

EVENING SESSION — BANQUET.

TOASTS.

GLEE CLUB.

1. THE ANNUAL DAIRY PRODUCTION OF THE STATE — \$10,000,000.— A Golden Calf whose Mother is the Wisconsin Cow.— Response by Hon. R. D. Torrey, Oshkosh.
2. THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.— Response by Col. Conrad Krez, Sheboygan.
3. THE FARMER BOYS OF WISCONSIN — Give them a chance for their brains, as well as their hands.— Response by Prof. W. A. Henry, Madison.
SOLO — By J. G. Lumbard, Chicago.
4. THE FARMERS' GIRLS.— They rule the Farmers' Boys, who rule the Nation.— Response by L. D. Harvey, Sheboygan.
5. THE "IRISH BULL"— A breed noted in History, and famous in Song and Story.— Response by W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson.
6. THE IRISH COW — Vigorously milked and poorly fed.— Response by Hon. Jno. E. Thomas, Sheboygan Falls.
7. THE DAIRY PURSUIT — The Cream of Agriculture.— Response by Hon. H. D. Sherman, Monticello, Iowa.
8. OUR GUESTS — The Wisconsin Dairymen.— Response by Hon. B. Williams, Sheboygan.
SOLO — By J. G. Lumbard, Chicago.
9. THE DAIRYMEN OF WISCONSIN.—
"Some say the cow, with her gentle face,
Is a little too slow for the governor's race."
Response by Hon. Hiram Smith, Sheboygan Falls.
10. SHEBOYGAN'S PRODUCTIONS — Cheese, Chairs and Children.— Response by T. M. Blackstock, Sheboygan.
11. OUR WORTHY HOSTS, THE PEOPLE OF SHEBOYGAN.— Response by President Beach, Whitewater.
POEM.— Mrs. J. L. Moore, Sheboygan.

All will join in singing from "Auld Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne!

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS:

 THE MUSE AT THE BANQUET.

By Mrs. J. L. MOORE, Sheboygan.

The Muse looked in at the Banquet, and the well filled tables there,
 Tempted her Grace to enter and glide to a vacant chair.
 Seated, she glanced about her, and around the festive board —
 Saw the cream cheese of society — the best it can afford.
 Saw first our genial Mayor, with his sweet cream smile aglow —
 And Smith, with beard and locks alike, of pure new fallen snow.
 There, too, was Mead — not Porter — like the sage cheese in the moon —
 And Blackstock, armed for vict'ry, with a big bowl and a spoon.
 (The Muse could not tell as she ogled the group,
 If 'twere skim milk he gobbled, or rich oyster soup.)
 There, too, the guests, distinguished alike for wit and will,
 Discoursed of cows and cream'ries and the liquid they distill.
 And often as they argued, the Muse quite plainly heard
 These words of mystic melody — "Old margin, whey and curd!"
 And she knew that while they feasted, their hearts were far away,
 With the cows they left behind them, and the mystic curds and whey.
 They wondered with anxiety too great for man to utter,
 If Betsey Jane had milked the curds, or churned the whey for butter.
 They hoped the cheese would all be green — just suitable for Spring —
 And that their calves might all be trained their native airs to sing.
 So sweet to hear their gentle buzz upon the morning air,
 Responding to the mother cow in accents of despair!
 Oh! happy is the dairyman, contented with his share
 Of curds and whey — aspiring not new dignities to wear.
 Content with many premiums, and buttercups in view.
 Oh! dairymen, be virtuous, and you'll be happy too!
 But if you tire of farming, and the skim milk gets *too thin*,
 Come dwell in our sweet city — we will gladly let you in.
 Our gallant, gay young mayor, once a modest boy in brown,
 Will quickly introduce you to the cream cheese of the town.

He'll show you the artesian, and the liquid it distills
 Will save your taking alcohol, or lager beer, or pills.
 You can learn to be chair fact'ry men, and get — oh! dreadful rich —
 Or tanner men like General Grant; or tend a railroad switch;
 Or keep a brewery instead, or what might still be better,
 Can run for office if you like — or if you've never met her —
 Can meet your fate — for maidens fair stand ready by the dozens,
 To marry fancy dairymen, their uncles or their cousins!
 So failing cream, or curds and whey, or failing cheese and butter —
 Welcome to old Sheboygan! Here the muse begins to flutter —
 And she hears a granger whisper in creamy tones close by,
 Quite plainly whisper, "Cheese it!" and she does so with a sigh.

The banquet and dance given by the citizens of Sheboygan to the dairymen from abroad, was a most complete success in every particular.

The members of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association have never attended a better banquet. Turner Hall was handsomely festooned and decorated with numerous flags, ensigns, etc., with the state motto, "Forward," in large letters over the main entrance to the hall from the vestibule. Five tables were set the whole length of the audience room of Turner Hall, and three parallel tables the whole depth of the stage, the scenery appliances of which had been removed for the purpose, about thirty feet, on all of which were laid 450 plates. These were all full at the first sitting, and some fifty more were accommodated at a second setting of the tables upon the stage. All were abundantly supplied.

During the supper Schmidt's orchestra furnished a pleasant accompaniment of music from the gallery.

There was excellent singing from the Glee Club. The club comprised Misses Minnie Bent and Fannie Hanchett, as sopranos, Mesdames J. L. Mallory and T. W. Cole, as contraltos, Miss Mae Bent and Mr. Hugo Dotzauer, as tenors, and Messrs. J. J. Hanchett and J. L. Mallory, as basses, with Mrs. Dr. Almon Clarke as pianist.

MORNING SESSION, FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

The association met at 9:30, pursuant to adjournment.

President Beach called the convention to order and said the first order of business was the report of the committee on resolutions.

Are the committee ready to report?