

The News weekly for Today  
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Kansas City, Missouri, May 31, 1935  
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SNAPSHOTS OF THE WEEK

Representative John D. Taylor of Chariton County retorted biting to Dr. J. A. Gray's recent attack on T. J. Pendergast. "There is," he said, evidently referring to T. J., "no greater citizen in Missouri. I say the time will never come when people will have the least interest in talking about Dr. Gray." So it's being talked about that makes the big boss a good citizen? Well, they talked a lot about Dillinger, too.

The citizens of Washington state have cornered the market on aluminum sales tax tokens. They are using them for poker chips. Probably wouldn't be much danger of this in Missouri. Who'd want to play poker with concrete blocks?

With the result of a substantial saving to the rural consumer, the public service commission has ordered the Missouri Power and Light Company to fix a new rate schedule. New York and Cincinnati have done it and apparently Missouri is joining the ranks of communities that protect the citizens against exploitation. More power to the commission.

"Voice of Experience Here With His Father." This was a headline in a recent daily paper. We know that Necessity is the Mother of Invention, but the paternity of Experience is harder to determine. Moreover, it seems that in these days of paternalism and regimentation all that is left of Experience is just the voice anyway.

The Supreme Court has declared the NRA and the Farm Moratorium to be unconstitutional, thereby necessitating a shuffle of the New Deal if not a completely new deck. We know how they feel in Washington. We've had bridge hands that would have been worth a grand slam if somebody hadn't had one card too many. At least we can always claim that we would have made it, if somebody else hadn't messed it up.

R. L. Duffus in the New York Times Magazine for May 26 presents an article on the middle west. Particularly true to middle western temperament he lists Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. But the accompanying picture is of Kansas City, taken at night from Memorial Hill looking north across the Union Station. We may not have the temperament but it seems we have the looks.

It has been pointed out by a Chicago correspondent that the International Golden Glove bouts, planned with an eye to international amity, had unlooked-for results. It seems that Italy was the victorious visitor, and did well until they came up against a contingent of Chicago's colored fighters. The African-Italian meetings resulted in a number of Mussolini's Prides and Hopes going quietly to sleep. International repercussions were immediate. The very next day Ethiopia sent a harsh note to Italy, and Italy didn't even talk back.

#### WE SPEAK OF ITALIANS

Nobody asked us to write this. FUTURE has no interest to promote, and no ax to grind, but believes it an injustice that in the newspaper publicity given to the comparatively few lawless Italians in Kansas City the talents and achievements of the many others are forgotten. This is particularly unfair as there is no one who more truly regrets a backsliding countryman than does the law-abiding and cultured Italian.

But steady and conscientious achievement never receives the newspaper space that is

accorded to one criminal exploit. A Mangiaricina will rate columns, and yet his importance as a force in the community is as nothing compared with the influence of hundreds of law-abiding Italians whose work for the city and for their own people goes steadily on with splendid results. In Kansas City there are many such men and women, either Italian-born or of Italian parentage, who are an honor to the city in which they live.

FUTURE takes pride in presenting to its readers a few of the notable Italians who live and work in Kansas City. It is to be regretted that space makes a fuller roll call impossible, and also puts out of the question a detailed account of even the few enumerated. It is hoped that these few names, however, will help to remind the other citizens of Kansas

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FUTURE

May thirty-first

TAKE INSURANCE OUT OF POLITICS

FOREIGN

Italy Agrees to Arbitrate

Fears that Italy would follow the example of Japan and Germany and withdraw from the League of Nations if the Council persisted in its attempt to handle the Italo-Ethiopian border dispute were dispelled during the week when Premier Mussolini accepted two League Council resolutions outlining the general procedure to be used in conciliating and arbitrating the differences between Rome and Addis Ababa.

Conciliation efforts are to proceed for two months between the arbiters already nominated and accepted by each government, after which actual arbitration will begin. If no agreement is reached in three months, the League Council will meet automatically to discuss the situation. Italy and Ethiopia are given "full liberty to settle the dispute in question" and reference is made in both resolutions to Article V of the Italo-Ethiopian Treaty of August 2, 1928, by which the signatories agreed to adjust all differences by means of arbitration and specifically pledged themselves not to resort to force.

The Ethiopian delegate interpreted this latest League action to preclude the sending of additional Italian troops to East Africa, but the British and French do not share this view.

In League circles it is hoped that an agreement can be reached, before the latter part of September when the rainy season ends, which will permit the movement of troops.

Economic Sanctions Discussed

The committee appointed by the League Council to study the application of economic and financial sanctions against treaty repudiators opened its sessions with the discussion of a French proposal for a European pact which would impose an embargo through the Council on raw materials. Article XVI of the Covenant already provides for economic and financial sanctions against a member of the League going to war in disregard of its covenant obligations, but the French desire to bring the proposed treaty within the scope of Article XI which gives any member the "friendly right" to call to the attention of the Council any situation that may threaten to disturb the peace.

Under the plan, the signatories are to agree to accept all recommendations of the Council, and "to concert together on measures to be taken with a view to prohibiting effectively export

to the territory of the State guilty of the breach of arms and implements of war and all raw materials particularly suitable for the manufacture of such implements, or other raw materials of a less specialized nature or any other product of which it may be considered desirable to deprive the treaty breaking State.”

While the proposed embargo would probably prevent precipitate action with regard to the repudiation of treaties, it is not altogether certain that the countries which possess or control the essential commodities will subscribe to the plan. Moreover, the attitude of the United States would be an important factor in the success of the pact, and in view of the traditional American policy of commercial freedom and neutrality, it is doubtful if the protocol would be warmly received in Washington.

G. L. C.

“MEDDLESOME EMILY”

If The Missouri Democrat is to be believed, three Missourians, now holding Federal positions, are “on the spot.” Needless to say, they have all incurred the wrath of the local organization. Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, chairman of the consumer’s division of the NRA, Wallace Crossley, Missouri relief director, and Ewing Y. Mitchell, assistant Secretary of Commerce, are the subjects of the attacks. “Meddlesome Emily” has offended by her protest against the appointment of Matt Murray. According to the Democrat, “The wonder expressed by Democratic leaders of this state is how and why has Mrs. Emily Newell Blair received Federal patronage for her entire family, in view of her discredited Democratic record of party activity for several years in Missouri when more deserving Democratic women of the state have not been recognized for merited party service.”

And: “Three Blairs drawing \$23,600 a year at a time when thousands of capable and deserving Democrats in Missouri are wondering where their next meal is coming from! Here’s a little clean-up job for our Senators and Congressmen.”

The fact that the Blairs may be capable people doesn’t seem to be a matter of concern. This attitude —considering every job simply as a matter of swag, regardless of the qualifications of the job-holder, is the basis of all our objection to machine government.

Mr. Crossley’s crime is a matter of patronage also. As expressed by “one of the leading Democratic women” at the recent regional conference, “Relief, direct and indirect, is non-political, of course. But we do feel that administration should be in Democratic hands. We know that he (Mr. Crossley) has not been as sympathetic as we expected him to be in the matter of placing Democrats in salaried positions.”

As for Mr. Mitchell, the charge is more veiled. “The women appeared to look upon him as a political ‘outlaw’, and the report that he is on the way to oblivion was highly pleasing to them.” Do you remember? Mr. Mitchell was outspoken against the Pendergast ticket last election.

CLOSING

No attempt to enforce the provisions of the new state liquor law is being made here. The new law provides for closing at midnight Saturdays and at 1:30 o’clock in the morning other days. Not more than half a dozen places have been found that observe the law. They are complaining of the unfair advantage given the politically-affiliated dispensers. The bigger hotels are observing the law and losing business to the places that keep open 24 hours a day.

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FUTURISMS

Three Balls

The Kansas City police department points with pride to a recovery of 98 per cent of the motor cars stolen in the city. Now that they have made such a good job of recovering, let's see a little more activity in "fencing."

Steam

"Who's he, a Chinese laundry-man?" asked Mae West when the name of Huey Long, the Louisiana Kingfish, was mentioned.

No, Mae, he isn't. He more fits the steam variety of laundry.

Child Labor

Our doorbell rang Tuesday night this week in the midst of the usual downpour. Upon investigation a bedraggled urchin was discovered who mumbled, "Please, mister, my father's dead, my mother's sick, will you buy a magazine for 15c?" Upon our shelling out the money, a damp magazine was produced— "Democracy."

Cop-eration

Especial praise was handed out, recently, by J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the Bureau of Investigation, to the police of St. Joseph for their work in co-operating with the Bureau in a bank hold-up in that city. Kansas City police have also attracted official notice, but so far the hand outs have been hurled, not handed.

Where's the Pay-Off?

Despite pressure from home-owners, an athletic field for Westport High cannot be constructed on park property on the grounds that admission fees would be charged. But out on Seventeenth a circus did business for weeks. The property was ruined; will have to be regraded and sodded. What price a city ordinance?

Jassacks

Strickland Gillilan of Washington, in addressing a Kiwanis luncheon at San Antonio, Tex., declared: "There are probably more members of congress who have never been curried below the knees than at any time before."

Must be another crop of those "sons of wild jackasses" we heard so much about a few years ago.

Judge Dike G. Sevier, a Democrat and judge of the Cole county circuit court, and R. Emmet O'Malley, Pendergast-affiliated state superintendent of insurance, are fighting over the handling of some \$11,000,000 of impounded fire insurance funds.

If the battle gets hot enough a real scandal may develop. Already O'Malley is hinting a Jefferson City bank and some politicians have benefited from Judge Sevier's handling of the impounded funds. Judge Sevier blocked the rate compromise arrived at last week between O'Malley and the insurance companies in which policyholders would recover 20 per cent of the impounded funds or a little more than the amount that would be handed out to politically-

avored lawyers.

Another feature of the O'Malley plan would be that about \$2,500,000 would be dumped into the lap of the state administration to spend. This would come from impounded funds released in 1929 but which have never been returned to policy holders who could not be located. It is estimated that 10 per cent of the funds now impounded would thus go to the state.

The row that has blown up between the two Democratic officeholders over the handling of the huge sum has attracted much attention. The federal court will have much to say in the final disposition of funds in the same case impounded in the federal court. How the scrap between the Cole county judge and his friends and O'Malley and the state administration may be a different matter.

The history of the insurance litigation in Missouri extends back to 1922 when Ben C. Hyde, then commissioner of insurance, put in a 10 per cent rate reduction of fire insurance rates. The companies started litigation. The fund was impounded until 1929 when the state won its case and the money was returned to policyholders who could be located.

In 1930 the companies put in a rate increase of 16 2/3 per cent. The state started litigation and the money has since been impounded. Last week O'Malley announced his compromise which would return 20 per cent to policyholders and 80 per cent to the companies, out of the latter to be paid all expenses including the large attorney's fees to political lawyers which stirred up much protest. John Barker and Floyd Jacobs, Democratic machine leaders, would get fat fees under the compromise agreement.

In return for the compromise the companies were to drop the 16 2/3 per cent increase and substitute one of 5 per cent. The compromise also included numerous changes in classifications that were said to be of great benefit to insurance buyers.

For instance, at the present time there is a penalty premium on policies for houses with garages. This would be removed.

Judge Sevier upset the compromise by a decision, after the compromise, in which he held against the companies and for the state. His decision was that the impounded money all should be returned to the policyholders. The companies immediately appealed to the supreme court of Missouri. A hearing on that appeal is not expected to reach a hearing before September, meanwhile the insurance rate case is thrown back into litigation and the compromise must wait until a court order clears the way.

The insurance companies as well as the insurance buying public would like to see the case settled fairly and an adjustment made on rates so that rates in this state would compare with other states. Litigation always adds to the cost of insurance.

The general public would like to see the handling and distributing of the millions in insurance funds aired. It is another case of "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." The public would like to see its insurance costs taken out of politics.

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FUTURE

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## CHEESE JO THE GANG

Charley (Cheese) Casciola, hoodlum machine election “worker,” now can thumb his nose at Charles Gargotta and John, alias Frank, Mangiaricina, the “heroes” in two of the greatest criminal court fiascos ever staged in Jackson county.

Gargotta, charged with murder, was saved when a machine policeman, promised money and promotion, went into court and perjured himself. The copper now is getting ready to do a four-year stretch in Leavenworth because the government went in for justice.

Mangiaricina was accused of shooting a man to death near his, Mangiaricina’s, dive at Fifteenth and Cherry streets. The Italian was a Democratic worker; the trial was postponed more than a score of times, women witnesses threatened, and finally an assistant prosecutor, Michael D. Konomos, reported he had lost the records in the case and Mangiaricina went free. W. W. Graves, rotund prosecutor, came up with his usual “I will investigate.” No results.

With the court “heroes” walks now Politician Casciola. Strut they may among the hoodlums for they have proved that a pull can get the boys out of a murder rap. All three faced murder charges in the criminal courts. In all three the prosecutor’s office displayed a lack of enthusiasm; perjuring witnesses went unchallenged.

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The most interesting feature of the Casciola trial last week was that the jury, disgusted with the crude and farcial prosecution, refused to return a verdict of not guilty or guilty. Apparently it appeared to the jury that Lady Justice was being insulted by the raw way the prosecution was mishandled and they showed their disgust with no verdict. It was reported that four of the jurors decided the trial stunk to high heaven of political intrigue and they wouldn't budge on a verdict.

Witness after witness was called by the two assistant prosecutors. All testified they could not identify Cheese Casciola although they had signed statements after the election day murder that Casciola was the man and later appeared before a grand jury to name the young Italian machine worker and hoodlum.

The fact the witnesses appeared to be frightened and repudiated their former identifications did not appear to bother the assistant prosecutors. They ran through the list, staged a laughable prosecution. The defense thought things had gone their way so well the Italian's attorney said he did not desire to present any testimony. He told the jury no case had been offered by the prosecution. True as it was, four members of the jury refused to be insulted by such a trial and hung the jury.

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Cheese

The trial of Casciola recalled the bloody election day murders March 27, 1934.

The scene of the shooting affray was at the polling place, 1901 East Twenty-fourth street. A party of four men raided the polling place, beat up polling officials and shot to death William Findley, Negro precinct captain. Casciola was identified later as one of the shooting party. He later was charged with murder, resulting in the Gargotta-Mangiaricina type of court farce.

One of the hoodlums was seen to clutch his stomach when he was shot by Findley who elected to shoot it out with the hoodlums. He ran from the scene of the shooting.

A few minutes after the poll shooting Casciola showed up seven blocks away with a bullet in his abdomen. The wounded man was rushed to General hospital in an ambulance, gave his name as Charles Lombardo. He was identified as Casciola and would not tell police, it was announced, where and how he received the wound.

After a year Cheese Casciola was brought to trial. The state took six Follow to page eight  
LIKE GARBO, HE WANTS TO BE ALONE

Thousands of city and county jobholders are wondering just how much the pay-cuts they have been forced to take the past twelve months figure in the expense of the trip abroad of our Democratic ringmaster.

Only about four paydays in the last fiscal year did employees get full salary checks and the outlook for this fiscal year is even worse, with the city faced with unprecedented skimping to pay off bond maturities that can't be paid off from almost bare sinking funds. Also there is an election year coming up in 1936 with the usual series of campaign lugs on the workers.

Pendergast, nationally credited with being the last of the great political bosses since the crushing of the Vare machine in Pennsylvania, Tammany in New York and Thompson in Chicago, left Kansas City Saturday night for New York from where he expected to sail June 7 for three months in Europe.

Like Garbo, Pendergast likes to be alone. He gave orders not to be bothered while he was away. In fact, these are standing orders. The boss does not like to be bothered with politicians and job seekers. He wanted no crowd down to bother him when he left Kansas City. When he dines out the boys know better than to go up and shake hands and greet him. When the Pendergast Christmas dinner is held in the North End Pendergast never shows up to give the boys a chance to speak to him.

More than 1,000 persons paid out \$5 to join the T. J. Pendergast class of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. They were initiated Sunday with much ado and little "Horse play," according to the order's announcement. But Pendergast, No. 1 Eagle of the day, failed to show up. Although his boat is not scheduled to leave until June 7 he pulled out a few hours before the Eagle brothers started to do him honor. Con. Mann had to tell the brothers how much the boss thought of them.

The Eagle slogan includes a line about "fighting for the workingmen." Pendergast lives in a palace on Ward parkway and is off for a tour of Europe. "Fighting for the workingmen" also has enriched Con. Mann, biggest of all moneymakers in the "fight for the workingmen."

Political campaigns are many months away and decision on candidates for next year will not require Pendergast's OK for many months. While he is away political matters that will require approval from the machine will emanate from the sacred sanctum of Pendergast near Nineteenth and Main streets. James M. Pendergast, a nephew, will speak for the boss and will have the advice of party leaders, chiefly James Aylward, Pendergast contact man at election times.

With the powerful vote-counting machine that delivered such a crushing demonstration to dishearten opponents at the last city election, the machine is in the strongest position in its history. Weakest spot is discontent among workers who have been put on part-rations. But that is not Pendergast's, the job of winning back the malcontents.

As usual when there are campaign expenses to be met or times are bad it is the small jobholders that get hit. The top must be kept financed.

With litigation becoming more and more a source of trouble to the machine it is important that the machine name the members of the state supreme court. It is reported that Pendergast already has decided upon members of that tribunal. It is reported that John C. Collet, Salisbury, state public service commission chairman, and Ernest S. Gantt, present member, will get Pendergast's stamp of approval. Other state offices will go chiefly to present holders who were Pendergast-picked at the last state election.

Interesting to politicians and public alike is the man who will get the Pendergast OK for the gubernatorial nomination. It is considered most likely it will be Mr. Aylward or Charles M. Howell, insurance attorney and defeated by Sen. Bennett C. Clark, anti-Pendergast candidate for the Democratic senatorial nomination in the last national election. That is, if either of the two desires the nomination. There is a flock of prospects from various parts of the state and with indications for another Democratic year in Missouri in 1936 there may be many fights for the various offices. All will be fighting for Pendergast aid.



Approval of many of the offices will be withheld until near primary election time for the effect it will give.

More interested in the Pendergast daily and political doings will be the jobholders who are wondering what has happened to their lost pay and what is going to happen to it in the next few months.

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FUTURE

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FRAT LIFE OF THE GODS

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OF THE PEOPLE"

It has been customary since the foundation of this republic of ours to refer to it solemnly as a representative government. So it is, of course, but did you ever stop to wonder, representative of what or whom?

Well, many kinds of things and people. Special interests are strongly, though not always wisely, represented at Washington and in the lesser fountain heads of government. If you doubt it, consider the tariff law that was passed in 1929, the echoes of which still are reverberating around the world in such forms as the "Buy British campaign." Consider the soldier bonus matter which, in one way or another, we have always with us.

It is inconceivable that those able lobbyists who have made a living for so many years battling for the bonus will not find it necessary to remain in Washington even should the bonus be paid in full. Some new crisis will arrive that will require another ten years or so of paid service from these gentlemen, and you may lay to that.

These are only two widely known instances of effective special pleading that are able to command respect and obedience from senators and congressmen. There are many, many more. Corporation spokesmen frequently deplore the necessity of maintaining lobbies to look after their interests in the halls of government, even while admitting that they have such organizations. The corporation plea is that, unless they do so, conscienceless legislators will blackjack them and their stockholders into complete insensibility, and pick their pockets clean. There is a measure of truth in the plea, but it may be added that it has been a good many years since any corporate interests have been found so guileless as not to be able to protect

themselves against the conscienceless legislator.

Harking back to a quaint old phrase of three years ago, the “Forgotten Man” at city halls, state capitols and Washington is the ordinary citizen. You see, he isn’t organized, though ever so many special pleaders claim to represent him, and ever so many windy legislators pay him idle lip service. But he is seldom to be feared, because he isn’t organized, because he doesn’t know what or whom to believe.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he is altogether forgotten. He isn’t. Every sound political economist knows that it is the mute, inglorious, unrepresented citizen who eventually must pay the cost of all the activities of government. As it is an enlightened and merciful world, every effort is made to make the process as painless as possible. Sales taxes and processing taxes that make the prices of the commodities he buys higher are a favorite device. Appeals to his patriotism to stand by the country and the party are produced effectively every so often.

As for giving the little fellow any actual share in the government he pays for, any practical politician knows what a silly idea that would be. Why, they will tell you, he wouldn’t know what was for his own good, anyhow. He’d make all kinds of silly mistakes. We must be practical about these matters. \*

#### NORTH SIDE SEWING CIRCLE

Tammany is going artistic. The Grover Cleveland Democratic Club, whose boss, Mahoney, is aiming at the Tammany chieftainship, has already sponsored a symphony concert and a choral society. Now it is fostering art as produced by the kiddies of the district. All these activities, we should add, center in the club rooms. Mr. Mahoney sees hope for the country in culture, especially culture in club rooms. We expect the North Side Democratic Club of Kansas City to open a sewing circle at any minute.

#### DEFUNCT

N. Y. M. ?

Possibly Mr. Pendergast and the local Democrats were a bit prejudiced when they pooh-pooed the allegedly defunct National Youth Movement. The Christian Science Monitor, which certainly cannot be accused of playing politics in Kansas City, says in an article titled Youth in Drive for Cleaner Politics: “In the vanguard are the really vigorous Young-Adult groups which take an active hand in the policies and politics of their communities. The ‘National Youth Movement’ in Kansas City is perhaps the most spectacular. . . . Five young men who casually discussed political conditions in Kansas City one night suddenly galvanized themselves into action, and within two years had elected two members to the City Council and had more than 5,000 persons willing and eager to continue active work for better local government.

“Although they failed to oust the Pendergast machine, they gained great prestige in the Midwest and brought to the attention of the whole country the fact that an aggressive group of ‘Young Adults’ were not willing to pass the buck. . . . Kansas City leads the way for other ‘Young Adults’ who have been timid or who have become discouraged over the legions of ‘professional politicians that march on Washington each year—with but one idea, a comfortable salary and power.

“If the young American sets out to put these professional politicians out of business and put vigorous young men and women in official positions, a certain amount of reform can be effected at once.”

#### CHARITY

## BEGINNING

When the Charity Drive army takes the field this fall it will move under the orders of Herman L. Traber, who has accepted the job of General chairman of the 1935-36 campaign. Mr. Traber is far from being a recruit. Last year he was general of the railroad division, and in previous years he served as colonel in the third division. Mr. Traber's appointment was made by the Charities Committee and approved by the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Traber's wide contacts, both professional and social, make him an especially good choice. An executive general agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and as member of the chambers of commerce of the three Kansas Cities, Missouri, Kansas, and North, as president of the Knife and Fork Club, and a member of Mission Hills Country Club, he meets a wide and varied assortment of associates. And a broad understanding of the field should be a decided asset to the man who is to bring Kansas City successfully through a charities campaign.

Five of the divisions have also selected their generals for the coming drive. They are Paul J. Arnold, division 2; Albert Tamm, division 3; John T. Ready, division 4; J. E. Busher, division 5; and Frank C. Kenyon, division 6. J. A. K. Ficklin will head the colored division.

The report of last year's campaign is interesting. In 272 cities \$57,433,734 was raised, or 98.9 per cent of the amount raised by the same cities in 1934. The credit for this excellent showing goes to the subscribers of \$100 or less, accord-

## 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.

### Epidemics

Measles seems to be on the wane. From 40 new cases a week on February 2, 1935, to 165 for the week ending March 2, 1935, down to 69 for the week ending May 11th, we may judge somewhat as to the curve for this particular infectious disease, and look for a normal quota shortly.

Scarlet Fever, fortunately, has not appeared in the large numbers that it has in some of our neighboring cities to the North. The maximum seems to have come during the week of March 16th, when 37 new cases were reported. This is contrasted with 9 for the last week in 1934 and 15 for the first full week in May.

Influenza has been a source of considerable anxiety in Alaska and the Northwest, but does not seem to have been reported for Kansas City at all thus far. We are not likely to experience any trouble with it now as the summer approaches and we live more and more in the out-of-doors.

Dr. B. E. Spear of London made a study of the periodicity of Influenza in that city for the last 44 years. He found that there had been 43 prevalences during that time of varying degrees of severity. He found that the coming of summer checked an epidemic but that on a return toward the winter solstice the prevalence was renewed with increased severity. He also found that if an epidemic began in the Fall, it was completely exhausted in a few months and a year or two of freedom from the disease, in epidemic form, followed.

In 1929 there were 59 deaths from Influenza in Kansas City. Since then the mortality has ranged, 25, 18, 25, and 48 for 1933. In short we have had no real epidemic. If Spear's observations hold for a vast territory as they do for the city of London, we might expect some

increase in the incidence of Influenza next Fall.

ing to the bulletin of the Community Chests and Councils. Kansas City alone raised \$1,094,826, or 91.7 of the quota. The total number of subscribers was 112,660, and of this number 80,535 subscribed five dollars and less. If all subscribers large and small continue in their support Mr. Traber should have a banner year.

Georgia isn't "wet," but she is subject to a very heavy dew. The state went "dry" by 217 votes.

Nineteen Thirty-five

May thirty-first

FUTURE

5

FINANCE

No comment on the week's events would be complete without a word of gratitude for the courageous manner in which President Roosevelt halted the passage of the Patman Bonus Bill. It was as we hoped it would be and all informed citizens should be thankful that the debt to the veterans was not paid in such a dangerous manner. We are not one of those who believe no debt is owed to the World War veteran. However, we believe that it should be paid as it was intended and when it was intended.

As we said last week, the veto and the failure of the senate to override does not close the issue. Further strong attempts to secure bonus legislation undoubtedly will be made at this session of congress and it is indicated that the next efforts will make the late attempt look small. A thought for the overwhelming vote in the house of representatives and the majority in the senate emphasize the gains of inflationary sentiment.

Clearly those who have been attempting to show the public the dangers of inflation have made little progress, it is pointed out by D. W. Ellsworth in the Annalist. "The results to date show the lack of realization of the necessity of dramatizing the arguments against inflation, so as to make the evils of inflation more readily understandable to the great majority of the people," he said. "Apparently the common impression is that inflation would be something of a lark; a period of unrestrained optimism; rising stock and commodity prices, active business and full employment at high wages."

The thought of losing a lifetime's savings does not strike terror to the hearts of a majority of the people because they already have lost most of their savings. Inflation hits the wage earner hardest, because wages will be the last to go up and because living costs will be greatly increased. This all has been said before, but Mr. Ellsworth believes, and we agree with him, that a survey of the specific instances of distress caused by the German and French inflations would be effective material to combat the arguments of the inflationists.

Gold Bloc Weakens

The pressure on the remaining members of the gold bloc, particularly France, makes it appear that they can not remain on a gold basis much longer. Following the devaluation of the Belgian belga, Holland and Switzerland currencies met the most pressure, but at present the French franc is showing the most weakness and the crisis there is causing much nervousness both here and abroad. Of course the heavy drain on French gold can go on for a while without threatening the gold position seriously, but devaluation seems inevitable.

Such being the case, the wise thing for the gold bloc countries to do would be to devalue

immediately and then the foundation would be laid for stabilization. The gold countries have been heavily deflated, world trade has been lost and internal prices have grown far out of line with conditions.

Secretary Morgenthau indicated recently that the United States would not take the initiative in a stabilization move, although it was learned that the treasury had Professor White visit European coun-

MAY WE PRESENT

W. W. (TOM) GRAVES

Mr. W. W. (Tom) Graves is a nice, fat, young man who smiles upon the best of possible worlds and who would rather laugh out loud at a good one told by his cronies gathered together at the Pickwick Hotel than battle brilliantly in any court room for any cause whatsoever. A pleasant, decent enough man as a private citizen. Unfortunately, he is also a public servant. We, the citizens of Kansas City, elected him to office. We made him Prosecuting Attorney for Jackson County and his rating as a public servant depends upon the angle from which he is viewed. If you belong to the school of thought that regards a public office as a public trust, if you are alert for meritorious public service as well as wastefulness and graft, you will consider Prosecutor Graves' record in office pretty feeble, maybe downright shameful. On the other hand, if you belong to an unofficial but potent organization with votes to line up and voters demanding legal favors all the time, you put Tom Graves down as a right guy.

Anyway, about a year and half ago we set him up to defend us in the name of the State of Missouri. It was a big order for Tom Graves and he was just smart enough to realize its enormity. He worried over it a while and arrived finally at a solution which suited him perfectly. He would share this tremendous responsibility and honor. And how! He appointed fifteen assistants (count 'em, 15), representing the various political divisions of the city, including the Irish, the Jews and the Greeks.

Now everybody, even Tom Graves, knows that one militant, intelligent, fearless prosecutor backed by a cooperative police force and judiciary could clean up this city in two months. Everybody knows, including Tom, that such a program would mean bucking the machine; a job requiring valor, considerable valor. Well, Tom Graves has a record for valor. He fought with the Marines in France and exchanged blows with Gene Tunney in the squared circle; but he was born to be a genial organization man and be a genial organization man and that's about all. Circumstances conspired with heredity to put him where he is today. He hopes we're satisfied. (Since we have sixteen prosecuting attorneys, we ought to be!) The conspiring circumstances were, obviously, the machine which put him up for office and elected him. The hereditary thrust came from his father, who was a Justice in the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri. Before his father died, Tom got along as one of the solicitors for the Missouri Pacific. His father's death pulled the props out from that job somehow and there he was, a nice guy, but about to starve to death. A political position was in order for the loyal lad. Tom Graves had been an election commissioner; in other words, he knew his way around. He was harmless, ineffectual, good-natured. He would be a perfect machine-made Prosecuting Attorney.

And he is, there's no doubt about it. He only appears in court about two hours a week. He only fools with cases that need a good job of bungling done on them (see the Gargotta case for his one swell job of boon-doggling). Delays, continuances, changes of venue, etc., all the old smelly routine keep the Jackson County Court safe for the fractious boys. They tell the story

about one local

To FUTURE :

I have read your article in the last issue of Future relative to the Bland Post of the American Legion and the Bonus. I have also been spoken to by a number of people relative to this article.

This is a most unfortunate occurrence, and has been very embarrassing to me as Commander of the Post. I am at a loss to know who "H. M. B." is—certainly he is not a member of the Post. It has no doubt been embarrassing to the men mentioned in the alleged communication from the Post, and I wish to state that none of them would have condoned such a statement—(perhaps do not even agree with its main thesis.

I hope some way will be found to retract this statement for I feel that it is due the good name of the Bland Post and the Legion.

tries for the purpose of sounding out sentiment. A statement from President Roosevelt that the United States will not further devalue the dollar and a little leadership on the part of Great Britain towards stabilization on a gold basis would probably turn the trick. B. O. B.

If the article is based on an interview, it must certainly be merely the opinion of one man, and cannot be the result of any action by the Post.

Yours truly,

Edw. P. Heller. Dear Dr. Heller:

H. M. B. signed himself thus and said he was a member of the Bland Post. We thought it was pretty good dope he sent in. In any case—as said the pessimist who had just received a negative Wasserman—"It's just one man's opinion."

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lad, an operator of a small chain of brothels, who recently considered having himself charged with murder in order to escape some pressing Federal indictment, figuring that he could get his trial delayed so long in the Circuit Court, the Federal courts would lose interest in him; then, of course, he would kick off the murder rap and go about his business free from care. (N. B. The G-Men got him.) The machine may be having trouble here and there throughout the state, but in Tom Graves' office everything is under control.

Among newspaper men, Tom is known as Necessity Graves. Necessity knows no Law, get it? That jibe gets a laugh from Tom every time. Why should he go around posing as a big-shot

lawyer just because he's getting forty- five hundred dollars a year as Prosecuting Attorney representing about a half million people and fifteen hundred dollars extra for serving on the parole board? Shoot, he is just a fat, fun-loving fellow who knows that everything goes as long as you play ball with the right team. That's law enough for W. W. Graves.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

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FUTURE

May thirty-first

STRAWBERRY RASH By KATIE KITCHEN

MANNERS MODES

Now in May

These misplaced April showers and equinoctial rains have had one point in their favor. They've given us the time and, mainly, the inclination to go leisurely on ourselves and catch up on the newest novels and prize-winning stories. And when we say "leisurely," we mean "leisurely," connoting chaise lounge, down pillows, and negligees that had lately gone neglected in lieu of golf-skirts and spring suits.

And did you have the same experience that we had when you resurrected your lounging robes? Did you suddenly recognize the devastation that last summer's heat wave had upon your leisure wardrobe? And logically, (this is very feminine logic), realize that another summer is on the horizon?

The fortifications of the Armenians on Musa Dagh reminds us that we must needs fortify



ourselves in our feminine way against the rise, of the Mercury. And what better way than with a loose-fitting and graceful negligee such as we saw at Woolf's today? The new cottons are ever so sensibly luxurious. We couldn't resist the night-skied-and- starred organdie (organdie, young and fresh; navy blue, so practical). This, and a delicious yellow dotted swiss, are each just the thing to make a slim—or otherwise—purse “go around” and to go around a slim—or otherwise—person.

Printed sheers are “always good,” as the saying goes. There is one at Woolf's that would please anyone, time, or occasion. Dainty, yet not too dainty, flowers grow in an abundance of peach, violet, and cherry on an off-white background.

But, we were completely captivated by the georgettes. Lovely misty things in luscious shades, Clouds of lilac, shirred and cascading. Fluffs of yellow, furbelowed and beruffled. We actually coveted a thermometer showing 100 degrees Fahrenheit so that we could feel extravagantly luxurious and feminine^—and look it!

To be more elegant, we might have chosen the printed satin. A subtle print—where does it begin and where end?—interesting sleeves —jade clips holding the neck-line in an enigmatic fold. And expressly for the trousseau shopper, a handsome white satin robe, tailored (yet not so tailored that the groom would wear it by mistake) and boasting a most effective short fringe binding.

At John Taylor's we found lilacs and violets in abundance. No, not floral decorations—georgette gowns, but every bit as decorative. Newer and even lovelier than the exotic orchid.

Rothschild's gave us a fresh impetus\* for endurance of summer's heat in their Tuck-Aways. Tuck- Aways, to the uninitiated, are another version of silk pyjamas. They are tailored for complete comfort with either a turned-down collar a la little boy or with the neck buttoned and business-like. There are high shades of blue and red for lounging, and pastels (turquoise, ciel blue, and maize) for en famille . . . And, they will wash forever.

It was at Rothschild's too that we found the answer to a Pullman- night's need: seersucker robes, smartly practical, easily launder- able, and thoroughly indispensable. They are striped in browns and blues and greens with solid-color reverses. And we decided that they

Or maybe you are rash and not the strawberries. A gentleman of my acquaintance declares bitterly that every year he is fed strawberries as soon as the first greenish pink ones appear on the market. By the time the really ripe and luscious ones come along he is tired of the whole business and much prefers bananas. Well, it is hard to resist those first signs of returning spring, lying so promisingly in their neat little boxes— and how they do lie—(but they should be resisted. The perfect gustatory satisfaction of a perfect berry is worth waiting for with an unacidulated palate.

But the moment is almost at hand. Of course, in view of the rain, they may come to the surface with the general characteristics of the sea strawberry—nettly and nasty, in case you never hooked any—but we still hope for some of the perfect experiences of past springs. And if we do get any, what are we going to do with them? Strawberries and cream, of course, and please have real cream, rich and yellow. Few things are more disheartening than a nice red berry in a bowl of pale blue milk. It must be sort of discouraging to the berry too, come to think of it. But there are other things to do too, things that will utilize the strawberry season to the utmost without eliciting a single moan of protest from your family.

Of course there is shortcake. Any family can stand short cake at least once a week—that is if

you have held off until the berries are really good. The secret of this desert is simple but profound. Don't try to make it a cake. Make a fairly short biscuit dough, bake it as usual just at dinner time, pry it apart and butter it while still hot. Have the larger part of your berries ready sugared, and slightly crushed. Put half in between the halves of your cake, and the rest over the top. Then put on lots of whipped cream, slightly sweetened, and stick a few whole berries around on top to look pretty. They may also be eaten, if appetite overcomes artistic appreciation. This is our idea of a really good strawberry shortcake. Now you tell me what yours is.

While you're resting up for another shortcake, try a strawberry pie. Line your pie pan with pastry, and sprinkle it with flour and a little sugar. This, as your mother undoubtedly told you long e'er now, keeps the bottom crust crisp. Put in your berries, whole and unbroken, and sugar them pretty heavily. Likewise squeeze over them a few drops of lemon juice. Then put on the top crust. And note that this is an all-over crust, not one of your fancy lattice tops that have no real authority. This is a real upper crust, and see that you pinch the edges well down, and bind the rim with a strip of muslin wet in cold water. A bias strip is best, and fitted well around the edge it will hold in the juice of any pie and keep the edge of the crust from getting too hard. Put the pie into a hot oven and cook only until the pastry is done, and no longer. We met this pie for the first time at a little roadside stand in Vermont, and we have been loyal, in our fashion.

There are other ways; strawberry roll, where you treat the crushed berries like jelly and make a jelly roll of them; tarts, where you make the pastry shells and serve the berries in them with a dash of whipped cream; strawberry bisque made in your electric refrigerator; and lots of other ways. I'd tell you some of them in detail, but the time is practically come round again for shortcake, so why bother? Rothschild's feature the Tuck-Away would be an excellent two-purpose garment if one is bound for the waters: train dress-ups and beach dress-downs. There were printed silk negligees that reduce the price of beauty to a negligible sum. Sleeveless and cool for the Kansas City-Stayer-Inners. In pink and Sunibonnet red for those who love the latest and loveliest color alliances.

Jane Nickols has struck an enviable mean between economy and waste in material and created a perfection in a turquoise crepe robe. Its long, flowing lines and simplicity of design will delight the sophisticate. Even breakfast at seven o'clock would be ambrosia and nectar in this robe. Tea-time would be champagne-time and—well! we could rave ad infinitum about the ravishing thing.

Do you—as we do—dream of tea rose crepe and aleneon lace combining in intrigue? Jane Nickols has answered our prayers and realized our dreams in a gown with the beguiling straight-around bodice upheld by shoulder-straps. And its bed jacket is charming!

The ensemble whispers "Come and Get it."

GALLIMAUFRY  
DEPARTMENT

Lucius Beebe; know of him? He is the best dressed, best fed, best looking columnist in New York. A superlative young man who has held out for elegance, fine manners and a gardenia in every lapel all through the late Great Economic Crises. His printed comments on life in New York are witty—delightfully so, and his insistence on recognizing only a world peopled exclusively by glamorous, exotic, whimsical men and women is somewhat touching. Anyway, Lucius Beebe, never having been west of Chicago, flew out to Kansas City the other evening for

a drink with some friends. A fairly glamorous, exotic and whimsical procedure. He stayed in our midst about twelve hours and all who met him were charmed with him. However, during the course of his visit, he managed to confuse his local friends a little. At a luncheon, he elegantly took a bite out of a butter plate. An elegant butter plate, of course. If you had a Communist for luncheon, you might expect something like that—a “Let ’em eat plate” gesture, but Mons. Beebe made it clear his biting of china was no protest against butter plates in particular or luncheons in general. It was merely a too, too successful demonstration of the mad-cap virility of the Haute Monde.

We have to admit being shocked out of our lavender and old lace shirts by the knowledge that out of every five people betting on the horses, three are women. We got this information from headquarters, too, from the lads who handle the bets at Riverside. They claim this state of affairs has been developed during the last ten years. The race courses all over the country are supported largely by the girls and there are as many lady touts as gentlemen. We started wondering about Women and Betting the other afternoon when we could not get near the rail at Riverside for the surging throng of women standing four deep against it. That’s when we withdrew to the club house to talk with the lads behind the counters, Of course, we’re silly and sentimental about the whole thing. There’s no logical reason why grandmother shouldn’t bet two bucks on King Today’s nose or play Pat C across the board. And if your daughter plays the Daily Double, she is undoubtedly achieving poise, fortitude, and a fine, fatalistic philosophy unobtainable in the average home.

MRS. HAZARD HONORED

Mrs. Leland Hazard has recently been appointed a member of the Progressive Education Association. This is a fitting recognition of a woman who has pioneered in the field of education as principal of Sunset Hill School, which was using progressive techniques in teaching in the days when most schools were using the standardized routines of the past.

Congratulations, Mrs. Hazard.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

May thirty-first

FUTURE

7

LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

BOOKS

TIME: THE PRESENT, by Tess

Slessinger. Simon and Schuster,  
New York City. \$2.50.

Last spring Tess Slessinger caused a minor furor with the publication of her first novel, "The Unpossessed"; her second published volume, "Time: The Present," bids fair to place her definitely in the front rank of contemporary American writers.

"Time: The Present" is a collection of eleven short stories, differing widely in subject matter, but integrated by belonging completely to today, and by the sensitivity and delicate perception which distinguish them all. Miss Slessinger's ability to get under the very hide of her characters—more to be her characters, bone of their bone, thought of their thought—is uncanny. From a German hired girl to a sheltered daughter of the rich in an exclusive boarding school is a far cry, yet the author paints each with strokes so sure and so telling that the finished canvas is a masterpiece in composition and line, color and form.

Miss Slessinger is a modern of the moderns, in technique as well as in outlook. In some of the stories, such as the one called "Mother to Dinner," she employs the general pattern of the stream-of-consciousness method, and with admirable effect. Yet she is never hampered by her technique. As is right and proper, her "style" is a malleable thing, guided by the subject and seeming to spring spontaneously from the material with which it deals.

Nevertheless, the easy flow of her words shows, when analyzed, infinite care and exceedingly workmanlike construction. Nothing extraneous is there, and the sentences are as scrupulously built as those in a sonnet.

Perhaps the finest piece of writing in the collection is the story called "The Answer on the Magnolia Tree," which is, quite simply, an account of one spring day in a girl's boarding school. This reader has yet to find a more sensitive and sympathetic portrayal of adolescent girlhood than that of Linda, Sudie and Natalie, or a more poignant requiem for the passing of youth than

in the delineation of the teacher, Miss Engle. Eight or ten people are brought to vivid life in this story, some of them in only a short paragraph or two, yet so skillfully are the strands of their lives woven and intermingled that the result is like a fine tapestry, each detail perfect in itself and all blending into an harmonious whole.

Almost equally good is "Missis Flinders" (which, by the way, is the last chapter in Miss Slessinger's novel, "The Unpossessed"), a cruelly clear-eyed yet compassionate portrait of young intellectuals, whose mode of thinking prevents them from living fully. "Missis Flinders" is returning from the hospital where she has been "giving up a baby for economic freedom which meant that two of them would work in offices instead of one of them only, giving up a baby for intellectual freedom, which meant that they smoked cigarettes bitterly and looked out of the windows of a taxi onto streets and people and stores and hated them all. 'We'd go soft', Miles had finally said, 'we'd go bourgeois' ..." E. S. S.

#### PICTURES

A picture that tends to make the public start thinking is never good "box-office." However, Edwin Carewe has a great idea in his film at the Apollo this week called ARE WE CIVILIZED? Mr. Carewe is beset with many difficulties as would be natural in a picture of this type, but with all his troubles, he has done a pretty fair job of setting down his arguments against war, bloodshed and international hatred and distrust. Obviously this picture was not made to coin money and that fact immediately caused this interviewer to respect the attempt of Carewe to put before the people a sane and intelligent plea for world peace. There is a feeling of authenticity which even the only fair acting of the players cannot hide.

The cast contains William Farnum, Anita Louise, Oscar Apfel, Frank McGlyn and others. Farnum has the part of the really civilized citizen of a small and fictitious European country. On his return from America where he has spent many years he finds that his boyhood friend is a smug government official and that the government is censoring the press and free speech, and otherwise limiting individual freedom. After a speech at a state dinner where he endeavors to point out to the audience the ruinous effects of this imperialistic attitude his life is in jeopardy. The state soldiers come into his home and throw out all the books censored by the government. He pleads with the smug general to retract his orders and to realize that the books to be burned are only symbols of the progress (?) of Man's civilization. From this point on cut-backs are used showing the beginning of the world up through the Roman and Christian eras to the World War. Farnum is killed by one of his own books thrown by an unbeliever watching the burning of the rare volumes, and his son is injured by the mob while he is trying to protect his newspaper office.

One leaves the Apollo Theatre thinking that after all Man hasn't come very far since the days when he hunted his dinner through the primeval forests. There is a hope, however, that through education he may be made to see and believe the utter senselessness of war, hatred, and continual misunderstanding, both national and international.

#### Lukewarm Flames

THE FLAME WITHIN is burning somewhat dimly at the Midland this week. Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall and young Louis Hayward and Maureen O'Sullivan are paired off in a pathological study that is rather dismal. Miss Harding is a famous psychiatrist, Herbert Marshall is a doctor madly in love with Miss Harding and Maureen O'Sullivan and Hayward are two young neurotics thrown by chance into the path of our two doctors. Louis Hayward is the lad

that Vanity Fair voted the best juvenile on the New York stage last winter. He was in POINT VA-LAINE with Lunt and Fontanne. He did rather well with the part assigned to him and little O'Sullivan made a good job of hers. In fact, the young lady really acts. Henry Stephenson, always an asset to any picture, bore up valiantly along with Marshall. J. D.

## ART

### Institute Exhibit

Here's one review that wasn't dashed off between dinner and Beatrice Lillie's broadcast. I took it slowly and carefully, knowing how easy it is to misjudge work by students. Too many times have critics turned handsprings and chinned themselves twenty times over the work of some tyro, only to realize later that their find was a Trilby capable of nothing without Svengali. The years spent as apprentice are formative ones; the student is earnestly engaged at each problem as it presents itself. Very few tours de force are attempted—one painting shows careful attention to anatomy, another is the unknitting of a problem in color values. And through each effort runs the master's influence; heavily marked in case of a fine instructor. So many people have said "Why, the students in Farenzi's classes are nothing but little Farenzis!" To which I answer, sotto voce: "That's all they're supposed to be now. But hang around; they'll stand a much better chance of being masters in their own right for having studied under him."

I won't try to pick any winners out of the Art Institute's exhibit of work by students. It's their show, but I'm not going to miss this swell opportunity to bury the faculty under laurel wreaths. It seems throughout the exhibit that the instructors had given this credo: Art is without meaning when it has no life, and to have life it must move and be formed on a basic knowledge of natural architecture. Learn this, and then refashion what you see into a sincere expression of your peculiar value.

The paintings from Braught's classes and the sculpture from Rosenbauer's are particularly stimulating. When Braught leaves the Art Institute this year, one of the few painters of his teaching ability in the country will take over the position.

What strikes one about the exhibit of Giffard's pupils is that so many of the pieces are going to be as smart and acceptable 5 years from now in the fields of advertising and decoration as they are today.

The first things you admire in the exhibit of Mrs. Rounds' designing class are the miniature fashion-figures clothed in originals by the students. Here the real problem in designing—actually cutting and draping materials—is worked out. Some smart department-store manager is going to snatch these dolls up for his show-window when he sees how traffic automatically halts to enjoy their cleverness.

I visited the institute. A gang of high-school girls, supposedly rehearsing a French play, completely blocked the steps leading downstairs. Consequently I missed what will probably turn out to be the hit of the show, Miss Hammond's exhibit. T. K. B.

## BLOSSOM

### TIME

Spring brings flowers, love, hope, new life and the bucket beer shops. These so-called bucket beer shops which sprang up like mushrooms in the poorer districts of the city last summer have all received new coats of paint and are now ready for business. Roadside stands, that once confined themselves to soda, pop, ice cream and hot dogs, now advertise, with glaring red and black signs: "Bucket Shop" and in smaller type: "One Half Gallon 25c." The sign

does not say that you get a very cheap grade of beer, distributed by machine henchmen, half of which is foam, served in insanitary tin cans or buckets. Kiddies, accustomed to going to some of these stands for their daily ice cream cone, now must stand in line while the grinning proprietor dishes out sloppy, amber colored fluid that he calls beer, to the always half-drunken bums that frequent these "joints."

The state legislature and the governor of Missouri faithfully promised the voters, when they repealed the state dry law, that there would be no bucket shops in this fair state. "God forbid," they chorused in unison. The brewers, yes the brewers, the same brewers that promised to restore prosperity to our nation, if we would only restore beer to the thirsty multitude, also chimed: "We will not lobby in the halls of state legislatures, we intend to keep beer respectful." This is true in some states. True, not because of the brewers, but because a militant voting public keeps it so, and because other state legislatures are not controlled by a group of profit mad political henchmen.

FUTURE understands that the "bucket shops" will not be so plentiful in Kansas City this year as they were last year. It seems that one of the "right boys" or group of "right boys" has a concession on these "joints" this year and will distribute them about the city so as not to conflict with each other. Your favorite garage, icehouse, coal-yard and filling station will not be able to sell beer in rusty tin buckets this year. The independent stands that desire to go into the "bucket business" will be "asked" to handle the right kind of beer and to pay a small "fee." No fee, no foam.

After hearing of a New York frog that made a leap of only three feet and six inches to win a jumping tournament, Paul Alexander, Florida, Mo., wants to know why Missouri bullfrogs were not invited. The croakers from the Show-Me state, he says, could outjump and outcroak any of them.

We don't know about the abilities of Missouri's frogs, but the state's legislators probably could show those of New York a few tricks about playing leap frog with the taxpayers.

RESPECTFULLY

OURS

To FUTURE:

For a long time I have thought I would write you and tell you how rotten I thought your editing was, and not only that but how rotten I thought to whole set-up your precious FUTURE was.

Today as I was glancing over my favorite publication (The Missouri Democrat) I ran across an advertisement or statement and also an editorial on the expenses of the police-department.

Now cram this enclosed clipping down your throat and see if will not change your attitude some on the efficiency of the local city government, providing you and that chiseling outfit is not too narrow to see what is going on.

Respectfully yours, (Signature illegible purposely?)

If you read FUTURE you would have seen, in last week's issue, the answer to Mr. McElroy's "statement."

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Nineteen Thirty-five

FUTURE

May thirty-first

GOOD FATHERS GOOD HUSBANDS GOOD SONS

Brother Eagles upped steins Sunday to T. J. Pendergast, Democratic leader in whose honor a class of more than 1,000 had been recruited largely from city employes and ax grinders.

Quaffed long they and quacked loudly Conrad H. Mann, biggest duck in the Eagle pond.

No Pendergast was there for accolades but (Henry McElroy, Pendergast city manager, was. Said he:

“Any man who follows Eagle precepts' will be a good father, good husband and good son.”

What Manager McElroy meant was will be “a good Pendergast Democrat.”

Among the candidates initiated, only a small proportion showing up for the actual brotherly rites, were many business men who join each time there is an Eagle “class.” Sunday’s ceremony was a machine political gathering, the class itself having been named the “T. J. Pendergast class.” Pressure was put on city employes, business men and others who might be punished by the administration.

As the boys made merry, Pendergast himself sped east for New York harbor from where he will sail soon for a three months’ tour abroad. His departure was timed to avoid the Eagle initiation ceremony.



Mann, Eagle No. 1, talked civic. He forecast the construction of a big Eagle home for Kansas City; talked of another national membership campaign, to be called the "Victory Class." Nobody knew why.

Mann told Brother Eagles the lodge was working to eliminate unemployment, had a collection of pens used to sign old age and mothers' pension bills.

Each new member — political classes or otherwise—means more revenue for Mann, the head of the membership department of the order.

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Cheese Joins the Gang

From page three

hours to present its "case." The defense obtained a ruling from the trial judge, Ray G. Cowan, that an interne at the tax-supported General hospital could not testify as to what he learned from Casciola when he treated the defendant. Cowan ruled it "privileged conversation" and not admissable.

After the jury had been out five hours and the foreman, Calvin H. Richardson, 4036 Indiana avenue, had reported the outlook for a verdict as "hopeless," the jury was dismissed by Cowan.

No one expects Cheese Casciola to be put to the trouble of going to trial again.

Springing a machine killer may have to be done before it gets before a jury, as in the Mangiaricina case, if jurymen start to get obstreperous or uppish as four did in the Cheese Casciola "trial." If the prosecutor can't do better than just a hung jury for one of the organization's boys, Politician Graves had better watch his p's and q's or there will be another prosecutor.

Look what happened to fiery Prosecutor Jim Page. He made it hot for some of the boys and they made him a judge to get him out of the prosecutor's office. He was too good as a prosecutor and some of the gunmen and hoodlums threatened to leave the party. The North Side voted against him for re-election and he led the ticket.

To FUTURE:

"They tell us sirs, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger; will it be next week or next year "—Patrick Henry.

Will it be when we pay tribute to King Pendergast for the privilege of living? When a policeman will call at your house the first of every month to collect the King's tax. Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction.

Gentlemen, the King has bound us hand and foot with chains of strongest steel, the chains

of indifference. Shall we go on letting this King with his system of taxes bind and enslave to his will our children and their children? Have we the right to put this burden on the backs of unborn generations? We received Liberty from hands that gave their lives, that it might be kept burning. And now a hundred thousand people in Kansas City live under a rule of graft, of special privilege, a rule of puppets. All jobs have their price, every contract must pay tribute to the King.

I care not what others may do, but I shall not rest till we have driven this King from his debauched throne, and I call upon you every one of you to fight to the last ditch, fight to the finish, this damnable King with his slippery gun men, his minions and cohorts, that sit in high places.

This plague of our city life must be torn up by the roots. Boss, lieutenants, ward heelers, payoff men— all must be broken, the system killed, and if this means war, then let it come. It will be a war for our salvation, our children, our homes, our honor.

Roger M. Quigley.

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We Speak of Italians

From page one

City that the real Italian is not the Gargotta or the Sam Randazzo, but a cultured and law-abiding gentleman, whose interest in this city is as sincere as that of any other man or woman.

The list of musicians is the longest in the ranks of the arts, counting some thirty-two, and including almost every instrument known in the orchestra. Outstanding among them is M. A. Lenge, performer on the violin, and like N. DeRubertis, a composer as well. Mike Russo, who plays the harp, is likewise a composer. Arturo and Gustavo Corti, saxophone and clarinet respectively, are also prominent in musical circles and there are also several women who claim musical honors.

Rosemarie Braneato, whose operatic debut put Kansas City several notches higher in the musical Hall of Fame, is of course outstanding. Not only her Italian friends but Kansas City as a whole is watching with highest hopes her progress in her very difficult field.

Leaving the musical field, glance for a moment at the field of art, Masters of church decoration and fine painting, we find Dante Cosr sentino and his brothers, while outstanding work is also done by Frank Tommassini. Fine painting and sculpture is also produced by Paulo D’Anna.

(Science and education, the legal profession and business could also add many distinguished names. Well known in the medical profession is Dr. Louis Laurenzanna, who, besides being an eminent doctor, did what he could for Kansas City and for music when he backed Marion Talley in the early and hopeful days of her career. Among others as well known are his brother, Frank Laurenzanno, and Dr. E. Mella. In education, we find Elio Monachesi of this city teaching in the Department of Sociology in the University of Minnesota, Anthony Gurrera, in the Department of Music at Emporia College, and others.

In aviation, dancing, auto racing, nursing, dress designing, and in countless business enterprises their names appear, these Italians who have become, by choice or by their fathers’

choice, citizens of Kansas City. The city is proud of them and we know that by their efforts, cooperating with every other honest and forward looking citizen, they are making Kansas City a place to be proud of.

Come On Along, Help Us Clean Up This Town.

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