

The Newsweekly for Today

Vol. I No. 17

Kansas City, Missouri, May 3, 1933

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SNAPSHOTS OF THE WEEK

We read with wrath that Huey Long, in his recent Iowa performance, appeared at the Drake races and walked out on the track, thereby interrupting the two-mile relay. Is nothing sacred to him?

Charles M. Woodard, secretary of the Kansas City Motor Car Dealers Association has asked owners to record the serial numbers of their tires as an aid to the police in tracing tire thieves. We seem to recall turning in a set of serial numbers last summer after one of the week-end car stripping sprees, but as far as results went, serial was just something you ate for breakfast.

Mr. A. P. Wright, speaking here last Saturday said that according to old time estimates, "the President of the United States must be a man of sufficient ability ... to conduct the affairs of his high office without the necessity of calling in a brain trust." We figured in '29 that that was just about what had been happening.

Tom Linder, Commissioner of Agriculture in Georgia, printed in an official state organ a charge that President Roosevelt was following the Socialist and Republican platforms. Now everybody's mad.

An epidemic of nausea, chills, fever and prostration in Westchester County, New York, was recently traced to eggs laid in Missouri, packed in Nebraska, and shipped to New York state by a Chicago distributor. By process of elimination the source of infection was run down, according to all signposts, to an infection in the hand of one of the farmers who gathered the eggs, among which there must have been a cracked one. Well, that's one thing they can't lay to Machine politics.

And what has become of the garbage audit? Or are we rushing things? Bids for the new contracts are due in a couple of weeks and where is the record of the last one? Elementary, my dear Watson. Didn't you try to find a garbage audit once, all over City Hall? It all came back, as you may remember, to the City Manager's office. Those auditing probably haven't gotten beyond the third floor yet.

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YOU DON'T PAY FOR PROTECTION?

Kansas City can be proud of its milk supply, but the credit goes to the Consumers* League, which should not have to exist, as it is doing a work which is properly the city's.

. . . It is estimated by the Consumers' League that approximately 90 per cent of the milk labeled Grade A Pasteurized meets the legal requirements for that grade as far as the final bacteria

count of the finished product can give the picture. For seven years the Consumers* League has demonstrated that there is no excuse for either pasteurized or raw milk which does not meet the legal requirements for the Grade A cap.

As everyone knows, milk becomes a menace unless it has been produced and subsequently handled under strictly sanitary conditions. The bacteria count is an index to the cleanliness of the cow barns and the milkers, the speed of cooling, the care with which it has been bottled and transported and finally kept until sold. The White List milk has for years been averaging under 20,000 bacteria count before pasteurization and under 5,000 afterward. With these figures it is hard to see why the remaining 10 per cent of Kansas City's milk cannot conform to the much less stringent requirement of the city regulation, which puts the maximum count at 30,000.

Follow to page eight

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FUTURE

FOREIGN

Franco-Soviet Mutual Aid Pact

Following the publicity attending the three-power conference at Stresa and the special meeting of the League Council at Geneva, the relative quiet that has prevailed along the European diplomatic front during the past week indicates that the continent has settled down to a calmer view of the situation and that the statesmen have resumed their work for peace through the normal channels of diplomacy. This has been especially true of France and Russia who have been striving to evolve a text for their contemplated mutual assistance security pact that would harmonize their respective viewpoints.

Negotiations Hit Snag

At the time of the League Council meeting it appeared certain to most observers that the initialing of this pact would be only a matter of days and it was expected that M. Litvinov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, would go direct to Paris from Geneva to sign the instrument. The negotiations, however, ran into a snag and M. Litvinov returned to Moscow to consult with his government while the French Foreign Office and the Soviet Embassy at Paris labored to complete a new text.

London Reminds Paris of Locarno

M. Laval, French Foreign Minister—who is not so enthusiastic about an alliance with Russia as are some of his colleagues—has insisted that the pact be brought into complete accord with the principles of the League Covenant and Locarno. This interpretation would entail delay in granting assistance until the League Council has determined the aggressor. On the other hand, the Russians feel that under the conditions of modern warfare the time element is most important, and want immediate automatic assistance in case they are attacked. The French reluctance to agree to this increased when London reminded Paris that Great Britain was still pledged under the Locarno pact to go to the aid of Germany in the event of an unprovoked attack by France and advised the government to proceed with caution in any tie-up with Russia who might possibly become embroiled with Germany in the East and call for French assistance in the West. Consequently, with due regard for the security that Locarno provides as well as for the prestige of the league, Paris has continued to hold up the conclusion of the pact until it is brought more completely into harmony with existing French commitments.

Nazi Naval Threat

The reports of an impending denunciation of the Versailles Treaty naval clauses by Germany and of her alleged construction of twelve submarines of unusual effectiveness may be, if true, the move that will force Great Britain from her role of mediator into the arms of the anti-German bloc. The British government has already announced that the construction of a sizeable German fleet would be considered a serious threat to peace and to Great Britain, and it is not inconceivable that in such a case the French desire for more effective action against the Third Reich would be given more favorable consideration by the British Cabinet.

G. L. C.

JUST ONE WOMAN'S OPINION

Mrs. Eudora Ramsay Richardson, Richmond, Va., outstanding woman at the meeting of the Missouri Association of Business and Professional Women, believes women "unfitted for politics as politics are today."

In an interview with a representative of FUTURE, Mrs. Richardson said that it was her belief that woman's "maternal instinct" demands decent government.

"Women are not fitted for politics as now practiced because the maternal instinct is repulsed by its petty cheating, scheming and compromising," she said. "Their activity in politics will see these evils decline and social justice incline in proportion.

"I am enthusiastic about the youth movement in this country. The mother of today takes more interest in politics and the practices of practical politics grow more repulsive to her. It is only natural that her children, the members of youth movements, share her opinion. With their mothers they share the revulsion against petty cunning, graft, scheming and compromising; I believe that eventually this enlightened maternal instinct will make over politics—and business, for that matter.

"The women of the country are just emerging from their primary education in politics and business. Not everybody is farsighted enough to see the ultimate consequences of this maternal public thinking. I foresee the predominance of social justice in politics through the influence of the women of this country."

Mrs. Richardson believed that fewer and fewer women will continue in the future to share the views of their husbands when they clash with the maternal instinct for right and wrong. Perhaps women know no more the right from wrong than men but their feminine, or maternal, instincts, refusing to be corrupted by the law of the ruthless, will rule, Mrs. Richardson reasoned.

"The mother instinct is to protect the weak and guide her sons aright," Mrs. Richardson said. "This is the training of the child. In the past the mother raised her child, forsook all guidance after he had reached the age of man. Now she is given the right to exercise her instinct of right and wrong in the field of politics and business."

Mrs. Richardson made three addresses before the session of the Missouri association at the Hotel Muehlebach Saturday and Sunday.

She expressed absolute faith in the ultimate action of women to create a new system of justice in politics, both through her vote and her enlightened influence upon the youth of America.

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FUTURISMS

Times Have Changed

From K. C. Star's "Forty Years Ago" column:

Comptroller John Shannon says Kansas City's total debt is \$575,000. Minneapolis, which pretends to be a bigger city, has a 9-million-dollar debt. Kansas City is rigidly following the old saw "Pay as you go."

As of January, 1934: Gross debt, Minneapolis. . \$55,256,000 Gross debt, Kansas City, Mo. \$54,265,000

Looks as though we must have lost the "pay as you go" habit.

Huey Long in Iowa: "I could take this state like a whirlwind." Or a duststorm.

Sensayuma

Someone on the Missouri Democrat must be having as much fun writing the stuff as we do reading it. It seems impossible that the humor could be all unconscious. Just for instance:

"Mr. Becker, the liquor supervisor, is an official of courage and decency. To him has been transferred the important duty of enforcement. Under the law he will find it possible, we hope, to smash the rotten dens in which robbery is the guiding principle ..."

Mr. Becker's record is known to readers of FUTURE. But read "Fanfaronade" in this issue.

Or this: "The Missouri General Assembly has passed permanent registration laws for the relief of St. Joseph and St. Louis County, while the permanent registration for Kansas City, that will save the city at least \$50,000 a year, is dying in the Senate Committee for lack of attention. Who is responsible for the neglect of this needed and important legislation for the relief of Kansas City?"

Well, who is? This is one subject on which we can become almost bitter. When a dominant machine ignores the sheep who allow it to remain in power, that's to be expected. But when it treats protestants like a bunch of spanked children and offers a lollipop in the form of a relatively small money saving sardonically called "permanent registration," we restrain our violence with difficulty.

DO YOU KNOW?

That state law, which cannot be abrogated by action of the city council, makes it a felony to use funds raised for one purpose for any other purpose?

That the water sinking fund was created specifically to pay water bonds, and its assets have been derived from taxes levied for that purpose?

That holders of water bonds would doubtless have a good case, from a standpoint of law and justice, if they objected to the misuse of the security behind their bonds?

That the city has no authority to borrow for the sinking fund on a short term loan?

That the charter specifically prohibits the transfer of amounts from one fund to another unless the purpose for which the fund from which the transfer is made has ceased to exist?

CHAMPION

A recent Malone cartoon in the Washington Herald introduces the junior 'Senator from Missouri: "Senator Harry S. Truman is Missouri's—and Boss Pendergast's— gift to the U. S. Senate. He sits in the back row—Rookie Row—on the Democratic side erf the Senate chamber and is well on his way to win the U. S. Senate open grinning championship. He not only grins when an elder statesman speaks to him, but whenever he catches the eye of another plebe senator, or a stray congressman, or, in fact, anybody.

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May third

WEEP FOR ROCK ISLAND

Mayor-elect John A. Bengston, of Rock Island, 111., has signified his intention of coming to visit Kansas City to study municipal and political developments. Mr. Bengston's opinion as quoted in the press, is interesting. He says:

"Recently Kansas City overthrew political machine domination, and I am very much interested in seeing what has been accomplished there in the interests of good local government. I feel that my election was largely a repudiation erf machine politics, and that I may obtain useful ideas by a study of developments in Kansas City." We assume that the "overthrow" referred to was the voting of the city charter. Little do you wot, Rock Island.

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May third

FUTURE

3

FANFARONADE

Twelfth street, gaudy old Twelfth street, Kansas City's Bawdyway and Filch avenue—there mix underworld tycoon and termite, the glib and gandy, the dime store dips, dime-a-dance dames, prostitutes, peanut politicians and pimps, and precinct captains who "handle" the dive collections. Chisellers all. Chiseller is a modern word and Twelfth street is modern, or so its habitués would have you know.

Far different is this modern promenade of the chiseller from the gay days of the shoot-the-works swashbuckling gamblers, colorful cowboys and dance hall gals in short skirts.

By day, life in Twelfth street includes the razor, blade and shoestring peddlers, race booking joints, gambling places, called "No Chance Casinos" by the wise ones, beer joints and taxi stands.

Not until late in the afternoon do the real Twelfth street night lifers emerge from rooming house, brothel, hotel and flop house to seek pleasure, companionship and their tithe of glory.

Like the carnivora of prehistoric days the joints there feed upon the chisellers who go looking for those things. It is where the chiseller is chiselled. The street and its habitués affords him a forum in which to boast and pose. He is willing to give up his money for it. There, too, he may fawn upon the betters in the art of chiselling. He may even aspire to become a man in a racket who will attract the attention of the girls and the night club waiters.

Where else can he mix socially and be recognized?

True there are some thrill seekers but not many for they got their fill of that during the speakeasy period. From out of town come some to carouse on Twelfth street and return with a new stock of sto-

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ries for the boys back home. They usually leave most of the money they bring at the dice tables.

Negro "street porters" stand in front of cheap hotels and rooming places to solicit the yokels. Ladies of the street hang out in the beer joints, on street corners and in doorways.

Somewhat reminiscent of the old days are two dime-a-dance places in Twelfth street. Girls get a small fee for each dance and a cut on all the drinks their partners buy. They sip a thimbleful of water out of a small glass for which the partner is charged full whisky price. To attract dancers the girls dress on alternate nights in bathing suits, pajamas or grass skirts, and the advertising says: "brassiere nights."

Ranking up near the top of the social scale of Twelfth street, near the political figures and their relatives, are the chiselling bartenders. Made elementally dishonest by prohibition the speakeasy bartender just can't be honest. He looks upon the drinking public as a bunch of chumps and gauges his efficiency on his ability to cheat the customers.

A large number of the joints in Kansas City are just as much bootlegging joints as they were before repeal. They peddle corn liquor and North End hooch. Smart is the bartender who keeps two or three good brands of whisky on the bar and is able to fool the customer by selling him rotten bilge.

Robbing guzzlers is one of the most boasted arts in Twelfth street.

Monty Moran is not the name of a bartender but it will do for the name of a typical chiseller who boasts of his art on Twelfth street. How does he "chump 'em"?

"Say, I sell more speakeasy booze than any barkeep in town," he says, as he and his friends sip some near poison. "Sometimes I have to give them a drink or two of the real stuff to fool them. Then I begin slipping them the hooch; all profit. Of course, I get much of mine by shortchanging the drunks. I can spot the guy that will not yell if you give him the hooch right off. Few of them know real whisky when they taste it so why not give them the cheap stuff?"

"Who cares if it is against the federal law to use old bottles. I take the best brands, use up the liquor and then refill them with bootleg. There is a lot of bootleg in Kansas City and they still are making it. We beat the high taxes that way.

"I have a new drink that I can bring the drunks to life with. If a bird comes in tight and don't want to spend, I shoot him one of them and he starts buying again. I guess there is more bootleg stuff sold in my district (political) than the McCoy. There's where the real dough is and the chumps still like it or I am the guy that is slick enough to make 'em like it."

The sale of bootleg liquor here, to escape the federal tax, has developed quite a market. There is a story going around that some are so gullible that an agent has been going about collecting down payments in advance on the bootleg and then skipping town. The boys in the know say this indicates that there not only is production here of a large amount of bootleg liquor, marketed through the protected joints, but there is a large potential consumption for such contraband.

About equal in social standing with the chiselling bartenders are Follow to page five
MEN OF THE MONTH

Out of the mists this week rode fairest Valkyrie astride a bonny nag; into this Democratic Delphi and back again she dashed with a local nominee or two for immortal Valhalla.

To unscramble this melange mythological one must turn backward, O Crime, to a more

modern incident but one just as mythical as that of the Greeks, who had another word for Hokum.

No Greek but a man of myths was the judge of the circuit court here who a few weeks ago called a grand jury, told the members there was no crime in Jackson County and advised them to loaf out the session. Then a couple of days later the roly-poly prosecutor, W. W. Graves, sued the county for more money for his office, charging that more and more money was needed to fight the terrible crime conditions in Jackson county, thereby thumbing his nose at the judge.

Call it Grecian or just plain boondoggling and you have the answer. To them went the men-of-the-month honors for March.

FUTURE'S men-of-the-month for April, were not decided until almost the last day. They are:

Otto P. Higgins, director of police who was promoted to that position from his job as publicity shooter for the Pendergast organization.

Lieut. George (Jeff) Rayen, head of the police motor theft bureau; indicted by a federal grand jury.

Higgins announced the promotion of Rayen from the motor theft squad to become first assistant to the chief of detectives of the police department, retaining the rank and pay—minus 25 per cent at the time.

Higgins qualified as a man-of-the-month and as a Greek when he announced:

“Lieutenant Rayen is being transferred because his wide experience in handling criminal cases in the motor theft bureau made him

Jeff Rayen

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more valuable in detective assignments.”

The director said it was being done because of the value the motor theft bureau head would be in a more general enforcement of law and curtailing of crime. In his new and “well-earned” job Rayen will be first assistant to the chief of detectives, Thomas J. Higgins.

Why are Director Higgins and Rayen named men-of-the-month? Listen:

While Rayen was head of the motor theft bureau the theft of motor cars and accessories here mounted so high and the law was so openly violated that motorists saw their rates soar to the highest figures of any American City. Kansas City pays more insurance on its tires—the rate having been increased 100 per cent last November—than any American city. Insurance company executives have declared the motor theft ring here to be the most open and active of any American city. They have appealed to police to stop it or rates will become more prohibitive.

Perhaps that's the reason Director Higgins took Rayen out of the motor theft bureau.

Rayen and Detective Chief Higgins both were indicted by a federal grand jury on a charge of perjury recently. Both indictments later were dismissed. No notice of the indictments was taken by the administration other than to take a crack at the United States district attorney for the indictments.

So along with the names of the judge of the circuit court and the prosecutor go those of the police director and his motor theft lieutenant with Valkyrie to Valhalla to await their immortalization in the halls reserved for dead heroes.

"Promotion" of Rayen out of the motor theft bureau, due to the activity of theft gangs here, has been urged before and it may have been the inspiration for the action of the motor car dealers association Saturday in asking a campaign to stop tire and auto thefts here.

Perhaps heartened by Rayen's "promotion," Charles M. Woodard, secretary of the Kansas City Motor Car Dealers Association, called on the motor car dealers and public to try and cut down the "hot tire" and motor car theft racket here. A city ordinance makes it illegal for a "hot tire" to be legally in the possession of a dealer. A tire with the number removed cannot be legally held. The city law has not been enforced.

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May third

FUTURE

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BETTER CITIZENS

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BOYS

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

You, who read this, probably regard yourself as one of our better citizens. You pay your taxes when you can't defer it any longer, you violate no laws except those regarding traffic, and you deplore the shortcomings and iniquities of government.

Do you ever do anything more? Do you ever take the trouble to inform yourself about public affairs, and know what proposed legislation is before the city council, or the state legislature or the national congress? The chances are 100 to 1 that, unless some bill threatens to affect your own immediate business, you know no more about it than you learn by reading the headlines in the newspapers. And, you care even less than you know, really.

You squawk about taxes. Do you pay any attention to the laws that result in taxes? Ah, no, you say plaintively, "I am too busy trying to earn a living to have time for those things." Yet a lot of those very things that you are too busy to find out about vitally affect what kind of a living you are going to be able to make, and what kind of livings your children are likely to have.

When Kansas City and New York and Boston and Chicago were young, the men who were building them took an interest in what sort of government the new towns were to have. They assumed the duties of leadership, and they found followers. The sons and grandsons of those leaders have abdicated. It was easier to let professional politicians attend to the business of government. Politics was such a dirty business; one was apt to have a lot of nasty things said about him if he fought the ruling clique, and he might have the "bee" put on him for heavier taxes, and he was sure never to share in the profits of city contracts. So our average "better citizen" preferred to stay out of politics; he even talked about his abstention as if there were some particular merit connected with shirking civic duties.

Do you wonder, "better citizens," that the professional politician regards you with a

contempt that he hardly takes the trouble to veil?

You talk about ideals and shake your heads over the way the country has declined. Well, who's declined? You and I, "better citizens." You and I, who are not concerned with what Mr. Pendergast and Governor Park and the rest of them do with the government of Town and Country, until it pinches our own pocket-books. Then we trot around promptly to see what undue influence can be exerted so that we can pay not more than our share of the general shakedown.

Colonel Fred J. Herman, United States Army, Retired, asserts that there is little parallel between the problem which he was called upon to solve and the garbage problem before the city. We prefer to present his story of his experience as constructing quartermaster at Camp Funston, and let the reader draw his own inference. There are a few at least that may be drawn. At any rate it's an interesting story.

"Every community that numbers a thousand souls or more has its garbage-disposal problem. My experiences with such problems came to me as an officer of the Regular Army of the United States, before, during and after the World War, and concerned very small military communities, except the garbage, disposal problem of Camp Funston, near Fort Riley, Kansas.

"Incineration of garbage is undoubtedly the most sanitary method. If a period of years is considered, covering the life of the plant and equipment, it could be economically operated by the city if kept free of graft. Ten years would be a fair period to base calculations on, covering initial cost, maintenance, repairs, replacements and operating expenses and pay of employees, and costs of collection.

"Collection and disposal is very frequently let by contract.

"These two methods (city incineration or contract) I believe the only ones that could be used in Kansas City.

"As Constructing Quartermaster I was responsible for this great cantonment—that a suitable and sanitary system of garbage disposal was operated. As the cantonment grew and the number of troops increased, the first method, giving the garbage to farmers who came and hauled it away, was abandoned very soon. Then some citizens of Junction City, Kansas, stocked a hog farm a couple of miles from Camp Funston and sent trucks to take away the garbage. This was about the second month after construction began with some seven thousand workmen and about five thousand soldiers in camp. To this time the government had no expense in the matter except the cost of the garbage cans.

"Then came a proposition on the part of a corporation formed or about to be formed in Junction City, that offered the Government one-sixth of a cent per man per day, according to the strength of the forces shown on the morning reports,—the contractor to furnish all garbage cans, replace full cans with clean empties (steam jet cleaned) furnished all transportation and handling, and operate their hog farm not less than three miles from Camp Funston. This would have solved the problem without expense to the government and produced some revenue—approximately one thousand dollars a month.

"I recommended the acceptance of this proposition but it was rejected by the powers-that-were in Washington and I was ordered to install a system worked out by the war-time brain trust in Washington.

"It required an incinerator costing \$20,000; a collecting system where cans were steam-jet cleaned costing \$36,000; and not less than six thousand galvanized iron cans, costing

approximately \$18,000: total cost, \$74,000. Plus the daily use of ten five-ton trucks and the daily use of at least sixty men. I don't believe there was the least bit of graft in this so far as the powers-that-were were concerned, but for monumental stupidity that would be hard to beat.

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.

Scarlet Fever

Milwaukee has had an epidemic of scarlet fever recently, and now Minneapolis is having one. Measures taken to control the disease are largely confined to isolation of known cases, closing of the schools and forbidding children to congregate in crowded places such as the movie houses and indoor amusement centers.

It seems likely that medical science will shortly gain enough confidence in, and have at its disposal, adequately proven means for revealing the susceptible individuals, of immunizing them, and of treating the actually infected. Then Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria will both have to go.

The story of the work of George and Gladys Dick in proving the hemolytic, or blood destroying, streptococcus as the actual cause of Scarlet Fever is as interesting as is the story of the discovery of the life cycle of the malarial parasite, of the discovery of the causal organism of Typhoid Fever, or of the discovery of the cause of Yellow Fever. Like so many revelations of disease mechanisms, it required human volunteers for final proof. Of the five who volunteered to have their throats swabbed with 4-day- old cultures of this virulent, hemolytic streptococcus, one developed a typical, but fortunately mild, attack of Scarlet Fever. One other developed a sore throat, and the implanted germs had no untoward effect at all upon the other three. After checking their tests, and after using the filtrate from cultures run through the Berkfeld V filter and producing the disease in one other volunteer, the Dicks finally issued a modest preliminary report in the Journal of the American Medical Association in October, 1923. The work of producing an anti-toxin in the blood of our old friend, the horse, has followed and we now have a refined serum which is considered safe -and efficacious in treatment.

Fourteen new cases were reported in Kansas City for the week ending April 20, and there was one death reported. This is not an epidemic.

There are still being reported 130 to 147 new cases of measles per week.

FOUNDATIONS FOR HOPE

Optimism is on the up-turn according to a poll of the graduating class of Columbia College. Within five years the average expectation of the senior is an income of \$5,102, as against a beggarly \$3,600 a year ago. Moreover Gertrude Stein was voted the most unpopular writer. Who says things aren't looking more normal?

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Nineteen Thirty-five

May third

FUTURE

5

FINANCE

We just cannot get away from this silver subject. The situation recently has not been working out the way everyone figured and as a result markets have been somewhat unsettled. Right now it has many of the financial community guessing and speculators are nervous for fear they have dug themselves into a hole.

The complexion of the picture was changed last week when the United States treasury failed in its supposed intent of keeping the domestic price above the so-called world price. This halted the merry ride the silver market had been taking and prices fell back sharply as wary speculators scurried out of the market. The world price had been boosted to 81 cents an ounce as compared with the treasury price of 77.57 cents. When the treasury refused to be forced to advance its quotation, the world price quickly dropped back to around 76 cents. Incidentally, this development revealed how completely the world market is "rigged" by the buying operations of the United States treasury.

Important operators were not willing to go very far from the shore line fixed by the United States treasury price. The significance of the market action simply is that no one wants silver at present price unless it can be disposed of later to the treasury. The only thing that justifies the prices is the manipulation of the treasury. That is why the market has been so sensitive to Washington gossip, and why the market is suspicious of the only prop it has.

One reason advanced for the failure of the treasury to boost its price after the world market had forged ahead was that the administration was a little vexed over the apparent heavy speculation in silver. While the speculation was all in foreign countries, it probably was unpleasant to view. Neither Roosevelt nor Morgenthau like speculation.

It was the common belief that silver was headed straight for the \$1.29-an-ounce mark. Now, no one is sure. It probably will continue to be put up, but the action of the treasury left some room for doubt. And doubt is not the best of tonics for speculators.

Where the complicated silver situation is headed or how it finally will be settled, the government itself probably does not have any definite idea. Why it was started never has been satisfactorily explained. Someone got a law passed and the program started off on an uncharted course.

The only worthwhile accomplishment of the program thus far has been to bring smiles back to the faces of domestic silver producers. There probably are many, however, who will debate that. On the other hand, it has created a decidedly unsettled state of affairs in China and Mexico. The Chinese have complained bitterly about the program. The rising silver prices have been deflationary there. Mexico has been forced to call in its silver money for recoinage. Mexico's Peso in exchange was getting too high for the good of Mexican exports. Other silver nations are having their problems and the anticipated good results from the program in the

United States are for the most part obscure.

Three steps have been suggested in Washington comment as open to the treasury in its immediate silver

Follow to page eight

MAY WE PRESENT

RALPH T. HARDING

Ralph T. Harding, president of the Kansas City Bird Store, notary public and attorney-at-law, was in conference when we called. "He's working on his bunions," his assistant told us with friendly candor. We could see him thus occupied in the rear of his store, so we waited among the twitterbirds, whining puppies, kittens, monkeys and silent snakes until this delicate operation was over.

The interlude was made interesting by the appearance of Kirbey. For eight or nine years, no one is certain about the time, Kirbey has been connected with the Kansas City Bird Store, cooking his meals there, sleeping there. He guards the property by night and trudges about the streets advertising it by day. He is distinguished for his good nature (he sweeps all the sidewalks between 13th and 14th on Main, gratis), for his long brilliant red hair, his long brilliant red whiskers and his willingness to wear middy-blouses with a placard advertising the Kansas City Bird Store sewn onto the shoulders. Sweet to Ralph T. Harding are the uses of eccentricity. He shelters Kirbey and supplies him with henna so that his wild coiffure and flowing beard may glow for the glory of Ralph T. Harding, that peerless, indefatigable seeker for publicity.

Ralph T. Harding was born some thirty-five years ago in Ohio. Perhaps it was his love for animals that caused him to join, at an early age, a traveling circus. Or, again, perhaps it was his precocious love of ballyhoo. At any rate, in due time, he landed in Kanas City, started a pet shop (and what a shop it was!) "Anything from Trained Fleas to Elephants," was his advertising slogan. Despite the range of activities such a boast should create for a man, Ralph T. Harding yearned to recapture into his life some of the more gaudy glamour of his circus days. Politics struck him as affording a likely field for the resumption of soul satisfying tub thumpings, spangles and parades.

He studied law, graduated from the Kansas City Law School in 1922. Having no interest in practical political science and not wishing to join a parade he could not lead, the young animal lover, barrister and barker-extraordinary formed his own party. He has run for every office open to man in Missouri since the day he decided to make the plunge into politics—everything from Councilman to Governor. He was not elected to any office, but his name (and his bird store) became familiar to many. His defeats at the polls failed to dampen his keen delight in putting Ralph T. Harding before the public. He did not care what his fellow citizens said of him as long as they said something.

Soft-hearted ladies protested to the police about the yellow Ford he had driven about town bearing monkeys, bears, wild cats, birds, a trombone player and a huge sign reading Ralph T. Harding for Mayor, Governor, etc. (depending on the office he had under consideration) or simply Ralph T. Harding, Kansas City Bird Store if he had withdrawn temporarily from the political arena. The police decided the perambulating zoo was a nuisance and arrested Harding. His spirits rose with the arrest—nothing like a little mix-up with the police to get a man in the spotlight.

In the spotlight he moved for certain when he undertook to defend Walter McGee, the

kidnapper of Mary McElroy. How he got the case, only Mr. Harding and Walter McGee know. How he handled the case is a matter of common knowledge. From the first to the last of the trial, the issue at stake was for Ralph T. Harding, clear and exhilarating, but not one that particularly involved his client. McGee was on trial for his life, but Ralph T. Harding was, at last, exactly where he longed to be—in the full glare of publicity. He had a fine time of it, too. Shaky on legal procedure, he was strong on dramatics. He dressed the part carefully, wearing a formal looking black suit, white vest, black tie with a pearl stick-pin, patent leather shoes and pearl gray spats. One white handkerchief peeked correctly from his pocket; another, a large silk one, was tucked in his left sleeve, handy for the tears that flowed at frequent intervals. The verdict brought on a deluge.

Harding is not one of our town's important men, but he has this significance, he proves that noise, self-made publicity of any nature and a little touch of theatre still serve to impress some people. Huey Long and Ralph T. Harding are of the same pattern, both, in their respective spheres, are sometimes amusing—more frequently downright embarrassing in their febrile efforts to rise and shine.

Fanfaronade

From page three

the croupiers and other gamblers, varying in standing with their rank in the rackets. They ascend from the crooked penny-matchers to the "big shots" who operate the games. Most colorful are the crooked croupiers who in their moments of grandeur will strip off their outer garments and give demonstrations to their intimates of how they can palm the dice and gyp the players. Underneath their coats are their "working clothes." These consist chiefly of many-pocketed vests for concealing crooked dice.

Marble game operators gather with this underworld clan to swap braggadocio. They are looked upon as are the gamblers, as possessing some political connections and they are looked up to by the rabble of Twelfth street.

At night Twelfth street takes on its gaudy colors and noises. Three-piece orchestras, whining crooners and torch singers and radios blare in dimly lit joints. The crowds move from one place to another; fights are frequent. The girls move up and down the street, more open in their solicitation as the night wears on.

Of course, as of old, women play an important part in this night life with their imitation plumage. A long black dress, a permanent, and a white rabbit jacket takes a woman a long way on Twelfth street. If she has a racket of her own she is sure to have a man. To her the chisellers will present their own powers with all the superlatives of professional liars.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

6

FUTURE

May third

SINGLETON AGE

M It

By KATIE KITCHEN

MANNERS

MODES

New York, April 30, 1935.

New York is beginning to learn about linen ... in cool colors and styles new for this summer . . . Altman's advocate it for town as well as country . . . Luscious lilac shades in shirtwaist dresses and swagger coats . . . and dresses trimmed in Irish lace . . . Me- Cutcheon's favorite colors are Dubonnet red and absinth green, worn "straight" or "mixed" in combinations of plains and plaids . . . Claret originated the models at Lord & Taylor ... Notably a cutaway suit, a school girl dress with school boy hat to match, and a halter neck dress with buttons up the back and a swank small jacket . . . all in grand shades of Shantel linen . . . and Sak's Fifth Avenue feature new neck lines in their dresses and such new colors as tomato and madder rose.

Rita.

All of these after-Easter sales that are thrusting heavy suits and dark prints under our depression- pinched noses in tempting price ranges are almost as bad psychologically as the now' famous after- Christmas orgies (which means, of course, that any darksome affair may sound upliftingly cheap in April but will prove depressing- ly somber in May). However, bad though they may be, these sales serve at least one good purpose, for their rather melancholy ceaselessness is bound sooner or later to make your mouth water for something cool and bright and gay. And for that fashionable thirst—in a comfortable setting of mild weather—the mint juleps of the modish world at present are printed crepes, sheers, and chiffons.

Of course that is stating the matter rather arbitrarily; because there are prints and prints just as there are mint juleps and mint juleps (do you boil your leaves in whiskey or simply crush them in the liquor?) but the point to be made is that the thing to look for
From Chasoff's

Next to taking a trick with a deuce, there is no satisfaction in bridge quite comparable to a singleton ace. There is something awfully final about it, and according to our best mathematics it really counts as two quick tricks. We would like to feel that way about these suggestions of ours, designed as they are for human singletons and calculated to be both quick in operation and tricky in results. Tricky, that is, in a nice way: smart without being underhanded.

Meats, as we murmured last week, are comparatively easy. Just don't get your mouth set for roast of beef, or peanut-fed ham, and you can manage nicely. Take fish for example. Here it is Friday, so do take fish. On your way home stop in and buy a few shrimp, according to your individual capacity, and some mushrooms. In case you have to buy a pound of the latter you can cook the lot, use what you want, and put the balance in a bowl in the ice box. Tomorrow night make yourself a nice little mushroom omelette. See? Easy, isn't it? And if you're really economical you can make your mushrooms run for three meals and wind them up as a mushroom dressing for your tenderlion or hamburger. In the long run the expense is really very moderate.

To return to tonight. Fry your mushrooms in butter, or bacon fat, and take about a quarter

of a cup of them for immediate use. In a double boiler put half a cup of shrimps, broken up, and half a cup of cream and bring them to the boiling point. Add the mushrooms and for good measure add a pinch of salt, a half a teaspoon- full of chopped parsley, and a few grains of nutmeg. Mix them well and cook until well blended, then serve hot, either on toast or off toast as you prefer. If you have acquired a cucumber on the way home, cut it in long pieces to eat with salt, and you'll have a fairly well balanced meal, as well as a very tasteful one. Cautionary these days comes invariably in some printed form fashioned according to taste. And that taste may lead you through a maze of eye-murdering cartwheels and bloated polka dots but it may guide you out, too, to clever geometric patterns and to "hosts of golden daffodils."

Primavera Prints First on the list, these flower prints—Bonwit Teller's calls them "primavera," but they're really nothing more snooty than the familiar spring blossoms of your neighbor's garden—seem to take the lead in gaiety and charm. At Kline's, for instance, daisies are so plentiful they'd satisfy even the Vassar girls, and they appear in styles, too, that should please the critics of line and form. Witness a white and green soft silk shirtwaist frock buttoned in crystal and belted in bright green suede with interesting cording on the pockets, or a reddish sheer with cartilage epaulets and full sleeves accompanied by a loose sleeveless jacket. Less partial in their sympathies, Harzfeld's and Woolf's go in for regular fields of flowers. Thus a two-piece tailored model or a one-piece shirred one with an old-fashioned touch of brown velvet ribbon at the neck and belt from the former and a yellow

note: if you use raw shrimp they have to be boiled before you start mixing them with other things. When they are a nice pink remove the shell and proceed as directed.

But as far as that goes fresh shrimp, as is, boiled and served hot, make a good meal if served with bread and butter, and a nice spicy sauce. Try a really good tartar sauce, for example, with little green tartars in it—you can buy this, or you can buy mayonnaise and tartars and blend them—or a brisk sauce with a tomato foundation, like catsup with a dash of extra horseradish and a bit of cayenne pepper. Serve the shrimp hot from the kettle and use the fingers with which you were especially endowed for such food. Dip into the sauce and eat. But then, I like shrimp.

Another small fish, quickly 'and easily prepared for a onesome is smelt. Three should be enough, and the dealer should clean them for you in exchange for a sweet smile. Roll them in cracker meal and fry them in bacon fat, if you're that way about it, in butter, until they are a nice delicate brown. We'll recommend sliced tomatoes with this, for a change, and of course bread and butter. Of if you want a hot vegetable string beans are fine just now. Buy a pound when you have time, cook them and put them in the ice box. They keep indefinitely and are perfect for salads, and warm up beautifully, if you slip in a small piece of bacon. Flavor and everything.

Do you resent our neglect of potatoes? If you want that particular food try boiling several some night, and then you can have boiled potatoes with butter the first time, hashed brown the second, creamed the third, and use up that left over onion with what is left on the fourth. Or if you can take an hour to it, make yourself an especially nice one. There's something about a baked potato that is reassuring to body and soul.

two-piece number from the latter with a bright green chiffon scarf are all muchly beflowered in a clustered sort of way. Whereas Chasnoff's and Coventry's run the gamut of flowerdom from clusters to single blossoms and from bright carnations to soft green leaves.

Prints From India

The floral display over, the next item on the printed line (and watch out that it doesn't sneak into first before the next dust storm) is an offshoot of the present Maharanee trend: namely, India prints. Gay and colorful, they have the distinct double advantage of being easy on the weary eye and on the weary figure. Besides, they're new and rather daring, and well patterned along tailored lines in either silk or cotton materials. The one sketched here from Chasnoff's, for example, is in yellow silk with yellow bone buttons on its shirtwaist top and a bright blue kerchief at the neck.

GALLIMAUFREY

DEPARTMENT

We wish Or dell Caulkins, program announcer for WDAF would stop being so eloquent with our town's fair name. He persists in saying "Kawnsas Suttly." Give us "City" to rhyme with witty, Mr. Calkins, rather than putty.

Never have we enjoyed a book on the theatre so much as Joseph Verner Reed's "The Curtain Falls." Young Reed married the daughter of the Sam Pryors who, as many will recall, moved East from Kansas City. Reed was a wealthy, admittedly theatre-struck young man who, with Kenneth McGowan, produced plays from 1929 until 1933 when he finally closed his depleted check book with a snap. His book recounts those hectic years with wit, honesty and excitement.

We particularly enjoyed his candid pen portrait of Jane Cowl. Once upon a time we saw this actress make a face at an audience. It was at the Shubert. She was mad, furious, because of the small house. She took it out on us who had paid our good money to see her. We were plenty bored by such childishness. Reading "The Curtain Falls" explains it all to us; and a poignant explanation it is.

Incidentally, Mr. Reed mentions Elizabeth Arden in his book in a manner which must delight that energetic young woman. Referring to our old pal, Jane Cowl (who had had the flu) he writes, "But Jane recuperated quickly and all too soon she was back in the traces. Ravaging and pillaging life around her, she soon reverted to that amazing characterization—Jane Cowl, our Jane, or the Janey-bird, as she sometimes called herself. After a daily three-hour ritual at Elizabeth Arden's, she swept into rehearsal looking incredibly beautiful."

Three hours daily under Mrs. Alquist's, Miss Ramsey's or Miss Burke's expert ministrations, practically anyone we know would emerge from the tiny Arden lair in Emery-Bird's "looking incredibly beautiful." There is magic in an Arden facial. Don't you ever let some sombre scientific lad persuade you it's just lanolin, the fatty substance from the wool of sheep, you're getting patted into your face during the course of one.

First, we heard the police sirens whine a warning. Then we saw the police on motorcycles clearing a way through the noon-hour congestion downtown for the shiny, black limousine, empty of passengers. With its escort, the big car stopped before Swanson's. Out came a modest looking lady. The police and the chauffeur bowed her into the car. Sirens whined again. The car turned in the middle of the block and raced south, gathering speed as it went, flying through the lights on Grand. It was all very romantic. O'Henry could have made a fine thing of it. In our blunt way we'll clear away the mystery. Young Mr. Pendergast, that somewhat clumsy bridegroom, had not only kissed his pretty bride through a mist of tulle veils, but had also stepped on her exquisite wedding dress, tearing it asunder. With the co-operation of the police

department and the little needle woman from Swanson's, it was repaired almost at once. That's all there is to the whole affair of the black limousine.

On May tenth, the Alumnae of Smith College have arranged a benefit for their Scholarship Fund which sounds to us like a lively affair. On that afternoon, in Dr. and Mrs. Sophian's very beautiful home, Mrs. Bennett Schneider is to discuss Noel Coward's plays. The setting, the subject, the speaker and the worthy cause behind it all, prompts us to seek out a Smith graduate and get us a ticket—right now.

We overheard a young lady the other evening speaking to her escort at the finish of the movie "Private Worlds." She said, "It's fine to see a movie once in a while that children wouldn't understand." We agree with her. We also think children, in their ignorance, might be forgiven for laughing at the tragic presentations of the insane patients in the movie. There is no such excuse possible for the titters and guffaws from the adults in the audience.

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FUTURE

LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

MUSIC

A correspondent who gives no name has returned a sheet of FUTURE with the cryptic notation, "Why not read Lawrence Gilman, the music critic of the New York Herald Tribune?" and encloses two of Mr. Gilman's daily columns. It has appeared to me that aside from the differences between Mr. Gilman and myself, which need not be enlarged upon, the limitations of this column were self-apparent. This is an opportunity to talk about it and its prospective purposes as time unfolds.

Lawrence Gilman, and every music critic or editor on a daily paper of size, is provided with the current musical events of public and private importance for review and discussion, and has the space in which to mention them. Many of these events must get notices a day or two in advance or a day or two following their occurrence, otherwise they make no news.

As for the critical aspect of this column, what another man writes is peculiarly his own, for one thing. For another, what is to be heard in New York is a lot different from what can be heard in Kansas City.

So, as a last word to this correspondent, who won't sign his name, thanks if the suggestion was kindly. If it wasn't . . . this reply is a pretty courtesy.

As FUTURE grows, this column will grow, and we hope to cover more, ground, always with the idea that this paper is to serve a purpose or purposes that dailies do not serve.

Now that the Philharmonic season is over, and the summer music season not yet in, this column will be turned over to other purposes from time to time, to notes on rare books by Kansas City collectors, to reviews on a few very good or very poor new books . . . to almost anything which might belong on this page and it not likely to get similar treatment elsewhere. In due time, we plan to present a complete review and time table of the best radio music. There is a good deal of excellent instrumental and vocal music coming from foreign countries which can be received on short wave sets and which does not seem to be known about except by those who can remember to buy the radio log books which are so useful if you have a good radio.

Sometime, too, we hope to have several stories on local little- theatre groups. We might even try to get the news behind the scenes at the Plaza stunts; there must be news behind the scenes where fifteen hundred women will leave comfortable homes to sit in a movie house and hear somebody review a book which three times out of five has no virtue but its shiny newness.

N. L. S.

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Frank E. Markillie

THEATRE

Bughouse De Luxe

The amazing thing about Claudette Colbert's new picture, "Private Worlds," is the apparent luxury found in a state insane asylum. The patients are surrounded by beautiful gardens. The doctors are quartered in bungalows containing panelled living rooms, and bedrooms in a decor reminiscent of Elsie de Wolfe's best.

Although Miss Colbert is past- mistress in a straight role like this, she turned out better performances in "Imitation of Life" and "The Gilded Lily." Joel McCrea is not the type for a psychiatrist; he would be more convincing as an All-American back. Helen Vinson has seemed dedicated to two kinds of parts, that of the poor little wife who loses out, and that of a nasty little mischief-maker. No wonder she's recently signed a contract with Gaumont-British to play a few sympathetic heroines. Joan Bennett isn't as palely pretty in this picture, but she does splendidly in the scene wherein she hears the voices of her childhood. Charles Boyer is exceptionally good as the asylum superintendent.

If you don't let inconsistencies bother you, this picture has high entertainment value.

History De Luxe

"Cardinal Richelieu" is all Arliss. The only character who ever holds the center of the stage for a brief moment is Edward Arnold as Louis XIII. The rest haven't a chance. Both Violet Kemble-Cooper and Katherine Alexander are good actresses, but they are sadly limited. Maureen O'Sullivan is cloyingly sweet as Richelieu's ward. Caesar Romero has possibilities, but he has too many teeth and his manners are not quite finished enough to enter the Successor-to-Valentino Sweepstakes. Francis Lister has an effective scene as the king's weak brother, Gaston.

Arliss does a Sherlock, sneaking through sliding panels, riding like mad through the countryside to intercept condemning papers, and tripping slyly over the defeat of his adversaries. He is surrounded by swashbuckling swordplay, gorgeous costumes, and grand sets. The cathedral scene is the most impressive since "Rasputin."

While not up to "The House of Rothschild," "Cardinal Richelieu" is better than "The Iron Duke," and is definitely worth seeing.

Tenor

"My Heart Is Calling" is only recommended for the singing of Jan Kiepura. As a whole, the picture is not up to his first film shown in America, "Be Mine Tonight." The latter had much better supplementary tunes, and far more beautiful scenery, having been photographed around Lake Garda.

Kiepura should cut down on his mannerisms and his dental grin. Sonnie Hale should keep to the high comic level he established in "Evergreen." Marta Eggerth is ruined by bad make-up and an unfashionable wardrobe.

Go, if you want to hear Kiepura's aria in the third act of Tosca, which is superbly sung, but don't count on being amused by the rest of the picture.

M. J.

ART

With books concerning artists and their work appearing unprecedently on American best-seller lists, it's time someone played Good Samaritan to the host of equally deserving art books neglected by the public. Thomas Cravens is not the only critic of visual form, although the sale of "Men of Art" and "Modern Art" has proved him to be the most popular in many years.

Fine art books, more than any other category, have the regrettable faculty of being unobtainable several years after publication. Due to the expense involved in reproducing plates, publishers limit the editions to a number they know from experience can be sold to dilettantes and libraries. Ergo the reason why so meagre a selection of art books is to be found in secondhand stores. The following selection consists, therefore, of only those books which you can be reasonably sure of finding in print and at their original prices.

Readers of Irving Stone's "Lust for Life" should enjoy Julius Meier-Graefe's "Vincent Van Gogh." This was first printed in a limited and expensive edition, but can now be had for \$3.00. You will find the plates in the trade copies mediocre, but the text is by a German whose name is something to conjure with. "Paul Gauguin" by Beril Becker gives the story of the 'calm madman' in Vincent's life. Gauguin's existence was not the Eden he depicted in the paintings of Tahiti, but perhaps you remember this from Maugham's "Moon and Sixpence." Gauguin wrote two books, "Intimate Journals" and "Noa Noa," both indispensable to an understanding of the artist.

Until recently, the best art books came out of Europe. The Librairie Floury has a series of

monographs at \$2.00 named Anciens et Modernes. About 70 excellent plates in these, with 8 in color. (The Renoir, Daumier and Gauguin are worth going hungry for.) The old standby for students, Les Albums d'Art Druet, published by the Librairie de France, consists of 24 removable plates in black and white. These albums at \$1.75, and most of the French painters since Delacroix included. The texts, of course, are not English; but the pictures are such a joy, it won't matter a great deal if your knowledge of French,

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WALLACE BEERY MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN ROBERT YOUNG LEWIS STONE-JAMES GLEASON in
"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"

AND THE APRIL EDITION OF THE MARCH OF TIME

like mine, is limited to regular verbs and being able to translate *vin triste' ('stinking') when you read it.

In our own country, the Whitney Museum started a series on American artists at a time when only a few like Mrs. Whitney herself felt confident there was creative ability this side of the Atlantic.

The 500 books I failed to get in this time will have to go begging until a future column. In the meantime, visit Bennett Schneiders' on the Plaza and graze around through his art shelves—you'll find most of the important ones there.

T. K. B.

STUDIOS

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Nineteen Thirty-five

8

FUTURE

May third

AND THE LION SHALL LIE DOWN

The solution to the whole slightly complicated problem of what to do was offered recently by Milo Reno, head of the National Farmers Holiday Association in Iowa. If, he explained, Father Coughlin, Huey Long and Dr. Townsend, "three powerful leaders—could consolidate their efforts" they could "destroy wage slavery as surely as chattel slavery was destroyed in the sixties."

Huey, eating breakfast with three beauty queens, was present when the suggestion was made, but the other two of the triad were missing. Taking a look at recent activities of these gentlemen the chances for wage slavery look pretty good.' Long has virtually threatened secession and Father Coughlin has held a huge meeting of his National Union for Social Justice. Dr. Townsend, for the moment, seems to be content to sit back quietly and be attacked.

In fact the only discernable indication of any unity between the three is that Secretary Ickes doesn't like any of them. At the annual luncheon of the Associated Press he uttered no names but he tossed off descriptive phrases that were unmistakable and uncomplimentary to the three white hopes. Between luncheons and the radio, the chances for public description are particularly good. Now that the Georgia Commissioner of Agriculture is muttering about secession over the Scottsboro case it looks as if the number of lions that were being urged to look up a lamb for a room mate were getting unwieldy. Not only that but we're running short of epithets.

Financial

From page five

policy—drifting, continued bidding up the price, or raising the domestic price to the monetary price of \$1.29 an ounce. However, there still is another course open which has received little attention. That is, devaluation of the silver dollar. Just the same as in the case of the gold dollar, the President has power to devalue the silver dollar in the same ratio. By such action the statutory monetary value of silver could be raised to \$2.18 an ounce. This course would greatly reduce the amount of silver needed to bring about the three-to-one ratio. And thus there would be an end to the strong-arm methods of accumulation now employed. If the mine price was raised to \$1.09 before such a move, and with the statutory monetary value at \$2.18 an ounce, the old seigniorage ratio of 50 per cent would be re-established.

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You Don't Pay For Protection?

From page one

In the matter of raw milk the case is not quite so good. It has been demonstrated that raw milk, which meets every city standard, can be produced under sanitary conditions and sold for a fair price; yet a considerable number of dairies, poorly equipped, with disgusting conditions of filth, with workers apparently without a knowledge of the simplest rules of sanitation, are selling raw milk which is a distinct and very real menace to health.

The fact that the delinquent 10% mentioned before and these improper raw milk dairies are beyond the reach of the Consumers' League seems to put the blame on the city inspection. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. O. C. Murphy, city Milk Commissioner, would like to run an efficient and irreproachable service In every case where his hands were free he has succeeded.

Unfortunately the case seems to be with him as it is with other city officials: his hands are not free. There is every reason to believe that the political favorite gets the inspector's job, and it is a known fact that Mr. Murphy has not been able to make the cases which he has taken into the courts stick. This situation will shortly be in the hands of Dr. Schorer, Kansas City's new Health Director. The final decision in such matters as he revocation of licenses will be in his hands.

It has long been a matter of discussion whether an organization such as the Consumers' League merited a place on the list of beneficiaries of the Charity Chest. The city may be grateful that they have been so listed. But the point is that the citizens should

not be driven to supporting an organization whose functions are taking the place to a very large extent of a properly constituted city service. The Consumers' League should be unnecessary. The fact remains that it is not. Can Dr. Schorer put the city milk inspection on so firm and reliable a footing that the public will be relieved of the burden of being taxed for a service and then having to do it themselves anyway?

To substantiate the foregoing statements, let's state a few concrete instances that seem to verify the rumor that a good deal of city dairy inspecting is done very comfortably from the seat of an automobile. There is the case, recently witnessed, where a dog ambled into the bottling room and began to drink from a pail of milk. The woman in charge rescued it hastily and set the pail on a shelf, it being, she explained, their best Jersey milk. That milk was to be sold raw. Well, maybe you don't mind drinking after the farmer's dog. In other dairies men were smoking as they milked, a particularly good way to spread any possible mouth or throat infection from the milker to the milk. Dirty barns and such things as open privy pits adjacent to the barns are also found on farms sending raw milk to the Kansas City market.

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