

FUTURE

The Newsweekly for Today

Vol. I No. 26

Kansas City, Missouri, July 5, 1935

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BUY A RABBIT'S FOOT

Notice this crowd on a Kansas City street. It is just an ordinary group; we don't know any of them—but you yourself could be a member of it, today, tomorrow, or some time this year. Are you to be one of those circled with white? It is only a rough estimate, but the circles indicate the approximate proportion of people who will be victims of lawlessness within a year. Will you be one of them? When you drive your car into the garage tonight is someone with a gun lurking in the shadows ready to hold you up and endanger your life? When you are asleep tonight will a burglar break into your home, a nervous finger on his pistol trigger? As you walk along a dark street, will a thug suddenly confront you with a gun, ready to deal death if you do not meet his demands? It is not a pleasant thought, you will admit.

This is not an attempt to terrorize you. FUTURE does not purpose to turn its columns into shockers. But cold facts reveal that thousands of law-abiding citizens will be victimized by criminals in Kansas City before a year has passed, a condition that has made Kansas City notorious in the nation as a ranking crime center.

Just how many thousands will suffer because of these conditions in Kansas City we can only guess, and yours is as good as ours.

Follow to page eight

FUTURISMS

How about that report on the Ten-Year Bond Plan expenditures, gentlemen?

Only one thing is certain about the city manager's \$5,000,000 bond payment. He is never reticent when he does something he's proud of. Have you seen many statements from him in the papers about this deal?

Director Otto P. Higgins, head man of Kansas City's law officers, is provoked because complaining witnesses won't prosecute. A few others are provoked because the prosecutors won't prosecute. It's all very involved.

"One public plant, selling electricity at a low price, is worth more than all the rulings and regulation of a Public Service Commission." So says Mayor La Guardia in his fight to bring down New York power rates. This is just another instance where La Guardia seems to feel that a city government should protect the interests of the people.

Jim Reed, the Great Agin'er, who doesn't think a million dollars too much for a legal fee, got all wound up a short time ago to be agin' the President's proposed plan for heavy taxation for the rich. Mr. Reed employed many words with great fluency. Mostly he was agin' it, just as he was agin' the idea of non-partisan government in Kansas City.

Alack! Alas! The government believes Martin Smith, Kansas City gambler, tried to sell a stolen bond. Federal agents say he told them he won \$2,500 from a man "in a dice game on the sixth floor of a downtown hotel." The bond was to be his security. By any remote stretching of the imagination could this have occurred at Mr. Domminick Benaggio's swell gambling emporium on the sixth floor of the Sexton Hotel?

In the awarding of honorary degrees the New Deal took a back seat this year. In 1934

degrees were conferred on six New Dealers and on only two Antis. This June only three New Dealers were honored while eight Antis scored. In Kansas City, however, the Eagles are still ready to confer their badge on either side. So much broader minded than the universities.

Soviet Russia has decided to take action against too frequent and casual divorce. In fact action has been taken against a gentleman named Mirzoff because he has been married and divorced four times since 1926, four times, that is, that he is sure of. It seems divorce is being rather overdone by the Comrades. Even Communism needs a population and population needs a home and mother.

Chief Higgins' latest: "All stolen-and-recov-ered goods will be kept by the police until after the prosecution." Well, it's nice to have everything open and above board. Here's hoping it's returned some time . . .

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FUTURE

July fifth

AND IT WAS NOT THE COMMERCE TRUST

FOREIGN

Anthony Eden's- failure to dissuade Premier Mussolini from pressing for a complete solution of the East African problem has convinced the British Government that war between Italy and Ethiopia is now a probability in the fall unless Italy's demands for a protectorate over the African Kingdom are granted.

The fact that Premier Mussolini has announced that Italy will withdraw from the League if Geneva attempts to use its authority to compel an amicable settlement has caused considerable anxiety in Britain concerning the League's future. Realizing that the prestige of the Geneva organization would be greatly weakened unless the controversy is settled peacefully, both London and Paris are exploring every possibility of a compromise hoping to find one that will satisfy both parties to the dispute. In an effort to stop Mussolini short of war, Captain Eden, on his recent visit to Rome, offered to support Italy's claims to special economic privileges in Ethiopia and to try to persuade Emperor Selassie, in return for a port in British Somaliland, to open certain territory to Italian colonization. This offer was flatly refused.

If a solution is not found, London fears that Italy will invade Africa and upset the Anglo-French program for collective security which will force a reorganization of the present European line-up. The British do not regard the recent improvement of Italo-French relations as conclusive proof of a complete rapprochement and are inclined to believe that Mussolini would not send huge armies to Africa without first having come to some agreement with Germany regarding Austria.

While the Anglo-German naval pact was being defended in the House of Commons by Government spokesmen, the rest of Europe was studying the significance of this recent British move. Most continental capitals were of the opinion that the agreement marked a reversion to the traditional British policy of the balance of power. A cursory examination of Great Britain's foreign policy during the past few years will show while insisting on specific pledges in Western Europe, she has continually refused to be a party to any agreement that would prevent Germany from expanding in Central Europe. This trend has forced Moscow and Paris, as well as the Little Entente, to draw closer together and has aroused suspicions, of British aims. If this policy is pursued, observers believe that the French plans for welding an iron ring around the

Reich will be strengthened and may tend to upset present collective security plans.

The American delegation to the International Chamber of Commerce won a victory over the British opposition when the resolution favoring currency stabilization was adopted at its closing session in Paris. The British although favoring stabilization did not wish to embarrass their government before the general elections scheduled for this fall and refrained from giving their support until the very last moment. The resolution attributed the breakdown of international trade to monetary uncertainty, and advocated permanent stabilization by the reestablishment of an international gold standard.

G. L. C.

SETBACKS

The Pendergast organization's schemes to grab off a big slice of the \$11,000,000 of impounded fire insurance premiums met two setbacks in the last few days.

First, Democratic Judge Nike G. Sevier of the Cole county court issued a statement in which he voiced a belief the fund belonged to the policyholders, not the politicians.

Second, the Chamber of Commerce (Kansas City) board of directors slapped back at the chamber's insurance committee, which had voted to approve the political grab, and stated in addition to disapproval of the committee's vote that the rates should be lowered, not increased as would be the case under the now famous O'Malley "compromise."

The "compromise" between Pendergast's state superintendent of insurance, R. Emmet O'Malley, Kansas City, would split up the impounded funds 20 per cent to policyholders, 80 per cent to the politicians and insurance companies and permit an increase in fire insurance rates. Few doubt but that the insurance companies would be shaken down for the bulk of the 80 per cent by the politicians. The division of the 80 per cent would be behind closed doors as the compromise does not provide for the exposure of these rather interesting details. The fund has been piling up in the courts as the result of the activity of O'Malley's predecessors in behalf of the policyholders.

About \$9,000,000 of the funds is in the federal court and a little less than \$2,000,000 in the court of Judge Sevier. The federal court now has the "compromise" under advisement, a delay that came as a surprise to the political machine.

Judge Sevier, in a memorandum opinion, last week, declared the O'Malley compromise "absolutely void." His declaration came in his overruling the motion of the insurance companies for a new hearing on the injunction to prevent the companies from continuing to collect the litigated 16 2/3 per cent increase. The funds now are impounded in his court.

Such vigorous action by the Chamber of Commerce's board was unexpected. Ignoring the favorable action of the committee on the O'Malley plan, after a talk by the insurance head, the board struck out at O'Malley himself. It declared it believed rates now are excessive and that the chamber should exercise itself by trying to promote "fair reductions."

Both the public and the insurance companies are being subjected to excessive costs by the politicians who are determined to grab off all the \$11,000,000 possible.

The companies themselves would much prefer to deal fairly with the policyholders and establish a fair rate.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES Repaired

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One day last week Henry McElroy, city manager, arrived at his office with his neck bandaged and a worried look on his face. Later in the day he announced the city had arranged to meet payment of city bonds maturing July 1 to an amount of slightly more than \$5,000,000.

Back home went the city manager. He did not appear at the council meeting that night to explain how he paid off the bonds. The neck infection has kept the city manager home most of the time since.

Thus was one of the strangest chapters in the city's finances yet written. The city lacked more than \$3,000,000 of having enough money to pay the bonds. Even a city councilman, one of the two Fusion-ist members, was unable to get an inkling of how the city's finances had been handled to bring about the payment. All he got for his questioning was the information that the city manager had "borrowed it from a bank."

There was no explanation of what legal authority the city manager had for borrowing money to pay off sinking fund obligations. No one seemed anxious to admit what bank; at what rate of interest the money was borrowed; when must it be repaid; how can it be repaid; is the operation legal.

The only explanation was that of Councilman Gossett who said the city manager had "borrowed it from a bank." Well, it was one of the biggest banks, and for your information it was not the Commerce Trust.

It was the master stroke of "country bookkeeping." The only explanation for the deal that could be offered was that the city manager had made arrangements for short term loans to pay off the bonds. No one could deduce how it could have been done legally as the city charter prohibits the borrowing of money in such an operation.

The city is confronted with the amazing spectacle of a major financial operation done entirely undercover with no explanation by the city government. Obviously, from the city's financial statement, the fund could not have been raised even by illegally lifting the \$1,-700,000 water bond sinking fund. That, of course, would involve another crisis in 1942 when \$11,000,-000 of water bonds mature.

In view of the almost bare sinking fund and the obvious shortage of funds to meet the bond maturity obligation it was extremely strange that the city manager did not announce the details of his operation. But even a member of the council, elected by the people, could elicit no explanation of the deal.

This operation by the city man-

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ager obviously put off the bad day for a settlement of the sinking fund shortage question. Just how much longer the city manager will be able to stall off that day and how much the stalling will cost the taxpayers is a problem of grave concern to the citizens. The city manager had said he would borrow \$1,-500,000 from the banks to be repaid when the state highway fund repaid the city a similar amount for the upper deck of the A-S-B bridge. He also said several weeks ago

he could borrow as many millions more as he needed.

Although the city manager has proved he was serious in his statement there is grave doubt as to the legality of his borrowings. He has voided an opportunity to refund the bonds by the payment of them.

By putting off the problem of the sinking fund that has been used to pay expenses that should have come from the general fund the city manager may be able to pass it along to a successor.

There are many rumors that the city manager would like to get out of the job with its increasing worries. To cut down the borrowings made to meet the maturing bonds the city manager will have to skimp the city payroll as he never skimmed it before. Next year is election year and the boys in the jobs may not take cheerfully to such a sacrifice for the good of the organization.

Some even say that Matthew S. Murray is being groomed for city manager. McElroy no doubt would resign if he did not contemplate the pleasure it would give some of his enemies. He stays in largely because it would give them too much pleasure for him to resign.

Summing up the probable way McElroy handled the deal, it appears that he has done what critics of his policies predicted he was considering but which they thought he could not do due to the legal barriers he would encounter.

Perhaps nowhere in the records of metropolitan municipal government can there be found a parallel to the way the city manager met the July 1 bond maturity. The outcome still is to be developed.

LUCKLESS LEONARD'S LEAVING

Leonard L. Claiborne, perjurer, suspended city detective who thought some day he would be a "big shot" in the local political organization by saving the neck of Charley Gargotta, has less than three weeks before starting to serve a four-year federal prison term. The final order for his sentence has been received by the federal officers here.

He is scheduled to start his term about July 25. Claiborne will go to jail while Gargotta, one of the hoodlums in the Armour boulevard gangster battle two years ago, goes free. The Claiborne case is one of the most flagrant political cases ever staged in the courts.

Sheriff Tom Bash identified Gargotta as the man he took prisoner when he jumped out of his car, killed two of Gargotta's companions and took the latter prisoner. The gun taken from Gargotta was identified as the one from which was fired the bullet that killed a rival gangster a few seconds before Bash drove unexpectedly on the scene. Promised promotion and money by organization "big shots," Claiborne went on the stand, swore the gun tags had been jumbled by himself and that the gun was not Gargotta's gun. That testimony freed Gargotta.

Later both Claiborne and Gargotta were taken before a federal grand jury. Claiborne repeated his trial testimony, was charged and convicted on a charge of perjury when it was proven the tag he had placed on the Gargotta gun had not even been bought by the city until months after the shooting affray. He had testified he put the tag on immediately after they were taken to police headquarters.

Gargotta was indicted and convicted on a charge of possessing a stolen army gun. His trial was remanded on a technicality.

Claiborne is looked upon as a "chump" by the underworld. The man who might have paid him off, the late John Lazia, has been slain by rival gangsters and it will be three or four years

before he can get back on the police department to get his promotion, unless he escapes.

Annuities

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Nineteen Thirty-five

July fifth

FUTURE

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VERIFY FIRST

Robert J. Coffey, chief of police, is a very sensitive man. We don't hear much about him lately because he's just the chief. But a year ago Chief Coffey (not to be confused with Coffee Grounds) flushed in wrathly indignation when a radio program reenacted the scene of Kansas City's gory election day slayings.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Kansas City Journal-Post, quotes city manager H. F. McElroy on the subject as follows:

"All this trouble with Time and the persons responsible for the 'March of Time' program was the result of a trip to New York taken by Joseph Fennelly, head of the National Youth Movement, during the last campaign.

"In New York he told a story to the publishers of Time on which was based the statements contained in the 'March of Time' program to which Chief Coffey objected. That explanation was given me by an official of Time magazine, who said he had learned 'a damn costly lesson' by neglecting to verify the information."

It might interest the Honorable Judge to know that the only trip Mr. Fennelly has taken to New York in recent years was in September, 1934, some four months after the radio program in question, and that on no occasion, either here or elsewhere, did he discuss the status of Chief Coffey or any other police official with any representative of Time magazine.

It would seem that it might be well for Judge McElroy to profit by the unnamed Time official's lesson, and not neglect to verify information before making a statement.

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THEY REALLY CLOSED THEM

Rumors flew thick and fast this week as to why Kansas City had a Sunday closing order passed around among the bars last Sabbath. Unless one knew a dealer personally not even a bottle of liquor could be purchased, except in rare instances. It was the nearest thing to enforcement of the Sunday closing law in many a year.

There was one rumor that word had been received from Jefferson City the attorney-general might be planning a campaign for law enforcement here. Some credence was given the rumor in view of the fact that the attorney-general, Roy McKittrick, plans to run for the Democratic nomination for governor. If Pendergast has indicated he will not put his OK on McKittrick the attorney-general may be staking his nomination on a campaign against organized and protected law violation by the Kansas City machine. That would make the next state campaign a hot one with Pendergast on one side and the outside Democracy being the battleground.

Another report among the boys was that it was believed by the political machine here that the liquor business was getting out of hand. The boys have been running wide open day and night and most of the places are equipped with gambling tables of various kinds. Perhaps the organization wants to shake out some of the smaller boys and get the liquor business in fewer hands.

Pendergast's liquor sales operator has stated that the situation here has become bad and that unless something is done to slow it up there will be a drastic reaction to the wide open conditions.

Few people believed the "drive" to enforce the liquor closing law was genuine and that it will blow over as soon as a show is staged for the public. However, it is probable that the number of places permitted to violate the closing law will be greatly reduced as a result of the "drive."

The law states that bars must close at 1:30 o'clock in the morning on week days, except Saturday night when they must close at midnight. The downtown hotel bars have been observing the law. They closed at midnight Saturday and did not reopen until 12 o'clock Sunday night, closing again at 1 o'clock.

Most of the places out in the county were closed Sunday. Three leaders of the rabbit faction of the Democratic party, all holding public office, are generally understood to have been cleaning up since prohibition. The gambling and drink rackets have been wide open in the country, even the slot machines operating when they were banned in the city. The gambling games at the resorts in the county make no attempt to operate games in which the sucker has a chance, resorting to old time fixed wheels to take the sucker money.

Even the drunks know they are being robbed but the game goes on just the same. This protected game is in the district of Sheriff Thomas B. Bash. There are scores of others.

Perhaps the reason for the patently fixed gambling games is that the political pay-off is so steep.

Many old time liquor dealers were glad to see the closing law and hope it will continue to be enforced. They fear public reaction to the wide-open situation here may again revive

prohibition sentiment.

MISTER WELCHING

CAREFUL

Eclair, eclat, Esquire and demi-tasse are being added to the lexicon of Fifteenth street and you may now tell a Welch man by the cut of his town coat.

For Judge Casimir John Joseph Aloysius Welch, who fought his way up from a journeyman plumber to the judgeship of a justice court and the baronage of Fifteenth street, has gone Ward parkway.

Living with his "boys" in the district has palled on the florid Fifteenth, street political boss just as it palled on the ruling political boss, Thomas J. Pendergast, who went Ward parkway several years ago. Welch announced a few days ago he soon would move, with his bride, the former Miss Pawnee Clark, to their new home at 5067 Ward parkway. The white colonial home has been purchased by Boss Welch. Pendergast lives in a more costly brick and stone house at 5650 Ward parkway.

Judge Welch

For forty years Welch lived in his district, at 2735 Garfield avenue. The judge was married in February.

Some of Welch's followers, including gangsters who carried on a killer war with the Lazia faction of the Pendergast organization, have become worried. They, are asking themselves whether Cas has not decided to get out of the political racket and retire with his bride from political life. The judge is a devotee of golf and travel. He spends much of his time sojourning in Florida and elsewhere.

Has the eminent political justice decided to settle down, play golf and otherwise enjoy himself and forget about politics? Although few justices of the peace ever wax wealthy from the profits of dispensing such justice as comes their way, Cas has had his fingers in politics these many years. He is the partner in a cement business that the public has had to buy from and like it. Then there are numerous other ways of making money as the boss of Fifteenth street. The boys in Cas' bailiwick have run wild under his dictatorship, boot legging during prohibition and operating gambling and vice joints during and after prohibition. In fact, Cas' boys have been known as the tough boys of the party.

Perhaps Cas figures he has "got his" and is ready to let the boys make the best of it from now on.

Historically, Cas' decision to move out in the "silk stocking neighborhood"—his own description of it when talking to his boys—is an epoch in local government. He is the last of the political bosses to remain domiciled with his own political crowd. The Pendergast power was born in a North End saloon. The first of the Pendergasts fought his way up in the crowded vote section of the city. When the present Pendergast got in power with his money-making ready-mixed concrete business he soon sequestered himself in his palatial resident on Ward parkway. He never is seen by his boys any more unless they are admitted to the machine shrine near Nineteenth and Main streets.

While Cas pays cash for a swank resident on Ward parkway near Tom, and the latter sojourns amid splendor in Europe, the boys are working for cut pay and wondering how they are going to get by and keep the bosses in the manner to which said gents would like to become accustomed.

With the cost of keeping the bosses going up and jobholder wages going down, times are not so bright. Especially dark is the cloud out in Cas' old district. The boys are muttering and wondering if the boss has abandoned them. Some say they are looking for a successor for Welch and the rumors may cause the boss trouble.

The boys with the protected rackets have reason to find out where they stand with Cas going Ward parkway.

How about that report on the Ten-Year Bond Plan expenditures, Gentlemen?

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STORAGE

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Careful were the boys down in • Jefferson City to include in the plans for the new sales tax tokens the warning to see that the tokens Were made in a size that would not fit into slot machines, marble games and other gambling devices that are a part of the politically protected racket industry.

The political machine harvests a lusty crop of nickels, dimes and quarters out of these machines. The "1-armed bandit" type of money-paying slot machines now are back all over the city. In making plans for the tax tokens the danger to menacing the .coin machine racket was recognized.

Announced, from Jefferson City, Hubert Bates, the administration's sales tax supervisor:

"We haven't determined what size to use but they won't fit into a slot machine, marble game or any other coin machine." Bates was sure of that.

How'd you like to be representing the people of Missouri in the fire insurance rate controversy? John T. Barker and Floyd E. Jacobs, a pair of Kansas City lawyers who go into ecstasies of reverential awe when they hear the name of Thomas J. Pendergast, do. They're special counsels. Governor Park revealed recently they have been receiving \$500 a month each. For what, may we inquire?

distinctive

Funeral

Flowers

By Wire to All Parts of the World
WEstport 5800 101 West 47th Street
Nineteen Thirty-five

4

July fifth

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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OTTO, QUIXOTIC

IF YOU MEAN WRITE NO

The Kansas City Police Department, Otto P. Higgins, Director, has decided to do something about enforcement of the Missouri liquor control law in Kansas City. Nothing very drastic, mind you. Nothing so severe as actually to enforce the law as it is written. But a gesture, to show the heart of the police department is in the right place, would not be amiss, Director Higgins has decided, or has had decided for him.

So the cops have passed the word along to the retail peddlers of beer and liquor that they will have to close up their places by 5 or 6 o'clock Sunday mornings. The law provides that liquor sales stop at midnight Saturday nights. But, of course, the Kansas City police don't intend to be preposterous about this matter. By midnight Saturday, the sale of liquor is just getting under way in good style. The patrons are beginning to get comfortably oiled, and spend their money in a liberal way. To shut the places up and send them home at that stage of proceedings would be economic madness, from a jointkeeper's standpoint. Even a police director can see that. So the Saturday night midnight deadline has been pushed up to 5 A. M.—maybe 6 A. M. if business is good. After that, patrons must go home, say the police, and liquor sales must stop until Monday.

How long this witch-burning attitude toward Sunday liquor sales is to prevail, no one attempts to say, least of all the police. The police, after all, merely do what they are ordered to do. If higher wisdom ordains that for a little while the beer and whisky places close up on Sunday, they will close. When higher wisdom ordains that the necessity for Sunday closing has passed, the places will re-

YES,

open, and everybody will be happy except those ridiculous Puritans who believe that laws mean what they say and should be enforced as they are written.

It will be remembered that a couple of years ago there was an extensive rash of slot machines all over town. In the midsummer dearth of news, the newspapers gave that fact some prominence. A grand jury found that the slot machines apparently had descended like the gentle dew from heaven, and, to continue Portia's metaphor a little further, they were twice blessed, blessing him who gave and him who took, particularly him who took. Nobody owned the slot machines, it seemed; at least, merchants in whose stores they appeared and police captains in whose districts the slot machines jingled, hadn't any idea whose machines they were. Just a jolly help to trade and sociability, sent by some kind Providence.

About the time the buzzing over slot machines was at its height, the Ferris Anthon murder occurred on Armour boulevard, followed by the killing of two of the murderers by Sheriff Bash. Rackets grew unpopular. Slot machines disappeared from Kansas City.

They are back now; you can find them in lots of places, gay and alluring as ever. Since every other known variety of gambling is encouraged to run wide open in Kansas City, we see no reason why there should be any discrimination against slot machines.

Unless the newspapers raise a particularly violent hue and cry against the violation of liquor control laws here, we see no reason to suppose that the enforcement of closing laws will be prolonged, or very serious.

E. J. Becker, Mr. Pendergast's state supervisor of

Otto P. Higgins, who holds the title of police director for the Pendergast machine and quixotically tilts with windmills for the press and public, is not much of a police director in the eyes of the G-men. They go to the office of Sheriff Tom Bash when they are working on a case in Kansas City. Long the public has suspected this was due to the G-men's deduction that crime is protected by the police heads.

At the windmills went Higgins again last week with a blast at "business men who unjustly criticize the police for inefficient service." He sent letters to several business men accusing them of not pushing prosecutions in which they were witnesses. All the director could dig up as evidence was the arrest of a couple of motor car loan agency employes and many a Kansas Citian wondered if the agency was "in right" with the machine.

The organization has several of its members in this rather profitable business of refinancing motor car loans at high rates of interest. Nothing had the director of police to explain how Leonard L. Clai-

W. T. Dameron, a prominent Missouri Democrat, in the Armstrong, Howard County Herald:

"I was utterly surprised when I read the other day an Associated Press dispatch under a Columbia, Missouri, date line, in which my friend Will Hirth, President of the Missouri Farmers' Association, attacked T. J. Pendergast, one of the leaders of the Kansas City Democracy. . . .

"Now I do not know Tom Pendergast personally but know lots of good, honest Democrats who do know him personally, and they say Tom is okay and stands 100 per cent for honest and clean government. To charge him with being a corrupt politician or boss of a corrupt machine or of gangsters, as has been the charge of some enemies of Democracy in the State, is branded as false by a vast majority of the best men and women of Kansas City who would not "wink" at corruption and graft. If I knew that Tom Pendergast was a corrupt or dishonest man, I would not write this.

"Now, Mr. Will Hirth, or anybody else, name one man who had the support of Tom Pendergast and was liquor control at Jefferson City, remarked the other day, that "It's strictly up to city officials to enforce the liquor laws in the cities, and to the county officials to enforce the laws in the country."

This ought to suit the Kansas City boys perfectly. Everybody knows that the state liquor control law was passed as a concession to the country members of the Legislature. These country members, in their quaint, old-fashioned way, imagine that Kansas City really is subservient to the state of Missouri, and governed by its laws. Fancy that! Well, keep 'em happy.

borne perjured himself in defense of Charles L. Gargotta. No aid to Policeman Higgins was the sheriff himself who was a speaker before the Cooperative Club at its weekly luncheon. No credit for reducing crime went the police way in the sheriff's talk on "Law and Order."

"The romance of banditry started to decline when Uncle Sam stepped in with his department of justice," the sheriff said. "Many gangsters had come to be heroized by the youth of the country because of their ability to evade arrest and continue their crime careers."

He urged that all civic organizations unite to give the youth of today a chance to get away from crime; to make conditions under which they are being brought up conducive to good citizenship.

As Higgins whined and Bash pleaded for better conditions outside, all over the city, Higgins' police department was blind to gambling joints and dives of all kinds, in contradiction to the sheriff's idea of what was good for the youth.

elected or appointed to office, who was not an honest man and efficient in office—name just one, please—or stop insinuations.

"Mr. Pendergast is the most unselfish political leader I ever knew. Of course, like all of us, he is always for a "home man" for office, if capable and honest; and he may pick his choice of our state candidates like all of us do, but he has never tried to boss the Democratic party of Missouri. Democrats and Republicans have leaders in every county and city in the State, and they sometimes are called bosses. I do not know of a single state officer, elected or appointed, who is not an honest, competent and worthy person. . . .

"Mr. Hirth seems to insinuate that Tom Pendergast is influencing the Governor and other state officers in their work. Now, if Tom was against the horse and dog racing bill passed by the Legislature, and advised the Governor to veto it, which he did, then Tom did a good act in behalf of the morals of the State.

"If Mr. Hirth is a true Democrat he will quit his political foolishness in trying to injure the Democratic party by such tactics."

We offer as last week's most lugubrious situation a scene at city hall. The hearing on the amendment to the city ordinance to permit druggists to sell beer by the drink was on. Mrs. Fannie L. Taylor, president of the Kansas City W. C. T. U. and staunch foe of the Demon Rum, fought it valiantly. Consternation! C. B.

Nelson, spokesman for the bartenders' union, said the men who sell booze didn't want it either. Shades of John Barleycorn, what an alignment!

GOOD OV MATT

The appointment of Matt Murray, who has seen that public contracts go to Pendergast and

associates here, is believed by many to be a temporary recognition of the powerful Pendergast machine in Washington for the purpose of the election next year.

Murray has left the impression with his friends and the public he will be the supreme dictator of the expenditure of the \$95,000,000 allocated to the state from the big works fund. The facts are:

About \$40,000,000 of the fund has been earmarked for CCC camps and highway construction in the state, entirely outside the wildest idea of control Murray may have.

All persons employed on the contracts let under the fund absolutely must come from the families now on relief and Murray will have nothing to do with their selection, although it is expected the machine will threaten voters on relief over the state to make them vote "right." Such tactics were used in Kansas City, members of the organization telling persons on relief they would be taken off if they did not vote "right."

All contracts must be approved by government supervisors and a board in Washington.

Some business undoubtedly will go Pendergast's way in the carrying out of the program but it is unlikely that it will be handled as exclusively Pendergast as have Murray's contracts for the city.

Nevertheless, business men and political business men who have seen Pendergast operate in Kansas City were enthusiastic in their clamor for "OF Matt' Murray" Saturday night. They were sure Pendergast would handle the fund in the state like he has handled contracts and funds in Kansas City. There was many a back-slapping, guffaw and toast. They sang, rollicked and frolicked.

Toastmaster was Henry McElroy, Jr., an executive of the insurance company recognized as the official Pendergast insurance selling firm. There, too, were the McGees, who operate the city-favored insurance agency. They helped drum up the crowd.

The head of the organization that sold the city the airport grounds and the upper deck of the A-S-B bridge was there. Also were George L. Goldman, the singing ex-councilman who was not permitted to run again but has been rewarded with the management of the new municipal auditorium; Conrad H. Mann, head of the Eagles, who organizes Pendergast classes for the boys; Charles Frey, former chef at the Hotel Muehlebach who carries a McElroy courtesy card and sells street markers to the city; Brig. Gen. E. M. Stayton, who exploits the military by fighting the street Follow to next page

Follow to page eight

WE-GIVE-UP DEPARTMENT^

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FUTURE

5

FINANCE

The new tax proposals¹ of the administration are attracting more and more attention in the financial community and with the utility holding companies spared from the "death sentence" quicker and more complete study of the proposed program probably will be made. Speedy passage of both the inheritance and upper-income-bracket-levies seems certain unless opposition of the type put up against the holding company measure develops. Strong opposition fast is developing against the sliding scale corporation tax but this likely will be

passed if it is rushed through as the administration desires.

Holders of common stocks are just beginning to realize that they are the ones that will bear the brunt of the sliding scale corporation tax. Common stock holders are the last to receive any returns among corporation security holders. Bond interest and preferred stock dividends will be distributed first, after taxes of course, and the common share owners will feel the result of the tax whittling.

Realization of this has brought a trickle of protest from those who will be hurt—many of whom are fairly small investors at that. This trickle may enlarge to a deluge, if the equity holders awake to the facts in time. If they suddenly would start recording their protest as was the case in the holding company crusade, there might be a chance of blocking this part of the program. The two other “soak the rich” proposals hardly will have enough real vote opposition to be effective. However, the big inheritance and income tax levies, if passed by all branches of the legislature may have to meet a test of constitutionality in the courts because they are for the purpose of taking money from people who have it, not for the need of the government, but with the purely social objective of leveling off fortunes or re-distributing wealth.

As we pointed out last week, the tax proposals are not particularly alarming by themselves. When taken with the view toward further action along such lines and against business, there is plenty of room for concern. President Roosevelt by the corporation tax proposal revealed that he no longer is making conciliatory gestures towards business. Recent developments shows that he has chosen the left fork of the road. In some quarters it is felt that he has had very weak counsel from his advisers and is floundering around trying to regain some lost prestige. He has been stung sorely by increasing criticism in the press and from other well known quarters. His action on the share-the-wealth proposals was quite impulsive. It was thrown at congress without warning and without detailed recommendations and quick enactment was demanded. No time was allowed for hearings so that persons affected might be heard from or at least given a chance to plead their case. What is the reason for such haste in handling such a delicate problem? What new scheme will be cooked up in the displeasure following the defeat of the holding company death sentence? Business wonders and shudders.

Some comment on the new taxation proposals is contained in the monthly letter of the National City Bank of New York. We repeat a

MAY WE PRESENT

PAUL GARDNER

At the turn of the century, in the city of Boston, Mass., there was born in the Gardner family a son whom they named Paul. We do not know whether the boy during his early formative years clutched at bright flowers and many-hued butterflies, thus early showing his love of beauty and color which were to play an important part in his life. We only know that the planets must have been propitious—and the love of beauty inculcated in him at an early age.

The family moved to San Francisco, where Paul Gardner spent his boyhood; but when he was ready for college he returned to the city of his birth, and entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the architectural department. Here he spent four years learning the structural as well as the aesthetic side of architecture, information which stood him in good stead while he was in Kansas City advising with the architects and contractors during the building of the Nelson Gallery.

War was declared during his senior year at M. I. T., and with many of his classmates he

joined the coast artillery department. He came out of the war with a Croix de Guerre with palms, but more important to him, he came out of it with the love and affection of his men.

And more vital still to his later development, he had seen the European art treasures, and had come more fully to appreciate their artistic and structural beauty.

Returning to America, he took a master's degree in history at George Washington University in Washington, D. C., realizing that history and art are so closely allied as to be almost indispensable, one to the other.

From here he went to Howard for the Fogg Museum course in Museology. Here he studied not only the works and biographies of artists, their styles and manners, but also studied the aspects of art museums, with all the various ramifications so necessary for the museologist to know. The contrivances and trickeries of counterfeiters were carefully gone into as well. His vacations he spent in Europe, traveling and studying at the Sorbonne.

Thus, when the Trustees of the Nelson Gallery were seeking a qualified man to become its director, Paul Gardner, architect, historian, museum expert, was the man selected. Probably the youngest head of a great art gallery in the world, his training has been such that Kansas City can rest assured the gallery will be splendidly directed.

During the time he has been here he has made a very definite place for himself both in Kansas City's artistic world and in its social world. His clear, concise lectures on provocative subjects, open to the public, are well worth attending and form a very valuable adjunct to the gallery proper.

And so, as a man who knew what he wanted to do and so prepared himself that when the opportunity came he was not found wanting, we give you Paul Gardner, director of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery and Atkins Museum.

few passages. "The idea of an enforced leveling down of large fortunes to raise small incomes springs from an assumption that business is like a game of cards, in that whatever one person gains is at the expense of others, which is not true of legitimate business. Moreover it emphasizes the feature of competition as against the feature of cooperation. The essential principle of the economic system is the exchange of services, which means that it is a system of cooperation in supplying common wants; competition is a subordinate feature, incidental to rivalry in cooperation.

"The matter of chief importance in economic relations is that we buy other people's services with our own, and that every improvement of methods that increases the common supply is a general gain to the community, regardless of the immediate effects on competitors. Business is not a struggle over existing wealth, but an organized system of cooperation in producing and exchanging desirable things. Labor and capital are both required in modern industry.

"The proposed policy is based upon an assumption that no one derives any benefit from wealth unless he owns it, which will not stand examination for a moment. It is like saying that no one has derived any benefit from the development of a steam engine unless he owned an engine, or from railroads unless he owned railroad stocks and bonds."

B. O. B.

Louis' victory over Camera was called a technical knockout. Louis apparently found that as

an obstacle to his progress the Italian beef trust was what is often called a mere technicality.

Good 01' Matt

From page four

car battle for Pendergast; the police chief, Murray's department at the city hall, judges and politicians, meek and mighty, galore.

Mighty were the two members of the House of Pendergast and James P. Aylward, meek were the many public utility men and business men who showed up to protect themselves.

The Chamber of Commerce, headed by J. E. Woodmansee, helped drum up the crowd, beating the membership bushes. Members were called by phone and written to come out to put on a show for Murray. The staff got orders to attend and were there, regardless of what their personal feelings were on the matter. The same situation was true in the case of scared business men and public utility officials.

Even the bank that is considered "close to the Pendergast machine in its financial affairs" was represented.

Mann, Mayor Smith and Woodmansee tried hard to work up to a high C of praise and sorrow at the parting of Murray, who expects to be in Kansas City a large part of the time and back here in a year when the state job is expected to terminate. Much was said in praise of the public works director for spending millions of public funds with Pendergast companies, nothing about the poor taxpayer and property owner who finances the political contracts.

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FUTURE

MANNERS

MODES

Twinkling stars—sweet music—a breezy roof garden—mysterious sari ladies floating about the dance floor—a bit of Grecian touch here and there—ingenious young things in starched, billowing gowns—all this is the setting for our summer girl of 1935 as she continues her debut gadding about evenings, making the most of Kansas City night life (what there is of it in summer) and learning a number of things her grandmother didn't know. Not that they wouldn't be perfectly proper. Her grandmother probably would give her false teeth to get an earful of the fashion news that her smart little granddaughter came across.

The Sari Influence

For instance, the young edition of Miss America sat up with a jolt when she learned about the startling and bizarre East influence in clothes. After recovering from a good dose of puffed sleeves and billowing organdies that took everyone by storm, it seems the new mode is just what the doctor ordered. And now she's ready to take it to her heart for dancing and dining, daring and doing, all at once. It looks as though she is going to be quite a eharmmer, pulling her sari nonchalantly around her head and giving a touch of mystery and the Orient to her scintillating person.

Harem Skirts Again

All of which leads up to a captivating model at Rothschild's with a harem skirt (after seeing some of these gowns with harem touches, we can see why they have harems after all). It's grand for dancing and can be touched off with an enormous rose-red hat matching its flower for the earlier hours. Puffed sleeves, a square neck, high back and the, afore-mentioned harem skirt combine to make a picture of demure youth and the mysterious Orient, to our way of

thinking. But it's all to the good.

The shops, though low on formal attire due to the mid-season, are showing a perfect melting-pot of influences. Every time you turn around there's a new influence— the Indian—the harem—and now the Grecian. Why do they have influences anyway? There must be some way of guiding our flighty, modern spirits other than by them. (Anyone thinking of a new method is requested to contribute it to this department and upon delivering said idea will receive a great big snuff-box as reward.)

But to get to this Grecian infl— we started to say influence—the Grecian germ may be found at its best in a lovely chiffon from Harzfeld's. To our way of thinking, the Grecian silhouette is the most graceful of all at present. The one we fell for and pictured our summer girl floating about in was a Belong model of yellow chiffon. The full bust, halter neckline, and shirring of the hips make one of the smoothest evening gowns of the season. Hats off to Lelong! The Gypsy Spirit

With our mind in a whirl over the influences, we saw our summer girl nose her coupe into a parking spot (how did she find it?) in front of Mindlin's and followed suit. For a breathing spell, we were stunned by a gypsy model of imported gingham, an Eisenburg model. When we say stunned, we don't mean we thought it a gorgeous gown. It

GAMBLING ON THE GREEN

By KATIE KITCHEN

Green (or more correctly in the gastronomic sense greens) is (or more correctly, etc., are) not necessarily a shade. Greens are a various and highly valuable item of the summer diet, and I don't intend to be brow-beaten by any low jokes about spinach either. Besides, you don't have to take spinach. Of course there are always people like the celebrated child pictured in the "New Yorker" who is seen, while her mother tells her it's broccoli instead, sneers viciously, "I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it!" People like that are much better off with a boiled potato and let there be an end to it.

I repeat that you don't have to take spinach. You can take beet greens, for example, while the beets are young and small and the leaves are crisp and tender. Right now they ought to be especially good. Later in the summer when the leaves grow large and leathery and small perforations appear in them, they are just so much waste, but right now they are a delicacy. The best way, as is so often the case, is also the simplest way to prepare them. Wash them, and the beets, well, cut off any leaves that are wilted or unpleasant looking, and also dispose of any superfluous length of root. Should I remind anyone at this point that beets are never skinned, nor are the roots or tops cut off closely before cooking? Well, we'll leave it like that, just in case somebody had forgotten. Have your water boiling and well salted and stick in the beets, tops and all. When the beets are tender take out the whole mass, skin the beets, cut off the tops, and arrange the beets in the center of the dish with the greens wreathed around them. A little butter sort of adds to the taste and general appearance if applied here and there in small dabs.

Another variety of vitamin-in- the-leaf is Swiss chard. The great advantage which it has over spinach is that the big, smooth leaves take about one-third as much time to look over and wash. The flavor is much like spinach and so is the appearance and texture when cooked, although the brute really belongs to the beet family and isn't even first cousin to the spinach.

As creatures calling for the same line of action, let's take spinach and Swiss chard together.

Or just take spinach. The recipes for one can be used on the other with perfect success. First of all, for the simplest method, and to many the best, wash your greens very carefully and look over every leaf. This seems like an awful waste of time until the night when your husband finds a well-cooked worm in his helping. After that nothing matters. A good way to induce the mass of raw green leaves to accommodate themselves to a reasonably small kettle is to pour boiling water over them and let them drain. The leaves wilt and the problem of cooking becomes greatly reduced. Then put the greens in a kettle and sprinkle over them plenty of salt—a teaspoonful to half a peck, at least. Don't add any water. Enough water will cling to the leaves, add to their own juices, to steam them without any dilution. Never boil greens. It's cruelty to vitamins.

If you like your leaves with a somewhat smoother texture than they will have when served just as cooked you can cook them early and when cold run them through a chopper and then heat them in a little white sauce, well seasoned with salt and pepper. Use a stiff-er white sauce and mold the spinach, with which it has been mixed, into balls or ovals, roll them in crumbs and sautee them. This is an especially nice way to serve greens that are left over. They sneak back to the table so disguised that they are eaten without anyone even whistling, "Old Faithful."

CORRECTION: It has been pointed out, to our extreme confusion, that Martini Crackers, mentioned in this column a couple of weeks ago, are put out by the Loose-Wiles Sunshine Biscuit Company and not, as stated, by the National Biscuit Company. As so good an article deserves correct accrediting we hereby give credit where credit is due.

BRIGHT IDEA DEPARTMENT

Something really different in table decorations that will hit them right in the eye, but not put a dent in your purse is the one we picked up from a current magazine the other day. It takes neither equipment nor inspiration by the wholesale. Somewhere you have a basket—any old market basket or one of those elegant affairs that once held concoctions of caviar and calf's foot jelly. Hie yourself out into your garden or to your pet florists and fill your arms full of a profusion of summer flowers—the more the merrier. Add to this a whole sheaf of tall, green grasses. These latter you scatter in the center of the table, put the basket on top and fill to the brim with your posies.

We feel like patting ourselves or else T. M. James's on the back for discovering the cute little thingama-gobs we had sketched here. It's the gift perfect for the late summer wedding, or just the thing with which to surprise your own guests, when serving hors d'oeuvres. The base and tower are crystal, the globe chromium. The little toothpicks in their respective holes are of assorted colors.

An old smoothie is what we'd call that little gadget for carrying perfume in the purse. It is merely a round, silver case about the size of a quarter in diameter with different colored rings on top. Inside you find a small sponge, saturated with your favorite perfume. When in need, just take it out and press to your earlobe, or eyebrow, as you desire.

DISPENSABLE

PEOPLE

The woman driver in the wide-brimmed hat who couldn't tell an elephant from a horsefly with a chapeau like that draped about her profile, who honks you practically into Penn Valley Lake trying to pass you for no reason at all. Like a St. Bernard flicking a fly with his tail.

The ladies of ill-taste who insist upon wearing sun-back dresses downtown shopping and sometimes even top them with an enormous hat and organdie gloves. Johnny, get your gun.

The so-called woman politician who is with her party in fair weather when the fun and excitement give her dainty conversational morsels with which to entertain luncheon guests at the club. But when the lull in the grand old game of politics naturally comes, Madame X is the missing link in the chain of affairs that once was just too, too divine and thrilling for words. gold or silver metal, tying with a cord of the material in sack fashion. To combat summer breezes and save your pet wave, Kline's have a cap of sparkling stones that covers the whole head and gives a mighty smooth effect. M. R. E.

would look well on an exotic, darkhaired or olive-skinned beauty, but would turn a blonde into something out of a Dutch story-book. It has a combination of colors that only a gypsy could conceive plus the full skirt that is so popular. If you like your evening gown a bit more conventional there's a lovely one in white lace, a tailored shirt-waist style that most admittedly would do things for one.

Nautically Speaking

The next summer breeze that came along Petticoat Lane wafted us over to Adler's and put us in a nautical frame of mind. To fit in with our mood, there was a satin (it's the personality material of the moment) double-breasted dress in white that fairly spelled shipboard and seafaring vacationers. To complete the "fleet's in" effect, a sailor collar and sea-going buttons finished off the frock. Its accordion pleated skirt is in such high fashion we can't speak in too glowing terms of it.

Pettit-points

Now to get down to the little things of life, accessories capture our attention for the minute.

I. Miller's have some of the swankiest little sandals with no heel at all that are the last word to complete your sari or Grecian evening gown. One simply cannot wear high heels with a flowing East Indian evening dress, you know. And at Emery's we felt our Scottish ancestry getting the best of us and developed a yen for an evening bag called "the miser's bag," that is made in just the style its name suggests. The bag is made of either

July fifth

OFF WITH THE OLD

And on with the new! And why not a new face for summer? There's everything else under the sun that's new. Powder boxes made of cork, clothes of cellophane and a new movie starlet that threatens to usurp Shirley Temple's place. So let's be original, unique and different, shake ourselves out of our spring make-up and put our ears to the ground to find out what's new that'll go to our heads. Watch your spirits soar, your mind lift itself from the heat and rainy weather (as if the two combined weren't enough to make any woman bedraggled), and yourself feel as fresh as the proverbial daisy. But we aren't going to be proverbial. Things are on the up and up, and so are we on the charm ladder.

Young Ideas

First of all, just set yourself in front of your very best mirror and let young ideas bubble around in your head. Don't think of anything but gay, trivial things. Then take a last look at your old outlook and put it away on a shelf labeled "For October." The general rules of your little game are: Creams

should be lighter in texture, powders warmer in tone, perfumes more delicate, nail polishes

darker and lipsticks contain more yellow. The neighbor's last roses that we purloined this morning sitting on the table (we seem to have no conscience whatever) remind us of the matter of fragrances. They should be light and refreshing, for you know a heavy odor can overpower you in a hot room. So think of others this summer. Lavender, lilac, violet and a dozen and one blended odors that are like gardens in early morning come into their own for the summer.

And for the bath, let yourself slip into pine-scented or verbena splashed waters to do something for a weary spirit. Too, if you want an uplifter that feels like a breath of mountain air of a stuffy day, pat a body lotion on after your bath while the skin is damp—then just close your eyes and tell us what it's like up in heaven.

Sun-Kissed Shades

Go to your market to find the shades of powder for summer use— they make your mouth water to listen to them and provoke jealousy from your woman friends after they are applied. Listen to them: banana, peach, bluch, beige. The reason is that your winter powder will show up over the richer summer- tone of your skin. Any well-informed and bright feminist will tell you that it gives a sort of golden glow that spells glamour.

Logically speaking, you will not need so much rouge—if any. Simply for the reason that your warmer powder adds emphasis to whatever rouge you do use.

Now, don't you seem like a new woman? Salute yourself, madame and mademoiselle, for your new face, outlook and alertness.

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Nineteen Thirty-five

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7

LEAVES WITHOUT FRUIT

Columns of Criticism and Comment

THEATRE

Some Latter-Day Bernhards

With the exception of Greta Garbo there is no serious actress of ability in Hollywood who was not imported from the legitimate stage; unless, of course, you are willing to consider those who keep packing the theatres by shaking full sets of platinum-dyed hair at the camera or opening and shutting their mouths like octopus' tentacles while someone else does the singing back- stage. The following is a pretty complete list of the ones in whom you can expect to find a modicum or more of intelligence while playing their parts: Anne Harding, Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert, Katherine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, and Margaret Sullivan. Some of these have been in pictures so long that their first treading of the boards has been obscured, but the

fact remains that once upon a time their every appearance was a personal one.

Before you begin crying out the names I omitted, let me say that Bette Davis has not been overlooked. Her tremendously real delineations of sordid neurotics put her pretty near the top of our honor roll.

That leaves, then, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, and Norma Shearer to cope with. I followed Shearer's high-comedy pictures with the expectation that some day she would be given a responsible role; but when the opportunity came in "Strange Interlude," she so fatuously interpreted Nina Leeds—lending her pat, hysterical giggle to lines of tragic depth—that most of her hopeful following had to write her off for what she was, a mediocre comedienne. In "Romeo and Juliet" she'll have a final chance. I'll go see it, but if she even once follows up such lines as

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?"

by brushing a wisp of hair off her forehead with the back of her hand—all the while her head tilted back, her mouth half open, and her eyes welling with tears—your writer is going to call quits on the whole thing by groping his way to the nearest exit.

Ten-cents-a-dance hostesses and adolescents are the only ones, I believe, who are taken in by Crawford's and Bennett's attempts to emulate the haute monde. When either of these lush sisters is disclosed wearing a glove-like Adrian gown and lounging before a chromium and cork bar, the audience senses at once that it's in for an hour or two of pretty high doings. Two brittle play-boys and a sprinkling of grey-at-the-temples rouses complete the setting. Several efforts at serious drama, and these glamour girls are back in the harness doing ping-pong repartee and dragging themselves to every world capital before the picture is over.

As long ago as "Shanghai Express" Dietrich proved that she made a very decorative figure to be set against Sternberg's beautifully lighted but cluttered backgrounds. You're supposed to know that La Dietrich is doing her level-best when that exotic mask completely covers the screen and the eyes go 'round and 'round like squirrels in a wheel.

T. K. B.

ENTERTAINMENT

"Disa and Data"

Grace Moore, the international song bird, was acclaimed again in the world premier of her recent screen triumph, "Love Me Forever," at Radio City Music Hall on June 27th. . . . Barney Joffe, the genial head-man over at the Tower will keep us posted on this Columbia Picture slated for his house soon! . . . That favorite orchestra leader of yours and mine, Paul Pendarvis, who played his first "big-time" engagement at the Muhlebach Grill exactly two years ago this summer, coming direct from the West Coast and California "U," now has a featured "name" band returning home to take its place in the California sun. You can catch all the old gang, Art Parks, Jimmie Stuart, Eddie Scope, and Patti Norman, any Saturday nite at 10:30 p. m. over WDAF on a coast-to-coast hook-up. . . . More power (and kilowatts) to you kids!

Leon Belasco, maestro of the famous Belasco continental dance rhythms and a feature of Phil Baker's Armour Hour says: "Ben Bernie is my favorite director."

. . . Incidentally, Brother Herman Bernie manages Belasco's outfit. . . . Ouch- Duke Ellington and his famous Yeh Music played to a \$2.20 top at the Frog Hop in St. Joseph, Mo., recently. Solitude, having its moments.

Top honors for the song-of-the-week on Rennie Hayton's Song Hit Parade on Saturday night went to that swell number which seemed to drop from out of nowhere. You're right- It's "Chasing Shadows." But for a genuine something-doing- every-minute-program, a new rival for Vallee's Variety Hour, it's A1 Jolson's Saturday nite broadcast from Chateau, which so far has boasted such stars in the entertainment world as James Cagney, Lenore Ulrich, John Barrymore, Doctor Rockwell, Bert Lahr, Alice Faye, et cetera. Variety, "I'll say the world!" ... if you can take Jolson.

Harl Smith and his "Biggest Little Band in America" returned July 4th to the Kansas City Club bandstand, daily air-waving their wares over WHB.

At the Newman, "Car 99," an exciting cop and robber melodrama, furnishes an entertaining vehicle for Paramount's new "find," Fred MacMurray. He first drew the attention of casting directors while playing opposite the people's choice —Claudette Colbert—in "The Gilded Lily." Stardust may settle on him.

Bill Frawley, whose career dates back to the days when the old Keystone Cop was always a part of "the chase," and when pie-throwing was an art, is back again in fine fettle, wise-cracking his way through a fast-moving yarn about the state police patrol. Sir Guy Standing, as the brains of the gang, is splendid. Ann Sheridan provides the lighter moments, Movie-reviewing is really a large bowl of cherries when gals of the Sheridan variety are on the screen. Marina Schubert is another gorgeous one, whose beauty is enlisted on the crime side.

'X7ar 99" is nice entertainment for the entire family. Junior will probably want to see it twice. . . . Or, at least Photoplay thinks so.

E. B.

JOURNALISM

R. J. Cruikshank, American correspondent for the London News- Chronicle, was a speaker at the 1935 Journalism Week at the University of Missouri. He told some of the difficulties of reporting news in this country so that the average Briton would get a fair picture. Here is part of what he said:

"One reason why the newspapers of Great Britain pay so much attention to events in the United States is that the latter country is a province of romance to the stay- at-home Englishman. Fantastic, wild, improbable happenings are regarded as the staple of existence there by the less sophisticated sections of our community. The stay- at-home Briton, bound by the tedium of his oversafe existence, often turns for relief to his idea of America as the country of illimitable adventures and infinite thrills. It is this desire . . . that explains the excessive attention sometimes given to the freakish aspects of American news, the disposition to see every bandit or outlaw of any notoriety as a potential Robin Hood or Dick Turpin, the childlike delight taken in such figures as Aimee Semple MacPherson.

"I leave you to imagine to what extent Hollywood may be responsible for this attitude, but I do know that those who try to explain the United States soberly to my fellow countryman always have the problem of piercing through the purple haze of illusion created by Hollywood. For example, until quite lately, the American films sent to England showed no awareness of the depression and the great social and political changes of the last five years. In the mass, they pictured the problems of a rich man's leisure, the infidelities of world-weary millionaires. A heroine was sometimes so poor she hardly knew where her next Rolls- Royce was coming from, but even when she was reduced to her last caviar sandwich, she was still dressed in the latest

Paris styles.

"Might I invite you to pause a moment and consider what idea you would have of this great country of yours if the chief sources of your information were the films you had seen in the last five years? Imagine an America bounded on the north by Miss Constance Bennett, on the east by Mr. Clark Gable, on the west by Mr. Tom Mix's horse, with Miss Mae West ruling its— shall we say torrid zone? I have the greatest admiration for these talented artists, particularly Mr. Mix's horse, but they do rather cramp the style of the hapless foreign correspondent.

"Through the legend of America that still persists in England are piercing the shafts of reality. Among great masses of our people the remarkable social experiments carried out in America in recent years have aroused the liveliest interest. They want to know more about them. How will they turn out? Do they offer us also the talisman of recovery?

"There are thus two types of American news in which British readers are primarily interested. One might label them the Hollywood wish fulfillments and the New Deal hopes."

GALLIMAUFREY

DEPARTMENT

A sweet young thing was sent to the City Hall by a charitable organization for which she was doing volunteer work. Red Riding Hood was never so amazed by the enormity of grandma's ears as was this innocent by the dirt and disorder in the cradle of our city's justice. By a circuitous route strewn with cuspidors she finally arrived at the inner office of the Power from whom she had to ask a boon. The poor child had not known that most politicians do not find it necessary to develop Chesterfieldian manners, and she was aghast at the feet on the desk, the thumbs in the armholes, and the unfragrant cigar in the mouth, none of which changed its position during the course of the interview. She had come to see about the legal affairs of a client of the charity, but she found that he who guided the destinies of such cases was not inclined to discuss them, although he proved garrulous on other subjects. With the perseverance of her ingeniousness, however, she kept reverting the conversation to the purpose of her visit, and finally wore away the patience of this amiable but evasive public servant. Whereupon he turned upon her the full force of his vitriolic verbal venom. She was, in asking what she did, a menace to society. She would destroy the sanctity of the home, would make of civilization a hideous mockery. The organization she represented was made up solely of hypocrites and thieves, snatching bread from the mouths of the poor and using for their own nefarious purposes the charitable gifts of unsuspecting donors. Although she was at first rendered speechless by this attack, she soon became emboldened by the knowledge that he considered her the possessor of powers of evil the resources of which were as yet untapped. Thereupon she launched into an inspired exoneration of herself personally and the principles of the charity, and wound up by casting several well founded aspersions on the reputation of the political faction with which he was allied. Whereupon he almost suffered apoplexy, but instead of indignantly denying the truth of the accusations she had made he merely dared her to prove them. She left the office shaking but triumphant, since she felt that he had demonstrated only his confidence in elaborate legal precautions rather than his innocence. Downstairs in the crowded street, however, she dented the fenders of her automobile on a police car in the adjacent parking place. The police car was undamaged.

Ancestor worship is apt to be an outgrowth of modern advertising. Our admiration of our forbears and our amazement at their prowess increase daily. They must indeed have been

almost superhuman to get and keep their teeth and their mates, to wash the clothes white, to obtain and hold friends and positions, to escape nervous breakdowns and worse from what they ate, drank, did, and wore, and to avoid the contempt of their neighbors; all without the aid of present day products.

About a year ago, a correspond- Follow to next page

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FUTURE

July fifth

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From page one

No accurate record exists anywhere. Perhaps you will escape unscathed and we hope you will. Maybe you are one of the persons who, at some time in a year, will be held up, robbed or even shot, to say nothing of losing your motor car or your tire.

Kansas City pays dearly for an inefficient, politically-controlled police department that is hamstrung almost to the point of ineffectiveness by political protection, an absence of cooperation by the prosecutor's office, favoritism in jobs and the wholesale graft and corruption of a system that fosters crime.

It is significant that Kansas City almost alone of all the large cities in the United States has had no place in the quarterly bulletins of the Uniform Crime Reports issued by the federal

bureau of investigation of the United States department of justice—the famed G-Men—for a whole year. Either our conscientious officials were ashamed to submit one or else it was not acceptable.

Our Latest Crime Records

We told our story once. Away back to the first three months in 1934 Kansas City reported approximately twenty-five murders, thirty-one cases of “non-negligent” manslaughter, more than eighty robberies, more than 100 burglaries and hundreds of thefts—and all this in only three months.

It looked a little better during the next three months. In police statistics it amounted to sixteen murders, eighteen cases of manslaughter, seventy-one robberies, more than 100 burglaries and again hundreds of thefts. That was the last report that came from Kansas City. Is it any wonder our police ceased advertising their inefficiency to the world?

Police reports might show between 2,000 and 3,000 crimes a year. But this doesn't give you a faint idea of the persons affected, as one can readily see. Thirty or forty persons sometimes are reaching trembling hands upward in a holdup, fearing at any instant to hear the crash of gunfire. Everyone is aware that organized gangs of tire thieves, car thieves and clothing thieves operate profitably here and peddle their booty to fences. Many such losses are reported directly to the insurance companies who settle without notifying the police. We even recall a big robbery of a wholesale house this year in which the owner offered a reward (not for the capture of the thieves) for the return of his merchandise. He got it back. He was smart. Probably the number of crime victims should be doubled, trebled or even more.

A long time ago August Vollmer, leading police expert in America, made a police survey in Kansas City. He recommended among other things civil service examinations for police candidates and a system of detailed reports. Have we had either? Please pardon our sardonic laughter.

Milwaukee's Record

Milwaukee, a city of 600,000 population, completed the first six months this year with a perfect record of no murders. What was going on here at the same time? A swift succession of murders were blazoned over the front pages of newspapers until Kansas City hung up an unenviable record of EIGHT unsolved murders before February 15, all in forty-five days. Police officials, a trifle annoyed, offered \$100 a piece for solutions but, strange to say, no one came around to col

lect. The slayings included those of Roland T. Owen, mysteriously beaten to death in a hotel room, and of Vincent J. Cibulski, a collector, shot to death on his own doorstep by gangsters as his wife awaited him.

FUTURE wants to be fair. It grants there has been some improvement in the last month or two. The recent reduction of 25 per cent in burglary insurance indicates that, because insurance rates are based on the losses the insurance companies have to pay. Personal hold-ups are declining. Police have had some lucky breaks lately, such as the arrest of that comical couple, Mr. and Mrs. H. Paul Stroud, who flashed about in a white touring car, and who committed four of the biggest hold-ups recently. Two youths have confessed to holding up couples in parked cars. And, best of all, our own “red-hots” are in mortal terror of running afoul of the G-Men.

Otto P. Higgins is miles ahead of Eugene C. Reppert as director of police. He has not had the job long. But we have heard he is a courageous official. But unfortunately, Mr. Higgins' hands

are tied when a question of politics arises.

Police Not Enough

But let's get back to the picture. Why must men and women be subjected to the danger, the humiliation and the loss of property that falls the lot of the victim of crime. Police in cruising cars aren't enough. They'll protect you if they are around. They'll turn in a report after the crime is over. But they can't solve the problem.

It isn't their fault. The fault lies in the system of boss-controlled politics that fosters crime, that permits known criminals to harbor here, that sanctions gambling of every kind from slot machines to big dice games, that winks at unlicensed liquor dealers. These things foster crime and feed upon it. Until that system is smashed, Kansas City cannot expect reasonable security.

The money from crime goes straight to gambling tables, or buys protection at high places. Otherwise, it could not exist. Maybe your walk home will not be disturbed. Maybe you will not be in one of the white circles. There always has been crime and always will be. But wouldn't you feel more secure in your drives and walks and homes if you could wreck the system that breeds the criminal?

Even if You're Shot With Luck You Still Need

FUTURE

For That There Ol' News Behind the Scenes

Gallimaufrey

From page seven

ent tells us, she dropped in, by accident, on a side-show of comedy and reality on how the other half of the world lives. An auction was going on in a third-rate jewelry house, attracting the very curious to its doors. The scene presented a hodge-podge of life. A florid auctioneer was desperately trying to "give away this be-ootiful genuine diamond bracelet at a mere nothing of its original price for your sweetheart or wife." (The bid started at ten cents and ended at seventy-five cents.) A paid wise-cracker was dolefully insisting that his sweetheart's wrists were too large due to the fact that she shoveled coal every day in the week. And to add to the hurdy-gurdy atmosphere, there was the Ned Sparks type of character in a plaid suit, flashing diamonds and offering to buy the women in the store a diamond watch. Just life in the raw, dear readers, but do some social work sometime!

The pampered public can no longer be attracted to the movies for the sake of the show itself. So little Marigold is allowed to bask in the footlights doing her somewhat amazing impersonation of George Arliss, and lanky Clarence describes the Road to Mandalay in a baritone that trembles with emotion, fright, or laryngitis. It's all lovely for the folks, there en masse to applaud; (and buy admittance to the theatre) it's nice for the friends, all right for the acquaintances, but we think it's pretty rough on us. We like the gift stamp idea, though, although our plans for filling twenty-seven books and getting a house and lot have been modified by the discovery that the stamps are pretty small and the pages pretty big. We shall be enormously pleased if we succeed in filling one book, but previous experience has taught us that the contest will probably terminate just as we lick our final stamp.

Otto Quixotic

From page four

Every provision of the liquor laws is being violated in Kansas City and the police director knows it. They operate twenty-four hours daily, Sundays and holidays included and they are

open to youths. The police director knows it. Prostitutes are “paying off” to the politicians. Slot machines, marble games and other devices of all kinds are operated here with police protection and Director Higgins knows it.

Tire thieves and fences are operating wide open. The police know it and the thieves and fences contribute to the organization.

More serious crimes, even murders, have been covered up and fixed when honest police direction would have brought about justice.

Obviously the police director’s letters were to get the public’s mind off poor police direction; let them look at the windmill.

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