

## FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today

Vol. 1 No. 9

Kansas City, Missouri, March 8, 1935

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### SNAPSHOT OF THE WEEK

It has been reported that the government may settle for somewhere around \$5,000 in the case of ex-Lazia's income tax delinquencies. It seems reasonable. The necessity for putting Lazia away with Capone ceased at the same moment that Lazia ceased to have an income.

La Capra is at liberty again owing to the failure of the police to think up a good excuse for keeping him. Well, they did a lot of shooting, a lot of good property was punctured, and several people caught cold leaning out of their windows to watch, so quite a lot was actually accomplished by the forces of the law. Anyhow, when they do all that hard work somebody else ought to have to furnish the explanations.

The King of Siam is about to quit because he is not permitted to go democratic. He wants to submit a question to the people and the government won't let him. His majesty would rather resign than forego his principles. It may sound like politics, but in these days it seems more like a case that a museum should do something about.

An enterprising man has taken out a ten thousand dollar gamble with Lloyd's on a gypsy's prophecy that Hitler would die within the month of March. Hitler should be flattered and also glad that the gambler is not an American big shot. A bit of cash and an out-of-work gunman might eliminate the element of gamble altogether.

It has been officially reported that, under condemnation proceedings, fifty-two feet are to be whacked off the south side of Convention Hall. What will become of the rest is doubtful but the question of any possible competition between it and the Municipal Auditorium is quietly eliminated.

Back in 1897 Judge McElroy was on a committee to see about widening Seventh street between Main and Delaware. Thirty-eight years later he is going to do something about it. There was a promise once to do something about a lot of things, such as the Tuberculosis Hospital at Leeds, and some street paving. The nineteen sixties ought to do great things for this little town.

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### STRIP ACT THE POLICE MISSED

In case you didn't know, there is issued each quarter by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington a bulletin showing the crime conditions prevailing in the larger cities throughout the country. The data contained in these bulletins is sent in by the police departments of the various cities. Our city has of course always been represented—that is, up until the middle of 1

934, when the statistics from Kansas City were suddenly and summarily dropped.

A fact like this interests FUTURE; we decided to see what we could find out. In as much as there are eight crime classifications, it would obviously be extremely difficult to check them all. Checking homicide or larceny rates, for example, would necessitate accepting police figures. However, there is one class of crime which has a mirror beyond the control of political fear or favor, and that is auto theft. Police reports of auto thefts may be subject to juggling but the insurance rates are subject to one factor only and that is risk, and risk is the result of the crime rate.

Who's wrong? Weren't our cars stolen and stripped after all? Or did the Federal authorities reject the official crime record of the Kansas City Police Department because they believed it to be, let us say, unreliable?

In the last two quarterly bulletins in which  
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FUTURE

March eighth

FOREIGN

Loan to China Probable

Some weeks ago the Tokyo press carried sensational reports of a new Japanese policy toward China. At the same time, conversations were being held in Nanking between representatives of the Chinese Nationalist Government and the Japanese Minister, for the purpose, it was alleged, of relieving the existing tension and of clearing the way for the liquidation of the Manchurian question. Coming so soon after Japan's denunciation of the Washington Arms Treaty, these activities caused some apprehension in the United States and Great Britain, and gave rise to agitation for a common Anglo-American front in the Far East. However, apparently no action was taken to further this objective until it was rumored that Japan was contemplating a loan to China with political strings attached which would give her indirect control over Chinese policies.

Economic Condition Serious

The Western powers have recently recognized that financial aid to China was inevitable. Our Silver Purchase Act—contrary to the promises of its advocates—has been disastrous to Chinese economy. It has caused a severe deflationary process and a constant drain of the metal from the country. In an attempt to prevent a crisis, China has placed an embargo on silver, but this has done little to correct the effects of our monetary policy which, together with the cost of fighting the Communists, has placed Chinese economic life in a desperate position.

Britain Consults the U. S.

Consequently, last week the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, and Acting Secretary of State, William Phillips, discussed the situation in Washington. The exchange of views dealt with the position other powers should take in the event a Chinese loan is made by Japan, and also with the Nine Power Treaty and the Chinese Consortium of 1920 which, in effect, prevent any single power from obtaining special rights by taking advantage of chaotic conditions that may arise in China. It was intimated, however, that no financial aid by the several powers was probable in the near future.

Japan Denies Rumors

The Japanese declare that any suggestion of actual economic cooperation with China is "entirely groundless." Recent efforts to clear the atmosphere were understood to have originated in China, and the only Japanese condition for amicable relations is the cessation of anti-Japanese propaganda. In view of the coming naval talks and the need of foreign economic assistance to China, it is important to both countries that the Far Eastern horizon should have, at least the appearance of tranquility. Nevertheless, many sections of Japanese opinion regard as futile the recent good-will utterances of Chinese leaders because of the inability of the Nationalist Government to allay the anti-Japanese sentiment now existing in the country.

The initiative which the British have taken to prevent this latest Japanese threat to the Open Door in China from materializing, is a decided change from the dilatory policy pursued by them during the Manchurian crisis, and, it is encouraging to note that London now realizes that the State Department no longer intends to assume entire responsibility. G. L. C.

ONE YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

March 12, 1934

Victims of the boys in the big blue Buicks and their buddies gathered before a "court of inquiry" in the Baltimore Hotel and gave a report of some of the irregular happenings on primary election day, March 6.

Mrs. Mary Brown, 1208 East 14th street, a Fusion watcher, had been seized by three men in a Buick while on her way to mail a letter. They grabbed her purse, found in it her little "block book" with mention of voters, then struck her in the face. Next morning they returned the book to her, tossing it on the porch.

Miss Bessie Morgan, 3030 McGee street, said that after Eddie Collins, Pendergast precinct captain, had knocked two Fusionist workers down in a polling place she asked Tom Farley, a patrolman, to arrest him. The officer was afraid to do so, but when Collins asked him to search the Fusionists for firearms, he immediately did so, finding none.

Tommy Jackson, a negro challenger with credentials from Chairman Woodbury, had some difficulty getting into a polling place, so he telephoned Charles Orr, election commissioner, for help. While he was waiting, talking to a policeman, three men got out of a Chevrolet, which had no license, and came over with guns drawn. Jackson was beaten on the head with the guns, while the policeman ran into a grocery store.

March 13, 1934

"Two bits a vote," was the price paid by the machine in the ninth precinct of the first ward, a Republican challenger told the Citizens' board of inquiry.

The "voters" were brought to the polling place in carloads, lined up, and sent in the entrance.

"This is your name and address," a Pendergast henchman would say to each one and hand it to him as he entered. On the way out each man would receive a quarter. There were plenty of quarters and sometimes they spilled into the street.

By 2 o'clock L. E. McCutcheon, the witness, was the only Republican left in the place. The Pendergast man then told him the votes were costing too much, and thought it would be cheaper to pay McCutcheon something to get out. McCutcheon refused.

"Then scram," he was advised, so he "scrammed" inasmuch as the odds were about 20 to 1, including a policeman, against him.

FUTURISMS

### What Price Honesty

We heard a prominent Republican say the other day that he would be willing to give Tom Pendergast complete charge of the city's affairs at a salary of \$200,000 per year, provided all graft and padded payrolls were eliminated and the city run on a business basis. Do you suppose Tom would be interested?

### Losing His Grip?

And speaking of Tom Pendergast, we see by the papers where he favors permanent registration, saying that he can get along with any kind of bill the legislature passes. And yet nothing seems to get done about it. Is Tom losing his grip, or does he tell the newspaper boys one thing and his legislative henchmen another?

### Chips Off the Old Block

The First Voters Democratic Club was going to publish a magazine. However, they used the machine tactics of saying an ad would insure city business, and no ad would mean trouble—and got scolded by Mr. McElroy. We presume they failed to consult the proper parties first. It's like teaching a child to swear and then spanking him when he does it.

Give and Take—Most Give The new Jackson County courthouse was to have been ready for occupancy by November 1, 1934. A penalty of \$100 per day has been accruing since then for failure to complete on time, amounting to some \$12,000. The penalty was waived by the county court; whereupon the Swenson Construction Company presented a bill for \$4,500 covering heating and watchmen since that date, asking that the county pay half. It was finally settled with the county owing the construction company \$1,250, which seems a little incongruous to us.

Permanent Registration Will the old horses from Swope Park live in a pasture in the country or vote from the Fox Hotel under the new "Permanent Registration Act?"

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### HOW DO YOU VOTE?

An indignant woman called the other day, very much upset over a call from the water department. It seems that her meter had not been registering enough. Which is all right; any

meter can get out of order. The point is this: She asked the official calling whether or not the change was to be charged to her. His reply was, "That all depends on how you vote." She told him in words of one syllable (violent) that it was none of his business how she voted. His last word was, "You'd better see your Democratic precinct captain."

We have heard much about the disciplining of citizens identified in any way with anti-machine activity. Increased taxes and petty nuisances are conceded to be common forms of punishment. Here is a concrete instance.

#### KILL THE NUMBERS FROM ONE TO TEN

The current Civic Research Bulletin summarizes nicely the fallacies in the mind of the average voter which perpetuate dishonest and inefficient government. These are.

1. To the victor belong the spoils.
2. Anyone is capable of performing government duties.
3. Charity begins on the public payroll.
4. Patronage is the price of democracy.
5. The best public servant is the worst one.
6. Tenure is the cure of spoils.
7. The way to eradicate spoils and favoritism is to begin at the bottom.
8. Home-town jobs for home-town boys.
9. Public service is always less capable and efficient than private enterprise.
10. Corrosive influences can be driven out of public service through the prohibition of specific abuses.

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IF YOU CAN'T WHIP 'EM—JINE 'EM

That apparently is the attitude of Missouri's senior senator, Bennett C. Clark, an attitude to which we fail to subscribe. It must be decidedly disappointing to many of his followers who sorta got the idea during the last senatorial campaign that the "young Champ" had the real stuff, was opposed to machine politics and would die fighting, to see how he has back-pedaled recently. We may have to revise that opinion.

Recent advices from Washington indicate that Mr. Clark is getting mighty chummy with Senator Harry Truman, the Boss's Washington representative and the man who gave Bennett's candidate such a sound drubbing last fall. Maybe Bennett is just a politician after all and his high principles were just so much talk. Maybe he would like to have the old machine rolling in the votes for him when re-election time rolls around. Yes, for the ordinary person, it is much easier to join them than fight them.

CORRECTION— ABOUT AN HOUR

In connection with the article on cut-rate drug stores, published in FUTURE, February 15, we are in receipt of a letter from Charles A. Wettengel, Field Adjustor of the NRA, pointing out that there are no restrictions in the Code on Sunday selling by grocers. We are happy to make this correction, while pointing out in turn that the situation remains unaltered. Setting aside code provisions or local agreements, there remains a city ordinance prohibiting Sunday selling by groceries after 9 A. M., an ordinance which doesn't seem to apply to drug stores. Moreover, under the codes, the advantage in the matter of work hours is with the drug stores. Correction made, conclusion is unaltered.

Nineteen Thirty-five

March eighth

FUTURE

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IS YOUR INSURANCE COSTING TOO MUCH?

THIS POOR, MALIGNED MISTER REPERT

When is a lie not a lie? Don't ask us, 'cause we don't know. But Attorney Will Hogsett can tell you.

A lie by any other name may smell as rank, but Lawyer Hogsett will have you know a lie isn't perjury in court unless it is right material to the case at bar.

The alleged false testimony of Eugene C. Reppert before the Federal grand jury was not material to the investigation, said wily Mr. Hogsett to Judge Reeves a week ago in demurring to the charge. When the judge overruled him, our Will, who is smart like a wolf, said poor Mr. Reppert was trapped by those nasty government men into saying what he did. Again Judge Reeves overruled him.

And again to the jury Monday Mr. Hogsett thundered, "I'll have you KNOW, this man is no LIAR!!!", while United States Attorney Wilson objected and associate counsel Floyd E. Jacobs, John T. Barker and T. J. Madden smirked silent applause.

Too bad, Mr. Hogsett, you didn't draw a few more of those golfers from the city water

department in your panel. Surely every one of them knows that one of Uncle Tom's favorite nephews couldn't tell a lie.

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WE DELIVER

Many a Kansas City business man has found out he can get things done pronto at the city hall if he knows where to buy his insurance —just like he learned his ready-mixed and other lessons in times past.

But so high have mounted liability insurance rates here that the Kansas City business man no longer could hold his tongue. Result, this week a charter was granted for an organization to combat the fake claim insurance racket here.

Spokesmen for the revolt against high rates belabored fake claim crooks, snitch lawyers and crooked doctors. Nothing was said of the political complexion of the insurance racket.

Behind the scenes in this business-man revolt is operation of a political machine that gives political favorites at the bar a chance to monopolize the fake insurance claim racket. Other lawyers "farm out" their fake cases to these politically entrenched lawyers.

The nearest to an indictment of the political machine here by the cautious business men was the statement that eighteen lawyers had been disbarred in St. Louis under the new supreme court bar clean-up set-up. The count in Kansas City, it was pointed out, is exactly nothing.

Some small fry snitch lawyers may have their heads cut off by the bar committee here as the result of the business-men activity but there is little likelihood the bigwigs in the snitch racket will be touched. The No. 1 men in the racket reach too high politically.

This situation not only holds true in the operation of the fake claim racket but in almost any legal case in the local or state courts. It is considered smart to hire a lawyer in with the organization. It is not unusual—in fact is the custom—to employ a high political lawyer to sit at the counsel table for window dressing with the court and jury.

The name of a lawyer close to the boss of the machine here is found often in cases before coroner's juries. If a man is guilty of manslaughter it usually can be fixed up by the coroner's jury if the "right" lawyer is hired. Of course it takes money, but government comes high these days.

Business men found that out when their insurance rates jumped double and more about 90 days ago. Many of the big liability insurance companies jerked their business out of Kansas City due to the operation of the fake claim racket. Many firms found they were unable to pay the rates demanded. They named committees to study the problem; found rates here were more

than 50 per cent too high. They studied the rates in fifteen other larger cities and found Kansas City topped them all.

They decided something had to be done or business would be wrecked by steadily mounting rates. They formed the Liability Protective Association, Inc. They stated they would confer with the circuit judges, the county prosecutor and the jury commissioners. They are to start a campaign to stop jury service dodging.

They hope to bring before the public that the public is paying the bill for huge damage collections through the courts with political lawyers in increased prices for merchandise. When insurance rates jump to the sky, they said, the merchant or other buyer of insurance must hike his prices for services to cover the increase in rates.

Cliff C. Jones, insurance man, was named chairman of a Chamber of Commerce committee to lay plans for a campaign against the fake insurance claim racket. An executive committee was named to draw up the various committee reports and announce the plan. The executive committee members were Vincent Wakefield, chairman, C. C. Peters and Myron N. Platt.

The bar association and medical association were called in to assist the committees. Other committees and their members that aided the chamber in drawing up its campaign against fake insurance racket:

Legal Profession Henry M. Beardsley, Chairman; R. B. Caldwell, Vice Chairman; Raymond Barnett,

Cyrus Crane,  
Frank Murphy,  
Ellison Neel,  
Sam B. Sebree,  
W. F. Woodruff.

Retail Business Fred M. Lee, Chairman;  
John W. Jenkins, III, Vice Chm.; Wm. G. Austin,  
Porter T. Hall,  
Geo. M. Husser,  
M. H. Post.

Industries

R. J. Clark, Chairman;  
G. W. Garrett, Vice Chairman; Arthur Hardgrave,  
C. E. Lang,  
Homer L. Rogers.

Office and Apartment Buildings John M. Arthur, Chairman;  
E. B. Murray, Vice Chairman; Chas. S. Alves,  
Jack Saunders.

Insurance Industry Myron N. Platt, Chairman; George Oppenheimer, Vice Chm. E. R. Adams,  
R. G. Clemmer,  
Willard Frommer.

Real Estate Walter Page, Chairman.

Probable secret hope of the business men is that they will convince political leaders that what the machine gains from this racket is at too big a price to business; that, after all, must be



kept going to serve as prey for the machine. Business men may convince the political machine it is killing the geese that lay the golden eggs.

#### WE NOW CONNECT WITH THE NORTH SIDE MUNICIPAL COURT

“Ladies and gentlemen, this broadcast from the North side courtroom is brought you by the courtesy of Judge Henry F. Mc-Elroy, city manager of Kansas City . .

This kind of advertising by the City hall has been heard in probably every home in Kansas City that is able or desires to own a radio.

But all has not been well as the result. First, Negro leaders protested against the use of the court broadcast with the complaint that representatives of the city counselor’s office were using Negroes charged in the court to stage amusing incidents for radio listeners.

The leaders among the Negro population .charged members of their race were being subjected to ridicule and abuse to amuse the radio listeners and advertise Judge McElroy and the political machine of which he is first sergeant. Persons other than Negroes also found that they were being used as “victims” in the broadcast.

Lawyers also found the legal jester for the city made monkeys out of them for the radio audience as well as for their clients. Persons arrested thought it much less embarrassing to forfeit their bonds than take chances of being subjected to ridicule in the court.

There has been a movement started in the bar association against the broadcasting of wise cracks by the city’s legal representative. A movement to request the broadcast be made more sane or abandon it was started in the bar association.

But like many good movements the protest has weakened, almost died out, as members did not want to stick their heads out so they could be cracked by a city manager of a political machine that dictates and punishes its enemies, big and little, with reprisals.

But there have been instances where the broadcasts have been downright embarrassing to the city’s legal buffoon.

A Negro woman testified she had “called the law’ on” a Negro man who threatened her with a knife. She was told to tell her story over the radio.

“I told him if he did not get out of my house I would call the law,” she said. “But he just laughed and said, ‘Call de law, I don’t .care; I’s e a Pendergast man.’ ”

“Shut up,” yelled the city prosecutor.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

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March eighth

FUTURE

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FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

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Vol. I March 8, 1935 Q No. 9

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER D.% LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND

IT IS YOUR VINEYARD

There is a parable in the New Testament about a man who left a vineyard in charge of some ambitious and unscrupulous servants. When the grapes were gathered and the wine pressed, the owner sent for his share of the summer's work. The unscrupulous servants beat up the owner's representative and sent him back without any payment.

Then the owner of the vineyard sent his son, and the scoundrels who had beaten up the owner's steward said to one another, "Perhaps if we kill the heir, we shall succeed in persuading the old man that we mean business, and he will not trouble us any more about who owns this vineyard." So they killed the heir; but things did not work out as they had hoped. The

owner of the vineyard came and took possession by force, and his rebellious servants were removed and punished savagely, as they deserved.

There is a parallel here that comes down to government in the United States in this year of grace. Many an American community, Kansas City among them, has put its vineyard in the hands of unfaithful servants, and found that when it wanted to take the vineyard back again, the faithless servants were too strong to overcome. These arrogant ones, swollen with stolen riches, have said in effect to the owner:

“Get out. This is our vineyard. Go home and attend to your own affairs, and perhaps we will send you a small jug of wine at Christmas.”

That is what has happened to Kansas City. Like many  
Follow to page five

#### CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED

There is much talk, particular! among those citizens who consider themselves too good to enter into “filthy politics” even to the extent of voting, to the effect that this country is the property of the politicians and the money interests, and the man in the street is merely an ineffectual protestant.

Consider these facts: According to the constitution there are, as everybody knows, three authorities which check one on the other, the executive, legislative and judicial. Also according to the constitution, any one of these three may invalidate the action of the other two. The President, as Commander-in- Chief of the Army and Navy can declare martial law at two minutes’ notice, have the Army surround the House of Representatives and allow nobody to get out until his orders are made into law.

This, of course, the President doesn’t do.

The Congress could impeach every high official in turn until it arrived at somebody satisfactory for a pinch-hitting president.

This it never does, though at times it talks through its hat about impeaching a president who happens to be unpopular with the boys

During the recent gold clause deliberations a few nit-witted Congressmen went blithering about the capital threatening the Supreme Court, the idea being that if the Court didn’t come through, the Congress would fill it up with men who know how to take orders.

And, according to the Constitution, the Congress could do just that. But it doesn’t.

Obviously, the reason for these restraints is the potential power of the man in the street. No one knows what would happen if the President, or Congress, or the Supreme Court should break the unwritten rules which are the “consent of the governed,” but it would be so unpleasant that no one has ever tempted fate. The “consent of the governed” is more than a high-sounding phrase. The Constitution and the Congress, regardless of their power, are not big enough to make any man a dictator. Only the mass of the people can do that.

Demagogues and crack brains have always done a lot of talking about the “invisible government” of the United States. But the real invisible government is the will of the people. Indifferent or militant, informed or ignorant, intelligent or emotionally unbalanced, it is the force which has the last word—and the force which is the fundamental basis for every policy.

#### FUTURE

For News Behind the Scenes

## ITALIAN JOURNEY

There is no glamor in Kansas City's edition of Little Italy. Color, sunlight, warmth, gayety, all those characteristics that come to mind when one thinks of Italy are lacking. The dull dirty streets, the drab house fronts, the smoke that overhangs the north end may make up Little Italy but there is very little Italy to be seen, except in the brown eyed children and the olive skins of the men and women passing along the grimy sidewalks. There are restaurants here and there, unattractive for the most part, though there are a few where the ravioli is good and the spaghetti even better. In them you may sit and wistfully watch swarthy and skilful gentlemen wrap their spaghetti around their forks and whisk it into their mouths without even a single hangover. Whether you try it or not depends on your nerve. It is said that there are few sights more trying to an Italian than to see an American cut up his spaghetti, but on occasions it is still the most humane thing to do.

But from almost any street you can catch a glimpse of the dominating feature of the landscape, the spire of the Church of the Holy Rosary. In those streets of dubious reputation it stands steadily. Some claim that it symbolizes an unmerited sanctuary where sinners may be absolved—to sin again. But there are others who believe that its message to the humble is that there is no sinner too base to be reclaimed. Perhaps Father Franchinatti could explain if he were not so driven by the work of his parish as to have little time for reporters.

We attended mass in the Church of the Holy Rosary one crisp Sunday morning in the fall. The church was full, and the congregation offered the full story of the Italian transition. Just in front of us was a young man, stocky as to build, and with a distinct swagger, even as he followed the service. His dark suit was cut to the latest mode. His pearl grey fedora, on the seat beside him, was snapped down jauntily. On his right hand shone a diamond solitair set in heavy gold. And just in front of him sat a woman, bent with age and hard work, her hands knotted and strong as she slid the beads of her rosary. She wore a long dark skirt and dark waist with a black shawl drawn over her head, just as her mother must have worn it perhaps in the Sicilian hills. Her eyes were fixed on the image above the altar with loving devotion.

The service came to an end. As we lingered behind the rest of the congregation an old man came slowly down the aisle that ran along the south wall. He walked slowly, smiling contentedly, his soul evidently at peace, and as he passed before the smaller shrines and images he paused to kiss his hand to each. They were his

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## THE PUBLIC HEALTH

“The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their power as a state depend. ... It should be the first duty of a statesman.” —Disraeli.

To continue our remarks of last week relative to syphilis, it may interest our readers to know that there is one nation outside of Soviet Russia which looks facts squarely in the face and which has looked facts squarely in the face long before the Romanoffs left Russia,—a nation which has dealt with venereal disease, birth control and all such taboo subjects in a truly enlightened fashion for years. We refer to the little kingdom of Denmark: since 1906, when a law was passed making free and adequate treatment of syphilis compulsory, the incidence of the disease<sup>^</sup> has gradually dropped until it was reported as having “virtually disappeared” in 1934.

Compare this record with our own: 66 of every 100,000 citizens of the United States contract the disease every month according to very reliable statistics (U. S. Public Health Service).

American physicians are carrying and always have carried a wholesome share of the care of the indigent as a duty to the community. Therefore we do not suggest saddling them with further gratuitous duties toward the syphilitic. What we do suggest is that a minimum standard be set up for diagnosis and treatment and that private medical practitioners, capable and willing to treat these cases, do so in an adequate manner, charging a reasonable fee. The fairly large proportion of patients who become delinquent through no fault of their own should have the right to appeal to the local health department for assistance in order the the doctor might be reimbursed for drugs used and granted a fair monetary allowance. This idea is being thrown out to the new commissioner of venereal diseases so that charlatans will not place his campaign in disrepute by telling their victims that their names will be turned over to the authorities if they do not pay the exorbitant prices charged by these gentry for rank and often unnecessary treatment. In this way the patient, his doctor and a representative of the health department could adjudicate the majority of the cases where proper treatment would be jeopardized by financial inadequacy, the patient would not be pauperized by being referred to a public clinic, and the city would be doing its proper duty to a large group of citizens who are a grave hazard to the community. A similar plan for the control of other communicable diseases is being followed in Detroit, and there is nothing quite so close to our American ideals for maintaining individual liberty as such a plan when properly administered.

Nineteen Thirty-five

March eighth

FUTURE

5

FINANCE

Inflation again is coming to the front as the topic of much discussion and numerous opinions to the effect that a new move in that direction soon will get under way have been expressed recently in well-informed quarters. These views appear to be well founded; at least the signs point that way.

A development in the last week or so that is expected to have an important influence in hastening inflationary measures has been the sharp break in the British pound. While that in itself is deflationary as far as the United States is concerned, lower sterling may force some of the European gold bloc nations off the gold standard, which would be inflationary.

There is little doubt that the United States will retaliate, bur how it will fight back and when remains to be seen. The treasury's stabilization fund previously had intervned to prevent unusual fluctuations. Whether it functioned in the latest plunge of the pound or not is not known. It may have poured funds into the pound but found the task too great or it may have been caught napping. It is apparent that the British stabilization fund has been inactive. The latter has led many to believe that the British have a plan in mind. They may let the pound slip a little and wait to see what Secretary Morgenthau will do. If no action is taken by the United States Treasury, the guess is that sterling will be allowed to slip a little further, but that is only a guess.

At the low point last Monday, the pound was down to about \$4.73, down more than 10

cents in three days, but more than half of Monday's 5-cent loss was recovered. From two months ago it was down about 20 cents. In comparison with the American dollar, the pound was at the lowest rate in two years. Before the latest plunge, the pound had been held near the old gold parity of \$4.86 in relation to the United States dollar.

Gossip has it that the collapse of the commodity pools in London recently has been one of the prime forces in the weakness in the pound. Leading English bankers were thought to have been involved in the mess. There also have been signs that the British recovery has been losing its pep. All this threw doubts out about the advisability of leaving funds in London.

There are other signs of inflation closer to home. The new banking legislation is considered inflationary with its proposed credit expansion features. The proposed work-relief bills carry that threat. The President has power to devalue the dollar further. At present it is around 59 per cent of the old gold dollar and the present law permits the devaluation to be carried down to 50 per cent, which would be accomplished by raising the value of gold to around \$41 an ounce. At present it is \$35.

W. M. Kiplinger, well-known writer and Washington commentator, together with Frederick Shelton, economist and long time associate of Mr. Kiplinger, have published a series of semi-personal letters on "Inflation Ahead! What to Do About It." They say inflation so far has not amounted to much but that in-

MAY WE PRESENT

OTTO P. HIGGINS

In England they train their statesmen and public men with all the intensity and expense we lavish on our professional careerists, doctors, lawyers, for example. There is a veritable topsy tradition about our public officials, they supposedly just grow into office. As a matter of cold fact there is usually a training period for their careers which may not be as deliberate as the English system but is quite as effective. As an example of a completely public official, we present Otto P. Higgins, the director of police.

Born some forty-five years ago in Streeter, Illinois, young Otto came westward in time to learn a great deal about life and men as a police reporter of the Kansas City Star. He was a good reporter, accurate, resourceful, and not given to fine writing. When the United States entered the War, Ralph Stout then managing editor of the paper sent Higgins over seas as the Star's own War correspondent. The young reporter was charged to send home colorful pieces on our boys' life in the trenches.

Thus it was that the dispatches from the Front signed "O. P. H." dwelt cosily on the mud of Flanders, the omelettes in Nancy, the acidity of vin ordinaire and such minutiae rather than on the blood, the anguish, and the whine of shrapnel. O. P. H. ate his way solidly, resourcefully, across France, achieving local fame with his reports of his gastronomic reactions and thereby mitigating the horrors of conflict for the home folks.

Upon his return he covered the prosecutor's office for his paper. Sometime during that period he must have marked, learned, and inwardly digested the benefit of legal practice. With courage and energy he studied law by night, reporting its processes by day. Prior to his graduation from law school he lined up an imposing number of prospective clients, enough at any rate to justify his withdrawal from the Fourth Estate.

For a time these promises failed to materialize. Otto P. Higgins, lawyer, hung about the

courts of justice, still learning about life and men and the inner workings of the Democratic machine. That was a rough period for Otto P. Higgins, citizen and family man.

He moved to Fairmount, Missouri, where he edited and partly owned a successful local paper. Whenever possible, he went frog hunting of an evening with an influential member of the city council. From time to time he returned to the city to handle the publicity for the Jackson County Democratic campaign.

Amiable, orthodox, and shrewd enough to pick the right partner for his frog hunts, Otto P. Higgins moulded his life and his career thoughtfully, purposefully. When Reppert went out as police director, Higgins was there, well recommended, well equipped to go in.

To go in and do a good job of directing the police inasmuch as he is able. The limit of his ability lies not so much in him as it does in those about and above him; a system of checks and balances that Otto P. Higgins thoroughly under-

It Is Your Vineyard

From page four

another American municipality, for years it has had the choice between being governed by two sets of public servants. There is, of course, no conceivable reason why any local party in Kansas City should call itself either Republican or Democratic. Republican and Democratic national principles have no bearing on municipal problems. The party designations, so far as the city is concerned, are certainly outworn labels, retained from force of habit and in the hope that they will continue to attract certain voters who will imagine they are following in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson by voting for the representatives of "Doc" Horton, Thomas J. Pendergast or Cas Welch. To these practical gentlemen it must be a pretty good belly laugh that persons as simple as this continue to exist.

So long as we continue to leave our municipal vineyards in charge creased volume of currency and bank credit will develop extensively next year and a big boom will be in full swing in 1937. They advise taking your money out of fixed incomes and placing it in some sort of equity which will increase with inflation.

Real estate, common stocks and commodities are considered the best investments to safeguard against inflation, while bonds, mortgages, preferred stocks and fixed income are not affected as to returns.

B. O. B.

of unfaithful servants, so long those servants will continue to make it their vineyards, and will wax fat and arrogant upon the proceeds. Nor will an occasional message of protest sent by a steward or a favorite son on a white horse be of any avail to dislodge them. They will continue to beat up, and, if necessary, kill the emissary of protest, sent every four years on election day.

To dislodge the scoundrels in the vineyards it will be necessary to go up against them with force of ballots. It will be necessary to plan in advance and to make possible honest elections. Having achieved that, it will be necessary to arouse public sentiment to the point where the public regards this as a problem in which it personally is concerned. The public must see that it is paying the bill for the year around "good thing" the boys are Follow to page eight

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stands. He is no crusader, his long years of preparation for the job obviously would quench such fires if they ever burned in him. He is a trained public man, alert in the promotion of Otto P. Higgins steadily upward and onward. He sees to it that traffic regulations are enforced, that the town's name as a hot-spot is not smirched by too much heat. He is intelligently kind to reporters and tolerant of reformists. Without losing weight he manages to tread the complexities of the local political dance without treading on too many important toes.

The middle initial in his name may stand for Peter or Paul or both. Otto P. Higgins as a typically American political figure we salute you.

BEAUX

ARTS

The Borgias did it in Florence and there was that Roman gentleman, Maecenas—in fact, there are countless historical precedents established for beaux-art balls, those occasions on which society goes arty, the artist goes social and art, per se, is given a financial lift.

The mad modern ball held last Saturday at the Muehlebach by the Kansas City Art Institute succeeded on all counts. It was a good party. The local social lights were not too, too Bohemian, the local artists were not too, too diffident in the presence of so many Philistines, the Ideal police, aimably represented by two traffic cops and a small cordon of plain clothes men managed to forget the steady roar of our local crime wave, the fire department is reported to have put out some twenty minor blazes (one fireman nobly sacrificing his highball in the line of duty) and the maintenance fund of the Kansas City Art Institute gained about \$600.

Credit for that balance goes to Frank Houston and his committee, who, with wit and wisdom, spent little on decorations, invitations, and such non-essentials, using their time and energy to create a good advance publicity and a determinedly esprit de corps. Mrs. Edwin Shield practically single handed gathered together enough appalling amateur paintings to make their auctioning by Tom Collins one of the high spots of the evening.

The maddest, if not the most modern, angle of the ball was the reporting of it. The Star gave it page 1 position, playing up the adjective "abandon" and valiantly describing all costumes as vivid,

Follow to page seven

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Nineteen Thirty-five

6

FUTURE

March eighth

MANNERS

MODES

New York, March 5, 1935.

All the cables in the world about the new Parisian emphasis on the feminine with patterned faille suits, open-front jackets, and bouffant effects apparently hasn't turned New Yorkers away from mannish lines ... at least as far as suits are concerned. . . . The newest being in men's wear gab- erdeen from Bon wit Teller's in cruiser blue or caramel brown . . . and Macy's favorite blue sheer dress from their little shop buttons mannishly up the front and boasts a pig-skin belt. . . . Still femininity is gaining ground slowly though surely. . . . Witness the tailored lace shirt frock and jacket by Barker at Russek's . . . and the taffetas, petticoats from Bon- wit's with pleated ruffles that are worn as well under slim suits as billowing chiffons . . . and in evening it's well established . . . which brings up Oppenheim Collins' fuschia chiffon cocktail dresses . . . and Lord and Taylor's alencon lace gown whose spectacularly new full skirt swings out from a narrow velvet ribbon at the waist . . . not in black as you would expect but in Pervenche blue or coral.  
Rita.

Paris has written many an "ode to Spring" this season with its pinks and yellows and greens and flower prints; and New York has translated them them gaily into Americanese—but the translations, judging from the little tickets so well hidden under folds of Rodier wool or Colcombet silk at our own openings last week, seem almost as far removed from our pocket-books as the creations themselves. All of which may have sent your dreams of fashionable splendor a little tumbling recently. But things are never as bad as they seem, and since hope and the desire for new clothes spring eternal in the heart of a woman, a little attention to the price situation shows new angles that .can send your dreams soaring again. In other words, fly with me to the realms of medium priced wear (everything mentioned here this week costs under thirty dollars and usually way under), and see for yourself all the smartness and charm you've been admiring in more expensive "worthy opponents."

At the Downtown Stores

Aside from suits which seem to be getting more publicity than they need, (it's almost as bad as it was last year with the N. R. A.!), there are plenty of grand dresses and silk ensembles at all the big stores to add dashing touches of style to any collection. They vary, in material, from soft

wools to matelasses, heavy crepes, and even sheers, and run a devious course from grey through brown to black, but seem to meet on common ground in more popular shades of blue. At Kline's, for instance, there's a navy blue crepe with an unusual corded jabot and another with sheer sleeves enhanced by bands of tucked insertion that are masterpieces in original design; and blue is expressed again at Adler's in a sheer dress whose collar, lapels, and vestee of row after row of yellow grosgrain ribbon give it the appearance of a suit, and in an

#### I GAINED FIVE POUNDS

By KATIE KITCHEN

Part of the fun of visiting is meeting new food. Of course you have to choose your hostess carefully, but with just a little care in that direction you can be reasonably sure of a few new gastronomic experiences. There isn't a good housekeeper in the world who doesn't have a specialty or two. Having just returned from Chicago I am naturally inclined to talk about it. For general conversation I can give you the Golden Glove fights, "Roberta," and a number of other items, and then we come to food.

An innovation that I liked—and don't tell me you've been having it like that for years—was consomme served in a glass with a layer of whipped cream over the top. The trick is that you drink it instead of messing around with a spoon. Faced with an emergency luncheon my hostess tore open a can of sardines, arranged them on toast and covered them with a cream sauce well spiked with cheese. The result was a dish that had the earmarks of real talent and the speed of a short order house.

Another bit of tasteful touching up was done with a platter of vegetables, cauliflower in the center and carrots and peas, in separate units, around the edge. Considerable damage was done to the looks of the dish as it was passed, and it was removed to the kitchen. When it came back the cauliflower had been repaired with a dressing of bread crumbs, browned in butter, and the whole dish had been put under the flame long enough to freshen everything and give it the appearance of a brand new offering. Incidentally the dressing on the cauliflower was excellent and needn't be saved, necessarily, for the second helping. It would give considerable lift to the vegetable if made part of the original dish.

Over at Gus's, that remarkable combination of simplicity and superb food, they serve a nice combination dish of string beans—haricots verts, if you go native—cut lengthwise, spaghetti, and ravioli all covered with a highly seasoned Italian sauce. You have no idea how exciting a string bean can be until you meet it in the midst of tomato, garlic and Parmesan cheese.

One other item appealed to me as a hopeful sign of imagination, and that was gingerbread baked on the waffle iron. It seems you make gingerbread batter as usual, taking care not to get it too stiff. Butter your iron thoroughly and cook your gingerbread as if it were a waffle. Put two sections together with a layer of whipped cream in between and serve hot. It makes a good luncheon dish and a grand dessert after a light dinner.

There were a lot of other interesting things to eat, such as shrimps Creole, with a sauce containing everything sharp, piquant, and tasty that you have encountered; chicken livers in rice; and a new cold beef that Swift and Company are just putting on the market that has something very special in the way of flavor. And before it's too late let me recommend that you make it a point, next time you are in Chicago, to take at least one meal in the International House at the University of Chicago. They run to internationality in food as well as in students

and the result is eternally and internally interesting. The day I was there they were specializing in chop suey that was perfectly delicious. You can get other things, too, but the best thing to do is to stick to whatever national is in the gastronomic ascendancy.

honest-to-goodness crepe suit with an honest-to-goodness mannish vest of natural linen.

Harzfeld's have blue, too, in inexpensive doses —particularly a crepe dress with "Alix" sleeves.

Or, if the navy top-coat of your new three-piece suit calls for a grey "extra," the crepe dress with pleated godets in the sleeves, blue taffetas at the neck, plus a smart self-cape at Kline's, and the more

This Dress and Suit being shown at Adler's

taupe one at Rothschild's with a matching corduroy coat should fill the bill. And even livelier—for grey is so apt to be dead-looking—is the ensemble sketched here from Adler's, in elephant grey matelasse with an attached taffetas blouse in checks of grey and apple green (a combination as luscious now as when Mother used it for her first "party-dress") and a stitched matelasse cape.

At the Smaller Shops

But hold your hats (a new Breton sailor or chamois sports hat, we hope) for there is more to come —this time from the small shops that are the real meccas of low-priced but high-styled fashionables. The Nanette Shop in the President Hotel is one of these, and although some of the models there spell California with just a dash too much of Hollywood, a great many of them have the clever individuality that Medeleine Vionnet and her ilk demand—all for less than ten dollars! "Only one of a kind" is the by-word there, so the following may have left the hanger ere this goes to print, but a blue sheer with a big white silk corded frog at the neck and another on the stiffened belt and a blue matelasse two-piece effect with a large rosette and dangle of white silk as it's only ornament are worth mentioning. At Deutsch's on the Plaza, the dresses are clever, too—and a great many of them have climbed way out of their price range in appearance. Take, just for instance, a light blue waffle-weave sheer with a dark blue kerchief and a dark blue jacket finished with corded revers or a navy crepe with a quilted taffetas ascot and a matching quilted jacket that can serve a thousand other purposes. Or, if you prefer to "discover bargains" from amongst "out-of-your-range" things, try the Butler Brookside Shop and perhaps a blue shirt-waist crepe with a band and bow of grosgrain at the neck and a quilted jacket, or i another navy with lighter blue linen revers and a cluster of brighter blue grapes (just like Hattie Carnegie!) are just right for you.

Style on a Shoe-String

Of course, mentioning these few shops picked at random geographically may be omitting just the one you particularly favor for your "extras"—but the list is practically inexhaustible as should be your energy at this point—for the thing that makes a moderately priced wardrobe take on expensive airs is, as always, the personality of the wearer expressed at its best. Well-planned accessories help tremendously, to be sure, (as we shall see next week) but a green bag or a periwinkle hat are of little avail if the costume they supplant lacks the charm that comes from careful choice and attention to detail. So shop around, and the result may look like Molyneux but leave enough in your bank account for the Fandango red boucle suit with a hand-knitted top trimmed with crystal cube buttons illustrated from Adler's. I. E.

SLIPPING UP ON SLIP-COVERS

Housecleaning may seem as much of an ordeal to your family as the Hauptmann trial was to

the Lindberghs—but looking beyond into Spring refurbishing may serve as an effective antidote. And if the refurbishing includes new slipcovers, the antidote may be gay as well. For materials in chair-land this season are bright and colorful; in fact they radiate color—if that is possible—and in beams that blend into almost rainbow harmony. (Which may sound a little poetic for prosaic chintzes and linens, but the point is that materials this year are often far from prosaic in either tint or design.)

Speaking of poetic design brings up the subject of hand-painted material that Margaret Ostertag and Lucy Drage are showing, particularly one that has a white background painted in soft rose ribbonlike panels with a few flowers here and there, and another that looks like a Fortuni print whose designs have been encrusted with mother-of-pearl. They're both lovely, but a little impractical, I suppose, if you can hear in the Recreation Room below you "the patter of little feet." However, the new quilted effects shown at the same places or at Town and Country are really practical and come in gay or somber colors as the circumstances demand. For the most part these quilted things (either really quilted or just appearing that way) are done in solid shades of cotton material; but at Town and Country there is a chintz presenting green leaves on a white background that has really caught the spirit of Spring and may give it to your wintry living-room.

Aside from these new developments, of course, there are always attractive chintzes and linens and cottons to be considered. But the accent, this year, seems to be more on plain colored materials than on columbines or easter lilies—and Follow to page eight

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Nineteen Thirty-five

March eighth

FUTURE

LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

MUSIC

Hi-Di-Ho Jinks

Convention Hall Monday Night sounded to the large show of the Community minstrels, their interlocutor, and the audience. The solo performers rose in their turn to do songs, the end men responded in the tried and true ponderous manner of end men to the ponderous jokes propounded by the Hon. Ruby Garrett, as interlocutor, and the audience buzzed comfortably, with an air of eating peanuts.

The oldtime minstrel show as a professional and going concern is long dead, but so honorably dead that its memory is raised every year in every state of this union by amateur or semi-professional groups, gathering to give the hometown people a taste of what used to be a very potent style of entertainment in show business. It is as bound by formula and routine as an old Italian opera or a burlesque show, but the tradition imparts a flavor—one might almost say as of Tony Pastor’s if the difference between Pastor’s intimate and florid establishment and Convention Hall were not so great as to be ludicrous.

The jokes in this show of the Comunity church were aimed largely at current affairs and local names, which was orthodox and appreciated by the friendly and casual audience. A number of the solo songs were excellent; one after Bert Williams, perhaps the grandest old name in minstrel was very good indeed.

Since nearly everybody in Kansas City heard the show, one need not endeavor to say how well received, were Dr. Burris Jenkins and Mr. Ottley Cranston. Mr. Cranston’s “Old Black Joe” and Dr. Jenkins’ “Oh! Dem Golden “Slippers” met with entirely wholehearted enjoyment on the audience’s part.

The talent which this city has contributed so notably to stage and screen seems still to be welling. The specialty dances were good, every one, and it is only a weakness for dancing negro children which makes me say Eithel Bouie (“aged 10”) and Georgia Jones (“aged 11”) were extra good.

The team of Bridges and Bridges, eight and five-year-old wands, bent, leaped and fell with great eclat and grave mien, the smaller Bridges intent on equalling and possibly surpassing the senior Bridges, whose legs were stronger but whose back was no more pliant.

But it would be impossible to do everyone justice in a single column. Saint to: Betty June Wells Hardon Watson Frank Anderson The Three Racketeers Hal Clark Jules Tessedre George Hook Eddie Rottman Charles Stickel Dick Hulse Melvin and Harvey Cliff Gistrap Bill Frazier Eugene Grosch Harry Inman Leo Stoltz Jensen and Letto Peters and Wells

N. L. S.

THEATRE

"Roberta" was produced last year in New York. It was adapted from a story by Alice Duer Miller, and set to music by Jerome Kern. It had a notable success, and gave America one of its most popular theme songs, the throbby "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." The stage production had everything but Fred Astaire, the movie has everything the stage production had plus Fred Astaire and therein lies the difference. Never has Astaire's superb dancing shown off to better advantage. His solo to the tune, "I Won't Dance," leaves you with that warm feeling which you have after witnessing absolute perfection. With Ginger Rogers, he has mastered the type of casual dancing that Jack Buchanan and Jessie Mathews used to do, but Astaire's routine is more cleverly conceived, and more perfectly executed. Ginger Rogers, sleek as a Mercedes-Benz, doubles for Lyda Roberti to a satisfying degree. Inspired and trained by Astaire, she has improved amazingly in her dancing. Irene Dunne, looking very chic and very beautiful, sings better than ever, and positively wilts the masculine half of the audience during "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

The story concerns a young football hero, Randolph Scott, who inherits the gown shop of his aunt, the most famous couturiere in Paris. Irene Dunne is the impoverished Russian princess, who is the head designer, and with whom the rugged hero falls in love. Fred Astaire appears on the scene as an orchestra leader, a college pal of Randolph Scott's, who finds his childhood sweetheart, Ginger Rogers, the current rage of Paris. She is posing as a Polish - countess, complete with accent, because she has found that it helps put over her crooning. The erstwhile fiancée of Randolph Scott appears, and almost spikes the romance between him and Irene. Ginger and Fred save the day, down all obstacles, and fall in love themselves. This is typical musical comedy, but there are no chorus numbers—hallelujah!

The sets are pleasant, the fashion show gowns are stunning, and Jerome Kern's music—with additions by Dorothy Fields and Jimmie McHugh of "Blackbirds" fame—is the kind you remember. Add Astaire, Rogers, and Dunne to these elements, and you have a picture that lures you into sitting through two showings, and sends you forth raving about it to all your friends.

"Vanessa," concerning the daughter of the Walpole-Herries family, is done in complete bustle-age tradition. The atmosphere is middle- Victorian, and is carried out with that nicety of detail for which the people at M-G-M are becoming famous. Helen Hayes, in the title role, suffers in that manner peculiarly her own. Robert Montgomery, as Benjie Herries, is a devil-may-care vouth, in love with Vanessa, turns in a sincere performance that becomes slightly subdued for the irrepressible Bob, in the latter part of the picture. May Robson is a delight as the sharply witty, and lovably crochety old Judith Paris. Besides these three, there is a long and distinguished cast that includes Lewis Stone, Henry Stephenson, Otto Kruger and Violet Kemple-Cooper.

This is a good picture, well-

EXHIBITION

Lighten Studios

An exhibit of small statuary, vases and figures of one sort and another has been placed at the Lighten Studios this week. Much of the show can be catalogued generally as ceramics; there is, however, a small number of wood carvings and unglazed casts.

The list of contributors is rather small, includes Dave Gilleylen, Ned Catich, Walter Ellfeldt, John Wisely, Vernon Alien, Jeanette Klein, Mildred Welch Hammond, Marvin Martin, Fern Perry

Wall, Wallace Rosenbauer, and Edgar Johnson.

Mr. Rosenbauer has contributed a figure which he calls "Earth Receives The Sun," a lush feminine body, kneeling with head thrown back horizontal to the ground, and a face expressing the agony of worship.

"Circus Horse" of Mrs. Hammond's is the largest piece in the show, a woodcarving some two feet high. The horse has his legs gathered under him, his neck arched, and is a remarkably compact and convincing piece of work.

A female figure which took honorable mention at the Midwestern is the work of Jeanette Klein—a nicely poised and robust figure in an heroic mould.

There are some three dozen small human figures, torsoes, animals, dishes and vases by these Kansas City Students which are very reasonably priced and whose fitness for use or display in one's home is unquestioned. The prices on the larger pieces, including those mentioned above, are moderate, and there is hardly a contribution, large or small, which is not worth buying, and keeping. We ought to do more buying from our own artists and craftsmen; the work is good, sometimes very fine, and the creators are working in our own environment, in our midst.

An exhibit which is being kept for a while longer in the Lighton Studios is that of paintings, drawings-, lithographs and watercolors by Larry Richmond, Glen Rounds, John W. Orth, and the woodcuts by Jim Edd Spencer. A number of the Richmond lithographs have been seen in Kansas City galleries before; "Image of Athens" and "Woman With Horse" are recommended to your attention. Richmond has created an amusing impression in color of one of Kansas City's least polite places to sit and talk, Dante's Inferno.

Jim Edd Spencer's woodcuts do not represent a good standard of his work. Stylized and dry, they are reminiscent of the woodcuts which came out of Provincetown some ten years ago or more, when industrial scenes and designs reflecting mechanics were startling if not valid expressions of art.

The drawings of Glen Rounds, I from a traveller's sketchbook, show strongly the sense of scene and tone which is associated with Thomas Hart Benton. Most of them are washed in the colors of the burnt West of these years, and have a good deal of force, though they are far from being finished work. N. L. S. mounted, ably acted, and well worth seeing—but, won't they give us a story just once in which Helen Hayes can be ecstatically happy and care-free at the same time? M. J.

Beaux Arts

From page five

chaotic, exotic, and glamorous. Incidentally, there were few enough costumes to describe, even the art students and artists failed to dress or undress except for one or two conspicuous exceptions. The Journal-Post on page 7 felt the affair "dazzling" and, obviously enough, Bohemian. It did not show quite as much enthusiasm over it as did the Star, nor did it mention the bar, which the Star described as "ingratiating." To balance that omission, however, the J. P. described two South Sea costumes which the Star reporter failed to see; one supposedly worn by a lady who actually was clad in a conventional evening gown but was in an old-fashioned huff, the other gal to whom a South Sea Island costume attributed was reported in the Star as wearing a white chef's hat. Such confusion on the part of the wayward press gives the seal of real gaiety to any gala event.

Italian Journey

From page four

friends in whom he had faith, and he greeted them lovingly.

I have seen a big shot gangster, in his big car with his body guard and his henchmen here in the streets of Kansas City. And in the Cathedral of Milan I saw a tiny shrivelled peasant woman, too humble to use the prie-dieu, kneeling on the floor before the shrine of the Virgin with unutterable love shining in her eyes. They have met in Little Italy, in Kansas City's north end, and they survive together, side by side.

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FUTURE

March eighth

SPORTS

New Big Six Champions

Iowa State's Cyclones, by their defeat of Kansas State Monday night, brought the first Big Six basketball championship to the Cyclone campus. While they were not the favorites when the season started, their form soon showed that they would have to be reckoned with in the matter of the championship.

Kansas U., the pre-season favorite, will have to be satisfied with second place for the first time in five years. K. U.'s schedule called for sixteen conference games while Iowa State only had ten scheduled. If both teams had played the same number of conference games the results might have been different.

With K. U. having the last five championships tacked up on their gym door, no one should begrudge Iowa State the title this year. Prof. Louis Menze, coach at Iowa State, has shown smart coaching with the Cyclones this year, and their winning of the Big Six title is well deserved.

K. C. A. C. Meet

Doctor Joseph Reilly's K. C. A. C. meet at Convention Hall last Saturday was successful from just about every angle. Although it had been three years since the doctor's last Blue Diamond meet, the track fans flocked to this track festival just as in days of old, and they saw a good show.

The big star and main attraction of the meet was the former K. T.J. star, Glenn Cunningham. The big thrill and climax of the entire program was the special 1,000-yard race between these three stars of national track fame—Cunningham, Elton Brown, and Glenn Dawson. This was a beautiful race to watch. The results were as all spectators had predicted; Cunningham won with ease.

Babe's Youth Returns

What to do with Babe Ruth has had all baseball moguls, fans and writers worried for several months. His sale to the Boston Braves by the N. Y. Yankees puts all this worry into the laps of two individuals; Judge Fuchs, president of the Braves, and Bill McKechnie, the manager.

They now have the all-time prima donna of baseball, but owing to the fact that the Babe's playing days as a regular are over, and that McKechnie's manager contract is ironclad for two years, it looked as if Babe's name on the roster would be about the end of it.

Now Ruth has solved this problem. He states that he is good for more than 100 games this coming season, that he's going to raise his batting average, and cover the outfield as it was never covered before. Well—I'll bet this is a big relief to Mr. McKechnie.

## Hockey

The hockey season is fast drawing to a close and the fight for play-off positions has become more tense.

The St. Louis Flyers just about have No. 1 position in the league sewed up. The K. C. Greyhounds have a real struggle to hold on to No. 2 position. The Tulsa Oilers are giving the Hounds a real battle for that second place spot.

## It Is Your Vineyard

From page five

making out of the municipal vineyards. Then it will be necessary to find men capable of governing the city squarely and willing to make the sacrifice entailed. It is not a job that many men will desire. Those who do desire it usually may be viewed with suspicion. As an observing chaplain of the regular army once remarked anent a lieutenant who desired to be regimental mess officer, "No honest man wants to be a mess officer." Nevertheless, somebody has to be mess officer and somebody has to govern cities on behalf of the taxpayers, if they are not to be governed by plunderers. Here, it will be perceived, is a life-size job, and the achievement of which is likely to last a long while. It is to that job that FUTURE is dedicated. That there is a widespread and growing interest in the attempt has been made clear in the last six months. The growth of this newsweekly has shown very clearly that Kansas Citians are not asleep to the peril and the disgrace of permitting the vineyard to be ruled by unscrupulous "public servants," who in truth serve no one but themselves.

But they do that handily; they do it steadily and profitably, and they have no intention of letting loose until they are pried loose. It is up to all of you who vote and pay taxes to do the prying. It is your vineyard, not theirs. What are you going to do about it?

## Slipping Up on Slip-covers

From page six

what these new textiles have lost in gay design they have gained in unusual shades and practicability. Taylor's have enough mohair, dust-proof and wrinkle-proof, to cover all the furniture in Buckingham Palace (which might be a blessing for the English people!) and in grand shades of greens, blues, yellows, etc., in plain, herringbone, and other novelty weaves. And Earl Altaire has a chartreuse cotton linen with a self-stripe running crosswise that is smart and modern. However, if you still cling to more design, try Taylor's practical printed mohair, and more specifically a plum-colored one with green and white flowers, or some of Peck's two or three-toned Homespun.

Checks and stripes as gay as in your new tailored suit are not to be neglected, of course, although outside of suitdom they seem to have fallen behind plainer things in popularity. And there are lots of linens and piques about to fill this requirement—notably in diagonal pattern^ that may be simple or complex as the colors and textiles demand. These range from sportiness to elegance in a buff whipcord at Ostertag's with a red and brown stitched yarn-like diagonal and a beige cotton at Lucy Drage's with a diagonal in peach chenille. But\* they're all smart and new, and designed for fashionable interiors!

Brown and Weeks, a FUTURE advertiser, got four new gas and oil accounts within the last two weeks—but they don't know about it because the customer in each case omitted to mention that he saw the ad in FUTURE. In addition to patronizing FUTURE advertisers, it wouldn't do us a bit of harm if you mention the magazine when you buy.

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Strip Act the Police Missed

From page one

Kansas City police statistics were published, the rate of auto theft in Kansas City was shown to be only about half what it was in St. Louis. Not the number, mind you, but the rate, which is strictly proportional. And for the same period auto theft insurance rates were three times as high as for St. Louis. Insurance rates are based on risk, and risk means the number of cars stolen. Immediately after the publication of these unusual figures, statistics from Kansas City were omitted and have not reappeared.

Let us take a look at the comparative figures. In 1934 a Ford car valued at \$500 could be insured in St. Louis for \$8.40. In Kansas City the cost was \$27.35, over three times as much. And the St. Louis insurance companies reported profits while Kansas City concerns were losing money. According to the reports of the St. Louis police, in the "Uniform Crime Reports," the rate of auto theft for the first quarter of 1934 was 65.3 per hundred thousand of population, and 58.9 for the second quarter. The Kansas City police reported a rate per hundred thousand of 30.8 and 35.3 for the same periods. In other words, with a theft risk, based on losses, three times as great, only about half as many crimes were reported by the police. Incidentally, note that "auto theft," to the Police Department, includes not only total losses but cars taken out, and recovered stripped. Car stripping doesn't seem to flourish in St. Louis.

In the fourth bulletin, covering the entire year, St. Louis is charged with 2,274 auto thefts, or a rating per hundred thousand of population of approximately 275. The quarterly rating is fairly uniform with a slight rise in the last quarter. Take an approximation based on the two ratings given Kansas City. The total for the first half of the year is 66.1. Double it for the entire year and even add a dividend to match the St. Louis increase. Call it an auto theft rate of 135 per hundred thousand of population, or a total of about 540 cars stolen for the year 1934. A single insurance adjuster, who opened his office last spring, reports between eleven and twelve hundred losses on auto theft claims. Recall that insurance companies don't lose unless a car is lost first. And there are other companies and other adjusters.

J. EDGAR HOOPER

What's the matter? Why the grotesque discrepancy between the figures offered for public consumption and for the use of the Department of Justice by the Police Department, and the figures produced by a study of insurance statistics. If St. Louis is harder on cars than Kansas City, why aren't insurance rates materially less?

The figures given in the Uniform Crime Reports are labeled "Offenses known to the police." Don't our police know? Aren't they told when cars are stolen? Or do they believe in emulating the daisies? Is there something equally funny about the statistics dealing with such crimes as homicide and larceny? The Division of Investigation omitted Kansas City from its official publication. Is it possible that the Division of Investigation rejected the report of the police department simply because they couldn't believe it?

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