

FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today

Vol. I No. 24

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FUTURISMS

Henry McElroy went to St. Mary's hospital recently with a boil "as big as a baseball" on the rear of his stylish neck. This is submitted as news, and by the exercise of almost superhuman restraint, we refrain from commenting further.

Quick to jump at the slightest whim of Missouri's portly Boss, Governor Guy B. Park, the man who was lifted from obscurity to the governor's chair by Tom's command, frequently has been dubbed "the state's worst governor." As many another governor, he journeyed to Biloxi, Miss., recently to attend a governors' conference. A heated row developed over political patronage in relief work.

Said Governor Park, as quoted by press dispatches: "As long as the people are getting the benefit, I don't see why it should make any difference who is administering the program."

Kansas City's experience to the contrary, it might be pertinent to inquire whether the people alone expect to benefit from machine-controlled politically-administered work relief.

Loud huzzahs for Prosecutor Graves. This nice young man who finds criminal prosecution too arduous for his energies, finally has secured a conviction. He no doubt was as amazed as anyone else. Adam Richetti who, by the way, does not reside in any of Kansas City's Democratic bailiwicks, has been found guilty of the murder of a city detective in the union station massacre and has been sentenced to be hanged. Congratulations, Mr. Graves.

Charles Taibi has the worst kind of luck. Here he has been arrested again, this time by city detectives and federal agents. He is being investigated for an alleged attempt to dispose of negotiable bonds stolen from a murdered Commerce Trust Company messenger more than a year ago. He also has been charged with the murder of Webster Kemner, the messenger, but that was a long time ago. Of course he is free on bond on the latter charge. Some even believe he will be brought to trial some day.

Since Matt Murray's trip to Washington and considerable conversation about more than 100 million dollars to be spent by the works progress administrator in Missouri, some precinct captains have almost worn their thumbs to stubs in going over their lists of their charges who should be recommended.

Thanks to the Carrie J. Loose fund and the American Legion, Kansas City is having supervised playgrounds for its boys and girls this summer. Most cities perform this meritorious service to youth. In Kansas City, where an "economical" administration is the catchword, such gross extravagances are inconceivable.

HE DIDN'T STOP WITH THE VISION

First you have to have the imagination to see a vision, then you've got to have the creative energy to want to put it through. Then you must have intelligence, quick perception, and doggedness. Also you must be belligerent, and you must be able to put your work above all other considerations . . . Lots of people don't like this man—but maybe they got in the road. He had seen a vision, and he was going to make it a reality; he was on his way.

Some men, you all know them, are merely rich. All their lives they simply take. They have no

vision except one of selfishness, no creation except the thirst for personal power. They will always be with us of course, but we are not obliged to admire them. We are obliged to admire, however, such men as Colonel Swope and Colonel Nelson; these were rich too, but they left something. In this latter group comes Jesse Clyde Nichols, a true city builder. Young for his achievements at 54 years, Mr. Nichols stands in the foremost rank of city planners. His unlimited energy has bequeathed Kansas City one of the most beautiful, if not the best, residential districts in the world, as well as a shopping center that is known and commented upon from coast to coast. For pure beauty of planned landscapes, homes in harmony with their surroundings, parks, shrubbery and business districts that do not offend, the

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FOREIGN

Despite emphatic Italian denials, it is reliably reported that the French Government is now studying the points of an agreement submitted by its ambassador at Rome designed to settle amicably the Italo-Ethiopian controversy. The agreement is said to have Premier Mussolini's approval, and, according to the New York Times, includes the following provisions: "first, that Ethiopia withdraw her complaint to the League of Nations; secondly, that Italy suspend military preparations; thirdly, that Ethiopia admit the Italian claim to the right of constructing without hindrance a railway connecting Eritrea with Italian Somaliland through a corridor or strip of territory at least fifteen miles wide, with right of economic colonization, exploitation of mineral rights and preservation of peace; and fourthly, that France intervene immediately at Addis Ababa to persuade Emperor Haile Selassie to accept these terms." Although both the French and British Governments would like to see a settlement arrived at under the auspices of the League, they are not expected to oppose any arrangement that will permit an escape from what is felt will be a major crisis at Geneva unless the Italo-Ethiopian dispute is settled by Autumn.

Japanese Imperialism

The situation in North China continued tense and uncertain with Nanking's Central Political Council, China's highest executive body, refusing to take the responsibility of complying effectively with Japanese demands or of making a determined stand against further encroachments, Chiang Kai-sek, Nationalist Government commander-in-chief and virtual military dictator of the central and northern provinces, was also evading responsibility apparently in the hope of profiting from any political mistake the Council might make. No official comment was forthcoming from the major foreign powers with interests in Far East although Great Britain was understood to have asked for clarification of the Japanese demands. Rumors were also current that China's diplomatic representatives would make vigorous protests at the capitals of the signatories of the Nine Power Treaty of 1922, but these were later denied. As a result of the Japanese aggression, however, prospects for a rapprochement between South China and Nanking were considerably brighter than was thought possible a few weeks ago.

Anglo-German Naval Agreement

Anglo-German naval experts reached an agreement this week that gives Germany a fleet 35 per cent as large as Great Britain. The agreement, however, limits the percentage to each class of ship and thus prohibits the Germans from concentrating on submarines, a type considered particularly dangerous by London. As was expected, Paris raised objections to the accord seeing in it a weakening of French security in the North Sea, an attempt to split the Anglo-French front, and the seeds of an armament race.

G. L. C.

TO BETTER SERVE HIS CLIENTS

Michael D. Konomos, assistant county prosecutor who "lost the records" in one of the most infamous murder cases in court history here last March, has announced his retirement from the county job. He said "my private practice demands my attention."

Less than three months ago Konomos was the "prosecutor" in the murder charge against John, alias Frank, Mangiaricina, alleged killer, ward politician in well with an organization power. The handling of the case, which finally resulted in springing the night club operator on the murder charge, was so rotten it stunk to high heaven.

The case was continued time after time for more than a year and the women witnesses to the killing were threatened and insulted. One day the case was called before Justice George Roach, after it had been shifted from one court to another to try and get the case thrown out. There were no witnesses and the case was dropped. It developed that through an "accident" the witnesses had not been notified and to cap this farce Konomos lost the records in the case.

The whole affair was so offensive to the public mind that the prosecutor got active and told the press he would "investigate."

As far as the public knows the prosecutor still is investigating and no one believes that "investigation" had anything to do with Konomos' decision to retire to his private practice. He can make big money getting murderers off.

OTHERS ARE TRYING

One thing of value which has come out of the depression has been that the attention of taxpayers in many centers has been focused on government, and how to get economical, efficient, and simplified government. For decades it has been recognized that, in a country made small by elaborate transportation facilities, there is too much over-lapping, too many kinds of government, too many tax-levying bodies.

A study has recently been made by Robert M. Paige, secretary of the Governmental Research Association, of 41 cities of 200,000 population or over which are making varied attempts to secure for themselves simpler and less expensive government.

Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Seattle, Portland and Syracuse are considering the council-manager plan of city government. Omaha adopted this plan last November.

Detroit, Los Angeles, Boston, Louisville and Oakland are simplifying their city governments or modifying their charters.

Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Rochester, N. Y.; Toledo and Birmingham are considering better county governments or consolidation with city government.

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BYE BYE ADAM

No blundering, raw and wide open political trial, like the Gargotta case, is the trial of Adam Richetti, associate of Charles (Pretty Boy) Floyd, in the circuit court. Richetti is being tried on a charge of murder in connection with the Union station massacre.

The reason for it is that the federal government has an eye on the Richetti trial like it did in the Gargotta case and the political prosecutor knows it this time. It was embarrassing to the prosecutor after the freeing of Gargotta when the federal government stepped in and convicted both the state's witness, a perjuring policeman, and Charles Gargotta himself, on perjury charges, testimony used in the trial to free the North end political hoodlum.

Adam Richetti

There was a government angle to the Gargotta case in that the gun identified as his had been stolen from a government armory.

There is a government angle to the Richetti case in that a government agent was killed at the Union station massacre. Agents for the federal government have been watching closely the progress of the Richetti trial. Far different is it from the Charley (Cheese) Cas- ciola trial, a local political murder case, which was run through the court in six hours a few days ago.

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LET'S HAVE A NEW DEAL IN ASSESSMENTS

It is common knowledge that property values in Kansas City are approximately 50 per cent of what they were prior to the depression. During the same period city assessment valuations for taxation have fallen approximately 5 per cent. Modern scientific assessments would have corrected this condition.

A number of years ago taxation studies in Kansas City showed some properties assessed at 10 per cent of sale price, and others assessed at 100 per cent of sale price. This is another result of antiquated assessment methods.

During the period when Judge H. S. Truman was presiding Judge of the County Court, he and other members of the committee recommended the installation of a modern system of assessments, but it was stated that the system could not be installed because funds for the necessary cost were not available.

The Civic Research Institute, from whose current bulletin the foregoing facts are taken, states that a number of cities including Kansas City, Kansas, are now making the installation of modern and scientific assessment systems a relief project.

Kansas City should follow this example. Home ownership and a healthy real estate market are of vital importance to any community, not only to the home owner, tax payer and real estate solicitor, but also to the building trades and construction industries. Over-assessed and unequally assessed real estate places an unnecessary burden upon home ownership and the real estate market generally.

Let's have a "new deal" in real estate assessments in Kansas City. A relief project would give

work to the white-collar class who, by and large, have not fared as well as other classes in relief.
Let Death Take a Holiday

Of course, if you insist upon thinking of spring in terms of winter or of joy in terms of sorrow— or, let us say, of life insurance in terms of death— there is really nothing we can do to prevent it . . . But we'd rather you wouldn't. We think of life insurance as life insurance, with all that the name implies. Freedom from worry. A comfortable old age. A guaranteed estate. In a word, the comforts of life . . . Perhaps that is one reason why this seventy-year-old mutual company, with nearly one billion dollars of insurance in force, numbers among its policy owners many a wise business man who regards life insurance as the investment opportunity of a lifetime. Yes—life insurance is very much alive. Let death take a holiday!

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FARLEY NEEDS TOM

First job of Missouri (Pendergast) Sen. Harry S. Truman when he reached Washington was to crack the head of one Ewing Y. Mitchell, Springfield, Mo., Democratic leader who had been made assistant secretary of commerce, the first political job Mitchell took in 30 years activity in the party.

But because that activity included animosity for Thomas J. Pendergast, Kansas City machine boss who put Truman in the senate, the senator went hard after Mitchell's political job.

As had been forecast by FUTURE and others, the veteran Missouri Democrat was ousted by the president last week. Mitchell's rumpus kicked up after he was fired was interesting. Mitchell, not a job hunting politician, had been offered another job with the same pay, \$12,000 a year, but preferred to be kicked out entirely.

Behind the whole affair was a closer alliance between the local political group and the new

deal, chiefly James A. Farley, postmaster general, who was impressed with Pendergast's performance in

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the last election. Pendergast wanted Mitchell kicked out because at the last city election Mitchell bitterly denounced the Pendergast machine here as un-Democratic; said the local machine protected all kinds of racketeers and plundered the taxpayers. He called attention to the revolts elsewhere against corrupt political machines such as Tammany in New York, Vare and Mellon in Pennsylvania and Thompson in Chicago.

The daily press has been replete with the Mitchell ouster episode. What most interested Kansas Cityans when he was ousted was his statement in reference to the Pendergast angle of the affair. He said:

"It appears from newspaper stories that the two senators from my state have joined in an effort to force my resignation or removal from office. I might point out to you that the enmity of Senator Truman was incurred through my consistent opposition to the Pendergast machine which bitterly opposed my efforts to organize Missouri for your candidacy in 1932. (Mitchell was the Roosevelt pre-convention manager in Missouri.)

"I am just in receipt of a letter from a prominent and unusually well-informed newspaperman in Missouri touching on this question, which reads, in part, as follows:

"I had hoped that in the matter of this talk of Tom Pendergast's senator and Bennett Clark, as to your being on the way out, it was only the wish being father to the thought. I can think of few things pertaining to good government for Missouri than that you win in this vicious fight on you. An alliance at this time between Clark and Pendergast, whether or not they succeed in ousting you, can mean nothing less than even worse conditions here until the devilish machine collapses of its own rottenness. I hope many Democrats, like myself, are thinking along these lines. I have been voting in Missouri since 1896 but I never saw things worse than they are now. I shall be most happy to hear of you defeating this gang.' "

The Pendergast "gang" is far from defeated and the thought expressed in the foregoing statement about political machines expiring only of their own rottenness is a theory held by many.

That has been the history of most political machine defeats. The graft becomes so tempting that too many hogs demand to get at the head of the trough and they accomplish their own undoing. The Mitchell case is illustrative of the spoils system of machine politics. Although a veteran of the Democratic party in the state it was believed necessary by Pendergast's group he should be crushed because he had lifted his voice against Pendergast machine corruption in Kansas City.

Senator Clark, who won despite Pendergast's opposition, joined with Pendergast's Truman in ousting Mitchell. Clark's enmity for the aged fellow Missourian was because Mitchell had at one time opposed his famed father, Champ Clark, and the senator sourly hates all Democrats who opposed his father or admired William Jennings Bryan, the elder Clark's nemesis.

BLAIR STICKS

Some ground was regained by anti-Pendergast Democrats in Washington when it was announced that Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, doughty feminine critic of the Kansas City boss machine, would retain a post in the new NRA substitute set-up. The president's program, which included the naming of Mrs. Blair as one of an advisory council of six members for the substitute plan, followed on the heels of the firing of Ewing Y. Mitchell, another Pendergast foe from Missouri, which was hailed as feat No. 1 for Pendergast's Senator Harry S. Truman.

Emily Newell Blair

Mrs. Blair had been a member of the consumers' council of the NRA and the local organization believed she would be removed from the new deal with the expiration of the NRA June 16. It is understood that Truman had asked Mrs. Blair not be named and opposition came from other Pendergast-serving sources.

Mrs. Blair long has been one of the leading Missouri Democratic women who have not been afraid to voice their opposition to Pendergast taking over the party label in Kansas City and Missouri.

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO READ THE MISSOURI DEMOCRAT

James P. Aylward, Missouri Democratic chairman, is occupied these days with collecting Missouri's share (\$25,000) of the fund to make up the national Democratic deficit. According to The Missouri Democrat, "Financial help is being solicited first from well-to-do Democrats who are in position to contribute. After these donations are received, the sources which always meet demands will be approached. Chairman Aylward was advised by state officials that they would help out to the extent of \$4,000. This money will represent good-will offerings by jobholders and their friends"

"Asked about the report that certain Federal jobholders were not manifesting a disposition to play ball, Mr. Aylward said he was confident all would contribute with reasonable liberality. 'I place no stock in this story. The national committee fund is intended to keep Federal jobholders in office, and it would be amazing if they withheld support. I'm not worrying about them.' "

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WHAT DID YOU THINK OF McELROY'S BOND SALE?

Last week's "sale" of city bonds by Henry McElroy, Pendergast's city manager, was a spectacle in flubdubbery and buncombe.

On its face the "sale" was a piece of political humbuggery but the city manager is a veteran exponent of that school of political science which believes "what the people do not know does

not hurt them." He had boasted long and loud of the credit he had established for the city and now with about \$5,000,000 in city bonds coming due and the bond sinking fund resembling Mother Hubbard's cupboard he could not let last week's sale slip up on him.

Hence the issue of \$950,000 of bonds from the 10-year improvement group was announced as "sold" to a small North end bank (which handled the late John Lazia's finances) and a small dealer in bonds. The general belief in banking circles was that the bonds were "bought" for the city so as to make things look good for the administration.

Illuminating to the interested was that there were only two other, bids whereas on January 21 when the city sold its last bonds there were fifteen banking syndicates, some of them representing several individual firms, bidding for the city's bonds. At that time they bought the city's 2f per cent bonds at a premium. The sale last week was 3 per cent bonds. Some cities now are able to sell their short time bonds at 2 per cent and less.

Financially informed persons pointed out that the federal securities act makes it prohibitive for a dealer to sell bonds that have not been qualified by a legal opinion, The bond attorney would not give an unqualified opinion of approval on the issue and it was believed it would be illegal to sell these bonds.

The difficulty over the sale of the bonds arose as the result of the recent opinion of Roy McKittrick, attorney-general, that all state, county and municipal bonds subject to redemption or refunding at par. That meant bonds sold when interest rates were higher could be called at par and lower interest rate bonds sold in their place.

While this opinion is looked upon as unsound and a political trick by the attorney-general, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor next year, it nevertheless has made these types of securities unmarketable in Missouri until the courts rule on the question. Bond attorneys refuse to give an unqualified approval under the conditions.

The way it affects genuine municipal bond sales is illustrated in the experiences of St. Louis and Springfield a few days ago. St. Louis had an issue of \$1,800,000 to sell but when there was only a qualified approval of the issue the sale was called off. Springfield sold its bonds just before the McKittrick opinion but the sale was cancelled when the attorney refused to give an unqualified approval.

But McElroy, who explains many things on the grounds of "coffee grounds," went ahead and staged his "sale" although all the dealers with the exception of the ones mentioned remained away from the city hall.

It was believed the city manager should have called off the sale until an adjudication of the attorney general's ruling could be obtained. But there he would have run into deep water for about \$5,000,000 in city bonds mature in July and the public has not yet been able to digest the city manager's explanation of just how he is going to meet that emergency.

At the present time the state and municipal securities of Missouri are in a position of market stagnation.

City Manager McElroy may be able to fool the mass of the voters with his "sale" last week but not so easily fooled are the dealers and investors in securities. The market situation was created by the attorney general and the city manager would have been justified in proceeding in an open way in handling the deal.

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FUTURE

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

FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

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ITS ALWAYS

So much is written and spoken of youth movements in various countries these days that a visitor from Mars might be excused for imagining that youth is a brand new discovery in the world. What with Fascist youth, Hitler youth, Communist youth, young Republicans and young Democrats, the thing has become a catchword and a shibboleth. Yet there is actually nothing very new about it all. Youth always has been reaching for the bridle reins, and always will.

Youth IS movement.

It always has been youth that rebelled against established evil and abuses. It always has been youth that believed something could be done to make the lot of blundering mankind better, and set out to do something about it. Middle age and old age too often are timorous and hopeless, shrugging their shoulders, and saying, "Oh, yes, things are bad, but they always have been and they always will be. Let us make the best of the world as we find it, and get what we can out of it for ourselves."

It is youth that believes, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, that there is "something lost behind the ranges, lost and waiting for you—Go!" and it goes, forthwith, and finds out.

It is youth that looks upon the muddled efforts of its elders, and sets out to improve upon them, and, because it believes it can improve upon them, does. The fact that a large proportion of those who set out with high hopes may settle down to the cautious trimming of middle age does

The learned medicos in Atlantic City announced pontifically that coffee was no aid to cold feet. Hard liquor, they said, was. Many of their lay brethren discovered that interesting fact a long time ago, by the scientific process of experimentation.

YOUTH

not dash the world's hopes, nor the world's progress. For there is always new youth coming on, with new hope, hope that has not been dashed, that is confident it is going to reach the goal on which it has set its eyes. That is one form of immortality we know about.

There are some fortunate people in the world who keep this faith and this vision all their lives, in spite of infinite discouragements. They have found a better fountain of youth than Ponce de Leon ever dreamed.

Though men call them visionary, as if that were a crime and not a glorious thing, they are able to see beyond the dust of present disappointment to the stars of eternal hope. They do not expect to bring on the millennium over night, but they do expect to make a few steps in that direction.

We have men and women of that sort in Kansas City. Every community has some of them, happily, and the stronger their belief, the more infectious their hope, the swifter is the progress of that community toward the sunlight of good living, clear thinking, and fair dealing. It was that spirit which launched the National Youth Movement in Kansas City a few years ago. It was that spirit which saw it through a blistering campaign, in which it was fought with every unfair weapon that intrenched greed, frightened and aroused, could muster. It is that spirit that keeps the movement and the organization going. It is more than an organization. It is a faith.

According to Representative Gassaway of Oklahoma, Huey Long will "be defeated by his own state at the next election because he's the laughing stock of the senate" and "there's neither merit nor reason to his program." Sorry not to be able to share the Oklahoman's optimism— but we're from Missouri.

PAWN OR POWER?

Matthew S. Murray, Pendergast's director of public works and newly appointed work progress director for Missouri, is in Washington to confer with administration officials regarding the expenditure of the president's \$4,880,000,000 public works fund. At the city hall the boys are gleefully contemplating a windfall when Murray takes over the expenditure of the Missouri portion of the big fund.

So sure is the machine that Murray is going to run the whole relief show that word has gone out that one of the efficient relief executives here will lose his head soon. Murray's friends also have put out the word that Wallace Crossley, federal relief director for Missouri, will be nothing more or less than an office boy for Murray.

However, those close to the relief picture are not so sure that Murray will be the whole show. They believe that Crossley will continue to direct relief and the men to be employed on the Murray supervised projects will come from Crossley's relief rolls. In other words, they do not believe Murray is going to be permitted to take over the whole show and run it in behalf and for the profit of the Pendergast organization as he has operated the public works directorship at the city hall.

So far the relief work has been kept out of politics here and many are of the belief Murray has just overestimated himself. There was much consternation when Harry Hopkins, FERA director, named Murray. But a study of the situation brings the conclusion that although Hopkins and many another New Dealer would like to be nonpartisan and ignore the Murrays, they have become obsessed with election-year jitters. They do not want to see their chief fought by too many big politicians like Huey Long, Pendergast and others. So they are conceding a little, keeping their tongues in cheeks to help with next year's election.

But even that does not mean Murray will be given a free hand to make relief work in Missouri politically corrupt. His friends are of the belief that Crossley will be superseded by Murray but better informed persons believe that Murray's activity will be confined to his title. Meanwhile Pendergast machine boys are going about boasting of relief jobs they are going to get and that all the so- and sos are to be fired as soon as Murray gets back and takes over the relief work for Pendergast.

At one time, when relief was in its first stages here, Pendergast politicians went about warning persons on relief they would be cut off and made to starve if they did not vote the Pendergast ticket. It ought to be a good way to scare the wits out of thousands of helpless families throughout the state at the next election with Murray and Pendergast at the top.

NO SLUMS IN KANSAS CITY

Mrs. Cleo I. Bonney, mother of Harmon Waley, the Weyerhaeuser kidnaper, tells a touching story of her son's efforts to go straight.

Aided by his wife, he made a fight against unemployment, poverty, hunger, and want, until his spirit broke, according to his mother's story.

The account may or it may not be true in the Waley case. Whether true or not the story cannot affect the treatment of these criminals under the law. There can be no doubt, however, that the type of experience represented in this mother's story is a large factor in crime.

Studies in a large number of cities have demonstrated that criminals come from those sections of the city where bad housing, inadequate sanitation, and under-nourishment prevail. Crime will never be eradicated just by efficient catching of criminals and the imposition of stern penalties, important as these factors may be. We have learned the importance of "prevention" in social menaces such as fire and floods, but not yet in the realm of human conduct.

The report of the recent housing survey in Kansas City indicates a need here for rehabilitation of certain areas of a character conducive to crime. We are not ignorant of the many difficulties and complications involved in a housing program, but experience in progressive European countries, England and American cities such as Cincinnati demonstrates

that these can be surmounted. No one questions the fact that “blighted areas” are breeding places for juvenile delinquency and crime. Federal funds are available.

Up to this point, McElroy has met the situation by stating that there are no slums in Kansas City.

POLICE SOLICITUDE

On registration day a precinct worker borrowed a car to take people to the polls. He hadn't been driving it ten minutes before he was arrested for stealing it and held for several precious hours before he was permitted to telephone the owner. The same thing would have happened on election day except that the owner had given the borrower a written testimonial that he had full permission to use the car. However, everything including bloodshed seems fair on election day, and maybe it was a mistake to have a license on the car. In fact the owner marveled at the efficiency of the police that they should be so solicitous of his belongings and so quick to perceive that a stranger sat at the wheel. He was a little disappointed, however, when the car was really stolen and never recovered.

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.

Last week was given over to a demonstration by the railroads of the progress they have made. Locomotive whistles tooted the opening chorus at 8 o'clock Monday morning, and the echo was heard over 145,000 miles of track west of the Mississippi.

To a railroad center like Kansas City the progress of transportation has always been vital and of unusual interest. The wagon trains and pony express were the pseudopods of a restless civilization spreading Westward from the Eastern Seaboard with Kansas City (old Westport, if you please) as the nucleus of the primitive organism. The railroad made an upstanding vertebrae of this lower form of life and is today the backbone of our transportation system.

The roads may straighten their curves, streamline their trains, and shorten the journeys from one point to another but we predict that nothing in the whole history of progress will hold quite the appeal which air-conditioning will hold for the railroad traveler.

The citizen who has not traveled in a modern, air-conditioned, transcontinental train such as all the large Western roads have put at the service of the public this summer, has a real treat in store. Engineering skill has devised means of supplying adequate, fresh, filtered air to the passengers at a temperature that is kept thermostable at 74 degrees, or thereabouts, depending upon the local conditions and subject to the desire of the patrons.

From a health standpoint this means that there will be fewer respiratory infections, the soot usually discharged from the air passages after a night on a sleeper is a thing of the past, small children and old people traveling through the extremely hot, dusty territory of some parts of our country, will be spared the discomfort and risk incident thereto. Cinders in the hair, on the forehead and on the white collar are a thing of the past. Draughty nights in Pullman berths are out—• summer and winter alike, the passenger is to have a dustless, draughtless, clean, comfortable sleep at a healthful temperature.

If speed does not restore to the railroads much of their lost attraction, this one factor of cool, comfortable travel will. One only has to step from an air-conditioned car to a vestibule while passing through one of our “hot spots” to be struck with amazement at this latest

example of progress.

Nineteen Thirty-five

June twenty-first

FUTURE

5

FINANCE

Corporate stockholders, the real owners of many business organizations, are entering an era of better treatment from the hands of corporation executives and directors if developments during the last year are any criterion. The threat of a heavy tax to be placed on undistributed earnings of corporations that have an excess of surplus and working capital under Section 102 of the Revenue Act of 1934, has forced many corporations to raise their regular dividend rates or declare extras to bring disbursements more in line with earnings. One large corporation has gone so far as to inaugurate a policy of distributing all its stated net earnings to stockholders and employees.

The treasury act has brought to the attention of stockholders practices that have been prevalent in many corporations for years which have not been to the best interests of the share owners. In the past, stockholders have been inarticulately acquiescent to whatever treatment has been accorded them, but now there is a growing tendency on their part to discourage the hoarding instinct so common among corporate managers.

While the opinion of those directly associated with the conduct of a business deserve consideration, it is questionable whether they should have absolute authority over the disposal of such earnings as remain after adequate provision has been made through depreciation and obsolescence reserves to maintain the efficiency of the company. If the primary object of a business organization is to earn profits for the owners, then the owners should have something to say about the disposition of the profits—whether they should be paid out in dividends or reinvested in business.

When the management of a corporation uses its funds without the approval of stockholders for expansion of business, it is making for the stockholders what in effect amounts to a new capital investment, it is pointed out. When they withhold earnings from stockholders beyond the needs of business to build up investment accounts, they go outside the scope of their trusteeship over the company's assets to act as investment supervisors for stockholders' funds no longer directly engaged in the operation of the business.

Corporate managers in directing the keeping of surplus funds do it on the possibility that the company some day may use them. But when this situation exists there is the danger that ill-advised expansion of the business will be undertaken because of the ready availability of capital, whereas greater caution would be exercised if the management had to sell additional stock or go into the open market for funds and pay the prevailing rate of interest for the use of borrowed money.

The use of treasury funds for the purchase of a company's own stock is a practice that is open to criticism on more than one score, says Barron's. A number of prominent concerns acquired their own common stock during the bear market either in the belief that it was underpriced in the market and therefore was a desirable investment for surplus cash, or for the purpose of assisting financially distressed stockholders and officers who otherwise would have been forced to dump their holdings upon a disorganized market.

MAY WE PRESENT JIMMY MAROON

Our today's hero, hoodlum, city employee, and man-about-Twelfth- Street, James "Jimmy" Maroon, first appeared in the public press in August, 1927, at the tender age of 22. He was encountered tampering with a parked car, chased more than a mile, fired at with a police riot gun, arrested, and at police headquarters exhibited a buckshot-peppered back. History does not relate the disposition of the case, but perhaps the wounded rear was considered punishment enough.

Three months pass, and on November 6, 1927, we find him arrested at the Paseo Inn, 1403 East 10th St., described by Judge Carlin P. Smith as a "sink-hole of vice and law violation." This time the offense is more serious. He is accused of kidnapping Mrs. Margaret Owen from the Inn, striking her on the head with a pistol, attacking her, and placing her on a railroad track in the Northeast industrial district, after robbing her of \$45.00. She was found there, early in the morning, unconscious, by the crew of a switch engine, who were able to stop the engine in time to prevent her death. Brought to trial in December in the justice court of Joseph J. Dougherty, we find the charges dismissed by the county prosecutor because of failure of Mrs. Owens to appear.

Then for some three years Jimmy manages to avoid the glaring light of publicity. We know little about him during this period, but we can picture him, happy in his freedom, wandering about his native haunts or venturing forth upon his self-appointed tasks. Perhaps at this time he is utilizing his opportunity of increasing his influence with the powers of law and order, with whom he realizes that his work may bring him into contact at any time.

If such is the case he is not wrong in his conjecture, for in February, 1931, we find that a cigar store operated by one Samuel Burris has been entered and a radio and cartons of cigarettes stolen. The radio is found in an apartment occupied by Maroon and a Mrs. Marie Ford, and he is arrested. The numbers on the radio correspond to those on the one stolen, and Mr. Burris identifies it as his at police headquarters. However, as Judge Ben Terte is preparing to swear in the jury panel he is informed that Burris is ready to testify that "he knows nothing about" the instrument and cannot identify the radio as his property. Again Jimmy avoids an entanglement.

Another period of three years elapses during which Jimmy's footprints on the sand of time are obliterated as far as the casual newspaper-reader is concerned. All we know about this period is that he has managed to acquire a job on one of the CWA projects financed by the government but controlled by the city administration.

But on May 31, 1935, we find him achieving his greatest publicity, not particularly because of any brilliant accomplishment of his own, but because he has managed to get linked with names of front page news value.

The United States bureau of investigation, under Edward E. Conroy, arrests in Kansas City Walter (Irish) O'Malley, wanted for the Luer kidnapping and Okemah, Oklahoma, robberies; and Dan T. Heady, ex-convict and also implicated in the Okemah crimes. Maroon, described by Conroy as a "Kansas City Hoodlum," is also arrested and charged with concealing and harboring the gang in the Stonewall Court apartments. Time alone will tell what disposition will be made of this case, but Jim-

To many stockholders the collateral value of the stock would not be important, and those who intended to hold their stock would not be affected by the temporary lack of a market. The

real beneficiaries are those who sell their stock to the company.

Another reason advanced for withholding surplus earnings is that it would make possible the payment of conservative dividends at a stable rate during depression periods. But here again the management is taking the unwarranted position of acting as permanent trustee over funds of stockholders not needed for corporate purposes. And more often than not, a conservative dividend policy does not stabilize payments during depressions for the very good reason that the earnings carried to surplus are not retained in liquid form but are frozen into plants and other property and are not available for dividend payments when the depression comes.

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Frank G. Backstrom

Merchant Tailor (Est. 1905)

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Sorry—but the only photo of this gentleman we could locate is in possession of the Kansas City Police Department, and you've probably got a rough idea how much chance we had of talking them out of it.

my, at least, has made good. No longer a small-time operator, he can now point with pride to the headlines and identify himself as an associate of big-shots. And so, at this time of his greatest accomplishment, we present, with our tongue in our cheek, James "Jimmie" Maroon.

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Made of heavy galvanized wire . . . Sliding cover . . . Electrically welded joints . . . Strong and durable . . . A real buy.

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Regular \$1.00 Value

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Country Club Plaza

6702 Broadway VAentine 8911

Nineteen Thirty-five

6

FUTURE

June twenty-first

MANNERS

MODES

Paris Sketch-Book: The mood of the moment is toward beach clothes . . . gay, brief little things in which to while away the play hours . . . dusty pink and aquamarine to compliment flashing, tanned legs . . . slacks and jumpers for sailing . . . shorts and blouse for a sun-worshiping world . . . prints and hand-blocked linens and cottons . . . a black velvet suit by Heim that takes to the water like a duck . . . beach hats the size of parasols . . . “I’m the top” is the theme song of the latest Bendel bonnet . . . a hat bigger, even, than a parasol . . . rough straw with a white tassel dropping over one side and white cords to tie securely under the chin . . . no blowing off due to the efficient cord . . . rubber suits that mimic pique fitted beach bags and beach shoes that are also socks are the latest accessories . . . jersey-lined linen shorts hand-blocked in the pinks, blues, and greens of Persian tiles . . . for loafers the spotlight turns to long wraps that touch the sand all around, transparent ones that waft gracefully revealing the summer silhouette . . . enter the Chinese influence in beach fashions . . . Clarepotter has done tight, dark blue Coolie trousers with little raspberry-colored jackets also in linen.

“Lives of great men all remind us . . .,” but in this instance it’s the local “Learn to Swim” week that reminds us to turn beachward and get in the swim. It’s a fact that one simply can’t learn to swim (yes, we know you have will power, but even then . . .) without the consciousness of the newest and latest in swimming suits clinging about you to buoy you up and make up for

your lack of deep-sea knowledge. It's also a fact that all these clever beach bars, sand bars and swim shops done up so attractively all over town are going to prove quite a barrier to an easy choice of bathing attire. Such a dazzling display of deep-sea goodies has not been seen for quite an age, and even the most level-headed feminist is going to think herself fickle and foolish trying to decide between a one-piece "Accordiana," made like an accordion to give grand figure control at Rothschild's, and a colorful two-piece Jantzen with brassiere top that sets off her lovely tan with glamour like some of the ones at Harzfeld's. But we're all for you and wish you a happy swim.

Impressions from the beach shops this year lead to the conclusion that beach goods are on display, not in such quantity as last year's heat wave demanded, but in such grand quality as this year's crazy-quilt weather seems to bring about. And it's all to the good. You'll see what we mean when you fall, hook, line and sinker, nautically speaking, for the trim one-piece suits of zephyr yarn with raised chenille all over found in dusty pink and aquamarine, as well as other colors, at Rothschild's. Or the striped chenille with halter neck that fastens with a cork button (we've a new appreciation of the finer things in the character of a cork now) shows that corks are meant for something higher in life than just popping. These suits have a matching beach topcoat. If you're in New York this summer, you'll find the set of them at Bergdorf Goodman's, but it'll be four dollars higher, so shop in Kansas City while you may.

TEASERS

By KATIE KITCHEN

We won't say much about what you serve with your hors d'oeuvres. You may serve tomato juice, or you may serve a martini. The beverage should never be an excuse to short change your guests on the one or the other, let's say appetizers, or borrow a movie term and call them teasers. Anyhow, the little dingus you serve your guests before they sit down to serious business ought to justify its own existence by tastiness and attractiveness. It can be elaborate, but it needn't be. Above all let it be a convenient size. A teaser that requires more than three bites becomes a menace to dress and dignity, and the before-dinner-function becomes afternoon tea.

The best size is the one bite number, that will pop nicely in without either requiring a stretch to take it in, or rendering the taker-in totally helpless while taking care of it after admittance. I like the cracker put out by the National Biscuit Company, I think it is, called the Martini Cracker. It's between a quarter and a half dollar in size, has a distinctive but not a dominating flavor and blends nicely with practically everything.

A snap variety of teaser is made by splitting small and tender shrimp down where their spinal columns would have been had they not been crustaceans. Remove the esophagus, generally black, and rinse in cold water. Put a small dab of mayonaise on a cracker, lay the shrimp, split side down, on it, put another dab of mayonaise on that and touch it up with paprika. Of course you could use the whole shrimp and save trouble for yourself, though not for your guest. They don't bite in two neatly, and they're rather a mouthful.

Caviar is the standard and is hard to beat. You can either spread it on the crackers and dress it with a drop of lemon juice or you can really go to town on it. In case you want the latter excursion, try this. Cut out rounds of bread about the size of a silver dollar, or half a dollar if you want to be very dainty. Have ready your caviar already seasoned with lemon juice, the white of an egg hard boiled and chopped very fine, and either chives chopped even finer, or minced parsley. You can use a little chopped pimento too if you want a four-way teaser. To arrange

your design you can either buy a little tin gadget at the dime store, probably, or you can take a thin card and bend it. In case you are doing the latter bend it to make an angle of about 135 degrees. Toast your rounds or bread on both sides then, using your card as a guide with the angle in the middle of the toast, fill in one segment with cavier and one opposite it of the same size with white of egg. The two smaller angles should be filled in with the green, either chives or parsley, and with the red pimento. It will take some care to make the edges clear and neat but the result is not only artistic in the extreme but very gratifying to the inner man, and woman.

The lines of suits are extremely simple and plain. In fact, the plainer your swimming suit is this year, the more you know your p's and q's in beach fashions, according to Vogue. Colors are simple, too.

Contrasts are clear and bold, or else frankly pastel.

Acetate seems to base some of its popularity on its ability to shed water in a twinkling, even as you race from water to shore. Harzfeld's are showing the plain or cross-stitch acetate either with or without the cape. The vogue for cellophane seems to continue, hence, the little one-piece cellophane interwoven with Lastex. The privilege seems to be all one's own this year, either to have a suit with a skirt or without, that is, the trunk-type suit in either one or two pieces. The resulting figures seem to be about half and half, although we saw a rubber suit at Emery Bird's that boasted a separate wrap-around skirt of rubber too.

Although you brag that you never wear a beach coat (what good are they, anyway?) you'll probably change your mind, little Eve, and decide it's a nice vogue. Terry cloth robes with the monk's cowl for the head simply envelop one from head to toe in much modesty that is quite edifying on the beach. Linen crash coats of a shorter length are colorful and breezy to swing along the beach in. Both may be found at Harzfeld's. Or you may choose the inexpensive little terry towels to wrap around you and absorb the inevitable drip-drip that follows swimming.

Tahitian Invasion

Mere maids who would rather loaf than swim will find a pal in need in the gay, dashing Tahitian beach suits like the ones sketched from Rothschild's. They're enchanters if there ever were any. As you see in the illustration, the cape is double-purpose. Quite continental, isn't it? Or you may prefer to loll about in the Marlene Dietrich flannel slacks featured at Harzfeld's. And if you're a sailor, by any chance, heave into port a minute and "geeve a look, "Cap'n" at the utterly nautical three-piece jersey suit, consisting of slacks, shirt and matching coat. Navy blue and white are the colors, and it's trimmed with anchor buttons and admiral stripes (did you hear that, Cap'n?).

Wooden Heels

Beach shoes consist, for the most part, of low sandals with a wooden block for a heel like the imported ones at Woolf's with the flexible wooden sole done in sections to prevent the water from oozing into your feet. The Espadrilles from France at Rothschild's are more than just a name, they're a beach shoe with a flexible, woven straw sole with a block heel in all colors. For a perfect ensemble, the numerous pastel shades of the imported stitched braid shoe at Harzfeld's is the only beach shoe in Kansas City coming in pastel shades.

Accessories Colorful

In the way of accessories, color is the predominating note. Taylor's have a clever little coolie hat (it's so Chinese that we were wondering how you balance it on the head) for a little bit of shade on the beach. For more practical purposes, they show a bathing cap that will not let

one's hair become wet. A suction band all around the cap prevents that. Isn't it a relief to know that your waves will stay dry for a change?

If you really want to miss the sun, glimpse the large-brimmed Breton beach hat with the fascinating crown at Woolf's. It's a cinch you couldn't pack a hat like that in one of the little white linen beach bags at Harzfeld's, but that wouldn't spoil the usefulness of a bag like that fitted with a comb and mirror. And if you want to be breezy and yet have every hair in place, you'll like the hair bands Woolf's are showing. They call

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CONUNDRUM:

WHERE WAS JOSEPHINE?

Tom, Dick and Harry were climbing a hill. If Tom was higher than Dick, who was lower than Harry, where was Josephine? This, like the ones about A and B digging a ditch or where the eastbound train would pass the westbound train, is the type of problem we never could figure out. And here is another. Last year there were more than 82,000 automobiles in Kansas City, each of which had to buy a city license which cost at least \$5. Now \$5 times 82,000 equals \$410,000, which is a nice little annual income, and it does seem too bad that visitors to Kansas City have to have their vertebrae dislocated and the beauties of our metropolis blurred before their eyes which do not have a chance to focus bouncing over our boulevards. We natives no longer expect any consideration for ourselves, but for the sake of strangers it would be nice to have some of the holes filled in at least with a certain kind of concrete. But when the rough places are made smooth it is to the tune of a bond issue. We give this one up although we were pretty smart to figure out the \$410,000. It's easier to find out about Josephine. them raffins, in braided straw or shellacked string.

As a result of all this, there'll be a colorful promenade of fashionable bathers, whether you dip into the cool waters of a Michigan lake or float around in a neighboring water spot. At least it will give a new morale to the "Learn to Swim" week, so on to the swim.

M. R. E.

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SEE OUR A/G SPECIALS EACH A. M., ON PAGE 6, THE TIMES
Nineteen Thirty-five
June twenty-first
FUTURE
7
LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT
Columns of Criticism and Comment
ART
New Prexy

The recent election of Walter Giffard to the presidency of the Kansas City Society of Artists brings to that earnest body a tangy element of suspense and vivification. Giffard has given some years to the practice and teaching of art in this city and has had training and experience in New York and Paris.

The Society of Artists, however well it may function within itself, has not been large in the eye of a local public. We may skip aspects of its existence perhaps more important, certainly unknown, and mention a public, unfortunately public, appearance of the Society. The annual Art Fair at the Country Club Plaza does nothing to elevate the standing of art created among and about us, devoted as it is to the wearing of berets by plushy sponsors and poorly displayed pot-boilers by students. If there must be an Art Fair, let it be held in a more appropriate place than an unshaded vacant lot, and let the entries be selected with discretion.

We throw out another suggestion —not to Mr. Giffard, for he knows it well—that if there be more Beaux Art Balls, they should be in the nature of the balls they are named after, rather than a high- pressure ticket campaign resulting in a formal dress party where a costumed person is conspicuous. Such a ball should be for artists and their friends, not for Society (Whatever the hell that is.)

The local bar-tending school publishes a booklet of recipes for 600 drinks. It is a workmanlike reference-book, printed without John Held illustrations, and can be possessed by the serious mixer without the feeling that it was given as a cute gift to his wife. The only objection, if one's pocketbook isn't en rapport with his taste-buds, is that there are too many expensive ingredients in a real swell drink.

But the preface is what we wanted to talk about. In a single paragraph it sets out the rigid code of a calling, a trade with an ethic as well as a technique.

A bartender must have Olympian capacities for sympathy, understanding and tolerance. He must be neutral (and what violent neutrality must be observed when two drunks appeal to a bartender for settlement of a political argument!) He must be a host to the weary, a friend to the homeless and, as students used to sing of a great university dean "a father to the girlies and a mother to the boys." He must be clean and cleanly. "Thou polishest my glass with salty water;

thy ice-coils shine with scrubbing once a week, and the scraper in thy mighty fist is purified of germs. N. L. S.

PICTURES

Tired as everyone must be of hearing that the film, "The Informer," is one of the best pictures ever produced, they are going to hear it again from this reviewer. In this picturization of the troublous times in Ireland in 1922, John Ford has done a simply superb job of directing. All of his characters are real people, simple Irish folk who nevertheless have a grim determination of purpose. They live, love, suffer and die as any other human beings do. There are many people who have never liked Victor McLaglen because of his former roles with Edmund Lowe. Let me point out right now that he does one of the finest characterizations ever seen on the screen. With the right kind of material and the marvelous direction of Mr. Ford, McLaglen rises to heights of acting that you could never have believed possible in many of his old films.

The supporting cast is unbelievably excellent. The various Irish types are painted forcefully, with broad strokes, and the result is a meaty, artistic presentation. Not "arty," mind you, but artistic, as was the picture "Sunrise" seen here several years ago. The photography is perfect, with every shot a complete and lovely masterpiece. The use of light and shadow shows the hand of a real artist. The musical background sweeps majestically along, complimenting every word and gesture.

Wallace Ford also surprises With his handling of the role of the tragic Frankie McPhillip, and Margot Grahame, an English actress, does a beautiful piece of acting. This is one picture that anyone with any intelligence at all should positively see. You won't forget it soon.

The Virginian Returns

The Newman Theatre has, because of numerous requests, brought back the grand film, "The Virginian," with those three swell kids, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Mary Brian, in the leading roles. Walter Huston has the part of Trampas, the bad man of the West, and if you haven't seen this film before, do so this week. You'll have an elegant time.

No More What?

The team of Montgomery, Crawford and Tone is back in our midst with a pretty funny, snappy, wisecracking picture called "No More Ladies." Our Joan has rather a difficult time convincing her audience that she is really to the manner born, but anyway she gets her man eventually, which is what counts. Poor Franchot has been having hard luck in the last three or four pictures trying to get his Joan. Maybe she just wants him around so she can keep an eye on him while the film is in production. Bob Montgomery plays the usual trifler role, and does nicely with it. For a light, pleasant evening's entertainment this will fill the bill. J. D.

ANTIQUES

Some Interesting Pieces SHERATON Furniture Attractively- Priced

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EXHIBIT

Just when everyone expected to see the art season drop in its traces, along came the International Water-Colour Exhibit to bolster it up for another month. And a very fine support the show's going to make, too, with its motley works by conservatives, reactionaries, "ism-ists," purists, hacks, and a few who carry no banners for the current styles in painting. The only

disappointment has nothing to do with what is in the show, but rather with what is not in the show. The two contemporary artists whom I identify with water-colouring, Marin and Burchfield, are not represented. (You can always depend on me for a little grouching, no matter how much there is to be thankful for.)

Chauvinist though I am, Germany has most of the plums in this exhibit. The quick, sure brush-drawings by Kolbe are magnificently done; here as in sculpture he shows a knowledge and mastery of human form which places him with such men as La-chaise, Milles, and Maillol among our coevals.

Then there are 3 works by George Grosz, and you're going to look at these a long time, even though they leave you a little outraged and ruffled. Which is only a tenth of what Grosz's work of the 1920's would do to you. His jagged, hating satire has a lighter touch these days; he is beginning to find a gleam of hope now and then in a world where bloated profiteers straddle money-bags and look down with empty hearts on a hungry mass of park-bench sitters, maimed veterans, and rickety children. It is the sulphur-lighted shambles of Celine's bitter book, "Journey To The End Of The Night," transferred to another medium. The water-colour "Unemployed" will not excite pity but fear; it's enough to make us quake in our polished boots and wonder if all men are brothers. There seems to be a slight uncertainty among my confreres over the narrative of Grosz' "Morro Castle." I definitely saw the terrifying inferno of a burning ship at sea, with passengers hurling themselves into the water to escape the flames. Someone whom I trust, however, says it depicts a beautiful old castle by a harbour, so where am I? (Right near the end of the column, that's where, and so far only two exhibitors accounted for.)

To get on, there is an insincere and imitative "Bather" in the cubist manner; a Glen Mitchell landscape which would have been better in oil; 2 marginal notes to the American Scene by Benton; a crowded but finely drawn page of Mexican heads by Howard Cook, whom you may watch; "Television," a sincere study in elimination and rearrangement by Stuart Davis; a New York river scene, the first water-colour to be shown in Kansas City by Reginald Marsh who is at home with any medium; a phantasmagoria by Severini who last year neatly combined a torso, a column, and pigeons, but substitutes a melon for his feathered-friends in the present picture (Been reading Alice B. Stein's "a pigeon in the grass, alas," Severini?); and lots and lots of pictures I'll be sorry not to have mentioned after I go back a second time.

T. K. B.

GALLIMAUF
FRY
DEPARTMENT

A tale is told of how a prelate dined with a political potentate. He felt it to be in the line of ecclesiastical duty to call upon a family whose temporal power in the community is practically unlimited, although confined to politics rather than society. He arrived late in the afternoon, and, perhaps feeling that his hosts were in some need of spiritual guidance,

Do you like to hear the likes and dislikes of people? Leslie Howard, English stage and screen actor, loathes the following: large, crowded parties among comparative strangers; dancing, jazz, and bridge; parties where the men are supposed to do the cooking (where have we heard that before?); rich food. He likes: a quiet, homely sort of party with a few friends; good conversation; very good music (a little of it); no food to speak of and a glass of hot milk or a whiskey-and-soda served without fuss not too late. What are yours?

remained quite a long time. Finally the lady of the house suggested that he remain for dinner,

and he, realizing that the body as well as the soul must be nurtured, consented to do so. His hosts then excused themselves and reappeared shortly garbed in the most formal evening attire, the sober cloth of the clergyman's clericals serving to set off the vast expanse of starched shirtfront of his host and the bare shoulders and glittering jewels of his hostess. No other guests appeared, but the table was lavishly decked with orchids (or something even rarer) and the meal which was served could only be described as a repast. Course after sumptuous course was served by numerous flunkeys with the most elaborate ceremony. When at length the churchman took his leave and thanked his hosts, the chatelaine waved a be-ringed but deprecating hand and said, "Now you simply must promise to come some other time when you won't have to suffer pot luck as you did tonight!"

What is this vogue called knitting and crocheting? It seems to have developed from a grandmother's pastime to something for the young to while away a few leisure hours between other activities. At any rate a few of Kansas City's younger set, who would absolutely have turned up dainty noses at the very mention of a knitting needle, a few years ago, have suddenly developed a knitting complex and like to crochet now and then too. The vogue probably won't last through the hot summer weather, but it is surprising to wake up and find that there is a fad going on right now. Where have we been all this time?

A thoughtful, well-educated man who would have been a valuable jury member, was dismissed from the Richetti panel because he had seen a movie portraying a station massacre similar to the one in which Richetti is alleged to have participated, and had formed an intelligent opinion. Several other men were retained because, although they, too, had seen the movie, they had formed no opinion. It is to be hoped they will be able to form one from the evidence.

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8

FUTURE

June twenty-first

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US GO TAKE A LOOK

The gambling dilettanti will be interested to know that the gambling racket here, one of the most lucrative of the administration's protected industries, is going to open soon an open air casino with dice games, card games, etc.

Already the moonlight motif is being composed on the roof of a dime store near Thirty-ninth and Main streets. It will be a part of the thriving, protected gambling casino of the 3925 club, upstairs at 3925 Main street.

Of the four gambling places, open to the public, within half a block of the intersection of Thirty-ninth and Main streets, the 3925 Club is said to be the most profitable. It runs two large dice games with a heavy play. At 12 East Thirty-ninth street is the Rialto, another modernistic gambling joint on the street level. Only velvet curtains hang in the street door. Facing the door is a gun cage for a gorilla to stand guard and a blast would spray Thirty-ninth street with death.

School children and women shoppers make up most of the daytime traffic on the sidewalks there.

Above a drug store at the northeast corner of Thirty-ninth and Main is Fortune and below is the Lido, both protected gambling enterprises.

To go after the summer business this week the 3925 Club is erecting the summer garden casino in connection with its salon. Suckers will be given an opportunity to mix romance with disappointment as they play in the new garden casino.

Both women and men are welcome in these salons; women outnumber the men in some. Located in this school, church and residential neighborhood these salons have been big moneymakers for the boys in the administration.

They stay open as long as the suckers come. One, the 3925 club, naively advertises "Open till?"

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.

An English girl arrived for her first visit the morning of the Union Station massacre. She remained quite calm amid the flying bullets and seemed surprised at Kansas City's consternation. It seems that she had fully expected something of the sort to happen, having been led to believe that such affairs were daily occurrences to be taken as a matter of course in this fair city.

Observation on human nature: Radio listeners are exposed to some atrocious programs merely because the listeners are so occupied or indolent they are unable to turn the blamed thing off.

He Didn't Stop With the Vision

From page one

Country Club district is known throughout the country.

FUTURE is interested in the Kansas City of tomorrow. The young people of today who expect to make this their home have a vital interest in the legacies of their elders, an interest that transcends mere political parties. For this reason we have respect for the man who has created a district of several thousand acres that need not fear the encroachment of business, factories or squalid surroundings. Through the foresight of the planner, it will remain an area of charm through the years.

As most persons know, City Builder Nichols took a rolling expanse of pastures and farmland, hollows, woods and even an abandoned amusement park and converted it into a home site for some 25,000 persons. It was beyond the city. There were no lights, gas, sewers, water or transportation. Now it has all. And no alleys cut up its blocks. There are no dumps or trash heaps. No sign boards shock the eye. The boulevards wind and curve along the contours. Even the filling stations and business houses are designed with an eye to beauty.

Clyde Nichols' initiative and energy were demonstrated at an early age in Olathe, Kans., where he was born. Although his father was well-to-do, young Nichols chose to work. At 10 years he was a collection agent for the neighbors' cows, rounding them up each evening and charging the neighbors a monthly rate. He clerked in many stores. At 15 years he went in business for himself, a horse and huckster wagon as his assets. He drove through the country, buying chickens, eggs and produce from the farmers and peddling them in Kansas City.

Mr. Nichols entered the University of Kansas, where he earned all his expenses. While serving as an agent for a wholesale meat house and corresponding for the Kansas City Star, he found time to take a leading part in student activities. Under his direction the student athletic association ended the year without a deficit for the first time in years. He urged alumni to bring pressure on the legislature for needed appropriations. So successful was this enterprise that the chancellor commended him for having accomplished more for the school than any other student. And with all this, he shared honors with another student for having the highest scholastic average in his class.

He went to Harvard after graduation, ambitious to become a lawyer. In studying economics, he saw the possibilities of raw land development. The next year found him in the Southwest. Several years later he came to Kansas City, Kansas, and began building small cottages for workmen. After constructing about 150 homes, he purchased a 10-acre tract in Kansas City, Mo., and attempted to put into effect his plans for an improved residential district. His first venture was not so successful because he could not eliminate all the unsightly features of the neighborhood. Although he purchased a pig sty to get rid of it, he could not buy a brick factory that poured smoke over the neighborhood.

Then he took a step that forecast the Country Club district of today. He decided to develop a district with all city conveniences already installed, one hedged by restrictions that would not permit anything to mar the beauty or value of the homes. That is in effect today. Each

community center rules itself. Its officers pass on the architectural plans of each new builder before giving their approval. A majority vote of the owners is necessary to permit any changes that might affect the district. This, Mr. Nichols believes, insures the value of the homes and prevents encroachments of business that have taken other home districts.

The Country Club district has flourished. Visitors in Kansas City are amazed at its uninterrupted expanse of fine homes and landscapes. There are pools, parks, playgrounds and bridle paths, all planned in harmony with their surroundings. And behind it all is the vision of a man who demanded beauty in home surroundings.

Mr. Nichols has found time to take a leading part in civic affairs. For eight years he served on the board of education. He has been president of the Kansas City Art Institute. He is a trustee of the William Rockhill Nelson Trust Fund. He is a prime factor in the Nelson Gallery of Art, and has contributed countless hours to its service. He is a staunch advocate of Missouri River navigation. President Coolidge recognized his abilities and appointed him to the national park and planning commission, the committee which planned the new Washington of splendid public buildings.

Politically, Mr. Nichols works with the Democratic organization FUTURE is dedicated to a program to oust machine control of Kansas City politics, and thus it may seem strange (especially to those who constantly accuse us of "secret partisanship") for us to present Mr. Nichols in the vein of this article. But whatever may be Mr. Nichols' politics, this article tells the truth. And we might add this: if all the machine Democrats had the stuff this man has, we wouldn't have to stay in business.

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