

HAYDON ART CLUB

SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBIT

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sible, uniform labor legislation shall be secured throughout the different states.

"Resolved, Sixth, That each club in this Federation shall appoint a standing committee whose special duty it shall be to inquire into the labor conditions of women and children in that particular locality. That each State Federation shall appoint a similar committee to investigate its State labor laws, and those relating to sanitation and protection for women and children. That it also shall be the duties of these committees to influence and secure enforcement of labor ordinances and State laws of this character. That these committees at specified times shall inform their organizations of all conferences and conventions in the interest of social and industrial progress, also that the General Federation shall appoint a committee of five members, whose duty it shall be to collect the reports of the above mentioned work and present the results at the next Biennial."

In accordance with the last resolution, the following were appointed a committee on the Industrial Problems Affecting Women and Children: Mrs. J. K. Ottley, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. J. C. Hume, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. Levi Young, Portland, Or.; Miss Clara de Graffenried, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. C. S. Brown, Chicago, chairman.

In compliance with these resolutions of the General Federation the chairman of the committee appointed to have this work in charge urges that every woman's club at once appoint a committee of those interested in the subject, and that their names and addresses be forwarded with such suggestions and information as may apply to their own particular locality. Upon receipt of such names and addresses a second circular letter will be sent to all local committees containing such advice and help as the General Committee can offer, and arranging as nearly as may be a uniform course of investigation and study. Every club is urged to take action at once and send addresses to Mrs. Corrinne S. Brown, 6230 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago.

The modest announcement that Governor Poynter had availed himself of the privilege of appointing a young lady to receive the benefits of scholarship in the Oread institute aroused a very natural curiosity which was to be gratified very speedily, as the next mail brought a circular giving an account of the institute and its work in detail. The Oread is picturesque building located at Worcester, Mass., where all things pertaining to domestic science are taught. Its founder and builder and patron saint is El. Thayer, who commenced the building in 1818, when he was a young man just from Brown's college and full of enthusiasm and altruism. The first tower was completed that year and opened as a school for the higher education of girls. It takes its name from this line in Virgil:

"Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades," which translated reads, "Here and there gather the mountain nymphs."

The institution has always been known by this name, but at the golden jubilee last fall it was rechristened and will henceforth be known as the Oread in-

stitute. There is a marked individuality about its projector, who still lives in the city of his adoption, and there is also a marked originality about the building, whose architecture was the conception entirely of Mr. Thayer. It has a frontage of about two hundred feet, at each end are round towers four stories high, which are large buildings of themselves, the right hand one is where the school opened and was held the first year. In 1852 the left tower was finished and in 1854 the towers were united by the construction of the central building, which is three stories in height there. There are two smaller towers at the main or central entrance to the building. 'Tis said that here Mr. Thayer "planned and built as the days came and went and his finished work was an architectural triumph."

Fifty years ago it was almost alone in affording opportunity for the higher education of girls. It preceded Smith, Wellesley and Vassar. Its mission in that special work is fulfilled and now entering upon its second half century it begins a new mission as an educational institution along different lines but no less important. "It is a school patterned after no other, but has an individuality all its own, and its purposes rest upon as sure a foundation as the massive rock upon which rests the home of the school, and the principle of the one will prove as enduring as the rock foundation of the other."

Before the close of February the school will have begun its first year under the new regime and will become in fact the "Oread Institute of Domestic Science," for it proposes teaching everything that term implies and comprehends. The students will not only be taught how to properly boil a potatoe, scrub a floor or sweep a room, but how to manage and direct the most elaborately furnished and maintained home.

Practical lessons will be given in marketing and selecting foods; how to demonstrate dishes and teach. With the opening of the school a free scholarship is offered to every state and territory in the union. The young lady appointed by Governor Poynter as Nebraska's representative is Miss Madge Wiggins, a state university student. All the domestic economists in the state will now have a personal interest in the Oread institute of Worcester, Mass.

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

(From Literature, Published by Harper & Brothers, Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling.)

Yearly, with tent and rifle,
 our careless white men go
 By the Pass called Muttanee,
 to shoot in the vale below,
 Yearly by Muttanee he follows
 our white men in—
 Matun, the old blind beggar,
 bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—
 toothless, of broken speech,
 Seeking a dole at the doorway—
 he mumbles his tale to each—
 Over and over the story,
 ending as he began:

"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—
 the bear that walks like a man!"

"There was a flint in my musket—
 pricked and primed was the pan,
 When I went hunting Adam-zad—
 the bear that stands like a man."

I looked my last on the timber,
 I looked my last on the snow
 When I went hunting Adam-zad
 fifty summers ago!

"I knew his times and seasons
 as he knew mine that fed
 By night in the ripened maize-field
 and robbed my house of bread—
 I knew his strength and cunning,
 as he knew mine that crept
 At dawn to the crowded goat-pens
 and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony playground—
 down from his well-dugged lair—
 Out on the naked ridges
 ran Adam-zad the bear.
 Groaning, grunting and roaring,
 heavy with stolen meals,
 Two long marches to northward
 and I was at his heels!

"Two full marches to the northward,
 at the fall of the second night,
 I came on mine enemy, Adam-zad,
 all weary from his flight.
 There was a charge in the musket—
 picked and primed was the pan—
 My finger crooked on the trigger—
 When he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human,
 with paws like hands in prayer
 Making his supplication
 rose Adam-zad the bear!
 I looked at the swaying shoulders,
 at the paunch's swag and swing,
 And my heart was touched with pity
 for the monstrous pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder,
 I did not fire then * * *
 I have looked no more on women—
 I have walked no more with men.
 Nearer he tottered and nearer,
 with paws like hands that pray—
 From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw,
 it ripped my face away!

"Sudden, silent, and savage,
 searing as flame the blow—
 Faceless I fell before his feet
 fifty summers ago.
 I heard him grunt and chuckle—
 I heard him pass to his den.
 He left me blind to the darkening
 years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning
 with guns of the newer style,
 That load (I have felt) in the middle
 and range (I have heard) a mile?
 Luck to the white man's rifle,
 that shoots so fast and true,
 But—pay, and I lift my bandage
 and show what the bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace,
 knobbed and withered and gray—
 Matun the old blind beggar,
 he gives good worth for his pay.)
 "Rouse him at noon in the bushes,
 follow and press him hard—
 Not for his ragings and roarings
 flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay and I put back the bandage)
 this is the time to fear,
 When he stands up like a tired man,
 tottering near and near;
 When he stands up as pleading,
 in monstrous man—brute guise,
 When he veils the hate and cunning
 of the little swinish eyes.

"When he shows as seeking quarter,
 with paws like hands in prayer,
 That is the time of peril—
 the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless and lipless,
 asking a dole at the door,
 Matun, the old blind beggar,
 he tells it o'er and o'er;
 Fumbling and feeling the rifles,
 warming his hands at the flame,
 Hearing our careless white men
 talk of the morrow's game;

Over and over the story,
 ending as he began:
 "There is no truce with Adam-zad,
 the bear that looks like a man!"

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Sabbath School Teacher—Now, after
 Adam and Eve had eaten the apple,
 what did they do?
 The boy—Oh, I suppose they picked
 their teeth.