

# New York Letter

by  
**Lucy Jeanne Price**



New York, Jan. 27.—Anyone who lays claim to being a real denizen of any part of Greater New York and then admits to having not been psycho-analyzed will shortly be met with scorn and repudiation. Unless you know just exactly what little "complex" you are carrying around with you, your insistence upon ever having seen the Grand Central station will be doubted. It goes right along now with a manure and eyebrow shaping. I met one apparently perfectly sane, balanced girl the other day who told me casually that she had a "tragedy complex" and that "it was quite unfortunate, because she COULDN'T let anything in her life reach a happy ending." Love affairs, work, everything—this tragedy complex just compels her "to turn them into sadness." And she is only one of, I should judge, at least 1,500,000 New Yorkers who have had some such revelation made to them by the experts who analyzed their souls for them.

Never were New York hotels more constantly crowded than they are this winter. What is the answer? Usually quiet times in business mean plenty of room. It used to be said that the price of securities on the stock exchange would let you know how much trouble if any, you would have in getting good hotel accommodations in New York on short notice. Stocks up, no room; stocks down, all you want. But here it is after the Christmas season, after the motor show, with stocks still down, and every hotel in the city filled.

The Liner Imperator brought "Pussyfoot" Johnson home from Ireland the other day. He predicted that northern Ireland would go dry but didn't go into any more details as to conditions abroad. He made two speeches on the ship, coming over. "Did the speeches seem to affect the sale of liquor aboard?" a reporter asked him. Mr. Johnson laughed. "There were more people drunk when I got through than there were be-

fore," he replied.

Frank A. Vanderlip has a more immediate method of stopping such sales. He bought pretty nearly all of the village of Sparta a few months ago, because it was a neighbor of his and he wanted it changed into a more desirable community. But one man held out. Nick Selazza, who owned a saloon which Mr. Vanderlip declares was a real saloon in spite of this day and age, refused to sell. Finally, after making the capitalist buy all the property he had anywhere in the vicinity, including some land near Sing Sing, he sold out to him completely. And now the atmosphere is entirely as per Mr. Vanderlip's instructions.

After so many "queer" plays, sad, sordid, tragic, bleak or uncanny that New York has seen this season, there is something exceedingly enjoyable about a production like "Dear Me," which just opened with Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue in the leading parts. It is just another Cinderella story, obvious in its plot, and not at all like life. But it is as happy and cheerful and well done as was the Cinderella of our youth. And the audience liked it just as we used to that story of the slipper and the prince.

Greenwich, Conn., the most effete of all New York's environs, is in the throes of a hidden treasure craze. It all developed when a strange man sought permission of the police chief to dig in the park. The story came out that the would-be digger was an ex-convict who had found a note from another prisoner, since then electrocuted for murder, stating that he had buried \$50,000 in that Greenwich Park. It was all in real gold, he said, and the man left minute directions for finding it. Now the police have taken charge of the park in its entirety and not even a child can carry a toy spade into it, until the law and order of the town has got the gold in its own right hand.

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## BELLS OF BUDDHA

Their Tones Vary With the Tastes of the People.

Continuous Symphony of Tinkling in Rangoon and Mandalay—Japan—see More Stern in Tone.

The bell is almost as characteristic a symbol of Buddhism as is the seated figure of Buddha himself. It varies, in the different Buddhist countries, with the temperament and tastes of the people. In Burma, where even Buddhism turns to sunshine and to prettiness and the towers of the temples evaporate in lace work and jewelry, the bells, glittering with precious stones, hang in clusters from the umbrella-like top of the pagoda spire and ring at their own sweet will. In the temple courts of Rangoon and Mandalay there is a continuous symphony of tinkling and chiming things—dainty, casual, wayward.

But the bells of China and Korea and those of Japan are more grandiose and sober. Like the stained-glass windows of European cathedrals, Japanese bells are storied records of their temples and their times. They bear inscriptions by famous poets and scholars; they are molded into a wealth of symbolism. And around them cling, like the moss and flowers that have overgrown the woodland Buddhas of Nikko, legends and tales and history that live on the lips of generations who have dwelt in the shadow of some great bell and whose lives have been unconsciously attuned to its grave and somber harmony.

Yet, though the imagination of the people clings around it, the temple bell seems to speak most eloquently from lonely places, from the heart of monastic woods, from heights to which the contemplative may withdraw for meditation. It has none of the familiar and sociable character of the occidental church bell. Though Christianity, like Buddhism, has understood the value of the bell, the difference between the bells of East and West is typical of a difference in the genius of the two faiths. In the cities of England and northern Europe the bell is the first to speak out on any occasion of special significance to the people. It announces funerals, weddings, fires and wars. It is at its best in the expression of communal joy. The very method of ringing—in carillons, chimes and joyous changes—makes it seem a representation of many voices raised in a chorus of gladness.

The Buddhist bell has none of these social characteristics. It could hardly quicken its deep tone to speak of joy. It seems a voice apart from temporal things, cognizant only of eternity and Nirvana. Yet on any occasion of general sorrow its accent—tranquil, remote, unhurried—may be immeasurably consoling. An American who lived in Kobe while the epidemic of influenza was at its worst often speaks of the comfort he felt in the sound of the temple bell from the hill. All day he saw the procession of the dead pass his house and smoke of the crematories dimming the sky; but every night at nine o'clock the great bell spoke out—serene and gracious on the evening air—and its grave voice seemed to be saying: "Fret not; for all this passes. It is well."—Marjorie Latta Barstow in Asia Magazine.

### Ceilings Made of Newspapers.

The demand in Manchuria, China, for old newspapers is very great. These are used principally for the first layer of paper on interior walls and ceilings of houses. Chinese houses in Manchuria invariably include no ceilings when completed, the ceilings being installed by the tenants or owners after the masons and carpenters have completed their part of the contract. The ceilings are made of a framework of millet stalks, which are, as a rule, first covered with old newspapers and then with a layer of Chinese white paper. Partitions made in the same manner are also largely used in both shops and dwelling houses. Previous to the war old papers from abroad sold at 4½ cents a pound, while the prevailing price for Chinese and Japanese paper is now 3½ cents a pound.

### A Love Tip.

A Glendale young man, whenever out of the city, instead of writing to his best girl, sends her every few days a box of candy. She is delighted with his plan and boasts of it to her girl friends, who straightway hint to their admirers to do the same.

One of the admirers went to the first-named young man on his return from one of these trips and made complaint of this habit of his. "The other girls are expecting us fellows to do it, too," he said. "We can't see why you do it. It's expensive and—"

"Yes," admitted the candy sender, "it is expensive, but it's mighty safe. Candy could never tell tales in a breach of promise suit."—Los Angeles Times.

### Disciple of Sir Boyle.

An Englishman has informed the writer that Sir Edward Carson is notably addicted to the Taurus Hibernicus. Quite a few little stories are told of Sir Edward's "bulls." On one occasion, for example, he referred to "the gentleman I see bedded me;" but perhaps the best Carsonian specimen is found in his remark that Mr. Asquith was like a drunken man walking along a straight line—the further he went the sooner he fell.—Boston Transcript.

## AMUSEMENTS

### Grand Tomorrow.

With Mary Miles Minter as the star, supported by a really exceptional cast, Realart will present a film version of "Sweet Lavender" by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero tomorrow at the Grand.

Beyond all doubt the best work of the famous English writer, "Sweet Lavender" scored a greater financial success than any other play of its period. It has played in every country in the civilized world and millions of dollars have been paid in at the box offices by those drawn to the theatre because of the sweet and gentle humanity of this play.

A really remarkable cast has been chosen to interpret the piece. Miss Minter plays Ivander, Theodore Roberts, Pheny; Harold Goodwin, Clem Hale, and Milton Sills, Horace Weatherburn. Other well-known players are Sylvia Ashton, J. M. Dumont, Starke Patterson, Jane Keckley and Flora Hollister.

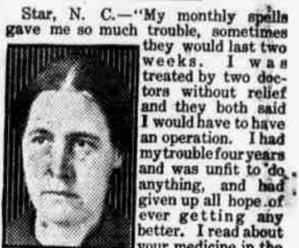
Realart has spared no pains to make "Sweet Lavender" a worthwhile offering. Direct from "Pollyanna" with Mary Pickford, Paul Powell was chosen to stage the piece. His nine years of experience have brought him to high places in the art of the cinema. Beulah Marie Dix, author of plays and novels by the score, wrote the scenario.

### The "Huns" in History

Holstein in his "Italy and Her Invaders" speaks of the Huns prior to their European invasion. But for one somewhat disquieted source of information, all is dark concerning them. That source is the history of China. If the Huns be the Hunzons whose ravages are recorded in that history, then we have a minute account of their doings for centuries before the Christian era.

## WOMAN AVOIDS AN OPERATION

Hope Nearly Gone, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her



Star, N. C.—"My monthly spells gave me so much trouble, sometimes they would last two weeks. I was treated by two doctors without relief and they both said I would have to have an operation. I had my trouble four years and was unfit to do anything, and had given up all hope of ever getting any better. I read about your medicine in the 'Primitive Baptist' paper and decided to try it. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for about seven months and now I am able to do my work. I shall never forget your medicine and you may publish this if you want to as it is true."—Mrs. J. F. HURSEY, Star, N. C.

Here is another woman who adds her testimony to the many whose letters we have already published, proving that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound often restores health to suffering women even after they have gone so far that an operation is deemed advisable. Therefore it will surely pay any woman who suffers from ailments peculiar to her sex to give this good old fashioned remedy a fair trial.

### Early Daobacco.

While tobacco is getting a foothold in England marvelous medicinal properties were ascribed to it, and until Raleigh blew smoke ostentatiously from his nostrils because he liked it the addicts of the time usually professed to be smoking for the good of their health. By the year 1614 the number of tobaccoists in and about London was estimated at 7,000. Just before that time began the 'great tobacco persecution.'

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