

FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today

Vol. I No. 25

Kansas City, Missouri, June 28, 1935

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FUTURISMS

Representative C. Jasper Bell is showing the same political sagacity in picking popular subjects as Kansas City's other congressman, Joseph B. Shannon, demonstrated when he locked horns with the government in business. First, Representative Bell declared war on the pink slips, the income ones. Now he's plugging for a \$3,300,000 federal courts building here. We hope the city gets it, needless to say.

Press dispatches state Matthew S. Murray, Missouri works progress administrator, will be "the sole boss" of 55 million dollars to be expended on relief projects soon. Taking that statement at its face value, we can see Mr. Murray's popularity is on the ascendency. We would even be so reckless at this time as to predict President Roosevelt will carry Missouri by a thumping majority. The Battle of Brush Creek is not forgotten.

News item: John Vittorino, 32 years old, with a record of thirty arrests without a jail sentence, was arrested again last week. A trifling burglary of \$1,360 was involved. He was released on bond—oh, well, why go on? This is Kansas City, isn't it? The poor fellow is probably being persecuted.

"Something ought to be done," said Otto P. Higgins, director of police.

"Something ought to be done," chorused John Guley, head of the Kansas City branch of the state liquor control department.

The something referred to had to do with enforcing the state liquor law, which says hard liquor spots must close on Sunday.

"Something ought to be done," we might add, in checking the activities of the banditti. So many citizens have been waylaid, held up and robbed in the last few days that the newspapers have almost ceased to mention such commonplaces, unless the losses run into important money.

Now it's the cats that have Councilman Charles H. Clark's goat. They caterwaul and capture birds, so the learned councilman is thinking about writing an ordinance to authorize the city to impound them. Councilman Clark is majordomo of the First ward, which swarms with untold ghosts on election day. He might include the specters in his ordinance, since they are almost as elusive as feline prowlers.

Powell C. Groner, suave, handsome street railwayman, was seriously discommoded last week by being kicked in the ribs by a saddle horse. It all goes to prove horses are more hazardous than either street cars or philharmonic orchestras, as some philosopher has said.

Mr. McElroy's newest rabbit from the hat, borrowing three million bucks from "a bank" for matured bonds, has still got us dizzy. Our drove of volunteer spies is doing its best to get you the story, and this is going to be no cinch.

GENTLEMEN, ABOUT THAT REPORT?

This is neither a diatribe against these men nor praise for their accomplishments. In this article today we shall discuss the Bond Advisory Committee of the Ten-Year Plan, a committee composed of ten of Kansas City's most eminent and respected citizens. FUTURE believes that

their experience represents a condition that gives a superb illustration of what is wrong in Kansas City. A study of the committee's activities will be profitable to those curious individuals with a thirst for knowledge about that quaint anomaly of American politics, a political machine, an institution as much in keeping with progress as wearing skins or living in caves.

First, as to the committee's personnel. It comprises some fine, outstanding men. Its members are Conrad H. Mann, chairman; R. Crosby Kemper, Herman M. Langworthy, H. L. McCune, E. E. Norquist, C. C. Peters, Joseph F. Porter, J. E. Woodmansee, Joseph McGee and George L. Goldman. Consider them well. A group more representative of the business and professional men in this city probably could not be found.

At its first meeting, this committee promised to make regular reports to the people on the expenditure of 40 million dollars of the people's money. Four years have elapsed.

WHERE IS the REPORT?

The principal fault is of course one of omission rather than commission. The committee
Follow to page eight

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June twenty-eighth

FUTURE

THE SPORT OF KINGS

POLICYHOLDERS DOLE AND THE FEDERAL COURT

FOREIGN

Anglo-German Naval Pact

Continental reaction to the recent Anglo-German naval agreement which gives the Reich a fleet 35 per cent as large as Great Britain's has been more unfavorable than London probably anticipated. The most severe criticism came from Paris, where it is held the British have broken the Anglo-French front, increased the possibilities of an armament race, greatly weakened French security, and have become a party to Hitler's denunciation of the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Italy and Poland have also voiced their disapproval but Russia has yet to be heard from. However, in view of its small and obsolete navy, it can hardly be expected that the Soviet Government will regard an enlarged German fleet in the Baltic with equanimity.

The British View

Faced with this opposition, London immediately sent Anthony Eden, Special Minister for League of Nations Affairs, to Paris to convince Premier Laval that the new pact is a valuable contribution to European security. The British argue that since Reichsfuehrer Hitler had threatened an unlimited building program it was better to secure the 100-35% ratio through a bilateral pact which definitely limits German naval expansion than to keep the question linked with air and land armaments with little or no prospects for a solution. Although the French argument against the pact rests on a practically unassailable legal basis, the realistic British view can best be appreciated when it is recalled that the juridical soundness of the French case did not prevent Germany from embarking on a course calculated to build up a military force of 500,000 or more effectives, nor did it prevent General Goering, Reich Air Minister, from creating an air force reliably reported to equal that of Britain.

A Victory for the Reich

In many ways the naval pact is a victory for Germany. It was negotiated on a free and equal basis; it obtained Great Britain's implied approval of Germany's unilateral denunciation of the

Versailles Treaty naval clauses, and it took the form of a bilateral agreement—a type of negotiation the Reich has long been advocating. But it also improves Britain's bargaining position should France and Italy be approached again for a tentative naval accord. They can no longer refuse to commit themselves, as they did last Autumn, on the ground that they do not know Germany's plans. Furthermore, if the naval conference scheduled for this year fails to reach an agreement to take the place of the Washington and London Treaties, the British have at least protected themselves in their home waters.

Eden Fails to Convince Paris

It cannot be said that Eden's visit to Paris was a success. The views of the respective countries are too divergent to permit a common meeting ground. However, the frank discussion that took place did clear up some misunderstandings.

G. L. C.

The race gambling racket is, as we have mentioned before, a political one in Kansas City. The machine licenses the bookies and controls the distribution of racing wires. By cutting off the wire service during the racing season at Riverside park the bettors are forced to spend their money at Riverside park, operated by Pendergast political lieutenants, if they want action for their money.

Riverside has just closed its spring racing meet and plans another this fall. In the race gambling industry Kansas City is known as a "21-day race town." That means, in rail parlance, the sucker money plays out in 21 days or that the track gets all the money in that length of time. After 21 days the amount of money that would be bet at the track daily would be a losing business for the operators.

Race betting as conducted here by the politicians is not licensed by the state but permitted because Pendergast controls the state and local administrations. Competition would of course be arrested and litigated out of business. The books of the race track are not made public, as they are in states where race betting is legal and taxed. No one knows how much the track takes out of each race. In states where race betting is legalized a take of 10 per cent is taken. It is believed to run much higher at Riverside. No one but the political operators know how much.

Some idea of how the Pendergast politicians profit from the sporting public at Riverside is found in a study of one day's betting figures. It was understood on the day taken for study that \$80,000 was bet at the windows. That would mean an average of \$10,000 on each of the eight races or that the betting gentry took something more than \$10,000 to the track to bet that day. By betting it over each time on the eight races it would be about the \$80,000 total. If the machine took only the 10 per cent taken in legal states—and no one doubts but that the take was much higher—it would have taken a little less than \$8,000 of the money that went to the track that day. The next day new money would have to go to the track.

The class of horses attracted to Riverside, partially, at least, due to the political situation here, is said by race men to be about the worst. A racing fan, watching one of the races, explained that a horse and rider in the race had a combined age of 78 years. He said the horse was 13 and the jockey 65 years old.

In another race a horse was the favorite and when he won only paid the \$2 ticket holder a profit of \$1.20. A few days before the same horse had raced at a small California track where he was such a long, long shot that he paid \$120. That illustrates the type of racing nags that make the Pendergast track.

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The railbirds sneeringly call them "gypsies."

"Too proud to plow and too slow to race in good company," we overheard it said.

Surely, no one would dare to suggest that any of the races at Riverside are fixed. Yet, we have heard whisperings in that vein. It has been said that the local boys go up to St. Joe and around to lay a few dollars on certain races that they win. If they had put money up at the track it would have reduced the odds.

Riverside has become one of Kansas City's leading political institutions. When the track was built near Parkville it was found necessary to spend some of the taxpayers' money to build a four-lane trafficway to the racing plant. The state highway there could not handle the crowds and the bettors would start leaving before the eighth race. So the taxpayers' money made it possible to get a bigger bet on that last race by providing quicker highway facilities for the race fans.

Operated as a sideline of the Pendergast organization the track has complete control of the racing racket in these parts. No other track will be built as long as race betting is illegal and Pendergast controls the state and local administrations. If the racing bill had not been vetoed by Governor Park the books of the racing plant would be opened, in theory at least, and the public might get a run for its money. Of course, Pendergast officials would have charge of inspecting the Pendergast plant, and the real reason for the veto by the Pendergast governor was that the bill would have permitted dog racing. The boys at Riverside do not want dog racing.

Three years ago there were only four large race plants operating spring seasons. During this season more than a dozen have been operating. There is a shortage of good horses and jockeys. Omaha, nearby, attracted a much better grade of racing nags than poked along at Riverside.

No one, other than the Pendergast boys on the inside, knows how much was taken from the gambling gentry here during the season just closed. Rain cut the crowds. However, the race gambling racket must believe that there still is money to be taken through the politically protected racing salons as they opened gay and wide Monday after having to take a vacation during the Riverside season.

Mayor Smith sent a Missouri ham to the President of Mexico last week by air. We wish he'd included some others we know.

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The now famous "compromise" of R. Emmet O'Malley, Pendergast's state superintendent of insurance, to split up \$11,000,000 of impounded fire insurance premiums with only \$2,000,000 for the policyholders has met with a fight in the federal court. Unfortunately for O'Malley and the Pendergast organization, the Kansas City boss pulls no strings there.

O'Malley's amazing "compromise" to split up the huge fund has aroused bitter criticism of the Pendergast jobholder who raced to the dock to talk it over with Pendergast before the boss sailed for a pleasure trip abroad. It was understood he brought back word from the boss ordering the boys in Jefferson City to aid in the "compromise."

The fund has been impounded since 1930 and approximately \$2,000,000 is in the Cole County circuit court and \$9,000,000 in the federal court here. For a number of years the predecessors of O'Malley have been fighting for lower fire insurance rates and won one suit to put in a 10 per cent decrease in rate.

The O'Malley "compromise" not only would cut the policyholders off with a refund of only 20 per cent but would permit an increase in rates. Eighty per cent of the impounded \$11,000,000 or almost \$9,000,000 would go back to the companies and the politicians. Just what share of it would be turned over to the politicians after the consummation of such an agreement is undetermined. The ultimate division of the money, other than the dole to the policyholders, is a matter of much speculation.

Presentation of the "compromise" to the federal court was made here last Saturday and no opinion is expected for thirty days. Meantime the O'Malley "compromise" will have to wait.

At the hearing the "compromise" met an attack. Attorneys appeared to protest the plan. They charged O'Malley had deserted the policyholders. When O'Malley and the insurance companies went into court Saturday they apparently expected a quick and unopposed ratification of the plan.

R. M. Sheppard, an attorney representing policyholders, said O'Malley was "neglecting his duty to policyholders" which was a mild way of describing the "compromise." One of the federal judges also wanted the charge amplified. He asked Sheppard if there was any direct allegation that O'Malley had acted with "conscious wrong" in directing a distribution of 80 per cent of the impounded funds to the companies and a group of lawyers.

The lawyer said that was such allegation. The court gave Sheppard ten days to file his petition and O'Malley and the companies another ten days to file a reply.

Thus the plan to rush the "compromise" through and get the \$11,000,000 out of the court's hands and into the hands of the administration at least temporarily was blocked.

Few parallels in political administrations has the O'Malley "compromise." The policyholders of the state had a right to expect the state insurance superintendent to put up some fight in their behalf. The 20 per cent was looked upon as a "gift" to prevent too much wrath but it has failed in that mission.

The \$11,000,000 fund has been piled up since 1930 and its size soon made it a ripe plum for a "compromise" such as O'Malley proposes. So bold was the plan, in view of the small amount that would go back to policyholders, that the "compromise" created a furor of criticism.

Perhaps the state of Missouri will not be so upset over the way the Kansas City boss does business after a few more administrations. Meantime the public is awaiting the decision of the three-judge federal court which does not give a rap about the political affairs of O'Malley and his boss.

WHICH COUNCILMAN?

Each time he makes a speech one of our city statesmen refers, in a voice choked with emotion, to the lessons he learned at his mother's knee. Since he is largely responsible for a number of deplorable civic circumstances, it might have been better if his mother's knee had

been more frequently used for a certain old-fashioned but effective disciplinary measure.

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WILL THEY BE ABLE TO SILENCE MR. BASH?

What has happened to the Charley Gargotta case?

Eerily this most famous of all gangster political cases weaves out of sight through session after session of the Circuit Courts. It has been two years since the Armour boulevard gangster killing when Sheriff Thomas B. Bash jumped out of his car, killed two of the gunmen and arrested the screaming, terrified bad man Gargotta. The story of how the machine sprung Gargotta on the murder charge has been told and retold many times.

A charge of shooting to kill the sheriff was filed and has been weaving in and out of the court calendars for these two years. It appeared certain that the prosecutor's office would have to handle the hot Gargotta case this session.

Again at this time as the session nears a conclusion the Gargotta case is the subject of much whispering around the courthouse. What is the prosecutor going to do? Will he dare dismiss the case in view of public opinion? Has Sheriff Bash been hushed up and if not why does he not demand prosecution? Does the prosecutor intend to let the case wear itself out?

Meantime Gargotta, whom Bash said emptied his gun at him and who was saved by a perjuring policeman later sentenced to four years in Leavenworth for the same testimony before a federal body, is recognized as a big shot in the North End election day power house of the Pendergast machine.

Tom Bash, the shooting sheriff, has won the admiration of the public as have few sheriffs by his blazing gun that night on Armour boulevard. Bash is not a member of the Pendergast wing of Kansas City Democracy. He belongs to the faction of Joseph B. Shannon.

Following the gangster episode Bash denounced the gangsters, offered to clean up the North End if a dozen men or a group from the American Legion would aid him. Nobody doubted Bash could have cleaned up the North or any other end single handed if necessary. But it has been months, two years now, since the fiery sheriff was aroused to a fighting fever. Many have been the soothing advances made to him. The Gargotta case is an important political case. The late John Lazia, Democratic lieutenant, was Gargotta's friend and threatened to knock down a few political heads if he was not bailed out of the murder case. That gave Gargotta political standing in the organization.

The boys have been trying to woo the sheriff into a calmer mood. They want him to "forget it." The prosecutor, W. W. Graves, seems to have done a pretty good job of forgetting it but in another way. No one doubts the fighting spirit of the sheriff but the pressure to let the Gargotta case drop has been

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strong. “It is for the good of the organization” is one of the soothing pleas. In other words, all the boys are being so nice to the sheriff they believe he may weaken and not demand a trial of Gargotta.

And, after all, it is the duty of the prosecutor’s office to push the case. All the sheriff would have to do would be just not to stir up a stench by saying anything more about the case.

Thomas B. Bash

The organization had new reason to fear Sheriff Bash will not let the Gargotta case slide when its members read a statement by him in the press this week in which the sheriff said twenty-five honest men could clean up the crime situation here. Not complimentary to the Pendergast police department was the sheriffs statement. Burglary, car and tire theft rates here reflect the police department’s head’s desire to clean up crime.

Said the sheriff:

“In my experience as sheriff of Jackson County I have seen hundreds of persons who had a mortal fear of testifying as a witness or serving on the jury in the trials of hardened criminals and racketeers. Frequently 700 to 800 men are called to serve as jurors in trials and it has been difficult to obtain twelve capable men from that number who will not attempt to disqualify themselves in the trial of some notorious criminal or racketeer.

“I believe that if the law-abiding citizens of this county of more than 500,000 population would awaken to the fact that when there is a gangster or racketeer being tried it is their duty to the state and nation to contribute their services willingly and fearlessly in elimination of crime, we will obtain swift justice and there will be fewer paroles for the type of criminals who should be kept behind the bars for the protection of society.

“Most of the business men have been so busy with their own personal affairs they have overlooked one of the most important facts in the problem of crime prevention. If only twenty-five determined civic and business leaders would give their organized and enthusiastic support to the law enforcement agencies, organized crime would be eliminated. Organized criminal groups seldom contain more than ten men and it is difficult to imagine a group of ten organized criminals terrifying this community of more than 500,000 population.”

FUTURE

750 GRAND BEATS NOTHING

At last the city manager has opened the way for the “boys” in the city administration to get their hands on some of the new municipal auditorium funds. Long have they been lean and hungry because the federal government stood over the auditorium job with a club, beating back the attempts by the machine to raid the big fund.

For months work on the new auditorium was held up while the machine tried to write its

own ticket into the hall contract. The government, which offered to make a PWA loan and grant on the hall, saw a way for the machine to raid the fund for at least \$500,000 in the contract framed in the city hall, and turned it down. Finally, to obtain \$1,300,000 of federal funds, the machine was forced to ask for bids on a new contract that cut the boys out. Government engineers and inspectors have been on the job since that time.

Originally the auditorium was to have cost about \$4,000,000. Before it is completed it will cost well over \$6,000,000.

The boys never gave up fighting for a chance at the auditorium and it is coming their way thanks to the ingenuity of City Manager Henry McElroy. Although the boys will get a shot at only about \$750,000, that beats nothing, you will admit.

The \$750,000 surprise plum is considered a work of political art. Cut off in almost every direction from handing out money to the boys on the auditorium job, due to the federal inspectors, the city manager really has performed quite a feat for the city hall machine.

Back in 1900 Convention hall was destroyed by fire. There was \$150,000 from the insurance and \$225,000 was raised by selling \$1 shares in the new Convention hall to the public, making a total of \$375,000, minus the expenses of selling the stock, to build the new Convention hall. It was completed in 1900, only 90 days after the previous building was destroyed.

In the charter of the Convention hall company is a clause that makes it mandatory to put money received from the sale of the hall into the site of another auditorium project. The purpose of the clause was to assure a permanent hall building for Kansas City.

The new municipal auditorium is just across Thirteenth street from the old Convention hall. The city manager discovered that if the city widened Thirteenth street it would have to condemn the old Convention hall and that any amount of money paid from the street widening funds would come right back to him under the clause providing for a perpetual hall for Kansas City. Any amount of money taken from the bond fund and paid for the hall would come right back to the city manager for him to spend on the new auditorium.

transfer of the property are under way. Thus \$750,000, minus about \$25,000 that will be used in winding up the affairs of the old hall, will be turned back to the city for spending among the boys in adding flourishes to the hall.

The city manager means to see that the boys get the maximum amount out of the fund and last week he served notice the city hall would spend the money, all of it, to see that the boys got theirs. The city had advertised for bids on furnishing the theater and function rooms for the hall. The low bid of four was by the Swenson Construction company. The bid was for \$624,584.

The city manager in high dudgeon loudly attacked the bid as \$100,000 too high" and said, according to the daily press:

"The contractors have had their opportunity to give a reasonable figure for the work and this is their last chance. The city will do the general contracting work itself and save at least 10 per cent."

Translated out of the political into the actual, the Pendergast city manager said that the boys were going to get a shot at that money; they had been kept out in the righteous cold by the G-men long enough.

By his dexterity in unearthing this scheme of getting a few hundred thousand dollars to dump into the machine the city manager has proven his service to Boss Pendergast.

By turning down the bids and serving notice he will supervise its expenditure the taxpayers

may rest assured the boys will make up some of the ground they lost when Uncle Sam moved in to stop the really bigtime raid planned on the auditorium funds.

After all, it may be more economical to give the machine a part of \$750,000 than a slice of the entire \$6,000,000. Just imagine how much the taxpayers could have saved in the past if the G-men had put the machine tax eaters on such a skimpy basis.

The garage of the Yellow Cab company is located across the street to the south from the new auditorium. After the site was selected some of the boys in the machine stepped in and bought up the Yellow Cab company, a losing venture for several years. The public may as well prepare for some scheme whereby the Yellow Cab company will figure in a city hall deal or perhaps you have some other explanation as to why the Pendergast politicians bought the company after the city purchased the property just across narrow Fourteenth street.

FUTURE is of the opinion it will be quite a story when the political cab story transpires. Some say the cab company may get old Convention hall after a few feet are sliced off the front for street widening.

ROOTS

Mrs. George B. Simmons, who created such a stir at the recent "grass roots" convention at Springfield, is in town today under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Republican Club. She will be presented to the women of the city at a tea on the roof garden of the Kansas Citian at three o'clock this afternoon, and will be the speaker at a general mass-meeting at Ivanhoe Temple at eight o'clock tonight.

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It sounded almost too good to be true. An agreement was made with the Convention hall trustees whereby the city would pay \$750,000 for the old hall that cost less than \$375,000 to build 35 years ago. The trustees, it was said by their representatives, would be bound to give the money back to the city according to the mandatory provision of the charter.

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FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

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LEAVE HIM HAVE IT!

I CAME, I ,

I CONQUERED

“Chapman. She’s married to my Uncle Billy.”

Adam Richetti, buddy of the late “Pretty Boy” Floyd, has been convicted of first degree murder in the Union Station massacre and sentenced to be hanged. This in Kansas City, Mo., in the circuit court of Jackson County, in a prosecution conducted by W. W. (Tom) Graves.

At first blush it may seem surprising, but there is no reason why it should be. In the first place, Richetti was not a Kansas City “boy.” He never did anything to carry a precinct in an election here, he never contributed to a Democratic campaign fund in Kansas City. He was a rank outsider, whose precipitate activities in Kansas City the morning of June 17, 1933, brought down upon a happy political family the pestilential attentions of Uncle Sam and his “G” men. The Union Station massacre made things tough for all the local boys who were going peaceably about their rackets, murdering somebody only when it became necessary in line of business. There is all the difference in the world in quietly bumping off a rival gangster who is chiseling on your politically recognized racket and killing an agent of the federal government, brazenly, stupidly, in broad daylight where everybody knows about it. That kind of killing imperils the peace and welfare of all the local “boys.”

It was pretty generally recognized a few years ago, when Floyd, Richetti and their fellow bank robbers, murderers and kidnapers were flitting in and out of Kansas City undisturbed that one price they paid for immunity was that they were not to pull any rough stuff here.

When Floyd and Richetti came to Kansas City the night before the Union Station massacre with a Missouri country sheriff as their prisoner, kicked him loose with an injunction to keep his mouth shut, and hunted up the local king of the underworld and lieutenant of Boss Pendergast for aid in freeing Frank Nash from federal clutches, there was no

talk of murder. They were just going to “spring” Nash.

Somehow the plan slipped up. Somebody's nerves were jumpy, and Tommy guns began to rattle, and when the firing was over, there was hell to pay. Floyd and Richetti were smuggled out of town, not because of any friendliness to them, but because they were far less dangerous to the machine out of the town than they were in it. They had violated the code; they had pulled rough stuff that screamed on every newspaper front page in the country, as nothing had since the Valentine Day massacre in Chicago.

For a while it was hoped that the public would forget about the station massacre. It didn't. Representatives of Uncle Sam kept it a live issue, eternally before the public mind. Not all the bungling, intentional or otherwise, of the police department could lay the ghosts of the Union Station massacre. Public opinion, that trickiest and least predictable factor in human affairs, remained aroused. When it finally came to a showdown and a murder trial in Jackson County, it seemed as if the best way to quiet public opinion was to sacrifice young Mr. Richetti's neck. There will be no public uproar about that. Leave him have it.

What remains to be seen is whether public opinion will be satisfied with the hanging of one “fall guy.” Government, we remember reading in some archaic public document, possibly the Declaration of Independence, derives its just powers from the con-

MRS. WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN

Twenty-seven years ago this autumn two husky boys in football suits inappropriately left the side yard where they had been playing and went into the big house, where they first raided the pantry and then continued the game in the parlor. The big house belonged to the aunt of one of them, so they figured that made it all right; but I was the other boy and it was I who crashed into the chair which hit the table and toppled and broke the lamp. . . . The lady walked into the parlor very quietly. I was terrified. “I’m sorry, Tante,” said my friend. “I’m sorry, too,” I said. We stood there looking up at her, waiting, and presently for no reason at all I was not the least terrified. Then she began to laugh. “There are more cakes out there,” she said. “Eat them in the yard.”

“That was my aunt,” announced my friend.

“What’s her name?”

sent of the governed. The governed in Kansas City have been singularly consenting. They have consented by their own franchise to wide open gambling here, to a complete disregard of the laws governing the sale of liquor, and to a police regime under which motor car theft is so frequent that the theft insurance rates here are far higher than they are in most comparable cities. As long as they consent to that sort of government, they will get it. There's money in it, and money is required to make political mares go, and provide the hay and oats for strings of race horses.

Mrs. William Harvey Chapman’s funeral was held here last Saturday. Off and on since that first time I have seen a good deal of her. For me her death has raised a perhaps odd question: is there anyone else I have known who more nearly fills the definition of a complete human being. Others have had the good fortune to be born into a family of generations of distinction. Many of these know how to live charmingly or rather do not know how to live otherwise. Many are gifted at the same time with fine intelligence, humor, perception, practicality that appeals to the most practical business man and simultaneously a clear and honest appreciation of arts and letters. Perhaps many of these same have wealth, and the taste to use it beautifully.

Perhaps some of them have been acknowledged leaders in their spheres throughout their lives. And perhaps these same may also possess natures so generous, so gentle, so above guile, that they never seem to excite envy or venom.

There are such others of course. But I never knew one who combined these qualities to the degree Mrs. Chapman did. I don't doubt that anyone who knew her well would say the same.

W. H. S.

It has been estimated by statisticians and economists and researchers that the war cost your Uncle Sam \$52,000,000,000. Of this sum, \$39,000,000,000 was expended in the actual war period. This expenditure yielded \$16,000,000,000 in profits. That is how the 21,000 billionaires and millionaires got that way.

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.

The Modernized Food and Drug Act

Thirty years ago Theodore Roosevelt called to the attention of Congress the need for a pure food and drug act. Senate Bill No. 88, introduced in 1905 eventually became the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906. Pressure against the enactment of this bill was enormous, but it passed because such national publications as the Ladies Home Journal and Collier's Weekly which were originally responsible for the reform, kept up a constant barrage for enactment of the law. Since 1906, have come the radio and advertising on a grand scale, both over the air and in print. A modernization of the law is badly needed and in general the same disinterested magazines, as well as the American Medical Association, Women's Clubs and Consumers' Leagues, are for the Copeland-Tug- well bill.

So many other governmental activities are in progress that the consumer has displayed too little interest in this particular piece of legislation and it has had one relapse after another as amendments, parliamentary maneuvers and other means are used to hold up or prevent its passage.

Too many persons consider the Copeland bill "just another brain trust dream," not realizing that the first protective act dates back to 1848 when Congress passed a law to prevent the importation of adulterated and deteriorated drugs. No, when this administration has been forgotten, it will still be the duty of government to protect the public against adulterated food and drugs, against the sale of contaminated or decomposed foods, and against fraudulent mislabeling.

We are disappointed to see our own Senator Clark aiding and abetting the patent medicine venders by offering an amendment which would transfer the advertising enforcement feature of the bill to the Federal Trade Commission, for we are just a little suspicious that he knows that the crooked manufacturer of some quack remedy can thus avoid criminal prosecution and in its stead be subject to cease and desist orders, which, under current practice, have been known to drag on for years.

Nothing short of a united effort of the drug and food consumers of the nation—practically all citizens—can prevent the death of the Copeland bill, or its serious injury by the tacking on of amendments such as have been offered by Senators Bailey and Clark.

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FUTURE

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FINANCE

Finding the going a bit rough in spots and some of the cards stacked against him, President Roosevelt last week shifted to "the New Dealer's Long suit, apparently with the "squeeze play" in mind. The President's share- the-wealth tax message was a bold political stroke and must have taken the wind out of poor old Huey because he had little to say. The decision to appropriate the best parts of Huey Long's program came suddenly and was a victory for the Left Wing which had been advocating this course for some time. Undoubtedly the supreme court decision against the New Deal pet, NRA, was a big factor in speeding up this action.

The recommendations for higher taxes on wealth will have a strong appeal to the masses as already has been demonstrated by the increased followings of Long and Coughlin. The taxes are designed to shift the burden from the masses to the wealthy. The Administration philosophy is that all direct taxation of the masses is bad because it takes from them income that would go into purchases. The new taxes are designed especially to take the place of present nuisance levies, which the administration considers bad from both a political and an economic standpoint.

The President recommended inheritance taxes on large estates and tax increases aimed at breaking up family .concentration of wealth. The increases would be on gifts, higher incomes and a graduated scale of corporation income taxes.

Alone, the proposal to share the wealth through heavy inheritance taxes is not especially alarming. Many of us undoubtedly agree that huge accumulations of wealth such as have been built up and handed down from one generation to another are not justified on the basis of personal and family security. Some of them are so large that the possessors find it impossible even to spend the interest despite wild extravagances.

In considering the effects of the proposal from a business standpoint, it is impossible to view it separately from other aspects of the trend toward socialism which have come to the front with amazing rapidity recently. It is just another bearish development as far as business is concerned and adds to the long list of factors that make for uncertainty. Despite all these, business has been able to make a fairly good showing, but how much longer it can hold its head up under the increasing load is problematical. If given half a chance business would leap ahead at an astonishing pace. Every time it gets a good start, some new political development is encountered to unsettle confidence and put on the brakes.

The proposals for progressively higher corporation income taxes are in effect deflationary and are therefore .contrary to other parts of the New Deal program, and also contrary to the theories of the late NRA. Many companies will refrain from taking on additional employees until the issue is settled. Business will halt plans for expansion in face of the contradictory policies.

To FUTURE :

To the editor: I have read each issue of FUTURE with avid interest and wish to congratulate you and your staff on a splendid job which can not help but bear fruit.

Enclosed is an article from an entirely non-partisan source which appeared Tuesday, June 18, in the New York Sun under the signature of Phelps Adams, our Washington correspondent. I believe you will find it interesting.

Sincerely yours,

Edmund De Long,
Editorial Department New York
Sun.

MITCHELL OUSTER LAID TO DEAL

Capitol Ponders Report of Alliance Between Missouri Boss and Administration

“Evidence indicating that Ewing Y. Mitchell was dismissed from his post as Assistant Secretary of Commerce as the result of a deal between the Roosevelt administration and the Pendergast political machine in Missouri was attracting wide attention in the Capitol today as Congress moved to consider holding an official inquiry into the activities of the Department of Commerce under Secretary Roper.

“In this connection it was recalled that Mr. Mitchell went out to Kansas City a year ago last March and campaigned actively in behalf of the candidates opposing the Pendergast machine. In a lengthy statement that literally blew the lid off the tense political situation that prevailed in the city at that time, he denounced the machine and its boss, Tom Pendergast, in terms so bitter and so daring that his statements demanded nationwide attention. In conclusion he predicted that the machine ultimately would collapse “of its own rottenness” and would follow Tammany, the Vare machine of Philadelphia and the Mellon organization of Pittsburg into obscurity and political impotency.

Tilting With, Windmills

“He was tilting with windmills, of course. The machine won handsomely in the municipal elections— so handsomely in fact that it clinched its control once and for all over the whole State Democratic organization.

“Long after the battle itself was over, however, political sages continued to attach national significance to the incident. Throughout the campaign, the fusion forces which opposed the machine had sought to convey the impression that the Roosevelt administration was directly responsible for the Mitchell outburst. It was pointed out that Mitchell was the original Roosevelt supporter in that state and that it was he in the Chicago Convention who weaned the instructed delegates away from former Senator Jim Reed and delivered them block by block into the Roosevelt camp.

“The Pendergast machine on the

The share-the-wealth proposal, the social security plan and the public utility bill, to name a few, clearly indicate the trend of thought in Washington. To our mind it is a bad time to make such proposals. They imply a complete reorganization of the country’s economic structure when, for the purpose of achieving recovery from the depression, nothing could be more undesirable.

B. O. B.

other hand had opposed Roosevelt at the outset and had jumped on the bandwagon only at the last moment.

“At the time Missouri newspapers published long stories describing how President Roosevelt himself had started his political career by fighting “bossism” and how he had first won fame by defeating Tammany’s “Boss” Murphy in the battle to prevent the appointment of Blue-Eyed Billy Sheehan to the United States Senate.

White House Silent

“All this, coupled with the fact that Mr. Mitchell, as Assistant Secretary of Commerce, was

the highest ranking Missourian in administration councils, combined to give the general impression that Mr. Roosevelt was secretly encouraging the downfall of the Pendergast organization and the White House— beyond issuing its customary statements to the effect that it would take no part in state or local campaigns—did nothing to dispel this impression.

Following the overwhelming victory of the machine in the election, however, grave doubt arose as to whether or not the administration could count on the electoral vote of the State of Missouri in 1936.

“The machine meanwhile made no secret of the fact that it was out to ‘get’ Mr. Mitchell, and it set about its work methodically. Fixing upon a relatively obscure figure in local politics, Tom Pendergast selected Harry S. Truman as the instrument of his vengeance and elected him to the United States Senate.

“Senator Truman, deeply grateful, devoted his energies to the task at hand with unstinting vigor, almost from the moment of his arrival. In his efforts, however, he did not, at the outset, have the support of his colleague, Senator Ben- net >C. Clark, who was not linked with the Pendergast machine.

Faced United Front

Recently Senator Clark joined forces with the Pendergast-Truman combination, and Missouri thus presented a united front in its antagonism towards Mr. Mitchell.

“Just how much of the victory is due to the Missouri machine and how much to Mr. Mitchell’s own efforts in opposing Secretary Roper and his policies cannot definitely be ascertained, but among the more significant clues that may ultimately lead to a solution of the mystery are these:

“The difficulty between Mr. Mitchell and his superiors in the administration did not begin until after the Kansas City election, which revealed definitely that Missouri was probably alone among the States today in which one man can promise and deliver the vote in a national election. The vote will be highly welcome to Mr. Roosevelt in 1936, and it will be cast in strict accordance with the wishes of Mr. Pendergast.

Worth the Candle?

“Then, too, it should be noted that simultaneously with the determination of the President to re-

DRY HAIR

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quest the resignation of Mr. Mitchell, Postmaster-General Farley, in his capacity as the political mentor of the President, met Mr. Pendergast in New York. Both Senator Truman and Senator Clark attended the parley.

“Reports emanating from that meeting were to the effect that a deep and lasting brotherly love was mutually avowed. It was a case of one for all and all against one Ewing Y. Mitchell.

“Secretly, therefore, the Pendergast followers are jubilant in their victory and their vindication, while the administration politicians are extremely happy at the prospect of counting Missouri’s fifteen electoral votes safely in the Democratic column for 1936.

“Publicly no one is saying much about it—at least not until they can gauge the public reaction to the treatment accorded to Mr. Mitchell and to the charges that he broadcast upon leaving his office.”

TAMMANY IN DETROIT

Detroit finds that the products of boss rule are the same regardless of the political banner used. The Detroit Citizens' League Searchlight has this to say:

"The offenders are neither Democrats nor Republicans; they are selfish schemers who haven't the slightest idea of what the principles of the Democratic party have been and are today. In other cities they masquerade under Republican colors, but they are all as full of stripes as the Tammany tiger."

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Nineteen Thirty-five

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FUTURE

June twenty-eighth

DESERTER

By KATIE KITCHEN

Breezy as a gust from a windswept lake, nonchalant as the original Murad model, picturesque as a Swiss chalet—the summer girl of 1935. You'll see her whisking down Petticoat Lane, lunching at the town's coolest restaurant, dining and dancing on a roof garden amid breezes blowing a dozen stories above the twinkling lights of Kansas City streets. This week you meet her as she gads about town o' mornings. Chic from tip to toe- she fits into the summer picture like a cricket into a summer night.

Her dress, on a cool morning, is an angel-skin sport silk or a simple, tailored, dark sheer. On a hotter than hot morning, it's a wash dress buttoned down the front, with short sleeves or no sleeves at all under a short jacket. It may be linen, shantung, silk linen, or the ultra- new crepe linen. Anyway, it's linenlike. It could be lavender or blue, or rain-washed pink, or softly-glowing bamboo. Her silhouette is slim and willowy, straight as the T.W.A. plane that shoots into the early dawn. Her movements fairly breathe action, swift, smooth and graceful, aided and abetted by the little whims of fashion—yolks and fullness in the back — freedom pleats in the front and back, swinging in rhythm with her easy walk — materials that fit like a second skin— jackets that follow the graceful line of her figure—box coats. Her gloves, simple white cotton like the milkmaid's down at the farm. Her smile as open and summery as her bright red or blue, or perhaps polka dot sandals that twinkle down the street. Her boutonniere, a few daisies. Her hat, shady, easy to toss off and on, as she does, in restaurants before dancing and in her runabout driving home from shopping.

She knows her p's and q's in fashions, too. Her style professor came from Paris and taught her everything ever smart feminine person between the ages of two and sixty should know by heart. He's told her that sunback dresses either with or without jackets are the thing of the moment for hot days when sports attire is the demand. He gave her an A when she demurely informed him that high necklines, full bust and slim hips form the silhouette for daytime. And graduated her when she recited the A. B. C.'s of accessory news (a friend cabled it to her from Paris, and she saw the details at Harzfeld's, though he thought she learned it in fashion class): stiched belts, hugh buckles are shown: the new silk linens, or white crepes with contrasting linen jackets, in colors seem to be popular: Paris invented the running stitch as a dress trim and cheers in a loud, but lady-like manner for shirtwaist dresses: stripes, prints, and boldly contrasting colors in two-piece dresses, as well as navy blue and brown sheers are in vogue for town wear. As you see, she's pulsating with the mood of the moment, i. e., summer and its play

days—lazy days—informal hours lolling in the sand—balmy nights and lingering flower odors—hugh hats and floating chiffons and mousselines—pet linens and carefree moments—new places to dine and drink—hatless days—mood of “anything goes.”

And also pulsating with the mood of the moment are some of the lit-

The word “deserter” would seem to be the noun for the verb “desert.” The question that naturally arises is, what is the verb for the noun “desert.” The dictionary gives as definitions either a desolate waste or a merited reward. It all seems to be a matter of where you put the “s” and the accent, though the latter usage, when used in a culinary sense, sometimes results in a desolate waist when the ingredients of the merited reward are too fattening. As far as the merited reward part goes we assume that the sweet that is tied on to the end of dinner got its name from the fact that it is withheld until all the necessary and healthful things to eat have been dealt with. “No desert, Willie, unless you eat all your spinach.”

Now even though I like spinach —every try a souffle? I’ll tell you about it sometime—I also like deserts as long as they have character and have their nutritional qualities well masked. The desert should be frivolous, and even though you slip over a lot of simply swell vitamins they should be veiled behind a little dab of whipped cream or tucked into a crust. Never serve prunes as such, brown lonely looking prunes in their crepuscular juice, for desert. If your family needs prunes make a prune whip which can really call itself a desert of position.

This question of deserts is an important one. It’s so easy to buy Jello and then excuse yourself by saying that it’s good for baby. Of course if you like Jello, that’s another matter. But there are so many things that are so much more imaginative. The desert should be an integral part of the meal, providing the necessary sugar, and giving the variety that whets the appetite. And it should be planned to complement the rest of the dinner as carefully as you plan your meats and vegetables. If your meat course is light you can balance the meal by serving pie, for example, or gingerbread and whipped cream. If you placed a roast before your family you should follow it with something light such as wine jelly—oh well, Jello if you insist. As this is Friday and therefore according to all sound tradition fish day let’s look at a desert that will follow after your halibut or salmon steaks with good grace and some nutritional value.

We are having, in case you are interested, custard and cake, and the two go together like an egg and its shell. As a matter of fact the egg is the key to the joint recipe, for you use the yolks in the custard and the whites in the cake and so accomplish economy and convenience at the same time. If you want to make the custard it is a nice variation, though the straight boiled variety, chilled through before serving, is better for hot weather. The rule calls for three cups of milk, four egg yolks, four tablespoonsful of granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt. The cake, which you can make while the custard cools, takes half a cup of butter, a cup of sugar, vanilla, milk, a cup and a half to two cups of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and the egg whites beaten stiff. The cake cooks in about forty-five minutes in a slow to medium oven and is very delicate. Also it includes whatever you still yearn for after the average mid-western fish dinner. And anyhow it’s a nice desert, which ever way you look at it. to match your summer mood, my dear.

And you’ll never guess what we found to complete your sport’s costume—a “sleek” bag that is everything the original Nat Lewis bag is in everything but price, which is ever so much more reasonable, about a third the price. It’s such an irresistible pick-me-up we thought you’d

like to see it sketched, so here it is. You'll find it in celluloid, with assorted color trims and initials at Taylor's. To fit right into your purse, there's a likeable little sport powder-pouch of natural pigskin at Rubins called the Lucky Horseshoe that won't spill powder from one end of the earth to the other every time it opens.

For resort wear, Rubin's are showing a sport dress that would top any mountain peak. It's a bold black-and-yellow, light plaid woolen with scarf and a plain yellow vest. Or for a cooler taste, a crepe dress in ashes of roses with Dubonnet trim. The novelty of it is the scarf effect conceived of the same material, forming pockets trimmed with the ever-popular fringe. We had quite a temptation to buy all the gay plaids that button down the front they were showing so much of, but we tore ourselves away with a noble (we thought) "Giet thee behind us, Satan" and a-shopping to Adler's we went.

There we found a little red sun- back dress, most commonly called the "mop" dress that gets its woman, or man, every time. It receives its title from the fringed tassel trim that is made from the same material as the brooms from the Blind Broom Factory (honest, it's a true story). Any dress with a history like that increases anybody's conversational powers, as far as we can see. So if you're stuck for a bright thing to say at the right moment, just start gayly babbling about your historical little mop dress, and you will save the day. Equally as interesting is the pale blue dress of "laughing water," a crepe that reminds one of rippling brooks and laughing water as its name implies. It is trimmed with navy and is fashion-wise with the new action-back and pleated influence in the skirt. It's formal enough to wear for any more dressy morning or afternoon occasions, a shower or informal wedding.

By the way, if you're one of those who like to know about things beforehand, you'll like an earful and an eyeful of the fashion flash on display at I. Miller's this week. Leather shoes in Dubonnet are going to be worn this fall, but after seeing this display it wouldn't be surprising if some wouldn't be buying them now to match their summer costumes in Dubonnet.

Next week the "summer girl" will blossom out in her pet evening dress, so watch for her and make a couple of wishes for some fair weather. Yours in fashion,
M. R. E.

tie nifties in the Junior Shop at Harzfeld's that stole our fickle heart, and probably hers (our summer girl) on her morning shopping tour. They're enough to make any young thing's heart turn green with envy over and full of desire to own several, as well as turn Mother into a reducing addict in order to slip into one. The one sketched is a particularly smart example of what's wearable. The model we saw was of blue linen, with a short, perky jacket that does things for one. Presto, the jacket removes

From Harzfeld's

itself and reveals, as you see, décolleté with red, blue and yellow crossstraps and matching belt. And equally as tempting are the Cartwright originals that have taken the younger set of Kansas City by storm. "Loops, m' dear," fits its name to a T. It's trimmed hither and yon with loops on pockets, jacket, back and sleeves. We saw it and liked it in pink with dubon- net trim. Whether Evangeline's "forest primeval" suggested to fashion designers the model (also a "Cartwright") called "Squirrel's Delight," we couldn't say, but it does give a distinct woodsy tang full of verve and dash in white linen with huge, brown wooden buttons.

Chasnoff's are showing a dress called the bow dress that will doubtlessly bring many a beau for its wearer. It fits more like a creation than a dress, if you know what we mean, and is shown

in the ultra-new of all materials, crepe linen. It drapes softly to the figure, and receives its name from the bow of the material in front and back. For loping along the beach in the morning sun, loafing at home, or for loathing the shade and loving the sun is a play suit in brown and white with a broadcloth shirt that really is different, from Chasnoff's. The dress-jacket is sleeveless and opens down the front as all good little play suits do. We boldly picked out a sporty little hat called "Riverside" with a Robin Hood crown to match the play suit that we thought you'd look very easy and nonchalant in—

Nineteen Thirty-five

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Hearken, miladies of beauty, if you would hear how to combat the effect of the beast, summer, upon your pretty profiles. Remember last year's freckles, and the hair that lightly resembled a cross between a hay-stack and a shock of wheat, after lolling on the beach to your heart's content and to the beast's fetish pleasure? Did you ever recover from the recognition of those wrinkles around the eyes (honestly, at your age) from squinting at the sun? Not, gentle readers, that we have anything against summer. We adore summer, with all its chiggers, mosquitoes, hot days, and enticing charms. But it's a perfect beast toward your beauty outlook. So if you'll bear with a little kindly advice from your editorial department, we'll prepare you for the onslaught, in a heart-to-heart talk in a serial form of reading matter.

First of all, your "crowning glory," miladies, how about a few and noble thoughts towards it? In order to stay in the glamour-girl class and out of the wall-flower dubbing, we'd advise a little attention to it. First of all, when thinking of permanents, try the ero-quinole method of waving if you want those ends to survive a summer of deep-sea diving. Hard as it is to stay well-groomed when living a hard summer life, a shorter cut (not shingled) with the ends turned up is a great help in the long. This gives a piquant lift to the profile, both pretty and flattering. A few curls at one side or on the top are easier to take care of than waves or a whole mass of curls. And no matter how much will power it takes not to do so, don't have your hair thinned out to its last legs or roots this summer in order to keep cool, or else the summer winds will play havoc with your short, stringy ends.

And so you'll keep cool 'till the next beauty lesson from your professor, we'll mention the fact that to eliminate that tired, dragged-out feeling that seems to come and go in summer, you can make it go with a bath helped along by some invigorating pine bath salts. Any of the numerous well-known brands are good. Or as Hudnut states, "eau de cologne is high fashion." We'll admit, that besides being high fashion, it's a mighty clever idea. No matter how mildewed you feel, a good rub-down with eau de cologne and a generous dusting off with bath powder will make you sit up and take notice, which we hope you will do next week when we appear in print again after our initial appearance.

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FUTURE

7

WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

PICTURES

Two Foreign Films

Two European films slipped into town last month and left almost at once with but faint huzzahs from the press.

One was a sensitively directed and finely acted offering from England named "Little Friend," in which the superior histrionic abilities of Miss Nova Pilbeam are exhibited in Kansas City for the first time. (After all, she had very little to do in "The Man Who Knew Too Much.") A few years older than Shirley Temple, La Pilbeam will not appeal to you with the cuddle- some charm of America's Sweetheart; she executes neither cute dance steps nor songs for you to coo over, but she does possess sincerity and mature poise rarely found in a child of 9 or 10 years. All this made the out-to-be-amused audience I was in very uncomfortable and inclined to giggle. Second hand the story will seem pretty routine: A precocious child unwittingly stumbles upon a scandal which is about to divorce her parents. In sorrow she cannot hide and with but slight grasp on the situation's import, the girl tries to bring order out of bitter chaos. Failing, she turns to suicide as the only way out of a world bereft of happiness. As you guessed, the attempt is abortive, the mother and father are brought quickly to their senses, and the matinee patrons leave the theatre with a nice, clean taste in their mouths. The denouement of "Little Friend" is not forced, however, and seems a logical conclusion to what has gone before.

"Chapayev," which we went to an unmapped part of Kansas City, Kansas, to see, is not a great film but it shows which way the cinematographic wind is blowing in Soviet Russia. With no attempt at subtlety it proves that the White Army of the Revolution was made up of men closely resembling basilisks in their regard for the valiant peasants who opposed them. Chapayev, a minor hero in the early history of Communism, stands up against unbelievable odds through his courage and his ability to lead the harassed serfs. The heroine is a young peasant-girl who routs the enemy during a "psychological attack" by her Molly Pitcher prowess at a machine-gun. As a reward she is allowed to chum around with the boys and slap backs with the best of them. I missed a lot of the film's humor by not understanding Russian, but the dozen or so polyglots in the audience rolled in the aisles during several scenes so I was able to gauge my laughs by theirs.

These two films are not drawing- cards for the suburban trade but I hope you have the chance of catching them before they're shelved.

T. K. B.

This was a pretty good week at the down-town movies, "Oil for the Lamps of China," "No More Ladies," and "The Girl From Tenth Avenue" all being well worth your time when they hit the suburbans. I can't be properly superior about the first because I'm the person who hasn't read the book, but as a movie complete in itself it's way above the average. Josephine Hutchinson gives a consistent, if somewhat stagey, performance, and George O'Brien has plenty of those mo-

TELEVISION

Here, and Now

W9XBY has been broadcasting as a television station for some time, with what results we never knew until a few days ago. They have a television program every day at one P. M. which is open to the public. The daily attendance runs something like one hundred people, and the program goes out to five hundred television sets in town and an unknown number in the area which the station reaches. We have heard a lot of rumors about television for some years, to the effect that it has been commercially practical for a long time but that the big interests kept it down. The people at W9XBY won't say anything about that. Anyway, it works now, and works very well.

The local five hundred liked Ted Fio-Rito very much when he broadcast with television (we forgot to ask the verb for television). Dorothy Chaquette gets a lot of letters when she sings, and the Bar-Nothing Ranch is very popular in outlying towns (trade territory to you), although it is not put on the air to see as well as hear.

W9XBY has an amateur contest which is more successful than most. They put on a group at each occasion from some fown or other, and the home-folks are crazy about it. Amateur contests have been done to death, but this one has held up and promises to do so for some time to come.

ments where the script demands that he be bewildered, unhappy, or at-a-loss. As usual, he does these beautifully. His brief periods of enlightenment or heavy emotion are not so good. As a whole, though, the show, though slightly glum, is good.

You've read a lot about No More Ladies. Suffice it to say here that if you've missed it, repair the error at your first opportunity, if only to see Arthur Treacher as he blathers vaguely through the proceedings. Franchot Tone enjoys himself, too, and you'll enjoy him—particularly when he meets his former wife at a house party. Franchot gets better all the time, to my way of thinking.

Bette Davis and Ian Hunter have a pretty hectic time in *The Girl From Tenth Avenue*. I can't think of two other Hollywoodians who could have made the story believable. Certainly a "pretty boy" wouldn't have had much sympathy if he had done the things Hunter, who impersonated "heavy masculinity plus little-boy-who-got-slapped," got away with. Bette Davis is as good as usual, which is very good. The picture is definitely in the "better" class.

A Chicago matron was recently seated next to a Mrs. Cabot at a Boston tea party. During the crisp exchange of conversation, Mrs. Cabot advanced the information that "in Boston, we place all of our emphasis on breeding." To which the Chicago matron responded: "In Chicago we think it's a lot of fun, but we do manage to foster a great many outside interests."—*Inland Topics*.

GRADUATION

The annual—more exactly perennial—rash of articles on the new college graduates is appearing in this month's magazines. It is characterized, as always, by flowing generalities and useless conclusions, strongly scented With the Commencement Day spirit of success around the corner.

An employment expert in the June Scribner's uses a thousand to fifteen hundred words to say that the college graduate is up against a tough game, but with (ten) qualities which all executives have, he will get somewhere. Mr. Raymond Moley, in *Today*, writes on "Depression Graduates"; if there is a point therein to be utilized by them, it escaped at least this reader.

Other magazines of the family or slippers-and-library-table type are hauling out the formula stories of struggle and success, always with happy endings.

This depression graduate cannot be sifted and classified, despite all the pundits. The men who write about him have adjusted themselves through the last six years to new' conditions and the possibility of future changes. The college boy graduating between 1930-35 can't do it. Depression years have been school years to him, or what time he has spent in business has been in a world alien to that which he had been taught to expect, a world where there is so much aggressiveness, such keen competition, that his own character and training cannot be significant. He has been taught that a boy of reason* able attainments has but to work hard and he will get ahead. The first post-college year will teach him that it isn't so, not at all, and it's a bitter pill. Where the magazine writers go wrong is in trying to cluster the graduates in determinable groups after business and social conditions have begun to work on them. Their reactions seem to be as various as their faces and their brains. Almost the only defensible generality is that they don't turn to crime, which is a wonder. Another is that there is remarkably little real radicalism. There is in fact no organized pressure bearing on society from this uneasy leaven, save for a crying for better government where young peoples' groups gather in cities and where Young Democrats or Young Republicans are led by honest men, as they were in New York City.

Why there is no organized pressure, no common outbreak, is difficult to rationalize. Many new graduates realize that college degrees do not, by the fact of their existence, open any doors to living or working. Education and work under present conditions do not hang together; there is little doubt about that. What education may do some day is to educate for a life in an extremely complex society; it should start to do that in grade schools.

N. L. S.

ANTIQUES

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DEPARTMENT

Even in our old-fashioned, outmoded zoo we understand that a lion's life expectancy is forty years. In his native habitat (where he has no cozy cage in which to snooze and where, instead of having a juicy if equine steak pushed under the bars, he is forced to stalk the elusive zebra only to find another lion with the same idea and ready to get tough about it), he usually lives only about twenty-five years. Of course the lion may share Patrick Henry's sentiments about liberty and death. But we cannot help joining the insurance companies in speculating about the prospects of longevity for a child born in some districts of this city. In fact our interest goes beyond that of the insurance companies, since such a child will probably never pay a premium.

That most if not all God's chillun got wings becomes very obvious in summer. For then the ladies put on backless sports costumes and the men come forth in topless trunks and the whirr of shoulder-blades is loud in the land. Veritable Venus curves and true Tarzan-esque torsos are not to be achieved by three violent minutes of strenuous setting-up exercises per diem despite the stirring strains of the U. S. Marine band. But constant, though slight, concentration on a straight back and high-held head will do great things for the appearance, health, and

disposition, provided these have not already been raised to highest efficiency through the use of advertised products divers in character but unanimous in result guaranteed.

Easterners are keeping warm this summer with a game called "Corballo" which is a simplified variation of the Spanish Pelota if that'll help you any. They say it's irresistible after seeing it played once. The plot of the game, simple as it is, is to toss a small, red ball back and forth in bantam baskets. (Kansas City is still recovering from the bantam car vogue—we'll come to this new game yet). It is played either alone against a wall, as in hand ball, or with a partner over a net, as in badminton. It was, they say, originally intended for children, but the grown-ups usurped their rights and adopted the game for themselves. They receive their punishment in slow degrees, however, as they say it gives quite a workout to the players, and it rather serves them right.

'Can it be that we are entering upon a new and all-encompassing Mauve Decade? Truly a purple pall has fallen over the shop windows and toddlers of two are garbed in lavender and old lace. After candid observance of ourselves and our friends we have decided that there is nothing like these lilac-tints to emphasize true youth and beauty (such as ours), but that under the influence of these colors certain tawny golden skin tones suddenly reveal themselves as jaundiced sallowness. It is almost as if these shades, which so long have stood for the dignity of age, were jealous of youth and eager to destroy it. One poet declares that it is the last of life for which the first was made, while in the opinion of another the days of our youth are the days of our glory, but all we suggest is that you get a daylight fitting room.

Richard Hudnut of New York has started quite an enviable proposition for ladies marooned in the city for the summer. High above Fifth Avenue there is the niftiest little nook of a badminton court. It is the charming custom of ladies to exercise there, or the custom of charming ladies, we don't know which, to their heart's content. Then they are plucked below and put under an icy shower. Following this, they are massaged, have their faces, hair, and nails done. Then they are turned out for lunch, in the pink of health and perfection. It's a type of savoir vivre that we wish would be inaugurated here in Kansas City for the summer.

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8

FUTURE

June twenty-eighth

Gentlemen, About That Report—?

From page one

has not fulfilled the obligation it pledged to the people of Kansas City because it has failed to inform the citizens where some 22 million dollars of the taxpayers' money has gone—a function it promised to perform. It has apparently become futile, impotent. Its meetings are as much a formality as an election conducted by Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini. So far it has acquiesced to every demand made by Henry F. McElroy, the city's dictatorial city manager. It has said "Yes" so often it probably mumbles the word in its collective sleep.

WHERE IS ITS REPORT? Now mind you, most of these are men of high integrity and personal honor. We are criticizing none of them as individuals because we do not believe any one man, under present corrupt political conditions in Kansas City, is able to stand alone and defy the powers that would destroy him. Collectively, however, it is perhaps another matter.

And now a little about the committee's history. Four years ago this city's voters swarmed to the polls and blithely authorized their city administration to issue 40 million dollars in bonds to carry out a carefully planned program of improvement. About 1,000 leading citizens gave their time voluntarily to work out the most practical program, so that over a ten-year period this city would spend its money as planned and receive the most in benefit. It was a splendid example of planning for the future.

At the time of the campaign, some citizens expressed trepidation at delegating such a vast sum and so much authority to the tender mercies of the city manager. Theoretically, Henry McElroy is the employee of the city council, but that is Kansas City's little joke. Everyone knows a majority of the council members jump every time Henry cracks the whip. If Henry desires to build political fences and play political favorites with the people's money, he does it.

Shortly after the bonds were voted it was suggested by Conrad H. Mann that a committee of prominent citizens be appointed to advise with the city manager and report to the people on the program's progress. The committee was to stand as a buffer between a boss-controlled city administration and the citizens. The committee was to be the representative of the people, and Kansas City hailed the suggestion with relief.

The city manager was agreeable; so was Harry S. Truman, then presiding judge of the

county court. It was done, although one of the first members, Dr. Burris A. Jenkins, submitted his resignation at the first meeting on the plea of too numerous other activities to give it the time it seemed to warrant. In his place Joseph McGee, staunch friend of the Pendergast administration, was named. The advisory committee began meeting in a private room at the Hotel Muehlebach. It stowed away good luncheons and smoked fat cigars. It began giving its approval to McElroy's requests. It still is doing so. At its first meeting June 8, 1931, it adopted unanimously a high-sounding resolution that included the following statements:

“. . . supervision — would be aimed at making sure that the Ten- Year Plan is carried out as recommended by the Citizens' Improvement Committee.

“Reports to the Public. It would seem that regular reports should be made to the public in all phases of the program and results accomplished, so that the public would know that the program is being properly carried out, and if changes are made, why they are made.”

WHERE IS THIS REPORT?

No one has ever seen such a report, although 22 million dollars has been spent. Not even the advisory committee has seen one. Although we have a rustic system of bookkeeping, doubtless such a report could be made. Could it be that the city administration doesn't want the people to know where this money has been spent? True, reports signed by A. F. Darby, director of finance, appear monthly showing how many million dollars have been authorized from each fund and how much has been spent. But no report has shown what the money has been spent FOR. Kansas City doesn't know what specific roads, sewers, parks, trafficways, hospital improvements and other features have been completed. Nor has the bond advisory committee ever demanded such a statement, despite its pledge at the first meeting.

This is one thing wrong in Kansas City. A ruthless despotic city government can make it pretty hazardous for any one member of the committee to make such a demand. No one wants to take a fall. A critical member's assessments might be increased, his buildings condemned, his business be lost or he could be harrassed in a score of ways. The committee members are too intelligent to invite martyrdom as modern Don Quixotes jousting with realities. Such a feat, individually, would be useless folly. But FUTURE insists that the committee collectively not only can demand a statement of bond expenses but that it owes the people an obligation to do so.

The committee should have had warning enough of its obligation early in 1933 when the Civic Research Institute charged McElroy had paid exorbitant rentals on equipment owned by the Boyle- Pryor Construction Company, which has grown prosperous under the fat contracts granted by Boss Thomas J. Pendergast.

Figures were cited to prove that out of \$570,000 paid in equipment rentals for work on Brush Creek and Memorial Hill, approximately one-fourth million dollars had been spent in excessive profits, or, in other words, that one-fourth million dollars of the taxpayers' money had gone glimmering. The institute said Boyle-Pryor could have bought all the equipment new and had \$97,000 left over in surplus profits. It charged \$264,000 had been paid in excess profits on the basis of figures submitted by the Associated General Contractors of Missouri, or \$276,000 in excess profits on the basis of adequate rentals furnished by Kansas City dealers.

With the committee under fire, it had to call an investigation, probably much against its will. The charges were daubed with big gobs of whitewash. William List, a personal friend of Joseph McGee, was appointed as the contractor expert. In a prodigious effort to justify the
HASN'T HE HEARD?

An assistant attorney general in Jefferson City ruled this week that liquor sold before the closing hour for delivery afterward constituted a violation of the law. Said he:

“The delivery is necessary to consummate the sale and if delivery is made after the prohibited hour the sale would be unlawful.”

A Kansas Cityan, calloused to political corruption that permits organization-patronizing bars to operate 24 hours a day the year around, wonders if the assistant attorney general is crazy or just facetious. Why worry about this fine point of the law when there is no observance of the law whatever, except by a very few bars that do not cater to the machine.

Many of the bars that sell Pendergast liquor and beer advertise that they are open 24 hours a day.

Sounds queer to hear an assistant attorney wasting his time that way, at least as far as Kansas City is concerned. Doesn't he know that the laws in Kansas City are to protect the rackets, and that the machine operators are protected and the boys on the outside are arrested?

amounts paid Boyle-Pryor, he even recalled a case of shipping equipment to Montana. His figures were accepted by the committee and there the matter stood. There were two reports, Mr. List's and Walter Matscheck's. Take your choice.

But this experience should have been a warning that the citizens are curious about where their money is going. No detailed statement of any kind has been submitted since. Whenever the city manager asks approval to issue more bonds, the committee choruses “Yes” in unison. Not a single voice is raised in dissent.

WHERE IS THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT?

To This Most Representative of
Committees:

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