

## PRETTY FARM WIFE DRIVES PLOW AS "PA" PICKETS

(An International News Service correspondent in the heart of the farm strike in Northwestern Iowa was curious to know how rural womanhood looks upon the strike. Following is the story of an interview with the wife of a picket.)

BRUNSVILLE, Ia., Nov. 10 (INS).—Seven years ago she was the belle of this little farming community.

The lucky suitor who married her was Henry Popham. He was one of the pickets arrested last spring when the militia was sent into this region to quell farm strike disorders.

His wife, Mary, is still pretty and buxom, wearing blue overalls, high-heeled slippers and an old black felt hat.

Several healthy towheads clung to her as she stood in the doorway.

"Well, how is Henry getting along with the pickets?" she was asked.

"Who said Henry is with the pickets?" she countered defiantly. "Henry done enough last time."

No striker will admit he's a picket. It's liable to get him into trouble.

"But you're sympathetic to the strikers," he insisted.

"Oh, yes. We are holding our produce. We want cost of production."

"Do you think there's going to be much trouble?"

She shrugged her plump shoulders. "Trouble? What have we had but trouble? We are used to trouble. We live from day to day just like the hogs and chickens do. We don't worry any more just because we might have our heads chopped off tomorrow."

"It does seem the women and

children get the worst of it," the correspondent remarked.

"Oh, I don't know. It ain't much fun to stand all night in the slush and stop some dumb trucker and maybe get shot and that's what the men folks do. Why, I remember one night when pa came home — he stopped abruptly. 'What you asking me this for?'"

"Oh, it might interest the women in the cities to know how it goes with you and the children."

"Oh, the children, they don't mind. When I took them to see pa in the stockade (the military jail) they laughed to see pa in the bull pen and pa laughed and busted the wire with his head."

"Who does the farm work while the men are picketing?"

"We women do. I'll bet those city women would die if they had to ride a plow for a whole week like I did last spring when pa was arrested and nights I had to clean the barn and milk and feed the hogs and stock."

## FARMERS CLEAR HIGHWAYS



Armed farmers of Northwestern Iowa, center of the recent farm war outbreaks, appeared and cleared the highways. "We are the real dirt farmers," they said, "and we're tired of blocked highways, when we want to market our produce." The men carried shotguns, ball bats, pipes and clubs. "We are not looking for trouble, and we do not want bloodshed. But the highways must be kept open." Picture from International News Photograph Service.

## NEW FARM GROUP OPPOSES RENO AND HIS POLICY OF PICKETING

(Irritated by pickets who are blocking highways in an effort to keep farm products from market, many farmers who are at heart in favor of the strike movement are opposing picketing. Their outlook on the situation is explained in the following interview with one of them.)

LE FARS, Ia., Nov. 10 (INS).—Lanky, sandy-haired, square-jawed Henry Broesamle is a man you will hear from before the farm strike is quieted.

At heart, he's with the movement.

He thinks it would be a good thing if all the farmers would hold their products off the market until prices increase. But he believes in the constitution, too, and thinks every man has a right to market his produce if he wants to.

So, gathering like-thinking farmers around him, he organized the Plymouth County Progressive Farmers' Holiday Association. It is an off-shoot from the Farmers' Holiday Association, headed by Milo Reno, of Des Moines.

"What are you going to do, fight the holiday?" he was asked.

"I wouldn't say that," he replied. "Some of our members are withholding from the market, but none of us is joining the picketing."

"Why not?"

"Because it's all the bunk. It's just one of Reno's crazy ideas and it gets him free advertising so he can collect memberships. Notice how careful he is about disclaim-

ing the picketing, while his agents secretly agitate picketing?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"A whole slew of farmers are going to be in trouble and Reno wants to keep himself clear."

"You were the newspaper man who covered the Bradley mess last spring, weren't you?"

"Well, then, did you notice how careful Reno was to keep away from the poor devils in the barbed wire camps. Who raised the money to keep them from being sent to the pen? You damn well know it wasn't Reno. Ask State Representative Gus Alesch, who raised the defense fund, who gave the money. It was farmers digging in their pockets again and what did Reno give, with all the big salaries he draws from the suckers. I ask you?" He laughed derisively.

"Well," he replied, "I guess you're in favor of trying out Wallace's plan."

"Brother, we got to try it. Maybe it won't work, but we farmers are going to take that processing tax on the nose and, believe me, I'm going to sign up to get my share of the money back."

INFLATION "TOO LATE."

"What do you think of Roosevelt's inflation?"

"Great stuff, but it's kind of late. However, better late than never."

"What do you think is at the bottom of all this trouble?"

"Interest. If it wasn't for the interest payments flowing out of the farms all the time, we'd be okay. Some people think it's good when capital comes into a country looking for investment, but it's bad. As soon as capital comes in, it starts exacting tribute and from that time trouble builds up. If I had the power, I would arrange the laws to discourage outside capital from coming in to exploit. I'm in favor of a farm community developing on its own capital as it is earned."

"What do you see for the future?"

"Those deeply in debt will eventually be pauperized, no matter how much more money is loaned to them. Others, with small debts, will keep their property and will work the rest of their lives to pay their debts. Then their children will mortgage themselves up to their eyebrows to buy more land." He smiled.

"What would be your solution of the farmers' problem?"

"Get out of farming," he replied, the smile broadening. "Get into some easy racket like lawing, doctoring or newspapering."

GUARDED BY POLICE, GOV. ELY CARRIES ON WORK

BOSTON, Nov. 10 (INS).—Business as usual was the policy adopted today by Governor Joseph B. Ely in spite of the state police guard at his home in Westfield, his hotel suite and his office at the state house, following receipt of information that a plot to harm the governor was being hatched.

## MATTY'S MEMOIRS

As Told to James Gordon Fraser

By Frank Matty

### CHAPTER XI.

J. K. McGuire and I had a disagreement before the city had got over being surprised at his election. I expected, of course, to be president of the Common Council, and to have McGuire's support. But I discovered that he had other ideas.

He wanted the place to go to Howard C. Lincoln, who was the alderman from the old Fifth and who was employed by the New York Central. Lincoln was a good man, and he later became one of my best friends.

I couldn't, however, stand for anything like that, and I got busy as soon as I heard what was up.

McGuire had four votes for Lincoln, including his own. I had only six, and, of course, I needed 10. But I had more chance of getting the extra votes than McGuire did, as it turned out.

The Republican candidate was Charles Pack of the Fourteenth ward, and there were eight of the Republicans, so that McGuire thought it would be easy to keep us out so long as he could hold his four votes behind Lincoln. He didn't know that three of the Republicans, all close to Jim



FRANK MATTY.

Belden, were ready to vote for me. That gave me nine votes and I only needed one more.

I got it, the night before the Common Council met. It came from Bill Oswald, who represented the Second ward and who was originally with McGuire, but who came to see the light after we had argued with him for a while. I won't deny that he had some patronage he wanted, and that I agreed to do all I could to help him get it.

Well, when we took the vote, McGuire was flabbergasted. So were a lot of other people. Because, as is always the case when they see how things are going, some of the fellows on the other side thought fast and hopped on the bandwagon before it got out of reach. When the clerk counted up, I had 13 votes, Charlie Pack had five, and one alderman—John Troendle of the Ninth—voted a blank ballot.

One of the three Belden Republicans who voted for me was Joseph A. Griffin who was then a young alderman from the Thirteenth ward. He is the same Joe Griffin who is known by everybody today as a result of the work he has done for Syracuse. A little while afterward, he was a candidate for mayor, but he missed connections with the newspaper support he had been promised and couldn't make the grade. I always thought he might have done a lot for Syracuse if he had been elected.

The other two Republicans were Ballard of the Eleventh, and Otto Thomas, of the Eighteenth.

Maybe it will surprise a lot of people, but that vote was one of the main reasons why I was able to beat Eugene J. Mack a few years later in the most famous election that ever took place in the city hall—the time I got 10 votes to his nine when 11 aldermen swore they voted for him.

Mack was the Republican alderman from the Eighth ward and was supposed to go along with Griffin and the others, but he didn't. He stuck it out and voted for Charlie Pack.

Mayor McGuire was the maddest man in Syracuse when he found out what had happened. I have a clipping in my scrapbook from The Journal, which reports him as saying:

"The people are the defeated party, in my judgment."

Mr. Belden told me that he, too, had been defeated. Alderman Matty in the interest of good government, but strange to relate, his friends in the council voted for Matty.

Get that "he, too."

As a matter of fact, McGuire didn't want to beat me in the interest of good government, at all. He wanted to beat me because he knew, as he said afterward that "there couldn't be two strong men in the city hall." And he knew that he couldn't make a mere rubber-stamp out of me. I had tasted power and I wouldn't give it up willingly. Jim Belden knew all that and maybe that's why his friends voted as they did.

McGuire also told The Journal: "An alderman, whose word I would take, told me this morning that \$250 was offered for his vote, and I felt then that Mr. Lincoln would not win."

Of course, as soon as that appeared in the paper I demanded that Jay B. Kline, who was then district attorney and later Mayor, investigate and question the alderman. But neither Kline nor McGuire wanted to go any farther with it. They knew that nobody was paying \$250 for votes, especially when it wasn't necessary.

The boys who went along with me went along because they thought that was the best thing to do for themselves.

We had another difference of opinion because one of my boys from the Third ward, Jim Croak, was custodian of the City Hall and wouldn't get out for McGuire's man. He called Croak a "ballot-box stuffer" and Croak immediately hired Walter Magee, afterward Congressman and one

of the shrewdest politicians we ever had in Syracuse, to sue him. I think Magee actually filed the suit, but, of course, nothing ever came of it. McGuire held me responsible, however, for the whole thing.

By the time he had been in office a few months, he and I, who had been good friends, were sworn political enemies. He had the prestige of the mayor's office and the ear of the newspaper publishers, but I had the votes, and it wasn't such an uneven thing, at that. He was a clever man at manipulating public opinion, and he managed to make things look wrong when they weren't, but it didn't make much difference. When it came to voting, I had my say. And those boys in the combination stuck closer than any glue you ever heard of.

We had 13 votes that we could depend on through thick and thin, and McGuire couldn't even stop us with a veto. I think that, during his six years in office, he filed six vetoes—and we overrode every one of them. It was the first case I ever heard of in which the mayor was so completely shorn of all power over legislation.

It was important chiefly because of the fact that public utility franchises were coming along about that time—some mighty big ones. And Mayor McGuire had no more to say about them than any other citizen. The aldermanic combine handed it all. When we decided, in our own meeting, that the franchise ought to be granted, we granted it. When we thought it wouldn't be a good thing for the city, we turned it down. And nobody ever wavered when it came to the vote, although McGuire had the people so worked up that crowds used to storm the Common Council chamber to try and intimidate us.

Of course, the politicians were back of the franchises, and that was what brought some of them to the party of the ways. It just about broke up the organization McGuire had built up in the Democratic party, with my help.

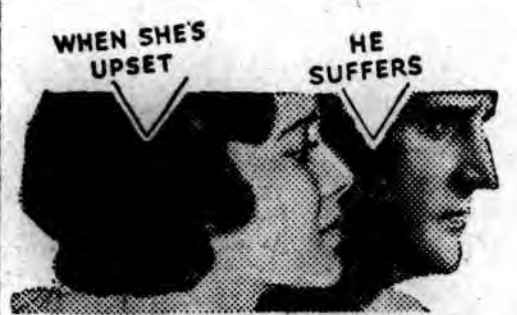
### Stratosphere Flight Put Off by Winds

CHICAGO, Nov. 10 (INS).—Winds that refused to subside at dawn today caused Lieut. Commander T. G. W. Settle to postpone his projected balloon flight into the stratosphere until early tomorrow.

Settle ordered his ground crew to deflate the huge balloon and lash it securely to the landing field.

### WILL DEVELOP ACTRESS

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 10 (INS).—Option on the contract of Heather Angel, featured actress, today was exercised by a major film studio which announced plans to develop her into a star personality in pictures.



### Constipation Drove Her Wild

made her feel cross, head-achy, half-alive. Now she has a lovely disposition, new pep and vitality. Heed Nature's warning: Sluggish bowels invariably result in poisonous wastes ravaging your system—often the direct cause of headaches, dizziness, colds, complexion troubles. NATURE'S REMEDY—the mild, all-vegetable laxative—safely stimulates the entire eliminative tract—strengthens, regulates the bowels for normal, natural function. Get a 25c box today at your neighborhood druggist.

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## SHOTTY'S OPENS NEW DINING ROOM

An expansion movement that includes many new features will reach its climax tomorrow evening when Shotty's Restaurant at 1919 Grant Blvd. formally opens its new dining room. The occasion will be celebrated by the serving of a free sauerbraten and salad dinner, and musical entertainment by the Wilbert's Duo and Herman Heller. This new feature at the popular North Side resort will make it doubly attractive to pleasure-loving Syracuseans. George and Norbert Schotthofer, proprietors of Shotty's Restaurant, are preparing to greet their many friends at the formal opening of the new dining room tomorrow evening.

## EXPANSION OPENING

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