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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume IV.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., APRIL, 1899.

Number 7.

Selected by the Inter-Normal Oratorical League as the official organ to publish the proceedings and happenings of the Fourth Annual Oratorical Contest, held at Stevens Point, Wis., March 17, 1899.

SPECIAL CONTEST NUMBER.

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THE CONTEST OF '99.

Excitement had long been brewing. The local preliminary contests had all been held. A half a hundred ambitious orators had vied in personal rivalry for the coveted honor of being chosen the representative of a normal school, to be one of the final six who were to enter the lists at Stevens Point, the arena for the inter-normal oratorical contest of 1899. Weeks before the final event, each school began to boast its eloquence, to predict its future victory, to compose its war-cries for the coming battle. The portraits of the orators appeared in the "dailies" of the state, and stories of their might went abroad. Everything conspired to make more dense the atmosphere of expectancy.

At last the momentous eve of March 17th arrived. At eight o'clock a throng of almost a thousand listeners had arrived and were waiting in restless anxiety. The great hall was packed with 200 visitors, and Stevens Point represented en masse. Seats were at a premium. The faculty of the local normal had surrendered theirs and were perched in state upon the top most rows of the gallery. Hundreds of vociferous college throats were raising their voices to the lofty ceiling of the Grand Opera.

But silence came at length, when the curtain rose and revealed the sextette of orators, who were to uphold the honors of their respective normals. The president of the I. N. O. L. announced in due order the program of the evening which was smoothly carried through before an audience which now displayed a laudable self control and courtesy.

THE PROGRAM.

Music, LeReveil D'Amour.....M. Mozykowski
Misses Ethel Dunlap and Bessie Macdonald.
Oration, The Development of the Spirit of Truth,
Arnold L. Gesell, Stevens Point.
OrationAbraham Lincoln
Stephen J. McMahon, Milwaukee.
Music, Voices of the Woods.....Rubinstein
Misses Long, Saxton, West, Reed.
Oration.....The New Nation
Aubrey B. Deahofe, Whitewater.
OrationCavour
C. D. Donaldson, Superior.
Music, Valse Caprice.....Rubinstein
Miss May Flower.
Oration.....Grant
Miss Elizabeth Shepard, Oshkosh.
Oration.....Frances E. Willard
Edgar G. Doudna, Platteville.

Music, Across the Dee.....C. W. Combs
Miss Sophia Linton.

Music, Polonaise..... Paderewski
Miss Grace Corcoran.

Music, Until the Dawn.....J. A. Parks

Messrs. Prouex, Hotchkiss, Porter and Rounds.

When the program had been completed and the markings of the judges were being summed up and tabulated, the waiting crowd tossed in a restless eagerness. The oppressiveness of the interval was too great even for noisy demonstrations. A question trembled on every lip. Who would it be? What school was to receive the honor? Who would win the laurel? Would it be the much feared McMahon of Milwaukee? Would it be Deahofe? He hailed from Whitewater and Whitewater could point to records. Or would it not be the far-famed lady orator that came with her band of two hundred from Oshkosh? Or would it be Superior? Her man had made a good showing. Or Platteville? She all but gained the prize the year before. Or after all, might it be Stevens Point? Never before had the local contestant succeeded in scoring the victory.

But there was a well selected jury that had turned in a decision. And finally that decision was ready to be announced. The president of the I. N. O. L. stepped forward, bearing in her hand the unimpeachable record that was in a moment to relieve at least any further expectancy. The eve's excitement reached its climax. A ponderous weight of silence sunk deep upon the audience. Distinctly came the words:—"Miss Shepard of Oshkosh has received third place." (Just a slight groan from one quarter of the house.) "Second place goes to Mr. McMahon." (A brief vocalization of delight.) "And first place is awarded to Mr. Gesell." (! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !) If ever a crowd of 400 went crazy with delight it was after these words of moment had been uttered. In an instant the unsuspecting victor was on the football shoulders of his yelling comrades and borne upon the stage in the midst of a roof-raising pandemonium—an exulting clamor, not of metered yells and songs, but one of screams, and shouts and tigers! No wonder! It was the purple and gold that fluttered highest now! It was the home contestant! And he was victor over all.

—A STEVENS POINTER.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

By Arnold L. Gesell, Representative of Stevens Point Normal.

MAN, as a progressive being, ever seeks to rise above the enthrallments of custom, of institutions, and of prejudice. Beyond this imperfect world of transient delusions and passing realities, his spiritual vision sees a brighter world of unchanging, everlasting truth. For this he yearns, and toward this he strives. He feels within himself the spirit which urges him to press onward in search of the truth; and as he heeds the callings of this spirit, he and his fellow-man become enlightened. This is the moral temper to which the world owes its progress.

The spirit of truth has been working in man from the infancy of the race. But, alas! it has often been unheeded, often misunderstood, and more often crushed beneath the tyrant's heel. Its development has been painful and interrupted. At times it has seemed to be overwhelmed, never to rise again; and the world has been wrapped about with a gloom that stifled the aspirations of the boldest intellects. Though often retarded by ignorance, shackled by superstition, and suppressed by tyranny, this spirit which longs for truth still lives on. Freed from its blood-stained fetters of the past, it rises on high; and is today a greater power than ever before.

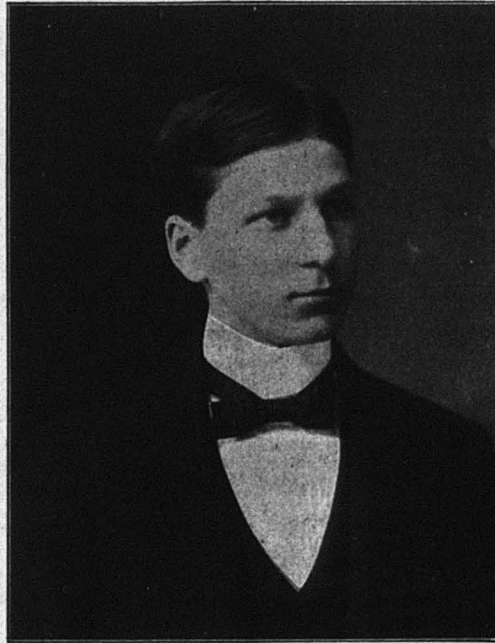
Glance at the opening pages of history and see the ideals there revealed. The cumbrous civilizations of Egypt and of Babylon, in their efforts to exalt the state, placed little value upon personal

freedom. The individual was fettered by the conventionalities of law, custom and religion, and often dared not search for the brighter truths which he intuitively felt lay just beyond his environment.

But mark the great advance when the seat of learning had been transferred to the groves of ancient Athens. Far more liberal and far more inspiring were the institutions of Greece. The truth-seeker enjoyed a much greater freedom. And yet we remember that it was this same civilization of enlightened Hellas that put to death the great Socrates. Intolerance still lived, and it was not long before Greek Philosophy met its own doom in the martyrdom of its last, living embodiment, the gifted Hypatia.

The power that then triumphed, wore the guise of Christianity. In her infant days of purity, when she was animated in every part by the divine love of her Founder, Christianity was the most tolerant institution the world has ever seen. But ere long the tolerant precepts of Christ gave way to the intolerance of fanaticism.

The primal purity of the Church became deeply stained. Her spiritual sceptre began to waver, and higher and firmer she held aloft the sceptre of her temporal power. With her rising authority she diverged farther and farther from her former tolerance. Firmly holding that all without her pale were destined to eternal damnation, she placed the blackest stigma upon the unbeliever; error, however inno-



ARNOLD L. GESELL

cent, she pronounced a crime; doubt, she branded as a sin; unhesitating submission, she exalted as the highest virtue; there was not a characteristic of the spirit of truth, but was stigmatized by many of her theologians as offensive to the Almighty.

At first these tenets were the source of little evil; and the Church bestowed upon civilization manifold blessings. She lifted the degraded slavery of the ancients into the freer serfdom of Feudalism. She softened the savage violence to which the Roman Empire had fallen a prey. She united the warring elements of barbarism. But as soon as the anarchy of transition had passed away, as soon as the first pulsations of intellectual life sent their tremblings through the leaden gloom of the Dark Ages,—then her intolerant tenets lay as a mountain barrier in the pathway of human progress. Made venerable by the homage of centuries, pointing with authority to the institutions she had created, to the services she had rendered mankind, the Church held it to be her pious duty in the name of Christianity and God, not to modify her claims of infallibility, but to defend them to the last. It is the most pathetic fact in history that for ages she conscientiously employed the vast resources of her position in such a way that the expansion of the human mind was arrested, and the flaming torch of truth was quenched in the blood of her untiring persecutions.

Roger Bacon, the great fore-runner of the Revival of Learning, was among the earliest of those who suffered from her intolerance. A scientist far in advance of his age, he was cast into a dungeon for his teachings, and was forced to suffer a harsh imprisonment of fourteen years. But he was not the only one to suffer. Such was the common fate of those who were led by the spirit of truth. Every student of nature, the Church condemned as a sorcerer; every investigator, she branded a heretic. Victim after victim did her Inquisition doom to the rack or to the everburning fagot. She fettered to the stake Savonarola, Jerome of Prague, and John Huss; she massacred the Albigenses, the Lollards, and the Hussites; she allied herself with potentates, and strained every power to maintain her absolute sway over the intellect of Europe,—but all in vain. The time was near at hand when man would no longer fear to follow the dictates of his conscience and rea-

son; and when whole nations would no longer submit to her mandates and anathemas. Restless with the bondage of centuries, the spirit of truth was impelling thousands of hearts to revolt; and with every hour the culminating epoch in the history of Europe was approaching, when that spirit, bursting gloriously from its fetters, was to rise lofty in the breast of that mighty figure to which modern civilization looks with so deep a reverence,—the German monk of Wittenberg, Martin Luther.

Though a costly and a bloody struggle, the Reformation was a triumphant victory, since it secured for man a wider freedom of thought than he ever before enjoyed. But it was not a complete victory. The spirit of persecution still was rife, and its fires burned with a fiercer flame. In their zeal, the Protestants became the rival persecutors of the mother Church.

But the world was not without its apostles of the great principle of toleration. First came Socinus; in his train followed Montaigne, Descartes, and Milton. And when at last the brilliant Voltaire appeared upon the scene, the spirit of intolerance waned as never before. Voltaire, as a man, was far from blameless; but as the unflinching opponent of persecution he did great service. The time soon came when the rack and the crucifix no longer stood side by side, and when the soil of both Catholic and Protestant Christendom was for the last time stained with the unbeliever's blood.

With the decline of persecution, there began an advance in the intellectual world, unparalleled in all history. Locke, Descartes, and Bacon were the great philosophers who sounded the trumpet blasts that heralded the brighter age. Their efforts in philosophy eventually revolutionized every department of knowledge. Magic has now been relegated to the past, and new sciences founded to replace it. Astrology and the philosopher's stone of Mediaevalism have been superseded by the discoveries of Newton, Herschel, and Darwin. A new scientific spirit has permeated every sphere of society, ameliorating the physical condition of man, and ennobling all his conceptions.

How different from the times of Bruno and of Galileo! Never again will the sons of science bleed for the truths they maintain. Liberty of thought

and discussion is the triumph of this liberal age. Not the fagot-fire's ghastly blaze, but the torch of knowledge lights the truth-seeker on his way. Not the rack and prison dungeon, but the library and the laboratory typify the spirit of the times.

But does all this mean that persecution has entirely died away? Does it mean that the spirit of truth has already reached its zenith? Recall what happened, but a few decades ago, when Horace Mann attempted to reform the educational system of Massachusetts and met a bitter opposition that shaded the declining years of his noble life. Read the stories of Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, and of the persecutions they suffered from the mobs of cultured Boston. Go to the France of today and follow the wanderings of the exiled Zola. Witness the mobs of a yesterday, battling in the streets of Paris. Visit the prison pen on Devil's Isle, and feel, if you can, the sufferings of the ill-fated Dreyfus. Behold Russia, expelling from her borders the wandering Hebrew, who still must wear his tribal badge of woe and suffering. Look too upon liberty-loving America, and then ask yourselves if the cause of Freedom and of Truth is yet, wholly won? Do we not time and again place upon our advanced thinkers the stigma of a social ban? College presidents are forced to resign. Ministers are driven from their pulpits. Reformers are branded with the epithets of dreamer and fanatic. But this is not all. A still sadder persecution falls upon our more helpless brethren, the Mongol, the Jew, and the negro. Aye! We are willing enough to recognize the Fatherhood of God, but we are, alas! far more slow to feel the Brotherhood of Man.

A careful study of these conditions of the present

and also those of the past will lead us to realize the duty of the hour. Have not we of the nineteenth century a mission to fulfill in opening the way to a larger liberty for the future? History is rich in lessons and solemn warnings that admonish humanity ever to be tolerant. Charity has been Truth's kindest friend; intolerance, her bitterest foe. And so it must ever be. Recall the gloom of the Dark Ages and behold written in the blood of the persecuted the divine lesson,—toleration. O! that the world had but learned this great lesson when history began!—That she had not forced the spirit of truth to make its way over blistering plowshares and doomed it ever to bear the burden of a cross! If she had not compelled Socrates to drink the cup of death; if she had not murdered Hypatia; if she had not dragged Bruno and Servetus to the stake; had mankind but humbly followed the precepts of toleration that came from the lips of the lowly Nazarene; had the world listened with reverence to each revealer of truth, instead of burning him and trampling his discoveries to death,—we should be reaping a plentiful harvest where now we are only sowing the seed.

But if the past has been dark with despair, the future is bright with hope. That "Every great truth must be baptized in blood," will no longer be the law of progress. The brighter era is fast coming, when man will develop, not by physical struggle, but by appeals to reason and to justice; not by catastrophe, but by peaceful evolution. Then will the people of this earth come ever closer to the God of Truth, and at last behold fulfilled that sublime prophecy:—"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

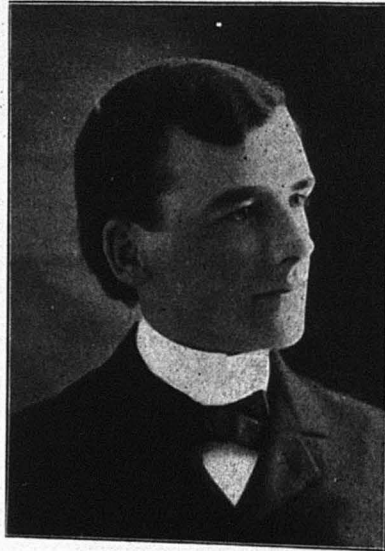
By Stephen J. McMahon, Representative of Milwaukee Normal.

WE STAND at the threshold of a new century. Before us is the mysterious, fathomless future. The closing century stands pre-eminent in history for its crowning achievements in the aggrandizement of man. Science has revealed new forces of nature and made them subservient to our well-being. As an epoch in human progress, this century towers above its predecessors like the snow capped mountain above the billowed plain. Its dawn broke upon the black republic of San Domingo; its noon-day burst forth in the clear sun of emancipation; and its eventide sees bathed in immortal freedom the liberty loving island of Cuba. In this age of man's brotherhood the giant republic of the west stands before the world; her fate is humanity's fate. San Domingo is but her dark shadow. By an unparalleled test of patriotism, the slave's long dream of freedom was made real. Wherever the stars and stripes wave there liberty lovingly touches its folds; there humanity is protected from the mighty power of ignorant despotism. She flutters hopes of future happiness toward the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth.

To accomplish these results men possessed of lofty genius and ambition have sprung up among us. The drama of history is bedecked with their crowning acts; they are the beacon lights which guide us through the darkness of past ages and over the gloomy paths of the present; institutions are but their long drawn shadows; they are the huge waves in the ebb and flow of life. Transfigured

continents and nature's powers harnessed to the chariots of industry mark their course. They mould the destinies of nations and shape the fate of races. But great as were our fathers and far reaching as was their influence, they left in chains the downtrodden Ethiopian, who was to write a half century of this nation's history. The most precious memory of that history is Abraham Lincoln; and ages hence the children of a liberated people will turn their gaze backwards, their eyes bathed in tears of joy, at sight of the emancipation group which symbolizes the consummation of man's equality.

Born four score and ten years ago, of obscure Kentucky parents, in a cabin as lowly as the stable at Bethlehem, Lincoln inherited no ancestral endowments. His are the simple annals of the poor. Cradled and educated in nature's bosom; rocked to the lullaby of the wailing forest and the rippling river! No college halls shed their blessings on his brow. I can see him a boy studying by the light of a pine knot and ciphering with charcoal upon a rough hewn board; I can see



STEPHEN J. MCMAHON.

him, bereft of a mother's care, the lanky boy of nine stretched by the side of her lifeless form, and then walking through the forest to secure her Christian burial; I can see him, clad in homespun, guiding a team of oxen through the woods and over the prairie from Indiana to Illinois. Here he learned to swing the ax and dig the soil. His boyhood was one sad laborious strain. The story of his stride from poverty, through public life, to martyrdom is the gentlest memory of a world. Listen to the

closing words of the destined liberator's first plea to the voters of Sangamon: "I am young and unknown to many of you. I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; but if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the back-ground, I have been too familiar with disappointment to be much chagrined."

His guiding star was honesty set in the boundless firmament of justice. Loving and sympathetic, he writhed in pain at sight of cruelty to man or beast. Lincoln visited New Orleans at the age of twenty-one. Here he saw African slaves for the first time; viewed the auction block; saw all the sacred bonds of kinship trampled in the dust; saw fathers part with families; saw mother torn from child amid agonizing moans—saw all this barbarous cruelty fostered and shadowed beneath liberty's banner. This scene evoked within him an undying hatred for slavery, and a zealous regard for the Negro's rights. It planted within him the seeds of emancipation. Slavery was opposed to his sense of justice and his love for humanity. It opposed the Declaration of Independence, the pedestal of his statesmanship. Turning from the appalling scene, this man of ungainly, Herculean form, lifted his eyes toward heaven and there registered a vow that should chance permit, he would deal the institution of slavery its death blow.

Such was Abraham Lincoln when freedom's flag was being drenched in the blood of bleeding Kansas. Slavery had reached its zenith. For years it had been the ruling power. It had elected presidents, corrupted courts, and dictated legislation. Garrison and Phillips had been mobbed, and Lovejoy murdered, because they wrote and spoke the truth. Further extension of slavery was the living issue. The North opposed it; the South favored it with all its characteristic determination. Abraham Lincoln naturally allied himself with the North. For half a century every acquisition of territory had been the subject of an intellectual contest between the two sections. Now the rock of compromise, corroded by the billows of adversity, was worn to dust. A conflict of brute force was inevitable. Harper's

Ferry was but the thunderclap heralding the coming storm. John Brown dared to die upon the scaffold for the sake of principle; but that scaffold swayed the future. It fanned the smouldering embers of abolition to a burning flame; it roused the south to its last great effort in defense of the institution for which its statesmen had lived, and for which if need be they would die.

Abraham from the "heights of philosophy," above the tumult of contending hosts, was man enough and brave enough to say: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall; I do not expect the Union to be dissolved but I do expect that it will cease to be divided." This declaration brought down upon him the wrath of the embattled South. Standing upon this rock of truth he encountered in debate the most brilliant man of that day, a man who cared little for the negro's rights. That man was Stephen A. Douglass, disciplined in debate, wreathed with the laurels of a long Congressional life and idolized by his party. Lincoln, the incarnation of principle and truth, possessed of a mind, logical, and as broad as the prairies of Illinois, was scarcely known beyond his own state. That great debate decided three things; first, that Lincoln was right; second, that he was the man of the people; and third, that he was to be President.

Two years passed away and Abraham Lincoln was chosen President of the United States. Meantime Southern breeze bore the poisonous threats of secession. Secession became a family watchword, discussed upon the streets and advocated in legislature halls. Forth came the careworn, earnest, uncouth commoner, vested with the powers of Washington, the inheritor of new and greater responsibilities—responsibilities the equal of which were never before borne by any human being. Fort Sumpter faired upon, South Carolina led forth from beneath the stars and stripes, seven rebel states. Seven polluted stars! A dissevered country! A people prostrate! Congress powerless! But Lincoln was born to rule. He cast aside old leaders and trained diplomats. In his hands the riven country; the fate of unborn millions! With the

tide of civil war lashing at his feet, a mob was to be trained into an army. The trees which were to build a navy were still standing in the forest. The Government was backed by an empty treasury. Louis Napoleon was infringing upon the Monroe Doctrine; and England, the mistress of the seas ready to aid the southern cause. Under such circumstances, Abraham Lincoln was to crush a rebellion, emancipate four millions of slaves, and save the Union. Had he failed then, liberty, fleeing over the ruins of a "once glorious Union," would have been driven to the caverns of oblivion, there to be despised by her enemies, and lamented by her friends.

His great source of strength was his honesty, and candid, unswerving, unselfishness of purpose. His patriotism was unquestioned. The searchlight of public suspicion, could find not one blot on all his record, public or private. He had a knowledge of men and felt the pulse beat of public sentiment. He had a faculty of descending to a level with the masses, and by his sincere eloquence to reason and persuade. These qualities drew the mass of humanity to his side and made him a true leader among men.

Four years of cruel and unrelentless war—a war which lasted until "nearly all the wealth, piled by the bondsman's two centuries" of ceaseless toil was destroyed; and until more than the "equal of every drop of blood drawn by the lash" was spilt upon the battlefield. During that awful conflict Lincoln was the all controlling power. He directed, cheered and consoled. "He loved to pardon." His ocean of kindness knew no bounds. He conquered and subdued men only as a master can. "With malice toward none, with charity for all", unflinchingly he moved on through those trying years. Power could not awe him; gold could not buy him. Living amidst the scenes of the gloomiest conflict in modern times; amidst the smoke of battle and roar of cannon;

amidst the shout of victory and cry of defeat; like the sun following the mid-day storm, his gentleness and greatness shine forth and hide all the darkness about him.

As he was striving on to "bind up the nation's wounds and care for him who had borne the battle," he was shot down by the hand of an assassin. The liberator became a martyr borne to his grave by a mourning people bereft of their grandest ruler. "Their common manhood had lost a friend." "For the first time a civilized world bowed and wept."

His God given mission was fulfilled. He had lived to see the Union saved, the confederacy destroyed. He lived to pronounce the words which hurled the institution of slavery reeling to its grave of infamy, a vow fulfilled. He lived to see Libby prison thrown open, to see old glory kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night, float peacefully over Fort Sumpter—the reverence of one flag which made possible the crystallizing of our martial forces to strike the blow which broke Spain's blood-stained clutch, and liberated Cuba.

Abraham Lincoln stands alone, without a "shadow or a model." He is the blending of Pericles and Cincinnatus, of all that is gentle, just, wise, honest, humorous, and sincere. "And over all was the shadow of the tragic end."

He lives in the memory of a world. You cannot find marble white enough and high enough upon which to carve the names of all the great martyrs and statesmen of this century, living and dead; but as time has a hearing, she is ever willing to "dip her pen in the sunlight" and write in golden letters across the clear blue horizon, above them all, above Toussaint L'Ouverture, above Napoleon, above Bismarck, above Gladstone, the name of the breaker of chains, the statesman, martyr, and civilian,—
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GRANT.

By Elizabeth Shepard, Representative of Oshkosh Normal.

“I PROPOSE to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.” What could better show than this short sentence the determination, the directness, the simplicity of Grant's nature? But before speaking of the many great and noble qualities of the man, I feel that I must clear from his name the false charges that are brought against it. By many Grant is considered ambitious, heartless and cruel; some even go so far as to call him butcher. They say he cared not for the lives of the brave men intrusted to his care, he was needlessly severe with his subordinates, he was not loyal to his friends. They picture him in every way except the true one, for Grant stands side by side with Washington in truthfulness and patience; side by side with Lincoln in generosity and justice. I do not say he had no faults, for he had; but his virtues were so great in proportion that they overshadowed them as a mountain overshadows a hill. And as the contrast between the size of a mountain and hill is brought out more strongly when the two are placed together, so it is with his virtues and vices.

When an enemy, like Longstreet says of him: “Grant was an all-round fighter, seldom, if ever, surpassed; but the biggest part of him was his heart,” why need we longer question the goodness of the man or the pureness of his motives?

From the time of Vicksburg until his death, Grant was constantly before the eyes of the public. Every action was watched and criticised. The only wonder is that more faults were not found.

To appreciate fully the grandeur and simplicity of Grant's nature we must look briefly at his life.

As a boy, Grant was quiet and undemonstrative, distinguished only by his great will-power and love of truth. Having no desire himself for a military education, he was sent to West Point, and will anyone dare say it was by mere chance? No! he was credited by providence to fill a place in the history of the world. How well he filled it we all know. Providence was shaping his destiny even then, though he was unconscious of it. The time has not yet arrived when he should come forth to stand for justice, to crush rebellion, to uphold, to establish freedom.

At West Point Grant excelled in mathematics. He was a fine horseman and always had an abundant supply of good common sense. But no one thought of him as a promising military character. Yet he had enough of a personality to distinguish him from the commonplace cadet. His classmates say that he had a reputation for entire unselfishness and absolute fairness in every thing he did. When the boys got into a pretty hot discussion over something, Uncle Sam, or United States, as Grant was called because of his initials U. S., was summoned to settle the dispute,

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After graduating from West Point he served through the war with Mexico with credit, but not with distinction.

When the war was over he resigned from the army and settled on a little farm. From a farmer he became a tanner; from a tanner, a merchant; but in none of these trades could he succeed. He was created for another, a grander purpose. Already the clouds were gathering and the breaking storm



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was watched with intense interest by this poor merchant.

When, at last, the storm broke, Grant was among the first to enlist and went to the front as a colonel. From this time on he advanced steadily, until he had command of all the western armies. Without friends, without political power, he had risen from the ranks of the common people to one of the highest positions of power and trust which his country could give him. As soon as he was at the head of the army he threw all his remarkable energies into the work of organizing his great force. It is said of Grant, as of every other truly great general, that he had an inborn dislike of being thrown upon the defensive and that he was the most aggressive fighter in the entire list of the world's famous soldiers. When once he had gained command, Donelson, Shilo, Vicksburg fell in quick succession.

Remarkable foresight, prompt decision, wonderful determination, had raised this man to the position he now held. But not merely this. It was his one overpowering purpose to crush the rebellion and restore the broken union, which he loved with all the strength of a strong nature.

Such a man as this Lincoln had long been looking for. Now at last he had come forth, and Lincoln with his usual remarkable power of reading character recognized him and placed him as commander-in-chief of our immense armies, consisting of over a million men. Lincoln, too great himself to look at the petty faults and vices attributed to Grant by jealous officers, saw the true man and realized that at last he had found someone who would lead our army home victorious, who would give the confederates no rest until they were his prisoners, who fought, not to defend Washington or to capture Richmond, but to destroy and capture Lee's army; who fought not to gratify his own ambition, but to preserve the union.

Now it was that Grant and Lincoln first met, both true representatives of the common people, both working with the same intense purpose for the same great cause, to whom life was not half so dear as the country for which they labored. From the first Lincoln had absolute faith in this almost unknown commander from the west.

Grant had no sooner taken command of the army

of the Potomac than it was set in motion. Forward! ever was the cry, toward Lee's army, toward victory, toward peace. The armies met. The terrible Battle of the Wilderness followed.

At this time Grant was new to the army and to many of its officers, but the way in which he conducted himself on this day won the respect, the admiration of all. When others doubted he stood firm; when others shrank back, he pushed forward. By his quiet order, his absolute self-reliance, his unwavering faith in victory, he inspired all who came near him. Every command issued bore the stamp of determination.

Grant is perhaps more severely criticised for the unnecessary sacrifice of life in this battle than in any other. But he realized the fact that nothing wastes life so fast as unfighting war. More than half of the men who die in war are killed by disease and not by the bullet. He knew that the only way to conquer Lee was to fight him. The wilderness was not a battlefield of Grant's choosing. Nothing grieved the tender heart of the great commander more than to see his brave soldiers suffering. But Grant had pledged himself to "take no backward steps" and the pledge was faithfully kept. Every move brought him one step nearer victory.

For the first time in the war the different armies co-operated. Lee was kept so busy that he could send no help to his other generals as he had done in the preceding years, and one by one they were conquered.

In the trying days when Petersburg was besieged, Grant bore himself as only he could. His perfect self-control was a marvel to all. When other officers became excited and confused, he remained calm and collected; when others lost their temper, he soothed them by his quiet, yet inspiring voice. His loyalty to his friends in this time is one of the most admirable qualities of the man and general. He seemed entirely free from jealousy and envy. The love between Grant and Sherman is one of the bright spots in that long and terrible war. Now the closing days of the war approach, and who welcomed them half so gladly as Grant who had led the heroes of the army of the Potomac to victory and to peace?

Through all Grant had borne himself with a courage never surpassed; with a loyalty towards his

friends never equalled; with a modesty so great that all men have wondered and none have understood it. He conducted his campaigns, used strategy, formed lines of battle with a skill never equalled by modern or ancient warrior. Yet all unconscious of his own greatness he remained the plain, honest, modest soldier he had always been.

When at last the enemy was within his grasp, how did he treat him? With a consideration, with a kindness, with a wisdom of a great statesman, sending the men home with horses and food. His feelings cannot be better expressed than by quoting his order to the union troops when they would have celebrated the victory. "The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

The northern and southern troops now turned their backs on each other for the first time in four years. The way in which the great armies were disbanded has never ceased to be wondered at. In a day this mighty force vanished. Where else does history record such an instance? Nowhere. But where else in history had they such an example of patriotism before them? Had Grant been endowed with the ambition of a Caesar or a Napoleon, I dare not think what he might have done.

After the war Grant would have preferred to settle quietly in some little place and drop again out of sight of the public. But this was not to be. His country needed him. Affairs were in such a wild state of confusion that a Gladstone would have been puzzled to straighten them. At this time Grant was made president. I do not deny that he made many and great mistakes, but the good that he did was great in proportion. By two acts alone he has placed himself by the side of our greatest statesmen. When in the quiet of his own room he read the bill which was to admit into the country a currency which was corrupt, disregarding the entreaties of his friends, thinking only of the welfare of his people, he vetoed it. Neither in time of war nor peace did he ever perform a braver act. In 1872 he accomplished the great measure of arbitration with England in settling the "Alabama claims." "This," says one writer, "was one of the finest triumphs of

modern statesmanship."

When party feeling dies out, when prejudices are erased by the hand of time, then will the fuller grandeur of Grant's life impress itself upon us. The time of war and reconstruction is yet too near to be viewed with impartial eyes. Grant's greatness will increase, his vices will be forgotten, only the great things which he did will be remembered. As time goes on the world will realize more and more the magnitude of the war of the rebellion, the difficulty of operating armies stretching across a continent, and the burden of reconstructing the political conditions of a country; and for this reason Grant will be placed higher and higher in the estimation of great men.

The crowning year of Grant's life was the year of his death, when in poverty and sickness, supported by his iron will, he penned his memoirs, which shall be read and admired as long as these states shall last. This was truly a work of heroism, performed for those he loved to keep them from want.

In imagination, I look upon Grant's tomb standing majestically upon the banks of the beautiful Hudson. Peacefully he sleeps there after his stormy life. As I still look this vision fades and I see once more the quiet trustful youth; the honest retiring man; the brave, determined soldier demanding "unconditional surrender;" the modest general accepting with trembling voice the position of commander-in-chief of the armies and looking to God for aid in guiding them. I see the dying man holding at arm's length death, and giving to the union his last great message. From the pen of the great warrior drop these words of peace, "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the federal and confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is so."

And now, O Grant, thy words have proved true. Thy plea, "Let us have peace," has been answered. Side by side, the blue and the gray, have fought and bled and gied. Together they have marched under the folds of "Old Glory" to victory. United at last they have raised the standard of justice and with clasped hands the passionate South and the determined North will stand forever to maintain it.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

By Edgar G. Doudna, Representative of Platteville Normal.

HISTORY is the story of man's escape from the brute. It is evolution. It is the survival of the fittest. Man's life began in ignorance and barbarism, with simplicity and degradation. In his struggle with the elements he sometimes conquered and often was vanquished. His victories, interpreted by his descendants is civilization. Progress is its watchword; Heaven its goal. In the beginning man was a barbarian, hopeless and aimless. Generations lived and died and the world had not progressed. In this mass of humanity, one occasionally appeared whose soul cried out life and liberty. The efforts to answer this appeal brought on the struggle for civilization, started the march of progress, the journey to God.

Manhood develops as ideals advance. Man becomes better and nobler as he associates with the pure and refined; he becomes purer and holier as he reaches toward God. His ideals depend upon his intellect and upon his heart. Religion and Philosophy, Poetry and Science, Sympathy and Love, are the materials from which he forms his ideals.

The ideal of a nation is determined by the ideals of its citizens. The highest ideal is a nation of pure homes and virtuous families. The march of civilization, from its Asiatic birth-place, through its European nursery to its American maturity, has always been toward this end. Obstacles that blocked its pathway have been surmounted. Slavery has been abolished; the divine rights of kings overthrown; self-government has been demonstrated. The powers of earth, sea and sky have

contributed to the development and improvement of man and his nation.

Perfection has not yet been reached nor the ideal attained. Reforms move slowly, we cannot bring Utopia by force. When the time comes for a reform, God has always raised a leader from the rank and file of humanity, to lead the hosts of right, against the wrong to be righted.

Standing between duty and desire, with pleasure and happiness on one hand, with self denial and disappointment on the other, Frances E. Willard chose aright, and became one of God's leaders, the "uncrowned queen of America." She drew back the curtain that hid the future: she saw a land white and spotless, a community dwelling in love to man and God. Her soul was inspired by the scene. On her lips trembled a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. She turned her eyes to the present, with its good and bad. Impurity stared her in the face, Inequality mocked her, and Intemperance pointed to his countless victims. Pained by the contrast between the real



EDGAR G. DOUDNA.

and the ideal, she vowed to give her life to the uplifting of humanity, to the betterment of mankind. Looking to Heaven she cried—"O, thou who rulest above, help me that my life may be valuable, that some human being may yet thank Thee that I have lived and toiled."

She chose the path of duty. She bade adieu to home and loved ones, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth. Leaving the society of the refined and cultured, she sought out the low and degraded.

She left peace for war; she sacrificed her all, for the New Jerusalem of the twentieth century.

The pages of history are covered with the records of man's inhumanity to man and of his base injustice to woman. He held that man was made to rule and woman to obey; man to demand and woman to submit. Husband and wife were one and that one was the husband. He believed with Voltaire that, "Ideas are like beards, women and young men have none." Still, gently and peacefully, as wave with wave, she has been advancing toward the position intended for her by the Creator. True, the endowments differ. Man's attribute is strength, woman's gentleness; man's thought, woman's sentiment. He reaches his conclusions by a process of reasoning, she by the God-given power of intuition. Her faith is supreme, her love boundless. She is the guiding star of man; she is his friend, his inspirer and his equal. Miss Willard was a womanly woman possessing these attributes in a high degree. In whatever position she was placed or wherever she might be, she was always a pure, refined and fair-minded woman.

God sifted a whole nation to procure the seed from which America, "The youngest daughter of Nature, Time's noblest offspring," was to be developed. Even in this nation wrong developed with right. A great woman, with a greater book, directed the steps of that grand army of reform that abolished slavery, and that placed the greatest nation on the face of the earth one step nearer the goal of progress. Another evil remains: an evil that only woman's faith and devotion, directing the hand of man, can overcome. Science and morality have declared intemperance to be the darkest stain upon our nation. Wives and mothers combating its influence alone were helpless. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized that they might unite in defense of home and family, of nation and citizens.

Miss Willard was the life and soul of this movement, working with them for the pure home, the true church, the righteous nation, the great, kind brotherhood of man.

"She has no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth."

Great souls are portions of eternity, that bring the nation nearer the ideal, nearer the true life, nearer Heaven. They work not for self but for humanity. Every genuine reform, whether of labor, of equality or of temperance, aided her in this labor of love. She worked after God's methods, through humanity for humanity's sake.

She took up the banner, she shouted the battle cry, "For God and Home and Native Land;" she gathered the wives and mothers around her, as a leader born of God. She was handicapped by the political inequality of a land that boasted of giving all its citizens equal rights. She might denounce, she might entreat, she might pray, but neither she nor the thousands of noble women who wear the white bow of purity could cast a ballot in defense of her home. The criminal, with that travesty of justice, a pardon to restore his civil rights, the drunkard, the beggar, if he but answered to the name of man, stood higher before the law than she.

Thank God that some of our sister states have broken the chains of prejudice that bound them to the ignorance and barbarity of the past and have made man and woman equal before the law, as they are before God, and the petty sentiment, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," a living truth

Intemperance, Inequality and Impurity were the three evils against which Miss Willard led that noble band of women. She fought with the determination and enthusiasm of Joan of Arc, with the perseverance of Catharine, the brilliancy of Elizabeth and the sweetness and simplicity of Ruth. She was often misunderstood—for to be great is to be misunderstood—and her motives were sometimes impugned. But she never faltered in her battle for the right. Loved by her friends and respected by her enemies she stands out as a typical woman, as a leader led by Christ. She worked and prayed for social purity and although her life was not spared to see its realization, she has started a movement which means the salvation of the race, the purifying of the nation and the attainment of the noble ideal.

God speed the day when the glorious banner of freedom, shall wave over a nation dedicated to the purity of the home, and to the sacredness of woman, when the broad bars of red shall symbolize man's

valor in defense of the right; when the blue field means the purified nation and the white stripes stand for the spotless homes of a regenerate people. Then, the name of Frances Willard shall stand with Abraham Lincoln at the head of the splendid galaxy who have led the world in its march of progress, its journey to God.

"To her, the ideal woman, practical,
Spiritual of all earth, life, love to me the best;
I grave a monument line before I go and set
A tomb-stone here" and say in love and tenderness
"O heart sore tried; thou hast the best
That Heaven itself can give thee—rest,
Rest, from all earth's cares and things.
How many a dear one's blessing went
With thee beneath that low, green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!"

CAVOUR.

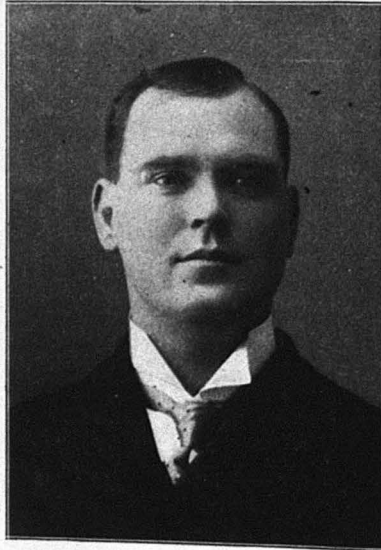
By C. D. Donaldson, Representative of Superior Normal.

IN THE dawn of history, bounded on one side by the darkness of ignorance, on the other by the light of knowledge, stands an event that inspired the greatest epic poet and, through him, colored the civilization of all time: The fall of Troy. The same causes that threw our first parents from the Garden of Eden, the faithlessness of woman and the weakness of man, robbed Priam of his bravest sons and brought him, his city, and his native land to ruin. From the burning city fled Aeneas. Compelled, by the jealousy of gods, to leave his home and all that was to him dear; to thread the dangerous pathways of the unknown deep; to encounter untold horrors; but, at last, was he permitted to enter a haven of rest. His exiled bark grounded on Italy's immortal strand. Safe from further persecution, his race founded Rome, the imperial city, that for six centuries "sat on her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." Glorious, classic Rome! Bright was the light that streamed from thy immortal brow. Thy poets have sung in impassioned tones that still beat in rhythmical chime in the universal soul of man and that awaken a responsive chord wherever beats a human

heart. In thy imperial chambers, orators have spoken, whose words are yet ringing down the corridors of time.

As her illustrious ancestor, Troy, fell, so Rome, too, must fall. But she, proud city, must be humbled by a baser foe. Down from the north came the barbarian tide and swept away her government and laws. For thirteen centuries Italy lay a prey to surrounding nations and to her own rapacious sons. Sons, born of a foreign brood whose sole ambition was despotic sway, ground the liberty of the people into the dust. "Lords, rich in some dozen paltry, strong in some hundred spearmen, only great in that strange spell, a name." Down the centuries resound the battle-cry of party factions, Guelphs and Ghibellines. Cities are torn asunder, their bravest sons doomed to wander and die in foreign lands. When the other people of Europe, actuated by an impulse born of a mighty purpose, formed themselves into nations, Italy, like Germany, remained but a geographical division, a motley group of discordant states. And such was her condition until our present century.

Though her people were the first to throw off the



C. D. DONALDSON.

shackles of unquestioned authority and welcome the New Learning, though her poets sang soul-stirring songs of freedom, lack of unity of purpose, petty jealousies, and foreign intervention kept Italy from fulfilling her destiny. Hope beat high in the Italian patriot's breast when Napoleon First crossed the Alps and planted the tri-co'or on the plains of Lombardy. Nobly did they fight with the French to free their loved land from the hated Austrian. But, when they would partake of the fruit of victory, they found but the apple of Sodom which turned to bitter dust upon their lips.

After Napoleon First had flashed like a meteor across the darkened skies of Europe, Italy was again in the power of her former tyrants. The northern row of states was held by Austria; the central part of the peninsula by the church; the Southern part by one of that line of kings that has distinguished itself only in the art of misgovernment: The Bourbone. Dark, indeed, seemed the future. But, in the northwest corner of the peninsula, ruled by a native prince, was a little state, the kingdom of Sardinia, which was destined to be the standard bearer of Italian liberty and to ultimately unite the entire peninsula under one flag, one government, one king.

In the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, attempts were made to overthrow the despotic governments, but Austrian bayonets stilled, forever, many a noble heart and forced upon the people her hated laws. The iron hand of the conqueror of Novara crushed the King of Sardinia. Amid gloom and disaster the old king lay down his crown in the hope that his son, Victor Emanuel Second, would be able to obtain better terms of peace. But the cause of Italian unity, though crushed to earth, was bound to rise again. In the words of Charles Sumner, A question is never settled until it is settled right. Not one moment did Victor Emanuel hesitate.

But where was the man who could steer his ship of state through the tempest of war? Who could so act that the many petty jealousies would be laid aside and that even the form of government would no longer be discussed; but, in the North, in the South, in the East, and in the West, every mind would be imbued with the one great soul-absorbing

theme: Freedom from foreign tyrants? There was but one man in all Europe that could undertake the task with any hope of success. His name was Cavour. In 1852 he was appointed prime minister. From the day he took the oath of office to his death, there was but one object that he had in view. Every other question was of minor importance when compared with the great aim of his life: The unification of Italy.

Far-sighted, untiring in his efforts, Cavour did what no other man could do for the Italian cause. Knowing full well that the day would come when he could enter the lists for the final contest with Austria, Cavour sought for an ally in one of the western powers. Through his efforts five thousand Sardinian troops were sent to help defeat the Russians in Crimea. In that way did he earn the gratitude of France and England and well did they repay him when the final struggle came. In the peace congress at the close of the Crimean War, Cavour took his seat as envoy from Sardinia. Artfully did he succeed in laying before the convention Italy's condition. Austria protested that the question was not within jurisdiction of the conference. But Cavour had gained his point: The arousing of European sympathy in behalf of downtrodden country-men.

He now bent all his energies toward securing the active friendship of Napoleon Third. In the summer of 1858 he and Napoleon had a secret meeting at which it was agreed to go to war with Austria. In 1859, when the French and Sardinian armies were driving everything before them, Napoleon, dismayed by the growling Germans, regardless of the rights of his ally, in his own behalf made peace with Austria. Cavour, incensed at this perfidy of the French, resigned, but was prevailed upon to continue in office.

But the time had come when the people were to take matters into their own hands. One by one, the northern provinces, Modena, Tuscany, Parma, Romagna, voted to cast their fortunes with Cavour.

Steadily onward swept the tide of events. Every Italian heart was moved with that indescribable longing for natural life. Every citizen desired the time when he would say: This is my own, my native land. Already was the northern row of states bro-

ken. Yet Venice, the Queen of the Waves, still was forced to grace the despot's train. But Italy's star of destiny was in the ascendant. Untiring in his efforts, Cavour left no stone unturned. In his hands, men were but clay. His will carried all before it. Trained in the practical affairs of life, he administered the state's with unswerving loyalty. Everything was but a means to reach an end. Mazzini and Garibaldi were but instruments in his hands to further the good cause. Mazzini, the beacon light of republican hopes, was as untiring in his efforts to free his country as Cavour. But he was rash. Garibaldi, with his knotted stick and red shirt, inspired thousands to throw off the yoke of serfdom. But back of them both, calm, steadfast as the eternal truth, stood the master-spirit, Cavour. His hand it was that guided the ship of state through the troubled waters of adversity where a point to starboard or a point to port would have sent them upon the rocks of ruin.

In 1860, Cavour decided upon a bold attempt to unite northern and southern Italy. Sending, secretly, for Garibaldi he asked him to go to the help of the disaffected Neapolitians. That veteran needed but a hint. Collecting an army as he passed along, Garibaldi was soon marching against Naples at the head of as motley a number of troops as ever drew their swords in freedom's cause. All Europe stood amazed at the boldness of this knight of the "red shirt." All the nations of Europe, except England, threatened to hold Sardinia responsible. Cavour had to publicly disavow any connection with the attempt. But England, in order to protect Garibaldi's army as it marched along the coast, ordered her vessels at Naples to station themselves between the battleships of the Neapolitians and the shore. Garibaldi was successful. The revolution in Sicily and Naples was almost bloodless. Everywhere the

people rose up as one mass to welcome their deliverer. He was appointed dictator. As soon as Cavour saw that the attempt was successful, he marched his army straight through the domains of the church and met Garibaldi near Naples. Here the dictator lay down his authority giving his master, King Victor Emanuel, a kingdom, while he retired to his island home with a few shillings. Thus the north and south of Italy were united. What was pronounced chimerical was nearly a demonstrated fact: The unification of Italy.

The incessant labor in behalf of the state was beginning to tell upon Cavour. Night and day, week in and week out, for nine years he had stood at his post. Through the darkest days, of defeat he had passed with a heart buoyed up by an unflinching trust in his countrymen. No man had done more than he to give Italians a constitutional government.

In 1861, it became evident that he would soon die. Everything was done that could be done for the martyr statesman. All Italy hung over his death-bed, hoping against fate. So great was the people's love for him and so intense the desire to know his condition, that bulletins were posted every fifteen minutes. All was in vain. The death angel called him from his work. But before the recording angel wrote, "It is finished," Cavour knew that all Italy, except Rome, was under one flag and one king.

Amid universal sorrow, in the rosy month of June, Cavour, happy in the consciousness of his work well done, closed his mortal career. He is great, not only because the times produced the man, but because the man helped produce the times. His is not the martial glory of the battle-field, the blood-stained robe of fame, but the glory of accomplishing with very little bloodshed, a task that has cost other nations thousands of lives. Well may Italians reverence the name of Cavour, the Washington of Italy.

THE NEW NATION.

By Aubrey B. Deahofe, Representative of Whitewater Normal.

OUR country, with its majestic rivers and its inland seas, with its towering mountains and its picturesque valleys, with its sacred spots and its hallowed scenes, which recall so vividly and testify so eloquently of her patriots, her statesmen, her heroes, is indeed an inspiration for the truest devotion and an appeal for the noblest self-sacrifice in her behalf. But above all this, there is that in our institutions which incites a deeper, nobler, holier love—the idea of political liberty;—the idea which, nurtured by the political and religious persecutions of the Old World, germinated in the Mayflower compact, blossomed in the Declaration of Independence, and reached its fruition in our Constitution. Our schools and our churches insure us intellectual freedom. In this land unembarrassed by obsolete customs and unfettered by decayed institutions, opportunity is a watchword. Yea, "America is but another name for opportunity." Except in wisdom, enterprise, or character, we recognize the equality of men. Upon these cornerstones, liberty, intelligence, opportunity, and equality, as an assertion of the primal law of its development, is builded the superstructure of our state.

In retrospect we see the achievements of America, and note her ascent toward independence. In youthful puissance the colonies broke the fetters of tyranny. With a steady growth the Union rose above the commercial restrictions of foreign belligerents. Later, the bars of European opinion were removed, and the nation, strong in self-confidence,

the result of a century's independence, ripened into maturity; ready and eager for the solution of problems more intricate, more stupendous, and more marvellous, than ever perplexed the mind, or taxed the ingenuity of man; till at length, America, scarce a century ago a rebellious colony, is now a world power.

Today America is flushed with a marvellous triumph. The thunder of guns has ceased; to a rejoicing people have returned the blessings of

peace. But what changes do we behold? How transformed the national sentiment! How expanded the national mission! How exalted the national dignity! How honored the national position!

Tomorrow there will be born of an inspiring past and a selfconfident present, The New Nation. Its territorial extent, its international position! its problems, its mission in the advancement of civilization,—all justify the term. This is the moment of achievement, the moment of supreme rejoicing; but what of the morrow? Our task is merely begun, not completed. We



AUBREY B. DEAHOFE.

shall have the difficulties and embarrassment which follow every great victory. The victory in the Mexican War brought with it the difficulty and responsibility of proving that the Spanish could be supplanted by the American civilization. The glorious victory of American Independence called upon the colonies to demonstrate to the world that Democracy can be successful. Indeed, American History is one long exemplification of the fact that a victory is measured in proportion to

the difficulties and the responsibilities it entails.

Our responsibilities are new; old methods will not suffice. "New occasions teach new duties." New conditions require new methods! To meet the new and strange duties wisely and bravely, and in accordance with our traditions, will test the capacity and virtue of The New Nation. We approach the trial with confidence, because our past has been uniformly one of triumph. At Bunker Hill the prize was liberty, at Gettysburg, the Union, at Manila and Santiago, human rights. But these victories of the past will not suffice. This is not a time for foolish optimism or self congratulation; rather should it be one of the most serious consideration, the deepest anxiety, and the utmost caution. The future of the nation will be determined by the national character, integrity, and principles of today; as are the people, so is the nation. If today, we as a people are mercantile, mercenary, and avaricious, is it possible that The New Nation will be free from selfishness, pride, and arrogance?

With this in mind, let us throw upon ourselves the searchlight of sincerity. Let us not deceive ourselves! Have we that first requisite of world-wide influence, without which our achievements lose their luster, and our assumptions are unjustified—that universal respect for American institutions and American civilization? The verdict of our best judges, both at home and abroad, is that our national life and character are at fault. Have we degenerated into a money-loving—dollar-chasing people?

"In ancient story we are told
That Midas touch turned everything to gold:
But we today a stranger thing behold,
Men turn to anything when touched with gold."

In our search for the gift of transmutation, there has been lost that boldness and independence which characterized the nation's founders. The champions of liberty sicken in the fetid atmosphere of avarice, and turn in disgust from the poverty and meanness of public spirit. The American name—American principles, are no longer an appeal for the highest honor.

The duty of the hour, then, is the inculcation of principles which shall produce a spotless national life and character. As we have seen our public char-

acter determined by our treatment of problems and events, we must find therein the remedy; certain that its right application will not only make the United States the ideal commonwealth, but will render her influence irresistible in the drama of the world. The past yields us experience; the future, inspiration. The noble sacrifices and heroic deeds of our fathers furnish pure civic ideals, and incite us to right conduct. And when we reflect upon the unique position of The New Nation, publishing its successes or proclaiming its failures to the world, and realize that its destiny depends upon us, we may well resolve to test our every action in the crucible of truth, morality, and justice.

But a pure civic ideal is not sufficient, there must be a motive power. What shall it be? When we look upon our national emblem, with its every star undimmed, with its every stripe unsullied, when beyond it we view the nation's heroic past, consider its troublous present, and meditate upon its hopeful future, we experience a thrill, every fibre quivers, every nerve tingles, our hearts beat with an indescribable emotion. This emotion, then, we must summon as our motive force, this indefinable something which we term loyalty to country, or patriotism. But it must not be a narrow patriotism; it must not be the patriotism of "the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot." It must be a patriotism brave enough to face without flinching the problems that confront us; a patriotism noble enough to engender the loftiest principles; a patriotism virtuous enough to foster a spotless national character; a patriotism just enough to enthrone the New Nation as the Arbiter of the World.

To accomplish all this, our patriotism must possess a threefold efficiency. Of this necessity the American people are an evidence. In a nation with its structure so complicated, with its interests so numerous, with its nationalities so diverse, with its racial feeling so extreme, patriotism must first of all be liberal. As the states extend to each other the hand of brotherhood; as all sections unite in cheers for our fatherland and join in celebrating our natal holiday; so let all citizens, the Englishman and the Irishman, the Italian and the Chinaman,

the American and the African, lay aside any jealous pride of origin, and disregard all differences of race and color; let the Jew and the Catholic, the Protestant and the Mohammedan, banish the discord of diverse religious beliefs; and all unite in a grand psalm of praise to the principles of the American doctrine,—liberty, equality, and justice, which make this land a place for the assimilation of differences, and the annihilation of distinctions. Through the unifying impulse of a liberal patriotism this republic will develop a fraternal race; and justify its title—The Mold of Nations.

The times demand also a patriotism that is enlightened. To love of country must be added a knowledge of ourselves, our position, our powers, our duty. This requires a study of our laws, a comparison of our problems, past and present, and an appreciation of the needs for the general welfare. By the enlightenment of the national conscience we shall produce "better citizens and nobler men," and in the strength of wisdom attain the desired result.

The hour calls also for a moral patriotism. This demands the right attitude of the individual toward the evils of our institutions; the ultimate purpose being to perfect these institutions, so that every citizen, whether weak or strong, high or low, rich or poor, shall have equal privileges and equal opportunities; and each shall be rewarded in proportion to the toil. In this generation, too often does the hand of the plutocrat throttle free speech; too often does party dictatorship muzzle the press; too often does a tyrannical public opinion stifle free thought; too often does corporate greed refuse even a pittance to labor; too often does justice smile upon Dives and frown upon Lazarus. To secure the ideal conception of American justice, let every citizen refuse to endure anything in political methods, which is

not truthful, honest, and just. Then will our principles take on a new luster, and illuminate the world, a beacon light to all benighted nations.

When this people shall be infused with a patriotism so liberal as to embrace every religion and every sect, every nation and every language, every race and every color; when it shall be permeated with a patriotism so enlightened as to destroy prejudice, crush out disorder, and kill ignorance; when it shall be inspired with a patriotism so moral that the command "Thou shalt not steal" is obeyed alike by the office holder and constituent; that the command "Thou shalt not kill" is honored alike by the corporation and the individual; when every citizen offers up a prayer to high heaven that his every aim may be "his country's, his God's and Truth's," we shall witness the era of The New Nation.

Today "the old order changeth," and with it Democracy will go forward to new triumphs, or it shall be forever lost to the world. Momentous, then, is the issue! Let it be the hope and the inspiration of every American youth to see The New Nation successfully solving the problems entrusted to her. To this end let the youth of today consecrate himself to the cause of liberty, equality, humanity. Let him, not thinking of reward, nor doubtful of the outcome, accept every opportunity to battle for the eternal principles of right and justice. Then in succeeding years, when The New Nation shall have worked out its destiny, when it shall have added new stars to the sky of liberty, when in the constellation of nations it shall shine with the brightest luster; then History shall record his name in the great book of Humanity, as one who loved his fellowmen, and helped solve the throbbing problems of his generation. In the Temple of Freedom he shall be crowned the hero of The New Nation.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

APRIL, 1899.

A monthly periodical, representative of the Sixth State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, published by the students.

Entered at local Post-office as second class matter.

Terms of subscription—50 cents per year in advance. 75 cents if not paid before Jan. 1, '99.

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Address all business letters to the Business Manager.

Articles solicited from former students and teachers.

Readers and subscribers are respectfully requested to patronize our advertisers.

Editorial.

The "Contest Comments" on another page are full of suggestive remarks. Read them.

This is the largest issue of The Pointer in the history of the school. The number printed amounts to almost 1000.

The Pointer, for the first time this year, is out several days behind the regular date of its issue; but in this case we do not feel deeply conscience-stricken. Correspondence has been delayed, the Spring vacation broke into the work, and the size of the number is much increased. Therefore, the resulting tardiness.

The editor-in-chief desires in this month's editorials to make a bow,—not a bow to introduce himself to the public, because, if he is under the correct impression, his name already appears once or twice within these covers. But he would like to make a humble bow of pardon-asking modesty, if such is in his power. In self-defence he wishes to state that he has not endeavored to pat his own back or throw

bouquets at his own self in editing this contest number of The Pointer. He has, on the other hand, endeavored to act the part, not of a self-lauding author, but a cold, unpassioned editor. This month's Pointer is supposed to have a character more cosmopolitan than usual, and he hopes that the local school has not been exalted to an undue height, and that the sister normals have received within these columns all the recognition which belong to them.

At the business meeting at Platteville in 1898, the I. N. O. L. established the precedent of electing annually an official organ to publish an account of its meeting. The Normal Advance of Oshkosh was the first to be chosen. That periodical, however, devoted only two or three pages of the regular issue in its official capacity. This year the honor with its burden falls upon The Normal Pointer. We are pleased to say we have done our best, sorry to say that we could not do more; and yet we hope that we have at least set a mark for the future. Most of the sister normals have aided us by purchasing extra copies of this number, and contributing at least enough to pay for the half-tone cuts, but still the expense of the issue has been very great.

Although we offer no complaints, it would seem, nevertheless, that the method which has hitherto been followed might be changed to advantage. Up to this time there is no provision within the I. N. O. L. constitution to appoint in definite order the annual representative paper; and there is, moreover, no compensation for that paper's service guaranteed. The constitution of the Inter-State League might in this respect be closely copied. Article XII, Sec. I, provides that "The official organ of the League shall be a paper published by the institution at which the contest is held." Sec. 3, further states that "The official paper shall receive the sum of twenty five dollars (\$25) per year as compensation for its service." If the constitution of the I. N. O. L. received an amendment to the effect of the above, a respectable contest publication would be insured each year. These souvenir numbers possess a peculiar value which needs no elucidation and undoubtedly they are in harmony with the spirit of the I. N. O. L. by furthering a closer relationship between the various normals.

I. N. O. L. BUSINESS MEETING.

Minutes of the 4th Annual Session, Stevens Point, March 17, 1899.

MEETING called to order by President, Miss Eva B. Treleven.

Roll call showed the following schools represented: Milwaukee, two delegates; Stevens Point, three; Platteville, one; Oshkosh, two; and River Falls, one.

Order of business, as given by the Inter State Constitution was followed out.

Appointment of a credential committee by the President. Said committee, composed of Mr. Walker of Milwaukee, and Mr. Partridge of Whitewater. Report in full by the credential committee. Moved and carried that the rules be suspended, for Platteville had no credentials. All credentials were approved. Minutes read and approved.

Moved and carried that the coming orator and alternate select State color for the Wis. I. N. O. L. and report same to next year's officers.

Moved and carried that Mr. Rounds be appointed messenger and the Stevens Point Normal paper be made the official organ for the year.

Letter from Mr. Fuller, the Secretary of the Inter State League, read by secretary of I. N. O. L., with names of judges suggested to serve in Inter State contest. Moved and carried that list be approved as read.

The matter of a place for holding the state contest for 1900 brought up. Motion made that a ballot be taken as to where it shall be held. Motion laid on the table.

Mr. Leonard, delegate from River Falls, explained River Falls' situation with reference to the League.

Remarks made on subject. Remarks made by president in favor of River Falls without payment for this year. Moved and carried that River Falls come back to the League and rules suspended in favor of same. Remarks made by Mr. Leonard thanking the League for favor shown River Falls.

Discussion of the clause Art. VII, Section 3. of the constitution of the I. N. O. L., whether or no it includes hotel expenses and traveling expenses, that is, all necessary expenses. Moved and carried that same clause be construed to mean all necessary expenses.

Nominations made by delegates of schools for officers for next year. Moved and carried that Secretary I. N. O. L. cast unanimous ballot in favor of each. The officers for the coming year are as follows:

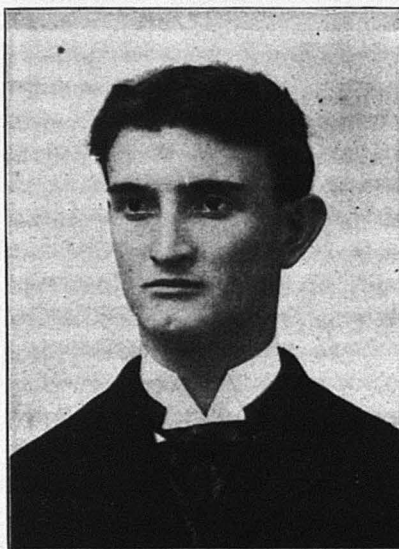
President—W. E. Larson of Whitewater.

Vice President—Nicholas A. Shoeder of River Falls.

Secretary—Jesse P. Soper of Stevens Point.

Treasurer—Wieland Oswald of Milwaukee.

Motion made and carried that the orator and second be sent as delegate and alternate



WALTER LEONARD.
Delegate of River Falls Normal to business meeting of I. N. O. L.

to Inter State contest.

Matter of place for holding Inter State contest discussed. Remarks made by different schools. Moved and carried that we vote by ballot for place of holding the Inter State contest the coming year. Oshkosh received 6 votes; Milwaukee received 5 votes. Oshkosh is therefore to be recommended as the place for holding State contest of 1900.

Moved and carried that Mr. George Kelley of Oshkosh be nominated and recommended as Secretary-

Treasurer of the Inter State League for the ensuing year.

Moved and carried that the League extend a vote of thanks to the people of Stevens Point, especially to the students and teachers for the kind treatment received.

Adjourned sine die.

ALMA M. PETERSON,
Secretary I. N. O. L.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

April 17, 1899.

RECEIPTS.

From Ex-Treasurer	\$ 10.00
From assessments.....	180.00
From admission fees.....	217.50
	<u>\$407.50</u>

EXPENDITURES.

Expenses of Pres. Eva B. Treleven.....	\$ 9.75
Expenses of Sec'y. Alma M. Peterson.....	22.80
Expenses of Treas. Ira Hubbard.....	1.75
Total expenses of officers.....	<u>\$34.30</u>

Expenses of Orator, Platteville	\$19.80
Expenses of Orator, Superior	21.67
Expenses of Orator, Milwaukee	7.55
Expenses of Orator, Whitewater.....	10.03
Expenses of Orator, Oshkosh.....	1.65

Total expenses of Orators.....\$60.70

Expenses of Mr. Morrison	\$ 6.50
Expenses of Mr. Lewis.....	12.80
Expenses of Mr. Tucker.....	4.20

Total expenses of Judges.....\$23.50

Hall, Printing, etc.....	\$56.70
Membership fee Inter State League	\$50.00

Estimated expenses of Mr. Gesell to Inter State contest

Printing of oration.....	\$10.00
Traveling expenses	\$33.50—\$43.50

Estimated expenses of Mr. McMahon to Inter State contest.....\$25.00

Total Expenditures.....\$293.70

Cash on hand.....\$113.80

IRA O. HUBBARD,
Treasurer I. N. O. L.

TABULATION OF THE JUDGES' DECISIONS.

CONTESTING ORATORS.	JUDGES ON THOUGHT AND COMPOSITION.								JUDGES-ON DELIVERY.								FINAL SUMMARY.							
	Vosburgh		Brindley		Schaffer		Sum of Grades	Rank	Sum of Per Cents	Corrected Rank	Lewis		Tucker		Morrison		Sum of Grades	Rank	Sum of Per Cents	Corrected Rank	Sum of Ranks	Final Rank	Total Sum of Per Cts.	Corrected Final Rank
	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank					Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank								
Gesell.....	100	1	99	2	100	1	4	1	1	90	2	92	3	92	3	8	2		2	3	1		1	
McMahon.....	95	3	100	1	94	3	7	2	2	80	5	100	1	90	4	10	3		3	5	2		2	
Deahofe.....	97	2	92	6	90	4	12	3	279	3	82	4	82	5	95	2	11	4	259	5	8	4	538	4
Donaldson.....	85	4	96	4	88	5	13	4	5	78	6	90	4	92	3	13	5		6	11	5		6	
Shepard.....	75	6	98	3	82	6	15	5	6	100	1	98	2	100	1	4	1		1	7	3		3	
Doudna.....	80	5	94	5	96	2	12	3	270	4	88	3	80	6	95	2	11	4	263	4	8	4	533	5

CONCERNING THE CONTEST.

A Diversity of Articles Relating to the 4th Annual Contest.

THE MUSIC AT THE CONTEST.

We are proud of the music which was rendered at the fourth annual oratorical contest. Different from what has been true at other contests, the music of the program represented purely the talent of the local normal. Special mention on the different selections is unnecessary, judging from the encores elicited. The ladies' and young men's quartets merit praise. Miss Linton the director of our musical department deserves a good share of the credit for the high order of the music.

THE JUDGES OF THE CONTEST.

The six judges whose decision determined the outcome of the contest, deserve the gratitude of the I. N. O. L. for their services, which meant no little time and effort. The judges on thought and composition were Miss Anna E. Schaffer, Chippewa Falls; Prof. H. J. Vosburgh, Beaver Dam; Judge J. Brindley, La Crosse. On delivery, the judges were Supt. W. L. Morrison, Merrill; Hon. F. T. Tucker, Neilsville; Judge Olin B. Lewis, St. Paul, Minn.

A tabulation of the judges' markings will be found on the opposite page.

THE CONTEST RECEPTION.

The reception, or at any rate the reception after an oratorical contest or a football game, or anything of that sort, is a democratic institution of modern origin. It is a sign of enlightenment and advancement of the highest order. Formerly, when a clan were thwarted in the accomplishment of any cherished scheme they either sulked, or disputed whatever hindered them in open rebellion. Now-a-days, under democratic rule, people are slowly finding out that only part of the folks can have their way; that the rest, and sometimes the greater number must be disappointed; and that so long as this is so it is philosophical to get together and rejoice that everyones hopes and prayers don't have to be de-

feated,—that there can be at least one family supremely happy. This I imagine, is the way the reception came to be instituted. And the reception on the evening of March 17, 1899, certainly served this purpose.

The Superior delegation, small but none the less earnest; Platteville with the pure blue of the turquoise, Whitewater with the royal purple, Milwaukee with its streamers of rich purple and cream, and Oshkosh of the white and gold; two hundred people with about as many songs and yells, were all disappointed. Yet what did they do but trudge through nearly two feet of snow from the opera house to the Normal just to let the Stevens Point folks know they were glad there was at least one crowd whose representative had won. And they succeeded. Whether or not the abundance of school colors, the scent of the evergreens, or the refreshments served in the music room helped along this success or not, I will leave it to the people who got better acquainted in the comparatively quiet shelter of some spruce bough, or in chatting over the friendly cups of cocoa, to say. Any way, you could tell by the songs, and the marches, and the banners, and the sight of the evening's hero being borne about upon the shoulders of his admirers, that people had forgotten their disappointment in demonstrating that they knew how to bear it. And by one o'clock, when they had to go, everybody knew everybody else and were all ready to say that a contest of any kind, without a reception after it, would be—well, it wouldn't be much of any use at all in our time.

THE ALTERNATES.

The alternates of the contest at least deserve mention, as they represented the second prize men at the preliminary local contests and were delegates at the business meeting of the I. N. O. L. Their names are: Harold O. Berg, Milwaukee; E. N. Chickering, Oshkosh; John C. Partridge, Whitewater; Lysle

Hatch, Platteville; Carl F. Ogden, Stevens Point. Superior sent no delegate besides Pres. I. C. McNeil.

REGISTRY OF VISITORS.

Milwaukee—Pres. W. H. Cheever, Prof. J. J. Jegi, Gertrude Brown, Genevieve Hickey, Mabel Cook, Gertrude Zeinager, Wm. Walker, Wm. Rahr, Wieland Oswald, Wm. Nelson, Christopher Kunny, Harold Veeder, Rheinarth Rhunke, Max M. Muenich, Louis A. Bauman.

Platteville—Pres. Duncan McGregor, Lysle Hatch, Jessie Merrick.

Whitewater—Prof. W. E. Watson, Cornelia E. Rogers, Lizzie P. Swan, Juliet J. Yeakle, of the faculty; Fred Davis, Maurice Morrissey, Walter E. Larson, Ruth Taylor, Sarah E. Loomis; Rev. B. C. Preston, Congregational church.

Superior—Pres. I. C. McNeil.

Oshkosh—Pres. Halsey, Professors L. W. Briggs, H. R. Fling, H. N. Goddard, J. H. Lough, F. E. Mitchell, Clow, Misses Guion, Webster, Kimball, Henderson, Peake, Miller, Swart, Alvor, Mowry, Tower, of the faculty. The students numbered 150 strong.

Stevens Point—Represented en masse.

THE OSHKOSH DELEGATION.

At 2:20 Friday afternoon a special train, consisting of four coaches, pulled out of Oshkosh, bearing the delegates from that city. They turned out one hundred and eighty strong, including a large number of the faculty. Never did a more jolly crowd leave Oshkosh. Were it not for the roar of the train, the natives of the districts passed through must have thought it a train load of fun, school songs, and school yells.

Upon reaching Stevens Point, the delegation retired "en masse" to the Jacobs House to restore what energy may have dissipated on the journey and to prepare for an enthusiastic enjoyment of the evening events.

At the Opera House in the evening this body of hopeful supporters occupied one side of the parquet from the stage back past the middle of the house. At the front waved the pennon of yellow and white beside the shepherd's crook which was presented to Miss Shepard at the close of her oration. During the interval before the opening of the contest, the Oshkosh people entertained the gathering audience with their school songs, generously contributed for

the occasion by Miss Kimball, a teacher in the English department. They were also foremost in keeping up the deafening fusilade of school yells and it must be said that theirs were rendered with particular artistic effect.

It is surprising that so active a body could preserve such perfect quiet throughout the program. No demonstration was made until after the judges decision was rendered. Then, though their orator was not awarded first place, they broke forth in the enthusiasm of just pride in their "one girl" who had so captivated the audience by her masterful delivery.

After enjoying Stevens Point hospitality for a short time at the Normal building, the members of this delegation withdrew with happy hearts and waded through the deepened snow to their train and were landed at in the home city at four o'clock Saturday morning. They returned not with the feelings of defeat and ruined hopes, but with pride that they had been so well represented in oratory and that such a true college spirit had been shown by the school as an indication of what the Oshkosh Normal has attained and will obtain in the future as a college.

C. W. VANDE WALKER.

Oshkosh Normal.

MILWAUKEE IS JUBILANT.

The local contest of the Milwaukee Normal School Oratorical Association called forth more contestants than any previous contest—seventeen in all, eight of whom were lady students. One of this latter number, Miss Theo J. Donnelly, was awarded third place. General satisfaction was expressed with the decision of the judges, and the school enthusiasm was unbounded. The male students of the school tendered the successful orator, Mr. McMahon, an informal reception the same evening, and the city resounded with "U-rah-reh's" until far into the next morning. Mr. McMahon remained the hero of the hour, and much was expected of him at the coming contest at Stevens Point.

The evening of the Inter-Normal contest a large body of students gathered in the gymnasium to await returns from Stevens Point. The evening was spent in dancing and other social amusements, and when the midnight hour struck and no dispatch had arrived some became discouraged, yet none thought of leaving. But they had not long to wait

for shortly after midnight the telegraph brought the news of McMahon's success, and cheer after cheer arose among the assembled students. The following evening at a game of basket-ball between the Normal school and University girls, the presence of McMahon was the occasion for many more outbursts of applause and he figured as the guest of honor at the reception following the game. When school resumed session on Monday the delegation present at Stevens Point treated the school with the yells and songs manufactured for the Inter-normal contest and Prof. Jegi gave an interesting account of the contest and "incidentals" of the trip. And ever since we have before us, gracing the walls of the assembly hall, a picture of our orator of whom we are so proud.

M. M. MUENICH,
Milwaukee Normal.

Contest Comments.

It was the intention of the editors of the Pointer to secure for publication in this number a short comment or criticism on the Inter-normal Oratorical Contest from the presidents of the schools represented. Circumstances have conspired, however, to prevent the carrying out of this plan in full, but we are glad to be able to print below the comments, kindly written for us by the presidents of the schools to which the first three places in the contest were awarded.

—THE EDITORS.

I have not had an opportunity of listening to former inter-normal oratorical contests, but certainly they must have reached a high standard of excellence if they equalled that of 1899. As compared with the first inter-collegiate oratorical contests held in New York in 1875-8, several of which I had the pleasure of hearing, it seems to me the contest at Stevens Point marks a great change in the manifestation of school and college partisanship. There were no demonstrations in the Academy of Music in New York, where these contests were held, on the part of the students of the various colleges represented, except in the way of applause such as would naturally follow each speaker's effort. I do not speak of this as deprecating such demonstrations as there were at the Stevens Point contest, for they seemed to be well controlled; but rather because it indicates that our college and school contests of all

kinds have been influenced by the the increased keenness of competition in life during the past twenty years. I am inclined to think that the interest of the audience would be increased if there were a time limit of ten or twelve minutes upon each oration.

Personally I should enjoy listening to two or three orations upon the same subject, and I would suggest that six or eight subjects be named by the officers of the Association from which the contestants must make their selection.

I wish to express my hearty appreciation of the very careful preparations which were made by the Stevens Point school for receiving the visitors who descended upon them, and also that Wisconsin is to be so well represented at the inter-state oratorical contest.

PRES. R. H. HALSEY, Oshkosh.

One of the most valuable things which a school can do for its pupils is to give them the power to speak and write well. Oratory cultivates the power of expression; makes the pupil read exhaustively on a given subject; gives him self possession and a consciousness of power to stand before an audience and hold their interest.

Contests between the different Normals in Wisconsin promote a good school feeling in the different Normals and between the different Normals. It is a good thing for the pupils of one school to visit another. After the contest at Stevens Point, an account of the meeting was given by some member of the faculty in every Normal school in the state, thus binding the different schools together and making each school resolve that it would be the victor in the meeting at Milwaukee next year. These contests create an interest in good speaking and make the public and the state at large interested in the Normal schools. All the above is true, upon a broader scale, of the inter-state contests.

The things which particularly impressed me at the Stevens Point contest were: The cordiality of our reception by the students and faculty of the Stevens Point school; the good feeling between the different schools, as shown by the heartiness of applause given to each speaker, when the sympathy of a large part of the audience was undoubtedly with its local representative. The very cordial applause of the Oshkosh delegation for each speaker in turn

was also noticeable. The fact that after the judges' decision had been rendered the audience refrained from cheering that it might not appear to glory over those who had been defeated, shows a fine delicacy of feeling. I was also impressed with the hearty congratulations which were given by all the schools to the winner at the reception which followed the contest.

My suggestions for future contests are: that no two speakers be marked alike by any judge; that larger delegations both of faculty and students attend these contests; that in the future one at least of the judges shall be a lady.

PRES. W. H. CHEEVER, Milwaukee.

The benefits to be derived from such an Oratorical Contest as that just held at Stevens Point are not confined to the participants alone.

The necessity of renewed and careful attention to clear and agreeable tones and distinct utterance serves not only to improve the taste of those in any school who are entering the local contest, but their

work also helps to set a standard of cultivated speech for the entire student body.

When one who has done well, and by competent judges is pronounced to excel his competitors, comes home without taking high rank, the local estimate of what constitutes first rate achievement receives another shock, and the resolve always formed to reach "next year" any attainable standard, is a healthy stimulus to those who enter the race.

Another lesson of life is that of the fallibility of human judgments, and the certainty that our best effort may not bring the reward sought and perhaps earned, and one learns to find his greatest satisfaction in the consciousness of having done his best rather than in any tardy recognition by others.

Every contest I have attended has excelled the preceding in the general excellence of all the orations presented, and I hope every year may mark a distinct advance.

PRES. T. B. PRAY, Stevens Point.

THE YAWLS AND YELLS!

That Made the Contest and Reception So Vociferous.

MILWAUKEE.

U! Rah! Rah!
U! Rah! Reh!
Normal, Normal,
Milwaukee!

Rickety, Rackety, Crickety, Crackety,
Riz! Rah! Boom!
We are the people,
And we take up room!
Who are, Who are, Who are we?
Normal, Normal, Milwaukee!

Rickety Rack! Rickety Rack!
What's the matter with orator Mac?
Rickety Ring! Rickety Ring!
He's the boy that's sure to win!

SONG—Tune. The Blacksmith.

List! List! to our song of gladness,
List! List! to our shout of joy,
Who's this lad that speaks for Lincoln?
Who's this orator, this boy?
McMahon, McMahon!
He's the lad from Milwaukee.
McMahon, McMahon!
He will bring us victory.
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac!
McMahon, McMahon, McMahon!

OSHKOSH.

U! rah! U! rah! Oshkosh rah!
Normal! Normal!
Zip, boom, bah!

Rak-a-ko-ex, co-ex, co-ex,
Rak-a-ko-lix, ko-lix, co-lix,
Kik-a-poo-poor, kick-a-poo-poor,
Oshkosh Normal, blood and gore.

Hoxie Moxie! Razzle Dazzle!
Rah! Rah! Ree!
We're from! We're from Oshkosh! See!
Hoxie Moxie! Razzle Dazzle!
Rah! Rah! Rant!
For U. S. ! U. S. ! U. S. Grant!
Hoxie Moxie! Razzle-crazzle!
Rah! Rah! Rard!
Who'll get it? She'll get it! Bess Shepard.

Rip 'em up! Trip 'em up!
Yes by gosh.
Bessie Shepard
From Oshkosh.

SONG—Our One Girl.

Just one girl, there is just one girl,
There are others, I know,

But they're not our pearl;
Lose or win, it is just the same,
We can be happy forever with our one girl.
Tune—Just One Girl.

PLATTEVILLE.

Who will?
We will.
Platteville!

Rat-tu-trat-tu-trat-tu-trat
Cora colix colax colax
Kika-ba-ba Kika-ba-ba
Platteville Normal! Rah, Rah, Rah!

SUPERIOR.

Tiger, tiger, rah, rah, rool,
Su-per-i-or State Normal School.

Brecky co-x, co-x, co-x,
Brecky co-x, co-x, co-x,
Ho up, Ho up,
Parabalool, Parabalool,
Superior State Normal School.

WHITEWATER.

Are we in it?
Well I guess!
Whitewater Normal
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Rankin got it last year,
Kelley year before,
Deahofe'il get it this year,
Just once more.

Will Deahofe get it?
Well I smile!
Deahofe'll get it!
By a big mile!

STEVENS POINT.

Who are, Who are, Who are we?
We are the Normal
From S. P. t.
Razzle, Dazzle,
Bish, Boom, Bah!
Normal, Normal
Rah! Rah! Rah!

'Tis no josh!
'Tis no bluff!
Stevens Point Normal's
Pretty hot stuff!

Ena, Mena, Meno,
Gallaretta Tzetzto,
Gallaretta Iskadetta,
Ena, Mena, Oos!

Well! Well! Well!
Yell! Yell! Yell!
For Stevens Point Victory,
And Arnold L. Gesell.

Wienerwurst, Sauerkraut,
Pretzels and Beer,
Let 'er go gallagher
We're all here!

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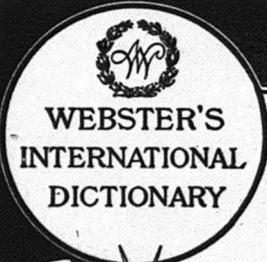
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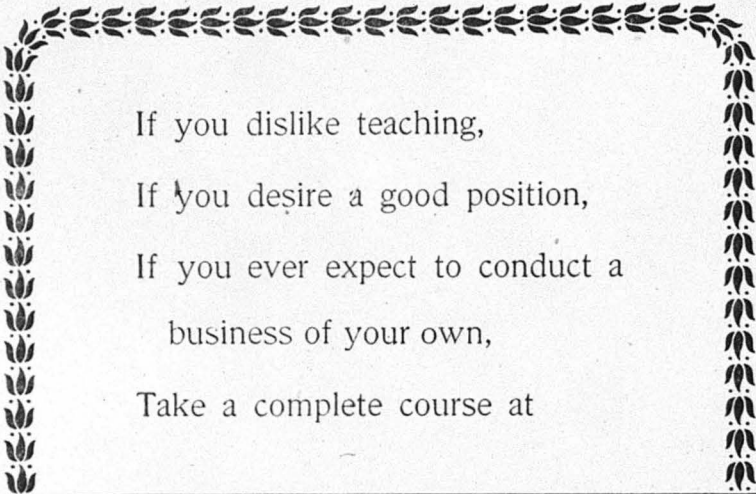
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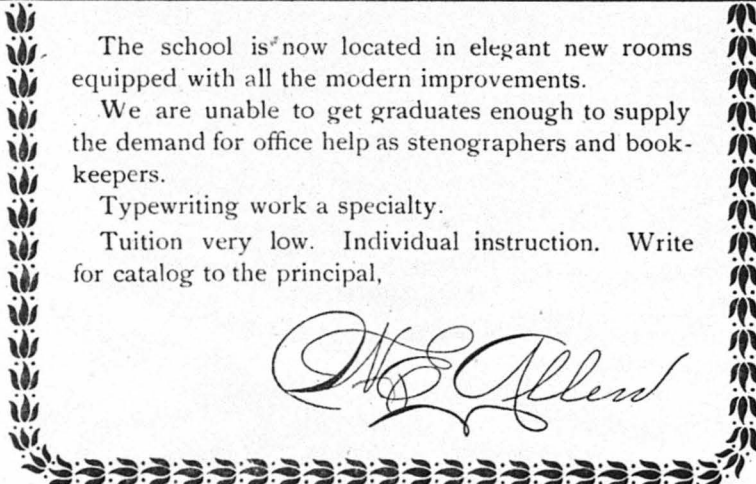
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