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Only Lack of Knowledge Would Make Her Do It... Take the Chance of Giving Her Child Drugs of Which She Knows Nothing



A CHILD'S health is too precious for experiment; a child's life beyond the price of pennies. That's something, of course, that every mother's instinct tells her. The protective instinct that makes her value her child's life far beyond her own. Yet—every day, principally through lack of proper knowledge, thousands of mothers gamble the welfare of their children on unknown drugs. The road to safety lies along the path of your doctor's orders. And never to go against them.

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Now, when it comes to the very important—and frequently used—"milk of magnesia," doctors for over fifty years have said "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia... the safe remedy for your child." This is because genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia marks what is known to the medical profession as one of the finest laboratory products of the world of science knows.

See That Your Child Gets It See that your child gets this; the finest that men know; genuine

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Get it for your own peace-of-mind. Get it in protection of your child. If you are offered a "bargain" substitute for the real Phillips' article, ask your doctor before you buy it. He will tell you that giving your child unknown drugs is one of the most dangerous, most risky things you can do. You can get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store, in liquid or tablet form—for a small sum.

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ALSO IN TABLET FORM: Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

"OPERATOR 13"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Starts Nov. 28

In the

SYRACUSE JOURNAL

Numerous are the thrills and tense the situations in the life of "OPERATOR 13," daring woman spy of the Union Army during the Civil War. The carrying out of her mission called for daring, ruthlessness and cunning—even to the extent of stripping from a small boy his ragged clothes for her disguise, leaving him nude in a haymow. Here is one of the finest stories which ever came from the pen of a genius. Read it from the start—NEXT TUESDAY in The Syracuse Journal.

Don't Miss an Issue

It Will Be the Talk of All

Up-State New York

MATTY'S MEMOIRS

By FRANK MATTY As Told to JAMES GORDON FRASER

CHAPTER XX

It was right after McGuire was elected for the second time that I beat Gene Mack for the presidency of the Common Council with eight votes.

That is, I had only eight votes—so far as anybody knows up to this day. Not even a grand jury could find out how I did it.

There were eight Democrats and 11 Republicans elected along with McGuire. Offhand, it looked an easy job to put Mack in my place. The Republicans thought it would come as a matter of course. Some of the newspaper boys were not quite so certain. I remember that the Herald, the day of the meeting, had a long story warning Senator Hendricks that the Republicans were "sitting on a powder keg" and asserting that "Matty had never failed yet to get anything he wanted in the Common Council." But Hendricks and his crowd thought it was just a pipe dream and, when they woke up, it was too late.

The credit for that job, which I have always considered was about the slickest ever put over in local politics, belongs to me and Mel Haven—Melvin Z. Haven, now dead, who was city clerk.

The Common Council met, in those days, at night. Early that afternoon, Hendricks had the 11 Republican aldermen called together at the old Mowry hotel, at Onondaga and Salina sts. After they got into the room, the door was locked and they were told they would not get out until it was time for them to go to the city hall for the meeting. They had a caucus, in which they agreed to support Gene Mack for president of the council and Will Page for city treasurer—that office then being filled by vote of the aldermen. Supper was served to them behind locked doors and they were not allowed out of the room until they were marched over to the city hall at 8 o'clock.

When we had all taken our places, Mel Haven walked up to the desk and announced that, as clerk of the council, he was calling it to order. He announced that nominations for chairman were in order. Mack nominated E. A. Hill and I nominated Howard Lincoln. Haven put the motion and declared Lincoln elected. Mack protested, but finally let it go, and that was where he made his fatal mistake.

Lincoln took the chair and announced that the first business before the council was the election of a president. He appointed two aldermen—Charlie Soidan, a Republican, and Ed McLaughlin, a Democrat, as tellers. Both of these were my friends—members of the famous "aldermanic combine." Lincoln also announced that all ballots would be secret, and when Mack protested, Mel Haven got Jim Newell, the corporation counsel, to come in and rule that Lincoln was right. You see, we outsmarted them all along the line. Mack, having made the first mistake by standing for what Haven did, was too flabbergasted to retrieve himself.

The voting began. I noticed that Henry Stephens, a Republican who had been city clerk, crowded right up behind the desk of Alderman Mike Kearney, of the Ninth, and that Art Peck, another Republican who had been an alderman, moved up beside Alderman Clarence Rice, of the Sixth. It was plain they had been detailed by Hendricks to watch those two men. They did it all right, until the critical moment. Well, we voted from 8 o'clock until 3 a. m., and every time there were more than 19 ballots in the hat when it reached the desk. Sometimes there would be 20 ballots, sometimes more. Once, as I recall it, there were 23. Each time, Lincoln would count the ballots and announce:

"Excess number of ballots; no choice."

Mack and his men stood it quite a while, but it finally got under their skins. Mack took them out and went down into the city clerk's office. Hendricks, who was in the Yates, came across the road and went into conference with them. I heard, afterward, that he bawled them out some scandalous for letting themselves get mixed up in such a situation. He said they should have walked out as soon as Haven started operations, as, of course, they should have done. But, since they got into it, he advised them they could do nothing but "go back upstairs and vote the Democrats to a standstill." So they came back up.

Along about midnight Henry Stephens got tired and went home, after warning Mike Kearney that, if anything slipped, there would be trouble. The balloting went along, just the same. And then, a little after 3 o'clock, Art Peck went home, swearing Clarence Rice to keep on voting for Mack so long as the voting continued. And then the lid blew off. On the seventy-seventh ballot—we had taken 76 on which there were more than 19 votes—Lincoln straightened up and yelled:

"I find 19 ballots of which 10 are for Frank Matty and nine for Eugene Mack. I therefore declare Mr. Matty elected!"

Well, sir, you never saw anything like it in this world. The crowd, that had stuck around to see the finish, went wild. So did Mack, and so did Hendricks. The yelling and swearing and talking almost raised the roof. But I walked right up to the desk and took over the chair from Lincoln. And then Mack made another fatal mistake. He moved to adjourn and I, as presiding officer, put the motion and declared it adopted by unanimous vote. That clinched the nail in the Republican coffin. It was long after 3 o'clock in



FRANK MATTY.

the morning, but the Republicans didn't go home. They went into the city clerk's office and there Mack had an affidavit drawn up in which every one of the 11 swore he had voted for Mack, not only on the fatal seventy-seventh ballot but on every preceding one. I've still got a copy of that affidavit.

Here it is: State of New York, County of Onondaga, City of Syracuse, ss:

Eugene J. Mack, Charles G. Soidan, George J. Sager, Peter C. Evans, Jacob Blint Jr., Louis H. Kruger, John M. Flannery, Clarence E. Rice, William F. Saunders, Michael J. Kearney and Everard A. Hill, being duly and severally sworn, does each depose and say that he is a member of the Common Council of the city of Syracuse and was present at a meeting of said council held Jan. 3, 1898, and on the seventy-seventh ballot for permanent chairman of said council he and each of them voted for Eugene J. Mack and did not cast a vote for Frank Matty. Subscribed and sworn to before me Jan. 4, 1898.

GEORGE J. METZ, Commissioner of Deeds.

Of course, two of the men who signed that affidavit were not telling the truth. That was evident. But there was nothing Hendricks and his henchmen could do about it. The fact was that I had received the votes, that the ballots counted up to 19 and then 10 of them bore my name, and that I had been installed in office. It was a tough proposition for the Republicans to face.

The city all but exploded when the papers came out with the news. Even the Republican papers panned the Republicans. They accused Mack of letting me dupe them, and while they cried loud and long for some action, they didn't know what action to suggest.

Hendricks got Sandy Cowie and Ceylan Lewis, the latter a former district attorney and father of Judge Edmund Lewis, to take up

the case and Lewis decided to have us indicted by the grand jury, so they called Mack and his 10 followers before the grand jury and had an indictment for conspiracy voted. Then, they had Mack call another meeting of the council and go through the motions of organizing. The eight Democrats attended and I, getting there first, took the president's desk and kept it. We refused to talk or move and let them go ahead, electing Mack president. But, after they had it done, they found out that Haven, as city clerk, and McGuire, as mayor, would not recognize Mack. And that tied up city business entirely.

Cowie and Lewis went to Albany then and begged Governor Black to order what they called quo warranto proceedings, with a special term of supreme court to investigate the case. Black was a close friend of Hendricks and he directed Judge Williams to make the investigation. It was a hummer, too. We found out, before we got through, that it wasn't only the "Matty men" who had been stuffing the ballot box. I'll go on with that story tomorrow.

HEAR TALK ON RESEARCH

Difficulties encountered in bringing a product from the research laboratory to the commercial market were explained by Dr. L. V. Redman of Bloomfield, N. J., vice president and director of research of the Bakelite Corporation, in a talk before members of the Syracuse Technology Club at the Onondaga hotel Monday night.

The major difficulty, Dr. Redman said, is the financial problem. Bankers, he said, object to financing research on the grounds that it is not an asset that can be readily converted into liquid cash, but research must be regarded as disappearing capital in the initial period.

Dr. Redman said in part: "Five important divisions of financing should be considered in price fixing: First, the actual cost of research; secondly, the cost of developing the product in preparation for the market; thirdly, the estimation of what seems to be a reasonable and fair profit; fourth,

the budgeting of a sufficiently large sum for new research so as to revise and keep up to date products already on the market, and finally a decision regarding how much you can add to the price of a product which you know is saving the consumer a large amount of money in comparison with the old product."

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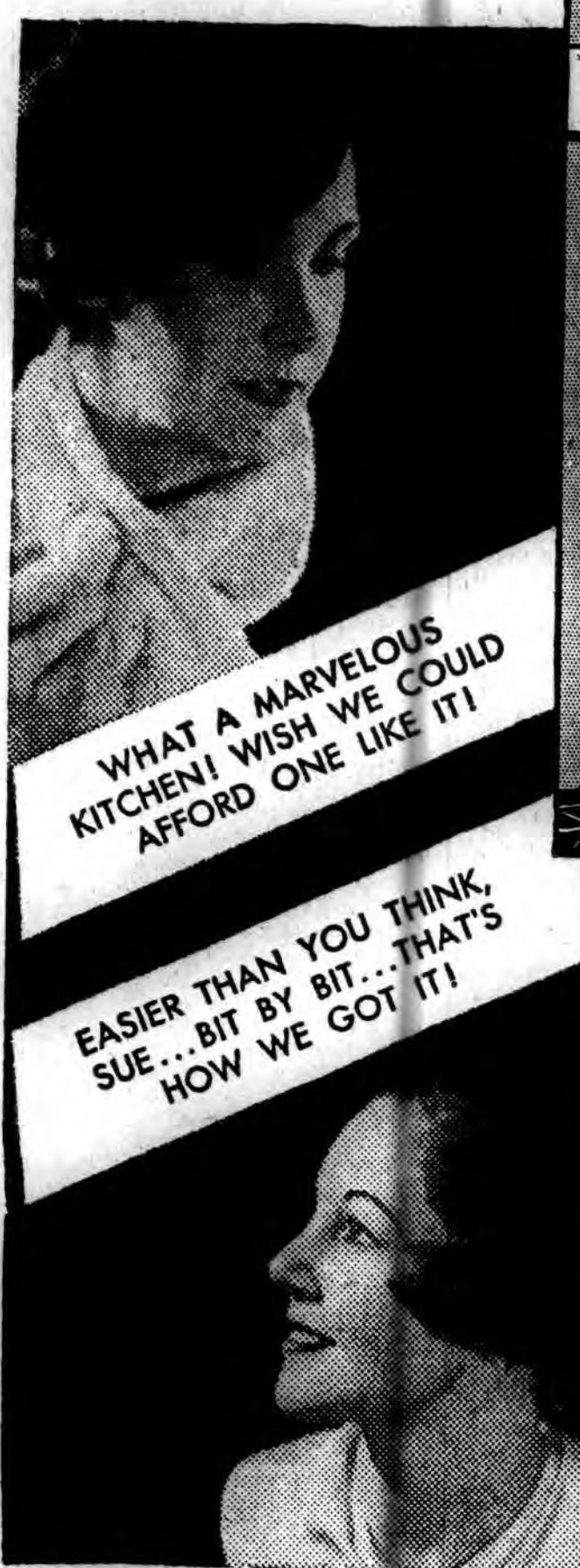
"Folks have always called me a good cook. But if they only knew it, I've had my share of burned pies and fallen cakes. Now I seldom have a failure. The oven heat control in my new gas range keeps the temperature just where I want it."

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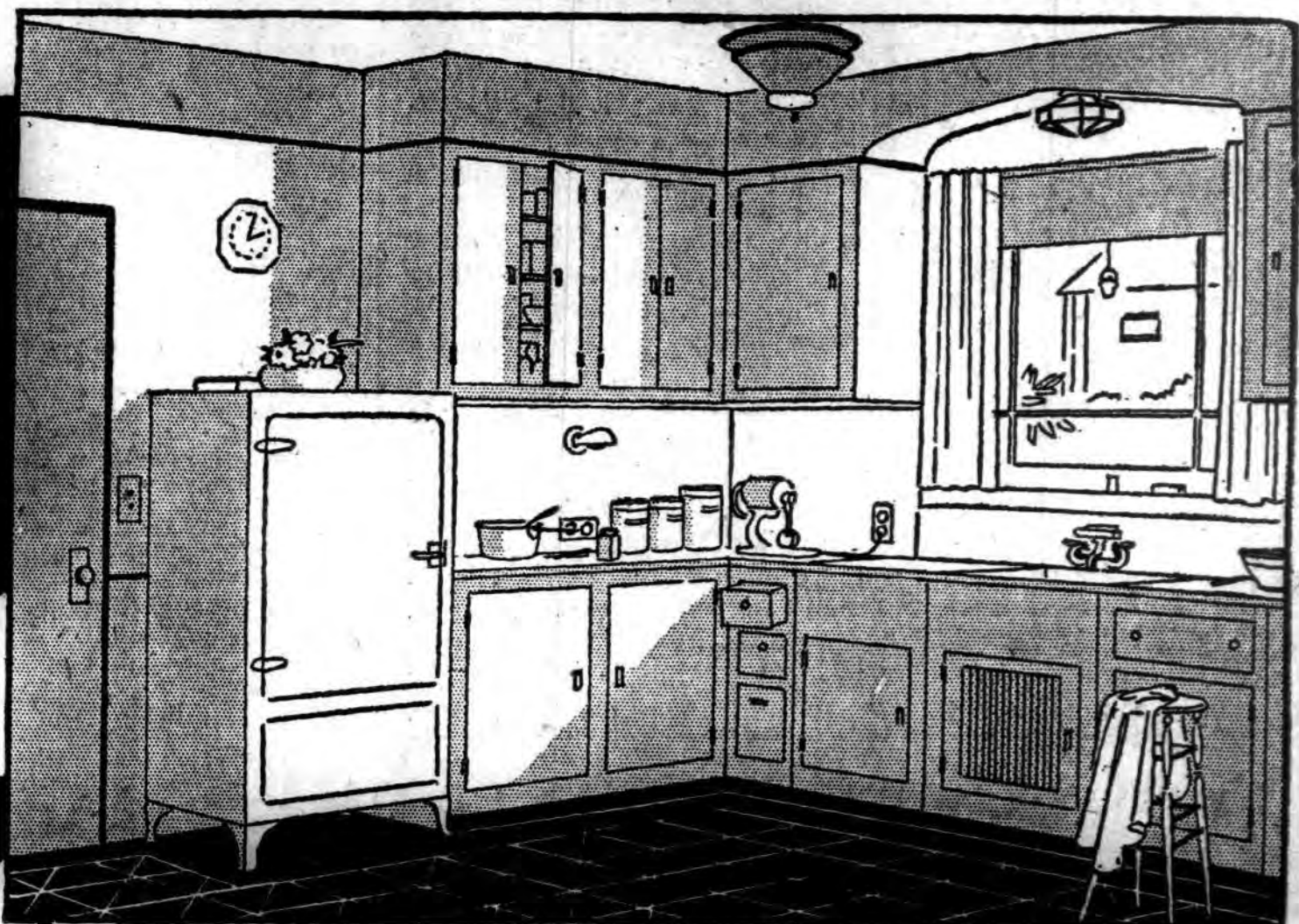
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