

WOMAN TAKES MAN'S PLACE.

(Written for Pittsburgh Dispatch.) This startling headline meets the eye No matter where one looks; In papers, magazines and tracts, And in a thousand books. The rule that doesn't work both ways Is very hard to find; That compensation rules the world, I bring this to your mind: When I got on my morning car And took a glance around, The seated men were thirty-one, But one lone maid I found. The car proceeded on its way Toward the city line, And women folks filled up the aisle Till there were twenty-nine. But not a man stirred from his seat; For changed conditions rule, And he who'd take a lady's place Would be esteemed a fool. For since the edict has gone forth That women have the call, Now to deny them equal rights, Pray, who would have the "gall" But heroes' nerve we there display; We stood it all the while; In fact, we'd stand most anything, Except stand in the aisle. So, woman, welcome to this field Of competition sharp; But if your legs won't stand the strain, Tramp corns, kick, side-step, carp.

J. FRANK TILLEY. Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 11, 1916.

FUEGO.

(Concluded from last week.) "It is above a year that I have played in this circus, Madonna. It is a poor circus, but with La Fuego we hoped for much, and the old man dreamed that we might cross the sea, to your country." "You know my country?" "From the kindness of your heart, Madonna, for the Americans have hearts larger than their purses. The circus, it is Spanish. As for me, I am Italian." "Napoli?" "Roma." They walked for a time in silence. "By birth, I am not of the circus. I am a more educated man, for I speak three languages, whereas the rest know perfectly both the French and the Spanish. And after my way, I, too, am an artist, Madonna. With my own hands I painted the zebra. This might be called cheating, yet is not art greater than nature? And it was not, a simple task. "Therefore, though I am but an indifferent clown, I was of value to the circus, and for the sake of the child I took its hardships for my services. "She was but that, Madonna, a child; or I think she would not have laughed at me. The Italian women are not so. They will kill as they will kiss, Madonna—for love. But they do not laugh as the Spanish woman laughs, which is always. She was but a child. Her body will be sixteen years tomorrow. "And so I stayed with the circus, encouraging her to leap through the hoop, and to stand more steadily upon the horse, and to be merry on the long foot-journeys. For I loved her, Madonna." The American woman stumbled in the muddy path. The clown's hand caught her elbow and again they walked in silence. "You must know that the old man had put his hopes upon her, teaching her to ride, to dance, and to tumble. This showed her the skill of jumping through a hoop, and at last he made her do this wonderful feat of leaping through a hoop set on fire. "So when I came to the circus I sometimes played games with her; and afterward, in the long marches from one town to another, I carried her upon my back when she was hurt from riding on the camel. "For at that time we owned a camel, Madonna. But it became sick, and in one village the boy who had charge of it was frightened because it died, and secreted it in a brook, and we were expelled from that town for polluting the drinking-water. The old man, Madonna, did not give the boy up to punishment, for he feels keenly for such frailties; so we were forced to turn into another route, and presently we were in a bad low country. The zebra itself grew weary in the heavy sand underfoot, and the great trial of our enterprise was upon us, as an eagle casting its shadow down upon a man. "Before and about us were long lines of dull bushes, which grew up out of the white sand. Trees also appeared, but they were short, as though God, Madonna, had pushed them back again with His hand. God was there Himself, Madonna, sitting in some part of the blue, hard sky, which curved over like the half of a fruit, above thin clouds that looked like women's veils. "Once we came to a little, desolate house, closed in by thick bushes, and entered it, falling behind the caravan for some adventure in the noon-day heat. "It was there that I spoke to her of love. I loved her in all ways, Madonna—as the child, as a woman. I loved the slim neck of the young girl, the large, smiling eyes of the child, her quick movements, Madonna, like those of a bird on the twigs of a tree. "But she only laughed at me. She did not know, Madonna. I longed for her to show some sign, or make some promise, for all that I desired was to marry her in proper time, say when she should be eighteen. (Why had I need of haste, considering I was born to live forever? There is no colony where the damned can die!) Yet her laugh maddened me. A man is not reasonable when he loves. "And as I watched her while she stood across from me in the old house, beyond the buzzing flies that floated between us, I said an unworthy thing, which drove the laughter from her eyes. I said: 'If you would love me, I would care for you in all ways, and you would never again jump through the hoop of fire.'

"I should not have said this, for it was her secret. The Fuego was afraid of the fire, so afraid that the fear never left her mind. It is a terrible thing to do what the little Fuego could do, and to be afraid each time! And I had been the first to know this secret, Madonna, and that was why I first loved her, watching her from the gate after I came to this circus. "It was in truth with astonishment that I saw her do this thing. There were but two spaces in the hoop that did not take fire, and here, with most ingenious art, she must catch the ring or be burned. The spaces were of metal, colored like the wood, and on them we put a liquid which prevents the flame. This liquid, likewise, was put all about the hem of her skirt, for the skirt truly touched the ring as she jumped through. These small duties I did for her, each night, soaking the skirt in the fluid to just the proper length, and improving the hoop in accordance with the growth of her skill. Also I would wait by the ring to catch and lift her from the horse, for she was always very weak, and this encouraged her. Such services she had not known before I came to the circus, and it was not surprising that she put some trust in me, even though she would not love me. "Therefore I should not have spoken this thing. Why should she not fear? It was only the wife of Brutus who died, without fear, from fire. And it was from a great conviction of love that the wife of Brutus did that, Madonna; so to have my little one laugh again, I made games in the deserted house and caught bees for her, until it was late in the day and we must return to the road. "The clown paused, as though he were lost in memory; and as the woman at his side listened for his voice the sound of a twig, snapped by one of the plodding travelers before them, came through the mist as though from far away. "The sand grew difficult, Madonna, so I took her upon my shoulder, which made slow walking; and when we overtook the circus, we found that they had reached the sea. We encamped there for the night, before going into the next town on the shore. All were rejoiced to have reached the sea, just across from which lay America; and the old man was in tears. He stroked La Fuego on the back, and pointed across the waves, and made much of her; for he is very old, from having too many wives, and shows his emotions readily. "While the sun was going down, I sat with La Fuego on the sand, and she was very happy at the sight of the ocean, which she loved. She had forgotten the little house and the hot sun, and was again my little child, and lay against my shoulder, watching the sea. "She said to me: 'It is enough warm to put out all the fire in the world,' and with these words she sighed, Madonna, and fell to sleep. I would not let the old man waken her, and the whole circus, sitting about fires on the sand, sang the old song of Spain until the embers died; and La Fuego slept in my arms the whole night. "And holding her so, through the long hours, I thought of my love for her, and of how I could make her love me, and as very unhappy people will, I began to tell myself stories, Madonna. If she should be in danger of her life, and I should save her, with a crowd of people to see, how could she not love me? And I pictured to myself, with a kind of pleasure, the terrible sight if she should catch fire in leaping through the hoop. "I knew that I could save her. I knew each movement that she made, and if the flame ever caught her dress, I knew how I could run, in one instant, and throw her from the horse, and roll her in the dirt and put out the flames, so that no spark would have touched her body. That is why my soul was damned, Madonna, for sitting there, in the night, I began to hope she would catch on fire. And my mind ran with that hope, as a drunken man runs from the Virgin to the devil." The woman and the clown were at a turn in the narrow road, and down the steep hillside the woman saw the dark figure of the old man, whom the priest was supporting by his arm across an impeding stone. "And the wicked picture that I had made to myself did not leave my mind. It was always with me, and each time from the gateway I would watch to see the flame ignite her silver dress. Madonna, will you be still incredulous when I say that my soul is damned forever? I became impatient because it did not happen. "One night the crowd cried out in approval, and as she slid down into my arms, she laughed with pleasure. It seemed as though she again were laughing at my love, Madonna. I struck my breast because it had not been given me to save her life before the crowd. "And at last, the devil took me completely. "The fog had closed about them more thickly, and in it ahead the last of the straggling circus people disappeared. "Again for many weeks we went into the low country, as now all such towns knew of La Fuego, and were waiting for her. I caught small toads that jumped before us in the path, and let them spring from my hand, because this amused her, Madonna. Yet my soul was running—as a man runs down hill, because he cannot stop himself. "I was not afraid. I knew the movements of the horse. I knew the weight of her body, and quick action of fire, the nature of dirt, and the arts of running, of tumbling, and of the trapeze, which teaches how to seize, balance, and dispose without harm, the body of another. "In the last town but this, Madonna, I prepared her for the performance. I dressed the horse, and when she had put on her stockings, I myself powdered the soles of the feet, for this is an important point in standing upon a horse. I put the fluid on the metal parts of the hoop, but—while she closed her eyes from the distasteful smell of it—I poured oil upon the rim of her dress. "We led the horse up to the gate, and waited back of it. It was here, every night, Madonna, that my fingers

quivered to snatch her to me and hold her on my heart, away from the fire that frightened her. The parrot woman ran in past us, with all her little birds swinging under her costume, and La Fuego sprang on her horse and I handed her the candle, and she rode out into the ring. "Even then, I was not afraid. I saw the horse trot around the circle, and the hoop, bright yellow, dance up into the air while the people clapped. "I was not afraid, even when she sprang through the hoop, and the yellow flame touched her dress and leaped around it. I ran toward the horse and jumped at her, and tying the burning skirt with my arms, threw her down upon her back, and rolled her over in the sawdust, and then tore away the hot cloth with my hands. A terrible sound was coming from the people, yet my heart was glad. I had seen her eyes as I dragged her from the horse, and the fear in them was an horrible thing; but feeling my arms about her, she knew that she was safe, and she laughed, Madonna. "She was there in my arms, under the horse. A spark that had caught in her bodice, between her breasts, I crushed out with my cheek. A great cry of joy was all about. I had been right. But as I lifted my head from her breast to look at her, she read my face, and gazing up into my eyes, she saw deep into them, and she knew what I had done. And her heart stopped, Madonna. "They were standing under the drooping acacias by the inn. With the cold rain the hour of the blossoms had begun, and here and there the slender white clusters lay scattered. "The woman spoke in a low voice. "Let me see your hands," she whispered. "Unclench the fingers, he quietly placed them in hers, and she lowered her head above them. Across the palms were streaks of angry red and painful swollen white. No oil, no water, had washed off the dreadful stains of black and of brown. In the fine rain, great drops fell down upon the hands. For the second time in her life the American woman was weeping. "His voice spoke gravely. "Why should Madonna weep for me? I am like the insane, who do not feel pain. Or, perhaps, unlike the insane, for I enjoy it." She gently put away his hands, and turned from him. "His voice spoke quietly over her shoulder, as it had come from the mist before the chapel. "It is a strange boon for a soul already damned—that it should receive confession to the Madonna. Will she send one more gift into hell?" Mutely she looked at him. "I am returning to her grave until the time we must perform. Would the Madonna come there when it is dark and pray with me for her soul?" "And for yours," she said. "I will come." The yellow torches were flaring around the tents in the valley, and the stars were fighting their way through dispersing clouds, when the American woman left the inn and slipped away under the dripping acacias. "By the torches, the stars, and the purple depths of the sky, spread above the mountain like a cloak, her mind was blurred; and as she ran stumbling along the path, her vision of terrifying love was full of whirling color, of blackness, and of yellow fire. Her flesh quivered with a longing to take those hands and tremblingly close them. "When she came to the little garden of graves, it was as she had promised him, for two souls that she had to pray. His body lay across the mound of earth like that of one who has been crucified; but near one of his outstretched hands lay something white, like a small stick in the dirt. With a little hurt sound she picked it up, and she did not have to question how he died. The red mouth of the clown had sucked in the flame of the candle.—By Horace Fish, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

Economical Steer Feeding Outlined by State College.

It is essential to give feeding steers the right start when they are brought into winter quarters. If pasture is short they may be fed some good hay for the first week, until they become acclimated to their new quarters. Corn in the form of fodder may gradually be introduced, and any available pasture may be utilized at the same time. Steers should make a gain of one and one-half pounds a day on pasture supplemented by unhusked corn fodder hay or any home grown feed. "Steers should be placed in winter quarters when grass is frosted, usually from November 15 to December 1. If they are of good grade and in good condition and weight, experiments at The Pennsylvania State College indicate that an economical feed consists of corn silage to the limit of appetite supplemented with two and one-half pounds of cottonseed meal for each 1000 pounds live weight. This ration may be fed the first three months, after which time the cottonseed meal may be increased gradually until the steers have been in winter quarters for five months they will be receiving three and one-half or four pounds for each 1000 pounds live weight. "It is necessary to supply ear corn in addition to corn silage and cottonseed meal during the last three months to animals not of high grade in quality and condition. "When steers refuse to eat all ear corn or to shell corn from the ear, shelled corn should be substituted. "Not a Mercenary Suitor. Mr. Roxley (coldly)—"And what are your prospects, may I ask?" Jack Sooter—"Pardon me, sir; I merely love your daughter. I have not been so mercenary as to look you up in Bradstreet's, and therefore I cannot answer your question."—Boston Transcript.

OUR DISAPPEARING WILD FLOWERS.

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?"—Emerson. The love of flowers is one of the earliest passions and probably one of the most enduring, and "rare indeed is the person who would willingly and knowingly contribute to the disappearance of nature's priceless heritage, the wild flowers." Yet in spite of our love for wild flowers, Albright A. Hansen, instructor of Botany in Pennsylvania State College, writes in the "Pennsylvania State Farmer" that the one-time familiar and abundant native species have begun to disappear. Various causes are advanced as reasons for this disappearance—the cultivation of the soil, drainage, grazing, lumbering and building, but Mr. Hansen thinks the greater number are being lost to flower-lovers because of ruthless, promiscuous, vandalistic plucking of flowers, for the temporary gratification of the moment. This cause would be very nearly controllable if the knowledge of the proper care of our wild flowers were disseminated throughout the country and taught in the public schools. Already many societies have been organized in different States, the most prominent of which is—"The Wild Flower Preservation Society of America," with chapters in all parts of the country. These societies hope to do for the preservation of wild flowers what the Audubon Society has done for birds. Says Mr. Hansen: The saddest part of it all is that in the same manner that war kills off the finest of our manhood, so the war upon plants conducted by the thoughtless collector kills off the most beautiful and attractive of our flowers, while the ill-scented, inconspicuous or otherwise less appealing ones remain to take the place of their more handsome relatives. This is especially true of our animal plants; they have but one means of reproducing their kind and that is by seed. If the flowers are picked, these plants are robbed of their natural right to reproduce their kind, because a flowerless plant will never produce seed. Have we a right to rob posterity of the pleasures we now enjoy from the beauties of our wild flowers? Does not the greatest good for the greatest number demand that we leave the flower on the stalk to perpetuate its kind for the pleasure of those who follow us? The wanton destruction of wild flowers is largely due to the lack of knowledge of the various ways in which plants and flowers appeal to the mind of man, of their sensibilities, intelligence, and the various phenomena of their life. The study of botany as bearing on the so-called "human side of plants" will do more to preserve the native wild flowers than any other measure. Those who pluck and destroy flowers are usually ignorant of their essential life, the useful work done by them, the causes of the marvels of their coloring, the various substances made by them, and the curious ways by which they draw into themselves the various materials they need; how they resist their enemies and perpetuate their species, and even secure change of location. Scientifically speaking the simplest common wild flower is a marvel: "Cell joined to cell, mysterious life passed on By viscous threads; selecting in its course, From formless matter with mysterious touch That seems a prescience, out of which to weave The warp and woof of tissues." Among the wild flowers that are rapidly disappearing along the Eastern seaboard is the arbutus, "the sweetest flower that grows," which will soon become extinct unless measures are taken for its preservation. When our Pilgrim forefathers settled in New England, they were warmly welcomed by a profusion of arbutus, the "sweetest flower that grows." Today the arbutus has become practically extinct throughout New England, except in a few favored localities. The same fate is rapidly overtaking the region of State College. In the memory of the writer, arbutus was plentiful within a short distance of the College; today considerable searching is required to find patches of any extent. A few years ago, arbutus was abundant in the region of Pennsylvania State College, where it is now practically extinct. The writer is familiar with a region in Cambria county where arbutus was exterminated within the short space of five years. And all this in face of the fact that the damage is absolutely useless, due entirely to ignorance of the habit of the plant. Arbutus is a perennial, rarely maturing seed in this State, and reproducing almost entirely by the trailing, creeping stems, which send up flower-branches at frequent intervals. As pointed out by the writer a few weeks ago in the "College," if the flowering stems are cut off with a sharp knife, little harm is done, but if the creeping stems are ruthlessly pulled as has been the practice in the past, the doom of the charming trailing arbutus is sealed. If the creeping stems are distributed, the plant is robbed of its only means of reproduction and those who come after us are robbed of the pleasures which we now enjoy. Other vanishing blooms are the ladies' slipper, or moccasin flower, especially the yellow variety and the white with pink veining, and all other orchids; the shy cardinal flower, the

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT Gentle words, quiet words, are, after all, the most convincing, more compelling, more prevailing.—Gladsten. Satin is again being used for tailormades, but it is not likely to be so popular as velvet, veloutine and the many cloths. The plainer the costume the better, so long as the lines are good. And here is the difficulty. The models are deceptive; they look simple, but they are most complicated. To make a good sleeve will be a triumph, and to achieve a skirt that hangs to perfection will be a victory. The long giprot sleeve begins generously on the upper arm, but shows no fullness where it is put into the shoulder. From the elbow it is close-fitting, and it ends in a point over the back of the hand. The bishop sleeve in chiffon is easier to make, and is in favor. Collars of all kinds are being made. There is a little gray faille dress trimmed with coarse woolen lace of the same shade, which has an open roll collar of the lace. The shape is oval from shoulder to shoulder. Several of the smart afternoon dresses are being made with small square décolletés, and a tiny supple gold chain worn tight round the throat, with one dropping jewel, takes away any bareness in effect. Another dress in velvet, made in the straight fashion, with deep belt across the front of the skirt, had a soft, straight, stand up collar, which seemed to fall into any shape; but it needs wearing and is not likely to be so much in favor as the convenient, becoming little collar that rises up a little at the back to roll back very slightly, and runs away into nothing in front. French women do not care for the swathed throat, but that style may become more popular. The long skirt must come back, and if it does the train will come with it. At present a long skirt is extraordinarily dowdy. The fashion is all for neatness and briskness in appearance, and the idea of not having the feet and ankles free is displeasing. But it is already old-fashioned to walk about with a full skirt hardly past the knees, a very long-handled umbrella carried like a shepherd's crook and a wide-brimmed cloche hat with a befeathered crown. That costume was a midsummer madness. Careful housekeepers all wish to keep quilts or eiderdown comfortables clean at the top where they rub against the faces of the children. Take a strip of cloth sixteen inches wide, turn over the quilt, so that eight inches will be on each side, and you will find that it is an excellent protector, much better than to depend on the movable sheet. It may be linen or fine cotton, made either with a hem one inch wide all around, stitched on the machine or hemstitcher, or the outer edge that is intended for the outside of the quilt may be scalloped or hand-embroidered. The appearance of the three strips is of the sheet turned over, and there is little work attached to ripping them off when they are soiled and require washing. They save many cleansing bills. A disturbing question often coming up in remodeling old garments is how to remove sewing machine marks, and this has been found successful; for wool goods use a damp cloth on the wrong side of the goods and press with a hot iron; then gently rub with the thumb nail. For velvet, it is necessary to steam the cloth the usual way, rubbing gently. For silk there is no help. If, when transferring an embroidered design or initial through carbon paper, you find it difficult to get the design into its exact place, try sticking pins in the article you wish to stamp so that the heads of the pins outline the exact spot. You can then feel the pin head through the carbon paper and so know where to place the design. Women voters in Denver outnumber the men. Chicago has a suffragist who is 113 years old. Jeannette Rankin is running for Congress in Montana. Of the 12,000 conspicuous positions, largely of an administrative character, in the United States, over 2,500 are held by women. The first Japanese women to receive the degree of bachelor of science were among the recent graduates of Northern University at Sendai, Japan. Miss Mary Wohlford, a Standard University girl, is taking a course in electrical engineering and has just bid on a big gas plant at Escodido, Cal. Undulating bands as wide as four inches are to be found on some of the new blue serge suits. The fichu of net, tulle lace, or even silk is to be found outlining the dropped 1830 shoulder. Broad brimmed hats are sometimes untrimmed and weighted only at one side with two cherries or an ostrich tip. Rick-rack trimming stamps a frock up to date, because it is an old-fashioned touch. Waxed Hercules braid is apt to appear almost anywhere on a new garment or even hat. Eyelet embroidery on linen, batiste, crepe de chine, marquisette and voile is an attractive as well as a recently revived trimming. The two voting precincts in Scatter City, Cal., will have the distinction of having as election officers all women. The female voter will act in other precincts as an officer, but at no other place will the board be without men. Dip a large piece of cheese cloth in kerosene; do not wring very dry, but hang it out of doors, for the odor to evaporate. Then use the cloth as a duster. It will take up dust without scratching, polishing at the same time. For high class Job Work come to the "Watchman" Office.

High Living Cost Cut by Grafting Tomato and Potato.

Eleven fully matured tomatoes and as many life-sized potatoes growing on a single plant in the vegetable gardens of The Pennsylvania State College marks the advent of the newest of freak plants in the vegetable world. If further experimentation proves its commercial value, the latest creation in plant life is expected to revolutionize vegetable growing by combining economy of space in the vegetable grower's garden with efficiency in plant growth. The experiment was conceived and carried to completion by C. E. Myers, professor of experimental vegetable growing at the college. A potato was planted and on the stalk produced there was grafted a young tomato shoot. The union was protected with wax and bound with raffia, exactly as is done in the ordinary grafting of fruit trees. A luxuriant growth of vine resulted. On the vine there were many tomato blossoms, and these developed into normal tomatoes. Under ground, at the same time, the potatoes thrived as if they were growing under the stimulus of their own tops.

Dental Preparedness.

What is the most important attribute of a soldier? Good feet? No. Good eyesight? No. Good brains? No. What then? Good teeth. A soldier may have good feet, good eyesight, and good brains but if he has bad teeth, he can't eat. If he can't eat he can't march near enough to the enemy to see him and use his brains to fight him. How does a soldier get good teeth? By having good teeth in childhood. How do children keep good teeth? Through being taught by their mother how to keep their teeth clean and having their teeth looked after while they are growing. This makes good teeth for future soldiers. It would seem then as though the first patriotic duty of a mother is to keep her children's teeth in good condition.

Penn State Women Grads Raise Student Loan Fund.

Women graduates of The Pennsylvania State College have announced plans for the establishment of a loan fund for girls studying at the college. The board of trustees has approved the project, and the fund will be made ready for use as soon as possible. Regulations governing this new feature of student help at Penn State provide that the fund shall be available only to girls in the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes. The loans will be based on the direct need of the student, her scholarship and her general attitude toward the college.

His Alibi.

"Face massage, sir?" asked the barber. "What for?" inquired the man in the chair. "Smooth the wrinkles out, sir. Make you look ten years younger." "But I don't want to look ten years younger. I have a hard enough time now getting people to believe that I'm too old to enlist in the army."—New York World.