

## FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today

Vol. II No. 2

Kansas City, Missouri, July 19, 1935

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## FUTURISMS

Friends of Roy McKittrick, state attorney general, are said to be wearing "McKittrick for Governor" buttons at this early season. We tender the suggestion they first find out who the Governor-Maker has selected to do his bidding in that office first. Tom's last choice was a comparatively unknown country judge who has served his maker well.

Col. Ruby D. Garrett, apostle of machine politics has been elected national president of the Rainbow Division at a meeting in Washington. Although the colonel's innate modesty may curtail his appearances on the public platform, it still seems not unlikely the boys will hear an occasional reference to bald heads, beautiful women, sons of ministers and an officer's fondness for fried chicken. -

Forrest Smith, the state auditor, inherited a tough nut to crack from the recent unlamented legislative session. He has to figure how to pass a 1 per cent sales tax on the consumer, beginning August 27. Uncle Sam has told him his contract for 15 million tokens is unconstitutional. Mr. Smith should hire an expert worrier to save wear and tear on his nervous system.

By the way, has anyone noted that Mr. Pendergast is returning—with a wifely indisposition—just in time to tune in to Mr. Farley's trip west?

## REORGANIZATION

Around the first of this year, the Kansas City Publishers Corporation temporarily suspended publication of their then weekly newspaper in order to reorganize, enlarge, and to issue FUTURE in its present form. After this issue we are going to suspend again for a few weeks, for the same purpose. We believe you will like the next issue of FUTURE as much as you did Volume One, Number One. Our credo and policies will be the same, but the scope will be broadened to include affairs which are becoming just as interesting in relation to our aims as the news behind the local scene . . . Youth is interested and youth is organizing—not the hair-brained and radical ones now, but the huge, overwhelming majority of American youth, the youth that must pay the bills. And they WILL pay but they're going to have something to say about it while the bills are running up. FUTURE is their paper. Subscribe to it. Be on the list for the new next issue. The circulation department is not suspending, and neither are any of the others.

## BUT DON'T MENTION MY NAME

Ladies and gentlemen, hail the Stuffed Shirt, a species of homo sapiens that roars like a lion on safe subjects and scurries to cover like a frightened rabbit when the taboo subject of city politics is mentioned. "Go to it, boys; I'm for you, but, oh, don't mention my name." Unfortunately for the future wellbeing of Kansas City, this illustration is not the only Stuffed Shirt in these parts. Their numbers are legion; they head big businesses, stand high in professional circles and are found on important civic committees.

You know the species well; you read their titbits of wisdom on "safe" subjects in the daily papers; you are impressed by their profundity, amazed by their executive ability. Frequently

they are to be found supporting well-padded paunches over the banquet table while they orate on "this great metropolis of the Middle West" or launch into such rapturous praise of some other Stuffed Shirt that even his best friends don't know him.

Did you ever discuss city politics with one? It's a revealing experience. If he is honest, he will say: "Now you know how it is. I can't buck this machine alone. They'd ruin me." More often the business man lapses into an uncomfortable silence. Visions of retribution visited on those who have dared speak forth flit through his mind.

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SIMPLY EXPLAIN, MARY

FOREIGN

IT. 8. Backs Anti-War Pact

After expressing grave concern over the East African situation to the Italian Ambassador and consulting informally with the British and French representatives in Washington, Secretary of State Cordell Hull through a statement issued to the press last Saturday declared the Briand-Kellogg Pact to be "no less binding now than when it was entered into by the sixty- three nations that are parties to it/" and definitely placed the United States on the side of those nations that are working for a peaceful adjustment of the Italo-Ethiopian controversy. In view of President Roosevelt's prompt rejection on July 6 of Emperor Haile Selassie's appeal to invoke the pact, this unexpected move on the part of the Washington Government caused great surprise in diplomatic circles.

No Further Action Expected

Although the pact was not invoked, this declaration of American policy should act as a strong reminder to Premier Mussolini that this country will not regard his African adventure as justifiable if he resorts to war, and may serve as an indication to the world that Washington is more interested in the dispute than was generally thought. Most observers are inclined to believe, however, that the United States will go no further than the present enunciation of principle, and do not expect any active American participation if the dispute reaches a point of actual warfare. The State Department, having in mind the sharp rebuffs it received when it called attention to the anti-war pact during the Chino-Russian quarrel in 1929 and during the Chino-Japanese hostilities in 1931, does not wish to become involved in any situation that has little or no bearing on American interests, but is evidently determined to make every effort to support all peace agencies.

Little Entente Warns Austria

Another step toward restoration of the monarchy in Austria was made during the week by the cancellation of anti-Hapsburg laws. No immediate restoration is expected to follow but the move caused considerable anxiety in Little Entente circles where there is strong opposition to a return of the former ruling family. After conferring with Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia, Nicolaus Titulescu, Rumanian Foreign Minister warned that members of the Little Entente would be forced to mobilize their armies if the dynasty were restored. He indicated, however, that the return of the Hapsburg properties was considered an internal affair of Austria and would not affect the immediate policy of the succession states.

## U. S.-Soviet Trade Pact

A one year trade agreement was negotiated this week between the United States and the Soviet Union by which the Soviet Government agreed to buy \$30,000,000 worth of American goods during the coming year. The accord made no mention of the defaulted Russian debt and was negotiated under the United States Trade Agreement Act of 1934. Under the same act, agreements have been concluded with Brazil, Belgium and Czechoslovakia. The purpose of these pacts is to expand overseas markets for American products by increasing opportunities for the sale of foreign goods in the United States.

G. L. C.

Bad news and worse zips over the wires from Washington about Mary Edna Cruzen and her inadvertent blunder in sending letters to federal employees in St. Louis assessing them 1 per cent of their June salaries for the Democratic national committee's debt. Missouri political wiseacres look on aghast.

They hear reports W. Frank Persons will cut Missouri off from its \$88,000 share in federal reemployment service funds to run Mrs. Cruzen's position as labor commissioner. Far worse, they hear that even the state's 100-million-dollar allotment for public works may be held up, unless Mrs. Cruzen is good. They learn the federals have demanded her resignation and Governor Park is battling valiantly for her.

Could it be possible Matthew S. Murray, Pendergast federal works progress administrator in Missouri won't have his 100 million dollars to spend? What's all the dust being kicked up about, they ask.

Mrs. Cruzen's assessment, or 'lug,' was a modest one, as political lugs go in this state. Compared to some of the 10 per cent and 20 per cent ones put on political jobholders to carry some election for "democracy," it is comparatively insignificant.

FUTURE makes bold to answer the query of what all the fuss is about. It seems there is a national election next year. Mrs. Cruzen's ill-timed lug has fallen like an arsenal of ammunition into the hands of foes of the national administration. When campaign speeches fill the air, all the enemies of President Roosevelt will be citing Mrs. Cruzen as an example that the 5 billion dollar public works fund was used "to win the election." That's why there are worried officials in Washington these days demanding Mrs. Cruzen's scalp as proof the administration is "pure." Tom Pendergast, who appointed her, is home again and he will tell her what to do.

The federal government looks upon the 1 per cent assessment as a political "shakedown." W. F. Persons, Washington, United States employment director, has written Gov. Guy B. Park a red hot letter on the matter, threatening to cut off federal aid for the Missouri employment service.

FUTURE always and wholeheartedly subscribes to the principle of no political assessments for public employes and to Mr. Persons we extend an invitation to visit Kansas City and see what really can be done in the way of taking the wages of political jobholders from the jobholders to keep the machine in power.

With election jackpot "lugs," dues to ward clubs and donations for this and that political whatnot a jobholder in the Pendergast organization has found it difficult to stay alive the last two years and faces an even tougher spell ahead prior to the 1936 election. Along with salary cuts made necessary to keep the organization supplied with more jobs and to finance public works for Pendergast companies an employe is lucky to come through a year with 70 per cent

of his stated salary.

In putting a "lug" of only 1 per cent on the employes in her department Mrs. Cruzen was a piker as compared with her machine brothers in Kansas City. Nevertheless her letter to the employes asking for the donation to be used for the Democratic national committee stirred a tempest in Washington.

When Sen. Bennett C. Clark of St. Louis was running for the Democratic nomination he was opposed by Charles M. Howell, Pendergast's man. Mrs. Cruzen supported Howell, won Pendergast's support and lost Clark's. To repay her, Pendergast had Governor Park name her state labor commissioner and rename her this month for another four-year term. When Clark heard about the letter to employes demanding they pay over 1 per cent of their June salaries he wrote Persons demanding action be taken against Mrs. Cruzen. Persons then wrote the following letter to Governor Park:

"From several sources I have been informed of the letter addressed by the commissioner of labor in Missouri to employes of the Missouri state employment service requiring the contribution of 1 per cent of salary for June, 1935, to be paid to the treasurer of the state Democratic committee.

"I have had opportunity to talk personally with the commissioner of labor of Missouri on this subject and have advised her that the United States employment service regards such action as imperiling 'the freedom from political influence which, as required by the Wagner Peyser act, must be safeguarded.

"In consequence of this we shall be unable to renew affiliations with the Missouri state employment service which has expired at June 30, 1935, unless and until this practice is discontinued and definitely avoided.

"There are other essential requirements of the recently enacted state law and of the Wagner-Peyser act, which must be mutually accepted and established in order to accomplish the renewal of affiliations."

The governor recently said the letter written by Mrs. Cruzen was "a mistake" and has made no statement regarding the letter from Washington. Mrs. Cruzen says it all is a political squabble and that Clark is trying to get even because she supported Howell. She had no explanation of the assessment

WAR AND PEACE

There is much "viewing with alarm" concerning huge federal expenditures for the last four fiscal years, which amount to a total of \$25,000,000,000. This is approximately equal to the total of all expenditures of the Federal Government from 1789 to 1914. It is also a little over 80 per cent of the war time expenditures of 1918 and 1919—and one-fifth of it was used to pay for past and future wars.

Druggists Guaranteed  
Made by  
Denver Mud Chemical Co.  
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ONE WORD DOES IT

It was bound to happen. Our former friend of several years ago, the one-armed bandit with the whirling discs, is spreading into the residence district of Kansas City again to rob children of nickels and pay fabulous profits to the gambling syndicate that operates them, under political

protection of course.

Slot machines are with us. For a while they clanged north of Thirty-first street but that was too much to expect. Now they're moving into the south residence district. The racing discs of cherries, lemons, plums and bars that drink in coins with hungry certainty are now collecting change in drug stores and drink places on Main street, Troost avenue and Prospect avenue, with a heavy battery reported at Forty-seventh street and Troost avenue.

For a long time Tom Pendergast allowed them to run. Their numbers grew until informed persons said there were between 2,000 and 1,000 in Kansas City taking in between \$50,000 and \$100,000 a day. That doesn't sound possible but we've heard it nonetheless. Then, as an election appeared in the offing, Tom gave the word and almost overnight they mysteriously disappeared into a politically protected warehouse. The police smashed a few to make a showing and that ended it.

Once in Kansas City slot machines could be found almost everywhere except in church vestibules. Could that time be coming again? The "boys" are greedy and need taking care of. The machines will spread until Tom decides it isn't good for Ready-Mix politics. He'll then give another order and away they'll go like mists in the night.

WHY CHARGE A COVER?

Kansas City's popular pastime of crap shooting has gone high hat, donned a silk topper, tails and patent leather shoes and moved into the country to nod condescendingly to its city prototype.

Within the mausoleum-like walls of Mayfair, advertised as "the most elaborate night club in the Middle West," at Seventy-ninth street and Holmes road, four venturesome Kansas City entrepreneurs will open for business August 1. A \$150,000 investment, mind you.

Come on, boys and girls, try your luck! Tempt the fair goddess of chance and put your heavy sugar on the winning number! Somebody's bound to win! This night club for the elite—palatial, gorgeous, stupendous — has features that not even the advertisements mention. Incredible as it may seem, the whisper persists that real roulette will make a regal bow to the uncouth Middle West.

Mayfair, we are told, will have elaborate furnishings, art, statuary, paintings, roomy booths in blue leather, dance bands of the best, steak dinners and what have you. We are left much in the dark about its real purpose, that suckers may lose their sugar amid delightful surroundings.

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Open 8:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m.

"Swim in Sunshine or Shade"

Nineteen Thirty-five

July nineteenth

FUTURE

BE OF GOOD COURAGE, CAPTAIN

Capt. John J. Regan, acting chief of police, proved himself a brave man but may have spent sleepless hours since he heard that the "boss," was returning from Europe unexpectedly. Not only the police captain but many another Pendergast jobholder has been checking up on himself to determine whether some unpolitical act had been committed that might have cut short that restful pleasure jaunt abroad.

What has worried the police captain is a statement he made and which was quoted in the daily press. It was:

"If I had my way women wouldn't drink at the bars. They're pretty hard to handle. When a woman gets drunk she is a nuisance."

The biggest seller of liquor to women and men drinkers in Missouri is the T. J. Pendergast liquor company. It is reported that profits from this sale of liquor to men and women now outdo profits of the Pendergast ready-mixed concrete company, also biggest seller of its kind in the state. Contractors buy ready-mixed to protect themselves against Pendergast public officials. Liquor dealers buy Pendergast liquor for the same reason.

With liquor dealers stating that they have more women than men customers the captain would appear to be a brave man, voicing his opinion against one of the boss' businesses. A man in the Pendergast organization who will speak his mind is so rare that we hope his boss forgives him when he returns.

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VOTE

"STRAIGHT"

The jaundiced little Charley Cheese Casciola can thumb his nose at law and order again, since he happens to be operating in Kansas City. In any other city than one dominated by a system that makes this a happy hunting ground for crime, it might be a different story.

Casciola can't seem to resist the temptation of a good looking motor car tire. He's been captured around or in or near someone else's motor car so often that it has become a habit. On

several occasions, however, he's had some uncomfortable moments.

One of these was last week when Casciola was thought to be stripping tires from a truck. A police sergeant who looked as if he meant business pointed a machine gun at the little yellow man. Casciola went along, only to be freed again by the prosecutor's office, which has become tired of prosecuting Casciola.

Not so long ago police officers fired from ambush into a motor car belonging to a Democratic politician. It wasn't Casciola's car. Casciola's buddy, Rego Comunale, was killed. Casciola went free— again. Police apparently had been under the misapprehension the pair was stealing tires.

That was several months before Casciola was tried for one of the election day murders Kansas City would like to forget. A Negro precinct worker was shot to death in a polling place and the assassin was wounded. Although Casciola showed up at a hospital right after that badly wounded, two Jackson County (juries couldn't find him guilty.

Casciola's sorties with the law make a long record. He's a grand citizen, an asset to the Heart of America the Chamber of Commerce waxes maudlin about. In certain Democratic circles, we presume he's regarded highly for his vote-getting ability, or something equally important. When you vote the "straight" Democratic ticket, you get what you asked for—the Casciolas.

#### EIGHT MILES OF CONCRETE

Opposition to the plan of Henry McElroy, city manager, to get government money to construct an 8-mile water tunnel lined with a 6-inch wall of concrete (yes, concrete) has stirred up opposition in other sections of the state.

Matthew H. Murray, who was Pendergast's director of public works here and has been made works project administrator for Missouri, will direct to some federally supervised extent, about \$55,000,000 of the \$95,000,000 allocated to Missouri from the President's \$4,880,000,000 work and relief fund. A few days after Murray's appointment McElroy went in with his request for \$7,100,000 or approximately an eighth of the total to be spent in the state through Murray's office.

In submitting his plan to his erstwhile director of public works the city manager called attention to the fact the city wished to expand its water supply service to a 30- mile area surrounding Kansas City, including Kansas communities.

Other sections of the state are questioning the right of the city manager to obtain such a large proportion of the total and are charging the machine with attempting  
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#### THE FIREWORKS ARE COMING

An outstate war on Pendergast, with St. Louis fighting the Kansas City boss for control of the state, appears to be developing rapidly, with the return of Pendergast from Europe probably hastening an open break. Many of the outstate party leaders are demanding that Pendergast name his slate for next year. They want to know whether they will get Pendergast's support or not. If they don't they will open their fight. They don't intend to permit Pendergast to wait until a few days before the primary election before picking his slate, thereby dissipating the fight against him.

Many of the boys at the last primary held their fire until the last few days of the election in the hope Pendergast would put his OK on them. They are not going to be fooled again and it

looks as if the Kansas City boss is facing a wide open fight this time.

Foremost among the threats hinges on the governor's office. Roy McKittrick, attorney general, wants to run. It does not look as if he will be on the Pendergast slate. But before he opens a war on the Pendergast machine he wants to be sure. He is loaded for bear. He has the big insurance scandal to blast away at the Pendergast machine with and it even is hinted he is prepared to bring ouster proceedings and prosecution against some of the local Pendergast officials for permitting protected law violation. It is understood he has the lowdown on gambling and crime operations here under police protection.

Should McKittrick decide to take on the political boss of Missouri the voters probably will see plenty of fireworks.

#### TERPSICHORE

Henry McElroy, Pendergast's city manager, has promised to make a private debut as a dancer. FUTURE suggests that the city manager himself open the new municipal auditorium with this debut and make it a public one.

Battle McCardle, who followed the city manager in one of the county judgeships, has written a letter to the city manager, it is assumed in a whim of humor, in which he asks the city to repay him for a ticket he holds to Convention hall in 1901 which never was used.

"Tell him," said McElroy, "that I will give him a pass to the best seat in the house for the first free concert we hold in the new auditorium. Or, if he wants better entertainment, tell him if he will come to my office I will sing a song or dance for him, whichever he thinks would be the lesser torture."

The judge is modest about his dancing technique. No male dancer, not even Ted Shawn, has had the training in fast footwork that has been the city manager's. He knows all the steps in the Pendergast school of dancing and has been at the head of the class as city manager since there has been a city manager in Kansas City.

McElroy himself was once a county judge for Boss Pendergast but was voted out after an expose of padded county payrolls. He was scratched by the then militant Shannon wing of the organization and Pendergast to prove his loyalty to McElroy for his work in the county court and to spite Shannon made McElroy city manager. It was there McElroy annexed the title of "judge" which he asked the newspapers to use with his name.

Ominous to Pendergast was the stand taken by Mayor Dickmann of St. Louis in the Mrs. Mary Edna Cruzen case. Mrs. Cruzen was accused by Sen. Bennet C. Clark, St. Louis, and no lover of Pendergast, of putting a political "lug" on the employes of her office of state labor commissioner. Mayor Dickmann in effect came out to support Clark this week when he threatened to withdraw city aid from the employment service directed by Mrs. Cruzen if the situation was not cleared up.

Fire for every opponent of Pendergast the coming election is piling up daily as court proceedings bring to light the political ramifications of the fire insurance rate "compromise" of Pendergast's state superintendent of insurance, R, Emmet O'Malley. About \$11,000,000 of impounded rates, as the result of an increase of 16 2/3 in the rate by the companies five years ago, proved too great a lure for the machine to resist. O'Malley, after advising with Pendergast as the boss left for Europe, announced the details of the plan which would give back to policyholders only 20 per cent, return 80 per cent to the companies to be mysteriously split among many including the machine politicians and cancel \$3,000,000 of interest due the



policyholders on the funds in lieu of a payment of \$200,000 to O'Malley.

The appointment of Matthew S. Murray, director of public works for Pendergast in Kansas City, to supervise the expenditure of the federal work relief fund in Mis

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souri, has aroused bitter criticism from outstate. The first big project submitted was by Henry McElroy, Pendergast's city manager, and called for an appropriation of about an eighth of the entire fund Murray is to handle with much of the money to go for buying concrete. Pendergast owns the rich Ready-Mixed Concrete company.

Pendergast's liquor company which is widespread in its political power to sell dealers also has made many enemies for Pendergast.

The insurance rate scandal is expected to break when the three-judge federal court passes on the O'Malley "compromise." If the court looks with disfavor upon the scheme to give the policyholders only 20 per of their money the Pendergast machine will come in for a bitter attack all over the state.

The story of protected crime, gambling and other law violations from which the machine gets funds and votes is becoming more generally known all over the state. The brutal machine tactics here at the last city election were a shock to the people all over Missouri.

Pendergast has a hard fight ahead convincing the people of Missouri that they need the Kansas City kind of government.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

4

July nineteenth

FUTURE

The Youth of Today is not Responsible for the Present Conditions; It IS Responsible for the Conditions of the Future

FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

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OPEN SEASON

'WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS,

GLORY ITSELF IS AN ILLUSION" —Napoleon

J. E. HOOVER POURS IT ON

Charles (Cheese) Casciola, motor car stripper, who was acquitted of the election day murder of William Finley, Negro Democratic precinct captain, slain in 1934, again was grabbed off by the law last week. He was engaged in removing tires from a motor car, according to the police sergeant who stepped up with a machine gun and surprised him.

How seriously his latest arrest may interfere with Casciola's career is a matter for speculation. It is, of course, an annoyance, and a slight source of expense. But "Cheese" has lived through things like that before. It was only a few months ago that he was surprised while stealing tires from a Ford car belonging to Frank Shannon, a member of the prosecutor's staff and a son of Joseph B. Shannon, member of congress. His companion, Rego Communale, was killed by police bullets at that time. Naturally, Rego has stripped no more motor cars.

It appears that the only way to stop Casciola and his breed from their pestilent activities is to shoot them. Otherwise they are right back at it again. Arrest three

And there is the man who was trying to rent his house. The prospect was pleased with everything except the view. He said that the sight of that neglected vacant property across the way would depress his wife. The home owner explained that the property was a cosy city Park, designed to beautify, and, according to taxes, to enhance the value of his homesite. Time was, in the days when men months ago, when caught red-handed, didn't stop Casciola. A murder trial failed to suggest to his mind any advantage to be derived from going straight. And, after all, why should it? It is too easy to get around the law. Back to the same old racket he went, a petty thief, depending upon his quickness in raising his hands before a policeman has an excuse for opening fire upon him.

Casciola and his like are public pests. Of course, it is against the law to shoot them down when caught in the act of theft. The theory which forbids such summary executions by the police is all right, but the working out of it is decidedly faulty. In effect it says to the thief who is caught red-handed, "Go out and sin some more. After all, you have to raise money for your bondsman and your lawyer."

If we can't put persons like Casciola in jail and keep them there until they are taken to the penitentiary for motor car theft, why can't we have an open season on them? We have that on quail, wild ducks, turtle doves and a lot more forms of life less objectionable and less

destructive.

were men and girls were ladies, that this was true. It was a pleasant sight of a summer's afternoon to see the wrisking kiddies gambolling there on velvet sward 'neath spreading tree, but now the only appeal it holds for youth is that the lanky grass and fallen branches make it an ideal setting for juvenile admirers of Frank Buck to hack their way through the wilderness in an attempt to "bring 'em back alive."

"The politician who stuffs his parasitical being upon the fruits of the underworld votes is as much of a type of vermin as the scum which casts its ballots accordingly to his dictation."

That and many another excoriation of crooked political machines, such as Kansas City's, was handed the meeting of police chiefs in Atlantic City that is being attended by three of the Pendergast machine's police officials, Otto P. Higgins, director of police; Robert Coffey, chief of police, and Thomas J. Higgins, chief of detectives.

In view of the fact the speaker, J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the federal bureau of investigation—the G-men—has avoided the Kansas City police department and cooperated with the sheriff, Thomas Bash, the ears of Pendergast's police officers may have burned.

Long has it been known in enforcement and criminal circles that the G-men believe criminals are protected by the Kansas City police department. Knowing this, the G-men have worked through the sheriff's office and not the police in Kansas City. A large part of the machine's power from ballot stuffing and repeater voters at the polls comes from the underworld. Gunmen and sluggers that pile up the votes for the machine on election days are recruited from the criminal ranks that must be repaid by protection from the political police department.

Mr. Hoover's vehement diatribe against crooked political machines was fitting to the Kansas City situation, which has been one of the stumbling blocks in the federal government's crime clean-up. Said the doughty G-man:

"The criminal is backed by the politician, crooked and otherwise, who is willing to trade the property, the well-being, the security and even the lives of law-abiding persons for ballots spawned in prison cells and the support of gutter scum.

"The bullets of the underworld today are poisoned by the verdigris of politics. The law enforcement officer who seeks to do his duty has no weapon which can combat this venom, once it has been allowed to spread through the arteries of the community; there is not armor which can turn its vicious penetration.

"The shyster who passes laws for the good of the criminal is no better than his professional brother who hides that criminal; the politician who stuffs his parasitical being upon the fruits of underworld votes is as much a type of vermin as the scum which casts its ballots accordingly to his dictation. The time has .come for all of us to look upon them for what they are—enemies to our cause and enemies to our society."

To Kansas Cityans conditions so bitterly attacked by Mr. Hoover are every election day events.

In the North End, a hangout for criminals, itinerants and floaters, is piled up the big Pendergast machine vote. Out of this area on election days go thugs to vote ghost names in all sections of the city. Many residents on the south side discovered after last election day that names had been voted from their homes for the machine.

With such a successful coup as staged at the last election the machine has been encouraged

to extend its ballot stuffing operations to the South side as never before.

#### 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.

#### Veterans' Health

In 1920 there were 17,471 patients in Veteran's Bureau Hospitals. In the past year there were 39,445. In 1920 there were 5,042 mental cases in these institutions, while latest statistics show that now there are 22,226 (56% of the total). In 1920, 7,411 ex-service men confined in veterans' hospitals were classified as “general and surgical,” while latest figures give the number as 12,187. Tuberculosis accounted for 6,018 cases in 1920, while in 1934 it accounted for 5,032 cases.

Let us be thankful for the improvement in the situation as regards tuberculosis. Let us scrutinize the situation as regards the neuropsychiatrics. We already have 23 “N. P.” Hospitals under the veterans administration, and another is urged for this city—presumably in anticipation of a peak of 42,000 mental cases expected in 1946. We do not know the contents of the brief recently compiled by the local Chamber of Commerce to urge the construction here of a new government hospital, but we do know that it is usually these same business men who cry out against “government in business” when it affects commercial enterprises. As this project would only affect medical and hospital “business” which are both inarticulate or not represented as such in the chamber, no outcry need be expected. Few of the members know or care that there were 218,000 empty beds in U. S. hospitals in 1934.

We do not know what proportion of cases in “N. P.” government hospitals have service connected disabilities, but we do know of a goodly number that are not so connected, have ample means to employ private medical and hospital care and have no right, therefore, to care at government expense.

We do not know what proportion of cases in government hospitals are suffering from neuroses, but we do know that a goodly number are and that most of the enlightened nations do not admit ex-service men with this diagnosis, knowing full well that to do so would simply encourage, rather than discourage and stamp out, abnormal neuropsychiatric trends.

We do not know what the local medical profession is doing about this recent invitation to the government, but we do have a clear conception of the luncheon table talk among the doctors after the building has been dedicated and the private sanitariums have been depleted.

Nineteen Thirty-five

July nineteenth

#### FUTURE

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#### FINANCE

It has been some time since we have said anything about silver. This does not mean, however, that there have not been developments of interest to the financial community in the silver situation. Right now Wall Street is watching the United States silver policy closely and it appears that a drop in price is faced.

When it first was proposed that the treasury enter upon a campaign to put the world price of silver up to \$1.29 an ounce, the monetary price in our currency, or instead of that to purchase enough silver to make the ratio of silver to gold in our monetary reserves one to

three, speculators in the United States and abroad thought they had a sure thing. All they had to do to make a certain profit was to keep a step ahead of the treasury.

About the only place where there were any doubts was in certain bullion circles in London. There the opinion was expressed that the plan would fail. Translated into the vernacular, of Wall Street, these dealers predicted that the world would "wrap silver around Mr. Morgenthau's neck."

For a while it looked as though these doubters were in error, but twice within the last two weeks, silver broke in London and the foreign price for silver in the New York market made a corresponding decline. The United States treasury cushioned the first break with buying orders but the last break was on Saturday and the London market was closed before trading started in New York.

The United States treasury has the resources to put the price of silver up to about any figure it desires, but the operation is proving more difficult than anticipated. The United States has no use for the silver it is buying and there is no excuse whatever for raising the price except to humor a few silver senators and add another expensive subsidy to the already overstrained debt burden of the taxpayers. However, the silver price can be put up if the treasury keeps on buying, at least to a certain point.

The silver senators are not quite so sure that the treasury now really wants to put the price up, but they will be in there reminding the secretary of the silver purchase act and prodding him on. To make the fulfillment of the silver purchase act more difficult has been the large increase in the flow of gold to the United States recently. Raising of the gold reserve makes it necessary to purchase that much more silver.

Those monetary experts who try to train their sights on the long term currency future say this gold and silver relationship may yet give more trouble to the United States treasury. In the first place, they note that one reason United States monetary gold has increased is that much nervous capital has been repatriated owing to business improvement here/ But this is not the only reason. Another gadfly which has prodded the gold horse toward the United States is fear of foreign capital which has arisen because of the strain on the gold bloc countries. In some quarters it is felt that should the French populace be unable to swallow the bitter dose of deflation necessary to get its financial house in order, the flow of gold to the United States might become even

MAY WE PRESENT  
MABELLE GLENN

In 1921 the Kansas City Board of Education was in search of a director of music for the public schools. The board felt that the job required a man, because to fill it satisfactorily administrative, executive, and organizing ability were necessary, as well as the more obvious musical and creative ability. Many musical directors over the country, hearing of the opening here, applied for the position. However, Mr. I. I. Cammack, superintendent of the schools, decided to write various universities where training of directors was featured, asking for recommendations. To his surprise a woman, Miss Mabelle Glenn, appeared on each list of recommendations sent to Mr. Cammack.

Deciding that such widespread appreciation of her ability must not be overlooked, Mr. Cammack wrote Miss Glenn regarding the matter and requesting an interview. Miss Glenn at that time was on the Research Council in Music Education, a group of fifteen musicians selected

from the music supervisor's National Conference, she being the only woman member. On her way to a meeting of this organization she stopped off in Kansas City, interviewed Mr. Cammack, and left Kansas City with the assurance that if a woman was chosen for the position she would be the woman. A woman was chosen and Miss Glenn has been with us in the capacity of director of music ever since.

Born in Oneida, Illinois, Miss Glenn there received her early education, and there came in contact with a Miss Schofield, who came once a month from a neighboring town to teach music in the public schools. Inspired by Miss Schofield, Miss Glenn early decided to follow in her footsteps as a music director. She graduated from the Monmouth Conservatory of Music, Monmouth, Illinois, and then spent ten years as director of music in the public schools in Bloomington, Illinois, before accepting the opportunity of coming to Kansas City in the same capacity.

Miss Glenn's musical ability is outstanding but even more important to the successful accomplishment of her job is her executive ability and her knack for making music a living thing to her pupils. The dull pounding of the scales as an unpleasant task gives way in the children's minds to be replaced by a feeling of music as an entity in itself. So well known has Miss Glenn become in her chosen field that teachers write from other cities for positions here so that they can work under her and draw upon her inspiration and learn her methods.

Her teaching methods have resulted in the compilation of a series of text books, in coauthorship with Margaret Lowry, for children in the lower grades. These books have been adopted in the schools of many large cities. Ten cent piano lessons in public schools has been one of her innovations.

Not long after Miss Glenn came to Kansas City Laura Nelson endowed the memorial Boys Choir and presented it to Grace and Holy Trinity. Miss Glenn was chosen to pick the members of this organization and direct them, and has built it into one of the outstanding boys' choirs in the country.

In April 1928, Miss Glenn was elected national president of the Music Supervisors' Conference, the first woman in many years to hold the office. In September, 1929, she attended the British American Conference in Lausanne, Switzerland. Dr. Walter Damrosch was to have been the American chairman but was unable to attend, and Miss Glenn, in her capacity as president of the American Supervisors' Conference, was asked to take his place. At a banquet concluding the conference she presided with Sir Henry Hadow, the British chairman.

Tele-  
greater than that witnessed in the first half of the year.

Before we leave the silver subject let's consider the very latest sign that may have gone unnoticed. A little front page story in the Star this week told of the purchase of a large interest in a silver mine by none other than ex-democratic chairman John J. Raskob. Two other prominent men are reported in deals for silver holdings. They are Bernard M. Baruch and United States Senator Jey Pittman of Nevada. Just what is the significance of these deals is a matter of conjecture. Maybe they know something and maybe they are just taking a shot. Anyway western mining men interpret the moves as support for the belief that the government ultimately will peg silver at \$1.29 an ounce. The group is influential and well informed in Washington. If the government does peg the price, it will not be for the poor silver mine owners alone. Mr. Raskob and Mr. Baruch and Senator Pittman will be right in on the plum

puddin.

How about that report on the Ten-Year Plan bond expenditures, Gentlemen?

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grams from King George, and President Hoover were received, and she, with coaching she admits, was called upon to propose a courtesy toast to the British monarch.

In June, 1920, Miss Glenn received an honorary degree of Doctor of music from the Chicago Musical College, of which Rudolph Ganz was president.

Dr. Glenn's reputation in her field is such that we feel sure many universities and cities would jump at the chance of obtaining her services. Kansas City is fortunate in having her here, and FUTURE sincerely hopes that she will never heed a call to some other place. Kansas City needs such women as Dr Mabelle Glenn.

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Helpful Hints On How To Worry

One of the first rules, of course, is always to remember the future. Keep it foremost in your mind—but lay no plans for it. Seize no opportunities. Save nothing. Invest nothing. Do nothing. Just fret—and fume. Be utterly miserable. Worry about yourself as you will be when old age comes. Worry about your children, who will be leaving school if you die. Worry about your wife. Learn to wince when you think of her attempt to provide all that you neglected to provide. Picture her looking for a job—your favorite son shouting “Extree!” on the street corner. Do this thing right. Learn to look worried even if you have to practice in front of your mirror. Of course, if you prefer not to worry, you might look into this thing called Life Insurance. With the help of your telephone book, you will be able to locate intelligent agents representing this 70-year-old

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Nineteen Thirty-five

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FUTURE

July nineteenth

COLD AND WET

By KATIE KITCHEN

MANNERS

MODES

SO YOU'RE GOING AWAY?

When black spots begin dancing before your eyes and a dizzy, sinking feeling conies along, it isn't love as the story books say—it's time for you to pamper your sudden wanderlust urge, step into your seven-league boots and hit the trail for your pet vacation spot. When Chicagoans and Floridans stop by Kansas City on their way to points north and west and ask to be shown the art gallery, Liberty Memorial, and City Museum, then's the time to pack your old kit bag (Pardon, Mr. Oshkosh! Your swanky new Oshkosh luggage) and jump aboard the first train or plane out of town before you become an official sightseeing guide.

When one of all of these symptoms creep upon you, the only cure of which we know is a shopping tour for some traveling clothes plus some reservations at Bar Harbor or Banff and Lake Louise, or wherever your impatient no. fives desire to carry you. Even if you go to the four corners of the world, your Kansas City clothes will carry you in the height of chic, gathering from some of the ones we've glimpsed 'round-about—and they are worth gathering.

Simplicity

Simplicity should be the keynote of your travel wardrobe. For the actual going to-and-fro, simple tailored things are the best, like the practical travel suit sketched here, from Adler's. It's just the thing to fit into the atmosphere of the aircooled cars on the Night Flyer. Black or rust crepe with a detachable three-quarter length coat that is dropped to reveal a tailored dress with tucked shoulder and bodice treatment. Fascinating crystal buttons twinkle all the way down the front of the coat. Or as a reminder of the extra check for which you'll have to wire home before the trip is over, you might travel in a black and white crepe suit with the boxy, pleated back from the Avon shop. If you're going by plane (you lucky thing), you'll fly along like a bird in the new "conductor's coat" from Chasnoff's that fits slim and straight as' the wings of the plane that whizzes you swiftly through the air.

Travel Knits

Even though you may never have connected knitting with a gay. summer vacation, see just how much more fun you can have if you take along a knitted two-piecer from Swanson's. For instance, a heavenly shade of powder blue that will match the sky out west. Or a blue angora



with navy trim that will make you a heavenly dot on a landscape that reveals endless quantities of blue, blue sea, matching your own trim little outfit.

“Mr.” Oshkosh

And now a word about “Mr.” Oshkosh’s luggage (we know that Mr. Oshkosh is an imaginary person, but someone must be the originator of all the clever bags). We think it’s the most practical of all for traveling, especially the cord ensemble featured at Woolf’s and a number of other places about town. The three piece ensemble, consisting of visiting case, hat box and overnight case is just enough luggage to hold every little thing without making you out for Maggie of

This is no weather in which to eat. Omar, if offering his celebrated invitation today, would omit the bread, and might even omit Thou as one bough gives only a limited amount of shade. Of course during the time that must elapse between this writing and emerging from the press the weather may have changed and we may be getting out the blankets again, but I doubt it. After all this is July in Kansas City and whether you take the temperature where the Chamber of Commerce wants it or not makes very little difference. We repeat that this is not weather in which to spend any more time than is absolutely essential in considering food.

Of course we have to eat and some day we can have a session on hot weather foods, and all that, but not today. Today we are more concerned with liquids that slip down coolly and leave us feeling that all is not yet lost. And we will stick to non-alcoholic liquids. Not being a qualified bartender (would you call it an unqualified bar-tender?) we will stick to the non-professional field and talk over a few of the simpler and cooler ways to quench the summer.

Tea is the commonest, the most satisfying in the long run, such as the run to catch a car. The best way to make it is to start early in the morning and put the tea, loose or in bags, in a pitcher or large bottle and pour cold water over it. Let it stand, in the ice box if you start it easy enough, or in the warm kitchen if you can only give it a couple of hours. The tea will steep, the flavor will be very delicate, and you can serve it full strength without a sloppy dilution of melted ice. Also tea made in this way is free from the tannin that is the harmful ingredient in the tea leaf, and can be partaken of freely by people who ordinarily must steer clear of it. And even if you are a healthy brute you can drink more of it and will be better off.

A sprig of mint in the glass gives a nice variation in taste, as well as a cool fresh look to the glass. The ice too can be used to give variety, if you have an electric refrigerator, with cherries frozen into the cubes, or mint leaves showing through. And so nice and cool to play with too.

A life-saver to you devoted readers who have to face the problem of mass consumption is the homemade root beer. It has been estimated that five gallons cost thirty-five cents, which is good news on anybody’s budget. The task of making it is ridiculously easy, involving yeast, extract, and warm water. You don’t even have to cook it. There is no real point in going into details here as the recipe is on the bottle of extract— Hire’s put out a good one—but you can take the word of an inveterate labor saver that it is a snap to make. The result is a very nice root beer that is good for you and which can be served wholesale without financial difficulties. It’s one way to save your gingerale for more serious business.

But speaking of gingerale there is nothing you can do with it that is quite so satisfying or encouraging as to pour it over a hunk of ice cream nicely situated in a tall glass. The result is an ice cream soda that is particularly good. Every once in a while I meet somebody who doesn’t

like ice cream, or who doesn't like ginger ale. My impulse is to quietly remove my hat as in the presence of a deep tragedy.

## TRAVELLER'S

### NOTES

Travelin' and trekking about the country, are you? Then you need a few do's and don'ts before you go off in your usual scatter-brained fashion without tooth brush or towel. Not that we're not the kind that dives into a lake without finding out whether it's two or ten feet, either. We are, but we hope you don't do the same when packing for your trip. Look about you, first—then pack your this and that. And may we offer a few suggestions that are too good not to pass on.

Put your love of frou-frou away. Beflowered and whoopsily bevelled hats should be saved until your arrival.

You'll perform a coup d'etat that will ring from port to port if you make room in your bag for a traveling iron and a box of Lux or Ivory Flakes.

Why not have matching luggage this year? Dad's old Gladstone simply doesn't go with your new cork overnight bag, you know.

Be generous with your supply of hose and gloves. There's nothing you'll need to keep up your resistance like a fresh pair of either.

Let "kits" be your bywords this trip. They're compact and convenient, any of the beauty and sewing kits.

the comic strip and her forty trunks.

### Life's Necessities

Now that we've given you the "most of the best" in which to pack your wardrobe, how about a few general ideas on what to put in your smart traveling bags? A few essentials are a topcoat, for nights at sea or touring the country and star-gazing in a rumble, knockabout felts that you could stuff in your pocket while the breeze blows on the mountain top, sturdy gloves and large handbags.

One little dress that should be hanging across the back of your bag when you unpack is the devastating frock of black or green alpaca, featuring a vest effect and crystal buttons marching down the front of said vest. Lovely imported lace trims the neck and sleeves— very demure and charming—from Adler's. The little blonde girl that models there so beautifully was wearing a black crepe jacket suit, the other day, with huge white daisies applied on the front of the vest and on the lapels of the jacket. It quite took our breath away in gaping admiration.

For wear when you reach "there," the Avon is showing some imported, printed batistes with real Val lace trim that should make any mountain stream look sultry in comparison. A few doors from the Avon on the Plaza, Taylor's show a black linen dress trimmed in white pique, with a black linen swagger coat. Quite an outfit with which to surprise the veranda-sitters at the hotel when they're all wearing white or pastels.

### Informality for Dinner

For dinner wear, when you go informal, as you more than likely will, the Avon is showing the most popular dress of the moment in navy blue chiffon with long sleeves and white collar. A more flattering one could not be found unless it is the black, tucked sheer with tiny touches of white or the black crepe with fresh-looking pique trim at the Virginia Dare Shops.

We hope these will rid you of those dizzy spots enough to bring us back a good bronze sun-

tan because we're stuck in town for the summer keeping it alive till you get back.

M. R. E.

DREAD

DECISION

To begin with, you fickle maidens should make up your equally fickle minds about whether you want to tan or remain white as the proverbial lily. The general trend seems to lean toward a glamorous golden bronze that sets off blonde hair as a match does a firecracker and gives darker skinned girls an exotic look. That is, it does sometimes.

If your skin is tender and burns and blisters unmercifully at the least touch of sun, guard against burning the first time you let the fiery ball get a chance to see what you really look like without the concealing cover of a hat or beach umbrella. There are any number of good oils and creams on the market that, if applied according to directions and before, not after the burn, will protect your skin and give a tawny tan that you will revel in.

Elizabeth Arden seems to be the smartest of them all with her Sun- Pruf Cream that will keep you lily- white, and her Sun-Tan Oil that brings about tanning: and prevents coarsening of the skin resulting from over-exposure.

Au Naturel

Helena Rubinstein has presented a lotion that is practical and just what the doctor ordered at the same time. When applied it keeps out the actinic rays of the sun (they are the ones that are injurious) and makes a grand powder foundation as well. Or if you like to go au naturel and want to protest against winter and dressiness, you can even go without powder. The lotion has a nice luster and a touch of rouge and lipstick will keep you from looking the way you don't want to look.

Watch Wrinkles

Your squinting expression that may be irresistible to your beach adorer this summer will turn into a crop of hard-to-eradicate wrinkles if you don't do something about them before taking your sun bath. Apply a good cream around the eyes before exposure and rub in well so as to keep out the crow's feet, etc., that are bound to settle around the eyes.

And let your hair blow about your face this summer, give it sunlight, air and plenty of brushing to keep it healthy.

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From Adler's

Nineteen Thirty-five

July nineteenth

FUTURE

LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

ENTERTAINMENT

## The Muse's Lap

Word has come from England to the effect that a play "which may well mark a turning point in English drama" has been staged in Canterbury. T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" — concerning the martyrdom of Thomas a Becket — was written at the invitation of Canterbury's Friends of the Cathedral; the poet's compliance employs, besides the regular actors, several choruses and is penned in dramatic poetry which holds "a tenderness and a humanity which have nowhere else in our time found such beauty of form." New York will doubtless see this next season and is sure to see Eliot's other new drama, "The Rock." All of which makes our Middle-Western spirits droop even lower at the thought that we can only enjoy these provocative plays in book form. Others, too—we will have missed O'Casey's "Within the Gates" unless the Abbey Players return and bring it with them; and the possibility of Kansas City seeing "The Children's Hour" or Odet's "Awake and Sing," "Waiting for Lefty," and "Till the Day I Die" is very remote. Of course they may be done on the screen, there is always that hope (or fear, if you want to entertain the thought that Miss Heilman's drama might be made into a vehicle for Shirley Temple).

After 3 or 4 hearings of Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra," newly recorded by Koussevitzky for Victor, I've started a small campaign to have the K. C. Philharmonic play all Strauss' music not yet heard here. That will include besides the tone poem in tribute to Nietzsche such masterpieces as "A Hero's Life," "Don Quixote," and "Till Eulenspiegel." I'll have to keep quiet about this superseding Tchaikowsky as "most often played composer" or I'll not get any followers. If you should hear "Thus Spake Zarathustra" at Jenkins', and the unbelievably lovely passages wheedle you into ownership, be sure the tremendous crescendo parts are not blurred or jumpy. High Fidelity recording is a big advancement but the technicians have yet to master the pressing of resonant basses flawlessly.

Some must in reading: Those three terrific indictments against Civilization, Malraux's "Man's Fate," Celine's "Journey to the End of the Night," and Cobb's "Paths of Glory." They're not being recommended to your attention a bit too soon, either what with poison gasses, in comparison to which mustard-gas will be like a whiff of Coty's, being prepared by all nations for the next war.

T. K. B.

## SALESMAN

Parishioners of St. John the Evangelist, at First Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, were met, as usual, after Mass last Sunday by a loud tangle of youngsters selling the Catholic News. One little boy of six, with a precocious voice and an eye to the main chance, kept piping, "Hey, read about the big bad loovies!" —The New Yorker.

## DISA AND DATA

"Tobacco Road," that hardy perennial play, now in its second year on Broadway, will loan one Henry Hull of their cast to guest-star-it on Jolsen's Shell Chatieu broadcast this Saturday night. This dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's story of low life in the South, may shadow, yea even, the record run in theatre history, "Abie's Irish Rose!"

## That Man From Harlem

Cab Calloway provided Main-street with a surprise offering preceding the A-I-D Amateur Radio Contest, which was delayed due to a hitch in the show schedules. The KMBC "Master-Without-Ceremony," Paul Henning, was on stage too early with the air show. Anyway,

Calloway's interper of the sweet, young "hamateur" trying to become torchy with knees a-knocking n' everything was lots of fun, with Cab getting a bigger bang out of it than anybody. ... If you're an amateur entertainer of some sort, now is your chance to don the cap and bells. Broadway theatres are tieing-up with national ether commercials to give the neophytes "big-time" engagements. The famous French Casino cabaret-theatre giving a week's engagement to the winners in the big Feenamaine Sabbath Show over Columbia with Ray Perkins in the spotlight role. . . . NBC with Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight have been very kind to their amateurs, playing them at the Roxy and then banding them into Fanchon and Marco units. . . .

Major Bowes, the Chase and Sanborn Cinderella Man, plugs his first-timers aplenty with film shorts announcing their arrivals soon at the various theatres booked. The first unit opened in Houston, Texas, July 12th.

#### Local Boy Story

When Benny Meroff and his Chase and Sanborn (pardon the plug) orchestra entertained here several seasons ago, we learned first hand from one of the WHB mike men who handled their broad-casts from the dine and dance spot, that their daily huddle concerned a Kansas City band whose act they "caught" most every nite following their own day's work. . . . Much to our amazement, the band now playing nightly in the Fairyland Park Ballroom was the favored one in question. ... It seems the Andy Kirk outfit hold the longest consecutive engagement of any dance band ever to play the largest ballroom in the world. We mean, Rose-land Ballroom in New York City. This is the stamping ground of such sepia stars as Claude Hopkins, now at the Cotton Club and "Fats" Waller, whose recordings gross more bucks than any other in the disc field. . . . How'm I doing, Andy Kirk?

#### Newman

"Men Without Names," is Paramount's tribute to the Dept, of Justice operatives, providing a thrilling series of adventure for "G Men," Fred MacMurray and Lynne Overman. Lovely Madge Evans supplies the love interest opposite young up-and-coming MacMurray, who mixes romance with adventure, and crime hunting with love.

Ralph Murphy directed "Men Without Names," which also features David Holt, Leslie Fenton and J. C. Nugent. E. H. B.

#### NEARER THE PRESENT

In its quiet way, FUTURE has arrived. Monday night we saw a copy of the issue in which we featured J. C. Nichols, hung in a window of a bus to shield the driver's eyes. We were heartened; by such proasic signs may we know we are slipping into an accepted place in this city. By homely uses may we know that people are buying the magazine. (Advertisers please take note.)

When a group of people set off on a venture with a new magazine, the most careful plans are laid looking to the future, that in the early flush of success heads shall not be turned. After the first issue a good part of them have to be hurriedly sloughed off, to be superseded by a period of the blind staggers when grinning praise and snarling condemnation pour in (perhaps "pour" is- a little strong. "Drip" is more nearly descriptive of our readers' reaction for the first few weeks.) We thought we were sitting on the right side of the house to talk about what was going on, but the struggle was terrific to get it on paper so that our eight pages would look like a magazine and not a random sheaf of broadsides. After a while we put out an issue that had something approaching an integrated tone and we cherished the thought of that for a while.

We began to get more letters, some from out of town, and someone on our staff voiced a wistful wish that Mr. Cooper, or Hooper, from Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, would write to us and put a stamp of established journalism upon us. He is the gentlemen, as a few of you may not know, who writes to Vox Pop columns in newspapers and news magazines all over the land on innumerable topical questions. Sunday stories have been written about him, putting him in the class with the savages of Ongo- Bongo and the new, young Mr. Saroyan.

Mr. Cooper, or Hooper, hasn't written us yet and we lack that much of stability, but the bus-driver has given us a great day. From the office-boy to those of us who drowse on the Olympian heights of this page, contemplating Art and our stomachs, we feel swell, and large-hearted.

To the first reader who sees FUTURE used as a seat in one of those sinister hallways in the North End we will give a year's subscription and a full column cut, either profile. To the first who sees old FUTURES (we are already in Vol. 2) sold in a used-book store, a file of FUTURE; and to him who finds a yellowed FUTURE in a bureau drawer, a package of Major Drapkin's silk-cut Virginia Greys. Beyond that we can think of no gift more precious.

N. L. S.

GALLIMAUFREY

DEPARTMENT

How very embarrassing it must be (or at least should be) for a certain family of wide personal popularity to realize that their relations with the powers that are and should not be cannot longer remain on an impersonal and financial basis. And how it cramps the conversational powers of their friends to realize that to discuss and to criticize the political situation in their presence has become a matter of personalities.

Certain entomologically enthusiastic scientists tell us that so prolific are the insects that within a few eons they will wipe all other life from the face of the earth. After last evening's picnic experience we can readily believe this and from the depths of chigger clawing misery we don't much care. Termites have made a hollow shell of what was once our happy home, parasites have nipped our roses in the bud, and now we ourselves are victimized. And to think we had laid our ills to the political situation.

The gubernatorial cognomen is reminiscent of many things, most of which in the language of a well known columnist fill one with a faint nostalgic wistfulness—if not with slight nausea. One of these is where can a Guy Park? It seems that a certain enormous emporium widely advertised as the largest of its kind in the world (although just what its kind is is something yet to be determined) has its own spacious parking lot. There is of course no reason to cross the street to trade with other stores since everything anyone could ever desire is to be found within the vast labyrinths of this one merchandise mart, but lest some misguided or uninformed creature venture away from the brightly neoned portals to visit some less pretentious store across the way, he will find the parking regulations difficult to understand. Strange lines are on the pavement and the signs are hard to see. Not many cars can find a place to park and most of those seem to be parked wrong. The Law is right there, too, to trip up any miscreants, and the officers get writer's cramp making out tickets. All of which is as it should be, particularly since all difficulty can be so easily avoided by using the nice marking station (free to customers) across the street at the Big Store. But once in a while it might be nice to drive down Grand Avenue and not find unmolested motors parked double, yea, and even sometimes triple, near the portals of a certain bank which stands high in political favor. Ah well, the customer is always

right, provided he knows what institutions to deal with.

Help Wanted: Who can tell us the name of the very soignee blond seen driving around town in a pine-green and chromium Lincoln roadster which bears a New York license plate? She was last seen wearing black linen and a huge corsage of real daisies. Prize offered.

This simile will probably get you right in the solar-plexus, but the moon in full eclipse looked to us like a bruised pearl. (Shades of Marianne Moore!)

We don't believe it nor do we ask you too; someone reported that a person breezed into a bookshop and asked for "Forty Ways to Amuse a Dog."

Follow to page eight

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FUTURE

July nineteenth

But Don't Mention My Name

From past one

This is the low state into which Kansas City's leadership has fallen. Cowed by the corrupt political machine that dominates this city, they dare not oppose the inefficiency in city government, the spoils system of political patronage, the waste of taxpayers' money, the payments of protection by organized vice and crime. Much as they would like to see the people's business administered as ably as their own, they fear to take an open part in any movement to this end. They have been disciplined and regimented by the overweening fear of losing a little money.

A Sorry Heritage

What a heritage they are leaving! Mounting city and county indebtedness, complete control of the police, the taxing, law-making, administrative activities and the courts in the hands of a ruthless boss, a people abject and helpless.

They are contributing neither time, money nor effort to making Kansas City a better place to live in. They are merely shrugging their shoulders, and saying it's too bad, but after all, what can you do about it?

As a matter of fact, a lot of "our best people" are mice when it comes to courage, tightwads when it comes to spending money, and sloths so far as activity is concerned. They don't like the city hall, but they are too scared to do anything about it. They are entitled to far less respect than the chaps who are frankly buccaneers, who are out to get what they can from the public treasury, and don't care who knows it. These people are at least realists, and not hypocritical. They get out and scrap for the organization that is profitable to them. They contribute their time and their money to it between elections as well as casting their own votes and those of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts on election day.

The Timid Protestors

FUTURE is not enthusiastic over the sort of government these folks perpetuate, but it has a lot more respect for a scrapping ward heeler than it has for a timid parlor protestor, who lowers his voice for fear it should get around to the Pender-gast worker next door that he is "agin" the machine.

The embattled Mr. McElroy may make you mad when he makes a public statement that you know isn't true, but at that he's more of a fellow than the refined and timid Mr. Whosis, who says to the foes of the Pendergast machine in Missouri, "I'd like to see you fellows win, but I'm not in a position to take any active part in the fight. You see, I'm, in business, and I can't afford to make enemies."

All right, Mr. Whosis, you haven't any kick coming then if the machine, which despises you because you are afraid of it, soaks you with taxes, and reaches into your pockets by devious devices for its needs, and grins, and says, "You like it, don't you, Buddy?"

Mr. Whosis may have very good manners and very good intentions and be a much pleasanter fellow to talk to than some of his roughneck neighbors. But as a citizen, he's a washout. It was a long time ago remarked that "by their works shall ye know them." That goes for that portion of "our best people" too timid, lazy, or tight to do anything for the community in which they live.

Let George Do It



They want to let somebody else do it. They want to let somebody else pay for it. If somebody else just would, if somebody else would just kill the machine good and dead for them, they'd be delighted to come out and kick the corpse a couple of times and say, "You fellows have done fine. I've been for you all the time." But before they do, they want to be perfectly sure it's a corpse, without one bite left in its system. They want to play perfectly safe, and nobody ever played perfectly safe yet and got anywhere. It requires some action, and taking some chances, to progress. Any precinct worker can tell you that.

It is true an individual who protests too volubly will be punished. We grant it takes some courage to vote the opposition ticket. I beg pardon, did someone say they understood we had a secret ballot? That's funny, tragically so. Haven't you noticed the clerks in the polling places marking your ballots with your number? A kindergarten child could make comparisons with your number in the registration book and tell how you voted. Secrecy? It is to laugh. And what is more, the machine politicians make it their business to find out how the Stuffed Shirts voted and to let them know, tactfully, as is their method.

Business men have been known to protest against tax increases or other political moves that might harm their business. Then things pop. A tax assessor may find the man's property should have been assessed double what it is, a building inspector may find fault with numerous things, a contract may be lost. It would take courage to defy the unscrupulous powers that exist here, anyone concedes.

#### Bosses Do Fall

Youth has been accused of being irrepressibly idealistic. To expect an occasional business man to come forth boldly and denounce the vicious administration that holds this city in tralldom may be too much. To expect a concerted action by a group of far-seeing business men who seek to protect their business, is not too much, FUTURE maintains. Some day it will be done. Other cities already have thrown off the yoke of boss domination, as everyone knows. Tammany, Vare, Big Bill Thompson, have toppled. No doubt the business men played an important part. Cincinnati has enjoyed non-partisan government many years.

Not long ago Baltimore, millions in debt, elected a mayor on a "business administration" ticket. It was more than a campaign phrase. Hundreds of business leaders volunteered their services and those of their employees to place the city's business on a basis as business-like as that of the collection department of a utility. It worked, and now Baltimore is out of debt.

Kansas City business men of both parties have much, at stake. It's up to them to show they are not wholly lacking in courage, to join a movement to smash the invisible government that penalizes them.

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For News Behind the Scenes

Eight Miles of Concrete

From page three

to get in on the ground floor of the work relief money through its appointee, Murray.

It is understood that protests against the McElroy federal-financed water system, both in Kansas and Missouri, have gone into Washington and Murray may not be able to put the water deal through without opposition from New Deal leaders.

They may not have forgotten how the local machine tried to put across its construction contract on the municipal auditorium. The government found in the city hall's contract a

loophole for a big political steal and held up federal aid on the project until the machine agreed to write a new contract, call for open bidding. That has been a sore spot with the Pendergast machine and the way for the boys to get a cut in on the hall deal was not opened until McElroy engineered the deal to buy convention hall and have the money turned back to him for spending on equipping the hall.

Gallimaufry

From page seven

Everyone has heard of the post-man's holiday hike, but here is a parallel. There is a skillful and charming woman here in town who makes over hats. She is such a genius at it that she could make something truly chic out of one of Queen Mary's little models. She loves her work as people should who know a trade and ply it well. But during the course of the day while she works by herself in her home she sees a great deal of a great many hats. Such are her generosity and graciousness, however, that she voluntarily teaches an evening class for a group of women at a neighborhood center in a poor district. A class in what? Quick, Watson, the needle! You must learn to make your own deductions. But one of her pupils was afraid to go home wearing a hat she had made in the class (out of one someone had thrown away). She was afraid that if the authorities saw her in such good looking- millinery they would take her family off relief.

If he or she has a birthday coming along, and at the same time you know that he or she has a desk of his or her own (who started this business anyway, he or she?) the most novel gift we can think of at the moment is a set of paper books in a midget size, each containing handy articles for the desk. Some of them are paper clips, gummed labels, binding tape, pins, etc. The recipient will be delighted. (It may be purchased at Nelson's on the Plaza.)

A current magazine has suggested something different in engagement rings, in case you're tired of the same old thing. Instead of a mere diamond ring, this bright idea goes novel and unique with a ring consisting of two stones, one blue lapis and the other black onyx, mounted on a crystal circlet. Or use any other contrasting stone.

Tinkle, tinkle, little bell, while your friends made of silver clamor long and loudly. For those who like a dainty suggestion, instead of a thunderous command for dinner, the glass dinner bell is just the thing. Light, crystalline, and musical, they're like Brahms's Lullaby on a summer evening, if you know what we mean. They come monogrammed, too.

NEW ROLE FOR HUEY

A new use for the garbage was developed in New Orleans recently. The mule team collectors refused to collect, charging overdue wages. Mayor Walmsley declared that Huey Long had inspired the strike, and the senator retorted that he would pay the arrears if the mayor would resign. The mayor refused. It remains to be seen whether the public will prefer to dispose of the garbage or of the mayor.

And this garbage collection business anyway is just a matter of swilling hands making light work.

Also apropos of New Orleans, the mayor has been reduced to bossing only about 1400 instead of his former roll call of 4400 city employees. Huey bosses the rest. Which has nothing on Kansas City. Here Pendergast bosses the entire outfit, including the mayor.

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