

AMTORG GETS EAGER OFFERS OF GOODS

NEW YORK, Nov. 29 (Universal).—The brownish marble building at 261 Fifth ave., housing the headquarters of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, Intourist, Inc., and other Soviet Russian commercial organizations, has become a beehive of capitalist enterprise as enterprising salesmen for American manufacturers seek to cut themselves a slice of the hundred million-dollar wedding cake with which Russian purchasing agencies are expected to celebrate the establishment of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

American manufacturers with products the Russians are likely to want from typewriter ribbons to 1,000-horsepower turbines and railroad locomotives, are taking for granted the Roosevelt administration's extension of credits to the Soviet Government and are offering their wares eagerly to the purchasing experts of Amtorg.

Meanwhile, Amtorg is preparing to enlarge its own staff of salesmen in the anticipation of increased sale of Russian products in the United States. Recognition has already increased sales at the retail department of Amtorg, officials stated, and for several days persons stood in line to buy linens, toys, candies, caviar and other products, something that never happened before.

A 100 per cent. American organization already is at work pushing America's trade interests in Russia—the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, which has enlarged quarters in the same building as Amtorg, with Louise Browne, long-time United States newspaper correspondent in Moscow, as executive secretary, and Spencer Williams as Moscow representative.

A House Frock For Morning Wear

By Anne Adams



EVERY smart woman knows that house frocks should be attractive enough to wear when guests drop in unexpectedly, as well as being comfortable when doing daily chores. Therein lies the charm of this model. Diagonal seamings, tend to slimness, skirt panels add length below the hips, the neckline, adopts contrasting revers for interest, and, of course, there's nothing more roomy or comfy than kimono sleeves. Choose a gay cotton print, or if you use a printed silk, it would be attractive for afternoon wear.

Pattern 1540 is available in sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be sure to state size.

The current edition of the Anne Adams pattern book will help you save money. Order your copy today! Price of catalog, 15 cents. Catalog and pattern together, 25 cents.

Address orders to Syracuse Journal Pattern Department, 243 W. Seventeenth st., New York City.

Kill Kidney Acid New Way

Thousands of sufferers from poorly functioning kidneys are winning freedom from Getting Up Nights, Loss of Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, and loss of Vitality, caused by poor Kidney and Bladder functions with a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Sis-tex). It starts work in 15 minutes helping the kidneys flush out Acids and poisons, wastes, Soothers, cleans and tones raw, sore membranes. Formula in every package. It is helping millions and must fix you up or money back is guaranteed. Cystex is only 30¢ a dose at druggists.



A Rhyme for Thanksgiving Day

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe," "Lincoln, the Man of the People," "The Ballad of the Gallows-Bird" and other famous poems.

I COUNT up in this hour of cheer
The blessings of a busy year:

A ROOF so low I lose no strain,
No ripple of the friendly rain,
A chimney where all Winter long
The logs give back the wild bird's song.

THE tree-toad that is first to cheer
With crinkling flute the green o' the year;
The cricket on the garden mound,
Stitching the dark with threads of sound.

THE wind that cools my hidden spring
And sets my corn-field whispering,
And shakes with Autumn breath for me
Late apples from the apple-tree.

THE shy paths darting thru the wheat,
Marked by the prints of little feet—
Gray squirrels on their thrifty round,
Crows condescending to the ground.

THAT leafy hollow that was stirred
A hundred mornings by a bird
Which sang at daybreak on a brier,
Setting the gray of dawn afire!

THE lone star and the shadowed hush
That comes at evening, when the thrush
Turns with his wild heart all the long
Soft twilight to a mystic song.

THE tender sorrow, too, that came
To leave me nevermore the same;
The love and memories and the wild
Light laughter of a little child.

AND deep thanksgiving for the friend
Who came when all things seemed to end;
Whose courage helped me lift the load,
Whose spirit lit the darkened road.

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"OPERATOR 13"

By Robert W. Chambers

(Continued from Page 7.)
reins, and the buggy creaked ahead and drew up among the oak trees. Here he slumped motionless. And to him in a little while crept a slim shape through the gloom and mist—the little laundress, barefoot once more, and in her single faded garment.

"Evening, huh," she said softly. "Hi! A night of stars, huh."

He recognized one of the night pass-phrases of Pinkerton's operators and replied:

"Yes, it's a night of stars and bars. How many stars do you count?"

"Thirteen," she whispered. "Add thirteen to a hundred and six."

"Done. And the answer is?"

"The Union forever. What has happened to No. 11?"

"She has been arrested. They have her in the provost tent. Stuart, Borcke and Pelham have been here to question her. Vesperian, Chancellor and Captain Cailliard have discovered evidence against her in her room in Martinsburg. I don't know what the evidence may be, but there is a military court sitting drumhead, now. You had better try to get away."

"If I go it will look bad for her," said Babcock quietly. "If you stay they will hang you, too; and that won't help her. Have you a horse hidden?"

"Yes."

"Then get back to Major Allen and tell him that Stuart's cavalry and Pelham's artillery leave to-night and cross the river. The talk is of Pennsylvania and Chambersburg. Imboden is to draw our cavalry from the front. Leave your buggy here. For God's sake hurry!"

"Are you involved in any suspicion?"

"Not that I know of."

"You remain to take your chances?"

"Yes."

He got out of the buggy, tied it to the horse.

"I'll see you through with me if you say so," he whispered.

"No."

(To Be Continued.)

"Operator 13" is the type of story that appears regularly in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

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NEW YORK SETS PRICE FOR DRINKS

Costs Far Above Those of the 'Good Old Days' Which Aids Bootleg

NEW YORK, Nov. 29 (INS).—New Yorkers will hardly recognize the place—the place where they do their drinking—after next Tuesday.

That was definitely assured today when the Society of Restaurateurs came forth with a tentative list of prices which will be charged for drinks after national prohibition is formally repealed.

For one thing, there will be no bar. Both the society, comprising the greater percentage of high class restaurant and hotel proprietors, and the state alcoholic beverage control board made it plain today there will be no drinks served as there were in the "good old days."

And prices won't approach those of pre-prohibition times. The restaurateurs decided prices of drinks will range from about 30 cents upward.

Cheapest drinks will be those made of gin or "bar" whiskey. Martini, Bronx and Manhattan cocktails will retail at a minimum of 30 cents; fancy cocktails, including such standbys as the Clover Club, Side Car, Daiquiri, Alexander, Jack Rose and Cooperstown will be a nickel more.

The old-fashioned goes in a class by itself at 40 cents, under the tentative price list with a general agreement it will contain two ounces of whiskey and be a three-ounce drink.

Ginger ale or soda will bring 5 cents extra, whereas in the old days the "makings" were free.

And the two-ounce glass of whiskey is "out." In its place will be a 1 1/2-ounce glass and New York will pay 55 cents a drink for domestic aged and blended whiskey

and from 50 cents up for Scotch and a good unblended American whiskey.

Wine prices were left indeterminate, with estimates of retail prices ranging from \$2 to \$3.50 per bottle for Reisinger, Rhine wines, Sauterne and Chianti to \$3 or \$4 for vintage wines and \$8 to \$9 for imported champagnes. Domestic still wines will be sold for about \$1.50 a bottle and domestic champagne at \$5 to \$6.



Tens of thousands of people will tell you that the **FASTER, SUREST WAY** to get rid of a cold is to take a couple of **HILL'S COLD TABLETS** and a couple of glasses of water, now and then. **QUICK RESULTS** will surprise you.

These tablets give you such speedy relief because they do the three things necessary to break up a cold. Clean poisonous matter from system. Check fever and ease away ache and pain. Fight off cold germs that infect you. **AND ALL AT ONCE!**

Your cold goes in a jiffy—and you feel like a new person almost immediately.

Check colds this **PROVEN, FASTER WAY**. You'll say it's marvelous. Ask any druggist for the **genuine HILL'S CASCARA** in the red tin box.

MATTY'S MEMOIRS

CHAPTER XXVII.

I am going to devote the final chapters of these memoirs to my own campaign for the mayoralty.

There are a great many people still living today who will recall it quite clearly. In fact, I think that few who were here in those days will fail to remember it. I never saw anything like it before in Syracuse, and I have been here close to 70 years.

I have described the campaign in which Jay B. Kline beat James K. McGuire, and those in which Alan Fobes, who succeeded Kline, beat Judge Fred Thomson and "Long Tom" Murphy.

The second victory entrenched Fobes pretty solidly, especially since he doubled his first plurality. Francis Hendricks was then at the height of his power, and the Hendricks organization was behind Fobes to a man. In fact, Hendricks intended to run Fobes for lieutenant governor, but the plan was sidetracked by Horace White.

Just before he took office, Fobes gave a dinner for the aldermen who were to serve with him at the old Vanderbilt house. I remember we went to the Grand Opera house first and then went over to the Vanderbilt and



FRANK MATTY.

Bill Kirk, who had been boss 10 years earlier, had sort of dropped out, but still had something of a following. Because their last two candidates had taken a licking, McGuire and Rafferty didn't stand any too well.

I don't know what would have happened if we hadn't got into a row over the state committeeman-ship. We elected two delegations to the state convention that year, and both went to the convention. One was made up of my friends and the other of McGuire-Rafferty men. Charlie Murphy, of Tammany hall, who was running things, decided to recognize both delegations and let each delegate have one-half of a vote.

Murphy, the shrewdest, smartest and most efficient politician I ever knew, anywhere, was the seventh wonder of the world to me. I always admired and liked him, and I was on better terms with him than anyone in Syracuse knew. In fact, Murphy told me a year in advance that he was going to trim a certain New York leader, and asked me to be sure and get on the committee on contested seats so I could help him. When he wanted to know anything about this part of the state, he asked me. And I always told him what I believed to be the truth.

Anyway, Murphy virtually guaranteed me that, when the time came, I could name the state committeeman. And that gave me confidence. I believed, after a thorough study of the situation, that I could be elected mayor.

You can't appreciate today, all the difficulties that I was up against. To begin with, I was a

saloon keeper, and that, while it wouldn't be as fatal to the chances of a candidate as it would be today, was a real handicap. And then, the newspapers had been hammering me pretty hard for 20 years as a result of my activities in the Common Council. Some people thought I was some sort of a thug, having gained their impression from the papers.

But, against that, I had thousands of friends. I never posed as a philanthropist, but I was never a tightwad, either. There wasn't a day that went by while I was in politics that I didn't shell out a contribution of some kind to somebody. Why, they used to hang around the Alderman Cafe mornings for me to come down, so they could make their touch. One would want a little coal, another a pair of shoes, another a dollar for groceries, and things like that. I seldom turned any of them down.

And you want to remember that, in my years in the Common Council, I had done a lot of favors for a great many people and had learned a great deal about a great many other people. The people who got the favors weren't much

By
FRANK MATTY
As Told to
JAMES GORDON FRASER

THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER

in the
TERRACE ROOM

Hotel Syracuse invites you to enjoy a DeLuxe Thanksgiving Dinner served from 12 noon to 9 P. M. A whole turkey will be served to parties of six or more. After the dinner, if you wish, the remaining portions will be carefully wrapped and boxed for you to take home. Dinner \$1.50 per plate.

Dinner Dancing 6:30 to 9 P. M.
No Couvert

Supper Dancing 9:30 P. M. to 1 A. M.
Couvert 50c

SLEEPY HALL'S ORCHESTRA

Hotel Syracuse

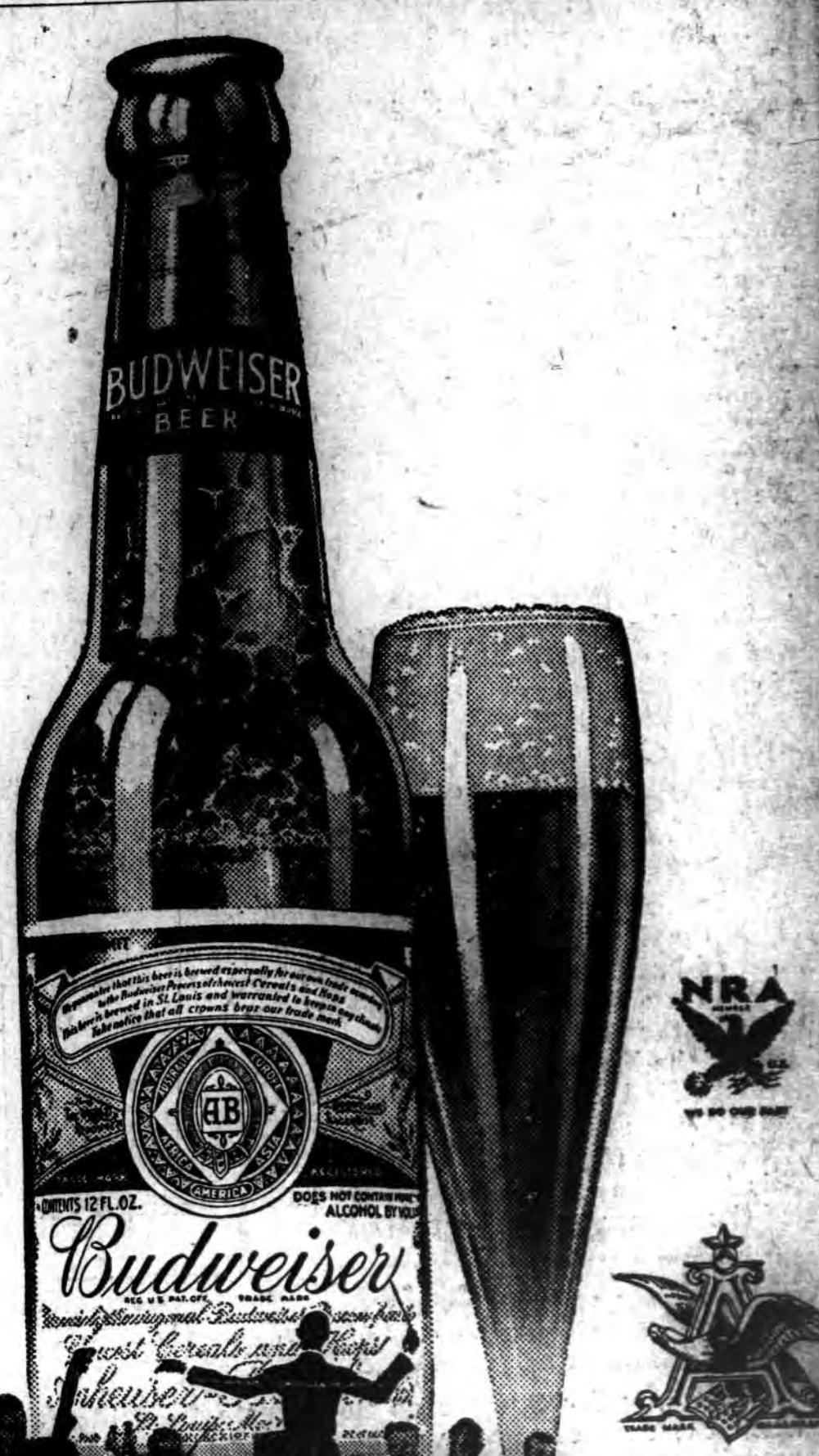
There's Only One BUDWEISER

When beer came back on April 7th every-one wanted to try it. Any beer was welcome; those who hadn't tasted real beer for 14 years, and those who never had tasted it, began to discover that all beer was not alike.

For millions of people since they have been able to obtain BUDWEISER, the sampling is over.

You'll find in BUDWEISER a quality which draws you to it and holds you. It is that quality which has made BUDWEISER year after year outsell any other bottled beer on Earth. It is the appreciation of that quality which built the largest brewery in the world. One sip and you'll discover why millions who welcomed beer back are finding that, after all, there's only one BUDWEISER.

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Visitors are invited to inspect the Largest Brewery in the World



Budweiser

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