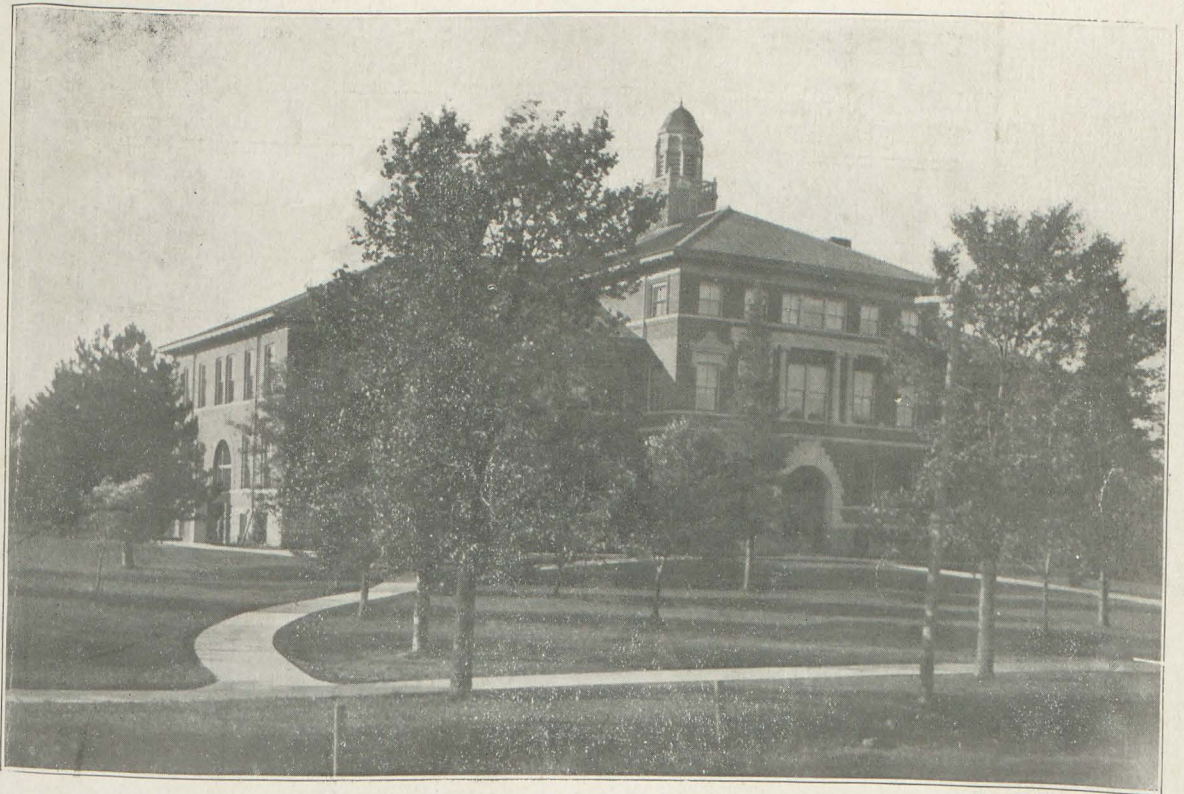


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The Normal Badger

Contest Number

April, 1909



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The Normal Badger

ORATIONS

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

By Earl Whitcomb, River Falls.

On Sept. 19, 1901, the grave closed over a man who, a few years before, had been chosen by the people of the United States from among their number to be at the head of their nation, to preserve, protect and defend their Constitution, and to safely hold and keep the honor and integrity of the republic.

On that memorable day for five minutes the usually ceaseless click of the telegraph was hushed, traffic obeyed the command to dead halt, all means of transportation came to a standstill, and American humanity stood with bared heads, paying silent tribute to their chief.

His service had been brought to a close, not by the lapse of time, but by the tragedy of assassination. He had passed from the scenes of earth, bearing the laurels of his countrymen's approval, but amid the tears and sobs of a mourning nation.

But why should a nation dress herself in mourning? Why should memorial sermons be preached throughout the length and breadth of the land? Why should all nations of the earth give sincere tokens of sympathy on the occasion of the death of a mere individual? Was it because he had led conquering hosts in battle? Was it because he had embodied some great purpose? Was it because he had built up a world-wide empire, that his death should be thus universally mourned?

No! The reason must be sought elsewhere.

William McKinley was from his birth typically American. There is probably no environments anywhere else in the world capable of producing his equal. He was a poor boy, but in the same sense that nearly all

the great men this republic has ever produced were poor boys.

At the age of seventeen, he heard the call of his country, and he did not hesitate. He had other dreams in life, but his mind presented no choice. He enlisted as a private, and before the close of the war was advanced to the rank of major and was brevetted by President Lincoln for bravery in battle.

At the close of the war, he, as one of the sensible millions, immediately laid down his sword, and began to make up the time spent in war. He attacked Blackstone's commentaries as he would a hostile regiment. He attended Albany Law school, was admitted to the bar, and spent years in the study of constitutional law.

He possessed a remarkable power of making friends. He had the utmost faith in his country and her institutions. These were the things which very naturally drew him into politics. He was elected state's attorney in 1869; then we see him climbing upward through two terms in the governor's chair, twelve years in the halls of congress and four in the presidency. He filled all of these offices to the singular satisfaction of his constituents.

And when the great service of his life, the crowning crisis of his career came, and war had brought new duties and unforeseen responsibilities, he was ready. He knew the secret heart and the inner purpose of the land he ruled and the people he loved.

His famous d'spatch to Dewey, sent through the seas and across the continents to Hongkong, opened the war with a thunderclap, the old city of Manila was shaken by the roar of American cannon, and the vaunted Spanish fleet was burned in the surf, all within a week after war had been

declared.

The picture of the president, from the time of the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor, until the cessation of hostilities, calmly sitting at his desk, with hand on every department, intently playing the greatest game in the world, has brought forth profound admiration from millions.

He neither spurned precedent nor did novelty urge him on to rashness. Without haste and without hesitation, he resolutely led the nation to a new place among the nations of the earth. He accepted the new responsibilities which came upon our nation, and without flinching took up "the white man's burden," and added to our broad domain a thousand islands in the tropic seas.

As an orator, William McKinley was supreme, belonging to that class of public speakers who devote their time to the matter of their discourse and leave the manner of its expression to nature. At one time he was taunted about receiving only a small majority at an election to congress. Mr. McKinley replied: "Ah, my friend, my fidelity to my constituents is not measured by the support they give me. I have convictions which I would not surrender nor refrain from advocating if ten thousand majority were entered against me."

Ah, there is the kind of a man to be set up to the emulation of the world! That is the kind of men this world needs. Men whose convictions, when once established, can not be shaken. If we had more of such men we should hear less about the rottenness of politics; the "buying" of individuals, conventions, and legislatures, and "climbing on the band wagon." Here was a man who could not be bought at any price.

Does it not seem strange that a life so noble, a life so spotless, should find an enemy capable of destroying its vital spark?

The crime! What was it?

We see in it the worst of all we

have ever known. The most outrageous ever committed in this land.

It is easy to see how the murder of a king may cut the line of succession and bring in a new dynasty; how a change in ministry may mean a new political policy, but in a well ordered republic, like ours, the leader may fall, but the state feels no tremor. Our constitution provides us with a successor, identical in political policy with the executive in power. In Theodore Roosevelt we were given a man who swore to smite with iron hand any manifestation of that hideous monster that had murdered his predecessor.

It was slavery that struck down Abraham Lincoln; the "spoils system" that assassinated James Garfield; anarchy that murdered William McKinley. But more than emancipation proclamations; more than resolutions of conventions; more than jails or scaffolds or stringent laws, the pure, just and loving spirits of these martyrs have given the fatal thrust to the hellish powers that assassinated them.

"Let no one hurt him," are words which, spoken of the dastard who had taken his life, embodying the divine spirit of protecting forgiveness which characterized the attitude of William McKinley toward every fellow being, friend or foe, as did the closing words of his last public speech, delivered the day before, show his broader sympathy and good will toward all the world. His benediction was pronounced in the simple words:

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouch safe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

Nothing has given more dignity or grandeur to the career of the martyred president than his dying hour. Of all the impressive words he had spoken during his lifetime, and they were many, none are so sure of immortal remembrance as his last con-

scious message: "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

Some hours before the end came, the president aroused from a stupor and asked for his wife. The doctors stepped back as Mrs. McKinley entered the room. The president slipped his wasted hand into hers and with his last strength drew her to him. Then there were said words too sacred for human lips to voice again, too holy for human ears to hear again. The president was saying farewell to the woman he loved best.

After Mrs. McKinley disappeared into her own apartments the shadows overspread the president's features again. It was the time of supreme anguish, the acme of human pain. His lips moved feebly:

"Nearer my God to Thee!"
he said; and the watchers listened breathless:

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Then came, "Good-by, good-by all. It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done." Then a doctor with his finger on the pulse spoke: "It is over; the president is no more."

He had passed to his last triumph and his greatest—a triumph over death itself.

As we read the story of these last moments, whose darkness was faith illumed, we have revealed to us what the apostle meant when he said: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Thus passed away a man whose predominant characteristics were moral strength and unflinching courage to do the right as he saw it, irrespective of temporary consequences. A natural gentleness, a willingness to oblige even his enemies and his utter lack of vindictiveness; a quiet, dignified, modest, consideration of others; ever mindful of his friends, no

matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in integrity, with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspooled by success, and a private life absolutely spotless, William McKinley stood before the American people as one of the finest types of courageous, persevering, vigorous, and fully developed manhood, that this great republic of ours has ever produced.

"As a statesman, the idol of millions of people; as a citizen, the grandest of his nation; as a man, the noblest and purest of his race."

THE MAN FOR THE AGES.

By Julia Van Kirk, Superior.

All great and good things come at a high price. The world wants men who accomplish great deeds, not for personal aggrandizement, but for the welfare of humanity. It wants men, who, with no thought of self, enter unreservedly into the work which they know to be right; who, regardless of immediate results, keeping faith through apparent defeat, press unflinchingly on, trusting for the final outcome, to the ultimate victory of the highest good. Such men were Washington, Lincoln and Grant. They accomplished their aim during life and lived to be lauded as the heroes of the world. They are in no danger of being forgotten or misjudged. They were honored and will ever continue to be honored. Therefore, nothing further need be said of them.

But there is a grand old American hero, who knew not the satisfaction of success, who, forsaken by the people whom he tried to help, died on the scaffold by the hand of the government he worked to save. A man, who, even to the present day, is misjudged, because on the surface he was a failure, but in reality he was so great that the common mind does not comprehend him. That man is John Brown. His was the blow needed to rouse the North to a sense of

imminent danger; his was the sacrifice needed to awaken the dormant nobility of their natures; his was the soul that inspired the soldiers as they marched against slavery; his is the example of the true hero, wanted in all ages, the man who acts resolutely for the furtherance of right, losing himself in the cause of humanity. Washington is the father of our country; Lincoln the savior of the Union; and John Brown the one sent ahead making straight the way of emancipation.

Two such contradictory institutions as slavery and democracy could not continue to grow together; one must in time, and that in a very short time, overcome the other. What must be done? Liberty, the foundation of democracy, must be rescued from the deadening effect of slavery. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun had labored for more than thirty years at compromises. Their efforts were futile, for already the South had become brutalized by long sacrifice of natural sympathy to material gain; already the North had become apathetic and hardened, accepting slavery as a necessary evil to be tolerated among the Southerners. The decisive action and the inspiration of a great unselfish character were needed to rouse the latent nobility of the North, to make them realize the appalling danger that was threatening and to stir them to immediate and concentrated action that the monster of slavery might be slain before it had completely deadened their sensibilities.

Then came John Brown, "like a great cataract, forcing the troubled waters rapidly onward to their final disappearance in the broad ocean of emancipation." He saw that only a great shock would awaken men to realize that so long as slavery existed, the very government was not longer safe. Not only for the sake of the slaves, but for the sake of both North and South, slavery must be abolished. To this purpose John Brown set his life: for this purpose John Brown

gave his life.

He first went to Kansas to aid the Freeholders. Then he formed a more extensive plan for freeing the slaves, expecting that they would lend their aid. The place chosen to begin the work was Harper's Ferry. This he succeeded in capturing, but the slaves disappointed him. Nevertheless Brown showed no dismay, nor was he discouraged. For though the chance he had given them to be free was irretrievably lost, yet his purpose was accomplished, for he had struck the telling blow, and the result of that blow—his own death—inspired the North to put forth strenuous effort by which his life aim, the freeing of the slaves, was accomplished.

John Brown's work and character have been misjudged by many because of inaccurate knowledge of the motive which prompted his acts. The cruel treatment which his sons received in Kansas caused many to believe that his deeds there were merely the outbreking of a hasty impulse to revenge. A closer study of his life shows this to be false. His deeds were the culmination of a long-cherished resolve to free the slave. When a child of twelve years, he was sent on an errand to the home of a slave-holder, who made much of him, praising his courage, and admiring his witty sayings. But this made no impression on the boy, for his sympathetic spirit was tortured by the sight of the cruelty inflicted on a bright little slave boy of his own age. This made him reflect on the wretched condition of those little slave boys and girls who were forced to live without the love and protection of father or mother. It was then that he determined to direct his life against slavery. Though the decisive blow in Kansas did not fall for forty-three years, yet facts in his life show that he never forgot his resolve. He was not impulsive, he awaited the proper time to strike.

Because he was so intent upon the consummation of his resolution and

plunged into the midst of his task, seeming not to realize the poverty and death which it brought upon his own family, he is accused of being, by nature, hard hearted and brutal. Again facts disclose the contrary. He was a man sensitive and gentle, abhorring bloodshed and warfare. All through life until the time when he felt called to fight slavery he was known as a "non-resistant." In practice, as well as in principle, he followed the sermon on the mount; when farmer Ruggles stole one of his sheep he offered him another; when he beat him with a hickory whip he folded his arms like a martyr. There was no spirit of revenge. When he related the tragic death of his sons, tears ran down his cheeks. Does this show hard-hearted brutality? At Harper's Ferry, he allowed the railroad train to go on, showing that he had not come to kill; he allowed the prisoners to go out with an escort to assure their families that they were still unharmed. Does not this show unusual sympathy? He could have saved his own life by escaping into the mountains, but, forgetful of self, he remained to be captured. Since the slaves did not rally to his standard, they could be freed only by the influence his capture and noble death might have upon the North. With one son dead at his feet, as he felt the slow unsteady pulse of another son, he called out, "I surrender." When the door was battered in, he was lying unarmed on the floor of the engine room, yet he received five severe sword cuts from his cowardly captors. Still he had the generosity to say that he believed their acts were due to the excitement of the moment rather than to any intent to harm him.

The third accusation against John Brown is that he disobeyed the laws and committed a treasonable act in attacking Harper's Ferry. His act was not treason, for his object was to save the government which pronounced him guilty of treason. True, he

did act contrary to law, but so did our colonial forefathers oppose the laws of England in the Revolutionary War; yet who will gainsay the justice of their act? Law, to be kept pure, needs to be guarded, and sometimes to be rescued, from the hands of ruffians who seek to use it for selfish purposes. It needs the strong knight with courage to wrest it from unholy hands even at the cost of his life. This John Brown did at Harper's Ferry.

John Brown's work and his character are inseparable. As the lover of art, in the study of a masterpiece, looks, and looks again, still perceiving only partially the deep sense of beauty portrayed in the picture, as he leaves the museum turns involuntarily for a last vain attempt at comprehension, so the world will gaze with increasing admiration when Brown's life is understood.

Such is the man to whom our nation owes so great a debt. It was John Brown who struck the first blow in the war against slavery; it was he who, by his example, showed that there were abolitionists willing to sacrifice money, property, loved ones, life, to emancipate the slaves; it was he who interpreted the Constitution by showing North and South that so long as slavery existed within their boundaries the Union was no longer safe and that there was no compromise ground. Where is there a better example of a truly great hero? He lives, not only in the annals of a nation, but also in the history of the world; his name will go down through the ages illumined, not effaced, by the rough usage of time. He was a diamond in the rough, the sublimity of whose life, the light of whose character, shine forth with greatest brilliancy after passing through the most severe grinding, which only the rarest diamonds can withstand.

While still suffering from wounds the courageous old man was dragged into court for trial, a physical wreck,

there to take his final stand for emancipation. In his last speech before this court, he said: "I think I can not now better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it, and in my death I may do more than in my life." Thus, greatest at the end, when most men would have been weakest, sitting on his own coffin, he made his last journey, and "with the step of the conqueror," mounted the scaffold, merely requesting that the end be made brief. This, his last request, was denied. Yet he stood without a shudder, with the cap over his eyes and the rope about his neck, full ten minutes, for the sake of a formal military parade. This is the culminating evidence of his greatness which made so strong an impression on the North.

Many good men there were, who, like Emerson, Thoreau, and Phillips, could agitate and tell what ought to be done, but, to crystallize sentiment, the urgent need was for the man who could and would act. Because John Brown, unselfishly, with unswerving fidelity to right, did resolutely the work before him as he saw it in the light of conscience, he stands as the highest example of the man for the ages.

"The man who is strong to fight his fight,

And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth and the right
be right,

Is the man that the ages want.
Though he fail and die in grim defeat,

Yet he has not fled the strife,
And the house of earth will seem
more sweet

For the perfume of his life."

THE GREATNESS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By J. Charles Anspach, Milwaukee.

What makes Roosevelt great? Is it his policies? If so, what are his policies and why should they make

him great?

The fundamental policies of Theodore Roosevelt are based on personal qualities of the man himself—his courage, his indomitable will, his absolute sureness of vision, and above all, the burning zeal with which he hurls himself against wrong and injustice. His policies are not devices of the intellect, to be coolly discussed and modified. He has slowly lived them into being.

A retrospect of his life is therefore our best aid in grasping their significance. In the strength of his young manhood he went forth determined to "make things better in this world, even a little better, because he had lived in it." Yet, noble as was such a resolution, what could this honest youth accomplish in an age of graft and corruption? Ah, an indomitable will that knew no restraint, an undaunted courage that feared no foe, and an intense earnestness that shirked no duty were keen weapons with which he might win any conflict.

See him under his first political "boss," making the rounds, canvassing for a seat in the New York state assembly. See him as he denounces that "boss" and his infamous gang and launches out on an independent political career. See him in the state legislature fearlessly demanding the impeachment of the conniving Judge Westbrook and exposing the ring-leaders in their contemptible and scandalous corruption. Before the close of his first term the name of Theodore Roosevelt was known from Buffalo to Montauk Point and people everywhere were praising him.

Appointed as civil service commissioner, he turned from denunciation to the problem of constructive reform. By placing under a competitive civil service law the railway mail service, the small free delivery offices, the internal revenue department and other important branches of government service, he wrested more than fifty thousand federal employes from the

degrading influence of the spoils system. Furthermore, he created such a feeling in favor of the merit system, that in 1894 the two great states of New York and Illinois, by a popular vote, placed in their constitutions provisions extending the competitive system to all state and municipal affairs. In these lasting measures of reform we see the fruits of his tireless energy guided by that indomitable will. Studied in detail they show him possessed also of the broad grasp, the keen insight, the ready resource of the practical statesman.

His alertness in grasping opportunity was well exemplified when he was governor of New York. In order to build up an organization against Tammany the Republican "boss" wanted to get control of the police in New York City. Accordingly, a bill placing New York City under state control was passed in the state legislature, and presented by a party leader to Gov. Roosevelt to sign. "Make it general. Make it apply to all cities of the state, Democratic and Republican, and I'll sign it," said the persistent and independent governor.

While thus nobly striving for justice, honesty and good government, when serving as state legislator, commissioner and governor, Mr. Roosevelt was building a firm foundation for future usefulness. Accordingly when, a little later, he was called upon to assume the duties of chief executive of our nation, he courageously stepped forth, confident that his early policies were so well formulated that he could easily extend them into larger fields of activity.

Within six months after he became president, he began his notable campaign in favor of controlling corporations by federal law. Ever since 1869 various states had been trying to regulate corporations and especially railroads. In 1887 congress passed the Reagan-Cullom bill providing for an interstate railway commission and forbidding discrimination. Yet these measures were inadequate, the

railway managers still granted rebates to favorite shippers, the unfortunate competitors were forced out and all their complaints were ignored. Millionaires and multi-millionaires appeared in astounding numbers, fattened by the favoritism of privately controlled corporations. Greed and avarice revelling in shameful abuse of power seemed about to fasten their terrible fangs in the very heart of our national and domestic life.

In the presidential election of 1904, Mr. Roosevelt standing for a federal railway commission with power to fix rates, demonstrated to the great American commonwealth, by an overwhelming victory, that the paramount issue was not the tariff, nor the currency, nor colonial administration, but the great problem of creating a system that could control the gigantic corporations of our land, by placing them directly under federal authority.

With such a centralization of power in view he has been recommending and constantly urging congress to pass this much needed and universally demanded legislation. Now why should we not have such a centralization of power? Was this not one of the prime reasons for which our constitution was framed—that it should be the supreme law of the land and that it should have complete control over all inter-state and foreign commerce? It is certainly reasonable that a strong national government should exercise control over the large corporations in preference to forty-six state governments with their various kinds of authority. Even the corporate managers themselves are beginning to realize the need of a centralized power. Being harassed by the conflicting laws of different states has convinced them that they need a law which will guide them in Illinois just as it does in New York. And it is just such a law—giving our federal government full power of control over all corporations and public highways—that our president has proposed to the national legislature.

Mr. Roosevelt's work for justice has not been confined to reforming trusts and railroads; he has advocated much needed reforms in every avenue of our public and private life. With devout earnestness he beseeches, entreats, implores all classes of society to beware of dishonesty, graft and corruption. His scrutinizing eye is ever detecting the germs of evil that have crept into our American life, and he puts forth strenuous efforts not only to check their dangerous activity, but to recommend appropriate remedies that shall restore the moral vitality of our nation.

It may be that he urges the passage of a pure food law and the appointment of commissioners who shall inspect not only the manufacturing of the food stuffs, but the various retail establishments from which those goods are delivered to the individual customers. It may be that he contends for even more stringent civil service measures that will undermine the fraudulent schemes of postal officials, and of those who rob the government of vast tracts of land and timber. It may be that he demands the prohibition of child labor, the shortening of hours for the working women and the distribution of a greater share of wealth among those who earn it with their hands. It may be that he advocates postal savings banks in order to teach thrift and economy to the working class. It may be that he offers a proposition for checking abuse in the issue of temporary injunctions. It makes no difference what the problem is—whether relating to state or national affairs—Mr. Roosevelt handles it with the same practical wisdom, both checking the immediate peril, and furthering his deeper aim to develop a national sense of honorable dealing.

The same sincerity and wisdom that guide him in solving the great industrial, social and governmental problems of our nation direct his foreign policies. In securing peace between Russia and Japan, Roosevelt

manifested the most remarkable wisdom. The diplomacy he used in securing the consent of the Russian bureaucracy to meet Japan in a peace conference, the democratic tact he exercised in introducing the plenipotentiaries at Oyster Bay, the energy he exerted in bringing the treaty to a close without the payment of a money indemnity by Russia, won for President Roosevelt the approbation of diplomats everywhere and the admiration of the entire civilized world. Consider how, while other nations faltered, he made our country leader in the movement toward universal peace. Hear him urging in the name of true justice that the number of cases in which the sword must arbitrate shall be reduced to a minimum. Note how enthusiastically he offers, through the Hague tribunal, every available substitute for war—how on every occasion he urges the general development of international morality, and recommends the Golden Rule as a guide for nations as well as for individuals.

Why should such policies as these make Roosevelt great? Well, what makes any man great? "It is not merely the material effect of what he does, not merely the laws he places upon the statute books or the victories he wins over armed foes, but also the immense but indefinable moral influence produced by his deeds and words themselves upon the national character"—this it is that makes a man great. By this test we measure our greatest heroes.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the achievements of Washington and of Lincoln. In all probability we should never have gained that triumphant victory over the tyrannical British crown without Washington; neither, in all probability, should we have been able to save our glorious Union from being torn asunder without Lincoln. But, immeasurable as these wonderful achievements are, they are mere trifles beside the moral influence these heroes exerted

over mankind. From the greatest of them, Americans turn to linger over the unfaltering devotion of Washington at Valley Forge—to marvel at the radiance shed, in the darkest hours of our Civil war, by the God-like faith of our immortal Lincoln. For ages to come their lofty ideals and mighty influence for good will be a living inspiration to the American people.

When we seek to test the greatness of Theodore Roosevelt we are at first amazed at the material effect of what he has accomplished; we stand stupefied at his tremendous energy and wonder at his unflinching endurance. Directly or indirectly he has placed upon our statute books an astonishing number of laws relating to every department of our government. It is true that he has won no glorious victories over armed foes; but it is also true that he has successfully carried on a heated contest against the most gigantic consolidation of wealth controlled by the most avaricious set of men that the world has ever known—and has done it peaceably. And is not peace more to be desired than war? His final rank, however, depends on none of these things. It is by his moral influence that we must measure his real greatness.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
for the good or evil side."

We have listened to Theodore Roosevelt's decision to stand on the side of truth; we have watched him maintaining that resolve throughout his notable career. His has been a constant warfare against evil. In him truth has found an unhesitating champion; in him falsehood has found a never-sleeping foe. To him national righteousness is far more important than commercial welfare. He has insistently preached the imperative need of giving every man a "square deal." He has appealed to the American people for justification

of his doctrine, "equal opportunity to all, special privilege to none." He has aroused the slumbering and well-nigh paralyzed American conscience to the highest degree of moral efficiency. Gloriously has he recalled the American people from the miry swamps of corruption to a safe footing on the high plains of integrity.

Who will ever be able to comprehend the value of this man's influence for good? As long as the winds of countless ages shall sweep across the broad and fertile fields of our native land, so long will the American people feel the righteous influence of this courageous leader, this true-hearted statesman, this inspired prophet—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE MENACE OF CONCENTRATED WEALTH.

By Elmer L. Nygaard, Oshkosh.

From the earliest dawn of history the struggle for life and its happiness has been waged between the masters and the slaves, the barons and the serfs, the rich and the poor. Avaricious Rome sapped the riches of those strong northern tribes which were fast emulating the arts of southern civilization. Then rose those mighty hordes, and casting off this oppressive yoke, burst forth in such power and might that they struck terror into the hearts of all nations. The slaves had risen to be kings. The long dark age of papal tyranny coerced the poor to desperate poverty. Institutionalism threatened to destroy the sacred rights of man. Then came the daybreak of religious liberty that flooded the world with light. And a lowly monk brought forth from humble rank great kingly power. A nation blessed with freedom's vows lay sullied in the sin of the vilest institution which has smirched the fair name of man. Then the sleeping conscience of the North awoke, and atoned with blood the wrong of class pride which held men to be slaves. And a rough-hewn man from the uncouth West was leader in the strife.

Thus has persecution ever made itself a grave.

But the foundation of industrial slavery was unshaken by the Civil war, and today that age-long struggle for humanity has taken on a new form. The laborer is brought face to face with a menace from which he sees no escape. Slowly, inevitably, the landlord system, the prevailing wrong of all history, is polluting the sacred shrine of freedom, and thrusting the great mass of people into a slavery just as complete, just as binding, just as relentless as that of the chattel slave. While the God-given resources of this nation are grasped by a few great landholders for private gain, wringing from the hands of the toiling masses their meager earnings, and piling up riches inconceivable in their magnitude, there are two millions of children wearing away their little lives for bread to eat. While the indolent heirs to these countless riches shock the world with their international crimes and scandals, squandering untold millions in dens of awful vice, there are hundreds of thousands of mothers toiling throughout their pathetic lives in the sweatshops. All this because our nation has allowed that sacred gift of nature, land, to be appropriated by a few people to the consequent poverty of the rest; and these few have the power to sap away the wealth earned by labor, except a meager sustenance, through the rental of land, which the Creator has given as the only means of subsistence.

By what institutional or personal ethics has one individual, or any small group of individuals, the right to hold the lion's share of the nation's oil fields, or coal fields, or copper and iron mines? Who had the right to waste our immense forest lands, or to monopolize any of the nation's great natural resources? By what moral code could a handful of men scheme until they succeeded in fusing our great railroad systems, with their

enormous tracts of land, practically into a non-competing unit? These questions are burning themselves each day more and more deeply into the mind of every thoughtful citizen. Many of the nation's noblest men are attacking these conditions, and seeking the solution of this mighty present-day problem. The labor union is but an attempt to systematize a force able to cope with the mighty holders of the natural resources of this nation. The socialist cries out for a complete reconstruction of society, and the car of American labor is slowly becoming attentive to that cry. Generations of heartless toil are telling on the minds of our despairing laborers. They are not the mute unthinking peasants of Russia; because of our complex population our toilers have in their ranks the dormant possibilities of every nation. Let the American laborer with his mighty potential power once be goaded to virulent action, and the nation will be confronted with a force more formidable than that which made possible the awful reign of terror.

Since the beginning of the industrial revolution the wealth of the world has increased a hundredfold. But has there been a corresponding increase in the well being of the laboring man? True, his material advantages have widened to a degree not without significance; but when these are compared with the stupendous increase in the wealth and productivity of the world, no one can deny that there has arisen between the millionaire and the industrial toiler an inequality such as the world has never before seen. What is there for the workingman? The quiet, peaceful life his father lived is not his heritage. So incessant and exhausting are his labors that his life is naught but one continuous round of toil and drudgery. His children, too, must work in dusty mines and grimy shops. Little wonder then that he congregates with his fellows in the saloons, for what is there left for him

but to drown his bitter thoughts in drink? In these places are laid the villainous schemes of anarchy launched in lowest drunkenness and carousal. Should that dread hour come when all is hopeless, all is dark, the American laborer will stop at nothing. What of the fact that suicide is constantly on the increase? What of the awful fact that within the last two decades insanity has doubled?

"O trade! O trade! Would thou wert dead!

The time needs heart—'tis tired of head."

When we contrast the bitter life of labor with the unearned luxury of wealth, we cry out against the injustice of such conditions. The many millionaires have sprung up within the last century, and if this enormous concentration of wealth continues, the present century will be marked as the era of the multi-millionaires. When the mad hunger for wealth dominates the nation's great geniuses of finance so that they hesitate at nothing that will bring them money, it is high time to curb their inordinate zeal. Law, right and every noble impulse are trampled under foot in this mad race for power. Nineteen hundred years have passed since that fair time when the angels' tidings of "peace on earth, good will to men" heralded the first great message of equality among mankind; yet in this enlightened age it is legally possible for a single man to accumulate within the space of an ordinary lifetime **one dollar** for every **minute** which has elapsed since the beginning of the Christian era. When less than 1 per cent of the people of this nation own over 70 per cent of the wealth, and over 50 per cent of the people own only 5 per cent of the wealth is it not time to stop and ask what will be the end of this awful concentration of wealth on the one hand, and the threatening array of poverty on the other? Shall our nation sleep as did Persia, Babylon, Egypt and Rome, until the toiling

slave shall rise and crush this power?

"How will the future reckon with this man?

How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—

With those who shaped him to the thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God

After the silence of the centuries?"

There is still hope that this nation, dedicated to equality, may overthrow that monstrous evil which in the past has caused the downfall of every great nation; but each year of hesitation and inaction tightens the grip of that dread evil, concentrated wealth. It must be met at once and dealt with until conquered. Marked has been the progress of the past few years in the awakening of the public conscience, a progress that will lead eventually to vital action. Significant is the fact that on the same day within this year the courts of the nation convicted two parties: the overly aggressive and insolent labor leaders, and the lawless Standard Oil company of Missouri. Our nation is struggling with these mighty problems, and she calls to education for more light.

To lead our people to a clearer realization of the nation's powers and rights and duties is the task of every great American school. Every outgoing student must be a disciple of that faith which holds that the practical element in the salvation of the nation is its power of taxation, and that every influence which can be brought to bear upon the people of the nation at large to develop in them the spirit of justice and equality will be an advance toward the realization of the aims of democracy. Therefore the nation calls to its young men to teach our vast millions the truth, and to serve the state with no less devotion than she used in nurturing them and