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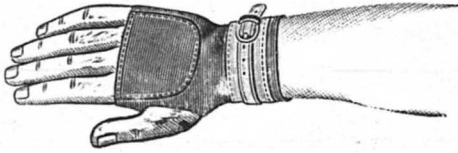
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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume VII.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MAY 15, 1902.

Number 7.

Story of the Contest



Wisconsin's seven state Normal schools gathered in Superior, Thursday, March 20, to be on hand for the next day's oratorical contest. The chilly day proved not to be symbolic of the welcome given us by the people of Superior.

In the evening the students and faculty of the local school gave the visitors a reception at the Normal. Some short, witty speeches and charming music in the assembly room were followed by an adjournment to the gymnasium where every one managed to get acquainted with every one else. The evening proved too short.

Friday forenoon and nearly all of Saturday were spent in sight-seeing. The dry docks, the grain elevators, the ore docks, the ship building plant, and the fleet of whalebacks proved to be of interest. In Duluth we saw the magnificent High School building and the wondrously wonderful house, twelve stories high, and every floor a ground floor. All so inclined rode up the "incline."

Friday afternoon was spent at the Normal, the majority of the visitors listening to the rhetorical, while the business delegates wrestled with the mighty problems which confronted them.

After supper we find our way to the Grand Opera House. Profusely and tastefully decorated with the colors of the various schools, it presented a beautiful picture. Here two contests

took place that night—one of oratory, the other of lungs. Waving banners, streaming pennants, and yards of ribbons were not sufficient to let the people know where you were from—and who was going to win. True to their pedagogical training, the teachers appealed to ear as well as eye. Each school in turn treated the audience to its choicest yells and best songs. This was repeated again and again until all united in "U! rah! rah! Wis! con! sin!"

The floating colors and wild enthusiasm of the students form an interesting picture. Yell follows yell, song follows song, until one of the latter by Superior offends the Platteville band. The song must be drowned! Twenty instruments let out ear-piercing sounds. Twenty different improvised tunes are played at once. The bass drum has become unreliable as a time keeper. The song is stopped, yells substituted. The din swells into a roar, the roar bursts forth with the fury of twenty thunder storms! Pandemonium! Bedlam!

But the noise is stopped, the contest begun. Each school has sent its best orator. Each orator put forth his best effort. Well could Wisconsin be proud of her excellent system of Normal schools, and well could the Normal schools be proud of the representative chosen to represent them in the Inter-State Contest at Emporia Kansas,—Miss Ray of Oshkosh.

The contest ended, the winner selected, a sigh of relief heard, and the visitors leave with the memory of a most pleasant and satisfactory contest and with a high regard for the hospitality of the people of the city on the shores of Gitchee Gumees.

A PLEA FOR SHYLOCK

By CHARLOTTE D. RAY

Oshkosh, Wis.

CENTURIES of oppression and wrong have given to the world a sad and woeful history of the Jewish race. It has been hindered by every obstacle that scorn and hatred could devise; and it has returned hatred for hatred and scorn for scorn. The pages of history have given no truer representation of a tortured and downtrodden nation than we find in Shylock, that wonderful creation in fiction. In that single life is portrayed the burning hatred and outrage of the whole Hebrew race; a race that has been scorned, scoffed at, insulted, and at which the poisoned darts of persecution have been hurled with deadly intent. Shylock stands as the type of his race, an individual with a nation's history.

It is my purpose to awaken your pity for Shylock, for many are the wrongs that have been heaped upon him. I believe he was an ill-used, poor old man, "no less sinned against than sinning." You immediately cry out that he was a usurer and obtained his living by illegal means. What but the persecution of Christians compelled him to live on the interest of his moneys? Again, you say he was so full of revenge that there was no semblance of humanity in him. Why? Because his abusers, these same Christians, insulted him, mocked him, spat upon him. We would pity a trembling, crouching dog, kicked and beaten by the cruel lash; a poor dumb creature that cannot retaliate for lack of power. How much keener the sting felt by the sensitive human heart endowed with all the finer feelings that make it susceptible to insult and injury! The most responsive nature under long-continued vituperation becomes unyielding—hardened. What one of us, smarting under the indignities of continued outrage, would not have been a Shylock!

It is impossible to realize the burning hatred in the wilds of that dark, suspicious nature, till we can conceive something of the loss and shame heaped upon, focused upon, one man. But there comes a time when Shylock turns to stem the flood of abuse. Revenge tingles in every nerve of his being. Revenge for what? For spite. Is that contrary to human nature? There is nothing unnatural or unusual about that. When Antonio comes to him and asks for help, and he reminds him that "on the last Wednesday he spat upon him, and spurned him, and called him cut-throat, dog," what is Antonio's answer? "I am as like to spit upon thee and spurn thee again." Was not that the rankest injustice? Who was it but one of Antonio's faith that sneered at his creed and alienated the affection of his daughter—his only child—upon whom he had lavished all his parental love? She was the solace of his home. By clandestine meetings she had been enticed away. And when he says to Salarino, my daughter's flight was known to you, he throws out the cruel jest, "I knew the tailor that made the wings wherewithal she flew."



Charlotte D. Ray.

Like the Puritan, Shylock was made up of two natures: the one proud and inflexible, the other humble and tender. Does it not show a good trait of character that he is deeply grieved when he knows that his wayward child has been willing to part with her mother's ring? All the luxuries of Venice could not be dearer to him than his ducats, and the precious, precious jewel—given him by his dead wife; but he loves far more his daughter. Though the unpardonable offense of disrespect to parents has been committed, yet the tie that binds father to daughter is inexpressibly dear. Though

in deepest passion he curses her and would see her dead, he breathes out, "Jessica, my child." The sacredness of his home has been violated by an abductor and fortune-hunter, who thought it no harm to rob a Jew. Shylock sees the whole scheme, and is it strange that his maddened soul should cry out for vengeance?

An insatiable thirst for gold, respect for his once glorious race, and recent afflictions deepened and gorged by personal insults, are the forces that drive him to desperation, and sometimes he flashes out beyond the limit of endurance. He detests the very name of Christian, and the great waves of anger roll over and submerge him. His thought is so quick that words can hardly follow fast enough. Repeated sneers have dulled his own inner nature, so that he is no longer aware of the under-current of biting sarcasm in that rushing torrent of words. His lofty eloquence cannot be surpassed. His challenges can not be met. Listen to his words: "He hath laughed at my losses, scorned my nation. His reason? I am a Jew! If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us do we not revenge? If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew what should his sufferance be by Christian example? The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

His hardened intellect is leading him on to ruin, but he speaks of his dead wife tenderly, and manifests a fatherly feeling for his undeserving daughter, but even this tenderness must suffer from passion's scorching blasts.

Look for a moment, if you please, at the place of his character in the play—a character the very embodiment of strength and completeness. He is superior to all others and he stands upon a height to which they never attain. For a moment they are astounded by his powerful arguments. He is among them, but not of them. Aye, he is cut off from the world of progress. His noblest aspirations are stifled—he is an outcast. Can you wonder that avarice and revenge held him in bondage?

The Jewish religion made him believe that vengeance was just, for from his infancy he had been taught to look upon the Supreme Being as an aveng-

er. It was his God who had poured burning brimstone upon wicked peoples, in punishment for their sins, and by swift, mighty blasts of destruction had swept away entire cities. The whole religious thought of the believing Jew embraced two things, regard for the law of the Lord and the hope of a glorious future through the observance of that law. The degree of conformity measured the dealings of Jehovah with both individual and nation. Therefore Shylock craved the letter of the law—his idol. It had laid hold of the depths of his being. As impossible would it be to separate the law from Shylock the Jew, as to separate the earth from the force that binds it to the vast solar system. Heart and conscience had no part in the matter, but the penalty of breaking the law must be meted out with unyielding justice. To trifle with the law was to challenge the divinity of God himself.

A fair measure of justice is only what he asks, and amid all conflicting passions he is true to the God of his ancestors, that God who by a pillar of fire had guided the wanderers through darkness and danger, and held back the waters of the sea. It was his deep, unshaken faith that made him bear long and patiently the insult and scorn of those about him. "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," he said. One question is all that he asks, "Is it so nominated in the bond?" If it comes within the strict letter of the law, he is ready to submit.

Shylock is a marvelous complexity. The contradictions in his character crash together with harsh rasping and grating. He is affectionate and earnest and at the same time cold and sarcastic. An avalanche of passion sweeps down over his soul and drives out every trace of human feeling, till at last he is void of all that is human and becomes almost a counterpart of Satan himself.

Did ever a man come before a court of justice with a heart more wrenched and torn by wrong? He had never sought the life of any person. His greatest crime was that he appeared before the court to ask for his rights, and to receive the decree—the loss of half his property, and this upon the renunciation of his religion. At that very moment his accusers were shielding his runaway daughter at Belmont, and were furnishing a place for the concealment of his ducats. He does not display his

family wrongs in this public place. Ah, no, his dignity forbids that. See him there in the trial scene, the undaunted, inexorable Hebrew, confronted by a weak, gentle woman. Portia talks of mercy, attempts to soften this unfeeling man, but he stands upon a technicality of the law. The hush of silence penetrates the room. Shylock's fate hangs poised. What shall it be? Ah! his ears are deaf to the entreating voice. In this satanic moment, the whisperings of demoniac fiends are goading him on to ruin. Portia says: "Be merciful, take thrice thy money." He hesitates. He looks toward the future, but the awful past comes surging up: "I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me, I stay here on my bond."

There he stands, the despised money-lender, the hated Jew, but also the deserted father, the bearer of the sorrows of an unhappy race. Is he not a psychological resultant, real, human, natural?

I have shown you that his avarice, his patriotism, his love, and his faith all helped to feed the fire of revenge in him, till the licking flames consumed every vestige of higher feeling. Driven on and on by the fiercest agony till he can be no more human, he has passed into the world of demons. He reaps the terrible punishment of his own well-laid plans. The letter of the law, on which he stood, to him a pyramid of power, falls with a terrible crash, and he is buried in the ruins.

He is no longer the Jewish capitalist of dignified

mien, but a pitiable wreck, the remains of a once fine and noble nature, and out of which has been wrung every drop of the milk of human kindness. Will not such fallen greatness move the heart that throbs with human sympathy? A few moments ago we saw him strong, powerful, a master among men. Now he is defeated, defeated! We can but pity him. Look! his head is bowed, his limbs are motionless. He is a forsaken, broken man. Where shall he go? Which way shall he turn? His strength, his revenge, too, all gone. He begs, "Give me leave to go from hence, I am not well." "Get thee gone," replies the judge. And he blindly staggers out of that Italian court amid the jeers and taunts of a boisterous, howling mob.

Behold once more this man of sorrow, whose day is gone, whose night is come. Is there no pity for him who held within his breast the sufferings of a martyred race for a thousand years, for him the man, husband, father? Ah! hear that sobbing voice, "Jessica, my child!" Surely the gates of Heaven are not shut to him who on earth was denied an impartial trial, to him whose laden soul sank down beneath its weight of woe! In the name of equal dealing between man and man, in the name of charity and mercy, in the name of a common faith in the Great Jehovah, I plead with you to look with compassion upon this disgraced, DISHONORED, RUINED Shylock.





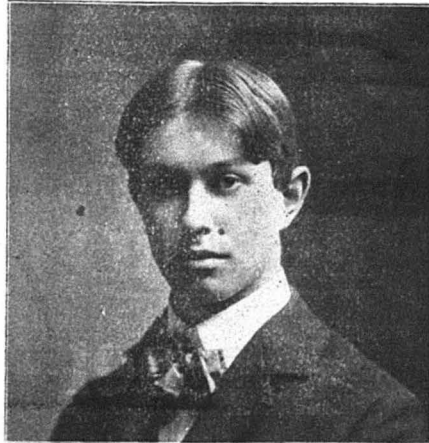
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WILLIAM McKINLEY

By FRANK L. FAWCETT Platteville, Wis.

THE dawn of the twentieth century finds eighty millions of American people bowed in grief. A citizen has fallen; the parting scene is past; the bells have tolled; a sob of sorrow and a groan of pain have gone up from the grief-torn bosom of the world; and the funeral train with mournful aspect has borne to its last resting place the body of our beloved president, William McKinley. While on a mission of peace and good will he was shot down by a treacherous assassin. He has departed, leaving a fruitful heritage. He has gone to his reward wearing a martyr's crown.

Born in 1842 in an obscure town in Ohio, his early life fostered the inherited ideals which later found expression in a full-orbed character. Struggling for an education, battling with the rigorous conditions of pioneer life, mindful of his obligations to constituted authority, William McKinley laid the foundations of a manhood which shall speak to the ages in the persuasive eloquence of a noble life. At the age of seventeen we see him leaving a country school, in which he was teacher, to enter the ranks of the Union

army. Three years later we find him a brave and respected officer, having been gradually promoted from a private to a major for gallant and meritorious conduct upon the field of battle.

The crisis of 1861 was fraught with momentous consequences. Defeat meant the death of the union. The attack upon Fort Sumpter was the call which led young McKinley to shoulder a musket in the defense of the life and honor of the nation. He battled for justice to the down-trodden, for the integrity of the flag, for the rights of man, for the majesty of law, for the dignity of labor and for the glory of the Constitution which guarantees to all men the right

to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. He championed the cause of the black man—the despised, the hated, the hunted slave—nor did he rest until the ill-treated negro, from whom victory wrenched the shackles of serfdom, was, in every sense, a free citizen of the commonwealth.

During those dark rebellious days this Ohio soldier boy won universal respect. By his courageous devotion to country, by the magnificence of his bearing and the splendor of his example, by his willingness to sacrifice, if necessary, himself, his life,

his all, for the nation, his name was enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people—in the esteem of fellow-officers, in the affection of soldier and citizen, in the respect of all the world.

As a representative of the people, whose rights he championed and welfare he guarded, he was faithful and incorruptible, an ideal leader. Once recognizing his duty he never wavered from its execution. He shrank from no responsibility and nothing could shake his courage or lessen his faith in the cause for which he was contending. It was their confidence

in his inherent genius for public administration that led the people to elect him successively Prosecuting Attorney, Member of Congress, and Governor of his native state. It was the same faith which made his counsels respected in the political organization which owes much of its prestige to his services. Swept out of public life by the reaction which followed the enactment of the law which bears his name, he proved himself magnificent in defeat. To politicians who doubted, he wrote: "Keep up your courage—home and country will triumph in the end." Although defeated, his faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles embodied in the law was



Frank L. Fawcett.

never shaken; and in the succeeding years of life he labored to realize those ideals.

The story of his career as president comes like a benediction into one of the most stirring epochs of our nation's history. In those days when strong men trembled and brave men feared, when the nation wore an aspect of somberness and anxiety, when both statesman and financier feared the events of a day, and when the horizon of our future was obscured by a cloud of doubt, William McKinley stood calm, courageous and steadfast—a bulwark of loyalty, honor and devotion, against which the arrows of opposition were as ineffectual as the darts of a Lilliput. Opposed by partisan and politician and aided by only a few faithful advisors, almost single-handed and alone, he guided the ship of state through the tempestuous breakers of malice and reproach into the calm harbor of peace.

Though urged to hasty action by over-zealous compatriots, though maligned by jealous rivals and captious critics, though falsely accused by impatient fanatics, and misrepresented and villified by a cabal of petty and plotting politicians, whose poisonous arrows wounded naught but his noble and sensitive soul, he listened patiently to all who caught his ear, calmly weighed their arguments and in the sincerity of dispassionate reason announced his conviction with a serenity and deliberation born of a purity of ideals and loyalty of soul. No pressure of friends, no assault of enemies, no temptation of ambition could sway him from the path of duty. Despising disloyalty and pretence he stood throughout those days which tried men's souls, patient and resourceful, with a confidence begotten of a clear conscience, and with a firm trust that the God of nations would justify his course in the events of the future.

Patriotism, not imperialism, determined his foreign policy. The consequences of war he accepted with the same singleness of purpose with which he had sought to avert the calamities of international strife. The new relations resulting from the war meant new opportunities for the exercise of Christian statesmanship. When negotiations of peace were pending his every impulse was the inspiration of the largest generosity. His unreserved and single aim toward foreign powers was to advance

their civilization and to aid them in securing greater freedom than they had heretofore known. In the recent international episode in China it was through his policy that the intervention of Secretary Hay elevated the standard of diplomacy and brought the United States to be the moral leader of the nations. His state papers, which will live as imperishable monuments to his wisdom and patriotism, are reinforced by that farewell speech which appealed to Providence to sustain the nations in their struggle for higher civilization.

No president except Lincoln has had to face more difficult problems involving the unity of the people and the prosperity of the country than did William McKinley. Yet since the days of Washington no president had fewer personal enemies. There is an entire lack of bitterness toward the late head of the nation; for his beautiful character there is an admiration not limited by the artificial boundary of class or party. Behind McKinley the president stood McKinley the man. In all his public life, whether as soldier, lawyer or statesman, whether as a representative, governor or president, he was an exemplary citizen. There was not a time when he could not look the world in the face and say, these hands are clean.

The president revealed his true character in the very struggle for his own life, when, looking upon his assassin, with Christlike charity he said, "May God forgive him," then with words breathing the spirit of fraternity and peace, "Let no man hurt him." Shame forever upon those pulpits which cried, "Lynch the assassin." Is that not the very spirit of anarchy? As the death of Lincoln sounded the knell of chattel slavery and the passing of Garfield focused public attention upon the evils of the spoils system, so may the martyrdom of William McKinley arouse the public conscience to resist the encroachments of anarchy and disorder. May every patriot seek to establish the ideals of our martyred president and to banish the evils which threaten national stability. If these ideals are to triumph it necessitates deeper moral education, stricter obedience to law, more uniformity in its enforcement and a more consistent devotion to the principles of true democracy. World-wide and as enduring as the centuries are the principles of courtesy, fidelity

and honesty, which actuated him in public and private life. Well might his example become the inspiration of every man that loves his country.

But he was more than a master-builder, whose constructive statesmanship will live to the end of time, he was a Christian—a man who believed in God and trusted His Providence. How simple that child-like faith—how quietly submissive the trust in God's goodness which spake in every action of those last sad hours! Every form of anguish, every torture of body, every pang of suffering was borne with Christian fortitude. From the time he was wounded until the hour of his death no word of complaint, no murmur, no censure passed his lips, only a great hope that he might live to further serve the people that he loved.

The place and time are altogether too sacred to lift the curtain upon the last sad interview between the heroic president and his stricken wife. We only know that when the inevitable was realized, the faithful husband, whose unselfish anxiety had been for the loved and loving wife, clasped her hand and, with the unconscious sublimity of a noble soul whispered, "Not our will, but God's be done," and as the last ray of life-light was slowly fading,

whispered with a voice of faith, "Nearer my God to Thee." Fearlessly and in a full confidence of a blessed hereafter, he died as he had lived. The American people—his people—with grief fathomless in its depths, yea, with breaking hearts, bore him through the valley of the shadow from which he passed to Lincoln and Garfield, forming America's immortal Trinity of Martyred Presidents.

The morning and the evening of that noble life gather up within their embrace the grandest and most fruitful years in the annals of our history, years fraught with greatest opportunities and laden with unparalleled achievements. Through this era; with its vast and varied duties, passed our lamented president, with garments unspotted, leaving a priceless heritage, the example of a life rich in its loyal devotion to conviction and even richer in its record of heroic self-sacrifice. The memory of William McKinley, president and patriot, soldier and statesman, citizen and Christian, martyr and man, will be perpetuated in Truth's immortal volume, and his name, emblazoned upon the pages of history, will forever shine on the stars of the firmament—an inspiration to noble deeds.

10

5

The PURITAN IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE

By ELIZABETH J. GRAHAM Whitewater, Wis.

“OUR country!—’tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore
to shore.

The broad Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar.
Great God! We thank Thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of Liberty.”

Liberty—there is music in the word, not only the thrilling tones of joy and victory, but the mournful minor strains of sorrow and death. For freedom’s cause human blood has freely flowed; now, down the rocky cliffs of Thermopylae, now, through Roman valleys and Saxon fields; again, it has made sacred the plains of Yorktown and Gettysburg; and, today, America is the fortress of liberty.

Out of seeming chaos, a nation has evolved, a power so majestic, a government so just, a future so potential, that other lands look to her as a model of greatness. Four centuries ago, America was a bleak wilderness, the home of the stealthy savage. At first, adventurers and fortune seekers sought the wild and lonely waste with sordid aims, but America was not destined to be the abode of such inhabitants. Later, a little band, pursued and harassed by tyrannical injustice, cast themselves on the bosom of the ocean and drifted to Plymouth Rock. Swift was the pace of civilization. Like a smouldering ember, the spirit of these pilgrims, long suppressed, burst into fire, and the flames rising ever higher, spreading ever wider, became unquenchable; they swept with irresistible force from the pine-clad hills of New England over plains and mountains to the Golden Gate, and became the purifying spirit of the American nation. Where

barbarism, ignorance and superstition once held sway, civilization, knowledge, and culture now reign.

“Part the curtains of the past” and look upon England, corrupt with tyranny and intolerance, her skies darkened with smoke from the stake, her winds laden with the groans of martyrs. See there on a southern shore the white sails of a little ship. Kneeling in prayer is a little band ready to embark, their sad faces brightened by the gold and purple of the fading sunset. The deep roar of the sullen

breakers smites their ears; the chill winds of night increase the hollow moaning of the waves; the pitiful cry of the children deepens the melancholy of their aching hearts. Dearly do they love the mist-clad hills, the streams of “merry England,” but they cannot conform to her laws. Self-exiled, they seek a new home in a strange land. With God as their pilot they are determined to find freedom or perish in the attempt.

At last their frail vessel is launched on the buffeting ocean. There are pale faces; there are eyes dim with tears. As the shores recede, many a strong man’s heart is rent with grief, but with the indomitable courage of

the martyr they turn their faces to the west. Who are those exiles, so steadfast in faith, so sublime in purpose? They are the Puritan Pilgrims, the pioneers of freedom in church and state—the founders of our republic.

We need not repeat the story of the dangerous autumnal voyage of that little ship, pursuing its pathless course across the stormy ocean; tossed by the billows, driven hither and thither, the sport of howling wind and dashing wave. The Ruler of the Seas beheld this “favored ark” and preserved its people from the terrors of the mighty deep.

At length these pilgrims reach, not their intended



Elizabeth J. Graham.

destination, but an unknown, inhospitable shore—a land full of perils and untried hardships, but withal, a land of countless opportunities and untried possibilities. See them in the wilderness, again invoking the blessings of God. Soon their axes wake the echoes of the primeval forest, the smoke from their dwellings curls to the somber clouds, and nature rejoices in their hymns of holy praise. But danger and sorrow await them. The winter sky grows dark and sullen; the birds no longer sing; the streams have on their icy cerements; the leafless oaks wail a mournful requiem; famine and pestilence invade the settlement, and before spring has come every home has, at least, one vacant chair. Over hidden graves the unflinching survivors clasp hands and look up as firm, as devout, as hopeful as ever.—God was over all. He had chosen these sincere-souled, zeal-inspired men to shape the destiny of our nation; men of intuitive insight, of iron will and indomitable courage; self-sacrificing men, who saw eternal justice and might in every struggle. In devotion to liberty, in nobility of purpose, in submission to God, history has not their equal.

Did England regret the departure of these seeming fanatics? No: She knew not her best men. Much that seemed harsh and unlovely in their character was as necessary to their time as are the black, searching roots of the mighty oak to its crown of verdant foliage. If the Puritans did wrong, it was incidental to the accomplishment of a high ideal. If they dethroned a king, it was to put a statesman in his place. If they destroyed sculptured marble and stained glass, it was because they saw evil hidden in the shadow. Were they narrow-minded? Had they been otherwise they would have been inconsistent with their age and time. Were they bigoted? Intolerance was the sword of the Reformation. Their motto was not "my country right or wrong," but, "my country ever right." Such men were sure to "sway the future."

Our history is a record of the influence of the Puritans. In the cabin of the Mayflower was signed a compact, the germ of a greater document, the Declaration of Independence. The Puritans always loved England, but they hated tyranny. In words of solemn warning they lifted their voices against oppression; but it was in vain, for the war clouds

swept on, resistless, remorseless. The cords which united the colonies with the mother country snapped in quick succession. Blood deluged the land. The smoke of battle cleared away, leaving the infant nation helpless; then the Puritans were among the first to sign that immortal document that lifted the colonies to a free, constitutional government.

Witness the sons of these heroes in the later struggle for the redemption of a down-trodden race. Imbued with the spirit of their fathers the men of the North fought not for revenge, but for principle. With immeasurable courage they held the broken line at Shiloh, stormed the heights of Lookout Mountain, marched with Sherman to the sea, and laid down their lives at Gettysburg in the sacred cause of God and their country. But the sword alone gained not the victory. Before the cannon roared, or the musketry rattled, the Puritan spirit was manifest in the poems of Whittier, in the resonant voice of Garrison, in the arguments of Sumner, and in the oratory of Phillips. Today, the Mississippi flows not along the borders of rival governments, the picturesque mountains frown not on contending states; for the Puritan pulled down the banner of the South and rang the bells which proclaimed a freed race, a redeemed flag, a united nation. May we not think that the same influence raised the stars and stripes over Manila, crushed Spanish tyranny, and brought poor, helpless Cuba under the protection of America?

Our daring ancestors, heroes in battle, were also leaders in peace. They threw wide open the doors of the Western continent and today our country is a refuge for all who groan under the rod of oppression. Puritan principles have been sown broadcast throughout the land and blossom even beneath Alaska's northern lights! "What was sown in weakness has been raised in strength." Note the potent influence of our intellectual life. Our colleges and schools are the priceless gifts of these undaunted reformers. Looking beyond the horizon of their time, they saw that the intelligence of the people was the great principle underlying a virtuous nation. They opened the doors of the common school alike to the rich and the poor, to the Catholic and to the Protestant, there to learn the same lessons, to sing the same songs, to revere the same flag. Knowing

that education was the sheet anchor of our commonwealth, they established colleges—rocks, firm and immovable, the foundation of our republic.

To the Puritans we owe our right to be called a Christian nation. Wherever these righteous heroes went, a church was founded. With God's word as a lamp to their feet, they journeyed from the Alleghenies to the Sierras, established free schools, free churches and pure homes—the elements of a model republic.

If our nation is to maintain and exalt her position more of the Puritan spirit must be inculcated, changed by the changing time, not to destroy cathedrals or art, but to regenerate the desecrated Sabbath and drive out the evils "in high places." Our work differs from that of our forefathers. We seek not a new government, but the preservation and purification of our national life. The worship of Mammon, the weakening of faith in the Highest wisdom, the loss of the boundary line between virtue and vice,—these are the foes which wrought the downfall of Rome, and which threaten the life of America. Are we blind to the faults of our country? Much of the political life is lead by the passions of the hour. Thoughtful and judicial settlement of a measure is too seldom attempted in the arena of politics. Artful demagogues with noisy clamor appeal to the passions of the day, to the confusion and dismay of the few who hold to reason and to the ideal. Are we to be guided by sensationalism and call it democracy? Must the precincts of our legislative chambers and justice halls be contaminated by bribery? What is the message of Puritanism in this emergency? Oliver Cromwell would have the laws of his native land conformable to the just and righteous laws of God. Does the government of our great cities accord with the Higher law? History warns us that we must bring

our religion into closer touch with our politics, for "the nation that forgets God, it shall perish." The ship of state floats on the ocean of destiny. Black clouds of anarchy and socialism have appeared on the horizon. Stormy waves of corruption threaten to drive her on the rocks. Courageous, Christian pilots are ever needed at her helm.

America abounds in men who are above temptation, whom nothing can divert from righteousness. When the insidious arts of Tammany had coiled like a snake about the heart of our metropolis, poisoning our whole nation, then with Titanic power men of the Puritan spirit arose and attacked the monster. May the strength of principle which scorns all political trickery, may that Christian compassion which guarantees justice even to a guilty anarchist ever actuate the life of our nation.

We who boast the spirit of sires like these should hold to their ideals. Should the tempting world weaken our Christian purpose, let us look to Plymouth Rock and renew the vow our fathers breathed to God. Let us, in the most open, solemn manner, with serene faith and fortitude, drive from America's gates the evils which threaten her downfall. God has given her wealth, liberty and power. It behooves her to walk aright, through victory and defeat, through sorrow and joy, through war and peace, directed by the Guide of her fathers, the King of Kings. Let us hold as a divine trust our sacred birthright, then Columbia, in her strength and beauty, will shed the light of liberty on all the nations of the world, and future generations will be inspired by the courage, the patriotism and the righteousness of the Pigrim Fathers. Not for them need columns of marble and granite be raised. Their monument is greater, nobler, grander—America, the temple of liberty.



The SANCTITY OF LAW

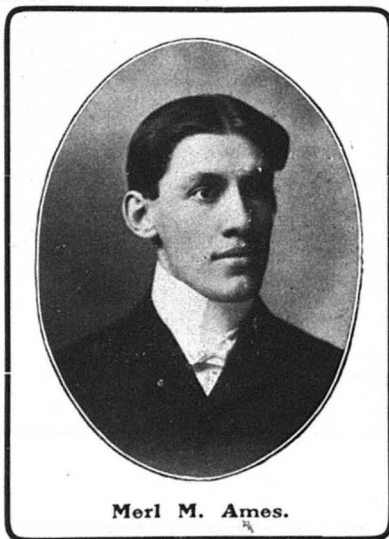
By MERL M. AMES Stevens Point, Wis.

THE opening words of the sacred book picture to us a world awakening at the command of an omnipotent Creator. Darkness gives place to light; life succeeds death; harmony follows discord; chaos ends in cosmos. And the central idea, thrilling through all creation, was law. From the first creative stroke God's law began to pervade and dominate the world; it governed nature; it controlled the beasts of the field; it animated man with an instinct for society and social order.

The history of the progress of mankind is also a record of the development of human law. With that primal instinct for society impelling them, men began at once the formation of those laws necessary to the government of their actions and to the proper ordering of their relations with one another. It was ordained of God that men should dwell together in social harmony, and through law, only, has this been possible. As the race multiplied, society became more complex and law became more and more, a guiding controlling factor in the lives of men. From a state of isolated savagery men rose to patriarchal government, and from that passed on to government by chiefs and princes. And with each added tie that bound man to his neighbor, his tribe, his state, the individual surrendered up some savage privilege and passed up to a nobler, happier life under the sovereign law. The weal of individuals was merged in the weal of state. In place of lawless, contending multitudes, groping in the gloomy tyranny of license, all mankind began slowly to coalesce under the justice, the harmony, the security of law.

The succeeding ages have witnessed the gradual growth and development of law. Not only did man,

realizing the potency of law for all happiness and progress, subject himself to its guidance; he also, in his advancement, made his first crude enactments the stepping stones to laws of a broader, nobler nature. While the laws that have characterized any period have apparently been supplanted in the march of progress, yet the accumulated wealth of past experience which they contained has ever passed on, an enduring essence, to enrich and strengthen the laws that followed. By an evolutionary process laws have existed and have passed away, but Law as



Merl M. Ames.

a principle has lived on through the ages. The wandering Hebrews bore with them the Mosaic law from cloud-veiled Sinai, and, by its precepts, founded the Jewish state. Centuries passed on, mankind advanced to a higher civilization, the ancient law was outgrown and Christ himself transformed its narrow dogmas into the law of a purer, higher life. Rome rose, flourished and decayed and left her heritage to men in her books of law. Hers were the grandest laws of the past. They were admirably adapted to rule a world amid the scenes of bloody violence which marked the earlier centuries of the Christian era. But they were imperious in their sway, as was the Roman government, and, while they accomplished the aggrandizement of the empire and her rulers, they also wrought misery and despair among the lowly of her subjects. Hence, with the coming of the modern epoch and the advance of the spirit of tolerance and brotherly forbearance, the grinding Roman law manacled the progressive spirit of the times. Then advanced the Anglo-Saxon race. Filled with a sense of the common brotherhood of men, this race has built upon a foundation of Roman law a system which recognizes the sacred

rights of the individual and at the same time harmoniously adjusts his duties and relations to society and to the state. It is a climax in the evolution of law. It represents the consummation of all that has been gained in the science of law through all the centuries. It is the truest expression of that instinct for society and social order which led the first men to seek their common welfare under the bonds of law.

Thus, law has been a growth. It was crude and simple when men were crude and simple. When egoism prevailed law demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!" With the growth of the spirit of altruism it declared, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Throughout the generations that have seen nations in revolt and witnessed the rise and fall of empires, this sacred heritage of law has continued in uninterrupted development, and at all times has been the means whereby the central thread of the social fabric has endured, unbroken. Today one cannot but be impressed by its all pervading power and influence. It is the bulwark of our wonderful social life when society involves in its ever widening circles the busy millions of the world. The very least and weakest feel its protecting care and the great and powerful are not exempt from its control. It has dominion wherever the feet of men have strayed, and nations as well as individuals are its subjects. It has been the emblem of justice and the synonym for progress from gray antiquity down to the present time. Today it towers in majesty, a monument enduring through the ages, though the foundations of the world are shaken.

And yet, the day which sees law apparently in the period of greatest potency for its blessings to the race, sees also, law confronted by a giant peril. For, during the last generations there has risen up against the law a deadly enemy. The teachings of a few men whose minds had become pregnant with a new philosophy of human relations or perverted and made desperate through misfortune have sedulously crept into the hearts of men. The new doctrine proclaims law to be the blight of humanity. It clamors for the suspension of government and the return of mankind to a state of lawlessness and license. It demands that the race be hurled back once more from the heights attained through centuries of growth down into the darkness of primeval sav-

agery. These teachings have found listeners among men whose wrongs are attributed to governmental agencies and who grasp eagerly at these new ideas, which have fired them with a hope of vengeance. Converts are made alike among the miserable subjects of despotism and the citizens of America. Throughout the world dreams of a social revolution followed by an Utopian absence of rank and class, have fired the imaginations of men until today this enemy of law controls a host of followers whose dominant impulse is the overthrow of law and order and whose watchword is "death." In every land the high priests of this wild creed are preaching the gospel of Destruction.

The last decade has served to disclose more fully the character of this doctrine of anarchism. It aims first at the rulers of the world that its ultimate ends may, with greater certainty, be attained. And never before in the history of the world has king or president wielded the power which the sacred law has given him with greater insecurity than now. Time and again has the bloody hand of anarchy stretched forth and smitten down a beloved ruler. Imagination carries us back a few months to the scene of our national tragedy. Surrounded by the law-abiding thousands, encompassed on all sides by grandeur, clothed with the power and majesty of law, stands a nation's chief. Above him mounts the vaulted roof of the wonderful temple of Music—itself the very symbol of order, of harmony, of Law. Life, order, harmony, tranquillity are emblemized by everything about him, and he stands there the chosen leader of a mighty nation, the embodiment of these heavenly attributes, the choicest representative of the glory of Law.

But while the people, loud in their acclamations, press about him, an unseen calamity is at hand. The throng parts. He is face to face with his assassin. Mark the murderer and his victim. The one stands, an honored, upright citizen; the other a dark-browed, gloomy outcast. The one stands for the forces of order, the other for the mobs of violence. The one has ever lived under the benign eye of the sacred law, the other spurns its restraining influence. The standard bearer of the legions of Faith and of Light stands before the agent the hosts of Doubt and of Darkness. The follower

of the Prince of Peace is in the presence of a disciple of the prince of discord. Hate, sin, despair and death are arrayed against love, righteousness, hope and life—and for one black moment Evil triumphs over Good and the radiant light of law is smothered in a gloomy night of anarchy!

This is but one instance of the fruits of the doctrine of anarchism. But at each example, as from time to time earth's rulers have fallen before this monster, the civilized world has been bowed in shame and grief. Each time its arm has risen in vengeance and crushed the visible foe, but, while the branches of this tree of death have fallen, its roots, buried in secrecy, have lived on, unharmed.

This terrible question confronts the new century for solution: Shall anarchism longer threaten the world? Shall lawlessness succeed law? Never did the forces of right cope with a foe more formidable. Its dark plots are born in secrecy. Its fires smoulder at the foundation of every government. Vice and discontent are the agencies for the spread of its deadly contagion. Its spark is found in the breast of not only him who kills a king, but of him who thwarts the purpose of the law and takes quick vengeance on the negro criminal. Defiance of the law of the state, which has its source in anarchistic principles, is fostered as a virtue and loud applause greets a deed of outlawry. Legislators, forgetting their sacred office, degrade their noble task to one of shame and ignominy. Bribery of juries, traffic in votes, the tyranny of trusts, each but serves to emphasize the fact that a subtle anarchistic influence has insinuated its way among all classes and by degrees is replacing their love and veneration for

law by a feeling of contempt and scorn. Anarchism, rooted in a world-wide socialistic discontent has grown and flourished until today it towers in brutal might, threatening with devastation the governments of the earth.

But the God who entwined in the roots of man's nature the instinct for social order, from which have sprung all human laws, will not suffer their place to be usurped by this monstrous heresy. The time will come when the law makers of the world, realizing more fully the dread purpose of this destructive propoganda, will combine against it; when lawlessness will brand with infamy, not mark for honor; when law will be reinstated in its ancient purity beside the thrones of nations. When the law-abiding millions, better understanding the blessings of law, and acknowledging its sacred character, shall see in Anarchy a Titanic enemy of the race, bringing in its train the ruin of the world; when they behold in law the Palladium of their social happiness, their peace, their progress, their civilization—then shall the perverted legions of anarchism be routed, then shall its bloody tenets be forgotten, then shall a Brotherhood of Life replace the Brotherhood of Death.

The eye of Faith, piercing the mists of uncertainty that now invest the world, looks forward with a firm trust to the future. It sees impotent anarchism sepulchered among the wild and gloomy fantasies of the past. It sees all men reimbued with the primal instinct for law and thrilled with the realizing sense that "her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." It beholds the world, acknowledging her holy sanctity, moving up towards heaven "rapt in universal Law."



IN MEMORIAM

By **GEORGE M. PAULUS**

Superior, Wis.

CARESSSED on the north by the blue waves of the Baltic, embraced on the east by the circling waters of the Dwina and the Dnieper, and on the south resting securely against the backbone of the Carpathians; there on a fertile plain, rich in the fruitage of her soils and richer still in the wealth of her traditions, surpassing in genius and culture, thrived once a mighty people. Poland flourished there. Poland, where at the close of day, the gentle Slavic mother lulled her babe to rest with Christian lore, or instilled into its infant bosom the patriotism and bravery of her race. Poland, for centuries the bulwark of Christianity, the foe to tyrants, the scourge of the infidel!

Fronting on the east the vast domain of Mongol hordes, and extending on the south to the gateway of the Orient, Poland was subjected from time immemorial to the most terrific Moslem and Hindoo onslaughts. On her borders the exponents of Islam and Christendom marshalled their armaments in furious combat for supremacy. We beheld arrayed against each other the stagnant Orient and the progressive Occident. On the one hand, a civilization bound and fettered by the base ideals of the Koran; on the other hand, the enlightenment born of the inspiration of the word of God. The former symbolizes slavery and tyranny, and relegates woman to the realm of female beasts; the latter develops institutions which insure freedom and happiness, and sees in woman all that is pure and elevating. One, the breath of Satan hot from Hades; the other, benign outpourings of God's beneficence.

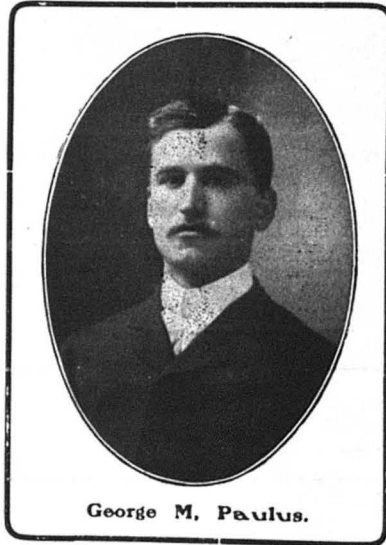
Whenever these ideas came in contact there was a clash of arms. The fury of the Moslem fire could not be quenched except by Christian blood. With

the valor born of fanaticism the hosts of Islam,—armies of many nations, conquerors of countless realms—threw themselves across the Hellespont, determined that the sword should never seek the scabbard more, until the Crescent was supreme in every land; until the Cross was forever trampled under foot; until Mohammed was worshiped as sole prophet of the Lord, and the teachings of Jesus Christ were forever blotted from the memories of men. For a time nothing could stay their onslaughts. The lurid shadow of the Crescent advanced. The Cross receded, and on the 12th of September, 1863, for a second time, the Turkish scimitar probed for the heart of Europe.

On that day, as the Poles gazed from their bivouac, they saw spread out before them the greatest multitude that ever congregated on European soil since Sparta's immortal heroes held back the hosts of Xerxes at Thermopylae. Two million men surging to and fro like the turbulent waves of the ocean, threatening to submerge all before them! The surrounding villages blazing

forth their destruction at the hands of the fierce Akindji, and in their midst, enveloped by flame and smoke, the tall spires of her churches appealing to heaven for aid,—the great city Vienna!

It was a sight that might strike terror into the staunchest hearts. But the sons of Poland faltered not. The eagle eye of Sobieski pierced the flame and smoke and sought a place to pierce the Turk. On they came. With the cry of "Jesus" they fell upon the infidels. Those Janissaries, who escaped that awful carnage, never forgot it. Two hundred thousand Moslems bit the dust. The rest, leaving their cannon and spoils, fled stricken with terror.



George M. Paulus.

Nor stopped, nor turned, nor ceased their
headlong flight,

Until the Mosques of Shumla hove in sight!

The Crescent, dripping with blood of innocence,
receded. The lurid shadow vanished. The Cross
blazed forth with double lustre.

And thus to save Europe from shame and ignominy,
Poland sacrificed her wealth, her power, her
flesh and blood. With what ingratitude was she re-
paid? Had she reserved the valor of her arms and
hurled them against her Christian foes, Poland
would stand today the most effulgent gem in the
tiara of European nations.

The dark plans which occasioned the dismemberment
of Poland were consigned to oblivion, when the
principals of that heinous crime departed from
this earth to meet their God. It were well that posterity
draw the veil of charity over their acts, for
perhaps they knew not what they did; but in justice
to the children of that people which was the subject
of such merciless brigandage, and also that we may
more fully realize the fearful consequences of such
vandalism and thus be better able to avoid them,
humanity is impelled to inquire into the motives of
the plunderers and reflect upon them.

It seems impossible to think that Christian nations
would conspire to destroy the Christian nation of
Poland, in order to preserve the integrity of the
heathen Ottoman Empire: yet such is the obvious
though unpalatable truth.

The green-eyed vixen of the North, insatiate
Catherine, had cast her gaze about for conquest.
Austria could not allow any further aggrandizement
of Russia from the Turk. To avert the impending
conflict, which would have been disastrous to
his interests, Frederick the Great, 'tis said, first
proposed the demolition of Poland. To consummate
their plans, Russia lit and fanned by means of
bribes the flame of anarchy in Poland. The combined
armies of the Powers then poured across the
borders and thus began the spoliation of the Polish
realm. The lines of demarkation were drawn; four
million souls were forced to swear allegiance to
foreign tyrants.

But though despoiled of one-fourth of her lands
and people, Poland still remained a mighty power.
She could relinquish one arm and yet hurl defiance
at her foes. She had learned a lesson; a lesson writ-

ten in letters of blood and fire; and she profited.
Her citizens solemnly assembled and wrought wonders
of reform. A constitutional government on republican
principles was established. Never did patriotism throb
more fervently than in the bosoms of the Polish people.
Never was love of country evinced by nobler actions.
The Polish nobles, unsought, offered freedom to their
serfs and gave them farms. The nation's wounds began
to heal. Poland was working out her own salvation.

The neighboring powers observed these reforms
with jealousy and alarm. Had not the "Holy Alliance"
sworn death to all republics? With consternation they
saw within their midst a menace to their despotic rule.
They must crush the thought of freedom in the Pole
if they would crush the man. To start the conflict
once more, Russia forced on the Polish people as king
a favorite of hers. Prussia, under the feeblest pretext,
again threw her armies across the border. In their
distress, the Poles turned to Austria, but with that
forgetfulness born of ingratitude she little heeded
the appeals of her ancient defenders. The Polish realm
was once more subjected to dissection by the victorious
swords of Russia and Prussia. To make their proceedings
still more galling, they forced the Polish Diet to
decree this second robbery a legal and virtuous act.

The blood of the nation boiled at this insolence.
The usurpers were driven from Warsaw. In three
fierce battles they were hurled from the Polish realm.
Success was about to crown the efforts of the Polish
patriots. But the power which was now brought to
bear on Poland could not have been resisted by the
strongest nation of the times. Austria, who at first
had held aloof, now joined the coalition. And thus,
from the east with jaws agape and upraised paw,
the "Russian Bear;" from the north, the Prussian
"dogs of war;" from the west, with talons sharpened
to lacerate his victim, the "Austrian Eagle;" like
wild Hyrcanean beasts they pounced upon their
bleeding prey. In vain did Kosciuszko rally his
countrymen. With scythes and sickles, with axes
and picks, they fought. But valor and courage were
smothered by the force of multitudes. The three
victorious powers gloated over their unholy portions.
Nothing was left of Polish nationality. The town
of Cracow alone was declared independent,—a mockery
to Polish liberty, a travesty upon human

freedom. Tyranny never before flouted with such malicious insolence her triumph in the face of liberty.

In this manner was committed what has been fitly termed "the greatest crime of the 18th century." A crime, the ghastly shadow of which still beclouds many a throne. A crime, which shrieked to heaven for retribution, and which is answered today by the roar of the murderous bomb or the keen edge of the stiletto.

The misery of the stricken people after the awful catastrophe of 1795 would move the heart of Nero. Tyrannic Russia forged her chains of bondage and drew them tighter day by day. Families were rent asunder. Children were torn from their mothers' arms. Fathers were forced into the Russian armies and ordered to aim their guns at the breasts of their countrymen. Thousands were banished to Siberia to wear away their lives in ceaseless toil. Those that could escape, fled and roamed the world without a country, without a home, without a friend. Do you wonder that anarchy finds its champions among these people? Do you wonder that they aim the dagger at every nation's breast, themselves robbed of their country? Can the Pole find solace in Prussia's feats of arms? Can the Pole rejoice in Austria's prosperity and splendor? Can the Pole glory in the power of the Russias? To do so, were to forget the blazing homes of Poland; were to forget the slaughter of his fathers; were to forget the blistering tears of the Polish mothers and the pitiful wail of their children.

Czolgoz! Czolgoz! You are not alone the assassin of our beloved president. 'Tis Prussia, that instilled the hate of nations in your breast. 'Tis Austria that lit the flame of anarchy in your brain! 'Tis Russia, that tore the love of country and of order from your bosom and placed therein the poison of revenge! 'Tis the world, that looked with apathy on these foul deeds and murmured not!

No civilized nation has escaped the punishment which such an act as the dismemberment of Poland merits. A people of spirit can not be deprived of their nationality and offered a substitute. Anarchy is the inevitable result. Dire, indeed, has been the visitation of Heaven on the heads of those who are guilty of the actual crime, as well as those who looked on, but sought not to avert. The justice of heaven falls with a heavy hand upon that nation which seeks aggrandizement through the destruction of a weaker people. The fate of Carthage marked the fate of Rome. Spain! Where is her empire now? The shrieks of the slaughtered Incas and Montezumas ring down the centuries of time. Their call was answered by the hurricane of divine vengeance sweeping the "Invincible Armada" from the seas; was answered by the belching cannon of George Dewey at Manila bay; and will be answered until the last vestige of that empire has sunk into oblivion, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

While the fate of Poland presents to us the darkest picture of the perfidy of nations, the brilliancy of her career and the consequences of her fate, bequeath to posterity in the former, an example worthy of the highest emulation, and in the latter, a lesson of inestimable value.

As Israel gave birth to Christian civilization, as Poland preserved it from strangulation, may we champion and uphold its principles for all time. May this nation never forget in its might ever to respect and to uphold the integrity of a sister nation, though she lie prostrate at our mercy. May God protect us from such calamities as befell unhappy Poland, and place within the minds of our statesmen that virtue and wisdom which shall be instrumental in bequeathing to posterity a name unsullied by national perfidy, but consecrated to freedom, union, and honor forever.

Officers 1902



John L. Tormey, Vice Pres.,
Platteville.

Raymond P. Ensign, Pres.,
River Falls.

F. P. Roetz, Sec.,
Whitewater.

Jack Lewis, Treas.,
Superior.

The LAST OF THE TRIBUNES

By FRANK OTIS

River Falls, Wis.

TO LOVERS of history Rome has a peculiar charm. From the dim legend of her early beginning, on through the centuries, we watch with unabating interest her ever-changing scenes of fateful tragedy. When her people groan beneath a burden of tyranny, we sympathize with them in their distress. When their indomitable courage throws off the yoke of their oppressors, we rejoice at their triumph. When barbarian foes assail them, we admire and applaud their patriotism.

But while steadily gaining the ascendancy over all nations, they scattered the seeds of their own destruction. Constant appeals to brutality and love of display ever destroy the noble traits of character, and tribute wrung from vanquished foes ever blunts the sense of moral honesty and nurtures degraded citizenship. As century succeeds century the people become more corrupt until we find Rome, once the pride of the world, now a reproach upon civilization; her once honored nobles now in perpetual feud with one another and despised as the scourge of their country; her people, once free, now sorely oppressed, sunken too low to mourn the loss of their own liberty; her streets, once glorious with the triumphs of her victorious heroes, now the scenes of robbery, rapine and murder. Such were the conditions under which Rienzi tried to re-establish ancient Rome. He who would build upon such foundation is sure to be crushed beneath the ruin when the fatal hour comes—as come it must. To Rienzi it came when at the zenith of his power, the sharp contrast making more vivid the dizzy height of his glory and the immeasurable depth of his fall.

In his boyhood, spent in the old monasteries pouring over musty manuscripts filled with the glories of ancient Rome, his reverie was of the grandeur of his country's past; his sorrow was in her degradation; his dream was the restoration of her forgotten liberties.

The secret of Rienzi's life was patriotism—the subtle influence which, crystalized and quickened into action by the fierce and powerful emotion, guided him out upon the sea of wild and stormy revolution, that at last made him the victim of its own misguided fury. The familiar story of his grief has been told in forceful lines.

"I had a brother once—a gracious boy,

Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved desciple.

How I loved

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
A brother at once, and son; he left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile
Parting his fair lips. In one short hour
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance."

As he knelt by the side of his murdered dead, his face paled by the deep emotions that swayed his soul, he cried out in his anguish, "Revenge! Revenge! Do they deny me revenge? Time shall disclose the future!" When he arose the idle dreamer had been transformed into the bold and eloquent leader of revolution.

His plans were deeply and wisely laid. To gain power three things were necessary: To retain the favor of the Church, to quiet the suspicions of the nobles, and to win the confidence of the people. To accomplish these ends he continued his studies with the monks, attended the banquets of the Colonna (made welcome there by his peculiar and eccentric wit), and, by cautious eloquence, aroused the slumbering discontent of the populace, directing them into the dark channel of revolution.

It is midnight in the old Roman Temple of Liberty. Surrounded by a hundred followers, Rienzi

alone stands with uncovered face, his pale brow appearing yet more pale because of the mass of thick, black hair above it.

"The favor and support of the Church bestowed upon our course by the Vicar of the Pope unites religion and liberty in my last appeal to the people. Actions must then take the place of words. I pledge my faith, I devote my life to Rome and Rome's liberty. You must swear undying allegiance to the banner of the Republic when the solitary trumpeter shall proclaim the hour for action." A hundred voices join in the reply and then each conspirator, shedding his own blood, pledges himself by the solemn rites of the conspirator's vow. The first real action has been taken—the nucleus of revolution has been formed.

By the invitation of Rienzi himself, the Barons attended his last appeal to the people. The proud majesty of his attitude before them, the awe inspired by the dazzling whiteness of his robe, the mystery of his cloven crown, at once arrested the sneers of the arrogant and the murmur of the impatient. Let us join that throng and listen to his words of warning.

"Friends, Romans, Citizens: We have come to look upon the glory of our ancient Republic. Before you is the inscription of the act of the Roman Senate conferring Imperial Power upon Vespasian. Think not that it is of no interest except to the monks who have patiently deciphered its import. It is nothing to know what we have been unless it is with the desire of knowing what we ought to be. 'Let the past perish; let darkness shroud it; let it sleep forever over the crumbling temples and desolate tombs of its forgotten sons,—if it cannot afford us, from its disburied secrets, a guide for the present and the future.'

This inscription means more to us than a mere puzzle, useful only to while away a few tedious hours in its solution. To Vespasian was given imperial power. From whom did he receive this power? FROM THE ROMAN SENATE! THE REPRESENTATIVES of the ROMAN PEOPLE!

Such, my countrymen, was the acknowledgment given by Vespasian to the prerogative of your fathers! But who asks YOU for power? What petty tyrant accounts to YOU for his lawlessness? The

rising sun sends his first bright beams to light a race of SLAVES! His noonday glory looks down in withering scorn upon the horde of Feudal despots who plunder our citizens and desecrate our liberties! With slowly fading light he blushes for our callous indifference to the indignities we endure. Each hour murmurs its protest against open violence or shameless murder. How long, Oh, Romans, will ye submit to be thus trampled underfoot? Will ye forever cringe beneath the lash of the tyrant? Will ye be ever thus? Will ye never rise with the resistlessness born of despair and, throwing off your thralldom, wreak just vengeance upon your tormentors? Your eyes have beheld the record of the past. Let its lessons be engraved upon your hearts in letters imperishable.

Forget not the approach of the Jubilee! Hither the eyes of all Christendom will then be directed. When, from all quarters of the earth, men here seek peace, shall discord be their only greeting? Seeking absolution for themselves, shall they perceive but crime in you? Shall they find all law unknown in the center of God's Dominion? Will YOU be the world's by-word, whose fathers were its glory? Will you be its warning, whose sires were its example?

The propitious hour is at hand. Seize upon the golden opportunity ere it escape you. Your roads are infested with bandits, your walls harbor hireling ruffians: purge yourselves of these evils that Christian pilgrims may approach their shrine in safety. Compel civil discord to cease, and proclaim him traitor who opposes the establishment of just and honorable law. Gain a victory over yourselves and so win the applause of the world. Will you do this? Shall Rome again be free?

'Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once, again, I swear
The eternal city shall be free.'

So breathlessly have they listened, so matchless the spell of his eloquence over people and nobles, that, ere they are aware that he has ceased to speak, Rienzi has disappeared. To the nobles, such daring audacity could have but one explanation—the sanction of the Pope. The smiling approval of his vicar confirmed them, and all shrunk from punishing one who was but echoing the desires of the Pontiff. The circumstances were such that to Rienzi prudence

consisted of fearless defiance. His unhesitating courage was his safeguard.

To the people, this sudden apparition, clothed in mystical splendor, speaking fierce denunciation for all they had deemed most powerful, and vanishing in a seemingly miraculous manner, was a manifestation of the super-natural. Henceforth he was their idol and they were ready to follow wherever, and whenever, he might lead. 'The hour fast approaches!

In glittering array, with the bright beams of the early morning glancing from spear to spear, with tossing shields and blast of bugle, with proud banners waving to and fro in the summer breeze, with prancing horses and fearless men,—with all the splendor of the middle ages, the Roman Barons swept along the streets of the city and out through its gates, leaving behind them a silence deep and unbroken.

Suddenly, out upon the quiet air rang the sound of a single trumpet! As if by magic, multitudes throng the deserted streets. Rienzi has triumphed!

Refusing a crown, he chose the title of "Tribune," ever sacred as that of the representative and protector of the people.

In his short administration he subdued the nobles, expelled the bandits, and restored peace and prosperity to the city. Life and property were safe, and crime was rigorously punished, whether committed by the great or the humble. Haughty as an emperor to the proud, he was simple and affectionate as a child among his friends, and he yielded the utmost deference to the people. And yet, so utterly depraved had this people become, they were loyal to him only because he had bettered their condition.

Bitterly resenting the humiliation of submission to a plebeian, and stung to madness by the execu-

tion of one of their number, the nobles deserted the city and prepared to make war upon the republic. It was to meet this danger that Rienzi proposed the tax upon the people, but they chose to be plundered by the nobles rather than pay the price of their own liberty. Under the ban of the church, Rienzi was compelled to flee from Rome to save his life.

After seven years of exile he was recalled to quell a second time the turbulence of the city, and with the same result as before. Rome was too corrupt for liberty and soon Rienzi was again left alone. Not one friend in all Rome to stand between him and his enemies.

Betrayed by his own household, the mob that surrounded the Capitol cut off all escape. Those for whom he had dared all things stop their ears lest his matchless, all persuasive eloquence might win them back to himself! They rush upon him, daggers gleam in the sun light, fall, and gleam no more!

Oh the depth of human degradation! Man, made in God's own image, and fallen so low! Romans, once the pride, the example, the law-givers, of the world—ye have stricken with an incurable palsy the arm that wielded the battle ax in your defense! Ye have doomed to everlasting silence the eloquence of the voice that in thunder-tones denounced your oppressors! Ye have forever stilled the noble heart whose every throb was an echo of your own misery! Ye have shed the precious life-blood of him to whom your own liberty was inseparably linked.

Whatever his mistakes, whatever his faults, whatever his ambitions, he was always inexorably just, undauntingly courageous, unflinchingly loyal to Rome and to the liberties of the Roman people—their Rienzi—their Inspiration—their Liberator—their Martyr!





Business Meeting

Business Convention of the I. N. O. L., Normal Building, West Superior, March 21, 1902.

Meeting called to order at 2:15 p. m. by Pres. Ensign.

The following credential committee was appointed: J. H. Ames, Stevens Point; F. Froehlich, Oshkosh; D. Swartz, River Falls.

Recess.

Credential committee reported favorably on the following names: Chas. Donnelly, John Lewis, Superior; Frank Fawcett, John Tormey, Platteville; Elizabeth J. Graham, F. P. Roets, Whitewater; F. J. Holt, W. C. Knoelk, Milwaukee; David Swartz, River Falls; N. Gunderson, F. Froehlich, Oshkosh; Jesse H. Ames, Fred Olson, Stevens Point. Report accepted.

Roll call found all delegates present except Frank Fawcett and Miss Graham.

Following constitutional committee was appointed: Chas. Donnelly, Superior; J. S. Tormey, Platteville; Fred Olson, Stevens Point.

River Falls waived her right to the contest for 1903 and, in accordance with the constitution, was placed at the foot of the list.

Recess.

Committee on constitution then made the following report: In Sec. I of Art. III the last clause is to read, "—providing that any school waiving its right to the Contest in its proper year shall give two years notice of the same, go to the foot of the list, and not be entitled to an office for six years after said notice." Report adopted.

(It was understood that this amendment would not affect River Falls for waiving her right to the contest of 1903.)

Motion to elect Vice Pres. of I. S. N. L. before selecting I. N. O. L. officers was carried.

The following were nominated for Vice Pres. of I. S. N. L.: Wilma Gesell, Stevens Point; Frank Froehlich, Oshkosh; Amy Clark, Milwaukee. Result of the ballot was as follows:

Miss Gesell, 9 votes.

Miss Froehlich, 2 votes.

Miss Clark, 2 votes.

Miss Gesell of Stevens Point declared elected Vice Pres. of I. S. N. L.

The following were unanimously elected officers of I. N. O. L. for year beginning June 1, 1902, and ending June 1, 1903:

President—Donald Lewis, Platteville.

Vice President—Amy Clark, Milwaukee.

Secretary—Clair Hedges, Superior.

Treasurer—L. Froehlich, Oshkosh.

The following committee was appointed to report on bids for printing orations, etc.: John Tormey, Platteville; Fred Olson, Stevens Point; W. C. Knoelk, Milwaukee.

The committee reported favorably upon the bid of Mr. Gunderson of Oshkosh, but as this bid called for a sale of 100 copies to each school, and as no school was willing to take that number, the report was not accepted.

The following committee was appointed to arrange for printing the "Contest Number": Chas. Donnelly, Superior; John S. Tormey, Platteville; David Swartz, River Falls.

Mr. Ambrose C. Grace, orator from Milwaukee, was charged as having plagiarized parts of his oration on "Alexander Hamilton." It was moved and seconded that the executive committee be authorized to do what they see fitting and right in regard to the protest against Mr. Grace.

Moved to amend, that those Normal School Presidents who are present at Superior act with the executive committee.

Amendment carried. Motion as amended carried.

The following Normal School Presidents were at Superior: Mr. Salisbury, Whitewater; Mr. Pray, Stevens Point; Mr. Brier, River Falls; Mr. McGregor, Platteville; Mr. McNeil, Superior.

Moved and seconded that rules be suspended and all business be done today, Friday. Carried.

Adjournment.

FRANCIS P. ROETS,

Secretary.

Committee on Grace affair met at West Superior hotel, March 21, 1902, at 7 P. M. Committee decided to leave the investigation of the Grace case in the hands of the executive committee. The following

written notice was served Mr. Grace before entering the contest: "We, the executive committee of the I. N. O. L., (undersigned) agree to allow you to enter the contest under protest and on condition that a thorough investigation of the charges brought against you be made; and if said charges are found to be authentic, your name will be dropped from the list of standings."

(Signed R. P. ENSIGN,
F. P. ROETS,
C. J. N. NELSON.)

(The executive committee met at Stevens Point on April 14, 1902, to investigate the Grace charges. Evidence was brought forth sufficient to convict Mr. Grace of plagiarism and his name was dropped from the list. As the report of the committee appeared in full in the "Sentinel," it is not deemed necessary to give it here.)

TO POINTER READERS:—The Pointer staff is working hard on its Souvenir Issue.—We confidently expect this number to be the best of its kind ever gotten out here. In the number of cuts of officers, organizations, etc., it easily surpasses any previous number, the Nautilus not excepted. We have also adopted some up-to-date ideas regarding department etchings. In place of the old-fashioned sort, which sprawled in uncertain dimensions across the

upper half of the page, the Souvenir will contain etchings fully as suggestive as the old and far more symmetrical and beautiful. In many other ways we think we are advancing the standard set by other Pointer staffs in their final numbers. At least, we feel that the '01-'02 Souvenir will be worth its price, 20 cents. Address the Business Manager, A. J. Herrick.

It seems advisable to offer a word of explanation for the tardiness with which this Contest Issue makes its appearance. The record of the business meeting of the I. N. O. L. above shows that no bid for the state printing was accepted at that time. A committee for receiving later bids was appointed. It was impossible for this committee, composed of members of different schools, to act together with precision, correspondence between them necessitating much delay. Slight misunderstandings regarding bids caused further delay, and it was not until a fortnight ago that we were free to push the work. Lack of promptness in sending in orations and cuts of orators has also hindered the work very much. With a Souvenir Issue of the Pointer to publish before June 15, we have been obliged to rush the publication of this Contest Issue very much. Hence it is less complete and embellished than would have been the case had we had more time for the work.



TABULATION OF THE JUDGES' DECISION.

	Judges.												Ranks.														Final Rank	
	Thought and Comp.						Delivery.						No. of Votes.							Value of Each.								
	Denison		Tobey		Maxon		Borden		Mead		Brown		1st	2d	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	1	1-2	1-3	1-4	1-5	1-6	1-7		Total Value
	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank																
	1st	2d	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th		6th
Superior	91	7	90	6	98	2	88	7	82	3	98	2																
River Falls	96	4	93	4	95	3	90	6	77	6	96	4																
Oshkosh	94	5	88	7	100	1	96	3	100	1	97	3	2															
Platteville	99	2	100	1	80	7	94	4	81	5	95	5	1	1														
Stevens Point	93	6	95	3	90	5	92	5	75	7	100	1	1															
Milwaukee	100	1	98	2	85	6	98	2	95	2	93	7	1	3														
Whitewater	98	3	92	5	94	4	100	1	80	5	94	6	1															
Superior	6		6		1		6		2		2	2	1	2														
River Falls	4		4		2		5		5		3	3																
Platteville	2		1		6		3		3		4	4																
Stevens Point	5		3		4		4		6		1	1	1															
Milwaukee	1		2		5		2		1		6	6	2	2														
Whitewater	3		5		3		1		4		5	5	1															
Superior	5		5		1		5		1		2	2	2	1														
River Falls	3		3		2		4		4		3	3	2	1														
Platteville	1		1		5		2		2		4	4	2	2														
Stevens Point	4		2		4		3		5		1	1	1	1														
Whitewater	2		4		3		1		3		5	5	1	1														
Superior	4		4		1		4		1		2	2	2	1														
River Falls	2		2		5		3		3		3	3																
Stevens Point	3		1		4		2		4		1	1	2	1														
Whitewater	1		3		3		1		2		4	4	2	1														
Superior	5		3		1		3		1		2	2	2	1														
River Falls	1		2		2		2		2		3	3	1	4														
Stevens Point	2		1		3		1		3		1	1	3	1														
Superior	2		2		1		2		1		1	1	3	3														
River Falls	1		1		2		1		2		2	2	3	3														
Superior							2		1		1	1																
River Falls							1		2		2	2																

THE NORMAL POINTER.

* Milwaukee forfeits place. Found guilty of plagiarism.

D

V.
IV.

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STEVENS POINT, WIS., March 27, 1902.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have just completed a six months' course in the Stevens Point Business College, and have taken from dictation, several times, 150 words per minute, and have acquired a speed of 60 words per minute on the typewriter.

On March 25th, 1902, I took from dictation 100 business letters, averaging 125 words per letter, and transcribed the same from my notes in six hours and thirty minutes. These letters were all entirely new matter to me.

I have this day accepted a position with the Wisconsin Chair Company, Port Washington, Wis., a firm that requires a stenographer capable of getting out 100 letters per day, and are willing to pay \$60 per month for such a person.

I wish to say from my experience that any one who contemplates enrolling in a business college could find none better than the Stevens Point Business College.

Yours truly, MISS CECIL VAUGHN.

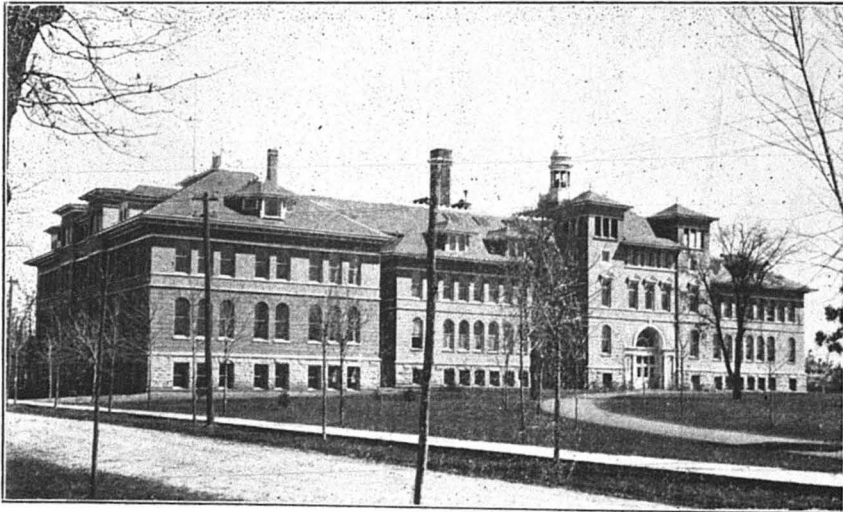
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Board \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week; all school charges about \$1.25 per quarter (ten weeks). No tuition fees in Normal classes for those expecting to teach. Tuition 65 cents per week or less in preparatory grades.

Write for circulars, or BETTER STILL, ask definite questions about any part of the school work, and get an immediate personal reply.

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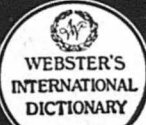
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