

FORGETTING THE PAST.

Because a man has failed in achieving success, or because he has gone even further and willfully wrecked the life that once promised so much, it does not follow that he can never get up again. Yet there are men everywhere who believe that certain incidents in their lives have placed them beyond redemption and that it is useless to try and begin over again. Sometimes they become impatient for the success that seems so far away and frequently give up just before it comes within their grasp. Repeated failures seem only to convince them that they can never hope to accomplish anything because of their former mistakes, and yet the miracle may be performed when least expected. It is wise to forget the past, whatever it may have been, and to train ourselves to live only in the present, says the Charleston News and Courier. Sometimes the past projects its shadows across our path and for a time we feel helpless and think it but natural that we should move in its gloom. It is possible, however, to leave the shadow behind and step out into the sunshine of the new and untired life which spreads all about us. No man can hope to make any headway in his business career who goes about with the remembrance of an unworthy past hanging like a millstone about his neck. Its weight will bear him down if he undertakes to begin the new life with the memory of the old still clinging to him.

A Russian who recently came to this country and located in Pittsburgh became very irate because his wife "was disobedient and had become imbued with American ideas." So he threatened to shoot the woman, and did tear her clothes from her and burn them in the street. Then the police took a hand, and the overzealous Russian was fined \$50 and sentenced to 90 days in the workhouse. When he has paid up and gets out he is likely to have a lasting recognition of the fact that one "American idea" is that a husband cannot treat his wife like a slave. And if he objects he is at liberty to return to the land where the laws are less objectionable to him.

Continental United States has a population of over 91,000,000. That does not include outlying possessions, which have a number of millions more. The figures put this country foremost among nations having a homogenous and united people. There are several countries where the aggregate population is larger, including China and India with their hundreds of millions. But nowhere else is there such solidarity and harmony of general purpose as in the United States. We have out little differences, political and otherwise; but taking in the fundamentals the Americans are a pretty harmonious family.

The New York police have captured a band of kidnapers. This ought to afford a fine chance to make so signal an example of retribution that this despicable form of crime will receive a staggering blow to its industry of blackmailing distracted parents.

A dispatch from Berlin informs us that the Kaiser drinks with "frankly boyish enjoyment." We are glad to hear that he enjoys it. We were afraid that he might do it purely out of patriotism.

New England women are protesting against the use of corkscrew curls by stage people to portray their type. This is quite right. New England women are no longer in the daguerrotype period.

Since wholesale prices of meat have gone up a cent in Omaha, watch and see whether your butcher does not hear of it much more promptly than he did of the preceding decline of a much larger amount.

Count de Lesseps says he isn't going to fly any more. "It's all right for bachelors," he said, "but when a man intends to get married, well—it takes a good deal of courage to do either."

Inventing excuses for staying out late at night will not qualify any married man for membership in the inventors' guild, no matter how well the missus receives his inventions.

A class in a cooking school in Providence had all its members poisoned with their own cooking. This was retribution swift and sure, but it gave a great lesson to the community.

A St. Louis man made his wife cut his hair. Barbering, however, will never be included in any domestic science course.

One quail on toast is worth a whole flock of flying wild geese.

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Divorce Record Held by Kansas City



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—How to be happy though married seems to be a question hard to solve in this city, for recent statistics show one divorce for every four marriages. This is believed to be the highest record for matrimonial detachments in the United States. Taking Missouri and Kansas there is one divorce for every eight marriages, and in the United States one for every 12. England is at the other end of the line, with one divorce for every 400 marriages.

Dr. Charles A. Elwood, professor of sociology in the State University, has recently compiled the figures upon which the divorce statements regarding Missouri marriages that failed are based. He has found that 80 per cent of the divorces are obtained by women and in nearly all cases the allegations made by wives are sufficient. Among the reasons advanced by Dr. Elwood for the increase of divorce is the decay of religion, particularly in the religious theory of marriage and the family. Another probable reason adding

is the development of individualism, self-assertion and self-interest.

This spirit is said to be antagonistic to the simple life. It is the spirit fostered by the New Woman, the woman of the clubs and the suffragette movement. A number of avocations are now open to women in which a bright girl can earn a salary making her independent. After a few years of this life she may marry well or she may marry a man who cannot provide the little luxuries of life she was able to provide for herself before marriage.

That a woman should be discontented after giving up independence and a life full of diverting incidents, the daily trip downtown, the work in an office until noon, the daily gossip bazaar at luncheon and the mingling with a busy world, is not considered surprising. From this class many domestic discords come to swell the big grist for the divorce mill.

Men in the professions do not think of marriage until they are at least 30 years old. They try to become established and to attain a dependable position before marrying. This contributes something to domestic discord, for the man of 30 or over has accumulated habits that are not easily adaptable to those of his wife, particularly if she is near his own age.

## One Man Booms Street Fakers' Sales



CHICAGO.—"Capping" for street fakery has been found a highly lucrative if novel way of earning a living by at least one young Chicagoan. It could hardly be called work, strolling about the streets at such times as might suit the stroller's own sweet will, but if his story is true, the returns are greater than the salaries of many men who work long hours in shops or offices.

"It is through my ability to draw a crowd and get 'em interested in the toys and gimcracks you see peddled on the streets, the capper said, that I boom the fakery sales. I get a percentage. 'The only rule I follow,' he went on, 'and the only rule a fellow in this game can follow consistently, is to change his make-up as frequently as possible. I never attempt a disguise of the stage sort, with fake whiskers, grease paint or anything freaky. But I do wear several suits, coats and hats in the course of the day and make it a rule to dress inconspicuously, so that I cannot easily

be detected by persons I have induced to purchase by suggestion instead of direct appeal, as the ordinary salesman would do.

"Now, I don't get a divvy on all sales. The way I work is this: I stroll along until I find one of my partners doing nothing in the sales line and then I get busy. He's selling a mechanical toy, we'll say. I stop, examine it closely, ask for a demonstration and comment on the thing until I have six or eight people around me, then I buy one of the toys and walk away. I've worked that crowd up to the proper pitch. One sale follows another and as the crowd increases the faker benefits accordingly.

"I never butt into a crowd that is buying. That would be useless. I wait until things are slow or stagnant, and then I jump in and a laugh or a pointed comment does the trick. I don't sell directly; I merely suggest and the vender rakes in the coin and passes over his goods.

"My rake-off? Oh, yes. I have from twenty to thirty fakery on my list, and they come around to my room every night and buy back what I have purchased from them during the day, at five times the regular price. "I seldom visit a man more than three times a day, and frequently not more than once or twice. It's worth from \$50 to \$100 a week."

## Criminals Threaten Police Official



NEW YORK.—William J. Flynn, deputy police commissioner of this city, and the head of the detective bureau which rounded up the great Italian kidnaping gang and also placed about a dozen members of two or three large counterfeiting gangs behind prison bars, is a "marked man." The Italian criminals of the metropolis have declared that he must die, and for the last two or three weeks have been working overtime in advising him of the fact by sending threatening letters. Death in its most horrible forms has been promised him; he has seen the death sign given him scores of times in court rooms, and on the streets, yet he goes calmly about his business, and the list of law-breaking Italians in Sing Sing is constantly growing.

Probably no man in the United States is more bitterly hated by "Black Hand" members and Italian

criminals generally than Flynn. Relentless in the running down of these bands of foreign crooks, he has aroused a hatred for himself among them that amounts almost to madness. Yet it is a hatred that is so tempered with fear that, up to the present time, his life has never been attempted. He has been doomed to die, if the criminal element among the Italians ever find a way to accomplish it, yet he is still at his old post. For years he has gotten threatening letters—letters with cross bones and skulls and black hands and death marked all over them—but as yet no criminal has had the courage to put his threat into execution.

Since the roundup of the big Italian kidnaping band a few weeks ago, Flynn has been an especial target for these death letters. Distant letters and friends of the ten people now in jail for child stealing, as well as those of that notorious and expert gang of counterfeiters recently handed behind the bars, have been decorating letters with death hieroglyphics and sending them to the deputy commissioner.

"They are so funny," says Flynn, "that I like to read them. I don't believe a word in them, so they only afford me amusement."

## Delivery of a Letter Long Delayed



YONKERS, N. Y.—Uncle Sam set a new record in rapid postal service when he delivered at Yonkers the other day, a letter sent from Geneva, N. Y., on April 29, 1838.

Yonkers is just 335 miles from Geneva. It took the letter seventy-two years to travel the distance.

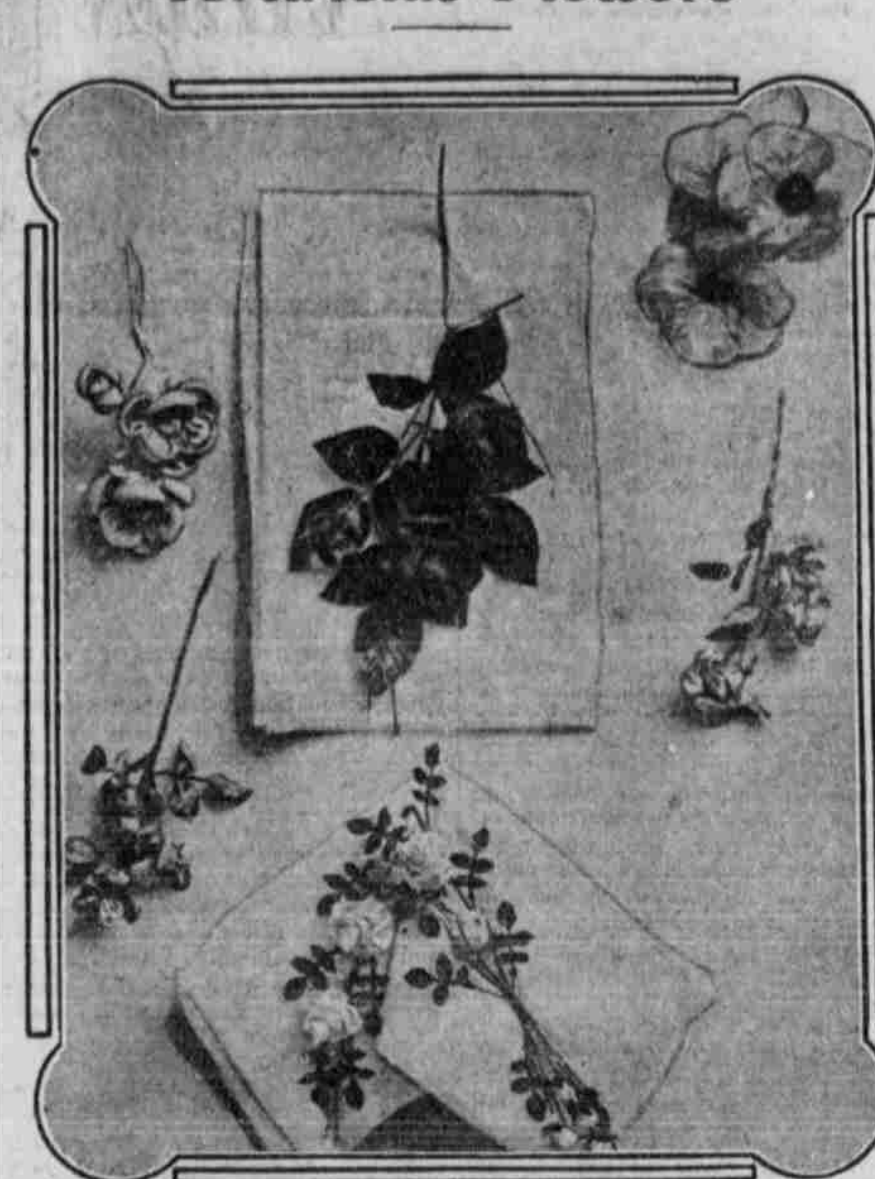
Both the sender of the letter and the man to whom it was addressed are dead, the latter forty years ago. Mrs. Walter Paddock, of the old Paddock family of Yonkers, received it. She is a grandniece of D. O. Paddock, to whom the letter was addressed. He was in the lumber business. Mrs. Paddock had never seen him.

The postman called at her home with a postoffice department envelope. Within was the time-yellowed sheet of paper. It was not an envelope, for it was written when envelopes were unknown. It was folded square and the ends turned in, and a postage stamp was pasted across to keep them there. The stamp was canceled and the missive bore the date, Geneva, N. Y., April 29, 1838. Beneath this stamp was another one, which read: Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1910.

No explanation of the delay appeared upon it. There was no mark from the dead letter office. It probably had been mailed by the sender, who signed himself Whitney, and had been mislaid in the postoffice at Geneva to be found again just now.

It was in relation to a shipment of lumber which Mr. Paddock was to make from Yonkers, and contained the information that \$2,000 in payment would be sent on receipt of the consignment.

## Artificial Flowers



LOWERS, more particularly roses, made of ribbon and other fabrics have never been so popular as during the present season. The time it takes to make them has always kept the price of such flowers high. Many of them take so little material that they can be made of scraps of ribbon while others take from a third to a yard and a half to make. Big American Beauty roses made of wide satin ribbon doubled lengthwise and wound about a center of cotton are expensive but so durable that they are favored for many decorative purposes. They have been used, mounted on millinery stems with millinery foliage as favors and dinner souvenirs for a number of seasons, by the best hostesses. Table decorations of ribbon flowers are exquisite, not as substitutes for natural flowers, but used in novel ways and exaggerated sizes. A center piece of roses, or one immense rose makes a fascinating base for the light, and roses from which candles spring are little bits of perfection. Some of the newest ones are made of ribbon which is translucent and the heart of the rose (and this is a touch of real genius) is a tiny bulb glowing with light.

But it is the decoration of millinery that fabric flowers, fashioned in the milliner's own workrooms, have forged to the front in popular favor. People who want them should not complain of high prices. Their recourse is to make them at home—since the time of the milliner is money. Almost every woman owns stems and foliage which may be used with these ribbon flowers, for foliage and stems outlast the millinery flowers as a rule. Leaves are easily smoothed out with a small, slightly warm iron. She who is clever with paints can use them to advantage in freshening foliage. The roses and flowers are made in such a variety of ways that it is best to select a certain kind and copy it. Those in which the petals are made of short lengths gathered at both ends and along one edge, take less material than those that are wound about a center. Buds are made of little squares of ribbon mounted in a millinery calyx, and take very little material. Illustrations are given here of several varieties of roses and buds; a little experimenting will develop the flowers satisfactorily. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## IN VELVETEEN AND CASHMERE STYLES DISPLAY THE SHOES

Charming Dress That is Made Effective by a Combination of Colors.

This charming dress is a combination of velveteen and very fine cashmere in a rich tone of amethyst. The trained skirt is plain, and then over it is a long tunic of cashmere edged with a narrow border of skunk;



the kimono bodice opens in front over a vest of velveteen with small lace yoke; the edges of bodice and oversleeves are trimmed with fur; the undersleeves are of lace. A handsome silk girdle is knotted round the waist, the long tasseled ends falling over front of skirt. Materials required: 10 yards velveteen, 5 yards cashmere.

Prevailing Short Skirts Make Footwear a Highly Important Consideration.

Footwear is made prominent this season by the styles in vogue, the short, scant walking skirt being well calculated to display the feet. The attention thus focussed has brought about some smart results. There is a marked preference for the high buttoned boot with its Cuban heel, which is shown in calfskin and suede and also in velvet, for the tendency of fashion to make much of rich fabrics has extended even to the world of footwear. Black, brown and navy-blue velvet are greatly favored to carry out the fashionable conceit of a one-tone street costume, and these harmonizing boots are really very fascinating with their long lines of tiny smoked-pearl buttons.

Slippers also partake of this general use of rich materials. Black satin is always correct for dressy wear, and this season black velvet is also greatly favored. The deforming rosette is being displaced by the widespread use of buckles for ornamenting slippers. For formal wear the scintillating rhinestones are of course the most effective. Very handsome evening slippers for full dress are sometimes fashioned of cloth of silver or gold, and, again, often of brocade. Of course, the hosiery always matches light-colored slippers, and many beautiful silk stockings are shown having elaborately wrought drawn-work decorations, or else daintily-embroidered floral designs.—The New Idea Woman's Magazine.

New Petticoats. The prettiest thing I have seen recently in this line is a charming chiffon cloth skirt in two colors, a pink under a white, for instance, with knee deep plaited flounces plainly hemmed. Can you imagine anything softer or more utterly feminine than these? The colors are beautiful, too, all the pale shades in combination, besides such striking combinations as black over brilliant green or crimson for more practical wear.—Smart Set.

Robe Novelties. Among the novelties in robes are those with the upper part of cashmere de sole. The bottom of this material is finished with a pine-patterned border in exquisite colorings, while below the border in exquisite colorings, while below the border the frock is finished with a deep plain band of ratine in a much darker color than the cashmere.

# SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl." —Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

## ROYALTY AS THE GODFATHER

Difficulty in Europe Successfully Overcome by the Exercise of Some Diplomacy. In the early days of the reign of the late King Leopold of Belgium a seventh son was born to a Brussels woman, and when the king heard of it and was told that the boy was the seventh successive one, and that no girl had come to the family, he asked to be the baby's godfather. Ever since then every seventh son born in Brussels has had the same honor, and the mothers have received gifts in keeping with their station in life. King Albert, in carrying out the old adage a short time ago had some difficulty "because the seventh son was twins," according to the Frankfurter Zeitung. He could not stand for both boys, because that would give the family two Alberts. The remedy was found by Queen Elizabeth, who suggested that her little son, the duke of Brabant, be the godfather of the eighth boy, who consequently received the name of Leopold.

Vagaries of Finance. "I understand, you have paid the mortgage off your place." "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Then why do you complain of hard times?" "All the neighbors have done the same thing. That leaves me with money on my hands that nobody wants to borrow."

Warm Spot. Adirondack Guide—What is your climate in New York? New Yorker—Well, occasionally it gets down to zero. Adirondack Guide—M-m-m! Don't you ever have any cold weather?—Life.

Nothing Much. "I don't know whether I ought to recognize him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight." "You promised to marry him, didn't you?" "Yes, but that was all."

## EASY CHANGE When Coffee is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum. "Ever since I can remember we had used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and I myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it.

"I know it was that, because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me.

At last I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same. Even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good.

"I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum. We never use the old coffee any more.

"We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.