

The News weekly for Today  
Kansas City, Missouri, March 22, 1935  
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Vol. I No. 11

SNAPSHOTS OF THE WEEK  
WHEN IS A PUBLIC RECORD?

Dictionary definition: "Public—adj., open to all. Record—noun, a writing, printing, entry or tracing made for the purpose of preserving authentic evidence of facts or events."

It was all very puzzling. First there was the matter of the insurance. Mr. Darby, Director of Finance, was perfectly clear on the matter. The public records of the city's insurance policies were right there, open to any private citizen, but to a reporter they were locked, the logic of the case being that the public records could not be used for any public purpose. We offered, generously, to re- i turn in half an hour, wearing dark glasses and the other half of our dual personality, in short, as a private citizen. Mr. Darby was very nice about it, but explained that he couldn't possibly show the records to a private citizen as no p. c. could have any conceivable reason for wanting to see them and therefore it would just be morbid curiosity, a dangerous trait in citizens which should be discouraged. It was clearly an occasion that called for a third half of a personality, but we hadn't been able to discover any provision for such an emergency either in the charter or in the dictionary. It must be one of those stages in the evolution of man that comes with the Machine Age in city politics.

This week witnesses the transfer of justice from the river front to its new quarters on the edge of the downtown district. In a short time we expect to see the city administration apeing justice, and trying new architectural raiment . . . Every time the wolf in the fable changed his clothing it was too bad for the sheep.

Recently while addressing the Senate, Huey Long was out-hooyed by a small girl in the gallery who was putting on an excellent performance imitating the gesticulatory senator from Louisiana. The child's mother finally suppressed the child and the speech on the floor went forward. Can't somebody find a mother for Huey?

Nell Donnelly Reed of Kansas City was rated fourth in a list of the most prominent business women in the country, a list compiled from questionnaires issued by L. Bamburger and Son of Newark, N. J. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Josephine L. Roche headed the list. A nice hand for Nelly Don.

It is rumored that since his recent acts of aggression against Abyssinia, Mussolini has authorized an amended spelling of his name. Henceforth he may be known as Muscle-inny.

Laureano Ruiz of San Juan P. R., recently discovered a pair of partly worn leather gloves in a can of roast beef issued to him at a government relief station. We are proud to point out that the government never does anything by halves. You will note that both gloves were included.

Recent headlines report that five hundred criminals, collected on liquor and narcotic charges, must face trial for delinquent income taxes. When will people learn that you may be able to get away with murder but you can't get away with an income?

Discovered by Will Rogers: A Congressman (from California) who dares tell a pestiferous constituent where to get off. It may illuminate the phenomenon to add that his name is McGroarty.

IN THIS ISSUE

General News Articles	page two
Behind the Local Scene	page three
Editorial	page four
Finance and Feature	page five
Adam's Rib	page six
Leaves Without Fruit	page seven
Sports	page eight
Follow to page eight	

2

## FUTURE

March twenty-second

## FOREIGN

### Germany to Re-arm

Following closely the British announcement of a new defense policy, and the recent law increasing French military service to two years, Chancellor Hitler threw a bombshell into European diplomatic circles this week by decreeing universal military conscription for the Third Reich. It is unofficially estimated that this will raise the German peacetime army to approximately five hundred thousand effectives in place of the one hundred thousand now permitted by the Treaty of Versailles. This open violation of the Treaty has caused much uneasiness and has greatly increased the tension already existing throughout the Continent.

#### Hitler Justifies New Attitude

To justify Germany's new policy, Chancellor Hitler cited the failure of the other signatories to fulfill the disarmament provisions of the Versailles Treaty. These clauses were inserted as a first step toward world disarmament, and were to reduce by progressive stages the armed forces of the various countries to the German level. Because the Allies have ignored these obligations, and because of the evidence of world-wide military preparations, the Nazi leader stated that an increase in the army was necessary to maintain the integrity of the Reich and "to command international respect."

#### Allies Confer

Inasmuch as this constitutes an unilateral denunciation of Part V of the Versailles treaty—which is contrary to the previous declaration of France, Italy and Great Britain that no country could by such action abrogate or modify its contractual treaty obligations in regard to armaments—Paris immediately consulted with the other signatories of the peace pact for the purpose of deciding what action should be taken. Mussolini was understood to have favored a joint protest by the three major Western European powers. But, at this writing, Great Britain was the only one that had dispatched a note to Berlin. It demanded an explanation of the move and asked if the proposed visit of Foreign Secretary Sir John Simon was still desired. The German Government replied that it would welcome the opportunity to discuss the general European situation with Sir John as previously announced.

#### Russia Alarmed

Russia views with grave concern the prospect of a militaristic Germany and is almost certain to enlarge her military forces as a precautionary measure. She feels that any future German aggrandisement will be at her expense in the Ukraine, and for that reason is expected to make an effort to ease the tension in the Far East which will enable her to send a number of divisions

now on the Manchurian border to the western frontier. Some observers believe that this apprehension in Russia will probably lead to a military alliance with France. Fear was also expressed by the Little Entente that the equilibrium of Central Europe might be upset should Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria follow Germany's lead.

However, notwithstanding the case of nerves that the German announcement has created in Europe, it is believed that no immediate conflagration is imminent.

G. L. C.

ONE YEAH AGO THIS WEEK

March 22, 1934

"There is nothing to worry about," Governor Park told the South Central Business Association. "I believe in honest elections." The governor refused the request for his militia.

March 27, 1934 ELECTION DAY

Thoughtful executives of the National Youth Movement fitted out a first aid station in their offices at 1012 Grand Avenue. It was in constant use throughout the day.

Gangsters in shiny new Buicks without licenses patrolled the city to keep things in order for Brother John and Uncle Tom. They did not confine themselves to the North end, but ranged the whole town. They drove in parades around the voting place at 31st and Troost, and frolicked as far south as Swope Parkway and Ward Parkway. Slugging was the smallest part of their work. Intimidation was the main job.

Republicans and Fusionists were slugged and threatened, but escaped with their lives, the day's murders being confined to factional strife within the machine, along with some poor marksmanship which snuffed out the wrong ones.

Justin D. Bowersock, a reporter for The Star, was riding in a campaign car with Dr. Arthur Wells, Fusion candidate, and Lloyd Cole, Fusion worker, on a tour of inspection of a north precinct when they were overtaken by a carful of Italians, yanked out and slugged. Bowersock was rescued by a Citizens worker who drove him to The Star office while the hoodlums pursued, taking pot shots at the fugitives.

William Finley, a Negro precinct captain for the machine, was shot to death in a polling place by bullets believed to have been meant for a Republican judge at the voting place.

A carful of hoodlums drove up to a voting place at 5824 Swope Parkway and exchanged shots with Lee Flacy, Democratic worker and deputy sheriff. Flacy was killed and so was Larry Cappo, prizefighter and handy man at Joe Lusco's night club. The hoodlums were believed to have been allied with a part of the machine which bolted the regular ticket.

P. W. Oldham, 78-year-old hardware dealer, was erased by gangster bullets at the same time as Flacy and Cappo because he happened to be coming out of his store at the moment of the gun battle. He was hit by a stray bullet and died.

The Star posted a \$5,000 reward for the attackers of Bowersock, and commented in a front page editorial:

"The accusing fingers of the dead point to Governor Park who was warned of what would happen and took no steps to prevent it—the compliant tool of the machine that put him in office. To every appeal he replied with weasel words."

FUTURISMS

Among the guests at a tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Jones last Sunday were Dr. and Mrs. Clendening, who are leaving Saturday for a Mediterranean cruise. The Clendening's were

present at the tea for less than a half an hour, but this length of time was adequate for them to hear the following comments :

From Mrs. Walter Richards: "What a pity, Logan, that no boats are able to go up the Nile this year due to the excessive drouth. It's too bad to miss that trip when one has gone all the way to Egypt." From Mrs. Henry D. Ashley: "Logan, I understand the Saturnia is having many cancellations due to her faulty engines."

From Mrs. John Fennelly: "I do hope that Balkan war won't break out while you're over there."

From Burton .Holmes (who was guest of honor): "You must exercise every caution against the serious eye disease now rampant in Egypt. You know it is carried by flies from the eyes of the natives to the eyes of the tourists."

From Walton Hall Smith: "I see where the dollar exchange fell off again yesterday."

All in all, may we wish you bon voyage, Dr. and Mrs. Clendening.

Good Hunting, TJ

The season for Democratic gubernatorial candidates is again with us, with some dozen or more hats being edged into the ring. TJ, we hear, has encouraged none as yet, but we predict that when he goes "bang-bang" he will bring in the one with the most horns, and that his trophy will probably hang in the governor's mansion at Jefferson City for four long years.

What Price Garbage?

We understand the reason for the increase in garbage collections the last few years is that hog-feeders have gone out of business and the garbage contractor has been "compelled" to collect hotel and restaurant garbage. At \$7.45 per ton it must have taken a lot of compelling.

The Double-cross

The elections committee at Jefferson City threw us a curve the other day by finally reporting favorably on the permanent registration bill, after we had predicted it was dead. Just shows how untrustworthy those boys are. First you can't trust them to do something—and then you can't trust them not to.

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It's a constant spree, a Jamboree, no stop.

Voters on the bottom,

We're on top.

CAREFUL, BOYS

That there bar association of the state of Missouri can be right meddlesome if it takes a notion. But if the boys are on their toes—and, after all, that's what they're paid for—the darn thing won't git nowhere with its monkeying.

A couple of fellers from out in the sticks—H. O. Maxey of Bates county and E. W. Bennet of Dent county—were suckers for this bar association and put a legal reform bill before the house in Jefferson City. It would have:

Tightened qualifications of sureties on bail bonds in criminal cases.

Caused forfeiture of bonds and collection on order of circuit courts on failure of accused to appear in answer to the bail bond, as in U. S. practice.

Eliminated appeal bonds for persons convicted of serious felonies.

Caused separate trials for persons accused jointly at discretion of trial judge, instead of mandatory severance as is now practiced.

Allowed prosecutor to comment on failure of accused to testify in own defense.

Required notice to state whether defense will plead insanity or alibi.

But the boys weren't napping. They got this bar effrontery business killed in the judiciary committee, of which Lawrence P. Walsh of St. Louis is chairman. Them fellers Maxey and Bennet will be taught a lesson and the boys can keep on frolicking now without being bothered—unless they should annoy Uncle Sam.

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WE WERE THERE

Through the traffic light at Twenty-seventh and Main streets one morning last week sped a big car. Out shot a motorcycle policeman with siren screaming.

He ran the car to the curb north of Twenty-seventh street. The car slowed up. The driver extracted a badge from his pocket and flashed it on the officer. The car sped away leaving the officer looking silly beside his wheel. He replaced his paper and pencil and went back to await a less politically powerful law violater.

The driver of the car that drove away and left the police officer was the No. 1 political paving contractor of Kansas City.

UNIFORMS

Have you noticed that the uniform of the policeman on his beat is looking a bit seedy these

days?

No fault is it of the police officer who must get along on about half pay these days while the city is building city hall, auditorium, streets and other mixed concrete projects.

It looks as though everything was working against the policeman. The fact the public has started to notice the uniforms only arouses sympathy for the officer. Some of them are offering themselves as targets for criminals at \$62.50 a month.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

March twenty-second

FUTURE

3

BIGGER AND BETTER CAMPAIGNS, OTTO!

More than a dozen unsolved murders since January 1, excessive insurance rates and unfavorable crime statistics have aroused much criticism of Kansas City's police system. To offset this Otto P. Higgins, police director, has announced in the last few weeks many "campaigns" against law violators. Police Director Higgins' newspaper campaign against law violators hit a new record last Sunday when headlines in the press quoted the police director as announcing almost simultaneously five different "campaigns."

"An intensive police department drive against fences," quoted the press on one "campaign."

Another story shouted the police director's wrath against unlicensed peddlers.

Next was announced a sweeping drive against persons who have not paid their dog tax. ,

In another story the police director announced a campaign against tire thieves.

Too versatile was the police director to stop with just four "campaigns" for the Sunday papers. He added, for good measure, the announcement that the police henceforth would be furnished with pictures of well known criminals.

It would appear from Director Higgins' plan that heretofore the police have known little about who the criminals of the country really were.

Sunday's batch of "campaign" handouts by the police director were the most numerous, yet the formation of an "homicide bureau" here several weeks ago was equally as outstanding as

police campaigns go.

No murders had been solved. The police department became target for much criticism and the wags were busy.

Out came Director Higgins in the middle of it all with his "homicide bureau." Before that time there was a homicide squad. He changed the name. But solved no murders.

Said a wag of Director Higgins' new picture service for his patrolmen:

"Higgins is furnishing the police with pictures of all the law violaters so they will be sure and not arrest one of them accidentally."

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JULY IS COMING

Foxy City Manager Henry McElroy has financial circles nonplussed as to how he is going to meet a \$5,100,000 maturity of the city's bonds July 1 with a deficated sinking fund.

That amount of bonds issued by the city mature this July, with the money to pay them off not visible. The sinking fund has been tapped to meet current obligations and just how the city manager is going to crack this nut is attracting national inquiry in financial circles.

New Rabbits From the Hatf

The bonds can be refunded at a higher rate of interest but the city manager does not like that kind of publicity in the daily press. He likes to announce sales at low interest rate and short maturity, and so compare them with government bonds of longer maturity, knowing the general public is poorly informed on such matters.

City Manager McElroy's agile ability to meet emergencies in the past is the cause for the widespread interest in the present situation. Out-of-town bond houses have been making inquiries as to how the city will meet the refunding obligation. Many bond men will tell you he will find some way out of the dilemma, but they smile and admit they can't figure it out themselves.

Some facts are:

City's assessed valuation is \$473,021,250.

Gross funded debt, \$40,110,000.

Over \$13,000,000 of \$32,000,000 ten-year bond debt voted in 1931 issued.

Only about \$600,000 in general fund to meet \$5,100,000 of July 1 bond maturities and about \$100,000 of maturing judgment bonds.

Only \$1,700,000 in water bond sinking fund if that should be borrowed dry to put on maturing city bonds.

Estimated per capita net tax burden here \$135, up 177 per cent as compared with figure of 1920.

Borrowing from water sinking fund hazardous as \$11,000,000 of these bonds mature in 1942.

City Manager McElroy has met with much good fortune in shifting of city funds. When he bought city's bond for sinking fund, prices went up. He made money for the city. If market had gone against him he would have been in trouble.

Meanwhile, financial circles are watching to see how he is going to meet his newest financial problem before July 15.

SEVEN

ELEVEN

In recent weeks scores of business-like little gambling salons have broken out over the city like a rash. Heretofore gamekeepers were confined to the downtown district. Possibly because business was slow, the lid has been lifted. Gamekeepers are scurrying to all sections of the city looking for good spots. Now every outlying business center has its casino; the larger ones several, contesting for business.

None is more flashy, more de luxe, than this week's newcomer, The Rialto, at 12 East Thirty-ninth street. Here croupiers (stickmen to the players) chant their rhythmic jargon. If the students from the Westport high and Westport Junior high schools stop on spring days they may hear the croupiers' drone and the latest results from the race tracks of the country.

iSilvered Venetian blinds hang in the windows making the new Rialto the bright spot of the district. A big lighted sign hangs over the doorway. It has "street appeal."

A half block away, in the basement of the Price drug store building on the northwest corner of Thirty-ninth and Main streets, is the Lido. This competitor of the new Rialto has no ground floor. But the Lido is no inferior competitor. South at 2925 Main street is the third of the casinos in this outlying business district. It is located on the second floor. Thus, the chance-taker has his choice of gambling in the basement, on the street level, or upstairs.

Ought a man not be able to find Lady Luck with so many places to look?

No nosey police hang about; the "wise ones" inform you that the "pay off" goes to the higher ups now and any officer that might try to shake down a little for himself would be walking the streets looking for another job.

In some administrations the officer shook down the law violaters on his beat, if he was that kind of a cop. That does not occur with a well organized political machine. The collecting comes from higher up and the police officer must learn not to see the protected places.

Never before have there been so many gambling salons in Kansas City and the collections are said to run into big figures for the boys handling that racket for the machine. Like many another politically-protected violation of the law the boys usually fall down when competition becomes too keen. They start fighting among themselves or they become so open they are protested out of business by citizens.

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Hundreds of Westport school children pass by the new Rialto each day as it is located between the school and Main street. First room inside the door is a large well-furnished horse race betting setup. It resembles a brokerage office. There are gaudily upholstered divans and easy chairs. The latest racing magazines and form sheets are on a long reading rack on one wall. The bettors may study the sheets, somewhat like the stock buyer reads the day's financial news.

At the east end of the room is a large board, like the board in the brokerage office. The various race tracks are marked and the names of the horses entered below. As the races are run they are called off for the bettors. In front of the board is a long counter where attendants take bets. In the corner is a "cashier's" cage. Winners get their money there.

Above the money cage is a metal slit for an armed lookout to watch the door. Out the slit can be poked a gun if a little shooting should be needed.

Over an archway is a modest sign which says "The Club Room." In the "club room" are two large dice tables, card table and a chuck-a-luck cage. The latter is another form of dice.

Croupiers wear dark, tight fitting coats, and white-jacketed menials watch out for the comfort of the guests. Ornate rest rooms offset the "club room."

Both women and men are welcome as patrons of the Rialto and the scores of other salons now operating in the city. They operate both on Sundays and week days. Bets at the dice tables are made by the purchase of chips. The smallest chip costs 25 cents.

Not long ago one had to visit adjoining counties for a Green Hills or a Cuban Garden to woo Lady Luck, but now one has but to knock out the pipe, put on the old hat and step around the corner.

#### MEDICAL DOCTOR

Perhaps the most widely known doctor in the Pendergast organization is Dr. D. M. Nigro. The doctor probably holds more titles, not all strictly classified as associated with the profession, than any other member of the profession in the organization.

More publicity went Dr. Nigro's way last week when it was he who furnished the newspapers with the reports on the condition of Joe Lusco. It was he who contacted the newspaper boys when the late John Lazia, another Democratic leader, was expiring.

Although Dr. Nigro has had these contacts he also has been active in other fields. He is employed by the city as director of children's diseases.

No doctor probably has had his picture in the papers half as often as Dr. Nigro. Surely none come near his record for quotations in the press.

His activity includes the title of the most quoted Notre Dame alumnus also. He has served as doctor for the boxing commission, for the Kansas City Blues and the ice hockey club. His public health activities are usually confined to sterling advice on how to keep cool in summer. Now's the Time to Repair and Paint Your Screens

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HI YA BABY, HOME AGAIN!

FREMONT OLDER 1856-1935

Death came last week to Fremont Older, 78-year-old president and editor of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, who gained national fame as a powerful crusader against political graft and corruption in the City of San Francisco and the state of California. He glorified in attacking everything from the lowest ward heeler to a great corporation, the Southern Pacific Railroad.

In 1894, he was made editor of the old San Francisco Bulletin. The day that Fremont Older penned his first editorial as editor of the Bulletin marked the beginning of the end for the corrupt political machine, controlled by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which dominated the government of San Francisco and the state of California. Older's first move was the nomination as candidate for mayor one Robert D. Phelan, millionaire and civic figure. To the Southern Pacific and its "boys" Phelan was impossible. He could not be fixed. Phelan was elected and served from 1897 to 1902, fully justifying his supporters' faith. This first victory over a great corporation and its high salaried henchmen did not slow the pen of Fremont Older. He fought on and eventually was crowned

with complete victory in the election of Hiram Johnson as governor of California.

The battles were not without hardships. At times Mr. Older's life was in constant danger. He was spied upon, trailed, kidnapped and on one occasion assaulted and beaten in a hotel lobby. Business giants of the city and state—bankers—railroaders—contractors and others who benefited from the corrupt political machine ostracized him. Once he wrote, "My wife is the only supporter I have left."

Fremont Older believed in action. Where other editors were afraid to tread Older walked with carefree abandon. His creed: A newspaper responsibility does not end with mere statement of news facts or a balanced editorial policy.

"HONORABLE"

It still is the custom in some rural communities in which old fashioned Anglo-Saxon habits of speech continue to prevail to introduce members of congress as "the honorable so-and-so." The practice dates back to a period in American history when it was considered an honor to be a member of congress and the best men in a community were proud to represent that community in Washington.

That certainly was true for many years before the Civil War—in the days of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, John Quincy Adams and their contemporaries. It was true for a good many years after the Civil War, when men who had served their country in that s t r u g g l e were considered worthy servants of the country in time of peace as well. Perhaps there are as many honorable men in congress now as there were in earlier periods of our national history. But certainly, until very recently, the attitude of the general public toward its office-holders has been one of cynical doubt, and of the office-holders themselves one of enlightened self-interest. The office-holder knew that so long as he continued to hold the favor of the dominant political organization in his home bailiwick, he could continue to hold office. The public didn't care. It shrugged, and pretended to be amused. The men who regarded themselves as leaders in the community never considered holding public office themselves. They had too many things to do that were more important, such as making money and playing polo.

So the holding of public office came to be regarded as rather a low calling in the United States and the title "Honorable," as applied to a public man, meant exactly nothing. You cannot blame the office-holders for that. They supply what they are expected to supply, to those who put them in office. If those who put them in office are the rank and file of voters, and if they demand a certain standard of compliance with their wishes, it is to the voters that the office-holders will look, and it is their wishes that will be honored. If, on the other hand, the voters have abdicated their right to govern, through laziness, cynicism or indifference, and have turned it over to political machines interested primarily in their own gains and their own perpetuation, it is the wishes of those political organizations that will govern the actions of office-holders. That is axiomatic.

Once upon a time there was a president of the United  
Follow to page seven

A NEW  
HEALTH  
DIRECTOR—  
WHO?

With the death of Dr. Jackson, the matter of choosing a successor naturally arises. This

paper would be remiss in its duty to the community it serves if it failed to call the attention of the City Fathers to their obligation under the Charter.

Section 35 requires that "The Director of Health shall have had special training and experience in public health work and shall be a licensed physician, a graduate of a recognized school of public health, or a sanitary engineer." In the past this section has been interpreted very broadly, and in the case of Dr. Jackson, we have had an example of the eminent surgeon, who had never given public health a moment's thought, transplanted in his declining years to a field of great importance without a thought for the consequences. Had it not been for a group of friends, notably one pediatrician who has had special public health training, but who acted simply as an advisor without pay, our city would have been without needed advice on health matters for the greater part of the past two years.

Because of the large contact with the medical profession and the knowledge of hospital routine essential to proper conduct of the office, we feel that a medical man should be chosen rather than an engineer, but we would like to point out that there are several prominent physicians in Kansas City who have taken degrees in public health administration, and are prepared to give this city the modern, scientific care it deserves. No Spanish-American war veteran should be considered just because he served in a typhoid camp in 1898, and no veteran of the World War should be considered simply because he held "short arm inspection," ran a sick bay, examined drafted youths in 1917, or superintended a delousing plant in the A. E. F. in 1918.

The Jackson County Medical Society will be dilatory, not to say negligent of the trust placed in it by the citizens of this community, if it should approve any but its choicest members for this position. Approval of a political hack, a salaried hanger-on of the present or past regime, or of some outstanding vote-getter, will be looked upon by the community as an unworthy act and one which should and would detract from the esteem in which medical organization is generally held.

DOCTORS. ...

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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.

JABEZ NORTH JACKSON

Born October 6, 1868, in the village of Labadie, Missouri, the son of a doctor who had a part in the development of the Southwest through his connection as chief surgeon of the Wabash Railroad, Doctor Jackson himself helped still further to develop this territory in his capacity as a teacher at the old University Medical College. When he was elected to the presidency of the American Medical Association in Dallas, in 1926, it was as the "Favorite Son of the Great Southwest," put forward by a group of close friends and a number of his former students. This honor was of course the crowning achievement of his career and one which he had aspired to for a number of years. His father before him had been an officer of the A. M. A. and was a Vice-President at the time of his death.

Dr. Jackson received his A. M. degree from Central College at Fayette, Missouri, in 1890. A year later he received his M. D. degree at University Medical College in Kansas City. He then spent a year in post graduate study in the New York Polyclinic. On his return to Kansas City he

was made a demonstrator of anatomy, a position he held until 1895. He was then made professor of anatomy, and served as such until 1898, when he was made an adjunct professor of surgery. From 1900 to 1911 he was Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery, and it was during this period that he became recognized outside of Kansas City for his reports in medical literature upon the subjects of breast amputation (1906), pericolicitis, and membranous bands in the region of the appendix which came to be called Jackson's Membrane (1909). Since then Dr. Jackson had written very little and he became so busy with his practice that his scientific investigations practically ceased. His clinical observations upon amputation flaps and a description of a suture for closure of difficult peritoneal incisions in 1913 and 1919 respectively, were his last formal contributions to surgical practice.

He was President of the Medical Association of the Southwest in 1898, of the Kansas City Academy of Medicine in 1900, of the Missouri State Medical Association in 1904 and of the Western Surgical Society in 1913. He was never elected to the presidency of his local county society because his positive and sometimes arrogant bearing made him anathema to men who were contemporaries and who felt themselves to be his peers. He had a reputation for ethical conduct that was never questioned, and yet it

Follow to page eight  
Nineteen Thirty-five  
March twenty-second

FUTURE

5

FINANCE

We dislike to be always finding fault with something or someone but it seems to us that the efforts of the administration to eliminate holding companies is decidedly unfair. President Roosevelt entered office with a well known antipathy towards public utilities and holding companies. The Wheeler-Rayburn holding company bill undoubtedly is a result of his efforts to legislate the utilities. Just because one or two of them are unsound or bad is no reason to assume that they all should be eliminated.

There is no reason to believe that the evils can not be corrected without extinction of the companies. Many important utility executives are in favor of some sort of federal control, but they are prepared to fight bitterly the clause to dissolve the holding companies after five years.

We are not qualified to discuss the holding company bill, but in our reading of various authoritative financial publications we have come across an article in a recent issue of The Financial World which we consider illuminating. The title of the article is "Holding Company Vivisection Bill Vicious." We are sure Financial World will not object to our passing the article on to you in part as follows:

"Even if President Roosevelt is right about the public utility holding company, he's wrong. Even if the assumptions of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill are accurate, the purpose of the bill is unmoral. Even if holding companies have milked operating companies and indulged in other evils vivisection will not work a proper cure.

"But the fact is that all holding companies are not bad; in truth most of them are sound and economic in their functionings. Yet, even if they were mostly bad . . . the method proposed still would be wrong. . . . The courts protect the holder of a "negotiable instrument in due course," that is if a negotiable instrument is misappropriated and gets in the hands of a third party, then that innocent third party is regarded as a proper and bona fide holder. That is general law.

“It requires no flight of imagination to apply this to holders of public utility holding company securities. . . . But the President is not right to begin with. He has committed a common error in Baconian logic. He has reasoned from the particular to the general (judged all holding companies by one or two). . . . Before the government proceeds to injure innocent holders of utility securities, it must prove that the holding company is bad. . . . The holding company is not a new device; though the administration would have us believe it is the scourge of the twentieth century. The East India Company as early as 1602 initiated the holding enterprise. Four were the purposes: 1—to diversify risks; 2—to insure skilled and centralized management for decentralized operations; 3—to lend financial aid to subsidiaries; 4—to economize in operations. . . . The first holding company in the United States was the first railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio, organized in 1827, it became a holding company in 1932.

“As for abuses, they exist, of course,—in the very nature of the holding company. Because it is a man-made institution operated by men. But ample authority exists

MAY WE PRESENT

DOROTHY GALLAGHER

In Paris ten years ago Dorothy Gallagher of Kansas City was serenely dividing her time between the Sorbonne where she studied French and La Residence, a French settlement house where she helped as a volunteer worker with the younger children. It was from Paris that this young woman was called back to Kansas City to become chairman of the board of the Agnes Ward Amberg Club, a small group of Catholic women interested in settlement work. Before going abroad she had worked occasionally in a tiny clinic the club maintained in a shabby old house on West Twenty-third street, in the midst of the Mexican colony which had formed about Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. She came back to Kansas City with almost prophetic enthusiasm for the work that lay before her. She knew French well, very little Spanish, she had done very little settlement work, but she was enthused.

So enthused indeed, that in a short time she convinced the Club that the lower floor the Center occupied in that old house on Twenty-third was not sufficient to the ever increasing needs her energy created. In less than a year after her return home the entire house was turned over to the Center.

Health work among the Mexicans was necessary and, thanks to the volunteer doctors of the clinic, went ahead. Miss Gallagher plunged immediately into the absorbing difficulty of helping to solve the emotional and financial problems of her Mexican neighbors. They, the Mexicans, were likewise prophetic in their response to Dorothy Gallagher. This slender young woman who spoke Spanish with such a nice little French accent was their amiga. Of their ugly poverty, their loneliness, their tempestuous quarrels, they could speak to the Senorita. She was an Anglo, but she was muy simpatico.

Just how great and good an amiga Dorothy Gallagher was to be, the three thousand Mexicans living in Greater Kansas City have had countless opportunities to learn during the ten years that have passed since she first devoted herself to their welfare. Quietly but intently she has struggled not only with the day to day complexities arising in the course of her work but also with the brave problem of financing the Center throughout the lean years of depression. Backed by the Club, she won an increase for the Center from the cities charity Chest. With her sister's generous aid she hired a trained social case worker. As more and more little brown eyed

children came to the Center for play and guidance during their leisure hours, the need for room grew pressing. Miss Gallagher herself bought five small houses located nearby. Two of these were torn down by a delighted group of young Mexicans. The wreckage was sold and with the money they proudly purchased athletic equipment for the Center's gym. The neighborhood staged a colorful fiesta, raising money to help the Senorita fix up the remaining three houses. The fiesta was a success, everyone had a good time and money was on hand. With energy and dispatch which will always startle her Mexican friends a little, Miss Gallagher converted one house into a boy's club, another into a girl's club equipped with a kitchen, the third became the custodian's home.

For six years Miss Gallagher has lived in the Center, sharing in the lives of her friends with that intelligent compassion which has made Jane Addams one of the most vital influences for good of our times.

The Senorita's enthusiasm for her work is tempered to a gentle consecration. During these six years she has had time to dream a magnificent dream. By Easter of this year her dream will become a reality, for the actual building of the Guadalupe Center will then begin. A truly beautiful building, designed by E. G. Rainey, the architect who has planned so wisely and so well for Fred Harvey in the Southwest.

Kansas Citizens will realize when they see the handsome Spanish Colonial building completed next fall how right the Mexicans were in their judgment of Dorothy Gallagher. The politicians of the town may buy the Mexican votes, they may win at the tawdry saloons on Twenty-fourth street, where dope can be bought and gangs can gather, they may smooth out things now and then for a favorite, but the politicians are not their real amigos. Dorothy Gallagher, fighting along with her neighbors against poverty, ignorance, and ugliness, understands and loves them. In building the new Guadalupe Center where the young men and women can play and study in lovely surroundings, Miss Gallagher is befriending not only the Mexicans on the West Side but all

#### CHAOS REIGNS IN CONE SITUATION

With Europe writhing in prewar agony, with the United States only faintly recuperated from the longest depression of its history, with Kansas City trembling in the clutches of a bank-controlled machine—we now have to combat the straw the camel stepped on; the double-dip ice cream cone situation. It seems that as summer comes on, legitimate druggists are plagued by "double-dip" joints which fill their ice cream cones too, too full.

A recent letter from the Executive Secretary of the Detroit Retail Druggists' Association expresses both heartfelt sympathy for Kansas City druggists who are about to have their business "massacred," and the hope that local men are equipped to "police every nook and corner" to combat "one of the worst business killers ever inflicted upon legitimate business."

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to regulate the holding companies in the various states. The power to prevent further abuses already is available.

"The only clear effect of the proposed bill would be to damage, if not destroy, the securities of investors—the innocent holders of public utility stocks and bonds in due course. Surely that is not the purpose of the Administration."

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6

FUTURE

March twenty-second



## MANNERS

### MODES

New York, March 18, 1935.

Interest along the Avenue seems to center around coats these days . . . which seems only fair after such prolonged emphasis on suits and suits alone . . . and more than fair when the coats themselves are considered. . . . Take for instance a town coat from Jay-Thorpe in soft black ribbed wool with silver fox cascading luxuriously over the shoulders ... or another from Milgrim's with a bloused back. . . . Bonwit Teller's have these too . . . but more spectacular a contrast-cape affair that shows a dark under- cape on a light coat. . . . And Best's have translated from the French a new mandarin swagger in sheer wool with frog fastenings and a piquet model in imported wool with new front fullness . . . To go with all this woolen chic Bergdorf Goodman's suggest big, squashy couturier bags in soft leather ... particularly a calf model with an outside money-bag for your tax pennies ... or a Molyneux geranium pigskin with a polished wooden frame. . . .

Rita.

Less extravagant but certainly no less diverting than its Arabian forebear is the Regency Nights' Entertainment holding continuous performance at our lingerie shops these days. Nighties, robes, and even petticoats have all fallen under the spell of Beau Brummel's era—with enticing effects in soft satins and lacy ruffles as a result. Thus at Harzfeld's one pink satin creation (and so inexpensive!) has off-the-shoulder sleevelets edged in lace and repeats the lace motif in a fitted bodice, while another has capelets that ripple over the shoulders with old-world finesse. Besides which both have full skirts and the "shaped bottoms" that setting in lace according to its pattern has hitherto afforded only more expensive handmade garments. Brentnall's, too, have gone in for Regency with satin nighties in pastel shades that follow closely in real evening gown tradition with high necks in front and low-cut backs. Sometimes a draped cowl softens this high line and sometimes plain edgings of lace do the trick, but the backs are almost all "suspender" ones with narrow bands of satin and lace to keep the low lines in place.

Regency ruffles, usually in self-material, are popular, too, in crepe robes (sometimes printed, alas!) at Brentnall's and Woolf's and Harzfeld's; and particularly in a long white crepe petticoat at Jane Nichols' edged in two rows of net footing ruffles that are intended to show the tiniest bit when you walk or sit down.

### Tailored Simplicity

Outside of Regency circles almost tailored simplicity seems to be the keynote in modish lingerie. Jane Nichols expresses this idea well, for instance, in a combination white crepe and satin gown (satin top and crepe bottom) beautifully cut and neatly finished with a stitched tailored collar, and in another well-cut green crepe nightie with the same braided straps over the shoulders we've been admiring in velvet formals this past season. Simple, too, are a maize ninon sheer at Woolf's with a touch of embroidery at the neckline and again in the shell-

## FOOD ON PARADE

By KATIE KITCHEN

The final display of the food show is fun, but not nearly as much fun as the preview we got. There was Convention Hall, still quivering from the last basket ball game, and with the rafters gently vibrating from the inspired strains of the last Philharmonic Concert, and what a change was taking place. Rows and rows of booths were getting ready to supply housewives with a

double incentive to go on a buying spree.

Over here a salt company was installing a miniature manufacturing plant, backed by the musical score, "How Dry I Am." A meat packer's display was getting ready to feature Wimpy indulging in be-ootiful hamburgers. Further along a baker was busy making rolls in anticipation of the opening crowd, while all the time fifteen acts of vaudeville were running through a quick rehearsal, smoothing out the last of the rough spots. And all around exhibits were being set up, arranged, and re-arranged with the care and accuracy of engineers working from blue prints.

Above the arena, half way to the rafters, a model kitchen was rapidly taking form, and Miss Liberman and Miss Dibble graciously paused in their preparations to give us the chosen recipes which they were planning to pre sent during the week to thousands of Kansas City women.

There were lots of suggestions for children's parties, including peach faces made with cloves, maraschino cherries and cream cheese forced through a pastry tube, circus cake, and punch served in a block of ice. Also there were refrigerator dishes such as strawberry chiffon pie made with fresh strawberries, and pineapple parfait that really made your mouth water. There was also a tomato aspic salad made with two packages of prepared lemon gelatin (just plain Jello to most of us), two cups of boiling water and one cup of tomato soup, into which you put two cans (5% oz.) of shrimp, one stalk of celery and one small bottle of stuffed olives, all of which have been chopped fine. And let me add that roquefort cheese crumbled to tiny bits is an excellent addition.

I found a number of excellent Lenten dishes among them. Would you like to try a few? The experts tell me that Lenten Loaf Cheese Strata are particularly tasty, while Shrimp Pocketbooks sound so interesting that I can scarcely wait to try them myself. And next week I'll report and hand on the recipe.

edge of the bias skirt, and an inexpensive blue satin cut high in front in an Empire line and low in back in Streamline—with a Peter Pan collar and a convenient pocket piped in deeper blue. And not to be neglected are Harzfeld's printed satins (a good word at last in favor of prints!) in lily-of-the-valley or sea-gull patterns—very refreshing even now' with their fagotted shoulders, and think how much more refreshing later on!

Robes, Lounging Pajamas, Etc.

As for robes and lounging pajamas and all the other induce- ments to spending luet evenings in Kraft's Music Hall or Town Hall or any other radio hall for that m a 11 er , they're too varied in color, material, and shape (not forgetting price) to even begin generalizing about them. However, tendencies do seem to be toward pastel shades, simple lines —often tailored with Regency billows as the old exception proving the rule—and toward materials such as satins, sometimes brocaded, crepes and chiffons —t he old exception here being stunning two-piece moire lounging pajamas at Harzfeld's. Choosing here and there, we suggest, thus, such widely divergent examples as: a pink crepe robe from Taylor's with an alen- con-trimmed shawl collar cut square sailor-fashion in back; a soft pastel satin or crepe tailored robe from Brentnall's or Woolf's; and a flattering chiffon from Jane Nichols', whose attempts at trailing a train place it

almost in the exclusive "tea-gown" class. And for real "hostessing" as well as lounging we recommend "the Connie," sketched here from Woolf's—in blue or pink satin striped crepe with tassels, and jeweled clips, and everything!

From Woolfs

And for Foundations

Not to be neglected, either, in discussing lingerie problems are foundation garments! In fact, Follow to page eight

GALIMAUFRY

DEPARTMENT

What would be the reaction of the public if three venomous women howled at each other for forty- five minutes apiece over nationwide air waves, called each other names, proposed cock-eyed economic panaceas that they had run up out of a rag bag of loolly dreams, and attempted to insult the President, the Senate and the Constitution?

As a guide through World chaos, we offer Cornelius (Neely) Vanderbilt's assurance that there are only seventy-five real Society people in our land. This statement appeared in his FAREWELL TO FIFTH AVENUE. On two counts it is a relief; first, seventy-five capable people are still taking care of Society, something we thought all along had vanished, second, these earnest workers are all located in the east, so the risk of our having to meet one face to face is so small it can be ignored.

Take a couple of sturdy, standard foot-rulers. Contact somebody who can punch a line of small holes along the plain edges of the rulers. Take about a half a yard of nice heavy linen, line it with crepe, sew the linen on to the rulers via the holes—and you have, my gentles, a knitting bag of great practicability and chic, as ever was. Mrs. Logan Clendening has a honey.

Cigarette advertisements continue to confuse us. We clearly realize that distinguished women go for Camels, finding them soothing for jangled nerves. Being neither distinguished nor jumpy, we can't be persuaded. Old Gelds promise relief from trying sessions with pawing old Stupids, old Pudgy- Wudgies and the like. Well, we learned to duck these menaces early in life, before we took up smoking. By using Lucky Strikes we might improve our taste in millinery. In fact, seduced by the solemn beauty of their model, we once tried on one of those dashing numbers. It was no sale, we're not the Lucky type. Chesterfields seem the simplest way out, after all. You don't have to be distinguished, nervous, an easy mark or hat-conscious to smoke them. However, the ladies appearing in their ads are either the age of our daughter or that of our grandmother . . . perhaps we have reached middle age, the pipe period.

If you have a bit of unoccupied land lying around and three thousand, eight hundred dollars we wish you would get in touch with American Homes Incorporated. Have them send over a four-room house. We are crazy to see one of these pre-fabricated models installed. They are reporting to be bristling with electrical gadgets; are air conditioned and cyclone proof. They are delivered complete in a huge truck accompanied by two workmen who set them up in two weeks time. The truck has a bath, a stove, and two bunks in it. Being landless ourselves we might be in the market for the truck.

FROM FOREIGN PORTS

The bazaars of the East and the magazines of the West have joined hands recently in true World's Fair fashion to give our own shops an air of cosmopolitanism. In fact, the foreign atmosphere is so strong at Taylor's with their colorful Russian boxes and at Hall's with their French gingham Italian pottery, that one has to see oneself reflected in a new blue mirror (Hall's have small ones for glasses, too) to remember one's American identity.

The same situation holds good, too, at all of our interior decorating shops—and in a mass of color that cannot be surpassed. Thus Margaret Ostertag's imperial yellow pottery pots and coasters for greenery have all the charm and little of the expensiveness of real Chinese, while authentic Chinese figures from the Lighton Studios should reverse the aforesaid order but somehow don't. Charming, too, in a more transparent way is the Swedish glass at Lucy Drage's that can turn a lovely bowl into a real study in still life when filled with delicate flowers. And not to be overlooked although their origin is probably pure New York are the Frenchy crystal cube place-card holders or the equally glimmering crystal spears (to be combined with flowers, candles, etc., for table decoration) from Earl Altaire.

But the bazaar of bazaars and the magazine of magazines are to be found best represented at Lila Steele's—which is, by the way, one of the most interesting shops imaginable. Browsing around there, whether your purse has put you in the buying or not, may turn up such fascinating things as carved jade and ivory from China and gayly colored pottery in interesting shapes from France. Or it may lead you to admire tooled leather hassocks from Morocco and a jeweled pewter "bridge pattern" tea set from the Orient. But whatever your taste may be, it must bow in complete wonder and admiration before the bronze boxes and plates and trays from India inlaid sometimes in enamel and sometimes in the dust of amber, rubies, and emeralds!

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Nineteen Thirty-five

March twenty-second

FUTURE

7

LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

MUSIC

Music-lovers and concert-goers of tomorrow sat in rows knitting and listening last Monday afternoon to a pianist who prefaced each selection with a word about the composer and a program note for the selection. Some sixty of the girls of Sunset Hill school were attending the next to last hour of a six-hour tour of music, given by Miss Geneve Lichtenwal-ter. Miss

Lichtenwalter played a Chopin nocturne, pictorial works by Borodin, Bela Bartok, Tchaikowsky, Nikolaus Medtner and Nicolai Mjasskowsky. The audience paid more and less attention than older people but, in the American tradition of applauding art whether or not it is enjoyed, pattered politely after each number.

It is difficult, at this early stage of such a course, to guess if it is important to gather young people together to listen to music. I suspect that it is; if one is not prepared really to hear Chopin at the age of thirteen or fifteen, he or she can dream pleasantly to the sound. \* If Chopin or other music is liked or loved at thirteen, it will give pleasure that will always be remembered afterwards, when more of musical secrets are quietly opened. Music in that respect has a great advantage over literature. A youngster in school has no chance to dream through *The Tale*

of *Two Cities* and how many potential Dickens readers have been nipped in the bud by having that long and involved novel "assigned" one chapter at a time! One can hear a lot of music he doesn't like when he is young without its leaving a sour taste a few years later.

It seems to be an established part of musical pedagogy, a sort of curiosity teaser, to teach that music tells a story or draws a picture, and the reason is difficult to respect if the matter is gone into honestly. The only real reason for giving a musical composition a story content is to catch the listener's attention, and the implication is not remote that the listener won't like it if it doesn't tell a story, or that one, meter, rhythm and dynamics are not enough without a story to be worth spending time with. It is always well to know some facts pertinent to the music one hears, but it bespeaks a spiritual and emotional poverty when we must tag a composition with a story in order to

t  
make it interesting. There is no creative listening in that. Think of the music which really sets out doggedly to tell a little story; very little of it amounts to much. (Think of Eugene Goossen's "A Day in the Country," with an automobile horn to make it more realistic!)

But that is getting a good way away from the charming ladies of *Sunset Hill*. What they think of the music is much more important: that fact seems to be that although they don't think very much about it, it does mean something to them, and that gathering informally, with no obligation to "appreciate," it gets under their skins pretty readily. The secret of success will be continued exposure.

G. S.

#### THEATRE

Mr. Arliss as Wellington

The British-Gaumont production of "The Iron Duke" is at the Apollo. The story is concerned with the famous "Hundred Days" preceding Waterloo, the battle itself, and some scenes built around the conference in Paris. It is all told, of course, from the English angle. At Waterloo, the battle consists mainly of shots of the British cavalry and infantry charging up hill and down dale, accompanied by puffs of gun smoke, drums, and banners flying. An impressive sequence is the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels on the eve of the battle.

The principal theme of the picture is based on a diplomatic duel of wits between Wellington and Madame, Duchess d'Angouleme, daughter of Louis XVI, and chief advisor to her uncle, Louis XVIII. This is carried on in the best Richelieu-Anne of Austria manner, and culminates in

the execution of Marechal Ney, which is an act of vengeance on the part of Madame, perpetrated in the face of Wellington's desperate attempts to prevent it. Your reviewer made a hasty historical survey, but could find no reason to believe that the Duchess, influential as she was, could have saved Ney's life. Nor could we find any evidence that Wellington was so deeply concerned with the Marechal's fate.

At the period of the story, Wellington is an intrepid, vigorous man of forty-five. Unfortunately Mr. Arliss is too old, and has not the physical characteristics to play the part. At no time is he convincing.

"The Wedding Night"

"When Sam Goldwyn can, with great conviction,  
Instruct Anna Sten in diction,  
Then Anna shows—anything goes!"

Despite Mr. Cole Porter's brave lyrics, Mr. Goldwyn must now be a sadder and wiser man. After seeing Miss Sten's current effort, no audience is going to swallow the "anything goes" theory. And Mr. Goldwyn's magnificent endeavor once again to put her across is lost in the mazes of a dull, dull picture.

Miss Sten has had an unhappy cinema life. Her first picture commanded her suicide, her second sent her unjustly to Siberia, and her third has finished her off by a fatal back dive down a flight of stairs. When this occurred in "The Wedding Night," the sigh that stole over the audience was not one of horror, but of undisguised relief.

Not even the presence of Gary Cooper could save the picture for the fans. He looks as if he had just emerged from a case of influenza, and he does not sustain the new type of acting he created for himself in the Bengal Lancer story. His role is that of an author, left by his wife in the seclusion of his ancestral home in Connecticut to write a book. His subject eventually proves to be a Polish girl from the tobacco-growing colony down the road. To this mixture add Gary's wife, the girl's 19th century father, and her Polish bridegroom, and the result is tragedy in the best celluloid tradition. An improbable story and inferior acting ruin a good evening.

M. J.

GALLERY

Next week's masterpiece is "The Olive Grove" of Van Gogh, which has been discussed in this city more than any other picture in the gallery for possibly six months. Kansas City does not seem to be mad about "The Olive Grove," but so many people have read Irving Stone's novelized biography of Van Gogh, "Lust for Life," that our one example of his work has been examined and talked over with the most excited interest and attention.

Irving Stone tells us, in "Lust for Life," of Vincent Van Gogh's (pronounced variously "Von Go," "Van Gawg" and "Von Ho") struggle to find some means of releasing a force within him which comprehended—perhaps "apprehended" would be a better word—the stream of life, the one-ness of man with earth and with God. One must read the book to sense clearly what Stone means, and everyone who reads the book is avid to see everything Van Gogh painted, so strong is the feeling that he knew the man and what he wanted. At any rate, Van Gogh spent countless days in the clear air and hot sun of France, painting furiously, trying to seize and make intelligible the forces of earth and God. In "The Olive Grove," although it may not be a truly good Van Gogh, one cannot fail to sense the strength of the earth nourishing the trees, and the strength of the trees themselves, gripping the earth and yet writhing up to the sun. Van Gogh

spoke roughly, in furious impatience at the need for struggling to say what he felt was in him to say, and his painting is not pretty. But he did have something to say; no one can doubt that.

(Excellent small reproductions of Van Gogh paintings can be had very reasonably: only a few cents apiece. Booksellers on the Plaza have had requests for them and have filled them, and other bookstores can quite likely secure them for you. Should you want some and find it impossible to get your order filled, the editors of FUTURE will be glad to transmit your request to a dealer who can supply them.)

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“Honorable”

Prom page four

States—John Quincy Adams—who, after he had left the White House, did not consider it beneath his dignity to return to the national House of Representatives, and serve his state there for many years as a member. Adams was a New Englander, and an aristocrat. His family had been reared in the belief that it was the duty of a member of the families that had received most from the community to give most in return in public service. That is an ideal that long has been prevalent among certain social classes in England. It has produced some very stupid and pig-headed members of parliament, but few crooks, few office-holders who held office merely as a racket. In the earlier days of this republic it had its parallel in a good many sections of the country. The congress of the United States was held in higher esteem in consequence.

But once more public opinion in the United States is beginning to swing away from the ideal of government aptly presented in “Of Thee I Sing.” There has developed a feeling of responsibility on the part of young men and women the country over for the kind of government we have in the United States. What that government is to be, they realize, depends on what sort of government they permit it to be.

It is a heartening sign. It is beginning to have its effect everywhere. Representatives of the two major parties in the United States talk increasingly about “young Democrats” and “young Republicans.”

If, as a result, we actually succeed in producing more young Americans who are willing to make the government of their home communities and of the nation their business, the title “Honorable” once more will mean something as applied to public men.

“An Educated Palate never balks at distance ” ^

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FUTURE

March twenty-second

SPORTS

Blues Down to Work



Down in Mobile at Hartwell Field there is much ado about Johnny Kling's entry in the American Association's '35 pennant hopes. There the Blues are striving to get the kinks out of backs, sharpen their batting eyes, limbering up throwing arms.

President Kling has assembled quite an aggregation of ball players for Manager Zwilling to mould into pennant contenders. If pre-season efforts by a club owner count for flag winning Mr. Kling's part of the flag is won. He certainly has signed, purchased and procured lots of new talent to send to the training camp, in his determined efforts to give Kansas City a winning ball club.

Manager "Dutch" Zwilling is one who believes in hard training and he'll have the team in condition when the season opens.

Taking the Blues roster now, the outfield looks about the best. The starting line-up will perhaps be Mosolf, Stumpf, and Kreevich patrolling the three outfield posts. If Jim Mosolf gets his batting eye of '33 back, there should not be much worry about the outfield.

The Zwilling infield is not so well set, at present. First base should be well taken care of by big Dale Alexander. He batted .358 in the International League last year. The calling back to Boston of Nemiec, last year's star short is top, may cause Zwilling some worry. Schulte of Des Moines (with Blues short time in '34) may fill this spot. He is a flashy player at times and may become a star. French, former west coast star, is also a short fielder of ability.

It's a scramble among about five aspirants for playing second and third. Brubaker, now with the Pirates, may be sent to the Blues. If so, he will be a strong candidate for one of these infield posts. Other newcomers trying for regular duty on the diamond corners are Valenti, Keaton, March and Sarboe.

Another worry for the Blues' manager is the pitching staff. It's much too early to tell how this department will shape up by opening day. Much depends on some of the former regulars, Curt Fulerton, Phil Page, Holland Stiles, Wiley Moore, and Bill Shores. Herman Bell, who should be a big help, has not reported as yet.

Alex Gaston, pilot for Des Moines last year, is the only backstop of much experience. Breese, a young catcher, has shown a great deal of class. C. M. L.

Public Health

From page four

was his very adherence to a rigid standard which made for him many an enemy in his own profession. His opponents, however, both within and without the profession, respected him as a worthy opponent, as a man who would go the very limit for a friend, and as a true physician who had lived up to the traditions of medicine by training others in its art and in its practice.

These qualities will live long in memory and will ultimately outweigh the seeming wrongs of his declining years. To many he will be recalled as the domineering boss of the old Christian Church Hospital and the one most responsible for its failure, while to others he will always be "Uncle Jabez," who could do no wrong. To some he will be recalled as the former President of the American Medical Association who stooped to ask Kansas City's Tom Pendergast for the job of Director of Health, while to others this will be justified on the basis of economic necessity in the declining years and during a great world-wide depression. To some he will be recalled as a bitter opponent of anything democratic in medical organization, a man who believed in autocratic rule from the top regardless of custom, constitutions, and the careers of other men, while to the recipients of his benevolence he will be recalled as the great democrat, the man

who always voted the Democratic Ticket —except in 1928. To some his name will be synonymous with city hall politics, the restoration of political control over the staff at General Hospital, and the disorganization of a non-political group for purely selfish ends, while others will see in this a master stroke which can do no harm if used as a precedent by politically chosen Directors of Health from now on, and as a step in compliance with the recommendations of a Chamber of Commerce survey. Some will recall his grave concern over the division of surgery into its special fields, notably gynecology, and will picture to their dying day his anguish at the thought of a pus-tube patient getting into the hands of a gynecologist, while some will say that he was a forward thinking, scientific paragon, who was simply defending his own.

These and many more thoughts will come to the minds of men who have lived within the sphere of Dr. Jackson's influence. All in all, he was a citizen of whom Kansas City may be proud, a citizen whose wrongs were perhaps far outweighed by his good works, a citizen whose convictions and ideas of an ordered society were the cause of his acts rather than any malice or petty desire for selfish ends. We offer our condolences to his family and to his many friends.

To FUTURE:

It is disappointing to discover in your latest issue the childish vilification of Senator Reed.

People expect better things from FUTURE. When the town reeks with slysterism and corruption, why waste time and forfeit the respect of your readers by attacking a distinguished member of the Bar with meaningless invective?

William K. Snyder.

What makes horseracing?

When Is a Public Record?

From page one

Undaunted we turned to the second question that was resting heavily on our mind. Could Mr. Darby tell us the approximate date of the last audit of the accounts of the garbage collecting company? The point is that there is a provision in the city contract for an audit now and again to determine whether the company is netting more than \$2.00 profit a ton on the \$7.50 a ton the city pays for collection. If the profit is greater, the city gets a cut. In the last bulletin, "Public Affairs," of the Civic Research Institute, there are a lot of interesting things about it. So we asked Mr. Darby. We put in the "approximate" to make it sound easier, but it didn't help much.

It seems Mr. Darby doesn't mess around much with the garbage, nor with the audits. At any rate, he sent us to the city auditor on the second floor. The gentleman in charge of the office of the city auditor was slightly pained. Why should he be held accountable for such a question when it lay directly within the sphere of Mr. Steele, Comptroller of Accounts? We went back to the fourth floor to see Mr. Steele. He was very nice. True, he did make one or two abortive efforts to send us back to the City Auditor, but we fought him off. Then he dragged out a large, bound volume. We palpitated visibly. So these were the public records! The only drawback seemed to be that he couldn't find anything in particular on record. Other men rallied to his support. Were the garbage accounts under Public Works or the Health Department? They argued the matter heatedly. Research showed that the accounts were under neither. Nor were they under the bed. That point being established, Mr. Steele gave up. He suggested that we go to the City Manager's office and consult the secretary. It wasn't her job, but she might have just

picked it up somehow.

The secretary was most obliging. She would consult Judge McElroy and report by telephone.

It was all over. Silence settled over those dim corridors of the city hall. If we could have gathered the crooners and orchestras from the Bar-le-Duc and Dante's Inferno we would have led them to the middle of the biggest room and conducted that grand old ballad which begins: "Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder? Nobody answered so we asked a little louder."

You know how it goes. You start it in a whisper and repeat it with a steady crescendo. There is never any answer.

VEGETABLES

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Manners Modes

From page six

building a spring ensemble on a good solid foundation is as important this season as in building a house, with the result of course, that well-fitted corsets and brassieres (what an uplifting trend this year!) are again in vogue. This need not, however, conjure up memories of the old stiffness and hard breathing of lacing-up- the-back days; for looking into the future of Lastex and French elastic one sees only signs of firmness without discomfort. Vassarette with its new pantie-girdle or its

equally satisfying "panelled" girdle (panels of Lastex in front and back that stretch only down and on the sides that stretch only crossways) has contributed much to molding the figure into trim suits; and so has Munsingwear with its knitted-to-shape .combination that conceals removable bones in front. For flatter lines of course, Formfit's Sleek or Gossard's new lastex "combination" that provides two correct uplift brassieres with each girdle are better because they restrain (but comfortably so) what woven garments merely shape. I. E.

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