

New York Shudders at Thought of Dry July 1

NEW YORK, May 3.—Over in Paris certain world statesmen may be getting more gray hairs trying to unscramble a very much scrambled Europe, but New York isn't overly excited about it. Out west they are getting 'all het up' over League of Nations discussions, but New York again isn't losing any particular sleep over it; for old Father Knickerbocker has one big pain all its own that it can't forget. It is worse than a municipal toothache; for New York aches all over thinking about its particular trouble—the approach of fatful July 1.

You don't have to stop and explain here that July 1 means the end of booze and the saloon. Just mention July 1, that's enough. The date has become symbolical of all the pain of anticipation that the big city here is going through. You hear someone talking about that day of days, July 1, the minute you step off the train. You hear it all day long. And all night, too—if you stay up that long.

The One Absorbing Question.
It is the one absorbing question—

what will happen in "little old New York" after July 1. Beau Broadway, New York's favorite rhymester, breaks into verse about it nearly every day. So do the other newspaper poets. Here is a sample:

Ship me somewhere east of July,
Where there can't be any worst
When a fellow's tongue is lolling
With an awful next-day thirst.

The poetry may be the very worst, but anything, speaking in proper sympathetic tones of July 1 and after, gets by. Even the worst "ham" vaudeville performer can get a response from his audience now—just touch upon the one big date.

Frankly, 90 per cent of New York's many millions of people don't believe the awful thing is going to happen. What? Take booze and beer from Broadway? Impossible! It is just as

impossible for them to comprehend it. Something is going to happen—something, they don't know just what, to prevent the blow falling. Maybe President Wilson will revoke the "dry U. S." proclamation. He has done almost everything else, they argue. Maybe some judge somewhere will declare it all unconstitutional and pronounce whisky and beer on the same plane as milk and soda pop. Maybe—well, there isn't space enough to relate all the things they imagine might happen—it just isn't going to happen. The average New Yorker argues. But the fateful day draws nearer and nearer. And nothing does happen—nothing except New York's fever is in the hundreds with a very rapid pulse.

But it is their "institution."
From all the concern and grief spilled here about what New York will be

like when the desert days come, a person might imagine that the big city was a city where every man, woman and some children were confirmed drunkards. Not so, the average New Yorker doesn't partake any more of the stuff that is soon to be no more than the average person anywhere else in the wet belt. But he regards the "wine, woman and song" stuff, particularly the first, as a traditional part of his city heritage. It is just as much a part of his municipal institutions as Broadway or Tammany hall. And he can't imagine New York without either of the latter. Nor can he imagine New York without booze.

"Don't we have to put up with all the rest of the country coming in on us to have their good times here?" he argues. "They don't kick on coming—even from the 'dry' states. And now

you people are taking our booze from us. Why? You don't have to come here unless you want. Just leave us alone—that's all we want. Leave us alone!"

And if you listen long enough and sympathetically enough most any old New Yorker you meet will get all serious and worked up over it. And still nothing happens. He wonders why.

"Lil' Ol' N' York" joins the U. S.

One thing the coming of July 1 has done—it has made every New Yorker realize he is very much a part of the United States. They used to speak of New York and the rest of the United States. They don't any more. The typical New Yorker—he may have come from Hickville, Wis., ten years before—used to care not a rap what the rest of the United States thought or cared about New York.

"Little Old New York" could take care of itself. Congress might do this or that, but what's the difference? He never even took the pains to defend his city, no matter what was said about it, and as for boasting of what New York did for the U. S. A., what's the use? But they have a different viewpoint now. The man on the street can tell you that New York furnished one-sixteenth of the entire army and navy; nearly a fifth of the loans, more than that of the income taxes. And so on and so forth. "And after all that they propose to take our liquor from us," he snorts.

New York may be frivolous. It may be anything else you choose to call it, and probably is all just that thing, but it certainly is taking the coming of July 1 mighty seriously. It can't be "That's all just a scheme of the liquor people to get folks to lay in a big stock at high prices." Surely that's all there can be to it, says New York.

Here are a few spring rules that are worth more than all the "spring tonics," "spring medicines," "blood purifiers" and "blood builders."

SPRING HEALTH
(By The Hygienist.)
Spring Ills.

Spring is again upon us. Once more we are in the midst of the season of sunshine and showers, of poetry and pills, of spring fever and spring medicine. This spring there seems to be more sickness than the usual large amount, probably because in addition to the usual causes of spring diseases, we have several million victims of the Spanish influenza still suffering from the depleting effects of the disease. As we have said before, it is not necessary for sickness to be more prevalent in the springtime than at any other time. A good part of all our sickness is unnecessary; if we follow nature's plan we can avoid even the sickness that comes with the change of season.

Spring disorders from spring fever or "that tired feeling," up to the really serious diseases, are, for the most part, food disorders. They result from overeating on heavy foods during the winter and continuing the heavy, heat-producing diet over into the warm weather when the natural conditions are such that the body cannot burn up the usual amount of heavy food. Every Hygienist reader knows that the man who eats food that he cannot use up, sooner or later becomes food poisoned. Most of our spring ill is in reality food poisoning.

Spring Fever.
If you have taken the right care of your health during the winter, eaten carefully, exercised sufficiently, and kept your skin in good condition, you will respond to the call of spring. You will with vigor and energy, you will partake of that activity that characterizes nature everywhere at this time of the year. If, instead, you have "that tired feeling," or are run-down, it is in all probability because you are food poisoned. Square your account with nature now. Cut out your heavy food; get onto a spring diet and get out of doors.

Warm Weather Diet.
Spring is nature's half holiday for your liver, digestive organs, and your kidneys, also your heart. All of these good friends of yours have been hard at work during the winter, burning up a lot of food to keep you warm and rapidly carrying off the debris to keep you well. The advent of warm weather makes this strenuous work unnecessary.

Whether you have spring depletion or not, cut out much of your heavy food, such as meat, potatoes and bread, include plenty of fruits and vegetables in your diet, taking only two meals a day.

Spend at least two hours daily in outdoor exercise. Have an abundance of fresh air in your office or shop during the day, and in your bedroom at night. Fresh air is a particular enemy of spring fever.

Give your skin a chance. If you have discontinued your regular morning sponge during the winter, take it up at this time. Discard the heavy underwear and clothing of winter and clothe your skin so that it will have an opportunity to breathe.

PINKS JEWS ARE KILLED
Pogroms Results in Death of 56, According to Reports.

LONDON, May 2.—Fifty-six Jews have been killed in a pogrom at Pinsk, according to information received from Copenhagen at the central office of the Zionist association. Forty persons were imprisoned and brutally treated, it is said, and three women were flogged. The synagogues are reported to be closed and the Jews have been impressed at forced labor.

FORM PERMANENT COMMITTEE FOR ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL
NEW YORK, May 2.—Organization of the Roosevelt permanent memorial national committee was effected here Wednesday. Plans were mapped out for a national campaign for funds and committees were appointed to carry out the details of the work.

William Boyce Thompson was elected president of the national organization. William H. Taft and Charles E. Hughes were elected honorary presidents, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hiram Johnson, John Mitchell, A. T. Hart and John T. King, honorary vice presidents; William Loeb, Jr., vice president; Harry M. Blair, secretary, and Albert H. Wiggin, treasurer.

Mother's Day

Is next Sunday. It is the day to remember your Mother; to remind her that you have thought especially of her; to acknowledge in some small way the debt you owe to her in consideration of the life she gave you, the love she lavished upon you and the character she helped you acquire.

Your Mother is the only person in this world who, without regard to circumstances, gives you the benefit of every doubt. The time has not come and will not come in your life, from the first moments in the cradle to the last minutes upon the deathbed, when you are not the chief image in the heart of a living Mother.

Wear a white carnation in honor of your Mother if she rests where the ivy grows above her and a red one if you are still blessed with her presence here on earth. Better still, remember her with a gift that will bring her comfort and joy—a Rocker or Chair; a Phonograph; a Kitchen Cabinet; or any useful article such as only Mother will appreciate.

There are quite a number of useful as well as comfortable and ornamental articles in our great stock of Furniture, Rugs, Stoves and Phonographs that will appeal to your Mother as a gift from you.

First of all we suggest one of our Reed Willow Rockers or Chairs; or a new Rug to put a little more cheer into the living-room—as probably Mother has seen the old rug so long that it has become an eye-sore.

Perhaps reed furniture may not appeal to Mother as much as would a comfortable Rocker or Chair; or, perhaps, you have already given her one in the past—if you have such a problem to solve, call at our store and let us help you and suggest other equally acceptable and appropriate things.

Music appeals to all Mothers, old and young, and nothing would please her more than a Brunswick or a Victrola, or some of the records of the songs of olden days.

Visit our store some time this week and make your selection and let us help you to make Mother glad on Mother's Day.

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When I tell you that your suit must fit you and satisfy you or I don't want your money —I MEAN IT

IT WILL PAY TO INVESTIGATE

The Wardrobe

SEE MY WINDOW DISPLAY
WOOD W. BERRY