

tinuing their moral support after the election,—in fact, the present board of the Woman's club which decides business matters, will have dissolved before another year, and be replaced by a new set of women with new ideas. The other members of the school board can depend upon the loyalty of their own parties, and without this strong backing the women will feel alone and powerless.

Many club members would like to see women represented in school affairs, but consider it wiser for them to appear as candidates for some organized party, or at least not to jeopardize the interests of a successful culture club.

Rupert Hughes contributes an article to the *March Century* on "Women Composers," in which he says:

"A prominent publisher tells me that where, some years ago, only about one-tenth of the manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumbered those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close even there. Women are writing all sorts of music. A few of them have already written in the largest forms, producing work of excellent quality and still better promise. It is in the smaller forms, however—in instrumental solos and short songs—that they have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality, and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Besides these, there is a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality; and in art quality is everything.

As to nationality, one finds best represented the three countries that are now working along the best lines of modern music: Germany, of course (whose Clara Schumann wrote much that was worthy of serious consideration,) France and America; for America, whatever its musical past, is surely winning its right to the place in this triumvirate of modern music. Its tendencies are toward the best things. Italy has recently had a flurry of new life and of growth away from the debilitating mawkishness into which it had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though English women have written much, they have not got beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except, perhaps, in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Maud Valerie White.

Is The Sunday-School Decaying?

Not for a long time has the Sunday-School as an institution been handled so absolutely without gloves as in Edward Bok's editorial on "The Decay of the Sunday-School" in the *March Ladies Home Journal*. Mr. Bok has evidently studied his subject closely, and the results must have been far from satisfactory, judging by the way in which he handles the entire topic. In words which no one can misunderstand, with a sure aim, he pillories the average Sunday-school, and declares it to be "a rebuke to intelligence and a discredit to the church." Probably no religious article of recent publication will cause so much comment or evoke such bitter controversy as this remarkable editorial by the Philadelphia editor.

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IN THE HOUSE OF SINGH PHOOR.

Down in the house of Singh Phoor was the princess, and the most beautiful woman in all the street of the Tired Camel, or even in the English quarter of the town. At least so the natives said. How Captain Fred Hammer found out about the princess or how he ever happened to get into the house is not known. It is hard enough to pick your way down the narrow dark street let alone hunting for houses. But that has nothing to do with the story.

The door of the house is most wonderfully built, and when it is closed nothing but the plain wall is seen. One could spend a day looking for it and be none the wiser. Hammer met the princess there and she sang for him and Singh Phoor and danced and played upon a queer three stringed instrument. After she was done the three would smoke a hookah or scented cigarettes, and the princess would babble of many things. At the time of these visits Hammer said nothing to his friends for he did not care especially to have anything known of this for it was not exactly conventional. Then too, he had a little pride in having discovered a mode of passing the time of which the other fellows were in ignorance. He tired of the club with its talk and of the women with their gossip, of rides, of shoots, of hunts, and everything else. The best part of all the day was the going down into the dimly lighted room behind the thick walls and listening to the princess.

If he had a couple of hours to spare before dinner, he would spend it there for it was the coolest place in all the city; and Tangpoor has not many cool spots in the dry season. These times he liked better than the others, for Singh Phoor had business in the afternoon; though really it made no particular difference whether he was present or not, seeing that the princess was no kin of his and that she did as she pleased.

One afternoon Hammer stood in the bank counting his last quarter-year's pay which he had just received. It was an amount which was very respectable and the thought evidently struck Singh Phoor, who stood by waiting to transact some business, in a similar light, for he spoke of it.

After they had talked a while Singh Phoor said, "Come down tonight and see me."

"I shall not be able to," said Hammer, "but I am going down now." And the two walked out while the captain thrust the bills into an inside pocket within his jacket.

The other soon left the captain, and the latter picked his way among the camels and donkeys until he turned into the little side street and found the window. This was his only way of finding the place. In this window was a red matting while in the other windows which ran along the wall in front of and behind him were yellow mattings. He did not try to find the door for that was useless as he had learned; so he rapped upon the stone by the window and waited. In a moment the door opened.

The princess greeted him as usual and led him into an inner room, where they sat together upon a divan which rested against a heavy curtain. What passed was just what usually occurred, but of that it is unnecessary to speak. Just as he was about to take his leave he felt his arms seized from behind, and like a flash the princess was upon her knees beside him with a knife in her hand and a dangerous glitter in her eye.

Of course the money was what they were after and there were no preliminaries over the matter. Now he was eminently a practical fellow, although there was a dash of romance in his nature, and so rapidly revolving the condition of affairs about in his mind, he came to the conclusion that there was only one thing to do.

Immediately he braced himself and

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let fly his patent leather boot at the princess' wrist. To be sure this was not a dignified mode of defense, nor perhaps a gallant way of dealing with his captor. But it was all that was necessary in her case, for it broke her wrist and sent the knife flying among the cushions and vases. She fell sobbing upon a pile of silken pillows and the captain knew she was out of the game.

But with old Singh Phoor it was different. The struggle went on quietly enough, but suddenly the old man relaxed his foothold and the captain dragged him over the divan, scratching and biting. After this there was a little slamming about among the hangings of the room, but Singh Phoor gave out and with a sudden jerk he was thrown against the wall. The captain started into the other room snatching up his sword and scabbard as he went. The old fellow was after him on the run with a long wavy knife in his hand which gave Hammer the shivers when he caught sight of it. He knew that the door was somewhere behind him but he could not locate it exactly behind all the curtains, and he did not have time to draw his sword. He struck at his pursuer with the scabbard but the latter dodged and the long wavy knife slipped hot into Hammer's arm. He treated the old man in the same way he had the

princess and with such effect that old Singh Phoor shot over against the opposite wall of curtains.

In the act the captain lost his balance and tripping over his scabbard stumbled into the curtains. The wall gave way suddenly and he found himself sitting in the street looking up at the bare wall. The sun was hot and he picked himself up and started away. Besides his wounded arm, his foot was painfully strained.

By the time he reached quarters, he had a pretty good story in mind. Of course he had to swear the surgeon to secrecy and tell him all, but the others never knew the truth till the night before taking the steamer home. Then he told them.

As soon as he was in condition he walked down the street of the Tired Camel; but all the windows had yellow mats and the house of Singh Phoor was lost.

GEORGE C. SHEDD.

Payer—We were even in tricks, but in the last round he took my ace of spades with his two-spot of trumps.

Friend—Deuced good play, I think!

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