

**Good HORSE SENSE**

THERE'S NO LAW against using a Window Box Cooler, but if it fell and hit someone on the head, you'd know there was a REASON. Your ICE Refrigerator has more room, protects food and health as the window box cannot, and saves its cost.

For Safety and Saving Use Arctic Ice

**ARCTIC ICE**

16 LBS. 32141

---

50 YEARS OF CONSERVATIVE BANKING

**THE MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST CO.**

216 So. Warren St. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

### FIND RUNAWAY SONS OF RICH PARENTS

NEW YORK, Oct. 31 (Universal).—After haunting taxi-dance halls by night and the waterfront by day, two 15-year-old sons of wealthy parents, runaways since last Friday from the exclusive Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn., were found by police last night in a Times Square hotel.

They are Phelps Newberry Jr., son of the Detroit banker and grandson of Truman H. Newberry, former Michigan senator, and Henry Welter Jr., whose father heads a Birmingham, Ala., manufacturing company.

They tried to get their roommate, Henry Ford 2d, to run away with them. He refused "because grandpop (the famed automobile manufacturer) would have all the planes in Detroit out after me."

**HAVING GAY TIME.**

The youths had been sought by police all over the East. Meantime they were having a gay but embarrassing time with the dance hall hostesses and trying to get jobs on ships bound for foreign ports.

They disappeared from the school "because we got tired of it"—with \$46 between them. Wealthy parents they might have, but the boys said they hung onto their dimes in the dance halls and got the reputation of being "pikers." They would have got jobs on a steamer to take them to longed-for distant horizons, but they had to be "British subjects," and they weren't.

An alert clerk in the Bradley House was responsible for their discovery. He had read about the disappearance of the two school-boys and was suspicious. When the police came in the two maintained an air of innocence and mistaken identity.

**CONFESS IDENTITY.**

Newberry, who had registered under the name of a schoolmate, Norman Thompson, came clean first. Then Welter confessed his identity.

A telephone call was made to the Newberry home in Detroit. Young Newberry laughed when he talked to his mother. But when his father came on the phone, the boy's face became grave.

At the request of Newberry Sr., an old friend, Daniel Caulkins, vice president of the Bankers' Trust Company, came from his home in Englewood, N. J., to rescue the boys from the police station house and take them home with him.

Mistook Sulicides hanging from trees for scarecrows. How a double tragedy might have been averted is told in the American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Syracuse American.

### MATTY'S MEMOIRS

As Told to James Gordon Fraser  
By Frank Matty

**CHAPTER II.**

I told you yesterday about my life from the time I was born in Mexico, Oswego County, until I was elected alderman of the old Third ward.

You want to remember that when I went into the Common Council, Syracuse was a vastly different place from what it is today.

And that leads me to say one thing that perhaps doesn't belong exactly here in this story, but it is so important to me that I want to get it off my chest while I think of it. I have wanted to say it for a good many years.

The man who made a city out of Syracuse, who built it from a village to a real city, was James K. McGuire!

I know I fought McGuire and that McGuire fought me. I remember that we said some pretty hard things about each other. But, just the same, I wouldn't rest easy afterward if I went on without giving him the credit I know he is entitled to. He is the man who made this town what it has been in the last 35 or 40 years. And I know what I am talking about.

I'll have a lot to say about McGuire later on, but I just wanted to get that on the record.

Tom Ryan was elected mayor at the same time I was elected alderman of the Third ward. He was a brewer, who got into politics by accident as an alderman and stayed there because he had plenty of money, spent it and made friends. He was elected three times and, so far as I could see, his only platform was to keep taxes low. At that, it isn't a bad platform for mayors to run for re-election on.

But what I am getting at is that Ryan was not the progressive type like McGuire. He would have laughed at the idea of Syracuse ever becoming the city it is today. He worried about every dollar that was spent for improvements and was constantly trying to keep expenses down, no matter how good the proposition.

In those days we had no trolley cars. There was nothing but horse cars, and very few of them. Some of the lines had only one car and team among them, and people lived close in so they could get to work in a hurry. Most of the franchises for the horse car lines had been given out before I got into the Common Council, but the development of the electric trolley car came later, and I was right in the thick of it. The electric trolley did a lot for Syracuse, because it spread the city out and opened up a lot of new territory for home-building.

We didn't even have electric lights at that time, although there were a few in the city. One of the things I recall the Common Council doing was to pass an ordinance ordering 26 electric street lights. Mayor Ryan vetoed it because he thought we could get along with gas lights for a while and save the money. If I remember right, however, we finally got him to come around and stand putting up the old-fashioned arc lights around the central part of town.

There weren't many pavements in any part of town. And that was another way the electric trolley helped. We found out that we could make the trolley lines pay for a part of new pavements, and because of that we got a lot of them through. Charlie Candee, who was alderman of the Sixth, and I ordered more pavements in our time than any alderman that had ever been in office up to that time. They used to try to use it against me, but it didn't work. People liked the pavements after they got them.

The Common Council had its meetings in those days in what was called "Market hall," on the second floor of the old city hall that stood where the present one is today. It had originally been built as a public market, with stalls on the ground floor for meat and vegetables, and a hall above. Some time before 1880 the market had been discontinued and the ground floors rebuilt for offices for city business. The police station, cells and all, were in the rear.

There were only eight aldermen and there was no president of the Common Council, the mayor being the presiding officer. An alderman was a pretty important fellow, so far as politics is concerned, because he had the power to turn off or turn on the money—and that is what makes power in political affairs. I have always observed that people will do more for the man who can put them on the payroll—or take them off—than they will for any popular hero.

I am trying to give you an idea of Syracuse as it was when I began to take an interest in its business, because I want to emphasize the point that it was just about then that we began to grow and expand and amount to something. When I talk with people these days, a lot of them who were born and brought up here can't seem to realize what an immense difference 50 years have made. They can't imagine Syracuse as a little town the size of the business section today, with gas lights in the street, horse cars running out to the edges of Brighton av. or Kennedy st. or Cherry st., and pumps in lots of front and back yards.

It occurs to me, as I think it over, that we had more fun then than we do now. Now that we have everything made easy, and more to amuse us than we can use, we don't get the same enjoyment out of living. I would rather take a fast horse up W. Onondaga st. on a winter afternoon for a brush with Alvord or Candee or Belden or some of those fellows, than ride in the finest limousine ever built. But we don't do those things any more.

Crowley Cleveland was governor when I got into politics and David B. Hill was running Democratic affairs upstate. William A. Beach, who was generally regarded as the Democratic boss here, was a great friend of Cleveland's. After he became president, Cleveland appointed him to a federal job and because of his influence in that way Beach was recognized as the leader. William E. Kirk was prominent, too, and Col. John Gaynor, who lived out at Fayette-



FRANK MATTY.

### VINEYARDISTS CONTENT, FAIL TO THRILL

By JAMES R. MCARTHY, International News Service Staff Correspondent.  
Copyright, 1933, By International News Service.

FRESNO, Calif., Oct. 31 (INS).—This, for the sake of a label, is the story of a happy but bewildered valley.

It is happy because repeal of prohibition, that important phase of the new deal, is going to assure grape farmers a steady and permanent legal market.

It is considerably bewildered because the farmers have no assurance that the big legitimate wine grape market is going to bring them any greater profits than they have enjoyed before repeal—at least, higher prices are not expected for some time.

That may seem paradoxical, but only to those who still naively assume that there was no domestic market for wine grapes during the prohibition era, or to those who confuse the lot of the grape grower with the wine manufacturer.

One farmer over an excellent bottle of home-made wine, explained. He has about 600 acres. Before prohibition he was receiving between \$15 and \$20 a ton for grapes sold to legitimate wine manufacturers. But in the midst of prohibition, especially during the prosperous years, this sum jumped to \$100. His clients were, for the most part, he said, foreigners in the East who made their own wine, mostly for home consumption.

When I suggested that repeal would bring him a wider market he shook his head negatively.

"Every year I sold all my grapes, prohibition to the contrary, or whatever way you want to put it. This year I can't sell any more than I grow. Neither can I next year, nor shall I be able to buy more land. It's being grabbed up, what's left. There'll be more wine drinkers now (he raised his eyes in fervent thanksgiving toward the ceiling) but the farmer can only raise so much.

"You see, it's the wine manufacturer who lost out during prohibition—I mean the legitimate one. It is he who talked of wine bricks once as though they were gold bricks to the palate, which they certainly were not. He's the happy fellow, Me? I'm—well, contented, I suppose. I'm sure of my market, anyhow. Before you never were sure. But with prohibition at an end I can get only \$11 a ton or so. Subtract \$11 from \$100 and you'll see what difference repeal makes to us."

meaning the Democrats—had a majority, and we used it.

I remember one incident of those first years. Arthur Jenkins had recently started the Herald. I knew him and he had printed some nice things about me, so when I got the chairmanship of the printing committee I went over to his place one afternoon and said to him:

"Mr. Jenkins, you can have the job of printing the Common Council proceedings, if you want it."

He was surprised, because that sort of business had always gone to Smith or the Belden paper or some of the bigger papers, but he said:

"I wish I could take it. God knows I could use the money. But I'm bound to keep away from getting under obligation to the politicians. I want to be able to take a wallop at them when I think it's necessary."

I might say, incidentally, that it is one of the few times in my life I ever found anybody unwilling to take public money for anything. I notice the Herald is printing the proceedings now.

About the third year I was in the Common Council things began to get interesting. It was about that time I discovered that a two-thirds majority in the council could make a mayor jump through the hoop. And we made a few of them jump through, too. I'll tell you about that.

### Son of Villa Is Held as Insane

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 31 (INS).—Pancho Augustin Villa, 21, son of the late Mexican guerrilla general, today was in the psychopathic ward of the General Hospital following his arrest on complaint of his guardian, Henry Seldner, that he was insane.

Seldner averred that since young Villa several weeks ago signed a contract to appear in a motion picture he had been acting strangely, refused to talk, went about unclad, and had threatened to kill his mother.

### PROTEXALL SERVICE

Everything Washed Everything Ironed

**Associated Laundries**

Phone 2-8121

---

GET AN HONEST EYE TEST

Don't let your child Blame You Later!

Be fair to your child—have his eyes examined now by our optometrist.

Chan. F. Duffy, Registered Optometrist, in Charge

**EASY TERMS ON MODERN GLASSES**

**HENRY'S**

Jewelers—Optician

131 SOUTH SALINA STREET

**SPECIAL**

Dining Room Table Tops REFINISHED

ANY 54-Inch or 60-Inch TABLE FOR ONLY \$3.50

Hot-Dish Proof—High-Class Work

—PHONE 5-8470—

**THOMAS & CARY**

FURNITURE REFINISHERS

ROUND .. SIRLOIN .. PORTERHOUSE

WEDNESDAY ONLY

**STEAK**

**19c LB.**

---

BONELESS, ROLLED **HAMS** 12 1/2c

COUNTRY STYLE **SAUSAGE** 12 1/2c

---

NEW YORK STATE **POTATOES** 79c BUSHEL

A LOW PRICE FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

---

Large, Yellow **BANANAS** dz. 19c

Iceberg **LETTUCE**, hd. 5c

---

FRESH CREAMERY **BUTTER** Lb. 24c

FINE GRANULATED **SUGAR** 10 Lbs. 47c

---

ORANGE LOAF **CINNAMON CLUSTERS** All For 29c

Doz. **MOLASSES DROPS**

**GRAND UNION** FOUNDED 1872

# HUBBY TAKES ALL BACK

## WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT IN MRS. HART'S BAKING WHEN SHE SWITCHES TO HECKERS' "NEVER-FAIL" FLOUR

JOHN IS ALWAYS KIDDING ME ABOUT HOW MUCH NICER YOUR ROLLS ARE THAN MINE—BUT WAIT TILL HE TASTES THESE.

THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'RE GOING TO BE WONDERFUL.

DON'T BE LATE FOR SUPPER TONIGHT, JOHN. I'M GOING TO HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

SWELL, HELEN. I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I'VE SAID. MOTHER NEVER MADE BETTER ROLLS THAN THESE.

OH, IT'S EASY, YOUR MOTHER TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT MARVELOUS NEVER-FAIL FLOUR CALLED HECKERS' SHE ALWAYS USES... AND SHE GAVE ME HER RECIPE TOO.

**HERE'S THE NEVER-FAIL RECIPE FOR ROLLS THAT HELEN USED**

**PARKER HOUSE ROLLS**

1 1/2 tablespoons butter 1/2 pint milk  
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 tablespoon sugar  
3/4 cup lukewarm water 1/2 cake yeast  
3 cups Heckers' "Never-Fail" Flour, sifted

Scald the milk and pour it over the sugar, salt and butter. Allow it to cool, and when it is lukewarm add the yeast, dissolved in the lukewarm water, and then add one and a half cups of Heckers' Flour. Beat hard, cover and let rise, until it is a frothy mass. Then add 1 1/2 cups its original bulk, then place it on your kneading board. Knead lightly and then roll it out one-half an inch thick.

Take a biscuit cutter and cut out the rolls. Brush each piece with butter, fold and press the pan, one inch apart. Let them rise until very light. Bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

**FAILURES? NEVER WITH THIS FLOUR**

Those costly baking failures! They spoil good ingredients—waste your time and money. Don't risk them! Insist always on Heckers' "Never-Fail" Flour.

Of course, there are many things that can cause disappointing results. But by far the most common is undependable flour—flour that varies from time to time. And you never run that risk when you buy Heckers'!

For Heckers' is scientifically milled from selected wheats by a unique process that guarantees you absolutely uniform flour—always. That's why Heckers' gives you such unvarying success, every time you bake.

And you'll have the same "Never-Fail" results with every thing you bake, too. Delicious bread and rolls... tender, flaky pies and pastries... wonderfully light, fine-textured cakes! For, you see, Heckers', made from a special, balanced blend of choice spring and winter wheats, is the ideal All-Purpose Flour... the only flour you'll ever need in the house.

Get a bag of Heckers' Flour—today. You'll be amazed at how much better... how much more fine-flavored, all your baking will be. Heckers' is a product of the Standard Milling Company, one of the world's largest millers. All grocers have it.

**Heckers' NEVER FAIL Flour**