

club on Tuesday, December 11, it was voted by the executive board to send a copy of the following letter to the Boston Transcript for publication in its columns:

To the Executive Board of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs:

In reply to the letter of the executive board of the Massachusetts Federation to the Medford Woman's club, the latter club begs leave to state that, while the wording of the resolution of withdrawal which was passed by the Medford Woman's club may justify your board in saying "that the reasons given for this action are apparently based upon a misconception," nevertheless the Medford Woman's club labored under no misconception when it withdrew from the General Federation. It considers its reasons for withdrawal sufficient; it believes them sound. At the moment of passing the resolutions to withdraw its main object was withdrawal—the wording of its resolutions was of secondary importance. Granting that the club failed to express itself clearly in the wording of its resolutions, it expressed itself clearly in the act of withdrawal. Stripped of all technicality, it is a fact that Mrs. Ruffin, a colored woman, representing a club of colored women belonging to the Massachusetts State Federation, a duly accredited delegate from her club, was rejected by the General Federation. If the delegate of the Woman's Era club had been a white woman, representing a club of white women, it is probably true that she would not have been rejected. The action of the Medford Woman's club may be wise or unwise, but it acted under no misconception of the situation.

A GREAT WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Empress Club of London, which owns its handsome quarters in Dover Street, valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is the most exclusive woman's club in England. It was founded three years ago, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and as a rendezvous for the smart set is curious in comparison with the "mixed" clubs which are so popular in London (writes Bertha Damaris Knobe in the Bazar). These clubs, most of them with a fashionable membership, are apt to have some specific "raison d'etre." The Albemarle, however, is a mixed club, with purely social aims. The Bath Club, one of the ultra swell, has athletic aims. The Denison Club has charitable aspirations, the Sesame Club, literary purposes, and so one might, like Tennyson's brook run on forever in a "resume" of the mixed clubs that mark London as conspicuous. When it comes to the Empress Club comparing notes with a club exclusively of men, there are absolutely no points of distinction. In this connection it is noteworthy that the Empress Club is second in membership only to one man's club, the Constitutional Club of London, which has the exceptional enrollment of five thousand members. From these cursory comparisons it will be seen that in this strenuous day the Empress Club offers peculiar advantages to the society woman. It is not only an attractive abiding-place for the country woman who may come to town over night for a function, but it is a convenient social centre for the in-town member. Certainly nothing could be more alluring to the woman who dotes on social chit-chat than to indulge over a companionable little tea table in one of the elegant corners, or to have a cozy half hour in the privacy of her own apartment. For the hostess who entertains much it is quite "the thing" for her to give her functions at the club. As mentioned, one of the large recep-

tion rooms may be rented for this purpose. This relieves the hostess of the distress of having her home disarranged, and at the same time frees her from responsibility of directing the affair, as she simply gives an order at the office, and is sure to have every detail attended to perfectly. There are times, moreover, when the club unites in giving a big affair, as the brilliant reception on the opening evening in its new quarters last October.

THE WOLF.

The wolf came sniffing
at the door,
But the wolf had prowled
on my track before,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff
at my lodge door sill
Only made me laugh
at his devilish will.

I stirred my fire
and read my book,
And joyed my soul
at my ingle-nook.
His sniffs and his snarl
were always there,
But my heart was not
the heart of a hare.

I cursed the beast
and drove him away,
But he came with
the fall of night each day,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff
the whole night through
I could hear between
the winds that blew.

And the time came
when I laughed no more,
But glanced with fear
at my frail lodge door,
For I knew that
the wolf at bay
Sooner or later
would have his way.

The Fates were three,
and I was one.
About my life
a net was spun;
My soul grew faint
in the deadly snare,
And the shrewd wolf knew
my heart's despair.

A crash, and my door
flew open wide,
My strength was not
as the beasts at my side.
That night on my hearthstone
cold and bare
He licked his paw
and made his lair.

—John H. Boner, in
January Century.

Their Punishment

Mrs. Hardup—Of course, in pictures of heaven women wear white robes and crowns and things, but in pictures of the other place I can't seem to remember that they wore any clothes.

Mr. Hardup—That's why it's hell to them.

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