BY FORCE OF CHEEK

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

Col. Alexander Bluffington of the suburban village of Grantville, was a terror. He had been retired on half-pay, and he blamed the United States for not retaining him ten years longer. As the postmaster was the only representative of the United States at hand, the colonel made it a practise to go to the office once a day and tell him what he thought of his old government.

The colonel was a terror to such of his neighbors as kept a dog or chickens. He was a terror to the mayor and aldermen of the village. He would stand at his gate and shake his fist at speeding autoists; he would thunder at a tramp in a way to make the poor fellow wish he had perished in the California earthquake; he would insist on telling war stories to callers, and if they did not shiver he had no further use for them.

People used to whisper that they felt pity for the colonel's wife, and more than pity for his daughter, Miss Mamie, and yet, queerly enough, those were the only two people for miles around who were not afraid of him. He blustered around home, and almost daily threatened to discharge the cook, and to lead a riot against the United States and many other things, but neither wife nor daughter called on the neighbors to protect them. The daughter simply said nothing, while the wife stood it as long as possible and then mildly observed:

"Alexander, if you keep on storming around and talking so loud you will end by driving the cat from the house, and she is one of the best mousers we ever had."

Therefore the only fault to be found with the colonel and his bluff was the fact that he made young men afraid of him, and in so doing he kept them away from the house. There were half a dozen who would have

liked to call on Miss Mamie. Indeed, there were half a dozen who did call, but only once. When the colonel got through with them they were glad to find themselves out doors and still living. Many and many a time the daughter wondered to herself if there was not a young man somewhere in this world who had the nerve to stand up to her father, but the months passed away, and he came not.

The aforesaid young man was on the trail, however. His name was Kenneth Aldrich. He was a medical graduate. He opened an office in Grantville. He did it without consulting the colonel. He did it without caring two cents whether the colonel was at the battle of Bull Run or Waterloo.

One day at the postoffice a mutual acquaintance introduced Miss Mamie Bluffington and Dr. Kenneth Aldrich. When they separated he said to himself that there was the girl he was going to make his wife, and she wondered if he were the one to quiet her father's roars.

It was less than a month after the introduction, and the doctor had had opportunities to lift his hat and bow to the young lady several times, when Col. Alexander Bluffington went down to the postoffice one day to tell the postmaster that this republic could not possibly endure for another five years. The postmaster said he didn't care whether it could or couldn't, and the colonel said he would have him removed for a tory, and then started for home. On the way he encountered an automobile. He had never turned out for anything smaller than a house, and he held the road this time. The result was that he was knocked down and rolled about in the most undignified way.

Dr. Aldrich was at hand to pick the colonel up and have him carried home. His leg and back and wrist were hurt. Even while the doctor was applying the bandages, the mighty man of war raised his wrathful voice and ordered him out. He wanted old Dr. Corwin; he didn't propose to be practised on by a young student! It was a case of cheek on the part of the young student to enterfere. Dr. Aldrich finished his work and then said:

"Stop that roaring! Dr. Corwin won't come here. It's my case, and no other medical man will interfere. You are not badly hurt, but if you go on roaring you will bring on fever. You ought to be arrested for not getting out of the way. There, there—no use to explode. I shall call again this evening."

"And you'll find the door locked against you!" exclaimed the purple-faced patient.

"Then I'll have you arrested for wilfull neglect of your injuries. There's a state law to cover your case."

Mother and daughter were not in the room, but were within hearing distance. When the doctor had departed the mother said:

"Wonderful young doctor, isn't he?"

"Yes, really wonderful."

"He seems to understand the case."

"Oh, yes, he seems to understand."

That evening, when the doctor called again Colonel Bluffington was ready for him. He had brought up reinforcements and meant fight. The door had not been locked, but the colonel was ready to say:

"Sir, I forbid you to touch me! If you do it will be assault and battery and you shall suffer."

The doctor continued to remove the bandages.

"I will prosecute you to the deadline!"

The doctor gently massaged the bruises and applied arnica.

"I have witnesses that I ordered you out of the house. You are assaulting a helpless man, sir!"

The bandages were deftly replaced, and the doctor said he was now quite sure that no bones had been broken.

"And the United States government shall be informed, sir—the United States government! If necessary, troops, will be sent here!"

"This powder," said the doctor, as he called in the ladies, "should be given every three hours. It is to guard against fever. I hope you will not have to sit up with him more than this one night."

"Wife—daughter, my army revolver!" demanded the colonel.

"His mind is wandering a little, but the powders will have a good effect. I will look in in the morning."

The colonel swore he wouldn't take the powders, but he did. He swore that he would be prepared to shoot next morning, but dropped to sleep like a lamb. He was looking puzzled and doubtful next morning when the doctor called, but he felt it his duty to record to bristle up and say:

"As soon as I get out of this you will get into jail!"

The doctor felt his pulse, made him run out his tongue, renewed the bandages and whistled softly to himself. Then he said:

"See here, colonel, I want to talk to you."

"I'll have a judge talking to you in a week or so!"

"All bluff! Drop it! I'm a young doctor, but I mean to be an old one some day. I'm not a beggar. I've got the money to see me through. I've met your daughter and am interested. I shall call here medically about three times more, and then I shall call socially. If it's a case of love, and I believe it will be, I shall become your son-in-law. Oh, you needn't get ready to roar. You can't beat destiny, and this is destiny. You've got to have a medical man in the family to guard you against apoplexy, and I want a father-in-law who can tell me war stories. That's all. Keep quiet today and no one need sit up with you tonight. Morning, colonel."

Three days later the colonel sat up in bed and told the doctor a war story. At the end of the week he told him two. At the end of three months, when Miss Mamie sought her mother one day and blushingly whispered a secret in her ear, the mother held up her hands and exclaimed:

"Didn't I tell you he was a wonderful doctor the very first day he came!"

"And—and father?" asked the girl.

"Oh, he won't roar. He's got all over that. It'll be so nice to have you live right along here with us!"

Preserving Ginger in China.

The United States buys practically all its preserved ginger from China, 500,000 pounds imported annually having an invoiced unit value of six and one-half cents, on which a duty of one cent a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem is levied. As one-half of the supply of preserved ginger comes from Hong Kong, the following report by Vice Consul General Stuart J. Fuller will be of interest:

"The preserving of ginger is entirely in the hands of the Chinese, and the ginger manufactured in Hong Kong is famous over the world. Tai Loong, Man Loong and Sun Sing operate the largest plants. The raw ginger is brought into the colony from the southern provinces of China, cleaned and soaked, and then mixed with sugar and boiled. After this it is kept in casks for a number of days until ready for packing. It is shipped in bulk in casks and also packed in jars, the latter being packed so many to the case or to the barrel. A similar mode of procedure is followed in preparing Chinese chow-chow, or preserved fruit with a ginger base; but in the case of the latter the fruit must be stoned as well as cleaned."

How He Knew.

Sanford—How did you find that your wife had returned home?

Parsons—By wire; I went into the house after dark and ran into one of her hatpins.

Long Ago.

It is generally suspected that every rich old bachelor has learned to say no.

REPARTEE ON THE STAGE

Some of the Amusing Remarks Which Actors in Paris Make to One Another.

Paris actors are fond of saying things to one another on the stage which will confuse them and make the answer very awkward. A few days ago, during the progress of a costume play, one of the actors who was wearing a sword knocked the thunder plates down in the wings.

Thunder plates are sheets of tin which are shaken to produce thunder, and the noise of the fall of a couple of them can be imagined. The king, who was upon the stage, turned to one of the pages and haughtily asked: "Whatever's that?"

To his surprise the page, who, as stage pages often are, was a charming young lady in real life, answered: "Thirty deafmutes are down below, sire, asking for conversation with your majesty."

The king, without moving a muscle, although the audience laughed, replied: "Are you quite certain they are dumb?"

"They say so, sire," replied the page, with great solemnity.

"Well," said the king, "they make an awful noise about it."

It was in the same theater that the stage manager, who was playing the part of a noble lord in the play, found when he got on the stage, that only two lords-in-waiting, instead of five, were on the stage in one scene. He could not leave the stage and fetch them, and as five lords were indispensable, he gagged: "What do I see," he said, "only two lords-in-waiting on the king. What ho, without there! Send me three more lords and let them be clean ones!"

The entrance of the three "clean lords" brought down the house.

PLANT THRIVES ON FLIES

Little Weed, Grown in England, Helps in Work of Ridding Homes of Pest.

In England there grows a little reddish-leaved, odd-looking plant known as sundew. It is but an inconspicuous weed, and yet literary and scientific honors have been heaped upon it.

The leaf is round and flat, and is covered by a number of small red glands, which act as the attractive advertisement to the misguided insects. Their knobby ends are covered with a glutinous secretion, which glistens like honey in the sunlight, and so gains for the plant its common English name. But the moment a hapless fly, attracted by hopes of meat or nectar, settles quietly in its midst, on hospitable thoughts intent, the viscid liquid holds him tight immediately, and clogs his legs and wings, so that he is snared exactly as a sparrow is snared in birdlime.

Then the leaf closes over him slowly but surely, and crushes him by folding its edges inward gradually toward the center. The fly often lingers long with ineffectual struggles, while the cruel, crawling leaf pours forth a digestive fluid—a vegetable gastric juice, as it were—and dissolves him alive piecemeal.

Sport and Morality.

There is much more than a grain of truth in the contention of a Massachusetts woman that athletics will conduce to healthier and more normal lives for women. The same may be said for men. The men and women who take plenty of exercise in golf, tennis, swimming, baseball or rowing will not be as often heard of in divorce courts as those whose leisure is spent in idleness. Healthy bodies and clean minds go oftenest together. That is one reason why sports for young or old are encouraged. It is the reason colleges urge their students to do gymnasium work and join the athletic teams. The recreation centers of large cities, the playgrounds, football and baseball parks, the full swimming beaches and public golf links will all have their beneficent effects on the bodies and minds of the coming generation.

Did His Best.

The young politician was obliging as possible, but there was a limit to his possibilities. When the reporter asked him what his wife would wear at the mayor's reception, he assumed a confidential air.

"I'll tell you just as much as I know myself," he said. "Last night she told me she should wear white; this morning at breakfast she said she'd decided on her rose-colored gown, and when I said good-by to her she had spread a gray one beside the rose-colored on one chair, and her black lace beside the white on another, and was taking something else out of the closet. If her hair hadn't caught on a hook as she turned round I might have been able to tell you more."—Youth's Companion.

A New Kind of Cud.

The family lived in a small town and pastured their cow in an adjacent lot, from which she sometimes escaped.

"Sammy," said mother one day, "I wish you would see what Daisy is doing."

Sammy hurried to the window. "O, she's just lying out here chewing her kidney," said he in a satisfied tone.—Delineator.

A Criticism.

First Angel—What is that spirit fussing about?

Second Angel—She says her hatpins stick out beyond her halo.—Harper's Bazar.

REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, HEADS BOSTON COLLEGE

With the recent development of plans for a new Boston college, on University Heights, Newton, the name of its president, Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., has been brought prominently before the public, says Human Life.

He is a recognized authority in all that makes for true progress, genial and easy of approach in his personality, and stern in his principles of right and wrong. His sense of humor is very keen, and he has many an opportunity of exercising it. He tells a story of some little boys in a sodality, several years ago, who, when they found he was to be their director, laid down the law in no mistaken terms regarding the sermons they wanted. "Don't preach more than ten minutes," they said; "we don't like long sermons." This to a man accustomed to hold his listeners interested for long discourses.

Even when the joke is against him, he enjoys it, and his friends have many a laugh over incidents droll enough in themselves, but droller still from his way of telling them. Intellectual though he is, he loves little ones dearly, no matter what their creed or color. At the close of a visit to Oldtown, Me., recently, he brought a little Indian lad back to Boston with him to see the sights. The lad's wonder grew with everything new he saw, and the elevated railway excited his intense admiration. He wanted samples of everything to bring back with him, but when the samples included such trivial things as railways and typewriters, kind and generous though Father Gasson was, he had to refuse.

People from every walk of life come to him for advice, from the day laborer in his overalls to the polished professor with his "Ologies" and "Isms."

As a lecturer Father Gasson is also well known, and of late years especially, he has attracted large audiences at various literary organizations. He is always to the fore when there is a question of the uplifting of the people, or raising the standard of education. Questions, whether of mental or moral development, are each and all of great importance to him, and each and all are treated in a masterly way.

England's by nationality, but America's by adoption, he has made himself the friend and adviser of thousands of men and women, both learned and unlearned.

BARONESS VON SUTTNER AN APOSTLE OF PEACE

All through her life an advocate and laborer for the cause of peace, it is not surprising that Baroness Bertha von Suttner, known throughout Europe—yes, throughout the civilized world—because of her books and her efforts for universal freedom from warfare, should again, this year, be one of the winners of the Nobel peace prize. This feminine apostle of the splendid cause is a most gracious woman and a clever conversationalist. The friend of everyone interested in arbitration, she has met celebrated people of many countries and is therefore a most interesting speaker. She talks fluently in many languages and is a broad-minded, deep-thinking woman, free from prejudice.

This devoted Austrian lady was born 67 years ago at Prague, daughter of the late Field Marshal Count Frans von Kinsky, a member of one of the most ancient and famous houses of Austria. One would hardly expect an apostle of peace to arise from the warlike house of Kinsky, or that a member of that aristocratic family would devote her entire life to working for the people, persuading them that the only thing that can save the nations is a universal peace. The early life of the countess was passed at Vienna, and, owing to her father's high position, it was very brilliant, furnishing her with much information that has been useful in her work. The numerous books she has written show a great knowledge of life in all its aspects.

When quite a young girl the Countess Kinsky was engaged to Prince Wittgenstein, and it was his early death in battle that brought to her forcibly all the horrors of war. For many years she mourned her lover and she was no longer young when she met and married Baron Gundacar von Suttner. The baron sympathized in all her views and with his help she has accomplished much that she might otherwise have been unable to fulfill. He also was a writer, and he did much for the cause of peace.

The baroness has a thorough knowledge of English literature and her books are the result of her reasoning and her wide reading. The baroness is president of the Austrian Peace society and is vice-president of the International Peace bureau at Berne.

One or 'Tother.

"I wish I were dead!"

"Heavens! Can't you marry her, or did you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Theater Waists

THE blouse at the left is of black mousseline de soie made up over black silk and trimmed with bands of jet embroidery.

The waistcoat is of light blue silk velvet trimmed with the black mousseline de soie and trimmed with a motif of gold embroidery, as is also the girdle, the latter of black liberty. The yoke or guimpe is of white lace. The sleeves are trimmed with the jet and finished at the elbows with turnover cuffs of black liberty.

The other blouse is of black silk voile trimmed with bands of jet underneath and silk cord. It is trimmed underneath with a corslet of gold embroidery headed by gold lace, these showing through the voile in charming effect. The little guimpe is of white lace. The sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond.

FUR TRIMMING THE VOGUE

According to Fashion's Present Edict It Is Almost Impossible to Overdo It.

Surely there never was a time when the economical woman could more gladly bring out from the moth balls all the fur she has inherited and bought. She can have it dipped and combed and put it on every gown that she will wear this winter. The nightgown is almost the only robe that is not fur trimmed, and one would not be surprised to see one appear with an edge of sable at sleeves and hem.

Sable is in first style for everything. It is used in 15-inch borders on evening wraps, in ten-inch borders on afternoon gowns, and in three-inch borders on ball gowns. On the latter it is combined, or rather held down at intervals, with huge dull red silk roses. One sees it combined with flowers on a great majority of gowns, not for street wear, of course, but for all manner of house occasions.

Chinchilla is shown again, but not in dyed marten, sealskin, and dyed otter, as well as its natural condition, is very fashionable and is used on chiffon and satin or tunics and coats.

Narrow edges of all the brown furs are run on sleeves and the drapery on the bodice, and one sees it also on tabs that hang from the waist in severe elongated directoire fashion.

It is supreme in millinery. Hats for all hours are trimmed with it. Every turban is to have a border of it. Fisher, badger, skunk and grebe are used with lynx, dyed marten, sealskin, and dyed otter. Sealskin is especially smart on hats and the woman who has any of it in good condition can turn it into a high plaited turban and border it with three inches of brown fur; if sable, all the better.

If she wants this hat for afternoon wear she can have one rose at the side or front—preferably a huge, dull red one. This black-red tone, which is the color of blood, is very much the fashion in gowns, in wraps and especially in roses.

The Paisley Blouse.

The craze for Paisley trimmings and borderings which was so marked this past season is by no means over. A rather new form which it will take in the early autumn is a blouse to complete dark blue costumes.

Such a blouse will look well with the tailored suit, but can be more effectively treated with a one-piece frock to wear for afternoon or under a long coat.

The owner of an old Paisley shawl, partially moth eaten, can get one of these blouses cut on simple semi-tailored lines from the shawl and have enough of the bordering left to introduce a touch of the coloring on the skirt.

Roman Scarfs of Wool.

If you would make a sensation with your knitting start one of the new Roman scarfs in fine Shetland wool. They are the most fetching things in light, warm wraps that have appeared for many a day. These scarfs are about a yard wide and as long as one likes; from a yard and a half to two yards is the average. They are knit loosely with huge wooden needles, and any one who can knit need not fear to attempt one. The chief beauty lies in the coloring which copies closely the Roman silk scarfs of an earlier generation. The stripes are knit across and are formed of four colors, each outlined on both edges. Alternate stripes of white of varying width

TO FRESHEN UP RIBBONS

Many Methods May Be Employed, and With Care They Will Appear Like New.

Messaline ribbons and those of taffeta can be washed in gasoline and cornmeal mixed, if but slightly soiled. Velvet can be cleaned in the same way.

Certain ribbons can stand washing in soap and water. Experiment first with a small end. Take a thick suds of white soap and rinse through several soapy waters and a final clear, cool water. Press out most of the moisture between cloths and dry on a crock or press between linen cloths while still damp.

Where it is proved that ribbon will not wash without stiffening rinse through gasoline or benzine several times, then wipe dry with a piece of flannel and stretch until dry.

Ribbon belting can be stretched tight on a board or the edge of a stationary washstand and scrubbed with a clean nail brush and thick white suds. Keep stretched until dry.

Ribbons with picot edges must be carefully pinned into place through each loop if it is to look fresh when finished. Gauze ribbons rarely stand washing, but with care can be freshened by using a little gum arabic water.

A ROBE GOWN

The sketch today allows for little detailed description. It is a robe pattern in embroidered batiste combined with lace. The suggestion is merely to remind readers of the beautiful things to be had at reasonable prices. The wise woman will buy them now, even though she does not make them up until next summer.

Novel Hemming Party.

A girl who was going to be married varied the usual sewing party by inviting her girl friends to join her in a hemming bee. Towels, napkins, dish towels and tablecloths were hemmed during the afternoon, made pleasant by fruit lemonade and biscuit on the wide porch, and each guest put her own initials in the corner of each article hemmed by her—a charming reminder in days to come. The silver thimble given to each girl on her arrival was kept as a souvenir. Meanwhile the hostess found her linen chest much fuller than at the beginning of her hemming part.