsvold, '00, as collector.

Will Kelley, '02, was employed as carrier boy at Abercrombie's news stand.

Arthur Linton, '02, spent his summer getting used to long trousers.

Daisy Dean, '02, went as deligator to the National Covention of Chrstian Endeavor at Detroit, and also visited Niagara Falls and other places.

James Brooks, '02, spent one day ofhis vacation working on the farm. He has just recovered from the affects in time to enter school.

Prin. Frawley and his family traveled extensively in the Black Hills and Yellow Stone Park.

Curtis Noble, '01, passed an enjoyable time camping in the woods twenty miles from Superior.

Romaine Tolles '01 was an employee of the Pioneer Furniture Company the past summer.

Kate Gilkey, '01, spent her vacation with her father in Minneapolis.

Bertha Dean '00 passed a few days visiting friends at her old home in Rice Lake.

Many of the pupils were visitors at Chetek this summer, among which were the following: Romaine Tolles '02; Joe Brooks, '03; Harry Morrison, '01; Albert Williams, '01; Nell Ellison, '03; Mable Fitzgerald, '00; Roy Malcolm, '02, and Wilfred Rowe, '02.

Arthur Bartlett, '01, was employed through the summer as delivery man by the Palace of Sweets.

Arthur Pickett, '99, was an employee of the Leader Company.

Frank Drummond, '01, was employed as city delivery man for Drummond Bros.

Charlotte Gillette, '01, was the guest of friends in Minneapolis. She is attending school at Stanley Hall this year.

Laura Olson '00, visited her brother in Duluth.

Albert Ramstad '99 and Gilbert Joyce '01 and others worked in the Dells Lumber Company mill.

Helen Wheeler '00 visited Margaret Thomas at Stanley.

Prue Cochrane '99 camped at Long Lake.

Maud Horan '00 will attend St. Joseph's Academy at St. Paul in the future.

QUOTATIONS.

"Of all glad words of tongue or pen,  
The gladdest are these, 'I've passed again.'"

"Oh! call it by some better name,  
For friendship sounds to cold."  
—J. Culver to S. Dunham.

"Agreed to disagree."—C. Hopper and K. Gilkey.  
"Men of few words are the best men."  
—Allard Rowe.

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.  
—Bobbie Kerr.

"Like, but oh how different!"

—D. Athans and A. Mason.

"I was not always a man of woe."—Ed. Ihle.

"Are they all good men, and true."—The Senate.

"With all her faults, I love her still."

—T. Murphy.

"I am slow of study."—James Curley.

"Now by the two-headed Janus, Nature hath formed strange men in her days."—Ole Pederson.

"It must be done like lightning."

—The change of Classes.

"I hold they love me best who call me Tom."

—M. Thomas.

"The big round tears coursed, one after another down his innocent nose in pitious chase."

—T. Thompson being sent out of German classroom.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."—Henry Wilcox.

"I cast before the moon."—B. Dean.

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."—C. Eugene Kelley.

"They say we are almost as like as eggs"

—Geo. Shaw and Pat. Owen.

"For courage mounteth with occasion."

—The Freshmen.

"A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy."

—H. Patrick Henry.

"Make haste, the better foot before"—B. B. Lee.

"O sleep, O gentle sleep:

Nature's soft nurse; how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness."

—T. Thompson.

"Our cause is just, our union perfect."

—The Senate.

"An angel, or if not, an earthly paragon."

—A. Davis.

"I saw and loved."—Andrew Playter.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

—Steve Dunham.

"Every man has his fault and honesty is his."

—Leon Tyler.

"Exceedingly well read."—H. Derge.

"Light of the world, and stars of the human race."

—John Slagsvold.

WANTED.

By two or three freshmen—a little more growth.  
To know, what makes Jessie J. so blue.

By a basket ball team, two days in the gym.

By Physics class—to know what a protractor is.  
By Thomas Thompson—ability to keep awake in the class room.

By O. A. C.—more members.

By Bess Lee a horse that she won't fall off from.  
 By the boys - the Third Ward Gym.  
 By Marshall Williams - to join the O. A. C.  
 To know why Miss Culver asked Ole Pederson  
 the construction of Olli in Virgil.  
 Wanted by Sophia Ramsey a little more growth.  
 By some east side girls—the company of Will  
 Kelly.  
 By James Curley something to do.  
 By J. Allen - some one to play with.  
 By Lee Skeels—Hair cut.  
 By Ed. Ehle—his Pearl again.  
 By M. Hanson—p. octor.  
 By F. Drummond—more sleep.  
 By T. Thompson—alarm clock.  
 By K. A. a chance to laugh and grow fat.  
 By F. Steinfeldt—a new march.  
 By Winnie Dean—some one to work her trig.  
 By G. Shaw and R. Owen—long pants.  
 By A. Sullivan—something to play with.  
 By Foot Ball Team—Some practice.

#### EXCHANGES

It is with a certain feeling of reluctance that we take up the work so ably carried on by the last years editor. It affords us great pleasure to look over the various papers, and note the trials, the losses and most of all the progress of our fellow schools.

It is certainly a great benefit, and it would be well if exchanges were read by all the students.

We are glad to note the receipt of The High School Register of Omaha, its editorial on school spirit, might well be published in many papers, most of us are lacking in this spirit.

We are glad to see that The Normal Badger is now sent out by the school and not as before by a society.

The Round Table would be a much improved if an exchange column were added, otherwise the paper is excellent.

The King of the Mirage in the Crimson and White is an exceptionally well-written article.

The Peoria High School Opinion would be very much improved, if the advertisements and reading matter were placed on different pages.

The Herald, of Holyoke, Mass., is a very neat paper, and always contains something good.

Here is one of the recitations of a young Latin student: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man-trap."—Ex.

The Awakening of Jack in the Flash Light is a well worded selection; read it.

The Authentic shows up nicely in its new cover.

Teacher:—Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?

Boy:—Because he never told a lie.—Ex.

"Folklore in England," in the Mercury is one of the best written articles we have seen. The Mercury is one of the best exchanges we receive.

We think that the Criterion would be much improved by the addition of an exchange column.

The Ode to Freshmen, in the Porcupine, is a good poem and speaks well for its author.

#### ALUMNI.

Albert Ramstad, Garrison Dean, Richard Hollen, Henry Werner, Thomas Frawley, Jr., and Donald McKinnon are attending the University of Wisconsin.

Edward Ramstad and Earl Hall are attending the University of Minnesota.

Earl McVicar, Guy Boyington and Maud Cernaghan are attending Toland's Business University.

Ruth Ellis is studying music at Oberlin College.

Edith Fitzgerald and Edna Thomas are taking a course in kindergarten at Menomonie.

Arthur Pickett is teaching school near Boyd.

Angie Kelley, Kate Cosgrove and Bertha Thomas are teaching school in the country.

Joe Ellis is employed by his father.

Nathan Rothstein is working in the iron yard.

Louis Nelson is at work at the Northwestern saw mill.

George Blackwell is attending Mrs. Lampher's Business College.

Vincent Brewer is clerking in Dickson's grocery store.

Jessie Culver is doing post-graduate work at the High School.

Edna Briggs now resides in the fair land of flowers, California.

William Oien is employed in Chas. Allen's law office.

George Huebener is employed as stenographer by the Adams' Coal Co. at St. Paul.

Frank Joyce is shipping clerk at Marx & Son's Jewelry House, St. Paul.

Carl Williams is employed as stenographer at Green Bay.

Carl Nyqvist is working for the C. St. P. M. & O. R. R. Company.

Max Baumberger is employed by the Bank of Eau Claire.

Elizabeth England is teaching school.

LeMoyne Boleman is employed by the Telephone Company.

Will Gregoire is employed in Minneapolis.

Wilfred Kutzner has gone into the milling business.

Julia Johnson, is employed by the Smith Crockery Co.

Susie Strang is very busily engaged teaching music. Will Cameron and Albert Steinfeldt are employed by the First National Bank.

Fred Brown graduates from Cornell University next June

Dayla Rothstein is clerking at the Book and Stationery Store.

Mary McDonough goes to Bryn Mawr to attend the Misses Shipley's school.

Will Russell is principal at Weyerhaeuser.

Bessie McDonald is teaching at Bangor.

The following we also find are teaching school—Helen Deming, James Waterbury, Emma Skatvold, Gertrude Hainer, Mary Johnson, Minnie McDonough, Frances Hart and Ambrose Mabbut.

Geo. Schraeder is at Stevens Point.

Will Smith is at Neillsville.

Floyd Jones is working with City Engineer Wolff.

Kathrine Moon is living with her parents at Stanley.

Hattie Wanzer has accepted a position as stenographer in a law office at Black River Falls, and will make that place her home.

Thorp Wilcox is Manager of the Linderman Box Factory of this city.

EAU CLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL.

Schedule of Courses of Study—1899.

English	General Science	Latin
FIRST YEAR—First Semester.		
Algebra	Algebra	Algebra
Composition	Composition	Latin
Physical Geography	Physical Geography	Physical Geography
Reading	Reading	Reading
FIRST YEAR—Second Semester.		
Algebra	Algebra	Algebra
Composition	Composition	Latin
Ancient History	Ancient History	Ancient History
Reading	Reading	Reading
SECOND YEAR—First Semester.		
Medieval History	Medieval History	Medieval History
Modern History	Modern History	Modern History
Composition	Composition	Cesar
Constitutions	Biology	Constitutions
Reading	Reading	Reading
SECOND YEAR—Second Semester.		
English History	English History	English History
Composition	Constitutions	Cesar
Botany	Botany	Physiology
Reading	Reading	Reading
THIRD YEAR—First Semester.		
Geometry	Geometry	Geometry
English Literature	German	German
U. S. History	U. S. History	Cicero
Political Economy	Political Economy	Reading
Physiology	Physiology	Reading
THIRD YEAR—Second Semester.		
Geometry	Geometry	Geometry
Chemistry	German	German
Bookkeeping	Chemistry	Cicero
English Literature	Reading	Reading
FOURTH YEAR—First Semester.		
Physics	Physics	Physics
American Literature	German	German
Plane Trigonometry	Plane Trigonometry	Virgil
Reading	Reading	Reading
FOURTH YEAR—Second Semester.		
Physics	Physics	Physics
American Literature	German	German
Algebra	Algebra	Virgil
Arithmetic	Arithmetic	Theory and Art
Theory and Art	Theory and Art	Theory and Art

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