

New York Letter

by
Lucy Jeanne Price



NEW YORK, April 21.—New York City is sometimes accused of not giving enough thought and appreciation to outside problems—national and international. Maybe it's true; but we wish her critics would consider her situation. In one week there was, here within her own boundaries; first page developments in the supra-sensational divorce cases of the year; the re-stepping into the limelight of the Elwell case through an alleged confession; the Giants' opening of the polo grounds; the discovery that Long Island Sound was already warm enough to go swimming in; the regular grist of mysterious "disappearances;" and finally, the startling act of local prohibition laws and local enforcement. The most upsetting factor of this was the clause making the man who takes the drink as liable as the one who sells it. New York is fairly reeling from the blow of that. And it's small time, indeed, that is left for attention to less personal matters in the world at large.

When New Yorkers go "back home" to visit, and when its visitors go back home, it is the Metropolitan Museum and other temples of art and its sisters that they talk about to the neighbors and the ex-neighbors. And several thousand big and little fish chuckle to themselves when they hear the echoes. For, regardless of conversation, the place that gets the crowds is the Aquarium. It has more visitors than any other museum in New York—and they stay longer. Two million persons gazed at its tanks last year. The official Aquarium boat, "The Sea Horse," starts in a few days now, collecting more fish off Sandy Hook for the delight of the millions.

Mme. Olga Petrova, dramatic, vaudeville and screen star is coming back to straight drama. She has just signed a contract to appear in a brand new play, by a new author, and according to him, new plot. That detail, however, is passed without certification. The play is to open in New York early in September, to the satisfaction of a large number of people, who have always insisted that Petrova was the real actress of the Russians we have had with us.

The Bahain movement, the religious cult founded by Abdul-Haha, has been making inroads upon New York for five or six years, and every once in a while takes to itself a convert of considerable prominence. The latest of these is Dr. Florian Krug, one of the city's celebrated surgeons, who has announced that he and Mrs. Krug will leave for Haifa, Palestine, in the fall, where he will devote himself to the religion. He intends to retire permanently from the medical profession, he says.

"The House of Poets" will be founded here within a week or so, a national institution to serve as a clearing house for American poets. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Zona Gale, Ida Tarnell, and other well-known writers are on the committee in charge of organization.

When we have no old buildings to honor, we honor their sites. The Maiden Lane Historical society has just placed a bronze tablet on the building on John street, a few doors from Broadway, where the first theater in New York was built, in 1750. The tablet will also mark the 154th anniversary of the production of the first play by an American author ever given in a regular theater by a regular company. That was "The Contrast" by Royal Tyler, which, by the way, was the first time the so-called Yankee dialect was used on the stage.

Anyone who has plodded along for

15 or 20 years at the same old line without making a great splash about it, ought to consider the matter of Pat Rooney before he gets discouraged. For 31 years, Pat has been doing stunts on the stage. And now, at the end of those 31 years, he blossoms forth a star! His father was one of the popular comedians of his day, and upon his death, young Pat, aged 11, jumped into "Lord Rooney" as a juvenile dancer, to take his father's place as bread-earner. From then on he danced and sang and acted, mostly in vaudeville, until finally, he has reached stardom in "Love Birds," recently opened here. And he still looks like a youngster.

NEW YORK, April 20.—Salvatore Conciolli, equally proud of his profession and his citizenship has had large porcelain letters placed upon the window of his barber shop, in Amsterdam Avenue, reading "Salvatore Conciolli, American Citizen, Tonsorialist."

WHAT has become of the hand organs? They have left New York City, that's certain. Long before this time in April, other years have marked the coming of spring by the grinding of their tunes. This year, it's only two or three times a week that the strains of one reaches you. Both the little boxy ones that strapped over the shoulder and usually bore a monkey for company and the "improved" street pianos have vanished. Hosts of people will give a sigh of thanksgiving for the disappearance, but personally I miss them grievously, and between us, so do most of those who speak with so much scorn.

Stanley with-the-longest-and-hardest-last-name I have yet met spent the other night in a telephone booth, sleeping very comfortable, however. He regretted being waked up earlier than necessary by a passing policeman who took him to the station, and in the unfortunate way of a policeman, notified his family. Stanley had been taken to see his cousins and at the same time given ten cents which he was to donate for the heathens at church services. Not caring much for cousins, he decided to use the dime to go looking for the heathen. It seemed a good arrangement to him, and he insisted

that he liked the telephone booth for a sleeping place when his dime gave out. The policeman, lacking Stanley's logical mind, still didn't understand his motives. "Why do you run away," he asked, after learning that this was not an unprecedented event in the boy's 11 years of life. "Because my mother whips me," he explained. "Why does she whip you?" the officer queried further. "Because I run away," was the reply. There seemed no further line along which to query more.

Indication of the demand for American manufactured products and raw materials from foreign countries is contained in cable advices received in New York within the last few days from foreign agents of American export corporations, specifying the goods wanted and the terms of payment. A report made the other day by one of the largest of these corporations says that inquiries have in instances resulted in orders, owing to the fact that prospective purchasers were in position to deal on cash or short-term credit basis. Many other inquiries have come to naught because of demand for long-term credits.

The exchange situation makes the matter of credits a prime one in any discussion of export trade and methods of pushing it. Longtime credits and the exchange question in its various angles will be one of the important subjects of consideration taken up at the National Foreign Trade Council convention in Cleveland this May.

We don't have very much permanence in a family or a locality in this country—least of all, perhaps, in Greater New York. And a little book shop in Ann street seems decked in a certain romance of tradition because for more than one hundred years, the room has been a bookshop. The owners of the building have died and the property has passed from their families. The bookshop keepers have sold to others. But always, it has been a bookshop. I don't believe there is another building in New York, except a church or two, that has that record.

Food prices are dropping even on Broadway. We never believed it would happen. Market quotations meant nothing to the restaurants, everyone assumed. And it was actually a shock the other day to drop into one of the popular eating places around Times Square and discover new prices on the menu. I tried two other places of the same sort the next two days, and found the same thing true. Twenty-five per cent reductions right there in the mirrored, cabereted-on-time cork-popping restaurants of Broadway.

Taxi Service

Day or night. Stand at Club Cigar store. Telephone red 1711. R. Wintermuth.

NEW BOOKS AT LIBRARY

The public library is adding a number of new books this week. The books will be ready for circulation on Wednesday, April 20, but will be held in the library until Saturday, April 23, so that an examination of the books may be made by those interested. This gives an opportunity of looking over the new books before they get into circulation. Reserves will be taken on any of the titles and the books can be called for on Saturday.

The list of new fiction is: Truppeter Swan by Bailey, Brimming Cup by Canfield, Black Bartley's Treasure by Far-

noel, Hearts of Three by London, Turtles of Tasman by London (gift of Mr. Henry J. Doyle), Cloudy Jewel by Lutz, Sister Sue by Porter, Poor Wise Man by Rinehart, Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave by Rinehart (Gift), Poor Man's Rock by Sinclair (Gift), Agen of Innocence by Wharton (Gift).

Non-fiction books added are: American Chess Players' Handbook,

Modern American Plays by Baker, Life of John Marshall by Beveridge,

Putnam's Phrase Book by Carr, League of Nations by Duggan, Auto Encyclopedia by Dyke,

On the trail of the Pioneers by

Paris,

Venezelos by Gibbons,

Lighting the Home by Luckiesh,

Home Nursing by Marsh,

Miscellany of American Poetry,

Nervous Housewife by Myerson,

Splendid Wayfaring by Nelhardt,

Debaters' Annual for 1919 and 1920

by Phelps,

Tour of American Parks by Reik,

Building the Pacific Railway by

Sabin,

Story of a Pioneer by Shaw,

Problems of Today by Smith,

Rising Above the Ruins in France

by Smith,

World's Food Resources by Smith,

Baseball Guide for 1921 by Spauld

ing,

Anthology of Recent Poetry by

Walters,

With Grenfell on the Labrador by

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You know how good Snow Flakes are—how crisp and tasty? You can serve these dainty wafers on so many occasions. Why not buy a family-size tin, which will insure a constant supply? Your grocer can supply you.



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Ease your tight, aching chest. Stop the pain. Break up the congestion. Feel a bad cold loosen up in just a short time.

"Red Pepper Rub" is the cold remedy that brings the quickest relief. It cannot hurt you and it certainly seems to end the tightness and drive the congestion and soreness right out.

When heat penetrates right down into colds, congestion, aching muscles and sore, stiff joints, relief comes at once. Nothing has such con-

centrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. The moment you apply Red Pepper Rub for colds, backache, sore muscles, stiff joints, lumbago, or the pains of rheumatism or neuritis, you feel the tingling heat.

In three minutes the congested spot is warmed through and through. When you are suffering so you can hardly get about, just get a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, at any drug store. You will have the quickest relief known. —Adv.

Like Making a Cake

Making an advertisement is like making a cake. You know how recipes run: A cup of "this," a tablespoonful of "that," ten drops of the "other," and "something else" the size of a walnut.

In making an advertisement you use a number of "ingredients:" Information, interest, desire, argument, praise, suggestion, and, always, facts.

These advertising ingredients are carefully "stirred in," in the right order and proportion, so that when the finished advertisement comes to you it is suited to your "taste."

But you must read advertisements and test them out

by buying what they advertise if you would really know how valuable they are to you.

Remember how often you have refused to taste some dish, and then a long time after, you have found it is delicious. That's just like advertising. Read Chronicle advertisements for a while and you will find they are full of interest, tell you things you never knew before, and tell you the right things to buy.

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