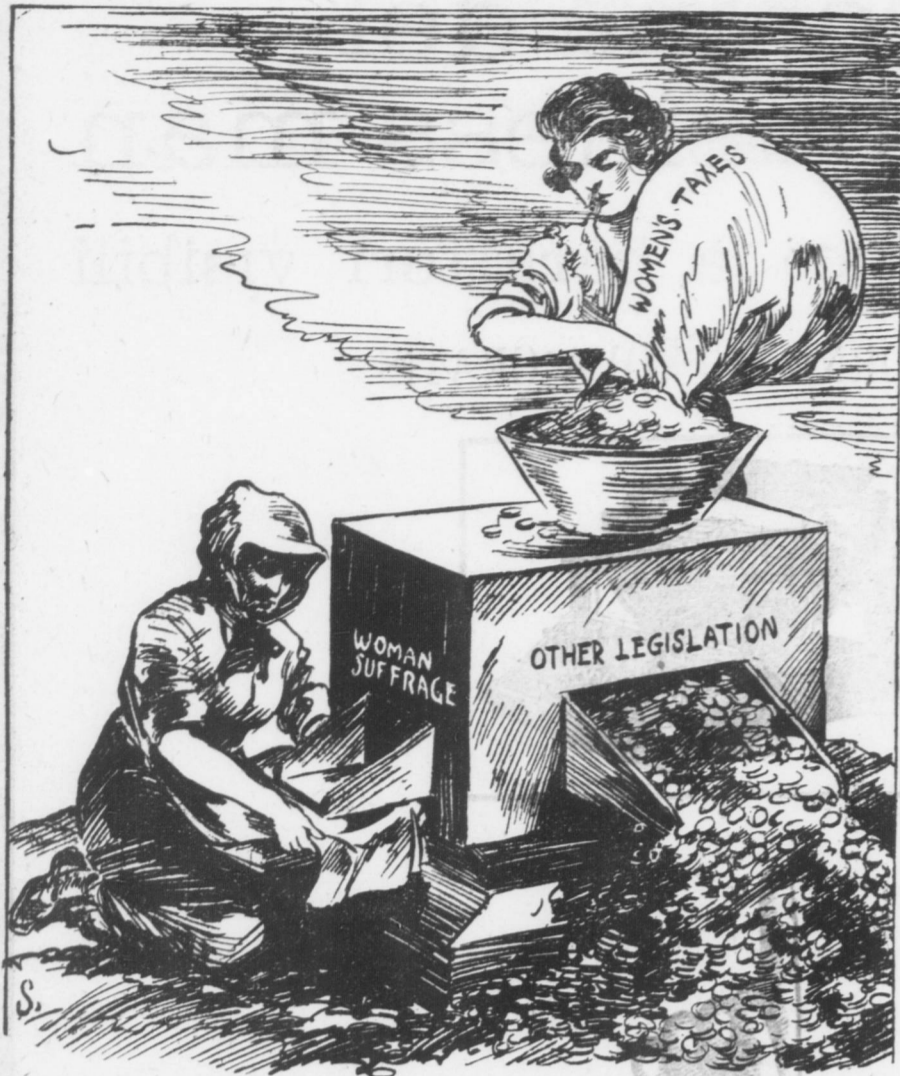


At the Coffers of the State



News Note: Opponents of Woman Suffrage complain of the cost of a second referendum (?) (Ask any trust company official what proportion of taxpaying estates were bequeathed or are owned by women!)

WOMEN DECLARE LEGISLATURE WILL PASS AMENDMENT

Leaders Say Objections Have Softened to Whisperings Now and That Lobby Shows Favorable Situation

"REASONABLE CERTAINTY"

After almost seven weeks' continuous work during and between sessions of the Legislature at Harrisburg, suffragists of the state through their executive board have announced themselves as "reasonably certain" that their woman suffrage amendment will be passed by the House of Representatives.

Suffragists say they base this "reasonable certainty" upon pledges made before the May primaries of 1916, prior



MRS. J. O. MILLER

to the November election of the same year and assurances given recently at Harrisburg by members of the House.

Counter Strokes.

In addition, the suffragists declared, after a three-days' session of their executive board at state headquarters, that all objections raised have been countered with the result that there remains no ground for logical opposition.

Even politicians, according to Mrs. Lewis Lawrence Smith of Strafford, vice president of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, who has been lobbying at the state capitol, admit the suffragists have the most nearly complete poll of members of the Legislature ever prepared. This, the votes-for-women workers assert, has been added to materially as the result of work this year.

Concerning objections raised and met, Mrs. J. O. Miller of Pittsburgh, chairman of the legislative committee of suffrage, said:

Objectors Hushed.

"We no longer hear more than whispers concerning objections to the cost of another woman suffrage referendum, that it is too early to introduce another amendment and that we must show a sentiment demanding another vote

The Effects of a Club Breakfast

By EDWARD T. STEWART

Dowling left his sleeping room at his club and went downstairs to breakfast. Scanning the menu, he saw, what he had seen every morning, that if he ordered a breakfast made up of different dishes he would have enough for half a dozen persons and at a great cost, so he gave his usual order, "Oatmeal and coffee." He ate a quarter of the oatmeal and left the table unsatisfied, muttering anathemas against the management for not serving a different kind of breakfast.

"I'm going into bachelor quarters," he said to himself, "and keep a cook."

Going to his office by a different route from the usual one, he passed a house on which was a sign, "To Let." It was a dainty edifice and would furnish him with just about the room he needed. Pushing the bell button, the summons was answered by a woman just as dainty as the house. She was in mourning. Dowling told her he was thinking of taking a house and was invited inside. After he had been informed as to the number of rooms, rental, etc., he remarked:

"I wonder that you can bear to part with such a pleasant little home."

Tears stood in the lady's eyes as she replied that she had been married a year before and her husband had died soon after the expiration of the honeymoon. She had not been able to tear herself away from the home in which she had been so happy and would not do so now, but she had found living alone unprofitable.

"The rental would be satisfactory to me," said Dowling. "May I look through the premises?"

The widow led him from the living room to the dining room. On the table was a breakfast that made his mouth water—a dish of fruit, a silver of bacon, an omelet, with a little parsley to garnish it, and slices of toast. The coffee urn was of artistic shape, and the cups were Dresden china.

"I was just sitting down to breakfast when you called," said the lady.

"Isn't it an elaborate breakfast for one person?" asked Dowling.

"I eat little or nothing between breakfast and dinner," was the reply. Dowling looked longingly at the viands.

"Madam," he said, "I have just breakfasted at my club. I have had my first course of oatmeal and am ready for the rest. If you will permit me to finish the meal here of these viands I will rent your house at the price you ask, with a liberal bonus."

The widow, seeing the hungry look on Dowling's face, assented and, setting a plate for him, seated herself before the coffee urn. There was no bountiful supply for a healthy man of thirty, but everything was so delicious that the quality made up for the lack of quantity.

"I supposed," she said, "that a club table comprised every delicacy, no matter how costly."

"No matter how costly" is correct," replied Dowling. "As to delicacy, you have been misinformed."

Dowling spent an hour at the table, but the principal part of it was in chatting with the widow. When he arose to go he said that he would call

again in the evening with a lease and the transaction would be completed.

"But you have not seen the upper part of the house," said the lady.

"I've seen the breakfast room and eaten in it," replied Dowling. "With such a delightful lower story those above cannot need an examination."

"When will you require possession?" "That depends."

The widow would have asked "On what?" had not Dowling's look betrayed what was in his mind. She dared not go further, for his expression said plainly, "Just as soon as you will consent to remain with me here in wedlock."

Dowling called in the evening with a blank lease, which he filled in and signed, and the widow signed it, and then he handed her a check for the first month's rent, with an additional \$10.

"What's the \$10 for?" Dowling didn't like to say that it was for the breakfast, so he said that it was to bind the bargain.

"I suppose," said the lady ruefully, "that I must move out at once."

"Remain as long as you like."

The terms did not suit the widow at all. She had no idea of remaining in her house while receiving rent for it, so she handed back the check. Dowling persuaded her to let the lease stand, payment of rent to begin when possession was given.

Meanwhile he spent most of his evenings calling on his landlady and within a fortnight proposed to her. She spent a week looking up his credentials, then threw off her mourning for her first husband and began work on a trousseau for the second. The lease that had been drawn up between them was torn up, and a document was drawn by an attorney to take its place. In marrying the widow relinquished a portion of the property left her by her husband. But Dowling was wealthy, and his wife retained the house in which he had found her.

When the invitation list for the wedding was prepared it was found that the pair had many mutual friends.

After the wedding Dowling was invited to breakfast with a friend at the club.

"Thank you very much," said Dowling. "I can get a better breakfast at home. It was a club breakfast that forced me out of club life."

Right For the First Time.

One winter a masquerade party was given at New York, at which practically all the great musical lights in the country were present. Very few knew who any of the others were, but in some way Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, knew one of the disguised men to be a leading musical critic in the city. During the evening the latter, grasping the hand of the pianist, said:

"I don't know who you are, but this hand strikes me very much as the hand of a pianist."

"Quite right," answered Hofmann, "and it is the first time I have ever known you to be right in a musical criticism."

And as no one unmasked during the evening the critic is still wondering who said it.

What Held Them.

"Mrs. Flubdub and Mrs. Wombat are a couple of haughty dames, yet they seem to get along with each other."

"They have to get along. Mrs. Flubdub's children are the only ones in the neighborhood good enough to play with Mrs. Wombat's children, and vice versa."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Animals Used to Test Drugs.

Use is made by chemical manufacturers of various animals, such as chickens, dogs, cats and frogs, to test the efficacy of drugs.

Ergotine, for instance, is tested on chickens in an extremely simple way. Should it fail to turn a chicken's comb black, it is at once known by the experimenter that the drug is worthless.

Dogs are used to test hashish. This is manufactured from female buds of hemp, the male buds having no particular medicinal value. Hashish administered to dogs induces a peculiar pathological condition if the drug is correctly prepared, which is seen in no other animal save man himself.

Digitalis, the heart stimulant, is best tested on frogs. Injecting a drop of the drug into the stomach of the frog, the chemist by means of the kymograph or heart recording machine studies the changes of the frog's heart action, thus obtaining accurate knowledge as to the effect of that particular kind of digitalis.—Exchange.

When Thermometers Differ.

Why does a weather bureau thermometer show lower temperature in hot weather than the thermometer at the corner drug store? asks the Popular Science Monthly. When discrepancies exist they are due chiefly to the fact that the official thermometer is installed in a wooden cage, where it is open to the air, but screened from both direct sunshine and the heat reflected from surrounding buildings, etc. Only under such conditions does a thermometer measure accurately the temperature of the air. A thermometer in the sunshine becomes much hotter than the air around it, and its reading simply tells us how hot the instrument is, not how hot the air is. In large cities the weather bureau thermometer is often installed on the roof of a high building, where the temperatures differ somewhat from those prevailing at the street level. The object sought in this arrangement is to obtain a record of the natural temperature of the locality in general rather than the artificial temperatures of the city.

Ruffed Grouse.

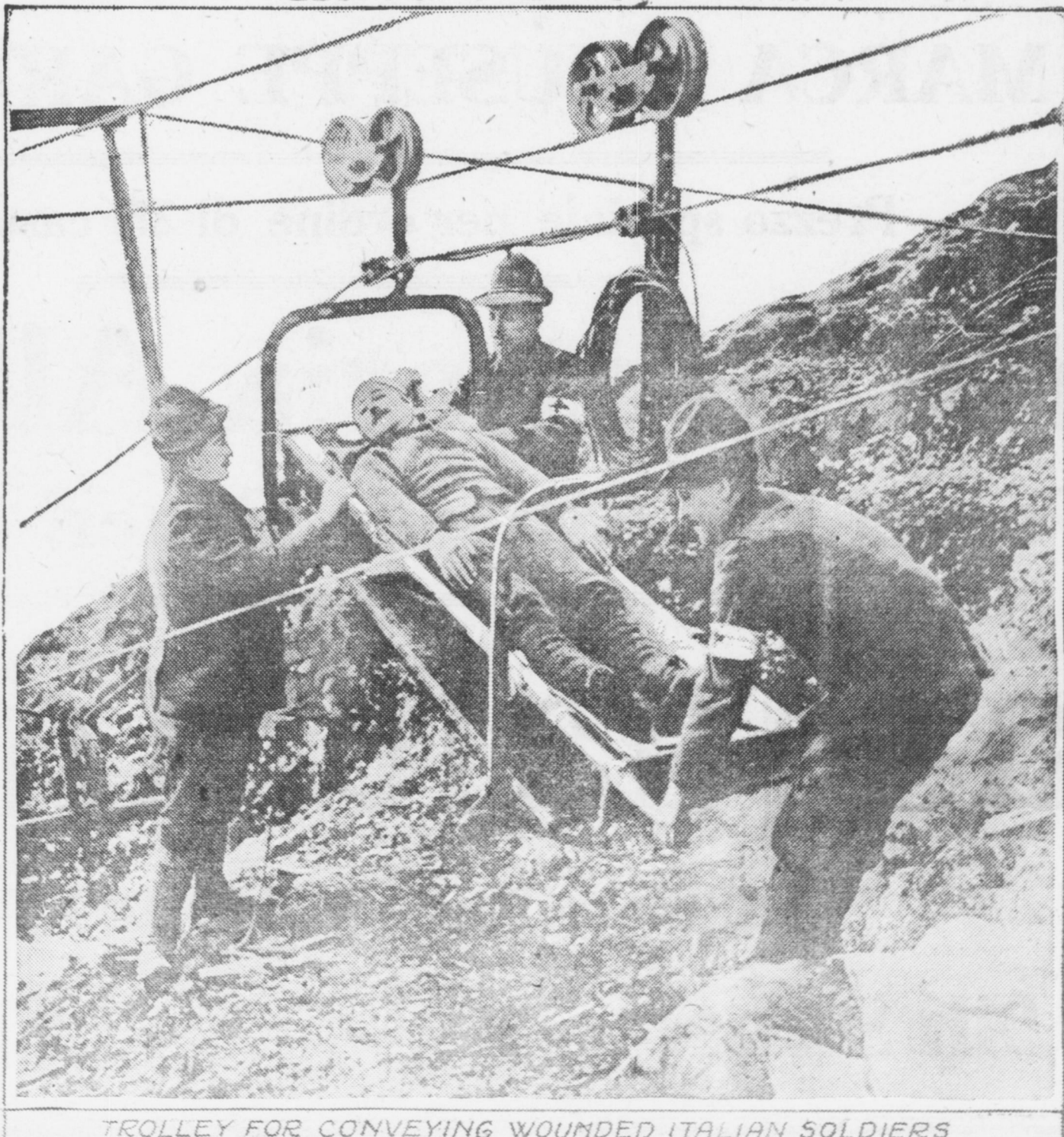
Civilization is abhorrent to the ruffed grouse, king of American game birds. It seeks the depths of the forests where the wild grapes and wintergreen berries grow thickest; where clumps of laurel offer security from prowling wildcats or foxes; where mighty trees supply roosting places.

There is no prouder bird in appearance than the ruffed grouse, none so majestic in flight. The hunter who can find him and after finding can make 50 per cent of hits may be classed as an expert. When flushed this grouse springs into the air with a roaring noise; there is a flash of brown hurling itself through the forest, and in an instant the bird is lost sight of.—Boston Journal.

Caste System Among Ragmen.

Japanese ragmen have a caste system going from the lowest class, composed of men with no capital, who go about picking up bits of paper and rags with pointed sticks, to the highest class, in which there are some men who are quite well off. There is an intermediate class composed of men who can pay for what they get, the products they deal in depending largely on the amount of money they may have. Among the higher class of ragmen there are divisions of trade, some dealing in woolen rags, some in cotton and others in different kinds of paper.—Japan Society Bulletin.

GETTING ITALIAN WOUNDED DOWN A BIG PROBLEM FOR WAR ENGINEERS



TROLLEY FOR CONVEYING WOUNDED ITALIAN SOLDIERS

1917 LEGISLATURES GIVE VOTE TO OHIO AND N. D. WOMEN

If the Pennsylvania Legislature fails to pass the woman suffrage amendment now in the Committee on Constitutional Reform of the lower branch it will be in a minority among the states where similar bills have been introduced.

Already, in 1917, the North Dakota Legislature has passed a bill granting the women of that state the right of presidential and municipal franchise. The bill has been signed by Governor Frazer.

In Ohio, too, both the House and Senate have passed a bill granting the women of the Buckeye State the right to vote at presidential elections. Governor Cox has intimated he will sign the bill.

In other Legislatures from Maine to Texas, where bills have been introduced, they, for the most part, have been advanced steadily toward the point of granting a referendum or presidential or municipal suffrage.

WOMEN WILL AID COUNTRY IF HOSTILITIES OCCUR; COUNCIL IS CALLED

Suffragists of Pennsylvania, represented by three delegates, will confer with the national suffrage organization, February 23-25 inclusive in Washington, D. C., at a special meeting of the Executive Suffrage Council called to consider possible entry of the United States into the world war and the part women will play in such an event. The delegates will be Mrs. J. O. Miller of Pittsburgh, Mrs. George A. Dunning of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Lewis Lawrence Smith of Strafford. The subject to be discussed by the council is, "The National Crisis and Women's Responsibility Toward It." State suffragists already have had acknowledged by President Wilson, Governor Brumbaugh and their national president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, an offer of their entire resources in event of hostilities.

WHAT MOTHERS KNOW

Only a mother knows what a man costs—and mothers have no voice in "Council of War."—John J. Mulloyney.

"The women of New Zealand secured the franchise by only two votes. Now it is doubtful if in the whole House there would be two members opposed to it."—Sir Joseph Ward, premier of N. Z.

upon the question. These were only pretexts, not seriously advanced, certainly, because since we have called attention to the \$50,000,000 roads bond issue amendment having been re-introduced immediately after defeat in 1913, opponents hushed their contentions quickly and sought other ground upon which to stand. What was right for the roads measure certainly is right for the suffrage measure for it must always be remembered that women who are large taxpayers and contributors to the state's coffers certainly are paying a large part of the comparatively small cost involved.

"If many were surprised at the strength of the suffrage movement registered in 1915 after only two years' work, certainly they will be more interested in our increased strength.

"We have no doubt that legislators representing the more than 385,000 constituents who voted for the suffrage amendment in 1915 and carried 33 counties will give heed by passing our amendment."

A Collapsible Method

By SADIE OLCOTT

Summer is the time for outdoor sports, winter the time for indoor games. Yes, they are games—not sports—the best that can be done to pass the time when we are housed. Yet they may serve another purpose.

Phillis and I were in the library. We had fixed a table for pingpong, called by some parlor tennis. The name is an aspersions on the real tennis, which is one of the finest games played. Phillis was at one end of the table batting a little celluloid ball with a tiny wooden racket, I at the other doing the same thing.

"Forty love," said Phil on making a point.

"What did you call me?" I asked.

"I didn't call you anything."

"You said forty something. It didn't sound like Bob, but you may have intended it for Bob."

"Dear me, how you do hear things! You'd better get an ear trumpet."

She won the game, and we proceeded to the next. I had gained nothing by my attempt to introduce a love scrimmage and had given her a love game. We each made the same number of points and Phil cried:

"Duce!"

"That's like a girl," I said. "One moment you call me love and the next devil."

"I've called you neither!"

She made a point and said, "Vantage!"

"It's all advantage with a girl," I remarked. "She can call a fellow 'love' and not mean it, whereas if the fellow does any spooning he's held to a strict accountability."

"That's only when he's a desirable part!"

She enforced the words with a ball that hit me in the face.

"I have made no such pretense."

Whether it was the sting of her words or of the miserable little globe, there was some asperity in my disclaimer.

"Who accused you of making a pretense?"

Though I was endeavoring to turn the subject from the game to something very near my heart, I could not seriously accuse her, so I made no reply.

"That's the end of the set," she said.

"Shall we play another?"

"I'd much rather sit by the fire."

She tossed her racket on the table and, going to the fireplace, stood before it, rubbing her hands as if they were cold. They were not, as I soon learned. She knew what was coming, and it rattled her a bit. Rather, I should say, she hoped for what was coming. I had worked up to the declaration point a number of times and stuck there. It's one thing to tell a girl you love her when she has been struck by lightning and falls into your arms in a critical condition; it is quite another to do the deed in cold blood. At any rate, my efforts had all been failures.

"Why did you intimate," I asked, going to her and leaning against the mantel over the fireplace, "that I am not a desirable part?"

"I didn't."

Stuck again.

I looked through the window at the snow piling up in drifts. If one finds a task difficult under certain circumstances he thinks it would be easier under other circumstances. I was in a comfortable room with a cheerful open fire before me, but I thought I could get out what I wanted to say out in the snow.

"Let's go out and snowball," I said.

She looked disappointed, but acceded to my request. She donned a warm jacket and a woven hood, and we sallied forth.

"You stand there," I said. "I'll stand here. You throw the first ball at me."

How I was to make a proposal while pelting her I didn't know. I hoped something would turn up to help me. It did, but Phillis turned it up; I didn't.

Phil made a snowball and threw it at me. I dodged it. I threw one at Phil. It went wide of the mark. She hit me on the chin. Something—perhaps it was the sting—put an extra amount of force into my arm as I threw the next ball. I couldn't see that it had hit her, but she put her hands to her eye and sank down on the cold snow with a moan. I ran to her.

"Phillis, dear! Sweetheart! Forgive me! I am a beast to have hurt you!"

I pulled away her hands, and she looked at me with inexpressible sweetness. I kissed the wounded eye.

Now, that eye should have been either inflamed or cold or snow wet. It was neither. A few bits of snow were on her shoulder. The snowball I had thrown was squashed against the fence directly behind her.

"Phillis, dear, let us go back to the library."

I supported her into the house, and we stood again before the fire.

"Oh, Phillis!" I exclaimed. "Suppose I had darkened that dear eye forever!"

She shuddered.

"If I had I should have devoted my life to you. Would you have let me?"

"Yes, Bob."

I drew the sofa before the fire, removed her wrap, and we sat down to the happiest hour of my life. The deed was done.

There should be a school for maidens who are troubled with balky lovers. They should be instructed to collapse and collapsible methods should be given them.